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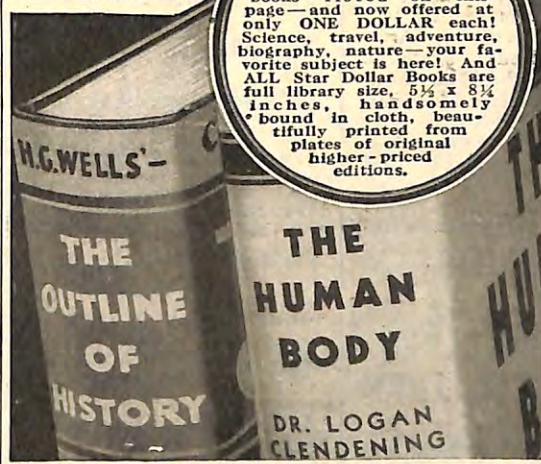
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Your August Copy

OWING to the fact that it was necessary to postpone the 1933 Grand Lodge Convention from the second week in July (when it is usually held) to the third, because of another large convention in Milwaukee that had been booked previously, your August copy of THE ELKS MAGAZINE will be delayed in reaching you.

The editors feel that you would prefer to see the high-lights of the Convention reported in the August issue, rather than waiting until September. They have, therefore, decided to hold the news pages open a week to ten days later in order to give you, as promptly as possible, the features of Elkdom's greatest gathering.

Something About This Issue

WHEN he was four years old he was stricken with infantile paralysis. After years of painful, determined struggle he overcame it to the point where he could hobble along unaided. His legs, however, continued to resemble broom-sticks. And when he went to school his mates poked unending fun at this awkward gait and shrunken physique. Next, he became deaf. Too proud to admit it, he made mistakes in conversation that were excruciatingly funny to his friends—but agony to him when he saw the laughter in their eyes.

By dint of persistent, unflagging effort he trained himself as a writer—a successful one. And finally he married. Here, for the first time in his career, he found a kind, and a degree, of unalloyed happiness that had never been his lot before. A boy was born—and then, less than a year later, his wife died. This unsung hero had been in the depths before, but never so deeply as then. Yet he rose above them. Through these and other bitter battles his spirit soared victorious. If you are down-hearted—if you feel that Life has dealt you more than your share of poor cards—read "The Autobiography of a Happy Man."

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THE thrill of the field trial, for the two top champions in their classes, runs from beginning to end through John Taintor Foote's splendid story, "Dumb-bell of Brookfield." Every man who loves fine dogs, high courage and the red-blooded surge of the hunt will find himself pulling wholeheartedly for game little Dumb-bell in his back-breaking struggle against well-nigh insurmountable odds. And the climax of this, the Third Episode in Mr. Foote's great series, is one that will stir the innermost feelings of even the least emotional of us.

Joseph T. Fanning
Editor and
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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

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Then a lazy, interesting week sailing up the West Coast to San Diego. Another sight-seeing trip with an expense-paid visit to Agua Caliente, and Tia Juana, Mexico. Next Los Angeles and a tour which brings us into Hollywood. Back on our boat, to arrive at San Francisco, August 21st. A smooth, comfortable rail journey up the West Coast to Portland, with a stop-off for a 72 mile motor drive is next. The 23rd we're in Seattle which we'll sight-see at no expense and on to Glacier National Park and a 60-mile auto tour which unfolds the most stupendous scenery in all America.

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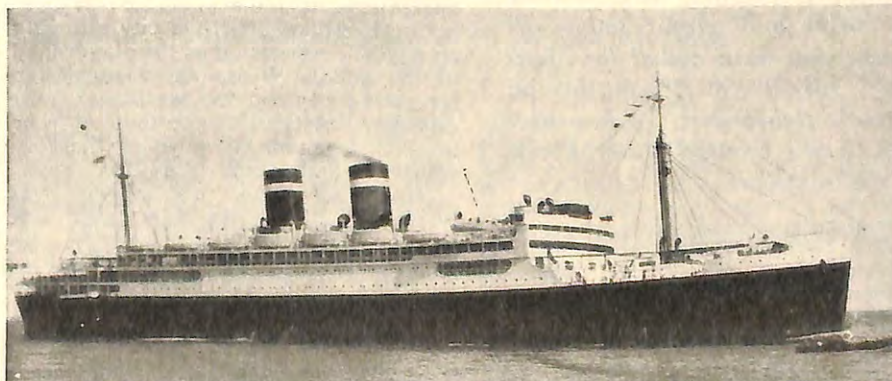
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An Aerial View of the Convention City, Milwaukee, Wis.

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL PHOTO

1933 Grand Lodge Convention At Milwaukee, Wis.

Bulletin No. 5

ON to Milwaukee, Elks of America! There the stage is set for the sixty-ninth annual reunion of Elkdom, July 16 to 22. What a week to anticipate—a week so close at hand that it behooves everyone who will attend the convention to think now of starting on the journey to Milwaukee, one of America's most beautiful and most hospitable cities. The host to all Elkdom. There with open arms, brothers of Milwaukee lodge Number 46 await us all.

Among Elkdom's ranks surely there are many who recall the Milwaukee convention of 1901, a reunion which climaxed a year of wonderful development, marking a growing universal harmony and fraternity in the Elks.

This year's convention in Milwaukee, 32 years later, is to be a round-up of the spirit of departed days, a repetition of the fine psychology of the 1901 gathering, but greatly enlarged in perspective, beyond the ideals of even the most imaginative.

The memory of man is long, and the hospitality of Milwaukee is certainly famous and growing, when there comes back to the Milwaukee convention board, printed evidences from lodges far

away, showing how enthusiastically the Elks of America are anticipating this year's visit to beautiful Milwaukee. Indeed, these messages presage Elkdom's biggest reunion, and that is exactly what Milwaukee has planned.

A special meeting of exalted rulers of all Elks lodges in the country, together with district deputies and grand lodge officers, has been called for Monday, July 17, at 2 p.m., at the Hotel Schroeder, Milwaukee, by Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson.

Convention week in Milwaukee will be a fiesta week in spirit. It will be gay, colorful, enthusiastic, and carnival in aspect, with all the pomp and ceremony becoming a grand lodge session, and all the gaiety and glamour so pecu-

liar to an organization as happy and fraternal in character as the Elks.

Milwaukee is a gracious host and a thorough one. It has prepared a special program for convention week that will live forever in the memory of all those who are fortunate enough to reserve the week of July 16 for a vacation in Milwaukee, this 1933.

Milwaukee Elks hope that brothers in every corner of the United States and possessions will come to Milwaukee, in loyalty to the spirit of the annual Grand Lodge session, and also because of magnetic Milwaukee, itself, a city enjoying an enviable reputation as the playground of the middle West, plus a reputation for good order and decency that make it especially inviting for you to bring your families to share the joys of the convention program and festivities.

You know the program—it was printed in the ELKS MAGAZINE last month. It is replete with activity. So wonderful is this year's convention program and so thorough, that Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson has declared it the most comprehensive ever prepared for a grand lodge session.

"On to Milwaukee!" Tell your Brother Bill to meet you there, July 16!



At the right, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, delivering his Flag Day speech before the microphone. Above, the University Singers of New York, the Elks National Home band of Bedford, Va., and the group of Elk dignitaries who participated in the Flag Day ceremonies held in front of Jefferson's home at Monticello, Va.



VIRGINIA STATE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The Flag Day Broadcast At Monticello

THE FLAG DAY exercises held at Jefferson's home at Monticello, near Charlottesville, Virginia, on June 14th, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge and the lodges of Virginia, was one of the most successful occasions in the history of the Order.

The National Broadcasting Company very courteously put the services of the nearly 100 stations of their great chain at the disposal of the Grand Lodge, and as a result it was estimated that between five million and ten million listeners were made a part of this splendid patriotic service.

The opening services were conducted by the officers and members of Charlottesville Lodge and were brief but very impressive. They consisted of the usual flag ritual on the lawn in front of the portico of the Jefferson Home and the picture presented by the Colonial troops of Charlottesville, dressed in continental uniforms, as they marched to the altar with the various flags in the historic ceremony, was an unforgettable one to the large audience assembled.

Monticello, Jefferson's home, is atop a small mountain from which a complete panoramic view of the surrounding valleys and the blue mountains of Virginia is visible in every direction. The building is one of stately beauty, designed by Jefferson; toward the north is a sweeping valley of surpassing loveliness, and towards the west, five miles away, lies the city of Charlottesville and the University of Virginia, whose classic buildings were also designed by Jefferson.

After the opening ceremonies by Charlottesville Lodge, presided over by Exalted Ruler E. L. Jones, and the arrangement splendidly organized by Past District Deputy R. H. Perry, the gavel was turned over to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred

Harper just prior to the opening of the broadcast which began at 2:15 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper opened the broadcast with a beautiful introductory talk after which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, acting as Grand Chaplain, pronounced the invocation. Following this, the University Singers of New York sang "God of Our Fathers" accompanied by the Elks National Home band of Bedford, Va.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin then read the history of the flag which had been condensed from the ritual and greatly enhanced in beauty.

Following the reading of the history of the Flag another musical number was given, followed by Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson's magnificent address which follows on this page.

After two beautiful quartet numbers by the University Singers Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper led the great unseen audience in a pledge to the Flag and the singing of two verses of "America" led by the University Singers and the Elks National Home band of Bedford.

Innumerable telegrams received from all points in the United States at this office as this is being written, are indicative of the splendid success of the program and the beneficial effects accruing to the Order of Elks as the sponsor at this nation-wide patriotic program and it is hoped that this annual ceremony may become a permanent broadcasting feature as a result of the patriotic spirit which has been aroused throughout the country by the splendid ceremonies held at Monticello this year.

Following is the speech of the Grand Exalted Ruler:

One hundred fifty-seven years ago, on this little mountain, Thomas Jefferson wrote that immortal document which de-

clared that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights and that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Here he formulated the doctrine, later written into our Constitution, of freedom of conscience in matters of religion. From here, he directed his campaign for a system of free schools, and saw constructed, within view of his historic residence, the great state university as the cap sheaf of his plan. It is appropriate that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, a national organization, distinctively American in character, and patriotic in purpose, should observe here on this sacred ground the one hundred fifty-sixth anniversary of the birth of our Flag. Today, in their respective cities, the 1400 Elk Lodges are sponsoring a program honoring our national emblem and our 700,000 members are rededicating their lives to the cause for which our forebears gave their all.

These are momentous times. The man who thinks he fully understands the political, social, and economic problems now facing the people of this and other nations, and knows the solution of all of them is indeed a confident man. Notwithstanding our problems are great, we cannot surrender to fear that they cannot be solved. We admire the courage with which our Brother, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, is tackling the tremendous problems of our own country and the determined fight he is making against the forces of depression. He is entitled to and is receiving the sympathetic support of his fellow-citizens in his heroic efforts to restore the confidence of our people in our great country.

When this nation was established under the Constitution, the world saw for the first time a government where the individual

(Continued on page 47)

A Brief Autobiography Of a Happy Man

Anonymous

Decorations by Ralph Boyer



BY TERMING myself a happy man I am assuming a unique position. There are, it appears, few happy persons. There are still fewer who will admit that they are happy. To obtain a confession of happiness, one must capture an individual in a transient state of ecstasy.

Of course, a great deal depends upon one's definition of the word "happy." If Webster's Dictionary is right about it, and happy means "favored by fortune; lucky; prosperous; contented; joyous"—if all these are the essential ingredients of happiness, then my title is ill chosen. For, as you shall see, I have never been Fortune's favorite, no poker player pleads to rub the top of my head for good luck, I am not prosperous, judged even by present standards of wealth; if I were contented the entire structure of my personal philosophy long ago would have fallen upon and destroyed me; so that all that remains to me is a certain degree of joyousness, tempered by moments of more or less serious thought.

Thus, according to the dictionary, I am not a happy man at all; yet, when I consider what a real zest for living fills me, how pleasantly stimulated I am by so many things of the world, and how much more susceptible I am to laughter than to tears, I feel inclined to believe that the dictionary is wrong about it.

When I look back upon the years I have lived, I realize that I have been happy most of the time. But there have been intervals of sadness, too; of grief and terror and abject misery of heart and soul. My life has been so filled with the extremes of happiness and unhappiness and the gradational emotions between the two, I have had so intensive an education in the school of hard knocks, and I am so familiar at first hand with the trials and tribulations that are the causes of unhappiness, that I feel qualified as an expert in a subject vital to everyone.

Indeed, if I knew less of pain, desperation and sorrow, I should not venture to write about happiness. Who

is more offensive than the strapping two-hundred-pounder, with never so much as a headache in his life, breezing into your sickroom and heartily exclaiming: "Come on, old scout! Get up and forget your rheumatism! What you need is a good game of tennis!" But no matter what your difficulties may be, whether sickness of the heart, the body, or the pocketbook, I can sit up with you as an accredited lodge brother.

When I was four years old I was stricken with infantile paralysis. The medical profession knew little about the disease in those days; there is much to be learnt of it to-day. But at that time there were two possible results, either death or the life of a cripple. Some sets of muscles must atrophy during the siege of paralysis, and in my case, as in most instances, it was the muscles of the legs.

During these early years of my child-

For the second time in my life I had to learn to walk. It was a difficult task. I no longer had the proper tools for the purpose. There remained to me a bit of living muscle in my thighs, but from the knees down the muscles were shrunken and as dead as the proverbial doornail. To this day, of course, those muscles are dead. I have no more muscular control over my lower limbs than if they belonged to my next door neighbor, and I can encircle my ankles with the signet of my thumb and forefinger.

But I learned to walk. My method of locomotion is not orthodox but it gets me there. During the growing years I practiced walking for all that I was worth, in the face of pain and discouragement, but happily withal. I remembered that I once had walked; I saw other people walking; and I saw no reason why I couldn't make a go of it if I kept on plugging. After an impatient period in a go-cart, I learned to take a few steps with the aid of two rubber-tipped canes. Then I walked haltingly with the canes and heavy, hip-high steel braces. And at length there came a day when I stuck one cane through my belt as a sword and the other over my shoulder as a gun, and went marching at least twenty feet, with only the braces to help me, before I fell on my face.

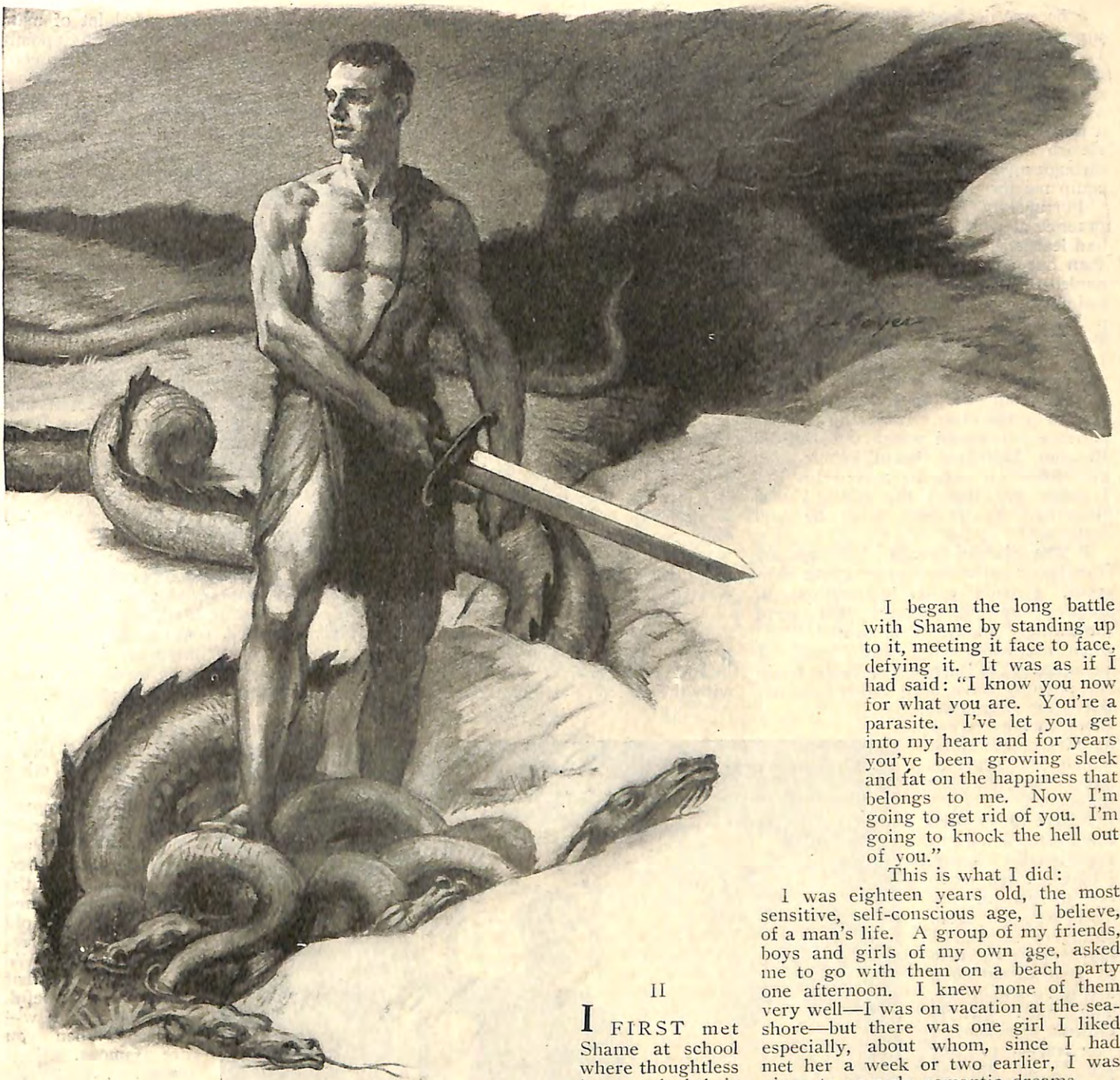
That was one of the happiest moments of my life. I was gloriously happy not only because I had walked without canes, but because a new shining field of conquest spread itself before me. Now I could work toward another and even greater goal—to be able to discard my braces.

I threw away my last set of braces when I was seventeen years old. After thirteen years of striving, I triumphed. I could walk—after a fashion. I could run a bit—after a fashion. I could do almost everything that normal men could do—after a fashion. The fashion was my own. I was constantly devising ways and means for the performance of

Editor's Note

The author of this remarkable human document is a well-known writer who has contributed frequently to THE ELKS MAGAZINE. He is known to the editors, who vouch for the authenticity of the experiences related in his article, and who hold it an honor to be privileged to publish so magnificent a declaration of faith and courage.

hood and boyhood, pain became my almost constant companion. The gradual awakening of paralyzed muscles and nerves to renewed, or partially renewed life; the stretching treatments that were to make both wasted legs of the same length; the pressure of steel braces—that was the beginning of my education. But do not imagine that I was an unhappy child. Every snapshot of me shows the smiling face of a perfectly happy little boy.



I began the long battle with Shame by standing up to it, meeting it face to face, defying it. It was as if I had said: "I know you now for what you are. You're a parasite. I've let you get into my heart and for years you've been growing sleek and fat on the happiness that belongs to me. Now I'm going to get rid of you. I'm going to knock the hell out of you."

This is what I did:

I was eighteen years old, the most sensitive, self-conscious age, I believe, of a man's life. A group of my friends, boys and girls of my own age, asked me to go with them on a beach party one afternoon. I knew none of them very well—I was on vacation at the seashore—but there was one girl I liked especially, about whom, since I had met her a week or two earlier, I was given to vaguely romantic dreams.

I had been with them several times on the beach, but I had always kept my clothes on, my trousers carefully concealing my legs from view. But this time I wore a bathing suit. I let them see me as I was—all of them, anyone who would look, my fair one, too. I uncovered my legs, the entire skinny, deformed length of them. I walked in the sand before my first girl, naked with a nakedness known only to a cripple.

WELL, that was my battle and I fought it. I fought it that once and many times again. For scarcely had I won over the shame of my deformity when I had to face a trial equally severe. There is no affliction more mortifying to the flesh than deafness. There is nothing funny about the lame, the halt and the blind. But the deaf or deafened man leaves a trail of laughter in his wake.

II

I FIRST met Shame at school where thoughtless boys stroked their forefingers at me

and pointed to my wasted legs and derided me with "Broomsticks." Even friendly children insisted upon wrapping their hands around my calves just to prove to themselves and to the group of onlookers just *how* skinny those legs were. My braces clanked dismally on the iron steps of the school, echoed loudly along the corridors. And I became ashamed.

To this day I cannot walk along the street without receiving the curious glances of even the most discreet passerby. Sometimes candid little children follow me half a block to note the oddness of my locomotion. But that normal curiosity does not disturb me any longer, for I learned how to conquer shame.

During these struggling years this was my haven of happiness; the glowing reflection that with paralyzed legs I was holding my own with my normal fellow-man. And I needed that haven. If I had had to contend with only physical pain and deficiencies, I should have known no unhappiness. But I was forced to fight against a more treacherous foe. This enemy was Shame.

I rid myself of this happiness-destroying demon as I subjected the deficiencies of my lameness. I fought against it; which in this instance means that I fought against myself.

I became deafened. That was in my nineteenth year when, for the first time, I had grown serious about my future and the acquiring of a scholastic education was no longer a duty to me but a sacred privilege. I wanted to attend a university, to listen to the lectures, to absorb through my ears as well as through my eyes the learning that would equip me for the profession of writing.

Fortunately I had a great deal of practice at working with blunt tools. I had learned long ago that there is more than one way of doing a thing. I attended the University of Missouri, then Columbia University, and I wasn't expelled from either of them for failure. But I never heard a word of a lecture. I just sat there, studying the notes of the previous lecture made by and borrowed from the most conscientious student of the class. It was an odd experience. I would watch our beloved Brander Mathews' beard bobbing up and down (if ever he moved his lips I never saw them) the while I was "hearing," as it were, what he said yesterday!

It was Shame, though, that kept me from being perfectly happy. I was ludicrous. I made replies to questions, in and out of class-rooms, that were screamingly funny. I answered "No" when the sane reply was "Yes." I answered "Yes" when the reply could not possibly have been either affirmative or negative. Here were new agonies of the spirit which my previous experience had left untouched.

I have never been able to stop being unintentionally funny. I have learned not to try to conceal my deafness from strangers so that I may appear to them as a deafened man and not a stupid one. The most bitterly difficult sentences I ever learned to utter are "I am hard of hearing. Will you please speak louder?" Lately, because I am deafer than I used to be, I carry an electrical contraption, with a battery in one pocket, a microphone pinned like a Croix de Guerre on my bosom, a black button in my "worstear" and wires encircling me most alarmingly; until I feel like announcing, "Hello, Everybody! This is Station R.L.G., owned and operated by a writing man, on a frequency he once scarcely hoped to be possible."

In spite of mechanical aids and a

complete candor as to my condition, I still make mistakes. Sometimes I do not hear just what I thought I heard. Occasionally I still say "Yes" when someone inquires solicitously after the state of my mother's health. Every so often I have to purchase something I do not want. Now and then that unfortunate "Yes" puts me in the perplexing position of having to appear two places at once, of having to fill two different accepted social engagements at the self-same hour. I have learned that "Yes" is a dangerous word; but it is far preferable to "No." A "No," even a faint-hearted "No," makes one miss any number of things. I seldom use it unless I am fairly certain that I am being asked for money.

Yes; I am still involuntarily funny. The difference is that laughter at my expense no longer makes me suffer as it used to. I can laugh as heartily as any of them, when I am let in on the joke—and mean it, too.

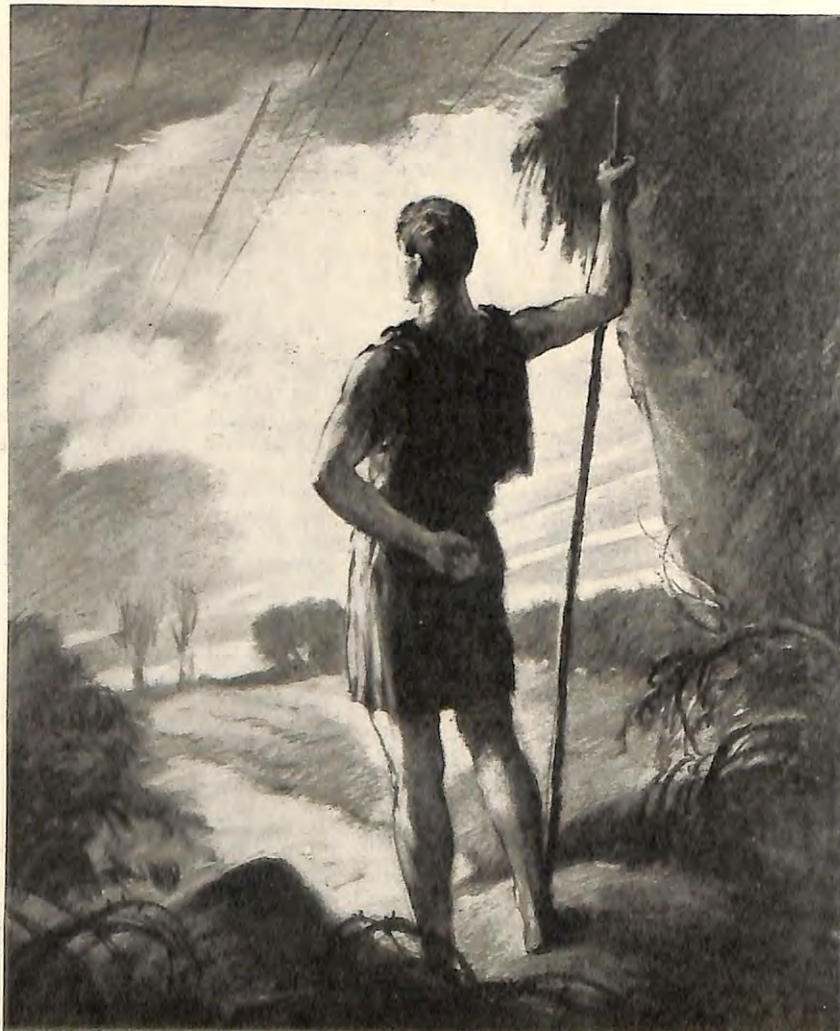
It was a bruising battle, that long struggle to adapt myself to deafness. But once I had conquered Shame, there was nothing about my deafness — as there was nothing about my lameness — to affect my happiness.

III

MEANWHILE, I had to contend with the many relatively trivial annoy-

ances which are the usual lot of man, the petty troubles, anxieties, disappointments, which together with their converses go to make life interesting. I had chosen the profession of writing, and that one is certainly not the path of least resistance. I had my successes, my failures, experiences common to all of us. After ten years or so, when I had passed the age of thirty, I could reflect, "So far, so good." Financially and artistically I had a long way to go; but without any scintillating, comet-like success, I had more or less firmly established myself as an author. Almost one hundred short stories, serials and essays of mine had been published in the magazines. I had experienced the thrill of seeing my name on magazine covers; of reading my stories in translation; of books that bore my name. I felt that I was beginning to learn something about my work. I wasn't contented. I wasn't satisfied. I was happy because there was so much left to be done that I probably would be able to do.

But it was not until I married that I realized to what heights happiness can rise. I was actually amazed to discover a kind of happiness so unadulterated, so docile; so pure in essence and so sure in entity that it need not be painstakingly separated from the chaff of sorrow and despair. Without my fighting for it, without gritting my teeth with determination, this happiness was mine.

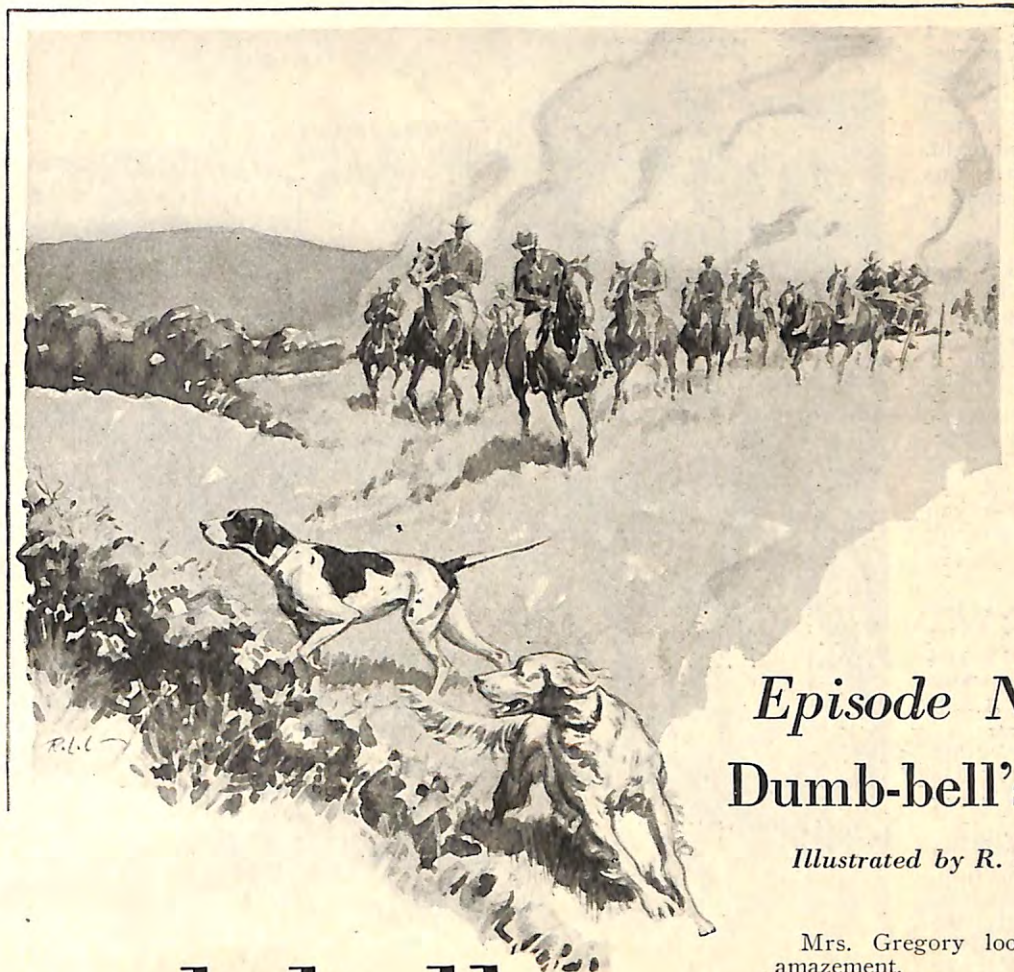


MY WIFE and I loved each other deeply; we were congenial companions, devoted friends. We played together, worked together, talked together of the distant years when we would be old with the memories of this youth. We builded toward that future as hopeful, trusting youth will build. "When you are famous, Raymond. . . ." "When we are rich, Helen. . . ." How many children shall we have? Two? Four?

One of our dream children materialized. We name him Robert. In my heart, by that time, healed of every bruise and laceration, lilted that verse of the psalm, "Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."

A few days before the third anniversary of our marriage, Helen died.

Among the enemies I had been forced to meet and vanquish was none
(Continued on page 33)



Episode No. 3— Dumb-bell's Check

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

Dumb-bell of Brookfield

By John Taintor Foote

DURING the summer months early dinner was the custom at Brookfield. It was served out of doors, weather permitting, either on the terrace or beneath the canopy of vines which crept with artful abandon from end to end of the pergola.

In the latter case it meant that the master and mistress of Brookfield were alone and it would be a "cozy" dinner, as they called it, hidden from the many staring windows of the big house by the dumb and eyeless vine.

At such times those who served them did so swiftly, and withdrew. Then they helped themselves and stole choice morsels from each other's plates, and giggled, and "scrapped," as in days gone by, and sometimes upset things, which was dreadful. But no one would come except at the voice of the silver bell with the carved ivory handle, and they were careful not to touch it lest its fatal clamor occur.

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"Chief," said the master of Brookfield, one August evening, "pass the jam!" He indicated with a lordly gesture a mound of currant jelly glowing in a crystal dish.

"Why, certainly," she said politely, and placed a buttered ear of corn in his extended palm.

The master of Brookfield scooped a lump of ice from his drinking goblet, encircled his lady with his arm, and drew her slowly to him.

"It's not fair to use strength," she wailed. "You know it's not. You're breaking a rule."

At that exact moment Leona stood round-eyed in the entrance to the pergola.

The mistress of Brookfield became particularly dignified. She returned to her chair unhurriedly, patted her hair and then addressed Leona.

"What is it?" she said. "I didn't ring."

"Peter to you weesh to speak," explained Leona with a gulp.

Mrs. Gregory looked at Leona in amazement.

"Peter?" she said. "Why, what's got into the man?" Then apprehension seized her. "Is anything wrong at the kennels?" she asked quickly. "Where is Peter?"

"'Ere, mem, beggin' your pardon," said Peter, and appeared miraculously beside Leona. "I thought as 'ow you'd like to see this 'ere," he explained, as he pulled a copy of *The American Field* from his pocket. "It's just come."

"What's the matter with you, Peter?" asked the master of Brookfield. "Have you lost your mind?"

"No, sir, beggin' your pardon," said Peter. "They've challenged with the big pointer to run a three-hour match against Dumb-bell for a thousand dollars. It's all in 'ere," he added, flourishing the paper. "You can see for yourself."

The master of Brookfield scowled at Peter.

"What of it?" he said. "Why do you come here with it *now*?"

"Well, you see," said Peter, a shade uncertainly, "the quicker you knew about it, the quicker you could take 'em up. You can wire yet tonight, sir."

Mrs. Gregory watched the master of Brookfield with dancing eyes. But the master of Brookfield did not smile. "Why should I 'take 'em up'?" he asked.

Peter's jaw dropped. "Why, now—er—" he began, and became speechless as his world fell about him. At last he looked up, dull-eyed. "I never thought," he said, "as 'ow you'd let 'em say we was afraid to race

the big 'ound. . . . I ax your pardon for disturbin' of you." He folded the paper, stuffed it into his pocket, and turned slowly away. "Good night, mem," he threw over his shoulder, and was gone.

"Oh, Jim!" said Mrs. Gregory. "He's heart-broken—he thinks you mean it! Peter!" she called, "Peter!" But Peter was out of earshot, and she rang the silver bell.

While someone went to summon Peter, the master of Brookfield wrote a telegram. As he finished, Peter again appeared.

"They said as 'ow you wanted me," he muttered, looking straight before him.

"Why, yes," said the master of Brookfield. "You left in such a hurry you forgot to take this with you . . . I want it sent tonight."

Peter took the telegram and read it carefully. He looked up with blazing eyes.

"That's tellin' 'em!" he said. "I'll start workin' the little dog tomorrow. We'll need all of two months to get 'im ready—'e'll 'ave to go to Ramsey for a month on chicken."

There are two championships in which field trial dogs compete. The winning of either means everlasting glory. One, the National, is run in Tennessee on quail. The other, the All America, is run in the Far West on prairie chicken.

The winner of the National or the All America has Champion written before his name from that day on, and never again may he compete in open trials. He is a crowned king, whose sons and daughters are of the blood royal. He may not stoop to struggle with more common clay.

But a champion may run a match race against any dog with the temerity to meet him. And now Champion Brookfield Dumb-bell, winner of the National, had been defied in public print by the owner of Champion Windem Bang, winner of the All America, and Peter was in a fever.

The telegram he sent that night read:
Meet you any time after October first, at any place, for any sum.

And it meant that "the little white ghost" must leave his leather chair in the living-room and take to the open for the honor of Brookfield.

So, early next morning, Peter, a kennel boy, and the small champion went over the hill to the broad meadows across which the brook lay like a silver serpent.

Peter rode a good horse. Dumb-Bell had not been hunted for pleasure as yet, and no man on foot could keep within sight of the ghost at his work.

"Turn 'im loose!" said Peter to the kennel boy. "An' meet me by them



there willows in thirty minutes."

"O-o-o-o!" said the kennel boy a moment later, his eyes on something white fading, fading in the distance.

"E's 'ell, ain't 'e!" said Peter, gathering up his reins. "Come on, 'oss! You wouldn't let a little thing like that get away from you, would you?"

Morning after morning from then on they went forth, and little by little the thirty minutes were increased until at last Dumb-Bell could do the full three hours at top-speed, wolf down his meal that night, and ask for more.

ACCORDING to science, fatigue produces a toxin. When an animal is overworked he cannot throw this off. The poison dulls the nerves of his stomach and plays havoc with his appetite. Peter knew nothing of science, but he scanned a tin plate anxiously every evening. When, after the full three hours, it was licked to mirror brightness—

"E's ready," said Peter, "to beat anybody's dog!"

Meanwhile the field trial world divided over this meeting of champions. Pointer men prayed, in private, for big slashing Windem Bang. In public they admitted that perhaps the Brookfield setter had a shade in nose and bird sense, but for courage and headlong brilliancy there was "nothing to it" but the pointer. Furthermore, since Gregory had allowed his adversary to name the place for the meeting, the owner of the pointer had of course chosen North

Dakota, the home of the prairie chicken. The country and the birds were an old story to the pointer, whereas the Brookfield dog was more familiar with the haunts of quail.

Setter men thought of the white ghost with his uncanny nose, and smiled. Their champion was to have a month's work on the prairies before the battle.

"And," said Scott Benson, "if they just let him go, in a month he'll be an old friend to every chicken from the Gulf to Canada."

On one subject, however, everyone was in accord. Dog men all over the land had learned to hate the owner of the pointer. For years he had bred dogs—good dogs, they regretfully admitted—and at last fate had breathed the spirit of a champion into one of them. Furthermore, he was a great champion. This they admitted, also, but with more than regrets. That Emmett Fry should own such a dog was beyond mere regretting—it was a calamity.

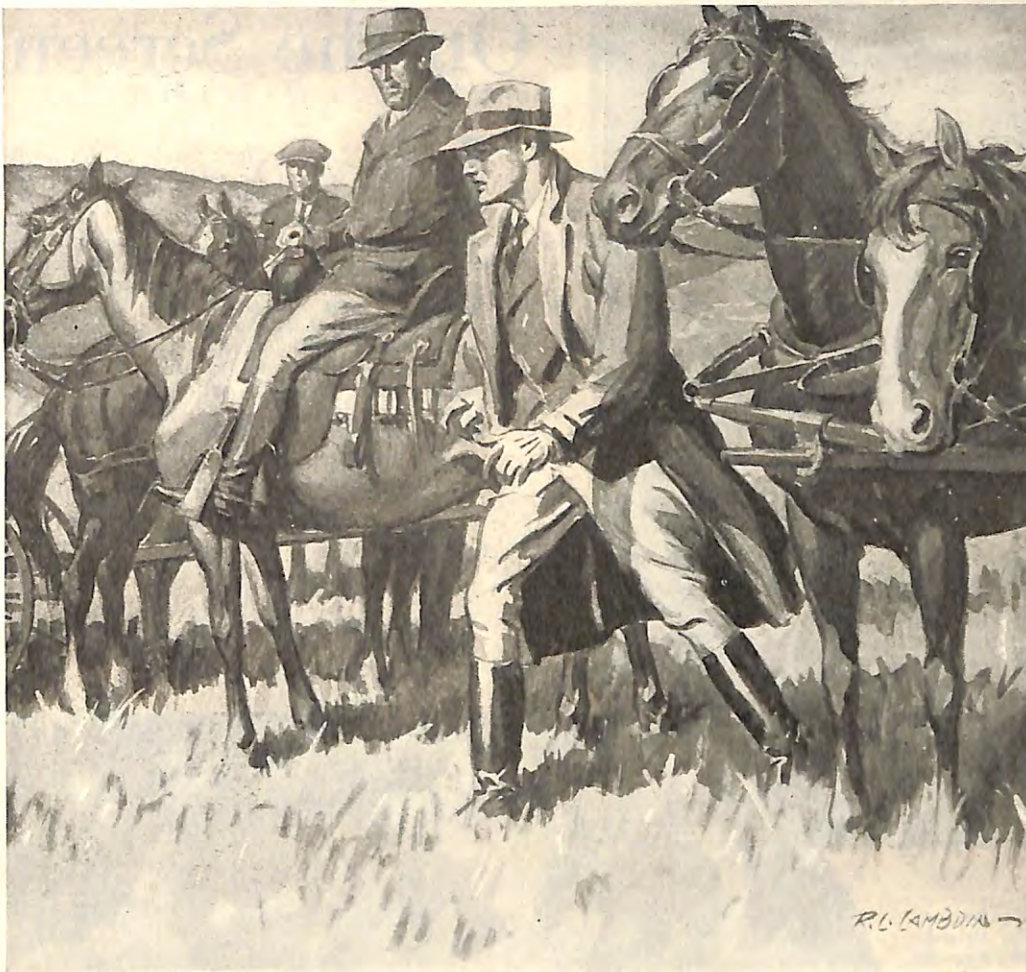
Chuck Sellers relieved himself on the subject with a few well-chosen words.

"There's more class in the tip of that pointer's tail," he said, "than Emmett's got in his whole blame carcass."

Since the tail of Champion Windem Bang was needle pointed, this was repeated broadcast and found much favor.

All this was man's talk, and not for women's ears, so the mistress of Brookfield heard no word of it; but she felt cold steel in the air when Emmett Fry was mentioned, and it puzzled her.

"You don't like this man Fry, do



"You vile beast!" flamed the mistress of Brookfield. "Don't you dare touch him again"

all bird dogs, and many men agree with me and look to my dog to prove it, we owe it to them to beat this pointer—if we can Don't you think so?"

There was a moment's silence.

"What about the thousand dollars you may win from him?"

The master of Brookfield regarded her gravely. Then the corners of his mouth twitched ever so little.

"Why," he said, with a bow, "you may have that, Chief."

She had him by the coat lapels in an instant, and did her futile best to shake him.

"I'll tear it up!" she said, between her teeth.

"Indeed?" said Gregory.

"And what about that family on Rock Ridge who haven't a shoe to their back, and the lame man who needs a wooden leg or an aeroplane or something, and the woman who has delirium trem—Excuse

me, it's her husband—isn't it? And that girl who should have her voice cultivated, and—er—all the rest of 'em?"

The mistress of Brookfield knitted her brows in thought.

"They won't get a cent of it!" she announced at last. "If Dumb-Bell wins it, he will send it to the S.P.C.A.!"

The hotel at Belmont, North Dakota, was packed to bursting. Its occupants lifted up their voices and discussed bird dogs, past, present, and to come. The noise was bewildering. From a little distance it sounded like the roar of falling waters, and seemed as endless.

Back in the kennels it was comparatively quiet. Derbys might bay a neighbor, old veterans might rustle the straw as they dreamed of whirring birds; but though the match between Brookfield Dumb-Bell and Windem Bang was to be run as a final to the Great Western Trials, and a hundred dogs were all about them, Peter spoke almost in a whisper to Bill Ramsey as they examined the white ghost by lantern light.

"I don't like it!" said Peter. "'E never ate a bite. . . . 'Is eyes don't look good to me, neither."

"Pshaw, Pete!" said Ramsey. "There's nothin' wrong with him. He knows why he's here as well as you an' me. He's excited, that's all. Why, look how you passed up them ham an' eggs yourself tonight! Let him alone—let him rest!"

(Continued on page 34)

you?" she said to Gregory one morning, and felt his arm stiffen within her own.

"I don't know him," said the master of Brookfield shortly. "Are you sure you want to go out to this match, Chief? It's a hard trip."

"I'm going," she stated. "I've never seen Dumb-Bell run, you know, and this may be my last chance. . . . Why don't you like him?" she asked, returning to the charge.

"I don't know him," he repeated. "How can I like him or dislike him?"

She knew this to be an evasion, but let it pass, and questioned Peter the next day.

"What sort of a man is Mr. Fry?" she asked him.

Peter was dusting a puppy with flea powder. He straightened up and spoke with difficulty, for flea powder is as certain in its action as snuff.

"A-choo-o!" he said. "Just plain skunk . . . a-choo-o! . . . beggin' your pardon!"

"What has he done, what does he do, that makes you say that, Peter?" she questioned.

"Well," said Peter, "I'll tell you one thing he done. Six years ago, come November, Emmett Fry starts a pointer derby, by Damascus out of Old Rose, in the Continental. 'E was a nice-goin' pup but a leetle gun-shy—just flinchy-like. 'E run a good 'eat an' it was between 'im an' a young bitch by Gladstone in the finals. The judges were 'ard put to it for a decision, but they noticed that Emmett don't

stand close to 'is pup when 'e fires.

"'At his next point, Mr. Fry, shoot directly over your dog,' they tells Emmett, an' he done so. At the crack of the gun the pup breaks for the woods, 'is tail between 'is legs—an' that lets 'im out.

"Well, Emmett goes into the woods after 'is pup, an' next we 'ear 'is gun—both barrels. When 'e comes out of the woods, . . . 'e's alone. 'An', says Emmett, 'e'll not run away from a gun no more.'

Peter caught up the can of flea powder, and bent abruptly to his work.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Gregory. "The beast . . . the beast!"

AND presently the master of Brookfield looked up from his desk into a white and quivering face.

"Good Lord, Chief!" he said, "what's happened?"

"You knew about it all along!" she accused. "And let Dumb-Bell meet his dog . . . a man like that! How could you do such a thing! . . . How could you!"

"I've never met this man," the master of Brookfield said slowly. "When he did . . . what he did, I used what influence I had to have his entries refused by all field trial clubs in America. Since then I have made it a point never to enter a dog where he was a competitor. But now—it is a question of setter against pointer; and because I believe in the setter as the greatest of

On the Screen



M "Mind?" grins Clark Gable in the scene at the left as he whisks Jean Harlow away from the discomforted Stuart Erwin. The picture is called "Hold Your Man" and Miss Harlow demonstrates the precept of the title. She plays a hard-boiled young woman who loses her heart to the handsome young confidence man (Mr. Gable) who takes refuge in her apartment during a police chase. Stuart Erwin is the honest, steadfast lover who is thrown in the shade by Gable's fatal charm for the lady. The only outlet for his affection is to rescue her from some of the tight spots her devotion to the slippery Mr. Gable gets her into

R "Goodbye Again" recently completed a long and prosperous run on the Broadway stage and is now transferred to the screen. Warren William and Genevieve Tobin (right) will play leading parts in the new version of this very pleasing comedy. Mr. William is an author on lecture tour whose weakness for philandering disturbs the happy tenor of his Bohemian life with Joan Blondell, the pretty and intelligent secretary who travels with him. In Cleveland he encounters an over romantic young matron (Miss Tobin) who insists on renewing a college romance which Mr. William has quite forgotten. In no time at all he is in full flight from a series of amusing complications



R William Harrigan and Helen Twelvetrees (left) play father and daughter in the screen drama entitled "Disgraced." Harrigan portrays a police captain who disapproves of his daughter's work as model in an exclusive dress shop. His forebodings are justified when unknown to him Helen is tricked into visiting the apartment of the wealthy fiancé of one of her customers. The resulting romance, as every wise film goer will guess, has tragic consequences. In an exciting scene toward the end of the picture the old but intriguing device of reenacting a murder is used to determine who is guilty and, more important in this case, who is not

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

At the right you may see Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea, co-starring in a picture called "A Bed of Roses." Constance ends her sojourn at a girls reformatory with the one idea of securing the flowery haven of the picture's title. Father Doran gives her earnest warning about thorns but she laughs to scorn his suggestion that she go straight. She drifts down the Mississippi river having various adventures in the course of which she is rescued from a watery grave by Mr. McCrea, handsome skipper of a cotton tug. In New Orleans she achieves her ambition but when true love calls she finds the difficulties of climbing out of her bed of roses more than equal to those of climbing in



The handsome Miss Kay Francis, Walter Huston and Nils Asther (left) are involved in one of those broils of conflicting wartime loyalties and loves in the picture called "Strange Rhapsody." Mr. Huston is a Serbian nobleman who is rescued from the fury of a mob after the unhappy affair at Sarajevo by his friend Asther, a Hungarian officer. Later, when war is declared with Serbia, Asther is dispatched to his friend's estate to round up some deserters and for the first time meets his beautiful young wife, Kay Francis—and that is where the trouble begins

Zane Grey who has written so many best sellers about the picturesque West where all men are heroes or villains is author of the screen play entitled "Man of the Forest." Noah Beery is the villain of the play; a political power whose henchmen do not stick at murder. His design in this instance is to filch a rich ranch from one of his enemies by political chicanery if possible, if not, then by more violent methods. Verna Hillie and Randolph Scott, the two pictured at the right, are the heroine and hero of the piece. Miss Hillie is the niece of the gentleman about to be robbed and Mr. Scott is the man of the forest, in person



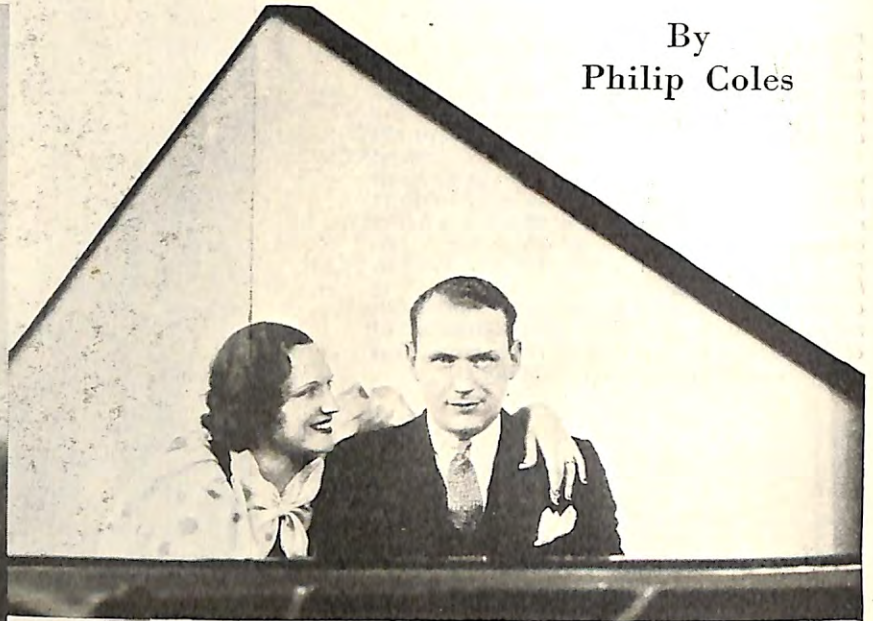
Cast and Broadcast

By
Philip Coles



RAY LEE JACKSON

Vaudeville and musical comedy are taking it on the chin. By stealing both audiences and stars, radio is dealing them the same dose the movies have dealt the stage. Phil Baker, above, is one of the latest big names to go radio. His crazy humor and his famous accordion set a fast pace over WJZ on Friday nights at 9:30 EDST.



RAY LEE JACKSON

For years Lee Sims (above seen registering embarrassment) has banged out best-selling records for phonograph companies. At last he has fallen for the microphone's milk and honey and a coast-to-coast audience hears him over WEAJ on Sunday evenings at 8. He goes whistling up and down the piano keyboard, while his wife, Ilomay Bailey, (above seen registering no embarrassment) contributes charming vocal harmony



RAY LEE JACKSON



Burton Holmes, famous traveller and lecturer, is regularly heard over an NBC network in a series of fascinating talks from the Century of Progress Exhibition. In forty years of travel he has crossed the various oceans countless times and visited many lands. Although he has lectured in almost every American city, Mr. Holmes is now being heard by more people in one broadcast from Chicago than formerly heard him in a year of lectures. Most familiar to audiences are Mr. Holmes' movie travelogues



Irvin S. Cobb, the famous writer and comedian, is currently entertaining millions with his Wednesday night series of broadcasts over a CBS network. At right Mr. Cobb is pictured with wise Will Rogers, comedian and news commentator, who was recently broadcasting for the same sponsor as Mr. Cobb. Now that Rogers has quit his program, the sponsors are, at the time of writing, searching frantically for a suitable substitute. Regrettably, there is no substitute for Will Rogers

The Tree Toad

By Samuel Duff McCoy

Illustrated by Harry Townsend



"He reminds me
of somebody,"
Mort murmured

MORT drowsed, basking in the sun, by the garden pool. On a warm stone at the edge of the pool basked the little tree-toad. At the same end of the garden, old Abner Sherwood was at work.

Ten years of crime reporting had sickened Mort of all cities, had made him cynical. Here, sixty miles from New York, he had found a summer haven, isolated, off the beaten highways. Each Saturday afternoon found him hastening to it, eager for its peace and rest. Each Monday morning sent him back to the tiresome business of recording the playful activities of men and women who hadn't played fair. But each Monday morning found Mort a little browner and a little plumper than the week before. Perhaps too plump. . . . The boarding house to which he drove for his week-end meals set a table which no man could resist. . . . Yes, *too* plump, Mort reflected, patting his waistline contentedly.

Old Abner Sherwood, from whom Mort had rented the tiny house and garden, and whose own farmhouse was a

Copyright, 1933, by Samuel Duff McCoy

half-mile down the road, at the far end of the two hundred acres which he owned, certainly didn't need to be at work. He was, as Mort knew, undoubtedly the wealthiest farmer in the whole township. But he had offered to keep Mort's lawn and garden in order, for an additional four dollars a week. A dollar was a dollar, to Abner, no matter how rich one might be. And he was fond of Mort.

Abner had brought, with kindly intent, the county newspaper for Mort's perusal. "Bein' as how ye be in th' newspaper business," he had said, offering the sheet, "ye might like to read it." Mort did not want to read it. He would have preferred to doze. But, yawning, he glanced through it now. It bored him. He read, aloud:

"DANBURY, Aug. 3—Henry Winsted, 72, was found dead to-day in the ruins of his farmhouse, which caught fire shortly before noon and burned to the ground before fire apparatus could arrive from this city, seven miles distant. Mr. Winsted lived alone, and was apparently overcome before he could summon help. He was reputed to be well-to-do."

"Who cares?" muttered Mort, callously. His eyes flickered on from column to column.

"TRUMBULL, Aug. 2—Verdict of accidental death, from suffocation and burns, was announced to-day following the coroner's inquest on the death of Adoniram Utley, whose body was found last Tuesday in the cellar of his burned home, when wreckage which had fallen into the cellar was being removed. Mr. Utley, who was known as being wealthy but somewhat eccentric, had lived as a hermit in the old Utley homestead for many years past. Rumors of suicide which gained some

circulation on the discovery of his body are put at rest by the coroner's verdict. Attorney F. Conley Beckwith has been appointed executor of the estate."

"The boys around here really oughtn't to play with matches," Mort commented, yawning again. He dropped the newspaper to the grass and settled further down in the lawn-chair, blissfully.

Old Abner Sherwood, clipping away industriously at the borders of the flower beds, on his hands and knees, smiled to himself at Mort's pose.

"Any feller ever tells me again about these here 'alert reporters' ye hear s' much about, I'll know better," observed Abner, glancing over his shoulder to see how the arrow scored. Its target seemed unmoved.

"Yes, sir," pursued Abner. "I've seen 'em in the movies, and I've heard about 'em, all my life. Always on the go, they be. Restless 's a hummin'-bird, dartin' around lookin' for news. Always got a sharp, lean face, and a nose that's just quiverin' at th' end, with excitement, like a bird-dog on the scent. 'Reckon they ever quit work, even after office hours? No, sir! *Not* them! Twenty-four hours a day, them fellers work—not for pay, mind ye, but just because they can't bear t' let their paper git scooped. Sure, I know all about 'em—now."

He emitted a short, sarcastic grunt.

"Hah!" he said.

Mort rolled over and found the old man grinning. He shook a forefinger.

"I thought as much," said Mort severely. "Ignorant as the rest of the world. I don't know how you get this way, all of you. I never knew a newspaperman in all my life, and I've known a heap of 'em, to answer that description. Boloney!"





He snorted in mild disgust.

"Ye mean t' say," Abner demanded, his eyes twinkling, "that if you was t' hear about a murder next door to ye in the middle o' th' night ye wouldn't rush right over t' git th' details right away?"

"Not a rush!" said Mort emphatically.

"If th' City Hall was to be dynny-mited just as you was walkin' past, you wouldn't grab a telephone right off to 'phone your paper?"

"I'd keep right on going," said Mort, callously.

The old man sighed.

"Well, 'tain't what I've been brought up on," he said sadly. "But I been thinkin' for quite a while back, now, since you took to comin' out here, that mebbly I was mistaken."

He chuckled aloud.

"Have your fun," said Mort graciously. "Cherish your illusions, if you want to." He resumed his lazy contem-

plation of the little tree-toad on the rock. "As for me, I'm far more fascinated by this little murderer here, than I am by these news items about your neighbors who can't seem to learn that matches are nothing to meddle with."

The tree-toad, seemingly asleep on the gray rock, was a gray lump, somewhat smaller (but considerably plumper) than a dollar watch. Clinging to the rock, it seemed to be a part of the rock itself. One always needed to look twice, to discover that it was not a gray pebble.

Motionless as the frog was, it was not asleep. Gnats, dancing over its head, learned this to their sorrow. Stare as he would, Mort was always startled when the frog's sudden darting, quicker than thought, captured the luckless midge. There would be a ripple of swallowing, that was all, and, once more, the frog's bland mask of silence.

"He reminds me of somebody," Mort

murmured to himself. "I've seen that same wide mouth, that same apparent stupor and stolidity, that same swift kill—somewhere, somewhere! Now, who the deuce was it?"

He pondered lazily, gave it up. The afternoon was too pleasant to waste in idle puzzles.

There was rain, during the night. Mort, taking his Sunday stroll to Abner's, found the road muddy.

Muddy though it was, the old man was already at work, stooped over his potato vines. He belonged to the landscape, Mort reflected, as he caught sight of him. He clung to the land where he had been born, as closely as Mort's tree-toad clung to his rock. He seemed a part of it.

At Mort's hail, he straightened up, waved a hand, and stumped forward briskly.

"Feller hadn't rightly ought to work



"There'll be nothing left . . . plenty of hay here for a nice, thorough cremation. I'm saving your estate a lot of expense." He smiled. "Come on," he added, with sudden venom "where did you hide it?"

eventually connect with the main road leading to the next town. But it would be rough going.

"Well, he must have known where it led to," observed Mort.

"Don't reckon he did," asserted Abner briskly. "He wa'n't nobody acquainted around here. Reckon he just turned off by mistake, an' kept on a-goin'."

"These birds from New York get lost every time, the minute they get onto a country road," observed Mort. "Never know it to fail."

"No," said Abner, "he wasn't a city feller. I never seen him before, but I reckon he comes from somewheres around here. He was a feller came up to me yestiddy evenin', when I was down to the village. Asked me did I know anybody with land t' sell hereabouts. I told him t' go see Matt Willis—Matt's aimin' t' sell, they tell me. But I guess this feller didn't find what he wanted, ezactly, 'cause he was over at me again this mornin'. He hadn't ought t' have pestered you, too."

"He never showed up," said Mort. "Guess he changed his mind, after he left you. Where does that road lead to, the one he turned off into?"

"GOES up t' th' back forty," said Abner. "Say, how'd ye like to take a look up there, right now? I got an old barn up there—been meanin' t' go up there for quite a spell, now, t' see if it don't need shinglin'. Used t' cut hay up there. Grandfather put th' barn up, to be handy. Hain't been used since father's time. But I fix th' roof, once in so often just t' keep it from cavin' in."

He pointed at the tire tracks as they entered the disused road.

"That feller talked like he had a good deal o' sense," he observed thoughtfully. "Got t' talkin' about business in gen'ral, after he found I wouldn't sell him your house. Accordin' t' him, there ain't hardly nothin' safe these days, exceptin' cash. An' I'd know but what he's got th' right of it. Feller that puts his money into investments, these days, must be just about crazy, he says."

Mort glanced at his companion sharply. "Talk about investments, did he?" he asked drily.

"Oh, some," said Abner. His keen old
(Continued on page 38)

Sundays," he grinned, "but them pleggid potato-bugs hain't no idee o' religion. . . . You're out an' around early, Mort. Glad to see ye."

"Somebody else is earlier than I am," smiled Mort. "I'm not your first caller."

"Oh, ye see him, did ye? I told him I wa'n't a-goin' t' sell that little house o' yourn, long's you wanted to stay in it. But he come up an' pestered ye anyway, did he?"

Mort shook his head. "No, I didn't see him," he said. "Who was he?"

The old man looked puzzled. "Why, I see him turn up your way," he said, "He must have gone past your house without stoppin'."

Again Mort shook his head. "I don't think anyone has gone past, the whole morning," he declared.

Abner scratched his white head, grinning doubtfully, as if he suspected Mort of teasing him.

"How'd ye know he was here, then?" he demanded.

Mort pointed at the tire tracks in the muddy lane.

"Why, sure 'nough," agreed the old man. "Where 'd he go, then, if he didn't go up your way? He was headin' that way when he left."

"He must have turned up that old road," said Mort. "The tire tracks are there. I supposed the car came out of that road and turned in here."

"The woodlot road!" exclaimed Abner, disgustedly. "Now, what in time did he turn off that way for? He'll be lucky if he can git his car through there. 'Hain't been used for years. The dern fool!"

"Who was he?" asked Mort. "Somebody from the city?"

"No," said the old man. Still pondering on the difficulties of the motorist, he observed reflectively that the car could, with luck, get through. The disused and rutted lane through the woods did

The Story of the Davis Cup

BY JOHN R. TUNIS



Dwight Davis, donor of the Cup, acts as linesman

"Cochet serves. Play . . ." And the first ball is struck in the climax of the greatest international sporting drama on earth.

How did it get to be of such importance? Why did it grow? Why is the Davis Cup today not only the most exciting and dramatic of all annual sporting events, but also the oldest and most important annual competition in modern athletics? For that is what it is. Before explain-

ing its growth and prestige, let me first take you behind the scenes and show the feverish drama attaching to the Challenge Round by describing the scene enacted in Paris last July, one that may very likely take place again there next month. Match this for excitement and thrills if you can!

Climb up with me along a platform to a rickety ladder behind the concrete stands at Roland Garros, then inside the structure itself, onto another and even more flimsy ladder, so up, up, up to the radio platform, a tenuous wooden stage swaying in the breeze a hundred and twenty feet in air. A beautiful scene lies before us. Above is the blue sky of France contrasting with the century-old chestnut trees which completely encircle the stadium. The four sides are packed by palpitant thousands; tier upon tier, row after row of eager, straining faces turning together in unison to follow the passage of the ball across the net. Below us is the red court with those two figures in white: Borotra the veteran of France, Allison the star of the American team.

Twelve thousand persons, the largest crowd ever to see a match of tennis abroad, are fixed upon those struggling players; twelve thousand persons with nerves crisp

READY, Army? Ready, Notre Dame?" Down there on the field twenty-two men, nerves taut, wait the shrill pipe of the whistle and the sound of the kicker's foot against the ball.

The opening game of the World's Series. Yanks vs. Cards. Up and around on all sides those thousands of fans packed into the stands. Below the pitcher stands coolly poised on the slab waiting for the word to "Play Ball."

Or a dozen eight-oared shells stretching in line across a broad river in the dusk of a June evening, waiting tensely for the bark of the referee's gun to start their four-mile journey to fame or disaster.

Three dramatic moments in the realm of sport. Yes, but I'll give you a better one. That nervous second just before the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup in the Stade Roland Garros in Paris when the umpire climbs into his chair, looks down at Cochet on one side of the net, at Ellsworth Vines on the other, sees that the linesmen are all in their places and then says:

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Jean Borotra, the famous "Bounding Basque"



Henri Cochet, probably the world's greatest player today



Jacques Brugnon, a magnificent doubles player

and tense, jammed into the boxes, squeezed into the aisles, clinging to the topmost rows of the stade or standing in the cheap places in that hot July sunshine. Yet remember, this is but a small number of those who are attending the match. Turn around and you notice on the four avenues surrounding the structure a black mob of feverishly excited fans who block each street so that not a soul can move one way or the other; fans who can see nothing, who can only hear and re-echo the cheers from within. First comes the actual rally on the court, then the applause from those below us in the stands, then a few seconds later a thunderous cheer from without as the point is flashed on the big electric scoreboards in each corner and seen by the mob outside.

In this tingling atmosphere the match is conducted. Back and forth goes the ball, until at last Borotra, stabbing home a deep shot, charges the net. Allison coolly tosses the reply over his



These four young Americans will attempt this year to bring the Cup back to the U.S. They are, top to bottom, George Lott, Ellsworth Vines, U. S. Champion, Wilmer Allison and John Van Ryn



The stade explodes. France has won the Davis Cup for 1932.

The two men totter to the net in a hurricane of howls. A hand-clasp, then an arm around each shoulder they come to the side of the court as the roars increase. A dozen, two dozen, fifty, a hundred spectators invade the arena. They grab Borotra by the legs. Now he is lost to sight. Then all at once he appears on someone's shoulders, a tired, wan, smiling and triumphant figure.

The cheers redouble, grow louder, is it not Borotra who by his victories has saved the Davis Cup for France? They call to him affectionately and intimately as do fans in every sport to their favorite the world over. They begin to yell his nickname: "Borocco, Borocco, Borocco," at the same time keeping tune with their hands in that manner peculiar to French sporting crowds; "clap, clap, clap-clap-clap." Twelve thousand pairs of hands together, twelve thousand voices in unison, while from the streets a roar even mightier and more powerful takes up the refrain: "Borocco, Borocco, Borocco....."

Up here the radio platform is swaying back and forth dangerously in the general excitement. A small youth with the un-French name of Peters—called "Petair" by his colleagues—is pouring out a description of the extraordinary scene into the Paris-Radio mike for the benefit of listeners all over the city. Is there as much interest as that in the Davis Cup? Certainly. Every little sidewalk café and every little bar has its loudspeaker turned on and people standing openmouthed at the curb to get the results. Radio diffusion also carries the story to all the big towns; to Lyon and Bordeaux and Marseille in the South, while at the moment Borotra is carried off in triumph to a salvo of noise and a barrage of small red cushions tossed down on his head from the expensive seats

(Continued on page 44)



PHOTOS BY EDWIN LEVICK, N.Y.

head, back goes the Frenchman, back; we notice his shirt clinging to his wet body, we see his forehead running water under his béret as he turns toward us, his face drawn and exhausted. Then he suddenly draws himself up for a final thrust, his feet leave the ground, and with a clean stroke he meets the ball and sends it deep into the corner far beyond the American's reach.





EDITORIAL

A REAL LEADER

■ It is comparatively easy to direct the affairs of an organization when conditions are favorable, when it is moving securely along accustomed paths, and when experienced assistants can care for the routine details which present no unusual complications. But it requires a real leader, with true executive ability, successfully to administer such affairs when new and difficult problems are involved; when questions of novelty and importance are constantly arising, demanding prompt solution; and when the paths ahead are not so smooth and clear.

The Order of Elks has been most fortunate in having such a leader during the past year. Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson has displayed, in marked degree, the particular qualifications which were most needed for the effective conduct of his office during a period that has been peculiarly trying upon all benevolent organizations.

He has been confident and assured in the face of depressing conditions; he has been resourceful in solving difficult problems; he has been wise in adopting, and courageous in enforcing, policies deemed essential for the proper and economical administration of the Order's business; he has been indefatigable and self-sacrificing in his personal attention to that business; and he has been so inspirational in his messages to the Order, and so influential in his associations with its officers and members, that he has secured a cooperation and a responsive enthusiasm which has been most effective in maintaining its fine spirit of dauntless courage and faith.

That such a leader should have won the admiration and confidence of the Order's membership is but natural. That he has also won the affection and regard of all those with whom he has come in contact during his term, bespeaks a charm of personality which has contributed no little to the success of his administration.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE pays this tribute to Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson in full confidence that it is thus giving expression to a sentiment which pervades the whole Order.

THE FAITHFUL FEW

■ It is a recognized fact that, in nearly every subordinate Lodge, a relatively small number of its members are active in the conduct of its affairs or regular in attendance upon its meetings. The experience of our Order is not different from that of other similar organizations. Indeed that experience is so common to all of them that it is too readily accepted as inevitable.

Of course such conditions should not exist. They should not be regarded as incurable. And it is but to state a truism to say that where they do obtain they be-

speak a lack of effective leadership. The ideal Lodge is one in which every member is active, interested in all its undertakings, and reasonably regular in attendance upon its sessions. Every healthy Lodge counts its inactive members as exceptions, constituting a definite minority, not as composing the majority.

However, it is not the intent of this particular comment to register a complaint against the general conditions; or to suggest any specific steps to correct them. That has been done repeatedly in these columns in the past; and doubtless will be done again. But the present purpose is to pay a tribute to the faithful few in each Lodge, who are bearing the daily burdens, who are giving

diligent attention to its business, and who are appropriately displaying their fraternal loyalty and devotion.

Without undue criticism of those who merely "belong" to the Order, it is to those others, who attend the Lodge meetings, who manage its affairs, who promote and administer its charities, and who keep it alive and active, that



this word of praise is addressed.

They are the Elks who are maintaining the Order in its rightful place of leadership among benevolent fraternities. And it is but performing a pleasant duty thus to express to those ever faithful few, the appreciation of their loyal service which is felt by all who really love the Order and have a pride in its continuing achievements.

For every Elk, and just because
He is an Elk, we hold
Within our hearts a Brother's love
That never waxes cold,
But those who do the Elky things
We know we all should do,
With grateful pride, we here acclaim:
The Ever Faithful Few.

THIRD DEGREE METHODS

■ There is nothing new in what is called the "third degree" in dealing with persons suspected of crime. It is an old story in criminal jurisprudence. The records of cases in practically every State of the union disclose that the practice is not limited to any particular section or locality. And since the report of the Wickersham Commission, in which the general prevalence of the practice was severely criticized, the subject has been kept more or less constantly before the public by editorial comments in newspapers and periodicals.

It is a subject in which every good citizen has an interest whether he consciously feels it or not; for the use

of such methods strikes at the very root of the requirement that the administration of justice shall be honest and fair. Because of this, it is a matter of concern to every member of our Order.

All sensible men must feel an impatience with the maudlin sentimentality which is sometimes displayed toward criminals whose crimes or whose picturesque personalities attract the public attention. Experience has taught that serious crimes are most generally committed by deliberate criminals, who, in the interest of the public safety, must be dealt with as such, so far as their vigorous prosecution and adequate punishment is concerned. But there are certain basic principles of justice, the preservation of which, as bulwarks of true liberty, is more essential to social well-being than the punishment of any particular offender.

One of these is that guilt must be established by competent evidence adduced in an orderly legal procedure. Another is that no man may be compelled to testify against himself.

As stated by the Chief Justice of Wisconsin in a recent case:

"When a defendant is in the custody of the law he should be dealt with according to the sanctions of the law. There is no sanction of law . . . that tolerates the methods of the inquisition or of the prize-fighting ring. Our criminal procedure is founded upon principles of humanity, not upon extortion or brutality; and it is complete enough to protect society without recourse to inhuman and barbaric treatment."



Those safeguards of liberty are disregarded when a suspect is subjected to long continued grilling under conditions which undermine his mutual resistance, exhaust his vitality and even involve physical brutality and torture.

It is true that if such treatment be brought to light in Court, it defeats its own object; for no Court will approve it or permit injustice thus to be accomplished. But third degree methods are almost invariably employed in secret, when the victim is without protection of counsel. All too generally their use is not disclosed in the trial of the case or otherwise made public.

To wink at such practices, or to remain indifferent to the employment of such methods, is to invite an even more general use of them. Public sentiment should be crystallized into a definite condemnation of such maladministration of justice. And Elks should aid in bringing this about.

WORK AHEAD FOR THE SUMMER

■ The general tenor of the current public comments on business conditions is distinctly hopeful. It is believed that this pervading spirit of optimism is based upon facts which justify it. And naturally it is most gratifying.

But we should not be misled into a careless belief that

conditions have become normal, or that the need for unusual relief measures has passed. Indeed, it has been estimated by those who have given careful study to the subject that the peak of required relief expenditures will occur during the coming summer months.

In normal times the Lodges of the Order become somewhat less active during the summer; many of the officers and members are away on vacations and, for the time, are out of touch with their respective localities; and there is a general slowing up of fraternal activity.

But this year the appropriate demands upon every organization striving to be helpful to those in need, will continue during the summer with little abatement. And the subordinate Lodges, which have made so fine a record in meeting those demands during the past months, should continue their benevolent services with unflagging interest and with undiminished generosity.

Federal, State and municipal governments have assumed such share of the burden as can appropriately be handled through their respective administrative agencies. But each Lodge of Elks has a peculiar relationship to the needy and distressed in its jurisdiction. Its responsibility is measured by the needs of its locality, and its capacity to respond to these needs. It can not relegate its duty to others for that would be to abandon its functions and disregard the very purpose of its existence.

It is to be hoped that the subordinate Lodges will not falter nor flag in their determination to play their respective parts in relieving distress and want in their several communities; that they will realize that this is not the year for any fraternal vacation; and that they will make suitable provision for continued service in this particular field. Real work lies ahead for the summer. It should not be neglected.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

■ At a recent meeting of Tampa Lodge No. 708, a resolution was adopted which bespeaks a commendable spirit on the part of its members.

After a preamble reciting the grave economic situation with which the Country has been faced, and the action of the President in so wisely and courageously meeting the exigency by drastic but constructive executive orders, the resolution contains the following:

"We unreservedly approve the policies adopted by President Roosevelt and his associates to meet this grave crisis in the nation's history, pledge our loyal support and appeal to our citizens in general to cooperate with constituted authority in the letter and in the spirit for the common good of our beloved Country."

Undoubtedly this expressed approval of our President's course, and this pledge of loyal support, indicates the spirit which pervades the whole Order. But it is helpful thus to give formal expression to such sentiments. It crystallizes them and tends to render them more practically effective.

It is for this reason that the action of Tampa Lodge is here noted and commended for its display of a truly patriotic spirit, worthy of emulation.



Good-Will Tour Arouses Enthusiasm

Florida becomes forty-eighth State to be visited by Purple and White Ambassadors in Five Years of Good-Will Tours. Publicity created by Car Visits Proves helpful to Subordinate Lodges. Below are a few snap-shots of the 1933 Good-Will Cars taken along their Respective Routes. Additional photos will be published in subsequent issues



Tallahassee, Florida



Los Angeles, California



San Francisco, California



West Palm Beach, Florida



Sanford, Florida



De Land, Florida



Macon, Georgia



Schenectady, New York



New Smyrna, Florida



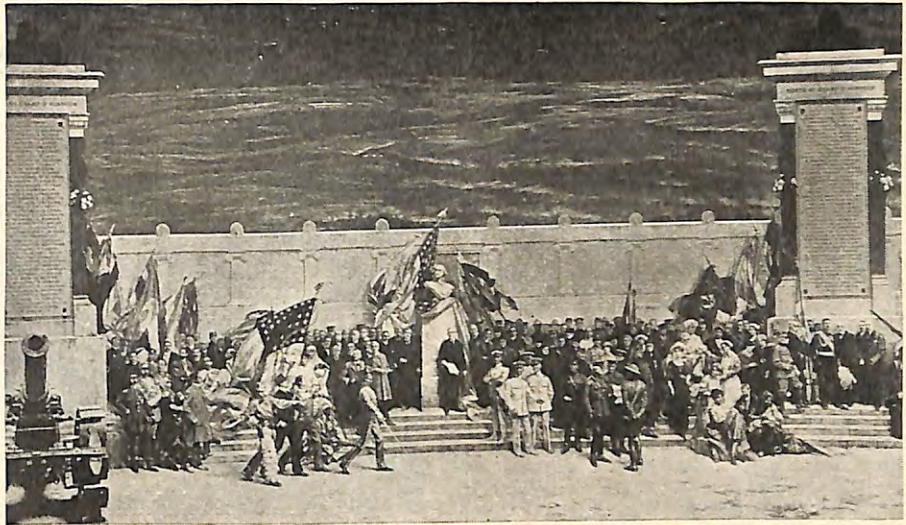
Richmond, California

The Story of the "Pantheon"

BROUGHT from Paris to Chicago for exhibition at A Century of Progress, "The Pantheon de la Guerre," the largest historical painting in the world, is regarded as one of the most outstanding attractions at the international exposition. The panorama, which is 402 feet long and 45 feet high, depicts faithfully battlefield scenes of France and Belgium during the World War, and the foreground is filled with a dazzling assemblage of 6,000 world-famed individuals, painted mainly from life, embracing the leadership of the allies, nation by nation, and immortalizing the heroes, both men and women, who rendered conspicuous service during that terrible struggle.

The exhibition of the painting at A Century of Progress is sponsored by Pershing Hall, the European home of all American military organizations and many fraternal orders. It is located in Paris and its founding was inspired by the desire for the creation and maintenance of a dignified and appropriate memorial in the land where the American Legion was born. The memorial was built from voluntary contributions from every section of the United States, and the late Ambassador Myron T. Herrick designated it as "The Second American Embassy."

In the admission fees paid to view the Pantheon, a modest share goes to Pershing Hall, to which many of our readers have already contributed directly or through the Grand Lodge. Started in 1928, its construction was not completed when the



A close up of the American section of the "Pantheon"



The French painter who contributed the notable section above to the "Pantheon" is believed to have conceived the widely used symbol of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

panic burst. It is still in need of funds to complete and carry on its patriotic, historical and cultural purposes. It will be remembered that the National Convention of the B. P. O. Elks at Atlantic City appropriated thirty thousand dollars toward this noble enterprise, and the largest assembly room in the building is known as Elk Memorial Hall.

The Pantheon is the work of 128 artists, twenty-eight of them leading painters, headed by the late Pierre Carrier-Belleuse and the late Auguste Francois Gorguet. The story in terms of figures and totals adheres to historical facts. Twenty-four allied nations are represented in the painting. It is, as the name indicates, literally a Temple of the War.

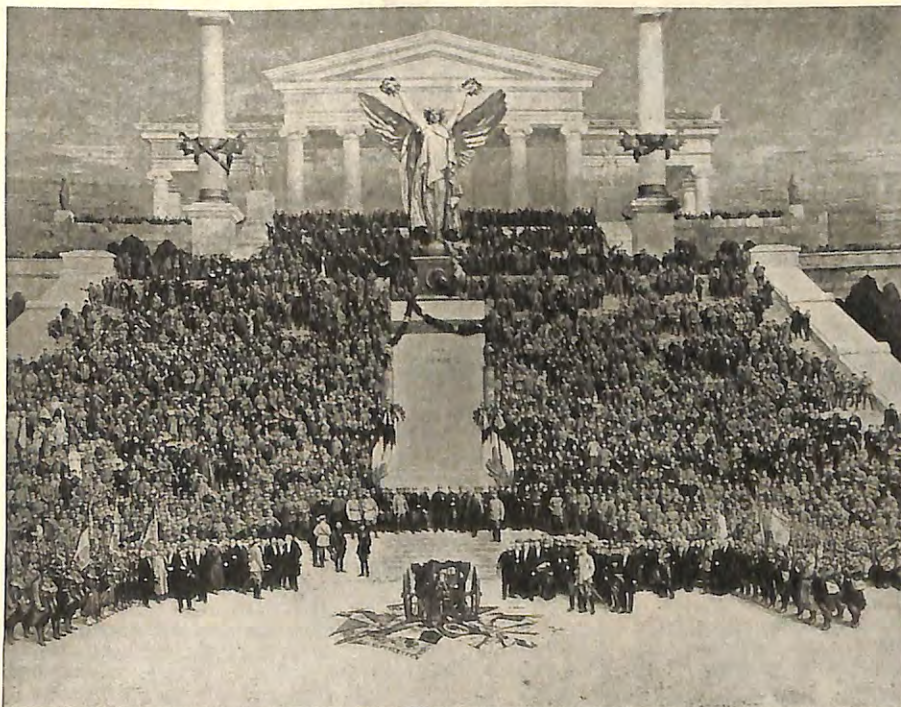
Grouped about the base of The Pantheon are the foremost warriors and statesmen of all the nations whose flags were massed on the side of the allies. In the center, grouped upon a mighty flight of steps, are thousands of perfectly defined and life-like figures.

It is notable that in the American segment of the mammoth canvas there are five figures who have occupied the presidential chair—Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt. The latter was assistant secretary of the navy during the world war, and his face looms up in life-size reproduction.

The panorama has netted a neat competence for war veterans since it was first shown in its own building in Paris. In addition to providing work for the 128 artists who painted the masterpiece, more than 500 others were cared for by the picture itself. The committee of French citizens that had loaned the money for the undertaking formed the artists into a corporation, distributed all of the shares, continued to sustain them, and then set an admission charge from two to five francs. In the course of seven years more than 8,000,000 persons passed through the gates and after expenses were subtracted, the balance was apportioned to the individual artist veterans.

There is nothing in the spirit or the message of this spectacle which holds rebuke for any enemy nation. It depicts phases of recorded history. A new generation has arisen and the canvas observes what happened from 1914 to 1918, earnestly hoping that certain lessons for the future peace of the world may be drawn from that which is noted and studied in it.

Each and every visitor to the Fair is earnestly urged to see this noble painting and experience the thrill which inevitably follows a view of its imposing beauty and authentic reality.



The Court of Victory, with its huge bronze statue, dominates the French section of the "Pantheon"

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

AFTER taking part in the meeting of the Central Indiana Elks Association at the Home of Marion, Ind., Lodge, as reported in the June issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson attended another large and enthusiastic district meeting of Indiana Elks at the Home of Terre Haute Lodge. His next visit was to Bay City, Mich., Lodge, where, he was the guest of honor and principal speaker at the Lodge's gala celebration of its forty-fifth anniversary. Journeying south Judge Thompson paid calls upon Cincinnati, O., and Newport and Covington, Ky., Lodges. Arriving in Cincinnati in the late afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Thompson were accorded a reception in the Lodge Home by Exalted Ruler Milton Lowenstein, his officers and a special committee of welcome. That evening Judge Thompson was the principal speaker at the annual banquet of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. The following morning he was the guest of honor at a reception at Fort Thomas, Ky., at which his hosts were Colonel Edward Croft, and his staff, of the 10th U. S. Infantry, and the officers of Newport, Ky., Lodge. Arriving at the post the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by the officers of Cincinnati, O., and Covington and Lexington, Ky., Lodges, were met by Colonel Croft and a reception committee from Newport Lodge, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Colonel James A. Diskin. After an address of welcome by Colonel Croft, the visitors witnessed a special guard mount and enjoyed a concert by the famous 10th Infantry Band. After a tour of inspection the visitors lunched at the Post Mess Hall. As a memento of the occasion the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a beautiful mosaic tile, the gift of John Sheehy, of the Alhambra Tile Company. The presentation was made by State Senator Charles B. Truesdell, Exalted Ruler of Newport Lodge. A brief program was presented over which the Hon. Roger L. Neff, Jr., Past Exalted Ruler of Newport Lodge and Past President of the Kentucky State Elks Association, presided as toastmaster. Among the speakers were Colonel Croft; Judge Thompson; Clyde E. Wallingford,



A. R. LAPP

The Grand Exalted Ruler and a group of Elks from Cincinnati, O.; Covington, Newport and Lexington, Ky., Lodges photographed at Fort Thomas, Ky., where they were entertained by Col. Edward Croft of the 10th U. S. Infantry, Commandant of the Fort Thomas Army Post

City Manager of Newport; Professor Henry E. Curtis, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Kentucky East; Exalted Ruler Lowenstein of Cincinnati Lodge; J. C. Rogers, Exalted Ruler of Covington Lodge; Myer Freyman, Exalted Ruler of Lexington Lodge, and Colonel Diskin, who was chairman of the Reception Committee. At the conclusion of the speaking, the official party enjoyed a sight-seeing motor trip and visited the Homes of Newport and Covington Lodges. Well-known Elks present, besides those already mentioned, included Grand Trustee James S. Richardson, and many distinguished members, officers and Past Exalted Rulers.

The final chapter in the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to the region included a banquet and meeting in the Home of Cincinnati Lodge the following evening. In the Lodge room more than 100 visiting members were introduced and the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to his place beside Exalted Ruler Lowenstein. Nationally known Elks present included John K. Burch, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Peter P. Boli, of Ohio, and Henry E. Curtis, of Kentucky, and the Hon. Francis M. Hamilton, Presiding Judge, and the Hon. Simon Ross, Associate Judge, of the Court of Appeals for the First Appellate District of Ohio; the Hon. Fred L. Hoffman, Presiding Judge of the Common Pleas Court of Hamilton County, Ohio; the Hon. Alfred Mack and the Hon. Dennis J. Ryan, Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamil-

ton County, Ohio, and the Hon. A. L. Luebbers, Judge of the Municipal Court of Cincinnati, Ohio.

At the conclusion of the meeting a commission as *aide de camp* with the rank and grade of Colonel on the staff of Governor Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky, was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler by Colonel Diskin, of Newport Lodge and Max Friedman, Past Exalted Ruler of Cincinnati Lodge, presented Judge Thompson with a beautiful table lamp.

LEAVING that night to attend the meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., the Grand Exalted Ruler next called on Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, where he was guest of honor at a social session and dance. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper and Past Grand Trustee Clyde Jennings made addresses of welcome. Other distinguished guests included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Trustees John K. Burch, Lloyd R. Maxwell, James S. Richardson, A. Charles Stewart and James T. Hallinan, and Past Grand Trustees Henry A. Guenther, and Robert A. Scott, superintendent of the National Home. Further travels of the Grand Exalted Ruler took him to Henderson, Ky., Rochester, N. Y., and Streator, Ill., where he attended the State Elks Association conventions. Details of these meetings are given elsewhere in this issue, under "News of the State Associations."

News of the State Associations

Florida

The Twenty-eighth Annual Convention of the Florida State Elks Association was held at Daytona Beach, Florida, on April 23-24-25, with Daytona Lodge, No. 1141, host to the Association. President L. F. Chapman presided over the sessions, which were held in the Lodge room of No. 1141. In the absence of Secretary-Treasurer J. Frank Isaac, who has been convalescing from a serious illness, former Secretary-Treasurer and Past President Harold Colee filled the chair. Among the distinguished guests attending the Convention were the Honorable David Sholtz,

Governor of the State of Florida, Past Exalted Ruler of Daytona Lodge, Past State President, and Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. An important activity of this year's convention was the motorcade sent from Daytona Beach to Umatilla, Florida, on the afternoon of April 24. The motorcade, containing delegations from many Florida Lodges, and including Governor Sholtz, attended the opening of the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home, described in greater detail on page 26, where twenty-two crippled children are undergoing treatment. The opening of the Home included

a program of entertainment staged by the citizens of Umatilla, and the Elks of the surrounding section. Another event of the occasion was the annual ritualistic contest, which Tallahassee Lodge, No. 937, won over last year's national champions, New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557. Also the Antlers Lodge of New Smyrna Lodge exemplified degree work before the convention, winning the applause of the meeting. The business of the convention was attended to, and the reports of various committees read and adopted. The Social and Community Welfare Committee, of which Governor Sholtz is chairman, submitted through Past President Colee, Vice-

Chairman, a report showing that approximately \$55,000 represented contributions for charity and welfare work in Florida, a considerable part of which was presented by Joseph E. Widener, of the Miami Jockey Club, for the purpose of aiding the crippled children at the Harry-Anna Home in Umatilla.

Officers elected for the year 1933-34 were: Frank E. Thompson, Lake City Lodge, No. 893, President; Harold Colee, St. Augustine Lodge, No. 829, Secretary-Treasurer; W. P. Moody, Miami Lodge, No. 948, First Vice-President; James Fernandez, Tampa Lodge, No. 708, Second Vice-President; A. B. Dooley, Pensacola Lodge, No. 497, Third Vice-President; Frederick M. Loudermill, Fort Myers Lodge, No. 1288, Fourth Vice-President; T. W. Haney, Jacksonville Lodge, No. 221, Fifth Vice-President; Russell Schaber, St. Augustine Lodge, No. 829, Sergeant-at-Arms; Peter Gessner, DeLand Lodge, No. 1463, Tiler; Father P. J. Downey, New Smyrna Lodge, No. 1557, Chaplain; L. L. Anderson, Cocoa Lodge, No. 1532, Member Executive Committee for three years. Tallahassee was selected as the meeting place for the convention of 1934.

The 1933 Annual Convention with twenty-six of the thirty-three Florida Lodges represented, had an attendance of more than five hundred persons. The address of welcome was delivered by Exalted Ruler Thomas N. Tappy, of Daytona Lodge. President Chapman responded, and the Convention was also addressed by both Governor Sholtz and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews.

Illinois

Streator, Ill., Lodge, No. 591, celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of its founding by entertaining, on June 8-9-10, the thirtieth annual convention of the Illinois State Elks Association. The Ritualistic Contest for the White Trophy and the State Championship, held the afternoon of the opening

day, was won by the degree team of Kewanee Lodge, No. 724. At the same hour a golf tournament for Elks was in progress. The featured event of the first day of the convention was a banquet to Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. There were in attendance at the banquet approximately two hundred local and visiting Elks. Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson delivered an address directed in the main to the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries present. The opening session of the convention, held in the assembly hall of Streator Lodge, followed the banquet. George Connolly, Chairman of the local Executive Committee on Convention Arrangements, presided, as he had at the banquet to Mr. Thompson. Addresses of welcome were made by Mayor George Elias, of Streator, and Exalted Ruler Julius E. Uebler, of Streator Lodge. Dr. J. F. Mohan, President of the State Association, responded, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a second and more general address. He was followed by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner, both of whom spoke briefly. A stag party in the Home of Streator Lodge followed the opening session of the convention. The second morning was devoted to a business meeting which adjourned in time to allow the delegates and visitors to join in a parade and to hear the bands of Elmhurst Lodge, No. 1531, and La Salle Lodge, No. 584, perform. The convention picnic was held at Indian Acres, a suburban park and amusement pavilion near the city, where a supper was served and the music was furnished by German bands. At the business meeting the report of the Welfare Activities Committee of the State Association was read, and showed that, since April in 1929, when the Illinois State Association took over its work among crippled children, to May 31, 1933, there have been held 1,048 clinics at fifty clinical points, serving eighty-one Lodges in the state. During these clinics and for the period stated 10,896

children have been examined, with re-examinations bringing this total up to 25,385 examinations made. The children given hospital care numbered 693 while the children restored to normal or nearly normal condition numbered 755.

The convention closed with the election of Dr. F. C. Winter, Monmouth Lodge, No. 397, as President. Other officers chosen were: N. H. Millard, Aurora Lodge, No. 705, Secretary; Vice-Presidents: Julius E. Uebler, Streator Lodge; Rudy Noel, Chicago Lodge, No. 4; Edmund F. Curtin, Carbondale Lodge, No. 1243; Treasurer, William Fritz, Peoria Lodge, No. 20; Trustees: William J. Savage, Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295; Lester Street, Dixon Lodge, No. 779; H. H. Whittemore, Kankakee Lodge, No. 627; John T. Ingraham, Jr., Quincy Lodge, No. 100; Charles F. Olhmke, Urbana Lodge, No. 991; John W. Yantis, Pana Lodge, No. 1261, and Raymond C. Moore, Harrisburg Lodge, No. 1058, and Chaplain the Rev. Joseph Loneragan, Woodstock Lodge, No. 1043. The annual convention for the Illinois State Elks Association of 1934 will be held at Urbana.

New York

The twenty-first annual convention of the New York State Elks Association was held at Rochester, N. Y., beginning Sunday, June 4, and terminating Wednesday afternoon, June 7. It was without doubt the most successful convention ever held by the Association. The attendance at sessions exceeded those of any previous convention.

A report of the Special Elks Welfare Activities Committee, headed by Past President William T. Phillips, was adopted by the Convention and now becomes a part of the business policies of the Association. The report of the Secretary disclosed the condition of the ninety Lodges of the State comprising the Association and under the

(Continued on page 48)

New Home of Portland, Ore., Lodge

PORTLAND, ORE., Lodge No. 142, after being cruelly hit by the depression, has staged a comeback that is most remarkable in its rapidity and completeness. Under the stress of recent economic conditions, the Lodge's handsome surplus and its magnificent Lodge Home were swept away. The membership rolls dwindled from six thousand to less than five hundred. However, the band of ardent Elks who were left undertook the problem of reconstruction. They waged a furious campaign for the recovery of former prestige, the return of old members and the acquisition of new. Within a period of three short months, the membership rolls of Portland Lodge soared from four hundred odd members to more than fourteen hundred. At the time of writing, the roll stood at within a score or so of two thousand members. A limited quota of two thousand members has been proposed and will, in all likelihood, be adopted. In the meantime the Housing Committee of the Lodge presented, and successfully carried through, a plan for the purchase of a new Lodge Home to take the place of the old, million-dollar Home which went in the crash. The new Lodge Home is smaller, perhaps, but attractive, with every convenience and all club facilities; a handsome lodge room, a banquet hall, commodious reading and lounging rooms, a billiard room and a ball room. In the basement is a splendid gymnasium, completely equipped, with instructors, hand ball courts, bowling alleys, etc. The activities of Portland Lodge have also responded to



The handsome new Home recently acquired by Portland, Ore., Lodge

the enthusiasm of the members. No. 142 is sponsoring an Antler Lodge, modeled along the Boy Scout lines. This organization assures the lodge of a constant flow of representative and trained material eligible for ultimate membership. The drill team and the lodge band are proving to be

most successful, and the Ladies Auxiliary, always a powerful auxiliary organization of Portland Lodge, is working with renewed activity. Once again, Portland, Ore., Lodge, having weathered a severe storm, is one of the fastest growing, most active Elk lodges in the West.



TOBIAS, KOKOMO

Boys of the city schools' safety patrol grouped in front of the Home of Kokomo, Ind., Lodge, where they were entertained

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children Is Opened

An important feature of the annual convention of the Florida State Elks Association was the recent opening of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children. The Home was presented to the State Association by Harry P. Miller and his wife, Anna, as the materialization of a life-long dream in which crippled children, whose bodies are liabilities both to themselves and the State, might be transformed into happy, vigorous assets to themselves and the world at large. Governor David Sholtz, Chairman of the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Commission, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and Governor of Florida, accompanied by officials of the State Association, and a motorcade from all over the State, attended the opening of the Home, and visited the patients already installed. The opening, as the initial step in Florida Elksdom's major charity project, was perhaps the most noteworthy event of the convention. The Harry-Anna Home is a spacious, three-story, stucco and tile building, originally planned as a hotel, and costing over \$250,000. It is situated in a 12 acre tract of land at the edge of Umatilla, Fla. The larger part of this land was the magnificent gift of Mr. Samuel Owens, of Umatilla, who wished to do his part in the great work. These grounds are to be transformed into a park that will be one of the beauty spots of Florida. The lower floor of the home only is being utilized at present; the other floors are to be equipped as the funds for the home grow. On this first floor is a wide, sunny room of many windows which is partitioned off into wards, one for girls and one for boys, with accommodations for fifteen of each. At the time of the opening twenty-two children had already been installed in these wards, and there is room for eight more; increased pro-

visions will be made as the funds for their care grow. From the wards an outside door leads to a play-yard, and as the children grow stronger and healthier, they will be permitted to go outside and enjoy the Florida sunshine. What was once designed to be the lobby of the hotel has been transformed into an entrance hall, with office space for the staff at one end. Adjoining are a dining room, kitchen, laundry and heating plant, and another large room which is eventually to be turned into another ward for the older patients. There is also space for a play-room and a place where occupational therapy will be taught. Of the staff, Dr. W. Lee Ashton, who resides at Umatilla, is house physician. The best orthopedic specialists in the State will pay weekly visits to the Harry-Anna Home. One wing has been allotted by the executive committee of the Commission to the Lake County Medical Society for the establishment of a hospital unit. This wing was opened several months ago by Governor Sholtz; officers of the State Elks Association; officers of the organization of physicians sponsoring the project, and notable citizens from all parts of the State participating. Besides providing ample medical facilities for the care of the children installed in the home, the hospital will fill a real need in Lake County, which has for years lacked adequate hospital facilities for its citizens. The hospital contains fourteen private rooms, each with adjoining bath, and larger rooms designed as wards, which have been attractively furnished through the generosity of individuals or groups interested in the success of the hospital. There are two operating rooms, equipped with the latest word in surgical appliances, a delivery room with the most modern equipment, and a nursery for the care of new-born infants. Proof of the need of such a hospital was shown in the arrival of nine patients the day the hospital

opened; a need which was also shown in the presence of the twenty-two crippled children in the Harry-Anna Home at the time of its later opening. The Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home is directed by the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Commission, of which Governor David Sholtz is chairman; the Board of Directors is made up entirely of Elks, and the Order is sponsoring this splendid charity work in its entirety. Each year the Florida State Elks Convention will send a motorcade, filled with delegates from each Elk Lodge in the State of Florida to the Harry-Anna Home, so that each individual Lodge will be closely and reliably informed as to how their Crippled Children's Home is functioning.

Kokomo, Ind., Lodge Initiates Large Number of Candidates

Since the installation of the new officers of Kokomo, Ind., Lodge, No. 190, a new spirit of vitality has invaded the Lodge. Most important of the events to take place in the last three months has been the addition of sixty new members to the rolls. Twenty-five of these were initiated when the Columbia City, Ind., Lodge, No. 1417's degree team performed the ritualistic work in fitting style. Not long afterward the degree team of Union City, Ind., Lodge, No. 1534, piled into buses and came to Kokomo Lodge to perform the ritualistic work for the initiation of another class of thirty-five candidates. Immediately on their arrival a beefsteak dinner was served, after which a parade was staged through the streets of Kokomo. Once back at the Lodge Home the work of initiation was performed with smoothness and despatch. Of this last class, twenty men are musicians who have formed the first Elks' Band in the history of the Lodge. Also, another class of fifteen candidates was, at the time of

writing, awaiting initiation. In the last month or so the first degree team of Kokomo Lodge was organized. Great hopes are held out for its success. Also, with the installation of the new regime at Kokomo Lodge, the Lodge has been brought to the fore again in its social and fraternal activities. Societies, both professional and social, clubs and civic groups, have hastened to hold their banquets at the Elks' Lodge. Recently the Lodge held its annual dinner and entertainment for the 204 boys of the city schools safety patrol, and members of the school faculties. Caps were given the boys by a firm, which sent representatives to the banquet. At Kokomo Lodge there is a new enthusiasm heartily welcomed by the members, who feel that the straitened circumstances brought on by the depression have at last shown signs of abatement.

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge of Antlers Holds Initiation at State Convention

W. S. Thompson, President of the Arizona State Elks Association recently invited members of the Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge of Antlers, under the sponsorship of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, to attend the Convention of the Arizona State Elks Association, held at Winslow. Phoenix Lodge promptly appropriated funds to take care of the expenses of nine Antlers, and members of the Elks Lodge attending the convention drove the boys to Winslow in order that the Phoenix Antlers Lodge might exemplify their ritualistic work before the convention. During the convention the Antlers held a regular meeting in the Lodge room of Winslow Lodge No. 536, and initiated two Winslow boys into their organization. In the presence of the attending delegates from all the Lodges of the State, who crowded the Lodge room to capacity, the boys did their work perfectly, with admirable sincerity and ease. The work of the Phoenix Antlers was said to have been one of the outstanding events of the convention. Upon seeing the initiation many prominent Elks of the State requested information concerning the Antlers, and promised to try to institute Antler Lodges in their respective cities. A. W. Crane was appointed Chairman of the State Antlers Advisory Committee for the coming year.

Baltimore, Md., Lodge Honors Postmaster General Farley

Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, recently entertained as its guest Past District Deputy James A. Farley, Postmaster General of the United States. The Postmaster General was met at his hotel by Maxwell Suls, Exalted Ruler of Baltimore Lodge; Governor Albert C. Ritchie, a member of No. 7, Mayor Howard W. Jackson of Baltimore, Representative Ambrose J. Kennedy, and a delegation of Elk officials who escorted him to the banquet. The Lodge rooms of No. 7 being inadequate to hold all who wished to attend the testimonial dinner to Mr. Farley, admission was of necessity limited to the seating capacity

of the hall. Those seated at Mr. Farley's table at the dinner were: Governor Ritchie; Mayor Jackson, Representative Kennedy; Representative William P. Cole, Jr., Past Vice-President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Suls; Eugene H. Beer, City Registrar and toastmaster; Representative Vincent L. Palmisano; E. Lester Muller, President of the City Council; Herbert R. O'Conner, State's Attorney; and Past Exalted Ruler William F. Broening, former Mayor of Baltimore. The Postmaster General was preceded in his speech by Mayor Jackson, who paid tribute to his political career and to his career in the Order of Elks. The Mayor was followed by Governor Ritchie, who bade Mr. Farley welcome. Mr. Farley, in his speech, discussed the effects of the return of beer and the move for Prohibition Repeal, and also spoke of the work already accomplished by President Roosevelt. At the conclusion of his speech, Mr. Farley was presented with a silver flower basket by Representative Kennedy on behalf of the Lodge.

Yazoo City, Miss., Lodge Initiates Huge Class of Candidates

An event of note in Mississippi Elk history was the recent initiation by Yazoo City, Miss., Lodge, No. 473, of a class of 87, out of 110 candidates awaiting admission. In the afternoon there was an elaborately staged parade of the candidates and members of No. 473 which occasioned much entertainment among the dense throng of spectators along the line of march. In the evening in the large assembly hall of the Lodge the rites of initiation were administered by the degree team of Canton, Miss., Lodge, No. 458, headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. J. B. Price. A capacity audience of Elks witnessed the initiation ceremony which was made especially impressive by the singing of an excellent male quartet with piano accompaniment. At the conclusion of the induction District Deputy Price delivered an address welcoming the new members and complimenting the Lodge on its remarkable campaign work in gathering together so large and representative a class. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. C. Smith also addressed the meeting, par-

leling the remarks made by Dr. Price. Later, when the ceremonies wound up, the members and guests were invited into the grill room where a deliciously prepared supper was waiting. The astonishingly large class of initiates did not represent the whole accomplishment of the enterprising campaign committee. The membership of Yazoo City Lodge will be further swollen by a large number of reinstatements.

Activities of San Diego, Calif., Lodge

Horace H. Quinby, President of the California State Elks Association, accompanied by state officers from San Pedro, Alhambra, Long Beach, Pasadena and El Centro, recently visited San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, at a dinner presided over by Past Exalted Ruler Robert M. Gregory. A delegation of officers and members of Ocean-side, Calif., Lodge, No. 1561, were also present. Mr. Quinby told of his visits to many of the seventy-five other California Elk Lodges, giving valuable information as to their activities, and in a fifteen minute address, recommended that the Lodges each sponsor a Boy Scout Troop and organize Antler Lodges. He also stressed the importance of reclaiming Elks who seemed to be drifting away from the Lodges, saying that a reclaimed Elk is of more value to the Lodge than a new member. Another social activity of San Diego Lodge was the recent annual picnic, at El Monte Park, in the mountain foothills thirty miles from the city, where more than 1500 Elks and their friends gathered for a basket-lunch, sports and dancing. El Monte Park is of special interest to Elks as a playground, for it was they who donated the dance pavilion there to the county some ten years ago.

Lodges Warned Against Paul Conlan

Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, No. 560 issues a warning against Paul Conlan, whose last address was 6532 Belmar Terrace, Philadelphia, Pa. He was, before being dropped from the rolls, a member of Frankfort Lodge. Considerable annoyance has been caused by this man through his habit of borrowing money from various Lodges throughout the country, under false pretenses.



Officers of the Phoenix Antlers Lodge and the Elks Advisory Committee

Western Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges



MILB HIGH PHOTO CO.

More than three hundred couples attended this gala inaugural ball given by Denver, Colo., Lodge

La Junta, Colo., Lodge Builds New Home and Increases Membership

La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, has seen two major achievements accomplished in the past year: The erection of a new Lodge Home and a 172-member increase in the Lodge membership. The new Home, a combination home and hotel, is a modern, three-story buff brick structure housing five places of business including a barber-shop, a doctor's office, and a coffee shop. The building is likely to prove a solution for the once serious problem presented by unrented Elks' property. Concerning the membership increase, No. 701 initiated seventeen, reinstated seventy-two, secured payment of dues from seventy-eight more who were in danger of losing their membership, and passed upon five more who are soon to be initiated. Many of these men, together with most of the other members of the Lodge, were served with a banquet on New Year's Day, in the then unfurnished lobby of the Lodge Home. After the banquet there was a general inspection of the forty-six rooms of the new Home, with especial attention being directed to the modern improvements which have been installed.

State President Quinby Visits Tri-Lodge Meeting at Ventura, Calif.

At a recent tri-Lodge meeting, including the California Lodges of Oxnard, Santa Barbara and Ventura, Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430, was pleased to welcome Horace H. Quinby, President of the California State Elks Association,

and several officers of the Association who accompanied him to No. 1430. After a delicious dinner served in the Lodge dining room, the guests were conducted into the Lodge room, where the gavel was turned over to R. W. Burson, State Vice-President, and a member of Ventura Lodge. Mr. Burson introduced President Quinby, who addressed the meeting with an inspiring talk on the meaning of the Order. Among those present at the tri-Lodge meeting were: Clarence A. Kaighin, Trustee of the State Association and member of the Credentials Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Roy B. Whiteman, F. R. Cryderman, Earl S. Patterson, and C. P. Wright; Murray Durham, Chairman of the State Law and Order Committee; and officers and members of Oxnard Lodge, No. 1443 and Santa Barbara Lodge, No. 613.

Welfare Activities of Everett, Wash., Lodge

The Welfare Committee of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, can justly be proud of itself. The Lodge, under the committee's direction has done much to ameliorate suffering in the district. Among the acts of the Lodge have been two shut-in parties at both of which an attendance of approximately 125 adults and children were cheered. One Christmas party was held, at which 1,500 children were made happy by the entertainment and a visit from Santa Claus. Fifteen tonsilectomy and adenoid clinics were held at which 151 children underwent operations, some of the cases stay-

ing in a hospital over night. These 151 cases were accepted out of 300 investigated. Approximately 200 dental and optical cases have received treatment. The estimated valuation of these activities amounted to an outlay of \$6,671. The Welfare Committee carries on its work through small contributions, not the least of which are the annual contributions by the members of their birthday pennies. During the last year the committee contacted each member of the Lodge personally or by telephone, congratulated him on his birthday, and reminded him of the due contribution of pennies.

Oakland, Calif., Lodge Holds Annual Picnic

Six hundred Elks attended the Annual Memorial Day Picnic held by Oakland, Calif., Lodge No. 171, at Neptune Beach, Alameda. Although the event took place in the picnic grounds set aside for the use of the participants, those who wished to enjoy the amusement features of the park were entitled to free concessions and surf and tank swimming was also enjoyed. The evening ended with dancing and a magnificent display of fireworks. Talking pictures of the picnic were taken during the day, and arrangements were made to have these pictures shown in the national newsreels.

Baker, Ore., Lodge Initiates Class

The largest membership attendance in the past few years was reported at Baker, Ore., Lodge, No. 338, during the recent initiation ceremonies, in which a class of seven representative candidates were inducted into the Order. A number of visitors were present at the meeting, as well as a group of members from Grant County. Following the initiation refreshments were served.

Oregon Elks Mourn Death of Past Exalted Ruler William S. Levens

The recent sudden death of Past Exalted Ruler William S. Levens, of Baker, Ore., Lodge, No. 338, came as a severe shock to his many friends, both in Baker and throughout the entire state of Oregon. Mr. Levens, who at the time of his death was acting as assistant attorney general during a murder trial, died of heart failure at Eugene, Oregon. Born in Baker, in January of 1873, Mr. Levens received his education in the preliminary schools of Baker, and later was graduated from Hopkins Academy, Oakland, California. His law degree he received at Yale University in 1895, and in the same year he was admitted to the Oregon bar. He was district attorney of Baker County from 1908 to 1913, and again from 1917 to 1925, and was also city attorney and municipal judge. In 1925 he was appointed Prohibition Commissioner by

the governor, and had, since that time, made Salem, the capital of the state, his permanent home. Funeral services were conducted by Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336.

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge Holds Annual Picnic

The annual picnic of Phoenix Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, was held this year at Howard's Ranch, thirty miles north of Phoenix, with an attendance of two hundred members, their families and friends. After a basket lunch, brought by the members themselves and augmented by coffee and ice cream served by the Lodge, the guests witnessed the annual baseball game between the Elks and the Antlers. Although this proved to be the most hotly contested game of the series, the Antlers were victors, with a score of 16 to 8. In addition to the baseball game, swimming and hiking were enjoyed by the participants, and special attention was given to the amusement of the children present.

Colorado Elks Hold Series Of Sister Lodge Nights

Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, not long ago entertained at a Sister Lodge Night at which more than six hundred Elks from all over the State of Colorado were in attendance in the Lodge room. A class of candidates was initiated into the Order by the officers of Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, in a style that made a lasting impression on the witnesses. A splendid program of entertainment was presented, and short talks were delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Wilbur M. Alter, a member of the Grand Forum, George L. Hamlik, Past President of the Colorado State Elks Association, and Patrick Hurley, Vice-President of the Association. The Elks



A banquet given by Spokane, Wash., Lodge in the ball room of their Home where the ladies attended to the decorations and acted as hostesses

Male quartet rendered several selections. A fine supper was later served to the gathering, and the meeting ended with all participants anxious to visit with the mother Lodge again in the near future. At a previous Sister Lodge Night, held by Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1055, thirty visiting members of Denver Lodge were present. An entertainment and refreshments were provided by Longmont Lodge, and a general good time was enjoyed. Another such night, given by Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051, brought together another large number of Elks from adjacent Lodges with Denver again well represented. The purpose of these Sister Lodge Nights is to bring together in closer contact the Elks and the Elk Lodges of the State of Colorado, and much is being accomplished in that direction by this medium of hospitality and good fellowship.

Golf and Field Day at Seattle, Wash., Lodge

The recent Golf and Field Day held by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, at the Olympic Golf Club, overlooking beautiful Puget Sound, was a decided success. The entry of thirty-six mem-

bers of No. 92 drew a splendid attendance to watch Edward Morrow play high score in the game. Following the golf a dinner was served and a program of entertainment provided a delightful evening to round out the day.

Activities of Spokane, Wash., Lodge

The final initiation of the season was recently held at Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228. While the class was small this time, the entertainment arrangements for the evening were the most elaborate of the season. The Woman's Athletic Club of Spokane loaned their entire array of talent, and put on forty minutes of bits and specialties in a manner that would have done credit to professionals. The evening wound up most pleasantly, and the initiates could not have been disappointed with the reception tendered them. Another entertainment recently staged by Spokane Lodge was the "On to Milwaukee" night. The dining room and grill were converted into a cabaret setting for the evening and titled "Der Lager Haus." A program of music, dancing and cabaret acts was arranged, and all the profits of the night went into a fund to send both a Representative and an Alternate to the Grand Lodge convention in Milwaukee. Under this arrangement, which was highly successful, not only does Exalted Ruler Cliff MacDonald make the trip, but Past Exalted Ruler William Beardmore, his predecessor, goes as Alternate, as an evidence of appreciation for his services on the part of the Lodge members.

Butte, Mont., Lodge Celebrates Forty-First Birthday

The forty-first birthday celebration of Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, was recently held in the Lodge Home with more than 200 members and their ladies in attendance. A special entertainment was followed by a buffet luncheon and a dance. State Senator Harry A. Gallwey was speaker of the evening and reviewed the history of No. 240, dwelling on its many accomplishments which have been of benefit to the members and to all the citizens of Butte.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge Takes In Nine New Members

The second initiation held since the present administration of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, took office recently took place in the Lodge Home.



BERNIES PHOTO SHOP

The attractive Home of Ventura, Calif., Lodge



The handsomely proportioned Lodge room of La Junta, Colo., Lodge

Nine new members were admitted to the Lodge, three by initiation, and six by transfer dimit. Newton L. Clarke, Exalted Ruler of Glendale Lodge, and his corps of officers conducted the ritualistic work, assisted by the Lodge orchestra of eight pieces. After the meeting a supper was served, at the close of which an excellent program of vaudeville was presented. Glendale Lodge, which is one of the few Lodges to have a complete talking picture equipment such as is used in the best theatres, often presents moving pictures procured through the regular booking agents. Vaudeville is occasionally presented, as on this initiation night, by way of diversification.

Sacramento Elks Give Flowers to the Sick

In accordance with its yearly custom, Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, distributed on Flower Day four hundred bouquets of flowers to the sick, either at hospitals or at their homes. A truck and several automobiles were commandeered by the Lodge and pressed into service in the delivery of the tremendous load. Flower Day was first observed by the Sacramento Elks in 1914; the flowers then were so much appreciated by the recipients that the Lodge has made the day an annual occasion, and has imbued other Lodges with the same kindly thought.

First Annual Fathers and Sons Banquet, Oceanside, Calif., Lodge

Nearly one hundred and fifty fathers and sons of Oceanside, Calif., Lodge, No. 1561, convened at the Lodge's first Annual Fathers and Sons Banquet recently. After a delightful dinner the gathering trooped into the large Lodge room of the Home where a special program of entertainment was staged. It included piano solos, a rendition of

"Casey Jones," and the "Rock Candy Mountain," some clever imitations of birds and beasts, cowboy songs, and other events hugely enjoyed by the audience. Afterwards a number of brief talks were addressed to the meeting.

Richmond, Calif., Lodge Maintains Successful Rifle and Pistol Club

One of the most flourishing and popular activities of Richmond, Calif., Lodge, No. 1251, is the Richmond Elks Rifle and Pistol Club, organized early in the year. The indoor range in the basement of the Lodge Home, which has been declared the best range in the West, has since January heard thousands of rounds of ammunition fired within its walls. Four teams recently

contested for 5,000 points at prone position. The next contest, which was for the Councilmen's Trophy presented by Russell Meyer, Mayor of Richmond, was shot out in the sitting position. Teams representing Richmond Lodge have already met and defeated three outside gun teams: the Standard Oil Rod and Gun Club, the Martinez Gun Club, and the Richmond National Rifle Club. The Elks Rifle and Pistol Club has recently been recognized by the National Rifle Association, and hopes soon to secure its guns and ammunition from the government, although due to the inevitable delay involved a movement has been started advocating club purchase of rifles.

Sacramento, Calif., Elks Lay School Cornerstone

In a colorful and impressive ceremony the Elks of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, laid the cornerstone for the new California Junior High School in Sacramento. The Elks Ritual was used in its entirety during the exercises, with Exalted Ruler Charles W. Kuchman presiding, and assisted by the Lodge officers of No. 6. A colorful note in the ceremonies was struck by the uniformed drill team of No. 6, aided by the color bearers of Sacramento High School and the school band. Further musical aids to the occasion came from several vocal choruses in which the voices of the Sacramento Elks Glee Club blended with the High School choir. The Elks of Sacramento feel that the board of education singled out the Lodge for an especial honor in inviting them to officiate at what was an event of considerable municipal importance.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Enjoys Italian Dinner

Preparations for the big Italian Night, recently held by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, called for the services of fifteen Italian cooks. At the close of the regular session the fifteen, dressed



This spacious Home is occupied by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

in their white uniforms, marched ceremoniously through the Lodge room and proceeded to the kitchen to prepare the feast, while the rest of the members were regaled with a stage show. Singing, dancing and Italian music, with fine voices predominant, and pretty girls much in evidence, gave the members of No. 92 a splendid entertainment. At the close of the performance, the members trooped into the dining room, filling every seat at the long, gleaming white tables, and partook of a genuine Italian feast such as only fifteen Italians could cook. Of late the excellent entertainments and the sparkling meetings under the new régime have brought to Seattle Lodge a noticeable increase in attendance.



Past Exalted Rulers who filled the Chairs at the celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' night held by Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge



A view of the invitingly furnished lounge and card room in the Home of Tulare, Calif., Lodge

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Plans to Raise Large Fund

The Trustees of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, have perfected what they feel is a thoroughly practical plan for raising money necessary for the reconstruction and remodeling of the Lodge Home. Subscribers to the fund will receive Certificates of Indebtedness, which will be issued in multiples of fifty dollars; these certificates may be paid for in installments and will bear interest at eight per cent from the time they are paid for in full.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Dedicates Flagpole to President

Several hundred persons attended the ceremonies in which Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, recently dedicated a flagpole to President Franklin D. Roosevelt in George Washington Memorial Park. The introductory address was delivered by Past Exalted Ruler Harry S. Joseph, Chairman of the Activities Committee; and Edward Hatch, Chairman of the Day, also gave an address. The dedication ceremony followed the Elks Ritual, performed by Exalted Ruler George H. Llewellyn and officers of No. 85. The pole was accepted by City Water Commissioner George D. Keyser in behalf of the city,

and short talks were made by Harry Thomas, vice-commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Norman Sims, commander of Salt Lake Post No. 2 of the American Legion. The President's Day address was made by Burton W. Musser, and was followed by musical selections winding up with the playing and singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Activities of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge

The newly installed officers of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, recently put on an initiation ceremony in honor of those members of the Territorial Legislature, then in session in Juneau, who are Elks. The Lodge turned out splendidly for the occasion, and the initiation was carried out in an excellent manner. A short time later Juneau Lodge held open house for local and visiting Elks and their families. Among the guests of honor were Governor John W. Troy, the newly appointed Governor of Alaska, and members of the Alaska Territorial Legislature. Approximately three hundred persons attended the reception, among them being District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Ralph B. Martin. The entertainment at the reception consisted

of dancing, cards and bowling. Refreshments were served in the banquet hall. Juneau Lodge recently undertook the building of a well-equipped gymnasium, hoping it would attract the young men of Juneau to its membership. Within two weeks after the work was started, the Lodge had received thirteen applications. The initiation fees more than paid for the cost of the gymnasium. Another innovation of the Lodge is the selection of a Past Exalted Ruler to act as guest Exalted Ruler during one meeting each month.

Activities of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge

In a farewell dinner recently held, the Elks of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, paid glowing tribute to Admiral Richard H. Leigh, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet, who was on the point of relinquishing his command to become a member of the Navy Board in Washington. Among the speakers were Admiral Leigh; Exalted Ruler Cyril R. McTigue, who presided; Attorney Newton M. Todd, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; Past Exalted Ruler A. Bruce Swope; Commander L. E. Denfield, Flag Secretary to Admiral Leigh; W. F. Prisk, Editor-Manager of *The Press-Telegram*, through whom the Long Beach Elks have received much valuable publicity in *The Sun* and *The Press-Telegram*; Captain Robert Henderson, and City Prosecutor John K. Hull. A dinner at the Breakers in honor of Admiral Leigh preceded the Lodge session. Mrs. Leigh preceded the speaking program a program of entertainment was given. Another important event of Long Beach Lodge was the recent Benefit Show staged by the Lodge, at which a huge crowd, attracted by the galaxy of stage, screen and radio stars presented, more than filled the seats of the Municipal Auditorium. Bing Crosby, radio singer, Ken Murray with his anecdotes, Harry Jolson, brother of Al Jolson, and many others were on the program. The performance was a benefit sponsored by Long Beach Lodge as a means of raising funds for earthquake relief.



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

Cooperative Shooting Grounds

By Ray E. Benson

Member of More Game Birds in America, Inc.

W. L. MCATEE, of the Bureau of Biological Survey, has prepared some depressing statistics bearing on the supply of America's game birds and the increasing number of restrictive laws being enacted to conserve them. He found 20 States during 1930 had established closed hunting seasons on grouse, 20 States closed seasons on pheasants, 15 States closed seasons on wild turkeys, 13 States closed seasons on quail, and 11 States closed seasons on prairie chickens—a total of 79 closed seasons on four species in 48 States.

During 1932 still further closed seasons have been placed in effect. Pennsylvania forbid shooting of turkeys, quail, grouse and pheasants in 15 counties; Texas placed a closed season on turkeys in 11 additional counties, bringing the total counties closed to 19, and Louisiana protected turkeys for the next five years.

Frank G. Grimes, of the Bureau of Biological Survey, furnishes additional drab figures. During a ten-year period he found approximately 66 per cent of the States imposed greater legislative restrictions on grouse hunting, 63 per cent on wild turkeys, 62 per cent on quail, and every State having prairie chickens took further measures to restrict hunting of them.

These authoritative statistics afford every Elk who expects to carry on one of America's greatest outdoor sports something to ponder over. The script is plainer than that which appeared upon the wall at Babylon. These are cold figures from government scientists. American game-bird hunting is on the way out unless strenuous efforts are made in MORE GAME BIRD PRODUCTION. Laws may save the remaining species, although they haven't done so for the heath hen, but if more game birds are to be PRODUCED, it will be up to the sportsmen to accomplish it.

State game commissions find their efforts limited to hunting license funds. For the entire United States these average approximately \$1.50 per hunter—not including landowners who are not required to take out licenses for hunting on their own property. In States where fees are as high as three dollars, after deducting other expenses little more than a fraction of a bird per hunter can be purchased or produced and released, even at present depression prices.

To produce more game birds and have better shooting it is obvious that those who want these things must invest more money or expend greater effort. It is equally clear that to make a start, those sportsmen who are affiliated in a Lodge of

Elks have a foundation of fraternal and mutual interest upon which to work—and no great expense is involved. Concentrated effort on a suitable area has produced remarkably economical results. On the Williamston, Michigan, game management project Prof. H. M. Wight, who is supervising game restoration work on the area for the University of Michigan, has recently reported that the cost of producing pheasants on the area was but 47 cents per bird—AND THEY INCREASED 400 PER CENT MORE than on other areas where game management was not practiced.

Game management is the term applied to predator control, supplying cover, shelter, food, protection and regulating the annual kill so that suffi-

can Farm Bureau Federation, these will usually be found suitable groups to work with—but the important thing is to enlist those farmers having lands on which game management may be practiced and a natural increase of the birds thereby insured.

A plan should be agreed upon under which the farmers should be reimbursed for planting of mixed grains in strips to assure adequate food supplies, trapping of predatory animals and birds, hatching of eggs or liberation of breeding stock during the spring if insufficient birds are on the property to start with. It will often be found necessary for the farmers to modify their agricultural procedure by refraining from cutting vegetation and brush along fencerows and other natural cover. Where grains are planted regularly, it may be found advisable to leave some unharvested as winter food for the birds.

Initial expense of establishing a cooperative shooting ground can be reduced by sportsmen supplying traps and hatching equipment, seed grains and volunteering labor for plowing, construction of rearing pens, etc. But the farmer can not be expected to labor for love—the sportsmen should meet the cost of work carried on for his benefit and if the farmer can pocket some money in the process he will have a real incentive to work for—and that is something which quite generally has been lacking. Show the farmer how he can profit by a game bird crop and he will raise it.

New Jersey, Iowa, Texas, North Carolina, Michigan, Wisconsin and Nebraska have adopted various laws to encourage sportsman-farmer cooperation.

Some of these States have offered the inducement of larger bag limits or longer seasons on areas where game birds have been increased in sufficient numbers. Special licenses and regulations govern these areas. The States realize that the overflow of birds from well-stocked areas restock surrounding lands for the benefit of all hunters and at no cost to the State. The Foundation has published the following booklets describing how to propagate game birds, and how to control predators. These are available free of charge by writing Elkdom Outdoors or More Game Birds, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.: Quail Breeding Manual, Pheasant Breeding Manual, More Game Birds by Controlling Their Natural Enemies and Game Birds: How to Make Them Pay on Your Farm. This department or the Foundation will be glad to supply additional information to any group of Elks wishing to establish cooperative shooting grounds.



Type of quail pen used at Lahaway Game Farm, Cream Ridge, N. J.

cient breeding stock will remain after each hunting season. It involves cooperation of farmers and sportsmen. The farmer controls the environment of game birds—our rural lands. He is on the ground throughout the year and he is the one person who must be "reached" if groups of sportsmen want better shooting, according to a two-year investigation of America's upland game bird situation by More Game Birds in America—a Foundation, a non-profit national organization of businessmen and sportsmen who have financed the work and are now ready to show sportsmen and farmers how to cooperate to their mutual advantage.

The Foundation recommends cooperative shooting grounds. Groups of sportsmen, such as members of the B. P. O. E. or sportsmen's clubs should invite farmers having suitable hunting areas to a meeting. If committees of sportsmen and farmers can be selected the fewer numbers may be found more expedient. Where farm organizations exist in the locality, such as the National Grange or Ameri-

The Autobiography of a Happy Man

(Continued from page 8)

to be compared with this one. I was a well-trained fighter. I had had more than thirty years of hard, steady battling. But now I thought that I was lost. I didn't have much fight left in me. I was tottering there in the arena of Life, groggy, weak and spent with the buffeting of irresistible forces.

Six months before my wife died, I had lost my father. It was he who, by training and example, had taught me how to face life gamely. Always, throughout my boyhood, youth, manhood, I had felt him near me, a steadying presence. But now he was gone, and Helen was gone, and I was ready to quit.

Now when a man is fighting and he admits even for an instant that he's beaten, he is beaten. I went down under this blow, and I didn't want to get up again. I wanted to be counted out and be through with everything. But then I thought of my eleven-month-old son, and how much he would need me, and I knew that I simply had to get up and, if incapable of fighting, at least hang on in desperation.

I hung on. And slowly my head cleared. I questioned myself: Who or what am I fighting now? What is the name of this monster I will have to lick before I can ever be a happy man again? It isn't Shame, that ogre of my youth. I have already cut off his three heads and hacked off his lashing tail, and this is no return match with him.

Then, in a flash, I found the answer. Self-pity! I was sorry for myself. I was giving way to a sense of injustice. I was crying, "Why must I bear so many burdens?" I was crying, "Why have I so much more to bear than other people?" And this latter cry was the voice of Envy.

Self-pity and Envy. Two more bitter foes which, together with Shame, are the destroyers of human happiness. It was a rough and tumble battle I had with them, and I have won it. But for that frightful round when I admitted defeat, when I forgot to ride with the blows to lessen their power, I paid the penalty.

My mind having finally resolved to live, my body kept on wanting to die. That was very foolish of my body, but there was not much to do about it except to prevent my body from carrying its folly to extremes. I was told that I had Diabetes; and though it couldn't be cured, it could be controlled. With constant care, my doctors told me, there was no reason why I should not be able to live out my allotted span of life.

I left the hospital with food charts, a scale with measurements in grams, a list of warnings and instructions, a bottle of precious Insulin and a nice, bright, shining hypodermic syringe and needle as the weapons for the new and everlasting fight.

I went home—but I must not forget to mention here that I no longer had a home of my own. For nearly two years I had not been able to write; and when my pen is stalled, my income is ended. My savings were entirely dissipated, for there is an enormous tax on illness and death.

So I found it expedient to give up my home and, together with my son, live with one of my sisters whose husband had recently lost a considerable fortune and was impoverished. One rent instead of two, one gas and light—but that story is trite these days.

Anyway, I left the hospital facing a new sort of existence, a life of caution, of test tubes, of food doled out by the gram. Life drawn daily out of little bottles. And praise be to the contents of those little bottles that permit me to live and enjoy the bounties of the world!

IV

NOW I have a purpose in writing this brief autobiography, and that purpose is not to make my reader tap the roof of his mouth with his tongue in that well-known expression of sympathy. I want to write about happiness, and I have told my story as one presents credentials to qualify as an authority.

I have due respect for the lexicographer who defined the word "Happy," but you can readily understand my feeling of justification in disagreeing with him. If proof is needed that the definition is incorrect, I am its living refutation.

To believe that happiness is dependent upon good fortune, luck, prosperity, and that to enjoy it one must have sunk into the stagnant pool of contentment, is to condemn oneself to a life of unhappiness. Yet that is what the dictionary teaches and everyone has learned by rote. That is why Happiness is thought of as something elusive, symbolized by a fleeting Bluebird too evanescent to be trapped. The first step toward real happiness is the general overhauling of that misleading definition.

I have pointed out that such unhappiness as I have experienced has not been attributable directly to my afflictions. I have placed the blame where it belongs—on the by-products of those afflictions: Shame, Envy, Self-pity. Poor people are not unhappy because they are poor, but because they are less rich than others. They "reason": If happiness is prosperity, I cannot be happy since I am not prosperous. But some others are prosperous; therefore they are happy; and I envy them their happiness. Cripples do not grieve because they are deformed and walk lamely and haltingly, but because they are ashamed of their departure from the normal, they envy the normal, and suffer from a sense of injustice. It is so with all the joyless ones who blame their misfortunes for their unhappy state. Their cry has always been, "Why has this happened to me?" and that is the cry of unhappiness.

For myself, except for the mental stimulation derived from philosophy and metaphysics, I would leave that question alone. Suffice it to say that there are afflictions, shaken haphazardly out of a saltcellar, as it were; and I was unusually well salted. But facing the facts squarely, assimilating realism as one must to think clearly, what happens to the many afflictions of mine after Shame, Envy and Self-pity have been destroyed?

Let us take them, like so many watches, and remove the cases to watch the wheels go round.

But at the start, I want to warn you that I am not, in the generally accepted sense of the word, an Optimist. To see the intricate machinery of a watch you need a crystal-clear magnifying glass. Through rose-colored glasses you couldn't distinguish a main spring from a plate of spaghetti.

As you can readily believe, I have been talked to by many Optimists during my life. But all the time they were telling me how thankful I should be that I wasn't *totally* paralyzed, I could see that they were thanking God that they weren't paralyzed at all!

No; I'm not an Optimist. I'm not a Pessimist. I am a Pragmatist, which means that I believe that it is the consequences of an event and not the event itself that matters. I believe that the events of my life are responsible for what I think; that, therefore, I am a happy man because of, and not in spite of, my afflictions. It does not necessarily follow that if I had not been afflicted

I would now be unhappy. So I cannot rise and give an Optimist's three rousing cheers for my afflictions. I can only say, such and such were the events; this is what they taught me to believe; and I am the man these events and beliefs have made of me.

V

IN OUR house we have a small stool. After some usage, a leg came loose and I fixed it with glue and a nail. One by one the other three legs broke down, and I repaired them also. Now that stool is sturdier and stronger than it was when it was new. It isn't as pretty to look at; its paint is cracked where the nails were driven. But it is very strong.

If that stool could think, it would think in one of two ways. Perhaps it would despair for its erstwhile lovely paint, and grieve because it was not so good to look at as some other stool. Or perhaps it would be very proud of its strength, and thrill to the thought of what hardships it had withstood and could yet withstand and exult in the fact that it was still fulfilling its destiny as a stool.

When I look back over this strange life of mine, one thought stands out to place in shadow all memories of pain, sorrow and despair: I am undefeated. Whenever it has been necessary to fight, I have fought to the very limit of my powers; and in that fight I found strength to fight again.

And what, on each occasion, was I fighting for? Adaptation. That is the fundamental law of life, and in it lies the law of all happiness. Adaptation. The expedient of species that did not die out through the ages. When in all the world there were only creatures that lived in the water, and the water dried up, that was a catastrophe for lungless life. It was its affliction. But some of these creatures would not give in to affliction; they fought; they developed lungs with which to breathe air and legs with which to propel themselves on the earth; they adapted themselves to a new environment; they gained a new strength through struggle and hardship; they became what we call "higher" than fishes. And that, I believe is a picture of happiness.

There may be some to whom this picture does not appeal. Fight, fight, fight! But that is the inexorable law of Nature—to fight and fight and fight. And when human beings grow too "happy"—in the dictionary sense of the word—and feel themselves to be favored by fortune and lucky and very prosperous, they turn upon other "happy" human beings and seek to destroy them. For myself, I have been so busy at my kind of fighting that I have had no time to hate or fight my fellowman.

AND anyway, speaking practically, this matter of adaptation or adjustment is not so grim an affair as you may think. I have a great deal of genuine pleasure out of it. It was good fun to learn to walk, even though it was a foregone conclusion that I could never walk perfectly normally no matter how well I did. But how many men, for pleasure's sake, practice for hours and hours on the golf course, even though it is a foregone conclusion that they will never break ninety in their lives? And they blister their hands, and their bodies ache; but they don't mind that pain very much because they are fighting for *adaptation*, to make the most of themselves in that particular environment.

Adaptation has become as a game to me.
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I hear a great deal through my eyes. I watch expressions rather than lips, and often I know better what people are thinking than what they are saying. And when I am bored I need only to look away.

A little while ago I completed my thirty-seventh year. Are you surprised? Did you guess my age as seventy-five? Well, I am just thirty-seven, and I wear a shadow of mustache so that I may appear to be at least thirty. I have a few gray hairs, but they are so hard to find that I allow no one to look for them lest an observer misconstrue the object of the search.

At thirty-seven I face the future without misgiving. I don't know what it holds for me, but I do know that I am strong enough to bear its stoutest blows and wise enough to grasp the full measure of its blessings. I am ready and willing to go on fighting, to live, to adapt myself to the changing scheme of life, to be happy. Of all the whirling, elemental forces of Nature, I am a part. But only by working with these forces and not against them, can I remain a part. That is adaptation.

There is a wide difference between adaptation and resignation. Had I resigned myself to a life in a wheelchair, I should still be confined to a wheelchair. That would have been adaptation, too; but the *minimum* of adaptation.

Happiness lies in achieving the *maximum* of adaptation. The procedure is this: A careful study of the actual condition. A recognition of the extremes of this condition, its minimum limitation, on the one hand, and its maximum possibility on the other. And then, the fight—the thrilling, exhilarating struggle to achieve the maximum.

I am bringing up my son, who is now three years old. I am training him to do things as well as he can do them. I am teaching him that if he wants to drive a nail, a hammer is the very best tool to use for the purpose. But that if he has no hammer and cannot possibly procure a hammer, the nail can be driven with a stone or a piece of wood. That it is unquestionably more difficult to do it that way; but possible of accomplishment. And that crying for a hammer is a waste of precious time.

When my son calls me "Daddy," he is also calling me "Mother."

I am maintaining as high a state of health as is possible to me. Food must be marketed, prepared, cooked, served; tables must be set; dishes washed and dried. It is not unthinkable that food must be estimated and weighed. Having Diabetes, I must practice what I have preached for many years, that one should not live to eat, but eat to live.

In short, I do the best I can with what I have.

SO there is the definition of Happiness as it should be; but I leave it to some one more proficient than I in lexicography to boil it all down to the essence of a synonym or two.

And while that is being done I must go on adapting myself and being happy. The great adventure goes on and on and on. I have just begun to feel somewhat adapted to being poor. And now that I am back to my writing job, I suppose I'll have to begin all over again and adapt myself to spending money.

I hope so!

Dumb-bell of Brookfield

(Continued from page 11)

"Feel 'is nose!" said Peter. "An' why don't 'e lie down like 'e'd ought?"

Ramsey took Peter by the arm.

"Come on out of here!" he urged. "If a big mutt was to keep a-rubbin' at your nose you wouldn't go to sleep, neither. He'll run his race if you let him alone. If you mess with him all night Emmett'll beat me 'tomorrow. I've got charge of this dog. . . . now, come out of here!"

So Peter, with a last troubled look at the suspiciously bright eyes of the Brookfield champion, followed the handler from the kennels; and Dumb-bell dropped his head on his paws to pass the night in a twitching and uneasy slumber.

A pale blue sky appeared next morning and hung above an endless rolling stubble. Two months before this stubble had been wheat, a golden guaranty that North Dakota could put bread into the mouths of half a continent. But the gold had been garnered and now in its place was a lesser metal, for the stubble was heavy with frost and the rising sun had turned it to a plain of glistening silver.

Calm to majesty was this plain of silver, unruffled by the fact that it would soon become a battlefield. The last day of the Great Western Trials had arrived; two champions would meet that morning, and over the stubble would prove the mettle of their sires.

When the sun was an hour high, black dots appeared at the far edge of the plain. Presently they became horsemen—hundreds of horsemen—with a sprinkling of buggies, buckboards, and even an automobile or so, strung about a wagon from which came, now and then, a beseeching whine.

This whine was the voice of Champion Windem Bang, who gazed out through the slats that penned him in and longed to be away.

His small rival was quieter. The white ghost knew what all these horsemen meant; he knew what was expected of him that day; but he knew that his body ached, that his throat was dry, and that the rolling stubble called but faintly to him. The day before he had eaten a piece of tainted meat no bigger than a lump of sugar, and now it was better to lie quietly in the soft straw than to pit one's speed and nose against another over those long, long miles.

So the gulf which never can be crossed,

between the human animal and his most passionately devoted friend, was between the little setter and fair play. One word would have told these humans, one word—and yet it was denied him. He would be judged by what he did that day, without it. . . . And so he lay in the wagon and grinned a hopeless grin when the big pointer yelped reproaches at those about him, or scratched and bit at the slats.

An iron-gray man on a big roan horse drew rein at last.

"I think we might put them down here, Frank," he said. "What time is it?"

A man riding beside him nodded and took out his watch.

"All right, Mr. Fry! All right, Mr. Ramsey!" he called. "We'll let them go at eight sharp—that gives you five minutes."

It was only after a struggle that his handler snapped the leash on Windem Bang. When this was done, the pointer soared out of the wagon with a yelp, and bounded like a rubber ball to the end of his tether. Emmett Fry threw his weight against the leash and smiled.

Chuck Sellers saw the smile, and leaned down confidentially from the saddle.

"Better save some of that, Emmett!" he advised. "You'll need it."

The handler looked up with a sneer.

"A hundred even on him!" he said.

"Got you!" said Chuck cheerfully. "Come again!"

"Make it two!" said Fry.

"Got you!" Chuck repeated. "Are you through?" But the pointer had dragged his handler out of earshot, and Chuck turned to Ramsey. "You heard that, Bill?"

Ramsey nodded as he snapped the leash on the white ghost.

"We'll give you a run for your money," he promised, and led his dog to the starting point.

WITH the feel of the stubble under foot, with the big pointer straining at his leash beside him, Dumb-bell's spirits revived a little. He was better; there was no doubt of that. The water that Ramsey had given him a moment before had cooled his throat. His legs felt stronger, too. He even wanted to run. He *would* run, that

was sure! Fast enough, perhaps, to beat an ordinary dog. But Windem Bang, big, splendid Windem Bang, was not an ordinary dog. And in addition to the running the white ghost must read the crisp wind that sang across a thousand miles of prairie, and miss no word of its message.

The little setter lifted his head. His nostrils quivered as they explored the wind. Then he knew that his nose would betray him. It was no longer the nose of a champion, but a dull, uncertain thing—the kind with which ordinary shooting dogs go slowly and make mistakes. As he heard the "Get away!" of his handler, which is the field trial call to battle, he grinned his hopeless grin.

When his leash is slipped, a field trial dog races straight away. He is driven to this first exultant rush by an overwhelming energy. A pair of high-class dogs make this preliminary flight a trial of pure speed. It was the custom of the white ghost to give his rival fifty feet or so and then sweep by him.

That Windem Bang could go like a comet made no difference to him. Had Dumb-bell been himself, he would have matched the pointer stride for stride, with joy in his heart. But now his heels had failed him and he called on the big brain of Roderigo that was in his little head. He let Windem Bang go on alone into the far distance, while he shot away to the left.

He saw a patch of green alfalfa as he ran, and he headed for it. It was a likely place for chickens; there was a good half mile of it and he went down the lower edge, his head well up, as fast as he could go.

But Windem Bang did not run blindly long. He, too, had brains; a champion always has. When he found himself alone, he looked about him. Then he caught the green of the alfalfa, and he swung in a magnificent curve to strike the lower edge, down wind. He was moving like a race horse, directly behind the ghost. At each terrific bound he made he cut down the distance between them.

Dumb-bell heard him coming. He must get wind of the covey somewhere in the green alfalfa before the pointer passed him! He put every ounce of strength he had into his running. He no longer heard the pointer. Good! He could still run, it

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

seemed. Then he heard, far away, another sound. It was the spectators shouting. He turned his head, and there was Windem Bang, on the very spot where he himself had passed ten seconds before, tense as steel, as moveless as a stone.

There could be no mistaking what that panther crouch of the big pointer meant. From his eager lifted muzzle, to his stiff and lancelike tail, every line of him said: "Birds!"

Dumb-Bell's heart was bitter within him as he whirled and acknowledged his rival's find with an honor point.

"Missed 'em!" burst out a pointer man. "Missed 'em clean! *There's* your setter champion for you! Oh, mama! Did you see that Bang dog nail 'em?"

"He—he didn't d-do very well that time, did he, Jim?" said the mistress of Brookfield, as their buckboard swayed and bounded toward the pointing dogs.

"No," said Gregory. "I don't understand it. It may be a false point."

But it wasn't a false point. Emmett Fry flushed a mighty bevy of prairie chickens thirty feet ahead of Windem Bang. They rose like one bird, and sailed off in stately flight to scatter in the stubble nearly a mile away.

The man on the roan horse kept his eyes on the two champions. Neither moved.

"Send them on, gentlemen!" he called to the handlers. "We'll follow this covey up. We'll let them work on singles for a while."

Then followed a terrible half-hour for Dumb-Bell. In the race to the scattered covey he was beaten, and he saw the pointer make a smashing find two hundred feet ahead of him. Once more he came to an honor point. Once more a yell of delight went up from those who favored Windem Bang. Once more the setter men looked at each other and were silent.

And now it was a race among a scattered covey at top speed, for champions must catch the faint scent of a lone bird while going like a rocket; and this takes nose, and nose, and nose, fine as a hair and certain as a compass. . . . Dumb-Bell's was hot with fever.

So he drove his aching body along, while Emmett Fry called, "Point, Judge!" again and again, as his dog cut down the singles with swift precision.

For Dumb-Bell the wind was a blank. Had he slowed down he might have read it, but he was a champion, and he must make his points high-headed and like a flash of lightning, or not at all. He worked in a frenzy, his sides heaving, his eyes shot with blood, only to honor Windem Bang, who was going faster than he, and with a razor nose.

"Why, Pete!" said Chuck Sellers at last in wide amazement. "They're goin' to beat us!"

Peter turned to him with a set and stony face.

"Beat us!" "An' why wouldn't they beat us? 'E 'asn't no more nose than I 'ave! I knowed it last night, an' I let Bill talk me out of it! 'E's a sick dog! An' we're tryin' to beat the best pointer that ever lived, with 'im. I ain't a trainer, I'm a bum! An' *Bill!* . . . They'd ought to shoot 'im! 'e's sick this minute!" He turned his horse and galloped back to the master of Brookfield.

"'Ave him took up, sir!" he said. "'E's off—away off—'e ain't got nothin'.' 'Ave him took up!"

The master of Brookfield hesitated. "It won't do, Peter," he said finally. "We should have known that before they started."

"I knowed it!" said Peter. "I knowed it last night. I'm a big slob—beggin' your pardon—I ain't fit to 'andle 'untin' dogs. Let alone 'im! You can fire me to morrow,

(Continued on page 36)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
16						17					18					
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22				23	24			25		26			27			
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90				91				92		93			94	95		
96								97					98			
99								100					101			

Across

- 1—Expended
- 6—Jewel found in shellfish
- 11—Begin
- 16—Irrigate
- 17—Peninsula of S. Asia
- 18—Toil
- 19—Angry
- 20—Bend the body
- 21—Genus of the American aloe
- 22—Vim (colloq.)
- 23—Measure of duration
- 25—Aquatic fowl allied to the gull
- 27—Small eminence
- 28—Garden spot
- 30—Units
- 32—P o r t a b l e frames with steps
- 34—Beard of wheat
- 36—European mountain
- 38—Born
- 39—Frighten
- 42—Elevated support for the foot
- 44—Western farm
- 48—Affliction of the nose
- 50—Animal food
- 52—Venture
- 53—Emmet
- 54—An ait
- 56—Very dry

- 58—Leguminous
- 59—Loiter
- 61—Historic periods
- 63—Most precious
- 65—Danger
- 67—Partly intoxicated
- 69—Endures under use
- 70—Fine stream, as of water
- 72—Strike off short
- 73—Wager
- 74—Pertaining to marriage
- 78—Narrow band of woven work
- 80—Engrave by acid
- 84—Collection of anecdotes
- 85—Laid hold of
- 87—Tatters
- 89—Money of the Doomsday Book
- 90—Cleanse with clean water
- 92—Smokes
- 94—Artificial waterway
- 96—Pure
- 97—Distributed
- 98—Astonish
- 99—Hinder parts
- 100—Debauch
- 101—Stories

- 2—Cut or shaved the surface
- 3—French public warehouse
- 4—Snare
- 5—The three spot
- 6—Inhabitant of city of the leaning tower
- 7—Ask earnestly
- 8—Commotion
- 9—Public disturbance
- 10—Brest of a coat
- 11—Defamation
- 12—Flap
- 13—Diminish
- 14—Wanderer
- 15—Woodland plants
- 24—Imponderable space of time
- 26—Sped
- 29—Ancient capital of Japan
- 31—Slender
- 33—Defunct
- 35—A part of to be
- 37—Entreaty
- 39—Skin of the head
- 40—Light watercraft
- 41—Perfume extracted from flowers
- 42—Brief
- 43—Late
- 45—Backs of necks

- 46—Crown
- 47—High temperatures
- 49—Cereal grass
- 51—Bind
- 55—Animals appendage
- 57—Low ground between hills
- 60—British island group in S. Pacific
- 62—Blemish
- 64—Price
- 66—Missives
- 68—Glitter
- 71—Philippine native farmer
- 73—Ask in charity
- 74—One of the 12 months
- 75—Imbecile
- 76—East Indian queen
- 77—British noblemen
- 79—Mixture of flour and water
- 81—Denoting the quality of tone
- 82—Fad
- 83—Drags by force
- 86—Retain
- 88—Begone!
- 91—Salt
- 93—Auricle
- 95—Ancient wine vessel

Down

- 1—S w e e p i n g stroke or blow

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 36

(Continued from page 35)

sir; but take the little dog up! 'E's sick—we may be 'armin' of 'im!"

They had come to a halt while a chicken was flushed to the credit of Windem Bang. Peter's voice had risen to a wail, and many heard what he had said.

"That's right, Gregory!" called a pointer man. "Take him up! He's got no business with that kind of a dog. He's sick, all right, and gettin' sicker! . . . Take him up!"

The master of Brookfield felt a slender hand creep into his own. He squeezed it slightly, and smiled a grim smile.

"He'll have to take a beating, Peter," he said quietly. "Go on, driver!"

So Dumb-Bell took his beating for half of the three hours that he must run, and a fearful beating it was. For an hour and thirty minutes he ran, gasping for air, slobbering at the mouth, while his nose told him nothing.

Then as he passed a patch of ragweed he caught a faint trace on the wind. He turned like a flash and froze into a statue. He had taken a desperate chance of making a false point. He had acted with the certainty of a good nose when he was far from certain. He grinned with anxiety as he waited for his handler, while faint, very faint, came that trace on the wind.

"Steady, boy!" said Ramsey. An instant later twenty feathered bombs shot up from the stubble and sailed away.

"Some find!" said Chuck Sellers, brightening. "How does that suit you, Pete?"

But Peter did not reply. He was watching a white streak flash along the stubble, neck and neck with Windem Bang.

THIS was the turning of the tide. The violent effort he had made on courage alone was the little setter's salvation. His pounding heart had at last cleared his blood of the ptomaine that had drugged him.

As he raced for the scattered covey he felt a new vitality surge within him. . . . Ten minutes more and Dumb-Bell was himself again—a white ghost with a magic nose.

But Windem Bang was a great dog, backed by a tremendous lead. Only a miracle could save the day for Brookfield. The white ghost knew this as well as those who watched, and from that moment he became a miracle in nose and range and speed. Windem Bang was still going like the wind—few dogs could have held him even. But now ahead of him, always ahead of him, was a white and fleeting thing that skimmed the stubble with no apparent effort, and found birds in all directions.

The big pointer was puzzled. For the first time in his life he was being out-paced, and he couldn't understand it. He had run rings around this little setter until now. He would do it again, he told himself—then every sinew in his body drank deep of his vitality while he ran as he had never run before.

An hour went by, and Windem Bang began to wonder. A shadow came and dimmed the eager light in his eyes. The shadow was fatigue, and it frightened him.

He fled from it in a tremendous burst of speed, found a bevy, and went on. But the shadow grew deeper. It was blotting out all the fire, all the brilliancy of his efforts. In nose and heels and heart he felt it now, and he looked anxiously ahead. Despair seized him as he looked; for Brookfield Dumb-Bell was going like a driven spirit, immune from the weakness of flesh.

"Call in your dogs, gentlemen!" said the man on the roan horse. "They have been down three hours."

In another moment he was the center of

a crowding mass of horsemen that grew larger every instant.

"Who wins?" they howled. "Who wins?" And many answered the question themselves.

The man on the roan horse held up his hand for silence, and obtained it.

"Gentlemen," he began, "the judges have decided that this match, so far, is a draw. We ———" He got no further.

"Draw! Hell! The setter couldn't smell nothin' for two hours!" "Two hours! Forget it! Look what he

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 35)

S	P	E	N	T	P	E	A	R	L	S	T	A	R	T
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P	E	P	Y	E	A	R	T	E	R	N	T	E	E	
E	D	E	N	O	N	E	S	L	A	D	D	E	R	S
		A	W	N	A	L	P	N	E	E				
S	C	A	R	E	S	T	I	L	T	R	A	N	C	H
C	A	T	A	R	R	H	M	E	A	T	D	A	R	E
A	N	T	E	Y	O	T	A	R	I	D	P	E	A	
L	O	A	F	E	R	A	S	D	E	A	R	E	S	T
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M	A	R	I	T	A	L	T	A	P	E	F	T	C	H
A	N	A	T	O	O	K	R	A	G	S	O	R	A	
R	I	N	S	E	R	E	E	K	S	C	A	N	A	L
C	L	E	A	R	D	E	A	L	T	A	M	A	Z	E
H	E	E	L	S	S	P	R	E	E	T	A	L	E	S

done all the last end! The setter wins!" "You're a liar!" "Get down off that horse an' say it again!"

At last quiet was restored. "As I said before, gentleman, this match, as it now stands, is a draw. It becomes a matter of stamina. The judges ask that the dogs go on until we can render a decision!"

"Why, certainly," said the master of Brookfield when Peter brought him the word.

But Emmett Fry faced the judges with the panting Windem Bang on leash beside him.

"Do you think these are huntin' dogs?" he inquired. "Do you want 'em to go all day? This was a three-hour match. I've run it and won it, and I want a decision now! I won't turn this dog loose again for nobody!"

The man on the roan horse looked at Emmett coldly.

"Very well, Mr. Fry," he said. "If you refuse to go on, we shall decide now—in favor of the setter."

The handler's face became gray with rage. He took a step forward, opened his lips, closed them again, and turned abruptly to Bill Ramsey.

"I'm ready whenever you are," he said hoarsely.

Ramsey stooped and cast off his dog. "Get away!" he said, with a wave of his hand—and the white ghost was gone.

An instant later Windem Bang flung himself across the stubble at the top of his clip, and the battle was on again.

The short rest had helped the big pointer. He went away with a rush. For twenty minutes more he went, a splendid thing to see. Then suddenly a red darkness fell about him. It was hot and suffocating; it filled his nostrils so that his breath came in struggling gasps.

It was hard to go on in this darkness. But champions must go on and on until they hear a whistle. He went on until a weight, an immense weight, seemed to fall across his loins. It was not fair to make

him carry such a weight, he thought, and faltered in his stride. . . . The voice of his handler came like the lash of a whip: "You Bang!—Go on!" it said.

Yes, he must go on. He had forgotten for a moment. He saw a swale ahead and to the right. Its edge was dark with ragweed, and he plunged toward it. The swale was half a mile away, and he called on the last of his strength to reach it. He was nearly there when a white flash shot from the left, cut in ahead of him, and stiffened into marble. Windem Bang lurched to a point in acknowledgment, swaying where he stood.

This was the end. As the birds were flushed, the pointer staggered on—he didn't know where. The voice of his handler had lost its meaning. He must go on, he knew that. So he went—in an aimless circle.

The man on the roan horse rode forward to the pointer's handler. His eyes were full of pity.

"You have a great dog, Mr. Fry," he said, "but—call him in, please."

"Damn his heart . . . damn his yellow heart!" said Emmett Fry, and blew his whistle.

Windem Bang swung toward the sound of it, and came in. He was too far gone to dodge the loaded butt of the heavy dog whip, and he went down without a sound when it descended across his back. Nor did he make much of an outcry as it descended again and again. Only a moan came from him. He was too exhausted to do more. . . .

The mistress of Brookfield gave a choking cry, flung herself from the buckboard, and rushed forward like a fury. Emmett Fry heard her coming, and looked up blindly.

"The dirty hound quit!" he said. "He had it won . . . the dirty hound . . . but he quit!"

"You vile beast!" flamed the mistress of Brookfield. "Don't you dare touch him again!" She dropped in the stubble beside Windem Bang, throwing her coat over him as she did so.

The master of Brookfield lifted her up. "This won't do, Chief," he said, and all but carried her to the buckboard.

"Oh, Jim!" she pleaded. "He tried so hard!"

Then a thumping sound, followed by a moaning whimper, came to her. She covered her ears and sank in a heap to the floor of the buckboard.

"If Dumb-Bell had only lost!" she sobbed. "If Dumb-Bell had only lost. . . ."

"Never mind, little Chief!" said the master of Brookfield. "I'll take care of that."

He strode back until he faced the owner of Windem Bang.

"I have taken a fancy to your dog . . ." he managed to say, but could get no further. Suddenly he tore a checkbook from his pocket and wrote with a shaking hand. He held out a signed check for the other to see. "Fill it in—quick—for God's sake!" he said.

NO one will ever know what Champion Windem Bang cost the master of Brookfield. He said no word to any man as he led the first pointer he had ever owned to the buckboard. But as he drove away a pair of dog eyes, trusting, faithful, looked up into his face, and a slim arm went about his neck. So, perhaps, everything considered, he did not pay too much.

A few days later the secretary of a certain benevolent society received the following letter:

Being heartily in sympathy with the work you do, it gives me great pleasure to inclose my check for one thousand dollars.

Faithfully yours,
CHAMPION BROOKFIELD DUMB-BELL

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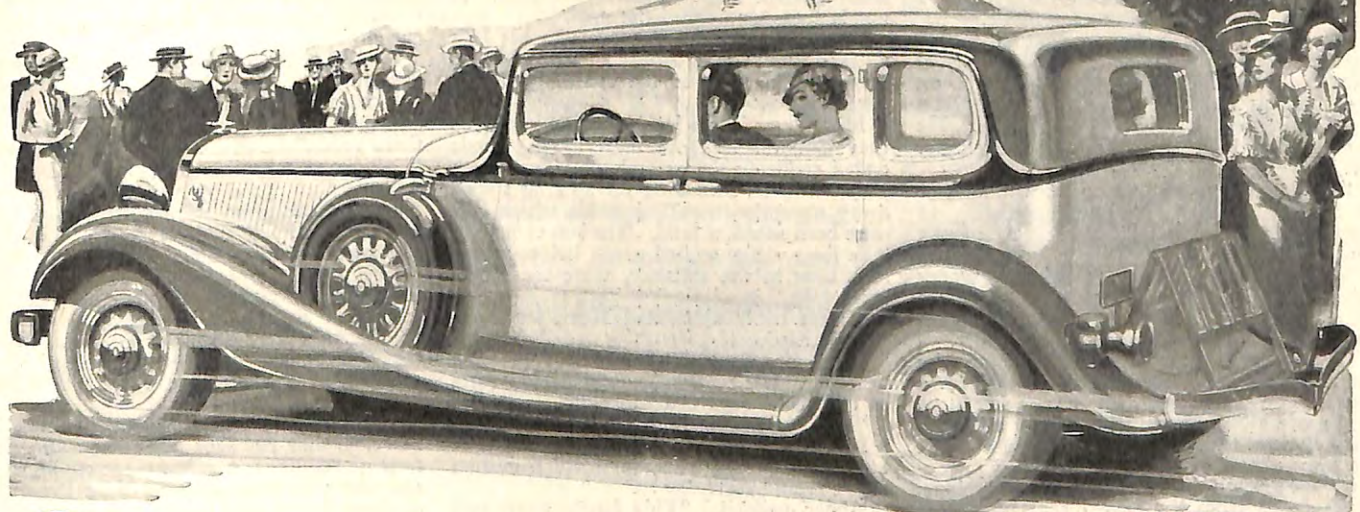
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A Letter to the Editor

April 5th, 1933.

Editor of
THE ELKS MAGAZINE
Dear Sir:

It occurred to me that there might be some corner of your magazine where the enclosed little manuscript could go in and I believe, even though I am perhaps not the one to say it, that there is something worth while about it because, in the first place, it is true and, in the second place, it will be rather encouraging to a lot of people who might read it.

It would give me a great deal of pleasure to see it published because I so thoroughly believe it.

Sincerely yours,
WALTER M. PATTERSON
Vice-President,
William Edwin Rudge, Inc., N. Y. C.

Business Advice in the Bible

TO anyone who has noted the magnificent courage and the sublime faith of Elijah as set forth in the Old Testament, his character would have seemed faultless, and yet he was taken to task by God with the question "What doest thou here, Elijah?" when Elijah had gone into the wilderness and sat him down under a juniper tree. Elijah was in a depressed mood and explained that out of all Israel he was the only one who had remained faithful to Jehovah and he must have been rather shocked when he was told that out of that meager population there were no less than seven thousand besides himself who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

We can readily see why it is that in these evil times the conclusion is so easily reached that faith in God no longer obtains. Yet to those whose observations are truer, it is realized that there are not only seven thousand but millions upon millions throughout

this world of ours who are still looking to the Bible daily for their spiritual inspiration and are holding to their faith in God and trusting in Him. We also know that this simple faith is frequently the envy of those who have no belief, and when simple and sincere such faith is always respected even by the most callous. Such believers realize that the finite mind cannot comprehend the infinite mind nor the creature, the Creator. And, yet, even among those with the strongest faith, there is apt to be overlooked the fact that the underlying principles of business are enunciated in the Bible.

In starting a business the first two steps, i.e., the cost involved (Luke XIV:28 "For which of you intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it"), and the soundness of the establishment (Matthew VII:25 "And the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell not for it was bounded upon a rock") and in laying out work for the subordinates it will be observed in Matthew XXV:14-16 that the same return was not expected of all but that a proper, earnest effort was not only expected but demanded. (Matthew XXV:26).

There must be singleness of purpose and undivided loyalty either to an employer or to a business (See Matt. VI:24, "No man can serve two masters").

The great factors of business today are price, quality and service; and service is the most important for whether cheap or costly, small or large, service is a demand made upon any successful business today. The grand formula for efficient service is stated in Matthew VII:12, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Service based on that formula is a sure winner. It makes permanent clients and friends and goodwill which lasts.

With the complex mental processes of humanity there are bound to be circumstances developing into controversies. In such circumstances the advice in Matt. V:25, "Agree with thine adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him," cannot be bettered. Any lawyer can mention cases that could have been settled at the outset, and that failing, the cost was calamitous to both the winner and the loser of the suit.

About hesitation, (see Ecclesiastes XI:4), "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

Regarding persistency, remember the parable of the unjust judge (Luke XVIII:1-8).

Regarding singleness of purpose, the great St. Paul said "This one thing I do and minor actions were subordinated to the one thing." We have only to read profane history to see how wonderful was his accomplishment of the one thing.

There are many direct admonitions such as "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Ecclesiastes IX:10). "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit" (Rom. XII:11). "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work" (John IX:4). There are many other thoughts which might be applied to business practice though their purposes are not so definitely stated as those mentioned. However, the growing, successful and enduring companies doing business today with the public have either consciously or unconsciously incorporated these principles into their policies and they would regard it as silly to do away with them not for the sake of religious principles, but for the preservation of good business. And as time passes it is certainly to be expected that the adoption of these principles into more and more businesses of various kinds will be put into effect.

The Tree Toad

(Continued from page 17)

eyes were studying both sides of the leafy, secluded lane as he stumped along briskly. "See that old shag-bark over there? Shot a squirrel off'n the tip-top of that hick'ry when I was a little shaver. Fust rifle I ever had. Got him clean as a whistle.

"You said you never saw this fellow before last night, didn't you?" persisted Mort. "He didn't offer you any tips on the market, did he?"

"Him? Not a mite!" said Abner. He turned to look at Mort wonderingly. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking I wouldn't pay any too much attention to some stranger, when it comes to money matters."

Old Abner grinned. "Don't ye worry none, son," he said. Once or twice, later, he chuckled to himself. Mort's solicitude amused him. But it warmed his heart.

They made their way deeper into the woods, following the narrow grass-grown lane. The undergrowth had crowded more and more closely upon it, and now and then they noticed that the car which had bumped its way ahead of them had bruised an occasional branch that projected over the lane. Rain-drops from the leaves spattered them as they pushed their way through the silent woods. Mort was puffing and his spectacles were misted with the perspiration that dripped from his forehead, when the old man paused at last and waited for him to reach his side.

"Here we be," said the old man cheerfully. "Th' barn's right over yonder."

He led the way into a bypath, Mort at his heels, and halted again a few strides farther on, suddenly. Mort peered past his shoulder, to find his guide's attention fixed upon a muddy spot in the path. A man's footstep scarred the mud.

"Looks like that feller took to his legs t' save gas," said Abner. "I'd as lieve folks would stick to the road," he added testily.

Mort drew in his breath with surprise as they came to the old barn. The woods ended suddenly there; and the ridge which they had been ascending for so long sloped away abruptly in rolling fields which had once been meadow land. The sun came out. The long valley smiled green before them; and, blue in the distance, were the Berkshire hills.

"Great hat!" ejaculated Mort, fervently. "What a view!"

"Like it, do ye?" said the old man benignly. His eyes, beneath his snowy tufts of eyebrows, regarded Mort quizzically.

"Boy, it's a wow!" said the reporter solemnly. "What a place for a house—on top of the world, and the world a million miles from you!"

Abner nodded. "This land's wuth two hundred a acre if it's wuth a cent," he averred. "Leastways that's what I'm holdin' it for. I'll git my price, too, some day."

The reporter sighed. "I never knew what money meant—until now," he said with simple dignity.

They explored the barn. Mort cried out in admiration at sight of its massy oaken

beams, hand-hewn, shaped for the centuries. But old Abner shook his head as he gazed up at the rafters.

"Them shingles is just about gone," he said. "Got to reshingle before th' summer's over, or the roof's liable to sag before spring."

And he regarded the hay-mow with equal irritation. "Look 'at there," he commanded. "Nigh on to a ton o' old hay that I been ameanin' to git out of here fer the last three years," he grumbled, "and never seem t' git around to it. Fust thing I know, some tramp's goin' to wander in here and set th' whole place afire."

Mort scoffed. "A tramp?" he said. "Tramps never get off a main road. Why, I'll bet you a hop-toad would starve, trying to find his way around in these woods!"

The old man smiled, raising his hand to enjoin silence. "Listen," he said. "Hear that one croakin' over by the spring? Come on, let's be gettin' back. I've got a heap to do 'fore sundown."

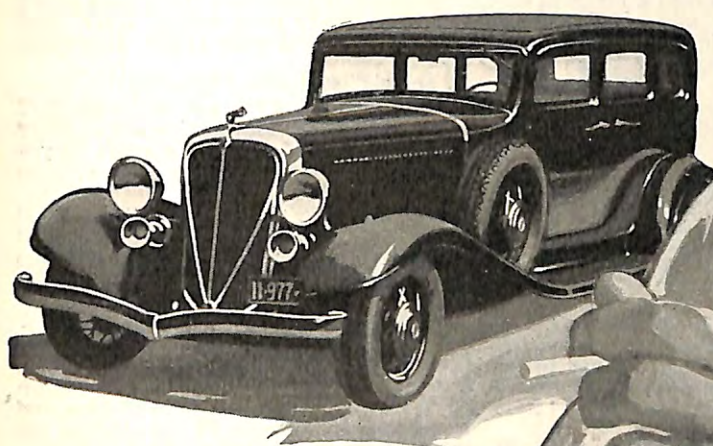
They passed the footprint in the mud once more, as they retraced their steps and Mort now glared at it in resentment equal to the old man's, as if he himself were the owner of these lonely and lovely acres.

"You ought to put up a 'No Trespass' sign here, Abner," he said savagely. "That bozo was tramping around in here like a New York hoodlum on an outing."

Abner nodded agreement. "Seems 's though a farmer like him had ought to know better," he observed. "O"

(Continued on page 40)

*“This Rockne
is going to save me
lots of money!”*



I’VE been hard hit these last few years. I had to buy a *low-priced* car in order to have any new car.

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and up at the factory

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BUILT BY STUDEBAKER



His heart quickened at the soft fragrance of her cheeks... BUT HER SHOES HID A SORRY CASE OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

WHAT a shock to think that anyone so dainty, so lovely, so desirable, could have such a repugnant thing as this furtive disease! Have it and neglect it! For night after night she has looked at those dainty toes—watched them break out in tiny blisters—found them stickily moist—felt them itch—seen them peel—and she's never done anything about it!

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ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, aches, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, insomnia

(Continued from page 38)

course, with city folks, it's different—they 'pear t' think they got a right t' go anywhere. Never seem t' realize somebody's prob'ly got an eye on 'em, onct they git out in th' country. . . . But 'tain't hardly wuth while puttin' up a sign. The ain't nobuddy comes along this old road onct in ten years, anyways."

THE little tree-toad, gobbling unwary gnats as the days went by, was growing plumper. So, too, was Mort. Abner, stooping over the flower-beds with gnarled but nimble old fingers, had given up all expectation of any physical activity in the reporter. But he still cherished the belief that a newspaperman is omniscient.

"I see th' bond market's wuss," observed the old man. "What does your paper think about it?"

"Huh? What?" Mort was startled from his admiring contemplation of the tree-toad as it made its lightning kill. "Bond market? Oh, I dunno—what's the difference?"

"Difference o' nigh onto a thousand dollars—to me," Abner said, grinning complacently. "Tha' hain't a one on th' list that ain't dropped from five t' ten points sence Monday."

Mort was shocked upright. "What!" he exclaimed. "Don't tell me you've lost a thousand!"

"Lost nothin'," chuckled the old man. "I sold out, lock, stock, an' barrel, every bond I owned, Tuesday mornin' before th' drop begun."

Mort stared. "You mean you sold out every bond you owned," he demanded. "My gosh, Abner, what are you going to do with all that? And why sell out, anyway? You didn't have a bond on your list that wasn't handpicked, good as gold. What if the market did go off a little this week? You'd be cutting coupons just the same, year in and year out!"

But Abner compressed his lips smugly. "I had good advice," he said. "Look what it's saved me already. And ye can't tell what worse is goin' to happen, the way things is."

"Advice?" cried Mort. "What fathead told you to sell out bonds like yours?"

The old man stiffened. "Most sensible feller I've met up with fer a long time," he asserted. "Only wisht I'd met up with him long afore this."

MORT'S mind raced. He shook an irate finger at the old man. "A new friend, huh?" he cried. "You don't mean that bird that's been barging around looking for land?"

And why not?" said Abner stubbornly. "If I hadn't have listened to what he told me, I'd be a thousand dollars wuss off, right this minute. He talks sense, 'pears to me."

Mort shrugged. "Oh, well, it's none of my business," he said. "I apologize. Glad you got out before this slump. You'll be able to buy in again and be better off than ever, if the market goes a little lower."

Abner shook his head. "I don't look for it to get better," he said. "Not in my time, scarcely. Reckon I'll let my money rest in the bank."

"And what if the bank closes up?" asked Mort, smiling.

The old man seized his arm, his eyes wide with sudden alarm, his jaw sagging.

"Wha-what's that?" he gasped. "My God, ye ain't heard nothin' 'bout this bank here, hev ye?"

Mort laughed. "My heavens, no!" he protested, startled by Abner's agitation. "I was merely kidding. I'm sorry."

The old man wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead with fingers that trembled.

"No, I don't reckon they's anything

wrong with this one," he said weakly. "But they's many a true word spoke in a joke. Dog take it, I wisht it wa'n't Satiddy afternoon! Derved if ye hain't made up my mind fer me, Mort, you and your jokin'."

"You mean you're going to draw out your money?" demanded Mort incredulously. "Man, you're crazy! You can't lug it around loose! This bank's as sound as a rock, and you know it."

"Ye can't tell. Jones had mighty nigh all his money in a bank up Hartford way an' it up and busted overnight. Ye can't ever tell. An' they's banks failed all over the country. Jones figures they's goin' to be more of 'em—bound to be."

"Jones? Who's Jones? What does he know about it?"

"Why, he's th' feller that's been comin' up to see me," said Abner. "I thought you knowed his name."

"Me? Why should I? I've never seen the bird. Nice name he has, though. Why don't he call himself Smith and be done with it?"

Abner grinned weakly.

"So it's this Jones bird that's been giving you these cheery little earfuls, huh?" pursued Mort. "And what is Mr. Jones selling?"

"Sellin'?" said Abner blankly.

"Certainly. What's he got on the counter? First he talks you into getting rid of every last bond you held. Next, he won't let you buy anything else. What's he trying to sell?"

"He ain't tryin' t' sell nothin'," said Abner. "What you talkin' about, Mort?"

"What! He hasn't got a nice fat mine down in South America that he can let you in on?"

"Shucks, Mort!"

"No nice pretty mining-stocks that will bring you in a million? Oh, then he's just forming the syndicate. The big boys down on Wall Street are in on it with him, and he's going to let you in, strictly on the ground-floor, on the quiet. Is that it?"

"He ain't tryin' to sell nothin'," Abner repeated impatiently.

"No? Why, of course he is. Don't beat around the bush, Abner. Speak up. Tell Uncle Morton what it is."

"Nothin' o' th' sort, I tell ye! Jones is all right. He hain't doin' a thing except tryin' to do me a good turn, that's all. He's been stung hisself, an' he watchin' out a mite for other folk. Nothin' wrong about that, is there?"

"Young man," said Mort solemnly, "every word you say is a warning against this Jones person. I don't know him, and I don't want to know him. If there's any one truth that I've learned in a long and successful life it's to shy away from, distrust, doubt, view with misgivings, suspicion, alarm, fear and dread—nay, more, with unmitigated loathing—any stranger who says he wants to do me a good turn. Watch your step, my boy, watch your step!"

"You talk like he was some city feller tryin' to sell me a gold brick!" said Abner testily. "Don't ye reckon I got sense enough to suspicion a feller that's tryin' to sell me somethin'? But he ain't, nothin' o' th' kind! Why, dog take it, he's tryin' to buy somethin', from me!"

"Buy something? What, for instance?"

"He's been after me t' sell him th' back forty acres, an' th' old barn along with 'em, th' hull week long," said Abner. He grinned at Mort's look of surprise. "Yessir, he come t' see me very next day after me an' you see his car-tracks up there. I been askin' ten thousand for th' prop'ty. I been figurin' I could let more'n half o' that stand on mortgage, an' I told him so. But he won't hear to it. Says he's got eight thousand in cash, an' that's as high as he'll go. I dunno but what I'll take it. Cash is somethin' ye can't git too much of, these days. An' he

says he'll bring it over th' day I give him the word. Ye don't call that tryin' to sell me a gold brick, do ye?"

He chuckled.
Mort saluted humbly. "I eat crow," he said. "But I'd look out for counterfeit bills, if I were you, just the same."

"What good would that do him?" demanded Abner. "He couldn't hold th' land if th' money turned out t' be phony. He'd be wuss off than ever."

With an obeisance betokening surrender, Mort dropped to the lawn again. Abner strutted back to his work. But Mort no longer dozed in the sun. Preoccupied, he lay gazing at the seemingly sleeping tree-toad at the brink of the pool; and a frown hovered on his forehead.

And, an hour later, as he rattled past Abner's house on his way to fried chicken, peaches and cream, he was reminded again of Abner's new friend. The man who had nothing to sell. The man who had hunted up Abner just to do Abner a good turn. The man whom Mort had never seen.

The reporter's puzzled frown actually lasted until the fried chicken came on.

"MORT," said his city editor, "I've worked hell out of you this week. Get out of here. Take a day off."

"Boss," said the plump reporter fervently, "you ain't real. You're a character in fiction. I'm gone, before somebody rewrites you."

Exultation possessed Mort as he swung down from his train and hurried over to the little station garage where he kept his battered car. The mid-morning in the country was magnificent. He urged the car to a speed which shocked her into coughs and snorts of protest, fearful to hear. Five miles from the village, passing Abner Sherwood's farm, he glanced to see if the old man were home, but saw no sign of him.

"He's at work up at my place, of course," Mort reflected. And, smiling to himself, he prepared to enjoy the old man's surprise at seeing him.

But the garden, when he came to it, was deserted, brooding happily alone in the sun.

Mort breathed a sigh of utter content. Solitude, with the garden's loveliness to gaze at. . . . He gave old Abner only a fleeting thought.

"It isn't possible," he murmured absently, as he wandered toward the garden-pool, "that the old dear took that guff about banks seriously? I can't believe it. But it isn't like him, not to be on the job here. Well, I should worry! Here goes for a sun-bath. . . ."

On the dusty, straw littered floor of the old barn lay old Abner. He lay awkwardly, his ankles trussed together with a rope, and his arms tied together behind his back. Another man sat looking down at him. The barn was very silent.

A RAY of sunlight, sifting through between the cobwebbed rafters far overhead, where a shingle was missing, rested on Abner's shoulder, and upon a little blood that had trickled from a bruise behind his ear and which was now stiffening to darkness. Abner's eyes were fixed steadily upon the man who confronted him. There was watchfulness in them, but no shadow of fear.

The man's lumpish figure was seated upon an overturned wooden milking-pail. He wore the clothes of a farmer. His face was tanned, as though from many days in the fields, under the sun. His wide mouth, the mouth of a toad, stretching from ear to ear, was crooked in an evil grin. He sat impassively, stolid as a rock. On a wooden

(Continued on page 42)



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(Continued from page 41)

box, part of the litter of the disused barn, lay a revolver, black and chunky as himself. It was within easy reach of his hand. His beady black eyes were hard and un-winking. Only his lips moved.

"Where is it?" he demanded. His voice was a croak. "Where did you hide it?"

Abner watched him, unanswering. He strained at his fastenings. The man smiled.

Mort settled himself blissfully into the long chair by the garden pool. His eyes sought for the pool's habitual guardian, the little tree-toad. It wasn't there.

The man looking down at Abner reached out a stubby forefinger and tapped the revolver butt significantly.

"You're through, anyway," he said, grinning. "You might as well say where the stuff is."

"They'll git ye, ye skunk," said Abner quietly, by way of answer.

"Think so?" said the man, softly. "Listen, let me tell you something, farmer; they think I'm part of the landscape." His smile widened. "I know, because I've tested it. You know these smart State cops, riding up and down on their motor-cycles? Well, they go by without even giving me the once-over! They think I'm one of you hay-seeds. Why, you thought so yourself, you simp."

He smiled, without raising his voice, but his eyes were cold.

"Where did you put it?" he repeated.

Mort stared at the dark rock at the pool's edge, the frog's accustomed resting-place, in disbelief. His eyes roved around the circle of the pool. No tree-toad was in sight.

Mort sighed, disappointed. As he was giving up the search, a light gray lump of stone, veined with lichen, projecting from a gray boulder veined with lichen, caught his eye. He bent closer.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he muttered.

It was the tree-toad. When Mort had last seen him, seated as always on the black rock, the frog had been dark as the rock. Now, hugging the gray rock, he was gray. Lichens were on the stone. Dark blotches, exactly imitating the lichen, adorned the frog's gray back. Mort, gazing at him in astonishment and delight, could scarcely believe his eyes.

Mort studied the little fellow in amazement. "So that's it, is it?" he said aloud. "Carry your local color with you, huh?"

The sound of his own voice startled him. He got hastily to his feet, still staring at the gray lump as if hypnotized. His mouth opened slowly and into his eyes came slowly a look of horrified unbelief.

"It isn't possible!" he said, wildly. "He hasn't had time!"

Ten miles away, in the State Police barracks on the main highway, the sergeant on desk duty yawned over the morning paper. Then his finger paused on a paragraph and he stiffened with attention.

"It was disclosed yesterday that the late Adoniram Utley, who lost his life when his residence was mysteriously burned to the ground a month ago, had drawn \$21,000 in cash, his entire balance, from a local bank on the day preceding his death. Attorney F. Copley Beckwith, executor of the estate, has been conducting a search for the money, but without success. As Mr. Utley's body was found in the ruins of his home, it is feared that the currency, bills of small denomination, was burned with him."

"Cripes!" muttered the sergeant. "Twenty grand!"

MORT ran headlong for the shed in which he kept his ancient flivver. Time!

Time was everything! Why had he been so blind, he wondered, cursing as he ran, why hadn't he read the ghastly riddle days before? The answer had been before his eyes, whenever he had sat beside the garden pool; and he, basking in the sun, had chosen to shut his eyes to what had been written clear!

Practically he backed the car out and around. He headed for Abner's, and the village. The old car leaped, trembling, coughing, slewing on two wheels, but holding the road. . . .

From the dusty floor of the old barn, Abner looked up at the man and smiled. "Ye wouldn't dare t' commit murder," he said steadily. "They'd git ye, an' ye'll hang for it."

The man laughed. "Who's ever seen me around here, except you?" he said. "Nobody! It will take a long time for anyone to get here, even after they see the smoke. And they won't find even a tire-track, this time. You dropped a match in the hay, by mistake. Ropes will burn, same as flesh, you know. There'll be nothing left—plenty of hay here for a nice, thorough cremation. I'm saving your estate a lot of expense."

He smiled. "Come on," he added, with sudden venom. "Where did you hide it?"

MORT stopped his car with a jerk and ran through Abner's deserted dooryard to the kitchen. He knew where Abner kept the key. He unlocked the door, fumbling in his haste and threw it open.

"Abner!" he shouted.

His despairing cry died away in the dead silence of the empty house.

Only the alarm clock ticked away, loud in the stillness that followed. Abner had wound it, then! But how long had he been gone?

The silent kitchen gave no answer. The coffee-pot still stood upon the stove. Mort felt of it. It was cold.

Would he find what he hoped not to find? Wildly he searched, upstairs and down, through dresser and wash-stand, corner cupboard and closet. The precious seconds were flying, but he began to hope. Finding nothing, he began to pray that Abner was still lingering in the village, had not returned. . . .

The kitchen table. He tried its drawer. And there they lay—bankbook and check-book, both together.

With trembling fingers he flipped them open. He groaned. Date of the teller's last entry in the bankbook; date of the last check that Abner had drawn—both dates were of that day. It was all over.

The man was going to buy the barn. The man was going to buy the barn. The words drummed in Mort's brain.

The man would make Abner meet him there, to get the purchase price.

Mort began running.

"Go ahead," said old Abner steadily, but with a touch of impatience. "Go ahead an' finish up whatever ye got a mind to. Then ye c'n hunt all ye please. They's close t' two hundred acres, near's I c'n figger. That ought t' keep ye busy digging quite a spell."

The man regarded Abner thoughtfully. Lazily he pointed at the rusty wheels and cogs of a box-like mechanism which, dusty and cobwebbed like all else in the barn, stood beside the wall.

"See that old hay-baler of yours?" he asked gently. "I looked it over the day I came up here first. You can put quite a lot of pressure on a man's arm with that, I find. It's old, but it works. I'm afraid it won't be as pleasant for you as the gun, but it's a great help to the tongue-tied, you'll find."

He stood up slowly. Standing, his squat figure seemed scarcely taller than before. He took a step toward Abner.

"We've got the whole afternoon before us," he said, grinning down at the old man, "there's no hurry."

Mort Dowling brought his car to a stop with a groan of hopelessness. Its noise, he suddenly realized, gave open warning of the car's progress to anyone within a quarter of a mile. He got out and ran forward, up the grass-grown lane that led deep into the silent woods. He ran slowly, panting. He was not built for running.

At the top of the hill, he sank to his knees and began crawling forward, hidden by the green tangle of the underbrush that narrowed the lane.

From the sill of the barn doorway, the thin flame spit from the rifle like the darting tongue of a toad. Mort's aim was steady. An oaken beam makes a good gun-rest. The bullet, striking the revolver and the box on which it lay, sent the weapon clattering beyond the man's reach. Whirling, the man saw the rifle covering him, saw his useless gun upon the floor. His hands went up.

"Worried about me, was you, Mort?" inquired the old man.

"Hell, no!" said Mr. Dowling, still pale and shaking. "I was only afraid I couldn't get here before you sold him my barn. . . . You know dam' well I'm going to buy it, as soon as I can raise some money."

"He was goin' t' give me cash," said Abner, with a shade of regret.

THE Sergeant at the State Police barracks looked at Mort with respect. "Any time we can do anything for you, Mr. Dowling—" he began.

"Yes," said Mort. "You might let me use your 'phone, will you?"

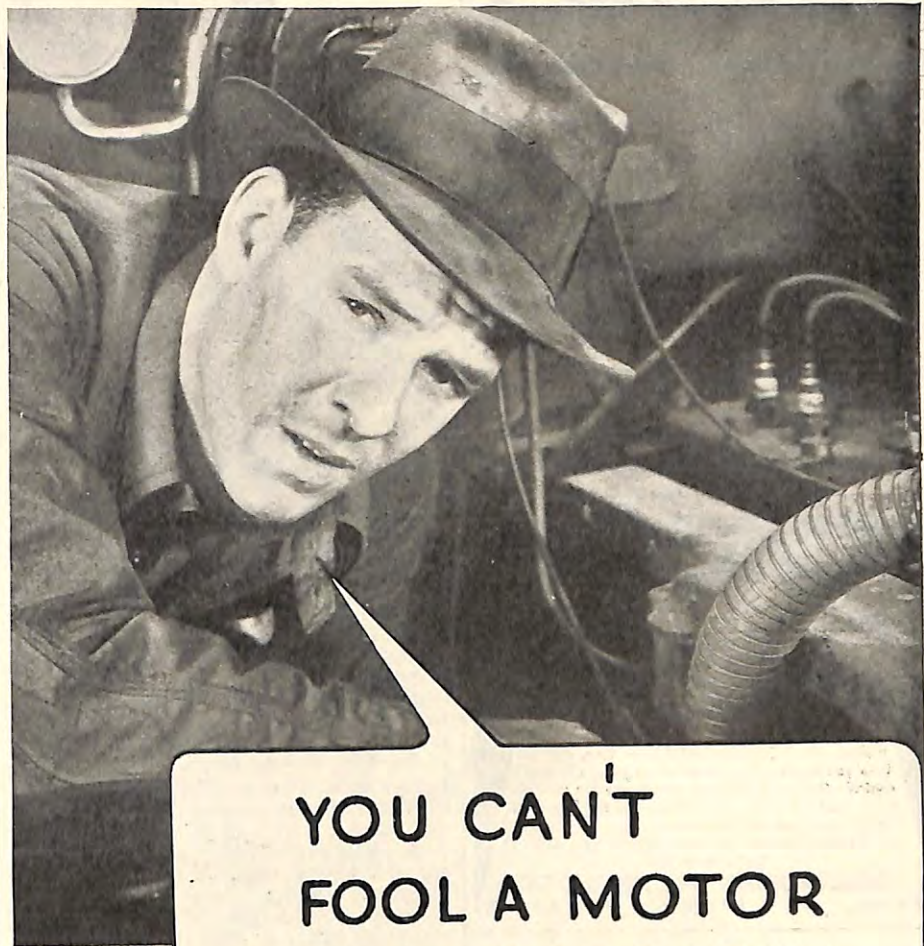
"Dowling talking," he said, when the connection went through. "I'm out here in the country, boss. Got a little story for you. The State Police here have just arrested Mike Roberts. Yeah, the gangster. Goes by the name of The Toad. . . . Yeah, that's the guy, boss. . . . Well, they got him for attempted robbery with violence, attempted murder, and what have you, just a few minutes ago. But there's some more to it. Seems he's the bird that bumped off two very wealthy old farmers out here in this neighborhood, couple of weeks ago. Got 'em to convert their securities into cash, took the cash away from them, and then bumped them off and burned their houses over the bodies, to hide any evidence. . . . Yeah, a very nice fellow. . . . Well, he was trying to put this racket over the third time, today, when the cops got him. Pickin's hadn't been so good, in the big towns, so he was playing the sticks. Think it's a good yarn? . . . All right, gimme somebody to take it and I'll spill him enough for a couple of columns. . . . Thanks, boss."

Abner was grinning when at last Mort finished and hung up the telephone, a half-hour later.

"Seems like ye told me no reporter ever puts hisself out t' git a story for th' papers, 'less'n he gits orders to," said the old man slyly.

"Well, what did this get me?" demanded Mort, mopping the sweat from his brow. "Nothing but trouble! A lot of work, and my day off shot to pieces, that's what it got me."

"An' a tittle-deed t' th' old barn an' four acre, more or less, on that hill-top ye seem t' set such a store by," said Abner. "I'd be obliged t' ye, Mort, if ye'd take it. . . . But quit a-gapping' at me, will ye? Makes ye look like a fool toad!"

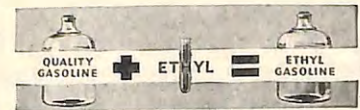


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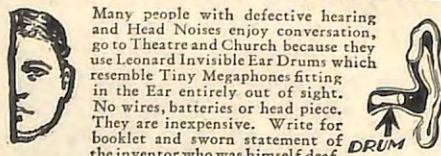


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The Story of the Davis Cup

(Continued from page 19)

above, a battery of pressmen in one corner are sending off the news to every capital of Europe; to Denmark and Finland and Sweden in the north, to Italy and Egypt in the south, yes, and to India and Japan in the East, to South America, Australia and the United States. For all these nations take part in the contest for the Davis Cup.

Why? Why all this attention to a mere match of tennis? Why should crowds in Paris storm the doors of a stadium seven or eight hours before the first ball is hit, why should they pay speculators the equivalent of six dollars for a two dollar seat, why should they turn out in such numbers as to yield a gate of over \$50,000 simply to watch two men hit a white ball over a net?

Because as I have said the Davis Cup is not only one of the most interesting and dramatic of all sporting events, it is the oldest and most important annual athletic contest in existence today. And the Challenge Round is the peak, the World's Series of this far-flung game.

The Davis Cup is the only tennis contest in the world in which the holder, that is the winner of the previous year, does not enter and play through the competition. The teams of every nation fight among themselves for the privilege of playing the holder of the Cup, for the last six years, France. Each match is conducted in the same manner; four singles and one doubles, the winner being the side to take three matches first. The early rounds are often set-ups for the bigger nations; they are in the nature of try-outs, with the heavy guns reserved for the last and more important contests. Early in May the various countries (this year there were the record breaking number of 33), start the fight, the nations abroad competing in the European Zone while on this side of the water we dispute the American Zone. The two winners meet in what is called the Inter Zone Final Round at the Roland Garros Stadium in Paris on July 21, 22 and 23 for the right to face the French one week later in the Challenge Round.

THE Davis Cup then is a team match, with nation against nation, player against player, the old world against the new, every land and almost every country on earth save Russia and Turkey. The oldest annual competition of international sport today, it was started back in 1899 when a young collegian from Harvard named Dwight F. Davis, who at the time was national doubles champion with a classmate named Holcombe Ward, got the idea that it would be interesting to see how England and the United States shaped up in a common game. So he offered a cup to the United States Lawn Tennis Association which was accepted on February 21, 1900.

This then was the origin of the famous Davis Cup.

Back in those days with only two nations competing it was a small affair. No one paid much attention to it and no fuss or publicity was made about it. I remember watching my first Davis Cup match at the Longwood Cricket Club in Boston back in 1903. You paid a quarter, as against the four hundred francs or sixteen bucks it costs to see the Challenge Round today in Paris, concrete evidence that the event is the biggest sporting thing of the year. In 1903 there were few regular seats, three sides of the court were open and you took a camp chair and sat up close to the players, while late comers stood on chairs, boxes, or anything they could find and peered over the heads of those in front. There were

possibly two thousand spectators watching when Bill Larned took the court in the deciding match that afternoon against Laurie Doherty of England. Now in every big tennis match each line is watched by an umpire called a linesman who gives decisions on close shots. At an important moment in the fifth set a close ball of the Englishman's which would have given Larned a commanding lead was called out, but Doherty pointed to the fact that the linesman's chair was vacant. It seems the man placed there had taken the job on condition that he would be relieved at a certain hour in order to enable him to catch the last boat to his summer home in Hingham. Not having been relieved, he departed, leaving no linesman to judge the line. The disputed point was therefore replayed, Doherty won it, saved the situation, and finally captured the match and the Cup for England.

In 1904 another nation beside the United States and England joined the competition when the French sent a team over to London. Belgium and Austria challenged for the Cup the next year, and the fame of the contest grew so that by 1913 six nations, Germany, Canada, South Africa, Belgium, France and the United States fought for the privilege of meeting England, the winner of the previous year. The war temporarily interrupted the progress of the competition, directly after it was resumed with vigor; Spain, India, and Czechoslovakia all entering the contest. In 1922 there were 14 challengers, the largest number to that time, 17 the next summer, while in 1924 the figure jumped to 23. In 1927 Germany returned to the fray, playing for the first time since 1914. There were 32 entrants in 1930 and the record number of 33 this year, with countries as small as Monaco, as large as the United States, countries like India and Japan from the Far East, Chile and Brazil from the south, Norway and Poland from the north, in fact practically every country on earth.

Due to this widespread interest, to the clashes of different races, temperaments and personalities, the Davis Cup is rich in dramatic incidents and events, and it is bound up closely with modern history in the last century. Naturally the war superseded all play during four years, but the advent of the struggle found representatives of the Davis Cup nations torn between a desire to finish the affair and on the other hand a wish to return as soon as possible to their native lands to prepare for battle. J. P. Allen tells in the New York *Sun* the story of how the German team of Otto Froitzheim and Otto Kreutzer took the court at the Allegheny Country Club, Sewickley, near Pittsburgh, for the right to challenge the United States, the holder, on the eve of the Great War.

"A special telegraph wire had been strung up the mountainside to the beautiful plateau on which was the club, and the evening of Wednesday, July 29, 1914, the night before the first match, was serene and peaceful. About six o'clock, as we were testing the wire, the president of the club came out with the two Germans and Norman Brookes and Tony Wilding, the Australians. The Germans wanted to know the exact facts about the state of conditions abroad, and asked us to sound New York by wire.

"We stood in the peaceful twilight grouped about the telegraph key. No frontiers had been crossed, we were told, but troops had been massed around the borders. Conversing together in low tones, the Germans finally agreed to start play the next day on condition that they should be permitted to leave instantly if war were

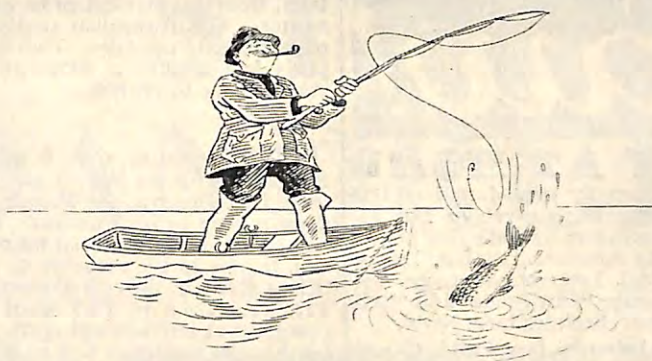
declared, no matter what the score, no matter if the players were in the middle of a rally. Actually, however, war did not break out until the Saturday afternoon when the last match was just finished. The Germans dashed from the courts, jumped into their clothes, taxied to the city and took the first train to New York where they boarded the next German steamer leaving the United States. It was a boat going out to the Mediterranean. They need not have hurried. Off Gibraltar the liner was hailed by a British man-of-war, a boarding party came on and took possession, and Froitheim and Kreutzer were finally sent to England and interned in Donnington Hall, a British prison camp for German officers, until the end of the war."

Possibly that was a lucky break for Froitheim, the finest pre-war athlete produced in Germany, for otherwise he would surely have been killed at the front. Tony Wilding lived little over a year; he was hit by a shell in Flanders in 1915. Brookes served all through hostilities with the Australian troops in Egypt and Palestine and was never again a power in sport.

TODAY the Davis Cup Challenge Round is one of the most exciting sporting events of the year; but the most exciting of all such contests was the one fought in 1914 when the same pair, Brookes and Wilding, defeated the Americans at Forest Hills a few weeks after their match against the Germans. If that was the most thrilling series, the opening set between red-haired Maurice McLoughlin, the twenty-one-year-old champion of the United States, and Norman Brookes, the thirty-four-year-old veteran Australian, was the most exciting set ever played in a Davis Cup contest. On this one set hinged the decision, not merely of this single battle but the whole fate of the trophy. Both men realized this and were unusually tense and nervy from the opening stroke. The match was played on a burning hot August afternoon before fifteen thousand spectators, the largest crowd ever to see a Davis Cup contest up to that time. The two protagonists were a contrast, the one young, full of strength, relying solely on strength and power to blast his way to victory, the other depending on guile and strategy to aid his ageing frame. And it was conducted at a fearful tempo; serve and volley, serve and volley, quick, short rallies quickly won and quickly lost.

Brooke's ground strokes were better far than his rival's, but the fiery American's service was something to be seen, probably that afternoon the best service in the world. In my opinion not Gobert's, not Tilden's, not Vines' service has ever been better. When he smashed a high ball there was no reply. He would wait for it to fall, then crouching, leap from the ground and bury it in the opposing court with such speed that the Australian could only stand watching. Up to nine games all in the first set the two were absolutely even. In the 19th game Brookes suddenly went to 40-0 on his opponent's service; one point from a lead that with his own delivery to follow would have given him the set and probably the match. Mac stepped defiantly to the baseline to serve. His red hair waved a challenge as he toed the line. Crash! The ball shot past the helpless Anzac. 15-40. Crash . . . again the invader stood watching that service while the crowd yelled. 30-40. Crash . . . crash . . . Brookes dived vainly for those terrific serves but in two minutes the game was over. McLoughlin had served five aces in succession to make it 10-9 in games, five aces against the finest singles specialist in the world. Although the break did not come actually until the thirty-first game, half an hour

(Continued on page 46)



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ELKS VISITING CANADA

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(Continued from page 45)

later, from that moment on he was Brookes' master. The Australian slowly crumpled, physically and mentally. Two world champions had met in a death grip and the younger was to prevail.

THERE is drama, there is tragedy too in the matches for the Davis Cup. And whenever Jean Borotra, the French star, plays there is sure to be fireworks. He has the rare ability, no matter what the odds against him, to rise to the occasion, to deliver the telling thrust at the critical moment for the Tricolor. Back in 1925 when he was a youngster at international sport, Jean made his debut in the Davis Cup in a sensational doubles match. With his teammate, Rene Lacoste, he was playing against Patterson and Hawkes, the Australians, for the right to challenge the holder, the United States. The privilege depended on the outcome of that doubles.

France had to be victorious and Borotra realized it. He was the only man not to slump during the long, grueling battle, the only one not to have patches of bad play. In the thick of every rally, his beret could be seen now here, now there, darting all over the court, performing the most impossible shots from impossible postures. In the fifth set with the score two sets all, the French reached 5-2 in games only four points from victory. Then with the match assured and triumph in his hands, Borotra was suddenly struck full on the temple by a terrific smash from the racquet of Patterson, the burly Australian, delivered at close quarters.

For ten minutes he lay prone and motionless on the grass. Could he resume play? Must France default the match? No, after a while he staggered to his feet dazed and bewildered, and finally took his place again on the court. However, he was in no condition to play, and moreover the incident affected Lacoste, his partner, so that the Australians quickly closed the gap and evened the score at five games all as the wobbling Frenchmen went to pieces. Australia went ahead at six-five. France caught them. Gradually Borotra's dizziness wore off, gradually he came out of his daze and once again plunged into the thick of the scrap, standing up to the fiercest volleys and smashes of the Australians as though nothing had happened. Until at last by his efforts alone France got ahead and finally won the set ten-eight, and for the first time a Latin nation, thanks to his courage unaided, became a challenger for the Cup.

TODAY the Davis Cup has assumed such importance that Presidents, Kings and Dictators play a part therein. Each year the annual draw made in February takes place in the presidential or royal mansion of the holding nation; Presidents Harding and Coolidge of the United States have drawn the names of the Contestants out of the famous bowl, and last winter President LeBrun of France conducted the draw in the Elysee Palace. Moreover, governments have intervened to settle disputes that have arisen from time to time. Three or four years ago when Bill Tilden was disqualified by the United States Lawn Tennis Association and unable to play in the Challenge Round in France, Ambassador Herrick, who was a great admirer of the sport, brought pressure to bear and arranged the matter so that Tilden was reinstated in time to take the court. Mussolini makes the Davis Cup a military matter; the Italian team must report on a certain day in spring, practise faithfully under proper supervision, and hold themselves in readiness to play for Italy. Several years ago when young Pietro Gaslini, a lawyer from Genoa, was

a day late in reporting, he was severely reprimanded and as a punishment Mussolini refused to let him take part in any international competition that spring.

As the original tennis playing nation, England was naturally the first holder of the Davis Cup. Then Australia, thanks to the great Brookes and the mighty Wilding, held sway until after the war, when our team of the two Bills, Tilden and Johnston, one from the east and the other from the west, conquered the Australians without the loss of a match. Japan, then Australia, and then France challenged us unsuccessfully until 1927 when our two Bills were almost ten years older than in 1919, and unable therefore to withstand the vigorous onslaughts of France's Four Musketeers, Cochet, Lacoste, Borotra and Brugnon. Now they have come to the same position; Lacoste plays no more, Brugnon is 38, Cochet and Borotra are veterans instead of brilliant young stars.

NO one nation can hold indefinitely this crown of international sport. The emblem of power in half a century has already crossed the Seven Seas and back again. This year, next summer at the latest, the Davis Cup will be taken away from Paris where it has been since 1927. Who will turn the trick? The United States? Most likely. We have the finest young players in all the world at present. But there is growing strength in other lands, especially in England and Germany. In the East, the enterprise and adaptability of the Japanese, their philosophic outlook and their attachment to sport, have made them ardent disciples of this world game. I believe that before long the Davis Cup will make a voyage to the Far East. Once there it will be many a year before it returns to the Occident.

ON the 28th, 29th and 30th of July the Challenge Round takes place upon the red court of Roland Garros, its seating capacity increased by 3,000 for the event. Picture it there in its leafy bower of those ancient chestnut trees, that bowl which now contains the most turbulent sporting crowd on earth. At one end is the Presidential Box with the President of the Republic who has ridden up the Avenue de la Porte d'Auteuil attended by the Garde Republicaine. He is surrounded by members of his cabinet, to his left are the boxes close to the court in one of which is Mr. Herbert Strauss, the American Ambassador, while above are the expensive seats of the foreign colony. Over opposite in the burning summer sun are wedged the fans, the real fans, the Parisian sporting mob who must stand in that heat from one until seven in the evening, who have perhaps been standing in line at the ticket offices for several hours in the morning.

Scattered through the stadium is all of sporting social, artistic and industrial France; Monsieur Andre Citroen, who is their Henry Ford, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, once a power herself in this game, just behind her a man in a straw hat who is a great friend of Jean Borotra's. His name is Maurice Chevalier. Near him is another close friend of the player, also a sportsman, named Georges Carpentier. As you read this the stadium is deadly silent, the two players and the crowd are tense and taut. The umpire is climbing into his chair. It is so quiet that you can hear the wooden rungs of the ladder creak as he hoists himself into place. At one side of the court Jean Borotra is nervously adjusting his beret. Across the net, Ellsworth Vines taps a ball gently on the ground. It is the greatest drama of sport; age against youth, the old world against the new. Perhaps now you begin to understand why all

France, all Europe has its eyes on that court.

But the linesmen are in their places. The umpire is seated. He looks around, then he speaks into the little mike hanging before his face.

"Borotra servesplay"

Flag Day Broadcast at Monticello

(Continued from page 5)

was sovereign. Each citizen became an equal partner in the great scheme. He enjoyed equal privileges and assumed equal responsibilities under this new American system. It is this principle of individualism that has given the American his high sense of personal honor and obligation and marked him with a resourcefulness which hitherto has been unknown among men. Patriotic men of all periods in our national history have stood guard against the usurpation of the people's sovereignty by their servant, the government. Notwithstanding this, we have seen for a quarter of a century a system of bureaucratic regulation creeping upon us which is rapidly making our people the subjects of their government.

This system of government, under which this nation has grown great, and which gives to every individual the right to work out his own salvation can be preserved only by constant vigilance by the sovereign citizens. The full powers confided to our people presuppose the participation of all citizens in the business of government. Our great misfortune is that too many of our citizens are more concerned with their privileges and immunities than with their duties and responsibilities. There are too many slackers who refuse to mix in politics. Any person who is not interested in politics and who considers himself above a political struggle is unworthy of American citizenship. Self-government is on trial, and all humanity is looking to us to prove that a government where the individual is sovereign can endure. The citizen who puts his best effort into every task that is his will surely outstrip him who waits for a great opportunity before he condescends to exert himself. If the enemies of our government are to be overcome, every citizen must become an active politician, must inform himself on matters of government and must give credit where credit is due. Politics is sometimes rotten, but it is rotten not so much because of the bad men who are in it as it is because of the good people who stay out of it. The constant vigilant action of all our people is essential to enlightened, capable self-government. There never was long a corrupt government of a virtuous people.

OUR country was conceived in the theory of local self-government. It has been dedicated by long practice to that wise and beneficent policy. This theory is the foundation principle of our system of liberty. Local determination of local problems affords freedom and development of the individual. The people of the several states should not permit themselves by coercion or bribery, under the vicious fifty-fifty system of federal aid, to be stripped of their right to regulate their own affairs. The fact that something advantageous to the people ought to be done is no reason why the national government should do it. The tendency to cry for help from the Federal Government before we have made an effort to help ourselves, is building up a great central bureaucracy that is both costly and inefficient. Our experience has

(Continued on page 48)

STOP DANDRUFF

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A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK
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ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY
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If you are not satisfied with the results, write and tell us—we'll cheerfully return your money.



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(Continued from page 47)

proved that the people of the several states can administer their own affairs better than any central government of whatever character. In this distribution of responsibility lies the strength of our nation.

Aristotle divides government into two classes—legitimate and illegitimate. The former is administered in the interests of the whole body politic under a system of traditions of gradual and steady growth, while the latter is administered in the interests of the governing body—whether it be an individual, an organized minority or a temporary majority—with little regard for the wider interests of the whole and without adequate restraints of tradition. When one group of legislators seek legislation of special advantage to the interests which it represents, in consideration of its supporting an appropriation of special advantage to other confederating groups, we have an example of illegitimate government—government by coalition of organized minorities. A republican form of government is likely thus to degenerate into a government of blocs. As long as political parties divide on questions of political principle and political policy they are not only helpful and constructive, but essential to the life of a republic. The moment, however, that parties are based on sectional interests or jealousies, upon group consciousness, or upon the desire for group advantage, that moment they are out of step with the spirit of America. A man who, in the exercise of his duty as a private citizen or as a public official, places the interests of any party above the interests of all the people, is both unable to perform the duties of American citizenship and unworthy to serve the American people. Until the majority of citizens are willing to subordinate their own personal advantage and are prepared to support men and measures in the public interest, there will not be any real political reform.

Our government was framed by men who had had actual experience in the administration of the government of their several colonies. Most of them had been educated at Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton and other American Colleges. They drafted a plan of government which has excited the admiration of the statesmen of the world. It is American in origin and in character. Our constitution has been described as "the most wonderful work

ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Under this system of government, our people have enjoyed a greater measure of prosperity and happiness than any other. In no other country in the world has it been possible for so many individuals of obscure and humble origin to rise to positions of wealth and influence. Under this system the American nation has attained leadership in world affairs.

My countrymen! How precious this great gift of our forebears! How valuable the natural resources of our country! How mighty its rivers! How fertile its fields! How a undant its forests! How rich its mines! How extensive its industries! And more, with what wisdom and foresight was this great government of free men conceived and builded on this continent as a standard for all the peoples of the earth! How precious the thought that we are citizens of the only nation that has a birthday, knows when it is, and celebrates it. How beautiful and symbolic is our national emblem, the first flag ever created to represent a people, a flag that has never led our soldiers in a war of oppression, and yet one that has repeatedly unfurled itself in crusades of mercy, a flag that strikes a chill to the hearts of tyrants and that stirs anew the life-blood of the human family! The red of this flag represents the precious blood of our fathers who gave us this nation, the blood of the patriots which cemented our Union, and the blood of those crusaders who crossed 3,000 miles of ocean to save humanity. The white of this flag represents the purity and the beauty of character of the women who bore the sons of America and who sacrificed them that this nation might live. The blue of this flag represents the loyalty to principle and the devotion to ideals of the citizenship which made this country possible and which has enabled this government of free men to endure. This flag has successfully repulsed the assaults of domestic and foreign enemies, it has never known surrender, and, with God blessing our people with continued wisdom and courage, it never will. Let us imitate the virtues of our fathers by displaying greater virtues. Let us, in tribute to our forebears and in discharge of our obligation to posterity, pledge our lives to preserve and maintain our priceless heritage, undecayed by neglect and untorn by usurpation.

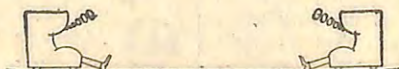
News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 25)

circumstances this condition is regarded as much more healthy than earlier reports indicated. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Alonzo L. Waters, Medina Lodge, No. 898; Secretary, Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346; Treasurer, John T. Osowski, Elmira Lodge, No. 62; Vice-Presidents: A. C. Brownell, Hoosick Falls Lodge, No. 178; Frederick H. Rasch, Glen Cove Lodge, No. 1458; George A. Danner, White Plains Lodge, No. 535; Otto Deisseroth, Newburgh Lodge, No. 247; Henry W. Honan, Elmira Lodge, No. 62; Charles B. Leclau, Oneida Lodge, No. 767; Frank L. Spoeri, Buffalo Lodge, No. 23; and Patrick B. Brennan, Malone Lodge, No. 1303; Trustees: Joseph E. Steinmeier, Chairman, Bronx Lodge, No. 871; Dr. Francis H. Marx, Oneonta Lodge, No. 1312, Secretary; William F. Edelmuth, Approving Member, Kingston Lodge, No. 550; J. Theodore Moses, North

Tonawanda Lodge, No. 860; Eugene F. Sullivan, Fulton Lodge, No. 830; George W. Denton, Gloversville Lodge, No. 226; Nunez V. Loring, Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842, and Charles T. Lanigan, Rome Lodge, No. 96.

At the opening ceremonies incident to the Convention, which were held in the spacious Lodge room of Rochester Lodge, No. 24, the guest of honor was Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, who delivered a very stirring address concerning the achievements of the Order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Hon. James A. Farley were also on the speaking list. President James H. Mackin presided. The Rochester Committee, headed by Past President D. Curtis Gano, provided a program of entertainment that met with hearty approval of all visitors in attendance. Saratoga was selected as the meeting place of 1934.



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