

The Elks

Magazine



WHY WHITEMAN WHISTLES WHILE HE SHAVES



YOU CAN'T ALWAYS SEE A MISFIT

• Anybody can see this misfit. But with razor blades it's different. Your face feels what your eyes can't detect when shaving edges protrude too far, or not far enough, from your razor. Gillette Blades fit the Gillette razor perfectly. You get shaves that last far into the night!



GILLETTE METHOD: Gillette Blades remove whiskers cleanly—right at the skin line—giving you shaves that are clean!

OTHER METHOD: The ragged stubble left by another shaving method will look full-grown in a few short hours!

LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY
buys the world's finest blades



PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

• Gillette Blades are precision-made for the Gillette Razor to give you the world's finest shaves for less than one cent a day.

Gillette
Blades

MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY



• "You don't catch me singing the blues when I'm shaving," says Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz. "I whistle—because shaving is no problem to me! You know, my face is always on parade. I have to be clean shaven. Can't take a chance on faulty shaving methods. So I use a Gillette Blade in a

Gillette Razor. There's close harmony! I've tried other ways, but this combination gives me the longest-lasting shaves money can buy!" Next time you see Paul Whiteman, notice how well-groomed his face looks, even when his band strikes up "Home, Sweet Home." Gillette shaves really last!



THE CLOCK WAKES YOU—IT TAKES A GILLETTE SHAVE TO WAKE YOUR FACE

• An alarm clock may get you up on time—but it takes a clean, close Gillette shave to wake up your face! No other method is so stimulating and refreshing. A keen Gillette Blade tones your skin—makes it feel fit and look fit for hours to come!



REMEMBER IT'S YOUR FACE

• Wherever you go, day or night, your face is on parade. So don't let it be a proving ground for shaving experiments. Demand Gillette Blades and get real shaving comfort. Reputable merchants always give you what you ask for.

Try Gillette's amazing new Brushless Shaving Cream, made with soothing peanut oil. It speeds shaving, tones the skin. Big tube 25¢.

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\$25.00 REWARD

WANTED: Sealed unopened bottles of blended whiskies, bot-
 June, 1919.

We Paid \$25⁰⁰ per Bottle

Will pay you \$25 in cash
 provided am convinced that your
 June, 1919.

If you have one or more bottles of such blended whiskey and
 wish to sell same, please phone
 after seven tonight. Ask for MR. WALL.

market trading in francs and in
 pounds was fairly active. The franc
 closed at 237 cents

recently by governmental spokes-
 men.

**—collected these rare old blends to prove that
 Seagram's Crowns taste finer than whiskies
 of "the old days"**

OUT of old trunks, attics, cellars men
 dusted off their treasured bottles—
 whiskies they'd been hoarding for 20
 years—famous old blends... the pre-
 mium whiskies of "the old days"... and
 sold them to Seagram for \$25 a bottle.

Then Seagram called in its qualified
 experts—and asked them to compare
 these old whiskies... side by side with
 Seagram's Crowns. The whiskies were
 served in plain glasses. No one knew

which was which. Unanimously these
 men chose Crowns—as "finer tasting,
 smoother, mellow."

Men everywhere are choosing Crowns
 —for their finer taste. From July, 1935,
 to December, 1937—in the 14 states that
 publish records*—more people bought
 Seagram's 5 and 7 Crown than all other
 blended whiskies in their price class
 combined.

Blending skill explains it. At the bar
 —or wherever you buy—think before
 you drink—say Seagram's... and be sure.

*Based on all available official figures from July, 1935, to December, 1937, issued by the Liquor Control Boards of 14 states: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Idaho, Utah, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, Montana, West Virginia, Washington, Wyoming. It includes the sales of all blended whiskies in the price class of Seagram's Crowns—ranging at present from 90¢ to \$1.50 per pint.



THINK before you drink
 Say Seagram's and be Sure!

Seagram's Crown
 WHISKIES

They're Finer — They Taste Better

BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 PROOF.
 SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 37 1/2% straight whiskies, 62 1/2% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 PROOF.

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The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—*From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*

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APRIL 1938

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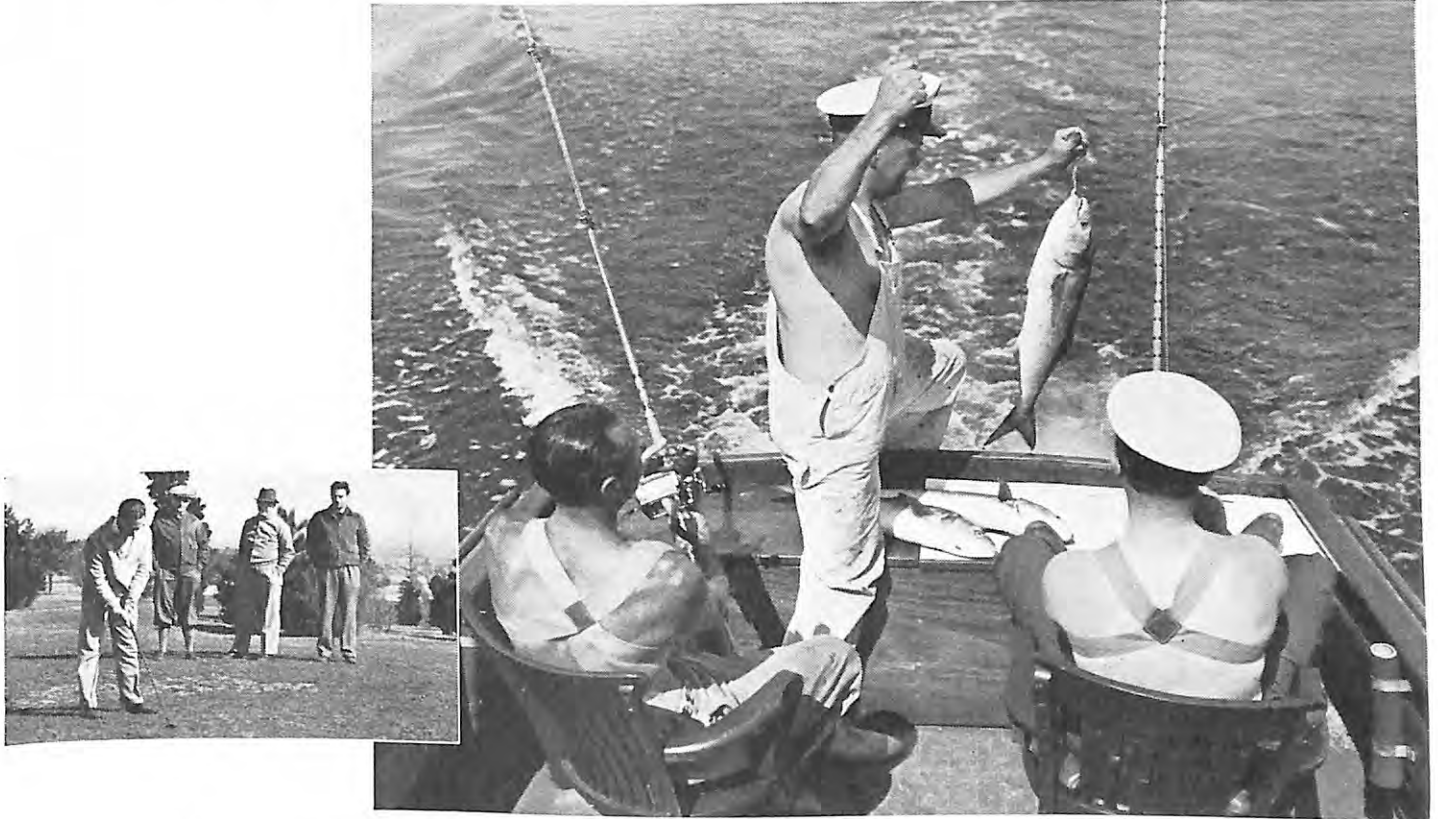
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On to

ATLANTIC CITY!



—for the Elks' 74th National Convention

"MEET me on the Boardwalk, Bill." That is the sincere invitation Atlantic City Elks are extending to Elks all over the country as they make preparations for the Seventy-Fourth Elks' National Convention, which will be held in Atlantic City the week of July 10th.

It will mark the ninth time in 40 years of gay conventions that the eastern resort city has been chosen for the national conclave and already elaborate plans are being formulated to make it the greatest session of fraternal good-fellowship the Order has ever known.

Atlantic City Lodge No. 276 again assumes the role of official host with a sense of pardonable pride over its success in the previous eight gatherings, but will not be content to rest on past laurels alone. The aid of the entire city is being enlisted this year, with events slated for both avenue and Boardwalk in order that every citizen in the city may be able to do his and her bit toward giving the visitors a week long to be remembered.

Although the Reunion proper is to be concentrated in Atlantic City, each of New Jersey's sixty-two lodges feels charged with the responsibility of host to the end that the traditional reputation of the State for doing big things in a big way will be maintained. All Elkdom can look forward with confidence that its New Jersey Brothers will cooperate actively with Atlantic City in

making the gathering notable in every respect. Associated with the name "Atlantic City" so closely as to have become synonymous is the Boardwalk, stretching ten miles along the ocean front and constituting a marine promenade with which there is nothing comparable here or abroad.

Abutting the promenade are instructive and interesting exhibit palaces maintained by the world's foremost business organizations and offering the visitor the latest development in the world of art, science and industry. Jutting from the Boardwalk into the white-capped Atlantic are the great pleasure piers, where Elkdom may rest from strenuous convention activities.

During the month of July, Atlantic City is at its best. Warm currents from the Gulf Stream temper the ocean waters to an average mean of 75 degrees, making it delightful for surf bathing. Vigilance is maintained by a picked crew of well-trained life guards and it is the city's proud boast that not one life has been lost on a protected beach in the past four years. Yachting and motorboating are other sea-going pleasures for the inland visitors, while deep-sea fishing on large boats manned by expert skippers provides a thrill that sportsmen find hard to beat. Golf on five excellent, ocean-cooled courses, and tennis on a score of fine courts are other outlets for those inclined toward sports.

In succeeding issues of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, bulletins containing more convention news, the program in detail and rules governing contests and special features will be given. In the meantime, set aside the week of July 10th for the greatest Elks' meeting in history and—

"Meet me in Atlantic City, Bill."

—July 10-15, 1938

IT'S YOUR SAFETY, TOO

By
Myron
M. Stearns



Underwood and Underwood.

WHEN you drive your car out of the garage and onto the highway, you become part of a procession. In front of you, behind you, stretching along at right angles and in both directions, all over the country, are hundreds—thousands—millions of other cars and drivers.

Let's have a look at all this traffic of yours for a moment. Crowding up the Peninsula and across the world-marvel new bridges into San Francisco. Curb-to-curb on Biscayne Boulevard at Miami. Flashing along the flat highways toward Amarillo, in the Texas Panhandle. Clogging the roads into Boston, returning from the North and South shores on a Sunday afternoon. Fender-to-fender through Griffith Park, in the outskirts of Los Angeles. Lined up by hundreds and thousands for border inspection at Buffalo and Detroit and Juarez and Tia Juana. Crossing Huey Long's great bridge over the Mississippi above New Orleans. Snaking over mountain curves in the Smokies and Sierras and Catskills and Selkirks. Driving in a steady stream through tunnels under the Hudson River to reach Manhattan.

I once estimated more than 2,000 cars at a single isolated intersection on Cape Cod, on a Sunday afternoon,

waiting to get past a traffic light.

Thirty million automobiles and trucks, on enough surfaced roads, in this country alone, to reach nearly a dozen times around the world at the Equator. Forty million drivers, 2,000,000 of them fledglings of high school age, and at least another 2,000,000 still awkward and inexperienced behind their unaccustomed steering wheels. More than 150 cars for every mile of city streets, more than 25 for every mile of country highway. The congestion so great in cities that 90-mile-an-hour cars can average less than a 17-mile speed, even including the suburbs. Twelve miles an hour on Park Avenue, in New York City—but jumping to 35 or even 40 miles an hour, between lights, to make even that.

Children dashing suddenly into the street to retrieve balls. Every once in a while cars smacking together at intersections, or sideswiping each other on highways, with a crash that can be heard for blocks. Occasional speedsters leaving the road in open country at 70 miles an hour, to roll over and over like terriers, before they start climbing trees or telegraph poles.

No wonder you so often take a bus to go downtown rather than get the car out of the garage. You never

At Massapequa, N. Y., an ingenious railroad-crossing safety device consists of a barrier which rises across the roadway automatically when a train approaches, halting a carelessly driven car

know who's going to run into you before you get back home. No wonder so many men advise their wives to drive on side streets and keep off the boulevards. On whole sections of the Boston Post Road the death toll is more than one person per mile per year—and ten times that at particular spots. No wonder the automobile manufacturers estimate that already more than 5,000,000 cars are kept off the highways because of congestion and fear.

Last year the greatest death-toll in highway history: 39,700. More than 110,000 people crippled for life. More than a million and a quarter injured. More than \$1,700,000,000—that's right, nearly a billion and three-quarters—in property damage and loss of wages.

More deaths on United States highways, during the last ten years, than all American soldiers killed in all the wars in the country's whole history—Revolution, Civil War, World War, and all the lesser wars thrown in for good measure.

Yet—the other side of the picture—during 1937 there were more than

7,000,000 miles of automobile travel for every death, more than 200,000 miles for every serious injury, more than 50,000 miles for every smash-up that involved even a heavy repair bill.

Your chances of getting back home safe seem to be pretty good after all.

The worst thing is that the deaths and accidents figures keep going up. Over a thousand more killings in 1937 than 1936, two thousand more than 1935, three thousand more than '34—and a five-thousand jump the year before that.

In other lines safety work has given splendid results. Only the traffic-deaths keep going up.

In 1912 there were 79 accidental deaths—unconnected with traffic—for every 100,000 population. By 1935 the number had dropped to 49 per 100,000. That means a saving, *aside from traffic accidents*, of nearly a million lives—a million less people killed in accidents, during twenty-five years, than would have met death if the old rate had continued. Evidently, safety work counts. But that's *aside* from automobile killings. They've come in to make up the difference. With the mounting traffic-deaths included, the total accident-deaths have kept just about the same, hovering around 80 per 100,000, year after year. The 1937 figure is 82 accidental deaths per 100,000—with more than 30 of them charged up to traffic.

So what?

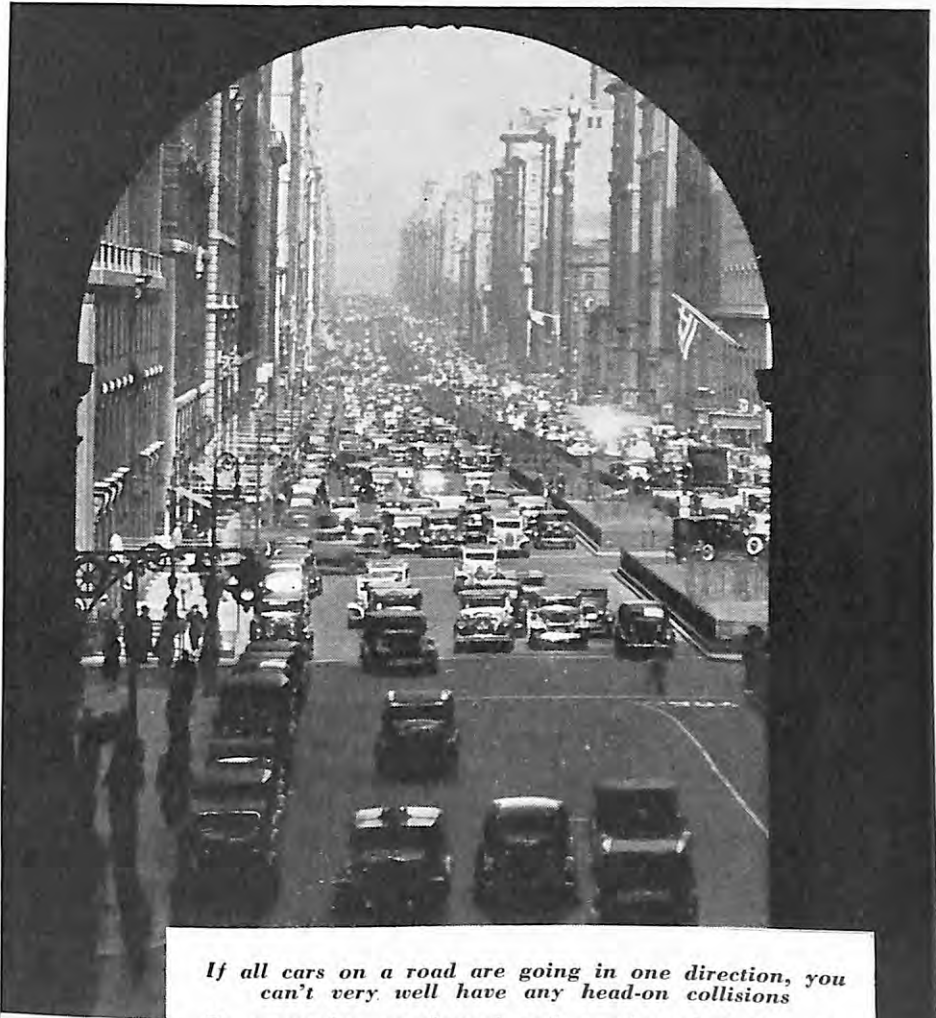
Quite a lot of what. It concerns you personally.

First we have to understand a little of how traffic got this way.

Four funny little self-propelled buggies were registered in this country in 1895. There were 16 in 1896, and 90 in 1897. Then they began to breed like flies. They got faster, and less expensive, and more popular. Instead of being "horseless carriages" they became automobiles. There were 8,000 registered cars by 1900, with about 150,000 miles of paved roads—mostly in cities—to operate on. By 1905 there were 78,000, and by 1910 nearly half a million.

Bumps and mud, in those days, were the great hazards. Farmers found it profitable to keep a team busy near mud-holes, hauling out transients at from \$2 to \$5 per haul, depending on the motorist's ability to pay. At night they kept the same team busy filling the mud holes with water. Long-distance "road races" became popular. You tried to drive from Cleveland, say, to Columbus in less time than anybody had ever made it in before, and mark up a road record. I became for a time automobile editor of the *Los Angeles Times* through an attack on the record between Los Angeles and Bakersfield; my predecessor bounced out of the open tonneau of the record-making car and landed on his head in the road behind. It interfered for months with his statistical ability.

Law-makers concentrated mostly on road building.



If all cars on a road are going in one direction, you can't very well have any head-on collisions

By separating east-bound and west-bound traffic with a neat strip of concrete and turf along the center of the highway, you have fewer accidents



Underwood and Underwood.

There were a good many accidents. Horses still shied off the road at the strange contraptions that spit fire and smoke and smelled like the devil. An Arkansas town posted a sign in its muddy suburbs:

AUTOES SLOE DOWN AND WHIZLE

A high proportion of motorists were speedsters, anxious to see how well their palpitating wagons could perform. They would race with anyone and were almost as dangerous to others as they were to themselves. You had to be pretty well off to have a car, and you felt you owned the earth when you got one. Speed laws were passed, with heavy fines. Speed traps came into existence, with country constables sitting on hill-tops, watch in hand. They were highly profitable. Fee-splitting was legal; the cop who made the arrest got part of the fine and the J. P. got most of the rest of it. Automobile Clubs put up warnings: "Speed Trap Ahead". One Indianapolis judge became famous through doing a long-distance business for years, adding per-mile charges as "costs" to the heaviest fines the law allowed. The farther off his deputies operated, the better he liked it.

The best location for a speed trap was, obviously, the safest place on the highway. That was where you could make the best speed. That was where you were most likely to get caught.

But these methods didn't cut down accidents. Everywhere police and motorists were at war. Speeders got away with it whenever they could. A few of them were shot.

Both cars and roads kept getting

better and better. Year after year cars could, and did, go faster. And with the increased speed, and greater number of cars, accidents mounted steadily. Take a look at this table:

	Cars	Deaths	Miles of Surfaced Roads
1910	500,000	500	200,000
1920	9,000,000	9,000	350,000
1930	26,000,000	33,000	700,000
1937	30,000,000	39,700	1,150,000

There were all kinds of cars, all kinds of drivers, all kinds of roads and all kinds of laws. The whole business developed so fast, in so many places, under so many different conditions and different jurisdictions, that this was inevitable.

In California and other western States a swinging red disk signalled the approach of a train at a grade crossing. In other States there was only a warning bell. In others there were blinking red lights. In still others there were only wooden cross-arms placed close to the track. Some States placed road signs down near the road; others kept them on posts seven or eight feet high, where they were convenient for hay wagons. Some States had a speed limit of 20 miles an hour; others allowed 40.

In some places putting your hand out and waving it meant you were going to turn to the left; in other places it gave exactly the opposite signal to the car behind—it meant you wanted it to come on past.

Irvin Cobb says that when an arm appeared straight out, it meant a left turn; when it was raised, it meant a right turn; down beside the car, it signalled a stop—and when the fingers

wiggled it meant a woman driver, and you couldn't tell *what* she was going to do.

Accident data began to accumulate, but no one knew what to do with it. It was too confusing. In Kansas a man was stung by a bee and ran into the ditch. In Southern California a suburbanite went to the grocery for a bottle of milk, and stood it on the floor-boards beside him for the ride home. When it tipped over he stooped to set it up again—and ran head-on into another car. In Connecticut a lady checked abruptly to make a right turn; a big gas truck, coming down the hill behind her on an icy road, tried to turn out, skidded, rolled over, and smashed into two cars coming up the hill. The gas caught fire and both uphill cars, as well as the truck, burned up. The lady completed her turn and didn't even look back to see what it was all about.

It was noted that many drivers didn't seem to know what they were doing. Grade-crossing accidents, for example, sometimes came when a train hit an automobile, and sometimes when an automobile ran into a train. Every year at least six or seven per cent of these grade-crossing smash-ups came from drivers running into trains. One year it was as high as fourteen per cent.

In Ohio a New York Central train struck the automobile of a well-to-do farmer at a country grade-crossing, killing him instantly and smashing the car to tangled wreckage. Four of his friends, driving along the same road to attend his funeral, were

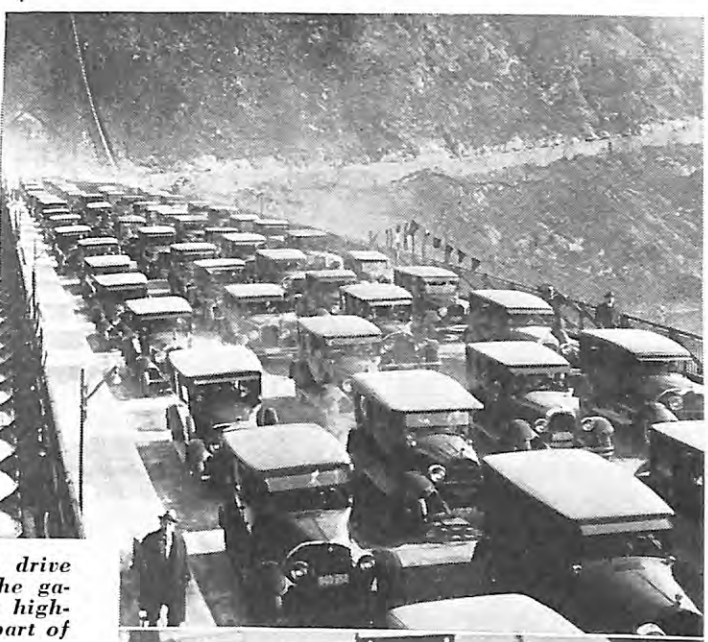
Principles of highway safety began to be worked out on a scientific basis. Take, for instance the complicated, but safe, approach to the George Washington Bridge from Riverside Drive, in New York City

Underwood and Underwood.





By cracking down hard on every law infraction that might cause a smash-up, you begin to get results



Right: When you drive your car out of the garage and onto the highway, you become part of a procession



Underwood and Underwood

Every once in a while you can see cars smacking together at intersections, or sideswiping each other on highways, with a crash that can be heard for blocks

so interested in looking at the scene of the accident that their car was hit in almost exactly the same way.

Their funerals, luckily, were attended without any further casualties.

Here and there road builders got the idea they would *make* cars slow down. In Ohio they built stone bridges with a reverse curve, which would kill you at 40 miles an hour. In Florida they put humps over culverts that would throw you off the road at 50. All over the country, beginning with California, there was an epidemic of putting in stone monuments at intersections, to make you respect the turn, and Keep Right.

To the surprise of the City Fathers who advocated these improvements, they killed without curbing. Presently the intersection-monuments had to be transferred to cemeteries.

One safety enthusiast invented a simple device consisting of two cans of roofing nails, suspended in front of the rear wheels. When the speed reached 40 miles an hour the cans tipped over, pouring nails on the

road, and both rear tires exploded. That taught the driver a lesson.

Many miles of three-lane highways were constructed, to give cars more room and accommodate more traffic. Instead of reducing accidents, they proved to be about the greatest instrument for death ever devised, resulting in more head-on collisions than anyone had ever dreamed of.

Still, running through all this confusion, there were some definite gains. School children were instructed in crossing streets carefully, and the class-room safety program began to bear fruit. State Troopers began to take the place of country constables, and most States passed laws abolishing speed traps and fee-splitting. Road surfaces were widened. Where concrete highways once cost \$15,000 a mile, a minimum now comes to twice that, and even \$150,000 a mile for multi-lane boulevards is no longer considered excessive. The Pulaski Skyway across the Jersey meadows cost more than \$2,000,000 a mile.

A few States even went to the extent of making drivers take out licenses. That, naturally, caused a lot of resentment.

Until 1925 the general confusion grew steadily worse. Better roads, and a few valuable innovations—but more and more cars, more and more conflicting laws, more bum drivers, and more accidents.

Then light began to glimmer in the East.

Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover called a Traffic Safety Conference at Washington. It served as a sort of clearing-house for ideas and finally produced a Uniform Traffic Code, with signals and laws that could be adopted anywhere.

Could be, you'll notice. But they weren't. At least, not for quite a while.

About that same time light also began to glimmer in the West. A Safety Council at Los Angeles, noting that a young Harvard post-graduate (Continued on page 36)

EVERY morning when I went into the courtroom this big, Irish guard would have the queerest expression on his face. He couldn't see me, of course, though I had to pass right by him, and yet some way or other, he must have sensed that I was there. They say the Irish are a psychic race and I think that might be true. Because several times he seemed to stare right at me, squarely in the face, with that puzzled, half-fearful expression on his own, and one morning, indeed—the first—he half raised an arm just exactly the way a blind man would do who felt something by him and wanted to make out what it was.

But how could he stop me, or even touch me? I just went on by, and when I looked back he was staring dumbly down the aisle, with the oddest look in his eyes, and some of the ruddiness gone out of his cheeks. He was frightened, I suppose; he felt something, felt me, and he didn't know what it was. Every morning he felt me. I could see that look coming over his face the moment I reached the corridor. But he never put his hand out after that first time.

Towards the end he even began to pretend that he didn't feel me. He'd look away as I passed and move around on his big feet, but I could always catch that paling in his cheeks and the jerky way his tongue would come out once or twice and just touch the top of his lip. I felt a little sorry for him, because there was no need to be frightened. I'd never hurt him. Why should I? And why did he have to be afraid of me, just because I was dead?

You know, I didn't have any supernatural power, or any magic to strike him dead. Being dead wasn't a great deal different than being alive. Before it happened I had never thought much about death myself, and yet when I had it disturbed me, and I thought it would be altogether different—vaguely horrible, somehow. But it wasn't—very lonely, of course, with that terrible swimming sensation coming back time after time, and that mist always around me, moving with me wherever I went, or whatever I did, so that I was always in its center, always barred off, always in that shrinking loneliness.

The mist was the worst part; it will bother you a lot because you will never be able to see things clearly through it. When they called a new witness to the stand and I didn't catch the name, I would have to watch and wait until I heard the voice before I could be sure who it was. You understand I heard as well as I ever did, and I knew Ann's voice, and Danny Cooper's, and the man who had seen us from the train, and Frederic Swanson's. I could never forget Frederic Swanson's. It was like a charm, like the track of a talking picture welded to the last thing I had ever seen before the mist came—the face of that man, of Frederic Swanson bent above me, savage and cruel and merciless, while his right hand held me on my back, and his left hand, with the bloodstained rock in it, kept beating, beating, beating, with such frightful pain, against my head.

His right hand held me on my back, and his left hand, with the bloodstained rock in it, kept beating, beating, beating, with such frightful pain, against my head

His voice terrified me now, without reason, just as I'd terrified the cop at the door. Whenever he spoke it made me cower like a dog threatened with a kick. I couldn't fight that feeling—I couldn't even seem to try. When he was on the stand testifying, I tried not to hear him.

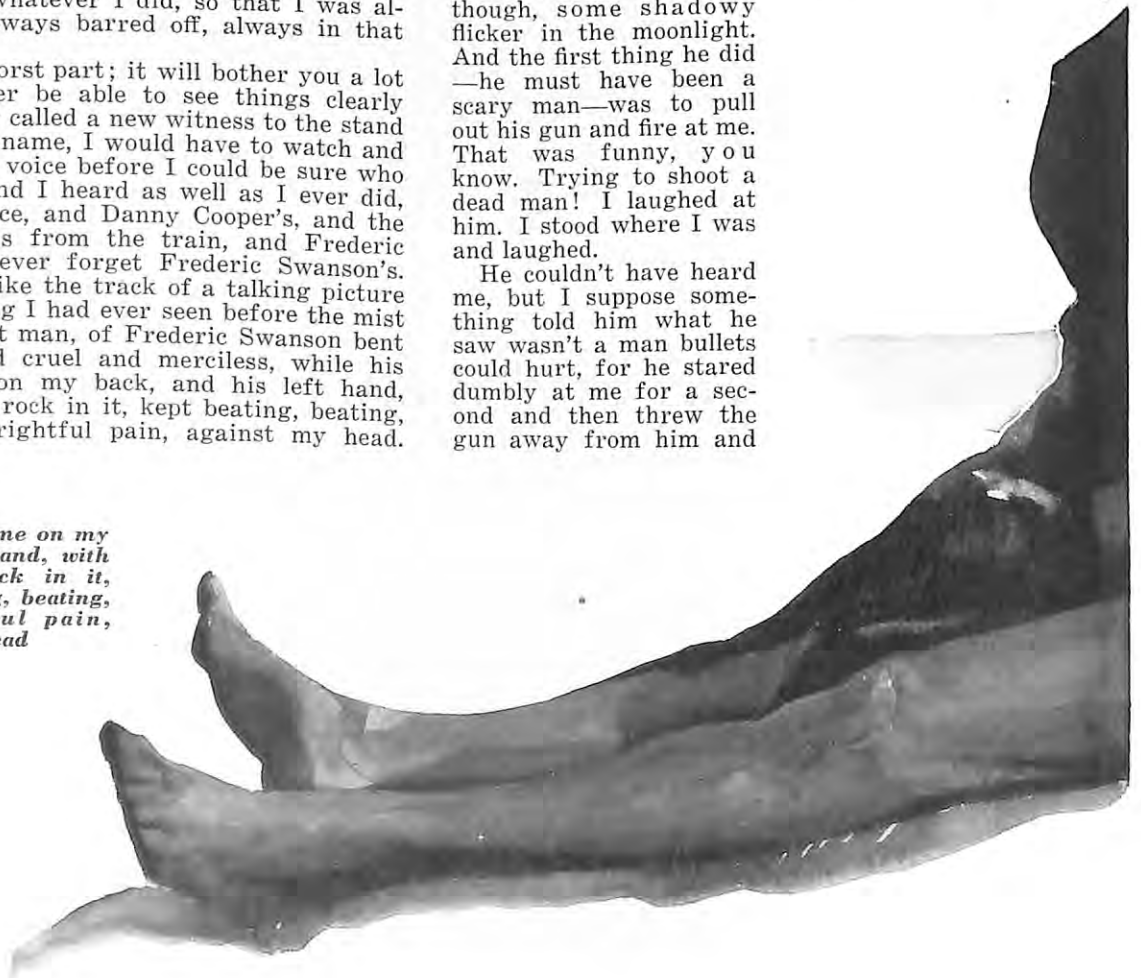
I can't tell you why I came back to the courtroom, back every morning, early, before the crowd got there. There wasn't anything I could do to help Danny Cooper. I was dead and they couldn't see me, or hear me; there was no way they could tell I was there. And it didn't seem too terribly important to save Danny Cooper, because I had found that death wasn't so bad when you found what it was. The night they executed Danny Cooper I'd be there, too, waiting for him. Sometimes thinking of that made me eager and impatient, for it would be fine to have a friend again, someone to talk to. Loneliness was the most terrible part of it.

Of course, there was that little man over by the docks. He was dead, too, and at night after court we talked together, and he was some company. But not like Danny Cooper would be, because Danny had been my best friend all my life, and this little man was, after all, a stranger. But he was a nice little man, always cheerful, with a red, shoebutton, drinker's nose that had tiny veins strung all through it. Drink had killed him—bad liquor; but he said he didn't mind. He'd as soon be dead any time. Plato O'Brien, he told me his name was. I liked him.

Because there was nothing much to do, and nowhere to go, we used a little room in a deserted warehouse over there, high up, overlooking the water. And we never had any trouble because the watchman kept far away from us. I'd frightened him the first night when he came up behind me unexpectedly while I was standing by a window. Did he see me as a shadow or as a normal ghost draped in white, or what? I never found out.

He saw something, though, some shadowy flicker in the moonlight. And the first thing he did—he must have been a scary man—was to pull out his gun and fire at me. That was funny, you know. Trying to shoot a dead man! I laughed at him. I stood where I was and laughed.

He couldn't have heard me, but I suppose something told him what he saw wasn't a man bullets could hurt, for he stared dumbly at me for a second and then threw the gun away from him and



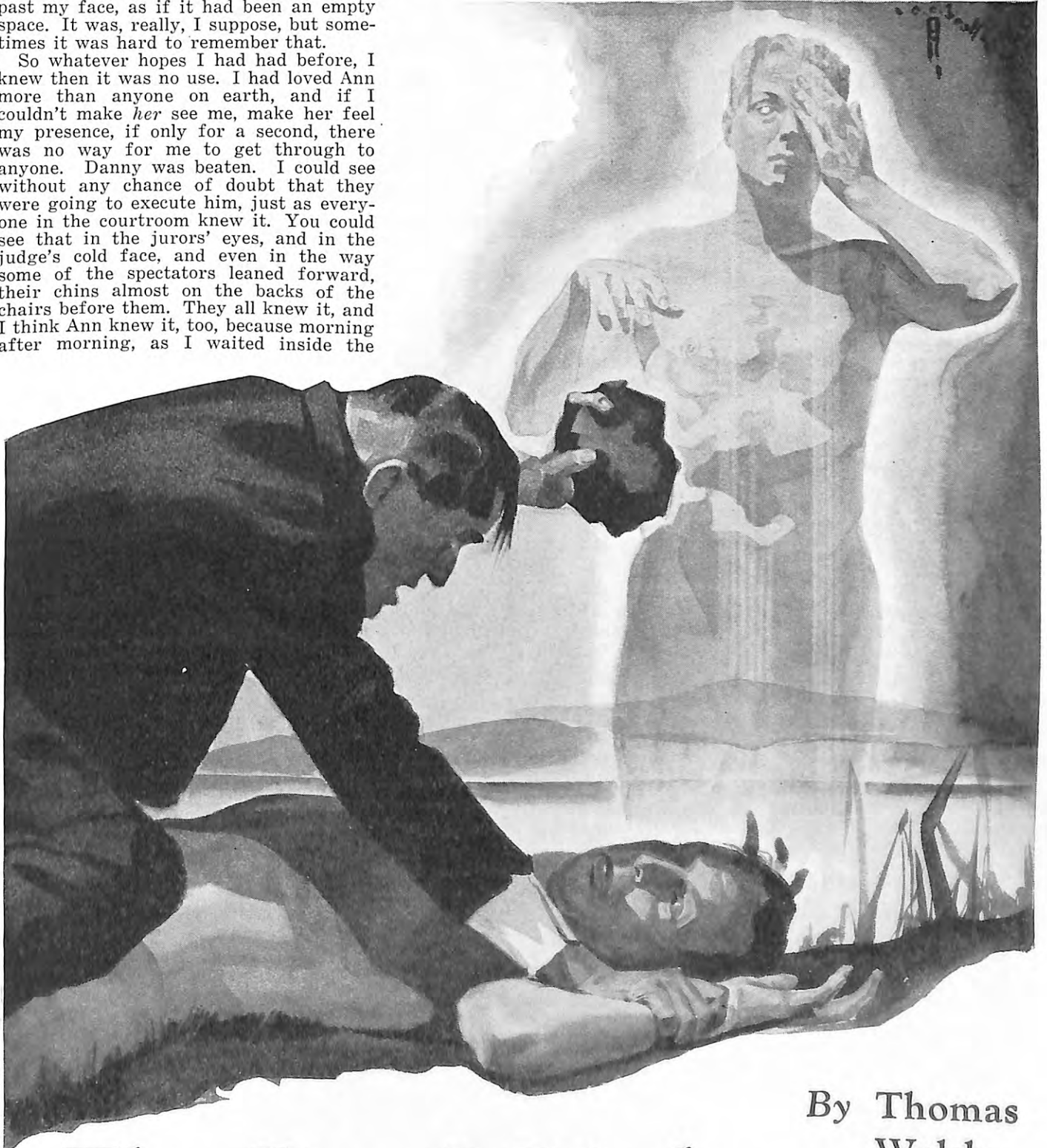
ran. How he ran! He never came back to bother Plato or me again. After that we had it fine and quiet there.

But every day while the trial was on I left it to go to the courthouse and listen to them. Mainly, too, it may have been to see Danny Cooper and Ann again, even though they wouldn't see me, or know I was there. Once I had just reached the doorway as Ann was leaving, and I tried—oh, I tried!—to get her to see me. I stood right in her way, but she didn't stop; she went right on by me, her eyes moving blankly past my face, as if it had been an empty space. It was, really, I suppose, but sometimes it was hard to remember that.

So whatever hopes I had had before, I knew then it was no use. I had loved Ann more than anyone on earth, and if I couldn't make *her* see me, make her feel my presence, if only for a second, there was no way for me to get through to anyone. Danny was beaten. I could see without any chance of doubt that they were going to execute him, just as everyone in the courtroom knew it. You could see that in the jurors' eyes, and in the judge's cold face, and even in the way some of the spectators leaned forward, their chins almost on the backs of the chairs before them. They all knew it, and I think Ann knew it, too, because morning after morning, as I waited inside the

door just to see her as she went in, to try to make her feel I was there, and wanting so terribly to help her, her face would be always more strained and white, her slender body more erect, as if the weight of the thing she carried in her mind got heavier all the time, more of an effort to bear. Poor Ann!

It was the strangest thing to be in that courtroom and hear them arguing about me. Through the gray mist that never left me free they moved like blurs—



The Day I Died

By Thomas
Walsh

Illustrated by C. C. BEALL

like a moving picture taken by someone who hadn't known enough to hold the camera steady. There was one man with a ringing, sarcastic voice who was the prosecuting attorney. Whenever he questioned Danny he started easily and silkily, and then worked himself up bit by bit to the point he wanted made, when his voice filled the courtroom and rang through it. Sometimes after Danny answered him he'd repeat the answer, and just by the way he did that it would be made to sound pitiable and cheap, the meanest excuse.

I was there the first day he questioned Danny. So quiet and matter of fact he was, at the beginning! How old Danny was, what he did for a living—all those things that drew his background. How he'd lived in the same street with me, and been to the same schools, and how we had been friends all our lives.

"Good friends," the prosecutor said, without emphasis in his voice, but just repeating Danny's words and adding on that adjective, as if he wanted everyone to understand this clearly from the start. "William Kane, the deceased, and yourself. You played together, and went to school together, and, in general, did all the things good friends do together?"

"That's right," Danny said, in a voice quiet, too, but steady as a rock.

The prosecutor's voice got sharper then, though his words still came out so smoothly that you could have spread a piece of bread with them.

"And when you had grown up you kept that closeness—you remained good friends. Even though William Kane was very successful and you were not so fortunate. You still saw each other as much as ever, even though William Kane was getting on in his job, while you weren't."

"Yes," Danny told him. "He was a fine salesman. He—"

"You were a bookkeeper," the prosecutor said, "in an hotel, and you got twenty-two dollars a week. But William Kane was making fine money. He could have dropped you then, and traveled with more influential people—people who would have helped him a lot. But he didn't do that, did he?"

"No," Danny said, "because he wasn't like that. He—"

This prosecutor would never let him finish.

"Even last Spring you went around to various places together, on nights when you both were free. To prize-fights and banquets and things of that sort. The deceased always bought the tickets—yours and his—every time you went out. Is that right?"

"Yes," Danny said. He could not add to that even if he wanted to, because the prosecutor cut him off right away. You could see what he was leading up to. I suppose men like that have been trained to draw out one side of the story—the side they want shown. Even now, quite easily, he was turning the jury and the people against Danny, before he discussed the murder at all. An ungrateful friend—who was so unself-righteous that he wouldn't despise a man like that?

"And when your mother ailed and died, who loaned you—who gave you—the money for her hospital bills and funeral expenses?"

"Bill Kane," Danny said. "He offered it to me because he knew I needed it to take care of her. I was saving to pay it back when—"

"Of course," the prosecutor said, "you were saving to pay it back, but you never did pay it back. And William Kane never pressed you. You knew he would give you anything he had if you needed it. You knew that, didn't you?"

"I did. Just as I would have done the same for him."

"Only, unfortunately," the prosecutor said, and his voice deepened there, "there was nothing you could give him. Nothing material. But, of course, if there had been you would have been glad to do so, wouldn't you?"

"I would," Danny said, and you could tell he felt the emotion in the courtroom, in the prosecutor's voice, that despised him already, thinking of him as something mean and contemptible and small. He was fighting it by going just the way the prosecutor wanted him to go—by getting angry.

"And last New Year's Eve," Wilson said, "he invited you to a party. Quite an expensive party, at one of the best hotels. Your share would have cost you much more than you could afford. But you didn't pay your share, did you?" And when Danny did not answer right away he ripped out in a whiplash voice—that made Danny seem reluctant and ashamed of himself, you see—"Did you, Mr. Cooper?"

Sitting there and listening to them, it seemed for a moment that they were the ghosts, the dead men, not I. They were all gray and colorless, unsubstantial in that funny blur.

"I didn't want to go," Danny said. "He insisted because—"

"But you did go? You allowed yourself to be overcome, didn't you? And William Kane introduced you to a girl—his girl. What did he tell you about her?"

I wish I could have seen Ann then, but the mist prevented me. It was thicker now, and on the stand Danny was something vague and far away, so that I could not read his face at all. Then that swimming feeling got me—it rose in my mind instantaneous and powerful, like a whirlpool, so that the room began to fade before me, all the people, too, Danny and Ann and the prosecutor. I had to fight and cling desperately to keep myself there, in that room that flickered like smoke, away from the ringing, white emptiness that flooded down and down, like the water that had covered me when I drowned. After a time it went away and I was all right again, looking at them once more through that thinning blur.

"—that he was in love with her," Danny said slowly. "That she was the only girl he'd ever wanted to marry."

"And he was your friend," the prosecutor said quietly, so that the words dropped slowly, each by each, into the intense silence of the chamber. "And you told us you'd have done anything—*anything*—for him. You said that, Mr. Cooper?"

"Yes," Danny said, in a voice that shook a little.

"You knew what kind of a man William Kane was, we'll presume—you knew certainly that he had never bothered much with girls, and that when he told you those things he meant them—every word. You knew he was in love with Ann Dennison?"

"Yes," Danny said softly. "I knew that."

The prosecutor paused there—a very effective pause. It was fifteen or twenty seconds before he went on.

"That night you danced with Miss Dennison several times. You liked her, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And a week later, by accident—purely by accident—you met Miss Dennison on the street?"

"I did," Danny said, and you could feel him fighting helplessly against them all—against the contempt and scorn the prosecutor had roused so skillfully that it was centered on him now like a physical force.

"I just stopped to say hello; there was a movie we both were going to see and we went together. I didn't think Bill would mind that."

"Oh, you didn't?" Wilson said, very softly now. "And then some time later—by accident, of course—you met Miss Dennison again. And then again and again and again. You still thought he wouldn't mind that?"

Now, watching them, listening, I wasn't angry at him or Ann anymore. I seemed to understand that part better now. I was sorry for him and I wished I could help him. What good was anger? Ann had loved

Frederic Swanson's sad face bent down toward her. "Perhaps," he said. "An appeal—" He was playing his part perfectly, to the last





him and he'd loved her—they must have known it the first time they'd looked at each other, there in the hotel with the band playing and the noisemakers going, and the people all around covered with confetti. That happens sometimes, I suppose—with two, like that. But when I saw Ann, it had only happened to me.

How could anybody explain a thing like that? Softly and easily the prosecutor went on. He called it a great love.

"But you never told William Kane about it," he said. "You met her time after time and you never said a word."

"How could I?" Danny said, with that quiver in his words again. "I hoped some way it would settle itself. I couldn't tell him—not then. I tried, but—"

"But you couldn't," Wilson murmured. "Then in March he was able to buy a partnership in the auto agency he was with. The firm name was changed to Swanson and Kane, and his first act as partner was to engage you as head bookkeeper, at a salary, I believe, of forty dollars a week—almost twice the amount you had been receiving at the hotel?"

"Yes," Danny said.

"Even then this great love you could not fight against was never mentioned. You took the job he offered you and never said a word. Or did you mention it then, Mr. Cooper?"

"I couldn't," Danny said, in a low voice. "I thought something would happen—that I'd go away perhaps and he'd—"

"But you didn't go away," the prosecutor said quietly. "And you never told him anything about you and Miss Dennison until the morning of May the twenty-fifth. Do you remember that morning, Mr. Cooper?"

"Yes," Danny said.

"Then will you tell the court what you did on that day, between the hours of eight and nine in the morning?"

Now Danny was silent a long while, and the whole room was silent, too, waiting for him to speak. He had to clear his throat once or twice; besides that, all you could hear was a faint rustle of paper from somewhere, and the small mingled sounds of many people pressed together, trying to be quiet.

"Sunday," Danny said at last. "That was Sunday. I went out for a walk along the river. It was a nice day, very warm, and I wanted to think things out. I knew we had to settle it sometime. We—Miss Dennison and I—liked Bill very much. We didn't want to hurt him, but—"

He stopped there.

"But you had this great love to think of," the prosecutor said. "We mustn't forget that, Mr. Cooper, must we? Tell us of that morning now, in your own words."

Danny was silent once again, not quite so long this time. Almost as calmly as the prosecutor, he said, "Yes. We knew then that we loved each other, and we couldn't change that. That morning I thought of going away—but it didn't seem fair to Miss Dennison or myself, or even to Bill. He wouldn't have wanted her that way. She loved me, not him. And we couldn't change that by running away from it."

"No," the prosecutor agreed. "Naturally. So you walked out along the river, trying to be fair to Miss Dennison and yourself, and trying to be fair to the friend for whom you would have done anything you could. You thought about him a good deal that morning, didn't you?"

"I did," Danny said, the anger almost breaking under his words. "No matter how you try to make it sound, I (Continued on page 39)

At four o'clock in the afternoon, March 16th, 1733, the old church of Bristol, Massachusetts, caught fire and burned to the ground. The bell in the tower rang the alarm for the last time, but the people could do nothing. Night came while the church was still burning, and a great, waving flame lit up the country 'round.

"The Lord giveth," said Parson Williams, "and the Lord taketh away."

He was a rather mild, gentle old man—not at all the typical Puritan minister. Here he had a valuable object-lesson ready at hand, but he didn't even mention the flames of hell. Close beside him stood Elder Whalley, whose eyes were cold, grey granite, like the walls between his fields.

"The Lord done it," declared the Elder loudly. "He done it to punish our sins."

The flames were crackling loudly, but his voice had carried far. Quickly a little crowd began to gather, and a tall, powerful man of forty-five confronted him pugnaciously.

"I heered ye, Elder," he cried, "an' I know what ye're driving at. Ye're wrong. The Lord don't set no fires. The Parson's house burned down, and Parson Williams ain't done no sins at all."

"There's sins of commission, Cap'n Dexter," growled the Elder, "an' sins of o-mission. A preacher's bounden duty is to keep hell-fire burnin' hot an' high afore the eyes of every man an' woman an' child. Parson Williams ain't done it proper."

Captain Dexter shook an enormous, knotted fist.

"Ye can't say nothing agin' the Parson. Not around me."

"The Lord will judge," growled the Elder. "He'll judge *you*, Cap'n Dexter, an' your sinful men—with their drink, an' tobacco an' Godless frivolity. The Lord burned the church to give ye warnin'."

The crowd was dividing into two parties. Above the crackle of the flames rose the ominous mutter of angry men.

"Belay it. No fightin'," cried Captain Dexter, facing the Elder alone. "Look-a here, you ol' pizen-belly. I'm goin' to build a new church myself, with my own money."

"Not on parish ground, you ain't."

"I'll build it on the farm I bought off *you*."

Captain Dexter strode away. Elder Whalley pressed his thin lips together tightly and turned to Parson Williams.

"Will you preach the word of God in *his* church?" he demanded.

"Yes," said the minister, "if the congregation wants me to."

"Built with the devil's money," snapped the Elder. "He'll make it full of geegaws an' popery. Look at his

own house." The Elder closed his thin lips and frowned.

When Captain Dexter reached his gate he stopped for a moment to admire the reddish glow on the new white paint of the house. It was much the finest house in Bristol. The only house with plenty of windows and a graceful fan-light over the door. The biggest house, too, and the best built.

"Wear me down!" chuckled the Captain. "I'll show 'em. They'll git th' jumpin' colic when they see the church I'm goin' to build."

He went into the white paneled living room and sat down before the fire. This was a moment of triumph for the Captain, the climax of his life-long feud with Elder Whalley. He'd never liked the Elder, even as a boy, but the first definite skirmish occurred twenty years before, when the Captain, a young man then, had sailed his first command into Bristol harbor, bringing his bride from Boston. She died in childbirth a year later, but none too soon for Elder Whalley to discover she'd been raised in the Church of England. He'd published the knowledge far and wide. Mistress Dexter was stopped that next Sabbath when she tried to enter the church on the Captain's arm.

"No gittin' 'round it," said the Elder to his intimates. "Ye can't trust a man who'll marry into popery. He'll work our ruin yet."

The Elder's prophecy came true in a sense. By the time the church burned down, a little busy center had developed around the harbor—shipyard, rope-walk, fish-flakes, all the industries connected with the sea. Here the Captain reigned supreme. He owned six schooners. He had more ready money than the rest of the town put together. And most of the young men of Bristol had been attracted into his orbit, sailing for the sinful, Popish lands of the south, sailing over the sea, the blue, dangerous sea, that devil's playground, which joined their little harbor with all the enchanting countries of the world.

None came back unchanged, for the sea is a careless teacher which doesn't distinguish between the righteous and the sinful. Under the Captain's leadership the young men of Bristol were learning the devil's ways. They sang Godless songs, played musical instruments, laughed at hell-fire—that necessary physic for the soul. And they married the girls of Bristol, they dressed them for church in bright, heathenish fabrics brought from God knows where.

The Captain himself was the worst of the lot. He wouldn't have called himself a "liberal", even if the word had been invented, but the sea had changed his attitude toward many things. He'd seen Havana, a city two hundred years old, built of hewn stone, bright tiles and colored stucco. And once—although he never told a soul in Bristol—he had actually entered a Popish church, a great, dim cathedral with candles behind the

Right and Proper—

By

Jack Leonard

Illustrated by

JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.



altar. He would have admitted, of course, that the devil was probably skulking not far away, but nevertheless he was vastly impressed by the stillness, the incense, and the cloth of gold.

The Captain smiled happily, reviewing those twenty years of triumph. He had won. Half the town was on his side. The girls were gayer, the children noisier. The streets were full of cheery seafaring folk who weren't afraid to smile.

The front door opened and Ruth Dexter came in—the Captain's motherless daughter. She skipped across the room like a little girl and plopped down on the Turkey rug by the fire, smiling up into her father's face. He pinched her ear and stroked her soft, brown hair.

"I'm goin' to build a proper church, daughter. A proper, comely church. Elder Whalley ain't goin' to like it none, but the Preacher'll like it fine." One of the Captain's recent victories was the choice of Parson Williams, against the bitter opposition of the Elders. "A real pretty church. Never mind *what* they say."

"I know," cried Ruth. "They'll say it's popery." "Aye! Popery!" the Captain looked around the room, at the bright carpet, the spinet in the corner, and his cherished engraving of the Roman Forum over the mantel-piece. "Popery!" he repeated. "Ruth, daughter,

that's what they call every plaguey thing that looks good. But times are changin', girl. We don't need to be that sour. Not even here in Bristol."

"Will you paint the church white?" "Aye, white like a breakin' sea. An' tall and free. I'm runnin' up to Boston tomorrow to find the man to build her."

A week later Elder Whalley himself stumped up to the Captain's door, his thin, old lips set hard in a downward curve. The town needed a church, had to have a church. So the Elder, against his inclination, had agreed to look at the plans. He struck a savage blow with the brass knocker. The Captain opened the door, a broad grin on his weather-beaten face.

"Glad to see ye, Elder," he chuckled. "What's the devil doin' today? Up and about, I reckon. An' how's hell? Mighty hot?"

The Elder pushed past him without a word and sat down on a straight chair. Parson Williams was standing at the rose-wood spinet, playing a small, cheerful tune. A little apart stood Ruth Dexter and a slender young man in Boston clothes

Ruth ran to the end of the wharf and stood like a small, serious statue while the sea gulls twanged overhead and the schooner crept closer. She took Daniel's hand and held it tight



who was watching the girl with a wrapt, enchanted look in his eyes. He had curly, dark hair and his face was unroughened by wind or sun. The Captain jerked his thumb toward the young man.

"That's him, Elder. Dan'l Steed, he calls himself. The church is goin' to be built the way he says it."

"Lemme see the plans."

"You can see 'em if you want to, but it won't do ye no good."

The Elder scowled, went over to a table where two large sheets of paper were spread on the boards. He took one look and whirled around, eyes glaring.

"That's a heathen temple!" he shouted. "That's no proper church. I'll never set foot inside."

"We'll scud along without you."

"Parson! Listen here! That's popery!"

Parson Williams turned away from the spinet. He seemed reluctant to speak, but there was no sign of yielding in his gentle eyes.

"I think the plans are suitable," he said. "Our Lord will like us to raise a beautiful church in His honor."

The Elder took a quick look around the room. Then he darted to the mantel-piece.

"There's your church!" he shouted savagely, pointing to the picture of the Roman Forum. "See that big temple? That's the bottom! An' see that little temple? That's the top! An' a popish steeple on top o' that. There you have it! Two heathen temples stuck together, an' you call it a House of the Lord! We're God-fearin' people. . . ."

The Elder was launched on a long, bitter oration, but before he could say more, the young architect came forward and looked up at the picture with an amused smile.

"You are right," he said. "The front and pediment resemble the temple of Jupiter, and the belfry is rather like the temple of Vesta. The Greeks discovered the beauty of those proportions. The Romans copied the Greeks, and we are copying the Romans."

For a moment the Elder was speechless with astonishment. He expected confusion, guilty denial, and here was the young upstart actually admitting it. But he wasn't speechless long.

"We don't want no heathen temple," he bellowed. "Not in Bristol. We want a proper church for plain, Godfearin' prayer an' preachin'."

"That's how she's goin' to be built," said Captain Dexter. "On the tract o' land I bought off you."

"Ain't paid for yet."

"I'll pay before settlement day. Don't have a fear."

"The Lord'll burn it down," declared the Elder.

"He can burn it down if He don't like it. Maybe He didn't like the old church neither. He burned that, an' it was ugly as sin."

The Elder made for the door, stopping on the threshold to point a knotted finger at Captain Dexter. His eyes glared, his lips trembled, but no words came. Then he stamped out. The Captain chuckled deep in his throat. Parson Williams shook his head. Ruth Dexter laughed.

"When I was a boy," said Daniel Steed with a shy smile, "my mother used to speak of 'Bristol molasses'. She meant vinegar."

"Aye," said the Captain. "They took their worship mighty hard around here, like a dose o' jalap. Elder Whalley was the reason why. He was born with a bellyful o' pizen. I mind what they used to say in Plymouth. Bristol folks, they used to say, didn't need to burn no fuel. They got enough hell-fire on the Sabbath to keep 'em mighty comfortable all week."

"What did he mean about settlement day?" asked Ruth.

"Didn't mean nothin'. Come on, son," said the Captain to Daniel. "I'll take ye across the road to the Widder Randall. Ye can't live here. Ruth'll be alone. Right soon I'm sailin' for Cuba."

Three weeks later the Captain was ready to sail, with two schooners loaded with salt cod and iron-ware to sell in Cuba behind the Spanish trade embargo. Half the seafaring population of Bristol was gathered on the pier. Sailings were serious matters in those days, for the southern seas were full of pirates, and the

Then came a small group of men, Elder Whalley leading the way



Spanish authorities were out to capture every Yankee vessel entering Cuban waters. At last all was ready.

"Go aboard, lads," shouted Captain Dexter.

The sailors went to their posts on the two schooners. The Captain walked over to Ruth, who was standing on the wharf with Daniel Steed. "Don't cry, girl," he said, kissing her tenderly. "I'll be back in good time." He turned to Daniel. "Good luck with the church. I'll steer a course by the steeple next September."

He took the architect's hand and walked down the wharf.

"Cast off," he shouted. "Make sail."

Two heavy foresails crept up the masts. One of the schooners moved slowly away from the pier amid a chorus of farewells. The Captain stepped aboard the second. Ruth Dexter's eyes had been dry until that last moment. Then she threw her arms impulsively around the neck

of Daniel Steed and his arms closed around her. "Oh, Dan," she sobbed, and she buried her face in his coat.

Daniel blushed. Then he flinched a little, for Captain Dexter had leaped ashore and was running back along the wharf, his face black with astonished rage, his heavy hands clenched into fists. He didn't dislike Daniel. Rather liked him, in fact. But the Captain, like many a father, had imagined a son-in-law in his own image.

"So that's the way!" he shouted. "Good thing I seen it."

"Captain Dexter," said Daniel, "when you return, I shall ask to marry your daughter. We are betrothed."

"No, you ain't," bellowed the Captain. "You ain't no such thing. I hired you to build the church, not to court my girl. She's goin' to marry a seaman, a feller than can set a course an' handle men, an' make a proper husband. She ain't goin' to marry no soft-handed, lily-livered landsman."

"When you return," said Daniel, "I shall ask you again."

"Eat heavy an' git some strength. You'll need it. Ruth, daughter," he commanded, "keep away from this sprout. Mind me, now. I'm sailin', but I'll be back." He held her close. "Ye're all I got, girl, an' I know what's good for you."

He went to his ship and stepped aboard. Lines slackened, sails filled, and the vessel drew off to follow the other schooner, already far down the channel. Ruth and Daniel walked away from the harbor, faces flushed. As soon as they were out of sight, a squall of excited

chatter swept through the crowd. Bristol hadn't enjoyed such entertainment for many a day.

That rough, humiliating scene on the wharf had been a shock to Daniel, but the wound healed in time. He didn't keep away from Ruth. They saw each other constantly, and when their eyes met, the rest of the world seemed to move like magic far away, leaving them alone in a quiet, enchanted kingdom of their own. And somehow Daniel's work on the church seemed a part of his love for Ruth. He was building her beauty into the frame. They'd sit across the road, watching the work. Their glances would touch shyly. Then Daniel would run to his drawing-board and bend some graceful line to new perfection.

All through the soft, New England summer the church grew, like a plant starting growth in Spring. And every fine day, all summer, Ruth Dexter came with her sewing to watch the work. To watch Daniel, too. He looked so gentle and slight, but with tireless enthusiasm he guided the shipwrights, climbing among the rafters, testing the joints, in love with the picture of the finished church which he carried next his heart.

Ruth wasn't the only observer. All Bristol kept an eye on the church. Some approved. Some were actually enthusiastic. But when Elder Whalley came, he brought a group of like-thinking friends who stood like graven statues, frowning at the church, muttering angry words about the devil and his popish seductions—burning, fanatical words.

Ruth had heard a rumor, too. She didn't want to worry Daniel, so happy building his beautiful church, but at last she decided to tell him. She stopped in the road one afternoon, when they were walking home together.

"It's the settlement, Dan," she said. "My father hasn't paid for the land yet, and Elder Whalley says he can take the church and tear it down. Or burn it down."

Burn the church! Daniel's eyes stared wide in sudden horror.

"He can't!" he cried.

"Yes, he can, unless my father pays a thousand pounds in hard money before sundown on the last day of September."

"Your father can pay. He told me he could."

"But what if he doesn't get home in time? I can't mortgage the shipyard myself, and I haven't any money. Everything's done on credit in Bristol. You know that, Dan."

Daniel remembered that he'd seen hardly a shilling of actual money for three months. Everything was paid for by the Captain's good name.

"Don't worry, dear," he said encouragingly. "Settlement day's a long way off. Your father'll be back."

There wasn't really much to worry about—not yet. Daniel managed to put the problem out of his mind. He was starting the front and the steeple, the most important parts of the church. It was easy not to think of anything else.

New England is full of such churches now — white steeples above the elms, clear, crystalline prayers to the Lord who made the

(Continued on page 43)



"I need seven hundred pounds in hard money," she cried in a clear-carrying voice. "You all know what I need it for."

Wherein Mr. Frank explains the need of and the history of spring training camps



The same managers who had been moving spirits in snipe hunts were not eager to have \$50,000 rookies stumble through the woods for a full night and half a day

Spring Planting

by
Stanley Frank

MATTERS have reached that pass known as pretty, when success goes to a ball player's head, but it is time to view with even more alarm when expansion hits him where he lives, in the waist-line. It was ever thus and, more pertinently, a situation calling for vigorous remedy when the Chicago Nationals reported to Cap Anson, their manager and first-baseman, in 1886.

The Chicagos, who had won the championship of the old National League in 1885, had much to talk about during the winter and apparently had done most of it in the corner refreshment parlor over too many beakers of beer. Anson took one look at his well-upholstered athletes, hollered bloody murder and promptly shipped the gang to Hot Springs, Ark., to boil out the beer and climb hills until their tongues were sun-burned. Including Anson, there were fourteen in the party, but one of the players went just for the ride. That would be Billy Sunday, the fire-and-brimstone merchant who did research work which was to make him the most energetic tub-thumper for temperance of his day and age, while his colleagues subjected their bloated carcasses to unaccustomed indignities.

Although Anson is recognized as one of the shrewdest showmen in the history of baseball, he did not realize the significance of the Chicago team's excursion to the South in the dead of winter. His immediate purpose was to whip his heroes into the physical condition which would enable them to win the National League pennant all over again in '86, which, incidentally, was

achieved. How was Anson to know he was setting the precedent for an old American custom known as spring training, an established practice which, fifty-two years later, takes six hundred major league ball players on a grand 25,000-mile tour of the provinces for two months at an expenditure of more than half a million dollars for the sixteen club owners in the National and American Leagues?

Two decades passed before spring training was commonly accepted as a necessary pre-season routine for every major league team. Anson's bright idea was not copied again until 1895, when Manager Schmeltz took the Washington Nationals to nearby Virginia for conditioning exercises. A brief trip to a warm climate was regarded as such a luxury that ugly rumors, to the effect that the hard-boiled Baltimore Orioles were softening up, were circulated when Ned Hanlon took his colorful champions to Macon, Georgia, in 1896. Those early trips were hit-and-miss affairs and it was not until the early 1900's that teams (Continued on page 48)

What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books by Harry Hansen

ABOUT a month after the government started showing "The River" in the motion picture theaters of the country, the words of this extraordinary film were put into a book with some of the pictures, and published for readers. I happened to be filling some speaking engagements in the Middle West and Southwest at the time and discovered how well the lines written by Pare Lorentz read. I read some of them to my audience and they made a profound impression.

"The River" was originally made as a film by the Farm Security Administration of the Department of Agriculture to show how the rivers of the mid-continent take topsoil down to the Gulf of Mexico in enormous quantities because the land has not been properly guarded against erosion and the forests have been slashed without looking after future needs. Of course the government finally leads the story to the necessity of flood control and shows what has been done in the valley of the Tennessee. But no matter what sides we take in the controversy over methods, we all have to agree that floods must be stopped and the soil must be conserved. Pare Lorentz drives this home with simple, expository prose that reads like a Whitman poem. He calls up the names of the rivers one after another; he names the trees that covered the forests of middle America. Four hundred million tons of top soil washed down into the Gulf every year—most valuable soil, and people ruined in consequence in the breadbasket of the Nation.

Black spruce and Norway pine,
Douglas fir and red cedar,
Scarlet oak and shagbark hickory.
We built a hundred cities and a thousand towns—

But at what a cost!

We cut the top off the Alleghanies
and sent it down the river.

We cut the top off Minnesota and
sent it down the river.

We cut the top off Wisconsin and
sent it down the river.

We left the mountains and the hills
slashed and burned,
And moved on.



Julian Dana, the author of "Lost Springtime," a novel of a Sierra journey, in which laughter, fellowship and high fantasy are deftly combined. (Published by MacMillan)



H. S. Barnes

Diana, the second baby Giant Panda to be captured by Ruth Harkness, whose new book "The Lady and the Panda" has recently been published by Carrick & Evans. Diana comes from distant Szechuan Province of China and is shown being bottle-fed by a friend.

As Mr. Lorentz explains, it began purely as "utilitarian" writing. As it went on, no doubt, he rose to the opportunity. Together with the musical accompaniment by Virgil Thomson he has given us an extraordinary film. "The River", in book form, is published by Stackpole Sons.

No one can travel across the country talking about books, as I do, without becoming impressed with the eager appetite of readers everywhere for books about American life. I do not mean merely stories and novels. These circulate pretty widely, especially since the English novelists no longer write the great novels that came between 1900 and 1926. But discussions of American conditions, if written so that the average reader can understand them, are always welcome. In Sioux City, Ia., for instance, I was told that many readers had been calling for "America's Sixty Families" by Ferdinand Lundberg, a radical and extreme attack on all forms of capital investment, which ascribes dishonest motives to practically every one who gets rich by private profit.

We ought to keep in mind the titles of half a dozen fine books that are really worth reading and pick them up at leisure. Here they are: "The Rise of American Civilization" by Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard (now about ten years old); "The Flowering of New England" by Van Wyck Brooks; "Deserts on the March" by Paul Sears; "The Sod-house Frontier" by Everitt Dick; "The Great Plains" by Walter Prescott Webb; two books in the new Rivers of America series, called "Kennebec" by Robert P. Tristram Coffin and "Upper Mississippi" by Walter Havinghurst. This is just a reminder.

HERVEY ALLEN'S CIVIL WAR NOVEL

THE Civil War comes to the front again with Hervey Allen's novel, "Action at Aquila", but this time there is no glorification of war. Indeed, Mr. Allen's attitude to war is that held today by all those who want to avoid fighting at any cost. He wants to show how terrible warfare is toward individuals, men and women who have to hate and kill each other for political reasons, when they can get along perfectly as good friends.

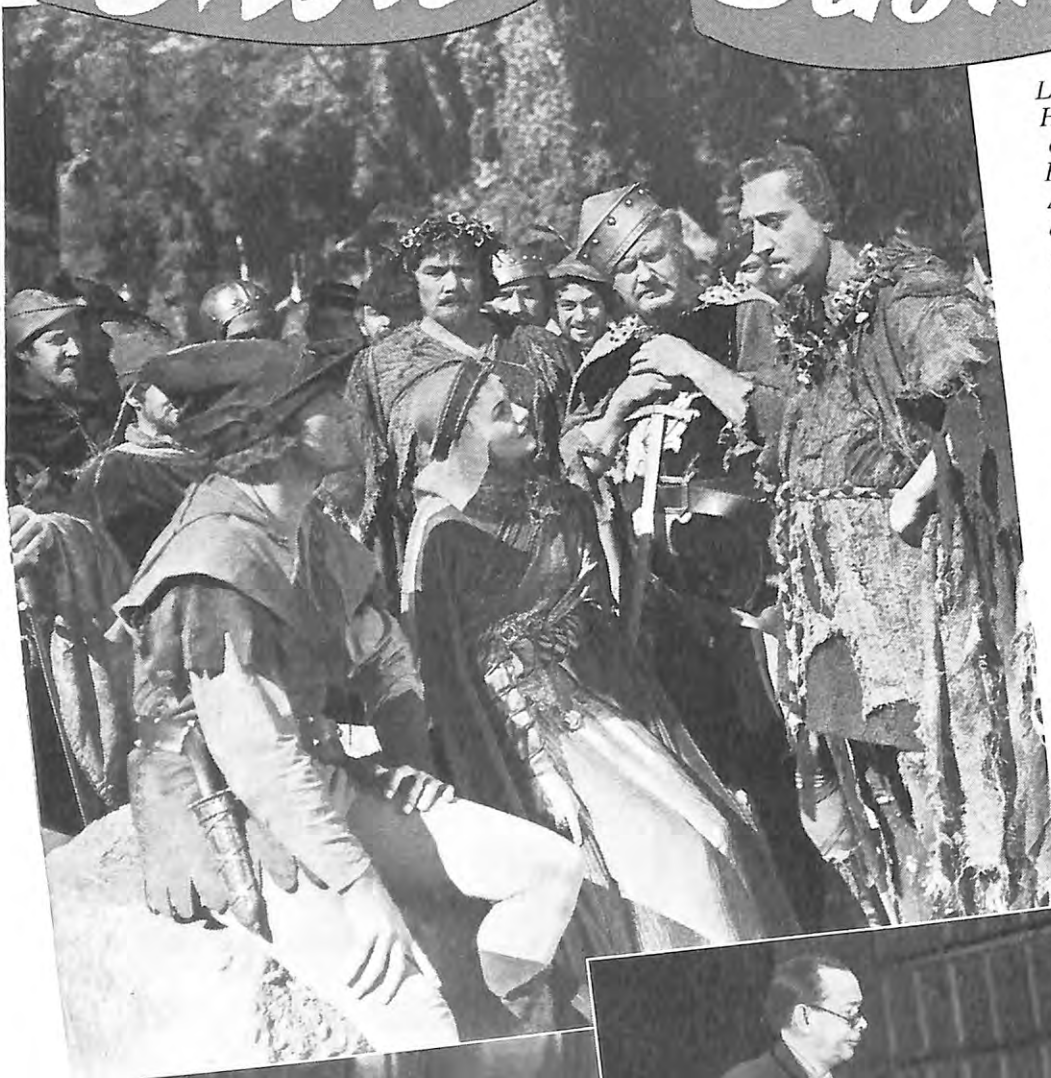
Col. Nathaniel T. Franklin of the Sixth Pennsylvania cavalry is the chief character in "Action at Aquila", and as near a hero as the book contains. He is riding his mount back to his command in October, 1864, when the story opens, and on the way from Philadelphia to Morgan Springs—which takes him a long time—he talks with various men about houses burned and civilians mistreated. The story of the brave Confederate major whose dead body was cremated in the burning of his own home is part of his unpleasant recollections, and he is

(Continued on page 50)

Show - BUSINESS

Left: Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone and others in a scene from Warner Brother's costume piece, "The Adventures of Robin Hood", a colorful interpretation of the old English legend. Mr. Flynn as Robin Hood is a vital and handsome figure; and Olivia de Havilland makes an appealing Maid Marian.

Below: Frank Craven, Martha Scott and John Craven in a warming scene from "Our Town". They are supposed to be in a drug store drinking ice cream sodas in a play which uses neither scenery nor props, nor are they needed. Fine writing and fine acting are all that is required for a good, solid play. The rest is just icing on the cake. Miss Martha Scott is so good she will no doubt shortly be a victim of the Hollywood snatch racket.



Left: Ina Claire and Hugh Williams in a scene from Fredrick Lonsdale's play, "Once Is Enough", an agreeable trifle about this and that. Miss Claire out-maneuvers a rapacious husband-stealer to keep her over-loving husband forever by her side. In the doing, she proves herself once again the New York stage's most delightful comedienne, and the master deliverer of the well-turned line.



Above are Dudley Digges, Peter Holden and Dorothy Stickney in a heartening scene from "On Borrowed Time", the most engaging fantasy of the New York season. Mr. Digges, who traps Death up in an old apple tree and won't let him down, is magnificent; Miss Stickney plays an exasperated grandmother with a fine hand, while Peter Holden, with an unself-conscious yet sure grasp of his role, proves once and for all that child actors need not always be obnoxious.



Right: Bette Davis in "Jezebel", Warner Brothers' answer to "Gone With the Wind". Miss Davis enacts with emotional intensity the part of a willful Southern belle who wrecks the lives of her admirers and herself.



Above: Linda Watkins and Frank Lawton as they appeared in "I Am My Youth", a play about the English poet, Shelley (Frank Lawton), his father-in-law (Charles Waldron) and the woman he married (Miss Watkins). The play was a good, historical account of the political and emotional life of young Shelley, the romantic.



Above, right, are Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in their latest concoction, "Swiss Miss". It is another triumph and beyond that we need say nothing. Right: the beautiful Carole Lombard, currently teamed with Fernand Gravet, a French importation, in "Fools for Scandal", another daffy comedy about love and marriage.





EDITORIAL

THE MOTHER LODGE

FOR many years the first lodge instituted in a state has been known as the mother lodge of that jurisdiction, a distinction which is cherished with considerable pride. With what pride, therefore, must New York Lodge cherish the distinction of being the mother lodge of all lodges, in fact the mother lodge of the Grand Lodge itself and of the entire Order.

Even before the Grand Lodge was formed, New York Lodge functioned not only as a lodge, but as the Order. It was organized as the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks on February 16, 1868, and on that date chartered as a body corporate under the laws of the State of New York. Available records disclosed that at that time it had few members, but in the number were men of vision, who conceived the idea of establishing a fraternity of national scope. In fact, at that time a group of gentlemen had made known the desire to establish a branch of the Order in Philadelphia.

On December 4, 1870, the New York organization appointed a committee to consider the advisability of organizing a Grand Lodge with authority to establish subordinate lodges. This committee reported the following month favoring the project. On March 10, 1871, the Grand Lodge was, on the application of these gentlemen, granted a charter by the Legislature of New York. Then it was that New York Lodge, a body corporate, voluntarily surrendered its right to the exclusive use of the name, thus abandoning its original organization, and thereupon made application to the newly created Grand Lodge for a charter, which was issued

forthwith, and New York Lodge No. 1 came into existence on the very day the Grand Lodge was chartered. The Grand Lodge then consisted of the original founders of the New York organization and its then past and present officers. Two days after the organization of the Grand Lodge, it issued its second charter to the Philadelphia group, which was organized as Philadelphia Lodge No. 2. It was nearly five years thereafter before the next charter was issued, this time to San Francisco Lodge No. 3.

It is little wonder, therefore, that New York Lodge contemplates with pardonable pride its right to be known as the mother lodge. But for its generous act in surrendering its original rights, and but for its vision of establishing a national fraternity there never would have been any Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

BREAD ON THE WATERS

CAST thy bread upon the waters; for thou shall find it after many days.—Ecclesiastes XI, 1.

MANY an eloquent plea in the name of charity has been made from the pulpit based on this text. We present a practical illustration and demonstration that the text is not mere sophistry.

Many years ago, perhaps twenty or more, Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309, agreeable to the prevailing custom among Elks lodges, was giving its Christmas entertainment for the children of families unable to provide the cheer so eagerly anticipated by the kiddies. Following the distribution by Santa Claus of cakes, candies and presents from a huge Christmas tree erected in the lodge room, the children marched, a joyous and hilarious throng numbering five hundred, to a theater where a special performance had been provided for their entertainment.

Among those attracted by their laughter and merriment was Mr. George W. Trimble, a resident of the State of Washington temporarily in Colorado Springs. He was not



a member of the Order but a true Elk at heart. He followed the children to the theater and entering, after making inquiry what it was all about, was greatly impressed with what he saw and heard and by this evidence of practical charity on the part of the lodge. Mr. Trimble passed to his reward seven years ago leaving a will in which he created a sizeable trust fund and provided that after certain payments out of the increment, 25% of the remainder should be paid to Colorado Springs Lodge to carry on its charity work. When these preference payments are no longer to be made, 35% goes to the lodge, which has already received over \$25,000. The trust is in perpetuity. The only restriction placed on the lodge is that the money shall be expended for the poor people of the county of which Colorado Springs is the county seat.

Thus is the charity work of the lodge increased. Believing that it was the wish of Mr. Trimble most of the money is being expended on shoes and clothing to keep children in school, for tonsillectomies on children whose parents are unable to pay, for hospitalization of poor children and generally for welfare work among them.

On that Christmas day the lodge cast its bread on the waters and it is being returned "after many days" and will continue to be returned for many years yet to come. We never know what dividends our acts of charity will pay, of course not always in money, but always in the grateful hearts of the recipients which after all is the apogee of reward that can come to us.

IMPORTANCE OF GRAND LODGE.

BEING as it is a patriotic American order, it is perfectly natural and altogether proper that those who drafted the form of government of our fraternity patterned it as nearly as may be along the lines of our Federal Government. Hence we have the legislative, executive and judicial branches, each of which functions largely independent of the other two.

The Grand Lodge is our legislative branch. It enacts our laws and it may initiate but cannot enact constitutional

amendments. As such amendments to our Federal Constitution must be submitted to the states for ratification, so in our Order when initiated by the Grand Lodge they must be submitted to the subordinate lodges for ratification before becoming effective. Unlike Congress, however, the Grand Lodge elects the executive officers of the fraternity.

Nothing further need be said to impress the importance of each session of the Grand Lodge which in the coming July holds its next session at Atlantic City, New Jersey. The importance of the meeting of this legislative body is the controlling reason for the statute requiring each subordinate lodge to send its representative to the Grand Lodge. Such representatives are in control of the Grand Lodge for generally they outnumber the other members in attendance. With few exceptions these representatives serve for only one year and many for the first time will sit in the Grand Lodge at Atlantic City.

While it is the duty of subordinate lodges to send their representatives, it is the duty of the representatives to familiarize themselves with their duties in order that they may act wisely as legislators for the whole Order and also in choosing those who will comprise the executive branch of our government for the ensuing year. Before going to the Grand Lodge each representative should study the statutes with a view of improving them wherein they may need amendment or of adding provisions tending to better and more efficient government. They should familiarize themselves with the procedure of the Grand Lodge and to this end should read carefully the printed proceedings of the last two or three sessions, especially of the last session, a copy of which should be on file in the office of the Secretary of each lodge. Much valuable information can also be obtained from conferences with Past Exalted Rulers nearly all of whom have attended one or more sessions of the Grand Lodge. On registering with the Credentials Committee printed reports will be handed to each representative and these should be studied before attending the first session. By following these suggestions the representatives will be better able properly to perform their important duties.

Elk Lodges throughout the Order take an active part in promoting the Elks National Traffic Safety Campaign

THE Elks Traffic Safety Program, designed to reduce the number of deaths and injuries through auto accidents, is *working!*

Formally launched in December, 1937, the proposal of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart has been in effect at this writing but four months, yet in 1,400 lodges in an equal number of American cities, the war on unnecessary deaths and injuries by automobile accidents and reckless driving is being waged with all the fire and earnestness that such a warfare deserves.

The Elks are making this program their major activity for the current year. In every lodge from coast to coast traffic meetings have been and are being held, meetings with police chiefs and traffic heads, mayors and other interested authorities. Some are being held every month. Active work leading to the removal of local traffic hazards has been planned and in many cases actually accomplished.

The public effect of the 500,000 Elks' talking, thinking and acting "traffic safety" has been bound to do the job and so it has proved in the brief time this public opinion-moulding group has been actively at work.

In addition to the traffic hazard removal effort, strong influence is being brought to bear on one of the greatest evils that has led to auto deaths and injuries: the ticket-fixing evil.

Members of the Order pledge themselves to exact that pledge from their own families in particular, so as to rid them of that peculiarly American feeling that they "can beat the rap" on a speeding charge, which may lead, and often does lead, to the added belief that they can beat it on other and more serious charges at some future time.

That this crusade of the Elks is meeting with success is evidenced by the reports that are beginning to come into the Grand Exalted Ruler's headquarters in New York.

Personal lodge activity has been aided greatly by the two hundred radio programs that have carried the work on the air to all parts of the country and to all classes of people. The various lodges sponsor these programs, engage in them and add their voices to the matter prepared in transcription form that the Elks have provided the various stations on the big networks.

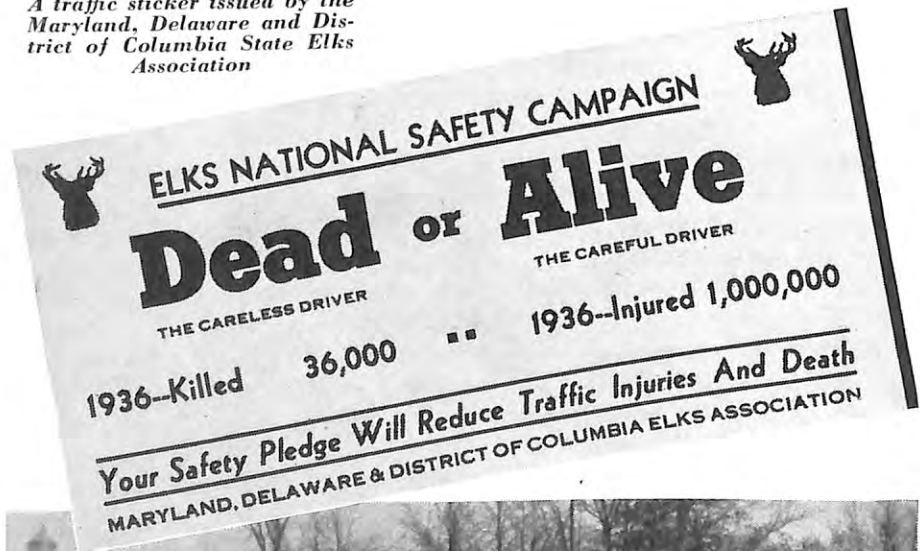
Thousands of newspaper stories,



A group of important traffic officials were present at "Traffic Night", held by Saginaw, Mich., Lodge

"Mr. Public Opinion" Takes Charge

A traffic sticker issued by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association



A fully equipped traffic car presented to the city by Youngstown, O., Lodge

editorials and features have appeared in the 1,400 cities where Elk lodges are located, carrying the story of the fight on automobile accidents to everyone.

From the President on down through governors of the States, mayors, police chiefs, automobile association heads and leaders of thought in all lines, have come commendations and offers of support.

Is it any wonder that there have begun to appear actual results that bid fair to bring about the consummation so long wished for—the abolition of death on the streets and highways through auto accidents? Truly, death is being "given a holiday" by the Elks lodges and their faithful members!

Although the radio was not used in the work until December 3rd, a report from Highway Commissioner P. H. McGurren of the State of North Dakota says that already the December records show a "material reduction in the number of accidents". And so go the records wherever the voice of the Elk is heard in the land.

Space forbids the details of every one of the 1,400 lodges' contributions to the safety traffic program,

although each lodge is doing a fine job. Naturally, results come more quickly in some quarters than in others. However, the outstanding lodge records up to the time of the preparation of this article are highly illuminating.

Ohio lodges have been particularly active since the appointment by Governor Davey of Howard Warner as head of the commission to run things on behalf of the new safety traffic program. Posters, markers, street signs, abolition of traffic hazards—all are being used to bring about reduction of traffic accidents and deaths through carelessness.

In Youngstown, Ohio, the Elks lodge presented to the city an accident investigation car equipped with two-way radio, public address system, typewriter, first-aid kits, brake tester, light tester, tape measures and other equipment. The car is painted in the Elk colors, white body with purple fenders. It patrols the city, giving advice and warning to citizens and travelers.

This car is manned with traffic department officers and already it is credited by the police department with having reduced the accident records considerably by warning those who, through (Cont'd on page 51)

One of fourteen Elk traffic signboards erected in Youngstown, O.



Below: Elks of Barberton, O., Lodge and the traffic signals they have posted around the city



The Elks Junior Patrol, of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, is made up of uniformed youngsters who supervise the street crossings of young students at the New Kensington schools

Under the Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



The handsomely equipped band of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, which is one of the finest of its kind in the Order.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters For Reelection

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, will again be presented by Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, as its candidate for reelection to the office of Grand Secretary, at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held this coming July at Atlantic City, N. J. On its official announcement cards the lodge expresses its pride in the splendid and efficient manner in which its candidate has performed the duties of every office to which he has been called.

Dating from the time of his ini-

tiation in 1903, the record of Mr. Masters' activities in various lines of work pertaining to the Order shows valuable and continuous service. In 1908 he was elected Exalted Ruler of Charleroi Lodge. He was a Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, three years later becoming a member of the Board of Grand Trustees. He was Chairman of the Board for three years of his term. In 1920-21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

In 1922 Mr. Masters was elected to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. From that year, when he was a mem-

ber ex-officio, until 1927, he served as a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He was elected Grand Secretary in 1927. Mr. Masters has been unanimously reelected to that office at each subsequent Grand Lodge Convention.

Oakland, Calif., Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Trustee

Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, announces that it will present Past Exalted Ruler Fred B. Mellmann for election to the office of Grand Trustee at the Grand Lodge Session in Atlantic City, N. J., this coming July.

Mr. Mellmann has been an active member continuously since his initiation. In addition to service to his subordinate lodge, he has been a leader in the work of both the State Association and Grand Lodge. His active work in the subordinate lodge has not ceased in recent years; in fact, for six years he had devoted himself to his duties as Chairman of the Lapsation Committee of Oakland Lodge. His reports in that capacity have been published by the former Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge and circularized to all subordinate lodges. The major ser-



Left: Marion E. Strain, Cora R. Strain and Frank A. Strain, a father and two sons, all of whom are Past Exalted Rulers of Lamar, Colo., Lodge.

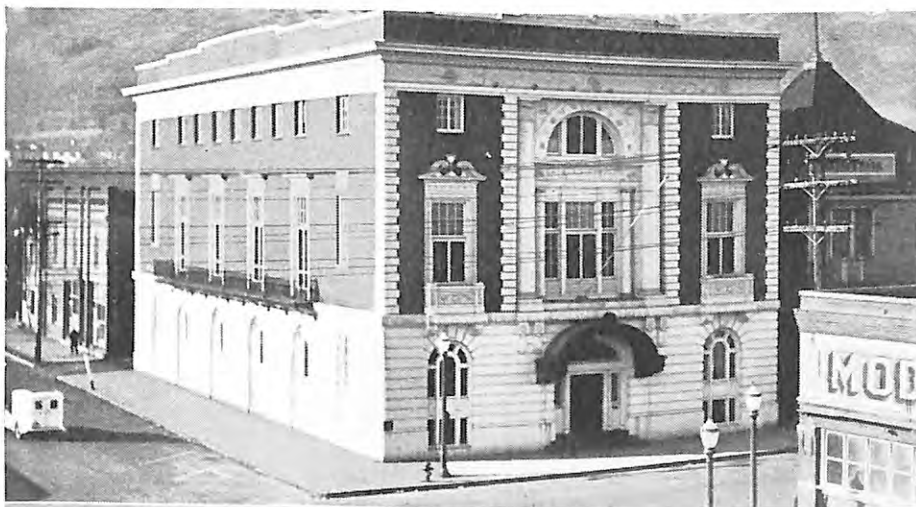
vices of his record in the Order are as follows: 1920—Initiated August 12, in Oakland Lodge, No. 171; 1922—Appointed Esquire by the Hon. Charles A. Beardsley, then Exalted Ruler; subsequently elected to and served in each chair office; 1926—Exalted Ruler, Oakland Lodge; 1927—Elected Honorary Life Member of Oakland Lodge; also served as Trustee of the California State Elks Association for a two-year term; 1929—President of the California State Elks Association; 1930—District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; 1933—Member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; 1935—Associate Member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge,

and 1936—Grand Esteemed Leading Knight.

The Mother Lodge Celebrates the Seventieth Birthday of the Order

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, celebrated the Seventieth Birthday of the Order with a banquet on February 16 at the Hotel Astor in New York City, attended by one of the most representative gatherings ever assembled at a function of the lodge. Dignitaries of the Order came from far and near. Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart was the guest of honor and among the diners were men of prominence in the civic, professional, business and social life of the community.

Occupying seats of honor on the dais were Grand Exalted Ruler Hart; E.R. Joseph V. Burns of New York Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Murray Hulbert, New York Lodge, and James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough Lodge; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John K. Burch, Grand Rapids; Henry A. Guenther, Newark, Chairman, and William T. Phillips, New York, Secretary, of the Board of Grand Trustees; Clayton F. Van Pelt, Fond du Lac, Wis., Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; J. Edward Gallico, Troy, N. Y., Chairman, and Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, N. J., member, of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bay-



Left: The handsome and spacious home of La Grande, Ore., Lodge, where an active group of Elks meets regularly.

Below: The officers of Wallace, Ida., Lodge who recently burned the mortgage on the Lodge's fine home and on the same occasion presented a life membership to J. W. Tabor, seated in center.

At bottom: The officers of Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge and four brothers they initiated. The brothers, seated in the front row, left to right are: Allison, Andrew, Winthrop and Francis Gregory.



onne, N. J., Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; Capt. Stephen McGrath, Oneida, Pres., and Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, Secy., of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; Past State Pres. Postmaster General James A. Farley, Haverstraw, N.Y., Lodge; D.D. George I. Hall, Lynbrook, N. Y.; D.D. Frank A. Small, St. Joseph, Mich.; Moses Altman, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of New York Lodge; the Hon. Fiorenzo H. LaGuardia, Mayor of New York and member of New York Lodge; the Hon. Pelham St. George Bissell, New York, President Justice Municipal Court; the Hon. James J. Hoey, New York, Collector of Internal Revenue; the Hon. John J. Bennett, Brooklyn Lodge, Attorney General of the State of New York; the Hon. Jacob C. Klinck, Grand Master of the Masons for the State of New York, and the Very Rev. William E. Cashin, Ossining, N. Y.

An innovation which met with popular approval was a broadcast, before the dinner began, of the speaking program on a coast to coast hookup of the Mutual Broadcasting Company, with a time limit of half an hour. E.R. Burns presided and the speakers, in the brief time allotted, delivered splendid messages on the import of the occasion. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a stirring address in which he told of the service rendered by the Order in civic, charitable and war activities during the past seventy years. He pledged further cooperation in maintaining the principles of democracy. Mayor LaGuardia praised the Elks highly as a civic body and an asset to the city. Postmaster General Farley spoke in a reminiscent vein of his many years of membership. Mr. Bennett pointed to the Order as a powerful force in the preservation of peace. The Invocation was delivered by the Very Rev. William Cashin. Mr. Burns acted as Toastmaster and Capt. McGrath delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Varied Activities Stimulate New Haven, Conn., Lodge Attendance

During the administration of the present officers of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, headed by E.R. George J. Grady, various activities have developed membership interest at meetings with increased attendance. The outstanding work of the lodge year has been the strengthening of financial control benefited by organized leadership and wise business procedure. Bingo social nights have been a pronounced success. The Elks' committee was assisted by 10 ladies of the Emblem Club.

A Radio Committee, headed by Est. Lect. Knight C. E. Hennessey,

inaugurated a series of broadcasts dedicated to "The American Home." They are heard at 4:30 every Sunday afternoon on the local station, WELI. Selected speakers point out means by which the family in the home can be an influence for good in molding character in these times of unrest and criminal tendencies.

Public Officials Attend Safety Meeting at Sayre, Pa., Lodge

Corporal Robert J. Letteer, of the Pennsylvania Motor Police, addressed a well attended meeting held recently in the home of Sayre, Pa., Lodge, No. 1148, for the betterment of safety conditions on the streets and highways. The meeting was opened by E.R. Clayton L. Waltman. P.E.R. Daniel P. Tierney, former local fire chief, and Chairman of the Arrangements Committee Robert Wilcox also spoke. Many mayors and other public officials from nearby cities and towns were present.

Quarterly Meeting of N. J. State Elks Assn. at Boonton Lodge

The second quarterly meeting of the N. J. State Elks Assn., held in the Home of Boonton Lodge No. 1405 on Sunday, Dec. 12, was crowded with so much business of importance that the session lasted until late eve-

ning. State Pres. Murray B. Sheldon, E.R. of Elizabeth Lodge, conducted the meeting in a snappy business-like manner. In his report Mr. Sheldon especially praised the Safe Driving, Better Parades, Publicity and Crippled Children Committees.

The Crippled Children Committee was commended for its statement that "our committee has perfected a comprehensive plan which will enable every Elk Lodge in New Jersey to participate one hundred per cent in crippled children work without endangering its financial security." The Safe Driving Committee reported the inauguration of an honor system among New Jersey Elks by way of emphasizing the Grand Exalted Ruler's safety campaign. Honor cards of increasing value will be awarded Elk motor vehicle drivers for four-month, twelve-month and two-year periods with a no-accident record. In connection with the safety campaign, the State Association listened to addresses by Lieut. Daniel

Below, center: Ladies of Louisville, Ky., Lodge's "Ladies Auxiliary" who were members of the cast of "Cook Wanted" which the ladies presented for Louisville Lodge on "Ladies' Night". The play was written and directed by Mrs. Paul Sturm.



Right: These Elk bowlers, sponsored by Houston, Tex., Lodge, covered more than 3,000 miles traveling to and from the Elks National Bowling Tournament in Milwaukee.



At top: The Drum and Bugle Corps of Greeley, Colorado, Lodge, which is composed of Legionnaire members of the lodge. The corps won the State championship of the Legion for 1936-1937 and was second in contests at Denver last July.

Above, center: are some of the 44 Casper, Wyo., Elks who traveled 500 miles to initiate 42 candidates into Cody, Wyo., Lodge and also to burn the mortgage on the new Cody Lodge Home. Cody Lodge was instituted less than a year ago, on July 19, 1937.

Above: Elks of Catskill, N. Y., Lodge photographed with District Deputy Bert Hayes on the occasion of his home-coming visit to the Lodge. State President Stephen McGrath was also present along with other important Elks of the State and District.

J. Dunn, representative of the State Commissioner of Police, and William J. Dearden, Deputy Motor Vehicle Commissioner. The Better Parades Committee reported that it had undertaken a campaign to have every one of New Jersey's sixty-two Lodges represented in the Grand Lodge parade at Atlantic City in July. Attention was directed to the fact that the New Jersey State Elks Association originated the better parades plan later endorsed by Grand Lodge Committees. The Publicity Committee, of which William Jer-nick is chairman, reported a new "high" for the preceding three months. During that period twenty-

eight editorials and more than thirty-five thousand lines of news stories relating to Elk lodge activities were printed in New Jersey newspapers. "This," said the report, "represents advertising space value of approximately six thousand dollars."

Nearly four hundred Elks attended the Boonton meeting. All were served with a buffet lunch on arrival and a hot supper in the evening, largely through the efforts of the lodge's Ladies' Auxiliary. The ladies were entertained in the evening with motion pictures, in technicolor, of the Denver Grand Lodge Convention trip.

The third quarterly session of the

State Association took place last month—Sunday, March 13. It marked the golden anniversary of the institution of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, and was held in the Hoboken Lodge Home.

Homecoming Visit of D.D. Baird to Greenville, Pa., Lodge

The last of 19 official visits to lodges of his district, Penna. N. W. was made by D.D. Wilbur P. Baird to his home lodge, Greenville No. 145. The lodge held a double celebration to pay honor to the first of its members to become a District Deputy and to the largest class it

has ever initiated. Before the meeting Mr. Baird entertained two Past Presidents of the District, Clark H. Buell, New Castle, and Robert Christy, Grove City, and P.D.D.'s Joseph Riesenman, Jr. and Mayor James Bohlender, Franklin, John T. Lyons, Sharon, Howard Ellis, Beaver Falls, C. W. Herman Hess, New Castle, and J. Austin Gormley, Butler, at dinner at his residence. At the same time, the Greenville officers and the 50 candidates dined at the Reagle Restaurant.

Three hundred Elks of the District assembled in Moose Hall for the meeting which featured a fine speak-

ing program and the initiation of the Class. The ceremonies were well performed by E.R. W. G. Redmond and the officers of Greenville Lodge. Mr. Baird expressed his personal satisfaction and pride in his lodge when he was presented with a check for \$800 for the payment in full of the lodge's \$1,000 subscription to the Elks National Foundation. Open House was held at the Elks' home after the meeting, and refreshments were served.

Southampton, N. Y., Elks Hold Initiation at Canoe Place Inn

One of the largest classes to join



Below: Elks of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, photographed with the "F. J. Chapman Class" of six candidates which was initiated in honor of Mr. Chapman.

Below, center: Officers of Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge with D.D. Charles O. Thayer, and a class of candidates initiated in honor of the District Deputy.



Danville, Va., Elks snapped when D.D. I. Hubert Early visited them and a class of 18 candidates was initiated.



a lodge in the Southeast District of New York during the term of D.D. George I. Hall of Lynbrook, was initiated by Southampton Lodge No. 1574 on the occasion of Mr. Hall's official visit and the homecoming of P.E.R. Laurence I. Nicoll, Vice-Pres. of the N.Y. State Elks Assn. The meeting, attended by over 300 Elks, was held in the ball room of the Canoe Place Inn, Hampton Bays, and was preceded by a dinner for the members in the dining room of the Inn. Music was furnished by the Corn Cobbers.

The initiation ceremonies were performed by E.R. Frank Crowitz and his associate officers. Seven former members who renewed their membership that night were introduced. Mr. Nicoll was presented with a gold life membership card case by his lodge. He is a charter member and also a member of the Board of Trustees. Both guests of honor addressed the meeting and remarks were made by two visiting Elks from Brooklyn Lodge, P.D.D. Thomas F. Cuite and State Trustee Samuel C. Duberstein. A social session rounded out the evening and a buffet lunch was served.

1938 Oratorical Contest of the Washington State Elks Assn.

The Americanization Committee of the Washington State Elks Association, which is directing the State-wide 1938 Oratorical Contest among the high schools with the cooperation of the individual lodges, has chosen "Americanism the Safeguard of Democracy" as the contest subject. Early this year the Committee requested each lodge in Washington to seek the cooperation of the authorities of the local high school in presenting to the lodge the three students judged the best in the high school preliminary contest, these students to appear at an open meeting to compete for first, second and third places and for prizes or tro-

Above and on opposite page, those who participated in the Fifty-second Anniversary Celebration of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, including a class of candidates, the Lodge Glee Club and officers of Grand Island and Omaha, Neb., Lodges.



Above: A father and four sons who are Elks. They are: John K. Meyer, D. G. Meyer, Earl E. Meyer, the father, J. B. Meyer, and W. Ed. Meyer. Three of the Meyers are members of Lock Haven, Pa., Lodge and two belong to Clearfield, Pa., Lodge.

phies donated by the lodge before which they are speaking. This particular contest serves as an opportunity to present to the students and citizens of the community a program bound to quicken the spirit of Americanism and Patriotism of both old and young.

The rules stipulate that the time for the delivery of each speech be limited to ten minutes, and that two school authorities and one Elk act as judges in the preliminary contest before the high school student body, and two Elks and one school authority act as judges at the lodge meeting. The object is to select the most capable boy or girl to represent each lodge in the final contest to be held during the Convention of the Wash. State Elks Assn. next summer at Kelso. All regularly enrolled students of a high school within the jurisdiction of an Elks lodge in the State of Washington are eligible with the exception of freshmen in cities where they are considered part of a junior high school enrollment rather than high school. The contestants will be judged entirely on the given subject and the impression they make on the Judges.

The Contest was adopted by the Association as one of its major objectives for the current year. P.E.R. Edwin J. Alexander of Aberdeen is Chairman of the Americanization Committee.

Elko, Nev., Lodge Honors Its Organist, Dr. C. E. Whitesides

The members of Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472, joined in an unusual celebration not long ago when they assembled in the lodge home to pay tribute to Dr. C. E. Whitesides. Dr. Whitesides' name is not on the membership roll. He is an honorary life member of Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217, to which he has belonged for 44 years. Although he has never been in a position to cast a vote at its meetings, he has taken an active interest in all the affairs of Elko Lodge and has been its organist for more than ten years.

Complimentary speeches were made during the evening by P.E.R.'s H. U. Castle, David Dotta and D. A. Castle; Trustee W. M. Weathers, Harry Bartlett and Jack Grieser. P.E.R. C. H. Sheerin, a Past Pres. of the Nev. State Elks Assn., presented Dr. Whitesides with a testimonial of the affection in which he is held by every member of his adopted lodge.

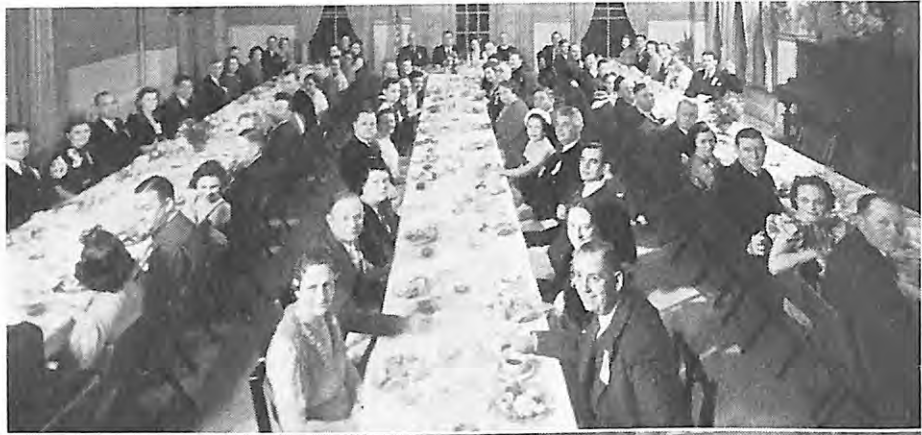
Triplets and Father Among Fifty Initiated at Glendale, Calif., Lodge

On a regular meeting night, marked by the official homecoming visit of P.E.R. George D. Hastings, D.D. for the Calif. South Cent. District, Glendale Lodge No. 1289 initiated a record class of 50 candidates in the District Deputy's honor. Acting as escort were the Glendale officers, and the members of the Drill Team who made a fine appearance in their new uniforms. Three of the candidates were triplets and a fourth was the father of the young men. This seems to have been the first time that a father and triplet sons have joined a lodge of the Order together and on the same night in the same class.

One hundred reservations had been made for the dinner which preceded the meeting, and more than 500 Elks were present in the lodge room for the ceremonies, many being visitors from lodges of the District. Among the dignitaries of the Order who attended were Past State Pres.'s L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Dr. Ralph Hagan, Los Angeles, a former member of the Board of Grand Trustees; R. J. Asbury, Riverside, D.D. for Calif. South; State Vice-Pres. Thomas F. McCue, Alhambra, and P.D.D.'s Roscoe W. Burson, Ventura, C. P. Hebenstreit, Huntington Park, and Otto H. Duelke, Inglewood. On behalf of Glendale Lodge, E.R. Archie L. Walters presented Mr. Hastings with a gold engraved emblem bearing the insignia of his office.

Cody, Wyo., Lodge Celebrates Its First Anniversary

One hundred and seventy local Elks, visitors and candidates for initiation braved a terrific storm to attend the first anniversary celebration and banquet held by Cody, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1611. A blizzard was



At top: Those who attended the banquet given by Seguin, Tex., Lodge, which was followed by a grand ball. A most successful meeting preceded the banquet and ball.

Also above: The officers of Dover, N. H., Lodge who are New Hampshire State Ritualistic Champions.

Below: The officers of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge and a class of 25 candidates they initiated recently as the first class of the year. The new Elks were immediately appointed to assist the P.E.R.'s in the 70th Anniversary Class initiation later.

raging and the temperature registered 18° below zero.

The banquet, held at the Irma Grill, was the first event on the program. Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis B. Brewer of Casper, Wyo., Lodge was the principal speaker. E.R. Jack B. Dodd welcomed the guests. Milward Simpson acted as Toastmaster. The Casper delegation was introduced by E.R. Harry Yesness, the Greybull group by P.E.R. Harry G. Theede, District Deputy for Wyoming, and the Red Lodge, "Beartooth," Mont., members by E.R. Frank Sicora. Ritualistic ceremonies in the initiation of the 40 Cody candidates were held in the Temple Theatre. Bowling began immediately after the meeting. The games were continued straight through the night, breakfast being served the next morning in the Irma Grill to more than one hundred.

While the lodge festivities were going on, 39 wives and fiancées of the members dined at the Gables Inn. During the evening they organized a Ladies Antlers Auxiliary.

Meeting of Executive Committee of Florida State Elks Assn.

The Executive Committee of the Fla. State Elks Assn. held its annual meeting in Daytona Beach some weeks ago. Convention dates were set for May 8-9-10. Daytona Beach Lodge No. 1141 will act as host and elaborate preparations are under way for a big meeting. State Pres. Alto Adams of Fort Pierce announces that the Florida lodges are





Pontiac, Mich., Lodge is distinguished by having among its membership a father, Mike Ashley, left, center, and his five sons. Top row, Charles, Ray and Farrell, and bottom row, Sam, Mike, the father, and Kenneth Ashley.

Left are the three sons of Deputy Sheriff John J. Maley, pictured with Exalted Ruler George J. Grady, of New Haven, Conn., Lodge on the night they were initiated. From left to right are: Mr. Grady, Kenneth, Edwin J. and John Maley, Jr.

enjoying an era of great prosperity, with substantial membership gains throughout the State.

Antlers Lodge at Milwaukee, Wis., A Thriving Organization

The Antlers of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, took over a recent broadcast of the Sunday Morning Breakfast Club. Preceptor F. C. Sattler spoke on the history of the Antlers Lodge and Exalted Antler William Berger explained its foundation and groundwork. As a result of the broadcast, 30 young men who had never heard of the Antlers organization appeared at the lodge home the following Wednesday evening, all of them desiring and seeking membership.

A class of 17 candidates was initiated at the Wednesday meeting, and Open House was held. Two hundred Antlers, members of their families and friends attended. The class was designated the "Thomas F. Milane and Patrick J. Kelly Class" in honor of the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of Milwaukee Lodge of Elks, both of whom were presented with life memberships in the Antlers Lodge. Mr. Kelly has served Milwaukee Lodge as Secretary for 30 years.

Grand Treasurer Dr. E. J. McCormick is photographed with the lodge officers and the P.E.R.'s of Bellevue, O., Lodge, when the Sandusky County Medical Association met at the lodge recently.

Activities Program of Keokuk, Ia., Lodge is Successful

Keokuk, Ia., Lodge, No. 106, has been extremely successful in carrying out the program of subordinate lodge activities as laid down by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart. Each meeting is in charge of different officers and the ritualistic work is kept to a high standard.

The lodge initiated 18 candidates at its celebration of the 70th birthday of the Order, and reinstated 5. Reservations for the banquet numbered 181. A special reception was given the fifty-six Old Timers.



Acting District Deputy Charles Fast Visits Marysville, O., Lodge

P.E.R. Charles F. Fast of Columbus Lodge, Acting District Deputy for Ohio South Central, was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Marysville, O., Lodge, No. 1130, on the occasion of his official visit. The dinner was followed by initiation ceremonies and a social session. The 70th anniversary of the Order was also celebrated that night.

Dinner for Members and Sons Held by Princeton, Ill., Lodge

Princeton, Ill., Lodge, No. 1461, entertained 50 members and their sons at dinner on February 1. Coach Martin of the local high school was the principal speaker. Plans were made after the dinner for the celebration of the 15th Anniversary of the lodge which was scheduled to be held on March 1.

Delaware, Ohio, Lodge Celebrates Its Golden Anniversary

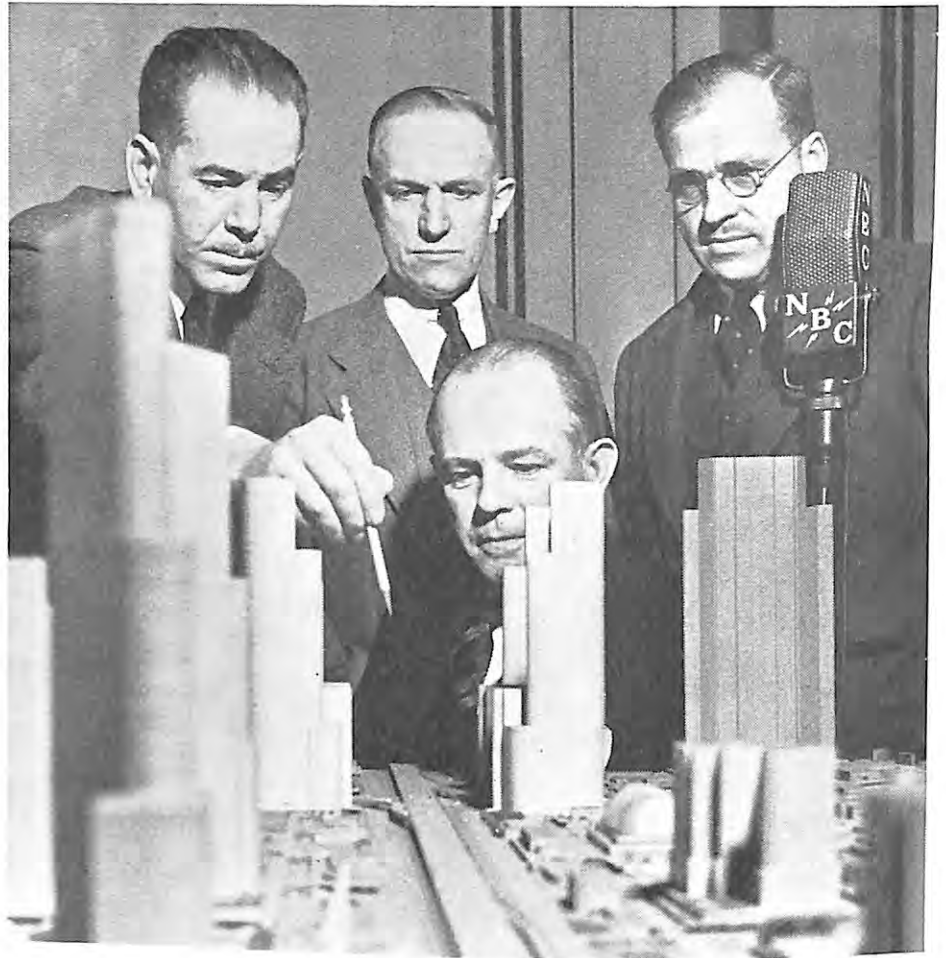
Delaware, O., Lodge, No. 76, celebrated its Golden Anniversary with a magnificent program extending over a three-day period. A Smoker was held on February 21. The next evening the Golden Jubilee Class Initiation and the Fiftieth Anniversary Banquet were held, the meeting taking place at 3 P.M. in the lodge home and the banquet being held at 7 P.M. in St. Mary's Auditorium. Music was furnished by the Delaware Elks Glee Club. A banquet for the ladies, also at 7 P.M., was given at the Allen Hotel. On the last night the Golden Jubilee Ball was held at the Armory.

Officials of the Ohio State Elks Association and many visitors from sister lodges attended. P.E.R. Walter Penry, State Vice-Pres., was General Chairman of the Jubilee Committee and Secy. Eugene R. Hipple was Executive Secretary.

(Continued on page 54)

Scientists explain the City of the Future and its lessened traffic hazards to Major Hart at a radio broadcast from Station WJZ. Left to right: Dr. McClintock, Professor Lessells, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, and Norman Damon, Director of the Automotive Safety Foundation.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



GRAND Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart paid a visit to Bayonne, N. J., Lodge No. 434, on February 2. This is the home lodge of Major Hart's Secretary, P.E.R. Richard F. Flood, Jr., P.D.D. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed by E.R. Raymond J. Cuddy and his officers, D.D. John C. Wegner and P.D.D. Nelson A. Pomfret, both of Paterson Lodge, P.E.R. Thomas A. McCarthy, Bayonne, Chairman of the Arrangements Committee, Mr. Flood, Mayor L. F. Donohoe, an honorary life member of Bayonne Lodge and also a charter member, and many other prominent New Jersey Elks. The meeting was a pleasant and profitable one and largely attended.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was the guest of honor of the Illinois State Elks Association and the host lodge, Champaign, Ill., No. 398, on Saturday and Sunday, February 5-6, at the Association's Third Annual Mid-winter Round-up. The attendance of about 1,200 Elks and their wives from all parts of the State broke the attendance record of last year. Major Hart was in charge of the business sessions. Reports of the activities and memberships of the Association and the subordinate lodges were submitted to him by officers and heads of committees. The grand ball and floor show were held on Saturday night. Fred Davidson was in charge of the decorating of the lodge

home, which was carried out in western fashion with old fire-arms, chaps, lariats and bandanas strung about the walls of the main floor and lobby. There were many entries in the bowling tournament, and dancing, tours and social reunions added to the general gayety.

Upon his arrival in Champaign, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, Grand Secretary, and Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, and Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., Major Hart was met by a delegation of more than a hundred Elks headed by E.R. M. E. Dillavou, P.E.R. Bert S. Walker, Chairman of the Round-up, and the Champaign High School Drum and Bugle Corps. The party was escorted first to the lodge home and then to the Inman Hotel where a luncheon-meeting began at 1 P.M. Here they were joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge. All of the District Deputies of the State, present and past officers of the State Association, Exalted Rulers of the Illinois lodges, and many officers and members, were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler made the principal address, a major part of which was given over to instructions in various phases of lodge work. At the close of the meeting, which lasted until 4 P.M., Grand Exalted Ruler Hart visited the studios of Station WDWS in *The News-Gazette* Building for his safety mes-

sage interview in which he was assisted by Al Tuxhorn, a member of the local lodge. Members of the Champaign Elks Glee Club sang.

All who heard the Grand Exalted Ruler's speech at the banquet, which took place after the Sunday morning business session and was followed by the meeting with which the State officers closed the Round-up, were spurred to a better exemplification of citizenship and support of democratic government. His subject was "The Obligation of Citizenship." Grand Trustee Warner acted as Toastmaster. Among the other prominent Elks who spoke were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Campbell, Thompson and Masters and State Pres. Dr. Bryan Caffery of Jerseyville, Ill. Wendell S. Wilson, Athletic Director of the University of Illinois, gave a brief talk. Champaign Lodge handled the two-day affair splendidly and the Round-up was voted a success from every standpoint. The visiting ladies were entertained by the local women's committees during business meetings and the Saturday luncheon, but were present at the Sunday banquet.

THE next day, the Grand Exalted Ruler, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce Campbell, attended a noon luncheon given by Belleville, Ill., Lodge, No. 481. A warm welcome was extended by E.R. Ralph F. Richardt and the lodge officers,



At top: Major Hart attends a banquet which was held in his honor at Grand Island, Neb., Lodge. Also above, he is photographed as a guest of the Miami, Fla., Police Department while on an official visit to Miami Lodge.

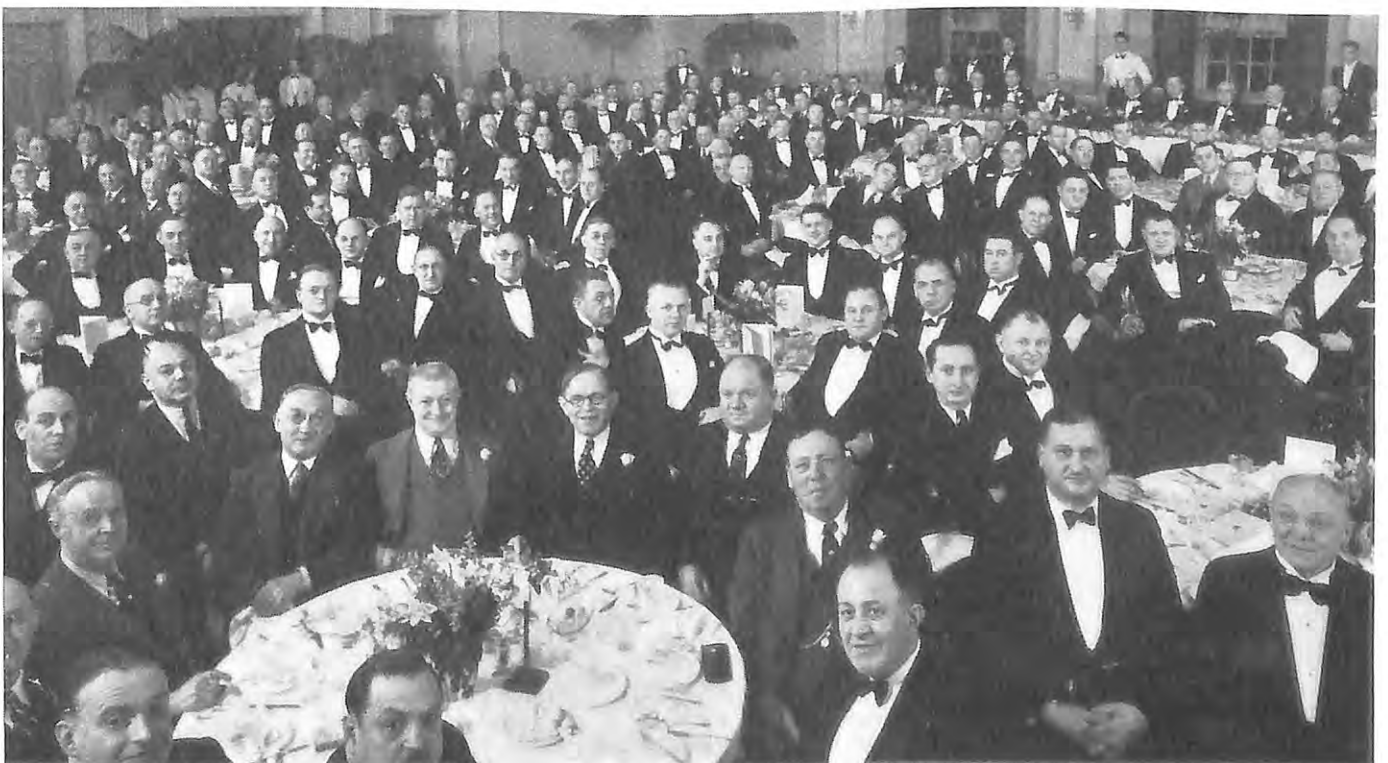
Below: A large and representative group of Baltimore, Md., Lodge Elks who attended a lavish banquet celebrating the Lodge's 60th Anniversary. Major Hart was among the many distinguished Elks who enjoyed the festivities.

P.E.R. William D. Peel, D.D. for the Illinois Southwest District, and P.D.D. F. J. Friedli and Past State Pres. L. N. Perrin, Jr., who are also Past Exalted Rulers of the local lodge. Major Hart's talk was enthusiastically received. Members of the Belleville Optimist Club had been invited and a large representation was present, including the President of the Club, Rogers Jones.

Major Hart was the guest of honor that evening at a dinner and a district meeting of the Illinois South District held at Carbondale, Ill. Lodge, No. 1243. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce Campbell, State Pres. Dr. Caffery, Past State Pres. Albert W. Jeffreys of Herrin Lodge, and State Vice-Pres. Joe Werner of Du Quoin, were members of the party. The dinner was held at 7 P.M. with 200 Elks present. Two hundred and twenty-five attended the meeting. A class of 30 candidates was initiated by a degree team made up of picked officers from the district lodges. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address had been greatly anticipated and the applause of the listeners showed that it had met every expectation. Figuring prominently in this fine meeting were the Carbondale and District officers, D.D. Morris P. Boulden, Carbondale, District Trustee Dr. E. H. Campbell, E.R. of Benton Lodge, and P.D.D. C. R. Moore, Harrisburg. P.E.R.'s J. E. Ether-ton and C. E. Feirich were members of the Reception Committee.

Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916, entertained Major Hart on Thursday night, February 17. The meeting was held at 6 P. M. followed by an eight o'clock banquet. About 250 Elks of Burlington and Barre, Vt.,

(Continued on page 53)



Right and on opposite page: those who attended the Seventieth Anniversary Banquet held by New York Lodge, No. 1. Thirty-three candidates were initiated in the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler

Results of the Elks 70th Anniversary Class Initiation



The Elks 70th Anniversary Class was an outstanding success. As this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE goes to press reports are still coming in from subordinate lodges all over the country, and while the number of new and reinstated members listed below is not complete, we are confident that, when all reports have been received from all the subordinate lodges, the class will exceed considerably the ten-thousand mark.

Alabama

Ensley, 25; Mobile, 1; Montgomery, 3; Selma, 11.

Alaska

Skagway, 3.

Arizona

Bisbee, 3; Globe, 15; Kingman, 13; Nogales, 9; Phoenix, 38; Prescott, 10; Safford, 12; Tucson, 11; Yuma, 3.

Arkansas

Brinkley, 48; Little Rock, 117; No. Little Rock, 55.

California

Alameda, 9; Alhambra, 4; Anaheim, 7; Bakersfield, 5; Berkeley, 4; Bishop, 2; Brawley, 3; Burbank, 1; Calexico, 5; Compton, 4; El Centro, 17; Grass Valley, 4; Hanford, 3; Hollister, 3; Huntington Park, 45; Los Angeles, 21; Modesto, 3; Merced, 2; Napa, 2; Needles, 9; Nevada City, 3; Oakland, 2; Ontario, 2; Orange, 9; Oroville, 2; Oxnard, 7; Palo Alto, 3; Pasadena, 12; Petaluma, 1; Pittsburg, 3; Red Bluff, 2; Redding, 1; Redlands, 18; Redondo Beach, 12; Riverside, 8; San Bernardino, 9; San Diego, 20; San Fernando, 3; San Francisco, 23; San Luis Obispo, 7; San Pedro, 13; Santa Ana, 33; Santa Barbara, 4; Santa Cruz, 5; Santa Monica, 35; Santa Rosa, 6; Sonora, 3; Susanville, 2; Taft, 3; Tulare, 19; Vallejo, 4; Ventura, 4; Visalia, 4; Watsonville, 3; Woodland, 16.

Canal Zone

Panama Canal Zone, Balboa, 3; Christobal, 21.

Colorado

Alamosa, 6; Aspen, 1; Brighton, 8; Canon City, 6; Central City, 3; Colorado Springs, 3; Craig, 23; Creede, 8; Denver, 11; Grand Junction, 7; Loveland, 4; Montrose, 15; Pueblo, 19; Rocky Ford, 6; Salida, 4; Sterling, 15; Telluride, 13; Trinidad, 15.

Connecticut

Bridgeport, 19; Milford, 3; New London, 3; Putnam, 5; Torrington, 13; Waterbury, 4; West Haven, 1.

District of Columbia

Washington, D. C., 28.

Florida

Arcadia, 7; Bradenton, 4; Clearwater, 6; Daytona Beach, 7; Jacksonville, 11; Lakeland, 12; Lake Worth, 1; Live Oak, 3; New Smyrna, 6; Quincy, 15; St. Augustine, 1; Sarasota, 5; Tallahassee, 11; West Palm Beach, 4.

Georgia

Atlanta, 37; Fitzgerald, 4; Valdosta, 11.

Idaho

Boise, 33; Burley, 28; Caldwell, 6; Idaho Falls, 4; Lewiston, 24; Moscow, 27; Pocatello, 6; Twin Falls, 16; Wallace, 8.

Illinois

Alton, 24; Aurora, 16; Belleville, 4; Belvidere, 3; Bloomington, 25; Cairo, 2; Canton, 8; Centralia, 9; Charleston, 6; Chicago, 27; Danville, 8; Des Plaines, 14; Dixon, 16; Elgin, 28; Evanston, 21; Highland Park, 3; Jacksonville, 4; Jerseyville, 9; Kankakee, 21; Lake Forest, 6; Lawrenceville, 4; Moline, 6; Monmouth, 5; Mt. Carmel, 13; Murphysboro, 8; Ottawa, 9; Robinson, 21; Rock Island, 5; Springfield, 111; Sterling, 18; Taylorville, 5; Urbana, 25; Woodstock, 13.

Indiana

Anderson, 11; Bicknell, 2; Bluffton, 12; Columbia City, 4; Columbus, 19; Crawfordsville, 4; Decatur, 6; East Chicago, 8; Fort Wayne, 112; Frankfort, 17; Hammond, 14; Kendallville, 4; Lafayette, 11; Ligonier, 2; Marion, 37; Martinsville, 5; Michigan City, 1; Muncie, 25; New Albany, 6; Noblesville, 1; Rushville, 17; South Bend, 4;

Sullivan, 10; Terre Haute, 6; Tipton, 3; Vincennes, 5; Washington, 2; Warsaw, 12; Whiting, 4.

Iowa

Atlantic, 4; Boone, 2; Cedar Rapids, 20; Council Bluffs, 52; Creston, 73; Davenport, 12; Des Moines, 19; Fairfield, 6; Fort Dodge, 10; Fort Madison, 5; Grinnell, 10; Iowa City, 5; Keokuk, 20; Marshalltown, 28; Muscatine, 13; Newton, 3; Oelwein, 10; Oskaloosa, 8; Shenandoah, 6; Waterloo, 13; Webster City, 10.

Kansas

Augusta, 4; El Dorado, 11; Great Bend, 4; Independence, 4; Iola, 2; Junction City, 9; Manhattan, 5; Newton, 3; Osawatomie, 17; Pratt, 6; Wellington, 5; Winfield, 2.

Kentucky

Bowling Green, 1; Catlettsburg, 14; Frankfort, 7; Fulton, 3; Henderson, 31; Newport, 19; Owensboro, 9; Paducah, 5; Princeton, 17; Richmond, 6.

Louisiana

Baton Rouge, 16; Jennings, 39; Opelousas, 6; Shreveport, 8.

Maine

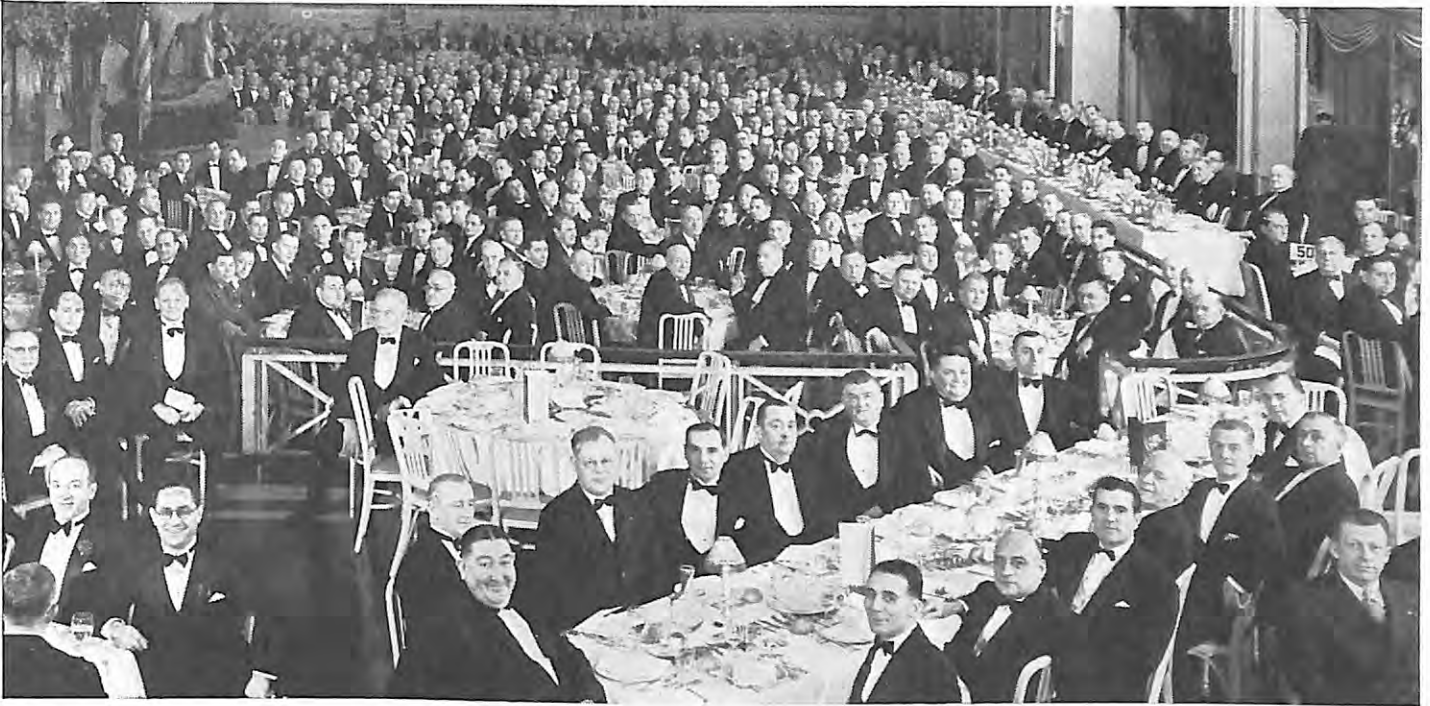
Lewiston, 6; Portland, 32; Sanford, 2.

Maryland

Crisfield, 2; Cumberland, 10; Frederick, 7.

Massachusetts

Beverly, 19; Cambridge, 10; Concord, 2; Everett, 6; Fall River, 4; Framingham, 3; Gardner, 4; Gloucester, 2; Greenfield, 9; Holyoke, 12; Lawrence, 8; Lynn, 7; Malden, 19; Melrose, 5; New Bedford, 3; Newton, 6; North Attleboro, 2; Norwood, 7; Peabody, 8; Pittsfield, 16; Plymouth, 7; Springfield, 26; Taunton, 2; Wakefield, 4; Watertown, 27; Westfield, 1.



Michigan

Alpena, 8; Ann Arbor, 17; Bay City, 11; Benton Harbor, 4; Detroit, 82; Escanaba, 6; Ferndale, 4; Grand Haven, 3; Grand Rapids, 11; Hillsdale, 2; Holland, 2; Kalamazoo, 19; Mainistee, 9; Pontiac, 38; Port Huron, 8; Royal Oak, 12; Saginaw, 25; South Haven, 15; Sturgis, 4.

Minnesota

Austin, 5; Brainerd, 6; Faribault, 6; Hibbing, 31; Rochester, 9; St. Cloud, 16; Thief River Falls, 24; Virginia, 12; Willmar, 6; Winona, 17.

Mississippi

Corinth, 12; Hattiesburg, 6.

Missouri

Brookfield, 7; Joplin, 15; Macon, 5; Sedalia, 3; Webb City, 1.

Montana

Anaconda, 7; Billings, 12; Bozeman, 12; Butte, 3; Dillon, 17; Glendive, 5; Kalispell, 5; Miles City, 30; Missoula, "Hellgate", 15; Virginia City, 3.

Nebraska

Alliance, 6; Beatrice, 15; Falls City, 5; Grand Island, 20; Hastings, 12; Lincoln, 64; Norfolk, 13; Omaha, 31; Scottsbluff, 21.

Nevada

Elko, 30; Ely, 19; Goldfield, 1.

New Hampshire

Concord, 1; Keene, 11; Nashua, 13; Rochester, 4.

New Jersey

Atlantic City, 17; Bayonne, 8; Boonton, 1; Elizabeth, 8; Englewood, 5; Jersey City, 10; Montclair, 3; Morristown, 1; Mount Holly, 2; Rahway, 1; Somerville, 5; Union City, 3; Washington, 6; Weehawken, 4; Westfield, 2; Westwood, 10.

New Mexico

Carlsbad, 33; Clovis, 43; Las Vegas, 15; Raton, 2.

New York

Albion, 3; Auburn, 12; Batavia, 5; Bath, 6; Binghamton, 11; Bronx, 100;

Corning, 8; Glens Falls, 25; Hornell, 5; Ithaca, 13; Kingston, 36; Lancaster, 6; Mamaroneck, 5; Mechanicville, 2; Mt. Kisco, 6; Newark, 5; Newburgh, 3; New York, 33; No. Tonawanda, 6; Norwich, 15; Ogdensburg, 9; Olean, 11; Oneonta, 21; Ossining, 2; Port Chester, 6; Port Jervis, 10; Poughkeepsie, 4; Queens Borough, 67; Rochester, 9; Rome, 5; Saratoga, 11; Schenectady, 8; Southampton, 6; Syracuse, 5; Troy, 7; Watertown, 13; Watkins Glen, 3; Wellsville, 14; Whitehall, 4; White Plains, 5.

North Carolina

Fayetteville, 1; Greensboro, 6.

North Dakota

Bismarck, 9; Devils Lake, 19; Fargo, 13; Grand Forks, 9; Jamestown, 6; Minot, 21; Valley City, 7; Williston, 8.

Ohio

Akron, 7; Ashland, 3; Ashtabula, 4; Bellaire, 10; Bellevue, 2; Bucyrus, 5; Cambridge, 2; Canton, 6; Chillicothe, 14; Cleveland, 4; Columbus, 29; Conneaut, 4; Coshocton, 2; Dayton, 12; Defiance, 13; Elyria, 44; Fremont, 6; Greenville, 3; Hamilton, 29; Hillsboro, 1; Kent, 8; Kenton, 10; Lebanon, 14; Lima, 10; Marietta, 6; Marion, 7; Martins Ferry, 12; Mt. Vernon, 20; Napoleon, 3; Painesville, 3; Portsmouth, 11; Steubenville, 90; Uhrichsville, 20; Upper Sandusky, 7; Warren, 2; Washington, C. H., 5; Wellesville, 2; Willard, 7; Xenia, 16.

Oklahoma

Bartlesville, 116; Duncan, 7; El Reno, 6; Hobart, 6; Muskogee, 11; Oklahoma City, 15; Tulsa, 41; Woodward, 4.

Oregon

Ashland, 6; Baker, 9; Corvallis, 6; Eugene, 51; Klamath Falls, 20; McMinnville, 10; Medford, 12; Portland, 14; The Dalles, 17; Tillamook, 45.

Pennsylvania

Altoona, 6; Ambridge, 34; Bellefonte, 1; Blairsville, 8; Braddock, 57; Butler, 5; Clearfield, 2; Chambersburg, 8; Danville, 11; Easton, 4; East Stroudsburg, 4;

Erie, 20; Greenville, 2; Grove City, 10; Harrisburg, 56; Jersey Shore, 1; Johnstown, 11; Knoxville, 4; Lancaster, 4; Lebanon, 4; McKeesport, 30; Meadville, 5; Mt. Pleasant, 5; New Castle, 12; New Kensington, 20; Pittston, 3; Pottstown, 6; Renovo, 53; Sayre, 12; Shenandoah, 31; Sheraden (Pittsburgh), 5; State College, 16; Tyrone, 30; Warren, 1; Waynesboro, 9; West Chester, 10; Wilkes-Barre, 14; Wilkesburg, 10; York, 4.

Rhode Island

Providence, 23; Westerly, 4; Woonsocket, 10.

South Carolina

Charleston, 11; Columbia, 10; Greenville, 63.

South Dakota

Aberdeen, 47; Madison, 3; Mitchell, 15; Rapid City, 43; Sioux Falls, 13; Watertown, 13; Yankton, 6.

Tennessee

Jackson, 56; Nashville, 4.

Texas

Amarillo, 34; Breckenridge, 7; Cisco, 1; Ft. Worth, 6; Galveston, 20; Houston, 44; Laredo, 4; Plainview, 5; Ranger, 8; Seguin, 6; Temple, 7; Tyler, 1.

Utah

Eureka, "Tintic", 7; Ogden, 47; Price, 10; Provo, 3; Salt Lake City, 36.

Virginia

Alexandria, 5; Charlottesville, 2; Danville, 18; Harrisonburg, 6; Portsmouth, 12.

Vermont

Hartford, 1; St. Albans, 7; St. Johnsbury, 11.

Washington

Aberdeen, 24; Anacortes, 9; Ballard (Seattle), 33; Bellingham, 6; Centralia, 4; Chehalis, 4; Ellensburg, 2; Longview, 14; Mt. Vernon, 12; Port Angeles, "Naval", 10; Olympia, 16; Port Townsend, 13; Puyallup, 14; Seattle, 6; Vancouver, 15; Yakima, 10.

(Continued on page 53)

It's Your Safety, Too

(Continued from page 7)

had turned in a thesis on street traffic conditions, invited him to come to the Coast and help them reduce accidents. This man was Dr. Miller McClintock; he has since come to be recognized as one of the leading traffic experts of the country.

Young McClintock began by looking over the existing traffic ordinances. He found that they contradicted each other. Many were holdovers from horse-and-buggy days. One Los Angeles traffic law made it a crime for street-car conductors to shoot rabbits from the car platforms.

McClintock's work in Los Angeles started a new profession: Traffic Engineering. Principles of highway safety began to be worked out on a scientific basis. If all cars on a road are going in one direction, for instance, you can't very well have any head-on collisions. Consequently, by separating east-bound and west-bound traffic with a neat strip of concrete or turf along the center of the highway, you have fewer accidents.

In the same way, right-angle collisions can be prevented by grade separations at important intersections, with complicated clover-leaf approaches that make cars join any traffic stream in the direction in which it is already flowing.

The danger of collision with trees and telegraph poles and boulders along the side of the road can be lessened by cutting down the trees, moving back the poles, and removing the boulders.

Simple! But it takes a lot of money. Modern express highways, however, constructed along these lines, are a lot safer than the old car-smashers.

White lines to indicate separate lanes, and easily-read warning signs don't cost so much, and also cut down accidents.

Another young-fellow-me-lad came along soon after McClintock. Franklin M. Kreml, undergraduate at Northwestern University, earned his way through college by working as a policeman. Presently he studied law, and became a motorcop. At Evanston, Illinois, he set up a new kind of Accident Squad, to get the



"The cards are certainly coming your way today—if I were you I'd try to get in a poker game."

lowdown on each and every local traffic smash. Reports of "Car A ran into Car B at intersection" or "Motorist hit boy on bicycle" were superseded by full accounts of exactly where, when, how and why each accident occurred.

Cops had to get all three sides of every collision argument—my side, your side and the facts.

Two things resulted from Kreml's new technique of careful accident reports. One is called "Selective Enforcement", and means putting policemen where they are really needed—at blind curves and dangerous corners. A driver going over the top of a hill on the wrong side of the road at 12 miles an hour is more dangerous than a speeder in open country. A boy with a fox-tail tied to his radiator cap, weaving in and out of heavy traffic, endangers more lives than a man going for the doctor.

Selective Enforcement means having motorcops' working hours coincident with the danger hours on the highway, instead of going off duty just before dark, when the driving hazards are greatest. It means patrolling side streets where delivery vans dash past blind intersections, as well as main boulevards where drivers are already watching their step.

Most of all, Selective Enforcement bears down on accidents. In more

than seventy out of every hundred accidents, there is at least one traffic law violation. By cracking down hard on every law infraction that causes a smash-up you begin to get results.

The second line of improvement from the accident reports came in showing up local hazards. Crashes at one intersection were frequent because a big advertising sign obscured the view. The sign was taken down, and those particular accidents stopped. Changing the position of a traffic light at another corner lowered the danger of accidents there.

Traffic experts have a trick of classifying all accidents—prevention work under what they call "The Three Big E's"—Enforcement, Engineering and Education. New

knowledge about accidents, detailed knowledge of particular accidents, is gradually changing the safety methods used in all three of these fields. "Education" in the traffic sense used to include little more than giving safety instruction to school children. With greater knowledge of accidents, it has to be extended in every direction. Parents have to be taught to keep their children off especially dangerous streets. Drivers have to be taught not to ride the fast lane in a slow car. Modern cops have to learn manners, and win the cooperation of well-meaning drivers instead of antagonizing them. Newspaper men have to be shown the need for improved traffic ordinances. The general public has to be told about new safety methods and "Keeping up with the Joneses".

These methods developed an entirely new technique in promoting traffic safety. Instead of trying to solve the whole problem—Bang! like that—with some sweeping law or tremendous effort, they found that by working at details all along the line—cutting down an obstructing hedge here, painting a white line there, installing a crossing-light for pedestrians at the corner beyond, perhaps forbidding parking on a particular block or re-routing a bus line, allowing boys to play ball in a park instead of on a street—accident figures could be nibbled down like cheese.

A few years ago the automobile industry itself began to take a particular interest in safety. This resulted, last Spring, in the establishment of the Automotive Safety Foundation, with funds to encourage the training of the Traffic Engineers and promote highway safety generally. Through its efforts cooperation has been secured from such organizations as the Parent-Teachers Association, the Grange, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the American Legion. Motor-vehicle commissioners have been brought together. Work in different fields has been coordinated. Methods proved to be effective in one city have been introduced into others.

With the traffic picture in this general condition—vast and still tremendously confusing, with accidents and deaths higher than ever, but with new knowledge, new methods and new interest at last sweeping forward—the Elks decided last July to throw their strength into the campaign for safety. Today their broadcasting programs are going out over 212 stations—nearly a third of all those in the country. They have initiated the signing of pledge cards committing members to safer driving. There have been posters and windshield stickers for Elk motorists, and safety-campaign license plates to ride above regular plates. Individual lodges have increased and bettered school and playground signs, presented needed traffic lights and patrol cars to different communities. Elsewhere in this issue appears an article outlining the traffic activities of local lodges.

The campaign has set two specific objectives: the removal of local hazards, and the reduction of ticket-fixing. These are both in line with the latest and most important safety techniques. Since the great accident totals are made up of thousands of local accidents, caused by local drivers and local hazards, you have to attack them locally. When you drive through Memphis you aren't endangered by conditions in Seattle. You make the whole country safer to drive in by making your own city, your own neighborhood, your own street, your own car, safer to drive in.

The matter of ticket-fixing is even more important, for it strikes at the very heart of traffic-law enforcement.

Late at night, in one of the New Eng-

land cities where a modern Accident Squad was recently established, a man and his wife waited for a green light, then drove out onto the main highway. It was raining hard. A colored chauffeur, driving his own family in his employer's car, came along the highway at high speed, disregarding the bright red light set against him. When it was too late to avoid an accident anyway, he tried to stop, skidded on the wet pavement and smashed into the other car. The Accident Squad was on the spot within a few minutes. The chauffeur was arrested, charged with reckless driving and running through a red light, with a smash-up as a result. But when the case came up in court he pleaded not guilty, submitted to the jurisdiction of the judge, and—was promptly cleared! He was not even fined.

His employer, it seemed, was an influential citizen who did not wish to have his chauffeur lose his driving license.

Imagine the state of mind of the new Accident Squad patrolman making the arrest! With a clear case against the man he has arrested, the whole thing is dismissed. What's the use of doing good work under such circumstances?

There are three main ways of "ticket-fixing". The first, and oldest, is for someone in authority to tear up the summons, with nothing more said about it. The second is for the judge to suspend sentence. The third is a little more complicated: the defendant does not show up for trial,

then a warrant is issued for his arrest, and presently the warrant is lost.

The first of these methods is still in wide use, all over the country. When Frank Kreml was an Evanston motorcop in 1928, nearly 7,000 tickets were torn up out of about 15,000 issued during a long Enforcement Drive. Today, in some cities, the system has been practically done away with by having each summons printed in triplicate, one set remaining on file at headquarters, one being filled in by the motorcop, and retained by him, and the third being given to the offender. This at least allows for a complete record of what happens to every summons.

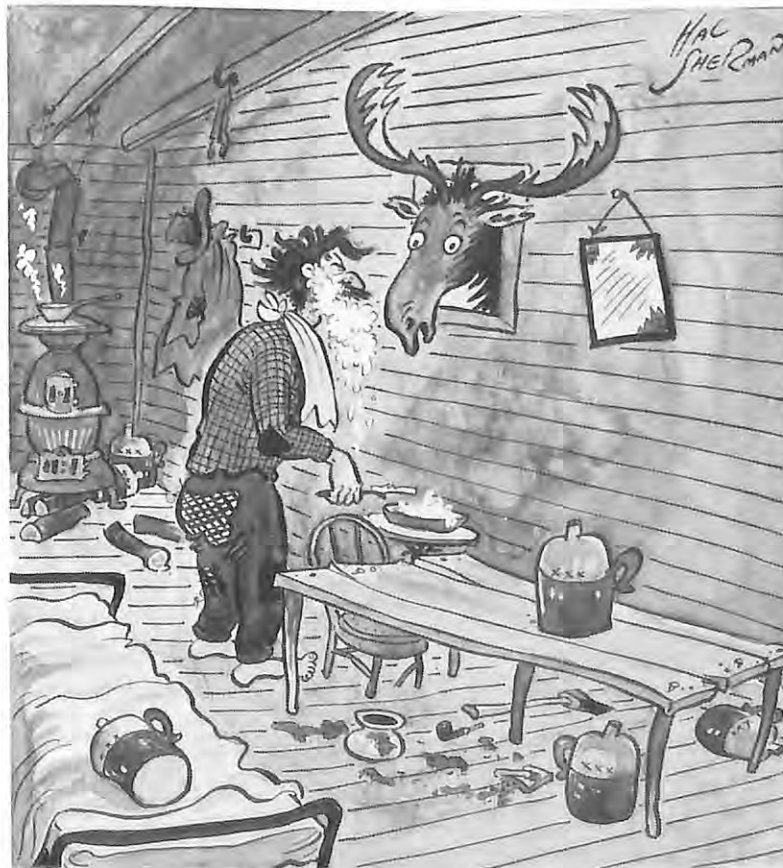
In one Middle Western city a few years ago, careful record was kept of 1,287 arrests for four classes of major traffic-law violations—drunken driving, reckless driving, speeding, and leaving the scene of an accident. (The last commonly described as "hit and run".) Here's how the cases turned out:

- 38 drivers forfeited bond.
- 161 were granted a stay—until the cases were finally lost track of.
- 299 were found not guilty.
- 324 cases were dismissed.
- 465 drivers were found guilty, but of these 233 appealed, and another 127 were given suspended sentences. Of those who appealed, all but 66 got off.

Of the entire 1,287, exactly 171 were punished, aside from the 38 who forfeited bail.

A survey of ticket-fixing in New York City during 1934 showed that in 46.1% of the cases, even where the violation was dangerous, sentence was suspended. It was found that one judge suspended sentence in 95.2% of his cases, another in 86.1%, and another in 84.7%. On the other hand, another judge cracked down on ninety-nine offenders out of a hundred. The next year there was a big Traffic Court get-together, and the judges agreed to turn over a new leaf. In 1936 there were only 11.9% of suspended sentences, and last year only about 2%. The amount of money collected in traffic fines jumped from \$678,000 in 1935 to \$1,225,000 in 1937.

In Chicago one man, Judge Guttnecht,



"Boy! Do I look lousy this morning!"

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practically single-handed, started out to fight ticket-fixing a short time ago. He is given almost sole credit for stopping the fixing of 285,000 tickets a year and the additional loss of about 150,000 warrants.

Just as fee-splitting and the old speed traps had to give way to better traffic laws, ticket-fixing must follow them into oblivion.

Standing at the crossroads of 1938, we are probably just about at the peak of our traffic accidents. Although the number of traffic deaths is still going up, the mileage number is already going down. Since 1934 both deaths per 100,000,000 miles driven and deaths per every 10,000 cars have been dropping steadily.

There is still a wide variation among the traffic laws in the different States; and a wide variation in their enforcement.

Florida, Illinois and Louisiana, for example, require no drivers' licenses except for chauffeurs. Nobody else needs to bother with them. Mississippi, South Dakota and Wyoming require no license from anybody. Not even chauffeurs need them. In two of those States "children under 14" are forbidden to operate cars. In two others no minimum age at all is set.

IN three States the fine for driving after a license has been suspended is \$10, and in four States at the other end of the line it runs up to \$1,000. In nine States the maximum jail sentence for this same offense is two days, and in one State it is three years.

Still the Uniform Vehicle Code that first began to take shape under Secretary of Commerce Hoover in 1926 has been adopted, at least in part, by the majority of States. As late as a year ago less than half the States had adopted standard drivers' license laws; now they are rapidly becoming universal.

Last year Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana and Oregon had a combined average of only 9.6 deaths for every 100,000,000 automobile miles—less than one death to 10,000,000 miles of driving.



"This one's sort of an outcast, he just chuckles."

But Arizona, New Mexico, Arkansas, Mississippi, Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Kentucky, West Virginia and Indiana had a combined average of 20.4 killings per 100,000,000 miles. They were the ten worst States. One death to every 5,000,000 miles. More than twice as many as in the ten best States.

Today there is not a single State yet applying all that is definitely known about highway construction, accident prevention and general traffic safety. Iowa, Minnesota, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, however, are getting pretty close to it. If all the trailing States were doing as well as those four leaders, it would probably mean a saving of at least 10,000 lives in 1938, and possibly as many as 20,000. It would mean at least a quarter of a million less cripples this year, and a money-saving of at least \$500,000,000.

It took the railroads about seventy years to get to the rigid enforcement of Rule G that prohibits drinking. Whether or not we'll ever come to that with automobile driving is an open question, but so far we seem to have made no progress toward it at all. During the first 8 months of 1937 deaths from drunken driving in New Jersey increased 137% over the preceding year.

As traffic speeds climb higher and higher, driving gets better and bet-

ter. It has to. Bad driving habits are far more dangerous today than they were ten years ago, and exact a bigger toll. You can't steam along through city suburbs, even with modern brakes, at the same gait you go in the open country. That too many drivers still try to do it accounts in large part for the fact that two-thirds of the people killed in cities are pedestrians.

BECAUSE children began to receive traffic-safety training for a good many years before other safety practices were generally adopted, and because school training in safety has been steadily improved, child killings seem to be going definitely out of style. In New York City 838 children were killed in 1925-26, 733 in 1927-28, 621 in 1929-30, 593 in 1931-32, 480 in 1933-34, and 362 in 1935-36. That's getting somewhere!

Your own part in this great automobile procession is pretty important. You can't have a democracy unless individual citizens are interested enough to vote; you can't have traffic safety unless individual drivers are interested enough to work for it. It's not up to legislators alone, nor to the police alone, nor to engineers or teachers, nor to newspapers alone, nor to the individual drivers or the general public alone. It's an Everyman job.

SCIENTISTS tell us there may be wonderful traffic inventions to come: road-wipers in front of each wheel, to prevent skidding. Automatic lighting systems that are turned on, like grade-crossing signals, by passing traffic. Electric warnings from cars approaching intersections. Infra red lights, applying brakes on cars that approach too close, through the action of photo-electric cells. Possibly even radio control at curves, that will get cars automatically, like gyro pilots, around danger points.

But whether these things come or not, we won't be able to cut down accidents very far unless you and I, along with all the other fellows from Governor to traffic cop, see to it personally.

The Day I Died

(Continued from page 11)

thought of him and felt sorry."

"But," the prosecutor said, and his voice was angry then, too, "as you walked along the river, again by accident—you seem to meet a good many people accidentally, Mr. Cooper—you saw William Kane. What was he doing?"

"Swimming," Danny said. "When we were kids we often went to that bend and swam there."

"It was a habit, then—a habit you knew all about. But that morning you had forgotten all about it. You were just strolling along—you would say, perhaps, that you scarcely paid any attention to where you were going?"

"That's correct," Danny said, struggling with the anger that confused his words a little. "I met him while he was swimming and we talked awhile. Then he mentioned Miss Dennison and how he was going to ask her to marry him, and suddenly I found myself telling him about her—how sorry I was."

"And after you had told him, what did he do?" the prosecutor asked.

"He knocked me down," Danny said. "He—he was like a madman."

"And you let him knock you down? You're a bigger man than William Kane was, and a stronger one. But because he was your friend," the prosecutor said, "you let him strike you. Perhaps you thought you deserved it. You'd have done that much for the man who had helped you all he could—the man who had been like a brother to you?"

"I tried to. But he kept coming at me and punching me and calling me names. Then I lost my temper. I hit him back and knocked him off the bank, into the river."

"Then?"

"I pulled him out," Danny said wearily. "I helped him up and tried to talk to him, but he wouldn't listen. It seemed to me the best thing to do was to go away and leave him to himself."

"At any time," the prosecutor said, his voice losing its playful note, becoming

suddenly hard and concentrated and sharp, "the books of the firm of Swanson and Kane were never mentioned between you? A matter of four thousand dollars that has not yet been accounted for was never brought up by the deceased?"

"Never," Danny said, in that same, tired tone, as if he knew it was futile, that no one would believe him.

Then, for the first time that day, the prosecutor's voice rang out, filling the courtroom, reverberating back in savage, demanding overtones from the cold, bare walls.

"Therefore, on the morning of Sunday, May the twenty-fifth, you did *not* go out to the river because you knew William Kane would be there alone, because you knew it would be deserted on that day and at that hour, with nothing near but railroad tracks along which the Chicago Limited should have passed forty minutes before? You did *not* go out there knowing that there was a four thousand-dollar discrepancy in your accounts and that he must discover it very shortly? You

did *not* go out there that morning to quiet him in the only way you thought possible? You did *not* bludgeon him brutally about the head and then knock him into the river to drown? He was your friend, and you did *not* do that?"

There was another man shouting objections then, and fragments of words and a rustle and a great sigh went over all the room, over all those people so near to me, and yet so irreproachably distant behind the gray fog that held me always in its heart. I would have shouted and cried out, No, No—but how could they hear me? William Kane—that had been my name. I was the deceased.

That day, when she left the chamber, Ann had the marks of tears still on her face. She was so near I felt her breath. Ann, I thought—my dear, my dear! I'm not angry now—I don't blame you. I raged that day by the river, but it was only at first—it was just the shock, when I had never thought anything could happen between us. I do not hate you. If I could only help you!

But there was nothing I could do. Nothing! A shadow—

Still, every day I went to the trial, and watched all those people, faintly absurd and terribly excited, move in the gray fog that must have been life to them, because it kept me in it and barred them out. I heard the testimony gone over again and again, and everyone there knew they would hear only one verdict, and believed that verdict just.

How fortuitous it all was, and yet how perfect! There was the man who had been on the observation platform of the Chicago Limited as it roared by, forty minutes late—precisely forty minutes late. There he had whirled by us at sixty miles an hour, at just the most damaging instant of time, so that he had seen us fighting on the bank, he had seen Danny knock me into the water, before the train had raced around the bend, shutting us off from his sight, so that he could not see



"We were inside, but there isn't any room."

what followed after—he could not see Danny pull me out.

It was difficult for me to understand him at times, because every day, more frequently and stronger, that vast, empty whiteness, like the whiteness of the heavens on a clouded day, drew in about me, pulling me, pulling me to something that I could not understand, but that filled me with terror. Oh, it was so hard to fight against that, to hold myself in the courtroom, when all the time I knew that some day, some day soon, it would take me and never let me go.

Plato O'Brien, that merry little man, never seemed to be bothered about it. "Aren't you as dead now," he would tell me, "as you'll ever be? I wouldn't worry. What can harm a dead man? Ah, we can laugh at them all, William—you and I. Sure, we're better off than the lot of them."

He helped me very much. I stayed with him and talked to him as much as I could. He must have been a fine man to know in life, so cheerful and jolly, though he could never have amounted to much. But he helped me more than I can say, to stay there, where I was, safe out of that horrible emptiness and able to wait for Danny, to be ready when he came over the night they would kill him for a crime he had never committed.

Sometimes it seemed incredible to me that no one ever thought or looked at Frederic Swanson. He was a big man, very stocky, with black hair lank on his bony head, and brown, mild eyes that seemed to apologize for everything he said. When he testified he spoke slowly, so regretfully, and everyone in that courtroom imagined he was sorry for Danny. Yet they felt he considered Danny guilty—as if unwillingly, that showed itself in the very reluctance of his answers. That was, of course, just the thing Frederic Swanson wanted them to believe. He was a clever man and a cruel, wicked man as well.

And they all believed him even the prosecutor, who was quiet and courteous in his questions, never sarcastic or biting. Yes, Frederic Swanson told him, Mr. Cooper had taken care of the books. Poor Mr. Kane—he stopped there and blinked his mild, brown eyes and shook his head sadly once or twice—poor Mr. Kane had insisted that he be given the job. And he, Frederic Swanson, had been agreeable to that because he knew the men

were friends. He had never thought of doubting Mr. Cooper's ability or integrity. Mr. Kane's recommendation had been entirely sufficient. He himself had had very little to do with the accounting end of the business.

The prosecutor accepted that just as I had accepted it last March. For wasn't Frederic Swanson a fine, reputable business man, who believed in my future and my ability, and for those reasons was glad to take me in as partner in the agency, for a nominal sum?

I had only a few thousand dollars to put in, but the agency must have been shaky then, and I suppose any amount was welcome. Behind that long, sad face of his, Frederic Swanson would have been thinking hard the very day he had proposed that partnership to me. You know there's nothing so easy to juggle as debits and credits, when your business is done mostly in cash. And we handled an inexpensive car. Ninety percent of our payments were in cash. It had not seemed extraordinary when Swanson came to me with his accounts of payments and debits, instead of going over them himself with Danny. He had picked me for a fool then.

Of course I accepted his figures and never doubted them or checked on them, because if it hadn't been for Frederic Swanson I wouldn't have been where I was. I was only a junior partner, relying on his kindness. Who would have had the suspicious audacity to insist on written vouchers, initialled and authorized by him? I copied his figures and gave them to Danny, and now, when Frederic Swanson announced he had left that part entirely to me, there was no one to rebut him.

His system hadn't been very involved or difficult. He had merely taken the payments and entered false debits against the accounts—or rather had had Danny enter them,

on my word. You can have a racket like that for a long while, but it will always catch up with you in the end. When it caught up with Frederic Swanson and I discovered what was happening, I had gone directly to him about it, for it seemed to me I owed him that—a chance to make good if he could. Then I suppose he saw how close ruin was, and what he would have to do—what he had been planning to do ever since he had given me the partnership.

For, of course, he had intended all along that I should take the blame; he could never have foreseen how perfectly things would work out for him between Danny and me. Then, when we fought, and were seen fighting by the man on the train, when Danny was pictured so clearly as a man who had stolen his best friend's sweetheart, embezzled his money, and finally in desperation had killed him in cold blood to cover those things up, Swanson had seen how foolproof this other way was. He had never given me vouchers, and I had never asked for them. Danny had made the entries because I told him to. Of course, sometime later, when there was time, Swanson was going to make all those entries duly correct and businesslike. Didn't he tell me so? And then when the trap was sprung, when it worked a thousand times better on Danny than it would ever have on me, Frederic Swanson had allowed it to ride. For Danny had made the entries I told him to, without any written authority. And now that I was dead, what a despicable trick it seemed for him to try to put the blame on me. He had no proof, of course. No one believed him. Everybody in the courtroom would see it as a shabby ruse to blacken a dead man's name. It was perfect. Swanson could never have planned anything like it.

Through it all there was nothing I could do, not when Swanson told his lies, nor when they identified the

articles they had found on my body after they had recovered it from the river. I saw them handle the gray suit I had bought last Spring, I saw them hold out my watch and wallet; and then I listened to a description of the injuries on my head—it was queer, sitting there and listening to that, and knowing it was my own body, what had been my own firm flesh and blood, that they talked of before me.

And then Ann came on the stand, with her



face set and white, and her small hands twisting, twisting, in her lap. How despicable the prosecutor made her, too. Why had she never told me about herself and Danny? Was it because she did not want to hurt me when I'd been so kind, so good to her?

"Or was it because," he said, lowering his voice until each word was cold and distinct as ice, "he was a good thing? And you and your—sweetheart—were not letting a good thing get out of your hands until you had milked it dry? Was it because of that?"

But he did not take much time with her. His picture was complete now. He had shown motive and opportunity and evidence, and 'though Danny's lawyer fought as well as he could against those things, I think he knew he was beaten from the start.

HIS defense was pitifully feeble. No one there would remember, or consider, that true things are often trite. Regarding the books, there was only Danny's word against my memory, and I was not there, and no one believed Danny, no one so much as thought of Swanson.

Then the body, Danny's lawyer said, had never been proven indubitably mine. He started to wrangle about dentistry and again, since old Doctor Darby had died last year and his records had been destroyed or lost, there was only Danny to tell them of the two teeth which had been extracted from my lower jaw. The body had eight gone; but did they, Wilson asked the jury, remember the bludgeoning? Let them consider that. Why, a man's fist had been known to knock out teeth, even when they were sound, as mine had been. And that terrible beating I had undergone from the bloodstained rock they had found on the shore might well have crushed every tooth in my mouth. Gentlemen—hadn't my clothes and personal effects been found on the body? Wasn't it my approximate weight and height—those things had not been known exactly—even if the advance state of decomposition it had been in when recovered from the river two months after my death had left the features unrecognizable?

But that identification was the only point Danny's lawyer could stress, and he fought for it bitterly. Suppose Danny had pulled me from the water and left me, in a semi-conscious condition, on the bank—

suppose a tramp from the hobo jungle across the railroad tracks had killed me then, taken my clothes, got drunk on my money and fallen or been knocked into the river, in turn, by his friends for the few dollars he might have left? Even the man on the train admitted I had been nude when he saw the fight—would Danny have killed me, and then waited to dress me as completely as this body had been dressed?

I tried to follow that, but it was hard to do. Had I dressed myself before Frederic Swanson came? I



could not remember, but what importance did it have? I was dead—I knew that. If I had not dressed, then Swanson had dressed me—he would not leave my clothes there to be found, because then, of course, he had not known anything of Danny, and he would not want to leave anything to mark the spot.

Gently, with biting tolerance, the prosecutor pointed out the flaw in that defense. If the body had been that of a mythical hobo, where was I? Why should I hide or refuse to show myself? Where had I gone? Gentlemen—his smile embraced them in his own contempt of this pitiful argument. Gentlemen, really—

ON a rainy Fall afternoon the jury trooped out. In an hour they were back, and the foreman stood up, clearing his throat nervously against the hush of death that hung heavy in that courtroom. He was a fat

man, agitated at his own prominence. When he announced that they had found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree his voice was as shrill and shaky as an excited girl's.

Danny stood there and faced them dumbly. In the front row I felt, rather than saw, Ann hide her face in her hands. But everyone else in that courtroom, with savage, stupid cruelty, seemed relieved and happy. A woman stood up, shaking her fist, to yell something at Danny. He looked at her blindly as they took him away.

Ann stayed in her seat, never raising her head, even when I went over to stand by her. Oh, I wished I could have said then how sorry I was for her, that I did not hate her, nor Danny, that I would have done anything I could to help her! I tried to drive that thought into her, but she never raised her head.

I could hear her crying now, and a woman's tears are terrible. The sound of it clenched inside me as if a hand were there. She was young and her life was before her—not much money, but enough for children and a small house somewhere, and Danny whom she loved. Turning away, the fat foreman looked down troubled at her for a brief instant, and I wondered if he realized then that he was sentencing her, too, to something worse than the swift agony Danny would scarcely feel—to years of age and loneliness and doubt, to a dream she would have at night, over and over, in the darkness, with no one near. To the terrible thought she could never now entirely banish. Had Danny—

It isn't true, I thought. Ann, it isn't—it isn't! I put my hand on her shoulder but she did not look up. How could she feel it? Then someone paused in the aisle, and Frederic Swanson's sad face bent down to her.

"Perhaps," he said, "an appeal—" He was playing his part perfectly, to the last. The friend who would do anything! And still Ann cried, as I cowered back from that voice and the dreadful picture it always brought with it. Even as I turned to go the sound of her sobs fought against his voice, they struggled with it in me and swayed there, and suddenly, even though he went on speaking, I scarcely heard his words—I only felt the sobs tearing me like hands. Ann, I thought—oh, my dear, my dear!

I looked at Frederic Swanson, at his sad face and his sad eyes—I

looked at him a long while before I realized that I was free from him—that I felt now only a burning anger, and no fear. It was wonderful to feel it—that rage and exaltation, mingled in a flood of savage happiness that tingled through me like light.

Then I bent toward him where he stood, and I cried as if I were alive, as if he must hear me, "Do you know me, Frederic Swanson? Can you see me now—the man you murdered? Do you remember the river and the rock, and the Spring sunshine that was so warm and clean and quiet about us, even while you held me on my knees before you, and battered my skull till I could feel the bones in it breaking like brittle glass? Do you remember what you thought when you saw me die, Frederic Swanson? Isn't it in you yet—isn't it something you will never blot out of your mind's eye?"

How did he hear me? How could he see me? Is there a bond between the dead and the living, after all—a wraithlike bond that you could sometimes grasp, and pull to yourself until you would be back, if only for a moment, among the scenes you had known, the people you had loved or hated?

Because he did hear me then. He saw me, too. As what? His long, sad face became mazed with terror, stupid. He could scarcely speak.

"What?" he whispered. "What did you say?"

And then Ann raised her head, and for an instant more the cord held. I had loved her very much—as much as I had hated Frederic Swanson. Was that why she saw me, too? Was that why her eyes, stricken, too, with terror, changed to unspeakable happiness as she called my name?

HOW I wanted to stay then, to tell her what had happened, that she shouldn't be afraid, that I'd be waiting for Danny. But the cord broke as I tried to speak, and the whiteness came over me, and they all vanished in it like figures in a dream. The sound of voices died and there was silence, and the small, white specks whirled all about me in that sudden, glowing emptiness. Oh, I saw I was gone then. I was dead then, forever and ever. "Ann!" I cried, but the sound of my voice was far off and faint, as if I could never get back or see them again, or help them, or listen to the sounds of their voices. Ann! Dear Ann!

But yesterday I saw them, in this

place. I don't understand that because they are not dead. They sit here and talk to me and I can hear them and can smell the smoke of Danny's cigarette. They tell me they will be married soon, and I am not angry. I am glad for them. I want to see them happy again and always together.

In their kindness and the gentle way they talk, as if to a child, I de-



"I saw the first robin today!"

tect something strange, because I know it is they who are children and not I. Even with the doctor I have that odd feeling—that I am somehow incomparably stronger and wiser than he.

But I do try to believe what he tells me, though it can never be true. He is very simple and clear about it, and, in a way, in flashes, I can see what he means. He tells me I will be all right very soon, laughing there to make it funny and not too important, as if he doesn't want to bother my head too much with that yet; he says as other people, much more mentally ill than I am, imagine they are Napoleon or Cleopatra or Clark Gable, I imagine I am dead. When I tell him about the cop who was frightened and the watchman and Plato O'Brien, he just laughs again.

"Why, man," he says, "you look like death—you're the model for every picture of it I've ever seen. You'd been gone six months and you'd never shaved all that time, until we got you here. And Swanson gave you a terrible beating with that rock, you know—the side of your face is all twisted now. Your one eye is almost closed. How did you expect Ann to know you when reporters and people at the trial were all trying to stop her and talk to her? She saw you, of course, but you looked like a crazy man. Your own mother wouldn't have known you. She just tried to get by you as

quickly as she could, thinking you were a crank.

"Your face is pretty horrible the way it is, but a good plastic surgeon will do a lot of things for that. You must have been in agony all these months from the pain—no wonder your mind cracked a little. And the terror you must have felt when Swanson dumped you in the river, for dead—well, many men would

have cracked under far less. The defense attorney must have been right about your clothes and wallet; a hobo found them and probably was killed for the contents of the wallet.

"Of course, you frightened Flaherty at the door. He thought you were hexing him, the way you stared right in his eyes all the time you'd be walking along the corridor. The man lost twenty-five pounds during the trial. And the watchman had never fired his gun before. Coming on you so suddenly he couldn't have hit an elephant. When you stood there and laughed at him he told me ice went through him. With those eyes of yours and the slow, fixed way you walked about as if no one could

stop you you'd have frightened the Devil himself.

"And your eyes," he said gently. "They're—they're filmed, you know. Over that beard they looked rather terrible. With them the way they are it's a wonder you could get around at all."

I DON'T believe him, of course. I know I'm dead. But it's funny about my eyes—a week ago they operated on them, and when they took the bandage off I did not have that funny mist around me any more. Was that really just the cataracts that grew on them after the beating, or was it—

Sometimes I do not know what to think. Plato O'Brien comes often to see me, and he tells the doctor he knew I was crazy but that he was sorry for me, and took me in. Besides, I was useful in scaring the watchman. So I can't even depend on him. Still, we sit here and talk and I feel better, because he is a funny little man and he makes me laugh at the things he says.

Tomorrow they will operate again, and then, the doctor tells me, the pressure will be gone from my brain, and I will be all right. Even the whiteness, the dreadful thing he said was just a fainting fit, will be gone then, too. And I try to believe him—I want to believe him. It would be so wonderful, so wonderful not to be dead!

Right and Proper

(Continued from page 15)

world a beautiful place in which to live. They look so peaceful, so serene, as if they'd been always there and always loved, as now. But when the earliest ones were built, they aroused a storm of furious controversy which is hard for modern minds to imagine. They were beautiful. That was their crime, for the original Puritans considered beauty one of the favorite tools of the devil.

As the new church took shape, the people of Bristol divided into two parties. Many were delighted, even a little awed by this, their first glimpse of man-made beauty. They had no words to express their feelings. The vocabulary of aesthetics was wholly unknown to them. They'd smile, nudge one another, make groping gestures in place of words. Their eyes would follow up the four, tall pilasters, up thirty feet to the simple, Ionic capitals, beautifully carved. They'd stare for hours, enjoying a new and thrilling experience. They had never seen a good picture or statue. They had never heard fine music or read a first-rate poem. When they walked home slowly from the church, they wondered with bewildered thanksgiving at the strange, sweet emotion which had pressed so mysteriously upon their hearts.

But others were affected quite as strongly in another way. Elder Whalley would stand with his friends in the road, leaning on his staff, feet apart, broad-brimmed hat forced

down around his grizzled temples. He said little, but his mouth drew down at the corners and his grey eyes glowed, bright with a kind of cold fury. It was hard to say how much of his feeling was caused at bottom by his hatred of Captain Dexter. That secret he kept concealed. But his hatred of the new church was genuine, fanatical and quite sincere. The devil was creeping into Bristol, hidden in a cloak of treacherous beauty, as he often came.

The work went quickly. Above the triangular pediment grew a square platform; then a ring of delicate, fluted columns to form the belfry; then a slender, lofty steeple which melted away with perfect grace into the sky above. At last, in September, the church was finished, standing white and perfect within the scaffold, waiting only for its final coat of paint.

Then occurred an episode which gave Daniel some idea of the emotions which the building of the church had aroused. A farm wagon stopped one day, and a frail, white-haired man stepped down. He nodded to Elder Whalley, who was standing with three of his partisans nearby. Then he looked up at the steeple.

Daniel felt a thrill of pleasure when he saw the look which appeared in his eyes. Silently the old man dropped down on his knees, clasped his thin hands together, and began to pray in low, earnest tones,

completely overwhelmed by religious emotion.

Daniel watched with tears in his eyes, but suddenly, before he could make a motion, Elder Whalley stepped forward, took the old man by the collar and jerked him roughly to his feet.

"Git up," he shouted angrily. "Ye're daft. Ye're prayin' to the devil. That ain't no House of the Lord."

Daniel ran forward to interfere. But then he stopped. He was afraid, and he hated himself for being afraid. Elder Whalley laughed unpleasantly and pushed the old man toward his wagon. He climbed to the seat and drove away helplessly.

Daniel returned to the church. He could feel the contempt in the eyes of the workmen on the scaffold, but they couldn't know the contempt he felt for himself. "Perhaps the Captain's right," he thought bitterly. "I'm not the man to marry Ruth. I'm weak and cowardly. She deserves a better man."

That very afternoon something happened which did not lessen his despondency. Ruth came running around the corner of the church.

"Dan," she cried. "There's a schooner off the point. Maybe it's my father."

They hurried down the hill to the harbor. When they reached the wharf, the schooner was in the channel, close-hauled a mile away. A



"Let them get cold! I tell you I'm staging a stand-up strike!"

small crowd had gathered already, and a feeling of tense excitement was growing fast. Everybody knew about Elder Whalley and settlement day, and probably a majority of the people were hoping to see Captain Dexter step ashore, a chest of Spanish dollars under his arm.

Ruth ran to the end of the wharf and stood like a small, serious statue, face composed to conceal her emotions, while the breeze fluttered her brown hair, the sea gulls twanged overhead, and the schooner crept closer across the bay.

"That's the Cap'n's schooner," said a man beside her, "but she ain't his own command."

Ruth knew it already. The whole town knew it, for ships are like people. If you know them and love them, you can tell them apart a long way off. The crowd was whispering now, casting covert glances at the Captain's daughter. She took Daniel's hand and held it tight. The schooner lowered her mainsail, drifted slowly toward the pier. Ruth watched, hoping against hope, until she could see the very faces of the crew. Her father was not among them.

Then she collapsed on Daniel's shoulder.

"Oh, Dan," she sobbed. "He's lost. I know he's lost."

"I'm sure he's all right."

But as the schooner drifted toward the wharf, Daniel's optimism melted away. There was no mistaking the look in the eyes of the crew. The skipper was standing by the rail, looking very ill at ease.

"Where's my father?" cried Ruth. "Is he lost?" Her voice was desperate.

"No," said the skipper, twisting his cap in his hands, and shifting his feet. "He ain't lost."

"Tell me," cried Ruth. "Tell me."

The skipper stepped onto the pier. The crowd pressed close.

"He ain't lost," he said reluctantly. "The Spaniards got him."

Ruth's face went white.

"Tell me what happened," she demanded.

"It was this way," said the skipper, clearing his throat. "We was lyin' in a cove to the west o' Santiago. Both schooners. We'd sold the cargoes up the coast and was takin' on sugar. Everything was goin' smooth."

"Then about sundown the look-out seen two frigates beatin' up outside. We waited till dark. Then we run for it. The trade was blowin' good and we had a couple o' knots on any Spaniard. The Cap'n went first. The moon

was nigh full, an' we could see him plain. He was goin' to get clear, but then his mains'l drops down. Halliards must o' parted. The boom goes overboard and she jibes around—right smack close to one o' the frigates."

"What did you do?" cried Ruth.

"Couldn't do nothin'. Schooners can't fight men-o'-war. We run clear. A blow was makin' up. When the wind dropped, we come back an' stood off the coast for a week. Didn't see nothin'. Then we come home."

"What will the Spaniards do to my father?"

"Hold him in Havana, I reckon, until he sends here for money to pay his fine. It'll take a while."

"They won't hurt him?"

"Dunno," said the skipper. "Maybe not."

Daniel took her soft little hand in his and held it.

"He'll be back, Ruth," he said encouragingly. "The Spaniards won't harm a man who can pay a fine."

Ruth began to smile, almost cheerfully. At least her father was alive. But then she heard a voice speaking her name. Elder Whalley had pushed his way through the crowd.

"Next Sabbath," he said coldly, "is the last day of September. I've bid the Sheriff to come."

Cash! Hard money! There wasn't a thousand pounds of cash in Bristol. Ruth collected money here and there in dribbles, from shipwrights, fishermen, sail-makers, riggers, all the people dependent upon her father. But it wasn't enough. By Saturday she had only three hundred pounds, and the thin stream of coins had

ceased to flow. She could appeal to no one else. The richer men of Bristol were all on the Elder's side.

Daniel felt rather helpless while this was going on. He saw little of Ruth, spending his time at the church, making the most of his last few days with the graceful building he loved so well. His men were spreading the final coat of white paint, taking down the scaffold. Perhaps Elder Whalley would destroy the church, but Daniel wanted it to stand forth in all its glory for one Lord's Day at least.

On Saturday morning Parson Williams came along the road, and beckoned Daniel aside. Together they looked up at the steeple, clear and white against the blue sky. Then the Parson pointed to the new bell, which stood on the ground beside the steps.

"Can you hang the bell today, Daniel?" he asked. "I'm going to preach a special sermon tomorrow, and I want everybody to come."

"Yes. I've nothing else to do. The church is finished."

"I'm hoping," said the Parson, "that some of our enemies will come, if only to witness our sorrow."

By sundown the bell was hanging free. Daniel tested the mount, but did not allow the clapper to speak a single note. He tapped the new bronze with his knuckles. The whispered tone was clear.

Then came the Lord's Day, September 30th, a perfect Fall day with a touch of frost in the air. The trees were aflame with the sunset colors of Autumn. A subtle, tense excitement hung over the town. Long before meeting time, before the bell had spoken, little knots of people were gathered near the church, looking up at the steeple, talking earnestly together in low tones.

At half past nine Daniel swung the knocker on the door of Captain Dexter's house. Ruth let him in. She was wearing a gay, defiant dress of bright China silk and she looked incredibly lovely, but her eyes were red with weeping. Daniel patted her hand.

"What does it matter, after all?" he said with a rather unsuccessful smile. "Your father will get away from the Spaniards. He'll come home all right. He can build another church if he wants to."

"No, Dan. You don't know. All his life he's hated Elder Whalley for what he did to my mother. He'll never be



"Don't look now, but she's spying on us again!"

the same if the Elder takes the church. I know my father."

While they were standing there, the bell began to ring, slowly at first, a clear, singing, beautiful sound, calling the people to worship in the new church, for one day only. Daniel straightened his shoulders.

"Perhaps it's what the Lord wants," he said softly. "Churches decay, the timbers rot, the paint flakes off. Perhaps the Lord wants our church to stand for a few days in all its beauty; then pass away into memory where no neglect can harm it."

They left the house and walked together toward the church. The bell was still calling, and all Bristol was answering the call. Even some of the most determined friends of Elder Whalley. They hadn't heard a meeting-house bell for many months. The familiar sound aroused emotions they couldn't resist. The Voice of the Lord was calling. They were coming to meeting, as they and their families had come every Sabbath for nearly a hundred years.

Ruth and Daniel walked into the edge of the crowd around the church door. They answered compassionate smiles, parried a few hostile looks, and listened for scraps of conversation. The nearest group was friendly—two families greeting with shy, astonished smiles the soaring beauty of the steeple.

"Real pretty," said one old man to another.

"Aye. Fit place for meetin's. Don't care *what* they say. Looks like the Bible sounds, where it reads good."

Others were not as friendly, glaring hotly at the new church, to them an abomination. Elder Whalley was not in the crowd.

Then Parson Williams arrived, leading the way through the door, sitting down in silence behind the pulpit. The people filed into the pews. Daniel noticed many new faces. Only the Elder was missing, and a handful of intimate friends.

Bristol never forgot that meeting. The story may be heard today, although more than two hundred years have passed. Parson Williams' name is still familiar, and Daniel's, too, and Ruth Dexter's. All the actors in that day-long drama which stirred the people as they had never been stirred before, or have been since.

They were usually serious, rather terrible occasions, the Puritan meetings for worship on the Lord's Day,

but this meeting was different, arousing unfamiliar emotions almost too strong to bear. The other towns of New England changed slowly, gradually shaking off the fetters of ancient hatred, learning to smile, hearing many times and finally believing that life on earth was meant

many they were, so worth describing. The patches of sun crept slowly across the floor. It was high noon, but still the people listened with wrapt attention as if he had opened a treasure chest and was pouring out gold and jewels before their eyes—beautiful things locked away for a hundred years.

Then his voice changed.

"My people," he pleaded softly, "the Lord has given us only a little time, a few, short years between birth and death. It is a testing time, to see if we are worthy to live among the Angels, in the eternal city of happiness and peace. There will be no hatred there, no ugliness, no sickness, no pain. The wicked may not enter therein, nor the cruel, the mean in spirit, nor the hard of heart. The Lord is testing us here below; He has given us a beautiful world. He wants to find if we can live together in peace and kindness, making this world a better place, more like Him, for those who will follow after we are gone."

Parson Williams stopped for a moment and searched the sea of faces with his eyes.

"Let us build a temple in praise of the Lord," he said slowly. "Let us make it beautiful. Let us make it as white as the soul of a good man, as straight as truth, as high as our love of the Lord. Let us prove with the skillful work of our hands that we have seen the beauty of the world. Let us worship therein, give thanks for the manifold blessings of life. Let the steeple stand above our houses, above our ships and fields. Let it prove with its beauty that we, its builders, are worthy to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, which the Lord has made beautiful, too."

The Minister closed the Book. For a full minute the people sat without moving; then one by one they got up and filed slowly out of the church. Ruth and Daniel were the last to go. Outside was a storm of talk and excitement. An old farmer ran up and pressed a small leather bag into Ruth's hands.

"Six shillin's," he said. "That's all I got on me."

Others followed, giving money or promises. Soon Ruth's hands were full of small coins. Daniel took them and spread them out on the church steps, where all could see the little patch of silver.

"Maybe they'll bring enough," he said. "The Parson touched their hearts."

"Not the Parson only. You, too, Dan. You built the church."



"Look, Ming Lo, we had a stowaway!"

to be happy, that the Lord was merciful and good. But Bristol realized all of a sudden that the change had come. The symbol was the new church, and Parson Williams told their hearts the news.

The face of every man and woman was tense, even the little children, feeling the strained emotions around them, clinging to their mothers' hands, watched with round, troubled eyes while Parson Williams mounted the pulpit and opened the Book to the fourteenth Psalm of David.

"The Lord looked down from heaven," he read, "upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God."

Then he began to speak a kind of sermon which the people of Bristol had never heard before. The church was wholly still, and his words flowed into their hearts, gently and softly. He spoke of all the beautiful things of the world—the soil and the rain, the growing things, the sea and the sky, the laughter of children, the warmth of friendship and of woman's love.

On and on he preached. The world was so full of beautiful things, so

Then, ploughing through the crowd like a ship through boats, came a small, compact body of eight men. Elder Whalley led the way. He stopped near Ruth, feet apart, leaning on his staff, wholly without expression.

"I've brung the Sheriff," he said. "He'll tell ye the law."

Sheriff Peters stepped forward from among his six armed constables, a solid man in a long coat with horn buttons. He cleared his throat.

"Mistress Dexter," he announced, "the law don't leave me no choice. This day is over when the sun goes down. By rights you shouldn't pass no money on the Lord's Day, but seein' it's a church matter, I reckon it'll be all right. If ye pay that thousand pounds afore the sun goes down, the land is yourn. If ye don't pay, the land belongs to the Elder, here, an' everything on it. That be the law. Don't try to make no trouble. I got six constables to back me up."

"Thank you, Sheriff," said Ruth Dexter. She mounted the church steps and turned toward the crowd. Every eye was upon her. "I need seven hundred pounds in hard money," she cried in a clear, carrying voice. "You all know what I need it for."

"I'll go an' get what I got," came a voice from the crowd. "It ain't much."

"And I!" cried other voices. "And I! And I!"

A hub-bub of shouting arose. Women were weeping. Men were scattering off in all directions, along the road, across the fields. But right in front of the church stood Elder Whalley, solid as a granite boulder, surrounded by his party—old men like himself for the most part. They were the past, the living memory of bitter early years. They stood unsmiling, yielding not an inch, while the waves of emotion broke around them without effect.

Then the money began to come—a thin stream from little hidden hoards. All sorts of money—English florins, Massachusetts shillings, Connecticut shillings, French money from Canada, Spanish dollars with the cross of Santiago. Ruth took it all, accepting the donor's valuation, keeping tally on a bit of planed board.

Fascinated, breathless, the people watched the pile grow larger on the church steps, peeking over Ruth's shoulder to guess the total. No one went home. More were arriving all the time. Some came to bring money, or to wish they were able to bring it, but others came to join Elder Whalley, frowning darkly at the new church, that sinful, popish frippery, that abomination before the Lord.

And gradually the sun moved toward the hills in the west. The slender shadow of the steeple crept out across the field, measuring the approach of its own destruction.

"How much have you got, Ruth?" asked Daniel.

"Eight hundred pounds in all. It's not enough."

She shivered in her thin, silk clothes, for the sun had lost its strength. A little more money arrived, copper pieces which didn't count and a thin disc of silver, worn perfectly smooth, brought by a child. She waited, close to Daniel, watching the sun, and the crowd waited, too. Parson Williams went up the church steps and led a prayer. Elder Whalley stood like a rock among his partisans, but at least three quarters of the people got down on their knees.

"Oh, Lord," prayed the Minister, "hear our plea. We have seen a new light. We want to worship Thee in a new way, with joy and happiness, not with fear and dread. We have builded a temple for this new worship. Let us know Thy pleasure, oh, Lord."

THEN as if in answer, came a cry from the edge of the kneeling crowd, a cry which sent a thrill through every heart.

"A sail! A sail! Comin' round the Point. It's the Cap'n. Praise be the Lord."

In an instant the people were on their feet, running to where they could see. Far off across the harbor was a schooner, all sails set, moving slowly, almost becalmed, across the glassy sea.

Ruth Dexter shook her head.

"If it's my father, he's too late. The sun will set before he gets to shore."

"No, Ruth," said Daniel. "I think the Lord has answered our prayer." He walked over to where Sheriff Peters was standing among his constables. "I want to ask for an hour's time, Sheriff."

Before the Sheriff could answer, Elder Whalley hurried up, his hard eyes glaring in the fading light.

"Abide by the law, Sheriff," he cried.

"Aye," agreed the Sheriff. "I'll abide by the law. I got no choice. The church belongs to Elder Whalley, soon as the sun is gone."

A bright gleam of fanatical triumph shone in the Elder's eyes. He raised his gnarled fists to the setting sun.

"Lord God of Hosts," he cried in a throbbing shout. "We shall not mock Thee with soft words, nor insult Thy might with the devil's frivolity. We shall not worship Thee in a heathen temple. We shall not abandon Thy law."

The sun was only a little above the horizon now, turning the white paint of the steeple to delicate pink in the slanting rays. In the harbor the distant schooner had launched a small boat.

"Bring the straw!" screamed the Elder.

A dozen men ran to their wagons, returning with armfuls of straw which they dumped in a great heap on the road in front of the church steps.

"Stand by me, Sheriff," shouted the Elder. "We'll kindle a beacon light to guide the Captain home. Ready your muskets, Sheriff."

A low, agonized moan went up from the crowd. Women sobbed and screamed hysterically. Men cursed aloud and clenched their fists. Ruth Dexter was weeping on Daniel's shoulder, and Daniel's heart was beating hard with mounting rage. But the Sheriff placed his six men in a semi-circle around the church steps, muskets primed and pointing at the crowd.

The sun touched the horizon. Every eye was watching the boat in the harbor, but all knew it would reach the shore too late. Slowly the red disc of the sun sank down, shrank to a bright curve, dwindled to a spark. Then the spark itself was gone.

"Elder Whalley," said the Sheriff. "The church belongs to you."

"Amen," shouted the Elder. "The Lord God has spoken."

With an incoherent cry of rage and triumph he ran to the pile of straw and tossed a great armful into the door of the church. Others did the same, and no one made a move to interfere. Daniel watched with frozen horror. Already in his mind's eye he could see the hungry flames leap up the graceful front, blistering the paint, consuming the lovely steeple which contained a piece of his soul. He felt so helpless. He was an artist, an artist out of place in a world of hardness and violence. Once again the thought passed through his mind—that he wasn't worthy of Ruth Dexter, who would need a strong man to take her through the storms of life.

Then a red, sudden flame rose up before his eyes, brighter than any flame of burning wood or straw. With a wild, desperate cry, he dashed toward the line of constables. "Follow me," he screamed. "Save the church."

He was seized and hurled backward. Men shouted, cheered behind him. His next assault was not alone. He grabbed a stick of timber and swung it furiously 'round his head. A sudden tide of battle swept through the crowd. "Shoot! Shoot yer guns!" the Elder was screaming and flung him off his feet. The Sheriff was bellowing commands, law. But the battle did not cease until every constable was disarmed and Daniel's party stood triumphant on the church steps.

"What are we goin' to do now?" asked a shipwright. "We've gone agin' the law!"

Daniel didn't know. He stood be-

wildered, searching through the crowd for Ruth. Every eye was upon him, with anger, triumph or hatred. But then came a faint cry from the harbor, and all the faces shifted that way, like fronds of seaweed when the tide turns. The crowd became silent—a murmuring silence—and waited, tense, while Captain Dexter strode up the hill with Ruth and three seamen close behind.

"Ye've come too late, Cap'n," cried a voice from the center of the crowd. "We've took yer heathen temple!"

The Captain did not answer. He pushed his way to the church steps, glancing at the pile of straw, at the Sheriff's men, disarmed and angry, at Daniel, at Elder Whalley standing by the Sheriff's side. He smiled ominously.

"Nope," he said, "I reckon the church is still ourn."

"Settlement day has come an' gone," said the Sheriff.

"Hold yer peace, Sheriff, I been hangin' off Bristol three days. Could o' run in any time, but I hankered to see what the Elder was plannin' to do. Didn't figure he'd try an' burn the church so quick."

"He has the right by law."

"Mebbe so." Captain Dexter pointed a knotted finger at the Elder. "But look at him, folks! Look at the ol' pizen-belly! Acts like he swallowed a rat."

Elder Whalley's face was white. His eyes were fixed on one of the seamen with Captain Dexter. The crowd followed his stare, and noticed for the first time that the sailor's wrists were tied tightly together with heavy cord.

With a broad smile Captain Dexter mounted the church steps and addressed the crowd.

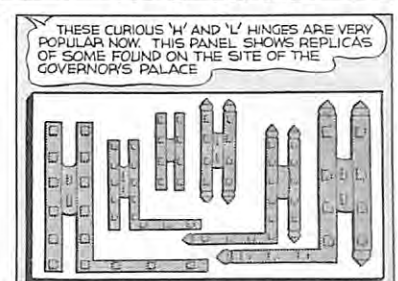
"Listen here, neighbors," he cried. "Ye've heard the yarn, I reckon. How my halliards parted down in Cuba, right under the bows of a Spanish frigate. Well, the Lord was with us. The wind shifted sudden an' took the frigate aback. We got the mains'l up, right in the nick o' time, and here we be."

He stopped, glaring down at Elder Whalley. The crowd waited in breathless silence. They knew there was more to come.

"Them halliards was cut!" shouted the Captain. He dove forward, grabbed the sailor by the collar, and hauled him up on the steps. "An' here's the skunk that cut 'em! He done more. He told the Spaniards where we was goin' to touch along the coast. That's why the frigates come after us."

Elder Whalley had turned and was pushing toward the outskirts of the crowd.

"Where ye goin', Elder?" called the Captain. "I got more to say. He turned savagely to the sailor beside him. "Tell 'em why ye done it. Sing it out, loud an' clear, like that paper you signed, or I'll knock ye down to hell."



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The sailor hesitated, but only until he saw the Captain clench his fist. "I done it for fifty pounds," he said reluctantly.

"Who gave it to ye?"

"Elder Whalley!"

The crowd was silent in shocked astonishment. Every eye was turned on Elder Whalley.

"Aye," cried the Captain. "He done it because he hates me more'n the devil. He done it so's I'd be held in Cuba past settlement day an' he could burn the church. That's right, ain't it, Elder?"

No answer came.

"Elder Whalley," shouted Captain

Dexter, "look-a here. Ye'll take my thousand pounds tomorrow, an' ye'll give me the deed, signed all right an' proper. If ye don't, I'll have the law on ye. Dunno what they call it, what ye've done, but I'll make you suffer bad. Sing out."

The Elder's thin lips moved slightly. He nodded. Then he fled from the crowd and disappeared into the gathering darkness.

The minute he was gone the tension relaxed. Men and women pressed around the Captain, slapping his back, shaking his hands.

"Where's Ruth?" demanded the Captain. "An' that young feller?"

Ruth and Daniel came forward.

"Still want my gal?" he asked, smiling genially. "Speak up."

"Yes," said Daniel. "And she wants to marry me."

"No reason why not. No reason at all. She told me what ye done a while back. Knocked 'em all on their beam ends an' saved the church." The Captain stepped back to admire the steeple. "Mighty fine," he exclaimed with infinite satisfaction. "Right an' proper for worship. Young feller, you built it good, an' ye'll be married there. I reckon the bell kin ring a real merry weddin' tune."

Spring Planting

(Continued from page 16)

followed the lead of the St. Louis Cardinals in establishing permanent training bases.

As recently as 1919 Connie Mack dared to open the season without preparation at a health-and-muscle resort. In 1918 the Athletics lost 76 games and wound up a sound, uncontested last in the American League for the fourth consecutive year and Mack had every reason to believe his noble athletes would finish more of same the following season. The Athletics traveled no farther south than Shibe Park, Philadelphia, that spring, and then proceeded to confirm Mack's very worst suspicions by losing 104 games in 140, a classic demonstration of remarkable ineptitude.

No major league team since has abandoned spring training from its program. An owner today would just as soon announce that his team is to be deprived of sunshine, palm trees and date-lines as the Japanese high command would admit it is waging a war of conquest in China. Almost as soon, anyway. It simply isn't being done; spring training is a ritual of the baseball business as firmly entrenched as the World Series and just as important in the promotion of the game. All but the grubbiest minor league teams now hold membership in the Grapefruit League, the trade name for the vague circuit in Florida, California, Louisiana, Texas and adjacent states, where exhibition games are played during March and April.

Once upon a time, and not so long ago, training camps provided much of the color, human interest and humor which have made baseball the best documented of all sports. No camp was complete without a queer character who came out of the hills wearing high, buttoned shoes, a badger haircut—if any—and an incredulous expression on seeing a three-story building for the first time.

Possibly because living and traveling accommodations were bad and the food was worse, the veterans amused themselves by bedeviling wide-eyed rookies with all sorts of practical jokes. Tubs of cold water were planted under beds from which the slats had been removed; unattached girls suddenly acquired husbands, who returned home to the accompaniment of horrendous oaths and blank cartridges fired at the departing guest.

A favorite gag was the snipe hunt, which never failed to claim at least one unsuspecting victim a year. As a special mark of favor, a rookie would be permitted to go on one of these hunts late in the evening. The party would tramp through the woods for several miles, far from any known land-mark. The rookie would be left with a lantern and a bag while the others were supposed to be beating the brush and rousing the snipe, which would then scamper toward the light and into the bag. The conspirators vanished into the night with blood-curdling yells, but presently the silence was deafening. Came daybreak and the rookie was still holding the bag, literally. Sometimes he did not find his way back to camp until late the following afternoon. They do say that Fred Merkle fell for the snipe hunt twice, although such naïveté staggers the imagination. It was all very silly, of course, but have you ever been marooned with thirty high-spirited gents a thousand miles from the refining influences of civilization?

The horse-play gradually disappeared, however, as prices for players on the hoof sky-rocketed and baseball definitely went big-business. The same managers who had been moving spirits in snipe hunts were not eager to have \$50,000 rookies stumble through the woods for a full night and half a day. Players who had contracts going into five figures tied up in their arms and legs were

not exactly amused by pranks holding the danger of physical injury.

Most important of all, a newer and more mature generation was appearing in the lobbies of the luxury hotels festooned with flunkies and royal palms, which had replaced the old dollar-a-day boarding houses and one-arm eating joints. Free education, the movies and the radio had virtually eliminated the rookies who might have been Ring Lardner's Elmer the Great come to life. And even if some of the boys had the urge to cut loose with a few cute capers, the sheer magnificence of their surroundings was calculated to remind them they were expected to conduct themselves as fine little gentlemen.

In the old free-and-easy days, any second-rate hotel jealous of its dubious reputation would have thrown a ball club out of the premises on its collective ear. Then, all of a sudden, the owners of the very best hotels on the gold coast of Florida made the enchanting discovery that the ball clubs were excellent business. They filled the house in March, at the tail-end of the tourist season, and their bills, amounting to as much as \$15,000 for a slow month, were paid promptly by checks which never bounced back to hit Mr. Boniface between the eyes.

The ball players adapted themselves with astonishing swiftness to the swanky environment. The muggs their peak caps, store-clothes and cardboard valises gave way to per-jackets and trousers, white shoes danced, played bridge and made polite conversation with the other guests. A sports writer of the old school remarked there was only one way of telling the difference between a millionaire and a ball player: the ball player dressed better.

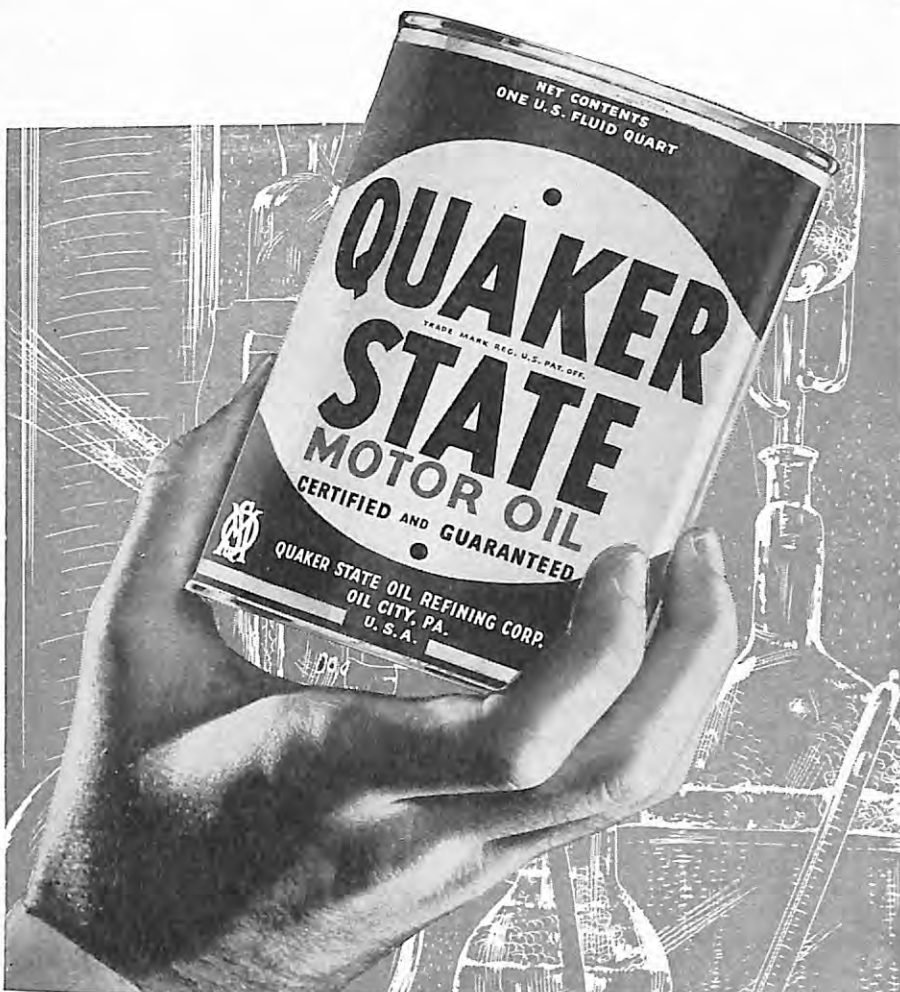
It is to be feared that so much sweetness and light stripped spring training of all the former glamour and romance. Fans, very few of whom have ever been to a camp, probably think a southern trip with a ball club is high adventure. You miss the most disagreeable part of the winter and wallow in sunshine and tropical weather. You see fabulous rookies make history and—shed a tear—you see gallant veterans make their last stand against the march of time. You live and breathe the same air with headline heroes, you lucky stiff.

Actually, a training camp is pretty dull; to have seen one is to have seen them all. Most players dislike spring training after the first experience and some of the older men have a violent aversion for it. Eddie Roush, a star outfielder with the Giants and Reds, invariably was a holdout in the spring simply because he hated the routine of training camp. Players today frequently delay signing their contracts for the same reason.

Ball players could learn to like spring training with the greatest of ease if they were paid for six or seven weeks of exertion under a hot sun, but their salaries do not commence until the first league game. They are something less than abused tools of the capitalistic system, though, for actors rehearse without pay and the guarantee of steady employment offered a ball player and, anyway, the club owner goes deep enough into the red to get his athletes into a state of vulgar health.

Of all the people connected with a training camp, the one with the most justifiable squawk does the least complaining. The athletes feel oppressed because they are compelled to donate their services for what they consider a publicity scheme for the team, seldom realizing they are attaining the physical condition necessary for their work. Sports writers grouse about digging up stories on inconsequential developments, the old, familiar faces and giving colorless rookies a shot in the arm of human interest. Occasionally the baseball Boswells will break down and confess there are tougher ways of making a living. The club-owner, who merely pays the bills, does nothing but just that.

Baseball is a risky business governed by unpredictable luck and controlled by fantastic breaks, but a spring training trip is by far the greatest gamble. It is in training camp that the owner first learns whether a ribbon clerk is masquerading as a \$40,000 rookie or is a genuine professional. There his team may encounter a streak of bad weather or an epidemic of injuries which will hobble it during the first month of the championship season with, of course, a resultant effect on the gate. The owner goes into the barrel for an appreciable sum before a customer enters his park and



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sometimes a very small percentage of the original expense is returned.

The tab for a training trip can run anywhere from \$20,000 to \$40,000, depending on the pretentiousness of the base and the schedule which takes the team home. There seldom are less than fifty official members of the party; about thirty-five ball players, reporters—the Yankees carry as many as a dozen—manager, coaches, trainer, secretary and various other attaches. A fairly modest scale of operation includes \$10,000, let us say, for the hotel at camp and \$12,000 for all transportation. To these costs must be added another \$3,000 for hotels and meals on the northward route, more than \$1,000 for laundry and minor items such as bus and cab service, balls and uniforms. It all adds up, as you can see.

A good deal of this expense is balanced by ultimate income; in rare cases a team can show a profit at the end of the training period. The world champion Yankees, with Babe Ruth the prize attraction, played to 128,000 fans in exhibition games in 1928 and cleared \$60,000 on their southern safari, but a profit, to repeat, is rare. The average owner will be pleased as punch if he comes within \$5,000 of his original outlay.

He may pull out with most of his money if he has a sensational new player, like a DiMaggio or a Feller, to stir the imagination of the fans. If his team has done well in the Grapefruit League and he is favored with good weather for his first two Sunday dates at home, he will cover a good deal of his investment. The usual, and safest, methods are a guarantee from the local chamber of commerce where the team establishes its base—for the average team, about \$3,000, a small price for the publicity the town receives—and the income from exhibitions on the barnstorming tours which take the teams home by easy stages.

It is to the credit of the owners that they are showing a tendency to emphasize weather and strong competition, the most important factors in choosing a training site, rather

than go after big money. Miami Beach gave the Giants a guarantee of \$10,000 in 1935 and, no doubt, offered the same amount this year, but no team trained there this spring. The winds sweeping in from the Atlantic are too dangerous for the players' arms and legs and, another serious drawback, there are not enough major league teams on the east coast of Florida to provide the competition a team needs to get into condition. The Reds went to Puerto Rico in 1936 and the Giants pitched camp in Havana last year while the Athletics went to Mexico City, but there is a steady trend now to the west coast of Florida, where there is a concentration of big-league teams to test their new players against the high caliber of opposition which will be met when the boys start to play for keeps in the middle of this month.

THE region around Tampa is considered the best locale for a camp. There are eight major league clubs within a fifty-mile radius and seven good minor league aggregations to round out schedules in the Grapefruit League. The eight other National and American League clubs are scattered—three in California, three in Louisiana and one each in Mississippi and Texas. Bill Terry, manager of the Giants, makes no bones about making his camp in the town offering the most attractive guarantee, but even he turned down a bid of \$10,000 from Honolulu in 1939. Hawaiian teams cannot give the Giants serious competition and a five-day voyage is so much wasted time.

Another interesting development in training operations is the re-discovery of America by touring ball clubs—and vice versa. Like the theatre, major league baseball was only hearsay to pin-points on the map and obscure villages until comparatively recently. In the old days, players endured untold agony on their barnstorming tours through the deep south. In 1916 the Braves, making the hop north with the

Yankees, wore overalls, engineers' caps and bandannas and grew beards in protest against the route through the deepest bush mapped out by Walter Hapgood, secretary of the Boston club. For several years Hapgood was known in the trade as "Columbus" because he had explored so much wild and unknown territory.

Train and hotel accommodations were so sketchy that teams tried to make their stop-overs in the larger cities. The villages with populations of 3,000 were forgotten—and almost forgot baseball. The highly efficient Mr. Terry corrected that situation by scheduling his Giants through towns well off the beaten track, where the sight and sound of the baseball boys was a new and thrilling experience. Blasé customers in metropolitan centers stayed away from exhibition games in impressive numbers, but the farmers and their families came a-running from miles around in those sections which had not seen a major league team for many years. The day was proclaimed a county holiday and the Giants often outdrew the population of the waystation where they were appearing. At big-league prices, too.

Terry scouts his territory thoroughly before he draws up the joint itinerary of the Giants and Indians, who play a series of exhibitions all over the map of the south. He travels 1,500 miles each winter, contacting business men, inspecting hotels and ball parks. The man's attention to minute details is incredible. He has been known to go out at night with a lantern and measure the rusty rails on sidings to make sure they are wide enough for the Pullmans used by the teams.

The effort has paid handsome dividends. The Giants make money on their spring training, but that is relatively unimportant. The glamour of far-off places has been recaptured, but that, too, is not terribly vital. The significant point is that the baseball barnstormers are planting spring seeds of full-blown interest among the people to whom the national game and the nation's sport celebrities were very nearly a legend.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 17)

supposed to give a packet of letters to the major's widow, Mrs. Crittendon. She is an Englishwoman, so she is a bit aloof from the issues that divide the country. It is a long time before she learns the truth, because the colonel doesn't want to tell her.

Mr. Allen shows how war lets hoodlums run frightened citizens and how the carnage of battle works havoc to human bodies. Friend and foe alike undergo needless torture;

the inadequate medical staff uses the most primitive means of amputation and always has insufficient supplies of chloroform. After the battle ghouls wander over the field looking for watches. Thus the book, written in easy narrative form and much shorter than "Anthony Adverse", is indirectly a sermon against the horror that is war, although Mr. Allen is no better able than the rest of us to say how it might have been avoided. (Farrar & Rinehart.)

THOMAS MANN'S NEW NOVEL

FOR thoughtful readers—those who want to get more out of a novel than a thrill or a jolt—there is available Thomas Mann's new addition to his Joseph story, "Joseph in Egypt". Two books have preceded this: "Joseph and His Brothers", and "Young Joseph". In the new book (two volumes) Thomas Mann takes up the adjustment of Joseph to life in Egypt after he has been taken

from the pit, sold to the Ishmaelite, and later resold in Egypt. Here he becomes the confidential servant of Potiphar, the chamberlain of Pharaoh, and Potiphar's wife begins to take notice of him. The second volume is devoted to the struggle between Joseph and Potiphar's wife, and Mr. Mann makes Joseph share the blame because he has been condescending and superior, thus feeding the flames of the woman's passion. Mr. Mann is concerned with a great deal more than a retelling of the Bible story; he is showing how Joseph adapts himself to the Egyptians without giving up his own belief in the true God, and how the Egyptians have adjusted everything to their materialism, growing out of their dependence on the seasonal changes of the Nile. It is a powerful story, filled with overtones, richly rewarding the inquiring reader. Thomas Mann is generally recognized as one of the truly thoughtful and important novelists of our generation. (Alfred A. Knopf)

FRANZ WERFEL'S STORY ABOUT JEREMIAH

IT so happens that another European author has used a Bible story for his theme. Franz Werfel, author of "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh", has taken Jeremiah, the doleful prophet, for his chief character in "Hearken unto the Voice". He has introduced visions and mystical passages and has tried to show how Jeremiah held fast to the God of his faith against the revolt of his own people and the star-gazing Nebuchadnezzar. There are some stirring dramatic passages when Jeremiah is pitted, in his quiet, determined manner, against the might of Nebuchadnezzar. Franz Werfel also has much more to say than meets the eye and there are many implications in his text. (Viking Press)

"THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM"

ANY reader who has followed Stuart Chase's comment on the in-

ability of people to use the right words and the incapacity of words to serve them may turn to the writings of Thurman W. Arnold, professor in Yale Law School, for further stimulating reading about myths and symbols and their relation to modern life. Professor Arnold's "The Symbols of Government", widely praised as a merciless analysis of the economic situation and its political consequences, has been followed by "The Folklore of Capitalism" (University Press). Believing that "human institutions must talk in the language of their folklore," Professor Arnold tells how words fail in their duties during a transitional period of society and the devastating effect that results when men discover that their society can no longer be pictured in familiar terms.

But going beyond words, he analyzes democratic society, reveals the discrepancies between realistic practices and accepted traditions and codes, shows how the trading instinct, despised in an aristocratic society, became of such importance that it is looked upon as the salvation of multitudes. Professor Arnold offers many conclusions that must shock those who live by the accepted folklore of our day. He insists that men cannot fight over practical things or "develop heroes in a common-sense atmosphere." They fight for extremes, and even the righteous have to adopt the tactics of their oppressors and justify these tactics.

Thus many of Professor Arnold's comments deal with the present state of the world and favor policies that give social security and protect the underprivileged. Conclusions such as those of Professor Arnold have the effect of giving the current disorders a logical place in the development of mankind. He cannot propose remedies, but he can stimulate the common-sense view of events and thus rob alarmists of much of their ammunition. His sympathies obviously are with calm and continuous adjustment of institutions and men, with myths that are built round them.

"Mr. Public Opinion" Takes Charge

(Continued from page 23)

thoughtlessness, would have contributed to the local accident toll, if not the death list.

Illuminated signs have also been contributed to the city streets by the Elks lodge at Youngstown.

In Barberton, Ohio, "Traffic Boy" signs are a colorful and helpful phase of the traffic safety program. Presented to the city by the local lodge, they stand at street corner intersections where schools are located.

Every school crossing is repre-

sented and protected by a pair of these "traffic boy" signs. Apparently, when Barberton Elks do a job, they do it completely.

The one side of the "boy" sign shows a lad in color, with one hand uplifted and holding a sign in the other, saying "Danger School Zone". Behind him is a sign-post that says "Single Traffic Slow". On the reverse side of the figure, seen as the motorist is moving away, is a sign which reads, "Thank You", and an-



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other saying, "Protect Our Children. Barberton Elks".

Another form of the same idea is being used in Lansing, Michigan, where eighty-eight of the so-called "Safety Twins, Jimmy and Johnny" are now in use and have materially reduced the traffic accidents in school zones.

In Kalamazoo Lodge, the "I Will Club" was organized whereby every member carries a card giving his name, address, driver's license number, auto title number, and his signed pledge that he will support the rules of the club and promise to drive carefully, not to speed and not to have his ticket "fixed."

In Missouri, the lodges have a special license plate to go above the regular state plate and it reads, "Why Take Chances? Drive Safely. B. P. O. Elks Safety Campaign".

In South Dakota, a State Safety Council was organized under the leadership of Milo H. Barber. Much interest is shown in the Elks' Safety Program by Brother Leslie Jensen, the Governor.

Traffic hazards have been removed in the state. In one case entire reconstruction of the road was found necessary. "Keep To The Right" signs have been erected where needed. Safety slogans have been made and are being used in the public schools; spelling bees are organized in the schools in which words of these safety slogans will be used; safety slogans are being printed in the publications and ads of various organizations, firms and stores, and a safety council is being organized in every county of the state to carry forward this work of the Elks' program.

Miami, Florida, has long been a center of traffic problems because of the many visitors, but under the control of Lieutenant Daniel C. Reynolds an accident prevention bureau was set up and is working with excellent results.

The bureau dramatizes bad accidents three times weekly over the radio and explains what caused them and how they could have been prevented. All motorists are required to have frequent tests of lights, horns, brakes and wind-shield wipers. Jay walkers are taught to respect the rules of the streets, and in every way both motorists and pedestrians are educated and protected.

Atlantic City, N. J., another town beset by visitors, has, through the Elks erected many safety signs about the city as well as posters and bill boards. In the schools, boys who excel in safety traffic work are presented with bicycles.

The lodge at Selma, Alabama, presented to the city traffic lights as a part of its safety traffic program cooperation, and in The Dalles, Oregon, student police from the schools are used to patrol at busy and hazardous intersections. New signs have been made for school sections, and at playgrounds. Down town alleys have been converted into one

way streets, and a yellow line was painted on streets with bad curves to warn motorists to keep on the right side of the street. New stop signs have been placed on streets where they are needed.

This extra effort in support of the Elks' plan for safety was made despite the fact that The Dalles had already received honor certificates for 1935 and 1936 from the National Traffic Safety Committee because it did not have any fatal traffic accidents during those years, nor did it have any in 1937. This is a fine example of the cooperation of the city with the Elks.

THE judges out in Aurora, Illinois, through the efforts of the Elks lodge, now sentence violators of traffic laws to attend the Elks' monthly Safety Traffic meetings instead of being fined or imprisoned.

Chicago Lodge is striving for a driver's license law for the state, Illinois being one of the five states that has no such laws at present.

San Francisco, California Lodge has donated traffic lights. Sullivan, Indiana, Lodge has arranged to have the present part-time traffic study course in the local high school made a full-time course. Linton, Indiana, Lodge has a school safety patrol. In Laconia, New Hampshire, a bicycle safety club was launched by the Lodge on the principle that bicycles also constitute a menace on the streets. Bremerton, Washington, Lodge provided arterial highway markers, a safety committee and a bill board with daily records of accidents and deaths marked thereon for public attention.

A free parking lot to keep autos off the streets was presented to the city by the lodge at Fairbanks, Alaska and at San Francisco Lodge; school propaganda, designed to reach the folks at home was instituted by Richmond, Kentucky, Lodge; a wider bridge was constructed in Tiffin, Ohio; electric signals erected in Woodstock, Illinois; traffic hazards discussed and action planned in Pontiac and Saginaw, Michigan, Lodges while regular traffic meetings and discussions are also being held in every Elks lodge across the length and breadth of the land.

In Vancouver, Washington, the Elks, cooperating with the city, have reached an agreement whereby the city will follow the "Maine Plan", so long a success in reducing traffic accidents in that eastern state.

In Maine, and soon to be a part of the Washington plan, the work is handled by a group of "unofficial observers" who report traffic violations which might cause accidents. The offenders are written a letter explaining their error and warning them. A second offense brings another letter, and a third, a visit by a police official. The thought that someone unknown to him is watching him has a salutary effect on the careless or reckless driver, say Maine offi-

cial, and the Washington lodges believe that such a plan followed in the State of Washington will reduce accidents and deaths by autos in their state also.

New Kensington, Pennsylvania Lodge has increased the efficiency of the already established junior school patrol, by adding the Elks' Safety Program to its present schedule. This has resulted in traffic accident reduction and street and highway hazard elimination. The patrol work is good training for successful citizenship for youth and encourages individual initiative. More than a thousand of these boys have served in this community and not a single child fatality has occurred since the patrol was started.

This is typical of such patrol work in other cities where Elks lodges have inaugurated and sponsored such an activity. There will be many more such school patrols in effect before the year is far advanced.

C. FENTON NICHOLS, Elks counsellor at San Francisco, California, reports that on a hill street in San Francisco—Masonic Avenue—accidents were common. "One could always find broken glass in the morning", he says. In less than a month, the Elks induced the police department to install traffic and stop lights there and since that time no evidence of collisions or accidents have been reported.

C. W. Coppersmith, Commissioner of Traffic for Youngstown, Ohio, and President of the International Association of Traffic Police, relates a recent result of the Elks' traffic car presentation, stressing particularly the conviction of a driver as a result of the equipment presented with the car which enabled the police to collect necessary evidence in the case.

The Elks' car equipment included a special camera and the evidence included pictures of the street and all details. The street had a curve and a driver, with his five companions, took the curve too fast. Two of the girls were killed in the resulting crash, and two of the men were seriously hurt.

The officers in the Elks' car cared for the injured and then took pictures of the curve both ways, the skid marks on the street, the curb along which the car skidded, the pole struck by the car, and the car itself from all angles.

The driver, slightly injured, was convicted on the testimony of the Elks' car staff and the camera, and another poor driver was eliminated from circulation. He had previously been arrested for reckless driving, but the Elks' traffic car, the result of the Elks' Traffic Safety Campaign, was responsible for a conviction, hitherto apparently not possible because of lack of proper evidence.

Commissioner Coppersmith thinks, and rightly, that this one thing alone—the collecting and proving of proper evidence in traffic accidents is

one of the most important things that the Elks' campaign has accomplished to date.

In New York City, traffic lights hidden behind "L" pillars at 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue were removed and replaced in better position through the work of New York Lodge.

Considerable credit for the speed with which this accomplishment has been made possible, as well as the propaganda itself, may well be given to the radio programs, planned and largely executed by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, which have been and are still covering the country like the proverbial blanket.

In his speaking tours from coast to coast, Major Hart has a radio program set up for him in each lodge meeting. He talks on traffic safety as an addition to a transcribed program previously made by him for use all over the major networks.

Over 200 independent stations are featuring the Elks' Traffic Safety

program for a thirteen-week period. When completed, this means that more than 81 eight-hour working days will have been devoted entirely to the Elks' Traffic Safety program in America! This series started in December.

In addition, Major Hart has spoken on several coast-to-coast network programs, on the Postal Telegraph Company hour and many other national broadcasts.

A tremendous amount of newspaper publicity matter, news stories and editorials, reaching millions of people and stating the case of the Elks for traffic safety and ticket-fixing elimination, has been published in newspapers from coast to coast, thus securing added support to the movement inaugurated by the Elks.

There seems little doubt now, with the lodges' success so far in traffic-accident elimination, that Major Hart's prediction that this year will see 20,000 less deaths from auto accidents, will be fulfilled.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 33)

and lodges in Maine, gathered at the Hotel Vermont to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler and listen to his address. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, E.R. Benjamin D. Gould, Barre, and Louis F. Dow, Burlington, also spoke. P.E.R. Joseph A. McNamara, Burlington, U. S. District Attorney, was Toastmaster. On behalf of Barre Lodge Mr. Gould presented Major Hart with a desk fountain pen set on a base of Barre granite. It was designed by P.E.R. Archie Buttura.

THE banquet held annually at Pittsburgh by the lodges of the Southwest District of Pennsylvania in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler is one of the big events of the year. This year was no exception. On the night of the festivities, February 22, a meeting was held at 7 P.M. The dinner, at the William Penn Hotel, began at 7:30 and was followed by dancing.

The morning had been spent in touring the Homestead Steel Works where the operation of a steel mill was observed at close range by Major Hart and the forty members of his party. The visitors were

greeted by Superintendent M. F. McConnell who escorted them through the plant. Luncheon was ready at noon at Homestead, Pa., Lodge, No. 650, and a pleasant reception was held during which many local Elks had the pleasure of meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler and the other prominent officials who were with him.

The banquet was attended by officers and members of the district lodges and by Elks from other parts of the State and from Maryland and West Virginia. Among the speakers were two Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, and Grand Secretary Masters, who traveled from Chicago to be present. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, also attended. Major Hart's delightful and informative speech was received with acclaim. P.E.R. Grover Shoemaker of Bloomsburg, President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, John R. McGrath, Sheraden, Pres. of the S.W. District, and the District Deputy for Pennsylvania, Southwest, Frank S. Rode, of Jeannette Lodge, also spoke. Gen. Edward Martin, P.E.R. of Washington, Pa., Lodge, was Toastmaster.

The Elks 70th Anniversary Class

(Continued from page 35)

West Virginia

Bluefield, 7; Charleston, 48; Elkins, 7; Fairmont, 17; Hinton, 3; Huntington, 18; Martinsburg, 3; Princeton, 7; Sistersville, 55.

Wisconsin

Ashland, 32; Green Bay, 10; Janesville, 4; Kenosha, 27; La Crosse, 5;

Madison, 12; Manitowoc, 25; Merrill, 12; Oshkosh, 32; Platteville, 11; Racine, 23; Sheboygan, 10; Stevens Point, 5; Superior, 9; Wausau, 12; Wisconsin Rapids, 16.

Wyoming

Casper, 100; Cheyenne, 35; Cody, 42; Greybull, 88; Laramie, 6; Rawlins, 8; Rock Springs, 89; Sheridan, 16.

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When a Broadway playboy demanded that his physician relieve his headaches and hangovers, he started something! For that remedy—now called "CUE"—spread far and wide! . . . "CUE" is different—a new formula

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CURVED, "shockproof" genuine GOLD PLATE front watch with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold. ACCURACY guaranteed, by \$1,000,000 FACTORY. Looks like \$35. YOU will like this Gladiator ring and its double head set in LIFE-TIME sterling 925-1000 pure—decorated in gold—it is yours for only \$5, and watch is included FREE of extra charge!

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Thousands get relief from painful feet and walk freely with

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Tells how to aid nature in strengthening weak feet. It's FREE

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To All Members

CONGRESS recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

PLAY SWING PIANO!

My New self-instruction book teaches you quickly, easily, cheaply. Harmonize tunes with professional bass, breaks, etc. Postal brings free folder

AXEL CHRISTENSEN, 755 Kimball Hall, Chicago

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

Greybull, Wyo., Lodge Dedicates Home; Initiates Record Class

Fifty-three new members were received into Greybull Wyo., Lodge, No. 1431, at a recent afternoon meeting held in the lodge's new home. This was the largest class ever initiated in the Big Horn Basin. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Hollis B. Brewer, of Casper Lodge, addressed the new Elks and took a prominent part in the dedication ceremonies. At 6:30 a banquet was held with Milward Simpson, a prominent attorney of Cody, acting as Toastmaster, and P.D.D. Edmund P. Landers, who had served as the first Exalted Ruler of Greybull Lodge, making the main address. Others taking part in the program were P.E.R.'s Harry G. Theede, District Deputy for Wyoming, and Thomas M. Hyde, County Attorney; Secy. W. R. MacMillan, Casper, and C. A. Zaring.

Shamokin, Pa., Elks Give Rain Outfits to Student Traffic Patrols

Shamokin, Pa., Lodge, No. 355, recently presented to borough, township and parochial schools of the Shamokin-Coal Township section, 57 white rubber raincoats and helmets to be worn by members of the student traffic patrols. The outfits were delivered to the various schools by the Elks Safety Committee, which was organized some time ago as part of the lodge's national drive for safety on streets and highways.

New Banquet Room Dedicated by La Grande, Ore., Lodge

La Grande, Ore., Lodge, No. 433, proudly dedicated its new banquet room free of debt on January 29 and gave a banquet to celebrate the event. Members of 25 or more years standing were also honored. Each was presented with a suitable token by Secy. W. R. Winters, acting on behalf of the lodge. P.E.R. J. H. Peare, one of the two living charter members, made the dedication address. The banquet was followed by an enjoyable entertainment program.

Three hundred Elks joined in the festivities and voiced their approval of the splendid banquet room and the adjoining kitchen newly equipped.

E.R. Sheldon, Elizabeth, N.J., Lodge, Addresses San Juan Elks

Members of San Juan, P. R., Lodge, No. 972, had the great pleasure last winter of hearing a fine exposition of the principles and work of the Order when E.R. Murray B. Sheldon of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., spoke before their lodge. Mr. Sheldon took the trip for a much needed rest and he and George P. De Pass,

E.R. of San Juan Lodge, met on the boat. The meeting at the lodge home was a pleasant occasion for the traveler and a stimulating event for the Elks of San Juan.

Elks of North Carolina East District Meet at Fayetteville

The third inter-lodge meeting of Eastern North Carolina lodges was held at Fayetteville Lodge, No. 1081, with E.R. F. H. Grimm presiding. The meeting was marked by a large attendance of Past District Deputies and officers as well as delegations of members from the lodges of the East District. A number of important matters were taken care of satisfactorily, and a luncheon was served to all present.

D.D. Morton Completes Visitations at Elizabeth City, N. C., Lodge

D.D. Charles I. Morton of Wilmington, N. C., Lodge, No. 532, completed his official visitations to the lodges of his district, North Carolina, East, when he visited Elizabeth City Lodge No. 856. A large gathering was on hand for the reception and meeting. A barbecue dinner was served.

The District Deputy was gratified to find indications of a ten per cent membership gain for the year in many of the Lodges.

Fredericksburg, Va., Elks Crowd Home on District Deputy Night

Fifty per cent of the Fredericksburg membership turned out to greet D.D. Charles O. Thayer of Portsmouth Lodge, when he made his official visit to Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge No. 875. Mr. Thayer was accompanied by P.D.D. Wiley W. Wood of Norfolk, Va., and P.E.R. John E. Donlan, Portsmouth. After a sea food banquet served under the direction of Secy. Henry Dannehl, the regular meeting took place during which 24 candidates were initiated and two former members were reinstated. The newly completed ball room of the lodge home was the scene of the reception and dance held in honor of the District Deputy after the meeting.

Elk Officials of High Rank Attend Rochester, N. H., Lodge Meeting

The largest meeting ever held by Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393, took place in Odd Fellows Hall on the occasion of the official homecoming visit of P.E.R. George Y. Emerson, District Deputy for New Hampshire. A roast beef supper was served at 7 P. M. with the members of the Emblem Club, the lodge's Ladies' Auxiliary, acting as waitresses. The Supper Committee was headed by Chairman Wallace Shaw.

E.R. Reuben Weinstein presided over the meeting. Initiation ceremonies for a class of candidates were witnessed by 250 local and visiting Elks. The Rochester members were especially pleased to have with them a number of high officials of the order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady and John F. Burke, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, came from Boston to be present. John A. McInerney, Rochester, Pres. of the N. H. State Elks Assn., and P.D.D. James D. DeRocher, Nashua, also participated. Dover, Laconia, Portsmouth, Concord, Franklin, Manchester and Nashua Lodges were well represented. Many Exalted Rulers were present. Jerry Hollender, 82 years of age, a member of the Laconia delegation, was given a rousing welcome when he was introduced at the banquet.

Bradford, Pa., Lodge Honors Members Engaged in Oil Industry

At the close of a recent regular meeting of Bradford, Pa., Lodge, No. 234, at which a class of candidates was initiated, a social session, designated as "Fireside Pumpers Night," was held. The many members who are identified with the oil industry were special guests. P.D.D. Robert P. Habgood made the welcoming speech. A number of prominent Elks of the district were also guests of the lodge. Exhibits peculiar to the industry were on display. Perhaps the most interesting were the original Drake well tools, antique well equipment and a complete miniature operating oil well. Stereopticon views, made in the early days of the Pennsylvania oil fields, were shown.

The Music Mountain Melodiers, named for the new gusher field recently discovered in the Bradford area, made their first public appearance. After the Eleven O'Clock Toast had been given, a dinner pail containing a good lunch was bestowed upon each member and guest present.

Unique Birthday Party Given by Seneca Falls, N. Y., Elks

More than 500 members and friends attended a unique birthday party recently at the home of Seneca Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 992, the guest of honor being the famous cat, Tommy Clark. This was his 23rd birthday. Tommy was "loaned out" for the evening by Dr. W. L. Clark, a member of the lodge. The party was a charity affair and a neat sum was turned over to the Elks' Charity Fund.

Banquet tables were arranged so that all faced the decorated cage from which Tommy, resplendent in purple and white ribbon, looked out with dignity. He is regarded with a brotherly affection not only by the Elks of Seneca Falls, but by the

members of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, who held a similar ceremony for Tommy last year.

Glee Club and Other Activities of Haverhill, Mass., Lodge

The Glee Club organized several months ago by Haverhill, Mass., Lodge, No. 165, made its first appearance on February 1 at the Middleton Sanitarium. A concert of popular and classical music was presented by the 30 members of the club, directed by Daniel Harrington. E.R. Clifford R. Cusson spoke on the hospitalization work of the Order, and accepted the invitation of the patients to repeat the program at an early date. The Glee Club was chosen to furnish a half hour's entertainment at the banquet tendered Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart by the Massachusetts State Elks Association on February 14 at the Hotel Statler in Boston.

During his term Mr. Cusson, with the able assistance of his officers, has initiated over 100 new members. A majority of the applications were brought in by the Exalted Ruler himself. The January class of 57 candidates was the largest ever initiated by Haverhill Lodge at a single meeting.

Medical Association Meeting Held in Bellevue, O., Lodge Room

Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, was the speaker at a meeting of the Sandusky County Medical Association held in the lodge room of Bellevue, O., Lodge, No. 1013, on Jan. 27. A committee, appointed by E.R. O. C. Kaufman to entertain the distinguished guest, arranged a dinner in his honor which was held at 6:30 at a local hotel. The Bellevue officers and a number of Past Exalted Rulers were present. After the meeting of the Medical Association, all who had attended enjoyed a fine buffet luncheon provided by the Committee.

Dr. McCormick expressed his thanks to the officers and members of the lodge for the courtesy and hospitality with which he and his colleagues were received. Dr. McCormick's candidacy for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler was announced by Toledo Lodge in the columns of *The Elks Magazine* last month.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Celebrates Its 52nd Anniversary

Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, observed the 52nd anniversary of its institution and the 70th birthday of the Order in a double celebration beginning with an informal dinner attended by more than 200 Elks. The dinner was held in the Antler Grill on the first floor of the Elks' building. The first 52 members on the rolls had been designated as Patrons and 14 were present. Their terms of membership range from 36 to 52 years. Omaha Lodge was instituted on February 7, 1886.

Must
REDUCE WAIST
3 INCHES
OR NO COST



ONLY because our claims are based on the actual experiences of thousands of men dare we say: **If you don't reduce your waistline at least 3 inches in 30 days you need not pay a penny.** Director Reducing Belt must remove pounds of fat or the trial costs nothing.

IMPROVE APPEARANCE
You just slip on Director. Instantly you'll notice how much better your clothes fit, how much younger you appear.

"RESTORES VIGOR" writes S. L. Brown. "Already I feel years younger," says this Trenton man, "no more bloated or tired feeling."

CONSTIPATION OFTEN CAUSED BY STOMACH SAG and many wearers say: Director's *automatic exercising-action* aids elimination without cathartics. So don't neglect abdominal obesity and stomach sag any longer.

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EASY WAY
NO DRUGS
NO DIET**

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YES! Send me in plain envelope Free Folder showing X-ray views, letters from users and doctors. This does not obligate me in any way.

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WE BUY! Good prices year round! Other markets waiting for 20,000 eggs yearly. Small pond starts you. Free book shows sketch. Send no money. Write American Frog Raising Co., Dept. 138-D, New Orleans, La.

After the Patrons and a large number of visiting Elks had been introduced, brief fraternal talks were made by P.E.R.'s Guy T. Tou Velle of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, James M. Fitzgerald, Omaha, a member of the Grand Forum, Vice-Pres. J. C. Travis, Omaha, representing the Nebraska State Elks Association, and D.D.'s Paul N. Kirk, Grand Island, and Lloyd E. Peterson, Nebraska City. Also seated at the speakers' table were E.R. Frank A. Holt, who gave the official welcome for the host lodge, P.E.R. Dan B. Butler, Mayor, who acted as Toastmaster, and Chairman William Raab.

The 52nd Anniversary Class was initiated at the meeting. It included 26 new members and five who were reinstated. The ritualistic work was impressively performed by E.R. W. J. Sheehan of Grand Island Lodge and his officers, with the able assistance of the Omaha Elks Glee Club. Visiting Elks were present from Beatrice, Fremont, Fairbury, Lincoln and Grand Island, Neb., Sioux City and Red Oak, Ia., Huron, N. D., Laramie, Wyo., Trinidad, Colo., and Utica, N. Y. Refreshments were served after the meeting and entertainment was presented.

Joint Meeting at Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge on "Prescott Night"

The 70th birthday of the Order was jointly celebrated by Phoenix and Prescott, Ariz., Lodges at a meeting in the home of Phoenix Lodge, No. 335, on "Prescott Night." Candidates for admission into both lodges made up the class initiated by the ritualistic team of Prescott Lodge, No. 330, winner of the contest last Spring at the annual convention of the Ariz. State Elks Assn.

The large delegation of visiting members included E.R. W. F. Bunte and his officers. A dinner was held at the Masonic Temple before the meeting. One of the Prescott members, Frank Heisler, former Chief of Police, had not visited Phoenix since he passed through 57 years ago, traveling in a stage coach.

Fitzgerald, Ga., Lodge Host to State Elks Executive Committee

Fitzgerald, Ga., Lodge, No. 1036, was host to the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association at a meeting on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 6, presided over by Pres. Charles G. Bruce of Atlanta. Twelve of the lodges made excellent reports, their charity work having been exceptionally fine. Dr. Theodore Toepel, Chairman of the Charity Activities Committee, who is also President of the Crippled Children League of Georgia, stated that the Legislature had matched the Federal appropriation of \$60,000, thus providing for the care of some 12,000 crippled children of the State.

The meeting was addressed by one of the founders of the State Elks

Association, Past Pres. John S. McClelland of Atlanta, who is Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Past State Vice-Pres. J. Bush of Athens Lodge, who had just been appointed Chairman of the Membership Campaign Committee for Georgia by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, D.D.'s Frank M. Robertson, Atlanta, and Thomas L. Moss, Jr., Columbus, and State Vice-Pres.'s S. L. Threadgill, Decatur, R. Sam Monroe, Waycross, and Perry Brannen, Savannah, also spoke.

Secy. J. Clayton Burke, Atlanta, Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee, explained the set-up of prizes for the competition of ritualistic teams to be held at the State Convention in May at Valdosta.

Greeley, Colo., Lodge Engages in Extensive Welfare Work

Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, is keenly alive to the opportunities of community service that its wide membership permits. Some of the groups which it has aided are the Camp Fire Girls who received special help in clearing their camp in Estes Park of debt, and the Boy Scouts, in sponsoring the Sea Scouts and in other matters of extension and finance. The lodge gives service to individual cases for emergencies and contributions to various community organizations, maintains a \$500 fund for shoes and warm clothing for needy children in Weld county, and is engaged in a traffic safety campaign and in scholarship work. Co-operating with other lodges, it participates in the maintenance of an Elks' Preserve in the San Juan section of Colorado, in charities of a national scope and in emergency relief in times of national disaster. These activities were carried on in 1937 by E.R. O. S. Herdman, Chairman Earl Day and the Community Welfare Committee, Chairman Jack Kingsbury and the Charity Service Committee, and Trustees Charles Hewitt, Edwin Haefeli and Claude Hackett who handled general service matters.

Three nights of fun, music, dancing and other carnival features were arranged by Chairman Bruce Miller of the 1938 Elks Carnival Committee, and numerous other committees, for Feb. 24-25-26. The Carnival was a big event and successful even beyond expectations.

State Meeting, N.E. District, Held at Brookfield, Mo., Lodge

Hannibal Lodge No. 1198 and St. Louis Lodge, No. 9 each chartered a railroad car to attend the N.E. District meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association held recently at Brookfield Lodge No. 874. More than 200 Trenton, Macon, Columbia, Brookfield, Hannibal and St. Louis Elks were present. St. Louis Lodge is not in the Northeast District, but the delegation took an active part in the meeting. State Vice-Pres. G. D.

Bartram, Hannibal, presided. At the close of his address, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis, who was the principal speaker, was presented by Mr. Bartram with a handsome gavel. D.D. B. L. Ellis, Trenton, and E.R. Oliver F. Ash, Jr., St. Louis, also spoke.

A class of 17 candidates was initiated by a picked team of officers from the delegations. "Thanatopsis" with special lighting effects, was staged under the direction of P.E.R. R. Wilson Barrow of Macon Lodge. A splendid dinner was served before the meeting. As an entertainment feature, the host lodge had arranged for a floor show by a troupe from Kansas City, Mo.

Homecoming Visit of D.D. Steele to Gloucester, Mass., Lodge

Over 700 Elks representing more than 40 lodges of the Order gathered in City Hall when P.E.R. George Steele, District Deputy for Mass. Northeast, made his official homecoming visit to Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, No. 892. Among the scores of dignitaries in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, a member of the Grand Forum, of Boston; George Connors, Clinton, D.D. for Mass. West, and Francis S. O'Connor, Hudson, D.D. for Mass. Cent. Pres. William B. Jackson of Brookline Lodge headed the past and present officers who represented the Mass. State Elks Assn. Ten of the 14 Past District Deputies of the N.E. District were present.

Some idea of the great number of prominent Elks present can be had from the fact that after E.R. J. Stanley Thompson had opened the meeting, almost an hour was spent in presenting, in groups of from 20 to 40, the official and honorary members of the District Deputy's official suite. Mr. Steele was accompanied by approximately 350 Elks, among them being City Auditor Kenneth S. Webber, P.E.R., Gloucester, who has served as his Grand Esquire at all of his visitations.

The Golden Jubilee Celebration of Circleville, Ohio, Lodge

The Golden Anniversary of Circleville, O., Lodge, No. 77, was celebrated on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights during the week of February 14. The first event was the Anniversary Banquet held in Memorial Hall with E.R. Ray W. Davis presiding, and P.E.R. M. C. Seyfert, Jr., acting as Master of Ceremonies.

A Stag Smoker and Entertainment and a reception for visiting Elks made up the second night's program. Friday was the "big day" with the 4 P. M. initiation of the Golden Jubilee Class, and a card party at Memorial Hall followed by the Grand Ball. Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo was the speaker invited to make the principal address.

Advice on choosing a wife?



MAKE THIS TEST
DRINK Budweiser FOR FIVE DAYS.
ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK
A SWEET BEER • YOU WILL WANT
Budweiser's FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



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Don't take it! Choosing a wife is one thing every man should do for himself. It's the same with a brewmaster in choosing hops. No laboratory rule-of-thumb can guide him. Only skill and experience can distinguish between the mere fragrance of ordinary hops and the medley of exquisite and elusive aromas that exudes from truly fine blossoms. The costly imported Saazer hops used in brewing BUDWEISER are chosen only after three separate and distinct judgments. Hence the sprightly bouquet that hovers over each glass of BUDWEISER...and the distinctive taste that sets BUDWEISER so vividly apart.

NOTE FOR HOUSEWIVES: A glass of cold BUDWEISER is always a thoughtful compliment to a husband—especially in the evening. Has he ever expected it when there was none in the refrigerator? Check up on your supply. Keep a carton on hand—and several bottles or cans of BUDWEISER chilled and ready for instant serving...at unexpected as well as regular occasions.

AS YOU LIKE IT
In Bottles In Cans



Order a carton for your home

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their

nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

“I’ll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke”

says
MEL KOONTZ to
PENN PHILLIPS



“I guess you *have* to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I’ve often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds.”

“Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette’s-as-good-as-another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really *agrees with me* on all counts. My hat’s off to ‘em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn’t get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy. I’d walk a mile for a Camel!”

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a “big cat” for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

PEOPLE **DO** APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Camels are a matchless blend of finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS — Turkish
and Domestic



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

“Camels agree with me”

“We know tobacco because we grow it.....We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco”

TOBACCO
PLANTERS SAY



“I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes,” says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. “Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back,” he adds. “I’m talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS.”

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. “My best yet,” he says. “And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel’s the cigarette I smoke myself. Most planters favor Camels.”



“I’ve grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years,” says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. “The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I’m smoking choice tobaccos.”

“My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years,” Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. “Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I’ve been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we’re Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them.”