

# The Elks

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## Magazine

JANUARY, 1933  
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C. Neurling

# Firestone

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# "I Saved Six Orders and Made \$90 in One Day..."

## Thanks to This Pocket Volume!"

I'VE only been selling about a year. When I broke in, though I realized that trained salesmen are the highest paid men in the world, I expected the going to be hard at first. It was—a lot harder than I'd expected, even. At the end of six months I was commencing to get discouraged. I certainly hadn't made a flop of it—but I wasn't getting the results I should have had.

Naturally, seeing other fellows who started right with me go right ahead, I realized something was wrong. A particularly disheartening thing was the fact that at times I'd be right on the point of closing a good-sized order—and all of a sudden, it would go "flop." In fact, it kept happening all the time. I was doing something, I knew, that was killing those sales.

Finally I decided that I had to do something. I had been hearing a lot about National Salesmen's Training Association. But I'd never investigated them. Then, one day, I read one of their announcements. I was amazed to find how comprehensively they covered the training of salesmen. Furthermore, they announced that they were sending a most unusual volume, "The Key to Master Salesmanship" to ambitious men who asked for it—not only experienced salesmen, but men who had never sold, but wanted a chance in this highly paid field.

Naturally, I wrote for it—it seemed to me that here was the certain solution to the errors I had been making. Imagine my surprise—and interest—when there arrived, not only one book, but two. To this day I can't decide which of those books helped me most. The little book which I had not been expecting was just what I needed at the time. It was written for men just like me—men who had been plugging along in salesmanship—never successful, never so hopeless that they quit selling. And while "The Key to Master Salesmanship" gave me an insight into the real secrets of salesman-



ship, the other book, "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling" was the one I could first get practical use from.

Right in the first few pages, I saw some examples quoted. They were things I had been doing every day. I'd never dreamed they were dangerous errors. The more I thought about them the more clear it became, though, why I was having such difficulty with my closes. I thought to myself: "By golly, that's why Barnes decided to put off buying, this very afternoon!" I kept on thinking of men whose orders I had lost, through just that very mistake. There were six of them.

The next morning I sallied out, bright and early to see if I couldn't save those sales, using the tips given me. Before noon, I had put the practical suggestions of that little book to work—and sure enough, in every case, I made the sale which I had thought was gone glimmering. Six sales saved—at \$15 commission apiece, that was \$90 made, by one morning's work, plus the advice of a little book that cost me nothing!

Of course, that set me to thinking. If that one piece of knowledge could make me \$90, how much would I make out

of having all the knowledge which the National Salesmen's Training Association could give me? It didn't take long to figure that one out, either! I was enrolled for the full training that same night; and the next two weeks saw my sales record soar. Not a minute of time lost—I studied just in spare hours but I learned things in those spare hours that I'd never have picked up, just by my own experience.

Today, I find amazing increase in the volume of my sales now over what they were a year ago. Then I was selling only about 40% of my quota—this month, with a quota, twice as high as it used to be, I'm 50% over! And you know what quantity production means when the bonus checks roll around!

Today any man who wants to see how to end some of his biggest sales weaknesses can learn from this book some of the most frequent

mistakes which spoil sales, and get practical suggestions how to end them. Not a penny of obligation—"Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling" is now FREE to any ambitious man. At the same time we will send you, also free, the new and finer edition of "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which since its publication has been read by many men who have got into the biggest pay class of salesmanship. Write for both these valuable volumes now—the coupon will bring them by return mail.

**NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION**  
Dept. A-475, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Illinois

**National Salesmen's Training Association**  
Dept. A-475, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation to me, please send me "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," as well as "The Key to Master Salesmanship," and full details of your various service features, including your Free Employment Service.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....

**A NEW and FINER EDITION**

Thousands who read the original edition of "The Key to Master Salesmanship" are men who today are among the leaders of successful selling. Today, in addition to "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," we are sending "The Key to Master Salesmanship" in its new and finer edition, the product of years of salesmanship research. FREE to salesmen. Real ambition, and a desire to make the most of salesmanship, are all you need to get this volume. Simply mail the coupon and it will be sent to you, with your own copy of "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling."

# Something About This Number

"THE Show Goes On," but it's not easy going. Pursued by a malign fate, the travelling circus of Courtney Ryley Cooper's new serial has to battle for its very existence in the raw western country of the '70s—battle against hostile crowds, against bad roads, bad weather and the invisible menace which never quits its trail. But it is a gallant battle, and an inspiring and exciting one. The story of its fighting, to be told in five exciting installments, begins on page 6.

"DUMB-BELL of Brookfield" was the greatest of all setters, the champion of champions, a dog with whose feats in the field legend could not keep up. From the story of his life as written by John Taintor Foote, we have selected four episodes, each a complete short story, for publication in the Magazine. The first of these, "The Runt," begins on page 14 of this issue; the others will follow at more or less regular intervals.

Mr. Foote, equally as famous as a sportsman as he is as a writer, is the author of half a dozen volumes, and of "Dumb-bell" Rex Beach has said: "If ever you have gone into the field with a hunting dog, or raised and trained a litter of hunting puppies, or sat before the fire with a bird dog at your side, you will acknowledge that the setter is king of his kind. Of all the heroes that march through the pages of books, none is more valiant or more steadfast than the little plumed knight of Brookfield. Dumb-bell was more than a champion, he was a gallant gentleman and a philosopher, and he held as his creed a truth that many of us would do well to pause and ponder over; namely, the way to gain a friend is to be one."

EDWIN B. DOOLEY, who wrote for our September issue what has been called by many who should know "the best article on the new football rules," has another piece in this issue, "Sport Dramas of 1932." Here, in retrospect, are the great moments of the year's contests—not, necessarily, the record-breaking performances or the most widely publicized events, but those occasions which, by their sheer dramatic intensity, stand out from all others.

HERBERT ASBURY, a newcomer to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, is a newspaper man and the author of a number of books, most of which deal with characters or phases of the not-so-distant past in America. His tale of the versifying highwayman who signed himself "Black Bart, the POB," and held up innumerable stage coaches but never carried a loaded gun, is entitled, with full justice, "The Gentle Bandit."

F. DUDLEY COURTENAY carries on with his interesting articles on bridge, and gives the analysis and correct play of last month's hand. "Contract Bridge for Elks" is proving to be one of the Magazine's most popular features. Have you tried out your skill on the monthly problem hand?

Joseph T. Fanning  
Editor and Executive Director

Charles S. Hart  
Business Manager

Bruce McClure  
Managing Editor



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the National Memorial and Publication Commission

# The Elks Magazine

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

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

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

The Elks Magazine, Volume 11, No. 8, January, 1933. Published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, at address above. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. They will be handled with care, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

# "Unaccustomed as I am—

"I... er, er... a... don't know just what to say on the subject."

"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."

"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."

"Er... that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."



## ...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure . . . when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"  
"Oh . . . nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over?"

"I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine? . . . Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of

this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day, would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic, banquet and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book

—*How to Work Wonders With Words.*

For fifteen years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than a natural gift of a chosen few. Any man with a grammar school education can absorb and

apply quickly the natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage-fright and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

### Send for This Amazing Book

Have you an open mind? Then send for this free book, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. Over 65,000 men in all walks of life—including many bankers, lawyers, politicians and other prominent men—have found in this book a key that has opened a veritable floodgate of natural speaking ability. See for yourself how you can become a popular and dominating speaker! Your copy is waiting for you—free—simply for the mailing of the coupon.



## Now Sent FREE



North American Institute

3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 2821, Chicago, Ill.

North American Institute, Dept. 2821, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .

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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 60a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address A. Charles Stewart, Home Member Board of Grand Trustees, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union Street.

Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**  
 Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks



*of the United States of America*



Official Circular Number Five

*Elks National Memorial  
 Headquarters Building,  
 2750 Lake View Avenue,  
 Chicago, Ill., December 26, 1932*

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

**M**Y BROTHERS:

I thank the many brothers who sent me Christmas and New Year Greetings. I accept them as evidence of your appreciation of my humble efforts to serve our beloved Order. I hope health, happiness and prosperity attend you and your loved ones throughout the coming year.

*District Deputy Reports*

My District Deputies entered upon their duties promptly, and their reports of official visits have been pouring into my office faster than I could read them. Most of my time since I finished my regional conferences has been devoted to studying these reports and writing the Lodges concerning matters revealed by them. Again there is brought home to me the importance of exercising care in the selection of officers of subordinate Lodges. Invariably a well-officered Lodge is in good condition and is an effective agency in its community. In some cases a good Exalted Ruler is handicapped with a Secretary who has outlived his usefulness and in other cases a devoted, hard-working Secretary gets no support from his brother officers. The members of a Lodge that permit such conditions to exist have no one to blame but themselves when their Lodge falls into decay. Fortunately, most of our Lodges have good officers who are doing a real job keeping things going smoothly in these trying times. It lies with the members of the unfortunate Lodges to correct conditions at the next election. And remember, brothers, no set of officers can make a good Lodge without the support of the members.

*Our National Journal*

The December number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is filled with interesting matter. If you laid it aside without reading it you are the loser. Every Elk should be interested in the results of our first nation-wide reinstatement campaign which are reported in it. You will get a new conception of the work of the Lapsation Committee if you read the first editorial in that issue. The Entertainment Committee will find valuable suggestions in the article on Contract Bridge. In the news of subordinate Lodges you will find reports of Lodge activities that will give you new pride in your membership. You will find the January number and other numbers to follow equally interesting. Form the habit of reading your magazine from cover to cover. It is a journal worthy of the great fraternity it serves.

*Our National Foundation*

The Elks National Foundation is a trust created by voluntary donations by State Associations, subordinate Lodges, individual Elks and others and is managed by a board of seven Trustees who serve without salaries. The subscriptions paid into the fund now total nearly a half-million dollars, and the Trustees have discharged their duty so efficiently that none of the securities in which the fund is invested is in default. Every penny of the income from this fund is used for patriotic, charitable and benevolent purposes. This is a feature which should appeal to all who have funds which they wish to give to support some public charity. Many similar agencies use a substantial portion of the income from the funds placed in their care for administrative expenses, and others lack the facilities to get a national distribution. With its fourteen hundred subordinate Lodges serving every city of importance in this country, our Order is especially well equipped to render the service many people of wealth desire. Now that we have proved that funds intrusted to the care of the Elks National Foundation will be properly safeguarded, and that all the income will be used wisely for public charities, I am confident benefactors who are seeking a trustworthy agency to carry out their benefactions will turn to the Elks. Learn more about the Foundation and you will become its enthusiastic supporter.

*The Reinstatement Campaign*

The results of the first reinstatement campaign prove that there are thousands of worthy brothers who were lost from our rolls for one reason or another, who will come back if they are invited by an interested Elk who is sold on the value of membership in this great fraternity of American gentlemen. The tardiness of many Lodges in starting their fall activities, the unusual interest taken in the great national political campaign which was at its height when our reinstatement campaign was in progress, and the doubt that results could be obtained in these troublous times caused three-fourths of our Lodges to lose the benefit of our first effort. That results can be obtained when the proper effort is made is proven by a glance at the report on pages 28 and 29 of your December ELKS MAGAZINE. The statute authorizing special terms of reinstatement expires March 31, 1933, and, so, I am planning a final nation-wide campaign for February and March. No Lodge will have an excuse for failure this time. Detailed instructions have been given the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of each Lodge, and I appeal to all officers and members to help them put their respective Lodges on the honor roll. Edgar A. Guest shows us the way in these lines:

"There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,  
 There are thousands to prophesy failure;  
 There are thousands to point out to you one by one,  
 The dangers that wait to assail you.  
 But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,  
 Just take off your coat and go to it;  
 Just start to sing as you tackle the thing  
 That "cannot be done," and you'll do it."

My brothers, you are descendants of men and women who did not quit when the going was hard. Fight with me and we will show the doubters what can be done by optimists.

"Our doubts are traitors,  
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
 By fearing to attempt."

Confidently yours,

  
 Grand Exalted Ruler.

*An Unknown Menace Rides On The Trail  
of This Struggling Circus Troupe, But—*

# The Show Goes On

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

*Illustrated by Douglas Duer*



## Part I

**T**HE saloon was crowded. Heavy boots thumped on planked flooring. There was ceaseless argument at the bar, a rather ornate affair, considering the hastily erected frame building which housed it. After a time, one of the two dispensers glanced toward a young man who leaned at the end of the bar, dallying idly with his glass of beer.

"Want a cuff on that?" he asked.

"No, this 'll do." Then the young man grinned, and edged closer against the wall, to give room to a raucously dressed man of middle age, and a degree of alcoholism, who had just bumped against the bar. Here

*Copyright, 1933, by Courtney Ryley Cooper*

was a patron, at five-thirty in the afternoon, who wanted champagne.

Everyone looked at him for a moment—and then as quickly forgot him for greater interests—the talk of horses, of the day's sales, of prospects in the future, of the purchase of new lands, thirty miles from the railroad. This was Fremont, Neb., in 1878; a fevered period following the Panic of '73 in a country then broadly known as "Beyond the Missouri."

With the wander-spirit which every depression propagates, families had turned Westward. The Union Pacific Railroad, already a trans-continental link, had land to sell, migration to foster.

The covered wagons of "movers" as they were called, perhaps to distinguish them from the pioneers of an earlier date, were familiar upon new roads. This was an agricultural push, starting at Omaha and slowly extending north and west. The center of activity lay now at Fremont, which was quite a city. It had four thousand people and some brick buildings. It had also the human forms of driftwood which inevitably ride a rising tide.

Many of them were in this saloon. Men shouted the merits of their horses; trading was done over drinks. Of the entire gathering, there were only two who took no part in the general conversation. One was the well-built, tawny-haired young man with his beer. The other was the overdressed individual of red features and blinking eyes, who nipped in some sort of silent celebration at his champagne. Suddenly, however, both looked up. A rangy man, in dusty clothing and scuffed boots, had swung from the bar to where a comrade, equally cadaverous, equally dusty, stood aimlessly patting his pockets.

"Ain't you got it, Joe?" he asked.

"No, I ain't, Ed!" answered Joe dolefully. Suddenly he gasped: "I've been robbed! I've been robbed!"

"Told you to keep yore hand on yore pocketbook," said Ed. "All circus folks is thieves!"

The man with the champagne turned in alcoholic solemnity.

"That's a lie!" he muttered.

Instantly the young man beside him stretched forth a deep-tanned hand.

"Easy," he cautioned. "Never pick a fight with this kind of a crowd."

The celebrant grumbled and drained the remainder of his champagne. The young man turned his attention to the more important events of the barroom.

Talk of land and horses had departed. The bar crowd now clustered about the protesting Joe and Ed. There was an undercurrent of hatred for circuses in the '70's. The more ragged and straggling the show, the more suspicion it engendered, and the little affair which had come that morning to Fremont was certainly tattered and straggling.

**T**HEY must have followed me right from the circus grounds," said Joe dolorously. "I had nigh onto a hundred dollars in my pocket-purse. I remember now, I took it out to buy a picture of that woman that throws them knives—"

Again the young man found it necessary to grasp the celebrant's arm.

"Easy!" he commanded.

The man of the red face stared gloomily into his glass. The talk from the crowd grew louder.

"And you think," asked the elongated person known as Ed, "that some circus thief followed you into town and picked your pocket?"

"Think? He must have. Who else could of knowed I had that money on me?"

There was a rumble from the crowd. At the end of the bar, blue eyes slightly narrowed, a cynical smile on his lips, the young man continued to survey the throng. At last he turned. His companion was attempting to gain a bartender's attention, and to order more champagne.

"Better not," he cautioned. The solemn celebrant took a sweeping turn at his bulg-



ing mustache. Then, straightening, he stood back from the bar, stiffening in the glory of a brown-braided cutaway of broad checks, a fawn-colored waistcoat and dusty black trousers ending in square-toed boots. A thick finger rolled itself into a watch-chain of gold nuggets. He asked, blankly:

"Say, who in hell are you?"

"My name's Calvert," answered the younger man. He was quietly, yet well dressed, in a smooth fitting suit of light gray. His hat, broader brimmed than the usual "slouch," slanted over his sun-browned features. It too was gray, and of expensive appearance. His boots were carefully shined—an event in this country on any day except Sunday. "Bob Calvert," he concluded. "Do a little horse trading now and then."

"That don't give you any right to order me around."

"And what did you say your name was?" countered Calvert.

**T**HE celebrant pursed his lips as if about to whistle. Instead, he said:

"Ortie Whipple."

"Mr. Ortie Whipple," answered his companion as he extended his hand. "I'm glad to know—"

He halted, his expression changing to sudden seriousness. A self-appointed orator was haranguing a clustered group of eager listeners:

"Didn't somebody offer the sheriff fifty dollars if he'd let gambling go on while the show was here? If they ain't crooked, then what'd they want to do that for?"

"They robbed me, I know," whined Joe.

"Show ain't no good anyhow," added Ed. "All they got's that old elephant, and a few folks doin' tricks."

"That young girl's fair to middlin'," said an onlooker.

"Yeh. But the old lady that tries to dress like a ringmaster—she don't know where she's goin' half the time. And as for that fat heifer that throws them knives—"

A fist struck the bar, knocking over the champagne glass. Ortie Whipple had whirled, glaring.

"You leave that lady out of your talk!" he shouted.

"Who you givin' orders to?" asked a drunken horse-trader.

Ortie Whipple failed to answer. His companion, with a casual sweep of an arm, had encircled him in a grip which forced the air from his gasping lips like the escape from a punctured balloon. Then with the spluttering Ortie Whipple half lifted from the floor, Calvert started toward the back door.

"My friend's had a glass too many," he apologized. "We'll take a little walk."

Outside, in a maze of beer kegs, stacked bottles, and scattered papers, he freed his man, pushed him staggering toward a beer keg, then with a swift motion, veered about to face him.

"You damn fool!" he snapped.

Ortie Whipple sank weakly to a seat on an upended keg.

"That was my wife they were talking about."

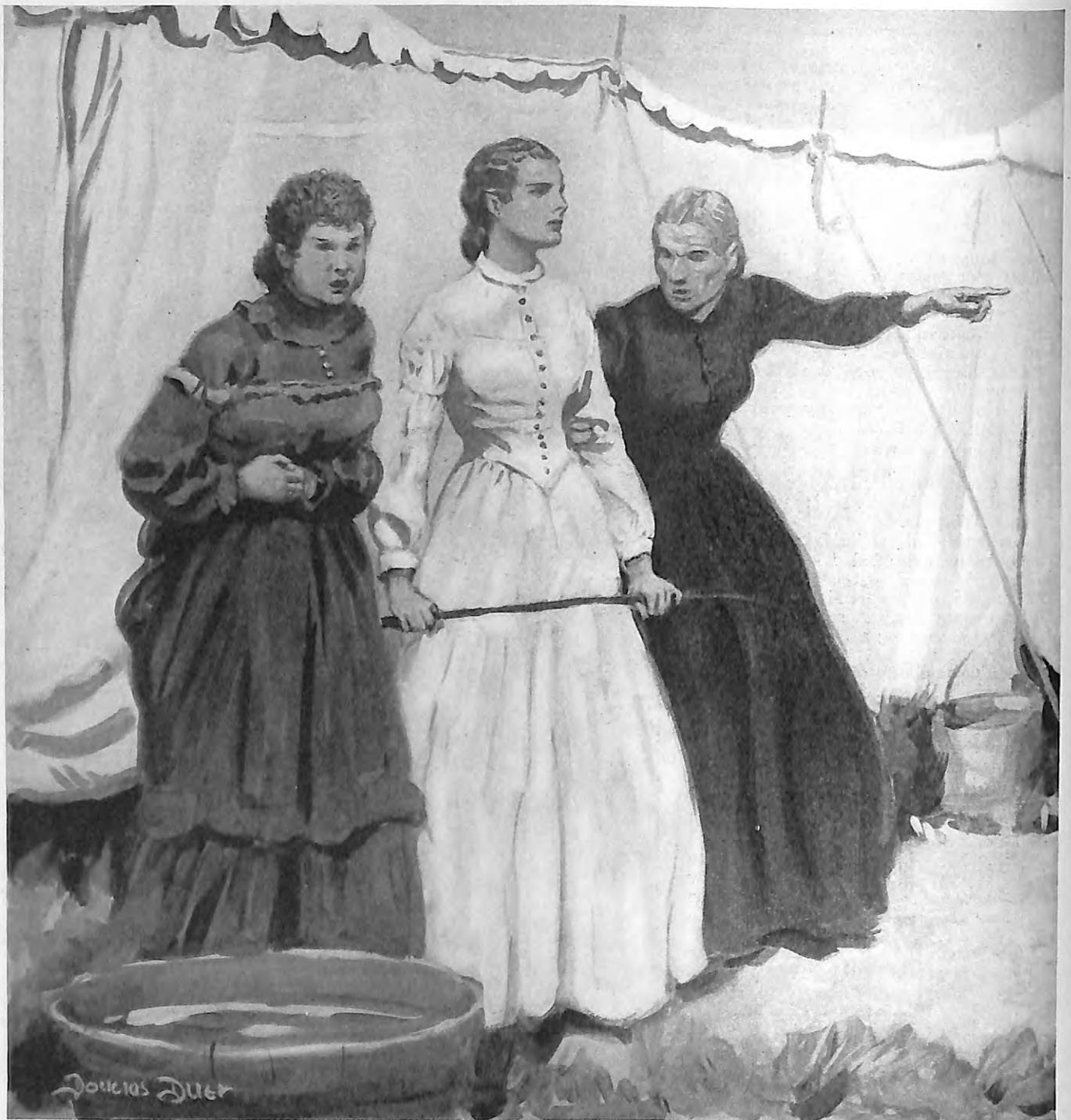
For a moment Calvert lost his tenseness. The old twinkle came back into his eyes.

"You mean Lalita, Queen of Knife Throwers?"

Ortie Whipple gasped with surprise.



**H**E stumbled and staggered aimlessly as one foot caught against the blade of a saw, left hanging in its groove. A second later he felt the drive of a fist against his chin, dazing him for an instant



"How'd you guess that?" he asked dumbly.

"Oh, I've seen the show a few times." Suddenly Calvert changed the subject. "Look here!" he exclaimed, "you may be married to Lalita, but you're no showman. Or you'd know better than to pick a fight with a gang like that."

Ortie Whipple allowed his flat, heavy hands to slip between his knees and sighed.

"This is a hell of a wedding day," he mused. "My wife's out slingin' knives and me drunk on a beer keg."

"You'll have to explain that," said Calvert blankly.

"Well, I'll tell you." Ortie seemed glad to find a confidante. "It's a funny kind of contraption, this outfit. The old lady runs it—" he leaned closer—"she's a bit queer."

"You mean Mrs. Meade? The wagons read 'Meade's Great Western Circus'."

"Pshaw!" answered Mr. Whipple. "It ain't no more Western than a nutmeg. Where I come from, they call this East."

"And that is—?"

"Tombstone Peak, Colorado."

"I don't know the town."

Mr. Whipple sighed again: "Ain't much there now, except my cabin."

"I see. We were talking about this circus."

"I was talking about Ettabelle," corrected Mr. Whipple. "Ettabelle Jertz, that was her name—Lalita's name, you know. I've been hanging around ever since Des Moines—sort of off-stage, so Old Lady Meade wouldn't see me. She's awful. Maybe she thought I was after her daughter."

"Maybe." Calvert grinned, only to turn his head toward the saloon. The noise within had grown louder only to

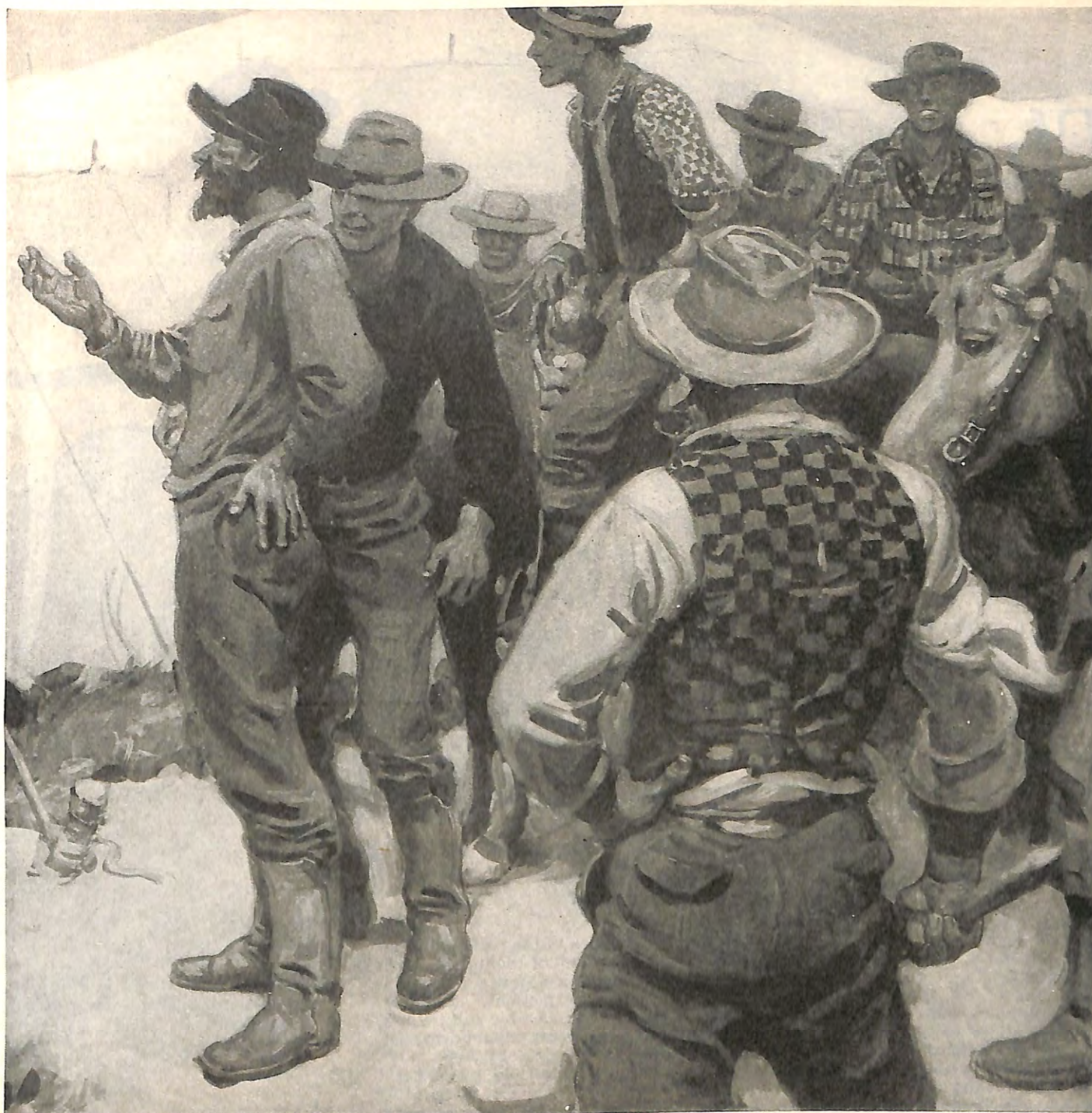
cease suddenly. "She's a pretty little trick."

"But I wanted Ettabelle," explained Ortie. "We eloped this morning. She went back to throwing knives and I got drunk. Oughtn't have done it. I'm about broke." Then he winked. "Connie Meade ain't the Old Lady's real daughter. She's adopted."

"Yes?" asked Calvert and again leaned toward the door, the better to listen. At the edge of his light brown, unruly hair, a purplish scar showed, from a recently healed wound. He frowned. That silence must have meant a wholesale exit.

"Come on!" he commanded and leaped up the few wooden steps to the door. Ortie Whipple followed. Calvert motioned for silence. At last they moved within, determinedly casual.

"What's become of all the crowd," Cal-



vert asked with a mild air of curiosity. A bartender looked up from the wiping of a glass.

"Oh, they all went out. Crossett, the liveryman, poked his head in the door, yelling about horse thieves; said he'd lost a bunch of nags. Bunch of movers went through town this morning; he's following 'em."

"So the rest of the bunch went to help, eh?"  
 "No, they've gone out to see if maybe the circus didn't get 'em."

Calvert laughed.

"Well, you never can tell," he answered casually. Then gripping at the wide-eyed Ortie Whipple's arm, he walked through the swinging doors, to the dusty street. The hitch rack was deserted, save for one horse, its reins tossed over the pole.

"Your nag?" asked Bob Calvert.

"Yeh."

*"If we're robbers, prove it!" she cried out.  
 "Point out the man who stole your money.  
 Point him out!"*

"Thanks," said the younger man. He jerked the reins from the bar and swung to the saddle. Then, with feet arched in the stirrups, his back curved into smooth trimness above the saddle, he glanced downward.

"I'll be back, Ortie," he commanded.  
 "Wait for me."

Ortie Whipple mumbled in futile objection. The young man already was galloping in the direction of the circus lot.

## CHAPTER II

THE town through which Calvert rode was a city of growing pains: here and there a pretentious home, only to give way to expanses of weeded vacancy.

Dust was everywhere. No one objected; this was an outpost of municipalities, but it was an important one. In the hundreds of miles between here and faraway Cheyenne and still farther Denver, there were only three other towns which could even pretend to the standing of Fremont.

Calvert gave this little attention. His mind was on a vague shimmer of yellow, the last of the dust whorls, rising behind the saloon crowd before it should turn on to the circus grounds.

Even at this distance, Calvert noted the disarray of the little show, camped on a smooth stretch of ground near a clump of cottonwoods. The few tents bore the peculiar blue-grayness which canvas assumes with age. The wagons, once gleaming red, had been weathered to the color of brick-dust.

*(Continued on page 32)*

# The Gentle Bandit

By Herbert Asbury

Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks

SHERIFFS and government detectives described him as the most daring and courageous highwayman of his time, yet, in seven years of criminal activity, he never carried a loaded weapon! He bluffed his way through twenty-eight stage-coach hold-ups, and an empty and harmless revolver or shotgun held at bay the armed guards and drivers who were prepared to kill him if he had relaxed his vigilance for an instant. When he was at length run to earth, he confided to his captors that, in all his life, he had never discharged a firearm.

"I've always been afraid of them," he said. "I don't like the noise."

He first appeared in San Francisco in the early autumn of 1876—a broad-shouldered little man with bright blue eyes, a flowing gray mustache, and a gray imperial, carefully trimmed. He engaged modest but comfortable quarters at the old Webb House on Second Street, where he registered as Charles E. Bolton, and devoted most of the daylight hours to lounging in brokers' offices, closely watching the quotations on the stock boards. In the evenings he dined sumptuously at a popular Kearny Street restaurant, and afterward, as was the custom, strolled idly about the town or attended the theater, a dapper figure in a small, round derby and a light topcoat of blue broadcloth, velvet-collared and lined with crimson silk. He never appeared upon the street without a gold-headed walking stick, a diamond pin in his tie, a diamond ring upon his finger, and, carefully looped across the front of his white vest, a heavy gold watch-chain from which dangled that indispensable sartorial adjunct of the period—a jewel-studded case containing a gold-handled quill toothpick. But, despite his jewelry, the elegance of his apparel, and his obvious prosperity, he was noticeably meek in disposition, and modest and retiring, even mouse-like, in demeanor. So far as was ever known, he had no bad habits whatsoever—he didn't drink, smoke, or chew tobacco, and he was never seen with a woman. He placed an occasional small bet on the horse-races, in common

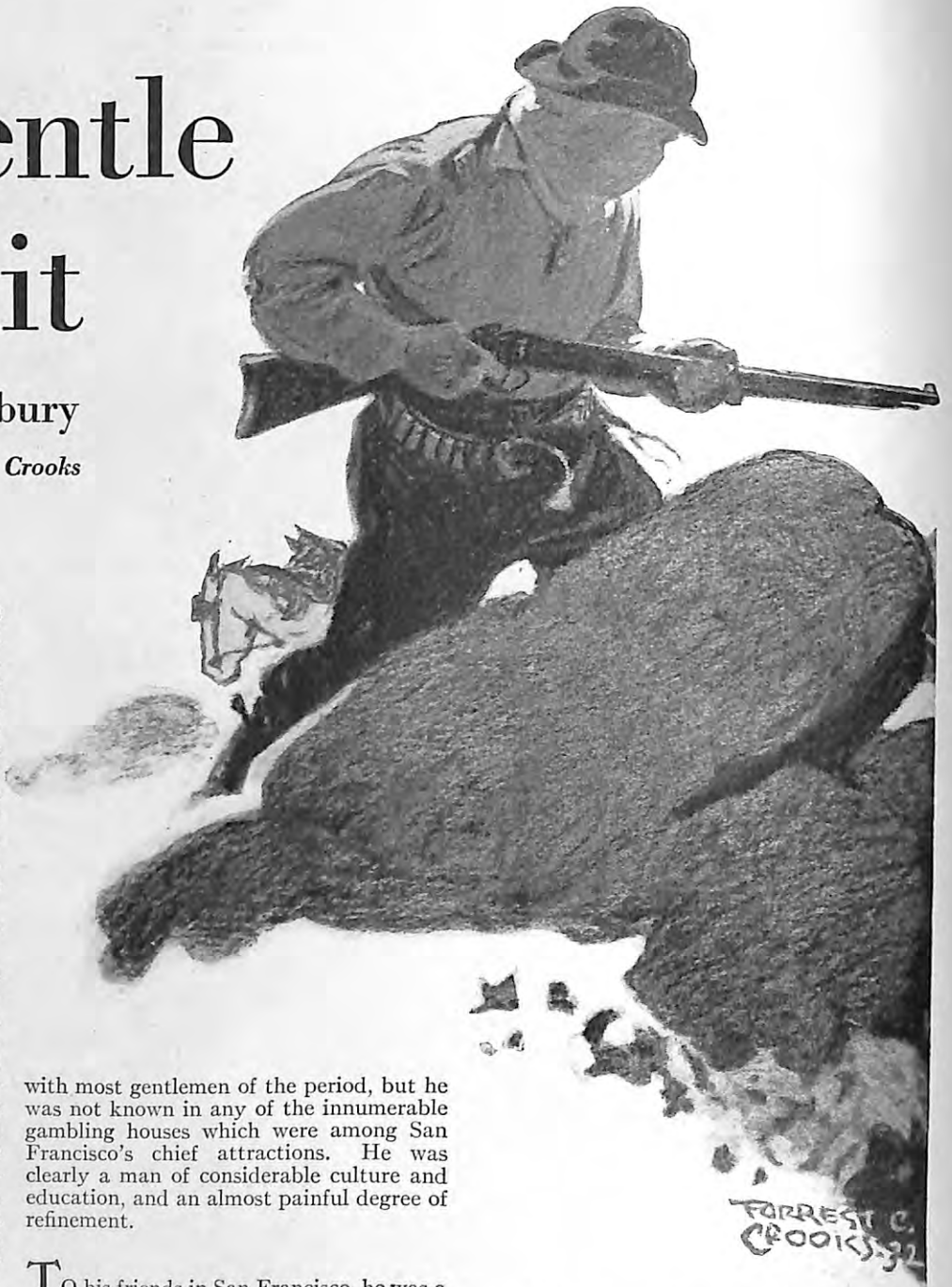
Copyright, 1932, by Herbert Asbury

with most gentlemen of the period, but he was not known in any of the innumerable gambling houses which were among San Francisco's chief attractions. He was clearly a man of considerable culture and education, and an almost painful degree of refinement.

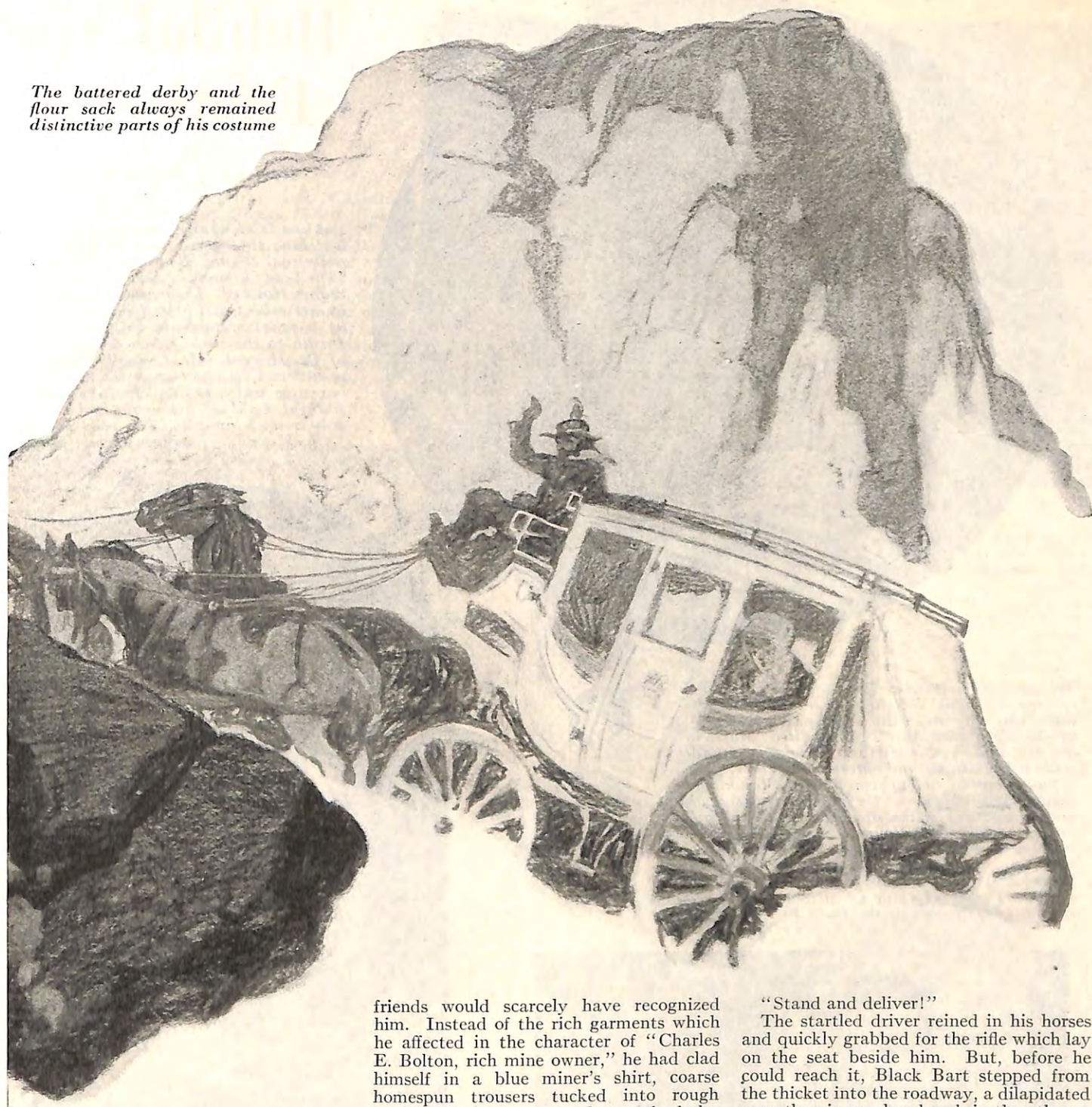
TO his friends in San Francisco, he was a wealthy mine owner who periodically left the city on trips of inspection to his mining properties in eastern California and western Nevada. But the Federal and state authorities, who hunted him without cessation from the summer of 1877 to the fall of 1883, eventually knew this foppish, mild-mannered paragon of all the virtues as Black Bart the Road Agent, one of the most notorious of the many desperadoes who terrorized the mountain roads of California and other Western states in the days when travel was mainly by stage-coach. Unlike most of his fellows, however, Black Bart was not a member of a gang, and never consorted with other robbers. He invariably worked alone, without even a horse, and always carried to the scene of his labors an old-fashioned carpetbag containing a change of clothing, several volumes of romantic poetry, of which he was inordinately fond, and the

materials for making *pinole*, a Mexican dish compounded of baked, ground corn flavored with sugar. On this he subsisted while in the mountains.

In seven years, this extraordinary bandit stole at least \$50,000 in gold dust, coin and bullion—a goodly sum in those days. Less than half of this went into Black Bart's own pockets, for he invariably shared his ill-gotten gains with the poor Mexican and other settlers who were striving to wrest a living from the inhospitable mountains. In return for this generosity, the recipients of his bounty worshipped him as a veritable Robin Hood of the Road, gave him food and shelter when he needed them, and systematically confused the detectives who kept doggedly upon his trail. Most of Black Bart's stealings came from the strong-boxes of Wells, Fargo & Company, which were sent out on all stage-coach lines and nearly always



*The battered derby and the flour sack always remained distinctive parts of his costume*



contained valuable documents, and shipments of gold. They were carried under the feet of the guards or drivers, who were supposed to defend them with their lives. Defense, however, was not always practicable. Few men dared to disobey the command of an outlaw when it was enforced by the threatening muzzle of a revolver or a shotgun, for Western highwaymen were notoriously short of temper and quick on the trigger. And no one knew that Black Bart's weapons were unloaded, and that the least resistance would have sent him scurrying into the bush.

Black Bart lived in San Francisco for almost a year, establishing an identity and carefully building up a reputation for probity, before he made his debut upon the crowded stage of banditry. When he did, even his most intimate

friends would scarcely have recognized him. Instead of the rich garments which he affected in the character of "Charles E. Bolton, rich mine owner," he had clad himself in a blue miner's shirt, coarse homespun trousers tucked into rough cowhide boots, and a battered derby perched precariously atop a flour sack, with eyeholes cut in it, which he wore over his head in lieu of a mask. In some of his later adventures he discarded the trousers in favor of overalls, but the derby and the flour sack always remained distinctive parts of his costume.

The outlaw selected as the scene of his first hold-up a lonely stretch of road a few miles from Port Ross, in Sonoma County, California. In the late afternoon of August 3, 1877, as the stage-coach, with no passengers, was sweeping around a bend, the driver was hailed by a stentorian voice that boomed from a thicket alongside the road:

"Hands up, please!"

Apparently, as an afterthought, the voice added the traditional command of the Western road agent:

"Stand and deliver!"

The startled driver reined in his horses and quickly grabbed for the rifle which lay on the seat beside him. But, before he could reach it, Black Bart stepped from the thicket into the roadway, a dilapidated carpetbag in one hand and, in the other, a shotgun which was pointed unwaveringly at the driver's heart.

"Throw down your gun, the mail sack, and the Wells Fargo box, if you please," said the bandit, "and then get down yourself."

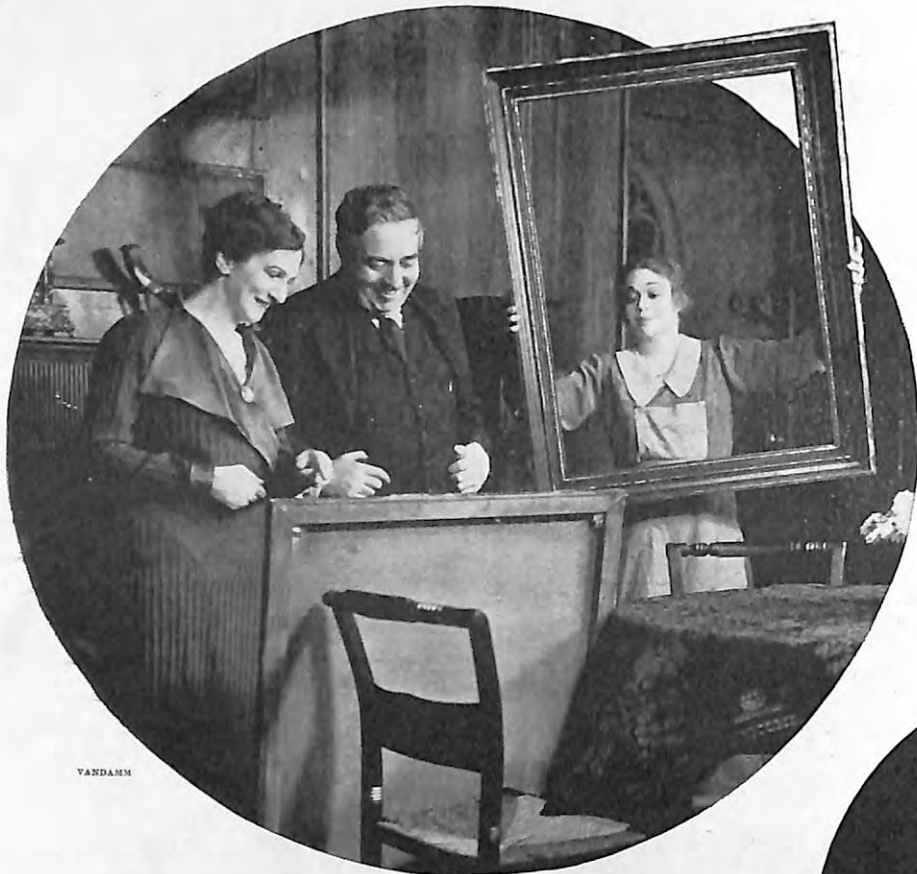
Black Bart flung the rifle into the thicket, and politely requested the driver to unhitch his horses, tie them to a wheel, and make himself comfortable inside the stage-coach. And there he sat, staring unknowingly into the muzzle of an empty shotgun, while Black Bart broke the lock of the strong-box and stuffed its contents, which included about \$300 in gold coin, into the carpetbag. Finally, with profuse apologies, the bandit told the driver to hitch up his team.

"I'm sorry to cause you so much

*(Continued on page 36)*

# Behind the Footlights

Reviews by Esther R. Bien



Pauline Lord, neatly framed at the left, is watching the effect of art on Walter Connolly and Beulah Bondi in a scene from "The Late Christopher Bean," a comedy by Sidney Howard. The posthumous discovery by art critics of Chris Bean's great fame as a painter suddenly brings visions of wealth to the shabby New England home of Dr. Haggett (Mr. Connolly), where the penniless Chris had once found a kindly haven in which to die. Pauline Lord, the faithful maid of all work, had been his only staunch apostle. The play is full of chuckles and glowing with fine acting

VANDAMM

Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, have written the most delightful operetta that has come this way since the same pair teamed in producing "Show Boat". It is called "Music in the Air" and in addition to a charmingly tuneful score it has a lively and entertaining story. The lovers pictured below are Walter Slezak and Katherine Carrington. He is a Bavarian schoolmaster and she is the daughter of the village music master. They journey to Munich with a walking club and there become involved in the complicated affairs of a playwright (Tullio Carminati) and his temperamental star (Natalie Hall). The local color is attractive and the singing and acting leave little to be desired



VANDAMM



VANDAMM

"Take a Chance," a musical comedy by B. G. De Sylva and Laurence Schwab, is good entertainment. The story is pretty much the routine series of pegs to hang comedy and romance on, but the music by Herb Brown Nacio, Richard Whiting and Vincent Youmans is spirited and the comedy is well delivered by Sid Silvers and Jack Haley (above). With Mr. Haley is pictured Ethel Merman, whose dusky contralto is the right thing for torch songs. The costumes are handsome and colorful and the ensembles ingeniously handled. As for dancing, there is lots of it and it is all good

# Cast and Broadcast

By Philip Coles

One of NBC's prize programs, "Captain Henry's Show Boat" (right) boasts from among its fifty-five artists, Lanny Ross (The Man Who Doesn't Croon), Annette Hanshaw (who does), Audrey Marsh, soprano, and Charles Winninger of the stage. "Captain Henry's Show Boat" is becoming slightly discouraged with the natural tendency of the public to confuse the program with the stage "Show Boat". Sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee, the program is made audible every Thursday from 9 to 10 P.M. over an NBC-WEAF network



RAY LEE JACKSON



RAY LEE JACKSON

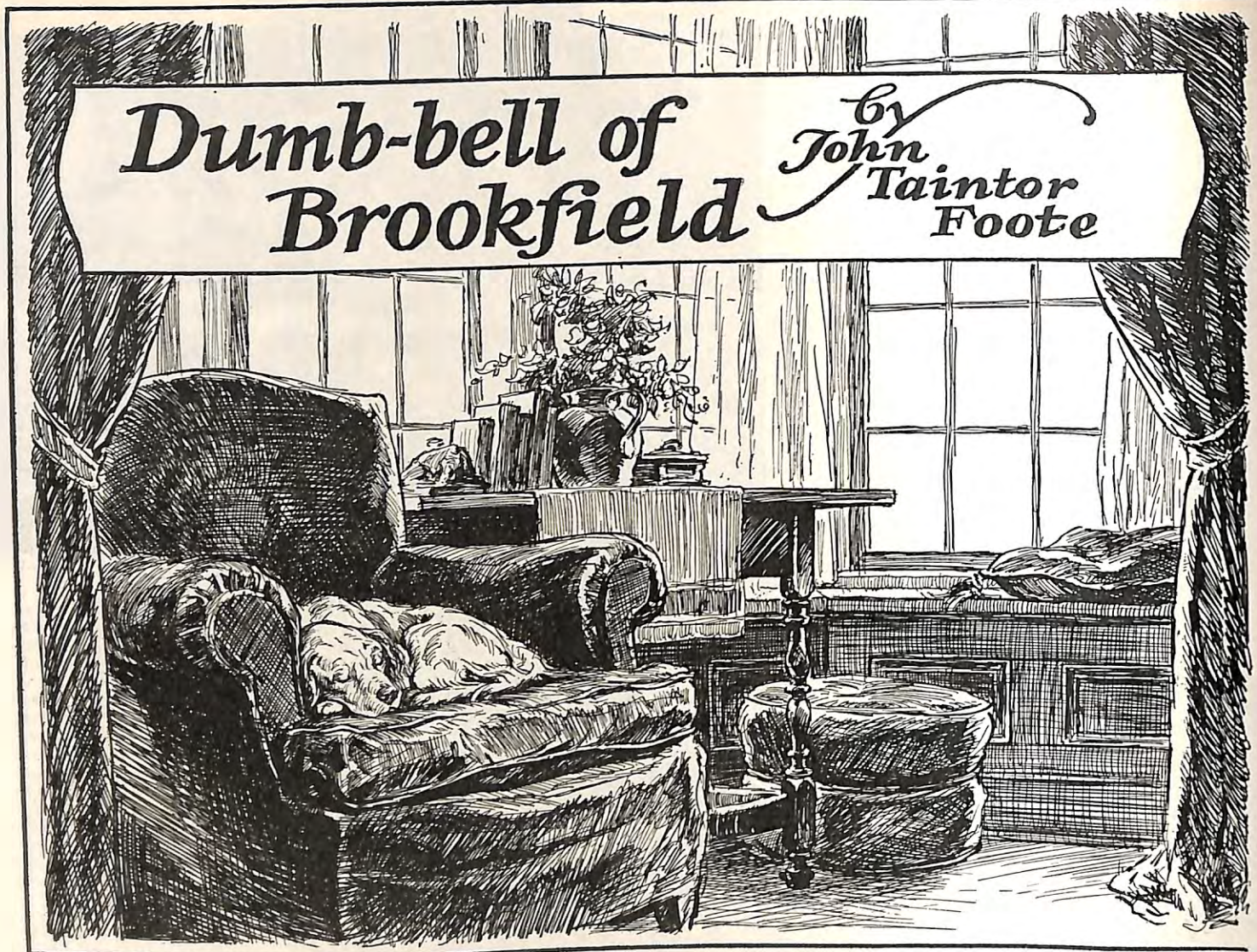
For those who prefer their harmony close, this radio fan prescribes the National Broadcasting Company's Pickens Sisters. Their harmony is so close it practically touches. The Pickens Sisters were signed up as NBC's threat to Columbia's rhythmic Boswell Sisters. Instead of competing with the famous "Boswell rhythms" the girls sang their own stuff in their own way, and won a following of their own. Straight from the old south came Jane, Helen, and Patti, from Georgia, where they learned to croon lowdown harmony, and to act the typical southern belle of fiction with soul-shattering effect. (Jane and Helen came north first. They had to wait a year for Patti, who was then in school)

Groucho and Chico Marx, two of the celebrated Four Marx Brothers, are facing the microphone this winter in their first air series. Thinly disguised as "Beagle, Shyster, and Beagle, Attorneys at law," Groucho, the gabby one, and Chico, the one who does things on the piano, began early last month to pull their usual mad line of stuff, with the result that if you like the Marx Brothers, they are the best act on the air. If you don't, they aren't. Occasionally they arouse in this stalwart heart a sneaking suspicion that they are completely off their nuts. They say and do things about which, lest we ourselves end up in a booby-hatch, we dassn't think too much



RAY LEE JACKSON





# Dumb-bell of Brookfield

By  
John  
Taintor  
Foote

THE king sat on his throne and blinked at the sunlight streaming through the French window. His eyes were pools of liquid amber filled with a brooding dignity, and kind beyond expression. His throne was a big leather chair, worn and slouchy, that stood in the bay window of the Brookfield living-room. He had slept there all night, and it was time for a maid to come, open the French window, and let him out into the dew-washed rose garden.

The king was old. He had seized the throne years before. He had been put on the train one day, with nothing but his pedigree and a prayer. He had come home, six months later, champion of champions, greatest field-trial setter of his time, lion-hearted defender of the honor of Brookfield.

He never saw the inside of the kennels again. He had been given humbly the freedom of the house. After due sniffings at one place and another he had taken the leather chair for his own. From then on, visitors were asked to sit elsewhere, if they didn't mind, because *he* might want his chair, and *he* was Champion Brookfield Roderigo.

So, now, the king sat on his throne, or rather lay curled up in it, with his long, deep muzzle resting on his paws. At the

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## No. 1—The Runt The First of Four Great Dog Stories

end of that muzzle was a nose. A nose uncanny in its swift certainty. A nose which had allowed him to go down wind, running like fire, stiffen in the middle of one of his effortless bounds, twist himself in the air, and light rigid at a bevy a hundred feet away. He had done this again and again when only a "derby." He had done it in the National Championship until hard-riding men, galloping behind him, had yelled like boys, and Judge Beldon, mad beyond all ethics, had called across to another judge, "The dog never lived that could beat him, Tom!"

This was a flagrant breach of form. It was unpardonable for a field-trial judge to indicate his choice before the official vote. That night Judge Beldon apologized to the owner of the pointer, Rip Rap Messenger, who was running with, or rather far behind, the king at the time.

But the owner of the pointer only said: "Forget it, Judge! Why, I was as crazy

as any of you. Man, oh, man, ain't he some dog!"

All this was long ago. It was no longer part of the king's life, and he was not thinking of those triumphant days of his youth. He wondered how soon the maid would come and let him out. Once in the garden he might find a toad under a rose-bush at which to paw tentatively. Perhaps he would dig up the piece of dog cake he had buried in the black earth near the sun dial. And there was that mole the terrier had killed, it was certainly worth a sniff or two. No doubt a gardener had removed it by this time, though . . . meddling things, gardeners—an unguarded bone was scarcely safe a moment when one of them was about!

Where was that maid? Why didn't she come? Perhaps he had better take a little nap. He closed his eyes. . . . He never opened them again. The heart that pumped so stanch a beat for Brookfield decided to pump no more. A shudder passed over the king's body . . . then it was still.

THE maid came presently and called his name. When he didn't stir she went to the leather chair and looked, her eyes growing wide. She hurried from the room.





"Mister Gregory, sir," she panted at a door, "won't you come down, please? Roderigo—he don't move!"

She was beside the chair again when the master of Brookfield arrived.

"He don't move—" she repeated.

The master of Brookfield put his hand on the king's head. He slid his other hand under the king's body between the forelegs and held it there for a moment. Then he stooped, gathered a dangling paw, and rubbed the raspy pad of it against his cheek.

"No. He won't move—any more," he said. "Ask Mrs. Gregory to come down."

When the mistress of Brookfield came, she kneeled before the king in a patch of the streaming sunlight at which he had blinked early that morning. She kneeled a long time, twisting one of the king's soft ears between her fingers.

"He liked to have me do that," she said, looking up.

**T**HE master of Brookfield nodded.

The mistress of Brookfield bent until her lips were close to the ear she had been stroking.

"Old lover . . . old lover!" she whispered. Then she got up suddenly and went out into the rose garden.

And, so, there was a chair which no one ever sat in standing in the bay window of

*Peter glanced toward the leather chair, and a look of bewilderment came into his face . . . "Eavens above!" he said. "Look there!"*

the living-room. And it was understood that the chair would remain empty until a dog was born at Brookfield who could lie in it without shame.

Highland Lassie was in disgrace. Her field trial record was forgotten. She had brought three puppies into the world and had smothered two of them before they were six hours old.

"An' to think," wailed Peter, head kennel man at Brookfield, "the 'ussy's went an' rolled on the only Roderigo puppies this world'll ever see again! Look what she's got left—one pup, an' 'im the runt!" He poked the pinky-white atom with a stumpy forefinger, and Highland Lassie cuddled the puppy hastily to her side.

Leona, the big blond waitress, removed a straw from Peter's coat and allowed her hand to linger on his sleeve.

"Are you not to your breakfast coming?" she asked.

But Peter had forgotten for the time that her eyes were blue, that her bosom was deep, and that she looked like gold and milk and roses.

"Breakfast?" he snorted. "An' what do I care about breakfast? 'Aven't I just told you she's gone an' killed two Roderigo

pups, an' 'im layin' out there in the orchard?"

Leona gave a gentle tug at his sleeve. "Always more puppies there will be," she said, and her words were like the notes of a flute.

Peter straightened up and glared at her. "Always more puppies there will be!" he repeated with dreadful scorn. "You go back to the 'ouse!"

Leona departed with a quivering lip, to have her statement swiftly verified. That very day Black-eyed Susan became the mother of seven, of whom Dan Gath, winner of the Manitoba All Age, was the indifferent father.

"A fine litter by a good young sire!" said Peter. "Brookfield ain't done yet. 'Ow's that for a grand pup—the second one there? 'E'll be a movin'-picture, you 'ear me!"

"**MAYBE** he'll be champion," suggested a kennel boy, hopefully.

"Champion!" said Peter. "So'll your grandmother! 'Ere, put some fresh straw in that corner an' don't you bother the bitch whilst you're doin' it, neither."

But when the boy had gone Peter filled his pipe and stared thoughtfully at Black-eyed Susan, her eyes still fever-bright.

"'E might at that, old gel," said Peter softly. "'E might at that."

Four months later the second puppy in the row of seven had grown into a thing of beauty that made you gasp when you saw him. From his proudly chiseled head to the glistening plume of his tail he was a triumph.

"The grandest pup we've ever bred at Brookfield!" said Peter. "For looks, that is," he added, glancing out toward the orchard. "Only for looks."

Highland Lassie's puppy grew also. He lived in a land of plenty unshared by crowding brothers and sisters. He did not dine in frantic haste, but deliberately and at his ease, his soft-eyed mother watching.

He was seldom disturbed by callers. Even the abundance he received failed to give him size. He could add nothing, therefore, to the honor of Brookfield. He could only dim, a little, the glory of his sire—and, so, they let him alone.

Then weaning time came, and his mother neglected him more and more. At last she gave him up altogether, and he was left to his own devices.

He tried hard to make the time pass. A sparrow lighting in his runway was a great event. He would creep toward it, and at the proper distance would halt and stand rigid until the sparrow flew away. Sometimes the sparrow would fly to a wire above the kennel and make a shadow on the ground. When this happened he pointed the shadow very carefully until it, too, was gone. Always, he wished to pounce upon the sparrow, or its shadow; but he was a son of Roderigo—the great Roderigo who never flushed a bird—and, so, he held his point, with no one there to see.

Sparrows were few, however. They seldom came to his yard. In the long hours between their visits he was lonesome. He grew to have a wistful expression, and a grin that went to the heart. He seemed to be grinning at himself. The last son of Roderigo was a runt! It was a joke, a grim joke, and he grinned at it.

When winter withdrew, at last, and

spring marched over the hills to Brookfield, a great washing descended upon the kennels and no one escaped.

Highland Lassie's puppy was smitten with the rest. He was taken by a kennel boy to the washroom and there he suffered in silence. The bath brought out his markings clearly, and, after a casual glance at him, Peter bent over and examined his left side.

"Now, ain't that a curious mark?" he said. "It might 'ave been painted on 'im, it's that perfect. It's like one of them things the strong man 'old up in the circus—I forget what you call 'em. 'E's the runt, by the old dog out of the Lassie bitch?"

"**Y**EP," said the kennel boy. "He's all alone in No. 9 runway."

"You 'aven't growed much, 'ave you?" said Peter.

The wet son of Roderigo, his eyes still smarting from carbolic soap, looked up at Peter and grinned.

Peter drew in his breath sharply.

"Bl' me!" he said. "The beggar knows. . . . Not much doin' down there in No. 9, is there? 'Ow'd you like to see the world for a while?"

Once more the puppy grinned up at him. "All right," said Peter. "I'll come an' get you when I'm through."

An hour later Peter opened the gate of runway No. 9.

"Come on out, Runt!" he said cheerfully. And the runt, for that, it seemed, was to be his name, came out. He stood for a moment, dazed by sudden freedom, then sped like an arrow far across the lawn. Peter's eyes lighted.

"E can move!" he said. Then his face fell. "But what'll that get him?" he muttered. "E couldn't step over a lead pencil!"

Each morning from then on the runt was let out to follow Peter about the place. Peter was in a cheerful mood these days. The master and mistress of Brookfield would soon return from Florida, and he was anticipating a triumph.

"Won't the missus squeal when she sees 'im!" he thought, as he brushed the shining coat of the Dan Gath puppy. "Eh, Runt?" he said aloud. And the runt, who had been gravely watching, grinned.

"I wish you'd quit that!" Peter told him. "It gives me the creeps!"

When, at last, the great day came, Peter scorned delay. The mistress of Brookfield was still in her hat and gloves when she heard that he was waiting in the rose garden.

"What does he want?" she asked "I've hardly caught my breath!"

She was told that he had something to show her.

"Oh!" she said, and went to the terrace that looked down into the garden.

Then Peter had his triumph. He was standing at the foot of the terrace in the sunshine, and by his side was a living marvel, new washed and glistening.

The mistress of Brookfield stared, breathless for a moment.

"Oh, Peter!" she gasped. "He's a wonder dog! Bring him inside!"

"Yes, mem," said Peter, beaming.

"Bring him to the living-room, Peter. Mr. Gregory's in there."

**S**HE turned to the door, failing to see that other who had followed Peter uncertainly into the rose garden. She was excited to begin with, and he was very small. Also, he felt that he did not belong in the sunshine beside the wonder dog; so he had hidden himself behind a rose-bush and watched her through the leaves.

When they went into the house and left him, he crept up the steps, crossed the terrace, and halted at the open door. . . . Peter had gone in here with the pretty lady, and it was his habit to follow Peter. He put a timid forepaw across the threshold—nothing happened. He tried the other paw—still nothing happened. He caught the scent of Peter now, so slowly and with caution he took up the trail.

(Continued on page 38)



An old man was standing ahead of the judges with a lemon and white setter eager to be gone. He was small beyond belief, this setter, so small that Peter rubbed his eyes



*"Jarring Jim" Bausch, ex-Kansas full-back, became the world's greatest all-round athlete*

# Sport Dramas of 1932

By Edwin B. Dooley

(All-American Quarterback, 1924)

**I**N ALL the colorful and thrilling history of sports, it is doubtful if any year ever witnessed more breath-taking drama, more soul-stirring moments, and more epoch-making deeds than the one which just slid over the horizon. New champions were crowned; old idols were toppled; new marks were made; and old heroes forgotten.

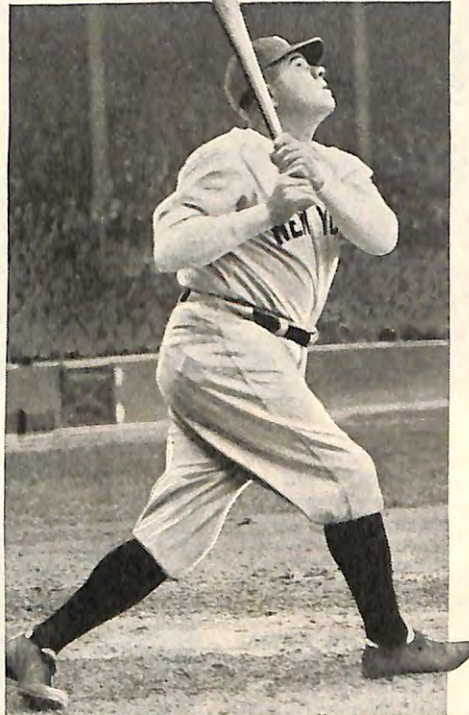
Out of the glittering whirl of flailing arms, churning legs, straining muscles and taut nerves, certain events made a deeper impression than others on the sporting public's consciousness. Not a few important titles were won and lost without stirring up a ripple of excitement either among the contestants or the spectators. And again, obscure events were crowded with drama and hectic moments.

Spectators, generally speaking, appreciate rare skill, perfect poise, and fine control, regardless what the sport may be, but the things long remembered, when the season has drifted by, and the embers glow on the winter hearth, are those tense and dramatic moments in which the human element plays the most important part.

Last summer, the foremost athletes of the nations of the world gathered at Los Angeles, and pitted their strength and skill against their contemporaries from other lands, whose tongues they could not comprehend, but whose sportsmanship and gallantry on a field of play they readily understood and appreciated.

The Games went off in marvelous style, largely through the wholehearted efforts of the people of the United States whose contributions made the project possible, and the State of California, which worked ceaselessly and intelligently to see that every foreigner was made to feel at home

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*In the third game of the World's Series Babe Ruth did the most brazen and defiant thing ever done in baseball*

and to know that he and his countrymen were welcome.

Incredible athletic achievements were ground out of that huge mill of high-class competition. Two colored sprinters, Tolman and Metcalfe, with the speed of the winds in their ebony limbs, dazzled the crowd with their terrific pace. Leo Sexton, a Long Island giant—an improvement on the Hellenic ideal—sent the sixteen-pound ball titular distances. A young Texas girl, Babe Didrikson, astounded the world with her lingo, her nonchalance, and her versatility, and walked out of the Olympic Stadium with an armful of honors.

"Jarring Jim" Bausch, an ex-Kansas line smasher, transformed himself from a

hard charging full-back into the world's greatest all-around athlete, and captured the coveted decathlon crown. The big Westerner defeated Akilles Jarvinen, son of a former Olympic champion, and brother of the world's best javelin thrower.

Akilles has trained for this event all his life. Since childhood, his father had groomed him for the ten-event coronet. And the young Finn was regarded as a sure-fire winner. Bausch, big, heavy-muscled lad that he is, took to the arduous contest as a lark, and not only won easily, but shattered all previous marks as well.

But those triumphs were cut and dried. They were astounding, and sensational, but not dramatic in the literal sense of the word.



*Olin Dutra. His play in the National Open was inspiring and incredible*



INTERNATIONAL NEWS

The most thrilling moment of the entire Olympic program was when young Lauri Lehtinen, who had prevented Ralph Hill, the American, from passing him in the 5,000 meter race, by running wide and blocking his path, tried to pull him up on the dais with him when the medal was being awarded. Hill, sportsman that he is, declined. Lehtinen then, as an added token of his esteem for his rival, and as a manifestation of his friendliness, pinned his own Olympic badge on Hill's shirt.

The crowd, which had booed Lehtinen the day before, was quick to sense the nature of his gesture and cheered him roundly. Many an eye was clouded with a tear, for Lehtinen, only a few moments before had been regarded in a bad light by the Americans who felt convinced that he had robbed Hill of a victory, and violated the Olympic code.

Not since Luis Angel Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, let go a haymaker that sent dynamic Jack Dempsey catapulting from the ring, have fight fans enjoyed such complete emotional gratification as they did on the evening of September 26, an occasion which might well be referred to as "the night of the bloody massacre."

**M**AX SCHMELING of Germany, his fists loaded with T.N.T. and destruction, pounded Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog of Rumson, into a state of reluctant submission. Although Walker took the worst beating of his long and hectic career, he displayed superlative courage, and won the admiration of everyone.

At the start of the battle it looked like a quick victory for Schmeling. Walker was stunned several times by stinging rights, and was floored by another right late in the first round—the bell ringing just as he arose at the count of seven.

The crowd expected the finish in the third, but the Black Uhlan put on the brakes and Walker, recovering fast, rushed Schmeling repeatedly, and landed more and cleaner punches. Walker took the fourth and won the fifth, with a margin to spare, making Schmeling give ground aplenty.

The German took the sixth by jabs and short rights to the face. In the seventh, Walker roused the crowd to a high pitch of enthusiasm when he smashed the German with both hands and shook him up noticeably with a swift right to the jaw.

That furious assault turned out to

punch traveled about eight inches, but it had worlds of power behind it. Walker's knees sagged, but he managed to keep his feet.

Two more terrific rights to the face, coupled with a left hook, added to Walker's sad plight, and then Schmeling cut loose with a right that dropped Walker flat on his face. He got to his feet slowly. He was in pitiable shape. His left eye was shut as tight as a drum. His right eye was half closed. Blood gushed from his mouth and nose.

Right then and there came the most dramatic moment of that colorful and moving fight. The crowd was yelling for a knockout. The scent of blood was in the air, and the fans wanted their money's worth. They wanted to see the Black Uhlan play the rôle of "killer" and drop the battered and beaten form of Walker for the count of ten.

Instead of letting go with a murderous blow, that might have lifted the blinded Toy Bulldog off his feet, and stretched him out cold on the canvas, Schmeling motioned to the referee, Jack Denning, to stop the fight, but Denning refused to interfere.

**T**HE one-sided slaughter went on, Schmeling trying not to be brutal, but trying to finish the fight as painlessly as possible by delivering a "curtain caller." Before the ninth round ended, Kearns called over the referee, and told him that Walker was in no shape to continue. The Toy Bulldog's dream of a third title was swept away in a crimson mist. It was a technical knockout for Schmeling. And the German, always a sportsman, paid his tribute to a game and gallant foe by raising Mickey's right hand and waving it to the crowd.



ACME

*Top: The one-sided slaughter went on and the Toy Bulldog's dream of a third title was swept away in a crimson mist of glory*

*Center: Incredible achievements were ground out of that mill. Leo Sexton sent the 16 pound ball titular distances*

*Right: Lehtinen of Finland was booed when he won the 5000 meters from Hill but was cheered to the echo the next day*



ACME

be Walker's last bid. As he came out for the eighth, the plucky Toy Bulldog was showing signs of wear and tear. A gash in the corner of his mouth, a deep cut on the bridge of his nose, he looked bloody and pathetic. Schmeling was still fresh and strong.

A few short jabs to the head, and Max caught Mickey near the ropes with a devastating left hook to the face. That

Turf history is full of stiring tales of "dark horses" coming through against tremendous odds, and to the book must be added the almost legendary triumph of Lee Rosenberg's sensational two-year-old, Kerry Patch, which raced to fame and fortune in the Belmont Futurity last September.

Kerry Patch is by Desperate Desmond

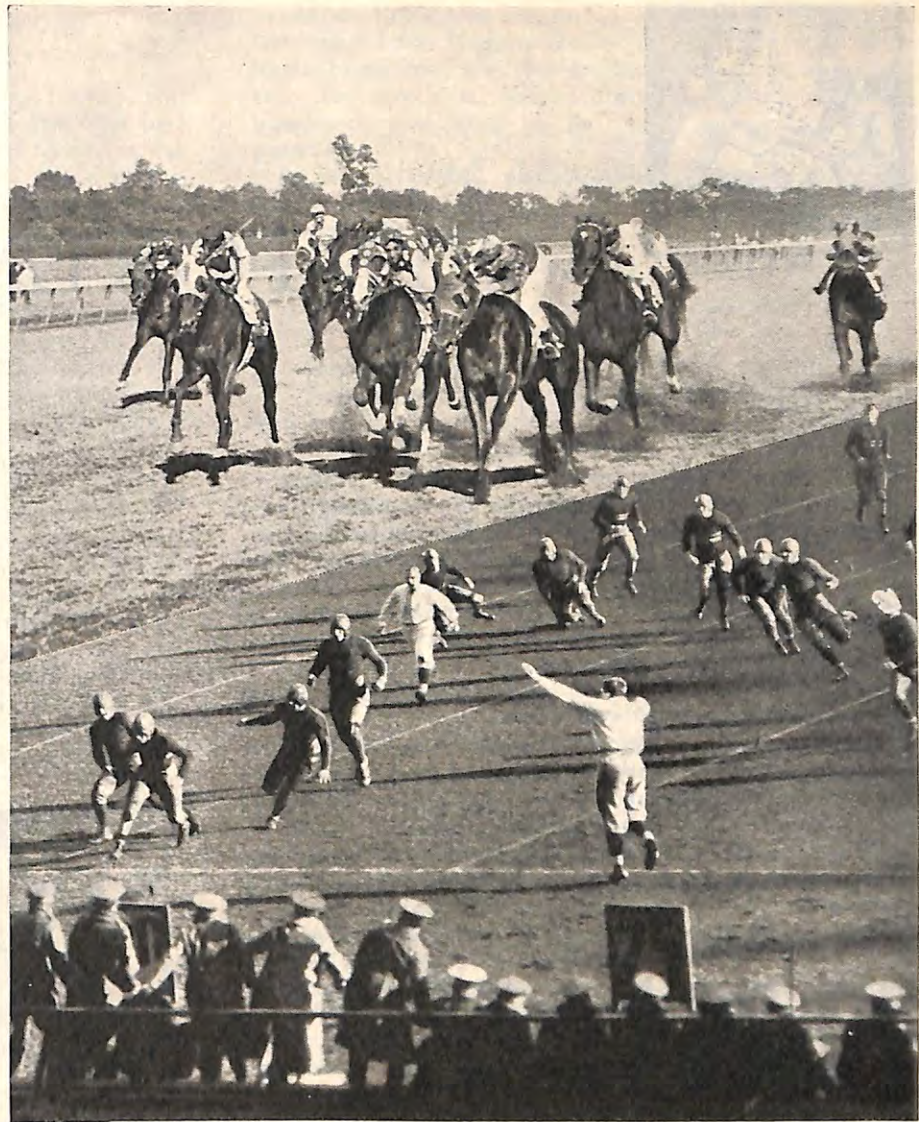
out of Polly McWiggles. Rosenberg and Joe Notter, who trained the horse, were, perhaps, the only two men in all the world who believed in Kerry Patch, especially as a Futurity prospect.

Rosenberg was strongly attached to the colt. He had named him after the kid-gang of his boyhood days in St. Louis. It didn't matter to him that the Futurity had always been won by great horses. Nor did it matter to him that such famous two-year-olds as William R. Coe's "Ladysman," C. V. Whitney's "Caterwaul," and William Woodward's "Happy Gal," three of the season's foremost juveniles, were in the race for the richest purse in the world. Rosenberg's faith was in Kerry Patch—for the Kerry Patchers of St. Louis were a loyal band.

**T**HE barrier lifted, and 15,000 hearts began to pound a strange melody of suspense and animation. One hundred thousand dollars was the luscious stake. Kerry Patch, a fifty-to-one shot shortly before the race, got away nicely. But only one pair of eyes was on him, and they were Rosenberg's. All binoculars were trained on the Whitney, the Coe, and the Woodward colors.

A few breathless moments with the horses bunched closely, fighting desperately for the lead—and the crowd went wild. One of the horses suddenly started to move up to the front. "It must be Ladysman!" . . . "No, it's Caterwaul." . . . "Why surely it's Happy Gal." . . . "No by gad, it's . . . it's Kerry Patch."

The Futurity crowd could scarcely believe its eyes. Even Joe Notter, who trained Kerry Patch, and who could pick him out of a thousand horses without so much as a second glance, didn't recognize his own colors until an eighth of a mile from the finish. But Kerry Patch didn't



ACME (TOP)

INTERNATIONAL NEWS



ACME

*Top: Kerry Patch, an outsider, coming through to fame and fortune (for his owner) in the Belmont Futurity*

*Center: Notre Dame 21, Army 0, was the score after the Irish tore, ran, stormed and fought their way through*

*Left: Not the winners but the heroes of the winter Olympics were the Japanese ski-jumpers. Their only previous knowledge of the dangerous sport had come from books*

mind whether he was recognized or not. He was out to win for his owner; to live up to the name and fame of the Kerry Patch kids of old St. Louis.

Perhaps the most daring deed ever performed by any athlete in any field of physical endeavor, was Babe Ruth's bold act of defiance in the third game of the World Series, between the New York

Yankees and the Chicago Cubs at Wrigley Field.

The Cub's rabid rooters were having a grand and glorious afternoon riding the Babe, and riding him hard. Every time he moved, an anthem of loud and raucous raspberries rent the air. The Bambino knew they were meant for him, and he took them good-naturedly enough.

He had played the rôle of hero so long that he seemed oblivious to the iconoclastic rabble, whose most enjoyable pastime is toppling the idols.

Towards the end of the game, Ruth stepped up to the plate and the Chicago rooters unleashed a terrific howl. Many of the fans were peeved at his first inning homer. Not content to boo and hiss, they even hurled lemons at the big man of baseball. Standing in the batter's box, he smiled nonchalantly, adjusted his cap, and waved his bat back and forth, to get the "feel" of it.

The Cubs hurler, Charlie Root, wound up, and shot a fast one clean across the plate. The crowd's booring was uncontrolled. Here, the Babe, playing the part he loves, the part of the buffoon, did the most brazen thing ever done in baseball, or the world of sport. He held up one finger to the crowd—accepting its challenge, as it were—and goading it on. The fans understood his gesture. "That's only one," the Babe was taunting. "There are still two more to come."

Smack! The speeding ball from Root's high-powdered shot-gun landed in the catcher's glove. Strike two! Pandemonium broke loose. There was Ruth in a terrible "hole," with 50,000 wild-eyed fans shouting their full-throated derision at him. He didn't appear to have a chance.

*(Continued on page 46)*



## EDITORIAL

### THE REINSTATEMENT CAMPAIGN

■ In the December issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE the result of the Reinstatement Campaign was published, as relating to those Lodges which had reported in time to be included in the tabulation. The membership gain, in the 392 Lodges from which figures were available, was 13,210. If the additions in the remaining Lodges maintain the same relative percentage of their previous enrollments, it would indicate an aggregate increase of 50,000 for the brief period of the campaign.

This is most gratifying. And, because of the fact that the gains were made up largely of former members who were reaffiliated, it is a very significant result. It proves how fertile a field had been neglected.

While the Reinstatement Campaign was conducted with a definite termination date, it is realized that, under existing conditions, the brief time allotted did not permit the thorough canvass that should be made in every Lodge in the Order. The movement is a popular one and the interest in it should not be permitted to flag. The call of the Grand Exalted Ruler for further activity in this field should be met by a wholehearted response. If the campaign be continued for the remainder of the Lodge year, as it should be, not under high pressure, but with patient persistence, the whole Order will be markedly strengthened and enthused.

It is to be hoped that the reports at Milwaukee will reflect such continued activity in every Lodge; and if they do, they will be read with a soundly based pride and pleasure.

### REPRESENTATIVES TO THE GRAND LODGE

■ By an overwhelming affirmative vote, the subordinate Lodges have ratified and adopted the amendments to the Constitution submitted by the Grand Lodge at Birmingham. The change which most immediately concerns and interests all of the Lodges is that affecting Section 4 of Article III, relating to Representatives to the Grand Lodge. As now amended and in force, it provides that the Exalted Ruler becomes, *ex officio*, such Representative.

For many years it was the custom to elect the retiring Exalted Ruler to this office. It had come to be regarded somewhat as his right, being a specific reward for his service. Those members who were ambitious for preferment in the Lodge looked forward to it as a crowning fraternal distinction.

This custom had much to commend it. Not only did the contemplated prize constitute an incentive to continued service until it was won; but the retiring Exalted Ruler, after a full year of administrative service, was deemed peculiarly well qualified to act upon matters affecting his Lodge and its members; and to voice their sentiments and opinions.

But there was one insuperable objection to the plan which had long been recognized, and was the subject of frequent discussion. The retiring Exalted Ruler had finished his term nearly three months before the Grand Lodge Session convened. In most cases he regarded his official service as concluded. His attendance upon the Grand Lodge was looked upon as a pleasure trip, rather than as one involving important official duties. When he returned to his Lodge he made a report which was all too frequently a mere informal account of his personal experiences; and he promptly lost interest. He felt that he had no further specific duty in the premises; and that it remained for others to carry on. There was thus an unfortunate break in the desired continuity of interest and obligation.



These facts constituted the controlling reason for the adoption of the amendment now under consideration.

Beginning with the Grand Lodge to convene in Milwaukee next July, each subordinate Lodge will be represented by its Exalted Ruler. He will have had three months experience in the chief office of the Lodge. He will have become familiar with its needs and with the attitude of its members toward matters pending before the Grand Lodge. And when he shall have attended its sessions; and acquired at first hand the information to be derived only by such service; when he shall have become inspired and enthused by his contacts with the Grand Lodge officers and with other members of that body; he will return to his Lodge not only keenly interested in the policies, in the adoption of which he had a voice, but still charged with a definite official duty in putting them into effect in his own Lodge. The essential continuity of combined interest and obligation will be preserved.

It is confidently anticipated that the new provision will prove of tremendous benefit to the subordinate Lodges and to the Order as a whole.

There will, of course, be some disappointment on the part of those Exalted Rulers whose terms will end next April, and who have looked forward to election as Representatives to the Grand Lodge. But this will apply only to this one year when the new plan first becomes effective. It is hoped, therefore, that the subordinate Lodges will take such generous action as will adequately meet the situation.

This can best be done by sending the retiring official as an alternate, with suitable provision for his expenses as well as those of the Representative. If this be regarded as too heavy a tax upon the Lodge treasury, then a considerate attitude by all concerned will doubtless lead to some other adjustment that will be mutually satisfactory.

## ADVERTISING TO OURSELVES

■ Many will recall the old story of the farmer who had been reared from boyhood on a farm, who had inherited it from his father and continued to live in the old home. As he grew older, he became tired of the sameness of his labors performed in the same surroundings; and he decided to sell his farm and seek a new location. He listed his property with a real estate agent in the hope of securing an early purchaser.

The very next day he read in his local newspaper the glowing advertisement of his farm, prepared by the agent, containing a detailed list of its many excellencies and advantages as an agricultural investment and as a home. He recognized that the description was a true one; and he realized that he already owned just the sort of farm he desired and which he was planning to seek elsewhere. Naturally he cancelled the offer of sale and continued his life on the old place; but with a new zest born of a new appreciation. It had required the appreciative description of his property by some one else to arouse his own sense of pride and enjoyment in its possession.

A number of Elks are like that about their membership. They have been connected with the Order for years; they have done somewhat the same things in the Lodge year after year; they have heard the ritual exemplified repeatedly; there seems a certain monotony about the Lodge activities. They become fraternally a little stale; and they feel they would like to make a change.

They still wish to maintain congenial human companionships. They still desire to do their part in the charitable and benevolent work in their community. But they have become a little tired, and maybe a little bored, with the sameness of their continually repeated fraternal experiences. They think they might be more happily placed in some other circumstances.

But when there is brought to their attention, by others, the splendid work of the Order as a whole, to which they are material contributors; when they are reminded, from other sources, of its noble purposes, its fine capacity for service, its wide range of effective influence in the lives of those who are in need of its ministrations, as well as in the lives of its members; then they visualize the Order afresh, and realize that it is just the sort of agency of service with which they desire to be associated; and they are aroused to a new interest and loyalty.

That is one of the important reasons why these particular columns so frequently contain comments which are, in one aspect, a species of advertisement of the Order. The purpose is to resell the Order, its activities, its achievements, its excellencies and its ad-



vantages, to its own members, whose sense of appreciation may have become somewhat dulled. It is done in the hope that, like the farmer of the story, they may recognize afresh the desirability of that which is already possessed; and may be led to a renewed pride of possession.

It is purposeful, and justifiable, advertisement of the Order to ourselves.

## HOW WIDE IS YOUR WORLD?

“The World stands out on either side,  
No wider than the heart is wide.”

■ There are many millions of people on this planet. It has a circumference of 25,000 miles. Continents and seas and countless islands, with their inhabitants and their tremendous areas, make up what we call our world. In one aspect each individual is an integral part of the whole, affects every other individual and conditions everywhere, and is likewise affected by them. But in another aspect our world is no larger than we make it.

If we selfishly withdraw our interest from affairs except those whose relations to ourselves are obvious; if we close our minds except to those things which directly control our well being; if we shut out of our hearts all but the few who have a specific claim upon us which we can not decline to acknowledge; if our souls can lift no higher than the ground we tread or the buildings we occupy; then our world is small indeed, pitifully small.

But if we maintain our interest in events everywhere, realizing that we do have some relationship to them, even if it be no closer than that born of our universal kinship; if we keep our minds open to the knowledge and information that is available on every side, and which broadens our outlook and our capacities; if we keep our hearts softened toward all who are in need and distress, though only our brothers in the great family of the one Father; and if our souls are permitted to soar aloft, and to lift our aspirations, our hopes and our faith, on high; then our world is a great world indeed, wonderfully and inspiringly great.

One who sees no further than the limit of physical sight has an all too narrow vision. One who hears no appeal except that which falls upon his fleshly ear, is likewise deaf to many sweet strains which must be otherwise heard. One who feels no impulse to let his spirit soar to realms of faith, is plodding but a dull course.

Our world is as large as we make it. And we grow in stature ourselves as we broaden our concepts of life and its meanings, its privileges and its duties, in that world of our making.

“The World stands out on either side,  
No wider than the heart is wide;  
Above the world is stretched the sky,  
No higher than the soul is high.  
The heart can push the sea and land  
Farther away on either hand.  
The soul can split the sky in two  
And let the face of God shine through.”





AL'S PHOTO SHOP

Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, fourth from the left, standing, in the left-hand picture, with Elks of Butte, Mont., Lodge, visiting a copper mine; and, fifth from the right in the right-hand picture, Mr. Thompson greeted as he arrived in Denver, Colo., for a recent regional conference

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### Minneapolis, Minn., Elks Honor Gold Star Mothers at Home

IN accordance with its annual custom, Minneapolis Minn., Lodge, No. 44, upon Armistice Day was host to a group of Gold Star Mothers at the Lodge Home. This occasion at the Lodge is designated as "Remembrance Day," and this year it comprised a luncheon in honor of the mothers who had lost sons in the war and a program of music and speaking. Assisting the Lodge in entertaining its guests were the American Legion Chorus, and the Third United States Infantry, which sent a detail under the command of Captain Spicer to serve as Color Guard and Bugler Cecil D. Land to sound taps. Speakers included Colonel Fred W. Ames, Chairman of the Lodge's Remembrance Day Committee; Esteemed Leading Knight Thomas B. Mouer; State Representative Henry Johnson; and Mrs. Alexander Fraser, Department Commander of the American Legion Auxiliary.

### District Deputy Greeted by Corning, N. Y., Elks

One hundred members of the Order gathered a short time ago at the Home of Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1071, upon the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Martin A. Cameron. With Mr. Cameron came President James H. Mackin, of the New York State Elks Association. Among those present to welcome the District Deputy were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers D. Curtis Gano, Linnaeus W. Losie and Harry L. Bogart. In the early evening a program of entertainment was presented in honor of Mr. Cameron. At the Lodge session later the officers of No. 1071 initiated a class of candidates.

### Knoxville, Tenn., Elks Moved By Speech of Sam E. Hill

As its guest of honor at a recent meeting, Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, received the Honorable Sam E. Hill, distinguished citizen and for a score of years member of the Lodge, who now is a resident of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. In the course of the meeting Mr. Hill, paying a visit to Knoxville, delivered a speech of such inspiring character as to be truly memorable. Until a few years ago, when he was stricken with a partial paralysis at the Home of No. 160, Mr. Hill had been not only one of the most devoted and

active members of the Lodge, but also a figure of exceptional prominence in the public life of his community. He had served, and ably, as Superintendent of County Schools, as City Commissioner, as Judge of the Juvenile Court, as Acting Mayor of Knoxville and as Legislator and State Senator. At the time of his physical misfortune he was a candidate for the office of Railroad Commissioner.

### Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Gives Memorable Entertainment

One of the most pleasantly memorable of recent events to take place at Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, was one arranged a short time ago and designated as Old Timers' Night, Ladies' Night and Olympiad. It was given in honor of the ladies of the members' families, of members of long standing in the Lodge, and of famous athletes of days gone by. Celebrities of the Order, men of prominence in public life and stars of the sporting world were among the twelve hundred who attended. Continuous dancing in the ball room and a splendid program of vaudeville were features

of the entertainment. Of especial note among those present were C. F. J. McCue, Past Chairman and Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, who gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast in the Lodge room; former Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, of Boston; Deputy State Auditor Michael T. Kelleher; Daniel Kelly, State Boxing Commissioner; Jake Kilrain, once the opponent of John L. Sullivan; Louis Guertin, former hop, step and jump champion; Joe Whitehead, Joe Maguire and Frank Grea, all one time national single sculls champions. Chairman of the committee responsible for the success of the affair was John W. Quinn.

### Fifty Cases Examined at Clinic for Children at Columbus, Nebr., Lodge

At the second clinic to be held during the last twelve months under the auspices of Columbus, Nebr., Lodge, No. 1195, fifty crippled children recently were examined. It was reported at the conclusion of the inspection of the cases presented that in 70 per cent of them some improvement in condition could be made, and that in 50 per cent a



Champions of California; the members of the Ritualistic Team of El Centro Lodge, awarded first prize in the competition at the California State Elks Association convention



major degree of restoration to health might be expected. This clinic is one of a series sponsored jointly by the Crippled Children's Committee of the Nebraska State Elks Association and the Civilian Rehabilitation Division of the State Department of Vocational Education. Several representatives of the State Elks Association were visitors at the Columbus Lodge clinic. They were A. Schneider, Chairman; and Howard Loomis and H. P. Zieg, members, of the Crippled Children's Committee; and C. A. Laughlin, Trustee of the Association. Heading the committee which arranged No. 1195's clinic was Past Exalted Ruler M. A. Boettcher. Thirty physicians, assisted by sixteen nurses, conducted the examinations.

**Lancaster, Pa., Elks Band Gives Radio Concerts for Charity**

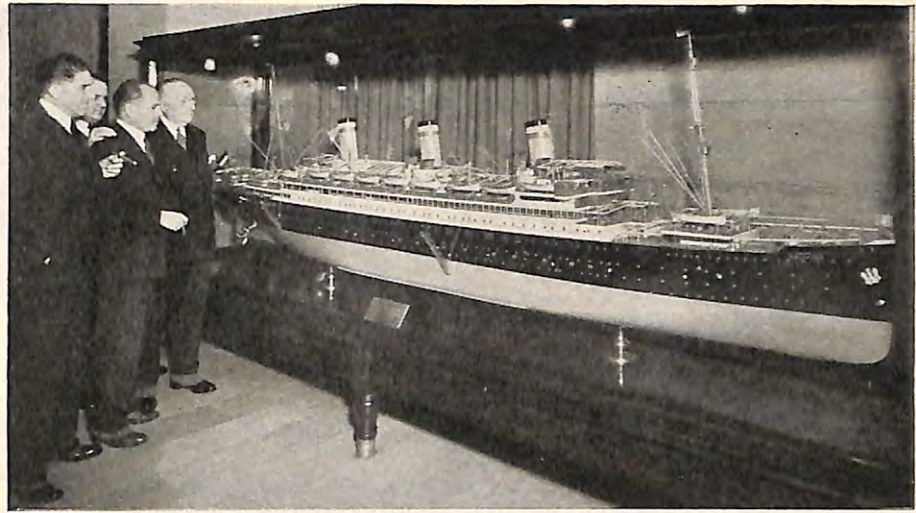
In the interest of the Lancaster City Coal Fund and Welfare agencies, the thirty-piece Band of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, recently inaugurated a series of radio concerts. The programs, under the direction of B. Frank Streaker, are each of an hour's duration and are broadcast over station WGAL. A second enterprise of the Lodge's in behalf of charities is being planned at this time. This will consist of a number of Sunday evening musicales at the Home to be given throughout the winter.

**Interesting Itinerary Planned For Elks West Indies Cruise**

The special Elks cruise to the West Indies which is being made by the S. S. *Reliance* of the Hamburg-American Line, sailing from New York Saturday January 28th, has attracted, among other leaders and members of the Order, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. He will dedicate the new Home of the San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge, No. 972, upon arrival at that port. This is one of the many interesting stops scheduled for this cruise. Many unusual features of entertainment and convenience unknown on the average cruise have been provided for this sailing and a special ceremonial welcome has been arranged by the officers and members of the two Panama Canal Zone Lodges. For further information and illustrated literature, write Travel Department care THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

**New Brunswick, N. J., Elks in 10th Year of Their Clinic**

Ten years ago New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, voted to appropriate \$20,000 to establish and maintain a clinic for the treatment of crippled children in two of the hospitals of its city. The sum was to be expended in yearly instalments. By dint of subscriptions, endowments and charity affairs, the Lodge has throughout the years kept to the task it set for itself. Two months from now will see its completion. Of the Elks' achievement not only are they but their city is proud. One



*Inspecting a model of the S. S. Reliance, the Hamburg-American liner which will carry Elks upon a seventeen-day cruise to the West Indies within a few weeks. The group includes, from left to right, Henry Schroeder, Treasurer of Weehawken, N. J., Lodge; Thomas R. Hartnett, cruise director of the Reliance; Charles S. Hart, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning*

manifestation of this was a recent full-page feature article in the New Brunswick Sunday Times, which set forth in detail the story of the Lodge's decade of devotion to its fine cause. Photographs of a group of the leaders in the work also were published. They were of Edward J. Masterson, Honorary Chairman; George W. Gordon, Chairman, and John H. Fate, Secretary, of the Crippled Children's Committee; Dr. F. M. Hoffman, surgeon in charge of the clinics; and Frederick J. Sickles, Superintendent of the Public Schools.

**Youngstown, O., Elks Proud Of Their New Quarters**

Members of Youngstown, O., Lodge, No. 55, recently completed, with a success of which they are rightly proud, the arrangement, decoration and equipment of their new Home. Both the design of the rooms and their appointments are the work of members of the Lodge. As one enters the Home, the first rooms to be encountered are the main dining-room and the office. To the rear of the dining-room is the kitchen, spotlessly white; and beyond this the grill. Upon the floor above these are the main lounge, and the reading rooms; and above these, upon the third floor, are the Lodge room and a billiard room.

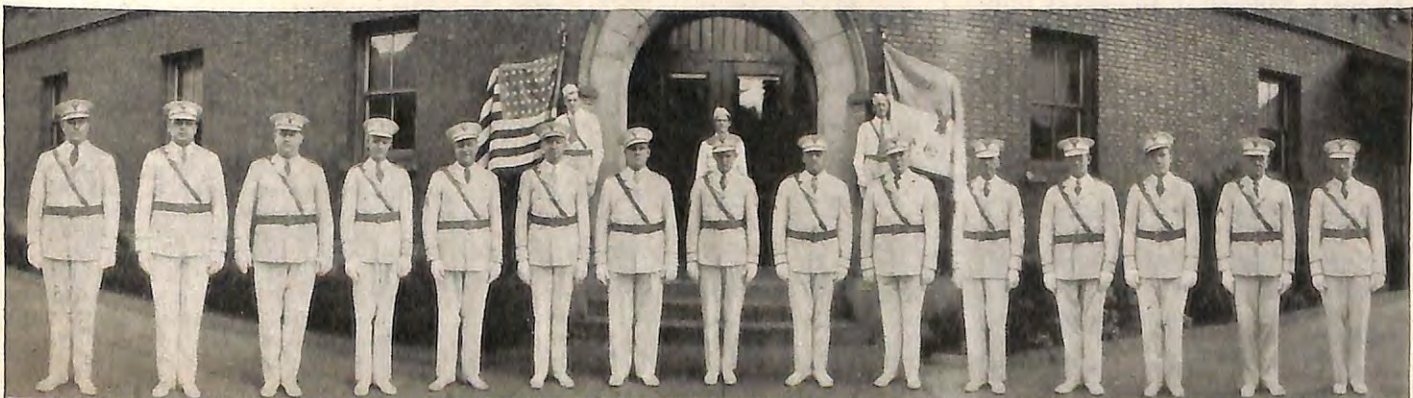
**Past Exalted Rulers of Old New York Southeast District Meet**

John C. Darrow, of Newburgh Lodge, No. 247, was elected President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the Old Southeast District of New York, at its annual meeting, held recently in conjunction with a dinner given at the Home of New York Lodge, No. 1, in honor

of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Gustav H. Papenmeyer, Joseph E. Vigeant and John W. Bierlein. These District Deputies represent the territory of the present three Grand Lodge Districts, the Southeast, East and East Central, which formerly was embraced by the Old Southeast District. To assist Mr. Darrow in his administration, the Association chose Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Paul Van Wagner, of Staten Island Lodge, No. 841; Gerald Nolan, of Yonkers Lodge, No. 707; and Walter T. Hawkins, of Middletown Lodge, No. 1007, as Vice-Presidents; and Henry Kohl, of Newburgh Lodge, No. 247, as Secretary-Treasurer.

**Massachusetts Lodges Engage In Inter-Lodge Tournament**

To heighten enthusiasm within their own memberships and to strengthen friendships with each other, eight Lodges in Massachusetts recently agreed to engage in what has been designated as an Inter-Lodge Tournament. Specifically, this tournament calls for contests between representatives of the Lodges in a variety of sports and games. Each Lodge appoints a team of twenty-one men to meet a similar team from another Lodge. The teams compete against one another at bridge, forty-fives, and cribbage, and in bowling, pool and billiards. Teams alternate playing at and away from their Home Lodges. At the conclusion of each match of the tournament, the Lodge at whose Home the contest has taken place provides an inexpensive buffet supper for the visitors. At the end of the season a banquet is to be held. At this prizes will be awarded the winners. The Lodges participating in the tournament are Somerville Lodge, No. 917,



*The White Squadron of Erie Lodge, winner of the Drill Team Contest at the Pennsylvania State Elks Association convention*



Where tickets were food: in several Lodges, large accumulations of edibles for the needy have been made by holding dances, with the admission fee a quantity of groceries or meats. At the left are shown the proceeds of the Canned Goods Charity Ball of Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge; directly below, those of the Charity Ball of Dillon, Mont., Lodge; and, at the bottom, the food gathered at the Charity Ball of Altoona, Pa., Lodge

Medford Lodge, No. 915, Everett Lodge, No. 642, Malden Lodge, No. 965, Wakefield Lodge, No. 1276, Melrose Lodge, No. 1031, Revere Lodge, No. 1171, and Cambridge Lodge, No. 830. The committee in charge of the series of matches includes Past Exalted Ruler Horace E. Knight, of Medford Lodge, Chairman; Thomas McCaffrey, of Cambridge Lodge, Secretary; and Past Exalted Ruler William F. Hogan, of Everett Lodge, Treasurer. According to Robert S. Ray, of Somerville Lodge, who reported the organization of the tournament to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the progress of it has evoked wide-spread interest among the members of the Lodges concerned. At every match there are an average of fifty supporters of each team on hand to cheer on their men.

### **Bucyrus, O., Lodge Host to District Deputy O'Leary**

Elks from several neighboring Lodges foregathered with those of Bucyrus, O., Lodge, No. 156, when it received a short time ago the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler T. A. O'Leary. The members of No. 156 had the pleasure of entertaining upon this occasion, besides the guest of honor and a delegation of eighteen members of his Lodge, Marion, No. 32, visitors from Galion Lodge, No. 1101, and Elyria Lodge, No. 465. After the Lodge meeting and the initiation ceremonies which were part of it, a social session was held in the grill-room of the Home.

### **To All Members**

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

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

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



### **Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge Gives Ball for Cripples' Fund**

Proceeds of a Charity Ball, given in the Wenatchee Auditorium, recently earned more than five hundred dollars for the Crippled Children's Fund of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186. Work in behalf of physically defective boys and girls has become one of the major charitable concerns of the Lodge. Within the last year, No. 1186 has sent eighteen children to the Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle, paying both their traveling expenses and the cost of maintaining at a hotel parents or nurses who conducted the little patients to the institution.

### **Lake Worth, Fla., Elks Active In Welfare Enterprises**

The recent history of Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, discloses a record of extensive participation in enterprises of welfare and relief. Within the last few months, the members of No. 1530 have entertained 1,200 children at the annual Elks Kid Party; and have been represented among the officers of the Community Relief Council and of the Citizens Athletic Council. In fraternal affairs, the Lodge has shown no less enthusiasm. One event of especial prominence to take place recently was the annual roll-call night. This was attended by a large and spirited gathering. Guests of honor were Exalted Ruler Carl Kettler and Past Exalted Ruler John F. O'Rourke, of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352.

### **Charity Ball of Altoona, Pa., Lodge Is Distinct Success**

From its Charity Ball, given recently at the Home, Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, derived more than one thousand dollars' worth of merchandise and later distributed it among those in want in the community. Invitations to the dance were extended to non-members of the Lodge as well as to members, in order to insure a large attendance and a consequently substantial impetus to the relief program. The

result exceeded forecasts, for more than nine hundred persons took part in the festivities.

### **Caldwell, Ida., Elks Surprise Nampa Lodge with Visit**

Accompanied by the College of Idaho "Pep Band," a delegation of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448, members recently surprised their neighboring Lodge, Nampa Lodge, No. 1389, by making a fraternal visit upon the evening when Judge O. P. Duvall, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, called officially upon the membership of No. 1389. Nine automobiles were required to transport the callers from Caldwell. Forming before the Home of Nampa Lodge, the college band, followed by the Drill Team of No. 1389, led a procession to the Lodge room, before the beginning of the formal session. The band retired after parading around the room, and the Lodge meeting was called to order. Besides the District Deputy, prominent Elks attending included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers F. L. Crews and M. H. Eustace. A buffet supper was served at the conclusion of the evening.

### **Charity Ball of Dillon, Mont., Lodge Pronounced Success**

One of the largest gatherings of dancers in the history of the city and one which contributed over \$425 worth of foodstuffs to be distributed among needy families of the community, recently attended the Charity Ball of Dillon, Mont., Lodge, No. 1554. The admission charge for every person, whether dancer or spectator, was 25 cents' worth of food supplies. These were selected from a list made public by the Dillon Associated Charities, which also had charge of the distribution of the proceeds. Nearly everyone contributed more than the required amount, and scores unable to attend the dance had grocers deliver their donations. Every section of the county, almost as large as the combined areas of Connecticut and Rhode Island, was represented in the huge crowd. Everything in

connection with the event, including music, hall, entertainment and publicity, was donated. Dillon's three leading dance orchestras alternated during the evening.

**Fergus Falls, Minn., Lodge Celebrates 25th Birthday**

Charter members were prominent among the many who took part recently in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution of Fergus Falls, Minn., Lodge, No. 1093. One of them, Past Exalted Ruler George Franberg, acted as master of ceremonies; and at the Lodge meeting, all the chairs were occupied by Fergus Falls Elks of similar standing. Among the many visitors to No. 1093 during the celebration was a delegation from Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Roy R. Hall. The Band of Fargo Lodge was part of the group. It assisted in the success of the birthday observance by leading a street parade and giving a public concert.

**Venison Supper at Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge Attracts Many**

One of the most enjoyable occasions to take place recently at the Home of Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, was this year's Venison Supper, an annual event. All members of the Lodge, whether lapsed or not, were invited; and few failed to respond. Instrumental music by the Elks Orchestra and a program of vocal solos by Robert Dawson heightened the pleasure of the affair. Venison for the dinner was supplied by Trustee "Eddie" Corrigan and several other members of the Lodge who had just returned from a hunting expedition in the Adirondacks.

**Lynchburg, Va., Elks Mourn Loss Of Paul Fleet, Charter Member**

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, suffered a severe loss recently in the death of a charter member, Paul Fleet. After an illness of some duration, Mr. Fleet succumbed to a heart attack at the age of sixty-one. A member of the City Council since 1928 and president of a large chemical manufacturing company, Mr. Fleet, besides his prominence in fraternal affairs, had achieved a place of importance among the public officers and industrialists of his community.

**Elks Foundation Scholarship Goes to Senior at Vermont**

At the request of the Vermont State Elks Association, the Elks National Foundation awarded recently to William J. Burke, a senior



*The crack polo team which represents Alhambra, Calif., Lodge*

at the University of Vermont, an Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300. Announcement of this was made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Foundation. The recipient of the scholarship is regarded as a particularly worthy student. Although he is working his way through college, he has, without impairing his excellent record in his studies, found time to take part in many of the social and athletic activities at the institution. He is a member of the governing board of Alpha Tau Omega, and a member of the Newinan Club, Key and Serpent and Junior Honor Society. In sports, Mr. Burke has shown the proficiency to become captain of the Rifle Team, as well as to play basketball and to make the track squad. He lives at Sagamore Inn, Rutland.

**Ogden, Utah, Elks Can 10,000 Cans of Peaches for Needy**

To counteract the food shortage among the needy of its city, members of Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719, recently canned and gave to the Community Service for free distribution, ten thousand cans of fine Utah peaches. The Elks, assisted by the ladies of their families and girls from the schools, were responsible for all operations entailed in the work. Mem-

bers of the Lodge went to the orchards, gathered the fruit and then, leasing one of the Ogden canneries inoperative for the season, had them canned. The peeling was done by the ladies, with some assistance from the Elks. The peaches were put up in cans with a white label, upon which was an Elk emblem, the name of Ogden Lodge and the notice, "For free distribution. Not for sale." The design for the container was made by Past Exalted Ruler Frank W. Matthews, of No. 719, President of the Utah State Elks Association. Harry Finch, of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, member of a photo-engraving company, made the cut for printing and donated it to the cause. After the Ogden Elks had completed their task of canning the 1,000 bushels of peaches the cans held, they turned the factory over to the Women's Relief Society. This organization canned 5,500 more cans of peaches and 6,500 cans of tomatoes, all for free distribution among the destitute.

**Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge's Charity Ball a Success**

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, recently replenished a charity fund which had become entailed through bank failures in its community by giving an elaborate and highly successful Charity Ball at the Beach Casino. Dancing, with an excellent orchestra providing music, and a program of entertainment were among the attractions of the evening. The financial results of the ball were such as to insure the Lodge's carrying out this winter its extensive plans for relief among the needy within its jurisdiction.

**East Chicago, Ind., Elks Give Dinner for District Deputy**

The present officers and a group of Past Exalted Rulers of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, gave a dinner a short time ago in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Victor V. Swartz, upon the event of his official call. This occasion was but one manifestation of fraternal enterprise which Elks of East Chicago have given within the recent past. Others have been a Harvest Dance, an Election Night Party, and a determined campaign for the reclamation of lapsed members.

**New Orleans, La., Elks Gain In Membership Campaign**

As the result of its carefully planned and energetically carried out campaign for new members, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, has recently added more than two hundred names to its roster. This was disclosed not long ago at a luncheon, one of a weekly series

*Two of the ten thousand cans of peaches picked, prepared and canned by the members of Ogden, Utah, Lodge, with the assistance of ladies of their city. The fruit was given to the Community Service for free distribution among destitute families*



HUCKINS-SMITH

in behalf of the membership drive, given by City Treasurer William S. Daly at the Home.

### Rhode Island and Massachusetts Elks in Inter-Lodge Matches

Three Lodges in Rhode Island and a fourth, close by, in Massachusetts, recently began their Inter-Lodge Alliance activities, consisting of a tournament among them in bowling, billiards, pool and cards. A trophy to the winner will be awarded at the close of the season. The Lodges contesting are Providence Lodge, No. 14, Pawtucket Lodge, No. 920, and Woonsocket Lodge, No. 850, of Rhode Island; and Attleboro Lodge, No. 1014, of Massachusetts.

### New Kensington, Pa., Elks Induct Class Before District Deputy

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, initiated a large class of candidates recently in honor of its reception of an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. T. Benson. The occasion derived further distinction from the presence of two Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, John F. Nugent and M. F. Horne.

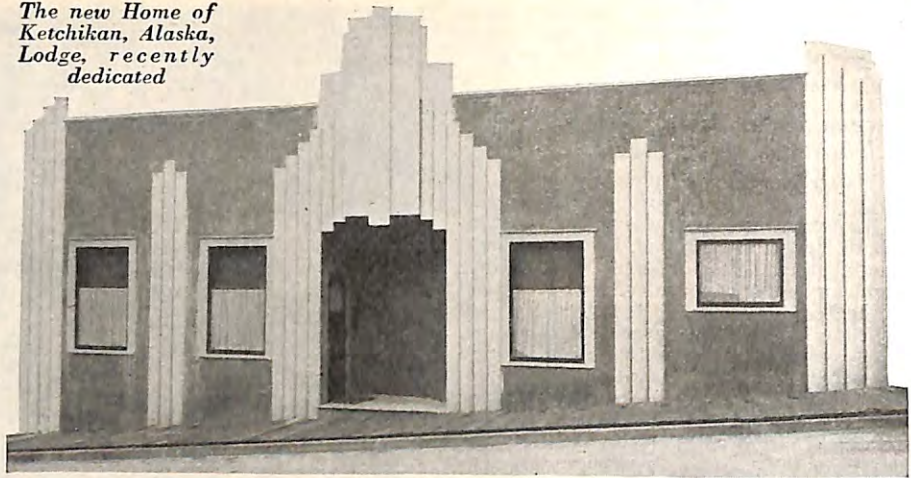
### Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Honors C. A. Kaighin at Dinner

In recognition of the honor that his appointment to the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials has brought to them, the members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, recently gave a banquet to Clarence A. Kaighin, one of their number. Present upon the occasion, besides many prominent members of No. 672, were Elks of distinction from other southern Californian Lodges. The gathering which was host to Mr. Kaighin included Justice of the Grand Forum Michael F. Shannon; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts, who served as Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements for the affair; Past Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Dr. Ralph Hagan; Past Grand Esquire John J. Doyle; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Arthur H. Palmer, Harry M. Sears, Frederick W. Lake, C. Hal Reynolds and C. P. Wright; President H. H. Quinby, Vice-President R. W. Burson, Chairman of the Board of Trustees M. R. Standish and Sergeant-at-Arms C. P. Hebenstreit, of the California State Elks Association; and L. R. Orton, President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the South Central District of the State.

### Sanford, Me., Elks Make Success Of "Irishmen's Night"

One of the most recent of a series of entertainment held in honor of various nationalities, this one known as "Irishmen's Night," was given a short time ago at the Home of Sanford, Me., Lodge, No. 1470, with pronounced success. Before the presentation of a program of songs, dances and instrumental music, all of an Hibernian character, a dinner was held in the banquet hall of the Home.

### The new Home of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, recently dedicated



### Adams, Mass., Elks Thank High School Eleven with Banquet

One hundred and twenty-five members of Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, recently were hosts to the football team of Adams High School at a banquet at the Lodge Home. This entertainment was a gesture of thanks to the team for having played a game especially for the assistance of the charity fund of the Lodge.

### Wapakoneta, O., Lodge Wins Praise of District Deputy

Commendation upon several counts was expressed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John C. Cochrane in the course of his recent official visit to Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170. To the two hundred members of the Order assembled to greet him, the District Deputy gave praise to No. 1170 for its splendid activities in charitable work, for the performance of its Ritualistic Team in conducting the initiation, for the effectiveness of its efforts to offset lapsation and to initiate new members, resulting in a fifteen per cent net increase of membership; and for the soundness of the Lodge's finances.

### New \$7,500 Home of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, Is Dedicated

Upon the day of its completion and upon the event of its annual roll-call night, Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, dedicated a short time ago its new Home. This structure, occupying a total floor space of forty-five by one hundred feet, has been erected upon the site formerly given over to the Elks tennis court, in the heart of Ketchikan. It comprises a Lodge room, library, club room and bowling alleys. Its cost was \$7,500.

### Superior, Wis., Elks Arrange Musical Program at Hospital

Patients at the Middle River Sanitarium recently had the pleasure of hearing a program

of musical entertainment, through the efforts of Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403. The affair was arranged by a committee of Lodge members comprising A. W. Holland, an honorary life member; William Berg and C. E. Andrews.

### Elks of Indiana, South, Meet at Evansville Lodge Home

Elks of unusual prominence were among the many who attended the fourth semi-annual meeting of the Indiana, South, Elks Association, held recently at the Home of Evansville Lodge, No. 116. Of especial note at the gathering were Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Lowenthal, Past Grand Inner Guard D. R. Scott; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Edwin Lowenthal, who presided; and R. F. Thomas; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frank T. Himler, C. A. Shubart, Milo B. Mitchell, George S. Green and J. C. Heidenreich; President Lee F. Bays, Secretary W. C. Groebl and Past President W. E. Hendrich, of the Indiana State Elks Association.

### Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Holds Twenty-fifth Anniversary Celebration

Six of the thirty-seven charter members of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, were among the 200 Elks who attended recently the observance of the Lodge's twenty-fifth anniversary. In addition to members of No. 1097, there were present Elks from the Lodges of Port Jervis, Newburgh, Monticello, Haverstraw, Kingston, Bronx and Brooklyn.

### Lodges Throughout Nation Hold Parties on Election Night

In accordance with the suggestion of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, subordinate Lodges throughout the country held Election Night Parties on the evening of November 8. Were it not for the limits of the space at its command, THE ELKS MAGAZINE should like to publish accounts of every one of these affairs. But under the circumstances, this would be impossible. The Magazine does, however, wish to list below these Lodges whose officers or whose publicity representatives have written in special letters reporting successful Election Night Parties. They are: Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge No. 101, Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311; Bucyrus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 156; Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448; Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839; Cicero, Ill., Lodge, No. 1510; East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981; Iron Mountain, Mich., Lodge, No. 700; Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429; Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530; Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514; Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32; North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge, No. 860; Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, No. 497; Ranger, Tex., Lodge, No. 1373; Shawnee, Okla., Lodge, No. 657; South Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1509; Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1170, and Woodland, Calif., Lodge, No. 1299.



The banquet given by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, in honor of Clarence A. Kaighin, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee

**Indianapolis, Ind., Elks Make Bowling Tournament Plans**

In conjunction with the discussion and completion of plans for the conduct of the sixteenth annual tournament of the Elks Bowling Association of America, to be held in March under the auspices of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, Exalted Ruler William J. Fahey and other members of the Lodge recently entertained at the Home prominent officials of the bowling organization. The guests included President Samuel Sher, Vice-President Joseph Vlachiha and Secretary John J. Gray.

**Harrisburg, Ill., Elks Celebrate Lodge's Silver Anniversary**

Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, celebrated recently an anniversary of threefold significance. The occasion marked the twenty-fifth birthday of the institution of the Lodge, the seventy-fourth of one of its charter members, Charles P. Skaggs; and the fifty-fourth of a second, John B. Lee. Incidents of the observance of No. 1058's Silver Jubilee were a reunion at the Home, a parade through the streets of the city to the Saline Hotel, a banquet there and a Lodge session at the Home.

**District Deputy Braun Visits Salisbury, Md., Lodge**

Fifty members of Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, assembled recently at the Home to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. C. Braun, upon an official visit. The heartiness of the greeting of the Salisbury Elks, together with the stirring character of Mr. Braun's address at the Lodge session, contributed to make the occasion highly successful.

**Past District Deputies Induct Amsterdam, N. Y., Elks**

A staff of officers composed chiefly of present and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers recently initiated a large class of candidates into Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, in the course of its observance of "Old Timers' Night." Among those to occupy the chairs upon this occasion were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Samuel D. Matthews and Past District Deputies Leo W. Roohan, George W. Denton, Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., and Peter A. Buchheim, Past Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association. A dinner at the Home preceded the Lodge session.

**Des Moines, Iowa, Elks Hosts To Knights of Columbus**

Members of Des Moines, Iowa, Lodge, No. 98, were hosts recently to Grand Knight John Connolly, Jr., and a large group of his fellow members of the Des Moines Lodge of the Knights of Columbus. The affair, opened by the welcoming address of Exalted Ruler John H. Gibson, of No. 98, comprised a program of speaking and an elaborate vaudeville entertainment. Eight hundred in all attended.

**Caldwell, Ida., Elks Welcome District Deputy Duvall**

Every Past Exalted Ruler of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448, now living within its jurisdiction, was present to greet District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. P. Duvall, when he made his official call a short time ago. After the initiation of a class of candidates at the Lodge meeting, Mr. Duvall spoke, praising both the officers of No. 1448 for their proficiency in ritual and the members of the Drill Team for the splendid manner of their performance in assisting in the ceremonies.

# News of the State Associations

**Georgia**

ASSEMBLING at the Home of Macon Lodge, No. 230, the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association recently elected officers of the Association for the year to come. This action was authorized last July, when the Association met in Birmingham, Ala., during the Grand Lodge Convention. Those chosen at Macon to administer the affairs of the Association were J. Gordon Hardy, of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, President; R. E. Lee Reynolds, of Atlanta Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer; Joseph R. Cooke, of Atlanta Lodge, Vice-President for the First District; E. M. Flynt, of Griffin Lodge, No. 1207, Vice-President for the Second District; John W. Ramsey, of Macon Lodge, Vice-President for the Third District; H. B. Roberts, of Albany Lodge, No. 713, Vice-President for the Fourth District; F. F. Preston, of Douglas Lodge, No. 1286, Vice-President for the Fifth District; and John D. Odom, of Columbus Lodge, No. 111, Vice-President for the Sixth District. Representatives of the Grand Lodge in attendance at the meeting included Justice of the Grand Forum John S. McClelland and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Benjamin J. Fowler and I. G. Ehrlich.

**New Jersey**

AT THE second quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held recently at the Home of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning presented to the organization a ritualistic contest trophy. This prize, in the form of a sterling silver cup of Grecian

design, is the permanent possession of the Association. Lodges of the State are to compete periodically for it, and the name of the winning Lodge in each contest will be engraved upon it. The trophy will be placed on exhibi-

tion at every annual convention of the Association. The presentation of the cup by Mr. Fanning was the principal of several interesting features of the quarterly meeting, at which President Francis P. Boland presided. Among the prominent guests, besides Mr. Fanning, welcomed upon the occasion by the New Jersey Elks were Philip Clancy, Secretary, and Daniel A. Kerr, member of the Activities Committee of the New York State Elks Association.



*The ritualistic trophy presented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning to the New Jersey State Elks Association*

**Massachusetts**

THIRTY-THREE students, both young men and young women, are at present receiving assistance in the completion of their college courses from the Massachusetts Elks Scholarship, Inc., an organization sponsored by the Massachusetts State Elks Association. This was disclosed in a report submitted recently to the Association at the second of its regular meetings. The gathering was held at Marlborough, with the officers and members of Marlborough Lodge, No. 1239, acting as hosts. Included in the list of officers of the Association present upon the occasion were President Michael H. McCarron, Past President William E. Earle, Secretary J. J. Hourin, Treasurer Bernard E. Carbin, and Trustees John E. Moynahan, William B. Jackson, Frank J. McHugh and Arthur J. Harty. Among other notable guests to be welcomed to Marlborough Lodge by Exalted Ruler John A. Chamberlain and other of No. 1239's officers were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bernard S. McHugh and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers David F. Walsh and Michael T. Burke.



*Elks of California at the recent convention of their State Association, at San Pedro, with Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson (tenth from the right in the front row)*



STANDARD FLASHLIGHT CO., INC.

Scene at the broadcasting from station WABC, of the Memorial Sunday program. Standing, right to left, are Clayton J. Heermance, B. A. Rolfe, Clarence Whitehill, George M. Cohan, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson's address was made from the Chicago studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System

## Grand Exalted Ruler's Memorial Sunday Address is Broadcast

UNDER the direction of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, the Memorial Sunday address of the Grand Exalted Ruler, together with a supporting program, was broadcast over a nationwide hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System. George M. Cohan, the famous actor and playwright, a member of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, acted as master of ceremonies and introduced Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson and the others who took part. Among these were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who delivered the eleven o'clock toast; Clarence Whitehill, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who sang; B. A. Rolfe, who conducted his orchestra; and the Queens Borough Elks Glee Club, under the direction of Clayton J. Heermance. It is estimated that an audience of nine million persons listened to the interesting program.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was, in part, as follows:

### MY BROTHERS AND OUR FRIENDS:

We thank Brother George M. Cohan and the other good Brothers who have contributed so much to this great Memorial Service, and the Columbia Broadcasting System for the use of its facilities to carry the program to every section of our great country.

This is our day of recollection of the virtues of our departed Brothers which we have carved deeply on our hearts and perpetuated in tender memory. Their faults, we wrote upon the sands, from which they have been effaced by the waves of sympathetic understanding.

Our Memorial Day is not a day of sorrow. We rejoice in the memory of the fellowship of our departed Brothers. As we pay tribute to those who have responded to the final summons of the Grand Exalted Ruler of us all, we dedicate our lives to the aims and ideals of this great American brotherhood. We take new pride in this fraternity which has enriched the lives of its members by teaching them the virtues of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

The Order of Elks is an agency of service. It affords its members the pleasure of association

with their fellow-men, of ministering to the needs of those less fortunate, and of putting into practice the patriotic impulses of every true American. Its activities are as varied as the demands for service. In the three score years of its eventful existence it has smoothed the pathway of human life and has brought to its members a finer appreciation of those elevating sentiments which soften the heart and ease the spirit.

These are troublous times and one must have a stout heart to struggle on when the way seems impossible. But when we think of the dangers and hardships faced by those brave souls who set out to establish homes in the New World some 300 years ago, and by those hardy pioneers who pushed our frontier westward until they had subjected all our vast territories to the service of the generations to follow, we take new courage. They did not falter because the going was hard. They did not turn back because savages and wild beasts roamed the forests they sought to conquer, and because cold and hunger threatened them. Sometimes they failed, but they took pride in the fight they made. They wrested a living from what Nature provided. They found happiness in the struggle and took new pride in each new accomplishment. Whimperers could never have conquered raw America and turned it into the land of abundance which we have inherited. At the beginning of this Twentieth Century, we find ourselves heirs to the richest territory on God's footstool, and we are weaklings, indeed, if we can not make it serve the needs of all our people. It is for us to prove whether we have grown soft because of the easy times in which we have lived, or whether we are true sons of the mighty race developed in the hard times of earlier years.

We are suffering to-day from the over-indulgence of yesterday. In our mad struggle to build the greatest mileage of railroads, to erect the tallest buildings, to make the largest number of automobiles and to satisfy our appetites for luxuries, we forgot the homely virtues of thrift and temperance. We ceased to be neighborly. Our charity became mere almsgiving and we cast Brotherly Love out of our

hearts as mere sentimental slush. But through all this period of materialism the great heart of Elkdom remained warm. Elkdom teaches that the witchery of wealth is not in having, but in sharing, and believes that the real benefactor of mankind counts his store in what is spent and not in what is saved.

There are those who say fraternalism is dead, and that men will no longer affiliate with an organization that does not return to them something of material value. To them, 700,000 Elks say that there are things in this life more to be desired than coins and crowns. I confess it is difficult to set down in an asset column, so that the material-minded can read it, the true value of membership in this distinctively American fraternity. But I submit that it is equally difficult to measure by any common system of measurement the value of a birthday party for a little child, the celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of one's parents, the family reunion, or the old settlers' picnic. Yet, how empty life would be without these. After all, life means little if we take out of it our association with other kindred souls. If those who sneer at the fraternizing of men could see the happiness reflected in the faces of friends, separated by great distances in everyday life, as they greet each other with a hearty clasp at Elk reunions, as I have seen it, they would no longer doubt the value of fraternal organizations.

While no system of measurement yet devised can give one a true valuation of Elk charity, some idea of its extent is shown by the fact that the subordinate Lodges have expended, in the last twelve years, more than \$30,000,000 in aid to the unfortunate and underprivileged. If you would seek to value Elks charity you must join them in the welfare work carried on by the 1,400 subordinate Lodges in as many important cities in this country. You will find it in the shouts of joy from the half million children gathered around Elk community Christmas trees. It is reflected in clinics for the treatment of crippled children, in hospitals for sufferers from tuberculosis, in citizenship schools for the immigrants, in scholarship funds

(Continued on page 48)

# The Reinstatement Campaign

## Tabulation by States and Districts

	Members Added
<b>*Alabama</b> .....	203
<b>Alaska</b>	
*West.....	No report
*Northeast.....	5
Territorial Total.....	5
<b>Arizona</b>	
North.....	81
South.....	98
State Total.....	179
<b>Arkansas</b> .....	50
<b>California</b>	
Bay.....	242
*East Central.....	70
West Central.....	81
North.....	134
*South Central.....	760
South.....	95
State Total.....	13,82
<b>*Canal Zone</b> .....	39
<b>Colorado</b>	
*Central.....	232
North.....	175
South.....	145
West.....	76
State Total.....	628
<b>Connecticut</b>	
*East.....	236
West.....	137
State Total.....	373
<b>Florida</b>	
East.....	127
North.....	275
*West.....	158
State Total.....	560
<b>Georgia</b>	
North.....	47
South.....	No report
State Total.....	47
<b>Guam</b> .....	No report
<b>*Hawaii</b> .....	83
<b>Idaho</b>	
North.....	32
South.....	260
State Total.....	292
<b>Illinois</b>	
East Central.....	No report
Northeast.....	409
*Northwest.....	23
South.....	140
*Southeast.....	24
Southwest.....	97
*West Central.....	47
State Total.....	740

Since the closing of the forms for the preceding, the December, issue, reports have been received from a number of subordinate Lodges regarding the number of members reinstated and new members added to their rolls, in the course of the campaign for reinstatements urged by Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. In the majority of instances, the delay in making report of the results was due to the illness of the officers responsible, or to other circumstances equally beyond control. The Magazine therefore takes pleasure in listing below the following additions to the tabulation of results.

\* \* \* \*

### Four-Star Lodges: 20 per cent or more

Lodge	Members Gained	Percentage Gained
Harrisburg, Ill.....	85	46
Pensacola, Fla. (correction)...	70	37
Iron Mountain, Mich.....	36	23

\* \* \*

### Three-Star Lodges: from 15 to 20 per cent

La Grange, Ill.....	26	16
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\* \*

### Two-Star Lodges: from 10 to 15 per cent

Herrin, Ill.....	27	14
Des Moines, Ia.....	65	13
Henderson, Ky.....	24	12
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	89	11
Jeannette, Pa.....	37	10

\*

### One-Star Lodges: from 5 to 10 per cent

Helena, Mont.....	46	9
Blackwell, Okla.....	12	8
Freeport, N. Y.....	143	6
Greeley, Colo.....	59	6
Tampa, Fla.....	36	6
St. Petersburg, Fla.....	54	5

### Lodges Gaining Less than 5 per cent

Benton Harbor, Mich.....	20	4
Lakewood, O.....	54	4
Sayre, Pa.....	25	4
Frankfort, Ind.....	2	.7

### Indiana

	Members Added
North.....	363
North Central.....	133
Central (incomplete).....	123
South Central.....	No report
South.....	133
State Total.....	752

### Iowa

Northeast (incomplete).....	100
Southwest.....	243
*West.....	122
State Total.....	465

### Kansas

*North.....	54
*Southeast.....	76
*Southwest.....	127
State Total.....	257

### Kentucky

	Members Added
East.....	72
*West.....	81
State Total.....	153

### Louisiana

North.....	No report
South.....	No report

### Maine

*East.....	4
*West.....	14
State Total.....	18

### Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

.....	223
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### Massachusetts

Northeast.....	137
Southeast.....	199
Central.....	67
*West.....	25
State Total.....	428

### Michigan

West.....	221
*Central.....	7
East.....	370
North.....	128
State Total.....	726

### Minnesota

*North.....	99
South.....	110
State Total.....	209

### Mississippi

*North.....	7
*South.....	74
State Total.....	81

### Missouri

*East.....	124
North.....	131
*West.....	8
State Total.....	263

### Montana

*West.....	126
East (incomplete).....	70
State Total.....	196

### Nebraska

North.....	66
South (incomplete).....	259
State Total.....	325

### Nevada

.....	70
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### \*New Hampshire

.....	2
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### New Jersey

Northwest.....	645
Northeast.....	374
South.....	111
Central.....	419
State Total.....	1,549

(Continued on page 45)

\*Unofficial and incomplete. Compiled from individual Lodge reports.



# ELKDOM OUTDOORS

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

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

## Raising Game for Profit

By W. B. Hart

EVERY real sportsman realizes more every day that if there is going to be any game left to meet the demands of the ever-increasing army of shooters, something will have to be done to replenish our fast decreasing supply.

The hunters and our game laws are not entirely to blame for this shortage of game, especially upland game. The destruction of our forests, their natural habitat, and the inroads of civilization by thousands of miles of automobile roads and the ever-increasing numbers of predatory animals and birds, such as crows, hawks and owls, have all had their influence in bringing about the present shortage.

Most of the States, through their game commissions, have made a noble effort to meet this situation by propagation, reduced bags and shorter seasons, but still the shortage grows. One of the large middle Western States, about five years ago, placed the Bob White on the song-bird list in the hope of saving them. This, of course, took away from this game little bird all of the help that it had had from the game commission, and from the information received from the most reliable sources we learn that in most places in the State there has been even a greater scarcity than before they were placed on the song-bird list. A determined effort will be made at the next meeting of the State legislature in January to have them declared a game bird, and again put under the jurisdiction of the game commission. This is being agitated by all the real sportsmen in the State.



Left to right: R. C. Miller, Peter Miller, Harry Ziegenhein, Max Levine, E. E. Rogers, of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, with bag scheduled to be served at club game dinner

If all this is true, how then are we going to meet this growing demand?

Most of the States are limited in their scope of artificial propagation. They are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in it and there must be a limit to what the taxpayers will stand for these expenditures.

There is only one solution.

The private raising of game.

The private raising of game birds is not a new venture by any means, and it has gone far beyond the experimental stage. It has been definitely determined which of the upland birds can be raised most successfully in captivity.

The Ringneck pheasant is probably the easiest raised and, next to that, our own little Bob White.

Both are very hardy and are not subject to the diseases that play havoc with some of the other game birds. Cornell University now seems to have

solved many of the difficulties encountered heretofore in raising Grouse, and for the past two years this has been very successful.

A start can be made by either purchasing eggs and setting them under a bantam hen, or by purchasing a pair of pen-bred birds that will lay two or three settings a year.

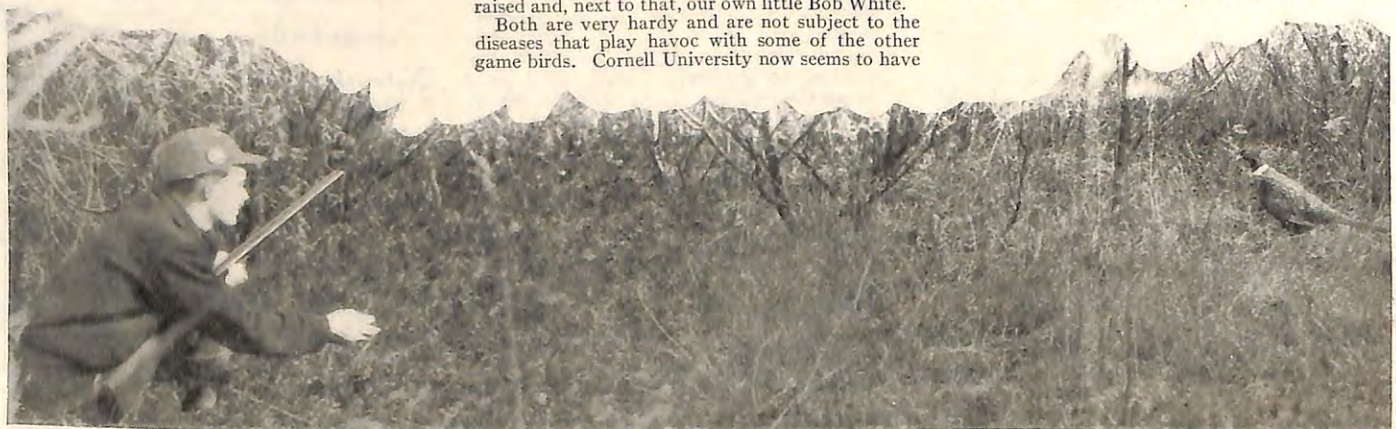
A setting of Ringneck pheasant eggs will cost you about \$4.00. A pair of pheasants can be had for as low as \$6.00 a pair, and about the same prices prevail on Bob Whites. The Valley Quails will usually run a little cheaper depending, of course, on the season and the supply available.

Hand-reared American Grouse, Ruffed and Pintails, are so scarce at this time that they bring almost any price. Wild bird specimens bring from \$10.00 to \$20.00 a pair. But you cannot be guided entirely by price. It is very essential that you secure for your start birds from a hardy hand-reared stock, rather than trapped specimens.

Raising game can be both profitable and pleasurable. Unless the raiser has some preference, we believe the quail and the pheasant offer the greatest opportunity. There is a steady demand for both.

The raising of any of the breeds of Grouse has not progressed to the point where we would advise you trying them unless it is done for experimental purposes along with hardier stocks.

You can obtain a complete booklet on "Raising Game For Profit," by writing The Outdoor Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, or the Peters Cartridge Company at Kings Mills, Ohio.



Harry Smith of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, proving that young pheasants can be called





**GUY W. Von Schriltz**, member of Pittsburgh, Kansas Lodge, No. 412 broke the straight program of 200 target to win the Kansas State clay bird championship at Wichita, Kansas on June 5th. Von Schriltz has been a consistent top notch shooter for a number of years, having won this event in 1930 after tying with Fred Eichen of Coffeyville, Kansas by breaking 175 straight birds. Eichen missed his 175th bird after running 174 straight in the shoot off. Von Schriltz won the Prairie Zone Handicap as early as 1922 by breaking 97 out of 100 from 27 yds. Your editor is familiar with the crack shots that live in the State of Kansas, having come from there himself.



**WHEN Frank (F. A. Tonnie) and Bill (Wm. Hennessy)** go fishing, they take the bacon and bring home the channel cats as you will notice from the photos above. This string was taken on the Sac River in the Ozarks.

**Wins German Society Award**

**J. L. SINYKIN**, member of Rapid City, Iowa, Lodge, No. 1187, and well-known breeder of German shepherd dogs and thorough-bred horses, recently received the beautiful bronze plaque of the German society for the training of dogs to lead the blind, whose headquarters are in Berlin. Mr. Sinykin, whose La Salle Kennels, near Minneapolis, Minnesota, have produced a number of prize-winning dogs, has made a specialty of breeding and training German shepherd dogs in this difficult and humanitarian task. He was the first in America to successfully train dogs for this purpose, and to his example can be laid the great interest in the "eye dog" work which has since grown up in this country.

The plaque was presented to Mr. Sinykin for distinguished service in the interest of the blind.



**WHEN Charles A. Bishoping and Joseph Krause, Jr.**, of Detroit Lodge, No. 34, go Musky fishing, they generally get at least one big one. The Musky shown above was caught by Bishoping on a No. 2 spoon at Lake St. Clair.



**SYLVAN LAKE** in Dutchess County, N. Y. offered some real sport for Les Nichols and George Cimborski recently when they had a half hours fun landing the above 9 lb. 2 oz. lake trout. The fish was hooked in 75 ft. of water on what Mr. Cimborski terms as a red fin bait. If you are looking for lake trout fishing, why not try Sylvan Lake?



**EUGENE LAPORTE** of Baltimore, Md., No. 7, his son William and Morgan Reynolds of Richmond, Va., were guests of the Barracks Club, Lake Ontario, Canada in August of this year and enjoyed the very fine small mouth Bass fishing found there. They caught the limit every day they fished, with every fish over eleven inches long. Every month Elkdom Outdoors receives reports of Canadian fishing that indicate well-stocked streams and lakes by nature's own process. Mr. LaPorte calls the small mouth Bass the greatest of the fresh water fighters which no doubt will be supported by a great many anglers who class Bass fishing above all else. Mr. LaPorte has been a member of the Baltimore Elks Club for over twenty-five years.



**THE New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge No. 324** held three successful golf tournaments last season and are already making plans for 1933. The tournaments are followed by a dinner where prizes for low gross and low net scores are awarded. There is

also a grand prize for the player making the low net score for the three tournaments. A non-players prize is also awarded at the dinners as quite a number of the members join the golfers at that time.



**FLOYD A. PUFFER**, member of Utica Lodge No. 33, with two fine specimens of lake trout weighing 11¼ and 13½ pounds. The trout were caught on the Fulton Chain of Lakes with light trolling rod and small tackle.

# The Show Goes On

(Continued from page 9)

Now the horsemen had come to a halt; as Calvert turned from the road, he saw that they were massed at the canvas connection leading from the undersized big top or main tent, to the pad room and dressing tent. He started in that direction, only to veer. They were only arguing.

Calvert had seen this show for the first time, three weeks before, in a small town in Iowa. It had impressed him but little—except for the riding act of a girl, announced as Connie Meade. Even then, there would have been little more interest than that of a man watching a pretty girl—had not Calvert been himself an equestrian.

At least, he had classed himself as such until a few months before, when, during the winter layoff of the Montgomery and Queen Shows, garnering the dollars of western mining camps, he had strolled into a gambling house at Deadwood, S. Dak. That had changed his plans considerably, until he had seen Connie Meade ride.

Experienced eyes had told him that her work was all but self taught. Her horse had not been fully trained to the proper timing—there were a hundred things which he would have liked to have told her. But he had not even made himself known at the front gate. For that there was also a reason.

On his second visit to the circus, he had seen a young man very much like a certain person for whom he had been seeking, in conversation with a much older woman. He had hurried forward. But the young man was gone and curiosity had burned in him ever since.

Now he took an opposite direction to that which the riders had followed; merely a reconnaissance. At the marquee, his horse snorted; a glance told the reason. In the shadows, with a wiry, flat-featured man at her head, stood an old elephant. The keeper was poised, his bull-hook raised, his lips parted as he turned his head, evidently awaiting a signal. Calvert smiled. At least this show knew what to do when trouble came.

Swiftly he rode toward a wagon, as if to confirm a previous conclusion. The old title had been blocked out, and a new one painted over it. Just then, Calvert straightened. There had come a whinny from deep in the cottonwoods.

THE man pulled down his horse, and turned his head curiously. From the other side of the tent, men were shouting, while even above their voices came the strident tones of an excited woman; she almost screamed. Calvert rode nearer to the cottonwoods. At the edge, he gave a peculiar whistle.

Instantly there was a response, in excited whinnying. Calvert rode through the scrawny brush and into the grove. At last he halted. "Easy, Duke!" he commanded. "Steady, boy!"

He spoke to only one of the five horses which were tethered there; the other four were broad-backed, stolid animals of that queer light-heaviness which characterizes a ring animal. The fifth was different.

He was strong and powerful. His color was a deep chestnut, except for the mane and tail; fully three shades lighter. Now, motionless, his head high, his strong, yet trim legs a-stance, he watched the man on horseback, like a soldier awaiting a command. Calvert rode forward and smoothed his muzzle. Then he turned to the others, patting each of them.

"Easy now!" he commanded, and turning away, rode slumped in his saddle for a moment, the fingers of one hand combing slowly at the horse's mane.

"Damn'd if I know!" he exclaimed at last. Then he straightened with new interest. That woman had begun to shriek again.

He swung around the dressing tent, edging

through the crowd of horsemen who had gathered there. In the vanguard were the nameless Joe and Ed. A few drunken traders joined in at intervals. The rest of the men sat hunched in their saddles, awaiting whatever outcome might ensue. Calvert's interest was for none of them—some he knew; others were only so many men in dusty clothing and broad-brimmed hats. But the persons at the sidewalk interested him.

Spread out at intervals were slouched circus-men, each with a bandanna handkerchief tied around his right arm—Calvert knew it to be the fighting badge, in case the cry of "Hey Rube!" should rise, and the tent stakes which these men now handled so disinterestedly be brought into play. In the center of this fan-like arrangement stood three women.

One of them was the girl he had seen in the ring, Connie Meade. She was in gingham, briskly clean; in her small, strong hands, she held the long stock and folded lash of a training whip. She was bare-headed; her dark brown hair glinting with tinges of auburn in the lowering sun. Her lips were slightly drawn, as if in cynical dislike for these men about her. Her brown eyes watched them all—at last she glanced toward Calvert.

A look as of half recognition came into her eyes, only to fade, as if she had realized a mistake. As suddenly she turned. One of the two women beside her had begun to rail again.

"Please, Mother," she begged.

It was the wrong thing to say. The old woman, too pallid for health, her gray hair straggling about her neck, her dress disarranged, turned from her and clawed at the third woman, a fat person of big body, small head and frowzy hair, in whose eyes there seemed to be an expression of eternal amazement.

"If I had your youth and strength!" she snapped, "I'd get my knives and I'd—"

"Oh, Mrs. Meade," exclaimed her companion. "You know I never could throw them things at nobody."

"There, Mother," Connie Meade objected. "This can't accomplish anything."

"Don't give me orders!" Mother Meade snapped. If there was affection between this pair, it seemed wholly one-sided. Now the old woman faced the crowd.

"If we're robbers, prove it!" she cried out. "Point out the man who stole your money. Point him out!"

"You've got him hidden!" growled Joe.

"Then look for him. Yes—" she grinned viciously—"try it and try it quick—before I set the elephant on you!"

It caused sudden consternation. Men tightened their grips on their reins. But Joe protested.

"I want my money!"

"Oh, that's it!" Fire had come into Connie Meade's eyes. She half pushed her mother behind her, and stepped forward. "Suppose you prove that you ever had any money!"

"That's reasonable," said a trader.

"Reasonable?" the old woman glared. "There's not a reasonable man in your whole crowd."

"Now, Mrs. Meade—now Mrs. Meade—" said Ettabelle, the knife thrower, with a sigh. "Just keep calm."

The show-woman glanced about her with sudden blankness, as if something had snapped in her brain, changing anger to utter placidity. "Oh," she said vacantly. The girl signalled. Ettabelle nodded in answer. Then, supporting the now wholly disinterested old woman, the knife thrower led her away. Connie Meade stood alone.

Calvert urged his horse out of the tangle of men and mounts about him. He shot a question at Joe:

"Suppose you do that; prove that you lost any money."

The man demurred. "I don't need to. Ed knows I had it."

"Ed can lie as easily as you can." He faced the crowd. "Does anybody here know these two men?"

There was a silence. Then a drunken trader shouted.

"Nobody gives a damn either. Let's look for them horses."

The group milled, Joe and Ed continued their tale of robbery, to which

no one listened. Calvert looked down again at the girl.

There was a strange air of loneliness about her, in spite of the line of men who slouched in nearby protection. She glanced upward, straight into the eyes of Bob Calvert.

Again there was that flash, as of recognition; again the puzzled look of uncertainty. A sudden quixotic impulse shot through the brain of the rider. He straightened in his saddle, as another trader shouted for a search.

"I saw some horses in the cottonwoods, but they're not stolen," he said. "Go get 'em and see."

A half dozen men whooped and rode away. There was a short wait. Then a rider came back, his coat flying.

"We got 'em!" he yelled.

The rest of the crew had appeared now, driving the animals. The chestnut was kicking, his ears were flattened and he bit at everyone who attempted to approach him.

"Duke!" shouted Calvert. "Steady!"

Instantly the horse became graven.

"Them's your horses!" a trader called. Calvert smiled.

"I haven't denied it."

"And you say they weren't stolen?"

"They weren't stolen and they weren't bought. I thought I could make a trade out here. I sent 'em out—didn't have any idea Crossett would get excited about it, simply because he wasn't there when I took them out."

It was an anti-climax. There were only grunts from the crowd, low-voiced argument. Calvert turned quickly to the girl.

"Ever see those horses before?"

"No," came emphatically.

"Thought not. Now," he glanced around him, "if this gang will get out of here, maybe I can talk up these nags a bit."

Five minutes later, they were alone. Connie Meade came forward. She extended her hand.

"Thank you," she said, and smiled. Calvert looked down at her quizzically, and held her hand in his.

"Just between us," he asked, "who really took my horses?"

## CHAPTER III

NEARLY an hour later, Bob Calvert, riding bareback on his chestnut, swung to a halt before the saloon, and handed the reins of the



Ortie Whipple

horse he led to the disconsolate man who had arisen from a knife-nicked bench to meet him.

"Sorry to be late, Ortie," he commanded. "Now look here. We've got to move fast. Go eat."

The man stared.

"You seem to think I've got to do everything you tell me," he objected.

"You do, from now on!—if you want to be with your wife. And don't ask questions."

"But what'll I do?"

"Be my groom, if that's any information to you. Now go eat. Get your stuff together. I'll pack it with mine, on one of my horses. And keep your mouth shut. There'll be a lot of talk going on. When you get through, come to my tent. See it—about three blocks below Crossett's?"

Before Ortie Whipple could protest again, Calvert turned his prancing chestnut toward Crossett's Livery Barn.

"Where's Crossett?" he demanded.

"Following them movers," answered the stable-boy. "That'll sure be a big joke on him. You with your horses already back—and never stolen at all."

"Yes, he'll probably laugh himself to death," answered Calvert dryly. "Get me my saddle and saddlebags."

With Duke saddled, he paid his bill, threw the boy a tip, and asked:

"Just what made Mr. Crossett think somebody's stolen my horses?"

"Well, it happened so fast, he didn't know whose nags it was," the boy said. "He happened to come out of his office and seen the gate was open and the horses all standing around, some of 'em were out in the alley. So he just counted heads in a hurry and seen there was five missing. I guess he got excited after that."

"Sorry I left that gate open," said Calvert. "Tell him that for me."

THE equestrian rode out of the livery stable and down to his tent. It was nearly dark now. He did not stop to light his lantern. He merely rolled up necessary belongings and threw the pack across his saddle. Ortie Whipple rode up, puffing. Two carpetbags dangled by their handles from the saddle-horn.

"Take that stuff and pack it," said Calvert briskly. "Got the rest of my string just outside town, in the creek bottom. Pick 'em up. Then I want you to start moving. Follow the old overland trail."

"Where to?"

"After the circus."

"But the circus ain't out of town."

"Yes, it is," answered Calvert. "It started tearing down before I left." Then he added, "There may be trouble to-night."

"I don't understand at all," answered Ortie.

Calvert swung to a weaving position atop the canvas pack which covered his saddle.

"Come on!" he commanded. Again Ortie, striving dumbly to settle the disturbing maze which had settled about him, asked for particulars.

"Bob," he said with unconscious familiarity. "I've got a right to know what's goin' on."

"You certainly have," answered Calvert, and was silent.

They reached the creek bottom. Ortie went sullenly about his job, fumbling in the darkness as he assisted Calvert in the throwing of a hitch.

"Now look here, Bob," exclaimed the gloomy bridegroom. "You done me a good turn this afternoon. Can't you do me another and talk straight?"

There was a wait in the darkness. The happenings of the afternoon had been swift ones, entirely different ones, in fact, from those which Bob Calvert had planned. Now, with a man whom he never before had seen until this day, he was making preparations to join a circus he had heretofore disdained.

"Ortie," he said at last. "I'm a circus man myself. Maybe that will explain it."

"Crazy about that girl?"

"That's as good an excuse as any. The truth is that I'm a little crazy about the show. You wouldn't understand that. You're not a show man. I'm a bareback rider. Everyone of these horses is broken to ring work—I did it for fun—a fellow has to do something, roaming around the country. Horses need a groom—especially if the owner is finicky about 'em."

"I don't know why I ever teamed up with you, anyway. All I get out of it is to be bossed around."

Calvert laughed.

"Just training, Ortie. You're a married man now."

After a time Bob Calvert came back to town, by a circuitous course. Across a weeded vacant lot, in the light of Crossett's Livery Barn, he saw quite a crowd of men. Holding to the darkness, he rode cautiously forward. At last, within easy sighting distance, he discerned the livery owner, and men of the saloon crowd of the afternoon. The otherwise nameless Joe and Ed were missing: the argument and haranguing came from men unconvinced by the afternoon's events.

Voices grew louder. Calvert heard the livery owner deny vehemently that the departure of the horses had taken place in the imaginary way which Calvert had outlined. Someone suggested going out to the grounds. A dozen voices shouted that the show was packed and gone.

"Ain't any wonder!" Calvert heard an agitator shout. "They're robbers, ever' one of 'em. If they was any guts in this crowd, we'd follow 'em up, and turn their wagons in the Platte."

Calvert rode hastily away. At his tent he fumbled about in the darkness for an oil can. Carefully he soaked the remaining possessions which he had left behind—a bed of straw, some useless clothing, the poles of the tent. Then calmly he drew a sulphur match from his pocket and striking it, waited until the blue, fuming bubbles of flame had turned to red as they bit into the body of wood. He tossed it gently to the bed of straw and hurried for his horse.

"Fire!" he shouted. "Fire!"

The crowd at the livery stable forgot the circus in the greater excitement of a tent on fire. Bob Calvert rode on. An hour later he sat his horse in the darkness of a dim road which ran beside the thin rails of the Union Pacific Railroad on its course to the distant West.

Far behind, still lugubrious, Ortie Whipple jogged along with the ring stock. In the distance, the wagons of the little circus rocked and swayed upon their uncertain journey; at times, the bulk of Queen Bess, the ancient elephant, blotted out all else, as she topped a hill.

Silent, his hat off, Bob Calvert rode in mental castigation. This was silly, a crazy excursion engendered by a bit of mystery and persecution—or was it that? After all, men like Joe and Ed had been robbed by the hangers-on of a circus. Sometimes such a show possessed personable young women like Connie Meade. And they pretended poverty when they were soddin with money obtained by graft, thievery, pickpockets and confidence men for which they merely drew crowds for the process of fleecing. Nobody knew that better than Bob Calvert.

Suddenly, however, he forgot it. A shadowy horse and side-saddled rider had swung from the mass of rocking forms ahead and at the side of the road, awaited his approach. Duke, the chestnut, snorted and head high, moved mingling steps.

A whinny sounded from the other animal and was answered.

At last they were abreast of each other. Connie Meade guided her horse into the road.

"Do you mind if I ride with you?" she asked.

#### CHAPTER IV

THEIR greetings over, they traveled for a time in silence. Then the girl said abruptly:

"Why are you following us?"

"I really don't know," Calvert answered.

"Curiosity, perhaps."

"About your horses? I've told you we didn't steal them."

"Suppose some workman wanted to sell them?"

"To us?" She laughed cynically. "It takes money to buy horses."

Again they rode without speaking. Then he asked:

"How far are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know. Until the show falls to pieces, I suppose."

"I mean to-night."

"We're trying to make Great Bend."

"That's twenty-nine miles. But it's not hard traveling."

"Anyway," she said, "we'll be ahead of time there. We had planned to stay in Fremont for two days. It doesn't make much difference."

"You're not very enthusiastic."

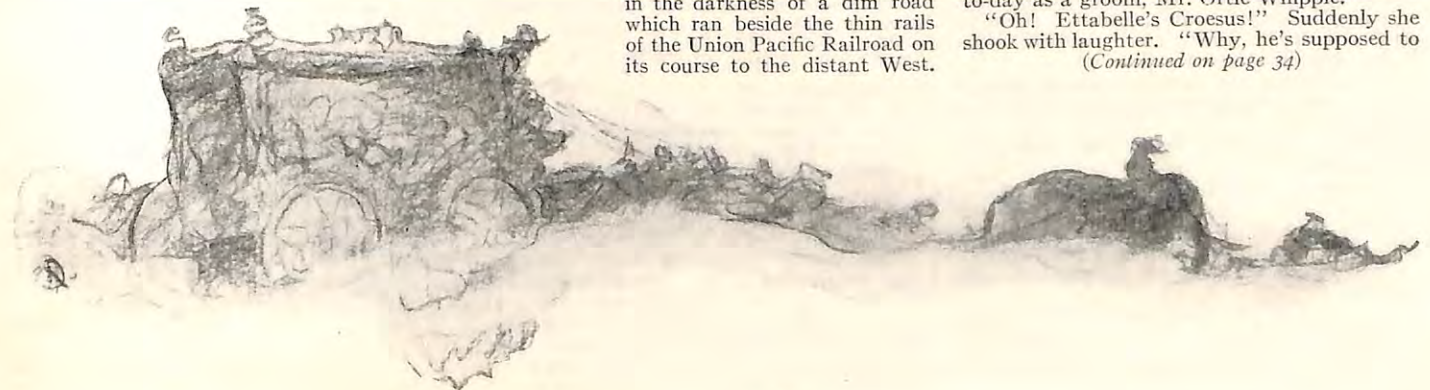
She sighed.

"No—not enthusiastic. But I'm not pessimistic either. You see, Mother isn't well. She thinks that every next town will be a gold mine. She wants to go all the way to the Pacific Coast. It's not feasible, but we try not to cross her. Even my cousin, our advance agent, has to do what she tells him, and he's closer to her than anyone. Leonard Purcell. He's not exactly my cousin—he's Mother Meade's nephew. If you're curious long enough, you'll meet him. He often waits for the show."

"Oh, I'm terribly curious. You see, a good friend of the show works for me. I hired him to-day as a groom, Mr. Ortie Whipple."

"Oh! Ettabelle's Croesus!" Suddenly she shook with laughter. "Why, he's supposed to

(Continued on page 34)



(Continued from page 33)

own the richest gold mine in Colorado! Etta-belle thinks he must be worth a million."

Calvert chuckled.

"Maybe he took the job because we're going West."

"We?"

"Aren't we going West?" countered Calvert.

"The show is, of course."

He veered the conversation.

"About those horses, Miss Meade. There is only one thing that puzzles me. Why should my particular string have been singled out?"

"I suppose every one asks that when a robbery occurs—why they should have been the one to lose!"

"But isn't it queer that my horses should happen to be trained to the ring?"

"Just what do you mean?"

He hesitated. Then:

"I thought the name of Calvert was fairly well known."

He heard her gasp.

"Are you Bob Calvert?" As quickly she answered herself: "You're not!"

"But I am," he laughed. "At least, I'm the fellow named Bob Calvert who makes a living by doing a circus equestrian act."

"But why aren't you with your show?"

"I am—Meade's Great Western Circus."

"Oh, don't joke. I've enough sense to know that you're the star rider of Montgomery and Queen."

"I was. You see," there was a drawl to his voice. "I spent the winter in Deadwood. A few days before I was to join the show, I had an accident. It took me out of the business for awhile."

"That doesn't make any difference. Any circus would hold a job for Bob Calvert."

"Would Meade's Great Western?"

"Don't tease!"

"But I'm serious."

"Why?"

"Because I'm interested in the show—interested in you, if I must make myself plain."

"Please—"

"Oh," he laughed. "It's purely professional."

"That's better."

Calvert chuckled.

"I was afraid maybe you'd run me away."

"I won't."

"But someone else will? Mr. Purcell, for instance?"

"Of course he wouldn't. He'd be glad to have you. Besides, Mr. Purcell is enough of a gentleman to believe that your interest is purely professional." Then she asked suddenly: "What do you mean by that, anyway?"

"Nothing except that when I've watched you ride, I've noticed—"

"Then that's where I've seen you!" she exclaimed. "You've been coming to the show. You were there to-day."

"And several other days."

"Purely professionally?" she bantered.

"Of course."

"Oh."

AGAIN there was a long silence. Calvert looked ahead, at the line of wagons, each with its shadowy driver, the bulk of Queen Bess swaying beside her taciturn keeper. Darkness seemed to make the little circus all the tinier, more vulnerable. At last he said:

"You've got the fundamentals of a great rider. And I want the adventure of trying to help this show."

"That's so foolish. We couldn't even begin to pay you."

"Suppose I didn't ask for pay."

"But why? You don't know us. You were awfully kind to us this afternoon—we appreciate it. But to ask you to come along—to put up with things as they are on this show—"

"I've put up with plenty in my life," the man answered. "I was born on a show like this."

"Then you should have had your fill of it."

"Have you?"

"No." She tossed her head defiantly. "But my case is different."

"May I ask a question? Is Mrs. Meade the widow of Joshua Meade, who was formerly a partner of the Mullins and Hart Circus?"

"Yes."

"He committed suicide, last year, didn't he? Financial difficulties?"

"Yes."

"Then why are you out here? Didn't Mrs. Meade retain her interest in the Mullins and Hart Circus?"

"No one seems to know." Suddenly she said: "It's so hard to get anything out of her. Even Leonard says he can't find the bottom of her muddled affairs. You see," the girl explained. "Mother didn't know much about the business end of Dad's life. When he killed himself, she was almost out of her mind for months. Leonard was away: I tried to do the best I could; but she was always calling for him. He got back just in time to be sent out again on a most urgent matter."

"Out West, perhaps?" asked Calvert casually.

"NO. Down South, Atlanta, Georgia. He had some very important business there. But he gave it up and came back when Mother got the idea of putting out this circus, and got together some old equipment from Mullins and Hart. Leonard says he tried to talk her out of it. She never would let me attend any of their meetings. Mother never could bring herself to care much for me—I was Dad's girl."

"I understand," answered Calvert. "That is, I was told—"

"There isn't anything to hide," the girl answered quickly. "My real father and mother were both friends of Dad's. They died during the epidemic about ten years ago. Dad took me, with the idea of making me an apprentice in his riding act. You see, they'd had a child of their own, Richard, who died when he was about seven; he had all his father's riding technique. Mother Meade had centered her ambitions on Dick; she wouldn't let Dad teach me anything."

"So, everything I know, I've just picked up. Dad bought into Mullins and Hart shortly after that. That took him out of the riding act. Every time Mother Meade would catch me trying to practice, she'd spank me. She said I was too old to learn. Shucks! I was only nine." Then she laughed. "There! I've told my age."

"You could have cut off two years."

The girl faced him, pleasantly quizzical.

"Did you say you were a rider or writer? You're terribly good at fiction."

It was the beginning of a bantering conversation leading to a common basis. Connie Meade was lonely. Bob Calvert was no less so. It was good to hear the rocking truckle of circus wagons again, the snort of a horse, the faint clink of harness. But suddenly his thoughts jerked back to Fremont, and he rose in his saddle, staring against the darkness, far to the right.

"Can you see anybody riding along the side of that hill?" he asked abruptly.

She looked quickly.

"I thought I heard hoofbeats. It might have been cattle."

"No, horses. Two of them."

"Maybe a settler's team."

"Perhaps."

It was dismissed. At last she said:

"Do you know, I just had a feeling you'd follow us—I don't know why."

"Did you want me to?"

"Yes, I did," Connie answered frankly.

"This show needs a deliverer."

"I can't promise to be that."

"No—but it's good to know somebody takes an interest in us. Everybody here has lost hope. It was all so different when Dad was alive and we were with the big show. We were back East, people all seemed so glad when we came to town. But out here in the West, they seem to hate us."

"So I wished you'd come along to the next town—just because you were friendly. I usually ride with Mother in the buggy. But to-night, I told her I thought I'd take one of the horses. Finally she got to dozing—so I came back. And here we were."

"May I stay?"

"I wish you could," she answered earnestly. "But Mother makes all decisions around here, right or wrong." Suddenly she desisted. "I don't know why I should talk this way to a stranger."

Calvert ignored the statement.

"Then Fremont wasn't the first time you'd had trouble?"

"We've had it all along. They always accuse us of carrying gamblers and thieves. Once, in Iowa, we had to pay five hundred dollars to keep the show from being torn to pieces."

Calvert thought a moment.

"Trailers, eh?" he asked. "Crooks following the show and letting townspeople believe they're with the circus. But why? Grafters like to work in big crowds." Suddenly he asked: "Is there some person who wants to wreck this show?"

The girl did not answer at once. Finally she said:

"There might be one."

"Who?"

The girl laughed uneasily.

"And if I were sure, I'd tell you. At least, I'd tell you some time. After all," she said finally, "we just met this afternoon."

"I'd forgotten that," Calvert said. "I—"

He halted. Connie had straightened in her saddle. A heightened call had come from far ahead:

"Constance! Where are you? Constance?"

"It's Mother!" the girl said softly. She touched her horse with her whip.

"Here I am, Mother!" she called.

A moment later, her form dimmed in the darkness of a moonless night. Calvert rode alone.

## CHAPTER V

AT LAST, Calvert went back to Ortie Whipple.

"Coming along all right?" he asked.

"Now you know I ain't doing anything of the kind," Ortie answered disconsolately. "Look here, I ain't no man to tend horses. I own the whole town of Tombstone Peak, Colorado."

"But you told me—"

"I know I told you I was short of money. But if I could just get people into that place, it'd be different. Listen, I got all that ground out there patented. A whole danged town-site, and claims runnin' everywhere. A bunch of fellows was up there about eight winters ago. They staked ground in the show, just to be doing something. Recorded 'em, too. Then they decided there wasn't anything around there, so I bought 'em. There you are—everything just waitin' for the folks to come in."

"That's quite an achievement, Ortie. In the meantime, have you noticed anyone following us, or skirting the road?"

Ortie scratched his head.

"Come to think of it," he said, "I believe somebody rode up behind me about an hour ago. I thought I heard horses—then, all of a sudden, I didn't hear 'em any more."

"Like they'd turned off the road?"

"Now that you mention it," agreed Ortie drearily.

Bob Calvert answered by turning Duke, and riding far off the road. He traveled cautiously, holding far to the right, until he had passed the twinkling lanterns which denoted the circus wagons, and the lone buggy, which preceded them; theoretically to guard their journey, by scattering paper across a divergent road, or to spy out difficult going. There was little need for this. There were few cross routes.

There was only one road, in fact. That was the rutted affair which had been cut by the wagons of the Oregon rush, to be followed by those who had made their way overland to the

# Cross-Word Puzzle

By T. J. Kohanek, Represa, Calif.

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

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

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gold discoveries in Colorado in '59, and again by the Mormons. Even today automobiles follow it under the name of the Lincoln Highway.

At last the bobbing lights of the circus caravan were far behind; Calvert returned to the road again. The absence of the mysterious Joe and Ed from the crowd in front of the livery stable now had caused direct suspicion—perhaps without cause. Certainly, however, someone had passed, and skirted the circus in so doing.

So Calvert rode on, hopeful for the commonplace, watching for the opposite. Three miles passed; Calvert now was moving at a fast trot. Suddenly he slowed Duke's progress. The bulk of a long wooden-covered toll bridge loomed faintly in the distance, crossing the deep-cut ravine of a sluggish stream. With that, Calvert instantly became cautious. Bridges were the chief aid of circus enemies in wagon-show days.

He dismounted, dropping Duke's reins; the chestnut stood motionless. Then, beside him, the rider bent, and endeavored to gain a clearer sight of what lay before him. There was nothing—the toll-keeper's house was in blackness, he could see no sign of movement. There was no whinny of greeting from other horses; Calvert disregarded that. The wind came strongly from the direction of the bridge. And it bore with it a peculiar, jerky sound, too faint to catalogue.

Again he turned to his mount. Duke was nervous, even though obedient. This could mean several things; presence of horses at the toll-keeper's house, or the scent of those two horsemen who had passed the circus and perhaps had halted here for the night. Only one thing really caused suspicion—that queer sound, like a window-shutter swinging rhythmically in the wind, without clatter, and with ceaseless regular movement.

"Steady, Duke!" the man whispered, and, a faint blot in the darkness, crept forward.

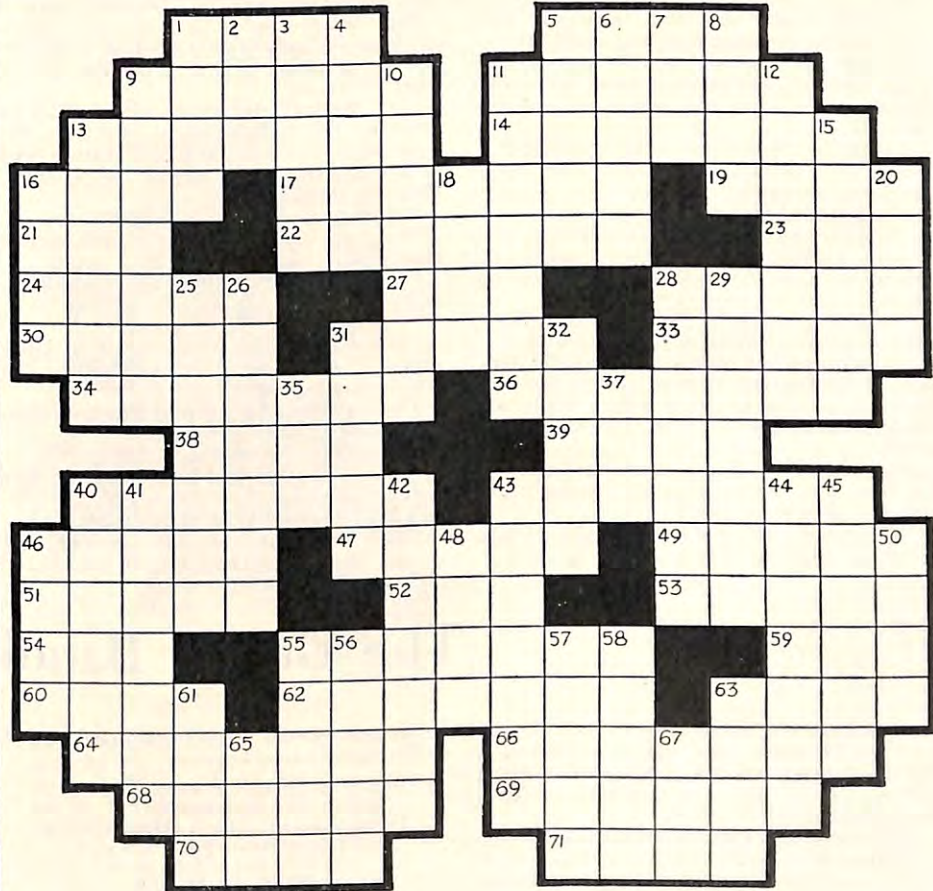
A hundred yards and he paused again. The peculiar noise had become more distinct now, more readily distinguished. Steadily and ceaselessly it sounded; no longer was it to be confused with a swinging shutter on rusty hinges. The tones were gruffer, deeper, a biting crunch which continued without interruption. Calvert bent again and moved more swiftly forward. He reached the locked gate of the toll-bridge and there halted. He knew that sound now. More, he could see ahead.

Almost at the far exit, the forms of three men displayed themselves, one seemingly in command, the other two bending and rising, to the accompaniment of crunching sounds.

**CALVERT** crawled steadily over the gate. His right hand moved for his hip, and raising the skirt of his coat, drew forth the revolver which was holstered there. Then he began a creeping progress, his form tight against the wooden wall of the bridge. He knew now what was going on—an attempt to saw the bridge sufficiently to drop heavy traffic into the river. Closer he crept, then moved suddenly into the center of the structure.

"Put up your hands," he commanded. Instantly the men tangled into a blurring mass, then broke, to disappear in the blackness against the walls of the bridge. Running forward, Calvert put himself in readiness to fire at the first outline of a human form. But suddenly he swerved, and stumbling, staggered aimlessly, as one foot caught against the blade of a saw, left hanging in its groove. His gun clattered to the floor. A second later he felt the drive of a fist against his chin, dazing him for an instant. Then wildly he caught at the clothing of the enemy, striving to hang on against the blows of his assailant. It was useless; a button came off in his grasp; he sprawled to the floor, while hollow sounds gave evidence of hurried retreat by the men he had sought to capture. The equestrian clawed about him for his revolver, searching aimlessly.

(Continued on page 36)



### Across

- 1—Master-stroke
- 5—Given facts
- 9—Cashier
- 11—Ruler
- 13—Tillage
- 14—Heartfelt
- 16—Chafe
- 17—Laughable
- 19—Articles of the same class
- 21—Ventilate
- 22—Plaited
- 23—Immature
- 24—Floating dust in flour mills
- 27—Speck
- 28—Impel
- 30—Slabs of baked clay
- 31—Melodies
- 33—Decreases
- 34—Square meter
- 36—Not developed
- 38—Allowance to a purchaser for

the weight of a container

- 39—Twinkle
- 40—Vibrate
- 43—Intruder
- 46—Unsteady glare
- 47—Exclude
- 49—Sweetheart
- 51—Intertwists
- 52—Large covered vehicle
- 53—Draw out
- 54—Gone by
- 55—Shield
- 59—Grassy field
- 60—Habit
- 62—Dark-red cherry
- 63—Live temporarily
- 64—Variety of tantan-lite
- 66—Instruct
- 68—Covered over with a surface layer
- 69—Bristly
- 70—Chinese monetary unit
- 71—Fissure

### Down

- 1—System of religious rites
- 2—Scrap
- 3—Take possession of by force
- 4—Risk
- 5—Distributed
- 6—Concur
- 7—A cardinal number
- 8—Again
- 9—Childish
- 10—Remainder
- 11—Discounts
- 12—Empress of Russia
- 13—Faultfinder
- 15—Journey over
- 16—Firm
- 18—Image
- 20—Female sheep
- 25—Hazard
- 26—Landed properties
- 28—Diminish
- 29—Irritated
- 31—Cornered

- 32—Large drain for waste matter
- 35—Dexterity
- 37—Among
- 40—Vessel used to serve liquors
- 41—Using few words
- 42—Worshipped
- 43—Becomes suffused
- 44—Vie with
- 45—Flower cluster
- 46—Crack
- 48—Large package prepared for transportation
- 50—Wagon-tongue
- 55—Strike with sudden force
- 56—House for the entertainment of travelers
- 57—Senior
- 58—Course
- 61—Short blast
- 63—Fling
- 65—Bleat
- 67—Pore over

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

(Continued from page 35)

Then, half raised, he watched them mount and ride away, two tall men and a shorter one.

"Joe and Ed and someone else," he conjectured, and rose as a lamp-beam gleamed from the toll-keeper's house.

An hour later, a circus outrider pulled on his horses' reins, fifty yards from the bridge. Together with the toll-keeper they went forward for an investigation.

"Must have known something about elephants," the outrider said. "They sawed at the far end. Old Bess tests every bridge. But she couldn't tell that this thing had been weakened at the other end, now could she?"

At last the show arrived. Now a woman's voice sounded, the strident tones of Mother Meade as she left her buggy and hurried forward.

"Why don't you go on?" she commanded.

"Can't," Calvert answered. "The bridge has been damaged."

She regarded him in the lantern light.

"Who are you? The toll-keeper?"

"No, Mother." Connie Meade had joined the group now. "It's Mr. Bob Calvert, the circus rider."

"Well," she stared. "What of it?" Then, dismissing him: "What about this bridge?"

Already men had gone forward into the darkness of the covered wooden tunnel. Lanterns gleamed, displaying saws which had been abandoned in their grooves. Calvert told his story.

"So you say!" The woman was in one of her suspicious, railing moods. "Maybe you're just trying to be a hero."

"I'm doing nothing of the sort, Mrs. Meade. There's the bridge, take a look at it."

"I can see it!" she answered. "Somebody's sawed it in two—figuring we'd get on it and drop half this show in the river. You know, don't you," she asked, suddenly childish, "that somebody's trying to ruin me? But a bridge won't do it. Nothing can do it. I'm going to take this show all the way to the Pacific Coast and make a million dollars with it."

"Aw, now, Mother, cool down." It was a young fellow, but with the fussy mannerisms of an old man. "Nobody's going to hurt us. Suppose they did saw the bridge. We'll camp here tonight and ford the creek tomorrow."

Mrs. Meade whirled.

"Your job's clowning, Grandma!" She began to rail again. "I don't know this man or what he's up to."

"Oh, Mother!" the girl exclaimed. "Do be sensible. This is Bob Calvert—the rider, the equestrian. And he's our friend. Father tried to hire him three years ago for the big show. Please be nice to him."

"Why should I be nice to him?"

There was no animus in the tone; merely blankness.

"For one thing, he's willing to join our circus, and work for us."

"For how much?"

"For nothing, Mrs. Meade," Calvert interrupted. "I'm going West anyway, and I'm trailing my horses."

The old woman turned away, churlish again, black with suspicion.

"Well, I don't want you."

"I do!" the girl had blocked her. "He's coming with us."

A sneer broke the old woman's lips.

"You want him, eh? Haven't we had enough trouble without taking in strangers?"

She veered again. "Well, are you all just going to stand here, instead of trying to pitch some kind of a camp? We've got to get a meal going. We haven't eaten for hours."

"And we're not going to eat until this matter's settled," Connie answered. "It might as well be now. Mother, you've made unfair accusations. I was riding with Mr. Calvert behind the wagons tonight. He heard people go by—riding out in the brush. He followed them—and found this."

Mother Meade disregarded everything except one statement.

"You were riding with him? Alone?"

"Yes, Mother, alone. What of it?"

"What do you suppose Leonard would think of that?"

The girl stiffened, hands on hips.

"If Leonard doesn't like it, he can lump it. I was talking to Mr. Calvert about nothing except joining this circus, and he's going to join it. Please, Mother, I hate to be obstinate, but we've all listened to your silly schemes until we're desperate. We've got to have help—somebody who really knows the business and who can get the business. Leonard does everything he can, but he's in advance. Bob Calvert knows this country. He's a great rider. People know his name. If he's willing to be with us, we're going to have him."

The old woman looked about her. Teamster, workman and performer had echoed Connie Meade's decision. Mother Meade looked about her.

"So nobody cares anything about me." She rubbed her tired eyes. "We'll give him one chance," she said at last. "But that's all. Then we'll see who's running this show."

(To be continued)

## The Gentle Bandit

(Continued from page 11)

trouble," said Black Bart, "but necessity knows no law. I'll leave your rifle and the box in the road here, but don't return for them within an hour. Drive on now, please. Good-by, and thank you."

Half a mile down the road the driver looked back over his shoulder and saw Black Bart seated upon the strong-box, writing industriously. A posse was hastily organized by the sheriff of Sonoma County as soon as the robbery had been reported in Fort Ross, and the near-by mountains were thoroughly searched, but without finding any trace of the bandit. The posse did find, however, fluttering from a nail which had been driven into a tree, by the side of the road, the waybill certifying to the contents of the strong-box. On the back of the bill Black Bart had inscribed his maiden effort at poetry:

I've labored long and hard for bread,  
For honor and for riches;  
But on my corns too long you've tread,  
You fine-haired . . .  
Black Bart, the POS  
Dedicated to Wells, Fargo & Company.

This sort of thing was entirely outside the experience of the sheriff and his deputies, and they concluded that the robbery, and especially the poetry, had been the work of a drunken or insane man, and that more hold-ups need not be expected. As a precautionary measure, however, armed guards were placed upon the stage-coaches throughout that part of California, but they were soon removed when Black Bart failed to reappear, and again the stages clattered over the mountain roads with the drivers alone upon the boxes. And not long after the guards had been dismissed, Black Bart stepped from behind a big rock and very courteously held up a stage-coach on the Quincy-Oroville road, in Butte county near the Feather River, stealing jewelry, gold coin, and bullion worth several thousand dollars. Again a posse rode through the mountain passes, but returned empty-handed except for another

verse, written on a waybill and found tacked to the empty strong-box:

Here I lay me down to sleep,  
To wait the coming morrow;  
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat,  
And everlasting sorrow.  
Yet come what will—I'll try it on;  
My condition can't be worse.  
And, if there's money in that box,  
'Tis money for my purse.

Black Bart, the POS.

The authorities still shook their heads over the poetry, but the success of Black Bart's second attempt at robbery convinced them that he was a very daring and resourceful outlaw, and neither drunken nor insane, although, perhaps, a bit eccentric. Heavily armed posses, reinforced by detectives employed by Wells, Fargo & Company, and by special agents of the Federal government, took the field from half a dozen towns to make an extensive search of the mountain regions, and police departments throughout the state were asked to keep a close watch in the cities. To make the detectives more eager for the chase, the government, the Post Office Department, and Wells, Fargo & Company offered rewards totalling \$300 for the bandit's capture. This amount was increased after each subsequent robbery, until Black Bart roamed the hills—and promenaded the streets of San Francisco—with a price of \$18,000 upon his head. He kept himself well informed as to the progress of the search, for he frequently dined in San Francisco with some of the detectives who were so eagerly looking for him! He is said to have actually accompanied them on two or three excursions into the Barbary Coast, after they had received false information that the bandit was hiding in that area of vice and corruption. And up in the mountains Black Bart's loyal friends kept the posses on the run with absurd rumors and elaborate descriptions which fitted almost everyone in California except the man they wanted.

Despite the energetic activities of the

authorities, Black Bart remained at large, and continued to hold up stage-coaches, at intervals of three or four months, until the fall of 1888. He soon became the most talked-of outlaw in the West, and acquired an extraordinary reputation by the gentleness and courtesy with which he pursued his nefarious occupation. He seldom gave a command to his victims without adding "please," and he always seemed to be genuinely distressed by the cruel necessity—as he termed it—which compelled him to rifle the United States mails and empty the Wells, Fargo strong-boxes. He never robbed the passengers of a stage-coach, and if a woman was among them, he invariably apologized profusely and removed his hat, though not the flour sack which shielded his face. Moreover, he always had a piece of candy and a trinket or two for the children. He usually made a little speech when he bestowed these gifts, vowing that, if he had only had children of his own, he would have remained an honest man. At least half the time he dashed off a bit of verse and left it at the scene of a robbery, tacked to a tree or to the empty strong-box. Most of these effusions were dedicated to Wells, Fargo & Company, although occasionally he remembered the United States government. Few examples of his literary product survive, which is, perhaps, just as well, for he was immeasurably more gifted as a bandit than as a poet.

As criminals usually do, Black Bart eventually became careless, and his carelessness cost him his liberty. He held up his last stage-coach on November 3, 1883, on a well-traveled highway about three miles west of Copperopolis, in Calaveras County, California, and in preparing for the enterprise he made half a dozen blunders, all possessing fatal possibilities. He operated in territory where he had never before appeared, and where he was unknown to the mountain people. To them he was just another outlaw. He bought corn and a new flour sack from a woman who later identified his photograph. He made no effort to avoid being

seen by a hunter, known as Old Martin, whom he encountered on the mountainside. Old Martin also identified his photograph. It was Black Bart's custom to select a vantage point high up in the hills and, with a spy-glass, to watch the stage as it rolled along the road several miles away, to determine if there were any passengers and whether anyone but the driver was on the box. On this occasion he didn't watch long enough. He failed to see the stage stop and take aboard a boy carrying a rifle; nor did he see the boy, who was looking for strayed cattle, get down a little later, and go into the woods not a hundred yards from the thicket in which the bandit crouched. The revolver with which he intimidated the driver was old, worn, and rusted, and a slight jar was sufficient to break it and, so, betray the fact that it was unloaded. Finally—and this was the worst blunder of all—when he changed into his rough clothing he put in his pocket a white silk handkerchief bearing his private laundry mark—F.O.X.7.

THE first part of the robbery went through exactly as Black Bart had planned. He stopped the stage, which carried no passengers, and ordered the driver, whose name was McConnell, to unhitch the horses and stand with them behind the vehicle. Then he carried the strong-box to the side of the road and set to work upon the lock. But it was a new lock, and strong, and Black Bart worked for almost half an hour before he succeeded in opening the box. Meanwhile the boy with the rifle had come out of the woods some fifty yards from the stage-coach, and stood at the side of the road looking idly about for something to shoot. Black Bart was very intent upon the box and didn't see him. McConnell edged around until the stage-coach screened him from the bandit, and, at length, succeeded in attracting the boy's attention. He enjoined silence and caution by placing a finger upon his lips, and motioned for the boy to creep through the bushes and join him. This the lad did, and, hidden from Black Bart's view by the coach and horses, finally stepped into the roadway and handed the rifle to McConnell just as the bandit flung back the lid of the box. McConnell peeked around the stage-coach to see Black Bart drop his revolver and plunge both hands into the box, from which they emerged clutching a bundle of papers and a canvas sack containing gold amalgam, dust and coin worth about \$4,800. The revolver had broken when it struck the ground, and McConnell saw, to his amazement, that it contained no cartridges. Realizing that he had nothing to fear, the driver stepped boldly into the open, levelled the rifle at Black Bart and fired—and missed, although the range was less than twenty feet. Almost at the crack of the gun the bandit plunged into the thicket, carrying the canvas sack but dropping the papers and abandoning his carpetbag and useless revolver. As he crashed through the underbrush McConnell reloaded and fired two more shots, neither of which struck their mark. Black Bart escaped with the plunder, which he hid in a hollow log not more than a hundred feet from the road. Then, it was learned later, he made his way on foot over the mountains to Carson City and Reno, in Nevada. A week or so later he returned to San Francisco and once more became Charles E. Bolton, the rich mine owner.

Detectives, who searched the thicket in which the bandit had sought refuge from McConnell's bullets, discovered evidence which eventually brought Black Bart to book. The bandit's derby had fallen off and lay on the ground, the carpetbag was still by the side of the road, and hanging on a bush was the white silk handkerchief with its incriminating laundry mark. Apparently it had caught on a projecting twig and had been pulled from his pocket. The hat bore no distinguishing marks, and nothing of importance was found in the carpetbag, but the handkerchief was reckoned the best clue to the outlaw's identity that had

yet come into the hands of the authorities. It was sent to San Francisco to Detective Harry N. Morse, a former Sheriff, who had often predicted that Black Bart would finally be found in one of the larger Western cities. Assisted by Captain John Thacker, head of Wells, Fargo & Company's detective force, Morse began a systematic canvass of San Francisco's ninety-one laundries and wash-houses. For several days they were unsuccessful, but on November 12, 1883, their search ended in a Bush Street laundry operated by a man named Ware. When they told Ware that they had found the handkerchief and wanted to return it to the owner, the laundry-



man immediately identified the mark as that used by Mr. Bolton, the well-known mining man. As Ware and the detectives stood talking in the doorway of the laundry, Ware suddenly said:

"Here comes Mr. Bolton down the street now. I'll introduce you."

Black Bart acknowledged the introduction with his usual charm and graciousness. Morse and Thacker said that they had heard him highly spoken of as a mine expert, and asked him to inspect some ore which they had just brought into San Francisco. The outlaw expressed his willingness to be of service, and unsuspectingly accompanied the detectives to the offices of Wells, Fargo & Company in Sansome Street, where he soon learned their real reason for seeking his acquaintance. Outwardly calm, but perspiring freely, Black Bart maintained his innocence and protested vigorously against his detention, offering to produce witnesses to prove that he was a reputable business man and an honest citizen. The white handkerchief, he said, was his, but he pointed out that he might have lost it in any number of places, and that there were many ways whereby it might have found its way into the outlaw's pocket. He denied ownership of the derby, although it fitted him perfectly, and said that he had never before seen the handbag. But, when he admitted that he had been away from San Francisco on the day of the hold-up, Morse and Thacker officially placed him under arrest and had him photographed. The next day they took him to San Andreas, the capital of the county in which the robbery had occurred, where the entire population turned out to see him, astonished that such a distinguished-looking gentleman could even be suspected of being the notorious Black Bart.

Morse, Thacker, and the sheriff of Calaveras County tried for several days to induce Black Bart to confess, but without success. Meanwhile McConnell, the stage-coach driver, had partially identified him, and his picture had been recognized by the hunter, Old Martin,

and by the woman who had sold him the corn and the flour sack, as that of a man who had at least been near the scene of the hold-up. Finally, almost a week after his arrest, Morse and Thacker took the outlaw into a private room and carefully detailed all the evidence which had been gathered against him. Black Bart listened attentively, and then said:

"I don't admit I did this, but what would happen to the man who did, if he should confess?"

"Well," said Morse, "he'd save the county the trouble and expense of a trial, and he'd probably get a lighter sentence."

"And what if he restored the money taken in the last hold-up?"

"That would help, too."

"All right, then," said the outlaw. "I confess. I'm Black Bart."

He wrote and signed a confession in which he said that he had become a road agent in desperation after having failed to amass a fortune in forty-five years of hard work. He then guided Morse and Thacker over twenty miles of mountain roads to the hollow log in which he had secreted the canvas sack. The treasure was found intact and restored to Wells, Fargo & Company. A few days later Black Bart was arraigned in the Superior Court at Mokelumne Hill, where he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to six years in San Quentin Prison.

There was very nearly as much over-emphasis of crime and criminals in those early days as now, and Black Bart found himself the lion of the hour when he arrived at the City Prison in San Francisco, where convicts from other parts of California were usually held for several days before being sent on to San Quentin across the Bay. Half the city's population, it seemed, flocked to the jail to see him, and the authorities obligingly left open both his cell door and the outer jail door, so his visitors could come and go at their pleasure. Many women sent flowers and wanted to visit him, but the outlaw refused to see them. Courteous to the last, he expressed the fear that they might receive unfavorable publicity.

Black Bart told the authorities that he had so-called himself after a character, whom he greatly admired, in a serial story published in 1875 in the *Sacramento Union*. But who he really was and where he came from were never known. Throughout his imprisonment he kept obstinately silent about his antecedents. He admitted that the name of Bolton was an alias, and said that in other cities he had been known as Charles Barlow and T. Z. Spaulding, although he insisted that the first criminal act of his life was the robbery of the Fort Ross stage-coach in 1877. He was variously reported to have been born in New York, in Ohio, and in Illinois, but the only thing that was ever definitely learned about him was that as Charles E. Boles he had served through the Civil War as first lieutenant in an Illinois regiment. Boles was probably his real name, for, when detectives searched his rooms in San Francisco, they found, besides many volumes of romantic poetry, a Bible with the flyleaf inscribed, "To my beloved husband, Charles E. Boles." A story gained some credence in San Francisco that the proper spelling of the name was Bowles, and that the bandit was a member of the famous Bowles family of Massachusetts. This, however, was soon disproven.

When he was released from San Quentin, in 1880, Black Bart came to San Francisco and called upon his captors. He assured them that he bore no ill-will, and promised that he would never commit another crime.

"What's you going to do now?" asked Thacker. "Write poetry?"

"Didn't you hear me say I'd never commit another crime?"

Laughing, Black Bart walked out of Thacker's office, and that was the last public appearance of the gentlest, most courteous bandit who ever held up a stage-coach. He dropped out of sight, and was never heard of again.

# Dumb-bell of Brookfield

(Continued from page 16)

Presently he came to a big room, and saw Peter and the pretty lady and a tall man looking at the wonder dog. He wished to keep out of sight until Peter was ready to go. The recess of the bay window seemed an excellent retreat and he slipped into it. A doggy smell came to him as he did so. He advanced and found a huge chair with bulging arms and a well-hollowed seat.

He loved the chair at sight. It seemed so friendly and safe. It seemed to hold out its arms to him in welcome. Why, it actually seemed glad to see him! Perhaps it didn't know that he was a runt. . . . He curled down into its soft hollow with a deep sigh of contentment.

The master of Brookfield was still staring at the wonder dog.

"How did you do it, Peter?" he said at last. "He's too good to be true!"

"E'll be true," said Peter, "if breedin'll do it. 'E's by Dan Gath, out of Black-eyed Susan. You get one like 'im out of a thousand matin's—maybe."

"He's handsome enough," said the master of Brookfield. "But—what will he do in the field?"

"Listen," said Peter; "I've 'ad 'im on larks a time or two, an' I'm tellin' you now, we never bred a faster, wider, 'igher-'eaded goin' pup . . . but one." He glanced toward the leather chair, and a look of bewilderment came into his face, which changed to one of horror. "Eavens above!" he said. "Look there!"

They followed his gaze, conscious for the first time of a strange sound which rose and fell steadily in the bay window.

**C**URLED deep in Roderigo's chair was the runt, and, as Peter told the kennel men afterward, "E was snorin' that 'eavy you could 'ear 'im all through the room."

"And what the devil is that?" said the master of Brookfield, after a stunned silence.

"The runt of the last litter by the old dog," said Peter. "E just come along."

"Yes—I see he did," said the master of Brookfield. "Come here, you!" he called.

The runt opened one eye, twitched his tail sleepily, and closed the eye again. That was all.

A whip hung in the bay window. The terrier who lived at the house could have told the runt what that whip was for. In the moment the tall man stood above him.

"Get down out of that!" he said, and flicked the whip over the chair.

The runt was frightened. The big chair was his only friend, it seemed. He shrank deeper into it as the whip was raised above him.

"Don't! Please, Jim!" said the mistress of Brookfield. "He's so little. He'll learn soon enough." She came and took the runt by his scruff. "Get down, little mannie," she said, "this place isn't for you."

"I 'ope not!" said Peter.

"Never mind, Peter," she said. "It isn't his fault that he's little, and that was his daddy's chair. . . . Oh, Jim! See that dumb-bell on his side! Look! It's perfect!"

"That's too bad!" said the master of Brookfield, examining the mark.

"Why too bad?" asked Mrs. Gregory.

The master of Brookfield winked at Peter. "We'll never be able to lose him," he explained. "Will we?" he said to the runt, and the runt looked up and grinned.

Mrs. Gregory gave a quick little gasp.

"I hate such jokes!" she said. "Is he registered, Peter?"

"No, mem," said Peter.

"Well, register him as Brookfield Dumb-Bell—and give him every chance." Suddenly she stepped close to the runt. "You two may have the beauty there," she flashed; "and his missy will look after him!"

"Why, Chief!" said the master of Brookfield. "I don't care!" she said. "He's little—and I think he knows it—and it isn't his fault!" Then she went out of the room.

The master of Brookfield rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Now what did we do, Peter?" he asked.

It was a hot summer that year. Day after day the sun glared down at Brookfield, and the runt panted as he followed Peter. Often when visitors arrived and Peter was told to bring the wonder dog to the house, the runt came along.

He was always embarrassed during these

tress of Brookfield touched one of them with her finger tips.

"The little chap," she said, "goes in this crate to-night. Do you understand me, Peter?"

"Yes, mem," said Peter.

"And, Peter—tell Ramsey to send the training bills to me."

"Yes, mem," said Peter.

Two weeks later the mails brought a letter to Brookfield. It was addressed to Peter, and this is how it ran:

Emeryville, Tennessee, R. R. No. 4,  
Sept. 6, 19—

Friend Peter:

I take shame in telling you the small pup is lost. He found a bevy the first day I took him out, chased when they flushed, and I ain't see him since. I've hunted the country over and offered big rewards. Tell Mrs. Gregory, and say a good word for me. The big pup is doing fine. I like every move he makes. I'll keep on looking for the little pup, and that's all at present.

Yours in friendship,  
W. Ramsey.

Peter sat on a sawhorse and slowly read his letter. He moved to an overturned grindstone, seeking a better light, and read it again. He looked up toward the house, a black pile against the setting sun, and whistled softly.

"E'll will be to pay shortly," he muttered, and moved reluctantly to his doom.

The master of Brookfield had been to the cattle barns to watch the milking. When he returned he found that Peter was something of a prophet. He found his lady bathed in tears, Peter standing miserably before her, and maids running in all directions.

"I'm going to Tennessee to-night!" she gasped. "Read that!"

"But, Chief!" said the master of Brookfield when he had read the letter. "You couldn't possibly do any good down there. If Ramsey, who knows every foot of the country, can't find him, how can you expect to?"

"I'll send down a motor and ride all day," she told him. "You can come too—and Peter—and Felix to drive. . . ."

"Is that all?" he said. "We'll be quite a party. It's out of the question, my dear. . . . I'll tell Ramsey to double the reward and do everything possible. . . . You'll make yourself sick if you don't stop crying!"

"We have lost him, you see! In spite of your horrid joke about it. Now I hope you and Peter are satisfied! I'll write to Ramsey!" she added ominously. "Oh, I'll write to him!"

When W. Ramsey, Esq., received a letter a few days later he whistled over it much as Peter had whistled over his.

"I guess I'd better quit trainin'," he muttered, "an' go to pup huntin' for a profession!"

And until he went West with his "string," the redoubtable Bill Ramsey, high-priced specialist in the training and handling of field trial setters, turned his field work and yard-breaking over to an assistant, and scoured the country day after day. But no one had seen a "real small setter with a funny mark on his side," and he never found a trace of what he sought.

**B**ROOKFIELD Beau Brummel No. 43721 F. D. S. B., for such was now the wonder dog's official title, was taken to a country where he could go far, and fast, and wide.

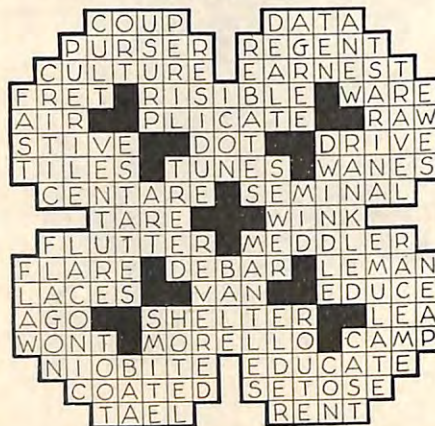
In the cramped valleys and thicket-rimmed fields of the East, bobwhite lives close to cover, and field trial dogs are educated in the land of the prairie chicken, where their handlers can keep them in sight for mile after level mile.

The Beau was put down one morning with the veteran Rappahannock as guide, counselor, and friend. The sun was beginning to climb the

(Continued on page 40)

## Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 35)



visits. He felt smaller than ever in the stately rooms of the big house. But he remembered his friend the chair, and while the visitors were exclaiming over the wonder dog, he would slip away quietly and crawl into it.

He was whipped for this several times, but he never seemed to learn; so, at last, he was put back in runway No. 9, where there were no chairs at all, only loneliness and an occasional sparrow.

One day the master of Brookfield visited the kennels.

"Peter," he said, "ship the Dan Gath puppy to Ramsey, in Tennessee. Ship him to-morrow night. Wire Ramsey. . . . Hot, isn't it?"

"What about 'im?" said Peter, jerking his thumb toward a runway.

"What do you mean?" asked the master of Brookfield. Then he saw the occupant of No. 9 staring wistfully out at Peter.

"Oh!" he said, "You break him this fall for a shooting dog. He ought to have nose on him."

As Peter was going over a dog crate next day, he looked up to find the mistress of Brookfield watching him.

"Good morning, Peter," she said. "What's that crate for?"

"I'm shippin' the Dan Gath pup away to-night, mem," said Peter. "E's to 'ave a chance at the trials."

"Why have you brought out only one crate?" asked the mistress of Brookfield.

"I'm only shippin' one dog," said Peter, tapping away with his hammer.

"Oh!" said she. "And when does the runt go?"

"E don't go," said Peter. "I'm to break 'im myself—for a shootin' dog."

"Peter!" said the mistress of Brookfield.

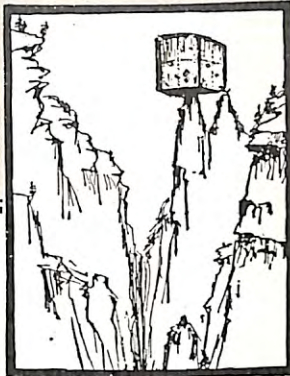
"Yes, mem," said Peter uneasily.

"Get out another crate, please." And when two crates stood side by side, the mis-



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If we transported that box to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and balanced it neatly on the low stone wall that keeps people from breaking their necks when stunned by the incredible beauty of that silent witness of the forces of Eternity, and then called little Noodle, the dachshund, and told him (the tiny beast is very intelligent and loves to oblige) to give the unwieldy contraption a slight push with his soft brown nose, there would be a moment of crunching and ripping as the wooden planks loosened stones and shrubs and trees on their downward path, and then a low and even softer bumpity-bumpity-bump and a sudden splash when the outer edges struck the banks of the Colorado River.

Then silence and oblivion!  
The human sardines in their mortuary chest would soon be forgotten. The Canyon would go on battling wind and air and sun and rain as it has done since it was created. The world would continue to run its even course through the uncharted heavens. The astronomers on distant and nearby planets would have noticed nothing out of the ordinary. A century from now, a little mound, densely covered with vegetable matter, would perhaps indicate where humanity lay buried.

And that would be all.

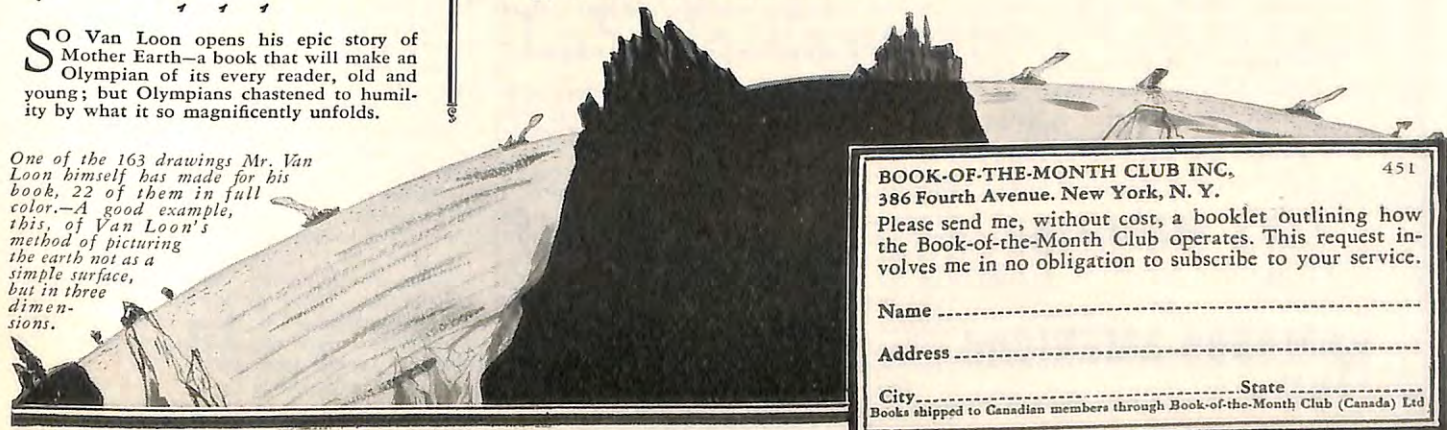
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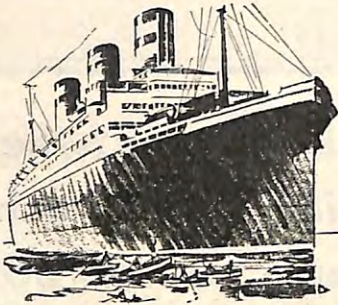
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(Continued from page 38)

eastern side of the huge blue void which domed an ocean of grass.

"Hi, yah! Get away!" yelled Ramsey. Rappahannock, free of the leash, shot over a gentle rise and was gone. He had eaten up a good half-mile of country when the frost-bitten grass began to whisper just behind him. He flattened out in a desperate effort to shake off the whisper, but the whisper grew to the soft pad, pad of flying feet, as the Beau, moving like oil, flowed past.

Ramsey lowered his field glasses and smiled. "Look out for that one, Mike," he called to his assistant. "They've bred another bird dog at Brookfield!"

As time went on and the Beau developed into a prodigy of speed, range, and nose, Peter went about his work with a faraway look in his eyes. His body was at Brookfield, his spirit in Manitoba. The Beau would make his first start in the great Canadian stake, and—"They can't beat him!" was the word that came from Ramsey.

ON the day the stake was run Peter sat on the grindstone and whittled. He spoke no word to anyone. Late in the evening the telephone bell rang in the kennels, but Peter never stirred. A kennel boy approached him timidly.

"They want you up to the house," said the boy; and Peter closed his knife and rose.

He found the mistress of Brookfield in the living-room. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes like stars. She was dancing about the master of Brookfield with a fluttering telegram in her hand.

"Peter!" she said, "Oh, Peter! See what our boy's done!"

Peter read the telegram, then looked at the master of Brookfield through half-shut lids.

"If they don't watch 'im 'e'll take the National," he said.

"It's possible," said the master of Brookfield. "Yes, it's possible."

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Gregory. "Didn't you know that? He's to be champion. . . . Outclassed his field!" she sang. "Did you read that, Peter? Read it again."

This was only the beginning. The Beau swept through field trial after field trial, piling victory upon victory. He won again in Canada. He came nearer home, into Illinois, to take the Independent All Age from the best dogs in the land. He went down into Georgia, and left his field gasping behind him in the select continental. He won "off by himself," as Ramsey said, in the Eastern Subscription against twenty-five starters, and "every dog worth a million dollars!"

He was certain to take the National. No other dog could stand his pace in the three-hour running of the Championship. Rival handlers conceded this, and Black-eyed Susan came into her own.

"Susan is trying not to look down on the rest of us, Peter," explained the mistress of Brookfield.

Peter watched Black-eyed Susan partake of crackers and cream languidly, and from a silver spoon.

"I can't say as 'ow you're 'elpin' 'er much," he said.

Then, suddenly, Ramsey was smitten with inflammatory rheumatism, and the Beau was turned over to Scott Benson, who would handle him in his other engagements.

"Don't worry," Peter told the master of Brookfield. "Scott's a good 'andler. It's all over, anyway, but the United States and the Championship. . . . Are you goin' down?"

"To the National? Why, yes," said the master of Brookfield. He caught a wistful look in Peter's eyes. "Would you care to go?" he asked.

Peter bent over and picked up a willow twig for whittling purposes.

"Why, I expect the boys could look after things here for a day or two," he said.

The United States All Age was the last big

stake before the Championship. On the morning after it was run, Peter was whistling as he sprinkled the whelping shed with disinfectant. Footsteps crunched on the gravel outside and he stepped to the door. The master of Brookfield stood there with a newspaper in his hand.

"He was beaten, Peter," he said.

"Not," said Peter. And after a silence—"What beat 'im?"

"Little Sam," said the master of Brookfield.

"An' who is Little Sam?" asked Peter.

"I don't know," said the master of Brookfield. "I never heard of him before. Our dog was second. Here! Read it yourself."

The dispatch was short:

Grand Junction, Tenn.,  
Jan. 8.

"In the All Age stake of the United States Field Trial Club, Little Sam, lemon and white setter, handled by C. E. Todd, was first. Brookfield Beau Brummel, black, white, and ticked setter, handled by Scott Benson, was second. Thirty-two starters."

"C. E. Todd!" said Peter. "Why, that's Old Man Todd—'e's eighty years old if 'e's a day! What's 'e doin' back in the game?"

"Don't ask me!" said the master of Brookfield. "He's back, it would seem, and he's brought a dog."

"Do you think 'e'll start 'im in the National?" Peter inquired.

"I presume so," said the master of Brookfield. "You're to bring the Beau home, Peter—if he wins."

"An' if 'e don't—win?" asked Peter.

"Why, then," said the master of Brookfield, "he can stay in training and try again next year."

Three days later the mistress of Brookfield stood with Black-eyed Susan in the high stone arch of the front entrance. "You're to bring home the champion, Peter!" she called. "Don't fail us, will you?—Susy and me? There's some light underwear in the black bag, Jim; it may be warm in Tennessee. Good-by . . . Good-by, Peter. . . . Your shaving things are in the small bag, Jim! Peter—Peter! Don't forget Susy and me—we'll be waiting!"

"No, mem," said Peter stoutly. But, as he watched the landscape slide steadily northward, the ties clicked a fearsome refrain: "Little Sam!" they said, "Little Sam!"

Grand Junction was reached at last. Scott Benson was the first to greet them at the packed and roaring hotel.

"Well," said the master of Brookfield, "how does it look?"

The trainer shook his head.

"Bad, Mr. Gregory," he said. "We've got an awful dog to beat."

"You mean the dog that old Todd's got?" said Peter.

"Yes," said Scott. "That's what I mean—but he ain't a dog."

"What is 'e, then?" asked Peter.

"He's a flyin' machine, with a telescope nose. You got a grand dog, Mr. Gregory, a grand dog. A gamer dog never lived—he'll try all the way; but this here dog that old fool's got a hold of somehow ain't human. In three hours he'll find all the quail in the state!"

"What's 'e look like, an' 'ow's 'e bred?" Peter inquired.

"Get ready to laugh," said Scott. "I forgot to tell you. His breedin' is unknown, an' he ain't as big as a stud beagle."

That evening was a trial. Beau Brummel seemed forgotten. The hotel lobby echoed with the name of Little Sam.

"He must be a great dog," smiled the master of Brookfield. "I'll enjoy seeing him run. I think I'll turn in now, Major, if you'll excuse me. I'm a little tired from the trip."

Peter sat up longer, half-listening to the babble about him. At last he became conscious of a hissing for silence as the secretary climbed to a table top and began to read the drawings for the National.

"Belwin with Dan's Lady!" read the secretary. "Opal Jane with Rappahannock! Bingo with Prince Rodney!" and so the starters in the

Championship were paired. At last, at the very end, the secretary paused an instant and smiled grimly. "Brookfield Beau Brummell with Little Sam!" he read, and there was a roar that shook the hotel.

Chuck Sellers leaped upon Peter and took him to his bosom.

"Stick around, Pete!" he yelled. "Stick around for the big show!"

Peter shoved him aside.

"I'm goin' to bed," he growled. "I 'ope I get a decent 'oss to-morrow."

But fate had a blow in store for Peter. In the scramble for mounts next morning, a big gray mule with a will of his own was "wished on him" as Chuck Sellers put it, and he devoted the next few hours to equestrianship. By the time the second brace was cast off he had conquered, and he saw good old Rappahannock win on his courage from dashing Opal Jane, who failed to last the three hot hours and was running slower and slower, with a dull nose, when they took her up.

The Championship was run off smoothly. Brace after brace was put down, until, at last, came Thursday morning and the pair for which they waited.

Peter had been having an argument with his mount, who hated to start in for the day. When it was settled he looked up to see an old man standing ahead of the judges, with a lemon and white setter who tugged to be gone. He was small beyond belief, this setter, so small that Peter rubbed his eyes. Then he rode down the line of horsemen until he found Chuck Sellers.

"Don't tell me that's 'im, Chuck?" he said.

"That's him," said Chuck.

"Why, a bunch of grass'll stop 'im!" said Peter.

"'E ain't big enough to jump it."

"'He don't jump nothin'," Chuck informed him.

"'He's got wings."

"'E may lose 'em before three hours," said Peter.

"'Im an 'is breedin' unknown."

"Maybe," said Chuck. "Here's the dog to clip 'em, or it can't be done," and he pointed to Beau Brummell going out to his position.

HE was still the wonder dog, a glory every inch of him, and a murmur of admiration rippled down the line of horsemen. . . . Peter felt a sudden glow of pride and hope.

But it didn't last. The next moment he was watching a white speck fade away across the stubble. As it grew dimmer and dimmer so did Peter's hopes. The white speck was Little Sam, breeding unknown. When he whirled and came to point, at the far edge of the woods, Brookfield Brummell was a hundred feet behind.

Peter was among the stragglers in the stampede across the field which followed. When he reached the mass of waiting horsemen, Old Man Todd was being helped out of his saddle to shoot over his dog.

With a feeling of numb despair Peter looked for the master of Brookfield. He saw him at last, sitting his horse a little apart from the crowd, his face the color of ashes.

Peter rode to him quickly.

"What's the matter, sir?" he asked. "Are you unwell?"

The master of Brookfield kept his eyes on the pointing dog.

"Look!" he said, "look." And Peter looked at Little Sam. Then his heart skipped a beat, fluttered, and sent the blood surging against his eardrums.

Little Sam had his bevy nailed. He stood as though of stone. He looked like white marble against the dark of the woods. And on his side, his left and nearest side, was a perfect lemon dumbbell. . . .

"My Gawd!" said Peter. "My Gawd!"

He swung his eyes along the woods and found another statue. It was Beau Brummell, still as death itself, in honor of his brace mate.

"My Gawd!" said Peter again. "What'll we do?"

"Nothing—now," said the master of Brookfield. "Let the best dog win."

(Continued on page 42)

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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 24

(Continued from page 41)

A man should only whisper while the championship is run, but Peter rose in his stirrups, not fifty feet from a brace on point, and disgraced himself forever.

"My money's on the old dog's blood," he howled; "an' let the best dog win!"

"Peter! Peter!" said the master of Brookfield, and took him by the arm.

"I forgot," said Peter sheepishly. There have been field trials in the past, there will be field trials in the future. But those who saw the whirlwind struggle between the great Beau Brummell and the white ghost with the magic nose will not listen while you tell of them. Eighteen beves they found that day, and they went at top speed to do it. Not a bird was flushed as they flashed into point after dazzling point.

It was perfect bird work, and the Beau had the sympathy of those who watched, for they knew that he was beaten. He had everything that makes a champion, including looks and heart. But the little white dog who skimmed from one covey to the next was more than a champion—he was a miracle. The blazing soul of Roderigo had leaped to life in this, his son, and would not be denied.

An hour or more had passed when Chuck Sellers thought of Peter and sought him out to offer what consolation he could.

"The little dog may quit, Pete," he said, "any time now. It's the last half that tells on the short-bred ones."

Then Peter gave the puzzled Chuck a wide calm smile.

"Nothing is certain in this 'ere world," he said. "But I'll tell you one thing that is. That little dog won't quit till the pads wear off his feet."

And Peter was right. The announcement of the new champion finished with "breeding unknown."

The crowd swarmed toward the winner, who grinned as they closed about him. They had never seen a National Champion without a pedigree, and they pushed and pulled and laughed and hooted.

A Field reporter was yelling at Old Man Todd above the noise.

"The country wants to know this dog's breeding, old man," he said. "And it's got to be traced, if possible."

"He ain' got no breedin', I tell you!" screamed Old Man Todd. "He's a niggah-raised dawg—jes' a niggah-raised dawg!"

THE runt was frightened. It must be terrible to be a niggah-raised dog, or all these men wouldn't glare at him and yell! He remembered leaving the place where the big house was, long ago, and riding on a train. He remembered running for miles and miles until he had found that nice shed where he could rest. A black man had come to the shed and given him some milk.

Next he remembered hunting birds with the black man every day. One day an old man had watched him find some birds and had talked with the black man. Then he was taken away by the old man, and had hunted birds with him ever since.

They had had a good hunt to-day. But now he was tired, and they all yelled at him so—Then someone pushed and fought his way through the crowd, and the runt was glad to see him, for it was Peter, whom he had followed long ago.

The runt went to him quickly, and Peter fell on one knee and put an arm about him. "Runt!" said Peter. "Runt!—You're yer daddy's own son!"

The runt grinned, and Peter put him down and took hold of the leash.

"Let go of this, Old Man," he said.

It is not a good thing to win the championship with a "niggah-raised" dog when that dog has been advertised over an entire state as lost. Old Man Todd looked into Peter's eyes.

"Why—why—" he began, and stopped. Then his fingers unclosed from the leash and he backed slowly into the crowd.

Peter whirled about and faced the reporter, with the runt close at his side.

"Now, Mr. Reporter," he said, "you can put in your paper that Brookfield Dumbbell by Champion Brookfield Roderigo 'as won the National. You can say the new champion is 'em of Brookfield 'Ighland Lassie. You can tell 'em 'e was bred and whelped at Brookfield—and now 'e's goin' 'ome."

The reporter was dancing up and down. "How can I verify this?" he yelled.

Suddenly the runt saw the tall man who lived in the big house he dimly remembered. He had always been afraid of the tall man—he was so quiet. He was quiet now. He didn't yell at all, but when he held up his hand everybody kept still.

"I can verify it for you," he said. "Mr. Gregory!" said the reporter. "Good, very good—excellent! Will you let me have the facts as quickly as possible, please? I've got to catch the evening papers!"

AT last they got out of the train, and the runt and Peter and the tall man rode in an automobile till they went through some gates, and the runt saw the lights of the big house shining. "Where shall I take him," asked Peter, "to the kennels?"

The tall man dropped his hand on the runt's head.

"I think not, Peter," he said; and they all got out at the front door.

As they came into the hall someone called from upstairs, and the runt recognized the voice of the pretty lady.

"Oh, Jim!" said the voice. "Why didn't you wire? Did Beau Brummell win?"

"No," said the tall man. "He was runner up."

"Oh!" said the voice, and then nothing more for a while.

"Is Peter there?" said the voice at last.

"Yes, mem," said Peter.

"You went back on Susy and me, didn't you, Peter?" said the voice.

"Come down here, Chief!" said the tall man. "Unleash him!" he directed in a low voice, and Peter did so.

The runt threw up his head and sniffed. He was so tired by now that his legs were beginning to shake, and he wanted a place to lie down . . . then, suddenly, he remembered. He walked to the living-room and peered in . . . Yes, there was his friend the chair, holding out its arms to him. . . . The runt gave a deep sigh as he curled himself into it.

The tall man who had followed laughed softly.

"And that's all right!"

Just then the pretty lady came in.

"Why—what dog is that?" she asked.

"Don't you know?" said the tall man.

The pretty lady stared at the runt very hard.

He became uneasy, and grinned. The pretty lady shrieked and ran to him.

"Little mannie!" she said, hugging him until he could feel her heart beating against his side.

"Where did they find you, little mannie?"

"At Grand Junction," said the tall man.

"What was he doing there?" asked the pretty lady.

"A good deal," said the tall man.

The pretty lady gave the runt a last big squeeze, then she straightened up.

"Oh, Runt!" she said. "Darling Runt—you're just as bad as ever!" She put her hand on his collar. "Come!" she said. "This place isn't for you."

But the tall man stepped forward, and took her hand from the collar. His eyes were shining queerly and his voice was husky.

"Let him alone, my dear!" he said. "Let him alone!"

It was nice of the tall man to do this, thought the runt. He must have known how very tired he was. He curled himself deep in the chair and began to snore. . . . In his dreams he heard the tall man talking, and then the pretty lady bent above him, and a wet drop fell on his nose.

# From the Counting Stones of the Romans

Came Our Word

# CALCULATE

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

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

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### BROKER

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



### NEIGHBOR

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

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

# Contract Bridge For Elks

By F. Dudley Courtenay

**M**Y FIRST article on the delights of Duplicate Contract Bridge which appeared in last month's issue has met with a most gratifying response.

I hardly expected to receive literally hundreds of letters, and to those charming people who wrote me their approval of this new feature in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, I extend my warmest thanks. I am sorry I cannot answer each one personally.

On account of the amazing popularity of Duplicate Bridge and Duplicate Tournaments in social clubs and fraternal organizations everywhere, I confidently predict that in a very short time, everybody will be doing it, including a large per cent of the Elks Lodges throughout the country and so it behooves you to prepare yourself for the inevitable and get right down to the business of learning how to play Contract Bridge.

And so without further ado, we will go into executive session and see what it's all about—this astoundingly popular game of Contract Bridge.

First and foremost, I hope we are done with the ballyhoo of Bridge. I hope we are done with the confusion of competing and conflicting bidding systems. The game has at last acquired dignity and attained normalcy in practical standardization as embodied in the Official System which combines and brings into harmony and unison the best that is contained in all systems. So that it is not necessary now when two partners meet and play together for the first time for them to go into a huddle to ascertain which system or systems (if any) the other employs.

With the New Standardized Official System, all the mystery and misery is taken out of the game and misunderstandings between partners is a thing of the past.

Now for our first little lesson. Contract Bridge is nothing but precise Auction Bridge—precise bidding—a specified objective arrived at mathematically. Contract Bridge is nothing but two partners adding together the tricks in the two hands to determine the final and best bid of the combined twenty-six cards. Thus, it is obvious that on the knowledge of the probable worth of a hand in terms of playing tricks rests the whole structure of successful bidding and so our first consideration will be an explanation of the most approved methods of Card Valuation which is nothing but counting the tricks in the hand.

### Three Elements in Card Valuation

There are three elements which enter into the valuation of a hand.

1. The High-Card Tricks in each suit which are given first consideration.
2. The established or establishable long side suits, and cards of which may be depended upon to take tricks after all high cards of the suit have been played.
3. The ruffing possibilities of Dummy by reason of short side suits held by Dummy which will permit Dummy to make its trumps separately.

### Table of High-Card Tricks (Suit Bidding Only)

A-K-Q.....	3	Tricks
A-K-J.....	2½	Tricks
A-K.....		
A-Q-J.....	2	Tricks
K-Q-J.....		
A-Q.....		
K-Q-10.....	1½	Tricks
A-J-10.....		
A.....		
K-Q.....	1	Trick
K-J-10.....		
K and Q in different suits.....		
K-x.....	½	Trick
Q-J-x.....		
2 Guarded Queens.....		

### Low-Card Tricks (Suit Bidding Only)

Low-Card Tricks are the remaining trick-taking cards of a suit of which all the higher cards of the suit have been drawn, if held by a player whose hand is fortified with entries.

Count each card in the bid suit, in excess of three, as one trick. Example: A Spade has been bid. Bidder holds: ♠ A-K-9-7-6. Count the 7 and 6 as each worth one trick.

Count each card in a side suit, in excess of three, as one trick, provided each suit is biddable and each suit is one of five or more cards, and further provided there is a minimum of 3½ High-Card Tricks in the hand. Example: Spade has been bid. Bidder holds: ♠ A-K-10-9-7; ♥ A-Q-9-8-6. This hand contains 3½ High-Card Tricks and a biddable Heart suit, in addition to the biddable Spade suit. Therefore, count the Eight and Six of Hearts as each worth one Low-Card Trick, in addition to the Spades.

The above is for Suit Bidding only. No Trump valuation and the valuation for Dummy hand will be discussed in next month's article. I must hurry on now and give you the simple formula for an opening bid of one.

### The Opening Bid of One

Probably 90 per cent of all sound opening bids at Contract is the common or garden variety of old Auction bid of one. Learn the partnership formula as relates to the opening bid of one and you will have acquired 90 per cent of Contract Bidding.

The requirements for an opening five-card suit bid of one, first or second hand, are a minimum of:

1. 2½ High-Card Tricks in the hand;
2. 4½ Probable Tricks in the hand;

TRY YOUR SKILL ON THIS BRIDGE HAND  
How would you bid this hand? How would you play this hand? South is dealer. East-West vulnerable. Each bid must be given in order to qualify.

♠ 7-6-4				♠ 9-3	
♥ 8-7-5-2				♥ J-9-6-3	
♦ A-K-Q				♦ 10-8-5	
♣ A-J-9				♣ Q-8-4-2	
<hr/>				<hr/>	
♠ K-Q-J-10-2	N				
♥ 4	W		E		
♦ J-7-6-4					
♣ K-10-5	S				
<hr/>				<hr/>	
♠ A-8-5					
♥ A-K-Q-10					
♦ 9-3-2					
♣ 7-6-3					

### PRIZES

In this hand, the bidding is perfectly normal but there is such an utter lack of distributional values in the hand of Declarer and Dummy that considerable technique is required to make the contract. Give the best bid and explain how the contract can be made by careful card reading. A cloth-covered copy of "Winning Leads at Contract Bridge" will be given free to all those sending in the correct solution. Address your solution to Bridge Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The correct solution will appear with the next article.

3. A minimum of 1/2 High Card Trick in the bid suit.

The requirements in the same position for an opening four-card suit bid of one is the same as a five-card suit except the four-card suit should contain a minimum of about 1 1/2 High-Card Tricks in the suit named. As it is not possible to have four Probable Tricks with a four-card suit, hand containing only 2 1/2 High-Card Tricks, the High-Card Trick requirements of a four-card suit hand is automatically increased to three High-Card Tricks. The requirements for a third or fourth hand opening increase about 1/2 High-Card Tricks and one Probable Trick. Also, there should be strength in at least two suits and no very short and weak major.

*Choice of Two Suits*

1. When two biddable suits are distributed 5-4, or 6-4, the longer suit should be bid first\* Example: ♠ A-K-8-6 and ♦ K-Q-7-5-4. Bid the Diamond suit first.
2. When two biddable suits are of equal length, bid the higher ranking suit first.\* Example: ♠ K-J-9-7-6. ♥ A-K-8-6-4. Bid the Spade first.
3. When holding two biddable suits, one of five cards and one of six cards, bid the higher ranking suit first unless the six-card suit is definitely stronger. Example: ♠ : A-J-7-5-2; ♦ A-K-Q-7-6-5. Bid the Diamond first in this case.

*Choice between Suit and No Trump:* Favor the suit unless it is a choice between No Trump and a weak four-card suit.

I am sure you will agree with me that the above is a very simple formula for valuing the hand of the opening bidder and for the opening bid of one. Next month, I am going to give you an equally simple formula for the No Trump valuation and the No Trump bid, and also show you what an easy matter it is for the partner of the opening bidder to count the tricks in his hand and carry the bidding along.

The following is an analysis of last month's hand. Many perfect solutions have been received and Liggett's "Winning Leads" mailed out.

	North		
	♦ A-K-10		
	♥ K-7-4		
	♦ A-K-J-2		
	♦ 9-6-2		
West		East	
♦ 5-4		♦ Q-8-7-6-2	
♥ A-Q-J-6-5		♥ 10-3	
♦ 9-7-4		♦ 10-6-5	
♦ K-J-10		♦ 8-5-4	
	♦ J-9-3		
	♥ 9-8-2		
	♦ Q-8-3		
	♦ A-Q-7-3		
	South		

The bidding:

	South	West	North	East
1.	P (1)	1 ♥ (2)	Double (3)	P (4)
2.	2 ♠ (5)	P (6)	2 ♦ (7)	P (8)
3.	3 ♦ (9)	P (10)	3 NT (11)	

## The Reinstatement Campaign

(Continued from page 29)

	Members Added
<b>New Mexico</b>	
North.....	No report
*South.....	26
State Total.....	26
<b>New York</b>	
*East.....	77
East Central (incomplete).....	56
Northeast.....	258
North Central.....	144
South Central.....	144
West.....	363
West Central.....	166
Southeast.....	1,309
State Total.....	2,517

(1) While the hand contains a biddable four-card suit, it does not contain four probable tricks for an opening bid.

(2) Contains three High-Card Tricks (♥ A-Q-J (2); ♠ K-J-10 (1)) and five probable tricks, the Heart Six and Five counting as Low Card Tricks if West gets the contract.

(3) A beautiful informative double. Hand contains five High-Card Tricks (A-K of Spades—2; King of Hearts—1; A-K-J of Diamonds—2 1/2).

(4) No help for partner's bid.

(5) Must take out double, so bids his best suit. Hand hardly strong enough for a jump bid and North will undoubtedly bid again with his double which will give South a further opportunity to show his strength.

(6) No further bid in the hand.

(7) Shows his Diamond suit.

(8) Nothing to bid.

(9) Shows support for Diamonds.

(10) No further bid.

(11) Partner has shown Clubs and support for Diamonds and with the opening lead coming up to the Heart King, fairly safe in bidding three No Trump, notwithstanding the heart suit bid by West is stopped only once.

*The Play of the Hand*

This hand illustrates how a beautiful end play may be developed in the Club suit by North's careful reading of the cards, played by West.

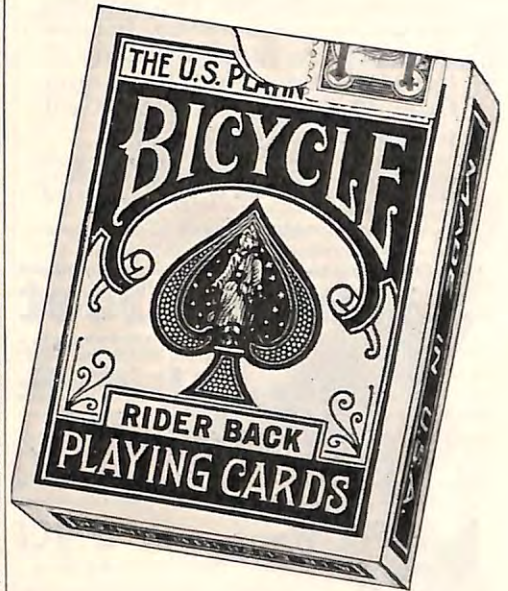
East makes the conventional opening of the 10 of Hearts. Both West and Declarer let the 10 hold the trick. East then leads the Heart Three. West plays the Jack and North the King. Declarer now takes four tricks in Diamonds.

On the fourth lead of Diamonds, West discards the Club Ten which indicates to North that West has protection in the Club suit—in all likelihood, the King-Jack. He must have at least the King of Clubs in order to have had sufficient high-card strength to have made his opening Heart bid, as North and South have all the other high cards outside of the Queen of Spades, and, of course, the Heart suit.

West now leads two rounds of Spades. North can now make a perfect reading of West's original hand—2 Spades, 5 Hearts, 3 Diamonds, 3 Clubs, so North now puts West in the lead with a Heart. West cashes his three remaining Hearts and then must lead the Jack of Clubs up to Dummy's Ace-Queen, Declarer thereby fulfilling his contract.

Bridge Editor's Note:—It is my desire to give my readers the type of article they most desire. I would appreciate it if you would write me if there is any particular subject upon which you would like enlightenment. My articles on bidding can, of course, only cover the high spots and are based on the book which I consider the greatest bridge book ever written—"The New Standardized Official System with the One Over One."

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Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

	Members Added
<b>North Carolina</b>	
*East.....	26
*West.....	103
State Total.....	129
<b>North Dakota</b> (incomplete).....	53
<b>Ohio</b>	
Southeast.....	178
North Central.....	132
South Central.....	327
Northwest.....	331
*Northeast.....	100
*Southwest.....	168
State Total.....	1,296

(Continued on page 46)



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# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

See Important Notice to all Elks—Page 24

(Continued from page 45)

	Members Added	Members Added
<b>Oklahoma</b>		
Northwest (incomplete).....	177	
Northeast.....	155	
State Total.....	332	
<b>Oregon</b>		
*North.....	37	
*South.....	28	
State Total.....	65	
<b>Pennsylvania</b>		
*Southwest.....	177	
*Northwest.....	86	
Central.....	236	
North Central.....	184	
South Central.....	197	
Northeast.....	164	
Southeast.....	579	
State Total.....	1,623	
<b>Philippine Islands</b> .....	No report	
<b>Puerto Rico</b> .....	16	
<b>Rhode Island</b> .....	133	
<b>South Carolina</b> .....	187	
<b>South Dakota</b> .....	245	
<b>Tennessee</b>		
*East.....	32	
West (incomplete).....	7	
State Total.....	39	
<b>Texas</b>		
North.....	110	
Northeast (incomplete).....	100	
Southeast.....	103	
South.....	96	
West.....	163	
State Total.....	572	
<b>Utah</b> .....	196	
<b>*Vermont</b> .....	93	
<b>Virginia</b>		
East.....	275	
*West.....	92	
State Total.....	367	
<b>Washington</b>		
*East.....	25	
Northwest (incomplete).....	192	
*Southwest.....	230	
State Total.....	447	
<b>West Virginia</b>		
North.....	237	
South.....	74	
State Total.....	311	
<b>Wisconsin</b>		
Northeast.....	85	
*Northwest.....	42	
South.....	285	
State Total.....	412	
<b>Wyoming</b> .....	161	

## Sport Dramas of 1932

(Continued from page 19)

Root could waste a couple on him now, and probably fool him with a fast low ball over the outside corner of the plate. But, once again, the King of Swat taunted his hecklers by holding up two fingers. "That's only two," he was saying in pantomime. "I still have one left."

Right then and there, those 50,000 baseball "bugs" got set to give the Yankee ace the biggest "razzing" any man ever got. And right then and there the Babe came through as he had never come through in all his life before. True he had often slammed in winning runs in the pinches, or picked a line drive out of the air when all seemed lost, but this was a unique and frightful situation.

Root wound up. The Bambino let his bat drift back in that smoothly flowing style of his. Every mouth was opened. Every eye was fastened on his bludgeon. Crack! and the old horsehide went for the longest ride a ball ever took. Fifty thousand faces dropped. A deadly stillness, only a second long—and then a thunderous moan, as the King of Swat trotted around the diamond, tagging the bags as he took the corners, and smiling broadly to the stands.

Nothing in the annals of sport can compare to that bold stand of the great slugger. His boyish daring, his infectious clowning, and his big face and big heart, won the crowd finally. Every man in the stands was with him by the time he set his foot on home plate. The sheer courage of the man, coupled with his ability to carry out his boast, made him a king in his own right.

Another never to be forgotten incident of the sport world was the phenomenal feat of Olin Dutra, the California professional, in turning in a card of 69, for the opening eighteen-hole round, in the national open at Fresh Meadow. With a strong wind whipping across the course, he played a game that was both inspiring and incredible.

While others fretted and fumed about the wind, which at times reached the proportions of a gale, Dutra played shot after shot with

meticulous perfection and amazing nonchalance. Better golf may have been played, to be sure, but virtually everyone who witnessed Dutra's brilliant work that day, agreed that it constituted one of the rarest episodes in the royal and ancient pastime of St. Andrew's. One best comprehends the difficulties of playing that day, by recalling that out of 141 finishers, all of them numbered among the elite of the golf world, only 45 broke 80.

To me, the sensational performance of the Japanese ski team, in the Winter Olympic Games at Lake Placid, will always be regarded as among the most dramatic and courageous in the annals of sport. The boys from the Far East learned their skiing, not as other athletes do, by gliding down hills and dells and thus profiting by experience, but by reading about it in books dealing with the pastime.

Arriving at the famous winter resort, they donned their long wooden runners at the top of the awe-inspiring and precipitous "shoot" which towers imposingly above the trees a few miles out of town, and without a second's hesitation zoomed down that hair-raising track, shot off the lip of the slidelike projectiles from a gun, and soared gamely over the yawning valley below them.

One of the Japanese team landed in the improvised grandstand at the bottom of the slide, but that didn't deter the courageous athletes of Nippon from trying again. As soon as the injured skier was out of the hospital, he was on the runners again ready to carry on. For sheer nerve and daring, heart and perseverance, that little band of Japanese ski exponents is quite unequalled.

When the finals in the ski event took place, a large crowd was gathered around the great lattice work that constitutes the jumping apparatus. Experts in the sport, bearing proudly the emblems of their north countries, swept down the incline and landed with rare grace and perfect form on the sloping snows at the base of the jump.

When the Japanese team's turn came the throng of spectators held its breath. Everyone



was fearful lest the gallant little brown man lose his balance on the tracks of the slide and tumble to his destruction. The first representative of the Far Eastern contingent's team poised himself at the top of the jump. He lined up his skis with the grooves, leaned forward, half jack-knifed himself over, and started towards the gulf below. It was a moment of hectic and terrifying suspense. The little fellow shot out from the lip, tried desperately to steady himself in the air, lost his equilibrium, and landed in a great tangle of arms, legs, and skis. The crowd moaned audibly, and then applauded his heroic efforts. The fall disqualified him from further competition.

When his teammate's turn arrived, the audience was fearful lest a worse fate befall him. But like his friend who had gone before him, he set himself on the top of the jump, soared earthward and flew out into the clear air of that woodland setting. The spectators feared for his life, but he held himself gracefully and with almost perfect form as he dropped swiftly towards the ground. The judges' mouths opened wide while he was still in the air. He seemed to be going somewhere, this little fellow with the emblem of the Rising Sun. The crowd gasped in astonishment at the length of his jump, and when he landed in good form, it tended him a great ovation. A second later the judges announced his distance. It was close to 200 feet, and constituted a new Japanese record.

Many football fans, in looking back on the season which has just ended, will regard Colgate's brilliant record of going through its regular schedule without being beaten, tied or even scored on, as the crowning achievement of the 1932 gridiron campaign. Considering that the Red Raiders of the Chenango Valley met such able units as N. Y. U., Syracuse, Lafayette, and Brown, not to mention others, its performance was almost phenomenal.

Others will claim that the forward pass which Frankovich of the University of California at Los Angeles threw to Livesay, from his own end zone, just as the final whistle blew, was the most unique play of the entire season. And in a certain sense it was. Oregon was leading 7 to 6 in that memorable battle, and there was U. C. L. A. right back on its own goal line. Time was virtually up, and Oregon looked like a sure-fire winner, being one point to the good.

But they hadn't counted on Frankovich. Standing in his own end zone, he hurled a long pass to his teammate who caught the ball on his own thirty-yard line. Just as the ball was in flight, the shrill sound of the final whistle rent the air. That didn't stop Livesay. He side stepped an Oregon back who was bearing down on him ready to crash him to earth, whirled out of the grasp of another defending secondary, and raced seventy precious yards for a touchdown. U. C. L. A. trotted off the field triumphantly. It is a rule in football that the play which starts before the whistle was blown may be completed.

Colgate's perfect record, as well as Frankovich's last second pass were overshadowed, I think, by the inspiring and thrilling performance of Notre Dame, in the game with Army. Early in the fall, before the campaign had got under way, Hunk Anderson, coach of the Ramblers, as well as many others in the know, were convinced that the South Bend institution had the makings of the greatest eleven in the history of the institution.

That's saying a whole lot, when one reflects on some of the highly geared, smoothly functioning machines which the late Knute Rockne was wont to bring East, a few years ago. Nevertheless it was a fact. Notre Dame had so many tackles it didn't know where to use them all, and so many backs that Anderson was perplexed as to how to keep them all going at top speed.

As jovial "Fat" Spears once remarked with his characteristic wit, "They have so many players at South Bend fighting for a place on the substitutes' bench, that they could give the regulars a holiday any Saturday and beat their opponents without any trouble."

The early games bore out the conviction that the 1932 Notre Dame eleven was a truly formidable unit of moleskin power. But the versatile and aggressive Panthers of Pittsburgh, coached by Jock Sutherland, a pupil of Pop Warner, surprised Notre Dame, and sent it back home vanquished.

That was a stunning blow to high hopes and aspirations. Neither Anderson nor the team could believe it was true. But it was, and eventually they realized it. The shock was terrific, and it looked for a time as though the great South Bend eleven would go to pieces in a panic of emotions.

In the meanwhile Army, one of its great rivals, was breezing through its opposition in convincing fashion. Like Notre Dame, it, too, was beaten by Pitt, but it showed such strength in that clash on the Plain of West Point, that it was hailed as the best Army eleven in years. The Cadets seemed to have an offense, and that assumption appeared to be borne out in its victories over Yale and Harvard.

Army rolled up twenty points against the Sons of Eli, and piled up a grand total of forty-six against Harvard. And neither of these two rivals could score against the boys from West Point. The result of these victories convinced football fans that Army was the most powerful team in the East. Many went so far as to say that it was a better team than Pitt, despite the fact that Pitt had trounced it, and that it was superior to such teams as Colgate, Brown and Columbia.

On that brisk and invigorating afternoon of November 26, Army, clad in glistening helmets, dashed out on the gridiron of Yankee stadium, an out and out favorite over its rival from South Bend. The vast majority of the 80,000 gridiron fans who jammed that gigantic amphitheatre were "sold" on Army. They had come to see Notre Dame go down in defeat.

The green-jersied boys from Indiana, however, were of a different opinion. From the first whistle to the last, they tore, ran, stormed and fought their way through, over and around the vaunted Army team with such rare skill, such devastating drive, and such inspiring élan, that their work during those four periods of exciting play constituted a moleskin epic.

Never has any team shown more crushing power in its running attack. Every Cadet on the field played gallantly and with great courage, but their efforts were useless. Nothing could stop that South Bend avalanche from moving forward. The Notre Dame ball carriers ran with that berserk fury that is born of desperation. They were determined to a man, that they would prove that they really were the great team they thought they were. And there was no stopping them.

Invariably it took four or five Army men to halt the South Bend runners, when they smashed off tackle, or banged through the center of the line with the shattering force of a pile-driver. Individual brilliance faded into that background of perfect team work, with every man giving all he had on every play.

Once Army stopped an impressive march, right on its own goal line, but thwarted in that way, Notre Dame staged a passing attack which resulted in a touchdown. Later on came another tally by way of the aerial route, and one touchdown was made when Army fumbled behind its goal line. But it wasn't the touch downs or the score that was so impressive in that game, as it was the incredible power of that human machine which had gone out on that cross-barred field in the position of the underdog.

The chart of the game tells the story. Notre Dame piled up 273 yards by rushing the ball, to Army's 61; made 16 first downs to Army's 5; and so completely outplayed the Cadets, that there was no comparison between the two teams. Considering the position of prestige which the Army team enjoyed before that game, Notre Dame's comparatively easy, one-sided victory must go down in the books as one of the outstanding events of any football year.

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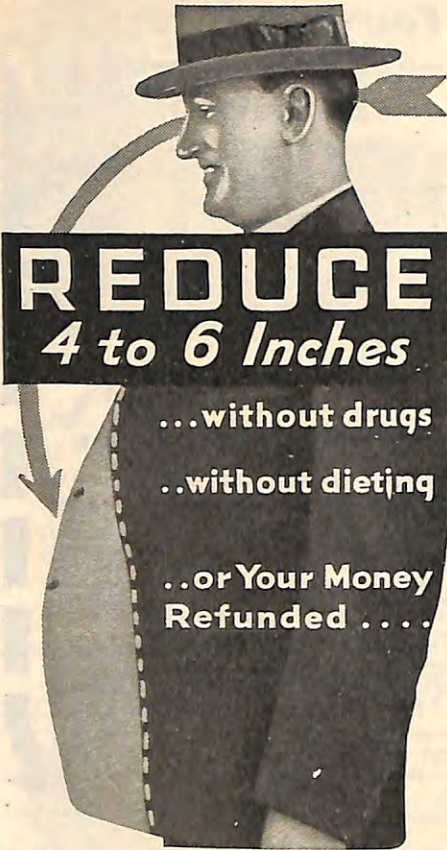
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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 24

# Grand Exalted Ruler's Memorial Sunday Address Is Broadcast

(Continued from page 28)



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**4 to 6 Inches**

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..without dieting

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"I wore the Director Belt and reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches. Practically all adipose tissue can surely be eliminated by its faithful use. I have recommended it to many of my patients."

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## How DIRECTOR Works

DIRECTOR is fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks or buttons. Its elastic action causes a gentle changing pressure on the abdomen bringing results formerly obtained only by regular massage and exercise. Now all you have to do is slip on Director and watch results.

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This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

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Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.



**SENT ON TRIAL**  
Reduce Like This  
Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing.

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"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feel better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life."  
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Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. The gentle changing action of Director increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without the use of harsh, irritating cathartics.

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for worthy boys and girls, in play grounds in our crowded cities, in visiting nurses, in fresh air camps for underprivileged children, and in the Elks National Home for indigent Brothers. These activities the Grand Lodge has secured by the establishment of the Elks National Foundation. Thus do Elks carry out the injunction to every initiate: "Ever practice Brotherly Love."

The curse of the world is selfishness. It puts securities on the market which have little value back of them, and devours the savings of widows and orphans and the aged. It places a junk yard in a residential neighborhood and ruthlessly destroys property values. It cheats in the erection of school buildings and subjects little children to a horrible death. It feeds people unwholesome foods and harmful drugs. It plunders the public treasury. It plunges nations into war. It enslaves the people. Elkdome abhors selfishness and by precept and example strives to create a feeling of good-will among our people. Emblazoned upon its shield is the admonition: "Be just to all mankind."

The Justice of Elkdome is tempered with Charity and Brotherly Love. The true Elk is slow to judge his fellow-man harshly and to pronounce him a failure merely because fortune has not favored him. The character of a man is within him. Ofttimes one who has drifted along with the stream, suddenly, in a crisis finds himself, and the world becomes his debtor beyond measure. Before one judges others, he should take an inventory of himself. If in our dealings with others in everyday life we conducted ourselves toward them as we would that they conduct themselves toward us, much of the doubt and hatred that now keep men at one another's throat would disappear from this cruel world. This rôle of conduct taught at the altar of Elkdome must be desired by all, for inside of us, when the false distinctions of class, race, politics and religion are brushed aside, we are all one great family, stirred by the same passions—thrilled by joy, depressed by sorrow, hardened by avarice, softened by sympathy. Who dares to say that the environment of the Elk Lodge, where these noble thoughts are constantly reiterated, can fail to shape men's characters. By them the mind is cleansed and there comes a keener appreciation of the finer things in life.

When this nation was engaged in a mighty struggle with Old World greed and ruthlessness, and its agents were bending every effort to the task of converting this peace-loving people into a machine of destruction, Elkdome saw its opportunity to put into practice what it had been preaching, and promptly accepted it. Within three months after war had been declared a million dollars was appropriated by the Grand Lodge, and the National War Relief Commission was organized. The Commission immediately undertook the humane work of aiding in the adequate care of the sick and wounded fighting men overseas. With praiseworthy promptness the Elks put into service on the battlefields of France the first two base hospitals established by any American agency; they financed the work of the Salvation Army; they erected in Boston a hospital of 700 bed capacity for the treatment and rehabilitation of the maimed service men as they were brought back home, the first of such hospitals established in this country; and they created a revolving fund from which nearly 40,000 individual loans, approximating \$700,000, were made to disabled men to enable them to get vocational training to fit them anew for life's struggle.

When Gen. John J. Pershing, who had long been an Elk, returned home, he acknowledged,

in his first public address, this patriotic service, saying:

"No man knows better than an Elk what the Order stands for; and realizing, as I do, just what the vows of an Elk require him to do, prescribing in many ways the conduct of his life, I can readily appreciate and do appreciate the great work that has been accomplished by this Order. We who were fortunate enough to be sent to the battlefields of Europe to represent our people, felt that we had a united nation behind us; and I know of no organization or body of men whose patriotism, whose loyalty and whose benevolence have contributed in a greater degree to making that a possibility."

The Elks do not forget. On the western shore of Lake Michigan, in the heart of the great country for which they offered all, there stands the Elks National Memorial Building as a tribute to the 70,000 Elks who served in the armed forces of this nation, and as a Memorial to those who laid down their lives in the struggle to make the world safe for democracy. And now, as the thousands of American citizens who visit this Memorial annually enter the great arched doorway and reverently gaze upon the massive marble pillars encircling the great Memorial Room, the murals by Savage based upon certain promised rewards in the Beatitudes, the murals by Blasfield depicting Fraternity and related subjects, and the statues by Fraser symbolizing the four cardinal virtues of the Order—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity—there must come to them a feeling that an organization of men who could conceive and build this magnificent temple have an appreciation of the finer and loftier sentiments of life which ennoble men.

Throughout every Lodge session the Star of Fidelity burns above every Elk altar. Too many there are in this old world of ours whose attachments to those they call friends holds only while they are occupying positions of power or influence. As soon as this friend ceases to be of use to them, they begin to withdraw and separate their interests from his. There is no friendship without constancy. The true test comes with adversity. When misfortune comes, then is the time to give prompt and zealous aid. Standing by a friend in trouble commands the esteem of those whose self-interests are opposed. Fidelity to a friend has in every age won the admiration of mankind. It has consecrated to this day the names of those who have staked their fortunes and risked their lives for those they loved. Ignominy has ever been and ever will be the lot of him who deserts a friend in the hour of trouble. Elkdome ever teaches that the true synonym of an Elk is "One who loves his fellow man."

The Order of Elks offers no monetary benefits to its members. There is no promise of commercial gain, no advancement to an artificial social status. It has no secret mission in the field of politics or religion. It does not ally itself with faction or intrigue. It believes in absolute freedom of thought and the full equality of men before the law. It is distinctively American in character. It has no regalia, no ranks, no artificiality. It lives and moves among breathing men. It is of practical use to a practical people. In every hour of its existence it has blessed humanity and has relieved human suffering. Elkdome is a true child of the American spirit, and will ever be the auxiliary of free government.

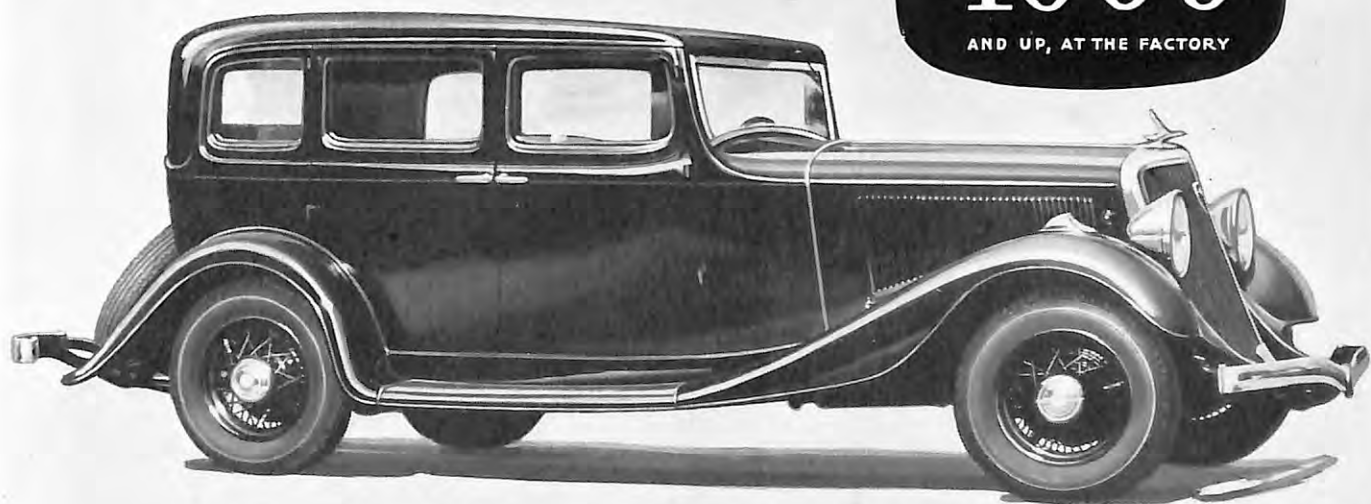
Peace be with you, our departed Brothers. We renew our pledge on this Memorial Day, sacred to your memory, to practice those virtues which ennobled your lives and to keep Elkdome truly a Kingdom of Hearts.

# STUDEBAKER

presents

## a new 100 horsepower Commander Eight

**\$1000**  
AND UP, AT THE FACTORY



*The Commander Eight Sedan for five, \$1075, at the factory. Bumpers and spare tire extra.*

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#### *Power Brakes and 54 Other Betterments*

This magnificent 100 horsepower Commander has that most marvelous of all the new engineering advancements—Power

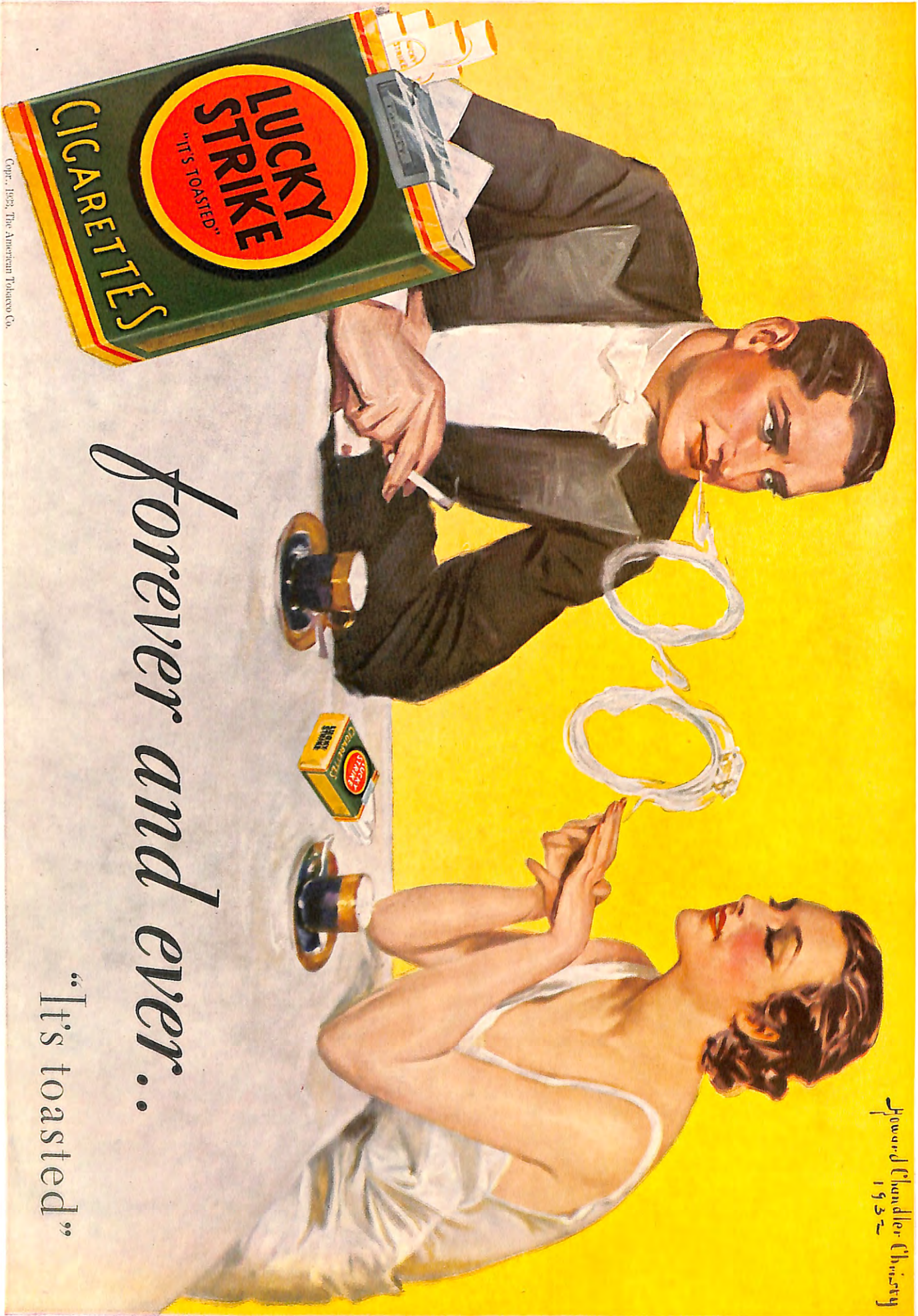
Brakes—which bring the car smoothly, surely, to a stop at your toe tip's touch.

It has Studebaker's new Kinetic Control of Carburetion and Manifolding that eliminates all necessity of manual adjustment of the choke under all conditions, and which automatically controls the temperature of the carburetor at all times.

It has genuinely Automatic Starting—Pre-selective Gear Shifting—Free Wheeling in its finest form. And the very finest quality of Safety Plate Glass is provided in all windows as well as all windshields of all models at no extra charge.

*Studebaker is also offering for 1933, two new President Eights and a sensational new Studebaker Six. The line ranges in price from \$840 to \$2040, f. o. b. factory.*

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