

The Elks

Magazine

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CENTRAL EDITION
Containing Additional News of
Central States Lodges

SEPTEMBER, 1933



Octavus Roy Cohen — George Creel — John Chapman Hilder

For Jolly Good Fellowship



*Y*OUR ELKS' CLUB—
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Blatz Old Heidelberg Beer also symbolizes friendliness and good fellowship—adds to the pleasure of happy hours spent with good friends.

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Established 1851

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Old Heidelberg

BEER

MADE IN MILWAUKEE

"I SAVED SIX ORDERS and MADE \$90 in ONE DAY . . . Thanks to This Pocket Volume!"

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

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

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

Naturally, I wrote for it—it seemed to me that here was the certain solution to the errors I had been making. Imagine my surprise—and interest—when there arrived, not only one book, but two. To this day I can't decide which of those books helped me most. The little book which I had not been expect-



Of course, that set me to thinking. If that one piece of knowledge could make me \$90, how much would I make out of having all the knowledge which the National Salesmen's Training Association could give me? It didn't take long to figure that one out, either! I was enrolled for the full training that same night; and the next two weeks saw my sales record soar. Not a minute of time lost—I studied just in spare hours, but I learned things in those spare hours that I'd never have picked up just by my own experience.

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

ing was just what I needed at the time. It was written for men just like me—men who had been plugging along in salesmanship—never successful, never so hopeless that they quit selling. And while "The Key to Master Salesmanship" gave me an insight into the real secrets of salesmanship, the other book, "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," was the one I could first get practical use from.

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

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

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

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. M-476, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. M-476, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

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

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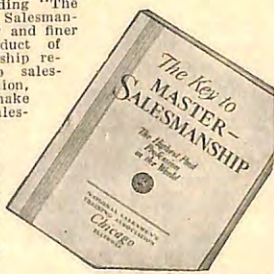
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Age Occupation



A NEW and FINER EDITION

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



This Month

AFTER a considerable interval, Octavus Roy Cohen returns to THE ELKS MAGAZINE this month. Be sure to read the latest adventures of his world-famous character, Florian Slapppy, and his dark-town cohorts. Not only is this story a most amusing one; it also tells a tale of high finance that even our international bankers will envy.



JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

THE last of John Taintor Foote's masterful "Dumb-bell of Brookfield" stories appears in this month's number. For his vivid portrayals of bird hunting and bird dogs Mr. Foote has no peer. And for courage, keenness and loyalty the great little setter, Dumb-bell, has no equal. When you have finished "Ordered On" don't feel ashamed if you feel a very decided lump in your throat.

Next Month

AN ARTICLE that will prove to be of outstanding significance in next month's issue is one that George Creel has written around President Roosevelt's official Cabinet. You have read much about the "brain trust," but very little, by comparison, regarding the real heads of the Federal Government's major departments. These quiet, unassuming men—and, for the first time, a woman—are going about their respective jobs in a way that should command the respect and admiration of all of us.

In his clear-cut, direct and vivid way Mr. Creel will tell you in the October number how these officials are attacking the many vital problems that confront them daily, how well qualified they are for their responsibilities, and how effectively they are fitting into the Governmental scheme of things.

TOUGH was the only word for him. When he spoke—which was seldom—the air sizzled with a line of cuss words that even succeeded in curling the hair of his fellow lumber jacks. His heart, however, was in the right place—and it was just as well that it was for an innocent little lady who inherited a tract of timber that came mighty close to causing her financial ruin. Be sure to read James Steven's thrilling tale about one Spike Hallisey, high-rigger, in next month's issue.

Joseph T. Fanning
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Executive Director

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Managing Editor



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Features for September, 1933

Grand Exalted Ruler, Official Circular No. 1	4
The Skins of the Fathers, a story by Octavus Roy Cohen	6
Meet "Professor" O'Doul of Tokio, an article by George Creel	9
Dumb-bell of Brookfield, a story by John Taintor Foote	12
Cast and Broadcast, by Phillips Coles	15
On the Screen, by Esther R. Bien	16
Niggers in the Woodpile, an article by John Chapman Hilder ..	18
Announcing a Nation-wide Contest for Card Players, an article by Bede Armstrong	21
Editorials	22
Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Subordinate Lodges ..	24
The Good-Will Tour on the Hospitality Trail	27
The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee	30
Supplementary Information on the Grand Lodge Business Sessions in Milwaukee	33
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits	36
News of the State Associations	36
Elkdom Outdoors	38
Cross-Word Puzzle	43

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**WE DO
OUR PART**

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

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

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NINE PLAYS

BY EUGENE O'NEILL

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There are many: first, book-dividends, for every dollar its members spend on books they receive back on the average over 50% in the form of free books. Second, without a penny

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

CONTENTS

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

THE EMPEROR JONES

MARCO MILLIONS

THE GREAT GOD BROWN

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS

LAZARUS LAUGHED

THE HAIRY APE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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

Official Circular Number One

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

1412 Northern Life Tower,
Seattle, Washington,
August 15, 1933

DEAR BROTHERS

At our Milwaukee Convention, I expressed to the delegates in attendance my appreciation of the honor bestowed upon me through their selection of me as the chief executive of this, the greatest of American fraternities. I now make a like acknowledgment to the membership of the Order generally, and express the hope that my year's service may contribute somewhat to their welfare and happiness.

District Deputy Appointments and Conferences

Heretofore, it has been the custom to defer the appointment of District Deputies until September. This practice, however, meant the loss of valuable time and shortened the period of active service of such deputies. To reclaim this time and to give my appointees an opportunity to plan their work for the fall, I have made these appointments now, and they are listed below. There was no dearth of material suggested from which to make selections, and I am confident that those appointed will do their utmost to serve the Order. I am equally satisfied that all others will do likewise, even though in an unofficial capacity, with a view to keeping themselves qualified for the future calls that will undoubtedly be made upon them.

The regional conferences for District Deputies held by my predecessor proved of great value to them and the Lodges, and I shall follow the same general plan. The rule of these conferences will be, as far as possible, a meeting of the District Deputies with me at some central point in a given district, so that I may acquaint them with my plans for the year, with an open meeting to follow so that I may have the privilege of meeting the membership generally. The places and dates of these conferences for September are listed on page 37 of this issue, and I hope the officers and members of the Subordinate Lodges will avail themselves of the inspiration that will follow from their attendance upon these meetings.

Constitutional and Statutory Enactments

The Grand Lodge, at its meeting in Milwaukee, adopted an amendment to the Constitution providing that the minimum initiation fee shall not be less than that fixed by Grand Lodge Statutes. This amendment will be submitted to the Subordinate Lodges for ratification, and upon approval thereof by a majority of the Lodges, an amendment made to Sec. 161, Grand Lodge Statutes, will then become effective. This latter amendment leaves \$25.00 as the minimum initiation fee, but will permit a Lodge to fix in its by-laws a lower initiation fee, but not less than \$10.00, for an applicant making application prior to his 26th birthday, and to waive entirely such fee in favor of an Antler in good standing in his Lodge of Antlers for two consecutive years immediately prior to his 21st birthday, provided he makes application prior to his 22nd birthday.

A number of other statutory changes were made, all of which will be included in the revised edition of the Constitution and Statutes that will be issued in October, and I shall not attempt to refer to all of them here. However, I do call attention to the fact that an amendment was made to Sec. 180 under which any member dropped for failure to pay his dues may be reinstated, but only in his former Lodge, by secret ballot, unless six or more black balls be cast, upon payment of such reinstatement fee, not to exceed one year's dues, as may be fixed by the by-laws of the Lodge, with dues for the current period prorated as in the case of the dues of a new member. The Lodges should fix the reinstatement fee in their by-laws as soon as possible, and then carry on an active campaign to reclaim their former members.

Constitution Day

The Ritual of our Order emphasizes obedience to, and support of, the Constitution and Laws of the United States, and it is especially appropriate that the anniversary of the date of the formation of our Federal Constitution, September 17th, should be formally observed with a suitable program in each Lodge, and I urge upon you that the subject be not overlooked. It is especially important that we give heed to the teaching of loyalty to constituted authority, and we cannot do so better than by inculcating a love of, and reverence for, our form of constitutional government.

Simultaneous Initiation on Armistice Day

In my speech of acceptance, I proposed that all of our Lodges meet on Saturday evening, November 11th, and initiate a "National Class" *simultaneously*, that is, with the Lodges on the Atlantic Coast commencing at 10 o'clock, those in the Central States at 9 o'clock, those in the Rocky Mountain States at 8 o'clock, those in the Pacific States at 7 o'clock, and all other Lodges at the corresponding time. I now call upon the officers and members of all our Lodges to take immediate steps looking toward the holding of this initiation at the time specified. While our ideals should strongly appeal to all who served in the World War, and we are anxious that they should cast their lot with us, yet let us invite all good, eligible citizens to become members of this "National Class." Let us make this class as large as possible, having due regard to the acceptance of desirable applicants only. I am certain that in years to come membership in this class will be greatly prized.

Leadership

During the past year we had a forceful and dynamic leader, and his accomplishments will prove an incentive for me to do my utmost to justify the confidence reposed in me. Nay, more, I hope that the examples set by all those who have preceded me may inspire in the heart of every Elk, especially every officer in the Subordinate Lodges, an earnest desire to be a real leader in his Lodge, as well as his community. Humanity is looking for leaders to-day more than ever before, and I appeal to you to fill that need. If the Lodge desires new members, set the example for others by bringing in the applications of the many eligible persons about you. If it needs advice relative to its financial or other problems, give it

the best that is in you. Set the pace; sound forth the call; become a real leader among your fellowmen; and you will quicken their spirit and guide them on to victory. Where there's a will, there's a way, and a true Elk always goes forward; he doesn't know how to retreat. Especially do I appeal to the Exalted Rulers, who so readily responded to my call in Milwaukee, to help me make this one of the greatest years that our Order has ever known.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler.



Attest:

J. E. Masters
Grand Secretary

District Deputies

- Alabama—Leon McCord, Montgomery, No. 596.
 Alaska, West—Thomas M. Donohoe, Cordova, No. 1483.
 Alaska, East—G. Edgar Gallant, Skagway, No. 431.
 Arizona, North—Frank E. Flynn, Prescott, No. 330.
 Arizona, South—R. I. Winn, Yuma, No. 476.
 Arkansas—W. W. Trimble, Fort Smith, No. 341.
 California, Bay—Jordan L. Martinelli, San Rafael, No. 1108.
 California, East Central—B. F. Lewis, Fresno, No. 439.
 California, West Central—Lloyd A. Foster, Santa Cruz, No. 824.
 California, North—Everett H. Brouillard, Susanville, No. 1487.
 California, South Central—C. P. Hebenstreit, Huntington Park, No. 1415.
 California, South—Jack F. Hosfield, San Bernardino, No. 836.
 Canal Zone—Charles F. Magee, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414.
 Colorado, Central—Thos. G. McGrath, Idaho Springs, No. 607.
 Colorado, North—Max F. Marsau, Sterling, No. 1336.
 Colorado, South—Malcolm MacDonald, Walsenburg, No. 1086.
 Colorado, West—Henry B. Zanella, Ouray, No. 492.
 Connecticut, East—Julian D. Moran, New London, No. 360.
 Connecticut, West—Wm. T. Conkling, West Haven, No. 1537.
 Delaware, Maryland and District of Columbia—James P. Swing, Cambridge, Md., No. 1272.
 Florida, East—E. L. Thompson, Daytona Beach, No. 1141.
 Florida, North—S. Friedman, Quincy, No. 1111.
 Florida, West—George N. Bickner, St. Petersburg, No. 1224.
 Georgia, North—Benjamin J. Fowler, Macon, No. 230.
 Georgia, South—Isaac G. Ehrlich, Albany, No. 713.
 Guam—Albert Kerner, Agana, No. 1281.
 Hawaii—Wm. S. Lederer, Honolulu, No. 616.
 Idaho, North—Lee Allen, Moscow, No. 249.
 Idaho, South—A. I. Myers, Caldwell, No. 1448.
 Illinois, East Central—J. J. Mohan, Streator, No. 591.
 Illinois, Northeast—George E. Davis, Evanston, No. 1316.
 Illinois, Northwest—D. M. Lotts, Mendota, No. 1212.
 Illinois, South—Roy S. Huffman, Carbondale, No. 1243.
 Illinois, Southeast—F. B. Leonard, Champaign, No. 398.
 Illinois, Southwest—F. J. Friedli, Belleville, No. 481.
 Illinois, West Central—Ben D. Baird, Galesburg, No. 894.
 Indiana, North—A. Gordon Taylor, La Porte, No. 396.
 Indiana, North Central—A. R. Luckenbill, Columbia City, No. 1417.
 Indiana, Central—Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort, No. 560.
 Indiana, South Central—James H. Waits, Rushville, No. 1307.
 Indiana, South—James P. Adkins, Washington, No. 933.
 Iowa, Northeast—James J. Deering, Boone, No. 563.
 Iowa, Southeast—Henry E. Cook, Ottumwa, No. 347.
 Iowa, West—Paul E. Roscoe, Shenandoah, No. 1122.
 Kansas, East—Stanley Shook, Topeka, No. 204.
 Kansas, West—Wayne H. Lamoreux, Great Bend, No. 1127.
 Kentucky, East—Kelly D. Harper, Catlettsburg, No. 942.
 Kentucky, West—D. W. Smith, Fulton, No. 1142.
 Louisiana, North—A. J. Manhein, Shreveport, No. 122.
 Louisiana, South—D. T. Lenhard, Baton Rouge, No. 490.
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 Maine, West—Fred L. Sylvester, Lewiston, No. 371.
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 Massachusetts, Northeast—Eugene J. Lakemarsin, Revere, No. 1171.
 Massachusetts, Southeast—James F. McClusky, Middleboro, No. 1274.
 Massachusetts, West—James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg, No. 847.
 Michigan, Central—Harry G. Chapman, Jackson, No. 113.
 Michigan, East—E. P. Greenwald, Bay City, No. 88.
 Michigan, North—Frank C. Condon, Hancock, No. 381.
 Michigan, West—G. A. Kusterer, Grand Rapids, No. 48.
 Minnesota, North—Harry Gillespie, Virginia, No. 1003.
 Minnesota, South—Roy L. Von Wald, Owatonna, No. 1395.
 Mississippi, North—H. G. Carr, Yazoo City, No. 473.
 Mississippi, South—John J. Kennedy, Biloxi, No. 606.
 Missouri, East—E. J. Martt, St. Louis, No. 9.
 Missouri, West—W. B. Owen, Maryville, No. 760.
 Montana, East—Joe Kelly, Glendive, No. 1324.
 Montana, West—Chester F. Coleman, Helena, No. 193.
 Nebraska, East—C. D. Evans, Jr., Columbus, No. 1195.
 Nebraska, West—W. C. Bullard, McCook, No. 1434.
 Nevada—Ed. H. Grenig, Ely, No. 1469.
 New Hampshire—James D. DeRocher, Nashua, No. 720.
 New Jersey, Central—Frank L. Ten Broeck, Asbury Park, No. 128.
 New Jersey, Northeast—Thomas Osborne, Kearny, No. 1050.
 New Jersey, Northwest—Vincent J. Kane, South Orange, No. 1154.
 New Jersey, South—Harry H. O'Claire, Lakewood, No. 1432.
 New Mexico—Joseph Wertheim, Carlsbad, No. 1558.
 New York, East—Jas. H. Moran, New Rochelle, No. 756.
 New York, East Central—Blake Washington, Monticello, No. 1544.
 New York, Northeast—Theodore Kalbfleisch, Jr., Glens Falls, No. 81.
 New York, North Central—John A. Wert, Ogdensburg, No. 772.
 New York, South Central—Frank R. Wassung, Norwich, No. 1222.
 New York, West—Donald R. Harvison, Olean, No. 491.
 New York, West Central—Elmer E. Wolvin, Lyons, No. 869.
 New York, Southeast—Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn, No. 22.
 North Carolina, East—T. B. Kehoe, New Berne, No. 764.
 North Carolina, West—Chas. M. Fortune, Asheville, No. 1401.
 North Dakota—Raymond C. Dobson, Minot, No. 1089.
 Ohio, North Central—C. F. Unckrich, Gallon, No. 1191.
 Ohio, Northeast—Scott H. Cook, Lakewood, No. 1350.
 Ohio, Northwest—Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, No. 94.
 Ohio, South Central—Ferd M. Pickens, Circleville, No. 77.
 Ohio, Southeast—Thomas F. Joseph, Martins Ferry, No. 895.
 Ohio, Southwest—Leo McFarland, Sidney, No. 786.
 Oklahoma, East—E. B. Smith, Sapulpa, No. 1118.
 Oklahoma, West—George McLean, El Reno, No. 743.
 Oregon, North—Charles C. Bradley, Portland, No. 142.
 Oregon, South—O. L. McDonald, Salem, No. 335.
 Pennsylvania, Southwest—John M. Shaw, South Brownsville, No. 1344.
 Pennsylvania, Northwest—Howard Ellis, Beaver Falls, No. 348.
 Pennsylvania, Southeast—K. L. Shirk, Lancaster, No. 134.
 Pennsylvania, Northeast—Robert F. Adam, Sayre, No. 1148.
 Pennsylvania, Central—Francis T. Benson, Kittanning, No. 203.
 Pennsylvania, North Central—Max L. Lindheimer, Williamsport, No. 173.
 Pennsylvania, South Central—Wilfred J. Katlheim, Tyrone, No. 212.
 Philippine Islands—Thomas J. Wolff, Manila, No. 761.
 Puerto Rico—J. D. Woodward, San Juan, No. 972.
 Rhode Island—James E. Buchanan, Pawtucket, No. 920.
 South Carolina—Waddy M. Anderson, Greenville, No. 858.
 South Dakota—M. T. Woods, Sioux Falls, No. 262.
 Tennessee, East—S. C. McChesney, Bristol, No. 232.
 Tennessee, West—Hugh W. Hicks, Jackson, No. 192.
 Texas, North—Ernest F. Fruechte, Wichita Falls, No. 1105.
 Texas, Northeast—T. J. Renfro, Fort Worth, No. 124.
 Texas, Southeast—W. A. James, Galveston, No. 123.
 Texas, South—F. E. Knetsch, Seguin, No. 1229.
 Texas, West—George L. McCann, El Paso, No. 187.
 Utah—Harold V. Leonard, Price, No. 1550.
 Vermont—William J. Lonergan, Bennington, No. 567.
 Virginia, East—M. B. Wagenheim, Norfolk, No. 38.
 Virginia, West—P. A. Kersey, Alexandria, No. 758.
 Washington, East—Clifford W. Manley, Spokane, No. 228.
 Washington, Northwest—Merle G. Ringenberg, Ballard, No. 827.
 Washington, Southeast—Bertel E. Johnson, Tacoma, No. 174.
 West Virginia, North—Walter B. Wilson, Clarksburg, No. 482.
 West Virginia, South—R. D. Lake, Charleston, No. 202.
 Wisconsin, Northeast—Elmer S. Nelson, Antigo, No. 662.
 Wisconsin, Northwest—M. A. Sauter, Superior, No. 403.
 Wisconsin, South—F. R. O'Neal, Beloit, No. 864.
 Wyoming—G. S. Pitchford, Rock Springs, No. 624.

The Skins of

By Octavus Roy Cohen



NOBLE WIMBISH was demonstrating his occult powers. He looked down from the rostrum of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise hall upon a sea of eager faces which ranged in hue from darkest black to lightest cream, and the interest which he saw reflected there inspired him to frenzied flights of oratory.

Mr. Wimbish was not a large man, but he was stockily built and well muscled. His complexion was somewhere between a bistre and an olive drab, and it shone now with the fanatical glow which appears under proper circumstances on the face of any good salesman.

He was in the process of selling himself to the dusky brethren and sister'n of Birmingham, and was finding the job not unduly difficult. Splendidly arrayed in robes of scarlet velvet, and with a coronet gleaming on his bullet-like head, he harangued his audience with impressive fervor.

"I is a soothsayer," he proclaimed, "an' Ise tellin' you-all—ev'y last one of you—that is there any sooth to be said, I says it best." He shoved a stubby forefinger in the direction of his spellbound auditors. "Has you got love troubles? Noble Wimbish can fix 'em up. Is you in feenancial difficulties? All right—s'pose you is. Consult Noble Wimbish an' them troubles is gwine vanish into thin air. Does you crave to become rich by findin' buried treasure? Mistuh Noble Wimbish has got a divin'in' rod which locates such unmistakable. In fact, my friends, there ain't nothin' I don't know an' cain't give good advice about."

The voice droned on, magnetically. As the minutes fled, it became increasingly apparent that Mr. Wimbish neither disliked himself nor doubted his own powers. Yet, despite lengthy and persuasive oratory, no spectator rose to demand immediate advice. The crowd was interested without being precisely overjoyed, and it became noticeable that such troubles as it possessed would be kept strictly personal until—and if—Mr. Wimbish succeeded in demonstrating the powers which he claimed to possess.

It was not until he had become convinced that his hearers were apathetic, that Mr. Wimbish undertook a little first class A-number one, prognostication. He suddenly ceased orating and his countenance took on an expression remindful of acute indigestion. He announced that he

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H. Weston Taylor 33

the Fathers

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

was in the process of going into an important trance. Then, after a brief silence, he spoke in a hollow, sepulchral voice.

"Ise a stranger in Bumminham, an' I don't know nobody," he declared mournfully—"so Ise askin' a question. Is there a cullud gemmum in this town named Florian Slappey?"

There was an audible gasp. Half a dozen voices declared that there was indeed such a person.

"Is Brother Slappey in this heah hall at this moment?" inquired Noble Wimbish.

THE excitement mounted. So did Mr. Slappey. Garbed in new and elegant gray flannels, the Beau Brummel of Birmingham's Darktown rose to his feet and stared with interest—not unmixed with awe—at the entranced clairvoyant.

"Heah's me!" stated Florian.

Mr. Wimbish maintained his demeanor of being not among those present.

"Is you shuah?" he intoned.

Mr. Slappey displayed some slight irritation.

"Co'se Ise shuah. If I ain't me, who is I?"

"Is yo' name Florian Slappey?"

"Suttinly it is. But just tellin' me that don't prove you can do tricks. Ev'ybody in Bumminham knows me, an' who my name is. I reckon you a'ready heard tell about me, matter how short time you has been heah. So what does it differ if you mentions . . ."

"Halt, Brother Slappey; I command you to desis' fum further speechifyin'."

Mr. Wimbish commenced to sway. He clasped his stubby hands across his tummy and rolled his eyes ceilingward. Then he spoke in a voice freighted with woe.

"Oh! Brother Slappey . . . I is grieved to mention what comest to me. We don't even know each other, an' a'ready Ise got bad news fo' you."

"Bad news?" Mr. Slappey was more impressed than he cared to admit. "What you mean—bad news?"

"I mean that . . . an' wuss. Brother Slappey,

you is about to happen to a accident!"

"Aw!" said Florian loudly. "Hush fum talkin' such foolishment."

"'Tain't foolishment," insisted the seer. "Right now you is heah; safe an' well . . . a mo's noble gemmum. You is wearin' elegant raiment. You looks happy an' prosperous. But Brother Slappey, danger is lurkin' outside, ready to swat you. Yassuh, my friend, misfortune is lurkin' just aroun' the corner an' you is gwine to meet up with it to-night, positive shuah."

"Fum a diddle s!" snapped Florian, resent-

Mr. Wimbish commenced to sway . . . he rolled his eyes ceilingward. Then he spoke in a voice freighted with woe

ing the tremor of apprehension which came over him. "Ain't nobody in the world can tell about no accident befo' it happens."

"I can," stated Noble Wimbish, "'cause Ise a soothsayer. Maybe you folks don't b'lieve all the grand things I claims I can do. Mebbe you don't know I can fix up all yo' love an' business worries an' make you rich an' happy. Maybe you think that Brother Slappey ain't gwine happen to no accident . . . but heed me, Folks—heed me! He is! This ve'y night! Within one houah . . ."

Mr. Slappey made a pooh-pooh noise. The meeting adjourned, and Florian's friends gathered about him . . . regarding the slender, immaculate figure of their friend very much as one





Mr. Slappey collared the trembling, apologetic little man who had driven the other car and shook him with fine fury

might inspect a person who was on the threshold of the hereafter.

Mr. Slappey tried to make light of the situation. He explained that even if an accident had been considering seeking him out, he would now be on guard, and therefore safe. He insisted that the failure of this accident to occur would prove definitely and finally that Noble Wimbish was an impostor and a fraud.

"Yes, Florian—but s'pose it do happen?"

"It won't," retorted Florian crisply.

"I ain't gwine permit it."

"But if'n it did . . . wou'n't that prove that Noble Wimbish was a genius?"

"Oh! mebbe so . . . I dunno . . . But cease fum talkin' so mournful. Ain't nothin' gwine happen to me; nevah, no time."

Mr. Slappey remained in the meeting rooms ten minutes longer. He was nervous and ill-at-ease, and he resented the morbid stares which were cast in his direction. To be the victim of an unoccurred accident was a novel and none-too-pleasant experience, and eventually Florian bade his friends adieu and left the hall.

They followed him to the door, voicing expressions of friendship and regret. They watched him walk to the curb and climb into his little roadster.

Mr. Slappey drove up the street with scrupulous care. Tonight he did not handle the wheel with his customary insouciance. He proceeded slowly and cautiously, eyes darting from side to side,

lest the promised disaster should sneak upon him unbeknownst.

But now—free from the sympathy of his friends—Mr. Slappey commenced to feel more himself again. He even permitted his mind to dwell briefly upon gastronomic subjects. He remembered that he had dined early and lightly, and the thought came to him that he might experience pleasure in absorbing one of Bud Peagler's succulent barbecue sandwiches. Or even two.

And then something happened—suddenly, terrifyingly, unavoidably. A dark mass hurtled from the alley. The night was split by the warning shriek of an automobile siren; there was a human yell, a groaning of ineffective brakes . . . and then a hideous tearing, ripping sound as the two cars crashed.

From the meeting rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, a half block distant, came a howl of wonder and sympathy. The colored brothers and sisters streamed to the scene of the accident. They found Mr. Slappey extricating himself from the wreckage of his car.

He was not an inspiring sight. The new gray suit was sadly in need of cleaning and

pressing. Mr. Slappey's shirt was torn. His hat was completely hors de combat. And his car appeared to be in a very disconsolate condition.

"It happened!" shrieked a convert. "Ev'rything happened just like Noble Wimbish said it would!"

Mr. Slappey found small solace in this declaration. He collared the trembling, apologetic little man who had driven the other car and shook him with fine fury.

"What's yo' name?"

"M-m-my name is Eddie Gnat."

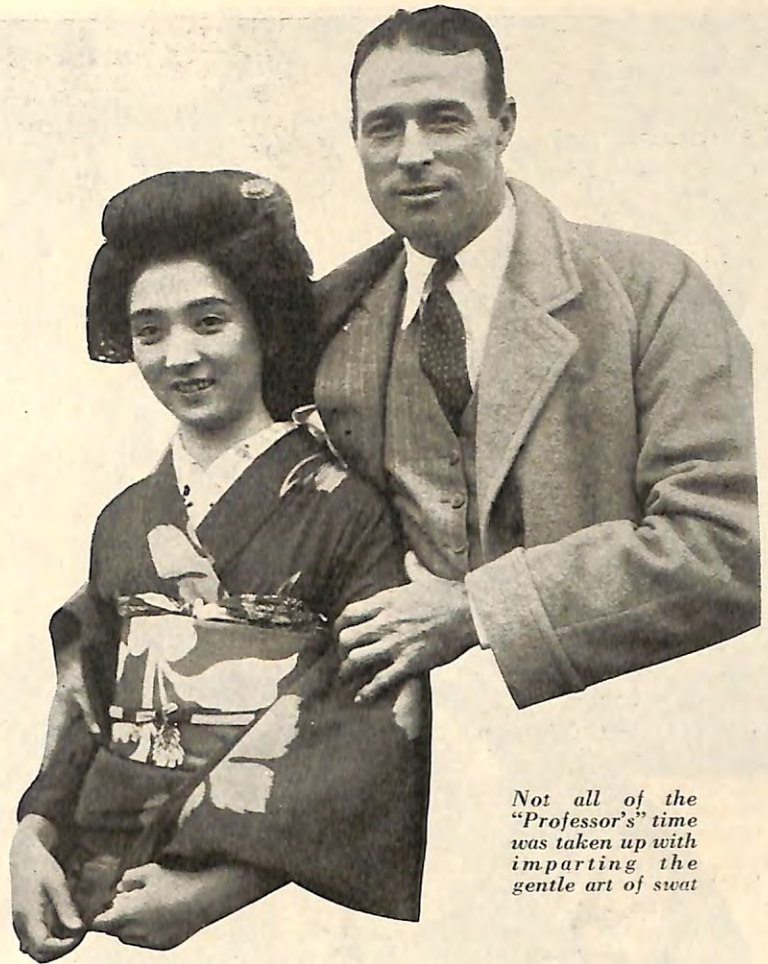
"How come you drave right into me?"

"I—Ise sorry, M-m-mistuh. I never

(Continued on page 44)

Meet "Professor" O'Doul of Tokio

By George Creel



Not all of the "Professor's" time was taken up with imparting the gentle art of swat

HERE in these United States, one "Lefty" O'Doul may be regarded merely as a fleet outfielder on the New York Giants, and an earnest young man who has a habit of leading the National League in batting, but over in Japan he is Frank Joseph O'Doul, D. S., B. B. B., and M. H. O. H. H. All of which means Doctor of Swat, Bachelor of Baseball and Master Hammer of the Old Horse Hide.

The frenzied bleacherites of darkest Coogan's Bluff, where "Lefty" plies his trade on summer afternoons, may feel it their right to give him the Roman cheer when he fails to deliver a home run at crucial moments, but in far Nippon he is an august personage whose every movement is followed respectfully and with bated breath. Occupying the chair of baseball in the six universities of Tokio—not one, mind you, but six—his is a lofty position, and a whole nation watches happily as he teaches the youth of Japan to meet the apple square on the nose.

The Flowery Kingdom, from all reports, is close to being baseball crazy, only the forces of tradition keeping the *samurai* from exchanging their two-handed swords for a willow club. I had the privilege of visit-

ing with Professor O'Doul a short time after his return from Tokio, and it is his deliberated opinion that the hit and run pastime is much more the national game of Japan than it is of the United States today.

"Once I got back to the hotel about two o'clock in the morning," he related, "and darned if a couple of bellhops weren't playing catch in the hall out-

side my room. Another night I was passing a barber shop and saw a bunch of boys inside, all of 'em in baseball uniform. Through my interpreter I learned that it was a team scheduled to play the next morning, and they were taking no chances of being late for the game.

"It's quite common to see teams playing as early as seven o'clock, and every vacant patch of ground from one corner of the land to the other is given over to baseball. Half the time they don't even stop to clear off the rocks. The ship I went over on had two teams made up of sailors, stewards and engineers, and almost before we docked, they were in their suits, all ready to play a game for the championship of the boat. Even the truck drivers wear baseball caps.

"Some fans!" Professor O'Doul disposed his six feet of sinewy length a trifle more comfortably, and heaved an appreciative sigh. "When I first went to Japan in 1931 with an All American team, our automobiles paraded for six miles, and every inch of the way we crept through crowds that packed the streets from curb to curb. And they knew us, too, for the Japanese press follows the big league races, and the pictures of National and Amer-



The "Professor" talks turkey to a group of his eager young students



In Japan the entire populace—men, women and children—glorifies baseball and baseball players



HAAS-SCHREINER PHOTO

By actual count we signed ten thousand baseballs, and lord only knows how many other things

ican League stars figure in almost every edition.

"When the people rushed up for autographs, they called each of us by name, and never made a mistake. By actual count we signed ten thousand baseballs, and Lord only knows how many other things. The girls opened their handbags so we could write on the inside, and once on a dining car a fat chef took off his white coat and had the gang mark it up for him. Gehrig,

Grove and Rabbit Maranville almost got writer's cramp.

"We played seventeen games and the aggregate attendance was 550,000. The price of admission was about forty cents, and they told me people went without their meals to buy tickets. It's nothing for a game between two universities to draw a crowd of 75,000, and at Osaka, where two small colleges played for the championship of the section, 90,000 people fought their way into the stadium. I'll say the Japanese are baseball crazy!

"How well do they play? Well, you can judge for yourself when I tell you

that the university teams put up real battles against the greatest all star combination that America ever saw. Back of the plate we had Gordon Cochrane and Muddy Ruel; our pitchers were Grove, Larry French and Bruce Cunningham; we had Lou Gehrig at first, Frankie Frisch at second, Rabbit Maranville at short and Willie Kamm at third, and in the outfield were Al Simmons, Tom Oliver and myself.

"Just the same, the Keio team held us to a 2 to 0 score, and we were lucky to beat out a Yokohama bunch by a count of 3 to 2. In another game we were trailing five runs behind in the seventh inning, and only a succession of breaks enabled us to tie the score and win out in the ninth. Tsuji, a pitcher for Rickyo, fanned eight of us in a game, and Gehrig, Simmons and myself were among those that went back to the bench without seeing the ball.

THE Nipponese are great baserunners, fast as flashes, and remarkably good fielders. The fences are so far out that you've got the whole world to run in, and I saw some catches that Tris Speaker would have been proud to make. One fielder, I remember, went back a mile to pull down a ball over his shoulder, and was only a few feet from the concrete wall when he made the catch. Seeing that he was bound to hit, he turned a front flip and struck feet first instead of cracking his skull.

"Where they were pretty weak was on hitting. That," he explained, "is how I got my job. I was fortunate enough to lead the National League in batting in 1929, and they went to Herb Hunter and asked if I could be employed to come

back in the fall of 1932 and coach 'em on their stick work. Hunter, by the way, is the man who first took baseball to Japan, and when he speaks at a banquet they always introduce him as the Ambassador of Baseball. And seriously, too.

"What they did in respect to me was what they did in the matter of swimming. When the Japanese decided to go in for water sports, they sent to Hawaii for Duke Kahanamoku and other champions, and put them in the universities as coaches. That was why the Japanese swimmers were able to pile up so many wins in the aquatic events last summer at the Olympic games.

"There are six universities in Tokio: Waseda, Meiji, Hosei, Rickyo, Imperial and Keio. The schedule calls for three games between each team, played on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays during a season that runs from April 1 to October. I was batting coach for all six, Moe Berg, catcher of the Washington team, taught the fine points behind the plate, and Ted Lyons, the White Sox pitcher, coached the twirlers.

"Both were fine fellows, and made splendid impressions. Berg is a chap with an amazing gift for languages, and he went out for Japanese the minute we got on the boat. The last time I saw him in Tokio he was all dolled up in Japanese costume, talking the tongue as glib as you please, and he told me he had planned a trip through the interior all by himself.

(Continued on page 52)



"I've got to admit that they are much easier to teach than American kids. All of them are there to learn, and how they do concentrate on it," O'Doul says

When I first went to Japan in 1931 with an All American team, our automobiles paraded for six miles, and every inch of the way we crept through crowds that packed the streets from curb to curb



Occupying the chair of baseball in the six universities of Tokio, O'Doul's position is a lofty one, and a whole nation watches happily as he teaches the youth of Japan to meet the apple square on the nose

Dumb-bell of Brookfield

Fourth and Final Episode— Ordered On



*He looked down
at the quiet figure
he carried.
"Come and get
him, Tom—I
can't unbend
my arms"*

THE wood fire leaped and crackled, and shot small embers out upon the bricks. The embers changed from white to red, from red to gray, from gray to sullen black. Their lives were short. One moment glowing, brilliant—dead smudges on the hearth the next. Dumb-Bell watched them.

It was the first time Dumb-Bell had noticed the embers. His chair had always stood in the bay window across the big room. That day they had moved it nearer the fire. He wondered why.

They had moved the leather-covered stool, too. He blinked down at it. The leather-covered stool had stood, for the past six months, just in front of his chair. He had disliked it at first because it was strange. He disliked strange things that interfered with his habits. It had been his habit, until the last year, to get into his chair by a single easy bound. Then he had found it better to put his forepaws in the chair seat, pull one hind leg up, and then the other.

One day he had hunted quail from a pink dawn to a red eve. They had taken out as his brace mate young Susan Whitestone, who was something of a fibbertigibbet. The perverse creature had insisted on flying to far dim thickets in her searchings, leaving nearer cover unexplored. It was that way with the young—success was always just over the hill. Dumb-Bell had humored the silly thing, had even been caught up by her infectious, sweeping flights. He had run without restraint, without dignity, with abandon.

Not as he had run in those all-conquering days when his sobriquet was the White Ghost; but he had held the flitting Susan even, for a time, and there was this difference between them; now and then she would flash blithely past a bit of cover, without a thought, without a sign; and then he would come

plunging by, weary in heels and heart, but with a champion's nose. One instant he was in his stride, the next moveless, high-headed, tense. Within the thicket, perhaps a hundred feet away, was a breathless huddle of Lrown feathers and close-held wings!

And then the airy Susan would come creeping back, awed by the splendor of his pose, vaguely troubled by the thought that, flit as she might for all her days, such miracles were not for her.

That night, when Dumb-Bell put his forepaws in the chair his hind legs, for some reason, refused to follow. He had tried to lift them up, his toes scratching on the slippery leather, until his mistress came and helped him into the chair.

Limping in from the garden next day Dumb-Bell had found the stool before his chair. He waited for someone to move it. No one did, and he decided to climb into the chair despite it. He found the stool was like a step. By using it he could walk right into his chair. He tried it several times to make sure. It worked perfectly every time. From then on he liked the stool.

And now they had moved his chair and his stool nearer the fire. It had

seemed a little chilly in the bay window the last few nights. It must be a very cold fall. It was certainly nice and warm here by the fire. And then he could watch the embers.

He was alone with the fire and his thoughts. He could hear a faint murmur of voices coming from the dining-room. The people were about the pleasant, glistening table. It might be well to go in there and stand by his mistress. Then, just before Griggs took her plate away, her fork would come stealing down quite quietly with something delicious on the end. He would be careful not to let his teeth click on the silver tines. Not that it made any difference who heard, but they had done it that way for years.

It had begun when he was always hungry and inclined to beg, and perhaps annoy the guests, and rules had been made. Nowadays he was never very hungry and guests were never annoyed

By John

Taintor Foote

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin



at anything he did. They were, as a matter of fact, quite flattered if he noticed them at all.

Dumb-Bell raised his head from his paws, stirred, and glanced at the door. It was a long way to the dining-room, and he was not in the least hungry. He had left three pieces of liver untouched on his plate in the butler's pantry.

He was still watching the embers when the people came in from dinner—his master and mistress and that old man named Parmalee. Dumb-Bell gave the two thumps on the chair seat which hospitality required, and Mr. Parmalee came and scratched him back of the ears.

It was pleasant, this scratching. He closed his eyes. The voices and the

snapping of the fire grew fainter and fainter. At last they drifted away altogether, and he was in a queer thicket in which quail rose with a whir at every step he took but gave no scent, although he tried and tried to smell them. Why he, Champion Brookfield Dumb-Bell, was flushing birds! It was horrible. He twitched and whined in his sleep.

While he slept the people talked. "Jim," said Mr. Parmalee, "I've come here this time to tell you something. I've discovered the Happy Hunting Ground. I want to take you there."

The master of Brookfield looked at him inquiringly.

"I not only discovered it, I made it," Mr. Parmalee went on. "No, I can't say that. Come to think of it, the Good Lord did most of the work. I just put on the finishing touches. It's in Minnesota."

"Are there quail up there?" asked

Gregory doubtfully. "I've understood not. Nothing to speak of, at any rate."

"No, no," said Mr. Parmalee. "Bobwhite must have his comforts—his corn and his ragweed and his wheat. Some day, perhaps, he'll get there, but not now. The wilderness frightens him. We'll hunt a braver bird, king of them all."

"Ruffed grouse!" said the master of Brookfield quickly.

"Just so," said Mr. Parmalee, and then he explained. He owned, it seemed, a big tract of timber land in north-

ern Minnesota. He coughed slightly as he admitted it—the things he owned embarrassed Mr. Parmalee. He had gone up there last year. He wanted to see the great pines tremble, sway, and crash down before the deep biting axes and snoring saws of the lumberjacks. He had seen this, and other things. In particular he had seen, or rather heard, the flight of innumerable ruffed grouse getting up before him in the thickets.

It was all but impenetrable cover, much too thick for wing shooting; and yet here was a country filled with the greatest of all game birds. He thought about it for several days.

IN any direction he pushed his way through second-growth pine, silver birch, alders, and a riot of bushes and vines, a thrilling roar of wings was all about him.

One night he talked with the logging superintendent who recommended and sent for one Red Harry, log boss extraordinary. He came, a big red man, as thick through the chest as one of the pines he smote, and stood in the doorway. Mr. Parmalee told him what he wanted. Could it be done?

"Sure, anything kin be done; but it'll cost—"

"That's my part of it," said Mr. Parmalee, who had taken stock of his man and was never embarrassed when it came to large affairs.

Red Harry turned and spat unhurriedly through the doorway. "I'll get a hundred rough-necks from Brainerd. You want some of the stuff left standin', an' brush heaps made every little bit. Have I got you right?"

"Exactly. If you thin it too much the birds will leave, and they like brush heaps."

"Twenty square miles?"

"About that," said Mr. Parmalee;

"and a good, tight, four-room cabin."

"All set," said Red Harry, and slouched into the night.

The master and mistress of Brookfield listened to further deeds of Red Harry and his rough-necks. The eyes of the mistress of Brookfield widened at this wholesale conversion of the wilderness into a shooting preserve.

"And so," Mr. Parmalee wound up, "the Happy Hunting Ground is ready." He turned to his hostess. "I hoped you would come, too. It will be a little rough, but—"

"I'd love it," said Mrs. Gregory. "And Jim will go quite mad."

"THE trouble is," said Gregory, "I haven't a dog that will do. My stuff is all too fast for grouse. I'll talk to Peter tomorrow though and see what he's got."

But Peter tilted his hat over one eye and scratched the back of his head when asked, next morning, to produce a grouse dog. He let his eye rove down the line of runways and back to the master of Brookfield. A grouse dog must be a plodding, creeping, silent worker. A field trial kennel was not the place to look for one.

"Old Jane Aus'in, now, might do," said Peter at last. "She always was sly like, an' what with age an' whelpin' an' one thing an' other she might stay around where you could get a look at her now and then."

"All right," said the master of Brookfield promptly, "we'll take her along."

"Wait a minute," said Peter. "I ain't told you yet. She's 'eavy in whelp to Beau Brummell."

"Oh!" said the master of Brookfield. "Well, why didn't you say so at first?"

"Ow can I say it all at once?" Peter wanted to know. "You come 'ere askin' me this an' askin' me that, an' I'm just tellin' you." He spent a moment in thought. "Ole Bang 'e's gone," he said meditatively. "Now the Beau 'imself might do. 'E's slowed down to nothin' an' 'e's got a grand nose—"

"Just the thing," said the master of Brookfield. "We'll give him a trial at any rate. What else have you got?"

"Old your 'orses a bit," said Peter. "Is rheumatism 'as been so bad 'ere lately 'e can't 'ardly get out of 'is kennel."

The master of Brookfield got out his cigarette case and seated himself on the kennel house doorstep. There followed a gloomy silence. It was broken by Peter at last.

"Lord!" he exploded suddenly, "I never thought." He folded his arms and directed a reproachful eye at the master of Brookfield. "You come 'ere askin' me for a grouse dog," he said. "Why didn't you look around afore you come?" He nodded toward the house. "What about 'im?" he inquired. "With all

Lord save us and have mercy on us!?"

The pines had done it. At first Dumb-Bell had suspected the loons which laughed wildly from somewhere out on the black mystery of the lake. But it wasn't the loons; they, at least, were alive. It was the pines, the brooding pines—and the silence. Always before, wherever he had gone, there had been noises, reassuring noises. Early in the morning, like this, birds should chirp and roosters crow; dogs give tongue and cattle rumble a greeting to the dawn. Horses might nicker and stamp. And, best of all, there would be human voices, or a laugh, or a song, or a whistle. And the trees, where these things happened, rustled comfortably and seemed to take an interest.



There was a grouse in the brush heap. Dumb-Bell slowed to a creep and then to a crawl

the brains an' all the nose in the world, an' 'is speed gone from 'im. Take 'im with you up there, an' if 'e flushes a single bird, once 'e knows what they're like, you can 'ave my wages for a year."

"I believe you're right," said the master of Brookfield, brightening. "It's queer I didn't think of it. And yet, when you consider everything—" He broke off, overwhelmed by visions of the past in which a white speck swept distant horizons while horsemen cursed him lovingly and galloped after.

"It is funny now, ain't it?" said Peter. "Untin' grouse with 'im.

All this was far away, and Dumb-Bell had the shivers, and the pines had done it. He had heard them all night. When the wind blew, the pines made a noise. He did not like that noise. The silence in which, no matter how hard he listened, nothing could be heard, was almost better.

Although the kitchen fire was banked and he lay on a shooting coat close to the stove he had begun to shiver as the noise went on. He had hoped that when it stopped he would stop shivering, but the wind had died out and the noise had stopped, and still he shivered. He could see the pines now through the cabin window, black and still against the sky, plainer every minute as the light grew. So many of them! There were a few pines at Brookfield. There had been a lot of them on one side of the course when he won the Continental. He had not shivered at them then. He had just run, with hundreds of men watching, and smashed into his bevy finds and gone on, while the men yelled.

But the pines down there were smaller and not so black and proud, and he had been wild with excitement, for of course he was winning, he always won, and he knew the men would crowd about him

(Continued on page 49)



Vying with Whiteman for jazz supremacy are Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, above, smoothest outfit on the air. Fred directs, and brother Tom, soloist, plays the piano at extreme left. All the girls are dreams. The musicians are chosen for voices and comedy as well as musical talent, and they do the glee club work as featured. Listen to this fullsome program over WABC on Wednesdays at ten, EDST.

By popular request we picture Olive Palmer (Olive Kline) below, famous radio and concert star, who has appeared on many of radio's foremost national programs.

Willard Robison, center, writes music said by critics to be the most original contribution to American folk song of the last decade. His twenty-piece Deep River Orchestra pours forth music of the south as soft and as languorous as a forgotten lullaby. His charming melodies are heard Thurs. and Sat. evenings and late Sunday afternoons over WABC. Robison himself sings; David Ross murmurs poetry.

Johnnie Seagle, below, baritone of the Cavalier's Quartet, should be heard in his Sunday afternoon harmony-team program over NBC with Vee Lawnhurst.



RAY LEE JACKSON



RAY LEE JACKSON

Cast and Broadcast

By

Phillips Coles



RAY LEE JACKSON

In the picture at the right, Leslie Howard has his machine gun trained on the enemy from a high watch tower—and he means business. It is the climax of the picture entitled "Captured," a story of what happened to a group of English officers in one German prison camp. The other principals in the picture are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lucas, Margaret Lindsay and Frank Reicher

On the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



Lionel Barrymore plays a rôle of unspectacular heroism as a country doctor in his new picture, "One Man's Journey." Embarked on a brilliant career in a great city, he is embittered by the loss of his wife and returns with his baby son to the small rural community where he was raised. There he plays a dramatic part in the lives of those to whom he has become all-important. Pictured with him at the left are Dorothy Jordan and David Landau

Robert Armstrong, a visiting young American gets lost in a London fog. Seeking direction he blunders into a house where thieves masquerade as detectives, and supposedly respectable people turn out to be crooks. Presently he finds himself escaping across the roofs of London in the rôle of protector to a pretty English girl. They encounter a timid burglar and join forces with him. The picture is aptly titled "Blind Adventure," and Mr. Armstrong is shown at the right with Roland Young and Helen Mack, his companions in the night's excitements



"Night Flight," in which William Gargan and Myrna Loy (right) play prominent rôles, is a picture of the drama that lies behind the schedule regularly maintained by a large aviation company. It is not one of the daring pilots who is the real hero of this story, but the general manager of the company; the man of iron will who allows no emotion to impair the efficiency of the discipline he maintains. This part is played by John Barrymore while the other leading rôles are filled by his brother Lionel, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery



In the center of the avenging group at the left you may distinguish Charles Bickford. He is about to suffer for his sins as a racketeer at the hands of a group of high school students who temporarily hold all positions of municipal power during the celebration of Boys' Week in their community. The picture is called "This Day and Age" and it boasts some tense moments and stirring scenes which result from the impatience of these young officials in dealing with the red tape and chicanery of legal procedure

Niggers in the Woodpile

By John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by James W. Earley

YOU are driving slowly along a quiet street. Suddenly, from behind a parked car, a pedestrian steps into your path. You swerve, slam on your brakes. But your right mud-guard strikes the jaywalker a glancing blow, knocking him down. With your heart in your mouth, you jump out of the car and hasten back to your victim. The latter is picking himself up, brushing himself off. To your anxious questions he replies, a trifle shakily, that he is all right. He declines your offer to take him to a doctor. "It was all my fault," he says, with a sheepish grin. "I was thinking about something else."

You take his name and address, however, give him yours and, among the small crowd that has gathered, you seek witnesses to the occurrence. Only one bystander admits having seen the accident happen. You take his name and address too. Then, assured once more that the jaywalker has no injuries, you get into your car and—pulling yourself together, for your knees feel weak—you drive away. Being a conscientious person, that day you file reports of the accident with your insurance agent and with the local police. For a week or

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so you regale your friends with the story of your close shave. Then, gradually, the incident takes its place as a shadowy memory in your mind.

Six months pass—and one fine morning you're brought up short by the receipt of an astonishing letter. It is from a lawyer. In it the lawyer states that unless you settle at once, for damages in the amount of \$5,000, for injuries sustained by his client, John Jones, as the result of having been knocked down by your car, he has instructions to bring suit. Indignant and bewildered, you grab your hat and dash to the office of your insurance man. "Look at this," you command excitedly, thrusting the letter under his nose. "It's an outrage. The man didn't have a scratch—"

The agent reads the letter, nods slowly, swears vehemently. "Another one," he growls. "All right. Leave this with me. You're covered. You won't have to worry."

"But there's nothing to it," you exclaim. "There can't be. Jones wasn't hurt. I offered to take him to a doctor—"

"I know. He said he was all right. Probably he was—until this shyster got to him. Of course there's a chance that



he may have been hurt, without realizing it at the time. Such things happen. But I don't think it happened in this case. The letter's got 'frame-up' written all over it. But just the same we may have to settle before we're through."

"But that's crazy. These fellows haven't got a single, solitary leg to stand on."

"You'd be surprised," says the insurance man drily. "You don't know how they operate. Let me give you the picture . . ."

Here, in brief, it is:

Jones leaves the scene of his narrow escape feeling lucky to be still alive. So far as he's concerned the affair is finished. But the following day he re-



The statement covered six pages. Honeyman read it through and was just about to sign it, when the door opened and in marched his wife. She glared at the visitors with a hostile eye

nervous shock," he tells him, "and torn ligaments in your back. If anybody wants to know, you don't feel much pain when you're standing or seated, but when you're about half way between, or if you try to lift anything, then it's just like a knife. Understand?" He straps the patient with bands of adhesive plaster, so that he'll have something to show his friends, and tells him to come to the office regularly for a series of treatments.

The lawyer lets Jones act his part for a few months, to make the period of his disability long enough to warrant a good-sized claim. He sees the witness and fixes him. Then he gets a certificate signed by his pal the doctor, attesting to Jones's injuries, and sets the ball rolling by writing the aforementioned letter which made such a hit with you.

"Get the layout?" asks the insurance man.

"Sure. But if you know that much, I should think you'd get after these fellows and arrest 'em."

"WE DO get 'em, sooner or later, if they're making a business of the fake claim racket. But sometimes some of them manage to work the game over and over before we can get enough on them to send 'em up. You see there are lots of things we're morally certain of that we can't always prove. As I say, it's possible that your man Jones did have some injury that he wasn't conscious of until afterwards. If so, there's no question about his being entitled to damages. It's up to us to find out the truth of the matter. And that's not so easy. How are we going to prove he wasn't injured? Suppose we have our own doctors examine him. They won't find anything, because he'll have claimed the kind of injury that leaves no trace after it's healed. All we have to go on is suspicion, which isn't legal evidence. And unless our investigators can dig up evidence

ceives a visit from a stranger, who says: "I understand you were injured in an auto accident yesterday. I'm a lawyer and if you're not already represented by counsel, I'd be glad to handle your claim for you."

"I was in an accident," says Jones, "but I wasn't hurt."

"Don't be silly," says the lawyer, who got the details from the police reports. "You could use a few hundred dollars, couldn't you? It won't cost you a cent unless I collect damages for you. In that case we split fifty-fifty."

"No," says Jones, after a moment's hesitation, "the fellow who hit me was a good egg. It wouldn't be fair to him."

"Forget it," says the lawyer. "The money won't come out of his pocket. He's insured."

Like a good many other people, Jones is the kind who'd never take a penny from an individual, but who feels that stealing from insurance companies is not really stealing. So he falls for the lawyer's proposition. The first step is to be examined by a doctor the lawyer recommends. That worthy looks him over pretty carefully, in the hope of finding something actually wrong with him, an old fracture perhaps, that can be attributed to the accident. Disappointed in this, he is obliged to endow Jones with imaginary troubles. "You have a bad case of



against Jones, his lawyer, his doctor, or all three, to support a charge of conspiracy to defraud, the only thing we can do is to make a settlement.

"The birds who operate this racket are clever. They know they stand a better chance in court than we do, because nobody loves an insurance company, and there's a strong possibility that the average jury'll give 'em a verdict just out of sentiment, if there's any room for doubt. That's why the companies often make settlements, even though they know they're being robbed. They know it, but they can't always prove it. In this case I'm suspicious because the claim is being made so long after the accident. If it had been on the level, you'd have heard from Jones, or his lawyer, within a few days, which would have given us a chance to check up and verify the facts. . . . Well—let's hope the legal department's already got something on this lawyer, or his pal the doctor, and that this time we'll be able to nail 'em."

DURING the last few years the enormous increase in automobile accidents has offered a fertile field for the swindler. Since the depression especially, the number of false and padded claims has given insurance authorities cause to view with a jaundiced eye the vaunted honesty of the general public. Men and women of high and low degree have felt the pinch and an amazing proportion of them have been willing to lend themselves to shady schemes, such as that outlined, in order to get their hands on a little ready money. Taking advantage of the widespread need for cash, and the equally widespread feeling that stealing from insurance companies is permissible, unethical lawyers and doctors all over the country have been reaping illegal harvests. But it is not only against fraudulent claims filed by or for otherwise upright citizens that the insurance companies have to be on guard. They are also occasionally victimized by criminal rings whose mem-



bers attempt to cash in—sometimes with temporary success—on accidents that have never happened.

One Tuesday about a year ago, a man, frantic with pain and fright, limped into the police station of a New Jersey city a few miles from New York. To the men on duty he stammered out excitedly that he had just escaped from a rooming house in a nearby street, where he had overheard a plot to murder him. While detectives were rushed to the house in question, he told the following story:

Some men he had met the preceding week had told him he could make some easy money by reporting at the rooming house. Needing funds, he had followed up this tip. It was explained to him that his job would be to pretend to have been injured in an automobile accident. All he would have to do would be to let one of the men present, a doctor, cut his arm a little and put one of his legs in a plaster cast. In return for this he would be given a cut of the insurance money. He had agreed to the proposal. On the Wednesday the accident had been reported to the police as having occurred that day, though, of course, it hadn't happened at all. On the Saturday morning, as per instructions, he had gone to the rooming house, where the doctor had made not a little cut, but an ugly gash, in his arm—a gash that had required ten stitches to sew up—and had put his leg, uninjured, in a cast. That afternoon he had been examined by the representative of the insurance company.

UP TO that point, evidently, this man, whose name was Woznak, had been a willing martyr to the cause. But then an unforeseen complication had set in. His wounded arm, instead of healing, became infected. Alarmed, he had gone to the rooming house to have it treated. While sitting in the upstairs room, waiting for the doctor, he had heard voices outside the door. One, a woman's, said:

(Continued on page 40)



Announcing A Nation-Wide Contest for Card Players

By Bede Armstrong



Bede Armstrong of Waukegan, Ill., Lodge No. 702, who henceforth will conduct the Card Department for THE ELKS MAGAZINE

BEGINNING with this issue THE ELKS MAGAZINE is enlarging the scope of its Card Department. It will no longer be confined to contract bridge alone. We are opening this Department to a discussion of any card game in which readers may be interested. The new Editor, Mr. Bede Armstrong, will answer questions and render decisions regarding the rules of all the various card games. Naturally, in view of the present popularity of contract bridge, comments on this game will occupy much of the space.

It is with pleasure that we announce Bede Armstrong as the Editor of our new Card Department. His wide knowledge of practically all card games, and in particular his activities in conducting bridge tournaments, assure the readers of this Department of dependable information on these subjects. Subsequent articles by Mr. Armstrong will deal mostly with social and tournament activities that have been devised for the purpose of increasing the interest of members in their lodges. In addition, each article will contain two problem hands which you will enjoy solving.

Last season Mr. Armstrong conducted a series of tournaments in the Northeast District of Illinois which were highly successful. In these affairs both auction and contract were played, and in the trophy match twelve lodges participated. The

good fellowship engendered and the interest in Elksdom aroused were the most important benefits derived. Almost every lodge had concrete cases of members who were reinstated or new ones who joined owing to this particular activity. We feel that your lodge and district could benefit in a like manner and if you get in touch with Mr. Armstrong he will furnish you with all the details.

All matters pertaining to this Department should be addressed to Bede Armstrong, c/o THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago, Ill.—THE EDITORS.

I WAS happy indeed to have had the opportunity of addressing the delegates at the Milwaukee Convention. From the numbers who came to me afterward expressing their interest and willingness to co-operate, I am certain that we can put over most successfully the program we have in mind for a nation-wide card contest. I am further grateful for the opportunity of reaching all Elksdom through the columns of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and I

only hope that you will all feel free to write me on any subject concerning cards.

This Department is yours. To get the most out of it you will have to use it. Not only do I expect to offer help and suggestions to the various lodges, but I also hope to get ideas from you which I will, in turn, pass on to others. The main idea governing this Department is that it shall be fruitful in stimulating interest in YOUR lodge. This may manifest itself by more of the brothers coming to the club rooms for social sessions; or it may be that these social affairs will advertise your lodge in such a way that you will be able to make a large number of reinstatements, as well

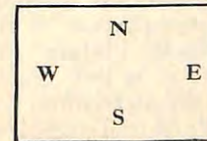
(Continued on page 54)

A Prize Will Be Given to Every Elk Who Submits the Correct Solutions to the Two Problems Below:

Problem No. 1. This hand came up in a duplicate contract match. How would you bid and play it? South is dealer. It's not so easy. The solution will be published next month.

- S. A-K-Q-6-4-3
- H. A-J-6
- D. Q-3
- C. K-3

- S. 10-8-2
- H. Q-5
- D. K-9-5-4
- C. Q-J-10-6

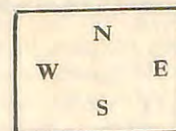


- S. J-9-7
- H. K-8-4-2
- D. A-J
- C. A-8-7-4

Problem No. 2.

Seven cards left. Hearts are trump. South has the lead. Can you take all seven tricks against any defense? The solution will be published next month

- S. 3-2
- H. J-8-3
- D.
- C. A-2

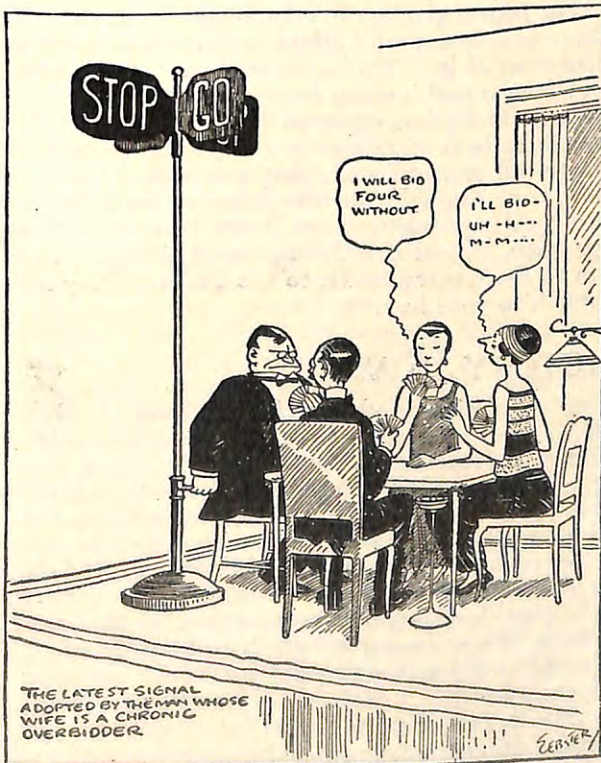


- S. Q-10
- H.
- D. 10-4
- C. K-5-3

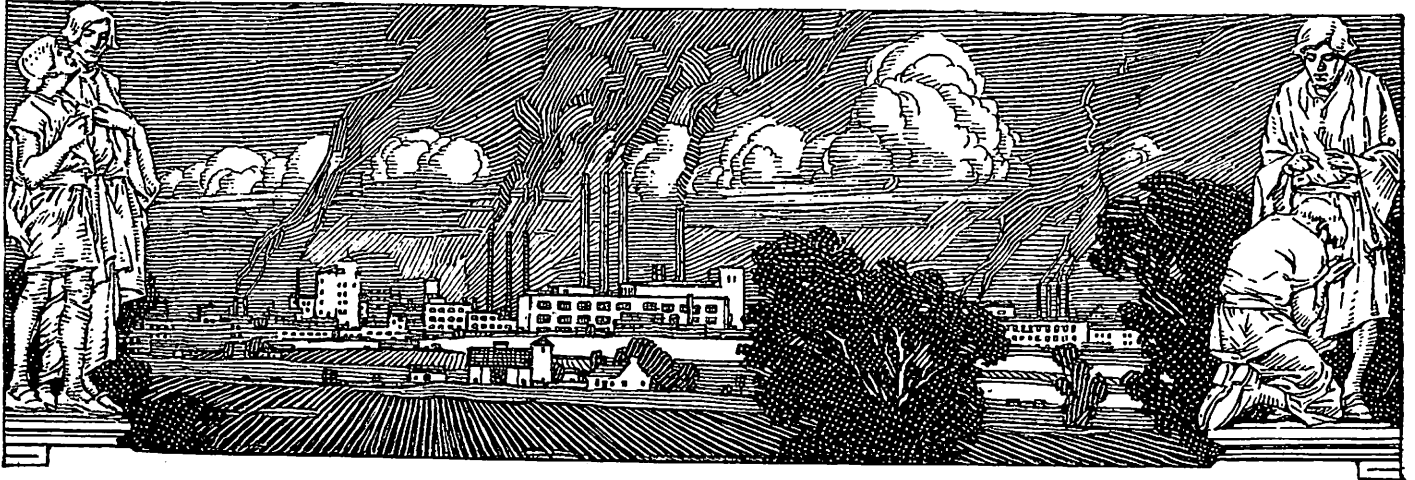
- S. J-9-7
- H. 5
- D.
- C. 10-8-7

- S. K
- H. 7
- D. J-5
- C. Q-9-6

Send your answers to both problems to Bede Armstrong, Card Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago, Ill. They must reach him by October 1, 1933



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EDITORIAL

THE REAL FRATERNAL FORCE

■ A parishioner once told his priest that he was going on a trip to the Holy Land and that he was contemplating a great spiritual experience in standing upon Mount Sinai and repeating the Ten Commandments. The priest replied: "That will be fine. But you will do more good by keeping those Commandments here at home."

It is a fine thing to extoll the principles of the Order in the Lodge room or upon some public occasion. Such performances have a value all their own. But the real force which has made the Order great, and has enabled it to win its place in public esteem, is the individual Elk who practices its cardinal virtues in his daily life; who keeps the Elk Commandments.

What the Order has accomplished, what the Grand Lodge has done, what the subordinate Lodges have achieved, are but the translations into concrete acts of the will and purpose of their individual members to truly exemplify the fraternal principles they have espoused. In our contemplation of the power of the Order, or of its subordinate Lodges, we sometimes lose sight of the fact that it is but the aggregate of the forces which exist in the individual members.

The Order is a great fraternal organization, and has an enviable record of notable achievements, only because individual Elks have been true to their fraternal obligations. It will continue to grow greater, and to enrich its record with nobler accomplishments; only as individual Elks continue to exemplify its cardinal virtues.

This is a thought which each member should frequently recall. It will help to keep him reminded of his personal responsibility which he cannot shirk nor neglect without injury to the great entity which we call the Order. In a measure each Elk is the Order of Elks. He is the real fraternal force which has created it and which sustains it.

YOUR BOY

■ If you are an Elk, you must believe in the teachings of the Order; you must feel that your membership brings opportunities for a service that is worth performing and in which you are glad to share; you must regard

its fraternal associations as brightening and enriching your life; you must believe that it is helping to build up a better American citizenship. Otherwise you would not retain your membership.

Since you do thus regard your own membership, are you not looking forward to your boy's initiation into the Order with pleasant anticipation, assured that it will mean as much to him? And if you are, what are you doing to prepare him for that step?

Do you talk to him about the Order; and tell him what it has done and is doing to help those in distress and need and to make the world a better and happier place? Do you take him with you to the public ceremonials? Do you give him a correct impression of your purpose in going to Lodge meetings; or do you lead him to assume that there is something surreptitious about it by making your departure in an apologetic manner?

If there is a Lodge of Antlers in your town, is your boy a member of it? Do you attend some of its meetings and show a real interest in its activities?

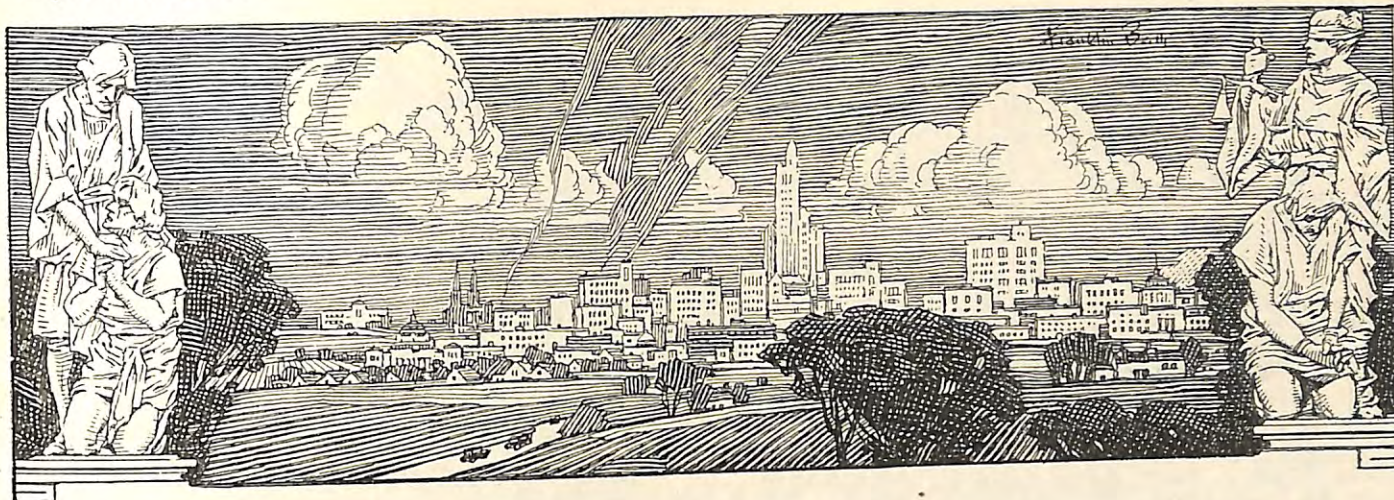
Your boy looks upon you as his special hero. He would delight to imitate you in every way he can. Is your fraternal conduct such that you would like him to follow your example when he becomes an Elk?

These questions must present themselves to you from time to time, if you are the father of a boy. Your answers to them mean much to the Order. They also mean much to your boy.

A VICTORY CLASS

■ The suggestion made by Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, that each subordinate Lodge should hold a patriotic celebration on the evening of Armistice Day, during which a special class should be initiated—the hours so arranged that the ceremonies will be conducted simultaneously all over the country—is a most happy one. If appropriately carried out it will bring results of the greatest importance to the Order. There is ample time for adequate preparation, so that each Lodge may stage a program which will appeal to its whole membership and make the occasion an outstanding fraternal event.

The date is one of peculiar patriotic significance to our people. It naturally inspires sentiments of national pride and loyalty. And a celebration of the Day attracts a universal community interest.



The date also has a fraternal significance. Perhaps no Lodge of the Order is without a roster of members who served in the World War, and to whom a tribute might well be paid on that occasion.

When special efforts are made to secure applications for initiation in a special class to be formed for induction at a session marking an important event, they rarely fail. With a great Victory Class in view, to be initiated at the time and in the manner proposed, each Lodge should have a large class in readiness, resulting in thousands of additions to the Order.

The suggestion of the Grand Exalted Ruler should meet with a hearty response; and plans should be immediately formulated for making it one of the chief fraternal activities of the Lodge year. With earnest cooperation in each Lodge the event may well become the turning point upward in membership figures.

DISTRICT DEPUTIES AND OUR PUBLIC CEREMONIALS

■ The ceremonials conducted by the subordinate Lodges of the Order, for which special rituals have been prescribed, are of a peculiarly appealing character. Our Memorial Service, Flag Day Celebration and Mother's Day Ceremony, when properly exemplified, are beautiful and impressive. And the possibilities which lie in these ceremonials, when they are publicly performed, for presenting the Order to the public in a most favorable aspect, are obvious.

It is to be doubted if the subordinate Lodges, speaking generally, have made the most of these opportunities in recent years. There is, from necessity, a certain sameness in the repeated programs. But in too many instances the Lodges have regarded them as mere prescribed formalities; and have held them in their Lodge rooms with such indifferent preparations and such limited audiences, that they have failed to maintain the interest of their own members.

And yet each one of these ceremonials admits of a varied presentation that will preserve its appeal indefinitely, if it be intelligently planned, appropriately staged and impressively conducted. The examples of the Lodges which have made these occasions real events, year after year, give proof of this; and should inspire a spirit of emulation in other Lodges.

The District Deputies will find in this situation an opportunity for a very practical service. They should, in full time before the events, get in touch with the local officers in their jurisdictions; stimulate and encourage them to special efforts in preparation for the ceremonials; assist them in arranging the programs and in securing speakers and other participants who will make desirable

contributions to the occasions and who will attract the interest of the several communities.

The formal visits of a District Deputy to the Lodges in his District constitute an important feature of his official duty, but they do not comprise his whole duty. He is the representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler in the general supervision of all the activities of those Lodges. He should see to it that they not only conduct the prescribed ceremonials, but that they do so in a manner commensurate with their fraternal importance.

Whenever it be practicable he should encourage the Lodges to make these ceremonials open to the public. And when so conducted, he should, by his active cooperation, endeavor to insure their presentation in a manner that will be really creditable to the respective Lodges and to the Order; for, unless they are so conducted, it would be better if they were omitted entirely.

THE GRAND LODGE ENDORSES THE MAGAZINE

■ It is to be expected that the members of the National Memorial and Publication Commission, who are primarily concerned with the business management of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, should feel gratified by the splendid endorsement of the publication accorded by the Grand Lodge at Milwaukee. The practical unanimity with which it rejected the proposal to discontinue the Magazine would naturally bring such gratification.

To those who are directly responsible for the publication and distribution of the official journal, and for its monthly contents, it was most pleasing to hear the eager voices raised in praise of its demonstrated usefulness as a fraternal agency, of its literary excellence, with its appeal to the whole family circle, and of its substantial business success, reflected in the appropriations of substantial net earnings to Grand Lodge purposes. There could be no doubt that those voices were speaking the sentiments of the membership generally.

It is deemed appropriate thus to acknowledge that gratification and pleasure, which carries its own implication of a purpose to strive to continue to merit the confidence so expressed and the approval so voiced.

In so large a membership, it is but a natural human experience to find some who are not always in accord with the ideas of a national journal, or with the policies and methods adopted for our official organ. But it is now clearly evident that those constitute an inconsiderable minority. It is hoped that even they will now adopt a different attitude and will lend their cooperation toward maintaining the Magazine, in the language of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson, "as a journal worthy of the great fraternity it serves."



Officers of Watertown, Mass., Lodge and the local band of the American Legion who recently held joint outdoor exercises

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Wabash, Ind., Lodge Initiates Large Class

The recent huge influx of members to Wabash, Ind., Lodge, No. 471, has aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the officers and members. Under the Exalted Ruler and his co-workers, the most widespread and satisfactory membership drive ever launched in the history of the Lodge has, for the time being, come to a close.

Leading business and professional men of the vicinity, all of whom the Lodge felt should long ago have been Elks, were initiated at a meeting at which eighty names were added to the rolls. Of these, sixty came into the order as new members. Neighboring Lodges sent good will delegations to attend the splendid ceremony and the initiation banquet.

The Annual Stag Picnic, held by the Lodge a short time later, attracted many of the old members as well as the new. It was a lively party with beer and excellent food, and entertainment acts that could scarcely have been improved upon.

Portland, Me., Boy Named for Elks National Foundation Scholarship

Kosrof Eligian, of Portland, Maine, is the young man named by the Maine State Elks Association to receive the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300 allocated to the State of Maine.

Young Mr. Eligian came to the United States in August, 1928, without knowing a word of English. He has now prepared himself for college. To accomplish this he attended evening school until he was able to master the language to a degree where he could take his place with the other freshmen at Deering High School in Portland. His scholastic career was remarkable, and he was prominent in dramatics and other school activities throughout his four-year course. He graduated this past June as one of the fifty high-ranking pupils in the largest class ever to graduate from the Deering High School.

In his native land, Armenia, Kosrof Eligian was taken captive by Turks, who

had drowned his mother and sisters. With the horror of this tragedy ever in his mind, the youth waited his chance to escape and finally was able to come to this country and join his father, John Eligian, a citizen of Portland.

Equaling his determination to be among the highest ranking students of Deering High School was the young man's desire to secure a higher education. During the summer months, since he has been in this country, he has been employed in resort hotels, and during the winters he carried newspapers and took small jobs to add to his fund for a college education.

The closing of the banks this year, however, and the resulting liquidations, almost wiped out his savings. It seemed as if the young man would have to give up his plan to enter Bowdoin College in the fall. However, friends who were members of the Order, presented an application for the Elks National Foundation Scholarship through Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188. Young Eligian knew nothing of this and it was not until he was asked to sign the application that he became aware of the fact that his hopes were about to be realized.

Nebraska Elks Hold Crippled Children's Clinic at Scottsbluff

The Pan Handle Clinic, held by the Crippled Children's Committee of the Nebraska State Elks Association for the relief of afflicted children, took place recently at Scottsbluff. It was called the Pan Handle Clinic because, through the cooperation of the local Doctors' Association and the Lodges of Chadron, No. 1399, and Alliance, No. 961, children were treated from the eleven counties comprising the Pan Handle of Nebraska which takes in the entire western part of the State. It was originally intended to hold the clinic in the Home of Scottsbluff Lodge, No. 1367, but the flood of applications for examination soon convinced the committee that the Methodist Church of Scottsbluff would be better, as the Home was too small to accommodate all applicants.

Two hundred persons were needed, and were available and on the job to carry the clinic through with despatch and the maximum amount of achievement. There were forty-eight doctors, many of them from the local Doctors' Association, and sixty nurses. Dr. James E. M. Thompson, of Omaha, and Dr. H. F. Johnson, of Lincoln, who were obliged to charter planes to reach the clinic at all, and Dr. G. Alexander Young, of Omaha, were among the physicians to offer their services.

A total number of 207 children were put through the various departments which consisted of a Dental Department, a Heart, Lung and Abdomen Department; an Eye, Ear and Nose Department; and the Orthopedic and Neurologist Departments. Strict privacy was accorded each case.

The Elks virtually stripped the town of Scottsbluff in acquiring the thousands of articles necessary for the clinic. Lamps, sheets, beds, electric fans, hospital wagons and canvas for the walls of the many compartments, were the most difficult problems, but they were solved by the generosity of local merchants, institutions and individuals. Greenhouses furnished cut flowers and growing plants, and creameries donated thirty gallons of ice cream. A committee of Elks solicited funds, asking no more than one dollar from a donor. In this way enough money was raised to supply food at noon for the enormous crowd.

Representatives from thirty-eight civic and fraternal organizations were present at the clinic. Chadron and Alliance Lodges furnished, among other things, transportation for large numbers of the children and kept them amused while awaiting examination. Ladies of the Methodist Church took care of the food problem and served over 1,200 sandwiches and forty gallons of ice cream. Boy Scouts of the local troops entertained the children, supplied them with ice cream cones and ran errands for the workers who were too busy to run their own.

The Pan Handle Clinic was the largest of its kind ever held west of Chicago, and doctors in charge of examinations de-

clared that they had never witnessed so great a variety of cases as were represented, so large a percentage of possible complete recoveries, or a clinic so ably handled. Absolute cleanliness was stressed, and everyone was on guard against too much haste or any impatience aroused by the intense heat. August Schneider, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee, R. L. Cantlin, Secretary of the State Association, and the heads of the Rehabilitation Committees of Wyoming and South Dakota were present.

A number of reports have already been received by the Committee from parents carrying out the doctors' various recommendations or preparing their children for operations. After the reports have been checked and re-checked, another meeting of the various organization delegates will be called for the purpose of forming follow-up committees. These will contact each crippled child every three months to ascertain whether or not the doctors' orders are being carried out, if not why not, and whether or not the Committee can be of service. In cases of financial inability, Scottsbluff Lodge and the Crippled Children's Committee will exert influence to have the children placed in hospitals or assisted by relatives or friends.

The Pan Handle Clinic was a magnificent piece of work and the Elks of Nebraska are indeed deserving of the well-wishes and congratulations of the entire Order.

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Proud of Noted Members

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, is more than proud of the honors recently paid to two of its members. A handsomely carved and lifelike bust of the late Senator Oscar W. Underwood has been placed at the entrance to the House of Representatives, in Washington, in token of the esteem in which the Senator from Alabama was held by members of Congress.

This was an unusual honor, for in only one other instance has the House ordered a bust of a former member who had not been its presiding officer. The bust was ordered more than a year ago, an appropriation of \$2,500 being voted for that purpose. The resolution authorizing the purchase was introduced by Representative William W. Bankhead of Alabama. The bust was executed by the noted American sculptor, Chester Beach.

Birmingham Elks are also proud of the



Memorial bust of Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

honor tendered their fellow member, Roderick Beddow, who was recently elected President of the International Association of Lions Clubs. The Lodge Home was the scene of a big reception given for Mr. Beddow on his return from St. Louis, where he was elected to the office.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Initiates Large Class

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, recently initiated the largest class of candidates that has been received into the Lodge in years. A gay celebration in the afternoon included a parade with unique and colorful costumes and humorous festivities. Later the class of thirty-two candidates, the Elks Band of Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, Class A winners of this year's National Band Contest, the degree team of Harvey, Ill., Lodge, No. 1242, famous for the perfection of their work, and local and visiting Elks, all gathered in the banquet hall of East Chicago Lodge where a splendid dinner was served.

At eight o'clock the impressive ceremonial of the ritualistic work got under way, in charge of the degree team of Harvey Lodge. All who were fortunate enough to be present concurred in the opinion that the work was the finest exemplification ever presented in East Chicago Lodge. Clyde Hunter, of Gary Lodge, Past President of the Indiana State Elks Association, assisted by a select team, also took part in the initiation proceedings.

A number of prominent Elks were present who bespoke the praises of the candidates and the work of initiating them. Past District Deputy John Van Delester of Hammond Lodge, No. 485, gave a short talk after dinner. Edward J. Greenwald, of Whiting Lodge, No. 1273, a Trustee of the State Association, was also present at these ceremonies which will go down in the history of East Chicago Lodge as one of the big events in its history.

Millville, N. J., Lodge Entertains Many Crippled Children

Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, has, in recent years, given many delightful outings annually to the crippled children who are its wards, but never has such a pleasing one been held as that recently staged at North Wildwood, N. J., for several hundred crippled children, their mothers, nurses, physicians and friends.

In the morning scores of cars were ready to transport the picnickers to the grounds. A stop was made at Mount Pleasant Cemetery where the children reverently did honor to the memory of the late Dr. Theodore C. Wheaton, who had always been a friend of crippled children and who had substantially assisted the Crippled Children's Committee of Franklin Lodge with unsolicited contributions for many years. At a point near the Wheaton monument, the children left the cars and as they passed the grave of their benefactor, dropped flowers on the mound.

It was noon when the crowd arrived at Furchase Pier at the Cedar Amusement Park. The doors were thrown open and the young guests enjoyed all of the amusement features of the Park, including the Old Mill Wheel, the Jack Rabbit, and bathing in the surf.

At two o'clock a big shore dinner was served with every variety of sea food. A vaudeville show followed, and the late afternoon was spent in the amusement halls and on the beach. Many of the children had never experienced a dip in the ocean.

In the early evening a dance was enjoyed by everyone, and the nurses and doctors were delighted to see on the dance floor some children who had at one time



Kosrof Eligian of Portland, Maine, winner of an Elks National Foundation Scholarship

been helpless invalids, and were now almost fully cured of their afflictions.

Over 800 persons enjoyed the hospitality of Millville Lodge. The children carried home with them gifts and souvenirs.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Wins Ritualistic Contest

In the Ritualistic Elimination Contest in the California South District, San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, recently defeated the Orange and Riverside County winners, Santa Ana and Redlands Lodges, at Anaheim. They were next to meet the winner in Imperial County for the honor of representing the California South District at the Convention of the California State Elks Association in Long Beach in September.

Woburn, Mass., Lodge Sponsors A.A.A.U. Track Meet

To aid its Charity Fund, Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908, recently sponsored a track meet of the New England A.A.A.U. For the first time in New England, the A.A.A.U. track and field championships were conducted under the metric system at the Woburn High School, bringing out some of the finest competition ever witnessed in the annual games. The event attracted some 2,000 enthusiasts. The athletes in the track events failed to show in their performances the fact that they were unaccustomed to running the different distances.

Two new records were established. Arthur Sager, a member of the Olympic team in 1928, competing under the colors of B.A.A., hurled the javelin to a new New England record for the javelin throw, when he tossed the spear a distance of 190 feet, six inches. Sager's feat is considered remarkable, as he has been out of competition for two years and entered only for the fun of it.

The other record was smashed when Tom Gilbane, husky ex-Brown football captain, hurled the discus 141 feet, 8 inches.

While Sager and Gilbane received the lion's share of attention as record breakers, no small share was given Dr. Paul O'Callaghan, twice-winner of the Olympic hammer-throwing event, who had but arrived here from Ireland the preceding day. Dr. O'Callaghan returned to the United States for the purpose of competing in the National A.A.A.U. championship events at The Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago.

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central States Lodges



Scene of the "Kids Picnic" recently held at Lake Oelwein by Oelwein, Iowa, Lodge

Rochester, Minn., Lodge Sponsor of Swimming Team

Rochester, Minn., Lodge, No. 1091, is taking active strides in arousing the interest of boys who will soon reach an age eligible for admission into the Order. The swimming team, of which a picture appears in these pages, is sponsored by the Lodge not only with the idea of fostering good-sportsmanship and good-fellowship in these boys who will, at a near date, be open to initiation in No. 1091, but of stimulating the interest of the public at large in the activities of the Lodge.

For the same reasons and for the enjoyment of the membership as well, Rochester Lodge is fostering a kitten ball team, champions of the city for the year, and a basket ball team which has a record of twelve games won and only two lost of the fourteen games played against the best teams in the Northwest.

Columbus, Ohio, Elks Entertain 2,000 Children

The Patrol of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, recently took two thousand under-privileged children of Columbus to a picnic at Buckeye Lake. Transportation was provided for by the 147th Motor Transit Company of the Ohio National Guard, with First Lieutenant Ned J. Boggs, Second Lieutenant Martin Sullivan and First Sergeant Curtiss E. Harrison in charge.

The following centers sent children on the picnic: St. Stephen's Community House, The South Side Settlement House, the Godman Guild, the Gladden Community House, the Hermione Schonthal Home, the City Department of Welfare, St. Paul's Neighborhood House and the Sisters of the Sick Poor.

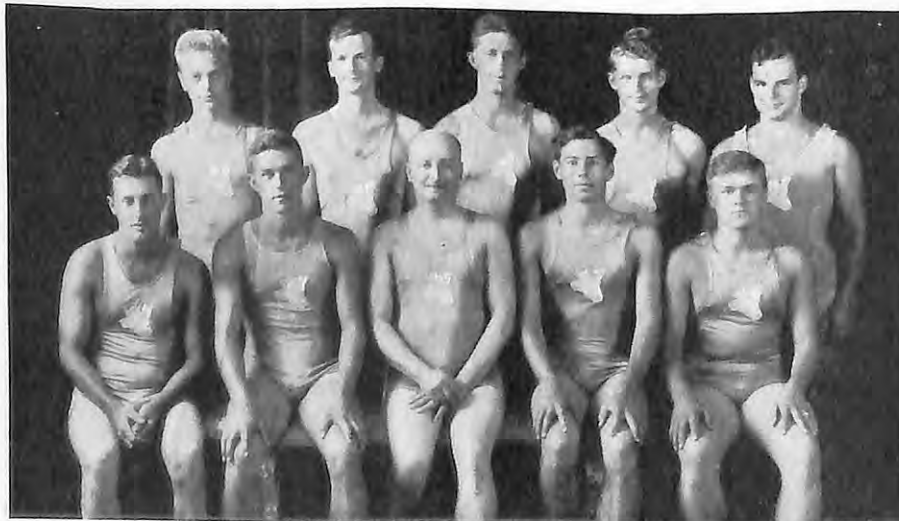
The children assembled at the Lodge Home from which the motor caravan

started to the park, where the young guests enjoyed swimming, boating, park rides and other amusements of the kind.

The Good-Will Emissaries of THE ELKS MAGAZINE were received royally in Saint Augustine, Florida. This photograph was taken in front of the hospitable Elks Home there, shortly after the start of the long journey that ended at the Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee.



P. A. WOLFE PHOTO



STEARNS PHOTO

Members of the swimming team sponsored by Rochester, Minn., Lodge

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge Holds Successful Smoker

The mixed smoker held by Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542, at the Fleet Reserve Hall recently, attracted much attention and praise. More than two hundred and fifty were present to enjoy the varied entertainment which consisted of boxing matches, vaudeville acts, dancing, a prize waltz and an appetizing supper with beverages.

The five boxing events, credit for which went to Lieutenant Mack of the United States Army, consisted of well-matched bouts between boys in the various weights, and aroused much enthusiasm.

Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge Sponsors "Rodeo"

At the Indian Wood Country Club the Elks of Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge, No. 1066, recently held a "Rodeo," so-called because it in no way resembled a rodeo. Some seventy-five guests from the Lodges of Harvey and Blue Island, Ill., and Hammond, Ind., participated in the outing at which golf, swimming, bridge and pinochle were the

Supplementary Information on the Grand Lodge Business Sessions in Milwaukee

The First Conference of Exalted Rulers and Representatives

WITH Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson in the chair, and with well over one thousand Exalted Rulers and Representatives in attendance, the first of two conferences for this important group of officials got under way at 2 P.M. Monday, in the ballroom of the Hotel Schroeder. Judge Thompson prefaced his remarks by saying that this was the first occasion on which the year's new Exalted Rulers and Representatives from all the Lodges had been gathered together for a meeting of this kind. Under this plan, he explained, both he and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities, hoped to provide a better opportunity than there has been in the past for these officials to cooperate with the new Grand Exalted Ruler, to be elected the following day.

Judge Thompson went on to point out the wonderful opportunity that a meeting of this kind gave for the clasp of hands and the interchange of ideas on the part of subordinate Lodge officials, not only from every section of the United States, but also from its far flung possessions. The Grand Exalted Ruler next designated the following two problems as among the most important of those confronting subordinate Lodge officials at this time:

1. Loss of membership through lapsation when members move permanently from one section of the country to another: He recommended that Lodge Secretaries make it a practice to communicate with the secretaries of those Lodges to whose localities members move. In this way, he explained, thousands of loyal Elks will become affiliated with the Lodges in the Cities to which they move and the Order will benefit greatly.

2. Attendance at Lodge sessions: Judge Thompson pointed out the fact that only some 10%, on the average, of the members of each Lodge attend meetings. He advocated the appointment of a fraternal contact committee in each Lodge in order to build up the attendance.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then paid a graceful tribute to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, urging the delegates to make it even more vital than it is at present through the submission of constructive suggestions, news items of general interest and to support it at all times. He urged the attendance of the delegates at the special Elks' program at the Century of Progress in Chicago on Friday; asked all those present to read carefully the printed reports of the Grand Lodge Officers; and thanked most cordially all those present for the splendid support they had given his administration. He then turned the meeting over to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee.

In a stirring and well conceived address Mr. Coen said how pleased he was to see this new plan of representation get under way so auspiciously. He explained, further, that the chief responsibility of his Committee was that of helping to devise activities that would augment the interest in and attendance at subordinate Lodge meetings. Every part of this great country, he said, has much in common with every other part—and Elkdom is a thoroughly representative cross section of the whole United States and its institutions. Last year, he explained, his Committee had asked for suggestions from the subordinate Lodge officers, and many worth while ones had been received.

Among these was that of a national broadcasting program that would acquaint all radio owners with the many worth while and fundamental things for which Elkdom stands. As a consequence of this recommendation, Charles S. Hart, a member of his Committee, arranged with the Columbia Broadcasting System for a nationwide hookup over which the Memorial Day services were carried to every corner of the land. The Columbia System made no charge for the time, and the services of the several fine artists who participated were also gladly contributed. As a result, the entire program was arranged for the relatively insignificant sum of approximately \$1,500.

On Flag Day of this year, through the cooperation of Raymond Benjamin, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, another splendid program was broadcast from Monticello, Virginia, through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company—again for the very small sum of about \$1,100. Thus for less than a third of the \$10,000 appropriation which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen's Committee was voted in Atlanta last year, literally millions of people were made familiar with two of the major ceremonies which Elkdom has taken the responsibility of sponsoring.

It is all too easy, Mr. Coen went on to explain, for any Grand Lodge Officer or Committee to overload the hard working Secretaries of the subordinate Lodges with correspondence—and in the Lodge Activities Committee's deliberations this point was always kept in mind. Nevertheless, the committee did feel that the very real amount of time and effort that it asked the local Secretaries to devote to the building up of attendance on the occasion of Election Night last November, was more than

warranted by the results. The posters that had gone out from Committee headquarters and the suggestions for getting out the crowd that accompanied them had unquestionably resulted in building up a splendid attendance.

Mr. Coen closed his remarks with a spirited plea to all those in attendance to set America afire with the ideals of Elkdom. It is entirely up to the officials of the subordinate Lodges to do this, he said, and the way to do it is easy indeed. Only the will to do it is needed. The way to do it is to talk Elkdom to every Lodge member and prospective member when you meet him on the street or elsewhere. Urge the members to come to the meetings. Tell them about the wonderful crippled children activities that the Order sponsors; the Order's unsurpassed War record; the millions of dollars that the Order has spent for charitable purposes—and, finally, urge them not only to come themselves, but also to interest eligible new men in the Order of Elks.

Mr. Coen then presented Charles S. Hart, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee. Mr. Hart commented first on the budget system for local Lodges, which had recently been distributed in pamphlet form and copies of which are still available for the asking. He pointed out the important fact that those Lodges which have instituted definite plans whereby their expenses have been matched or more than matched against their incomes, are by all odds the most successful Lodges.

He explained that while it was by no means the Committee's purpose to presume on the privileges of the subordinate Lodges, experience had proven time and again that the installation of a simple yet adequate bookkeeping system such as this budget provides, has kept hundreds of Lodges out of financial difficulties. The Grand Secretary's records, he pointed out, show this to be the case beyond the question of a doubt. In this connection he urged that the Lodges' chair officers be included in all committee or other meetings where Lodge finances are discussed. They, after all, are the ones who will be charged with the responsibility of carrying on in the future, so it is not only fair but also good business to see to it that they are thoroughly posted as to the Lodge's financial status.

Mr. Hart then announced that THE ELKS MAGAZINE would shortly sponsor a nationwide bridge contest, the details of which will be published shortly. Carefully conducted investigations have shown bridge to be one of the best stimulators of interest and attendance. The game makes not only for pleasant and sociable contacts, but also for a high quality of membership.

Mr. Hart then went on to explain that THE ELKS MAGAZINE was edited of, by, and for the Order. He invited constructive suggestions of all kinds and pointed out that the Publication, simply as a medium of communication, was vital to the well being of Elkdom—particularly since the number of Lodges and the number of individual members have grown to their present large proportions. Were a member of the Grand Lodge to address one circular letter to the entire Order, the cost would approximate \$35,000—and if such a letter were written by the Grand Exalted Ruler or anyone else every month for a year, the total cost would come to over \$400,000. Every month THE ELKS MAGAZINE carries not only the Grand Exalted Ruler's message to the entire membership, but also pages upon pages of interesting

The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

Toward the close of the second Grand Lodge Business Session the Grand Exalted Ruler announced that the remainder of the morning would be given over to memorial services for those Brothers of the Grand Lodge who had died since the last meeting. He announced that the Committee in charge consisted of William C. Robertson of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, Chairman; Carroll Smith of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, and Leon McCord of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596.

The Milwaukee Elks Chorus, under the direction of Otto A. Singenberger, then rendered "Abide With Me," following which Grand Chaplain the Rev. Dr. John Dysart delivered the invocation. The Chorus then sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Chairman Robertson next delivered a touching and appropriate memorial address, after which the ceremonies continued with the Milwaukee Elks singing "Crossing the Bar." The eulogy was then delivered by Mr. McCord and it proved a most impressive one. The Milwaukee Elks Chorus then sang "Rock of Ages," following which Grand Chaplain Dysart gave the benediction to close the Lodge of Sorrow.

and constructive news, stories, articles, and features.

One very practical suggestion that Mr. Hart made was to the effect that each subordinate Lodge Secretary write THE ELKS MAGAZINE for an up to date list of the Elks in his territory, who are not members of the local Lodge. Due to changes in business and for other reasons, he said, there are many such members in virtually every community, who are not affiliated with its Lodge.

Mr. Hart then introduced Bede Armstrong of Waukegan, Illinois, Lodge, No. 702, who commented interestingly on the proposed plan for the Elks' nationwide bridge tournament. He explained that he had been active in sponsoring twenty-three such contests in the Northeastern Illinois District, as a result of which the membership and interest in these Lodges had been increased materially. Mr. Armstrong went on to say that the plans for this gigantic tournament contemplate the simultaneous playing of the same hands in Lodges all over the country, some time this fall and throughout the winter.

While the details have not been finally developed as yet, it is expected that the competition can be worked out in such a way as to provide some revenue for the Lodges participating. He urged all Exalted Rulers present to appoint chairmen—one for each Lodge—stressing the importance of designating good organizers rather than good bridge players. If both qualifications can be found in the same individual, he said, so much the better, but an A-1 organizer is the primary requisite. (See also P. 21 in this issue.)

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen then reassumed the chair and introduced Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. In a brief but thoroughly practical and well conceived address Mr. McCormick emphasized the importance of local Lodge bulletins and of every Exalted Ruler's appointing a qualified publicity representative who could be counted upon to perform the following three activities regularly and intelligently:

1. Edit and distribute an inexpensive Lodge bulletin to all the members periodically.
2. Furnish THE ELKS MAGAZINE with constructive news items and photographs whenever the occasion warrants.
3. Keep in close touch with the local newspapers in order to see to it that they are plentifully supplied with news regarding the Lodge's current activities.

Elkdom, according to Dr. McCormick, has been too prone to hide its light under a bushel. It has been the experience of hundreds of Lodges, he asserted, that well directed publicity activities are not only inexpensive, but that they bring back dividends of far greater value than their cost—in the forms of increased membership, more dues, and a heightened interest on the part of all members.

Mr. Coen then introduced Emmet T. Anderson of Tacoma, Washington, Lodge, No. 174, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. Mr. Anderson gave a clear and purposeful talk in the course of which he pointed out a number of ways whereby money for charitable purposes can be raised.

Last year alone, he said, the Grand Lodge spent nearly two million dollars for charity. There never was a time when charitable enterprises were needed more greatly than they are today. Within the short space of six weeks or two months every Lodge official will be feeling the call for good deeds in his community. Are the subordinate Lodges ready to respond? Good business methods are needed here even more seriously perhaps than they are

anywhere else in Lodge administration, for it is indeed difficult today to devise programs that will more than pay their way. Good organization and talented leadership are the basic essentials—and it is up to each Lodge's officials to provide them.

In this connection Mr. Anderson pointed to the excellent record of Exalted Ruler Dick Laird of Tacoma Lodge, which Lodge has raised and distributed over \$50,000 for

Correction

In last month's issue, in the publication of the revisions to Section 66 of the Grand Lodge Statutes on page 30, a sentence was omitted. This Statute, as revised, is shown in italics. The missing sentence is shown in italics.

Sec. 66. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary, and signed by the applicant. The application shall state the age of the applicant, his physical condition and the number of continuous years he has been in good standing in the Order and in his Lodge. In addition thereto, and as a part of said application, the applicant shall execute and acknowledge an agreement or assignment and power of attorney in writing, in which he shall grant, convey, assign, transfer and set over to the Grand Lodge, any and all property, real and personal, choses in action and inheritances, which he may then own or to which he may then be entitled, either in law or in equity or which he may thereafter acquire, to be taken and used by said Grand Lodge for the purpose of payment to the Grand Lodge and the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member of all expenses incurred by said Grand Lodge and said Subordinate Lodge in connection with the admission of said applicant to said Home and his maintenance therein, including expenses of any illness, or the funeral of said applicant if said Home, any property remaining in the hands of the Grand Lodge, and any balance of funds remaining unexpended after the payment of all sums due to the Grand Lodge and of all sums due the Subordinate Lodge of which said applicant is a member, shall be remitted to the Grand Secretary and by him credited to the Home Fund of the Grand Lodge. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member at a regular meeting; and such approval shall be attested on the application by the Exalted Ruler and the Secretary. The application thus endorsed shall be forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. Any Lodge misrepresenting any application shall be deemed guilty of an offense against the Order, and upon trial and conviction shall be punished by reprimand or forfeiture of charter. Any applicant making misrepresentations shall be deemed guilty of an offense, and shall forfeit his right of admission to, or residence in the Home, and shall also be subject to charges and trial in his Lodge.

charity in the last eight years. Among the plans which Mr. Laird found to be the most successful were the following:

"Coffee nights	Dances of various kinds
"Days of '49"	Raffles conducted by the Lodge itself rather than through the instrumentality of outsiders
"Slippery Gulch" nights	
Keno games	
Minstrel shows	

One particularly worth while activity of Tacoma Lodge is its "Stocking Fillers" program. This year this consisted of a program of eight broadcasts over the local station—one night per week for eight

weeks. These programs were made up of music, entertainment stunts and a brief story regarding Tacoma's charity needs, all of the talent being provided from the Lodge's membership. The broadcasting company and the local newspapers gladly contributed their time and space, and the listeners in were asked to telephone the broadcasting office for information as to where they could send their contributions.

Mr. Coen then introduced Robert S. Barrett of Alexandria, Virginia, Lodge, No. 758, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, who spoke forcefully on subordinate Lodge entertainment programs. Probably not more than one-third of the total membership in the Order attends Lodge meetings in the course of the year, he said. He made a strong plea to better this decidedly serious showing through the provision of well conceived entertainment programs.

The first step is, of course, that of appointing an entertainment committee. In this connection the Lodge Activities Committee's manual, which was issued some time back, will suggest a number of worth while plans. September 15th is none too late to get the fall and winter entertainment activities under way, he said, and he advocated that the smaller Lodges devote the major part of at least every other meeting to entertainment features.

Mr. Coen then reassumed the chair for a brief but spirited address, in the course of which he pointed out the great compensations that come to local Lodge officials as a result of the many long and tedious hours they devote to the upbuilding of their respective Lodges. He told a thrilling true life story about a boy who, at the age of eleven, was obliged to give up school in order to go to work. When he reached the eligible age he joined his local Lodge. As the years went by he became increasingly active in its deliberations, and he also worked hard and loyally in behalf of the local civic and business organizations. As a result this man is now one of the leaders in his community, and he confided to Mr. Coen a short time back that he attributed all the success and enjoyment he had had out of life to the many fine friendships he had formed through his membership in his Lodge, and to the splendid opportunity for training in public speaking that he had had there.

In conclusion Mr. Coen pointed out the fact that this great opportunity is constantly available to all present and prospective subordinate Lodge officials. It is undoubtedly true, he said, that while the work is hard and sometimes discouraging, there is a quality of joy and satisfaction in service of this character that can be had in no other way.

The Second Conference of Exalted Rulers and Representatives

The Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect Walter F. Meier opened the second business conference at 2:00 o'clock on Tuesday, July 18th, in the Schroeder Hotel Ballroom, with an explanation to the effect that the meeting would be a brief one because of the National Ritualistic Contest which was about to start. In a militant and spirited address he then proceeded to outline the policies which he intends to pursue as the Chief Executive of the Order. He stressed again the all-important need of business-like budgeting in subordinate Lodges and urged all the Exalted Rulers present to call on him fully and frequently—whenever they felt that he could help them in any way.

He besought the help of the Exalted Rulers in planning the official visitations by the District Deputies, urging them to make the entertainment features of these visits secondary to the business features. He explained that the District Deputy's

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

THE first official visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier was made to Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331. Mr. Meier, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, was met at the outskirts of the city by a caravan of automobiles and a motorcycle escort. When the center of the town was reached, a parade was formed in which several bands, the local Boy Scout Troop, city officials of Harvey and Blue Island and the American Legion Posts of Blue Island, Roseland and Harvey participated.

The meeting was an open one, attended by many Legionnaires, officers and members of the Illinois Lodges of Streator, Kankakee, Chicago Heights, Harvey, Chicago, La Grange, Oak Park, Joliet and Aurora, and a delegation from Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485. Past District Deputy William R. Fletcher, of Joliet Lodge, No. 296, also attended. The meeting was presided over by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson. The particular event of note was the Grand Exalted Ruler's address, stressing the program he has laid out for an Armistice Day nation-wide initiation class. There was also a short talk by Grand Secretary Masters. A social session, with musical numbers by a quartet, and refreshments followed the business meeting.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler's second official visit, to Waukegan, Ill., Lodge, No. 702, was the first event of the kind in the history of the Lodge. A dinner for the distinguished guests, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson and Grand

Secretary Masters, preceded the regular meeting at which eight Lodges of the Northeast District of Illinois were represented. They were Chicago, Evanston, Oak Park, Elmhurst, Des Plaines, Cicero, Highland Park and Lake Forest. Racine, Wis., Lodge was also represented. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George E. Davis, of Evanston Lodge, No. 1316, and Past District Deputy P. T. Weber of Wisconsin were among those present.

In his address, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier outlined some of his plans and hopes for the ensuing year, laying particular stress on the Armistice Day initiation class. All the Exalted Rulers present pledged their cooperation with his program in making this Class an unparalleled success. Other talks were made by Judge Thompson, Grand Secretary Masters and District Deputy Davis.

Following adjournment of the meeting, the Lodge Home was thrown open and a buffet lunch was served. The visitors and the hosts, numbering about three hundred Elks, enjoyed a social hour or two before the event came to a close.

HAMMOND, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, was the third Lodge to receive an official visit from the new Grand Exalted Ruler. At a testimonial dinner held in Hammond, Elks from the Indiana Lodges of East Chicago, Hammond, the host Lodge, Whiting and Gary, and the Illinois Lodges of Chicago, Oak Park and Harvey, paid tribute to Mr. Meier. Mayor Charles Schonert, of Hammond, delivered the address of welcome and handed the keys of

the city to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Congressman W. T. Schulte also addressed the gathering. Exalted Ruler Richard F. Hoyt of Hammond Lodge presided as chairman.

In his address, the principal one of the evening, Mr. Meier urged all members of the Order to join President Roosevelt in his fight to make a success of the NRA, and promised unqualified support from the national headquarters of the Order. He outlined plans for the coming year, and stressed two important purposes of the Grand Lodge for the Order at large,— participation of the subordinate Lodges in civic activities and organization of the Order of Antlers for boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one.

Exalted Ruler Hoyt, with Congressman Schulte and a motorcycle police escort, greeted Mr. Meier and Grand Secretary Masters, who was to accompany the Grand Exalted Ruler on his third official visit, at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago to bring him to Hammond. Distinguished Elks present at the dinner included Past District Deputies Edward J. Greenwald, Abe Ottenheimer and Frank J. McMichael; and Exalted Rulers and a number of Past Exalted Rulers from East Chicago, Gary, Whiting, Harvey and Hammond Lodges. Past Exalted Ruler Otto H. Duellke, of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, who formerly lived in Hammond, was also present at the dinner.

Music was furnished by a splendid orchestra, and songs were sung as a climax to an evening of most enjoyable entertainment.

News of the State Associations

Mississippi

With more than ninety per cent of the Lodges of the State represented, the annual convention of the Mississippi State Elks Association was held in Jackson recently. President William Estopinal made the principal address of the day, his report showing an increase in the State during the year of over 400 members, and other healthy conditions. The Rev. John L. Sutton, of Jackson, delivered the invocation. New officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: William Estopinal, Gulfport, re-elected President for the sixth time; Sam Albrecht, Vicksburg, re-elected First Vice-President; Dr. Carl Day, Yazoo City, Second Vice-President; Ben Wilkes, Greenwood, Third Vice-President; W. W. Walker, Pascagoula, re-elected Secretary-Treasurer; W. R. Metcalfe, Greenwood, Tiler; the Rev. John L. Sutton, Jackson, Chaplain; Julian L. Wheless, Hattiesburg, Esquire; Irving I. Kaufman, Columbus, Trustee of the Northern District; and John E. Breaux, Biloxi, Trustee for the Southern District. Jackson was again selected as the 1934 meeting place.

Michigan

The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Michigan State Elks Association was held recently at Lansing, Mich., with State President Charles Chapple, of Detroit Lodge, No. 34, presiding. Delegates from almost every Lodge in the state participated in one of the most successful and harmonious conventions of recent years.

Resolutions of a constructive nature were passed, among them being a vote to discontinue, for economic reasons, operation of the Scholarship Fund, and a reduction in the per capita tax was also adopted in hope of encouraging a larger attendance at Lodge meetings. The Annual Ritualistic Contest, held in Lansing at the Convention, was won this year by Benton Harbor Lodge, No. 544. They will keep the trophy awarded for a year. Among the lavish entertainments provided for the members of the State Association, the delegates and guests, was a banquet held by Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196. Two hundred guests sat down to a deliciously prepared dinner, and witnessed numerous amusing acts of vaudeville. Also the Annual Convention Ball, with Lansing Lodge as host, was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

Officers elected for the 1933-34 year were: Frank C. Condon, Hancock Lodge, No. 381, President; Arthur E. Green, Kalamazoo Lodge, No. 50, Secretary; Vice-Presidents, Hugh E. Flickinger, South Haven Lodge, No. 1509; Thomas J. Brady, Pontiac Lodge, No. 810; John S. Wilson, Lansing Lodge, No. 196; Earl Leininger, Ishpeming Lodge, No. 447; Treasurer, James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek Lodge, No. 131; Trustees, John Olsen, Muskegon Lodge, No. 274; L. M. Richard, Lansing Lodge, No. 196; Harry C. Oldfield, Port Huron Lodge, No. 343; and Paul J. Ruppe, Hancock Lodge, No. 381. Benton Harbor was selected as the meeting place for the annual convention of the Michigan State Elks Association for the year 1934.

Massachusetts

The Annual Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association was held at Greenfield with President Michael H. McCarron presiding. The meeting was a most successful one.

A high point of the first day's activities was the rededication of the "Elk on the Trail," a life-sized bronze statue of an elk erected on Whitcomb's Summit of Florida Mountain, overlooking the Mohawk Trail, by the Elks of the Bay State to the memory of the members who served in the World War. By reasons of changes in the new State highway, which passes in front of the Memorial, it was found necessary to change the location to a larger and more beautiful plot which has been properly graded and landscaped with shrubbery. The improvements called for an expenditure of over \$2,500, a sum realized from contributions from the Lodges of Massachusetts, all of which are members of the State Association.

In June, 1923, the Massachusetts State Elks Association was entertained by Greenfield Lodge, No. 1296, at which time the Memorial was first dedicated. Therefore it was fitting, and also pleasing to the gathering, that Greenfield Lodge should again be host at a similar ceremony. The Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge, delivered the oration, and Past President Edwin K. McPeck, Chairman of the Elk on the Trail Committee, reported the work accomplished and turned the project over

to the State Association in completed form.

The exercises held that evening in the Greenfield Lodge Home were attended by hundreds. Among the speakers were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Elks National Foundation; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leon McCord of Alabama, Justice of the 14th Judicial District of the United States at Montgomery, and Frederick E. Pierce, Exalted Ruler of Greenfield Lodge.

On Monday morning, the business meeting was held, with President McCarron presiding, assisted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley. It was revealed that the year has been a financial success for the Massachusetts branch of the Order. Mr. Malley, who is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts Scholarship Foundation, by means of which scholarships have been awarded to some 48 young men and women, enabling them to attend college, reported on the progress of the Foundation, and interested and encouraged listeners with his accounts of the good work that has been accomplished.

Reports were made on the results of the Ritualistic Contest, which was won by Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327.

The visiting ladies were entertained by the 1296 Club, and taken for a motor trip over the Mohawk Trail. At North Adams they were greeted by the wives of North Adams Lodge members. In the meantime, the delegates were being entertained with a clambake and a program of sports activities in Franklin Park. A ball was held in Washington Hall in the evening and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

The concluding function of the Convention was a brief business meeting held Tuesday morning, in which many resolutions were made and adopted, and officers of the Association for the year 1933-34 were chosen. Adjournment came at high noon, and the delegates and officers repaired to a banquet held by Greenfield Lodge at the Weldon Hotel.

The new officers of the Association are: Edward D. Larkin, Quincy Lodge, No. 943, President; William J. Moore, Milford Lodge, No. 628, First Vice-President; Hubert W. Flaherty, Adams Lodge, No. 1335, Second Vice-President; John E. Moynahan, Lowell Lodge, No. 87, Third Vice-President; Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham Lodge, No. 1264, Secretary; Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn Lodge, No. 117, Treasurer. Trustees: William B. Jackson, Brookline Lodge, No. 886; Arthur J. Harty, Winchester Lodge, No. 1445; Frank J. McHugh, Lynn Lodge; William F. Hogan, Everett Lodge, No. 642; Thomas E. McCaffrey, Attleboro Lodge, No. 1014; William H. Killigrew, Jr., New Bedford Lodge, No. 73; James J. Burns, Jr., Greenfield Lodge, and William J. Durocher, North Adams Lodge, No. 487.

The selection of the meeting place for the 1934 Convention was left to the discretion of the officers and trustees of the Association.

South Dakota

The annual convention of the South Dakota State Elks Association, held recently at Watertown with Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838 as host, got off to a good start with an elaborate program of sports and entertainment on the first day. Trapshooting, kittenball, a golf and a bridge tournament, a band concert and the opening exercises of the actual convention filled the day with spectacular events.

The Watertown Lodge trapshoot team successfully blasted away to carry off the State Elks championship trophy; the golf team of Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1046, romped away with team honors to hold a

total score of 398 at the end, thus retaining the State Elks championship; and Brookings Lodge, No. 1490, took the State Elks kittenball tournament with ease. The bridge tournament which brought out an entry list of fifty players from the Lodges all over the State, revealed the best team of bridge players to come from Huron Lodge, No. 444.

The delegation from Huron Lodge, including its drum corps and Elks band, arrived at Watertown aboard a special train on the first morning of the convention. The band and drum corps gave a performance at Stony Point in the afternoon, and the band later took part in the opening exercises. In the Ritualistic Contest held on the second morning, Sioux Falls Lodge, No. 262, won first place while Aberdeen Lodge was second. The Aberdeen drill team walked away with the drill contest, and Huron Lodge won the drum corps contest with Madison Lodge, No. 1442, winner of the State Band Contest.

The opening exercises of the convention were held in the evening following a band concert, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George C. Hunt presiding at the program offered from the stage of the band concert shell. In behalf of the city of Watertown, Mayor B. N. Hagna extended a hearty welcome, and D. W. Steele, Exalted Ruler of the local Lodge, extended the welcome of Watertown Elks. A feature of the meeting was the address delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, who stressed the importance of Elkdom in South Dakota and in the United States at large. Mr. McFarland also made a plea for the support of legislative, judicial and executive branches of the government, and warmly lauded the aims and achievements of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

At the business meeting on the next day, the following officers were elected to serve the Association for the year 1933-34:

Grand Exalted Ruler's Regional Conferences with District Deputies during September, 1933.

Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 5—10 A.M.
Utica, New York, Sept. 6—10 A.M.
Boston, Mass., Sept. 7—10 A.M.
Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 8—10 A.M.
Richmond, Va., Sept. 10—2 P.M.
Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 12—10 A.M.
New Orleans, La., Sept. 13—10 A.M.
Dallas, Texas, Sept. 15—10 A.M.
St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 16—12 noon
Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 20—12 noon
Long Beach, Calif., Sept. 22—10 A.M.
Portland, Ore., Sept. 26—10 A.M.

E. C. McKenzie, Huron Lodge, President; Robert B. Meldrum, Sioux Falls Lodge, First Vice-President; Thomas C. McCall, Mitchell Lodge, No. 1059, Second Vice-President; Carl H. Nelles, Madison Lodge, Secretary (re-elected); Dr. J. G. Follett, Watertown Lodge, Treasurer (re-elected); George C. Fullinweider, Huron Lodge, Trustee for five years, and Homer Dwigins, Brookings Lodge, Trustee for one year. Huron was chosen as the meeting place for next year's annual convention.

Nebraska

The Annual Convention of the Nebraska State Elks Association was held recently at Columbus. The attendance of more than two hundred and fifty Elks was ample assurance that it was one of the

most successful meetings ever held by that organization.

The Convention began with a well-attended banquet at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, of Fairbury Lodge, No. 1203, was a guest of honor. Many ladies were present. Music was furnished by the Community Orchestra of Columbus and, under the direction of the toastmaster, Past Exalted Ruler Otto F. Walter of the host Lodge, Columbus No. 1195, many good speeches were made.

Inasmuch as the work of aiding the crippled children of the State is so highly important an activity of the Association, moving pictures were shown of some of the patients who have received treatment through its Crippled Children's Committee. The personal appearances of many of the children showed the remarkable improvements derived by treatments made possible only by the Elks Crippled Children's Clinics, sponsored by the Association. August Schneider, of Benedict, Neb., Chairman, read the report of the Committee for the purpose of informing the ladies and those Elks at the banquet who were not well acquainted with the subject, of the magnitude of the undertaking and the splendid results of the work accomplished during the past year.

Those portions of the following two days not taken up by the business sessions, which were presided over by President C. L. Baskins, of North Platte Lodge, No. 985, were devoted to recreation. Golf, horseshoe pitching contests, bridge, sight-seeing tours and dancing were all popular features, and pleasure was contributed throughout the Convention by the Omaha Glee Club and Band.

The following are the officers elected to serve the State Association for the coming year: President, H. P. Zieg, Grand Island Lodge, No. 604; Vice-Presidents: Frank I. Holmes, Columbus Lodge, No. 1195; Guy T. Tou Velle, Lincoln Lodge, No. 80, and Judge J. M. Fitzgerald, Omaha Lodge, No. 39; Trustees: C. A. McCloud, York Lodge, No. 1024; William Gregorius, Columbus Lodge, and C. A. Laughlin, Grand Island Lodge; Secretary, R. L. Cantlin, North Platte Lodge and Treasurer, Frank Real, McCook Lodge, No. 1434. The members of the Crippled Children's Committee are: August Schneider of York Lodge, Chairman; Dr. C. P. Fall, Beatrice Lodge, No. 619; Frank Real, McCook Lodge; H. E. Sidles, Lincoln Lodge; Gould Dietz, Omaha Lodge; Howard Loomis, Fremont Lodge, No. 514, and J. L. Martin, Scottsbluff Lodge, No. 1367.

A telegram was received from Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association, felicitating the Nebraska Association on its successful work, and a telegram was sent by the Association to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, urging that he rescind section 15 of his order abolishing the Federal Board for Vocational Education and reducing Federal aid.

North Dakota

The 1933 Convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association was officially opened with outdoor ceremonies on the lawn of the Home of Williston Lodge, No. 1214, the local troops of Boy Scouts, the Purple Band of Minot Lodge, No. 1089, and the Legion Drum Corps of Williston assisting.

The business session held on the second day was presided over by Vice-President Sam Stern of Fargo Lodge, No. 260, in the absence through illness of President L. B. Hanna, former Governor of North Dakota. Delegations from every Lodge in the State attended the meeting, one of

(Continued on page 56)



ELKDOM OUTDOORS

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

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

The National Trap Shoot

By J. H. Hamilton

LOUIS SEABORN of Youngstown, Ohio, won the Elks National Handicap Trap-shooting Championship held at the Milwaukee Gun Club during the National Convention on single targets with a score of 97 out of 100. This event completed the round robin of wins for Seaborn as he won the doubles championship the first day, and his total of 290 out of 300 for the complete program gave him the all-round championship. D. C. Hayward of Weyauwega, Wisconsin, finished second in the all around event with a score of 286. The Wisconsin Elks won their second national five man squad championship with the remarkable score of 489 out of 500 targets. C. C. Mitchell of Milwaukee made a clean sweep of the professional events. In all, the exhibition of shooting for the two days ranked with best as the boys shattered the clays with monotonous precision. Scores:—

Elks National Handicap (16 to 23 Yards)—L. Seaborn, Youngstown, Ohio, first, 97x100, 23 yards; J. F. Sharpentine, Escanaba, Mich., second, 96x100, 19 yards; D. C. Hayward, Weyauwega, Wis., third, 95x100, 23 yards; F. J. Fellenzer, Tracy, Minn., fourth, 94x100, 22 yards; L. D. Frint, Milwaukee, fifth, 93x100, 23 yards; Earl Cole, Birmingham, Ala., sixth, 93x100, 20 yards.

Elks National State Five-Man Team Championship—Wisconsin, first, 489x500 (D.

C. Hayward, 100x100; L. D. Frint, 99x100; G. Brunkhorst, 99x100; E. L. Baum, 95x100; Art Nelson, 96x100). Iowa, second, 473x500 (F. M. Smith, 96x100; H. Mellenger, 94x100; A. Mellenger, 92x100; William Supter, 96x100; W. J. Sweetman, 95x100). Alabama, third, 453x500 (W. A. Bickford, 91x100; J. K. Taylor, 89x100; T. J. Orrenger, 92x100; G. Mercer, 89x100; Earl Cole, 92x100).

All-Around Elks National Championship—L. Seaborn, Youngstown, Ohio, first, 290x300; D. C. Hayward, Weyauwega, Wis., second, 286x300.

National Professional Elks Championship—Doubles, Clyde Mitchell, Milwaukee, 96x100. Handicap—Clyde Mitchell, Milwaukee, 95x100. Singles—Clyde Mitchell, Milwaukee, 99x100 (23 yards). All-Around—Clyde Mitchell, Milwaukee, 290x300 (23 yards).



Members of the winning team in the National Trap Shoot

The National Golf Championship

ART OLSON of Highland Park Illinois, is the new possessor of The Doyle Trophy, emblematic of the Elks National Golf Championship played for at the National Convention at Milwaukee. While the entry list was quite large, the Championship developed into a duel between Olson and Ralph Johnson of Urbana, Illinois, who

76-77 for the first two rounds. Johnson, an early starter in the third round, finished with a 76 for a total of 229 and this report reached Olson just after hitting his drive from the first tee.

Olson knew he had to shoot 79 or better to win, as all the other competitors were out of the running. He lost four strokes

16th leaving a tap in putt for his second bird. Following a well played par four, he played the home hole safe for a five and the championship. While Johnson's total left him one shot too many his rounds of 77-76-76 were by far the most consistent.

Best of the Milwaukeeans in the meet was Max Shimon, the sharp-shooting Brynwood club champ. With a 242 total he tied with Joe Jewett of Gary, Ind., for third place. In the fifth spot was Cyril McNamara, the Tuckaway Star, with 244, the result of a bulging 87. Others in the first 12 were: M. H. Beaudin, Highland Park, Ill., 248; Bob Moon, Gary, Ind., 251; T. J. Welch, Kewanee, Ill., 253; Alex Pendleton, Gary, Ind., 253; C. L. Hornung, Fond du Lac, 254; R. E. Elliott, Logansport, Ind., 254; John T. Dean, Michiwaukee club, 259; and G. A. Baker, Decorah, Iowa, 261.

The Appleton team, composed of Kenneth Dickinson, Ralph McGowan, Augie Brandt and George Derber, totaled 660 to beat Gary, Ind., by 21 shots for the squad honors. Gary's line-up included Jewett, Moon, Pendleton and Elmer Watts. Dickinson was low for the winners with 157. Brandt had 164, McGowan 165 and Fond du Lac fourth with 686 and 689 totals, respectively.

His shot at the championship Doyle Trophy having failed, McNamara took the Class A gross score prize with his 157 count for 36 holes. M. H. Beaudin of Highland Park, D. F. Beatos of Memphis, Tenn., and T. J. Welch of Kewanee, Ill., tied with 45s in the Class A net feature. Class B winners were: Low gross, R. G. Elliott of Logansport, Ind., with 163 total; low net, G. E. Block, Dunellen, N. J., 142.



MILWAUKEE JOURNAL PHOTO

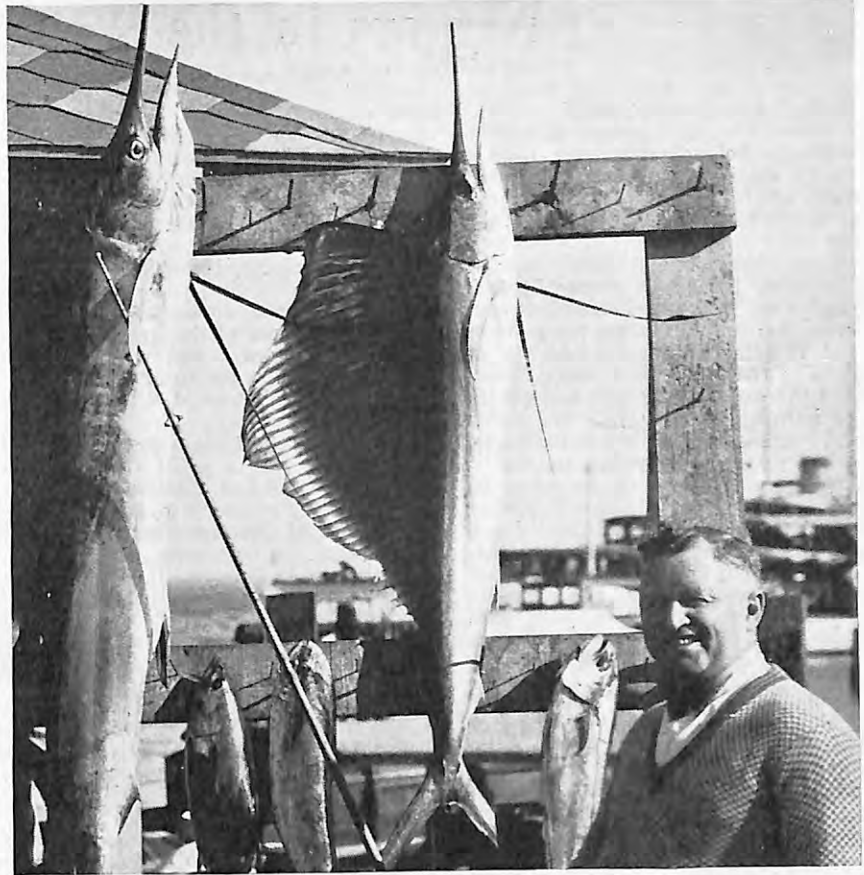
Winners in the National Golf Championship

finished one stroke behind Olson for the 54 holes. Those who were privileged to witness Olson's finishing holes will long remember his gallant stand when the championship seemed all but lost and when a stout-hearted golfer would have failed. Olson had shot a sizzling 70 for the opening round and had followed with a 79 to place him four strokes ahead of Johnson who had

on the first four holes, shot the next four in par and then kicked the ball all over the long ninth, winding up with a seven for a 41 for the first nine. Four more precious strokes were lost to par on the next five holes which left him needing even par to tie with Johnson. On the 15th he canned a 15 ft. down hill putt for a birdie. His tee shot nearly holed out for an ace on the



MR. F. F. SCRIBNER enjoyed the thrill of taking the Marlin Swordfish shown above about an hour's run from Balboa, Calif. The fish jumped 30 times and took 50 minutes to be subdued. He was captured on regulation heavy tackle, 24 strand line with 60 pound breaking power. Flying fish was used as bait. The fish was sighted behind some feathers used for Ship-jack. The flying fish was immediately let out as soon as the feathers were brought in and the bait was eagerly taken. The fish weighed 122 pounds. Capt. J. B. McNally (Right) Balboa, Calif., with his 32 foot diesel engined boat had a party of four in charge, all members of Burbank Lodge No. 1497.



LEECH LAKE, Minnesota, attracts its quota of non-resident fishermen as the snapshot at the right attests. The fishermen are: L. to R. J. G. Shifflett, L. V. Phelps, C. H. Snyder and A. J. Brock; all are members of Grinnell, Iowa Lodge No. 1266. The fish are Wall Eyed Pike and the result of one day's real sport. Reports from Minnesota and Wisconsin indicate an extremely heavy fishing activity this year.



J. W. HULIHAN of Mt. Vernon, New York No. 842, shown above with a morning's catch in the Gulf Stream off Miami, Fla., where he accounted for two sail fish of 5 ft. and 8 ft. in length respectively, together with several tuna, dolphin and bonita. A marlin sword fish estimated at 75 lbs. was lost after an hour's battle when a big shark chopped it in two just back of the sword and gills.



GWYN THURMOND (shown on left) of Ventura, Cal. Lodge No. 1430 whose business is ranching and whose hobby is fishing, had quite a battle with this 48 lb. 3 oz. salmon. Mr. Thurmond leaves his ranch about May 1st for Nanaimo, British Columbia, where he lives the following four months on his yacht fishing in B. C. waters. If a fellow could only catch two salmon like Thurmond's he could start a cannery.

REUBEN CAIN (on right) of Newark Lodge No. 21 found plenty of Pike in the Timagami Forrest of Northern Ontario, Canada, where he spends his vacation each summer. A 65 mile canoe trip is necessary to reach Fredrick Lake where fish can be seen before they are caught. Cain says, "A fisherman's paradise."

KEEP "Elkdom Outdoors" in mind on your fishing trips, and take your camera along. Shoot the pictures you think will be most interesting to lovers of outdoor sports. Why not pass on to your brother sportsmen tips on fishing, as to bait, and methods, that will add to their enjoyment. Send in all hunting, fishing, golf and other outdoor pictures with your story, furnishing names and places. Send only prints, the glossy type preferred, and address all correspondence to ELKDOM OUTDOORS. THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.



Niggers in the Woodpile

(Continued from page 20)

"You won't do it in this house."

"Yes we will," said another, which he recognized as belonging to one of the gang, "we'll do it up right now, in that back room."

What with pain and worry over the condition of his arm, Mr. Woznak was jumpy. He immediately came to the conclusion that the gang, angry because his wound was infected, intended to put him out of the way. He sat there trembling and listening while the footsteps of those outside the room died away. Then he opened the door on a crack and peered into the hallway. The coast was clear. As fast as the cast on his leg would let him, he had raced to the police station.

Ironically enough, the conversation he had overheard had not concerned him at all. It had to do with the bandaging and plaster-casting of another accomplice, supposed to have been injured in still another accident. This was revealed when the detectives returned to the station house with several prisoners, including one who, though swathed in bandages, was found to be perfectly sound of limb.

THERE is not space in this article to go into details of the trial, or rather the trials, involved in this case. Suffice it to say that the doctor, who operated a well known sanitarium, several lawyers and others, numbering 19 persons in all, were arrested. The doctor was indicted on a charge of atrocious assault and battery and also, with some of the others, on a charge of conspiracy to report false accidents for the purpose of defrauding insurance companies. The inglorious Mr. Woznak, whose nervousness had betrayed them all, was among those indicted. But he was summoned before a higher tribunal before his case came to trial in the local courts. The infection of his arm caused his death.

As this is written, I know of two similar rings, in two different cities, that are awaiting trial. Probably, since there are fashions in crime, investigators and police are tracking down other fake accident rings elsewhere. It is only a matter of time before they will catch them. For the recent increase in fraudulent claims has thoroughly roused the insurance companies, whose experts are on the alert for telltale signs of niggers in the woodpile. The signs are not very difficult to read. They follow quite definite patterns. When, for example, one lawyer represents a succession of accident victims, each of whom is attended by the same doctor, that is clearly something more than mere coincidence. It's a pattern pointing to collusion.

Schemes to obtain insurance money range all the way from open threats of suicide, to fiendish plots worked out to the last detail. One of the most brazen of the former was that of a well-known Berlin business man who, a couple of years ago, was badly in need of capital, but had exhausted his commercial credit. He went to the company in which his life was insured and said:

"Gentlemen, I am facing ruin. I must have at once a half million marks in order to save my business. I am insured in your company for a million marks. Advance me the half million I need—or I shall shoot myself."

The company officials tried to argue with him and dissuade him from his grim purpose. But they knew their man and when argument left him unmoved they

were convinced he would carry out his threat. They bought back his million mark policy for the half million he demanded. With the money thus acquired, he put his business on its feet. At last report he is said to have been trying to induce other insurance companies to insure his life afresh, but finding them cold to the idea.

Last summer a somewhat similar demand, made to one of the large New England companies, was met with a firmer stand. It came in the form of an anonymous letter, the writer of which set forth that he needed money for his business and could not get it through the usual channels; that he held a policy of face value between \$25,000 and \$200,000; and that he wanted the company to loan him, for three years at 5%, an amount equal to one-third of its face value. If they refused, he would kill himself. Though the actual loan value of the policy was insufficient for his needs, he stated that the policy was old enough so that the suicide clause could not be invoked. He instructed the company to reply by inserting the following advertisement in the personal column of a New York paper: "Status—Proposal and conditions accepted. Zelevart." Instead of which, they inserted another, worded thus:

"Status—Many men are today in equally distressing financial circumstances, but are making a brave fight. Buckle down and do likewise. Your moral support and affection will add more to the happiness of your family than monetary consideration so obtained. Your family would not approve of your proposal. Keep its respect."

It would be interesting to know whether or not this message had the desired effect. But that is and probably always will be an unsolved mystery. Asked if he thought it would prove effective, the president of the company was not over optimistic. Twice before, he said, they had received similar threats. In one case they had been successful in persuading the threatener to carry on, but in the other they had failed.

THE field of workmen's compensation insurance abounds in frauds. As you doubtless know, state and, in certain instances, federal laws require that employers of labor carry insurance so that employees injured in the line of duty shall receive compensation during the period of their disability. Many and devious are the schemes thought up by workmen, on their own hook or aided and abetted by crooked lawyers and doctors, to enable them to collect compensation they are not entitled to.

It was not until 1927 that stevedores and other workers around the waterfront were given the protection of workmen's compensation insurance. In that year Congress passed the Longshoremen's and Harbor Workers' Act, making it compulsory for employers of such labor to insure. In the first nine months of the law's operation, according to the Deputy Federal Commissioner in New York, no less than 8,000 claims were filed, many of them, in his opinion, fraudulent.

One of the large companies writing this form of insurance maintains a clinic in downtown New York to which injured employees are sent for diagnosis and treatment. Not long after the Longshoremen's Act went into effect, doctors and nurses

at this clinic began to be puzzled by an influx of strangely similar cases. Men came in with tremendously swollen hands, or else with horrible ulcers on their legs. The work of a stevedore, loading and unloading cargo, is no pink tea. Involving the handling of all kinds of crates, bales, packing cases and the like, it is easy enough to understand that a longshoreman is in no little danger of having his hands cut and bruised and his legs scraped by protruding nails, wire binding, or whatnot. It was not so much the fact that the men in question had swollen hands or ulcerated legs that puzzled the workers at the clinic, as that in each case the swellings and ulcers did not respond to treatment. After the doctors had tried by all the methods known to medical science to diagnose and treat the ailments, but still the men kept coming back with their condition unimproved, the officials of the insurance company decided there must be a nigger in the woodpile and took steps to smoke him out.

The records showed that the curiously afflicted workmen were all Italians. So the company engaged two detectives of Italian origin, who got jobs as stevedores. After a time they found a compatriot who was willing to let them in on the secret. There was a very simple reason why the swellings and the ulcers had defied all remedies. That reason was that they were self-inflicted "injuries" — inflicted anew immediately prior to each successive visit to the clinic. They were not really serious, nor did they prevent the men who had them from working. In fact the idea was to collect compensation and draw pay for working at the same time.

A SWOLLEN hand was produced by tying a tourniquet around the upper arm, to stop the circulation, wrapping the hand in a cloth, to prevent its being hurt, and then pounding it repeatedly with a hammer or mallet. This would cause the hand to swell mightily and stay swollen long enough to survive a visit to the clinic. The method of producing the leg ulcers was almost as simple, though a trifle more drastic; but as it is somewhat revolting I withhold the details.

Having discovered the secret of the baffling injuries, the detectives turned up some useful additional information. It appeared that all the malingerers—who numbered about forty—were aliens, ship-jumpers who had entered the country illegally. So by arrangement with the immigration authorities a very neat coup was executed. The supposed sufferers were all told to report at the clinic on a certain day. As they arrived they were led into the basement and placed under guard. When all were accounted for, they were loaded into Black Marias, rushed to the dock, shipped to Ellis Island and thence deported.

Incidentally, this was not the first time the trick of producing swellings artificially had been used to defraud insurance companies, though it was probably the first time it was so used on a wholesale basis. For several years a lone wolf travelled about the country, making his living by means of it.

With his upper arm tightly bound, this man, who posed as a prosperous salesman and looked the part, would contrive to trip over rugs, lamp cords, door sills, loose floor tiles, anything, in fact, that furnished an excuse. He would fall heavily, always landing on the bound-up arm in such a

way that it would immediately begin to swell. He operated principally in department stores and hotel lobbies and, being an expert tumbler, never failed to convince the managers of these establishments that he had a valid claim for damages. Part of his method, looking to a quick get-away, was to say that he was obliged to leave town that same day, to keep a business appointment elsewhere, and to request an immediate settlement so that he might catch his scheduled train. Anxious to conciliate so courteous a gentleman, the hotel or store executive usually summoned his insurance representative at once; and when the amount of the settlement had been agreed upon, advanced it to the sufferer in cash.

By using a string of aliases, this man managed to avoid arousing suspicion in the home offices of the insurance companies. But he worked his little game once too often. He came to grief by being recognized by a hotel manager who had moved from one city to another and had been taken in by him once before.

Reverting to the field of workmen's compensation, here is a story told me by the claims man who handled the case. It involved an employee of a factory making a certain kind of fabric. In one of the processes of manufacture, long sheets of this material are hung in great loops, something like ribbon candy, from iron bars supported on overhead racks. In the course of his work the employee, whom we'll call Polski, accidentally dislodged one of the iron bars, which, in falling, grazed his head. He was sent to the first aid room, where it was discovered that he had sustained a scalp wound so slight as to be scarcely more than a scratch. The attendant dressed it and as a matter of routine sent Polski to the company's doctor, who examined him and corroborated the opinion that the injury was of no importance. Nevertheless the man went home and did not appear at the factory the next day.

Two mornings later he came to work roaring drunk and was promptly fired. Aside from his inebriety, however, he seemed to be quite all right. If his head hurt him, it was understandable, but it was not because of his accident. The factory superintendent, who was keenly interested in safety work and personally investigated such mishaps, bade Mr. Polski goodby and thought he had heard and seen the last of him, for a time at least. But he hadn't, by a long shot.

For shortly afterwards my friend the claims man of the company in which the plant was insured received a letter from a lawyer. Mr. Polski, the letter stated, was in a bad way. He had a fractured skull and a brain injury, caused by the blow from the iron bar. Not only that but he had the diagnosis of the head surgeon and the X-ray expert of a certain hospital, plus the X-ray pictures, to prove it. In his behalf the lawyer claimed compensation.

The claims man got in touch with the plant superintendent to find out what he knew about the case. And on hearing his version of the affair, immediately smelled a rat. He notified the lawyer that he would hold up the claim, pending investigation and a hearing before the State Insurance Commissioner for the district.

His next step was to have the X-ray photographs examined by a famous special-

ist, whose verdict was that they showed a perfectly normal skull with no signs of fracture. Not satisfied with just one expert opinion, the claims man then had the pictures examined by another specialist, whose opinion coincided with that of the other. It was apparent that the hospital surgeon and his own roentgenologist, in stating that Polski's skull was fractured, must have been either mistaken, or wilfully misleading. The claims man was at first inclined to think they'd been mistaken, for the surgeon's standing, at that time, was above suspicion. Before the date set for the hearing, he did a little probing into Mr. Polski's past, to see what it might

of medical opinion, pro or con, is largely dependent on the appearance of sincerity in the doctor, as well as on his standing as an expert. If the hospital surgeon wished to detract, he could do so by conceding that he had made a mistake. That would deflate Polski's claim and finish the case. But it would be an unsatisfactory ending. The episode of the interpreter had convinced the claims man that the surgeon had deliberately lied about his patient's condition and he was anxious to expose him. While he was wondering how this could be brought about, help came from an unexpected quarter. He had a call from the superintendent, asking him to go right over to the plant.

The superintendent told him he had just had a visit from the interpreter whom Polski's lawyer and doctor had tried to work into the hearing. This individual, whom we'll call Honeyman, explained the visit as being prompted by his desire to see fair play. He stated that there was nothing the matter with Polski. He had been at the latter's house, he said, shortly after the accident. The surgeon had come while he was there and he had heard him suggest to Polski that they could both make a lot of money by pretending that Polski had been seriously injured.

"If he'll put that in the form of a signed statement," said the claims man, "we'll have 'em licked."

That night he and the superintendent went to Honeyman's flat. The interpreter was alone. He received them politely and readily agreed to dictate his story and sign it. While he talked, the claims man wrote. The statement covered six pages. Honeyman read it through and was just about to

sign it, when the door opened and in marched his wife. She glared at the visitors with a hostile eye. Then, noting that her husband had a pen in his hand, she bore down on him, talking loudly and angrily in a foreign tongue. The claims man hastily snatched the document from the table and put it in his pocket, before she could get at it. This seemed to enrage the woman, who gesticulated wildly and talked more angrily than ever. Failing to calm her, Honeyman suggested that the two men go downstairs and wait in their car, promising that he would come down later. Glad to escape what had all the earmarks of a family brawl, they went. And they waited, one hour, two hours—but no sign of Honeyman. The claims man lost his patience. "I'm going up there and get his signature, wife or no wife," he said.

In answer to their knock the door of the interpreter's flat was opened just wide enough for the wife to look out. Truculently she demanded what they wanted. "We want to see Honeyman," said the claims man. "He's not here," said the woman, trying to slam the door. "We'll see whether he is or not," retorted the insurance man, who had wedged his foot in the opening. He pushed past her into the flat, followed by the superintendent. But the woman had told the truth. The interpreter was not there. He had evidently sneaked out by a back door while they had been waiting in the car. Baffled and chagrined, they left the house. For the next few days the claims man tried to find Honeyman, but without success. He had vanished. Without him, the statement wasn't worth the paper it was written on.

(Continued on page 42)

Next Month—Sam Hellman



FOOTBALL—with its own inimitable pomp, punch and pageantry—will be with us again next month. And the editors of *The Elks Magazine* have been working on a program of football stories and pictures which they believe will be very much to your liking. The first, in the October issue, is by the well known humorist, Sam Hellman—with appropriate illustrations from the talented brush of Tony Sarg. Watch next month for the unparalleled doings of one "Junk" Hennessey, with a laugh in every line—under the title:

"Junk Sees a Star"

yield. One item of interest was that the gentleman had been arrested and tried, not long before, on the charge of operating a still. The claims man obtained a copy of the testimony in this case and took it with him to the hearing, on the bare chance that he might find it useful. (He already knew that Polski had been fired for drunkenness several times prior to the recent occasion and was not regarded as a strikingly reliable sort of person.)

At the hearing, the first move of the claimant's lawyer and the hospital surgeon was to insist upon the necessity of using an interpreter, whom they had thoughtfully provided. Polski, they claimed, could neither understand nor speak English well enough to be questioned in that language.

"Is that so?" said the claims man. "Polski got along all right without an interpreter in the City Court."

"What do you mean?" the lawyer asked, uneasily.

"Simply that when he was up for running a still a while back he understood and spoke English. I've got the transcript of the testimony here that proves it."

The hearing got under way, but due to wrangling proceeded more slowly than had been anticipated and was adjourned for a week. One of the X-ray specialists who was to have testified for the insurance company, being scheduled to sail for Europe, was unable to wait over. The claims man submitted the pictures then to a third expert, whose opinion tallied with those of the first two. This was encouraging, but only to a degree; for the value

(Continued from page 41)

But when the time came for the hearing, lo and behold, Honeyman was on hand. He explained that his wife had been opposed to his signing the statement and that he had not wanted to have any trouble with her about it. The claims man thought fast. He knew it was against the rules to impeach one's own witness, but he decided to take a chance. Putting Honeyman on the witness stand, he read the statement aloud and asked him if he would acknowledge it under oath. The opposing lawyer immediately objected. His objection was sustained. The Commissioner ordered Honeyman not to answer. But the claims man had achieved his purpose. He had gotten the facts of the case into the Commissioner's mind, discrediting Polski and the surgeon. Though he had presented no legal evidence of attempted fraud, he was enabled to settle the case for \$200, a sum many times less than the compensation demanded would have amounted to.

"That surgeon was dropped from the hospital as the result of the hearing," he told me. "He was a skillful operator, but a little unethical."

"What," I inquired, "was Honeyman's motive for tipping off the superintendent to the plot and then changing his mind about signing the statement?"

"I can't be sure," said the claims man, "but the way I dope it out is this: Honeyman was a sort of fixer among the foreign laboring element. He not only interpreted, but changed money, bought steamship tickets—all that sort of thing. My theory is that the whole scheme was his idea in the first place. I think he knew the surgeon was crooked and that he got him and Polski together and that the three of them cooked up the deal. I don't believe the lawyer knew the case was not on the level. I think he was misled. What happened, if my hunch is correct, was that when the others found they wouldn't be able to use Honeyman as an interpreter they read him out of the picture. Either that, or Honeyman, realizing I suspected a frame-up when I called the turn on them with that City Court testimony, got cold feet and decided to read himself out of it, by spilling the story to the superintendent and repeating it to me. Then I figure that his wife told him he'd be a fool to sign the statement because it might possibly incriminate him. So he kept out of my way until the hearing, but he couldn't keep away from that because he had to find out what was going to happen. It's my guess that Mr. Honeyman is to be trusted about as far as you could swing a chimney by the smoke. But that's only my guess."

ONE factor which tends to simplify the detection of insurance frauds is that, unlike murder, they have only one basic motive, namely: the desire to raise quick cash. The insurance swindle is so often the last resort of persons desperately in need of money that the first thing insurance investigators scrutinize in suspicious cases is the financial condition of the policy holder prior to the accident, fire, burglary, or whatever it may be that his claim (or hers) is based on. No matter how cleverly a fire may have been set, or a burglary staged, the easily ascertained fact that the finances of the assured were low at the time renders him automatically suspect. This does not mean, of course, that he is certain to be caught; it does mean, of course, that the odds are against him from the start and that the slightest slip-up is likely to land him in trouble.

A good deal of ingenuity is exercised in starting fires so that no trace of their incendiary origin will be discovered. But

the most ingenious of these schemes are liable to go wrong, as happened in the case of a professional man living in a town some seventy miles from New York, who planned things so that his house would catch fire several hours after he had left it to attend a ball game with a friend in the big city. If all had gone well he would have returned, with a perfect alibi, to find the house a total loss. But he had not figured on the traditional cussedness of inanimate objects.

An acquaintance of mine happened to be in the fire chief's office when the alarm came in and, at the chief's invitation, accompanied him to the scene. In the living room the cause of the blaze was plain to see. On the floor at one side, with runners of straw leading from its base, a tall, thick, church candle, only partially burned, told the story. The owner of the place had evidently set up a ring of such candles around the room, expecting that they would all burn at the same rate and that all traces of them would be obliterated. But this particular candle, because of a defect, had upset his calculations.

PROFESSIONAL incendiaries go to some pains to do a job of complete destruction. Sometimes it is this very completeness that leads to their undoing. Experienced fire officials do not always need the tangible evidence of rags soaked in kerosene, or other signs of crude work, to be able to tell that a blaze is of man-made origin. A terrific explosion in a grain elevator or a celluloid factory is to be expected, but a terrific explosion in a clothing store somehow doesn't seem quite natural.

Not long ago a furrier's establishment in New York caught fire with such vigor that the entire front of the building was blown right across the street. By the time the firemen arrived the interior was a roaring inferno, from top to bottom. So complete a job was it, that the Fire Marshal at once suspected it to be the work of a specialist. The furrier filed claims, by mail, for \$140,000 insurance. The Fire Marshal then ordered his arrest on a charge of arson. He and his brother, who was arrested with him, at first denied the charge. But under the pressure of shrewd questioning they broke down and confessed. The confession implicated two other furriers and a professional incendiary. As usual, the motive had been a pressing need for money.

It was brought out that the furrier whose place had burned, together with one of the others, had tried to buck some of the big professional card games in New York. Each had put \$40,000 into a pool organized for that purpose and lost it. To recoup, it was decided that Furrier A should have a fire. As a preliminary, however, he turned the key to his store over to his associate, who systematically looted it, taking furs away at night and selling them for what he could get. When the stock had been reduced to a value of \$5,000, Furrier A offered to give it to a third man, on condition that he pay a certain incendiary \$3,000 to fire the premises. The third man carried out his part of the bargain, but testified, incidentally, that he had not been given the furs. With the furrier's help, the arson specialist was traced to a hideout in Virginia, arrested and brought to New York. He boasted of having set fires involving seven merchants in other cities, with insurance claims totalling \$500,000.

This man's methods were his own. So confident was he of their efficacy that he undertook to "torch" buildings on the basis of a retaining fee of \$500 to \$1,000, the balance of his hire to be payable upon collection of the insurance money. Having persuaded the merchant in the case that it

would be safer to have a fire than to go into bankruptcy, or stage a fake burglary, he would rent loft space in the building and establish a dummy chemical company. Then little by little he would have five gallon tins of alcohol delivered to the chemical company, until there were at least 200 gallons on the premises. Sometimes he took as long as four months to get the alcohol into the building. The sole activity of the chemical company was to transfer the alcohol into wooden barrels and get rid of the tins. The fires were timed to start at night, or in the early morning, when the buildings were unoccupied. On the night of a fire he would superintend the placing of a barrel on each floor of the building and then send his accomplices away so that they would not learn the secret technique of the actual firing.

This was very simple. On each floor of the building he would lay a length of grooved board. In the groove he placed a 19 inch stick of punk, to one end of which, with chewing gum, he had attached a match. On the floor, near the head of the match, he placed a wad of cotton. Finally, having lighted the free end of each punk stick, he would open the spigots of the alcohol barrels—and depart. By the time the whole place was filled with alcohol fumes and the floors thoroughly soaked with the fluid, the punk would ignite the match, the match ignite the cotton—and bingo!

Probably the most difficult form of insurance swindle to perpetrate successfully is the kind in which the policy holder, expecting to collect through a beneficiary, tries to fake his own death, by fire or drowning. No matter how convincingly these schemes may be staged, they are seldom productive of quick cash. The insurance companies insist on proof of death before they will pay claims. This means that they or their representatives must see the body of the deceased, or must be furnished with the sworn testimony of witnesses who either have seen and identified it, or actually witnessed the person's death. Lacking such proof that the policy holder is really dead, the companies withhold payment for seven years (under the Enoch Arden law) meanwhile hunting diligently for trace of the missing person.

NOT long ago a New England business man disappeared from a steamer plying between Boston and New York. No one had seen him jump, or fall, overboard. There had been a good many such disappearances, not all of them genuine. The insurance company withheld payment on his life policy. Some time after the man had been missing, however, a fisherman found a human foot washed up on the shore of Long Island Sound. Its sock and shoe were intact. By means of the laundry mark on the sock the foot was identified as having belonged to the missing man. Whereupon the claim was paid.

The miscreant who hopes to collect insurance on his own life is under the grim necessity of supplying a corpse to represent him after his disappearance. To do this he must either exhume one from a graveyard, or commit murder. It is a curious commentary on human psychology that men planning these fake death swindles more commonly turn to murder than to body-snatching. Since it is essential to the success of any such plot that the body be faintly recognizable yet not precisely identifiable, it must be disfigured. The method most frequently resorted to is to burn it in a house, barn, or other building.

Like other insurance plots, the arson-murder combination has a definite pattern. It consists usually of luring a down-and-out stranger into the house, with promises

of employment, plying him with liquor to put him to sleep, and trapping him between walls of flame. A grisly, cold-blooded and precarious business, in which the perpetrator's chances of collecting insurance money and remaining free to enjoy it, are practically nil. From the very freakishness of fire, to the ability of dentists to identify bodies by examination of the teeth, there are a score of factors operating against the would-be murderer by arson. Here, for example, is a typical case, showing how an unforeseen twist—by no means an uncommon one—upset one such scheme.

A YOUNG man named Fox had left his up-state home to look for work in New York. A few days after his arrival he was approached on the street by an older man, who asked him if he wanted a job. He said he did. The stranger, one Raffi, promised him a position as soda clerk, at a wage of \$50 a month and board, which sounded very good to Fox, who'd been wondering where his next meal was coming from. His benefactor drove him to a bungalow in the Bronx. It was a hot summer night and Fox gladly accepted the succession of long, cool drinks that Raffi offered him.

Before long he found himself a trifle drunk and overpoweringly sleepy and said he guessed he'd better go to bed. Raffi readily acquiesced and put him to bed with his clothes on. Fox went to sleep. In a little while, however, he waked up, to find his employer sprinkling the bed and the room with some sort of liquid. Raffi explained that it was water, "to make you cool." His mind foggy, Fox was satisfied with the explanation and went to sleep again. But again he was awakened—and this time thoroughly. The room—and the bed, itself—were ablaze.

Fox leaped up, dashed for the window and dived through it. Not until he picked himself up outside did he realize that his own clothing was on fire. He tore off his trousers and, badly burned and frightened, staggered to a nearby gas station where there was a light. "I was set afire down there," he gasped to the attendant. "I jumped fourteen feet out of a window." Then he became incoherent.

The attendant summoned an ambulance and the police. Revived temporarily, Fox told detectives his story, fainted and was taken unconscious to the hospital.

The fire was extinguished before it did much damage to the house, where detectives found runners of twisted rags, soaked in inflammable fluid, leading from room to room. Coats and blankets had been draped over the windows, to hide the blaze from outside view. There was, of course, no sign of Raffi. At about two o'clock a car drove up, bringing his wife. Questioned by detectives she said she had been visiting her mother in another section of the Bronx. Her husband had arranged to call for her at midnight. When he did not come, she had gotten a neighbor to drive her home.

There was a steel file in the bungalow. In it detectives found papers showing that the dwelling was insured for \$4,500 and that Raffi himself carried a policy for \$2,500, providing double indemnity in case of his accidental death.

Fox died of his burns. A warrant was issued for Raffi on a charge of first degree murder. For nearly three weeks the search for him was fruitless. Then, one night, a detective trailed Mrs. Raffi to a lonely park, where she had gone to meet her fugitive husband, and arrested them both.

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16					17					18					
19					20					21					
22				23	24			25		26			27		
28			29	30		31		32			33				
			34	35				36		37	38				
39	40	41				42		43		44			45	46	47
48				49		50			51		52				
53			54	55						56		57			
58				59	60					61		62			
63					64	65				66		67			
			68			69		70		71					
72	73	74			75		76		77			78	79	80	81
82				83				84		85		86		87	
88			89			90			91			92	93		
94						95						96			
97						98						99			

Across

- 1—Uncovers
- 6—More recent
- 11—Yawner
- 16—A pointed arch
- 17—Thronged
- 18—The aloe
- 19—Methodical arrangement
- 20—Bundles
- 21—Mohammedans in the Philippine Islands
- 22—A mark for quoints
- 23—Distant
- 25—Ingress
- 27—A runner for the foot
- 28—A plant of economic value
- 30—Bottom of a watercourse
- 32—A light collation
- 33—Sharp
- 34—A click beetle
- 37—One who colors
- 39—The north wind
- 42—A weight of India
- 44—Registers for an appointment
- 48—A strong beer
- 49—Release
- 52—Substitute for Chinese tea, used by French

- 53—God of the Hindu triad representing destruction
- 55—Deduces
- 57—The mother of Apollo
- 58—Levels
- 60—Blotted out
- 62—Appointed
- 63—Depends
- 65—A Japanese coin
- 66—A hydrocarbon from pine tar
- 68—Chair
- 70—Pertaining to a genus of deer
- 72—Cold, dry wind of south Europe
- 75—Aeriform fluid
- 77—A sheep
- 78—Fresh tidings
- 82—Any person
- 83—A river in France
- 85—Doctrine
- 87—Be situated
- 88—Bring into line
- 90—Fog-horn
- 92—The after song
- 94—General purport
- 95—Imitating
- 96—Small candle
- 97—A cubic meter
- 98—Grants on promise of return

- 99—Water jugs

Down

- 1—Stall in a fair
- 2—Concur
- 3—An addendum
- 4—Close of the day, poetic
- 5—Slave
- 6—A lip-ornament of the Alaskans
- 7—According to
- 8—A roofing material
- 9—Incident
- 10—Was supported
- 11—High-flavored
- 12—Past
- 13—Analyze grammatically
- 14—Summon forth
- 15—A vegetable exudation
- 24—Degraded
- 26—Beams
- 29—The insect that "improves each shining hour"
- 31—Longs for
- 33—A South African native hut
- 35—Boy
- 36—Vilifier
- 38—Sprite
- 39—More contemptible
- 40—An evergreen tree
- 41—Carouse
- 43—Annual income
- 45—Plural of "this"
- 46—Devoured
- 47—Struck
- 50—Preceded
- 51—Prepare flax
- 54—A species of parsley
- 56—A succession of things
- 59—Comprehend
- 61—Lair
- 64—Heroic romance of early Scandinavia
- 67—A number used indefinitely for "several"
- 69—Pertaining to the ankle
- 71—Oscillates
- 72—Water craft (plural)
- 73—A bay or recess
- 74—Large fishing-net
- 76—A game-bird with a long bill
- 79—Run away
- 80—Broader
- 81—Prophets
- 83—Nothing but
- 84—The Island of Saints
- 86—Apportion
- 89—And not
- 91—Purpose
- 93—Foot of an animal



After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 46

The Skins of the Fathers

(Continued from page 8)

seen you' til it was too late. Honest I never. An' besides, my brakes wasn't holdin'."

"Nor neither yo' lights wasn't on."

"N-n-nossuh. They wasn't wukkin', neither. I—I reckon my car ain't much good."

"Mine ain't either," said Florian harshly. "Must be fifty dollars damage . . . mebbe a hund'ed. An' you is gwine pay fo' it . . . ev'y cent."

Mr. Gnat made a gesture of despair. He declared that the obligation was his, but that cash was the most thing he possessed none of. Florian threatened suit and Mr. Gnat assured him that while the suit would unquestionably be successful — since liability was admitted—the judgment would be entirely uncollectible.

EVENTUALLY the crowd dispersed, and Florian summoned a wrecker to remove his car to a garage. Then he resumed his journey toward the civic center of Darktown. After all, the accident had finished happening, and he was alive and unhurt. The sense of relief tempered his fury, and being convinced of Mr. Gnat's chronic insolvency, he decided not to bring suit, although he felt that it behooved him to see more of the careless little man.

And later that night a very interesting thing occurred in the corner room at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored occupied by Mr. Noble Wimbish.

Mr. Wimbish was smiling.

So, too, was his visitor . . . a very small and apologetic gentleman named Eddie Gnat.

"You done grand," complimented Mr. Wimbish. "The accident made lots o' noise."

"Uh-huh," agreed Mr. Gnat. "It sho' did. An' it skeered me most to death."

"But it done the work, Eddie. Ev'y cullud purson in this town is gwine start seekin' me, now I has proved how I can foretell things. Nobody didn't believe me when I said Florian was gwine have a accident."

"Nobody but me," grinned Eddie. "Now, gimme my money an' leave me git out of town."

Mr. Wimbish presented to his conspirator two new ten dollar bills.

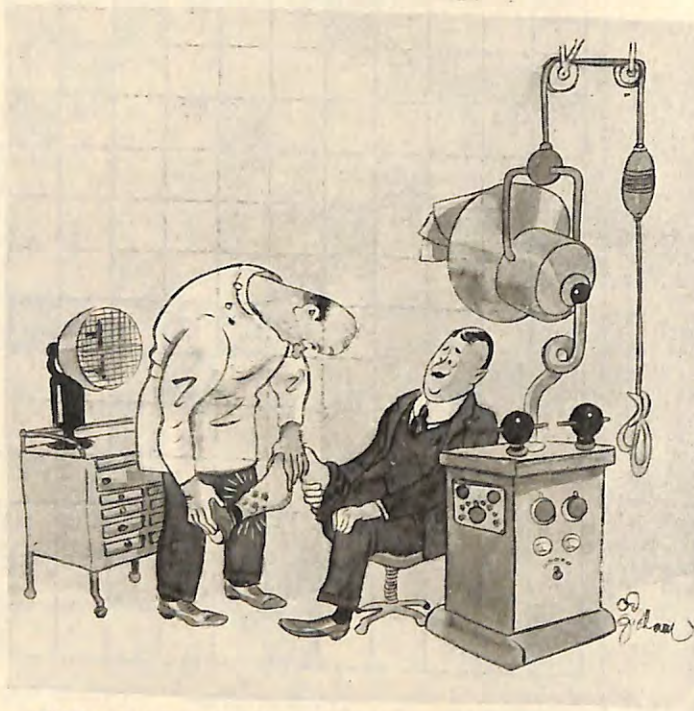
"Tha's the signal fo' you to exodust fum Bumminham," said he. "Ise gwine remain heah as long as the soothsayin' business booms, then I'll meet you in some other town, an' we'll try accidentin' somebody else. When is you leavin'?"

"Tomorrow mawnin'—early." Mr. Gnat extended limp fingers. "Goodbye, Noble. You is a smart feller, an' I bet you is gwine make lots of money in this heah city."

Mr. Gnat's prophesy proved true only in part. Business did pile up on Noble Wimbish, but it wasn't extraordinarily lucrative. Mr. Wimbish was slightly perturbed over the fact that most of the colored folk in Birmingham who sought his counsel were on the verge of bankruptcy. Even

those whose domestic affairs were approaching a crisis had little money with which to pay for advice, and a whole flock of single men consulted Mr. Wimbish about where they might find employment.

Of course, the soothsaying gentleman managed to eke out enough money to enable him to live in the style to which he had accustomed himself, but the pickings



M.D.—"And you say it appeared just shortly after your wife took up bridge?"

were by no means as luscious as he had hoped.

And then, just when Mr. Wimbish had determined there was little excuse for a longer sojourn in the Alabama metropolis, he had a visitor. Mr. Slaphey breezed into the room, jaunty and elegant in a new suit of tan bordering on yellow; a tan broadcloth shirt, tan shoes, a brown hat and a brown cane which he was twirling with the deftness of a drum-major.

"Mawnin', Brother Wimbish," greeted Florian—"Ise pleased to meet you again."

"Florian Slaphey, ain't it? Ise happy to make contact with you under these mo' felicitatious succumstances." Mr. Wimbish ducked his head humorously. "You wasn't accidented ve'y bad, was you, Brother Slaphey?"

Florian snapped his fingers. "'Twasn't so much, Mistuh Wimbish. I gotten my car fixed up fo' about fifty dollars an' the repairs on my suit didn't cost me nahdly nothin'."

"Fifty dollars is a heap of money these days."

"W-e-ell, yes an' no."

"What you mean—Yes an' No?"

"I mean Yes fo' other folks an' No fo' me. Ise sort of sittin' pretty in a fiduciary way, Mistuh Wimbish—which is how come I craves to consult with you."

"I see . . . Troubles is inflictin' themselves upon you?"

"An' how, Brother—an' how! Misery is the one thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

"Wimmin'?"

"Naaaah! I never play aroun' with no gals. This is somethin' impawtant."

It appeared to Mr. Wimbish that things were looking up. Mr. Slaphey radiated affluence and confidence. Having been the victim of a Wimbish prophesy, he was obviously prepared to entrust himself one hundred per cent to the none-too-scrupulous Wimbish hands and brain. Noble was delighted, and even a trifle contemptuous. He welcomed Mr. Slaphey as a client, but held him personally in exceedingly low esteem.

"Tell me about it, Brother Slaphey. I yearn to do a trifle of soothsayin'."

Mr. Slaphey flipped open an almost-silver cigarette case, selected one of his favorites, ignited it, inhaled deeply, and asked a question.

"Brother Wimbish, has you met up with a feller in this town named Pallid Jones?"

"Nossuh . . . I ain't had that pleasure."

"It ain't no pleasure, take it fum me."

"How come not?"

"Well, in the fust place, Pallid is about as big as Red Mountain an' as ornery as a catamount. He's a foot taller than me an' two foot broader . . . an' was he to find out what Ise gwine tell you he'd bury me so deep it would have to rain two weeks fo' me to git wet."

"Outside of that," inquired Mr. Wimbish — "what's wrong with Mistuh Jones?"

Mr. Slaphey flicked his cigarette through the window.

"He's got ancestors!"

"Says which?"

"He's got ancestors!"

"Shuh! Florian—ev'body has got them things."

"Not like Pallid. That feller is just nachelly ancestor crazy . . . an' tha's the trouble between I an' him."

Mr. Wimbish shook his head. "The mo' you talk' Brother Slaphey—the less I comprehend. S'posin' you commence at the beginnin'." With Mistuh Jones' ancestors' maybe."

Florian shook his head. "His ancestors ain't the beginnin'. They is the end."

"That ain't possible. Ancestors always come fust."

"Not these ones. They come last in my story. Now listen . . ."

Mr. Slaphey plunged into an explanation which held Noble Wimbish spellbound.

According to Florian's story Mr. Pallid Jones was probably the heftiest, meanest, most homicidal colored gentleman in all Birmingham. Furthermore, he had never been overly partial to Mr. Slaphey and was on the alert for anything which might provide him with an edequate excuse to suspend Mr. Slaphey's breathing operations.

Florian explained that six months since he had rented from Pallid Jones a most excellent furnished house on Avenue B. It contained five rooms and bath, and had been for a dozen years the Jones ancestral home. Mr. Jones had acquired another and more modest residence nearer his job and had been willing—and even eager—to accend Florian as a tenant.

So far, so good. Mr. Jones was happy

and Mr. Slaphey felt that he was getting his luxurious home at a bargain rental. But, he went on to explain, Mr. Jones's ancestors annoyed him.

At that point of the story, Mr. Wimbish commenced to suspect that occultism was about to intrude, but Florian soon corrected this impression.

It appeared, according to Mr. Slaphey, that Pallid's forebears had been addicted to having their likenesses transferred to canvas. Mr. Slaphey had moved into a home the walls of which were decorated with the oil-painted features of former Joneses . . .

"I never got so fed up with a family in all my life, Brother Wimbish. Ev'rywhere I looked, I was seein' a pitcher of somebody which helped projuce Pallid Jones. There was Joneses in the parlor an' Joneses in the hall. There was even one very terrible lookin' Jones hangin' right over my bed. They was all awful. an' they had gol' frames. It got so I coul'n't stan' it no mo'."

"What did you do?"

"Well, I got suggestive with Pallid that he should remove them ancestors out of my house, but right away he got mad 'cause I even thought such a thing. He said them folks had lived there, an' they had a right to remain. He claimed did he remove their pitchers, they'd come back an' ha'nt him. An' then he started tellin' me what he would do if I annoyed them people."

"What was he figgerin' to do?"

"Mistuh Wimbish, I got too much self-respect to tell you what Pallid Jones th'eatened me with."

"An' so you lef' the pitchers right where they was hangin'?"

Mr. Slaphey shook his head mournfully. "Nossuh—I didn't. But I sho' wish I had of."

Mr. Wimbish leaned forward. "What did you do?"

"I tooken them pitchers down, Brother Wimbish. I tooken them down off the walls an' put 'em in the attic."

"An' Pallid found out?"

"Nossuh—he didn't find out."

"Then what is you skeered of?"

"Plenty. You see—I didn't know there was rats in that attic, Brother Wimbish. But there was. Heaps of rats. An' them rats liked Pallid's ancestors fine."

"How you know they liked 'em, Florian . . . how you know that?"

"I know it," groaned Mr. Slaphey, "cause them rats et up all the ancestors!"

MR. SLAPPEY gave grim details of the rodents' gastronomic efficiency. He explained that there wasn't hide, hair or feature of a single Jones remaining. He further stated that he could think of nothing which would incite Pallid to more profound homicide than the destruction of those from whom he had descended.

Mr. Wimbish agreed that Florian was in an exceedingly tough spot, and inquired why he had been consulted.

"I crave to buy the house—as is, Brother Wimbish,—furniture, fixin's an' ancestors."

"Pallid woul'n't sell 'em, would he?"

"Fo' enough money," stated Florian, "Pallid Jones would sell anything."

"Then why don't you go make him an offer?"

"Don't talk silliment, Brother Wimbish. Did Pallid know I was intrusted in buyin' that house, he'd suspek somethin' was wrong, an' then the price would go way up."

"An' you want me to ack as intermediary?"

"Nossuh," stated Florian positively, "I do not! All I wan' you to be is my agent."

(Continued on page 46)

The ever increasing demand for good old Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is an unmistakable indication of its outstanding quality. Wherever you go, you'll find it recognized as the best of the better beers!



P A B S T
B L U E R I B B O N
Best of the Better Beers

(Continued from page 45)

"I see . . . An' how much is the house worth—as is?"

"In these times, five hundred dollars would be a fair price . . . but on account the jam I is in, I'd be willin' to pay as high as fifteen hundred."

"Fifteen hundred? That's a lot of money."

"Well, I ain't cravin' to pay one penny more than I got to, but Brother Wimbish—I ain't neither cravin' to be in the vicinity of a lot of lilies which I can't smell."

Mr. Wimbish cheerfully undertook the commission. Florian impressed upon him that his own interest in the transaction must not be suspected, and he offered Mr. Wimbish a fair but modest fee if the deal should be successfully consummated. Mr. Wimbish bowed him out of the door.

Upon the lips of Mr. Wimbish was a broad and unholy smile. His eyes were shining and his brain was clicking. He was commencing to suspect that Mr. Wimbish was in a fair way to negotiate a deal which would be most excellent for himself.

THE following day he summoned Florian to his room at the Cozy Home. Mr. Wimbish seemed melancholy. He spoke in deep tones and uttered mournful words.

He reported an interview with Pallid Jones, and he reported it with gorgeous untruthfulness. According to his story Mr. Jones had himself mentioned Florian's name, and had expressed the fervent hope that some day he would discover an excuse for exterminating Mr. Slappey. Then, in answer to a suggestion that the house might be sold, furnished, to excellent advantage, Mr. Jones had indicated (according to Noble) that he was not interested.

"Did you insis' on gittin' a price?" inquired Florian eagerly.

"Uh-huh! But you an' him ain't talkin' the same language. Ev'y time I mentioned a figger under two thousan' dollars he laughed. Ha-ha! Just like that."

Mr. Slappey made gestures of disgust. "Why the dawg-gone, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, knock-kneed ol' buzzard. He knows good an' well that house ain't wuth no mo' than five hundred dollars."

"Mebbe so, Florian," responded Noble judiciously. "But Pallid says its wuth mo' than that to him, an' I know it's wuth mo' to you . . . no matter how much life insurance you got."

Florian did some careful thinking: "Would he really sell fo' two thousan', Brother Wimbish?"

"I dunno, Florian. Maybe he would an' maybe he wouldn't." Mr. Wimbish dropped his voice confidentially. "Just between you an' me, Florian—how much would you pay to save yo' life?"

Florian shied away. "Don't go talkin' thataway, Noble . . . it listens terrible."

"But I got to know. I can't do nobody no good less'n I got the proper inflammation."

Mr. Slappey was no longer debonair. He paced up and down the room, a frown corrugating his colorado-maduro forehead. Then he whirled on his business agent.

"I'll pay twenty-five hundred if I must, Brother Wimbish. But it sho' would break my heart half in two."

Noble Wimbish struggled to conceal the elation which suffused him. He declared that Mr. Slappey was displaying commendable wisdom, inasmuch as a defunct gentleman could not possibly enjoy the twenty-five hundred dollars which Florian claimed to have in the bank.

Mr. Wimbish then dismissed his visitor, after telling him that he would proceed with the negotiations. Florian was instructed to hold himself in readiness.

Then Mr. Wimbish went into executive session with himself. With a shocking disregard of ethics, he planned to give Florian Slappey the treatment which is known as the double-cross. He had sized up the situation and realized that Pallid Jones was a venomous individual, and that he had a particular distaste for Florian. Furthermore, Mr. Wimbish had taken pains to ascertain that Florian had not exaggerated Pallid's affection for his departed ancestors, now unhappily consumed by attic rats.

THAT night Noble Wimbish and Pallid Jones dined luxuriously at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. They absorbed Brunswick stew and cracklin' bread and barbecued lamb ribs with commendable gusto . . . and while they ate, they talked.

Noble made a sincere effort to buy the house at five hundred dollars. Finding Pallid adamant, he raised the ante to one thousand. Eventually the bargain was struck at fifteen hundred. Noble's protestations that this was an outrageous price were tintured by his prospect of a thousand dollars profit when he should resell the house to a distraught Florian Slappey.

Early the following morning the two dark gentlemen journeyed to the Penny Prudential Bank Building and interviewed Lawyer Evans Chew. That portly and ponderous attorney drew up the deed of conveyance and waited while Noble Wimbish visited the bank and extracted the sum of fifteen hundred dollars in cash, thereby reducing his account to precisely one dollar and sixty-eight cents.

At the earnest request of the perfidious Mr. Wimbish the price was declared in the conveyance to have been "one dollar and other very valuable consideration." The papers were signed, the money paid—and Noble Wimbish walked out of Lawyer

"Is he willin' to sell, Brother Wimbish?" "Feller! He ain't willin' to sell! He's done sold!"

"What you mean—he's done sold?"

"Well, it was thisaway, Florian . . . I had an awful tough time with him. The mo' I talked, the ronder that feller became or them ancestors, an' the madder he got at you. An' I knowed if I didn't ack quick he'd change his mind . . ."

"An' so . . ."

"An' so when he finally said he'd sell fo' twenty-five hundred dollars cash, why I paid him out of my own pocket an' boughten the house."

"In my name?"

"Co'se not, Foolish. You tol 'me he mustn't never know you was in on it . . . an' b'lieve me, Noble Wimbish ain't no teller to forget who he is workin' fo'."

"I bet you ain't . . . not you." Mr. Slappey seemed particularly languid. "I ha's an awful lot of money, Noble—twenty-five hundred dollars."

Mr. Wimbish frowned.

"You said you'd pay that much, Brother Slappey."

"Yeh . . . I know I said so. But now I ain't shuah."

Mr. Wimbish emitted a howl. "You mean you is figerin' to double-cross me? You mean now I boughten the house fo' twenty-five hundred hard dollars of my own money, you is schemin' to do me dirt? I'll have the law on you. I was yo' agent . . ."

"Yeh," agreed Mr. Slappey placidly, "you sho' was. But that don't change the fact that it's a terrible lot of money."

Mr. Wimbish scowled. "You better not try an' git gay with me, Florian Slappey. I don't stand no funniment fum nobody. Does you not pay me that money quick, use gwine tell Pallid Jones how you had his ancestors et up?"

Mr. Slappey rose lazily. "I ain't said I wasn't gwine buy that house oifen you, Brother Wimbish. But I got to consult my business adviser."

"Yo' which?"

"My business adviser."

"Who is he?"

"He's probably outside now. I'll summons him."

Florian strolled to the window and whistled. Instantly heavy steps sounded on the veranda. The front door opened and the visitor entered.

Mr. Wimbish took one look—then quivered with a premonition of disaster. He saw Pallid Jones and Florian Slappey grinning in most friendly fashion at one another, and he heard Pallid's booming voice.

"Was you cravin' to consult with me, Florian?"

"I sho' was, Brother Jones. This heah feller claims he boughten this house fo' twenty-five hundred dollars . . ."

"He's a liar. He didn't pay me on'y fifteen hundred!"

Mr. Slappey assumed an expression of amazed and righteous wrath. He swung accusingly on the crushed Mr. Wimbish.

"Fifteen hundred! An' you was s'posed to be my agent . . . yet you was tryin' to chisel me out of a thousan' dollars. Brother Wimbish, Ise ashamed of you. Plumb ashamed an' disgustful. In fack, I don't crave to do business with no feller which ain't honest. Therefore, Brother Wimbish—I beg to announce that you has boughten yo'se'i a house."

Noble looked dazedly from one to the other. A single query hammered at his brain, and he finally put it into words.

"You-all is friends?" he inquired.

Florian smiled. "Of co'se we is. There ain't no better friends in the world than us, is there, Pallid?"

"I reckon not, Florian."

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 43)

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

Chew's office a full-fledged Birmingham homeowner.

Mr. Jones seemed not particularly displeased by the loss of his hand-painted ancestors. He even escorted Noble to the corner drug store and treated him to a genuine five-cent cigar. Then he bade the conveyee farewell and ambled down the street, whistling contentedly.

Florian was at home when Mr. Wimbish arrived. Mr. Slappey was encased in a lounging robe which displayed golden flowered and purple butterflies against a crimson background. He invited Noble to be seated, and then asked a question—

"And," asked Mr. Wimbish—"you was workin' together all the time?"

"Uh-huh," stated Mr. Slappey. "We sho' was."

"B-b-b-but why?"

Mr. Slappey waved his hand airily. "Oh! Lots of reasons," he explained. "Fo' one thing, nobody never puts nothin' over on Florian Slappey an' gits away with it. Fum the minute you had me accidented, I swore I was gwine git even—an' I knowed good an' well a crook like you would be boun' to do somethin' dirty. Besides, this heah house ain't worth but five hund'ed dollars . . . like I tol' you . . . an' I was seekin' to he'p my friend Pallid sell it at a good profit."

Mr. Wimbish groaned. He declared he was utterly wrecked . . . a statement which Messrs. Slappey and Jones appeared to enjoy. And Mr. Wimbish remarked that he had no desire whatsoever to remain in Birmingham.

"I reckon you better sell the house, then," counselled Florian.

"Yeah! But who to?"

"Oh! I dunno. But I reckon maybe Mistuh Jones might be willin' to pay you what it's worth."

"H-h-how much?"

"Five hund'ed dollars," stated Pallid.

Noble Wimbish howled with agony. But eventually he concluded that it was either this five hundred or no money at all. He knew that real estate wasn't selling very readily at the moment, and he required immediate cash to remove himself far, far from Birmingham.

AND so the property came again into the possession of Pallid Jones. Completely crushed, Mr. Wimbish signed the new deed, pocketed his five hundred dollars and lunched toward the door. There he turned. "Ise glad yo' ancestors was et up," he told Pallid Jones. "An' as fo' you, Florian—I hope the rats eat you up also."

Mr. Slappey chuckled.

"I ain't scared about such as that, Noble. An' I might as well confess that there wasn't no pitchers nohow. In fack, me an' Pallid ain't sure that he ever had any ancestors. An' another thing, Brother Wimbish . . . I wouldn't even swear there was any rats in the house."

Once more Mr. Wimbish tried to leave, and this time Florian stopped him.

"Just one minute, Brother Wimbish, whilst I esplain to you how grateful me an' Brother Jones is." With exquisite daintiness Florian commenced to check off on his fingers: "Fust of all, Pallid still owns his house. Second, he gotten one thousan' dollars off you. Third, I an' him agreed to divide the profit, so I git five hund'ed dollars fum him, which pays fo' the accident my car had, an' leaves me fo' hund'ed an' fifty dollars clear. An' fourth, Ise inquiren' does you remember the twenty dollars you paid Eddie Gnat fo' wreckin' my car?"

"I—I don't know what you is talkin' about," stammered the unhappy Mr. Wimbish.

"Oh, yes, you do," smiled Florian. "An' so do we, on account we seen him go to yo' hotel that night, an' we gotten the whole truth out of him." Mr. Slappey paused to light a cigarette. "Now that twenty dollars you gave Eddie—that was used to pay the doctor to fixin' up his injuries."

Noble Wimbish shook his head in bewilderment.

"But Eddie wasn't hurt in that accident," he declared.

Florian smiled beatifically.

"Not in that accident, he wasn't, Brother Wimbish. But I can promise you he was injured a good twenty dollars' worth befo' he ever left Bumminham."

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"



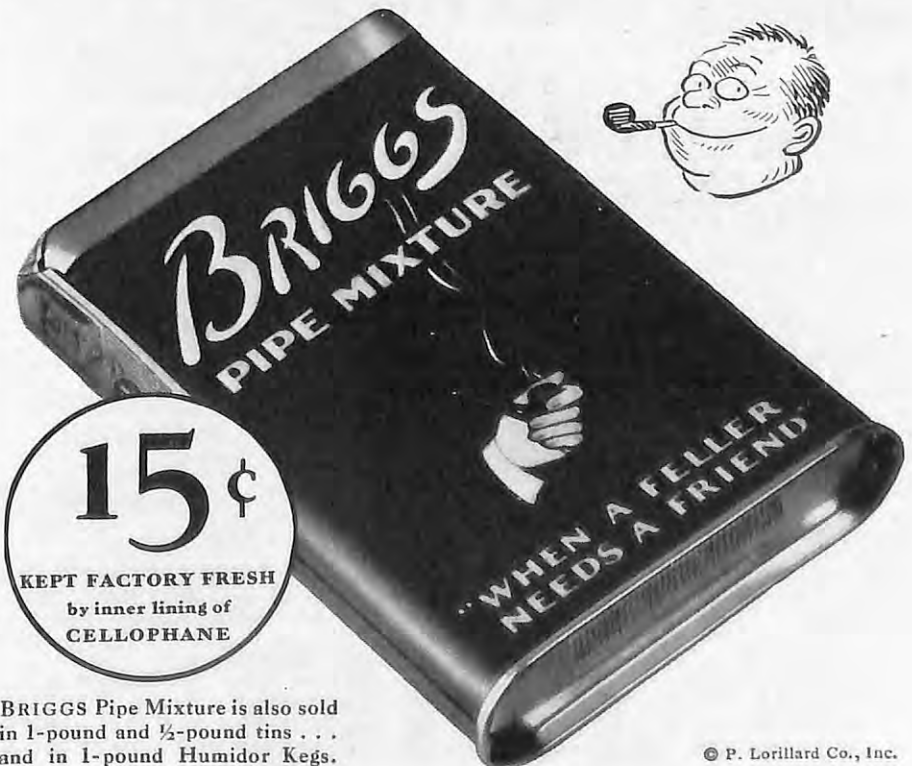
... here's a friend, indeed!

Placed on the market a few months ago, this pipe mixture has made many friends without a line of advertising.

Said one smoker to another: "Try a pipeful of this mellow mixture. I've paid much more

for tobacco not nearly so good!"

Aged in the wood for years . . . there's not a bite in a barrel of BRIGGS! But BRIGGS would much rather talk in your pipe than in print. Won't you try a tin and let it speak for itself?



BRIGGS Pipe Mixture is also sold in 1-pound and ½-pound tins . . . and in 1-pound Humidor Kegs.

The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 32)

magnificent display of fireworks at Juneau Park, arranged under the Chairmanship of Joseph W. Nicholson of Milwaukee Lodge, brought Tuesday's celebration to an appropriate close.

WEDNESDAY'S ceremonies included the Grand Lodge's National Band Contests which were held at Lake Park Stadium under the Chairmanship of Fred E. Theilacker of Milwaukee Lodge. After a spirited competition the judges announced that Gary, Ind., Lodge No. 1152 had won first honors in Class A, with Madison, S. D., Lodge No. 410 winning in Class B.

The National Drum and Bugle Corps Contest also was held on Wednesday, in Juneau Park, under the direction of Thomas F. Millane of Milwaukee Lodge. Here, too, keen competition was the order of the day, with Rochester, Minn., Lodge No. 1091 finally emerging victorious.

Wednesday also witnessed a most enjoyable cruise on Lake Michigan on the splendid yacht of Erwin C. Uihlein. This party, which was given in honor of Postmaster General James A. Farley, was attended by many of the Grand Lodge Officers, as well as by Exalted Ruler Chauncy Yockey of Milwaukee Lodge—another loyal Milwaukeean whose tireless efforts to entertain and serve the visitors went a long way toward the success of the Convention.

On Wednesday evening the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect, with a number of state and city dignitaries reviewed an elaborate Industrial, Commercial and Prosperity Parade that Milwaukee's institutions had organized as part of the Homecoming Week celebrations. The reviewing stand had been erected at the Milwaukee Elks' Club—which beautiful building was, naturally, a center of sociable activity all through the week. The same night a gala dancing party was given there for all who had participated in the activities requiring uniforms—the ritualistic teams, and the drill, band and drum and bugle corps. With their ladies, this large group presented a most colorful sight.

THE outstanding social event of Thursday was, of course, the Grand Parade. From two to three hundred thousand people witnessed this inspiring spectacle from every vantage point. In addition to the many magnificent floats, bands and groups of delegates, the Parade was even bigger and better this year than usual, due to the fact that it was augmented by many of the exhibits which had participated in the Industrial Parade the night before.

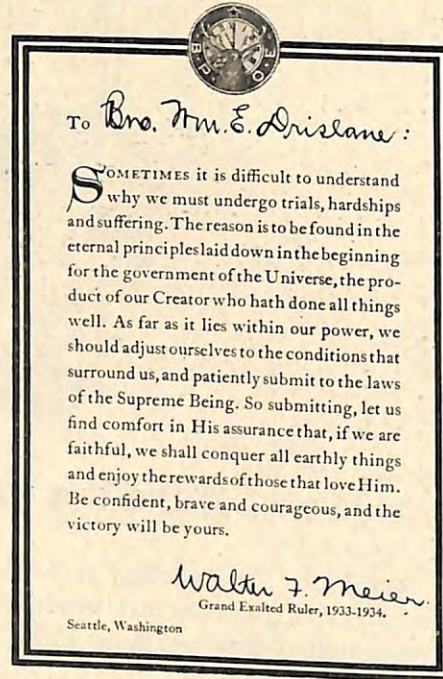
Past Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., Lodge No. 779 was a splendid Grand Esquire and Marshal and local arrangements were smoothly carried out under the able Chairmanship of Capt. Fred E. Theilacker of Milwaukee Lodge. As the massed members of the Grand Lodge marched down West Wisconsin Avenue toward Lake Michigan they were reviewed by Judge Thompson and by the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier and his official family, from the Elks' Club Grand Stand. The order of march of the Grand Lodge officials was as follows:

A motorcycle escort followed by Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., Grand Esquire, and Capt. Fred Theilacker of Milwaukee, Parade Marshals.

Car No. 1, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and Grand Exalted Ruler-elect Walter F. Meier; car No.

2, Joseph T. Fanning and John K. Tener; car 3, Rush L. Holland and John P. Sullivan; car 4, Raymond Benjamin and James R. Nicholson; car 5, Edward Rightor and Fred Harper; car 6, Bruce A. Campbell and Frank L. Rain; car 7, William M. Abbott and W. W. Mountain; car 8, James G. McFarland; car 9, Charles H. Grakelow and John F. Malley; car 10, Murray Hulbert and Walter P. Andrews; car 11, Lawrence H. Rupp and John R. Coen.

Car 12, J. Edgar Masters, Grand



When Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier learned, in the course of the Grand Lodge Convention, that Past Exalted Ruler William E. Drislane of Albany, N. Y., Lodge No. 49, was ill and would be unable to attend, he immediately sent him this inspiring message. For six years Mr. Drislane was a faithful member of the Board of Grand Trustees. For many more years he has taken active and prominent parts in the affairs of the Grand Lodge.

Secretary, (all Past Grand Exalted Rulers), and James F. Duffy, Grand Treasurer; car 13, Henry Schocke, Grand Tiler, and Edward G. Hadley, Grand Inner Guard; car 14, Miss Marjorie Crowley, Convention Queen, and Elks float; car 15, Charles E. Broughton, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; William H. Harth, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, and Clarence Friedman, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight; car 16, the Rev. Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain, C. Fenton Nichols, Antlers' Counselor, and John K. Burch, Grand Trustee; car 17, Lloyd R. Maxwell, James S. Richardson and A. Charles Stewart, Grand Trustees; car 18, Arthur S. Tompkins, Michael F. Shannon, Wilbur M. Alter and John S. McClelland, Grand Forum members.

Car 19, Committee on Judiciary; car 20, Committee on Credentials; car 21, Auditing Committee; car 22, State Association Committee; car 23, Lodge Activities Committee, and car 24, Ritualistic Committee.

Immediately following the parade, Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier, together with the Past Grand Exalted Rulers and their ladies, were taken in private cars to the palatial steam yacht "Seaforth" as guests of the owner, Mr. Herman W. Falk of Milwaukee Lodge, for a delightful cruise on Lake Michigan. A collation was served after which those of the party who had

to leave town early that evening were regretfully put ashore. The yacht then steamed out opposite Juneau Park so as to afford those who remained on board a magnificent view from the water of the fireworks display.

Later on in the evening all the Elks' bands present joined in a huge, massed concert in Juneau Park, following which the final Grand Fiesta was held on the Corso. "Auld Lang Syne" rang out promptly at eleven o'clock and the sixty-ninth Grand Lodge Session came officially to an end. A. R. Calhoun of Milwaukee Lodge, who was in charge in the Fiesta insisted on the continuance of the celebration, however, and for many the party continued into the wee small hours.

The next day, as the thousands of delegates with their friends and families wended their way to Chicago, the City Hall clock resumed its ticking and "good-byes" were said regretfully. The clock had been stopped at the hour of eleven at the week's outset—a most fitting tribute to the Grand Lodge and to the Order as a whole.

PRESIDENT RUFUS DAWES of the Century of Progress in Chicago had graciously designated Friday, July 21st, as Elks' Day, and the Grand Lodge responded by being present in huge numbers. At two o'clock in the palatial Hall of Science Amphitheatre the Grand Lodge dignitaries were greeted officially by Mr. Dawes and by Mr. Robert Sweitzer, representing Mayor Kelly of Chicago. The Chattanooga Boys' Band, which is sponsored by Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge No. 91, participated most effectively in the welcoming ceremonies, leading the procession from the Fourteenth Street entrance to the Hall of Science Building.

In responding on behalf of the Order of Elks to this impressive ceremony, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier spoke, in part, as follows:

"The Elks, members of a distinctively American Order, are deeply appreciative of the courtesies extended to them today as they visit this great Exposition. We have just brought to a successful conclusion in your neighboring city of Milwaukee a great convention of our Order, and from there our delegates have gathered here to do honor to the courage, determination and faith manifested by the great city of Chicago and its people in their production of this wonderful exposition.

"Speaking for the members of our Order—more than a half million in number, composed exclusively of American citizens—I can give the assurance that every influence of ours shall be given in aid of solving the many great national problems which confront us today. Wonderful as our land has been as a place in which to found a home, it must advance and be made even a better haven for a home-owning and liberty-loving people. To help bring this about a broad view must ever be taken. The standard of success must not be measured by the yardstick of wealth, but rather to the extent we are able to improve the social welfare and advance the happiness of our people.

"Especially must we ever keep in mind our obligation to those who shall follow in our footsteps. Our children must not be neglected. Experience has shown that improved conditions come in proportion to the educational facilities offered to the oncoming generation. A dwarfing of school opportunities to satisfy purely materialistic views is suicidal. It was our school system that enabled us to prepare for the enjoyments of our day, and the next generation must not be robbed of an equal opportunity—nay, it is our duty to do even more for them than was done for us.

"The history of the Order of Elks

demonstrates that it is one of America's greatest agencies for social welfare activities, and as such every member of that great Order is anxious to do his part in carrying out the program necessary to bring back a condition of prosperity, happiness and contentment. We are glad publicly to announce our position in the great movements of the day having to do with these phases of American life, and we are grateful for this opportunity to greet those responsible for the realization of a hope—that of showing to the world that Chicago and her people appreciate the favors that A Century of Progress has bestowed upon them, in common with the whole of America and her people.

"Wishing you continued progress and success, we thank you for the happiness you have given us on this day especially devoted to our Order."

With these inspiring words the new Grand Exalted Ruler brought to a close one of the most memorable of all Grand Lodge gatherings.

Dumb-bell of Brookfield

(Continued from page 14)

later and talk about him in hushed voices while he pretended not to hear what they said.

There had been so many people that day. Here there were so few. His master and mistress and Mr. Parmalee and the cook man. That was all. And millions of pines. Dumb-Bell shivered and watched them through the window, his head between his paws.

They called this place the Happy Hunting Ground; but Dumb-Bell was not happy as he lay there, although he had hunted every day since they came.

Of course it was not in the least like quail hunting—nothing was like that! You went as fast as you could when you hunted quail, and saw the country for miles and miles. It was glorious!

But they wouldn't let him do that any more, and these new birds were interesting. You must go very quietly, and at the first faint scent slow to a walk and then to a creep and then to a crawl, until something told you you could go no farther.

Dumb-Bell had flushed two grouse that first day before he had understood how they would burst out of the cover and roar off when he was fifty feet away. His master had said "Careful!" to him reproachfully, and Dumb-Bell had grinned in an agony of remorse. After that no more birds were flushed. He just crept about and found them in every direction, while his master and Mr. Parmalee shot, and his mistress called him silly names and even hugged him, now and then, when he came back with the dead bird unruffled in his mouth.

He had disapproved of this hugging business. He was hunting, and even though he went slowly and was stiff for some reason, when night came he was still Champion Brookfield Dumb-Bell at his work and not a "precious lamb."

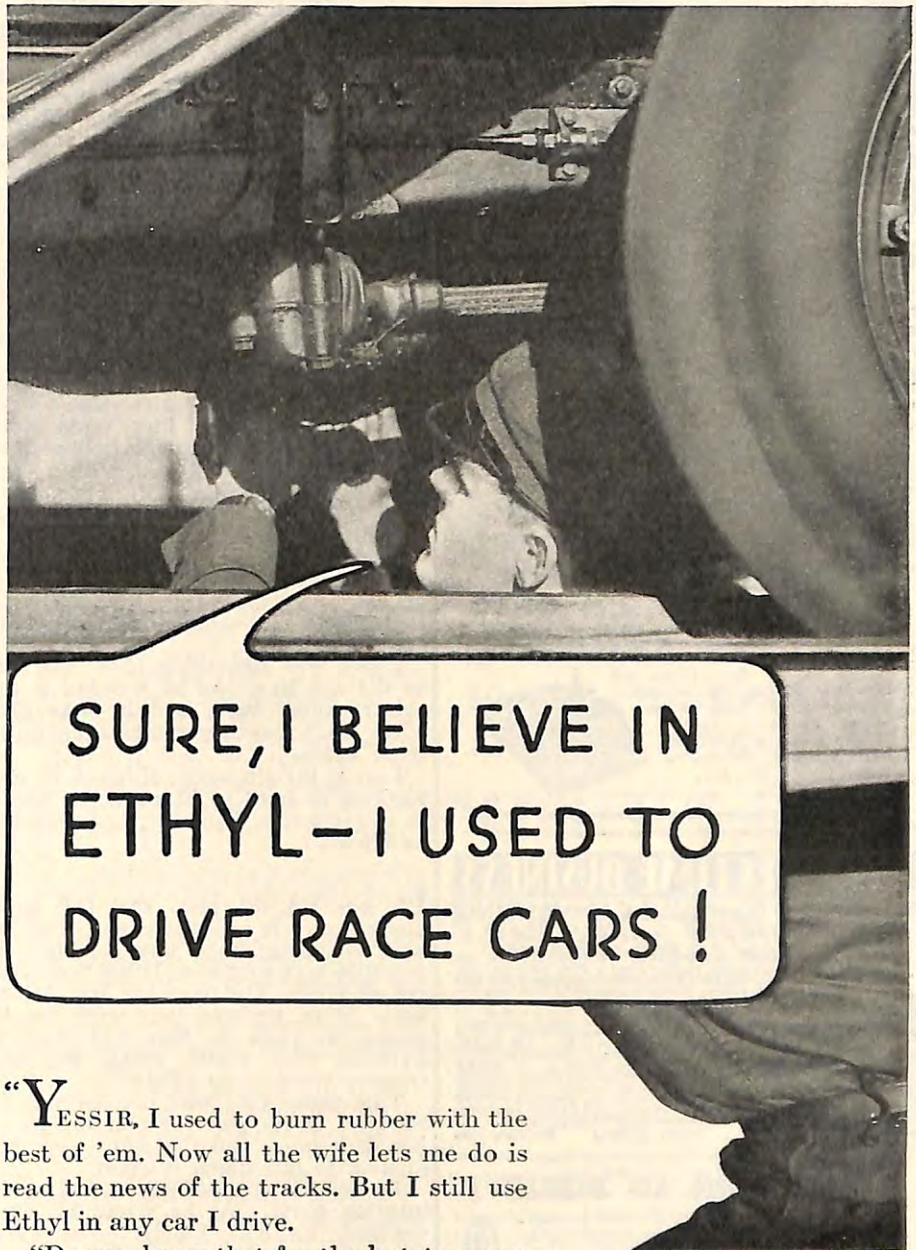
This was the dawn of their last day in the Happy Hunting Ground. Some of the things were packed already. The wagons would come tomorrow; and Dumb-Bell was glad.

The wagons would take them for miles through the pines. But the train would come along, and after a while the pines would not stand in towering ranks on both sides of the track, and he would stop shivering.

He lay and watched the pines until the cook man came and gave the stove its breakfast. Dumb-Bell wondered why it always ate wood instead of the good-smelling things that were put on top of it.

Presently his mistress called good morning to Mr. Parmalee and came into the

(Continued on page 50)



SURE, I BELIEVE IN ETHYL—I USED TO DRIVE RACE CARS!

"YESSIR, I used to burn rubber with the best of 'em. Now all the wife lets me do is read the news of the tracks. But I still use Ethyl in any car I drive.

"Do you know that for the last *ten* years—every winner at Indianapolis has used Ethyl? Any driver that went out on the track today without Ethyl in the tank—even with the best racing engine ever made—would be lapped something terrible.

"But don't get the idea that it's just a speed gas. You never see me making a race-track out of the town streets—I use Ethyl to get more power out of my old corn popper. It prevents the pinging that kills all the life in a car. Treat your bus to Ethyl today and see if she doesn't buzz a lot better!" Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



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(Continued from page 49)

kitchen, and the last day in the Happy Hunting Ground had begun.

His mistress stayed at the cabin that day to finish packing, and he and his master and Mr. Parmalee started out. As they were leaving, his mistress gave him a hug and felt him shiver, and thought he was cold.

But his master said, "He'll warm up when he gets to moving. Won't you, old snoozer?"

Dumb-Bell grinned, and galloped stiffly to a small thicket. He skirted it with care to show that he was ready . . . It was much better to hunt and forget the pines.

He did forget them all morning long. Early in the day his master made a wonderful double, both of them cross shots, and soon after that Dumb-Bell pointed a live bird a long way off, with a dead bird in his mouth, and Mr. Parmalee—well, it wasn't exactly hugging, but it was near it.

They ate lunch in a small clearing where the low gray sky seemed to rest on the tops of the pine trees. Dumb-Bell ate his two sandwiches slowly, and stared at it.

There was something about the sky he did not like. As he watched it the shivers came back, and he was glad when lunch was over and he could go to work again.

Late in the afternoon, although he was working as hard as he could, he began to shiver worse than ever, and suddenly he knew . . .

It was not the pines that had made him shiver. It was something else. It was something that was coming. It would be here soon now. It had been coming all night. The pines had been telling him. Why, perhaps they were not so proud, so aloof, as they had seemed! Perhaps they really cared like the friendly trees at Brookfield.

This thing that was coming was in the sky. In the gray sky that was growing dark now—and the pines were beginning to talk about it again.

Dumb-Bell stopped hunting, and stared into the north. As he stared his eyes changed, his soft, kindly, setter eyes. They filled with green lights. Those from which he sprang, centuries and centuries before, had fled and died before this thing, coming out of the north, and the sleeping wolf within him was awake and was afraid.

"Getting pretty dark, isn't it?" said the master of Brookfield. "Let's hunt this piece out and break for camp. We're going to have a storm, I think. Dumb-Bell! Go on, old man!"

At the words Dumb-Bell turned. Rebellion was in his heart. He would not go on. He would put his tail between his legs and run. He would run to where the stove was that ate wood.

This tall man who said "Go on," who was he? Dumb-Bell looked at him wildly, and their eyes met . . . Dumb-Bell grinned, whined, and started—not for the stove and safety; he went carefully toward a distant brush heap. There might be a grouse in there, and the tall man, in the old tan shooting coat which he had slept on so many times, had ordered him to find it.

Yes, there was a grouse in the brush heap. Dumb-Bell slowed to a creep and then to a crawl, until something told him he could go no farther. Then he stopped, his eyes no longer green and shifting. They were warm, faithful, eager—the eyes of Champion Brookfield Dumb-Bell on point.

And then, with one last wailing shriek

from the pines, the thing that had been coming, that had made him shiver so, was there. Dumb-Bell did not move. His fear, the fear of slinking ancestors, was gone. What if there was a roar that deafened him! What if it was as dark as night! What if he could scarcely breathe for the smothering ice particles that stung his muzzle and filled his eyes and his nostrils! The years had thinned his blood and stiffened his limbs, but his nose, which was his soul, they could not touch. It was the nose of a champion still, and wind and dark and snow could not prevail against it—there was a grouse in the brush heap. A blizzard was a terrible thing. The pines had moaned all night about it. It was here now, roaring and biting, all but lifting him off his feet. Still—there was a grouse in the brush heap. You couldn't change that.

The wind was the worst. It was so hard to hold himself erect, and he must do that, whatever happened. He was on point, and champions pointed with a high head and level tail.

If he moved, the grouse would flush, and he never flushed birds. Why, long ago, when he was a tiny puppy and they called him the runt and were ashamed of him, he never flushed birds. He had pointed sparrows when they kept him alone day after day in the runway. Of course no one knew he was pointing and no one came to flush the sparrows. They would hop about in the runway for a long time—so long that his legs would begin to tremble and his back would ache, and someone should have come—but no one ever did.

It was like that now, only worse. The wind was so cold. The winds were all much colder, lately. This one seemed to cut right into his chest as he held his head high against it. His hind legs were going back on him, too. They were beginning to let him down a little. He must straighten up somehow.

Why didn't they come? He was so cold, so very cold. If he could change his position it would help his legs. They felt numb and queer. He felt queer all over. But there was a grouse in the brush heap. They would come and flush it soon, now.

They had better hurry. He could not hold his head up much longer. It was not the wind, the wind was growing warmer, almost like summer, but he was sleepy. That was queer. He had never felt sleepy on point before. But then he had worked hard to-day and he had not slept well last night because of the shivers. He would sleep better to-night, much better. Why, he could go to sleep this minute. The wind wouldn't hurt him. The wind was his friend. It had blown the snow all over him, and it was nice warm snow. It packed itself under his chest. He could even rest a little weight on it and help his legs.

But they were gone away, his legs. Back to Brookfield, perhaps. He must go, too, back to Brookfield. It was bright and cheerful there. And always there were sounds that he knew, nice sounds—not like the pines and the loons.

He would come to the big gates first and then he would leave the drive and cut across the lawn toward the lights of the house shining through the trees. He would scratch on the front door and some one would let him in, and Peter would be glad to see him, and so would his chair, his own chair near the fire. And then—*But there was a grouse in the brush heap!* He had almost forgotten . . . No, he couldn't leave just now. He must stay a little longer, alone in the dark in the nice warm snow.

The snow was getting higher about him all the time. Perhaps it would cover him up after a while. He was not very big.

They had called him the runt long ago . . . He had never flushed birds, though, even then. And now, although his master called him old snoozer, he was Champion Brookfield Dumb-Bell, with his picture in the papers, and there was a grouse in the brush heap! A grouse—in—the—brush—heap . . .

THE mistress of Brookfield raised her gun. "All ready, Tom," she said.

The cook put his shoulder to the door and let it swing open a scant foot. There was a whistling shriek, the room was filled with a vortex of snow, both lamps went out, and the cook threw his weight against the door until the latch clicked in its socket. It was done in five seconds, practice had made him perfect; but a tongue of flame had leaped out of the door as the twelve-gauge spoke in an abrupt yelp that just managed to rise above the voice of the storm.

The cook lit the lamps again. Mrs. Gregory dropped the gun butt to the floor and felt the muscles of her right arm. She was shooting three and a quarter drams of nitro. Her own little twenty-gauge could not have been heard to the edge of the clearing. Her arm and shoulder were bruised to a throbbing ache.

She stood at the door listening for a time, then she broke the gun and slipped a shell in the right barrel. "All ready, Tom?"

"Yes, ma'am."

This time the heavy charge made her stagger and forced an "Oh!" of pain through her clenched teeth.

The cook reached for the gun. "You can't do that no more," he said. "It'll tear the arm off of you."

"I must," she said. "I can't hold the door. If the lamp blows over again it might explode."

"I'll hold her or bust a lung," said the cook, "an' shoot with one hand."

Mrs. Gregory drew the gun away and gave the cook a white smile. "You're a good man," she said with a nod. "When this is over you must come back with us to—What was that?"

The cook listened intently. He heard what he had heard for the past hour—the shriek of the wind and the rattle of ice particles against the window.

But the mistress of Brookfield was a woman, and women listen with more than ears. "Open the door!" she cried. "Quick, quick!"

The cook obeyed. For an instant the lamplight cut a yellow square a few yards into the blackness before the door. It was filled with a myriad particles of hissing snow. These gave place to a staggering figure that carried another figure in its arms. Then the lamps blew out again.

When they were lighted a man of ice stood in the room. He crackled and tinkled when he moved, but he had the voice of the master of Brookfield.

"Glad you fired," he croaked. "I'd been hoping you would." He looked down at the quiet figure he carried. "Come and get him, Tom. I can't unbend my arms."

The mistress of Brookfield did not explain that she had been firing for an hour or more. She flew to the medicine case, then to the kitchen, then back with a steaming kettle. It was not until Mr. Parmalee stirred beneath the blankets a few moments later, then opened his eyes and muttered her name, that she flew to the master of Brookfield and asked a question.

"Where," she said, "is Dumb-Bell?"

The master of Brookfield sat in an unheated room with his hands in a dishpan filled with snow. His face, despite him, was twisted with pain. But the pain in his eyes as she met them was not physical. It

was deeper and more lasting than the small agony of frozen fingers.

"I ordered him on," he said, "just before it hit us. I looked as long as I dared, and fired and whistled. I thought he'd come back here."

"Oh!" she said, with a sudden intaking of the breath. She returned to the main room and picked up the twelve-gauge. She picked the cook up bodily with her eyes and set him at the door, daring him with the same look to mention her arm and shoulder.

"All ready, Tom," she said. "He'll come to the gun if he hears it."

She fired until her blue-black arm refused to lift the twelve-gauge any longer. Then she took a camp stool close to the door and sat there, waiting—listening for a whine or a scratch that never came.

WHEN a grayness appeared at the windows at last, the outside world was still in a shrieking, whirling frenzy. But an hour later the storm swept away to the south as abruptly as it had come, and a red sun was climbing a salmon sky above the snow-bowed pines.

Beneath the pines the drifted snow was blue, but in the clearings it was a dazzling, shimmering pink which crept up the pines themselves, changing them to lavender plumes filled with violet shadows.

Not a breath of wind remained. The pines were only painted on a painted sky. The pink snow, too, was painted. The whole wilderness had become unreal. It was too scenic, too theatrical to be true, and Mrs. Gregory gasped as she stepped into it.

"Jim," she said, "this isn't the world, is it? There never were such colors in the world before."

The master of Brookfield squinted at the blushing snow, the unbelievable sky, and the still miracle of the pines with their impossible shadows.

"Why, no," he said, at last. "It isn't the world. It's—the Happy Hunting Ground, don't you remember?"

At this she looked at him.

"Ah, little Chief!" he said. And one of his bandaged hands fumbled for one of hers, and found it, and so they set out with Tom ahead breaking trail and Mr. Parmalee waving feebly from the doorway.

They floundered on, peering into thickets, eyeing small mounds of snow fearfully but passing them without examination. They would not admit, just yet, that one of those innocent mounds could have a dreadful secret. Now and then Tom would fire into the air, and they would stop and listen to the echoes of the shot cracking among the pines. They called, of course, and the master of Brookfield whistled, but the clearings were filled with snow and sunlight and the thickets with snow and shadows, and that was all.

At last they found something. It was a gun standing against a tree.

"It's mine," said Gregory. "Now I know where I am."

He broke open the gun, took out the shells, and blew the snow from the barrels. He slipped the shells into the breech automatically, closed the gun, and looked about him.

"We were standing in the middle of that clearing," he said, pointing, "and I ordered him on. He went toward the farther end—that's north, isn't it, Tom?—and then it hit us, and I never saw him after that. Chief, you stand here to give us our bearings and we'll make a circle around you. You go one way, Tom, and I'll go the other. We'll make the first circle to take in the edge of the clearing and widen for the next when we meet."

(Continued on page 52)



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STUDENT-AID

(Edited at Lakeville, Conn.)

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(Continued from page 51)

The mistress of Brookfield stood and watched them go. Somehow it was a comfort to be here where the mannie had been. His blessed paws must have pattered by close to where she was standing. She knew exactly how he looked when he went by. He would be so earnest, so intent. He seemed to take on a remoteness when at work that shut her away almost completely from him. It was almost a sacrilege to hug him when he had to come in with a dead bird and could not avoid her. But who could help it when he looked like that, so proud and important!

If she had only been here yesterday. If she only had! If it was only now, this minute, that he was passing and she could call his name and see by the flicker of his eye that he heard.

She tried it. "Dumb-Bell!" she said softly. "Mannie! Oh, Mannie!" . . . She could not see whether he passed or not. She could see nothing until she found a handkerchief in her sweater pocket.

Then, when she could see again, her heart stopped beating, for Tom was waving to her and calling, and she ran toward him floundering, stumbling, falling in the snow.

When she had crossed the clearing and saw what Tom was looking at she gave a cry of thankfulness and joy. . . . There was the mannie—alive! He was standing deep in the snow. He was pointing with a high head and a level tail as he always did.

And then she saw a look of amazement in Tom's face. She came closer, and the light left her eyes as she sank down on a log and covered them with her hands. . . . She did not move when the master of Brookfield came and stood beside her.

Dumb-Bell was in a small glade, just beyond the shadow of a great black pine. He seemed to be carved in silver, for the sunlight flashed and twinkled on the sheath of ice which covered him from the tip of his outstretched nose to the tip of his outstretched tail. And if the ice had been enduring silver, the perfection, the cer-

tainty of his pose, could have served as a model for all the champions yet to come.

They watched him for awed moments in a vast silence. And then the silence was broken. From a white mound at which he pointed there came a sound, a scratching flutter.

The white mound, once a refuge, was now an icy prison. Its occupant was pecking and fluttering to be free. There was a grouse in the brush heap!

"Good God!" exclaimed Gregory, and then, "Let him out, Tom; kick the snow away!"

But the mistress of Brookfield put her hand on his arm. "No, no!" she said. "No, no! He's held it for you all this dreadful night—in this horrible land where he doesn't belong . . . my mannie, my own little mannie!"

"I see," said Gregory. "Good girl!" He waded to the white mound, kicked the snow away and swung his foot against the pile of brush, the ice tinkling in the dead branches.

The brush heap shivered. There was a drumming of wings, a shower of snow, and a big cock grouse shot for the blue above the pines. There was a staccato crash, a pungent breath of nitro powder, and still he went, like a bronze rocket, straight for that bit of sky.

The master of Brookfield winked the dimness from his eyes and set his jaw. The grouse topped the pines in a flashing curve. He was gone! No, not quite. He had spread his wings for his sail over the tree tops when he crumpled suddenly in the air.

The master of Brookfield broke open his smoking gun and looked at the small white statue, banked in snow.

"Dead bird!" he said. "Dead bird, old snoozer!"

But Champion Brookfield Dumb-Bell gave no sign that he heard. He could no longer stoop to a ruffed grouse lying in the snow. His spirit was sweeping like the wind over Elysian Fields and flashing into point after point on celestial quail.

Meet "Professor" O'Doul of Tokio

(Continued from page 11)

"On looking over the batting records of the six universities, I found there were only five players hitting three hundred. Kikutano, the champion, had a percentage of 370. Most of them were crazy about bunting. With a man on second and no outs, it was a fixed habit to sacrifice him to third instead of trying to bring him in with a clean hit.

"Another thing that struck me almost at once was the fact that fully three-fourths of the players had the same stance at the plate, and carried their bats the same way. And why do you think it was?" Professor O'Doul grinned broadly, white teeth gleaming against his bronzed skin. "They were copying Cobb. Yessir! Ty had played over there in 1928, and he became a regular national idol. As a consequence, every youngster felt that if he imitated Ty faithfully enough, he'd be able to hit 'em out just like Ty.

"It took me quite awhile to make it clear that every human being has certain definite physical mannerisms, and that a style that suits one player is apt to be poison to another. Another thing that interfered with their batting was the entire absence of background. Usually there was a high white building right back of centre field, and when the sun shone on it, the ball was at the plate before the batter saw it coming. I yelled for a green background; which enables a man to take a real

cut at the ball, and gives him a chance for rhythm. Timing is what counts in baseball just as in golf. I figure that I never use more than eighty per cent of my strength when I cut loose at a pitch.

"How did the Japanese take instruction? Well," and here the young San Franciscan gulped perceptibly. "I've got to admit that they are much easier to teach than American kids. All of them are there to learn, and, say, how they do concentrate on it. Although quite a number spoke English, I used an interpreter, and let me tell you there wasn't a word or a movement that wasn't taken in. I felt all the time as if I was being photographed and recorded. Pop Warner once told me it was the same way with the Carlisle Indians when he was their football coach. He never had to tell 'em the same thing twice."

"How about the faculties of the various universities?" I asked. "Did they high hat you or treat you as a colleague?"

"They certainly didn't high hat me." Professor O'Doul was explicit on that point. "The presidents and the faculty members showed a keen interest in my course, and for that matter so did the leading business men and even members of the nobility. They're all a bit dippy on athletics, figuring that it will make the race stronger and bigger. I imagine they don't like the Little Brown Brother stuff.

"Prince Chichibu, a brother of the Emperor, was an enthusiastic fan, and never missed a game. And whenever he sat in a box, or any other noble of high degree, the two teams had to line up at the plate, and take off their caps as a sort of salute. They sure are strong on courtesy, never losing their manners even in the heat of a championship contest.

"If a pitcher hit a batter with a fast one, or dusted him off a trifle, he never failed to dash in and offer his most profuse apologies. Same way running the bases. When a chap went into a bag feet first, before he dusted off the seat of his pants he began to make excuses for his rude haste, and begged the baseman to tell him if he had suffered shock or injury. I noticed, though, that their anxiety never cut down the velocity of the slide.

"THERE are no quarrels between players, and the umpire is absolute lord and master on the field. Pretty good umpires at that, for the Japanese have a regular school for 'em. Lack of brawling, however, doesn't mean that they lacked spirit. They played hard and they played to win. The crowds, too, are just about as well-mannered as the team in the field. They don't go in for razzing, and instead of jeering at bad plays, they go wild over the good ones. Only once, during all the time I was in Japan, did I ever hear the bleachers yell 'Take him out' when a pitcher went sour.

"Outside of the military operations in Manchukuo, baseball is the big news, and every paper in the country has a competent sporting staff. At one of the big games I was astonished to see the press stand piled high with crates, and still more astonished when I learned that they were filled with carrier pigeons. Some of the dailies did not have telegraph wires, and the pigeons were used to send in reports on the game. Say, when a player hit a home run, the air was filled with birds.

"As near as I could judge, the Japanese scribes have a baseball lingo about like ours. All sorts of expressions very much akin to our shellacking the old apple, pilfering a bag, pulling a boner and things like that. Now and then they take over a pure Americanism such as pinch hitter. There was a funny thing. Every time they put in a pinch hitter, he always took off his cap and bowed to the umpire when he stepped up to the plate.

"I had an idea the Japanese were a serious people when I first went over, but they love to laugh as much as we do. Rabbit Maranville was easily the most popular man on the team that went over in 1931, and when he pulled off his monkey shins, catching the ball in his pocket, the stands almost went into hysterics. Al Simmons and I got jealous one day, and put on an act out in the field, eating with chop sticks, and after that we too had a reputation as comedians.

"Do I think the Japanese players are fast enough for the big leagues here in the United States?" Professor O'Doul brooded over this for quite a spell. "No, I don't," he said finally. "However, there are a lot of those university chaps who could make good in the Pacific Coast League and the American Association. Tsuji, the Rickyo pitcher who fanned eight of us, has a side arm delivery that would fool a lot of sluggers.

"The trouble is that they don't carry on. Big league baseball, for the most part, is the product of experience. Now and then a young phenom leaps from the bushes to the National or American, and makes a hit, but usually a major leaguer has served a thorough apprenticeship. When a Japanese boy quits college he is through with the game, for there is no professional base-

ball in Japan, and I don't think there ever will be, at least, not for a long time.

"You see, the Tokio universities, and the colleges throughout the country, have a pretty large investment in costly stadiums. The one at Meiji compares favorably with any baseball plant in the United States. Well, the universities need the gate receipts to pay for building and maintaining these stadiums, and also to meet the expense of other athletic sports. That's why they don't want to see professional baseball, and the government backs them up in this attitude. It's all right for professional teams to come over from the United States, but the game in Japan is going to stay amateur until those stadiums are all paid for.

"Yes, I'm going back next fall—that is," and here he shrugged rather dismally, and broke off. "But nobody over there thinks of a war with us as being possible. Before I left they gave me all sorts of banquets—commercial bodies and individuals—and almost every speech stressed a hope of friendly relations with the United States. And I know that was the feeling of the great mass of Japanese, regardless of the military caste. I sure would like to go back."

A FINE, upstanding young American, this "Professor" O'Doul. Tall, lithe, clean-cut and highly intelligent. No wonder the Japanese liked him for himself as well as for his proficiencies. It was amazing to discover how deeply he had studied the science of baseball, and what is more, he backs up his study with a courage and tenacity of purpose rarely found in the carefree, happy-go-lucky ranks of sport. The ups and downs he has endured would have broken the average man, but instead of quitting, "Lefty" just gritted his teeth and carried on.

It was in 1917 that the lanky boy, just out of high school, got a chance with the San Francisco team of the Pacific Coast League. A southpaw with fair control and a hop to his fast one, the youngster was something of a sensation, and in 1919 he went to the New York Americans, pop-eyed with the wonder of it. Almost at the start, however, a kink developed in his pitching arm, keeping him from his best performance, and in 1921 he was shipped back to San Francisco. That was assumed to be the end of "Lefty" O'Doul, for it's an ancient saying in the big leagues that "they never come back."

The season that followed was a tough one for the young southpaw. The first six or seven innings would find him going good, but then the kink began to get in its work, and he pitched the rest of the game on sheer nerve. Two days of baking, boiling and massage would put him in shape for his turn in the box again, and again the old "souper" would fail him half way through the game, making every movement an agony.

At that, "Lefty" led the league in pitching, and on the strength of this record, the Yankees decided to give him another chance, never suspecting the sore arm. It was not deceit on "Lefty's" part, for he held to the conviction that it was only a passing affliction, but instead of getting better, the kink grew worse. In 1923 the Yankees sent him to the Red Sox, that baseball morgue, and after a season's trial, Boston gave up and sold him to Salt Lake.

Duffy Lewis, of that famous old Speaker-Lewis-Hooper combination, was the manager, and he waited only to see O'Doul pitch one game. Back in the clubhouse he took a look at the arm, and then shook his head.

"Keep on trying to sling 'em," he said, (Continued on page 54)

"If that's catnip
I'm a caterpillar!"



THE Colonel tried to be kittenish... but the result was catastrophe! There is one tobacco that domestic pets (from wives to kittens) run towards, not away from!

With Sir Walter Raleigh you are almost guaranteed a perfect smoke. Why the "almost"? Simply because no tobacco can overcome the handicap of a foul, unkept pipe. In a well-preserved briar there is just nothing like the satisfaction you get out of a bowlful of Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, mild mixture, kept fresh in gold foil.

Your nearest tobacconist has this orange and black tin of rare Kentucky Burleys. You'll agree with thousands of particular smokers that it's the cat's!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. E-39



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD



"I wore the Director Belt and reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches. Practically all adipose tissue can surely be eliminated by its faithful use. I have recommended it to many of my patients."

(Signed) R. A. LOWELL
Physician and Surgeon

How DIRECTOR Works

DIRECTOR is fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks or buttons. Its elastic action causes a gentle changing pressure on the abdomen bringing results formerly obtained only by regular massage and exercise. Now all you have to do is slip on Director and watch results.

Improve Your Appearance

This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

Restore Your Vigor

"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

Break Constipation Habit

"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feel better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life."

D. W. Bilderback, Wichita, Kans.
Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. The gentle changing action of Director increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without the use of harsh, irritating cathartics.



SENT ON TRIAL
Reduce Like This
Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing.

Mail Coupon Now!

LANDON & WARNER Dept. M-3
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send me the complete story of Director Belt and give full particulars of your trial offer.

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

(Continued from page 53)

"and you're likely to lose the use of the wing entirely. I'm going to try you in the outfield. You look fast and I notice you take a healthy cut at the ball."

That season he tied with Lewis for batting honors in the Pacific Coast League, piling up the handsome percentage of .392, and the next year he established a world record by getting nineteen hits in twenty-one times at bat. Refusing to rest content with natural ability, "Lefty" went in for the study of muscular reactions and rhythm, and from the bench, day after day, watched the movements of opposing pitchers until he knew them down to the twitch of an eyelid.

William Wrigley, owner of the Chicago Cubs, took an option on O'Doul that season, but "Joe" McCarthy thought \$30,000 too much to pay for a "has been," and so "Lefty" stayed in the Coast league for two more years. In 1927 he was sold to San Francisco for \$10,000, and not only led the league in batting, but was awarded a prize of \$1,000 as the most valuable player. All San Francisco and the Bay region jammed the park on "O'Doul Day," and the cheering shook Twin Peaks.

John McGraw was the first to get the idea that there might possibly be exceptions to that old rule about never coming back, and he lost no time in claiming "Lefty" through the draft. If ever a man had the right to feel that he was sitting on top of the world, that one was Frank Joseph O'Doul, but within three weeks after the start of the season, a hook slide to second broke a bone in his ankle, and even after getting back into the game, he played with a limp. Despite the handicap, he hit .319 and once poled out two home runs in one game, but McGraw figured the hobble as permanent, and handed "Lefty" and \$20,000 in cash to the Philadelphia Nationals for Fred Leach.

It looked like a death sentence, for the Phillies were chronic tail enders, but the O'Doul jaw refused to sag, and he proceeded to lead the National in 1929 with a grand average of .398. More than that,

he broke Rogers Hornsby's record for hits, piling up a total of 254 against the Rajah's 250. The matter of base running may also be mentioned, for with his ankle as good as new, "Lefty" showed the speed of a deer.

He failed to repeat in 1930, although batting .382, and the next season "Lefty" and Fresco Thompson were traded to Brooklyn for Jumbo Jim Elliott, Hal Lee, Clise Dudley and the sum of \$70,000 in cash. Certainly Mr. O'Doul's value had risen considerably since McGraw gave him and \$20,000 for Leach, and when the Dodgers played New York, the "come-back" never failed to turn a mocking eye in McGraw's direction after poling out a triple or a home run.

In 1931 "Lefty" had what he considered a bad year, marked by many batting slumps, but just the same he led his team by twenty points, and ranked fifth in the National League. All that winter, however, he kept in training as though getting ready for a ring bout, and in 1932 he took the National League batting championship for the second time, beating out Bill Terry of the Giants by twenty points.

MANY great ball players have their homes in San Francisco and the Bay district, but not one is even a close second to Frank Joseph O'Doul as a local favorite. The Tokio business was a bit hard to bear, for the city at the Golden Gate is anything but pro-Japanese, but San Franciscans have definitely decided to overlook the Nippon connection in consideration of "Lefty's" many other fine qualities.

Clean living, clean thinking, honest and honorable, it is also the case that a more generous, kindly chap never lived. From the time he gets home after a season until he reports again for spring training, he's out on the sand lots or in the school playgrounds, teaching California youngsters how to scoop 'em out of the dirt, get a hop to the fast one and belt the old potato over the fence. And do the kids worship him!

A Nation-Wide Contest for Card Players

(Continued from page 21)

as creating a degree of interest that will make it easier to get new members.

Styles and fashions change in card games as well as in houses, furniture and dress. Just now contract bridge has the call. Contract bridge may properly be called the great grandchild of whist. Whist, one of the oldest of card games, was the fountainhead from which first sprang bridge, then auction bridge, and finally contract. Each of these offsprings of whist has been increasingly popular with the great masses of card players, and each game has been an improvement on the one before it.

Contract bridge has caught the popular fancy to an extent that has no parallel in the history of sports or amusements. Just lately it has taken on an international aspect which rivals that of golf or tennis. International duplicate contract matches have been played between England, France, Germany, Austria, Canada and the United States, and arrangements have been made recently to continue them from year to year.

Along with the growth of contract bridge there has been an exceptional increase in the playing of duplicate contract. The weekly duplicate games in many social and fraternal groups have grown from just a few players to affairs of from ten to thirty tables. It may interest you to know that in the city of Cleveland there are over

five hundred regularly constituted duplicate bridge clubs. Some play auction and some contract. The playing of duplicate—in whist, auction or contract—has long been recognized as the one best way to improve one's game. This, coupled with the fact that it is as easy to play as rubber bridge, has no doubt been the cause of its popularity.

For any club which has not tried them, the weekly or semi-weekly duplicate matches provide a new and fascinating kind of event which it is well worth while to promote. Starting with just a few tables it is astonishing to see how quickly they increase in number as the season advances. Some clubs run two sets of duplicate events, one for members only and the other for members and wives.

Knowing that a properly conducted social activity such as this will be bound to stimulate interest in your lodge, every lodge is invited to assist in putting over a nation-wide bridge tournament to be held Friday, November 24, 1933, at 8.00 P.M.

Full particulars will be published later, but a synopsis would be something as follows:

Elks and their friends will participate. Sixteen sealed secret hands, devised to supply a test of skill for the novice as well as the expert, will be used. Everybody playing in the tournament will play the

same hands. The winners will be determined by the closeness with which they come to the par score for the hands. There will be handsome trophies as rewards to the grand winners and top score prizes will be awarded the par winners in every lodge. In addition to this there will be other prizes for regular aggregate score winners, the details of which will be announced later. Playing for the prizes, however, is not the main value which the participants will reap from this contest. The players will derive a real education from playing these hands, for after the contest they will be supplied with a complete analysis of them, showing just how they should be bid and played.

This tournament will be arranged in such a way that your lodge can play whichever game is most popular in your community—whist, bridge, auction bridge or contract. The arrangements to be made will be so simple, and the instructions so clear, that no one will have difficulty in participating. No experience in playing duplicate will be required. The novice will not be handicapped by the veteran duplicate addict. Scoring will be very simple and special score cards will be furnished. Each player will record all the bids, the final contract, the opening lead and the results—nothing else will be required. One score card for each pair will be given to your chairman who will forward it immediately to the Tournament Director, in care of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, National Memorial Building, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago, Ill. The judging will be done from these cards, each card being judged against par.

The playing will be by partners, each player having the same partner all evening. All North and South players will play the sixteen North and South hands, and the East and West players will play the sixteen East and West hands. Thus, the North and South pairs will compete against every other North and South pair, and each East and West pair against all the other East and West teams. The contest will be, therefore, a double competition, for North and South pairs will also be playing against East and West pairs for high aggregate scores.

ONE of the most attractive features of this tournament will be the fact that those players who do not like to move may remain seated all evening. This is especially appealing to those players who wish to spend the evening playing with their most congenial friends. On the other hand, those who wish to move and play against different pairs may do so. To provide for this it will only be necessary that the North and South players remain seated and the East and West pairs move at the conclusion of each set of hands. The arrangement for these movements will be clearly charted by the tournament director, and it will be a part of the instructions which every lodge participating will receive.

We know that you will find the prepared hands unusually interesting. There will be no trick or freak hands, and none involving intricate problems. They will be similar to the best hands which would occur naturally in four or five of your usual bridge sessions. The hands will not be adapted particularly to any one system of bidding. They will contain all of the logical situations which would arise naturally in a series of deals, and they will call for close deduction and sound reasoning to get the best results.

The average player and the expert will have the same thrill of playing in a contest which is taking place at the same time in all the Elks Clubs from Boston in the
(Continued on page 56)

Accountancy Home-Study

made interesting and practical thru problem method

YOU know as well as we do that Accountancy fits many men for positions that pay three and five and ten thousand dollars a year—gives many other men unusual opportunity to start a profitable growing business of their own.

The only question is—just how practical is it for you to train yourself adequately in Accountancy through home study?

And the answer lies in the LaSalle Problem Method.

For this modern plan of training not only makes Accountancy study at home thoroughly practical but makes it interesting as well.

And here's how:

You Learn by Doing

Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the auditor of your company or the head of a successful accounting firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to work those problems out—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

Granted that privilege, surely your advancement would be faster by far than that of the man who is compelled to pick up his knowledge by study of theory alone.

Under the LaSalle Problem Method you pursue, to all intents and purposes, that identical plan. You advance by solving problems.

Only—instead of having at your command the counsel of a single individual—one accountant—you have back of you the organized experience of the largest business training institution in the world, the authoritative findings of scores of able accounting specialists, the actual procedure of the most successful accountants.

Thus—instead of fumbling and blundering—you are coached in the solving of the very problems you must face in the higher accounting positions or in an accounting practice of your own. Step by step, you work them out for yourself—until, at the end of your training, you have the kind of ability and experience for which business is willing and glad to pay real money—just as it was glad to pay these men.*

Five Men Who Tested and Proved It for You

For instance, there was the plumber who started Accountancy training with us in 1916. After a short period of study, he took a position as bookkeeper for a year, and then became accountant for a leading automobile manufacturer—

with two bookkeepers under him. Today he is auditor of one of the foremost banks in his state and his salary is 325 percent larger than when he started training.

He writes, "My training is the best investment I've ever made, showing a cash value running into five figures."

And the young clerk, earning \$75 a month eleven years ago and now getting many times that as general auditor for an outstanding, nation-wide organization. Within six months after he began our training, he was earning \$125 a month and within four years, he was earning \$250.

Do you wonder that he writes, "While LaSalle ads once seemed like fairy tales to me, now I know from personal experience that they are true?"

Or let us tell you about two men—one a stenographer and the other a retail clerk—neither of whom knew more than the simplest elements of bookkeeping. One is now the comptroller and the other the assistant comptroller of a large company.

"LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy," write both, "was the important factor in our rapid climb."

And if you are thinking about the C. P. A. degree and a public accounting business of your own, read about the pharmacist who was earning \$30 a week eleven years ago when a LaSalle registrar secured his enrollment for Accountancy training. Eight months later he left the drug store to take a bookkeeping job at \$20 a week—less money but larger opportunity. Three years later he passed the C. P. A. examination and a year later yet he was earning \$5,000 a year. Now he has his own highly successful public accounting firm for which he says, "My LaSalle training has been largely responsible."

One-Tenth of All C. P. A.'s Are LaSalle Trained

If you want still more proof, remember that 1,150 C. P. A.'s—approximately one-tenth of all those in the United States who have ever passed the difficult examination for this coveted degree—are LaSalle trained.

Or remember that in our files—accessible on request—are thousands of letters from our Accountancy graduates reporting material increases—double, triple, quadruple—and even more—over their original earnings.

And knowing these facts, ask yourself if there can be any further question about the practicability of this training for you—ask rather if the real question is not about the size of your own ambition and the quality of your determination.

For Accountancy is no magic wand for the lazy or the fearful or the quitter—it offers success only to the alert adult who has the courage to face the facts and the will to carry on till the job is done.

If you are that individual, the coupon below, filled out and mailed, will bring you free the information that can open up to you the future of which you have dreamed—ability and income and success.

Is it not worth getting that information?



Send for This Book

*Names and addresses given on request.

LaSalle Extension University

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 9328-HR, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me, free of all cost or obligation, your 64-page, illustrated book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," telling about the profession of accountancy and your training for success in that field.

Name.....
Address.....City.....
Position.....



(Continued from page 55)

East to Manila in the West (or is it East?) and from Nome, Alaska, in the North to the Panama Canal Zone in the South—with hundreds of lodges in between. Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Missoula, Mont., will play against Messrs. Jones and Murphy at the same table, and at the same time they will be pitted against Mr. and Mrs. Bronx of New York. The Smiths only took up the game last year, while the Bronxs have been playing for years. They will, nevertheless, match their wits on a fair basis through the medium of the specially prepared hands.

At the outset of this article I said I expected to get ideas from you which I would, in turn, pass on to others. At the Milwaukee Convention I met Brother Richard F. Flood, Jr., from Bayonne, N. J., who told of a plan that Bayonne Lodge had used with marked success. They employed a prominent contract bridge teacher to give two lectures at their club. This

cost them twenty dollars. Then they invited their members and friends to come to the lectures and have a social playing session after the talk was over. There was no charge for either of these affairs, and the Committee went out of its way to encourage attendance.

At the second session they announced that they were going to give another party, at which there would be prizes, and the net proceeds from which would be devoted to the Crippled Children's Fund. They had seventy-five tables with gross receipts of three hundred dollars—a nice return for an investment of twenty dollars and a little work. In addition to this they increased materially their list of new members.

Let me reiterate that I will be only too glad to answer any inquiry relative to this new card Department. I want to interest every member in card activities, and in particular in their social and tournament phases. Tournaments between neighboring lodges, stag tournaments, husbands against wives, team of four tournaments—all pro-

vide an interesting field for endeavor. I will be glad to furnish directions for holding and conducting tournaments—either the ordinary progressive style or duplicate. I have started to build up a reference file of all the lodges and I would like to hear from you as to the most popular card activities in your lodge and community. In some cities a great deal of bridge is played, but in the lodge rooms none at all. How is it in your city? Please write. I want to get acquainted.

One final suggestion. If you would like to see your lodge in this tournament, don't keep it to yourself. Voice your wishes to your card or entertainment committee, and at the same time offer your assistance. Every lodge wishing to participate in the tournament would do well to immediately appoint a chairman for the affair. As soon as he is appointed send me his name and address so that I can forward complete details to him. Address all communications to Bede Armstrong, Western Office, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago, Ill.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 37)

the most successful ever held by the Association.

The principal business of the meeting concerned the furthering of work on the State-wide movement for aiding crippled children. Reports from local committees covering all the Lodges in North Dakota showed a total expenditure, during the past year, of more than \$8,000. This sum handled the cases of more than seventy-five crippled children. It was felt that the showing made in the work of aiding these unfortunate children was more than satisfactory and the general sentiment of the convention was that this work be pushed with vigor.

Letters and telegrams congratulating the organization on this branch of the Association's charity work were received from the then Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; Governor David Sholtz, of Florida, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge and now Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, N. J., Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association and sponsor of the crippled children movement in North Dakota.

The following officers were re-elected for the year 1933-34: The Hon. L. B. Hanna, Fargo Lodge, No. 260, President; Sam Stern, Fargo Lodge, Vice-President; George T. Richmond, Jamestown Lodge, No. 995, Secretary; Alec Rawitcher, Williston Lodge, No. 1214, Treasurer; and Frank V. Kent, Grand Forks Lodge, No. 255, Trustee for a three year period.

Bismarck was chosen as the place of meeting for the 1934 Convention of the Association.

South Carolina

Attended by more than two hundred delegates from all the Lodges of the State, the Annual Convention of the South Carolina State Elks Association was held in the early summer at Columbia, with Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, acting as host. At the first business meeting, presided over by President J. Randolph Little, who

has brought the Association successfully through a difficult year, Governor Ibra C. Blackwood of South Carolina was presented with a life membership in the Order. A watch was presented to William H. Harth, at that time Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, in token of appreciation of his many services to the Order.

At an outing at Lake Murray, a barbecue was served under the direction of the Columbia Fire Department, a tent having been raised and tables built under it. Pleasing music and a program of dances were part of the entertainment. The representative of Greenville Lodge, No. 858, won the bathing beauty contest, and the representative from Rock Hill Lodge, No. 1318, the swimming contest.

After the return from the lake, the election of officers took place. A banquet for State officers was held and the Exalted Ruler's Ball, at the Jefferson, the concluding function of the convention, was a gay and beautiful affair.

The following officers will serve the Association during the coming year: L. D. Boyd, Rock Hill Lodge, No. 1318, President; George M. Thompson, Charleston Lodge, No. 242, First Vice-President; Julian S. Wolfe, Orangeburg Lodge, No. 897, Second Vice-President; Hans V. Becker, Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, Third Vice-President; F. L. Koosa, Columbia Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer (re-elected);



The Kentucky delegation to the Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee. The group included the Kentucky Colonels, seen in the front row, the orchestra of Newport, Ky., Lodge

C. R. Workman, Rock Hill Lodge, Esquire. The Rev. J. Franklin Burkhart, Charleston Lodge, was reappointed Chaplain, and C. M. Mayfield, Anderson Lodge, No. 1206, was named general trustee for three years. Charleston was selected as the meeting place for the 1934 Convention.

Wisconsin

Simultaneously with the sessions of the Grand Lodge Convention, the annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Elks Association took place on July 17 in the city of Milwaukee.

A large part of the business activity of the meeting was devoted to the planning and organizing of an extensive program for the care of crippled children, during the coming year, by this organization which numbers twelve thousand members, approximately half of whom were in attendance at both the State and National Conventions. Charles E. Broughton, of Sheboygan Lodge, No. 299, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight at that time, was re-appointed to serve once more as Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee.

All of the officers of the Association were re-elected for the coming year, the Secretary, Theodore Benfey, of Sheboygan Lodge, No. 299, being elected for the twentieth term. The list of officers is as follows: J. W. Selbach, Eau Claire Lodge, No. 402, President; Elmer S. Nelson, Antigo Lodge, No. 662, First Vice-President; Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers Lodge, No. 280, Second Vice-President; A. A. Gritzmacher, Appleton Lodge, No. 337, Third Vice-President; William Eulberg, Portage Lodge, No. 675, Fourth Vice-President; Theodore Benfey, Secretary; Lou Uecker, Antigo Lodge, Treasurer; and William F. Schad, Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46; Edward W. Mackey, Manitowoc Lodge, No. 687; Donald R. Mihills, Fond du Lac Lodge, No. 57; J. R. Jones, Jr., Racine Lodge, No. 252, and Harry A. Kiefer, Wausau Lodge, No. 248, Trustees. Mr. Schad was the only new member elected to serve on the Board of Trustees, filling the place of the late John J. Pecher, former Secretary of Madison Lodge, No. 410.

Manitowoc Lodge will entertain the Association at its convention in 1934, expected to take place during August.



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KING OF BOTTLED BEER

Because it fits so gracefully and so gaily into the scheme of good living, BUDWEISER is recognized as the King of Bottled Beer. Millions who welcomed beer back, are finding there is only one BUDWEISER—brewed and fully aged in the world's largest brewery.



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Firestone



Triumphs AT



"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

Have you ever seen a tire made?

More than three million people have gone through the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at "A Century of Progress" and have seen Firestone Tires made—from the mixing of the rubber and Gum-Dipping of the cords to the actual building and curing of the tire.

The Firestone Gum-Dipping Machine shown at the left saturates and coats every fiber within the *high stretch cords* with *pure liquid rubber*, adding eight pounds of pure rubber to every one hundred pounds of cords. This is an **EXTRA** process for safety and blowout protection *not used in any other tire*. It is one of the reasons why Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires hold all World Records on road and track for Safety, Speed, Mileage and Endurance.

When you visit the World's Fair, we invite you to see how Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires are made and also to see the Firestone Multi-Color Shadow Sign shown above and the Firestone Singing Color Fountain shown below, the only installations of their kind in the world.

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