

The Elks

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Magazine

MARCH, 1933

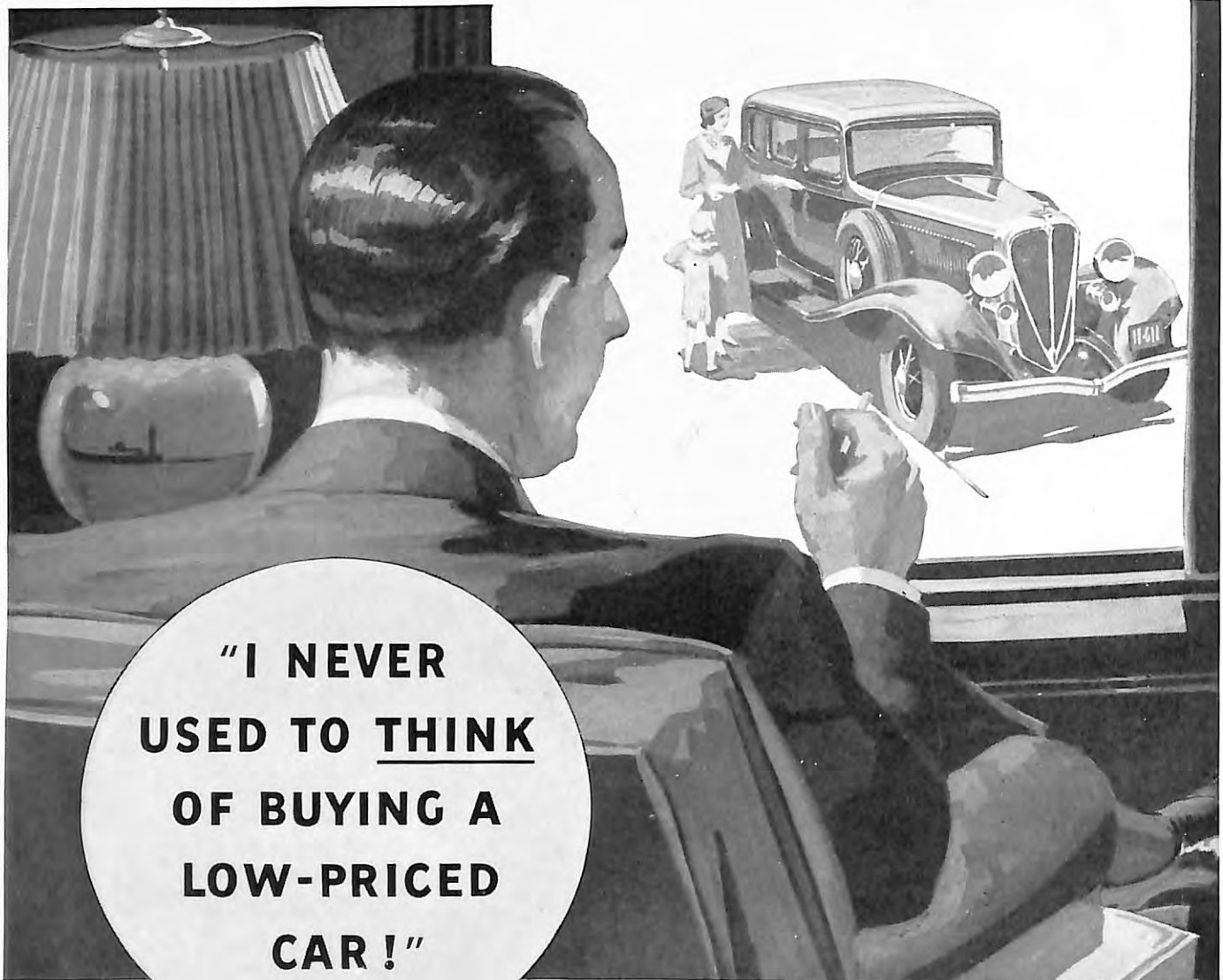
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Albert Payson Terhune —

John Taintor Foote —

Courtney Ryley Cooper



**"I NEVER
USED TO THINK
OF BUYING A
LOW-PRICED
CAR!"**

BUT times have changed, you know. And that's how I came to buy a Rockne.

I knew Rockne would be built right because Studebaker stands behind it. I didn't dream, however, that anybody—even Studebaker—could put so much into a car that sells as low as \$585 f. o. b.

I liked Rockne right away. I was particularly impressed by the richness of the interior trim. And I found it generously roomy even for people my size.

Then I drove Rockne. And I'm telling you, upon my word of honor, it performed like a big, expensive car. It has a perfect marvel of a transmission, for instance. Its rubber-floated engine has the amazing pick up and the smoothness, even in top speed, that you'd expect Studebaker to provide. I never rode in a car that had better balance and steadiness on the turns.

Of course, I could scarcely believe it when I found there wasn't any extra charge for Rockne's special features. As a matter of fact, I had to lay out very little cash for my Rockne, considering what my old car brought.

And I've got a car that I'm proud of and that my family's proud of. We don't feel threadbare in our Rockne as we might in some other low priced car.

TRY A ROCKNE... AND YOU'LL BUY A ROCKNE

Rockne offers you a six-cylinder, 70 horsepower engine floated in live rubber... free wheeling, synchronized shift, silent second... automatic switch-key starting... double-drop, rigid "X" frame... one piece all steel bodies of full aerodynamic design... electro-plated pistons... silent threaded spring shackles... hydraulic shock absorbers... extra large capacity batteries... extra powerful brakes... contoured upholstery with special coil springs... smaller wheels, lower over-all height.

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of expense, through the reports of the judges you are kept completely informed about all the important new books, so that you can choose among them with discrimination, instead of having to rely upon ballyhoo and hearsay. There are several other advantages, not readily measurable in money, that cannot be outlined here for lack of space. Surely, within the next year, the distinguished judges of the Club will choose as the book-of-the-month or recommend as alternates, *at least a few books* that you will be very anxious to read and which you will buy anyway. Why not—by joining the Club—make sure you get these *instead of missing them, which so often happens*; get the really substantial advantages the Club affords (such as the book-dividends mentioned, if nothing else), and get a copy of NINE PLAYS, by Eugene O'Neill, free.

CONTENTS

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

THE EMPEROR JONES

MARCO MILLIONS

THE GREAT GOD BROWN

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS

LAZARUS LAUGHED

THE HAIRY APE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

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Something About This Number

IN our January number we introduced to you one of the most charming heroes ever to grace our pages. Dumb-bell of Brookfield is a gentleman and a sportsman if ever there was one, albeit four-footed. In this issue is another tale of Brookfield, this time of the doings of the humans on the estate, doings made hilarious by the conduct, not of Dumb-bell the champion, but of a couple of his miscreant sons who so far forget their august lineage as to . . . But read for yourself this story full of quiet chuckles and shouts of loud laughter.



BUFFALO BILL, the greatest showman of them all, makes his appearance in the current installment of Courtney Ryley Cooper's circus serial, "The Show Goes On." Sweeping into the little town of North Platte, followed by a whooping retinue from his ranch, come to see the performance, Colonel Cody pulled up his white horses, and from the gaily painted buggy were unloaded hampers of sandwiches and cases of champagne. He liked to put on a show as well as see one, and he made it a gala occasion for the sorely harassed Meade's Great Western Circus. But trouble, as ever, was just around the corner, and the cry of "Hey, Rube!", the call to battle on the lot, was not long in sounding.



AS these words were written the world was awaiting sadly the announcement that the heart of "Gentleman Jim" Corbett had ceased to beat. The old champion lay desperately ill, fighting his last, long losing battle with the same courage and serenity that had marked his every appearance in the ring. In this issue is a retelling of the story of his great fight with Sullivan, when the slim youngster took the heavyweight title from the Boston Strong Boy in the twenty-first round of their grueling battle.

A short story, in the writing of which Mr. Corbett collaborated a few weeks before he was taken ill, will appear in an early issue.



ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE returns to the Magazine with another of his provocative articles. "The Great God 'If'" deals with some of the famous "ifs" of history and draws from them a set of conclusions which we all may apply—in a general way, of course—to our own plans for living and loving and doing business.



AMONG the news items of the month are reported numerous instances of the generous, intelligent and energetic work of subordinate Lodges in all parts of the country in unemployment relief. Of particular interest, because its success is due not to cash but to organization, is the work of Scotts-bluff, Nebr., Lodge, reported on page 28.

Joseph T. Fanning
Editor and Executive Director

Charles S. Hart
Business Manager

Bruce McClure
Managing Editor



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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The Elks Magazine

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

Features for March, 1933

Grand Esquire, Official Circular No. 1.....	4
Grand Exalted Ruler, Official Circular No. 7.....	6
Dumb-bell of Brookfield, a story by John Taintor Foote.....	8
The Show Goes On—Part III, a novel of the circus by Courtney Ryley Cooper.....	11
Behind the Footlights and on the Screen.....	14
The Great God "If," an article by Albert Payson Terhune.....	16
They Fought to the Finish, an article by Frank Brady.....	18
Yankee Skipper, an article by Charles S. Hart.....	20
Cast and Broadcast, by Philip Coles.....	21
Editorials.....	22
Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Subordinate Lodges..	24
Candidates for Grand Lodge Office.....	27
News of the State Associations.....	28
This Year, a Bigger, Better Good-will Tour.....	29
Elkdom Outdoors.....	30
Cross-Word Puzzle.....	35
Contract Bridge for Elks, an article by F. Dudley Courtenay...	42

Cover Design by Orson Lowell

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

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

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"The Indian with a Lid on His Stomach!"

IN 1822 the blast of a shotgun roared in a frontier trading post. The front of an Indian's stomach was torn away. But clever stitching saved his life. For 58 years his patched-up stomach—in daily operation and open to view—told Science almost all it now knows about Digestion!

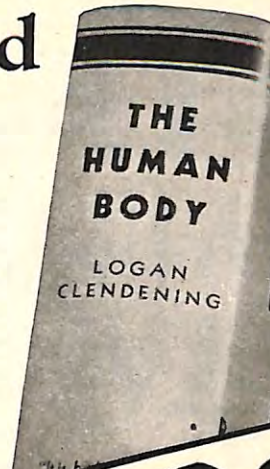
Do you realize most of us have had tuberculosis and never knew it? . . . that a high fever is a good sign in most infectious diseases? . . . that we digest foods we enjoy better than those we don't like? . . . that heart failure from over-exertion practically never occurs? . . . that the fact the tonsils are enlarged is no reason for removing them?

Know your body!—at least as well as you understand your automobile! Amazing and reassuring truths about your health, weight and diet—completely "debunked" of fads and fallacies—are fascinatingly told in "THE HUMAN BODY," by Dr. Logan Clendening, member of the Board of Governors, American College of Physicians, and Professor of Clinical Medicine, University of Kansas. His book turns the workings of

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Stop Worrying About Yourself!

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"Overwork leads to nervous breakdown. Fatigue accumulates from day to day and necessitates a long rest for recuperation. **BUNK!**"

"A carefully planned diet is essential to health. . . **BUNK!**"

"Constipation is at the root of most physical ailments, and is caused by eating the wrong kind of food. **BUNK!**"

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BY LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

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Office of the
Grand Esquire

*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of the United States of America*



Official Circular No. 1

*Dixon, Illinois,
February 10, 1933*

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

MY BROTHERS:

On to Wisconsin!

Milwaukee is calling.

It is no cry of distress.

It is a hospitable appeal for the privilege of entertaining and inspiring you. During the coming months the attention of Elkdom will be focused on Milwaukee, one of America's most attractive cities. Nestled in a broad expanse of bay, a part of Lake Michigan, one of the chain of lakes which holds half of the fresh water of the world, the city possesses a charm that is unexcelled. Favored with splendid railroad and maritime service, ample modern air-port facilities are also provided for the more venturesome.

You will enjoy the inspiration that always comes from a Grand Lodge Convention, and the splendid impulses that arise from attendance at its sessions.

Doubtless you are planning to attend the World's Fair in Chicago, and you may easily arrange your itinerary, for there is hourly service, over three great railroad systems, leading to Chicago, only eighty-five miles distant. There along the shores of the same Lake Michigan, Elkdom has erected a shrine to honor the memory of the Nation's heroes. The Order realizes that no nation which forgets its honored dead will long survive. A visit to this magnificent edifice will strengthen and fortify your confidence in our Order and exalt your opinion of its patriotic aims and purposes.

Four happy days in Milwaukee culminate in the parade which we hope will equal the best of our many successful pageants. The Grand Lodge officers are very desirous that members of subordinate Lodges appear in the parade. Every State Association is earnestly urged to organize into a separate unit the Lodges which do not have large representations at the Convention. The uniform should be dignified and respectable but need not be expensive. The success of our Convention depends to a considerable degree upon the success of the parade. This is our opportunity to visualize our organization to the public, and ours is the burden to provide a pageant that will bring us praise and esteem.

It is the duty of the Grand Esquire to endeavor to arrange a parade which will equal, if not surpass, those which preceded, for dignity and beauty, and the earnest cooperation of every Lodge for a great parade in Milwaukee is respectfully requested.

It is a safe prediction that you will never enjoy a better time, that you will never be extended more kindly treatment, and that you will never have a more ideal location for a convention city.

May we join our efforts toward a common aim, the best convention, crowned by the greatest parade, Elkdom has ever enjoyed.

Cordially and fraternally yours,

Henry Warner

Grand Esquire.



SLATED to be LAID OFF NEXT!

Was that to be my reward for ten years of faithful work? I was nearly broke as it was—struggling frantically to get along on my pitiful salary. And now—this! What could I do? To whom could I turn? Ten years of my life—all they had taught me was how to do certain work for one company—no other company needed my knowledge. How could I feed my family—what was to become of them.

There *was* an answer! I didn't know how well I could do for my wife and my children—but there was a chance for me. How I thanked Heaven for the inspiration that had made me take up salesmanship!

But this sales training turned my disaster into a \$20-a-week raise!

THREE months before, I had started to learn salesmanship. I never planned to be a salesman; but I knew I might need selling knowledge—it might some day be my only salvation.

And now—it had happened! My sales training was the only thing I had to count on. I confess that I was beset by many fears. I had never sold in my life before! I had none of the "selling personality" that I had been told every salesman should have. I certainly was no talker—in fact, if I tried to sell, I was sure I would be too confused to utter a word! I had no real business experience—was never anything but a clerk all my life. No education—no advantages at all. To make matters worse, I had not even finished my training! And yet—I had already received so much—learned so much—gained so much in power and business knowledge from my training that I sallied out after a sales job, full of hope—free from my old haunting fear.

Within two days I had a good selling position. I found that thousands of employers were willing to give trained men like me a chance. Often they wouldn't hire experienced salesmen, because these fellows, though they were experienced, had never

been trained in the real basic rules and simple laws of selling—they really knew nothing about the secrets of day-in-and-day-out successful selling. They took me because they believed I could sell—not by "instinct," or because I had a "following," but because I had been trained in the methods that get orders today—in 1933. I had been taught by leading sales managers, who drilled me in the most successful methods of hundreds of star salesmen.

And of course it wasn't hard to sell! I lost my timidity and fear my first day out, because I had knowledge I could depend on. I had learned three ways to get into a man's office and talk to him even when his secretary tried to tell me he wasn't interested. I knew how to get a man who "couldn't decide" to sign on the dotted line, when most men's tactics would have lost the order. I had been trained so well I could even go into the office of a man who had already turned down one fellow from our firm—and come out with the order. It wasn't "instinct" or "born salesmanship"—I simply applied the simple rules and laws of salesmanship, which N.S.T.A. taught me.

Today—what a difference! Instead of being broke and hopeless, I'm now making \$20 a week more than my old job paid me! What's more, I'm out of the rut—I'm getting somewhere. Instead of clinging desperately to one small job, I can be sure of getting good money in a dozen places—because there are always dozens of jobs open for trained men like me!

* * * *

Write today for your copy of "The Key To

Master Salesmanship," published by the National Salesmen's Training Association. Let it show you what N.S.T.A. is doing right now for hundreds of men. Let it show you how literally thousands have stepped out of the ranks of ill-paid, futureless (sometimes very uncertain) routine work into well-paid sales positions. It will tell you how you, too, can learn the successful, tested methods of master salesmen, some of whom make up to \$10,000—\$15,000—\$20,000 a year. If you really want to get ahead, if you are tired of plodding along in a futureless, uncertain job, you should investigate this training without delay. Write for your copy of this amazing book today and get all the vital facts—they may open a whole new world of opportunity to you.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. C-475, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

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

Without obligation to me, please send my copy of your book "The Key To Master Salesmanship," with complete facts about your Demonstration Sales Training Course and other services.

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks



of the United States of America



Official Circular Number Seven

*Elks National Memorial
 Headquarters Building,
 2750 Lake View Avenue,
 Chicago, Ill., February 16, 1933*

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

MY BROTHERS:

On this Anniversary of the birth of our beloved Order, we reflect upon the delightful associations it has afforded us, the benefactions it has bestowed upon the unfortunate and the underprivileged, and the patriotic service it has rendered our country. I am happy to report that this great American brotherhood enters upon its sixty-sixth year of service strong in numbers and optimistic in spirit. It has cast off its swaddling clothes and marches in the vanguard of fraternities proudly displaying its unsoiled banner emblazoned with its foundation principles—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

The Annual Report

March 31 each subordinate Lodge will report the status of its membership roll, the extent of its charities and its patriotic and community welfare work, and its financial condition. Only a few weeks remain within which the work of the year must be finished. Officers and committeemen should now consider what remains to be done to make the report of their Lodge one which will reflect credit upon their administration of the Lodge's affairs. Self-respect demands sacrificial service. The reward will come from a knowledge of a duty faithfully discharged and a task well performed.

The Delinquent Member

When a member fails to pay his dues promptly there is a reason which should be a matter of immediate concern to his brothers. He may be in distress, and if neglected he will have cause to feel that our promises made at the time of his initiation are mere ritualistic platitudes. He may have a grievance against the Lodge or some officer or member which can be removed by an explanation or a correction. He may be carrying out a false idea of economy, or his delinquency may be the result of indifference or mere inattention. Whatever the cause of the delinquency, it can not be intelligently dealt with until it is ascertained. The Secretary and the Lapsation Committee are charged with the duty of personally contacting the brother immediately, thereby showing him that his brothers desire that the fraternal relations continue. The approach should not be that of the bill collector. The delinquent member should be made to feel that his brothers have called upon him because they have a fraternal regard for him and want him to preserve his status as a brother Elk, not as a source of revenue, but for their mutual happiness. No committee in the Lodge has a more important function to perform than the Lapsation Committee.

The Reinstatement Campaign

Most of the Lodges are giving enthusiastic support to my appeal to make a final effort to restore to our rolls all worthy unaffiliated Elks. Permission to grant special terms of reinstatement expires March 31, 1933, and will not be extended. Fifty thousand letters have been written by me to former Elks who have been recommended by their respective Lodges inviting them to come back home. In reply I have received many letters expressing appreciation of the fraternal spirit underlying the invitation.

Intra-Lodge Organizations

Section 225 of the Grand Lodge Statutes forbids the organization of clubs, societies or associations among members of a Lodge. This is a wholesome provision. Every Elk owes his undivided allegiance to his Lodge. Intra-Lodge organizations breed jealousies and dissension. However laudable the purpose of the organization in the beginning, there is danger that it will degenerate into a mischievous intermeddler. There is no objection to committees of the Lodge taking significant names so long as they remain agencies of the Lodge and derive their authority from the Lodge. There are no ranks or castes in Elkdom. Any act which tends to divide the members of a Lodge into classes is contrary to the laws and the spirit of our fraternity.

In conclusion, I again express my appreciation of the devotion to duty and the loyalty to me of the officers of our subordinate Lodges. They have carried on bravely in these trying times.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

loyd E. Thompson
 Grand Exalted Ruler.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO
 make *your* car
 last longer?

"66,875 miles...
 and still going strong!"



"Good old Quaker State!" writes a famous journalist. "Our four-year-old demi-sedan is still going strong... speedometer registering 66,875 miles... and it has had nothing but Quaker State in its crankcase.

"At 33,000 miles, carbon was removed, and spark-plugs changed, for the first time.

"At 42,000 miles, the car was overhauled, a micrometer officially put on the crankshaft. There had been no measurable wear. At 66,000 miles, carbon was removed

again, and a third set of spark-plugs installed.

"Every time the gas-man asks: 'How's the oil?', I look at the speedometer, and tell him exactly how many more miles I have to go, without adding or re-filling. 'How's that?' the gas-man asks. 'I use nothing but Quaker State,' my answer is."

Learn how to lengthen car-life. Use Quaker State. What counts is:

... that extra quart of lubrication in every gallon.

**YOU SAVE MONEY
 3 WAYS
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• 1 •

25% More Lubricant

Ordinary motor oil averages one quart of "light-end" oil per gallon. This burns up in high-speed, high-compression cylinders... blows out of the exhaust.

Quaker State removes this "light-end" material... at the refinery... before it reaches your motor. Every gallon is 4 quarts of motor lubricant, net. You pay for nothing that blows away.

• 2 •

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Hot engine, or cold engine... Quaker State stays in your motor, protects every moving part.

Cheap oils cannot be trusted to lubricate fast-flying motor parts. Valves carbonize. Piston-rings leak. Cylinder walls score. Bearings burn out. Aside from smash-ups, the costliest repairs result from poor lubrication. Quaker State saves you repair costs.

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Motor life depends on correct lubrication. Why be satisfied with ordinary results when increased mileage and longer motor life can so surely be obtained through consistent Quaker State lubrication?

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QUAKER STATE
Motor Oils

AND SUPERFINE GREASES USED IN CARS ON THE ELK'S TOUR



Glaring at the worthy Griggs, and addressing Father Vincent briefly, "Old your 'orses," he whirled and advanced on the best man



Dumb-bell of Brookfield

By John
Taintor Foote

LEONA was a Catholic. Also, she adored church weddings. Also, she was aided and abetted in her madness, and Peter was sunk in gloom.

From the bottom of his soul he favored an unostentatious, not to say stealthy, visit to the justice of the peace. Why prolong this hour of pain? Why be butchered to make a Brookfield holiday?

Beyond all doubt his new shoes would hurt him. His boiled shirt would creak when he breathed. He would have to wear suspenders, which he loathed, and lately there had been a growing murmur in favor of kid gloves.

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His collar would choke him; but this would be a transitory affliction. Nature, kind nature, would aid him here: before, during, and immediately following the ceremony he would, as he told himself, "sweat to beat 'em."

He was justified in this prophecy. At the mere recollection of the wedding of Felix and Minnie he broke into a gentle perspiration. He remembered how that laundress, the fat one, who was by nature a tearful person, had turned the ceremony into a cataclysm of grief. He remembered how at the dance which followed the wedding he himself had been forced to take a turn with the bride, and how, after

one round of the carriage house, she had informed him that it was lucky she was going to Niagara Falls because it was now doubtful if she could ever find enough cold water to relieve her feet.

Well, at any rate, there would be no trip to Niagara Falls for him; there were certain limits beyond which he would not be driven. Leona had suggested it, of course. But the new brick cottage near the kennels was finished and furnished and waiting. He would make no "oly show" of himself at the station, "dodgin' shoes an' such!" That was final.

Then one morning he was passing the stables and was halted by a harrowing

Episode No. 2— The Reluctant Traveler

Illustrated by
R. L. Lambdin



spectacle. The doors of the carriage house stood open. Clustered about the victoria was a chattering feminine group who bent to their dreadful task with giggles and much white ribbon.

Between a rage and a panic Peter sought the master of Brookfield.

"Beggin' your pardon," he began. "But this 'ere 'as gone far enough."

The master of Brookfield was spending a dreamy hour in the gun room among a welter of firearms, fishing tackle, the gameheads of four continents, and the smell of oil and leather. He looked up vaguely from a battered tin box choked with salmon flies, and blinked at Peter.

"If that's the case, let's stop it," he said. "But what are you talking about?"

Peter raised a quivering finger. "I am a plain man!" he roared.

"Granted," said the master of Brookfield.

"I'm no frog-eatin' French shofer!"

"True," said the master of Brookfield.

"An'," declared Pete, "I'll not drive 'ome in nothing with ribbons on it!"

The master of Brookfield picked up a patent reel and turned quickly to the window. He became absorbed in the reel's mechanism for some moments.

At last, with his back to Peter, he spoke. "I suppose you've told Leona?"

sayin' hokus pokus at me. I 'ave gave up on kid gloves. I 'ave gave up on 'avin' a stinkin' posy pinned to me. But drivin' 'ome in a bloomin' birdcage is more than I will do."

"Well, that settles it, doesn't it? Why do you come to me?"

Peter glanced cautiously about him, and directed a meaning look at the master of Brookfield. "Be'ind all this," he confided hoarsely, "is the missus!"

"Ah!" said the master of Brookfield.

"Could you now," said Peter, "be of 'elp to me in that quarter?"

THE master of Brookfield shook with a sudden spasm of coughing. When he was sufficiently recovered he extended his hand to Peter.

"We'll make a try of it," he said. "But I'm afraid we don't amount to much at a time like this, Peter."

A moment later they were advancing manfully on the breakfast-room.

"Chief," began the master of Brookfield, "we have a complaint to make."

Mrs. Gregory broke a French roll crisply in half.

"The cream, please, Leona," she said. "Well, what is it?" she inquired over her coffee cup.

"Peter shrinks from the spectacular," explained the master of Brookfield. "He is a believer in—er—quiet simplicity. He objects, particularly, to ribbons on his carriage. Couldn't you get along without this feature?"

As the last words fell from the lips of the master of Brookfield, Leona forgot a lifetime's training. She shot one venomous glance at Peter, and burst into tears.

"Like that he is!" she sobbed. "Always like that he is. Nothing does he think of but p-p-puppies." She made a hasty clutch at her apron and the cream jug tilted

a yellow pool straight into Mrs. Gregory's lap. "Ah!" came a wail of horror from Leona. "Pardon, madam."

Confusion and the flourishing of napkins followed. Despite them, when the mistress of Brook-

field could rise from the table the front of her morning gown was a woeful sight. She patted the grief-stricken Leona reassuringly, and turned to Peter.

"Now, I hope you're satisfied!" She said, and swept from the room.

"You see?" said the master of Brookfield when they were safely in the gun room once more.

Peter nodded gloomily. "Oh, I've gave up on that," he said; "but you 'ear me now—I'll not go to Nihagara Falls!"

LEONA had accused Peter of thinking only of puppies. This, however, was not true. For instance, as his wedding day drew near he was particularly concerned over Peg o' My Heart, who was on the verge of motherhood and who turned listlessly from the most tempting morsels he could offer. "What is it, old lady?" asked Peter. "'Ere's a nice piece of liver now. Be a good gel and take it! No? Well 'ow about this good warm milk? The little 'uns'll need it. Come on now, Peggy dear!"

At his urging Peggy sniffed at the milk bowl, then lapped a swallow or two. She drew back, thanked Peter with a wave of her tail, and sank down into the straw.

Peter lifted her muzzle and stared into her eyes. He found them dark and glittering, and his own narrowed with anxiety.

"What is it?" he asked once more, and Peggy voiced her trouble with a gentle whine. "Yes, I know," Peter told her softly; but this was not the truth. He could only, like the most pompous of whiskered medicos, guess and guess again.

However, he got his thermometer from the medicine chest, and shook his head

over the tiny line of quicksilver a moment later. . . . This much he knew: Brookfield Peg o' My Heart, bench and field trial winner, with the blood of twenty champions in her veins, faced her *accouchement* with a temperature of one hundred and three.

Peter looked up from the thermometer to find Leona standing in the doorway. She had a slim white box in her hand and a warm, shy look in her eyes.

"For you," she said. "From me. Tomorrow you wear it when—when—" She became speechless, flushing hotly.

PETER took the box, automatically opened it and beheld a lavender tie of knitted silk. He gazed at the tie vaguely for a moment, replaced the cover, and put the box in his pocket.

"This 'ere bitch," he said, "ain't well by no means." He stooped over Peg o' My Heart. "If you're going to the 'ouse," he threw over his shoulder, "telephone Slosson to come out 'ere."

The warm, shy look fled swiftly from Leona's eyes. The flush left her cheeks as they paled with indignation. She had knitted the tie with her own fair hands and had gone back through rows and rows to recover a stitch not even dropped but loosely woven.

A silence that bristled followed Peter's words. At last he glanced her way.

"Did you 'ear me?" he inquired, and was shocked by the countenance of his bride-to-be. Wrath blazed in her eyes. Scorn curled her lips. Her chin quivered ominously. Even as he opened his lips to ascertain the cause of her displeasure she turned stiffly from him and was gone.

Peter regarded the empty doorway for a moment with a puzzled frown.

"Now what?" he said aloud. Then he shut his jaws. "If it's Nihagara Falls," he muttered, "she can take on till the cows come 'ome—'er an' the missus, too."

He spent the next few hours with Peg o' My Heart, and Powder and Shot howled a protest to him as he passed their runway. They were the pick of the first litter by Brookfield Dumb-bell, were through with yard breaking, and should have gone afield that day.

"I'll thank you for less noise," Peter told them. "You'll get your run tomorrow." He made the promise in good faith, and then it dawned on him what day to-morrow was. He grinned sheepishly. "On the 'ole," he decided, staring at the wildly eager Powder and Shot, "I'll 'ave my 'ands full to-morrow, I expect."

Then he remembered that Peg o' My Heart had never had distemper. She showed no signs of the disease, but he did not know what ailed her as yet, and until her malady developed these youngsters would be better farther from the whelping shed. He put them on leash and took them to a runway at the extreme end of the line.

"In you go," he said, and closed the gate in their despairing faces.

Through such small incidents as this come large affairs. The runways at Brookfield have two feet of grouting below the fences. In this particular runway the frost had been at work that winter. It had lifted the grouting and forced up the east fence several inches. Peter had noticed this some months before and had removed the inmate of the runway—also the loose grouting, intending to repair the damage later.

And now, with the pressure of events distracting him, he had forgotten; and Powder and Shot, after a careful inspection of their new quarters, set joyfully to work. Inside that fence was a dreary world in which the hours dragged by on leaden feet. Outside was a heaven containing Peter and the rolling fields. To reach it one must dig industriously; but what was a little digging?

They dug until the moon came up to watch their labors. They rested toward morning, and when the sun rose a kennel boy brought them food and went his way, and then for hours they were undisturbed.

It was queer how quiet it was at the kennels. They missed Peter's morning inspection. They missed his footsteps and his voice and his whistle. Well, he was somewhere outside, that was certain. . . . The situation seemed to require more digging.

By nine o'clock, Powder, who was a shade the smaller, squeezed, with a whimper of excitement, to freedom.

Shot wailed in agony and flung himself at the hole. By a desperate effort he won through, leaving a tuft of hair behind him.

He gave a triumphant yelp, then shot down the line of runways. He met Powder, a white flash, returning, and together they explored the kennel house. The scent of Peter was all about, but Peter himself was strangely absent. Well, he had worked them over the marshy ground by

the creek the last time he had taken them out. There were snipe in the marsh. Perhaps Peter was looking for snipe! . . . They went over the hill toward the marsh like twin streaks.

Peter was not at the marsh, but they found a fat jacksnipe, and they chased it madly across the oozy meadows while the snipe said: "Scai-ip! Scai-ip!" and they acquired a coating of black muck and green slime.

The snipe became disgusted at last and disappeared in the sky, and their thoughts returned uneasily to Peter. They had chased, which was wrong. Guilt was heavy on their souls. They must find Peter, take a whipping if necessary, and be forgiven.

THEY turned homeward and scoured the place from end to end. At last Shot found a trace of Peter in the drive. He followed the scent until it disappeared unaccountably. It was replaced by the smell of rubber ties. Ah, that was it! Peter had gone away on the thing that made the rubber smell. To find Peter it was necessary to follow the rubber smell. He explained this to Powder, and a moment later they arrived at the main gates and the wide road leading out into the world.

They hesitated here. They had never been off the place before. It was a tremendous venture; but the trail of the rubber smell led straight away from the gates. They sniffed at it, whined anxiously, then slowly it drew them on.

There had been friction between the groom and the best man. It had developed over the groom's toilet. In particular, a fawn-colored waistcoat which the best man had extracted from his own wardrobe had proved an irritant. It had taken all of ten minutes to persuade the groom that its splendors would not transform its wearer into a "oly show."

At last this was accomplished, a coat was slipped on over the waistcoat, and a whisk broom applied to the *tout ensemble*.

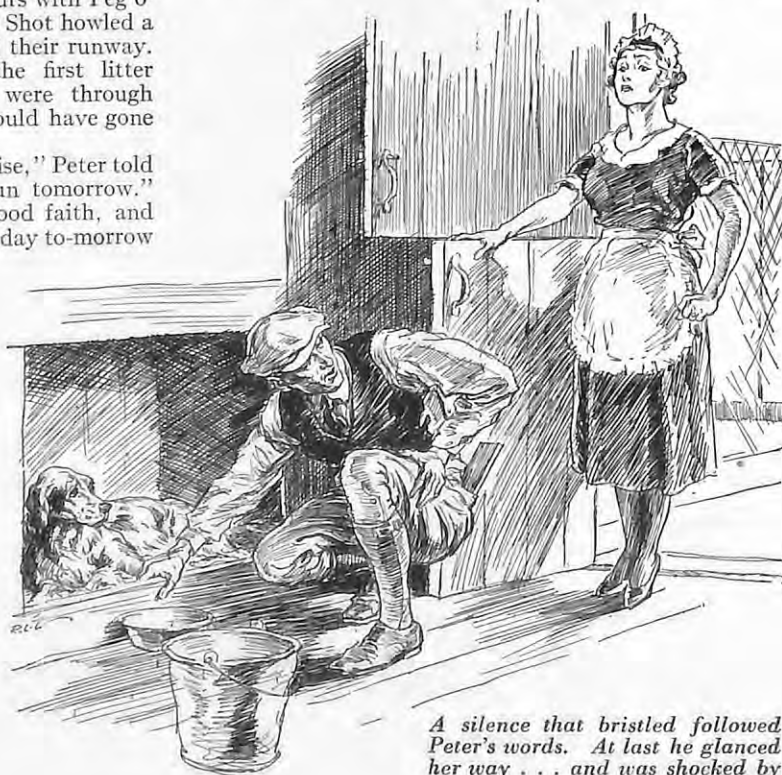
"An' now," said Peter ungratefully, "I 'ope to Gawd you're through."

Griggs, the butler, stepped back and surveyed his work with growing pride. He had felt his task to be hopeless until now; but he had builded better than he knew. The result surprised him.

"Not bad," he said, revolving slowly and with half shut eyes about Peter's person. "Very genteel, I should say, if you ask me. Try to stand more if you was made of something besides cement."

He smoothed a lapel, tweaked the lavender silk tie, and withdrew a boutonniere from Peter's shaving mug.

"Mrs. Gregory's
(Continued on page 44)



A silence that bristled followed Peter's words. At last he glanced her way . . . and was shocked by the countenance of his bride-to-be



The Show Goes On

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Part III

CALVERT hobbled on. He knew he could gain nothing by questioning this surly man who now seemingly had forgotten his presence. Flatiron, he knew, was not a man to display emotions. But he had seen men who loved their charges do impulsive things like this under heavy stress.

Connie sat outside the tent, in the fading light, sewing spangles on a newly laundered tunic. Calvert paused beside her. After a time he asked:

"Tell me about this fellow Flatiron. What's his history?"

"He was on the Mullins and Hart show for a long time. Last winter, the big show got an offer for to rent Queen Bess to the Atlanta Fair. Flatiron went along. While he was down there, Mother bought Old Bess for little or nothing. Flatiron insisted on coming with her, even though he had a better job on the other show."

"Where did he come from originally?"

"He used to talk a great deal about the mining camps of Colorado—when he talked at all. I think he must have spent some time there before he went in the circus business."

"He likes Old Bess, naturally."

Copyright, 1933, by Courtney Ryley Cooper

"He really loves her."

"Does he go in for sudden rages?"

"Flatiron?" Connie laughed. "He hasn't changed his expression in twenty years. Why?"

"Because I just saw him storming mad, and telling Bess nothing would happen to her."

"That's queer." Connie Meade's brow furrowed. "But we'll never know what it's about. He'll look after whoever tried to harm Queen Bess and say nothing."

It gave them a new fear—the circus without Old Queen Bess would be a floundering, hopeless affair. She was the mechanical backbone of this struggling outfit—an accident to her would mean the crippling of the whole show.

But as the days came and went, those fears seemed useless. The show, for the first time in weeks, seemed to have lost its Nemesis. Easy going apparently had arrived at last.

A new moon had risen, growing stronger; often the show traveled at night, thus evading the heat of blazing summer days. Town after town had passed without accident. At least, the circus pleased to call them towns. Often they were little more than cross-roads. Sometimes families came from a tiny township far away that they might gain a few hours of diver-

As Connie made her bow, the applause rose to miniature thunder. Once more Buffalo Bill called for the whole company to step forward and be his guests

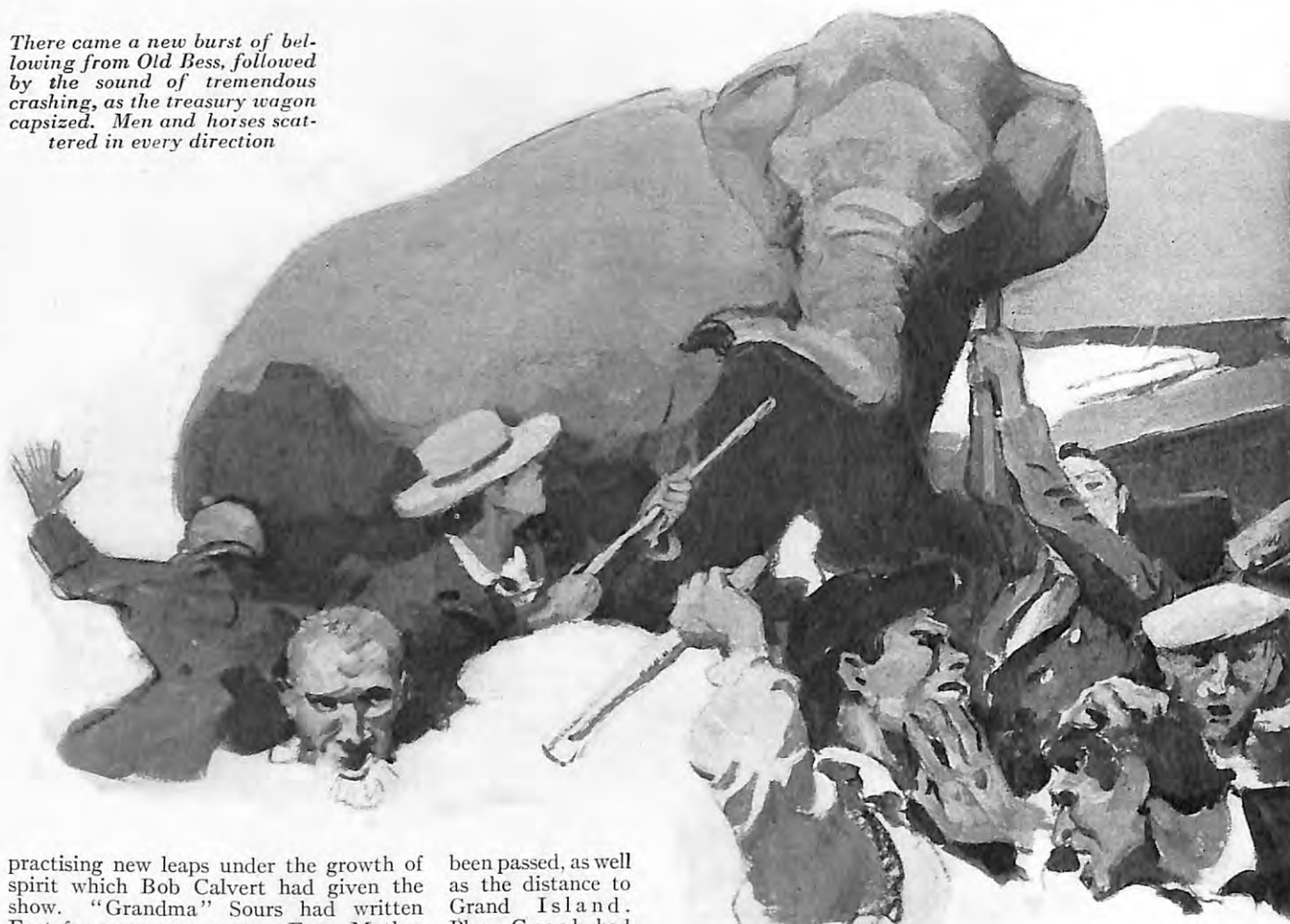
sion, and see the elephant. Calvert noticed that Flatiron Keats regarded everyone with suspicion, that he allowed the spectators to come only so close and no closer.

Life was better for Calvert these days. His leg was healing rapidly; only one crutch was necessary. And he was at the task for which he had hoped—that of building a better show.

Already Ortie Whipple was a performer. He had learned the sweetness of applause, while Ettabelle swam in a vague sea of delight. She no longer merely threw knives at a target. Instead, with Ortie, worried and pasty-featured before a large plaque of soft pine, she outlined his form with the keen blades. Only the applause made up to Ortie for the fear he endured—this and the fact that Lalita, Queen of Knife Throwers, now looked upon him as an impressario.

Then there were the Five Strattons,

*There came a new burst of bel-
lowing from Old Bess, followed
by the sound of tremendous
crashing, as the treasury wagon
capsized. Men and horses scat-
tered in every direction*



practising new leaps under the growth of spirit which Bob Calvert had given the show. "Grandma" Sours had written East for some new songs. Even Mother Meade had agreed that at North Platte it must have enough money to be transported by rail to the mining towns of Colorado. She slept in the treasury half of the wagon at night, that she might guard the store of funds which a lucky run of performances had given her.

BUT chief among the good things which had come to Bob Calvert, was his training of Connie Meade. The verve which the equestrian had visioned for her was making its appearance. Her stance on her ring horse had become better—now, under the direction of his "patting" or timing, her knowledge of balance was becoming steadily more sure.

Even the circus people could see that she was perfecting poise, that her hands gestured more gracefully and in time with the motions of her body, that she turned her head and tossed her brown hair, that her toes were pointed, when she raised a foot, like those of a ballet dancer. Sometimes Mother Meade would come in and watch silently. Connie rode best on those days. There was pathos in the girl's constant efforts to fill the place in this queer woman's heart, left vacant by the death of an idolized boy.

The trek between Great Bend and Columbus, with its intermediary stops, had

been passed, as well as the distance to Grand Island. Plum Creek had been reached, and Kearney, plus the crossroads stops between. Another few days of weary progress would bring the show to North Platte.

Connie sat in her side-saddle, head raised to the night air. Calvert rode silently beside her.

"Were you proud of me to-day?" she asked.

"When you made that first somersault?" he asked. "I almost cheered."

The girl looked far ahead, to the weaving line of wagons, their dust silvered by the moonlight. Calvert's gaze followed hers. Someway, the little show did not seem as forlorn now. Nearly three weeks had passed since that accident at North Bend. Placidity had been paramount. The show had strengthened in morale.

"We owe you so much, Bob," the girl said.

"You owe me nothing." Suddenly he added, "I wish you did."

"Why?"

He laughed. At last:

"What does Leonard think of the way you're getting along in the ring?"

"Oh, he says it's wonderful."

There was a certain trailing monotone about the reply, as though it were imitation. Calvert looked at her quickly.

"Do you mean he's not enthusiastic?"

"You forget that Leonard has staid ideas. Oh, it isn't what he says, it's more the way he says it. After all, Leonard's really a little ashamed of the show business. He wants to leave it—of course he can't until this tangle is straightened out. Naturally, he doesn't want me to get in too deep. But I can't help it—I'll never be happy away from it. That makes it difficult for both of us. We're supposed to be married after this mess of Mother's gets straightened out—if it ever does."

Calvert hesitated. At last he asked:

"It's a selfish question. But do you love him?"

"That's really never entered into it. We've always known we'd marry." Suddenly she looked at her companion. "Why did you say that question was selfish?"

Calvert threaded his fingers in the amber of Duke's mane. He forced a laugh.

"It was hardly a purely professional question, was it?"

He was saved further explanation. Far ahead, the moon glinted from the black windows of a tiny, sleeping settlement. The show had reached another halting spot on its way to North Platte. This was Fort McPherson.

It brought a day of glorious excitement. Meade's Great Western Circus showed that day for soldiers and in honor of one who no longer lived there, but who had





CHAPTER X

played his part in the days when this had been dangerous country. After the matinee, Bob Calvert and Connie Meade rode down to look at a little log cabin. It was the place where Colonel William Frederick Cody (Buffalo Bill) had lived. That had been in old, Indian fighting days. Now he was a showman, appearing in lurid melodramas of the plains, with vacations as a ranchman.

"You watch," laughed the officer who had accompanied them. "He'll be in to see you to-morrow. He's out West again. On his ranch at the head of Dismal River, sixty-five miles from North Platte."

They carried the news back to the show. It brought a throb of preparation to the circus. "Grandma" Sours began practising a new song. Old Mother Meade, hurrying in and out of her wagon, again had become alternately competent and blank featured. Connie called for her horses on Calvert's suggestion.

"It'll be wonderful, watching you ride for Buffalo Bill," he said.

The girl looked at him, quickly.

"It's wonderful to ride for you," she answered. Then with a quick pull at her poke bonnet, as if to hide a sudden flush, she ran, a trim figure in calico, for the dressing tent and her practise togs.

INTENSITY held the circus as it pulled into the once populous little city of North Platte the next morning. Time was when this had been a roaring frontier settlement; it had cooled greatly now. Nevertheless, North Platte to-day had reawakened some of the intensity of its past.

Soldiers had followed from Fort McPherson. Here and there a few greasily fat squaws stood before the little false-fronted stores of the single street, staring wistfully at bright gee-gaws, or highly colored calicoes. Loud voices came from the saloons, only to be heightened as the doors opened, and western men tumbled out for a look at the elephant as the show passed on the way to the show-lot. Townspeople followed to watch the job of setting up. Calvert hurried to the superintendency of the all-important job of creating a ring, as the centerpole was raised and the canvas followed. Ortie Whipple, strangely important these days, and with almost complete forgetfulness of his mining greatness, went to town for the mail. Ortie was a showman now, with a suit of even louder checks, and with an insatiable desire for knowledge about everything which concerned the circus.

Work went forward rapidly. At last Mother Meade hurried in, calling:

"It's true! Buffalo Bill's coming to the show. I just talked to a cowboy!"

"We'll give him a show!" answered Calvert. "Don't you worry, Mother."

But a blank expression had come over her features.

"Leonard should have stayed behind to see it."

"Why, Mother," Connie exclaimed. "You know he couldn't have done that. He's in Denver!"

"Yes, at the American House," the old woman stared vacantly. "I guess everything's ready for us to get loaded out of here tonight."

"Bob's going down to find out about everything soon," Connie called. The old woman grunted, staring vacantly about her, and went back to her wagon. Calvert finished his work, and saddling Duke, rode into the railroad station.

Everything was ready, the station agent said. Leonard Purcell had made all arrangements and left three days before on the early morning train for Cheyenne and Denver. Calvert turned back to the circus lot. Already the grounds were spotted with throngs. A crowd had begun to mass

(Continued on page 32)

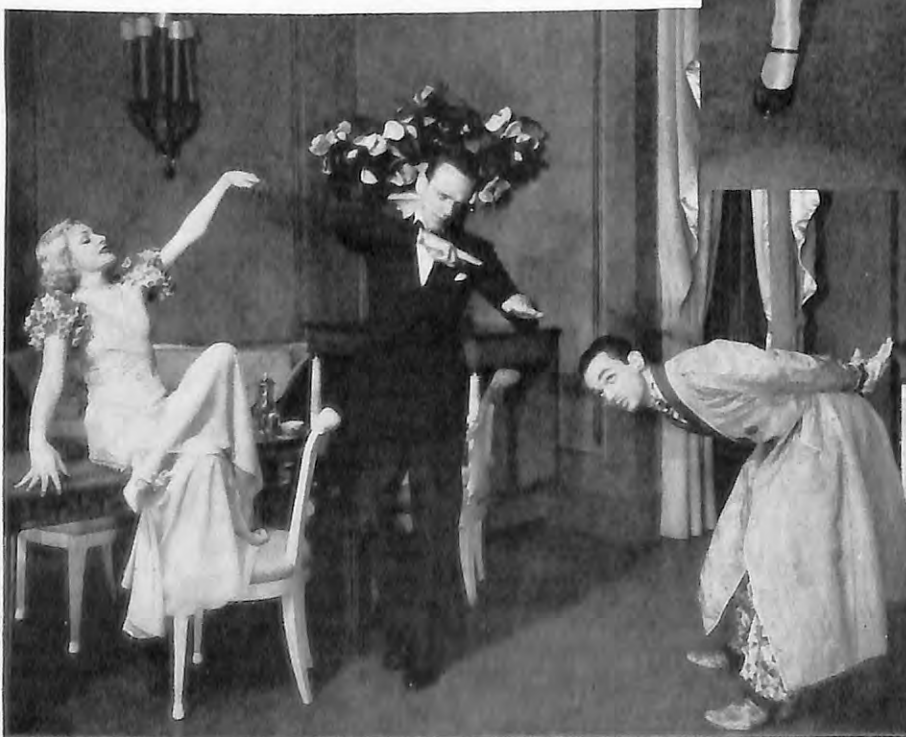
Behind the Footlights



The famous romance of Jeanne, the fascinating French milliner, who reigned for years as the favorite of Louis XV, is amusingly retold in the operetta "The Dubarry" to the tune of Carl Millocker's delightful music. At the left are pictured Grace Moore, late of the Metropolitan Opera, who plays the name rôle, and Max Figman as the Duc de Choiseul. Miss Moore has a voice that is a joy to listen to, and she is a charming actress



The book of "Gay Divorce" is nothing to cheer about, but that only leaves the more plaudits for the breathless dancing of Fred Astaire and his new partner, Claire Luce (pictured below receiving the salaams of Erick Rhodes); the tart humor of Luella Gear; and the cheerful tunes and pungent lyrics of Mr. Cole Porter. These assets plus an agile, good-looking chorus and handsome mountings make the play decidedly enjoyable despite the fact that the principals have been left without anything very bright to say



Beatrice Lillie is that rarest of boons in a sad world, a comedienne who can be riotously funny by the sheer genius of gestures and intonation even when not provided with very good material to work on. This talent is somewhat taxed in the new revue called "Walk a Little Faster." Miss Lillie is ably abetted in her fun making by those old reliables Clark and McCullough, pictured with her above. While these three are on the stage, which happens pretty often, things are never dull and that strikes a very fair average



And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien

The happy family at the right are, respectively, Sari Maritza, Roland Young, Alison Skipworth and Roscoe Karns, soon to appear in a picture entitled "A Lady's Profession." Mr. Young plays an Englishman of aristocratic family and reduced fortunes who comes to America to retrieve his finances. He starts a speakeasy, using a riding academy as a blind. There is no trouble about prosperity, but when his sister, Lady Beulah (Miss Skipworth), and his daughter Sari join him, there are complications aplenty due to the wealthy young suitor Sari has acquired on the boat, whose father has a decided tendency to look down on speakeasy proprietors



George Arliss has not been too fortunate of late in the quality of the pictures he has appeared in. The present vehicle is called "The King's Vacation" and is a pleasant, Graustarkian idyll in which Mrs. Arliss (pictured with him at the right) plays the self-sacrificing queen. Mr. Arliss is so finished and so suave an actor that he can invest any rôle with a semblance of importance and plausibility, but this threadbare story needs all his art to make it reasonably entertaining



Occasionally a picture is made which entitles one to give free rein to superlatives of praise. Such a one is "Cavalcade," written by Noel Coward. It is the story of an English family and the story of the twentieth century artfully woven together. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook (left) are in the full tide of youth, happiness, and prosperity when they drink the toast to the new century as the picture opens. They are old and heart-weary when we leave them, wracked by the tumultuous events of thirty-two years. It is not only good acting and thrilling scenes which make this picture memorable, but its thundering pace, fine restraint, and wealth of poignant detail

The Great God "If"

By Albert Payson Terhune

Decorations by Loren Stout

IN PAGAN Athens, some two thousand years ago, the supply of gods ran out. The Athenians had set up altars to every kind of deity they could think of. Then their imaginations went stale. They couldn't devise any new idol to worship or to propitiate.

So they built a huge shrine on Mars Hill, just above their city. And they labeled it: "To The *Unknown God*."

They figured it would make them safe from the peevishness of any deity whom they might inadvertently have neglected in their altar-building.

That is where they overlooked something. If I had been living in Athens in those days, I should have asked the privileges of the floor long enough to say:

"Gentlemen, if you're really hunting around for some vengefully potent demon or godling to propitiate, I suggest you rig up a gold-and-platinum altar to The Great God "IF." He has twisted more human lives and more human destinies and the fate of more nations than all the rest of your Olympic Pantheon put together. Look out for him! He's stronger and trickier than dynamite. The man who can learn how to win his favor can make himself master of the world. Let's give him the biggest and costliest shrine of the whole assortment; and let's go broke, if necessary, to bring him rich sacrifices. It will pay us, in the long run."

If I had been investing the earth at that time and if the Athenians had listened to my advice, everything might be very different today. For more things have been shaped and unshaped and changed around by that same Great God "IF," than by almost every other agency put together.

(And, by the way, those Athenians we were speaking of:—IF they had taken the trouble to stop turning up their noses at the barbarians in a young state called

Rome and had taken ordinary precautions, Athens and all Greece would not have degenerated into an inconsequential little Roman province).

The word IF is a hundred times as strong as all such supposedly stark terms as "Fate" and "Progress" and "Evolution" and "Depression," and the like. It has molded the history of the world—and your own history and mine—by a series of very tiny and seemingly unimportant variations from Life's carefully ruled course.

Before we come to your history and mine—and to one or two hints as to how IF may often be propitiated or rendered powerless by you and me—let's tackle just a few of the million things IF has done to the world at large. They are worth your reading; and I'll try to make them short and not too dull. For instance:

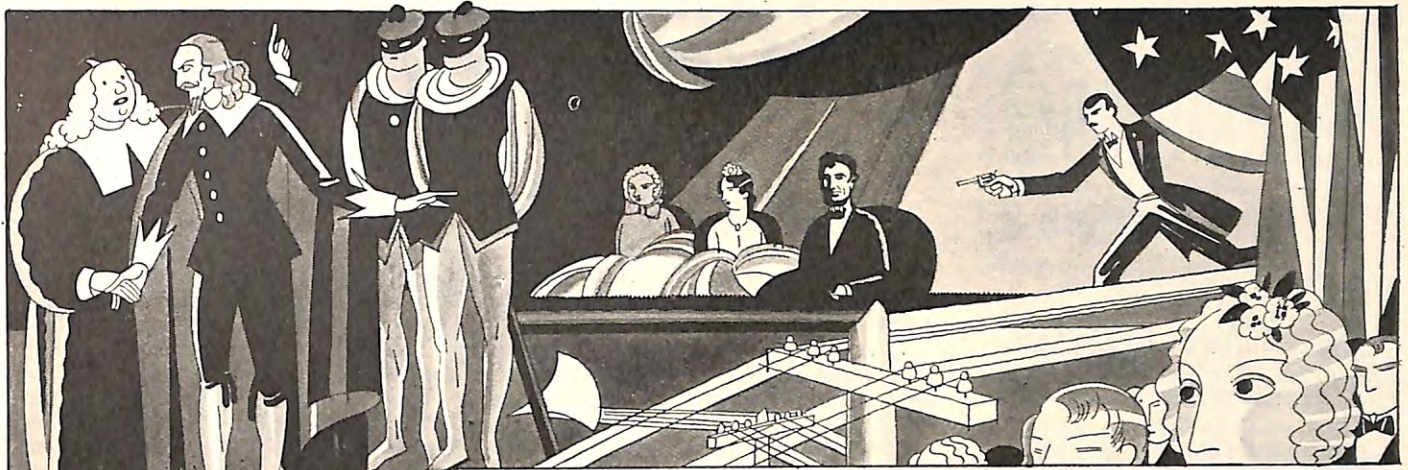
IF Major André had been content to wait for his boat to come back to its moorings near West Point, or IF he had happened to choose some other land route from West Point to New York, or IF he had had the sense to keep his mouth shut, instead of babbling needlessly, when he met three card-players along the road—IF he had done any of these three simple things, the United States probably would be a British province today.

As it was, he was captured and Benedict Arnold's treason was exposed; and America was saved. All because of a seemingly trifling IF. Not through any dramatic explosion of Fate. So, in great measure our country owes its independence to The Great God "IF."

Yes, and we owe that same independence to several other seemingly trivial IFs. Among them:—

An English official was in a hurry to start on his vacation.





On his desk was a War Office order, addressed to the British commander in New York, telling him to march his army northward to meet Burgoyne's army that was marching south from Canada. By this maneuver, the Colonies were to be cut in half and rendered helpless. Strategists agree it would have won the Revolutionary War for England.

The order was never sent. The New

York army therefore did not march north. Burgoyne was isolated and cut off from his supplies and from all support. He was as helpless as would be a single blade of a pair of shears. He had to surrender to the Americans at Saratoga.

the loss of the one man whose genius could have made it free.
 IF Patrick Henry had not been too lazy and inept to make a success of his grocery and general store, he would not have turned to statesmanship; and the immortal "Liberty or Death" speech never would have stirred a nation.

IF Abraham Lincoln had not happened to alter his plans at the last moment and take another route on his inaugural journey to Washington, in 1861, the plot to kidnap and kill him at Baltimore could hardly have failed. The Civil War might thus have had a far different outcome; and the Negro might have waited long for an Emancipator.

SPEAKING of the Civil War—General Hill, of the Confederate army, received a set of orders from General Lee—secret plans for the invading of the North. He stuck these orders into an inside pocket of his coat.

IF he had stuck the paper an inch deeper into the pocket, it would not have been jounced out by the jogging of his horse. It would not have fallen unnoticed to the ground. It would not have been found there and carried to General McClellan in time to check the invasion at Antietam and perhaps to turn the tide of the whole war.

That one-inch IF made all the difference between triumph and defeat.

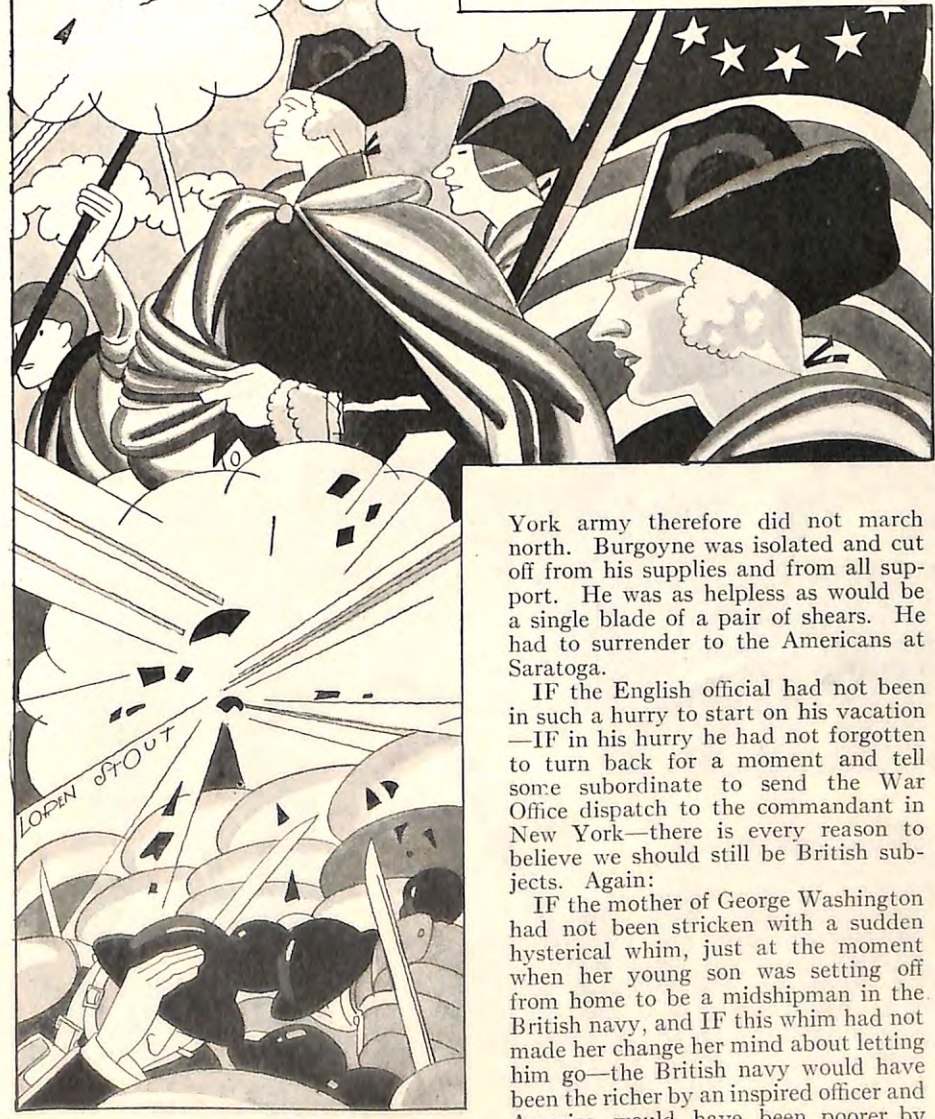
Speaking of inches—IF a bullet had swerved by a very few inches—a bullet fired by a crazed student at an Austrian Grand Duke, in Sarajevo, in 1914—there might well have been no World War; and thus, incidentally, no Gold Star mothers in our country and no bonus dispute and no treasury deficit and no Depression.

That statement isn't as far fetched as it seems. Think it over a moment, and you will see it is not.

Along a similar line, IF Abraham Lincoln had yielded to his wife's tearful entreaties that he stay at home instead of going to Ford's Theater, one April night in 1865—and it is said he was almost persuaded to do so—he would not have been assassinated; and he might have lived to serve his country gloriously for another twenty years.

One need not stick to the history books alone, to show what a tremendous part IF has had in this land of ours.

(Continued on page 34)



York army therefore did not march north. Burgoyne was isolated and cut off from his supplies and from all support. He was as helpless as would be a single blade of a pair of shears. He had to surrender to the Americans at Saratoga.

IF the English official had not been in such a hurry to start on his vacation—IF in his hurry he had not forgotten to turn back for a moment and tell some subordinate to send the War Office dispatch to the commandant in New York—there is every reason to believe we should still be British subjects. Again:

IF the mother of George Washington had not been stricken with a sudden hysterical whim, just at the moment when her young son was setting off from home to be a midshipman in the British navy, and IF this whim had not made her change her mind about letting him go—the British navy would have been the richer by an inspired officer and America would have been poorer by

They Fought

SEPTEMBER 17.

DETHRONED!

The Kingdom of Pugilism
Has a New Ruler.

John L. Sullivan Loses the
Laurels of a Decade.

And James J. Corbett Wins the
World's Championship.

To Say Nothing of a Big
Pot of Money.

How the New Order of
Things Came to Pass.

Sullivan's Manly Conduct in
His Defeat

The Contest for the
Title



The sporting epic of the gas-light era, of the days when drinks and betting money and moustaches flowed freely, was the Sullivan-Corbett fight. The drawing above, by a contemporary artist, pictures the crowd surging about the Olympic Club the night of the championship

Squaring off at the right is John L. himself, possessor of the most killing punch in ring history. After he won his title from Paddy Ryan, his defeated rival said that when Sullivan hit him, it felt as if a telegraph pole had been shoved against him endways

MARK TWAIN once said something to the effect that difference of opinion was a good thing in this world, because without it there wouldn't be horse races.

If variation of viewpoint makes for excitement in affairs of the turf, it does quite as much for events of the prize-ring. And when you come to the matter of the superiority of one man over another, predictions become most positive and heated when there is between the contestants a distinct dissimilarity of type.

This dissimilarity usually is of one sort: a pitting of cunning and speed against brute force. This has ever been, and doubtless always will be, the fight of fights, so far as human interest is concerned. The Romans recognized it when they brought together in the Coliseum one gladiator with short sword and armor to face another equipped only with net and lance. The Spanish bullring presents it al-

ilar elements: boxer against slugger, with wit and agility matched against power and sheer ferocity. And when, on those rarest of rare occasions, the exponents of both types are, in their field, supreme, we have a genuine and guaranteed-not-to-fade battle of the century.

Within recent years we have had promised us several combats purporting to be of that sort. But they were, without exception, synthetic representations. Such fights are, like poets, not made, but born. They are born of the character and personality of the men concerned, of the times and of an irrepressible public demand for a showdown. Casting a backward look toward the century that has gone before, we can discover but one battle within it justly to lay claim to solitary distinction. This was the fight between John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett.

The time was a little over forty years ago, on September 7, 1892, to be exact; and the place was a turf ring set indoors in the Olympic Club in New Orleans. Upon that square of dirt the attention of the nation was focused. The press was filled with reports of the bitter campaigns of Cleveland and Harrison, but it was bulletins of the fight that jammed the dark streets outside every newspaper office from New York to Seattle

most daily for the public, with beast and matador. And we in America are still flocking to see a jungle film where a python sets with its coils to combat the savage teeth and claws of a tiger.

Now and then there comes to the prize-ring a fight with sim-

Copyright, 1933, by Frank Brady

to the Finish

I—Corbett and Sullivan

By Frank Brady

upon the night that Gentleman Jim slipped through the ropes and refused to meet the glare of the hulking Strong Boy of Boston. The event came as the climax to a sort of pugilistic Mardi Gras. To-day, before the star bout, we have preliminary contests. In New Orleans, when Corbett met Sullivan, there had been two nights of fighting before; and by the time the evening of the championship fight had come around so intense was the excitement of anticipation that ticket-holders went to the arena at sundown, to wait for the battle at ten. And all of America that could get there was in the Louisiana city that night. Trains had brought them in for days before: bankers from New England, cattle men from Texas, mining men from Colorado and California, gamblers and pickpockets, touts and hangers-on and beggars. And, whether

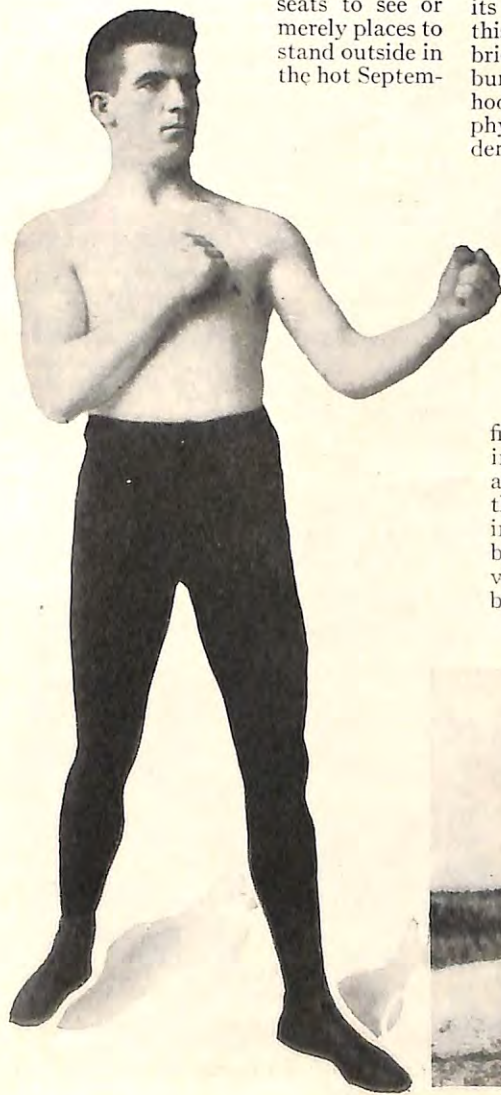
they gained seats to see or merely places to stand outside in the hot Septem-

ber night, waiting for word-of-mouth report to come to them, all were, for that hour and a half that ended a little before midnight, as one person, following breathlessly the tide of the conflict.

Let us see why. Let us go back and see who these two men were that made a nation stop the clock of its life until one should have beaten the other into helplessness.

SULLIVAN was eight years the older, thirty-four when he entered the ring; and for more than a decade he had been as truly a symbol of the invincible pugilist as was the Statue of Liberty of our independence. His distinction had begun really with the place of his birth, for, incongruously enough, accident determined that it should be Boston, then cherishing so preciously its golden age of gentle literature. Into this atmosphere of quiet walls of warm brick, of stately elms and classical spirit burst a burly infant. His father was a hod-carrier, a man of no more than average physique. It is likely that young John derived his strength either from his mother, who was a large and powerful woman, or from his grandfather, who had been the champion shillelah fighter of Ireland. But whatever the source of his muscular prodigiousness, it began early to manifest itself. At ten months, it has been rumored, John L. could walk; and before his first birthday had arrived he had set out to fulfill his function in life by blacking his older sister's eye. There are those who said of him later that he extended his victories within the family in subsequent years by licking his father. This Sullivan always denounced as slander, but whether because it reflected

(Continued on page 38)



As these pages of the Magazine went to press, James J. Corbett lay desperately ill in his home. The heart which had carried him through so many great battles, outside of the ropes as well as within them, was giving out. No word of complaint or self-pity came from the old champion. He faced this fight as he had all others, with courage and serenity. Gentleman Jim!

Mr. Corbett's influence upon the ring and its surroundings is widely known. He brought to his profession standards of integrity, sportsmanship and straight-dealing which did much to elevate it to its present position in public esteem. Not so widely known, perhaps, was the great influence for good, particularly among the youth of the land, which his own fine, clean life, his writings and his personal appearances exerted. Yet this will be his true monument—that he inspired, by his example, a generation of American boys to high ideals of living.

A few weeks before he was taken ill Mr. Corbett collaborated in the writing of a short story for THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It will appear in an early issue.



The strong man of antiquity and the Strong Boy of Boston: Sullivan, the central figure, in white sweater and cap, poses before a statue of Hercules. This photograph was taken near John L.'s training quarters on Long Island



Safeguarding his title of Gentleman Jim: Corbett, at the left, in the center, does his road-work in a collar and tie. At the extreme left, he appears in the less formal attire required by ring regulations



Yankee

By Charles S. Hart

THE fleet lay quietly in the harbor at Portsmouth, N. H. The Admiral, much to the disgust of one of his young officers, had given orders to weigh anchor and set sail for squadron maneuvers that evening.

The young officer, now Commodore Albert B. Randall of the United States Lines and able skipper of the *S. S. Leviathan*, had some grounds for his discontent. He had been elected a member of the Elks Lodge at Portsmouth, and this particular evening was set for his initiation, his last day ashore for many months. Most of his friends and associates were Elks, among them the Chief Engineer of his ship, who had made great plans for initiating his friend and superior officer.

The resourcefulness that has characterized Commodore Randall's entire career was in evidence. About 5 o'clock that evening the Chief Engineer respectfully reported to Randall that a bearing in the starboard engine of the ship gave indica-

Copyright, 1933, by Charles S. Hart



Commodore Albert B. Randall, of the U. S. Lines, and his flagship, the "Leviathan"

tions of burning out, with the added information that it would take at least twelve hours to repair it. Randall, in turn, repeated this calamitous news to the Admiral, who thereupon ordered the fleet to remain over another day. Thus Albert Randall became an Elk in good standing that evening and has been one ever since.

But this is not an Elk's story—rather a chronicle of the achievements of a very Yankee skipper whose ancestors date back to Colonial days. Many of them were

Skipper

mariners. One fought with John Paul Jones. Salt water is in the Randall blood.

The story came out because I had noticed an ELKS MAGAZINE lying on the table in his neat and home-like quarters on the *Leviathan*. The whole room gave evidence that the occupant was a scholar and a gentleman. The shelves of his library were filled with books of the sea, and autographed copies of the works of famous individuals who had come onto his ship as passengers and left it as his friends. Yet fame alone is not the password to his cabin. He enjoys the company of notable people because of their various points of view, but old and congenial friends are given preference.

There is no more entertaining and interesting a person in the world than the intelligent commander of a giant passenger liner. At his table meet the great of the world. On every trip he is surrounded by diplomats, soldiers, captains of industry, literary lights, and the stars of the artistic and musical worlds, who gather about him in that friendly and informal mood that a sea voyage engenders.

One evening while visiting with him in
(Continued on page 36)



The bark "Obed Baxter," in which Commodore Randall served an apprenticeship in sail, and (right) the amazing towing of the dry-dock "Dewey" half-way around the world, from Baltimore to Manila

Cast and Broadcast

By Philip Coles

Boop-Boop-a-Doop

The public has grown accustomed to see Radio stars appear in the movies, but few movie stars seem to have broken into radio. However, Betty Boop, of the animated comic strip, has booped herself a fat contract with NBC, and you see her below with her creator, Cartoonist Max Fleischer. There has been some discussion as to whether he is touching her up or putting out her eye

RAY LEE JACKSON



Carmen Lombardo

You might say that as a singer Carmen Lombardo makes a fine ice-skater. Yet to his fans of days gone by (who are growing old and sentimental, and probably never heard of Gracie Allen's brother), no other voice blends as well with his brother Guy Lombardo's famous band. This is said with all due respect to Guy's new soloist, Phil Regan, who, we must admit, is a better singer than Carmen. But we still prefer Carmen's choruses with Guy's music, and we don't care who knows it



And, Dear Ladies

Of all the comedienne on the air, and there are many, Station KUKU's Mrs. Pennyfeather gets the biggest laugh from this writer. Mrs. Pennyfeather (born Adelina Thomason) does imitations of those cloying feminine broadcasts, usually heard in the morning, in which some honey-voiced woman puts over a sales talk on the newest vanishing cream, or gives hot tips on how to make corn muffins



RAY LEE JACKSON

Your Announcer, James Wallington

Jimmy Wallington hit the right berth when he wandered into the NBC Studios, for he is now one of their prize rag-chewers. He has enough personality to rise and shine against even the ladies' Rudy Vallée for whom he announces. And Eddie Cantor will have no other stooge. Now that Eddie is south, Jimmy has to make the trip from New York to Florida once a week for that Sunday-night broadcast



EDITORIAL

A TEST OF LOYALTY

■ The annual election in each subordinate Lodge, to be held at the first meeting in this month, is one of the most important events of the Lodge year. It involves a high privilege to those who are permitted to participate; and it imposes a high duty upon all who are qualified to do so. In his last official circular, the Grand Exalted Ruler makes a strong appeal for the loyal and courageous performance of this duty.

Even those who have had less experience than he, and whose observations have been limited to a few Lodges, will recognize the truth of his statement: "Invariably a well officered Lodge is in good condition and is an effective agency in the community." And every intelligent person must realize that no Lodge can be well officered unless its members, in whom the sole power of selection is vested, make that selection with an eye singled to the best interests of the Lodge.

Every Elk wishes his Lodge to be an effective agency in the community. But too many of them fail to perform the one particular fraternal duty which will most definitely contribute to this result.

The next meeting of your Lodge will offer a real test of your loyalty and devotion. If you attend that meeting, earnestly and honestly consider the candidates who have been nominated, weigh their respective claims and their relative capacities to serve the Lodge, and cast your ballot for those whom you believe to be best qualified, you will have performed an important duty as a good Elk should.

The welfare of your Lodge during the coming year, and proportionately the welfare of the whole Order, depends very materially upon how you exercise your right of franchise at the next meeting of your Lodge.

TO OUR NEW PRESIDENT

■ On the fourth of this month a new President of the United States will be inaugurated. The quadrennial event is always of interest and importance to every American citizen. This particular occasion will be of special interest to members of the Order, because the new President to be inducted into office is an Elk, a member of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275. He is, therefore, in a fraternal sense, peculiarly *our* President.

As a distinctively American fraternity, definitely patriotic in purpose, the Order of Elks recognizes the occasion as one which properly invites a redeclaration of its loyalty and devotion to Country, and a consecration of its power and resources to every patriotic service of which it is capable.

Wholly without any political imputations, on behalf of the Order and voicing the sentiment which is known

to pervade the entire membership, THE ELKS MAGAZINE thus conveys to President-elect Roosevelt, so soon to be invested with such high dignity and authority and to assume such heavy responsibility, assurance of the eager readiness of the Order to answer any call which may be made upon it for assistance and cooperation in any patriotic undertaking. It will be happy and proud whenever it may be afforded opportunity to again demonstrate the sincerity of its patriotism and its fine capacity for effective service.

And again without political significance, and on behalf of the whole Order, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends to our new President fraternal greetings; and the sincerest of good wishes for his continued health and happiness and for a brilliantly successful administration as our Country's Chief Executive.



ARE YOU AN ELK?

■ The older members of the Order will recall that the question, Are you an Elk? once had a ritualistic meaning. It was only the properly worded

reply which conveyed the information sought with evidence of its correctness. The inquiry no longer has that particular significance. Its secret import has been abandoned with other tests which were found to be of relative unimportance and of doubtful value.

But while the question, as addressed to a member to-day, has nothing symbolic about it, it is one of serious import; and the reply should be made with a full realization of its importance. It is often propounded by one who is not an Elk. It is rarely one of mere idle curiosity. It usually involves something more than a mere inquiry as to membership and is prompted by a motive which really puts an unspoken "why" in the question. Therefore the mere categorical wording of the reply is of minor moment; the real importance lies in the manner and tone in which the answer is given.

When this inquiry is thus addressed to you, Brother Elk, do you adopt an apologetic air and follow your affirmative with a prompt "but," and some explanatory statement, as if you felt some apology were expected? If so, you are not imbued with the proper fraternal spirit. You may be a member in good standing; but you are not a real Elk.

Do you answer with hesitation as if you were not quite sure about it? Are you so conscious of your ignorance of the Order and all it stands for, and are your fraternal contacts so infrequent and so casual, that you are rather uncertain about your status? Then you have neglected your opportunities. Every member should so acquaint himself with the purposes and

accomplishments of the Order, and of his Lodge, that he may realize just how he fits into the fraternal scheme as a real unit of its power.

Or do you reply to the query with a ring of pride in your voice, born of your appreciation of the high privilege of membership, of your proper conception of the Order's aims and objects, of your knowledge of its long years of fine service, and of your own satisfaction in having a personal share in its splendid achievements? If so, then you are one of those who have helped to make the Order great, and who are to-day carrying it forward to new heights and to a wider field of usefulness.

Every true Elk is proud of his membership. A failure to exhibit that pride on such a proper occasion is a species of disloyalty. It creates an unfavorable impression of the Order, even though that be not the intention. It is inevitable that one's manner will reflect his real sentiments and that it will have a natural reaction upon the questioner.

Hereafter when you are asked if you are an Elk, think for a moment just what will be implied from your reply, and then let your response carry the suggestion of the high value you place upon your membership. You should be proud of it. You doubtless are. Then show it in the manner, as well as in the verbal substance, of your reply.

INTER LODGE VISITS

■ In a few weeks the seasonal weather conditions will be so generally propitious, over the whole country, that in all sections an automobile ride from one city to another will be an agreeable experience rather than one of physical discomfort. It is a good time, therefore, to begin planning for inter-Lodge visitations.



There are few occasions more pleasing in themselves, or more productive of a fine and healthful fraternal spirit, than a visit by a number of congenial members of one Lodge to a sister Lodge on meeting night. New friendships are formed; old ones

are renewed and more firmly cemented; information is secured as to how another Lodge is solving the problems that are common to all; inspiration is derived from the intimate personal contacts with other loyal Elks; and enthusiasm is transmitted from each group to the other by the display of mutual interest and good will.

In order that such an experience may be most fruitful of pleasure and profit to both hosts and guests, there should be some preparation made for the visit. Suitable notice should be given to the host Lodge, so that opportunity will be afforded for arranging an adequate welcome and such special program as may be desired. A sufficient number of visitors should be assured to

make the occasion one of fraternal import. Undue formality would, to some extent, defeat the purpose in view; but it is better to avoid the uncertainties and possible embarrassment incident to a complete surprise.

If each Lodge of the Order would undertake to make one such visit to a neighboring Lodge during the next few months, a tremendous impetus would be given to fraternal interest and enthusiasm throughout the Order. It is as easy to be accomplished as it is graciously friendly; and the pleasure to the participants is as assured as the fraternal benefits to be derived.

The suggestion is earnestly commended to the incoming officers of the local Lodges as worthy of prompt and thoughtful consideration.

THE ESQUIRE

■ One of the first duties to be performed by the newly elected Exalted Ruler, in each Lodge, is to select those to be named by him to serve in the appointive offices and upon the standing committees. It is also one of the most important of the duties to be performed by him during his term. The loyalty and efficiency of the support accorded by his appointees will have much to do with the success of his administration. As these appointments will have been considered, if not actually determined, during the current month, it is deemed opportune to make a suggestion here as to the selection of the Esquire.

Excepting only the Exalted Ruler, there is no officer of the Lodge whose official conduct and deportment plays so important a part in creating and maintaining the appropriate atmosphere of Lodge meetings and ceremonials. From the sound of the gavel by which the Lodge is called to order, throughout the ritual ceremonies and the conduct of the business of the meeting, up to the gavel signal which finally closes the Lodge, he is an active participant, the Exalted Ruler's "right hand man."

If he deport himself with dignity and impressiveness, conscious of the beauty and value of the ceremonials, those in attendance will unconsciously take their cue from him and make their own appropriate contribution to the designed effect. If he be slipshod and indifferent, lacking in proper decorum, given to facetiousness and buffoonery, the whole tone of the occasion is lowered and the impression created is disappointing.

This is particularly true as to the arrangement of the altar and the removal of the emblems during the opening and closing ceremonies, respectively. The atmosphere and spirit of the session is pitched by the opening ceremonies. The impressions left by the meeting are affected by the closing ceremonies. Both may be very largely made or marred by the Esquire.

For these reasons especially, though others might well be added, it is to be hoped that each incoming Exalted Ruler will give these suggestions careful consideration in determining his selection of his Esquire.



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Millville, N. J., Elks Help Needy, Win Support of Community

IN view of the extreme urgency of want among so many of their fellow citizens this year, the members of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, decided some time ago to depart from their usual practice of distributing baskets of food and, in their stead, to supply soup and bread. The plan was to continue this relief as long as funds held out. Estimate placed the limit at about six weeks. By the end of the fifth week, the Lodge, whose membership is less than three hundred, had fed 6,006 men, women and children. And such widespread attention did the Elks' efforts attract that others came to their assistance. Baking companies gave to the Lodge their day-old bread and farmers brought in truckloads of vegetables. Oyster-growers from the famous Maurice River Cove sent in thousands of oysters. Clothing merchants and makers, too, joined in working with the Elks, sending in hundreds of pairs of shoes, as well as stockings, hats, caps, sweaters, coats and coveralls, for children. This regular and extensive contribution of materials for soup and of bread have, at last report, relieved the Elks of all expense in their dispensing of food to more than a thousand persons a week. The



One of the most memorable events in the lives of hundreds of children of Springfield, Vt., was this party, recently given by the Elks Lodge there

result is that their task has been reduced virtually to merely the labor of preparation, and the soup kitchen promises to carry on until spring. The method of distribution calls for those who wish soup to bring kettles to the Lodge Home, have them filled and then to carry the food home. Bread is given at the same time. Much of the popular support of the Elks' enterprise is due to the broadcasting of news of it by Dr. Muriel F. Ramsey, over station WPG, at Atlantic City.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks Earn \$23,600 at Charity Carnival

A splendid example of fraternal enterprise directed toward the betterment of circumstances both among the membership of the Lodge itself and of those in want within its community was recently carried out with pronounced success by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. From a Charity Carnival, held not long ago in the Lodge upon three successive nights, No. 878 derived a profit of \$23,600. This amount later was devoted to the benefit of the unemployed members of the Lodge and of the needy elsewhere in the

community. For the distribution of Christmas baskets among the orphans of the county, \$10,000 was spent. The remainder was set aside for the assistance of Lodge members out of work. Out of it, for one thing, the dues of every such member were paid. In addition, to every unemployed member with a family, sums of as much as \$75 were given, and to such members without families, appropriations of \$50 were made.

Correcting a Report of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Visit

The Magazine wishes to take this opportunity of making a correction of one part of the report of the visits of Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson which appeared in the February issue. The account stated that Judge Thompson, on January 2, was the guest of Santa Barbara Lodge, No. 613, at the Rose Bowl football game in Pasadena. It was not this Lodge, but Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, which entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the occasion. The Pasadena Elks also were his hosts at the Carnival of Roses in their city.

Albany, Ga., Elks Induct Class At Home of Americus Lodge

The Degree Team of Albany, Ga., Lodge, No. 713, recently conducted initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates at the Home of Americus Lodge, No. 752. Prominent among those to accompany the Albany Elks to Americus was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler I. G. Ehrlich.

Bucyrus, O., Lodge Endorses "Buy American" Campaign

Bucyrus, O., Lodge, No. 156, recently made public announcement of its intention to support the American Legion's "Buy American" campaign. This consists of purchasing, in so far as is possible, only goods made in the United States. Exalted Ruler Samuel A. Nelson made the report for the Lodge.

San Diego, Calif., Elks Sponsor Charity Football Game

Maneuvers that formed giant colored designs emblematic of the Order were a prominent part of the spectacle of the charity football game arranged not long ago by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168. The contest, resulting



JAMES EVAN—INTERNATIONAL

Officers of Cristobal, C. Z. Lodge visit the historical frigate "Constitution" during the passage of the famous old vessel through the Isthmus



Among the most active and widely supported organizations within New York, N. Y., Lodge is this, the Kiddie Kar Polo Team

in a scoreless tie, was between Occidental College and San Diego State College. Occupying a section of the municipal stadium, where the game took place, a group of 500 students of the San Diego institution contrived to compose a variety of patterns of purple and white during intervals in the game. Equipped with large square cards of the contrasting colors, they held up the cards to outline in turn, the letters "B. P. O. E. No. 168"; an elk's head; and a clock, with the hands indicating the hour of eleven. The effect received hearty applause from the nearly four thousand other spectators in the stands.

Amsterdam, N. Y., Elks Win Bridge Match with Masons

In a contract bridge match with members of the Masonic Club of their city, a group of players representing Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, recently proved the victors, by the margin of a single board. The contest, held at the Club, was one in which the Elks engaged at the invitation of the Masons.

Bucyrus, O., Lodge Opens New Grill Room for Elks Only

Every Lodge of the North Central District of the State, their members including Elks of unusual prominence, was represented recently at a gathering at the Home of Bucyrus, O., Lodge, No. 156, upon the occasion of the opening of the new grill room for members only. Chief among the speakers to address the one hundred and fifty Elks present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler T. A. O'Leary and Past President Charles Fairbanks, of the Ohio State Elks Association.

16th Annual Elks Bowling Meet at Indianapolis Opens March 18

With entries received from many parts of the country, and with the careful and extensive plans for the conduct of the event completed, the sixteenth annual tournament of the Elks Bowling Association of America, scheduled to open March 18, under the auspices of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, promises to be one of the most noteworthy of its series. Cash prizes for both the Regular and the Good-Fellowship classes have stimulated the participation of a host of both teams and individual players. Champions in the several contests will, in addition to awards of money, be presented with diamond medals emblematic of their achievements. The matches will be bowled at the alleys of the Jesse Pritchett Recreation Plant in Indianapolis. Beginning

the 18th of March, they will continue for five weeks. Any information desired concerning the tournament may be had by communicating with John J. Gray, Secretary of the Bowling Association, 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Findlay, O., Elks Entertain Lodges of Northwest District

Visitors from Lodges within the Northwest District of Ohio were the guests a short time ago of Findlay Lodge, No. 75. The gathering, sponsored by the Rehabilitation Division of the Ohio State Elks Association, comprised one hundred and fifty Elks, representing the Lodges of Toledo, Napoleon, Bowling Green, Fostoria, Tiffin, Fremont, Upper Sandusky and Van Wert, as well as members of No. 75. The program of events included an address of welcome by the Honorable Homer O. Dorsey, Mayor of Findlay; and a response, on behalf of the Elks, by Past President J. C. A. Leppelman, of the Ohio State Elks Association; speeches by Edward J. McCormick, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; President Norman C. Parr, of the Association; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers T. A. O'Leary and John C. Cochrane.

Omaha, Nebr., Elks Sponsor Monthly Birthday Parties

Omaha, Nebr., Lodge No. 30, recently inaugurated a plan for promoting social activity by giving a birthday party to all members whose anniversaries came within the first month of the year. So successful was this affair that it was determined thereafter to make it a monthly event. The guests of one month will serve as hosts the next. Incidents of the January party were a dinner, musical programs by the Elks Apollo Club and by the Elks Band of forty pieces; a session of the

Important Notice

to
Every

<i>Exalted Ruler</i>	<i>Secretary</i>
<i>Esteemed Leading Knight</i>	<i>Esquire</i>
<i>Esteemed Loyal Knight</i>	<i>Inner Guard</i>
<i>Esteemed Lecturing Knight</i>	<i>Tiler</i>
<i>Chaplain</i>	<i>Treasurer</i>

and *Trustee*

IS your Officers' Class complete?
Have you sent in your pledge to obtain at least *one* new member for this Class, to the Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee?
What is more important, *have you got that new member?*
Thousands of pledges have been received. If every officer signs one new member who is qualified for membership it will mean 14,000 fine American citizens added to the rolls of our great Order.
Only three weeks left to go. Send in your pledge today. Every Lodge should have its quota—one new member for each officer.

To Members

HELP your officers make Initiation Night of your Officers' Class the best meeting in your Lodge's history. They have worked hard and deserve your support. What would help most is to get a member yourself.

LODGE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE
John R. Coen, P.G.E.R., Chairman
Robert S. Barrett
Chas. S. Hart
Edward J. McCormick
Emmett T. Anderson



Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James B. Borland stands behind the 55-pound cake he received at a banquet in his honor at Franklin, Pa., Lodge

Lodge and, later, a stag smoker and social period. The birthday party plan was adopted at the suggestion of Esteemed Leading Knight Frank M. Lepinski.

Pennsylvania Elks Honor Past District Deputy Borland

James B. Borland, who at seventy-one is said to be the oldest Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in Pennsylvania, was the guest of honor recently at a banquet given by the Elks of the Northwest District of the State at the Home of Franklin Lodge, No. 110. Of note among the three hundred members of the Order to attend the affair were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John N. Mark, who served as toastmaster; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers O. Clare Kent, one of the principal speakers; W. C. DeArment, Earl MacDonald, John Frederick Austin, Joseph Riesenman, Jr., J. G. Bohlender and C. W. Herman Hess; Matthew A. Riley, Trustee of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and Frank J. Lyons, President of the Pennsylvania Northwest District Elks Association. In the course of the evening Mr. Lyons, as a Past Exalted Ruler, gave to Mr. Borland a life membership card for Franklin Lodge; and, as President of the District Association, an engraved plaque testifying to Mr. Borland's long and valuable service to the Order. A great cake, weighing fifty-five pounds, was also presented in honor of the occasion. Selections by the orchestra of Franklin Lodge and vocal music enlivened the program of events.

Baltimore, Md., Lodge Initiates Largest Class in Last Decade

Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, recently initiated its largest class within the last decade. The group comprised twenty-five candidates, many of them prominent in the public life of the city and State. The class was named in honor of the Honorable Ambrose J. Kennedy, United States Representative from the Fourth District, for his having endorsed the majority of those inducted. Speakers upon the occasion included District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. C. Braun, and Mayor Jackson and President of the City Council E. Lester Muller.

Dunellen, N. J., Lodge Honors Members on "German Night"

Assisted by former and present officers and the Glee Club of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, Dunellen, N. J., Lodge, No. 1488, recently celebrated "German Night," in honor of its Teutonic members. Outstanding among the events of entertainment during the evening was the concert of the Glee Club, under the direction of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1.

Ionia, Mich., Lodge Initiates Class for Muskegon Elks

Recently and for the first time in its history, Ionia, Mich., Lodge, No. 548, conducted initiatory ceremonies for another Lodge. The exercises were those performed in the course of a fraternal visit by members of No. 548 to Muskegon Lodge, No. 274. The Ionia Elks numbered twenty-seven. The group, under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Ervin J. Wille, comprised the officers of the Lodge, a newly-organized Degree Team, and several other members.

South Haven, Mich., Elks Greet District Deputy; Give Party

Two events, one within and the other beyond its membership, took place recently at South Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1509. The first was the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Montgomery; and the second a theatre party given to 600 needy children. The entertainment of the youngsters was arranged through the courtesy of the manager of the playhouse, Mr. Leverenze, a member of No. 1509.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Elks Welcome District Deputy Bierlein Home

Every Lodge within the jurisdiction of his office was represented when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Bierlein recently made his homecoming official visit to Port

Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645. Present were many prominent Elks of the State, including Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Clarence J. Seaton and Arthur B. Kelly and President James H. Mackin, Vice-President Edmund H. Lawler, and Trustees William F. Edelmuth and James H. Brennan, of the New York State Elks Association. Port Jervis Lodge bestowed upon the District Deputy an honorary life membership, for distinguished services rendered to the Order.

Elmira, N. Y., Lodge Editor Has Plan to Share Dues' Burdens

In order that members in financial distress may not be forced to let their memberships lapse, Dave Schoonover, Editor of *Monthly Tidings*, the bulletin of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62, recently suggested a plan of prevention. It is, in effect, this: that those members of a Lodge able to pay their dues do so and, in addition, give fifty cents or a dollar more to a fund set aside specially for the payment of the dues of members at present in straits. Thus, Mr. Schoonover believes, the privilege of membership of many Elks may be safeguarded, and without hardship to any one contributor.

Seneca Falls, N. Y., Elks Hold Annual Football Banquet

Seneca Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 992, recently tendered its annual banquet to the members of the Mynderse Academy football squad. Charles Fegley acted as Toastmaster. Vic Hanson, coach at Syracuse University and former All-American player, was the principal speaker.

Providence, R. I., Degree Team Wins in Five-Sided Match

The officers of Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14, composing a Degree Team, recently were victorious in a ritualistic contest among five Lodges of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. The competition was a part of the program of the Inter-Lodge Alliance for the furthering of fraternal interest among the memberships of the Lodges represented. Sports and games, such as bowling and bridge, are other elements of the Alliance's group of matches. The scores in the ritualistic contest were as follows: Providence Lodge, first, with 93.89 points; Pawtucket, R. I., Lodge, No. 920, second, with 91.88 points; North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1011, third, with 89.34 points; Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1014, fourth, with 88.20 points; and Woonsocket,



The Band of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, a musical unit renowned throughout its State

R. I., Lodge, No. 850, fifth, with 75.75 points. For its achievement, the Providence Lodge team will receive, at the annual dinner of the Alliance in the spring, a trophy donated by Mayor James E. Dunne, of Providence.

Elks of Logansport, Ind., and Shriners Give Charity Show

In cooperation with the Shriners of their city, members of Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66, recently presented a minstrel show at the Lodge Home. The Elks provided the stage and setting; and the Shriners the performers. Proceeds of the entertainment were given to the Parent-Teachers Association of the community, for use in feeding undernourished pupils in the schools.

Washington, N. J., Elks Give 125 Families Fuel for Month

One hundred and twenty-five needy families have, during the recent past, received each a month's supply of wood for fuel through the contributions and efforts of members of Washington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1503. The gift of the wood came from four members, all brothers,



Hudson, Wis., Lodge's new \$25,000 Home. Celebrations recently were held to mark the formal opening of this splendid modern structure

who own a farm near Washington. Assuming an expense of about \$100 a week, these members—Stanley, Ewart, Henry and Dr. Edgar White—hired wood-choppers to fell the trees upon a part of their land. Other members of the Lodge volunteered to load, drive and unload trucks carrying the fuel to those in want of it. Through the offices of Dr. Edmund S. King, of the Board of Freeholders; and of Percy R. Thatcher, Welfare Director, trucks were procured for the Elks to man.

Milton, Pa., Elks Give Minstrel Show Again at Penitentiary

Repeating a performance which earlier had been given before the general public, for charity, Milton, Pa., Lodge, No. 013, recently presented a minstrel show at the United States Northeastern Penitentiary, for the entertainment of the inmates there. Testimony of the success of the Elks' efforts was contained in a letter to Milton Lodge from Major Henry C. Hill, Warden of the institution and a member of the Order of twenty years' standing. Major Hill wrote, in part: "May I again express our sincere appreciation of the splendid entertainment arranged and presented by the Elks for

our inmates. . . It was apparent that it was thoroughly enjoyed by the entire audience."

New \$25,000 Home of Hudson, Wis., Lodge Formally Opened

Hudson, Wis., Lodge, No. 640, recently celebrated the formal opening of its handsome new \$25,000 Home. The events of the occasion took place upon two successive days. Upon the first day, afternoon and evening were given over to the public inspection of the building. In the evening of the ensuing day, a grand opening banquet, for members of the Order and their guests, was held. At this three hundred and fifty persons were present. This number included not only members of No. 640, but also visiting delegations from St. Paul, Red Wing, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire and Rice Lake Lodges. For Hudson Lodge, Exalted Ruler William J. Burton made an address of welcome; and for the city Mayor L. M. Fluent extended greetings. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. E. Newton acted as toastmaster. Of especial note among the later incidents of the evening were the speech of President J. W. Selbach, of the Wisconsin

(Continued on page 46)

To All Members

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

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

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

Candidates for Grand Lodge Office

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

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 404, announces that it will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters as a candidate for reelection at the 1933 Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee.

Mr. Masters has been an Elk since 1903, when he became a member of Charleroi Lodge. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1908 and was Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. He was elected a Grand Trustee in 1915 and acted as Chairman of the Board for three years of his term. In 1920-21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. He was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922. From that year, when he was a member ex officio, to 1927, Mr. Masters served on the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He was appointed Grand Secretary in September, 1927, and was subsequently elected to that office at the 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931 and 1932 Grand Lodge Conventions in Miami, Los Angeles, Atlantic City, Seattle and Birmingham.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Presents James F. Duffy For Grand Treasurer

Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, will present Grand Treasurer James F. Duffy as a candidate for reelection at the Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee next July.

Mr. Duffy is a native of the city of Providence, and became a member of Providence Lodge on November 20, 1907. He was elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1910; Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1911; Esteemed Leading Knight in 1912, and Exalted Ruler in 1913. He served as Lodge Treasurer from 1914 to 1916; in 1923 he was elected Trustee to fill out an unexpired term of two years, and was re-elected to that office in 1925, 1928, and 1931. During the past ten years he has been Chairman of the Board of Trustees. On September 24, 1913, he was elected a life member for distinguished service to the Order, and was the Lodge Representative at the Grand Lodge Convention in Denver in 1914; he was appointed District Deputy of Rhode Island in 1916, and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials in 1919. He was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight at Chicago in 1920, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1921, and Grand Treasurer in 1932.

Newark, N. J., Lodge Presents Henry A. Guenther For Grand Trustee

Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, announces that it will put forward Henry A. Guenther as a candidate for the office of Grand Trustee, to be filled at the Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee, July next. Mr. Guenther has been a member of the Order for thirty-one years. He served his Lodge as Exalted Ruler in 1917-18 and the following year was its representative at the Grand Lodge Convention. In 1924 he was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, and in 1926 was made District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. In 1927 he was elected President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. On January 21, 1930, the then Grand Exalted Ruler, Walter P. Andrews, appointed him to fill the vacancy on the Board of Grand Trustees caused by the death of the late Richard P. Rooney. At the subsequent Grand Lodge meeting in Atlantic City he was unanimously elected to succeed himself and to complete the unexpired term of Mr. Rooney. He was selected as Home Member and appointed Chairman of the Special Building Committee, in charge of the construction of the new addition to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.

Scottsbluff, Nebr., Elks' Notable Work

WITHOUT asking for a single donation of money from the public, without spending one cent of its own funds, Scottsbluff, Nebr., Lodge, No. 1367, has virtually broken the economic log-jam in its community. The widespread want of necessities in the midst of plenty of necessities has existed in Scottsbluff as it has elsewhere in the nation. Hunger has stood side by side with food going to waste; exposure gone hand in hand with stocks of clothing and fuel; and men, eager to work, have been driven by the lack of work to beg. But no longer. No one in Scottsbluff today starves, freezes or succumbs to disease because of want. The Elks of Lodge No. 1367 have seen to it that they do not. And they have done so solely through initiative, organization, energy and resourcefulness. The enterprise which today insures the destitute of Scottsbluff against privation began modestly, exactly a week before last Christmas, with a soup kitchen. The members of the Lodge had decided to establish one in a part of their Home. Without drawing upon Lodge funds, without any campaign to raise money among the citizens, the Elks first set aside a room to dispense soup in. The only gifts they sought were materials. Of farmers they asked such vegetables as they could spare, of local packers and markets bones and meat that had little market value, of bakers, bread a day or so old. All of these materials were sound, clean and nourishing. But if they had not been given to the Elks they would have been thrown away. They cost no one anything. The Elks took them, cooked them and began feeding the soup, a substantial dish more like a stew than a soup, to all who would come to the kitchen. The meal included bread. Response to the Lodge's invitation was prompt but, in the light of later developments, somewhat slender. Forty-seven came the first day, but the number soon grew. Within a month and six days after the opening of the kitchen, the Elks had given out soup and bread for 14,920 persons: nearly 400 persons a day. So rapidly did the call upon the Lodge's offering increase, that soon its members alone no longer could do the work. But inasmuch as those whom they were feeding were unemployed, there was little difficulty in getting more labor. Volunteers were many. While the Elks sought out sources of supplies of vegetables and meat and flour, those whom they helped prepared the food.

This included cooking it, for the chef of a restaurant came to the Home, and gave three days to lessons in how to make soup. Now there is among the beneficiaries of the kitchen a corps of men skilled in soup-making. Thus one problem was overcome. Another appeared: the kettles in time proved too small. But here the law lent a hand. The sheriff of the county gave to the Lodge several confiscated whiskey-stills. These were copious vessels, needing only their tops cut off to make enormous cook-pots. The sixth essential to the operation of the kitchen—the one besides the quarters, the materials, the utensils, the skill and the labor—the gas company contributed. It lent stoves; and local plumbers installed them free of charge. So has the soup kitchen grown into an organization which now practically runs itself, thanks to the cooperation of the community it serves. The Lodge members in charge have created something which now needs only their direction and influence. In giving out the soup, the Elks have been both kindly and just. They ask of anyone only where he lives. If he is from out of town, they tell him that they must give preference to Scottsbluff people. They will feed him for three days, however. After that he must look elsewhere, unless he has found a job and can care for himself. Where the applicant lives in town, a delegate of the Elks or of the Does, the ladies' organization associated with the Lodge, investigates the condition of the home. The chief object of this is to see if clothes or medical treatment is needed. If so, the organization of the Red Cross usually can supply garments. And the county, so firm is its confidence in the Lodge's judgment, permits the Elks to call upon the county physician for treatment, where it is deemed necessary. This privilege has been sparingly used, lest imposition result. But in more than a score of instances, it has proven of vital value. In addition to those mentioned, there are two other branches of endeavor which have grown from the establishment of the soup kitchen. One is the supplying of shoes, especially to children. The footwear of the boys and girls who came to the kitchen was deplorable. Many even had no shoes, but wore only rubbers. The Lodge could not afford to purchase shoes. But it did contrive to repair them. It first collected old shoes and, enlisting three cobblers who had come regularly to the kitchen, borrowing shoemaker's tools and getting local

machine shops and factories to donate discarded leather machine belts, it organized a cobbling shop. The rebuilt shoes were given out. Thus a chain of improvement was set going. The shoemakers, handicapped by lack of full equipment, even went so far in the effort to do the best work possible, as to convert an old wood-turning lathe into a grinding machine for finishing soles. Everybody helped and helped with all that was in him. Cooperation, too, solved the problem of fuel. On several islands in the river near Scottsbluff there is a dense growth of trees. There are so many that they tend to choke each other. By permission of the owners, therefore, and greatly to their pleasure, the Elks set crews of men to work chopping down the superfluous trees and in the course of their task, clearing away injurious underbrush. To these men were given all the wood they chopped, less one-quarter of the amount as payment for hauling it to town. This quarter of all the wood chopped was turned over to widows or to the families of men employed by the Elks in work other than wood-chopping. Normally, much of the wood cut would either rot or be carried away down the river in flood-time. Like the ingredients of the food at the soup kitchen, were it not used, it would go to waste. In all this work, the Elks, while not asking for contributions of cash, accept them when they are made. Money can always be used, and particularly in one respect, that of supplying milk. By virtue of donations, the Lodge, besides its other relief work, gives out every day forty gallons of whole milk, this to families wherein there are children under five years of age; and from thirty-five to fifty gallons of separated milk. Authorities of Scottsbluff have reported two definite results of the Lodge's soup kitchen. Schools have noticed that the average grades of their pupils have risen 10 per cent. And the police declare that petty larceny and street begging virtually have disappeared from the community. In the last, the February issue of the Magazine, there appeared a brief item concerning the soup kitchen of the Lodge. But so greatly has the enterprise expanded and so intelligent and ingenious has been the effort of the Elks of Scottsbluff, that the Magazine feels the details of the methods that have been developed and the success that has rewarded them should be published for the enlightenment and inspiration of the entire Order.

News of the State Associations

Washington

THE mid-summer meeting of the Washington State Elks Association will be held in Everett. This decision was reached recently at the mid-winter session of the body, which took place, with President A. W. Tenney presiding, at the Home of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174. Eighty Elks, representing seventeen Lodges of the State, were in attendance.

Ohio

IN AN effort to attain concerted action in the solution of the problems of the subordinate Lodges of the State, the Ohio State Elks Association recently sponsored the first few of a series of District meetings. The Rehabilitation Committee of the organization is in direct charge of these. It has been announced as the plan of the Association to hold one meeting in every district of Ohio except the Northeast where, on account of its size, two have been scheduled. Reports of the first three gatherings have been received. The initial one, for Lodges of the Northwest District, took place

(Continued on page 48)



Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson visits the Elks' tuberculosis sanitarium at Tucson. This splendid institution is maintained by the Arizona State Elks Association

This Year, a Bigger, Better Good-will Tour

Purple and White Fleet Enlarged to Six Cars Paired on Three Transcontinental Routes Terminating at Milwaukee, Scene of 1933 Elks National Convention



ONCE again, the Elks select Studebaker for the Annual Transcontinental Good-will Tour, which this year terminates at Milwaukee, scene of the Elks National Convention the week of July 16th.

To the three Studebakers have been added three Rocknes and the six cars of the 1933 Purple and White Fleet will be paired and routed over three separate transcontinental highways—a Studebaker and a Rockne to each route.

Itineraries are now being checked for time and distance, and it is hoped to augment the usual schedule of visits by including many subordinate Lodges which have been unvisited in the course of previous tours. With this in mind, the Fleet will make an earlier start than is customary.

This will be the fifth Annual Good-will Tour. Beginning in 1929, THE ELKS MAGAZINE sponsored the first Tour. The enthusiastic receptions given to the cars of that Fleet, which incidentally were also Studebakers, prompted the launching of another Tour the year following, and the interest which has been manifested by subordinate Lodges each succeeding year has made the Good-will Tour an annual

event. In the files of THE ELKS MAGAZINE are records of more than a half million lines of newspaper publicity secured by subordinate Lodges through the visits of these cars. Naturally the Lodges which have been most alert to the publicity value of the Good-will visits have been those which have profited most.

Although the necessities of time and distance have occasionally dictated the elimination of certain territory, nevertheless, THE ELKS MAGAZINE always tries to arrange itineraries to include as many Lodges as is possible. In a Transcontinental Tour of this kind, however, once schedules have been determined the cars must necessarily proceed with railroad-like precision, and it is not always possible to rearrange these schedules to reroute the cars upon invitation of Lodges lying far off the routes.

Two cars of this year's Fleet will leave from the west coast and journeying east will visit Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. They will then turn north through Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska and the Dakotas, and will turn again into Minnesota, south to Iowa and thence into Wisconsin.

The two cars of Route No. 2, will take off from Miami, and will visit Lodges in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Illinois and Wisconsin.

Route No. 1 will include Lodges, beginning with Boston, the starting point, and cover those in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin.

Tie-up publicity is being prepared for the use of the Lodges scheduled to be visited, and as is usual every assistance will be given to make the visits of these cars both profitable and interesting to the Lodges.

All six cars will be handsomely painted with the official Purple and White of Elksdom and will carry de luxe equipment throughout, including Firestone Tires.

They will also use Quaker State Motor Oils and greases which in previous tours have given more than 125,000 miles of trouble-free lubrication. Ethyl Gasoline will again be the preferred fuel.





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

An Outboard in Your Kit

By P. A. Tanner

"YOU can put it down in cold figures if you like," said the Ardent Angler, "and even then you won't have the whole story." He chuckled and held out his hands, palms upward to show me some healing blisters and deep callouses. "My Old Faithful went back on me a week ago and I've been rowing the Scow for the past week. It's my own fault; I didn't bring along any extraspark-plugs and carelessly dropped the pair I had in the lake when I was cleaning them."

We were talking about fishing—the two of us—and the subject of outboard motors came up; whether and to what extent an outboard motor is a necessary part of the fisherman's equipment.

"There's some," he went on, "that maintain that half the fun o' fishin' is in the roughing it. Getting back to nature—matching your brawn against the hardships of nature—and all that sort of thing. Well, I like that too, but I'm findin' plenty out here in the woods even when I have the best equipment. It's not necessary to be uncomfortable to enjoy the outdoors any more than it's required that you be mournful and serious to enjoy your religion—as some seem to think. Why, they've even said I was lazy because I use an outboard motor to push my fishin' boat! I suppose I'm lazy, too, when I drive my car out to the Club for a game of golf, instead of walking. But the point is, I wouldn't have any time or energy to play golf after I got there."

"You know these waters too, son. You know that the best bass lie down there around the point and that it's a mile and a half away—and just as far back again. When I have to row as I have been the past few days," he looked ruefully at his hands, "I don't have enough time to fish. In fact, if I couldn't have a motor any more, I doubt if I'd come up here very often. The time and expense are

hardly justified by the units of pleasure you get back, fishin' the old-fashioned way."

"You see," he went on, "I don't just use my motor to get down the lake and back. I've got Old Faithful pretty well trained. I let out a trolling line with a slow spinner on the end and kick along at slow speed until some big lazy pike decides to take a whack at it. Then the fun begins! I couldn't get all this fun all by myself without Old Faithful, because I'd have to have a guide to pull the oars—and that costs money, too. This way, I just suit my own whims, go where I like, quit when I'm ready, rush back to the cabin here if it starts to rain, get out early in the morning without disturbing anybody, and have the time of my life."

The Ardent Angler cocked his ear and sat listening. Then he smiled. "There comes Bob with the mail. I'll bet a hat he's got those spark-plugs."

Sure enough, there was a package in the week-old bundle of newspapers and letters. The letters from home came first, of course, but the reading matter could wait. It wasn't a half hour before I looked up at the sound of a running outboard motor to see the Ardent Angler, a broad smile on his weathered face, guiding his boat out from the dock toward his favorite fishing haunts—happy.

This is a day of speed. I don't mean break-neck driving on the road, nor zooming aloft in an airplane necessarily. What I do mean is that nowadays when people work they work efficiently, with all the equipment necessary to do the job right and quickly. I refer to the relative speed of the motor-car and the horse and buggy or the bicycle; of the adding machine and the pencil and paper; of the long-distance telephone and the posted letter.

And just so to-day when men play, it is intense play. Full advantage is taken of the time available.

Every hour is made to count. For those who like to fish, the same applies. And the outboard motor is the one piece of equipment that they must have in this modern day. It's as indispensable as an adequate rod and reel, at least to the efficient fisherman.

Exceptions? Yes, of course. People still ride bicycles. But most fishermen really need the modern outboard.

Read what Frank J. Price, Jr., says about it—

DID'JA EVER?

Didja ever lay aft in a swift-glidin' craft
On th' breast of a whispering stream?
Didja ever relax, forget worrisome facts
An' surrender to some pleasant dream?
Haveya ever sought fish without havin' to wish
That th' boat you were rowin' might wreck?
As you pulled at the oars and considered the sores
On your palms and the nape of your neck?
Wereya ever of mind to leave others behind
And seek out quiet places afar,
To comply with your mood for a real solitude
That would meet neither hindrance nor jar?

L'ENVOI

If you'd pleasantly glide o'er the fast running tide,
Or skim swift o'er the rippling lake,
If you'd have others row and go bobbin' long slow
While you leave them all flat in your wake.
You can take it from me, here is your recipe
If you use it, there'll be no remorse:
Get a craft that will float, be it sea sled or boat,
And ride with an outboard Sea Horse.

P. A. TANNER



To-day, when every hour must count, a reliable outboard motor is as indispensable to the fisherman as an adequate rod and a well-oiled reel



IVAR HENNINGS, P. E. R. of South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235, with three small mouth bass caught at Berry Creek, part of Lake of the Woods, out from Fort Francis, Ontario. To say Mr. Hennings makes all of his own tackle would be misleading unless we explained that he is the president of the South Bend Bait Company. He personally tries out all new lures before offering them to the public. The fish were taken on a new lure for 1933, the Min-Oreno.



H. M. HANSCH of San Antonio, Texas, No. 216, is a dog and gun enthusiast and believes in teaching his boys the pleasures of gunning at an early age. That Dad is an able teacher is shown in the bag of quail they are holding. Mrs. Hansch also enjoys shooting but in this instance handled the camera.

HENRY C. WARNER of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, the Grand Esquire, enjoys shooting. In this picture he has his limit of mallards, all drakes, together with a cock pheasant and twelve quail. A part of these birds were eaten by the Grand Exalted Ruler and his family. Others went to the home of Grand Secretary Masters. Mr. Warner is a member of the Mallard Club near Bureau, Illinois, where he has bagged the limit of birds on several different days this season. The photograph below is proof of the stories that have come to Elkdom Outdoors from Illinois this year. Reports have stated that the mallard flights along the Illinois River were larger than they have been in ten years. This condition was also true of the Eastern Coast where duck guides at Great South Bay stated that ducks were more plentiful this year.



L. T. WARRINER of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, is now living in San Francisco and says that he caught the 21 1/2-pound striper, pictured below, out of his living-room window, or to be more exact, in the bay, within two blocks of his home. Mr. Warriner says that taking stripers with light tackle, for those who have never done it, is a real fisherman's job.



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Waterproofed by



\$ 4.50



Now Fleece Lined!

You could play a fire-hose on my new waterproof Buck Skin Jacket and though the force of the water would knock me over, not a drop would seep through.

This process, developed exclusively for me by Du Pont, makes Buck Skin waterproof — 100% waterproof — bone dry waterproof!

I added another feature this year — a warm soft fleece lining. You, outdoor men, will appreciate this extra warmth. Buck Skin also washes as easily and as clean as a handkerchief. "Your Money Back" is my long standing guarantee if a Buck Skin fades or shrinks. I further guarantee my new Buck Skin 100% waterproof.

Made in two styles, (1) with live wool belt band as pictured above; and (2) with Buck Skin self-bottom band, Cossack style, as pictured to the right. The Cossack model has leather trimmed set in pockets instead of flap pockets and an adjustable leather strap to reef in at the waist. 100% waterproof and fleece lined. Wears like saddle leather.



See your dealer. If he is all sold out, mail my coupon below, enclose the price of your Buck Skin and I'll send yours prepaid.

Yours truly,

Buck Skin Cossack Jacket \$4.50

Buck Skin Joe

LUSTBERG NAST & CO., Inc. Makers 212 Fifth Ave., Dept. E, 3, New York City See that I get the new waterproof Buck Skin at the old price of \$4.50

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THE HIT OF 1933



The brilliant motor that made Johnson famous—vastly improved for 1933 with a new, speedier lower unit, greater power, pressure-vacuum cooling system, Portage-Steering Handle and Taper-Tube Underwater Exhaust. It's a twin—with the smoothness that only a twin can give. And it's a SEA-HORSE for endurance! Its predecessors sold for \$150. The 1933 model, with all its modern refinements, is priced at only \$96.50, f.o.b. Waukegan. Other models as low as \$72.75.

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A 1933 Handy Chart of sizes and specifications, showing all of Johnson's 7 great motors. Write for your copy.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

The Show Goes On

(Continued from page 13)

about the ticket wagon, some pounded upon it and called for it to open up. Mother Meade hurried into the big top where the last of the seating arrangements were being made.

"We've got a tentful out there right now!" she exclaimed. Her eyes glistened; there was a feverish splotch of red in her cheeks. Calvert whirled.

The woman giggled and hurried away. Labor went forward faster than ever. At last, with the wheezy hurdy gurdy in action, the doors were opened. Almost immediately the seats were filled, except for a canvas shielded space on the lower tiers. A quarter of an hour passed. A brilliantly painted buggy, drawn by white horses, drove on the circus lot. Other buggies followed, and men and women on horseback. Buffalo Bill had come to the circus—and with him, his friends.

More than that, Buffalo Bill had come in an exceptionally jovial mood. Cowboys lugged hamper of champagne into the tent. There were baskets of fruit and sandwiches. The king of western showdom was making a day of it.

The plainsman had yielded to his love of the spectacular and dressed in his old clothing of scouting days; his buckskin shirt, his high boots, his broad-rimmed campaign hat. Flooding behind him was a variegated entourage; even to the Sheriff and his deputies. To the cheering of the tent, the party went to its seats, Buffalo Bill shouting now and then to some friend, or bellowing his joy at the unusual amusement of a circus brought to his own town of North Platte.

At the back door, Bob Calvert edged his way through the throng about him and pulled Connie to one side.

"This time we'll go through with it!"

She knew what he meant.

"But is your leg strong enough?"

"It's got to be. You do your act first, as usual. We'll do mine later. As soon as Mother Meade closes the wagon, we'll fix up the program."

But Mother Meade did not and could not close the wagon. Buffalo Bill's arrival had caused all of North Platte to flood to the circus grounds.

IN THE dressing tent, The Five Strattons, "Grandma" and Connie dug into their trunks for their best wardrobes. Ortie Whipple and Ettabelle Jertz, dressing behind a sidewall, rehearsed feverishly. Calvert, with his everyday clothes pulled over his tights, at last went out to the ticket wagon. The crowd was yelling for admission. Mrs. Meade, her hands shaking, raised the window and called to him:

"Do something with 'em, Bob! There ain't any tickets left."

The man leaped to the wagon gear.

"The tent's crowded," he shouted. "There's not a seat left. What do you want to do—go in now and sit on the ground, or wait until this performance is over?"

"We'll sit on the ground," a cow-puncher called. "'Twon't be as good if Buffalo Bill ain't there." A dozen voices joined him. Bob Calvert ran to the door of the wagon and pounded to be admitted. "Let me in, Mother," he begged. "We've got to sell these tickets and get this show started."

She hesitated a moment. At last she pulled the door open. Then, to his astonishment, she patted him on the shoulder.

"You do everything just right, Bob," she said.

They divided a pile of pasteboard tickets which had been turned back from the front door. Quickly, Mother Meade on one side of the window, Calvert on the other, they began to pass them out, dropping the cash into a canvas sack beneath the counting ledge. Below, lay another sack, lumpy and tightly tied, the money that was to take them to Colorado. But now there would be more money for re-

habilitation, for painting the wagons, for a new tent, shipped on from Chicago. This was their deliverance.

At last with the crowd cleared, Calvert hurried for the tent that he might take his place in the audience, leaving Mother Meade to lock the wagon, station a guard and follow. But just inside the marquee, he halted, fighting hard to mask his surprise. Flatiron Keats stood beside Old Queen Bess, dressed, like the others, in his best.

"New suit?" asked Calvert.

"New? Hell, no."

"It's a good looker," Bob said and walked on. But a long time after he had, crowded through the mass of "grassed-down" spectators to a place near the ring, he thought of nothing but that suit.

He had been sure he had seen the material before, in a shred clinging to a pearl button. A stranger fact was that there were pearl buttons on this coat—at every buttonhole except one.

He could not fathom it. That suit had been worn by one of the three men who had attempted to weaken the bridge, the first night Bob Calvert had joined the show. But on that night, Flatiron Keats had been far behind, walking beside the lumbering old Queen Bess as she weaved along at the head of the circus train. He shook his head. He must have made a mistake. Besides, there was no time to think.

A ROARING cheer had come from the entire tent as "Grandma" Sours ran into the ring. He shouted his announcement.

"Here we are again!"

Above the laughter came the booming voice of Buffalo Bill:

"That's a good one. Here we are again!"

Then he rose, and hooking forth a great arm, shook his long black hair with the reverberation of his giant voice as he called: "Come here, young fellow!"

The show stopped. It made no difference to the audience. This was as much entertainment as any set performance. Buffalo Bill had called "Grandma" Sours to his "box" and was calling for a cowboy to open champagne.

"There'll be more when this is gone!" the plainsman shouted. "Hey, Mama—come get a drink."

Mama was Mother Meade. Calvert heard her laugh—a genuine laugh for the first time since he had come on the show. Then Cody shouted:

"Bring 'em all up! I'm in the show business myself."

The leaps were made. Again the performance halted. Connie came into the ring. The plainsman called for her, too—leaning forward, he pinched her cheeks.

"Now go back and show us what you can do!" he shouted. "And if anybody says you're not good, send 'em to me!"

The circus had largely ceased as such. It was a great family, cheering, shouting to one another, joking, laughing. But it silenced when Connie Meade went to the back of her horse.

Calvert leaned forward anxiously. He wondered if the excitement would throw her off balance, or destroy her timing. But her stance was sure, the movements of her body in perfect accord with those of her horse. She remembered every item that he had taught her—the grace, the tilt of her pretty head, the undulating motion of an arm.

To the cheering of the packed tent, she went into her flipflops, and finally to her somersaults. Then, as she vaulted from her horse, turned a ground somersault and made her bow, the noise rose to miniature thunder. Again was the show stopped. Once more Buffalo Bill had called for the whole company to step forward and be his guests.

Nearly fifteen minutes passed inactively, ex-

cept where Buffalo Bill entertained. Ortie Whipple and Ettabelle Jertz came in.

Ortie was white featured. Ettabelle giggled. "I had only one glass, Ortie!" she remonstrated.

"One glass is too many when you've got a handful of knives!" the worried groom retorted. He shook with fright as the group in the box called them forward.

Ettabelle said she'd like just one more little sip. Ortie's popping eyes saw her swallow a glassful. He wavered. He looked toward the back door. The Great Lalita, Queen of Knife Throwers, was toying with another glass. And still another. Ortie Whipple, gray with fear, sneaked out of the tent. It was just as well. Ettabelle was sitting in the Sheriff's lap.

The Five Strattons hurried into the ring, to one of their several acts. It was growing late now. There would be no night show, that everyone knew. But no one cared. Practically the entire population of North Platte was crammed into the little tent; stores had been closed downtown, streets and houses deserted.

At last the Strattons were allowed to leave. Ortie ran in with Calvert's ring stock and Ettabelle got out of the box. The announcements were gone through. Calvert shouted his twangy routine from his place on the ground. Mother Meade cracked her whip and dared him to come into the ring.

He moved forward. This time there was no agonized leg to thwart him. He sprawled and staggered on the back of his horse, but it was only pretense. Shouts came from the seats, bellowing roars of enjoyment. Then off came his clothing. Now he could ride!

He glanced to the center of the ring. Connie was watching him with glowing eyes. Something caught in Bob Calvert's heart and expanded. To be riding again, swinging gracefully from one routine to another, to have throngs about him, the tent now silent, now thundering with applause, to feel the rock of a "rosinback" beneath him—these things had broken bonds which had held him taut for weeks.

And to watch her down there in the center of the ring, acting as his entrepreneur, the straightness and trimness of her, the look in her eyes, the toss of her head as she watched him—Calvert knew that his interest in her no longer was purely professional.

He went into his somersaults, while Cody rose from his seat and cheered. The whole tent followed the plainsman's lead. Toepins shuddered, jacks creaked—no one heard, nor did anyone care that they had endangered themselves in this sudden rush of weight to foot-planks. This young man in the ring was of a sort they never before had seen. Time after time he swung into the somersault, as with a new horse under him, he went around the ring—fifteen—twenty—thirty—thirty-eight they counted, before he came to the ground, and "Grandma" swung Duke into the ring.

Leap after leap, then a back somersault off Duke's rump to the ground, a double somersault there, and he straightened to bow to the reverberating tent. Turning for the dressing-room, he strove to halt, but too late. Connie was there before him—he put out his arms as if to fend her from a collision.

Then he lost his head. He caught her for an instant; their warm bodies touched.

"I love you, Connie!" he blurted.

"Bob!" she exclaimed. "You're in the ring!"

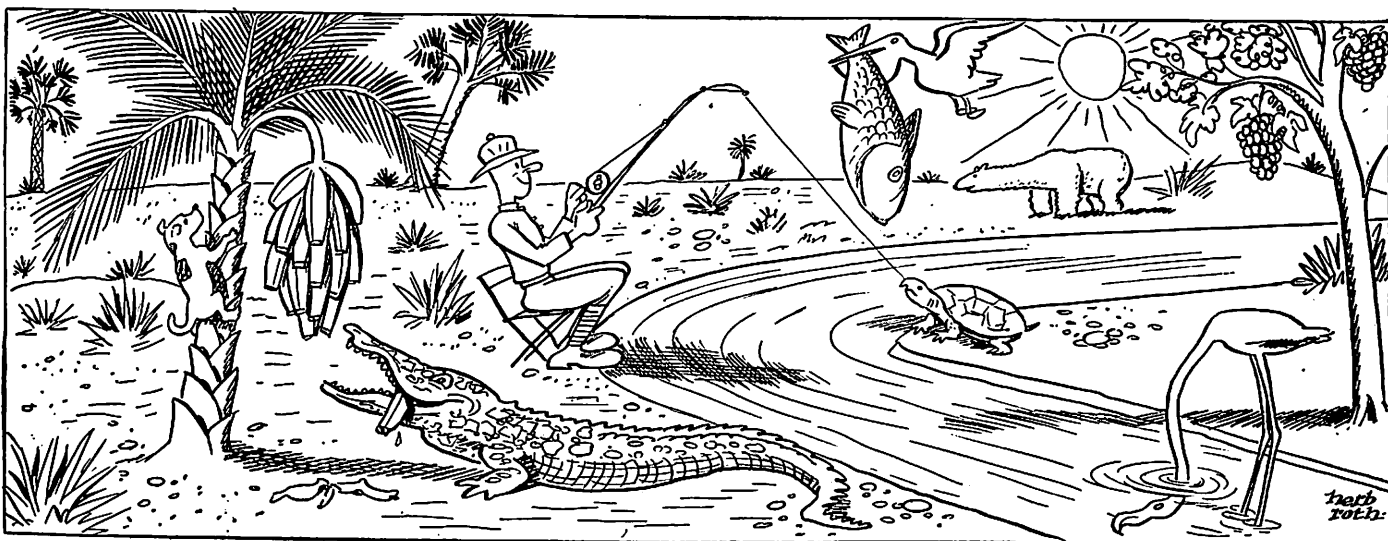
He turned quickly. Again he bowed and stepped forward. Buffalo Bill was calling for him from the "royal box."

CHAPTER XI

IT WAS dusk before Bob Calvert had time to truly realize what he had said and done in the ring. Now, the crowds were piling out of the tent. Buffalo Bill and his entourage were

What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 43)



entering their carriages. Boisterous, generous, a boy in a man's physique, Buffalo Bill had given this tattered little show its biggest happiness of a troublesome season. The circus watched him drive away, his long black hair waving, his great form silhouetted against the deepening sky. At last he was gone. Bob Calvert hurried after Connie Meade, walking slowly to the dressing tent.

"I'm sorry I lost my grip this afternoon."

She looked up at him. Her brown eyes twinkled.

"Did you?" she asked.

Calvert halted with his lips parted. This reply rather flattened him. He could not very well go into details now.

"I thought you might have taken offense," he apologized lamely.

"I SHOULD not have gotten in your way," she answered. Then she smiled and walked away. Calvert heard her singing as she went into her side of the dressing tent. Suddenly, however, he turned and hurried to his baggage—he had purchased a trunk in Columbus. Now he opened it and pawed hastily into the top tray. In one of the pockets, he found a button. He raised it to the light, studied it, laid it aside, and hastily began to dress, turning his head at intervals. Surely the crowds would not have begun to gather again for a night show. He heard many voices. Suddenly, he grasped the button, stuffed it into a pocket and started forth. Connie was crying his name, and far away, sounded the screaming voice of Mother Meade, once more in hysteria.

He swung out of the dressing tent, almost colliding with "Grandma" Sours.

"Connie wants you!" the clown exclaimed. "There's a crowd at the front door. The Sheriff's with 'em."

Calvert did not wait for any more. At the marquee connection he halted. Flatiron Keats stood, oblivious to him, patting the trunk of the old elephant.

"Unchain Bess!" Calvert commanded, and hurried onward.

Mother Meade was haranguing those about her. In shrill, strident tones, she chided the Sheriff for something which Calvert could not hear. Then Connie saw the rider and caught her foster mother by a sleeve.

"Be quiet, Mother. Here's Bob."

The equestrian faced the Sheriff.

"What do you want?"

The officer surveyed him in an up and down glance.

"Suppose you give up those thieves."

"You're welcome to any thieves you can find."

"Listen!" exclaimed the Sheriff. "I don't want any back talk. This town was good to

you. Our best citizen drove sixty-five miles from his ranch to help you out—and all the gratitude you've got is to turn loose a bunch of robbers."

The crowd of men behind the Sheriff had thickened, a drunken cowboy began to curse. At the edge of the lot, more men appeared, faintly black. Night was coming. The moon would not rise for two hours.

"Show 'em that dodger!" a man shouted from deep in the crowd. "Maybe he thinks we ain't on to them."

The Sheriff reached for his pocket, and pulled out a piece of paper.

"Maybe you can explain this. They're all over town."

Connie crowded beside Calvert. Together they read:

WARNING—WARNING—WARNING
 TO ANY TOWNSHIP
 IN WHICH A CIRCUS KNOWN AS
 MEADE'S GREAT WESTERN CIRCUS
 MAY EXHIBIT.
 THIS SHOW CARRIES THIEVES, GAMBLERS,
 PICKPOCKETS, CONFIDENCE MEN AND
 BURGLARS.
 REFUSE THIS SHOW THE RIGHT TO EXHIBIT.
 ARREST ITS THIEVES AND CONFIDENCE MEN.
 COMMUNICATE WITH
 SHERIFF—COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA
 REWARD—REWARD—REWARD

Calvert had grown white with anger. He pushed back the offensive sheet.

"Every word of that is a damned lie!"

The Sheriff eyed him coldly.

"Is it a damned lie that four houses were robbed while the town was out here this afternoon?" he queried.

Mother Meade gave an outcry and began to wail. Calvert caught her arm, and patting her, begged for silence. Connie faced the crowd angrily.

"That couldn't have been done by anyone with this show."

"Then who did it?"

The crowd had grown greater now. Men with heavy breaths, straight from the saloons, pressed forward, damning a circus that would steal from a town which had befriended it. In the darkness, silent, moving stealthily, the workmen and male performers, Ortie, Papa Stratton and "Grandma," made their preparations. Now they had tied white rags around an arm; each had a tent-stake. The argument became louder.

"This dodger doesn't make us guilty!" Calvert insisted. "Look here!" he exclaimed.

"Why didn't the Sheriff at Columbus notify you personally by mail instead of scattering these things all over town?"

The Sheriff's eyes widened.

"By God!" he exclaimed. "That's the——"

"Oh, to hell with it!" shouted a drunken cow-puncher, and pulling a knife from his belt, slashed a guy rope. Instantly a workman struck him. With that, there rose the dread cry of a circus in battle:

"Hey-y-y-y Rube!"

Calvert whirled and caught the two women. "Out of here, quick!" he commanded. "Get clear off the lot!"

Men were milling behind him, struggling to reach the fight which had started at the guy ropes. Mother Meade turned to the rider, piteously blank.

"Where will we go?"

"As far as you can go! Get her off the lot!" he called to Connie. Already, the girl was tugging at her mother's arm. Again the cry went up from out there in the blackness:

"Hey Rube! Hey Rube!"

Calvert ran through the marquee, halting to call to Flatiron.

"Get Old Bess out there by the treasury wagon. Drive anybody away who tries to come near it."

The man nodded and silently hooked the elephant by the ear. They swung outward, through the marquee. Screams and shouts greeted their appearance. Calvert heard the snorting of horses and the tremble of ground as they stampeded. He ran on, to the back door:

"All women off the lot!" he shouted. "Hey Rube!"

Then he grabbed a tent-stake and ran back to join the thin line of circus men who fought against heavy odds.

As he left the big top, Calvert glanced toward the treasury wagon. Flatiron was there, with Old Bess beside him, her eyes wild as he hooked her into action, her fore-feet padding, her trunk slashing at anyone who approached. Fighting was scattered everywhere now. Townsfolk fought with townsfolk; only those with the white band on their arm could distinguish each other. Calvert had thus equipped himself. He ran toward where the squat form of Ortie Whipple swung his tent-stake menacingly at a line of assailants.

Calvert joined him. Together they rushed the towns-group, scattering them. Then they fought their way onward.

Behind them they heard the swish of wind as the big top fell, its guy-ropes slashed. Then shots sounded, the Sheriff firing into the air in an effort to restore order. It was a mistake. Immediately other guns began to crackle. Bob and Ortie went to the ground for protection. But only for an instant. There had come a new burst of howling from Old Bess,

(Continued on page 34)

(Continued from page 33)

followed by the sound of tremendous crashing, as the treasury wagon capsized.

Men and horses scattered in every direction, as the elephant, evidently maddened with fright, broke loose from the command of Flatiron and started rampaging across the lot.

Fighting had ceased almost instantly. Elephants were little known; they were feared far beyond their capabilities of destruction. Now with Queen Bess beyond control, even the Sheriff ran, while the circus men forgot their enemies and concentrated their efforts at recapture.

It was difficult. Queen Bess had thundered around the fallen big top, knocked down the dressing tent, and crashed into a property wagon. Again she had whirled, to find the plank and seat wagon in her path. With a bellow of rage, she up-ended it. In her wake, Flatiron Keats shouted for aid.

With "Grandma" and Papa Stratton, Calvert ran for the now dismantled marquee connection, floundering about in the darkness until they had located Flatiron's property box. Then on the run, they hurried to the aid of Flatiron Keats. The man was splattered with blood, from a flesh wound above Queen Bess' right eye, the result of a revolver shot. It was this that had crazed her.

The bull-tender had gained a hold on Old Bess's ear now and dangled at the end of her hook, as, still insane with pain and excitement, she attempted to throw him off. Calvert leaped for the other side, while the two other men caught their hooks hard in her shoulder.

Then Flatiron began to bark commands at her; with surroundings less disturbing, the elephant gave evidence of quieting. No longer did she thrash about with her trunk, no longer was there the rasp of hide as she veered against wagons, or crashed the quarter-poles of a tent. Her blasting ceased.

"Let me have her!" Keats commanded. "She'll listen to me now."

Calvert stepped to one side, suddenly turning his head. He had heard a woman's voice, raised in crazed screaming. Then Connie calling: "Bob! Bob! Where are you?"

The dark circus lot had cleared now. Many of the citizens had run for home; others were hunting their stampeded horses. Calvert shouted and started around the big top, giving thanks meanwhile that the star-burners had not been lighted—that would have meant fire, and utter destruction. Things were bad enough without that, he knew.

Again Connie called to him. Again he answered, while that weird shrieking continued from the direction of the marquee. It was Mother Meade, he knew. The man ran, halting only as he saw the dark form of the girl hurrying toward him.

"Bob!" she called. "Hurry—you've got to help me with Mother."

He could not answer; he only caught the girl by the arm and ran forward. The Sheriff was at the overturned treasury wagon, lighting matches, as he stared through the broken door into the interior. Mother Meade wailed and paced and screeched commands for him to look again; finally with mad strength, she

clambered up the bed of the wagon, reached the side, and dropped within. The Sheriff leaned far over, again with a lighted match.

"Look everywhere!" he commanded. "It might have rolled out of sight, when the wagon turned over."

The old woman silenced with hope at this. Calvert clambered up, staring down with the Sheriff. The match burned out; another took its place. Connie came running with a lantern.

In the glow of it, Calvert watched the bent form of Mother Meade, her search becoming steadily more feverish. He did not attempt to aid her; it would only excite her the more.

Tickets were scattered about, the old woman's trunk stood awry in a corner, her makeshift of a cot had sprawled from its fastening on the wagon side. One by one she removed impediments, and stared beneath. At last she went to her hands and knees, throwing tickets out of her way, snatching at bed clothes.

Then the moaning undertone ceased, to give way to a terrified outcry.

"It's not here!" she called. "The money's not here!"

Calvert leaped inside the wagon and raised her, struggling.

"Be sure about that!" he commanded. Hastily he threw out bed clothes, the cot, the small trunk. He stamped about. Finally he too lifted himself out, and sat staring, like the rest. Two small canvas sacks had contained the semi-monthly payroll, the means of rehabilitation, of renewed hope, of travel into a new country. Those two sacks had disappeared.

(To be continued)

The Great God "If"

(Continued from page 17)

IF a young artist had not whiled away the time on a long ocean voyage in arguing about electricity, he would not have been incited to make his supposedly laughable claim that electric currents might be harnessed in such way as to send words and sentences from one part of the continent to another.

IF the jokes and teasing of his fellow passengers had not goaded him to try to prove his queer statement, the invention of the telegraph might have waited a century longer; or might never have been made.

In other words, Samuel Finley Breeze Morse might have lived and died as a rather talented artist, instead of giving the world a new power of eliminating time and space. An aimless shipboard chat led to the whole thing.

IF a poor newsboy had not been hit over the ears by a cranky brakeman for trying to steal a ride on a train, he would not have been made deaf. IF he had not been deaf, he never would have perfected the phonograph and certain of his other marvelous inventions.

Thomas A. Edison himself declared that this lifelong deafness of his was responsible for the excellence of the phonograph and of other devices. (For example, he said the word "species" was the most difficult of all to reproduce clearly and correctly. He kept on developing and improving the phonograph until that word at last was wholly distinct, even to his muffled sense of hearing.)

The deafness which forced him to rely so wholly upon himself for entertainment, by shutting him out of general conversation, led to his finding his chief joy in experiments that were to revolutionize science.

That cranky brakeman should have been pensioned, for the benefit he gave mankind by the head-blow which deafened Edison. Also there should have been rich sacrifices offered for it on the altar of The Great God "IF".

Here is a true tale of one of the merry turns of fate engineered by that same Great God "IF":

A young emigrant settled in Jersey City, many years ago. Friends got him a job as janitor of Grammar School No. 1. But

when it was found he could not read or write, the school authorities dismissed him, as a bad influence on education at large. So he got work as a traveling peddler.

He had a genius for salesmanship and for organization. Inside of fifteen years he was a millionaire and he owned a chain of stores. But, all this time, he had been too busy to learn to read and write. In fact, he was just as illiterate as when he was dismissed from the janitorship of Grammar School No. 1, in Jersey City.

One day he told his secretary to make out for him a series of checks on various banks, totaling nearly \$200,000 in all. The secretary said to him, admiringly:

"You can draw \$200,000 from the banks; and yet you can't read or write. If you had known how to read and write, I wonder what you would be today."

"I know perfectly well what I'd be," answered his employer. "If I had known how to read and write, I'd be janitor of Grammar School No. 1."

To go back to IF'S pranks in history, for a few moments longer, and to cross to Europe this time:

IF one of Napoleon's map-makers had not waxed careless and forgotten to indicate a certain narrow sunken lane in a Belgian meadow, the fate of the battle of Waterloo and of all Europe and perhaps of all the world might have been changed in every way.

Into the uncharted sunken lane piled the French cavalry in the midst of the battle's decisive charge; wrecking not only the details of Napoleon's battle plans, but helping to shake the confidence and the morale of the whole army.

Yes, IF was at his ironic best, that day. A single undrawn line on a chart wrought untold disaster and stood history on its head.

IF King Charles the First of England had not had a fit of bad temper—said to have been caused by his eating something at dinner which upset his digestion—he would not have flown into a rage and canceled the sailing of a ship which was about to carry a number of English colonists to America.

One of the men who had taken passage on the ship was a certain thick set and blotched ex-farmer, named Oliver Cromwell.

In signing that cancellation, King Charles indirectly signed his own death-warrant and the overthrow of his monarchy, and unwittingly named his successor as ruler of England.

But for that, Charles might perhaps have died comfortably in his bed, instead of having his head struck off. Incidentally, the frightful devastation of Ireland, under Cromwell, never would have occurred.

The list of historic IFS, here and across the Atlantic, could be continued for thousands of pages; every page a monument to The Great God "IF".

But all of us are more keenly interested in our private lives and in the things that happen to ourselves and to those around us, than in history. So let's turn to something more personal, shan't we? We are living examples of the vast power of that same Great God "IF". He has swayed every important event we have been through.

IF your father had obeyed his first impulse and had declined a dinner invitation at the house of some acquaintance in whom he was not much interested, he would not have met there—or elsewhere—the girl he was later to marry. IF that particular IF had come to pass, where (and who) would *you* be?

IF your grandfather in Oklahoma (then known as Indian Territory) had given a second glance at the smelly and greasy substance which clung to the point of a tent peg he pulled out of the ground when he broke camp one morning, he would have become an oil-magnate; and you might be reading this article on the deck of your own palatial steam-yacht.

IF a friend of mine, whom I'll call Smith, had not tried to raise a laugh by making fun of a plodding office mate called Jones, he would not have been turned down by Jones when, five years later, he applied for a job in the latter's newly-started business—a job, by the way, which was to mean a fortune for the man to whom Jones gave it.

Cross-Word Puzzle

By R. J. Shibles, Jr., Mechanicville, N. Y.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE will pay readers \$10 for any cross-word puzzle which it can publish.
 The Magazine will return unsuitable puzzles ONLY if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included; it cannot enter into correspondence about them. Please do not send in answers to puzzles already published.

The Magazine wishes to accord honorable mention to the following contributors of puzzles: W. L. Bailey, Birmingham, Ala.; T. J. Kohanek, Represa, Calif.; A. E. Shaw, Glendale, Calif.; Ellsworth Smith, Larchmont, N. Y.; and M. A. Street, Dedham, Mass.

IF you had caught the train which you missed by five seconds, you would have reached the office not only on time but a few minutes early; on the one morning in a month when the boss happened to be down early; and when he would have noted with approval that you were the only member of the staff who was such a glutton for work as to get to his desk before he was due there.

The train you *did* catch was delayed half an hour in the tunnel; as so many trains have a way of being; especially if they are the last trains which will get you to your destination on time. The boss noted your lateness, and he bore it in mind next time there was to be a promotion or a lay-off.

IF you had caught that first train—IF the second train had been on time—your whole business future would have been different.

IF your train hadn't been late you wouldn't have hustled into the office in a sweating-and-sweating bad temper; and you wouldn't have blazed out at your chum at the next desk when he joshed you about it. Thus you and he would have avoided the hot little quarrel which followed—the quarrel that wrecked forever a cherished friendship which otherwise might have lasted throughout your lives.

IF your nerves and stomach hadn't been upset by the lateness and the quarrel, you wouldn't have bolted your lunch that day in such slovenly haste that it brought on the attack of indigestion which kept you in bed for the next two days and made life a burden for your family.

IF you hadn't been laid by the heels at home during those two days, you could have redeemed yourself with the boss by your clever handling of a bit of work which came up in your absence and which won promotion for another man.

In short, one tiny IF bred a whole flock of subsequent IFS that put your career on the toboggan chute.

Does that sound silly? Read it all over again, and you'll find it not only spells 100% logic, but that you can recall many such seemingly unimportant IFS in your own life which led to disaster or to victory.

I don't claim that this theory is new or that I discovered it. As a boy I read, in a hundred-year-old book, a reputedly true tale of an army courier who stopped at the regimental farrier's stall to have his horse reshod. The farrier was short on nails just then, and he left one necessary nail out of the shoe.

As a result, when the courier was riding for life-and-death with a message from one general to another, during a decisive battle, the shoe came off and the horse went dead-lame.

The dispatch was delayed, and reached its destination too late to be of use. Thereby, the battle was lost. The loss of the battle led to the loss of the kingdom.

IF the farrier had not skimped on a single nail, the kingdom would have been saved. The same story used to be condensed, in our school readers, thus:

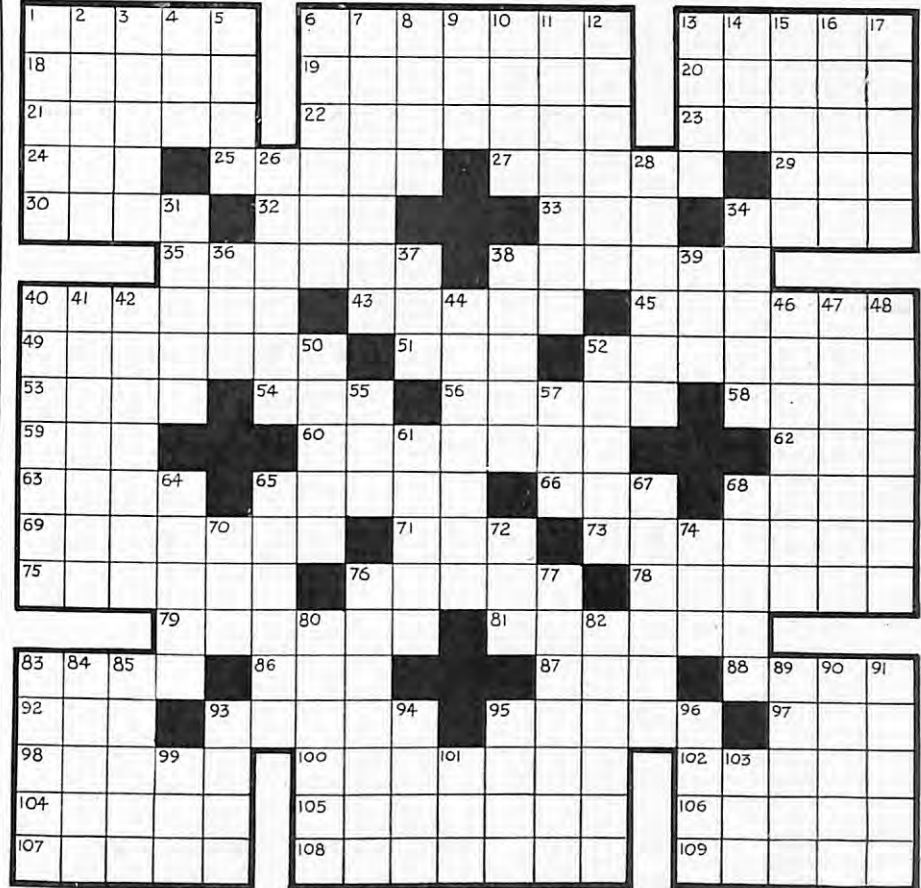
"For want of a nail the shoe was lost. For want of the shoe the horse was lost. For want of the horse the rider was lost. For want of the rider the battle was lost. For want of the battle the kingdom was lost. And all for the want of a horseshoe nail!"

It might be interesting—yes, and profitable, too—for you to search your own past life, in search of some of these terribly potent dynamite-particles known as IF.

At a casual glance, you may not find any of them. But they are there. Look deeper. You will uncover them. Trace back some of the most important happenings in your personal history; to their beginnings. Nine times in ten you will find they hinged on something so trivial that you have scarcely taken the trouble to remember it.

The job you hold; the job you lost; the happiness that once was yours; the happiness you are now entering into—can you say honestly

(Continued on page 36)



Across

- 1—Frisk
- 6—Layer
- 13—Frustrates
- 18—Scene of action
- 19—Desecrate
- 20—Of gold
- 21—Highways
- 22—A poisonous snake
- 23—Theatrical entertainment
- 24—Solicit
- 25—Servants
- 27—Imprisons
- 29—A metal
- 30—Critical trial
- 32—Secretion from inflamed tissues
- 33—A color
- 34—Collections
- 35—Speaker
- 38—Rigorous
- 40—The drink of the gods
- 43—Onward progress
- 45—Browns over a fire
- 49—Intensify
- 51—Court
- 52—Quaint fancy
- 53—Objective
- 54—Animal's thigh
- 56—Genus of underground fungus
- 58—Cows
- 59—Settled course
- 60—Greeted with deference
- 62—Pinch suddenly

- 63—Upon the top of
- 65—Small finch
- 66—Dark viscid liquid
- 68—Chirp
- 69—A Danish island
- 71—A form of lyric poetry
- 73—Turn back
- 75—Deduce
- 76—Trap
- 78—Seashores
- 79—Pasturage lands
- 81—Equips
- 83—A viscid cement
- 86—Sheltered side of a ship
- 87—Kind of beetle
- 88—Auricles
- 92—A rodent
- 93—Item of property
- 95—Small bodies of still water
- 97—Recline
- 98—Fantastic
- 100—Glutton
- 102—Endure
- 104—Smell
- 105—Compassion
- 106—Prompted
- 107—Straightens up
- 108—Triples
- 109—Pitchers with wide mouths

- 3—Summits
- 4—Terminus
- 5—Grate
- 6—Germinate
- 7—Small ventilating window
- 8—Decays
- 9—Near the stern
- 10—A form of magnesium silicate
- 11—Reveal
- 12—Absorption of a lesser property by a greater
- 13—Capricious hobbies
- 14—Of us
- 15—Wrathful
- 16—Restrict
- 17—Scrutinizes
- 26—Russian bishop
- 28—Newspaper conductor
- 31—Absolute
- 34—Systematic pile
- 36—Incurred
- 37—Bleak
- 38—Sneer at
- 39—Pore over
- 40—Related to Negroes
- 41—Declare
- 42—Gabble
- 44—Circular building
- 46—Fishermen with nets
- 47—Smallest

- 48—Vast treeless plains
- 50—Relieved
- 52—A fragrant wood
- 55—Deface
- 57—Wager
- 61—Carnivorous beasts
- 64—An evergreen tree
- 65—Snoods
- 67—Register
- 68—Peas in quantity
- 70—Welcoming hail
- 72—Before
- 74—Promise solemnly
- 76—More precipitous
- 77—Approve
- 80—Forsake
- 82—Receivers of gifts
- 83—Comprehend
- 84—Spear
- 85—Entire and complete
- 89—In full vigor
- 90—Horseman
- 91—Sows
- 93—Deeds
- 94—Harmonize
- 95—Ripple
- 96—Identical in nature
- 99—Writing fluid
- 101—Male swan
- 103—Bend

Down

- 1—A unit of weight
- 2—Originated

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

(Continued from page 35)

that they were founded on a rock-solid foundation of big and logical beginnings; and that they did not have their first rise in some IF which seemed so petty at the time that you can scarcely locate it?

Your health that is smashed—was it wrecked by some great and sudden disaster; or would it still be perfect IF you had bothered to change your wet shoes one day or to go back for your rubbers when you found it was raining?

IF you had not happened by merest chance to ride in a certain germ-laden train or street-car when you were tired and when your system was ready to take aboard the first disease bacillus which knocked for admittance, you would not have had the virulent illness that left you an invalid.

And so on, in almost every event which had become part of your life. Study it with a mental microscope; and at the bottom of it you'll find the ridiculously small IF which led to all the rest of the structure's growth.

Will you let me tell you of one of the Big Things in my own life which came from the pettiest of IFS; and which may interest fellow Elks?

I was asked to write a story for THE ELKS MAGAZINE. A copy of the magazine, containing my story, was sent to me; just as I was setting out on a short train journey. I took the magazine along to read during the trip, as a casual survey showed me it was likely to be interesting.

I read the various stories and articles; and enjoyed them much. By that time the train was due at its destination. But it was late. IF it had not been late, I should not have looked at the magazine again. But, because I was bored and because there was nothing else to do, I started idly to skim over the various departments devoted to Elkdom and its aims and activities. Presently, I began to grow interested and to read less carelessly.

Up to then, the Elks brotherhood was merely a name to me. I had heard of it, always. But I had not bothered to make any inquiries about it. It had not concerned me in any way. I did not know what it was all about. Nor did I care.

But that long delay on the slow train taught me much; and it set me to thinking. As soon

as possible afterward, I hunted up a friend of mine who was an enthusiastic Elk and I fired a lot of questions at him.

As a result, I joined the Order; and, as I said, it has become one of the Big Things in my life. IF a train had been on time, it never would have occurred to me that Elkdom could be made an important part of my own future.

Forgive that personal digression of mine. But I like to give due credit to at least one IF, to which I have much cause to be grateful.

There is a slant on this IF business that I want to touch on, if I can do it without seeming to preach. It is this:

While The Great God "IF" is tricky, not to say treacherous, yet there are ways not only to circumvent him, but actually to profit by his tricks. This can be done by tackling him with an opposite set of IFS.

BRIEFLY, you can't dodge IF. But you can be ready for him when he comes your way. Perhaps I can best illustrate what I mean by going more clearly over some of the instances I have cited here. They will express my idea of "counter-IFS" better than I can word it in any other fashion. To begin with:

IF Napoleon's map-maker had done his job conscientiously and had not formed the habit of scamping his work, he would have drawn a line indicating that sunken road at Waterloo; and the other and devastating IF could not have come to pass.

IF King Charles the First had not been glut-tonous enough to gorge an indigestible meal—and IF he had taught himself to practice self control and not let his physical condition run away with his temper and with his sane judgment—he would not have made the blunder of bottling Oliver Cromwell in England by cancelling Cromwell's passage to the Colonies.

IF the regimental farrier had trained himself to do thorough work and not to skimp lazily when a difficulty arose, he would have hunted around his shop and found another horseshoe nail for the courier's steed, instead of turning out an incomplete job that was to ruin a kingdom.

IF Smith had realized that you make an enemy of a man when you make fun of him, and that it is rotten bad policy to make enemies for the sake of a laugh, he would not have

been rejected later by Jones for the position which would have led him to fortune.

IF your grandfather in Oklahoma had formed the wise habit of trying to figure out the nature of things he did not know, he would have studied the oil-traces on the tent-peg's point and would have asked questions about the phenomenon; and thus he would have discovered the rich oil-well that lay just beneath his feet.

IF you had taught yourself to reach the office or to keep some appointment a few minutes early, instead of barely on time, you would have caught that first train to work and would have made a hit with the boss.

IF you had schooled your temper as you should, you would not have quarreled with your best friend, at the next desk, that morning; and lost his friendship.

IF you had had the sense to recognize the hoggishness and danger of bolting your food—or of eating at all when your nerves and temper are in shreds—you would have been saved that dreary fit of indigestion which worked havoc with your office prospects.

IF you had remembered that health is your chief asset, and that its loss is your chief liability, you would not have paddled around in wet feet and then have neglected to change your shoes;—and you would have dodged the initial cause of the weak lungs and general debility which have been your curse.

Why go on, down the list? You get the idea I'm trying so clumsily to express, don't you?

By training the character and the brain and the body to their very best and strongest and most alert, we can meet most harmful IFS with a counter-army of IFS which shall render them helpless to injure us.

More—when an advantageous IF comes our way, we shall have the equipment to take ten-fold advantage of it.

Does that sound like copy-book maxims? Well, it is *true*, just as copy-book maxims are true. And soon there will be a wholesale chance to make use of it all. For instance:

This Depression is not going to last forever. When the tide turns—as it *will*—the man who has built up a solid anti-IF equipment, in character and in brain and in general efficiency, is going to be boosted twice as high on that flood tide as is the average IF victim.

Think it over.

Yankee Skipper

(Continued from page 20)

his cabin as the *Leviathan* plowed her way through heavy seas which, had we been on a smaller and less steady ship, would have found most of us ill in bed, I pointed to a large picture of a sailing ship hung over his fireplace, and asked for its history. It was an old-fashioned print of the three-masted bark *Obed Baxter*, 877 tons, on which the Commodore sailed as an Ordinary Seaman at \$30.00 a month, down to Brazil and back.

To look at the man, his youthful face and quick energy, one could hardly believe that he was old enough to have served aboard a wind-jammer. As a matter of record he is fifty-three and looks forty-five. "A great school, a sailing ship, if you can hold on. The best skippers of the century got their schooling before the mast," he remarked.

During the war Randall was in charge of convoying troops and supplies—the most hazardous of all naval assignments. And many are the stories he can tell of that great period in our naval history. He particularly enjoys telling about the time he was torpedoed by a German submarine while aboard the *President Lincoln*, returning to America as a passenger, after commanding a convoy of fifty-two ships safely across. His first thought was to save his new uniform just purchased in London. He hung it carefully on a coat-hanger in his closet, then put on one of his old ones and climbed into a lifeboat. As they drifted from the sinking

ship the U-boat came to the surface. Randall lost no time in shedding his coat with the gold stripes of rank. "Where's the Captain?" demanded the German officers, looking for important prisoners. "He went down with the ship," shouted the Commodore. "Cupid" Black, the old Yale football captain, was pulling an oar in front of Randall. "Don't worry, Black, we don't want you," said the German, who had been a prep school classmate of the former football star. Black swore softly as he bent to his rowing.

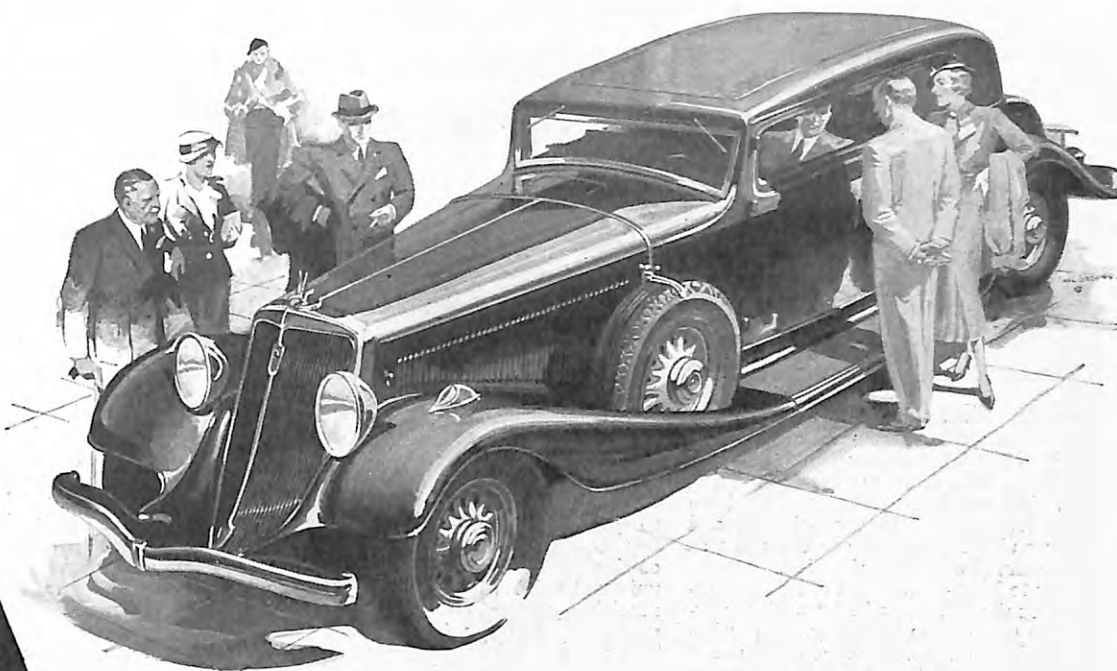
Another typical exploit of Randall's war days which brought him the highest commendation of the Secretary of the Navy was the incident of the *Standard Arrow*, an oil tanker. A wireless message received one evening advised the naval authorities that the oil supply at the naval base at Portsmouth, England, was exhausted. A supply must be sent at once. The only naval convoy to go out for several days had sailed that noon and if a tanker was not sent out that night it would be impossible for her to overtake the convoy. There was an ironclad rule that ships of heavy draught could not be moved from the Bayonne harbor at night. Tugs refused to take the risk. "Send me tugs from the Navy Yard," said Randall—"and put on a pilot. We'll try it," and the tanker *Standard Arrow*, drawing 32 feet of water, made its way through a channel only 32 feet 1 inch deep until it reached

the sea and joined the convoy the next day.

There is something about a sailing vessel that gets you. I have talked to many officers of the giant steam liners of today and invariably their conversation goes back to reminiscing of their days before the mast, and Randall is no exception to the rule. On one occasion he was frozen stiff while aloft in a sailing vessel. He was let down to the deck like a bale of hay by his shipmates, who considered it only a preliminary move before consigning him to Davy Jones' locker.

He was with the Navy Auxiliary fleet for years and as Chief Officer of the Navy collier *Cesar* he earned his four stripes twenty-six years ago. It is perhaps the most interesting experience in his varied career as a seaman. It consisted of towing the drydock *Dewey* half-way around the world—from Baltimore to the Philippine Islands, 12,000 miles away. "No can do," said Randall's Chinese bo's'n; which remark also represented the majority opinion of naval experts. "Sure can do," retorted Randall. The drydock *Dewey* is 500 feet long and looks like a football stadium open at both ends. For comparative purposes, it is almost twice the length of the regular football field, and the very nature of the structure made it the plaything of strong winds and high seas. A manila rope, or hawser, fifteen inches thick and a thousand feet long, was required, and

(Continued on page 38)



Automatic Automobiles!

YOU'VE seen nothing like these amazing new automatic Studebakers in all your motoring experience.

Studebaker's world renowned engineers have endowed these superb automobiles with twelve uncanny "mechanical brains" that take 61 per cent of the physical work and practically 100 per cent of the mental strain out of driving.

You'll not only find them more completely automatic than any other cars in existence but they also lead in safety, in

economy, in power, in style and in stamina. They'll literally thrill you with their automatic mastery of all the problems of starting and of staying started—the smoothness and the sureness with which they stop at your toe-tip's touch—the automatic comfort they give all passengers without any attention from the driver at all.

You'll want to see and drive these automatic Studebakers, no matter how new or old your present car may be. They're the pattern cars for all cars to come.

STUDEBAKER

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS . . . PIONEER OF FREE WHEELING

\$840

AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

(Continued from page 36)

on several occasions it gave way under the terrific strain. On one of these occasions the drydock *Dewey* drifted back over 100 miles before the towing crew recaptured it. It broke loose in storms twice in one week. It ran amuck in the harbor of Singapore, and a number of days the log showed thirty miles backward, with the engines in the towing craft going at full speed ahead and the *Dewey* pulling them far to the rear.

It took three months from Baltimore to Gibraltar, and at the end of six months and ten days they delivered the *Dewey* at her destination at Olongapo, P. I. "No can do?" said Randall to his Chinese bo's'n. "Can do one time—maybe," replied the Chinaman to his Chief Officer, who was about to be made a Captain.

Commodore Randall believes there is a great future for American shipping. And why not? Our ships are as large and as fast as those of other nations. The crews are better paid and certainly just as intelligent. The food on American liners is the best obtainable, and passenger and freight rates are the same as those on competing foreign shipping.

In order to have the freshest of fruits, vegetables, and milk the United States Lines purchase these supplies on both sides of the Atlantic, but this is not so with the foreign ships; they buy everything they need on their side of the ocean, and sufficient in amount for the round trip. Yet the officials of our government, the servants of the taxpayers, who prate continually about supporting home industry and labor; business men who buy in foreign lands and are acquainted with the discrimi-

nations against everything American, still continue to patronize ships flying alien flags. Of every \$18.00 taken in by a U. S. Company, \$15.00 remains in the U. S., or vice-versa in foreign countries.

Sailing dates do not give the answer. A large foreign vessel that left New York the same day as the *Leviathan* carried more citizens of the United States than did this queen of American ships, which is one of the largest, fastest, and most luxurious on the Atlantic Ocean.

I asked a ship's officer for his reasons for this peculiar situation. "Threefold," said he. "Habit. The erroneous belief that American ships are Government owned and operated; and third, the false impression that our ships are as dry as the Sahara Desert."

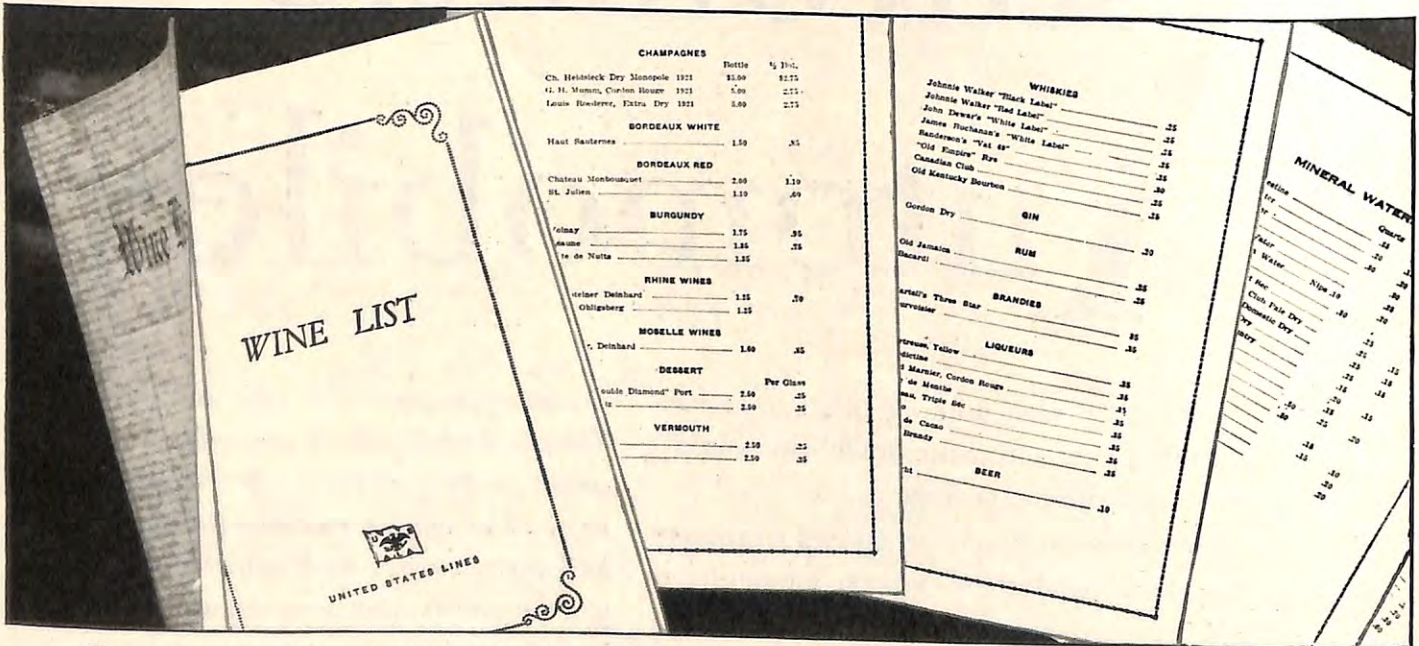
Now, habit is admittedly one logical reason for this condition. For several generations America had left the passenger shipping of the world to foreign nations; but the controlling factors are the other two, and in this regard the American public needs some enlightenment. The majority of our people are opposed to government-operated transportation systems because of the belief that they are not as efficient as those under private control. This universal opinion is based on experience with municipally owned street car systems and the operations of our railroads during the war. The prejudice in this respect may be well founded, but it is beside the point, because American ships are not operated by the United States Government to-day: they are privately owned and privately operated. And as for the thirsty traveler who has been frightened by the Spectre of the Sahara, we reprint for his perusal and enjoyment the Wine List

of the *S. S. Leviathan*, as of December 22nd, 1932.

I asked Commodore Randall why American ships did not engage in the cruising business so common in the West Indies during the winter season. I mentioned the fact that many big national and patriotic organizations use foreign ships for these cruises. His reply was that most of our ships were not built for cruising purposes of this kind, but that they would be in the next few years. He mentioned the *Manhattan* as a type which was practically suited for this purpose, and said that undoubtedly we would have ships for this type of travel in the near future.

In my last talk with him I mentioned the extreme nationalism which has developed in every large nation in the world since the great war. That is, in every nation but our own. Facing Trafalgar Square in the heart of London, is an electric sign, greater in size than any on Broadway. It bears a simple and forceful command in letters fifty feet high—"BUY BRITISH"—and believe me, they do. They travel on British ships; they purchase British goods, and throughout the Empire they buy no alien merchandise unless absolutely necessary. The same holds true in Italy and more so in France. "Our people will come to it in time, and more quickly than they think, and when they do we will have an American Merchant Marine worthy of our great country." These were the parting words of this fine American gentleman and master-mariner, as we said good-bye.

Let America produce more Randalls, and Old Glory will eventually dominate the Seven Seas.



Those trans-Atlantic travelers who believe American ships to be arid will be interested in this list of potables served on vessels of the U. S. Lines

They Fought to the Finish

(Continued from page 19)

upon his filial respect or whether he felt conquest over a man merely of middling build were without glory, is not known. At any rate, the pugnacity which had begun at home soon reached the outside world. Like so many Irish mothers, it had been his mother's hope that her son would become a priest; and to this end he was for a time sent to attend the Boston College School of Oratory. And although public speaking thereafter became his greatest delight and pride, his clerical endowments appear to have been limited. With reluctance he was permitted to become a plumber and, later, a tinsmith. And, from hammering pipes and pounding metal, the step was not

far to flattening men. Of this, through his scores of occasional victories over anyone who sought a fight, he was supremely confident of being able to do well. An early experiment was a bout in Boston against a barnstorming fighter named Joe Goss, who had been champion of England. Sullivan pleaded for the fight, got it and knocked Goss cold in three rounds. From that point on his way was one of conquest. He fought anyone and everyone. He evaded no man because of his size. One of his battles was with a three-hundred-pound blacksmith. It took place upon a barge anchored off Yonkers, and all was not fair play. Fearing what Sullivan might do if the contest

went too long, his opponent's backers arranged to toss John L. into the water at the end of the fifth round. This plan was frustrated by John L. himself. He put his man away in the first. This was his way, no matter what depended on the outcome. He tore in savagely, slugging with both hands, until something dropped. And something always did drop, including, in 1882, the American champion, Paddy Ryan. With this event, the gaining of the title, Sullivan entered into a glory which never before or since a champion of the ring has known. Boston, reserved and judicial, went wild over him; and the rest of America followed suit. On tours later he had to hide in his hotel rooms to pro-

tect himself from the crowds, and police escort to the place of exhibition was a regular necessity. Money flowed in in gushers, and in like manner flowed out. A foreign tour was part of the course of triumph. During this, England, including the Prince of Wales, greeted him enthusiastically and later Ireland, when he arrived there, became practically hysterical. In the course of these glorious years, he took part in only two fights of consequence. Challengers for the title were scarce, chiefly because of pure physical fear of the consequences. Ryan had said, after Sullivan defeated him, "When Sullivan struck me, I thought a telegraph pole had been shoved against me endways." There were few willing to risk that experience. Charlie Mitchell, the English champion, was one. He faced Sullivan at Chantilly, in France, for thirty-eight rounds; and the contest, to Sullivan's undying rage, was called a draw. For Mitchell merely kept out of harm's way for three hours, with Sullivan begging him to fight. To the end of his days, John L. hated Mitchell for that, referring to him as "that bombastic sprinter." A later bout was one with Jake Kilrain. With Sullivan touring the country for exhibitions, Kilrain had gained considerable prestige for himself by asserting Sullivan was side-stepping him. When the champion's contracts expired, Kilrain suddenly found himself in the uncomfortable predicament of having a fight with Sullivan offered him. He dared not refuse. They met in New Orleans, where for more than seventy-five tedious rounds, Kilrain employed much the same tactics as had Mitchell, and contrived to keep his skin intact while Sullivan retained his title.

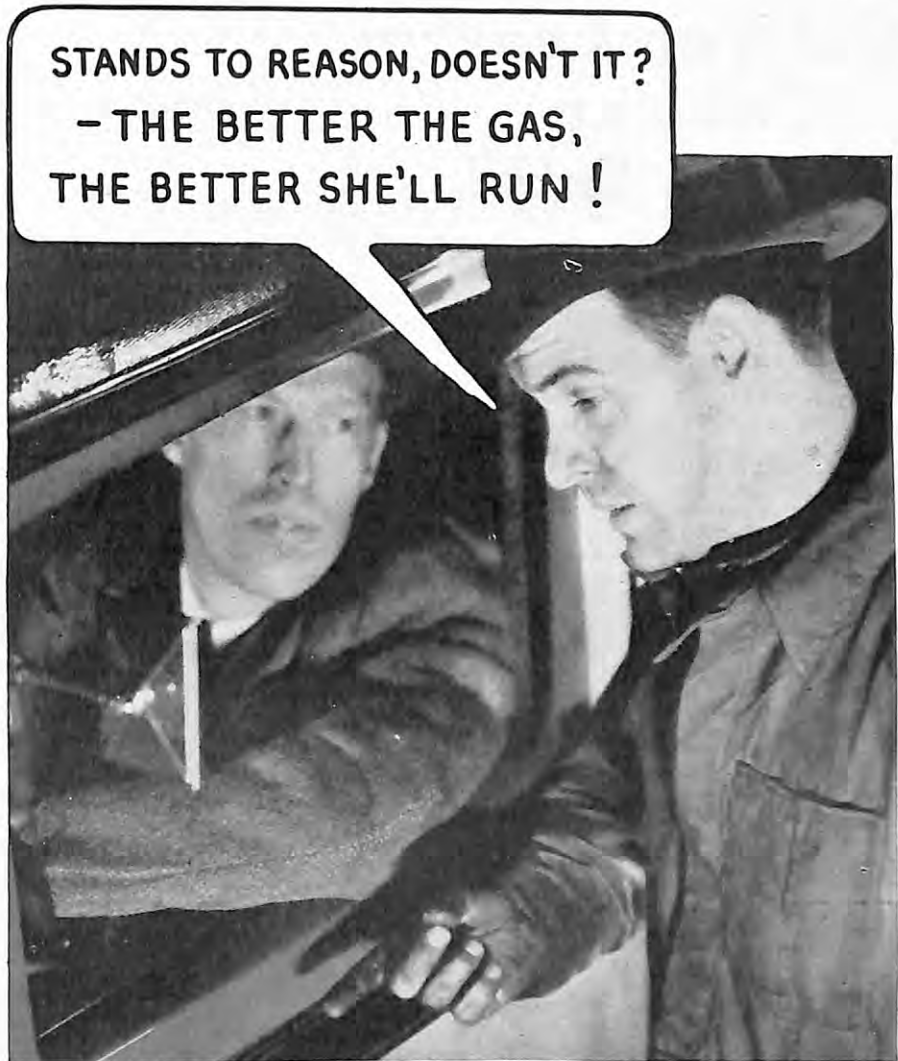
ONE of those who saw Sullivan in an early fight was a rather tall boy of thirteen from San Francisco. His name was James John Corbett. He was a slender although wiry youngster, one of the family of twelve. Sullivan to him proved to have an odd fascination. It would seem to be, in the light of further events, a fascination of fear. For Sullivan was, in looks and in nature, the perfect bully. True as it was that he feared to fight no man, it was equally characteristic that he had no compunctions about beating up a smaller. He slugged his managers in fits of temper so regularly that applicants for that job became as infrequent as worthy ring opponents. When he was drunk, and this was often, one of Sullivan's pet sports was to hammer on a saloon bar and, glaring about, declare, "I can lick any so-and-so in this place"; and serious injury sometimes followed resentment of the remark. Swaggering, boasting, scowling and genuinely dangerous, this side of the champion's character was clear.

To the boy who saw him fight Ryan the glimpse of it must have carried an impact of unusual force. For as Sullivan was a person who gloried in the inspiration of terror, so Corbett was one intensely determined not to yield to terror. One of his earliest experiences at school was the necessity of choosing between fighting the biggest and toughest pupil there and being called, by others and by himself, a coward. He chose not to run but to fight; and he won. From that time on his career seems to have been determined. For although his father, wishing to give the boy a good start, got young Jim a job in a bank, he later abandoned the dignity of this estate for that of a professional pugilist.

The transition to the trade of paid bruiser did not come at once. Even had Corbett been ready for it at an early age, he still would not have acted impulsively. His manner of doing things was, like Sullivan's, somewhat akin to his first occupation. Sullivan turned naturally from beating tin to beating chins. Corbett no less, in coming to a decision, invariably weighed advantage against detriment as dispassionately as, at the end of a banking day, he balanced cash against deposit slips.

His first quest was to discover whether or not

(Continued on page 40)



"JUST LISTEN to that motor *J*ping! What do you think causes that? And didn't I see you shift to second on that little hill over on Oak Street yesterday? You're a smart man, brother, but you're dead wrong buying that cheap gasoline.

"Sure, it's an old car, but that's all the more reason for using Ethyl. I don't set myself up as any gasoline expert, but I see old car after old car fill up with Ethyl Gasoline and then have their owners tell me the next day what wonderful cars they've got."

Ethyl Gasoline will stop

harmful knock in *your* car just as it has in millions of others. It will save you time, money and trouble. Stop at the Ethyl pump *today!* Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



NEXT TIME STOP
AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP

Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

Thousands upon thousands of men and women bathe themselves regularly *internally* as well as externally—for health's sake. Many of them were advised by their physicians. But many more learned of Internal Bathing through reading a message such as this—just as you are doing now.

But they did not stop with *reading* or they would be no better off today than then. They went further.

Realizing that there was at least a possibility that their ills—headaches, sluggishness, diseases of the digestive or circulatory systems, of the skin—might be caused by stasis (delay) of the lower intestine, they took the next *corrective* step. They sent for the free illustrated treatise on Internal Bathing published by Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.

You, Too, Should Read It

You owe it to yourself to learn *the facts*. As a thinking, intelligent person you should know about the lower intestine (colon) and its all-important functions—why the great Professor Foges of Vienna calls it "the most prolific source of disease!"

You should know how sluggishness in the colon, due to our modern way of living and eating, allows germs and toxins to generate and be *absorbed*. Poisons that may be causing your sleeplessness, your pain, your troubles. You should know exactly what happens when waste products remain in the lower intestine day after day, sometimes for weeks or months—putrefying, distilling poisons right into the blood stream.



The lower intestine, 4 to 6 feet long, where poisons generate and are absorbed into the blood stream.

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(Continued from page 39)

he could fight; and this he furthered by the simple, although hazardous, expedient of looking for trouble. Accompanied by a delighted friend, Corbett made a point, in the evenings, of getting into fights with the rugged youths who hung about the fire houses, the saloons and the Barbary Coast dives of San Francisco. Among this crew he wrought havoc, so much so that he later took opportunity to drift in at the Olympic Club to watch the skilled amateurs box. And there it was, during the next few years to come, that he developed himself. Clumsy at first against proficient boxers, he soon improved. He became middleweight and heavyweight champion of the club and so far did he stand above the average amateur who opposed him that, when he fought, professionals had to be brought in to make a fight of it. It was not long after this that he joined the paid ranks himself. The first contest to bring him a reputation was one with Joe Choinski, a boyhood enemy who, some time before Corbett's professional debut, had taken up fighting as a business. The battle was fought on a barge in the Bay, under a blistering afternoon sun. Corbett had broken his right thumb a day or so before and had to punch for twenty-eight rounds with his left hand only before he knocked his rival out. But the bout won him fame, particularly in the West. And when later he defeated Jake Kilrain with ease; and the gigantic Negro, Peter Jackson, in a match that lasted sixty-one vicious rounds, Corbett became known as a dangerous contender for the championship.

Whether Sullivan realized this it is difficult to say. Outwardly, of course, he professed utter contempt for Corbett or anyone else. Jackson he would not meet—and Corbett himself described Jackson as a man of more than two hundred pounds, yet so fit and well proportioned that he looked lanky—because of his color. John L.'s challenge specifically excepted Jackson. The champion, his challenge said, had been touring in a theatrical company and, while so engaged, a number of boastful and inferior fighters had spread the rumor that he was afraid to meet them. With the end of his tour, contracts and honor now left him free to settle with these pretenders. Prominent among those he named were the bombastic sprinter, Mitchell and James J. Corbett who, Sullivan added, was possessed of his own share of bombast. The challenge concluded with the terms of the bout: Marquis of Queensberry rules, to a finish, for a purse of \$25,000, winner take all; and a side bet of \$10,000.

In setting these terms, John L. either was supremely confident of repelling all attack without difficulty; or he was hopeful that by making them high beyond all precedent his roar of defiance would not be answered.

Certainly, if doubt of himself had entered his spirit, the cause was Corbett. For the two had met before, informally; and the encounters were not such as to foster either cordiality between them or contempt in Sullivan's mind.

First of these instances occurred in Chicago, when the champion was appearing in the melodrama "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands." After the show he took Corbett, a guest at the theatre that evening, for a round of the night places. And as the evening went by Sullivan resorted to his customary practice of asserting that he could lick the customary so-and-sos. Corbett, ignoring the first few declarations, finally told Sullivan he was tired of hearing it and didn't want to hear it again.

"Well, just listen to the kid," John L. said, after several moments of amazement. Then he slapped him on the back. "Aw, come on," he said. "Have a drink." And omitted to repeat the remark relating to his ability.

The second incident took place in San Francisco. Corbett had been cheated of his fair share of the purse for the Jackson fight and the public, sympathizing with him, arranged a show to make up the difference between what he had got and what he should have got. It so happened that John L. was playing the town

at the same time, and Corbett proposed, as a special attraction for his benefit, that John L. spar with him. It was agreed that they divide the receipts evenly. The champion consented, but considerable friction was caused later when he insisted that both he and Corbett wear dress suits for the exhibition. Sullivan had his way and the demonstration of the manly art was duly performed in the conventional black.

Thus it is entirely possible that John L. was puzzled, even if not made hesitant, by his meeting with Corbett. He was used to seeing men afraid of him and, incredibly though such a thing were, Corbett didn't appear to be. And certainly, Sullivan didn't like him for it.

More than likely, Corbett cultivated both these encounters to increase Sullivan's irritation.

It is not improbable that, as the time for the fight in whose outcome so many hundreds of thousands were engrossed, drew near, Corbett was the only one truly confident of his own chances. There was this wide difference between him and the man whose title he sought: a glance at Sullivan, and the world knew he could fight; a glance at Corbett and the world refused to believe that he could. And as he went to the Olympic Club for the fight, Corbett himself took occasion to confirm every doubt that anyone had ever had of him: he arrived at the door attired not in a rough sweater and cap, but in a light suit of summer tweed, yellow shoes, and a straw hat, with a dude's bamboo cane to match it. Flesh and blood, and human faith could withstand no strain like that. The world waited merely for the ambulance.

But Corbett had a purpose in mind—he knew that this unconventional dress for a fighter would bother Sullivan.

A roar that was like an amplification of his own mighty voice went up when Sullivan, two hundred and twelve pounds of muscle and anger, let himself between the ropes into the ring. He was ever a popular champion, for, like a popular song, he was a familiar conception, easy for the mind to assimilate. At the time of the Corbett fight he had to his credit over two hundred knockouts, and some of them had resulted in injuries so serious as to cause Sullivan and his handlers nights of worry over the penalty for manslaughter. And so, as the man, thirty-two pounds lighter, who was to oppose this ox-felling power slipped under the ropes into his corner, such cheers as went up must have been mostly prompted by admiration for his fortitude.

But even before the gong sounded, some of Sullivan's popularity fell from him. Scowling at Corbett, he refused to shake hands; and from the blackness about the ring there came a low growl of disapproval. As fighters, handlers and the referee clustered in the center of the roped square for final instructions, Sullivan tried hard to glare Corbett into trepidation. But the other refused to meet his gaze. Not until the bell sounded did he glance at the champion and then, deliberately, he halted for a brief instant and laughed at him.

Small wonder then, that, in the words of the New York *World's* round-by-round description of this point in the fight, Sullivan "immediately became the aggressor" and "looked vicious as he played for an opening." Backing Jim about the ring, into corners and out, he tried for a quick blow that would end the battle then and there. Not once did he land. Nor, for that matter, did Corbett. The challenger, neither in that round nor the one that followed, attempted to do more than find out what John L. had. And this he discovered: that when Sullivan was about to attempt to swing with his pile-driving right, he first, unconsciously, and as if to help himself wind it up, slapped his thigh with his left glove. He telegraphed his punch well ahead of time.

So slow was the beginning, that in the second round, partly to placate a crowd growing restive and noisy, and partly as a gesture of contempt for the champion, Corbett turned

and shouted to the audience, "Wait a while; you're going to see a fight yet."

He began making good his promise in the third round. Many to-day, thinking back on this fight, may believe that it was Corbett's strategy so to exhaust Sullivan by prolonging the struggle that he would be an easy victim when the time came to step in. But Corbett knew his man better than to believe he could be discouraged solely by postponement. On the contrary, he knew that at the earliest opportunity he must let John L. know what a poke in the nose meant. He must instill respect for his blows. And the sooner the better. So it was in the third round that Corbett flashed through in a sudden opening to land a blow on Sullivan's nose. It was not a jab, but a smash, delivered with all the power that Corbett had. It broke the champion's nose, and brought forth, during all the remainder of the fight, a flow of blood that could not be stanchd.

Incessantly, mercilessly, professionally, Corbett kept up these tactics. Flitting out of range of Sullivan's lunges like a wraith, he feinted, drew a lead, jabbed and hooked. The round-by-round reporter, speaking of the sixth round, said, "It began to look as if some of the fight was out of Sullivan." Of the battle between the sixth and the last rounds, the eighth was representative. Of this, the *World* recorded:

"Sullivan landed a light left on the stomach and received a left on the mouth. Jim was now the aggressor, forcing the champion towards the post, and Sullivan attempting a left-hand stomach punch slipped away. Sullivan hit Corbett in a clinch and the audience yelled, 'Foul!' Both exchanged heavy lefts, but Jim's head missed the mighty right. Jim barely escaped the right and sent his left in the champion's stomach, forcing him to the ropes. Jim landed a heavy left on the mouth which brought blood, and a smile from the champion. Sullivan looked very tired as the gong sent them to their corners."

Tired Sullivan may have been, but he was far from beaten. For, once during the ensuing rounds, when Corbett landed hard, John L. said, "That was a good one, Jim." And Corbett, his words anticipating fulfilment of the promise by only a second, answered, "Here's a better one."

And if, under this incessant and pitiless pounding, the flesh was beginning, even toward the end of the struggle, to voice unwillingness, the Sullivan heart was not. For concerning the twentieth, the next to the last round, the newspapers said:

"Sullivan looked tired and his left was very short. He was blowing hard and seemed very cautious, but he was the same resolute, ferocious man of yore."

But he was close to the end of his tether. The succinct description of the press ran as follows, of the beginning of the twenty-first: "Corbett was first to respond to time. Sullivan's left was very weak, and he seemed anxious to wait."

Wait, however, Corbett would not let him do. Jabbing him on the nose, from which, says one account, "Sullivan was bleeding like a beef," Corbett hooked a jolting left to his jaw. Sullivan faltered a little, only to be shocked to his heels with a right that rocked his head to one side and a left that rocked it back. So stood the champion, stunned, his face and chest red with his own blood, and dull of eye. Appraising him swiftly, Corbett ripped his right glove to the point of Sullivan's chin. The champion drooped and fell forward to the earthen floor of the arena, the blood from his broken nose dribbling into the dust. Twice he attempted to rise, the second time succeeding in lifting his body a few inches from the floor. Then he collapsed, rolled over on his great back and lay still. "And," concludes the terse press narrative, "he was counted out and Corbett was proclaimed the champion of America by Referee Duffy."

"How we GOT BACK the OLD-TIMERS"



● Extract from the diary of a progressive and successful Exalted Ruler who not only rehabilitated his lodge financially, but increased its membership last year—1932—in the face of bad economic conditions in his community. (Name on request.)

"One of the meetings I like to talk about was the one dedicated to the Old-Timers. What a pleasant surprise we received that night! We took the first hundred members on the rolls and set aside a night for them. We printed their names in the bulletin and the year they joined. They ran from 1898 to 1910. I wrote them a letter and a few days before the meeting sent them a telegram.

"The telegrams cost us \$20, but they were worth \$200, as 67 out of the hundred attended the meeting. We had men at that meeting who had not been in our building for years. They're a wonderfully fine lot of men, all real 'Old-Time Elks,' still interested at heart in Elksdom, and all

it needed was a little stirring up to revive their interest. It only goes to prove what can be done with proper handling."

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Mr. F. Dudley Courtenay, President, Advisory Council of Bridge Headquarters and the foremost advocate of standardization of bidding among all Bridge authorities

Contract Bridge For Elks

By F. Dudley Courtenay

SINCE my last article was written, so many courteous letters have been received, asking for articles on specific subjects, that I fear my articles on the bidding technique of the Official System will have to go by the board. It is my desire to give the type of article preferred by the majority, and I want to reiterate that I am most interested in hearing from you on this subject.

A very delightful letter was received, asking for an article on the Informative Double, and as this subject is one of particular interest, in view of Contract Bridge bidding developments, I am most happy to accede to the request for such an article. I presume my correspondent was not particularly interested in the technical requirements of this particular call, but rather wished a discussion of the aspects of it. I will nevertheless give the requirements, and then comment thereon.

The Informative, Informatory or Negative Double (they all mean the same thing) is made for the purpose of conveying information to a partner to the effect that the player making the double has sufficient high-card and distributional strength to assume the offensive over an opening bid, which has also indicated considerable strength.

It is very easy to identify an Informative Double as follows:

- (a) It must be made at the first opportunity to double;
- (b) The bid doubled must not be in excess of one No Trump or two of a suit declaration;
- (c) The partner of the player making the double must not have previously bid or doubled.

Formerly the Informative Double was made against three-of-a-suit declaration, but the new b.d in 1933 of three No Trump over an adverse bid of three, as a colossal informative double, which shows willingness to play any suit the partner mentions except that bid by the adversary, has brought the Informative Double down to two of a suit.

In Auction Bridge, the Informative Double was a fine call and very reliable. It is my opinion that, except with a certain type of hand, it is a losing call in Contract. Invariably it puts your partner in a tough spot, and invariably he bids the suit which you would rather not play, and finally you are unable to determine whether or not he has a bust, although a minimum bid in Clubs usually conveys that information.

My preference is to use this bid in an entirely different way than when used at Auction, and that is as a strategical bid to mask certain holdings. I refer to a hand such as this:

- ♠ x-x
- ♥ x-x
- ♦ A-K-Q-x-x-x
- ♣ A-x-x

A double in this situation creates a doubt in the opponents' mind as to your holdings. No matter what your partner bids, you propose to

play the hand at an eventual declaration of Diamonds. Such a bid conceals the strength of your hand and does not place important cards if the opponents get the final declaration. In the event the right-hand opponent blunders into a three No Trump contract, he is sunk without a trace.

The only justification for a conventional double, which is supposed to be made on a minimum of 3½ H. C. T. if it is a double of one, or 4 H. C. T. if it is more than one, is on a hand such as this:

- ♠ A-K-x-x-x
- ♥ K-Q-x
- ♦ A-Q-x-x
- ♣ x

Opponent having bid Clubs, you are in a position to give fine support to any bid made by partner except a two-Club bust response. If this occurs, you can run out in Spades.

The tactics outlined here are those advocated by such Bridge masters as Philip Hal Sims and many others.

Few Bridge players realize that the Informative Double has a very different complexion in Contract Bridge than in Auction. It is my opinion that the Informative Double, if used in Contract Bridge as in Auction, is more liable to be a losing bid and result in disaster than perhaps any other bid in Contract. It should be

used sparingly and with great discrimination. With a tremendously powerful hand I much prefer the bid in the opponent's suit as an absolute force rather than the use of the double.

SOLUTION OF THE FEBRUARY PROBLEM

The hand given last month was of very great interest because of its inferential bidding. It illustrates clearly that a grand slam can be reached by means of the two-Club artificial forcing bid, whereas the bidding should unquestionably stop at six Diamonds if the forcing two-bid is used, which is exactly what occurred in our nation-wide contest. This hand proved a tough one for most Elks.

♠ K-5
♥ A-6-3
♦ 8-6-5-2
♣ 9-7-5-3

	N	
W		E
	S	

♠ 10-9-8-7-4
♥ K-Q-J-10-8-5-2
♦ Void
♣ J

♠ A-Q-J-3-2
♥ 4
♦ A-K-Q-J-10
♣ A-K

TRY YOUR SKILL ON THIS BRIDGE HAND

How would you bid and play this hand? West is Dealer. East and West are Vulnerable. No score.

<p>♠ 4</p> <p>♥ 8-6-4-2</p> <p>♦ J-10-9-8</p> <p>♣ 8-7-6-4</p> <p>♠ A-J-10-7-5-2</p> <p>♥ K-10</p> <p>♦ 7-5-2</p> <p>♣ A-J</p>	<p>N</p> <p>W</p> <p>S</p>	<p>♠ K-6</p> <p>♥ A-Q-9-7</p> <p>♦ 6-4-3</p> <p>♣ K-Q-10-3</p> <p>♠ Q-9-8-3</p> <p>♥ J-5-3</p> <p>♦ A-K-Q</p> <p>♣ 9-5-2</p>
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PRIZES

This is an intensely difficult hand, which justifies us in offering a special contest trophy to any one sending in an absolutely perfect solution and naming the type of expert play which this hand involves. Address your solution to Bridge Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The correct solution will appear with the next article.

No Score. East and West Vulnerable.
North and South not Vulnerable.
South is the Dealer.

THE BIDDING

	South	West	North
1st round...	2 ♠(1)	Pass	2 N. T. (2)
2nd round...	3 ♠(4)	Pass	3 N. T. (5)
3rd round...	4 ♠(6)	Pass	5 ♠(7)
4th round...	7 ♠(8)		

East
3♥(3)
Pass
Pass

- The Artificial Game-Demand Bid of the Official System.
- Announces holding at least one Ace and one King.
- An interference bid—trying to head off probable slam, and entirely justified by the unusual distribution.
- Shows the higher ranking suit first.
- Keeps bidding open to allow South to show character of his hand which in all probability is a two-suiter.
- Shows his second suit.
- Expresses a preference for Diamonds and implies adequate trump support.
- Partner has revealed the Ace of Hearts and a King. South feels reasonably safe in assuming that North's King is most likely the Spade King as East's three Heart bid, vulnerable when not holding the Ace of Hearts, would indicate a long Heart suit headed in all probability by the King of Hearts. On this assumption, South makes his grand slam bid when partner supports the Diamonds.

THE PLAY OF THE HAND

The play, of course, is to show how Declarer can make his contract with any opening and against perfect defense, for Declarer must be prepared for any opening, knowing that many players would not make the conventional Heart opening with Declarer holding the Ace of Hearts and having bid grand slam in the face of a three Heart bid.

West makes the conventional opening—the Nine of Hearts. Declarer plays the Ace from Dummy and then leads a small Heart which he ruffs.

The key play is the lead of the Heart on the second round to take West's assumed only Heart. South figures that East must have held at least seven Hearts to have made his bid of three, vulnerable, when not holding the Ace. If Declarer does not take West's remaining Heart, West will hold it to protect East's King, thereby preventing a squeeze. After ruffing second round of Hearts, Declarer now leads four rounds of Diamonds and then two rounds of Clubs.

At the eighth trick, after the Club King is led, the hands stand as follows:

♠K-5
♥6
♣9-7
♠6
♣Q-10-8-6
♠10-9-8-7-4-?
♥K-?
♠A-Q-J-3-2

East is squeezed. If he plays his King of Hearts, he sets up Dummy's Six. If he discards a Spade, he sets up the Deuce of Spades in Declarer's hand.

THE PLAY IF A SPADE IS OPENED

If a Spade is opened, the play would be as follows. Dummy would put up the King; then four rounds of trumps would be taken; then three more rounds of Spades, Dummy discarding a Heart and Club on two rounds of Spades. Next Declarer would take two rounds of Clubs. At the eleventh trick, the hands would stand:

♥A-6
♣9
♥9-7
♣Q
♠10
♥K-Q
♠3
♥4
♦10

Declarer now leads the last trump. West must discard a Heart to guard Dummy's Club, whereupon Dummy discards the Nine of Clubs and East is squeezed. If East throws the Ten of Spades, Declarer leads the Three of Spades and then the Four of Hearts up to Dummy's Ace. If East plays the Queen of Hearts, Declarer leads the Four up to Dummy's Ace and comes back with the Six.

If either Diamond or Club is opened, the hand may be played by either of the two foregoing methods.

Many requests have been received asking for special articles by Mr. Courtenay, but a large number have also been received asking for complete detail on the New Standardized Official System of bidding.

By arrangement with Bridge Headquarters we are enabled to offer Mr. Courtenay's cloth covered book, "Contract Bridge Simplified For 1933," a regular \$1 book, at the actual cost of publishing, namely, 35c in stamps including postage. If you would like a copy of this book, please send your order direct to Bridge Headquarters, Inc., 285 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., with the necessary stamps, and it will be mailed to you immediately.

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

(See page 33)

- Dogs don't climb trees.
- Bananas don't grow on palm trees.
- Banana fruit grows up not down.
- Alligators don't eat bananas.
- The alligator has no hind legs.
- The fisherman has no ear.
- The pelican couldn't carry such a big fish.
- Pelicans carry fish inside the bag in their lower bill.
- There are no polar bears in tropical countries.
- Grapes don't grow on trees.
- Flamingoes get food with their heads upside down.
- The shadows fall the wrong way.



Dumb-bell of Brookfield

(Continued from page 10)



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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 27

orders," he said firmly, as he pinned the flowers to a shrinking bosom. "If you'd take things as they come," he suggested, "you'd 'elp appearances by sweating less profuse."

A gleam of satisfaction flickered for an instant in Peter's dripping countenance.

"I'll 'andle that matter to suit myself," he stated.

Griggs consulted his watch.

"Well, take 'old of yourself," he advised. "I must 'ave you at the church in ten minutes. 'Ere's the motor now. . . . Kindly put that chewing tobacco back where you got it!"

Ten minutes later Peter was staring fixedly at nothing. His eyes were glazed, his knees shook, his hands had become extraordinarily prominent. There stretched before him a white ribboned aisle that cut a blurred mass of rustling, whispering, staring humanity squarely in half. All Brookfield was there, of course, and most of the village besides, but Peter knew them not as individuals. They were nothing but eyes, devouring eyes, that feasted on the very soul of him as it palpitated somewhere beneath the fawn-colored waistcoat.

Then a face swam out of the blurred mass before him, and it was the face of the master of Brookfield and it grinned mockingly at him and then faded away.

There was a sort of moaning sound, and Peter knew that it came from the organ, and then the church door filled and there bore down on him a floating cloudy whiteness, and somewhere in it was a new pair of eyes, big and blue and mysterious.

The mistress of Brookfield cooed once with delight.

"Isn't she adorable, Jim?" she gasped. "And Peter, I'm proud of Peter, too. . . . It's going splendidly!"

The master of Brookfield gave the bride a brief glance. Then his fascinated eye swung back and settled on a lavender tie, white *bouttonniere* and fawn-colored waistcoat.

"Superb!" he murmured, and bowed his head in the darkest corner of the pew. He looked up at last just as Father Vincent rolled forth the first sonorous Latin of the service.

Then the master of Brookfield became conscious of a vague and rustling murmur from the back of the church. He heard the booming voice of Father Vincent falter. He turned toward the growing murmur, and a look of such unhallowed joy came into his face that the mistress of Brookfield marveled, and quickly followed his glance with her own. Her face froze with horror as she did so.

Down the ribboned aisle, the rubber smell discarded for the more certain scent of Peter's footsteps, came two animated mops of dust and swamp ooze. They came swiftly, surely, and they threw themselves with abandon at Peter, whom they had come so far to find.

The next few moments were full of overflowing. It is a pleasure to record that the best man was equal to the emergency. He plunged to the rescue of the groom—or was it the fawn-colored waistcoat?—at the expense of his own apparel. He succeeded in fastening a pudgy hand on Powder's collar, but the fingers of his other hand closed wildly on one of Shot's long, silky, sensitive ears, and Shot raised his voice in a despairing wail.

Father Vincent had thus far proved his mettle. He had no more than hesitated for an instant at the first whirlwind entrance of the puppies. Then, without a visible tremor, he continued the service.

But now the groom was moved to speech. He glared once at the worthy Griggs, and addressed Father Vincent briefly.

"Old your 'orses," he said. He whirled and advanced on the best man, and fire was in his eye. "'Aven't you no sense?" he inquired. "Do you think you can 'old a setter by the ear. 'E ain't a 'og nor yet a calf! Leggo of 'im!"

Griggs obeyed, and Shot flew to his rescuer with a whine of gratitude.

"Ow," said Peter, advancing another step, "would you like for a big fat-headed bum to take 'old of your ear?"

Griggs backed hurriedly against the chancel railing, still holding Powder mechanically by the collar. Peter pointed to the puppy.

"Leggo of 'im, too," he ordered, and Griggs' nerveless fingers unclosed from the collar.

"A setter's ear," explained Peter to the awestricken front pews, "is that delicate it ought never to be touched, 'ardly, let alone 'anging to it."

AT these words a distressing thing occurred. For some moments the master of Brookfield, unnoticed for the time being, had been rocking back and forth as though in terrible agony. But now attention swung his way, for there burst from him a sound difficult to describe. It was as though a hen, afflicted with bronchitis, were attempting to cackle. That he was suffering there could be no doubt, for he writhed in his seat. Quite suddenly he disappeared altogether, and those nearest him realized that he had collapsed entirely, and now half sat, half lay, in the corner of the pew.

The mistress of Brookfield bent over him. Her attitude was one of tender solicitude. It was deceiving, however.

"Jim Gregory," she hissed, "sit up this instant!"

Strange words, harsh words, to a man overtaken by a dire seizure, and the master of Brookfield sent back a husky appeal for mercy.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying," he informed her.

His life partner proved herself a cruel, a heartless woman. She straightened up and sat stiffly erect, coldly, proudly pale.

"I'll not forgive you!" she told him, looking straight before her, and added, regardless of her grammar, "Never!"

All this is minor detail. The central figure was Peter, who proved at this moment his right to the attention of the audience. He turned from the abashed and shrinking Griggs and uttered one word.

"Eel!" he said.

Powder and Shot now did their mentor proud. They obeyed the command instantly, and halted just behind Peter, one to the right, one to the left of him. Peter took his place at Leona's side, the puppies following.

"Charge!" he ordered.

Powder and Shot sank dutifully down behind him. Peter gave Father Vincent a look of supreme triumph.

"Ow's that," he inquired in a confidential whisper, "for only eight months?"

Father Vincent did not reply. His face, which had been cherry red, became a vivid purple. Above all else he wished to meet the eye of the master of Brookfield. He knew, however, that to do so would be fatal. He made a supreme effort.

"Join hands," he directed; and then, despite the countenance of the bride, which seemed to hold in check the lightning's blast, he went on with the service, while Powder and Shot, their heads tilting now and then to hear the better, gave his flowing Latin a close, a respectful attention.

They were good. They were good as gold, and Peter swelled with pride. His face shone with it as he turned at last from the altar, a bachelor no longer. There remained, however, the long journey down a lane of whispering humans. Would Powder and Shot stand this acid test?

"Eel!" commanded Peter with some anxiety. He was rewarded by such prompt obedience that he was reassured. He began the march down the aisle in visible triumph. Then, as he passed the pew wherein was the mistress of Brookfield, he received a dagger glance that made him falter. He looked uneasily behind him to see if the puppies were at heel. They

were; but Leona, unfortunately, was three paces in the rear of them.

Then Peter remembered. He had been told to bear his bride from the altar on his right arm. He slackened his pace until she came abreast of him, then poked his elbow at her invitingly.

"Ere," he muttered, "take 'old of this!"

And then Leona repudiated her marriage vows with startling swiftness. The echo of her promise to obey had scarcely ceased to whisper from the vaulted ceiling, yet at this first conubial command she became insurgent. She shrank from Peter's offered arm as though it were an adder. Without acknowledging his presence by so much as the quiver of an eyelash, she swept on—at Peter's side, to be sure, but as far from physical contact with him as the width of the aisle would permit.

They reached the door at last, to find the victoria and a pair of hunters, pressed into unaccustomed service, waiting at the curb. Peter surveyed the victoria dubiously. Once, long ago, it had been Brookfield's pride. He glanced from its cloth upholstery to the bedraggled Powder and Shot. The comparison was odious; but this was an emergency, and what must be must be.

"I'll keep 'em on the floor like," he explained to old Marcus, who was on the box. "They'd be 'ell-'opping over 'alf the country if I let 'em go. 'Op in!" he told Leona, "an' 'old on to one of 'em when I 'and 'im to you."

Then, for the first time in her married life, Leona addressed her husband.

"Assassin!" she gasped, and fled.

Peter's mouth opened with amazement as he watched her. She went as though pursued, her veil trailing behind her, her hands clasped at her bosom. As she reached the Brookfield limousine she swerved, climbed wildly in, and sank, a sobbing heap, into the deep cushions of the back seat.

PETER'S mouth was still open as the mistress of Brookfield appeared hurriedly in the church door. Her eyes swept past the victoria and caught the huddled figure in the limousine. She favored Peter with one crushing look as she flew to Leona's side.

The master of Brookfield followed her leisurely. As he reached the car its door closed in his face.

"Home, Felix," said the mistress of Brookfield succinctly, and the big car rolled like a battleship from the curb.

Peter and the master of Brookfield watched it until it turned the corner and disappeared. Then their eyes met.

Peter put Powder and Shot into the victoria, climbed in himself, and looked uncertainly at the master of Brookfield.

"Ow about a lift?" he suggested with an apologetic glance at the bows of white ribbon
(Continued on page 46)

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 35)

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



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- (2) A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

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City.....		State.....	
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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 27

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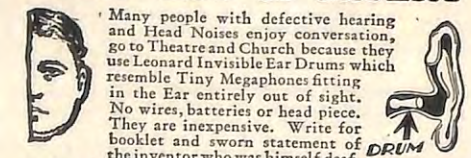
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(Continued from page 45)
which gleamed like snow against the dark running gear of the victoria.

The master of Brookfield accepted the invitation with alacrity.
"You're on," he said with a gleam.

At the end of two strenuously tearful hours the mistress of Brookfield had succeeded in convincing the bride that her life was not wrecked beyond repair.

"And now," said the mistress of Brookfield, "drink your tea and no more crying. I'll see that you have your wedding trip."

"Yes, madam," said Leona.
"I'm going to send for Peter now. You can leave on the six o'clock train tonight."

"To Niagara Falls we will go, madam?" questioned Leona.
"If you prefer," promised the mistress of Brookfield, and was rewarded by a quivering smile.

When Peter entered, hat in hand, a few moments later, he, too, was smiling. He beamed joyfully at Leona and the mistress of Brookfield.

"The Peg bitch," he said, "as 'ad six grand pups. 'Er fever's gone down, an' Slosson says she'll be 'erself in no time. 'E thinks mebby as 'ow—"

"Peter," cried the mistress of Brookfield, "stop this instant! There, there," she said soothingly to Leona, "he doesn't mean it. Don't you dare," she threw at Peter, "mention dogs again!"

Peter swallowed hastily, reached for his chewing tobacco, recollected himself in time, and touched his forehead.

"No, mem," he said dazedly.
There was a moment's pause.

"Peter," said the mistress of Brookfield at last, "are you fond of Leona?"

Peter blushed to the roots of his hair and dropped his eyes. He raised them then until they met a pair of moist blue ones, into which he gazed.

"Why," he burst out suddenly, "she's just the finest gel that ever stood on two legs!"

"Yes," said the mistress of Brookfield. "Now give her a kiss." She became busy at her desk for a moment, then turned to Peter and put a folded piece of paper in his hand. "You're going on a little trip together," she explained. "You leave at six o'clock. Drive to town now and have that cashed."

Peter's face fell as he unfolded the paper mechanically. He brightened somewhat when his eye took in the check's figures.

"Why now," he said, "I've been thinking as 'ow I'd like to go down to Chuck Sellers's place in Tennessee. 'E's got a strain of these 'ere Pointin' Griffons 'e wants me to look over."

A quavering moan came from Leona. The mistress of Brookfield shot Peter an icy glance. "You will go," she said frigidly, "to Niagara Falls. Felix will take you to the train."

"Yes, mem," said Peter, and withdrew.
At five forty-five that evening he struggled with a bulging suitcase into the limousine and took his seat beside his beaming bride.

The master of Brookfield strolled out of the dusk, cigarette in hand, and halted by the car. "Where to now?" he inquired.

"Nihagara Falls," said Peter.
"But I thought—" began the master of Brookfield.

Peter kicked the suitcase viciously, and slumped down in his seat.

"Oh, I've gave up on that," he said.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 27)

State Elks Association; and a splendid musical program. The new Home is a two-story structure of concrete and brick. It stands on a site overlooking Lake St. Croix. In the basement, besides the heating plant, are a large game room for billiards, ping-pong, horseshoe pitching; and shower rooms. The men's lounge, the dining room, in which two hundred persons may be seated; a smaller game room, and the kitchen are on the first floor. Upon the level above are the ladies' lounge and the commodious Lodge room. The members of Hudson Lodge are proud not only of the comfort and beauty of its new Home, but also of the fact that four-fifths of its cost already has been paid. The \$25,000 building carries only a \$5,000 mortgage.

Lock Haven, Pa., Elks About To Retire \$85,000 Debt

Within the next six months Lock Haven, Pa., Lodge, No. 182, expects to retire completely a debt of \$85,000 which it assumed eight years ago. Word of this was received recently from H. P. Hanna, Chairman of the House Committee. The soundness of the Lodge's condition is regarded as the more remarkable for its endurance in spite of economic straits of the last three years and of the members' regular and extensive contributions to relief activities in the community.

Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson Calls Upon East Chicago, Ind., Lodge

Six hundred Elks, many of them of unusual prominence either in the Order or in the public life of their communities, gathered recently at the Home of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, to welcome Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson upon the occasion of his official visit. To Judge Thompson and to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, who accompanied him, Exalted Ruler Max M. Friedman extended the greetings of the Lodge and Mayor T. W. O'Connor, a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 981,

those of the city. Past Exalted Ruler O'Connor was one of ten mayors of Indiana and Illinois cities present to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler. Also in attendance were the chief executives of Hammond, Whiting, Gary, Valparaiso, Harvey, Calumet City, Chicago Heights, Blue Island and Goshen. Notable members of the Order to receive the Grand Exalted Ruler included Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight F. J. McMichael, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Victor V. Swartz and Past Presidents Frank E. Coughlin and Clyde Hunter and Secretary W. C. Groehl, of the Indiana State Elks Association. Judge Thompson's call upon East Chicago Lodge coincided with its celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night. An informal dinner attended by the present and former heads of No. 981 and by officers of Lodges near by, preceded the Lodge session.

350 Torrington, Conn., Elks See \$20,000 Mortgage Burned

Three hundred and fifty members of Torrington, Conn., Lodge, No. 372, assembled recently to witness the ceremonies incident to the burning of the \$20,000 mortgage on the Home. After Thomas W. Bryant, who had carried the mortgage for seventeen years, had touched a match to the document, the Torrington Elks had the pleasure of hearing speeches from a number of prominent members of the Order. These included District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph M. Fitzgerald; and Past Exalted Rulers B. E. Higgins and T. M. Ryan. A dinner preceded the session at which the mortgage was burned.

Kearney, Nebr., Elks Collect 10,000 Articles for Needy

Members of Kearney, Nebr., Lodge, No. 984, recently turned over to their city's welfare department ten thousand articles of food and clothing which they had collected. The campaign which produced this accumulation,

while sponsored and directed by the Lodge, had the assistance of civic organizations in Kearney. So successful was the outcome of the Elks' efforts that they determined to make this collection of goods an annual enterprise hereafter.

East Orange, N. J., Elks Mourn Death of Thomas F. Macksey

East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630, suffered a severe loss a short time ago in the death of Thomas F. Macksey, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association and former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. Mr. Macksey's end came at the age of sixty-six, and followed an operation at the City Hospital in Newark. In addition to his prominence in the Order of Elks, Mr. Macksey was active in the affairs of the Knights of Columbus. He was the first Grand Knight of the Morristown Council of that organization, and at one time was Secretary of its State body. His career in public office included service as Water Commissioner of East Orange.

Washington, D. C., and Annapolis, Md., Lodges Greet District Deputy

Exceptionally large attendances, embracing many prominent members of the Order, were features of two recent official visits made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. C. Braun, of Maryland, Delaware, and the District of Columbia. The earlier call was upon the membership of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. Of note among the 400 Elks present upon this occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, Past Grand Tiler John E. Lynch and President Alfred W. Gaver, of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association. An escort of the officers and many other members of his own Lodge, Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, accompanied the District Deputy to Washington, Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684, and Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, also were represented. Mr. Braun's homecoming visit to Annapolis Lodge, a short time later, was equally memorable. Past Grand Tiler Lynch again was present. The District Deputy's address to the 200 Elks assembled met with an enthusiastic response.

Gulfport, Miss., Lodge Awards Cup to Most Valuable Citizen

Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978, some time ago announced that it would present a handsome loving cup to the citizen considered to have performed the greatest public service to the community during the last year. Nominations of the persons thought most deserving of this award were thereafter sought from the several civic and service organizations of the city, and a secret committee was appointed by Exalted Ruler Ed. Spear, to make the final selection. The committee's decision was made public recently, and the cup awarded, at a reception and dance, sponsored by Gulfport Lodge, at the Great Southern Hotel. Mayor Joseph W. Milner was the recipient of the honor. Carl Marshall made the speech of presentation; and Mayor Milner responded with a modest felicity. Prominent among the addresses which followed was that delivered by William Estopinol, President of the Mississippi State Elks Association.

500 Welcome District Deputy Home to Derby, Conn., Lodge

Upon his homecoming official visit to Derby, Conn., Lodge, No. 571, a large and distinguished gathering of Elks was present recently to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph M. Fitzgerald. Of prominence among the 500 members of the Order to attend the event were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, Dis-

trict Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Felix P. Callahan, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas A. Skelly, George T. Ryan, John J. Nugent, James F. Degnan, Charles E. Woodlock, John Stone, Mills T. Carter, C. Irving Byington, and Daniel J. Donovan; and present and former officers and other members representing seventeen Lodges in Connecticut and near-by parts of New York. Exalted Ruler Archie J. McCullough, Jr., delivered the address of welcome to the visitors and, before the conclusion of the meeting, presented to District Deputy Fitzgerald on behalf of Derby Lodge, an honorary life membership, for distinguished services rendered to the Order. The principal speakers at the session of the Lodge were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Cunningham and Mr. Fitzgerald. A dinner preceded the meeting, and a buffet supper and program of entertainment followed it.

Panama Canal Zone, C. Z., Lodge Honors F. Perkins, Charter Member

To the late Captain Frank Perkins, a renowned Canal pilot and a charter member, Panama Canal Zone, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1414, recently paid honor by holding funeral services according to the ritual of the Order, at the Gorgas Hospital Chapel. Officers of the Lodge and many other members attended the ceremonies. The Elks exercises took place upon the day preceding the burial at sea of the body of Captain Perkins. The remains were committed to the waters of the Pacific from the tug *Favorite*. Members of No. 1414 were among those accorded the privilege of making this last voyage with the captain.

Visitations of District Deputy Torbet in Massachusetts West

Elks of the District of Massachusetts West have had the pleasure during the last few months of hearing an unusual manner of presentation of the message of the Grand Exalted Ruler by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ernest M. Torbet. Mr. Torbet selected as his active Grand Lodge suite several members of his own Lodge, Northampton Lodge, No. 997. The majority were Past Exalted Rulers. During the visitation of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler to the several Lodges under his jurisdiction, when the order of business, "Good of the Order," was reached, the Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, instead of calling on the District Deputy, introduced the Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and, thereafter, in turn, the other chair officers and members of Mr. Torbet's active suite. Each of these officers then presented a portion of the message of the Grand Exalted Ruler, conveying his program pertaining to the several principal concerns of the Order as a whole. At the conclusion of the remarks of the various Grand Lodge chair officers, District Deputy Torbet addressed the meeting. The unusual manner in which the speaking part of the District Deputy's visitations was handled aroused great interest among the membership of the Lodges.

Elks of Ohio South Central Meet at Nelsonville Lodge

Representatives of thirteen of the fourteen Lodges in the South Central District of Ohio, constituting an assemblage of four hundred Elks, gathered recently at the Home of Nelsonville Lodge, No. 543. The meeting was prompted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. J. A. Rockey and by James R. Cooper, Past President and present member of the Rehabilitation Committee of the Ohio State Elks Association. Initiation ceremonies, including candidates for several Lodges of the District, were performed by a staff of officers selected from among those Lodges by Dr. Rockey. At the conclusion of these, a program of music and speaking was presented. Those to make addresses included District Deputy

(Continued on page 48)

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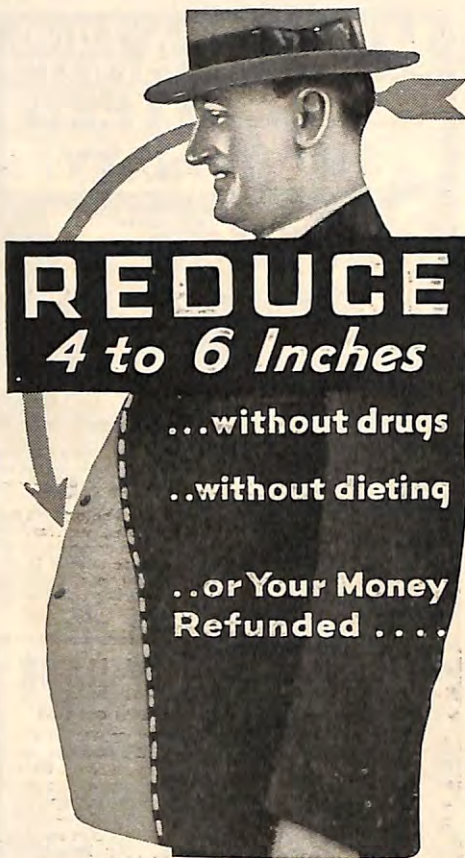
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REDUCE
4 to 6 Inches
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...without dieting
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"I wore the Director Belt and reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches. Practically all adipose tissue can surely be eliminated by its faithful use. I have recommended it to many of my patients."
(Signed) R. A. LOWELL
Physician and Surgeon

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.

Improve Your Appearance

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.

Restore Your Vigor

"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

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.

Break Constipation Habit

"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."
D. W. Bilderback, Wichita, Kans.

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.



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.

Mail Coupon Now!

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360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send me the complete story of Director Belt and give full particulars of your trial offer.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from page 47)
Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn and Secretary Harry D. Hale, of the Ohio Association.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Approves "Buy American" Campaign

Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, recently voted commendation of the action of Antler Post No. 334 of the American Legion for its inauguration of a "Buy American" campaign. This Post of the Legion is composed entirely of Elks. The session at which it went on record as favoring purchasing only goods made in the United States was one held conjointly with

another Post of the Legion, Union Labor Post, No. 99. The meeting took place in the Home of Detroit Lodge.

District Deputy Cady Visits Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge

To a large gathering of members of Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge, No. 1575, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Claude E. Cady recently made a stimulating address, upon the occasion of his official visit to the Lodge. Initiation ceremonies were conducted in the course of the formal session. The evening concluded with a buffet supper.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 28)

at the Home of Findlay Lodge, No. 75. One hundred and fifty officers and members, representing eleven of the fourteen Lodges of the District, were present. Speakers included J. C. A. Leppelman, Past President of the Association, who occupied the chair; Mayor Homer O. Dorsey, of Findlay, who spoke to welcome the visiting Elks; Edward J. McCormick, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John C. Cochran and T. A. O'Leary; and Norman C. Parr, President; George A. Snyder, Past President; and Charles W. Casselman, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and William G. Campbell, Trustee, of the State Elks Association. Every Lodge but one was represented at the second District meeting for Elks of the North Central District, at the Home of Mansfield Lodge, No. 56, the following day. O. J. Shafer, Chairman of the Rehabilitation Committee, presided. Among those to address the gathering of one hundred and fifty were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O'Leary, President Parr and First Vice-President William F. Bruning, of the Association; and Charles Haslop, Secretary of the Ohio Past Exalted Rulers' Association. A week later, at the Home of Salem Lodge, No. 305, the first of the meetings planned for Elks of the Northeast District was held. The one hundred and twenty-five members of the Order who attended had the opportunity to hear talks by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. H. Seymour, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis H. Jurgens; and President Parr, Past Presidents Blake C. Cook and William J. Lambert, Third Vice-President Charles A. Booth, Trustee William G. Campbell, Chairman of the Rehabilitation Committee O. J. Shafer and Chairman of the State Publicity Committee J. A. Hare, of the Ohio State Elks Association. Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, was host to the officers and members of Lodges of the Southwest District of the State at a fourth meeting sponsored by the Rehabilitation Committee of the State Elks Association. Sessions were held in both the morning and afternoon. At these Past President Ernst Von Bergen, a member of the Rehabilitation Committee, presided. The principal speaker at the gathering was Past Exalted Ruler Max Friedman, of Cincinnati Lodge. The response to his address was enthusiastic. Among the prominent members of the Order to attend the meetings was James S. Richardson, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. All but two of the Lodges in the District were represented.

among the stricken. To this enterprise of the Association, Rochester Lodge, No. 1091, contributes by giving the welfare staff an office. Those under treatment in the several institutions during a recent month numbered fifty-two, and they represented twenty States.

Indiana

A NEW record for attendance was set recently at the annual mid-winter meeting of the Indiana State Elks Association at the Hotel Antlers in Indianapolis. At this gathering for officers and committeemen of the Association, seventy-three Elks were present: more than twice as many as ever before had assembled upon a similar occasion. Prominent among the officers, both past and present, of the Association who attended were President Lee F. Bays, Past Presidents Fred C. Cunningham and Fred A. Wiecking, and Secretary W. C. Groebl. Guests of note included District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Victor V. Swartz, Frank M. McHale, James J. Patchell, Raymond F. Thomas and Edwin Loewenthal; and R. A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. Events of the mid-winter meeting were a preliminary conference upon the first evening of the assembly and, the following day, a luncheon and business session.

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unemployed
ELKS ~

AN OPPORTUNITY is presented to all patriotic Elks, unemployed or otherwise, to help spread the "Buy American" movement and at the same time engage in a very profitable and pleasant occupation. No Business or sales experience necessary.

The Elks Magazine, being interested in the patriotic movement of buying American goods as well as assisting all unemployed Elks as much as possible, has volunteered to secure the names of as many unemployed Elks as possible who would be pleasantly employed and well paid in furthering this movement in their communities.

Many Lodges have passed resolutions endorsing the "Buy American" Movement. (Note news item at top of this page.)

Fill out and mail attached coupon NOW!!

Lodge Secretaries

Please send in the names and addresses of unemployed Elks in your Lodge whom you can recommend.

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Buy American Bureau New York, N. Y.

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(Buy American Bureau)
50 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

I am interested in furthering the above patriotic movement and earning some money. Please send me full particulars.

Name

Address

City State

References

Minnesota

IN behalf of patients, the majority of them Elks, in the hospitals of Rochester, the Minnesota State Elks Association conducts a regular and highly commendable campaign of welfare. The services rendered by the Association, through its welfare workers, comprises visiting patients, writing and receiving letters for them, notifying their Lodges when required, sending flowers to sick rooms, finding rooms, assisting in the arrangement of transportation, including that to and from station and hospital; and the distribution of periodicals

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Newark, N. J.—A new type of limited protection covering both Sickness and Accidents at a cost of less than 3 cents a day has been announced by the North American Accident Insurance Company with offices at 386 Wallach Building, Newark, New Jersey.

Men and women between the ages of 16 and 70 are eligible. No medical examination is required. The sum of \$10,000 is paid for stated accidental death, \$10,000 for loss of hands, feet or eyesight and \$25.00 weekly benefit for stated accidents or sickness. Doctor's Bills, Hospital Benefit, Emergency Benefit, and other liberal features to help in time of need—all clearly shown in policy.

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SUPPOSE you meet with an accident or sickness *tonight*—will your income continue?

Remember few escape without accident—and none of us can tell what tomorrow holds for us. While you are reading this warning, somewhere some ghastly tragedy, flood or fire, some automobile or train disaster is taking its toll of human life or limb.

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\$10,000
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for stated accidents and
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