

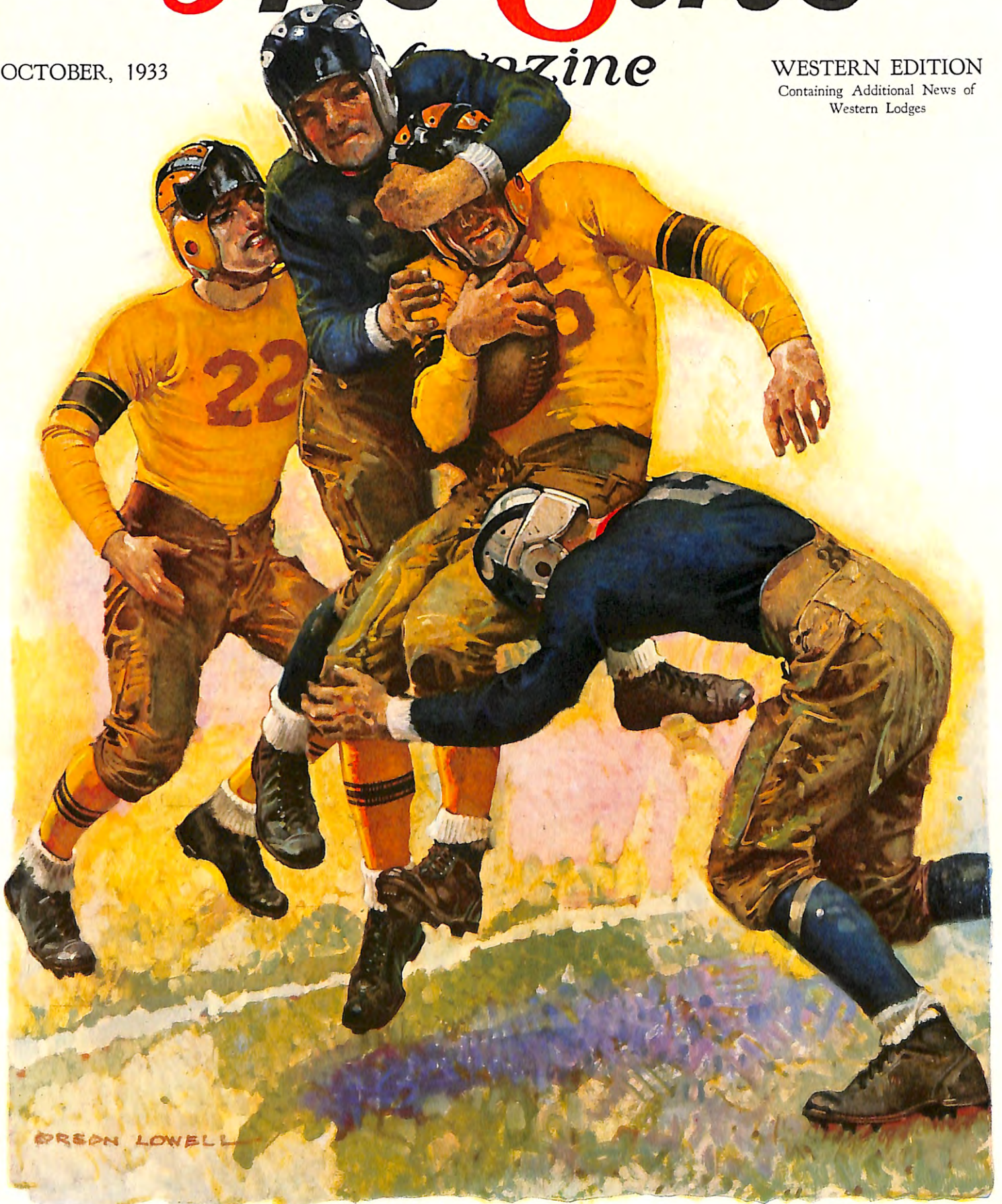
The Elks

OCTOBER, 1933

Magazine

WESTERN EDITION

Containing Additional News of
Western Lodges



OREGON LOWELL

Sam Hellman ~ *George Creel* ~ *James Stevens*

PABST BLUE RIBBON

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Remember, you do not have to accept the Club Selection. You may select an alternative book or you may decide not to take a book that month at all. You may even drop your membership entirely any time you want to!

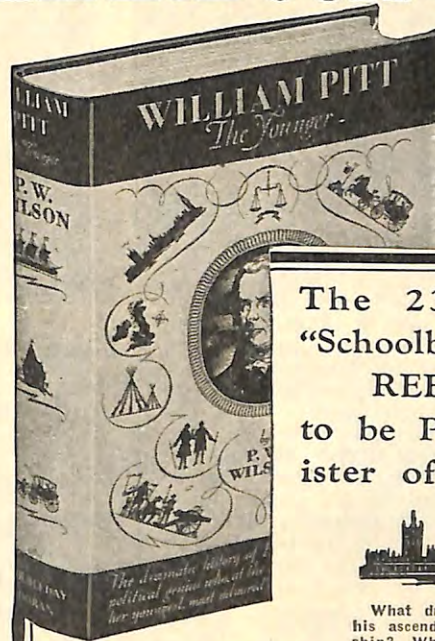
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Size 5 3/4 by 8 3/8 inches, over 530 pages, large readable type, on high grade book paper. Tinted top, handsome cloth binding and two-color wrapper. Published at \$3.00.

The 23-year-old
"Schoolboy" Who
REFUSED
to be Prime Minister of England!



What dramatic signal flashed his ascendancy to the premiership? What was the outcome when he dared stake his all against the scornfully sensuous Catherine the Great of Russia? What happened when he, unskilled in military tactics, ruthlessly drew swords with Napoleon?



With a dissolute tyrant despoiling far-off India, what did he engineer to subdue the opposition? How did this comparative child make fools of vigorous leaders old enough to be his sire? What vice probably cut short his life in its prime?

He wrote England's history in blood, in poison, and in the honey of veiled diplomacy. Almost unbelievable coups of intrigue and triumphs of brilliant strategy were woven into his spectacular career. How? Read this book. Know this man. You will search all history for a more unique story!

AT 23 he refused the Premiership of Britain. At 24 he accepted. No wonder a poem of the day exclaimed:

"A sight to make surrounding nations stare—
A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy's care!"

What an amazing character! The most precocious genius in all the annals of British statesmanship.

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Please enroll me free as a Club Member and send me each month the Monthly Bulletin and the book selected, commencing with WILLIAM PITT. I will examine each Book Selection for three days and if I decide to keep it, I will send you the Club price of \$1.00 plus the small postage charge of ten cents. If I do not like it, I will return it to you, in which case I am to have the privilege of choosing alternative book, if I wish, from the list in the Bulletin. I am not obligated as a Club Member in any way except to pay for the books which I decide to keep. I am to be free to discontinue membership at any time I wish.

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Street and No.....

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

Occupation.....

Enrollments of minors must be signed by father or mother.

This Month

IMPORTANT news regarding the nation-wide Armistice Night Initiation—A rollicking football story by Sam Hellman—Timely pictures of stage, screen and radio stars—George Creel's penetrating article about President Roosevelt's little known Cabinet—A stirring tale of strife and adventure with an Oregon lumberjack as the hero—Inspired and inspiring thoughts on the pursuit of happiness by an anonymous author well known to readers—Interesting information on Elkdom's northernmost outpost from two viewpoints—that of Grand Exalted Ruler Mejer and of Hon. Scott C. Bone, former Governor of Alaska—a variegated and well balanced issue, the editors feel, and one which they hope you will find very much to your liking.

Next Month

IF you like Sam Hellman's story, "Junk Sees a Star," on page 8 of this number, you will also like William Chamberlain's yarn, "It's So Romantic," in next month's issue. Both are football stories and both are filled to the brim with humor. In plot, characters and style, however, they are totally different. Nevertheless, we venture to predict that all sport lovers—and particularly all lovers of the slambang, rugged, rough and tumble game that is football—will vote these two tales a pair of "naturals."

N R A

AS you probably noticed in last month's issue, *The Elks Magazine* is a member of NRA. The Familiar "Blue Eagle" appeared on the September Contents Page, as it does again this month and as it will recurrently henceforth.

The magazine publishers of the nation—some eight thousand altogether—recently banded together for the purpose of cooperating with the Federal authorities in their efforts to increase employment, buying power and prices. Under the title of the "Periodical Publishers Institute" a Board of Directors of twenty-three executives, and particularly an Executive Committee (of the Board) of seven, have been hard at work developing a code that would accomplish the Government's objectives and at the same time prove helpful to the magazine business.

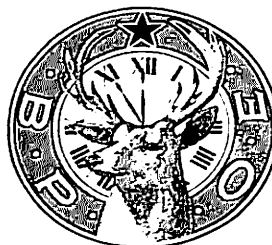
Elks will be gratified to know that the large group of fraternal publications of the country is represented both on the P. P. I.'s Board of Directors and on its Executive Committee by Charles S. Hart, Business Manager of *The Elks Magazine*.



Joseph T. Fanning
Editor and
Executive Director

Charles S. Hart
Business Manager

James S. Warren
Managing Editor



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

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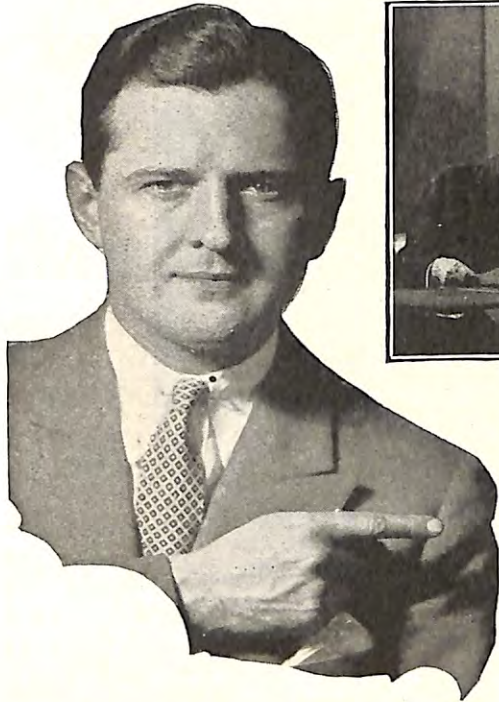
Cover Design by Orson Lowell

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

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

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"These Mistakes Were Costing Me \$20 to \$50 a Week! Until I Learned How to Stop Making Them"



SHYNESS



LACK OF KNOWLEDGE



OVER EAGERNESS

I'VE always known that a really successful salesman was the highest-paid man in the business field. But I'd always gone along in the belief that salesmanship was a very hard and difficult art. I had always believed that, to even start to be a successful salesman, you had to put in a long apprenticeship. So when I started out, and didn't make much money to start, I wasn't discouraged. I figured it was going to be a long pull. Now and then, to be sure, I saw young fellows—mere beginners, in fact—making big money consistently. But I merely thought—"Well, that chap is a born salesman. He's just lucky. But if I keep plugging faithfully along, some day I'll be as good as he is." It was a pretty long pull, though, I realized. Months—and then years, slipped by. I was still approximately where I was when I started. By that time I knew something was wrong.

One night I sat down and did some hard thinking. Was I going to have to quit salesmanship—forego my chances of the big money which I knew was to be made there? Or—I stopped thinking, and went over to the magazine rack, and pulled out a copy of a magazine and leafed it through. Pretty soon I found what I had been looking for, "Do You Make These Common Selling Errors?" That was the title of the page announcement I had been reading that very afternoon.

Was I making those errors? I knew myself that I was. And, when I thought about it, I knew that those mistakes were losing sales for me every day. I re-read that page. It was signed by the largest association of salesmen in the world—the National Salesmen's Training Association. For 26 years this institution has been devoted to training its members in the successful kind of salesmanship. "By golly," I said, "I'm going to find out what that book on mistakes commonly made in selling will tell me." I tore out the coupon at the bottom of the page and filled it in. Then I mailed it.

Two days later the book, "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," arrived. It wasn't a big book, but it certainly showed me where my trouble lay. With it was another, larger book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship." Where "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling" showed me why I was losing out, "The Key to Master Salesmanship" showed me how the errors and the selling weaknesses were making my work laborious and unprofitable. I saw, how hundreds of fellows, just like myself had trained themselves to avoid the errors I was making, and that were making a failure out of me.

(Incidentally, I sat down with a pencil and paper, and figured out the sales and the commissions I had lost in the last month, through errors that were mentioned in that book, and found that I had been losing an average of \$37 a week because of them!)

That same night I solved my difficulties. If training—knowledge which I could get just in my spare hours—had brought other fellows pay increases up to 900%, it could bring me the same, I determined. I knew now why some fellows, with less experience than myself, were in the big-money class. It wasn't "born" selling ability, either. That pair of books showed me how foolish that old "born salesman" idea was. I didn't even wait to finish "The Key to Master Salesmanship." Before I was half through with it, I had filled out and mailed in my enrollment for membership and training in N. S. T. A.

Today, the training which I got after reading those books has changed me completely. I've made up, in less than a year, for over three years of time that I lost, by being untrained. Three months after I started to take the N. S. T. A. training in master salesmanship, I found that I was leading the whole sales force, in number of sales, in the average size of each sale, and in income.

Think of it! Just a few minutes' study every night—and I absolutely ended those selling mistakes that were costing me anywhere from \$20 to \$50 a week! Of course, that isn't all that N. S. T. A. training did for me. For one thing, it made my work immeasurably easier.



I got a lot of new hints on selling methods and selling ideas. I'm thinking only of the mistakes that were eliminated, when I say \$20 to \$50 a week. Altogether, I would say that this training increased my pay over 250%—increased it on an average of \$80 every week!

Are mistakes and lack of knowledge keeping you from making a success of salesmanship? Then write this very day and get your copy of "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling." Find out from it what these errors are. Find out, too, how you can turn your mistakes into successful master sales tactics. There is no obligation. This book, though it may be worth literally hundreds of dollars to you, is free. Simply clip the coupon and mail it now to get your copy, and the amazing facts which it contains.



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Name

Address

City State

Occupation Age



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER BY JAMES A. McN. WHISTLER. PHOTOGRAPH BY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Mother

From an Address

By James C. B. Millard

Past Exalted Ruler of Ridgewood, New Jersey, Lodge, No. 1455

SINCE the earliest days of man's existence, the painter has sought to catch the spirit of Mother love on canvas, and the poet has sought to tell its wonderful story in song. But their efforts have been in vain. The loftiest of all human emotions transcends all earthly things. It will go down with you to the blackest pit of hell, or rise proudly with you to the utmost heights of immortality.

I once saw a timorous mother quail with marvelous intelligence and still more marvelous courage, protect her brood by exposing herself to the hunter's deadly aim. I then realized that nothing could take the place of Mother love. If its divine fire so warms and thrills the heart of a bird, with what intensity does it consume the bosom, with what ecstasy does it inspire the soul of a woman for the child of her body. Although she knows that she must risk her own to bring forth a new life, she does not draw back. Her love-lit eyes behold only visions of happiness, of glory and of power to be realized by her unborn babe. With smiling lips and eager heart she enters the vale of shadows. The first cry of her newly born falls upon her ear as sweet as the music of Paradise. Her trembling hands caress the tender skin, her soul cries out the anxious question, Will my baby live? The torturing days of convalescence fly swiftly upon wings of hope. She nestles the tiny helpless thing to her bosom, she sustains it with milk of her body, every drop drawn from a fountain of infinite love. With indescribable solicitude she watches over her offspring. Even when her body sleeps her soul keeps vigil and her hands in unison with her spirit will stretch forth to soothe the baby back to sleep. With glowing pride she watches the growing child, shields it from harm, guides it along the paths of rectitude, inspires its soul with lofty sentiments of honor and faith in the eternal God.

When time has piled the snows upon her head, her love will still abide riper and sweeter with the passing years.

Though she may live until her children are themselves grown old and gray, she yet will see the silken locks of youth, their roughened hands will still have the caressing touch of baby fingers, their voices being to her the tender and melodious notes of infancy. And when at last she approaches the portals of death, there is no solace so sweet as the presence of those she bore "to people and replenish the earth."

If there be truth in revealed religion, then this holy sentiment was planted in a woman's heart by the hand of God. It has made life possible. It is in truth the very source of life itself. When all other passions are dead, it survives. It will pass through the fiery crucible of disgrace and yet live. It will endure the scorching heat of contumely with unwavering fidelity. It will stand at the foot of the scaffold, and when the trap has fallen, it will cover the condemned felon with kisses and flowers.

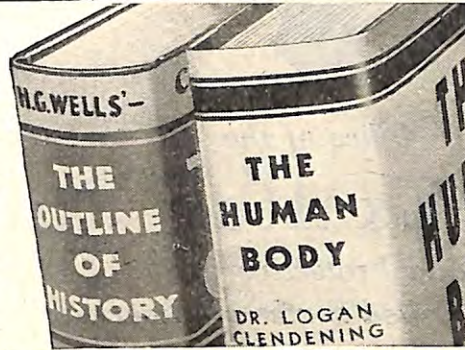
But if the path of life leads a Mother's son to fields of honor, her heart will glow with pride, ineffable, unspeakable pride. If he is called to war, she will bid him goodbye with dry eyes, though her heart be filled with tears. She will maintain a firm and hopeful mien that he may gain sublime courage from that sublime example. Where he sleeps upon the tented field, her spirit will keep watch. While he is slumbering, she is praying. In the agony of waiting she will die a thousand deaths, but will choke back her sobs and hide her torture. She will search for him among the slain and try with kisses to warm the dead and unresponsive lips to life. She will coffin her heart with the beloved body and her soul will keep the eternal vigil of deathless love.

Mother Love! It has produced, fondled, reared, inspired and glorified all the shadowy hosts who have passed across the bridge of time, since man first raised his eyes to the heavens. It is the golden cord that binds the earth to God. It is the hallowed symbol of our kinship with the divine.

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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 Two

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

*1412 Northern Life Tower,
Seattle, Washington,
September 15, 1933*

DEAR BROTHERS:

Almost two months have elapsed since the Milwaukee Convention. During this time all the details incident to the change of administrations have been attended to. The new District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers have been appointed and by the time this circular is distributed, I will have about completed my Regional Conferences with them. In connection with these conferences I have been able to contact representatives from a majority of the Lodges. We are now squared away for a major movement in the "N.R.A." of Elkdom. Let the purple flag of loyalty to our Order be displayed upon every occasion. Follow its lead and our recovery will be complete.

Restoration of Members

I hope every Lodge has taken steps to amend its by-laws, fixing a reinstatement fee that will bring all of our former members back into the fold. I would greatly appreciate it if a Committee on Reinstatement should function actively in every Lodge. We need the help of these brothers, and they need the fellowship afforded through membership in our Order.

Armistice Day Observance

The great "national class" is being organized for our simultaneous initiation on the evening of November 11th. Make this initiation a part of the Armistice Day program in your respective communities. Work in harmony with your local organization of Veterans. Have those of their number who are members of your Lodge participate in our ceremonies, and then join with them in their celebration of this important anniversary day. Most Lodges have active committees at work now to bring success to the movement. Let no Lodge remain dormant. To the end that complete participation may be recorded, I do now, pursuant to the powers in me vested by the Constitution and Statutes of the Order, require every Lodge to convene its members on November 11th, 1933, in special session, at such a time as will enable it to commence the ceremony of initiation at the hour of ten o'clock, p.m., Eastern Standard Time, or the hour corresponding thereto, so that such ceremony may be simultaneously rendered in all of our Lodges, and to make report the next day, by letter, of the number of candidates initiated.

Columbus Day

October 12th should not be overlooked. That date recalls to memory the dauntless courage of the Discoverer of America. He was led by a great faith which told him the world was round. Let us, in appropriate manner, at our regular meetings during that week, pay homage to that faith and courage, for had he not possessed them the world would have been the poorer. They were responsible for the bringing to light of the greatest and richest of all lands, and nothing could be more fitting than to pay our tribute to them.

My Visitations

Upon the completion of the Regional Conferences with my District Deputies, I shall commence a series of visitations to Subordinate Lodges. I regret I cannot visit all of them, but their number forbids. I want to visit where my presence will do the most good, and I am asking the recognized leaders of the Order in the different parts of our jurisdiction to recommend the itinerary I shall follow. They know the local conditions and I value their judgment in the premises.

The President's N. R. A.

The President of the United States, Brother Franklin D. Roosevelt, is striving his utmost to restore our country to a condition of normal prosperity. To assist in this great movement is a civic duty. As Elks, in our Milwaukee Convention, we pledged him our loyal and unswerving support of his efforts, and there is no objection to similar pledges being made by subordinate lodges. While there may be some question as to the legal application of the N.R.A. to our Lodges, yet I believe they should comply with its spirit in every possible respect, thus hastening a return of conditions so much desired by us all.

Appointments

I have heretofore announced the appointment of my District Deputies. I now give you the names of the brothers selected to fill the other offices. I regret that I could not give recognition to all of the qualified brothers. The number

of offices being limited, I could not carry out my natural desire to recognize every qualified member. However, another year is coming, and I trust that all will continue in active service, thus furnishing a fruitful source from which future appointments can be made.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier
Grand Exalted Ruler.



Attest:

J. E. Masters
Grand Secretary

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Junk Sees a Star

By Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg



FOOTBALL practice'd been on for about a week at Radmore when Gil Heffernan, the coach, takes me and his troubles into conference.

"Red," says he, "I got a hole at left guard you could drive through in a wheel chair."

"That's tough, if you want," I returns, "but there's plenty of beef in that off-stage troupe of yours. Now about Joe Hanson—"

"Beef enough," cuts in Gil, "but no more kick than there is in a Quaker Campfire girl with pernicious anemia. What I need is a two-hundred-pounder with a speed in his spaniels and murder in his heart. And we'd better get him, too," he goes on, "or there's likely to be a new coach and a new trainer here next season."

"A new trainer!" I yelps. "Is it my fault if the college doesn't enroll huskies? Do they expect me to massage ten flats into their feet and mayhem into their dispositions?"

"Feller," says Heffernan, "most of the guys I've seen let out in my time were fired for things you couldn't be discharged for and the jails are full of lads who did things you couldn't be arrested for."

"So well?" I puts in.

"So," comes back Gil, "I'm sending a-field to bring in a braw prospect who's been called to my attention."

"Yeh?" I puts in. "And where's said B. P. playing?"

"Said B. P.'s not playing," replies the

coach, "unless you'd call pushing cars of scrap-iron around a junk-yard play."

"Sounds," I observes, "like the recreation of a strong back and a weak mind."

"Sounds," says Heffernan, "and is. I understand this lad breaks aged engines apart with his bare hands, tears universal joints into pieces with his teeth and rips retired armor plate into ribbons. He's also been known, in moments of annoyance, to kick manhole covers over adjoining roofs."

"Just the sort of boy," I remarks, "who'd hold the lamp while his mother chopped up the cord-wood. And he wants to come to Radmore?"

"At this reading," returns Gil, "he no more wants to come to Radmore than he wants to be premier flutist to the late Queen of Bulgaria. Classic shades have no lure for Hennessey. In fact, local gossip has it that he once tried to get into a school where they teach you to be backward, but couldn't make the grade."

"You'll pardon me," says I, "for prying into the home life of your sister, but how are you going to get this bucko

into Radmore? Don't you, at least, have to be able to read big print to qualify?"

"That," admits Heffernan, "was the intention of the founders, but kindly leave the matter of Junk's entrance—"

"Junk?" I repeats.

"That's the name," reveals Gil. "Junk Hennessey, but, as I was saying, the matter of Junk's entrance'll be taken care of by those with fewer but better brains. Your job's merely to call on him—"

"My job!" I exclaims.

"Your job," proceeds Heffernan, calmly. "I'm too busy. McCaffrey's under contract to his conscience and the alumnus, who first piped the pocket, is too pure to pick it personally. So you draw the short straw."

"But Judas H. Iscariot!" I argues. "I'm a trainer, not a—"

"This," cuts in Gil, "comes under the head of training—training to hold your job. Besides, where's your college spirit? Wouldn't you die for dear old Radmore?"

"I wouldn't even miss the fish course



There's no stopping Hennessey. In ten minutes we've reeled off two touchdowns

for her," I returns, "and I don't like fish."

"Even so," says Heffernan, "if you want to continue flirting with fodder of any sort you'd better help me build up a winner this year. Anyhow, all of 'em are doing it. Arrandale's got a new back they've just matriculated off a truck and—"

"Just what," I interrupts, "would you expect me to do with Hennessey?"

"Look him over," answers Gil, "and if he comes up to the billing—"

"They never do," I points out.

"This bozo," says Heffernan, "comes up to the billing if he has one good leg and no communicable disease. That's how badly I need a load of scrap iron in the line. Having satisfied yourself," he goes on, "that Junk's sound and not above a bit of mayhem, you're to paint for him in pretty pastel shades the advantages of the higher education, as it is sloshed around in this sink of scholarship."

"I suppose," I remarks, sarcastic, "the emphasis should be put on Greek poetry and advanced astronomy."

"The emphasis," comes back Gil, "should be put on the two hundred smackers per month that he'll get for merely being playful."

I'm scared of the whole ruffle and puts up a stiff fight against it, but Heffernan finally breaks me down. After all, Radmore is fed up with defeats and a complete clean-out of the athletic crew is not beyond the cards.

"All right," I agrees. "An honest lad can but try."

"There's a wasted word in that sen-

tence," says Gil, "and it has two syllables."

Loaded down with instructions and a can of negotiable bait I departs the next morning for the big pond to hook Mr. Hennessey. I've no trouble finding the junk-yard nor the sweet-scented geranium I'm pointing for. A guy at the gate points him out to me. It's the lunch hour and Junk's leaning against a post, puffing away at a pipe.

There's no question about the kid's strength. He's a six-foot, two-hundred pounder, with arms long enough to interfere with his knees when he's walking and hands you could lose a ham in. If there ever was a football prospect in the raw this baby's those.

While I'm sizing him up the whistle blows. All of the other canaries return to their singing, but Hennessey remains by the post. That gives me an idea for an opening and I buzzes up to him.

"What's the matter?" I asks. "Aren't you working?"

"Naw," he mumbles. "I been fired."

"WHAT for?" says I. "Not strong enough for the job?"

"A bloke got fresh with me," explains Junk, "so I tipped his car over on him."

"Filled with iron?" I inquires, an eye on the heavy steel barrows being trundled over tracks.

"Sure," says he. "If it wasn't I'd'a thrown it at him. What's all of this to you, anyways?"

"I'm glad," I returns, "you brought

that up at this point." And I launches into my sales spiel.

It's practically all over his head and a yard wide—all but the two hundred berries per.

"Just for playing football?" demands Junk.

"Yep," I tells him. "Ever play?"

"I've seen kids at it," he replies. "What's there to the game? All you've got to do is pick up a ball and run over eight or ten tramps that are suckers enough to get in your way."

"That's about all," I agrees. "Can you run?"

"So far," says Hennessey, "I ain't seen anybody that could make me . . . Is this a kid?"

"Here's a twenty that says it isn't." I returns, putting the word and the act into the same stall.

"And all I got to do is play football?" persists Junk.

"Well," I answers, "you may have to take on a couple of oriental languages or—"

"For two hundred smackers," cuts in Hennessey, "I'll even learn them."

THAT evening I returns to Radmore and checks Junk at the boarding house I infest. Then I drifts over to Heffernan's hang-out to report.

"He's here," I announces, briefly.

"Comes up to the billing?" asks Gil.

"And the cooing," I replies. "Built like a silo and it's anyways a day's walk between the hair on his chest and his backbone. Mentally, he's what you get on a rainy Thursday when you subtract nothing from nix and add two zeros with the rims off. It'll take you all season to teach him the difference between a place kick and dawn breaking over a glue factory. As for drum-

ming signals into the stupe—well, if you watch closely you'll observe my imagination staggering."

"Let it stagger, Splints," says Heffernan. "If Hennessey has any trouble with the signals, we'll bench the signals. There's too much trickery about football, anyhow. It's time we played the game straight and honest."

It never has been quite clear to me how Junk's registration at Radmore was arranged, but I never made much effort to find out. I'd delivered the grapes; turning 'em into wine's none of my affair. In any case, Hennessey's let in and set down for courses in Chinese literature, medieval music, astronomy and a couple of other things that are good for a cup of coffee in any restaurant, when accompanied by a dime.

"What happens," I asks Gil, "when this minus-mind's called on to recite—to sing something simple in Chinese about the stars, for example?"

"He isn't going to be called on," returns Heffernan. "All of his classes are lecture affairs where you're just supposed to listen and take notes. At the end of the year there are exams, but along about the last Saturday following the first Thanksgiving in November Junk'll have departed from this abattoir of advanced learning."

"How about next year?" I inquires.

"Sufficient to the year are the weevils thereof," answers Gil, mysterious. "Next season's crop'll take care of itself."

Dumb as he is Hennessey gets hep pronto to the more murderous aspects of the game but, as I feared, his brains throw him for a loss, when it comes

to the finer points. However, that's no never mind with Heffernan. Back in the late nineties and early noughts football was a much simpler pastime than it is to-day. You battered away at the line until the battering ceased to pay off in yards and then you kicked. Even end runs were considered slightly effeminate.

WITH his bull strength and the advantage of forty pounds in lefthandedness over the average of the squad Junk rips around among the Radmore rah-rahs like a Kansas cyclone through a tent town. When he tackles a baby, distant relatives feel the shock, while his straight arms can only be compared to the north end of a mule ranging south. Nor, for a two-hundred pounder, is he such a slouch when it comes to picking 'em up and laying 'em down.

"I think," opines Gil, as he watches Hennessey tear down the field with a couple of collegians dangling from his waist, "I'll use him at full on the offense and at guard on the defense."

"You'll use him in more spots than that," says I, "unless you tame him down plenty. The season's still in diapers and I've already rebuilt half your journeyman. If all the bandages I've used in the last week were placed end to end they'd stretch from pole to pole with an eight-mile bow-knot at the equator."

"That's all right," comes back Heffernan. "I'll handle him on the field, but I wish you'd keep an eye on Junk in his hours of ease. Don't let him get too gabby on the campus."

That's easy enough, seeing that Hennessey has all the social instincts of a wet wolf with mastoids, but piping him down at practice is a horse with a different collar. Gil has all the trouble in the world passing on the idea of Junk that the other members of the squad were really friends of his and were to be treated more like sweethearts than wives.

"If the Gladyses are afraid of getting hurt," I heard Hennessey yelping to the coach one afternoon, "why do they get in my way when I'm running with the ball?"

"They're not getting in your way," explains Heffernan. "That's your interference and—"

"What business they get interfering with me?" cuts in Junk.

"They're not interfering with you," returns Gil, patient. "They're interfering with the fellers trying to down you."

"I don't know what you're talking about," growls Hennessey, "but I ain't got no time to pick friends from enemies. Tell that to your Myrtles."

With that kind of floggen-head to operate on, you can imagine the totsy time

(Continued on page 37)



Suddenly Junk drops the ball, tears Allen loose and lifting him high overhead hurls him crashing into Thorndike

Hell-Beater

By James Stevens

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

DAWN seeped through a thick smoke blanket on the big timber of Lazy Mountain, and the loggers of the Purroy camp were routed out for their first day of felling and skidding in a week.

During the past seven days the Purroy men had been the rugged part of a draft of fire-fighters in the Lazy Mountain Reserve. Their work clothes were stiff with sweat, black with scorch-spots and char-streaks, peppered with ashes. Under heavy bristles of beard every gaunt face was blistered red. Eyes were swollen from the bite of smoke. Voices rasped in profane groans. Bandaged hands pawed at caked boots cracked from the heat of bake-oven earth.

These men had beaten hell—the demoniacal fury of fire breaking loose in drouth-sapped woods. Up from the Pacific tidewater a roaring red monster had plunged, rolling a barrage of choking smoke and searing wind ahead, heaving gigantic brands from crown to crown of the big Douglas firs on the western slope of Lazy Mountain.

The Purroy veterans were the shock troops who had beaten the crown fire. With backfire burns, with trench digging in a blast-furnace wind, with hand-to-hand fighting in gripping smoke—shovel and sack against bomb-like brands—day and night—grabbing coffee and beans on the run—hooking sleep only when exhaustion buckled a man down—the hundred loggers had held the Reserve safe.

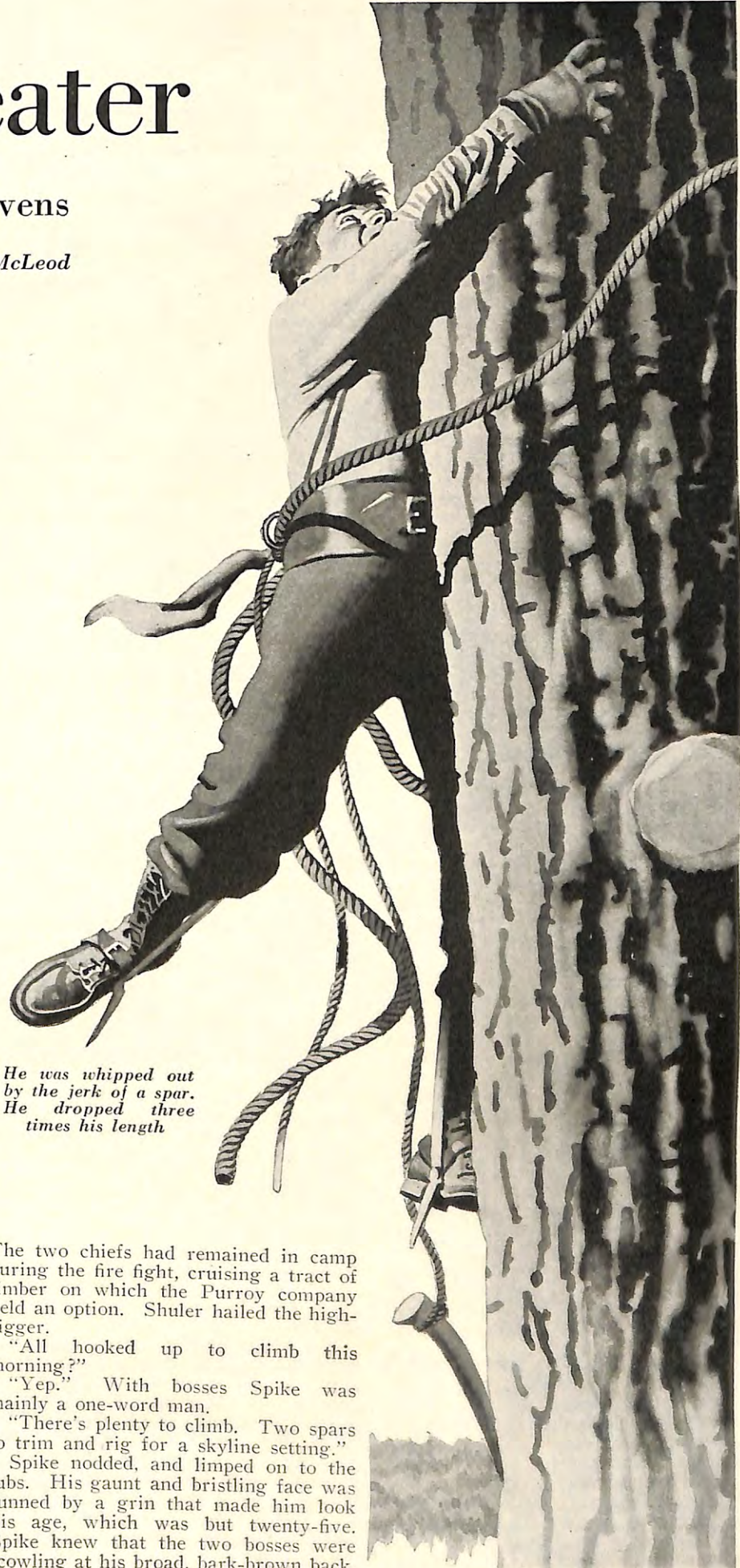
The Purroy men themselves were simply thankful that a tough job was finished. Spike Hallisey, the high-rigger, had said it for his mates when he turned off the extravagant thanks of the chief ranger—

"The fire would of burnt down the valley to the Purroy timber if we hadn't souped 'er. Then we'd a went down the road talkin' to ourselves. We was savin' our jobs. Just loggers, that's us."

Spike was the first man to head from the bunkhouse for the water tubs in the camp yard. Limping on blistered feet, stripped to the waist, he swung a towel from one hand and gripped a cake of soap in the other. This morning he'd have a wash that *was* a wash, by the snagged-up old mackinaw.

Len Shuler, the bull of the woods, was already up and out. He stood on the sagging porch of the camp commissary with his ax-boss, Muddy Magoon.

Copyright, 1933, by James Stevens.



*He was whipped out
by the jerk of a spar.
He dropped three
times his length*

The two chiefs had remained in camp during the fire fight, cruising a tract of timber on which the Purroy company held an option. Shuler hailed the high-rigger.

"All hooked up to climb this morning?"

"Yep." With bosses Spike was mainly a one-word man.

"There's plenty to climb. Two spars to trim and rig for a skyline setting."

Spike nodded, and limped on to the tubs. His gaunt and bristling face was sunned by a grin that made him look his age, which was but twenty-five. Spike knew that the two bosses were scowling at his broad, bark-brown back.

He had hiked a lone trail yesterday down the valley from Lazy Mountain, while his mates had been hauled in trucks around to Crosscut. From the lumber town the lokey had brought them up the spur on flatcars. Spike's trip was something to bother Shuler and Magoon.

The rigger twisted the towel about his waist, stooped, and began to work up suds. The cool water was elegant to Spike's raw hide. He was afoam to his shoulders when Len Shuler swung up.

"You look bad, big fella," remarked the camp boss. "Sort of dissipated and rundown. You ought to cut out the onions."

SPIKE thoughtfully masked his face in suds and blinked around. Shuler's gaze was as grim and ominous as the gray smoke in the woods. He was a rangy, big-boned man of forty-odd years. Len Shuler was hard. With his sandy complexion, he made Spike think of a rusty beartrap. Certainly the Purroy boss had iron in him, and teeth.

"It ain't onions," said Spike innocently. "Me and onions agree prime, Mr. Shuler."

"Something is threatening your health, though," Shuler clicked out the words. "Maybe it's prowling places, big fella. You were all fagged out and blistered up, yet you hiked down from the Reserve. That was no good for your health, no good whatever, big fella."

The harsh gray gaze was demanding. Spike had to talk up.

"Suppose I only made the hike, Mr. Shuler?" he said. "Suppose all I saw was the scenery? I allow that would help my health along—and maybe the old sock?"

Len Shuler stepped close. He smiled. He spoke in a low, soft tone. He said:

"Hallisey, to me you're just an oversized whistlepunk who has learnt to high-rig. I can make an oversized bum out of you just by ordering the time-keeper to write out your check. I can put you on the lumber-league blacklist. There are a dozen men for every job in the woods these times. If you want to keep your health, you just log, and say nothing. Hear me?"

Spike Hallisey was a logger, heart soul and hide—a "timber beast" to the smug folk of the towns. To him all lumbermen were crooked timber barons. Bosses were slave-drivers. Working loggers were the victims of a System. Spike had no scruples whatever about beating the System when he could. But when he failed what th'ell! Getting out the logs was his life. The big timber was his home.

"I hear you," Spike growled with a shrug of his big shoulders. "I'll log."

Len Shuler wasted no more words. He swung back to the commissary and the waiting Magoon. Spike pawed into the tub and scrubbed furiously. Through the suds he sputtered profanely at himself for a dumbwit. It always ended like this whenever he tried to use his head to do some good for himself. Last night, when he dragged in, he had been

steamed up with the certainty that he could horn in on the deal the Purroy Timber Company was making for the Burson tract. But here he was, licked easy, still a logger—always a logger.

"Have you heard the maddenin' news, Spike?" Grizz Whalen, the hook-tender, asked the question, as the rigger towed down. The loggers were now swarming at the tubs, splashing like whales. "The company is out of court, and we got us a new owner again," Whalen went on. "Wait'll you hear who."

"I ain't heard," said Spike through the towel. "I'm waitin'."

"We got us a lady owner," rumbled Whalen, with huge relish.

The towel sagged. Spike's black eyes stared wide. He was sure the hooker was trying to work a sell on him, but just the idea was a jolt. Some three months ago Mark Purroy had boomed out with a stroke. His heir was somebody out in Nebraska. Len Shuler had kept the outfit running while the estate was being settled. So much was known to Spike, and no more.

"Hell, what's so queer?" cackled Whalen. "Even kings have boomed out and left empires to wimmin. There was ol' Marryin' Hank of England, and what a rip he was, went and left his gal, Bessie—"

"Chop it," growled Spike. Somehow he wasn't caring for the hooker's humor right now. "Me slinging' riggin' for a lady," he muttered, as much to himself as to Whalen. "It plumb jolts me up. Who is she?" he demanded suddenly.

"Old Mark's niece. A schoolma'am in Lincoln, Nebrasky, Magoon tells me, name of Ruth Purroy. She'll be out tomorrow or next day. I allow, to settle that Burson deal."

SPIKE wheeled for the bunkhouse with a vicious swing. Profane words smoked in his wake.

"And I figgered the news would please him up," complained Grizz Whalen. "Dahgunned sore-head!"

Spike Hallisey kept his sullen humor as he headed for work in the woods. He was in fact sore-headed. And a sore-headed high-rigger with two hundred pounds of brawn under his chin is, as any logger will tell you, just about as pleasant to encounter as a grizzly bear with a toothache.

Ruth Purroy encountered Spike Hallisey on the third day of the resumption of logging operations in her camp. She made the trip to the woods reluctantly, just as she had been reluctant to quit her domestic-science class in a Lincoln high school to go to Oregon.

But Mark Purroy's estate had been left to Ruth and her four young brothers and sisters. For the youngsters it promised an education and a good start in life. Ruth had come to Oregon with the idea of selling the family's new property. But in the hard times there was no market for the Purroy railroad and logging equipment. The timber was almost logged out. A tract that adjoined the Purroy holdings was for sale at what Len Shuler called a give-



away price. He had taken an option on the tract.

"You close the deal, Miss Purroy," was Shuler's urgent advice. "You can raise twenty-five thousand, cash money, easy. We won't have much new railroad to build. Then, even at the bottom price for logs, you'll make money. Pass up the chance, and in seven or eight months we'll be logged out, the railroad and equipment idle, going to rust. You look the two sections over first, though. You're the boss."

Ruth Purroy listened quietly. So far she had been meekly agreeable to all of Len Shuler's suggestions. With him she looked to be exactly what she was—a slim, brown-eyed, scared little schoolma'am from Lincoln, Nebraska, who did not know a hemlock from a broad-leaf maple. Miss Purroy trusted Shuler. For two years he had been Uncle Mark's logging superintendent. And a



In the sweep of his lunge, the rigger's right hand closed into a knotty fist. It struck Len Shuler's chin like an oak maul

good one—so long as Mark Purroy had kept a shrewd, hard eye on him.

Yet, something in Ruth would not let her like her logging chief. She blamed the strange country she was in for her feeling. In the smoke pall of a bad fire-season she saw the big-timber country as a harsh, grim, inhospitable land. The people of the woods, taut in the strain of knowing that hell might break loose on them at any minute of the day or night, seemed hostile to Ruth. She was homesick. She was tempted to sell out at any price and go back to Lincoln. But there was a streak of iron in the schoolma'am. She couldn't quite quit. She came to the woods.

The trail-spar for the new skyline setup was topped and guyed. Just below the tracks of the logging spur Spike Hallisey was looking up the bole of the tree left by the axmen for the head-spar. Spike's upward look was glowering. He glared and scowled because he couldn't stop thinking of the lady timber baron and the things he knew. His head was sore from three days of hard thinking. A dull, throbbing ache had got into it. Spike Hallisey felt and looked ugly.

In high-climbing a man needed a clear head. A clouding thought about something apart from the work at hand might mean a hundred-foot fall. But Spike could not fight the tormenting argument out of his mind. It hammered on—

"What's it to you, bully, the deals crooked timber barons rig up on each other—but, blast it, she's a lady timber

baron! Are you goin' to let 'em make a bum of a lady, Spike Hallisey? Are you, hey? All you'll get is a kickout, though, if you horn in. But hellfire, a woman—"

Anyhow, he had to log. Spike grimly took another hitch in the rigger's belt that circled him stoutly from short ribs to hips. His life rope enclosed the giant trunk of the Douglas fir and was knotted in the belt's steel rings. The long-spiked climbing spurs were solidly strapped to his boots and legs. The rigger spat through his teeth on hands encased in bradded gloves, grabbed the life rope, and heaved into a climb.

The spar tree was seven feet thick at the root-spread. The first boughs were eighty feet up the bole. It was an unbroken climb to the boughs. Spike went up in lunging swings of his body, his legs thrusting in driving strokes as

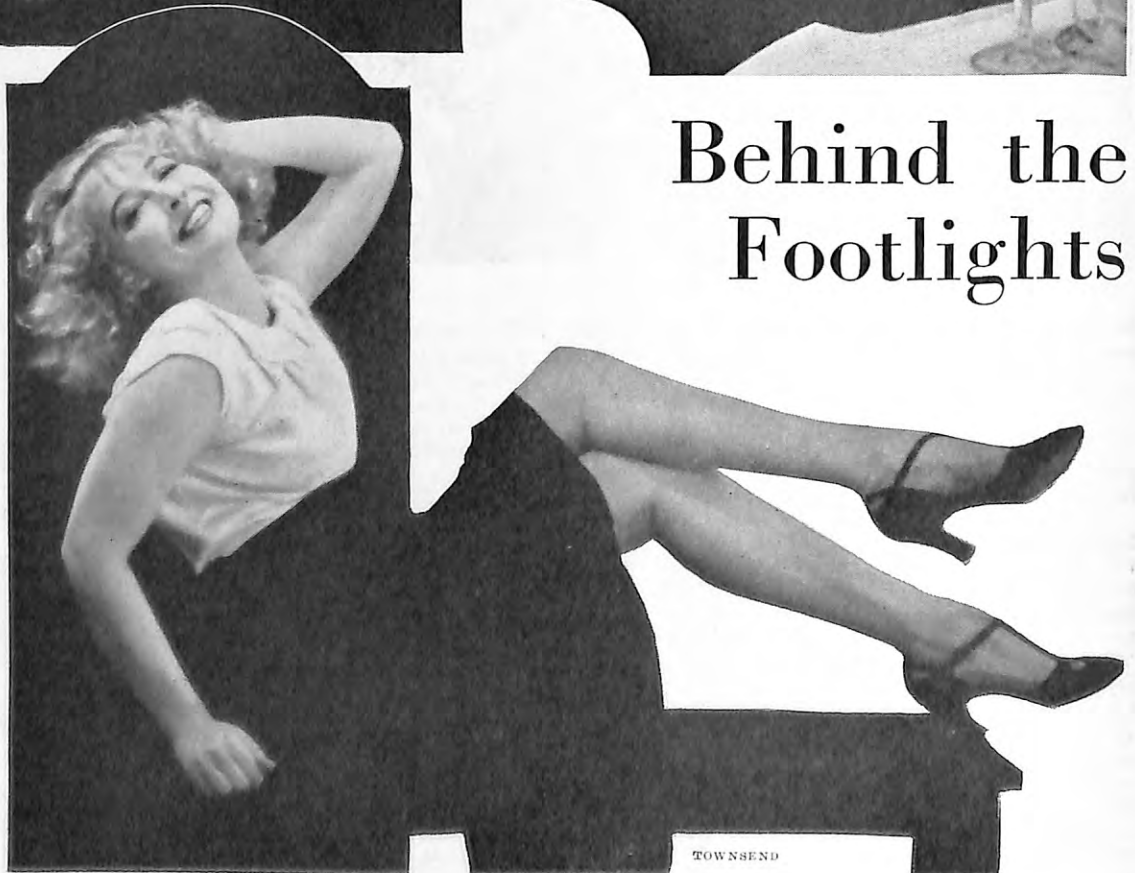
(Continued on page 40)



BEN PINCHOT

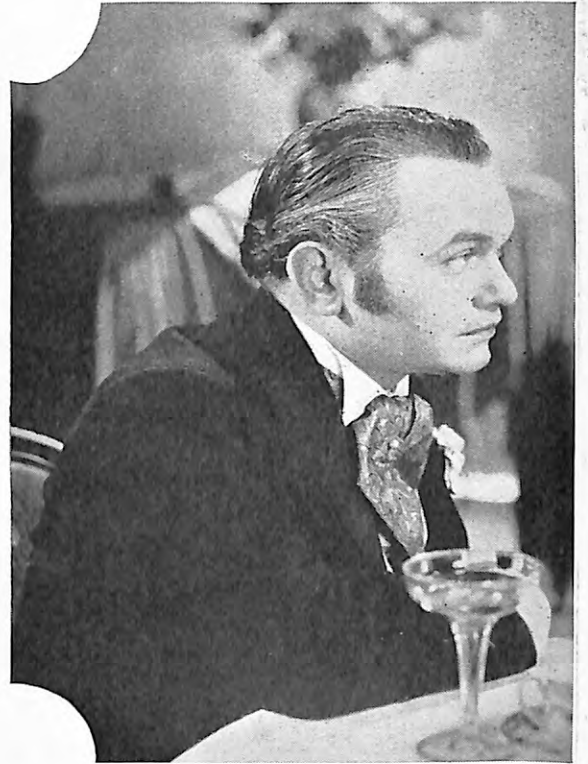
Dorothy Sands (above) is literally the whole show in the series of impersonations and character sketches she has assembled under the title of "Our Stage and Stars." This photograph represents her as Lotta Crabtree in "Little Nell and the Marchioness," a favorite in the gold rush days of 1850. Beginning in New York in November, Miss Sands will embark on a coast to coast tour

Kathleen Karr (right), a newcomer to the musical-comedy stage, is one of the eye-pleasing items in Joe Cook's new play "Hold Your Horses." At this writing the premiere is still a couple of weeks off but advance reports promise that the always genial and ingenious Mr. Cook has a number of new and amusing inventions to offer.



TOWNSEND

In his new picture entitled "I Loved a Woman" Edward G. Robinson (below) is the son and heir of a Chicago beef baron who comes into his kingdom with high ideals back in the days before the Civil War. He marries the thoroughly selfish daughter of a rival packer who looks coldly on his determination to produce only the finest meats regardless of threatening bankruptcy, while his charitable interest in the opera involves him in a love affair that is even less to her liking. The lovely diva whom Robinson begins by educating and ends by loving is Kay Francis seated across the table from him on the opposite page



Behind the Footlights

Nothing so stimulates Maurice Chevalier to exuberant antics as obstacles in the path of his affections. The goal of his desires in "The Way to Love" is Ann Dvorak, the sad-eyed target of a professional knife-thrower in a Paris amusement park. The knife-thrower's jealousy would be obstacle enough for most romances, but Maurice's has several additional ones. The group at the right includes Mr. Chevalier, Ann Dvorak, Minna Gombell and Arthur Pierson



And On the Screen

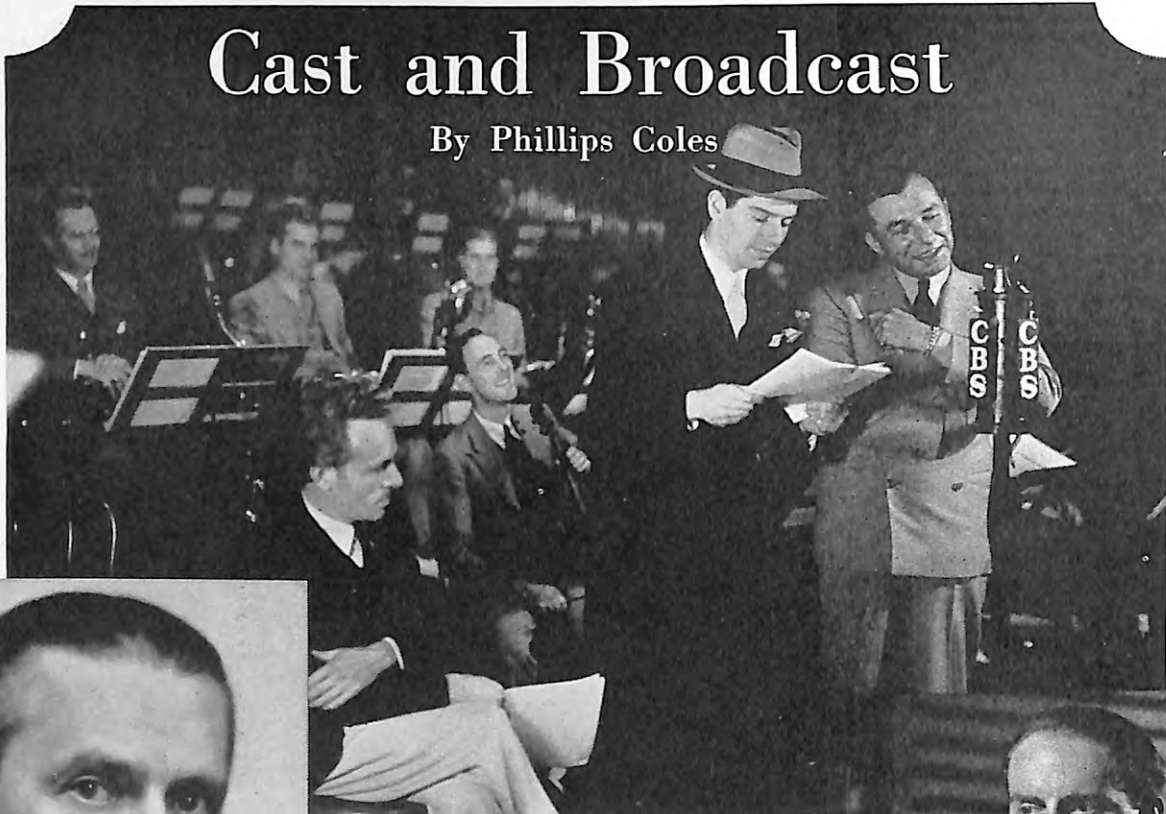
Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

The lovely lady at the right, with the far-away look in her eyes is Irene Dunne caught in the act of impersonating Ann Vickers in the screen version of Sinclair Lewis's best-selling novel of that title. The soldier boy at her side is Bruce Cabot, who brings an interlude both of romance and disillusionment into her ambitious career as a social service worker. Having hurdled this experience in her stride, her career carries her through a number of grim episodes before she finds a love greater than her ambition



Cast and Broadcast

By Phillips Coles



Above—Harry Richman (get the bracelet!) grins his way into the mike. He and Milton Berle (with the hat) are featured with Fred Waring on the Old Gold Program every Wednesday at ten. David Ross, the Columbia System's best announcer, sits beside them. Mr. Ross recently won the American Academy Award for good diction. The photograph is an action shot taken during a broadcast



RAY LEE JACKSON

News broadcasts have rapidly become one of the big features of radio. The broadcasting companies are calling in the best of the newspaper men, and you hear them; Floyd Gibbons, Lowell Thomas, Boake Carter and the lot, intelligently dishing out the day's news to twenty million ears. Of these news commentators, CBS's Edwin C. Hill seems to be the most popular. Thrice weekly at 8:15 P.M. his summary of the day's news is broadcast, cool, clear and concise. Mr. Hill was, before accepting Columbia's offer, a noted reporter for the New York Sun



Right is a swell study of Adele Harrison, actress of CBS's Dramatic Guild. For two years she has been heard in radio plays. Now she is acting in the Theatre of Today program and many others

This writer feels that with the exception of the big sport announcers such as Graham MacNamee and Ted Husing, too little attention is paid to announcers in general, despite the funny jokes about them. Howard Clancy, the man in the sweatshirt, is one of NBC's smoothest voices. Almost any night he can be heard announcing away for dear life. Though broadcasting is Mr. Clancy's vocation, his main interest in life is painting pictures. Above, Ray Lee Jackson with his usual skillful use of lights and shadows, has photographed Clancy in a characteristic pose



So sensitively balanced am I that the slightest physical or mental disturbance will reflect itself in my test tube



The Management of Happiness

Anonymous

Readers will recall the magnificent declaration of faith and courage which was published in the July issue under the title "A Brief Autobiography of a Happy Man." The accompanying article, by the same author—who for obvious reasons prefers to remain anonymous—comes as a fitting sequel to the former. In it this valiant warrior of the battlefield called Life explains more fully how he succeeded in conquering well nigh insuperable physical handicaps to arrive at a permanently cheerful and preeminently constructive philosophy of living

"IN that case," I said to myself, "I am going to live to be a hundred years old!"

The "case" in question was no less than a severe case of Diabetes Mellitus. I lay in a hospital bed, facing a new and relentless foe. In its slow and insidious way, it had been turning my blood to sugary syrup, burning fats in my body, manufacturing toxic acids that would lull me to an endless sleep. Insulin had saved me from immediate death. In a surprisingly short time the sugar and acids in my blood were reduced and I

found that my mind was regaining its ability to function.

I thought over what my doctor had told me. One statement stood out like a beacon that marked, not the rocks of destruction, but the harbor of safety.

"If you take care of yourself," he had told me, "you can live *even longer* than you would have lived if you'd never acquired diabetes."

That statement, which is an actual fact and not mere Pollyanna ointment, has several highly significant connotations. First of all, it was to me a chal-

lenge. For the previous year I had not wanted to live. Grief, despair, self-pity had overwhelmed me with life's bitterness. I had closed my mind against the great truths. I had abandoned my sustaining philosophy as a beaten warrior throws away his sword. Defenseless then, I was attacked. And now, as a penalty, I must go through life with diabetes.

I lay, that evening in the gathering dusk of my hospital room, thinking things out. Oddly enough, it was one year to the day since my wife had died. In that same hospital, in a room only across the corridor, she had gone away from me. Often during that benighted

Illustrated by Bob Dean



*I have my lion
safely caged*

year I had contemplated suicide. My distorted conception of things had made me consider an easy way out. Well, here indeed was an easy way out. Death by bonbons! Oblivion by chocolate éclairs! It was an ironic joke to play on a man who had spent all his life fighting for happiness. Between the forefinger of sweetmeats and the thumb of pastries I could be quickly snuffed out.

But if I took care of myself, the doctor had said, I could live. The challenge was obvious. If I died a sugary death it would be I, not diabetes, who killed me.

I WAS a veteran of Life's battlefields; a veteran seemingly gone to seed. I had beaten more formidable foes than this crafty, hypocritically-sweet diabetes. At the age of four I had been attacked by Poliomyelitis, whose fighting name is Infantile Paralysis. There is an opponent worthy of one's steel! Rough, tough, merciless. But had I not licked Poliomyelitis?

At the age of nineteen I had taken on Otosclerosis, who stops the ears of his opponents with thickened tissue and fills their heads with a clamor not of the world. But had I not beaten Deafness?

So here was Diabetes Mellitus with his cream-puff punches and his bonbon death! What should I do—fight or quit? The way to happiness, I well knew, lay in a good fight and a victory however hard-earned. Every living thing, whether a plant, an insect, a beast or a human being, must struggle to keep alive. The plant, pacific in its defenseless beauty, must fight to stab its roots deep into the heart of the soil for water. The insect, the beast, each in its own way and according to its own need, must fight against the hazards to its survival.

But these living things put up a *thoughtless* battle. Perverse Nature, at once benevolent and malign, supplies both the enemies to be met and the instinctive weapons with which to combat them. Without knowing why or reasoning how, the flower turns its petals toward the sun, the spider spins its de-

fensive and offensive web, and the mole burrows a subterranean haven.

To human beings Nature gave a reasoning brain. She must have intended that man make use of it in his fight to go on living and, more especially, to go on living happily.

This illness offered me a golden opportunity to use my reasoning brain. It flung down the gauntlet not to my courage, but rather to my power of will and to my intelligence. On that basis I accepted the challenge.

"Very well," I said to myself, "in that case I am going to live to be a hundred years old! I

am going to outlive many men who are this day in perfect health. Just as I am less likely to meet with an accidental death because of my lameness, just as I know better what is going on about me because of my deafness, just as I have found greater happiness because of my many afflictions—so shall I live longer because I have this menacing incurable disease."

You may consider these statements to be the product of an unbalanced mind. You may believe them to be examples of an elaborate defense-mechanism, set up by a man who, without recourse to fairy tales, would go all to pieces. I shall try to convince you that they are facts, not fancies; that they are the conclusions of sound logic, not the desperate, instinctive clutching of a drowning man. And more important still, I hope to point out to you—a well man—how you can adapt the same or similar principles in your daily battle for greater and increasing happiness.

First let me tell you something about Diabetes and how I must live with it, if I am to live at all. It is, especially in the severe form that I have it, incurable. But it *can* be placated; and this life-long campaign of conciliation is called "The Management of Diabetes."

There is food for thought in that word, "Management." It is "judicious use of means

I want to show the reporters that I did it with Diabetes Mellitus, Poliomyelitis and Otosclerosis to keep me company

to accomplish an end." What is the end to be accomplished? Is it not to go on living, with the hope, courage, and thrilling zest for life that is Happiness? That is the single goal of all of us—of the maimed and the sound, of the afflicted and the unafflicted. Only the means of accomplishment are different.

The circumstances of my life have made me an expert at management. In matters of the spirit, in the subjugation of Shame, Envy and Self-pity—the happiness-destroying by-products of affliction—I had to be a fighter. But in order to make the most of what was left me, it was necessary that I learn to manage judiciously. Management enables me to walk with crippled legs. Management permits me to hear with deafened ears. And it is Management, again, that lets me live in health, strength and happiness with Diabetes.

With respect to Diabetes, my means are diet and Insulin. Since my pancreas will no longer supply sufficient quantities of the hormone to utilize normally the sugar that I get from food, I inject that hormone, Insulin, hypodermically into my bloodstream. But Insulin is only an adjunct to diet. A specific quantity of Insulin permits the body to utilize a specific quantity of carbohydrate, or sugar. Obviously, there must be maintained a perfect balance between the two. I am allowed to eat just so many grams of protein, so many grams of fat and so many grams of carbohydrate each day, divided fairly equally into three meals. Not so many grams of *food*, mind you. Protein, Fat and Carbohydrate! The triumvir-



rate that rules the destiny of diabetics. It regulates the lives and health of everyone, of course, for protein, fat and carbohydrate are the principle chemical constituents of all food.

Please, reader, do not put aside this article through fear of boredom! It is not my purpose here to instruct you in the vital science of dietetics. It is essential to this discussion, however, that I accentuate this point: That my knowledge of dietetics and the sheer necessity of my making use of the knowledge constitute one of the important factors in my chances for longevity.

Have you never noticed the automobiles driven by mechanics? They are, most of them, ancient, battered cars of cheap make. Their fenders are often bent and rattling; their paint is but a faint memory; their tops are rent and ragged and are rainproof only by grace of patches. But how they run! You see them go past you, with motors fairly purring, and you wonder how they make the grade so effortlessly, day after day, year after year. Your own car is rather new. It is of a more expensive make. Yet it is more susceptible to break-downs than the mechanic's old machine. Occasionally it will slow down on the hills, knock on the grades, burn up too much gasoline and oil—motor ailments from which the mechanic's car seems never to suffer. Why? Is it not because the mechanic has a thorough knowledge of the workings of an automobile motor?

Diabetes makes it necessary for me to know how to live properly. So that I may live at all, I must eat, sleep, work

exercise *perfectly*. Gone are the "care-free" days of unknowingly digging my grave with my teeth. Were I to eat too much or not enough, I'd be quickly warned. After even one indiscreet meal, that warning would be given me.

I have installed within me a mechanical alarm system that never fails me. It is the indicator of my condition of health at the moment; it is even the precise barometer of my emotions.

HOW would you like to know from day to day *just exactly* how well you are? I can find out for myself any time I choose. I pour 5 c.c. of Benedict's Qualitative Solution into a test tube, add eight drops of urine and place this in boiling water. After five minutes—presto!—I stand revealed! Originally the solution is blue. If no sugar is present, it remains blue. The presence of sugar causes it to change color, to green, yellow, brown or red, depending upon how much sugar is present.

So sensitively balanced am I that the slightest physical or mental disturbance will reflect itself in my test tube. A tooth just beginning to go wrong, perhaps, or a touch of "cold," and the red light flashes. I need not wait until I am actually ill to know that it is time to see the doctor. I need not wait for pain, or fever—Nature's usual belated warning—to discover that all is not well with me.

The span of life would be greatly lengthened if everyone, without the prerequisite of diabetes, could receive so early a notice of trouble ahead. And yet, if that were possible, I wonder how many people would bother to make periodic tests?

It is interesting to be able to watch oneself, as I do, through the transparency of a test tube. Because the emotional factor is of great importance in diabetes, I have learned a lot about my own nature during the past few years. My repressions can no longer hide out from me. Should I be roused to anger and desire to tell someone to go to blazes—and instead of doing so, merely smile a trifle coldly—I may fool even myself into believing that my poise is more than superficial; that inwardly I am untouched. My test tube tells me the truth about the incident. Sugar! That green or brown or red precipitation holds a mirror up to my nature.

My little boy must undergo a tonsillotomy. I am not worried; certainly not! I take him to the surgeon. I wait outside the operating room, casually reading a magazine. I am proud of my perfect calm. "Were you worried?" I am asked later; and I reply, "I was as cool as a cucumber!"

That night, or next morning, I make a test. *Red!*

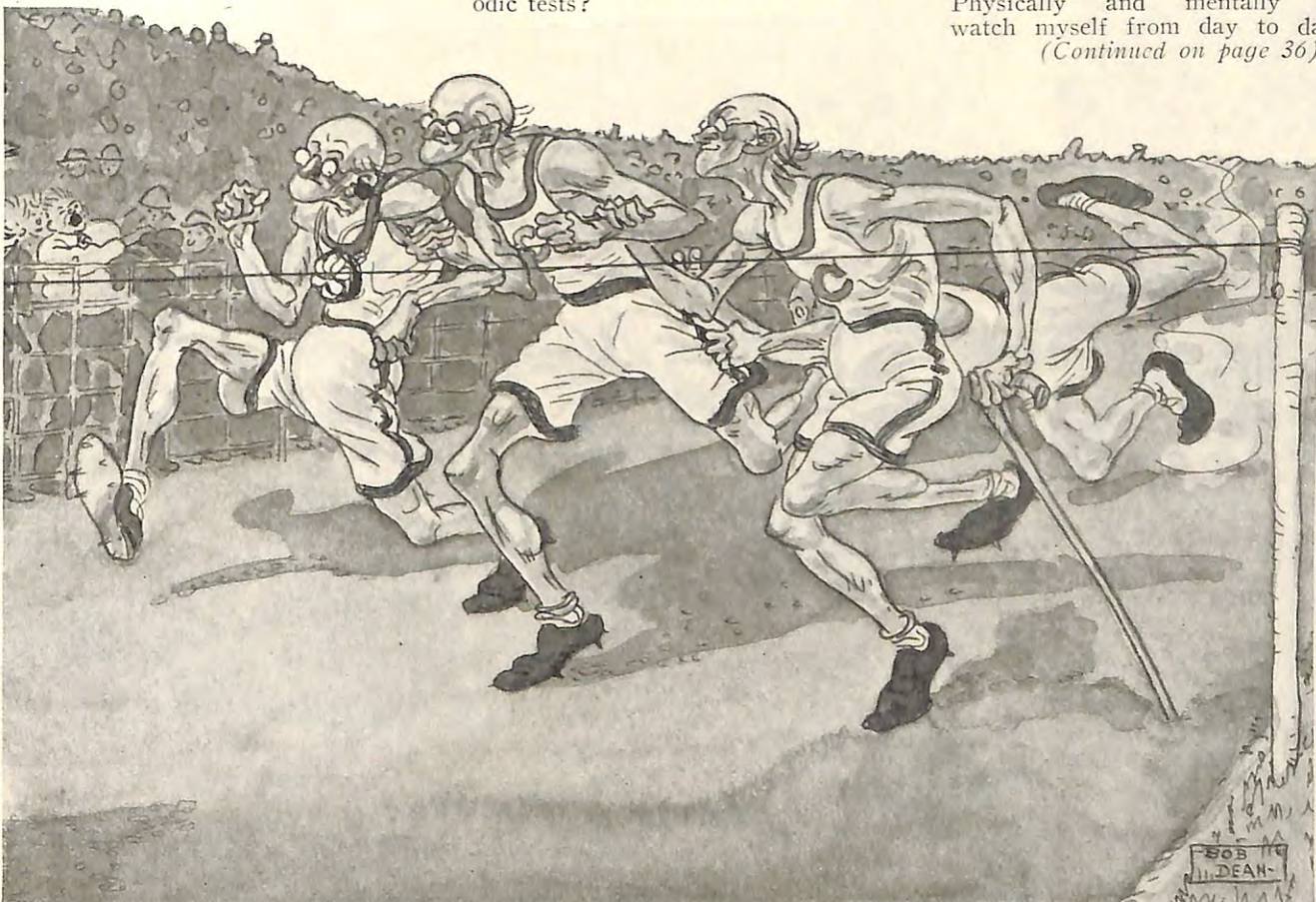
I go into my son's room. How quickly a four-year-old recovers from an operation of that kind! He is sitting up in his bed playing with his toys. His eyes are normally bright; his cheeks are normally rosy.

Later, curious, I am another test. *Blue!*

I laugh at myself. Would I kid myself? Not with a test tube handy!

There it is in a—I almost said a nutshell but I mean a test tube. I have come to understand fully what my doctor meant when he told me that I shall probably live longer with diabetes than I should have lived without it. Physically and mentally I can watch myself from day to day. No

(Continued on page 36)



The Mystery of

By George Creel

NEVER in the history of the Republic has any Cabinet suffered such complete eclipse as that of President Roosevelt. It is to be doubted whether one citizen out of a thousand, if suddenly called on, could name three members of the so-called "official family." The reason for it is that the "brain trust" has taken full possession of the limelight, crowding out everybody else but the President himself. Oh, yes! And Mrs. Roosevelt. She also manages to hold her own fairly well.

Now and then Secretary of Commerce Roper pushes forward with dogged determination to get into the picture, but before a lens can focus on the tip of his nose, the "brain trusters" elbow him to one side. Gently, to be sure, but quite firmly. Secretary of the Interior Ickes is another who hasn't given up without a battle, but most of the Cabinet members realize the hopelessness of the struggle, and hover resignedly in the background.

All of the good front page stuff with respect to the policies and purposes of government has, until just recently,

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been handed out by former Assistant Secretary of State Moley, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Guy Rexford Tugwell, Colonel "Looney" Howe, Executive Secretary of the President, Professor A. A. Berle, Adviser to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, or General Hugh Samuel Johnson, Administrator of the Industrial Recovery Act, or NRA as everybody knows it now.

Not only this, but the "brain trusters" have a strangle hold on the air and the printed word. Even a short syndicated article earns Professor Moley about three times the amount of his former official salary. He is the highest paid syndicate writer in the country outside of Will Rogers, and maybe with the added exception of Jimmie Roosevelt who possesses a distinct advantage in that he is able to report what his father eats for breakfast every morning, also his favorite dinner dish. Colonel Howe goes on the radio each week for a good round sum that makes his annual stipend almost equal to that of the President of the United States.

How can Secretary of State Hull, a quiet, retiring Southern gentleman, be expected to buck competition such as

that? Of course he had his innings in London, but the Economic Conference has been forgotten pretty well by now. What chance on earth has Attorney General Cummings, mild, soft-spoken and scholarly? Or Secretary of Agriculture Henry Agard Wallace, an inmate of Iowa who never wrote for anything but his own farm paper, and whose teeth rattle like castanets at the mere sight of a "mike?" Or Secretary of the Navy Swanson, that courtly Virginian who came into the world bowing deferentially, and whose first words were, "After you, my dear Alphonse."

Even so, this seeming minimization of the Cabinet is far more apparent than real, for anyone who visits in Washington for a while will soon come to the realization that every department head is the absolute boss in his own department. The great majority are proud men who would resign in a minute if they felt that they were being robbed of proper power or made to play second fiddle to some assistant. The press plays



the Secret Cabinet

*Photomontage by
C. P. Cushing-H. Klepser*

up the "brain trusters" because they have larger news value for the moment, but in the last analysis, it is the Cabinet that carries on the fundamental, necessary routine of government.

This is at the insistence of Frankli Roosevelt himself. For one thing, he is the soul of courtesy and consideration, and would be the first to resent any attempt to belittle a member of his official family. For another thing, he picked each man carefully with reference to his competence for the particular job, and means to give him every chance to do that job well. Because the Cabinet members are the responsible heads of government under the President, the people of the country ought to know something about them.

The selection of Cordell Hull to be Secretary of State came as a considerable surprise, for public opinion had more or less come to the conclusion that the post would go to Newton D. Baker or Owen Young. As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt never had anybody else in

mind but the tall, ascetic Senator from Tennessee, firmly convinced that he not only had the necessary ability, but also the necessary experience.

Out of Cordell Hull's sixty-two years of life, just thirty-four have been spent in the public service. First a member of the Tennessee House of Representatives, and then a circuit judge, his District sent him to Congress in 1907, and kept him there without a break until 1931, at which time his State made him a Senator. A scholar by taste and temperament, he is today one of the best informed men in the country, and particularly with respect to America's foreign relations.

For some time after March 4th, Washington correspondents had an idea that the new Secretary of State lacked force, for his was the manner of the old school, carrying courtesy to its ultimate. When he went to London for the Economic Conference, many permitted themselves a distinct titter, for it was thought that the courtly Tennessean would prove "easy picking" for the trained diplomats of foreign countries.

It may be some time before the full, true story of the London meeting is

Reading from left to right: Henry Agard Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Wallace; Daniel Calhoun Roper, Secretary of Commerce; Claude Augustus Swanson, Secretary of the Navy; Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor; Cordell Hull, Secretary of State and Mrs. Hull; Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior; and William Hartman Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Woodin





ACME

Cabinet Members Ride Their Hobbies

James A. Farley, Postmaster General, with his children (right)

Homer S. Cummings, United States Attorney General (left)

George Henry Dern, Secretary of War (below)



KEYSTONE VIEW CO.

written, but already there is appreciation of the fact that Cordell Hull proved himself the very biggest man of the whole lot. In the face of obstacles that would have crushed one less devoted, and not even spared personal humiliation, he held the Conference together by the sheer force of his own personal power and the admiration that his highmindedness evoked. In Washington today no member of the government is more respected by his associates and by the newspaper men as well, for all have found that his soft Southern exterior covers a will of iron, and convictions that have the strength of steel.

"THERE'S one thing sure," said a Western man when George H. Dern was named as Secretary of War. "Frank Roosevelt never heard him speak." Notwithstanding the fierce competition put up by Rotary clubs and Chambers of Commerce, Governor Dern is easily the dullest orator that ever emptied a banquet hall or drove confirmed partisans away from a political meeting. At a Democratic dinner in San Francisco, he finished a two-hour speech with only the janitor for audience. Worst of all, he thinks he's good.

Apart from this weakness, George Henry Dern is a pretty able citizen. Any Gentile who gets elected Governor of Utah time after time has got to be smart, for the Mormons are a shrewd, hardheaded lot who demand a run for their money. Mr. Dern wasn't even a Native Son, having come in from



Nebraska where he was born in 1872. It was the rich mineral region that attracted him, and as a further evidence of his good sense, he never went in for pick and shovel work, but found a job as an office man. He got his big start when he joined up with a man named Holt and invented an ore roaster, whatever that is.

Governor Dern owes his place in the Cabinet to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt simply had to have a Western man. Hiram Johnson wouldn't take a place, and neither would Bronson Cutting, the rich young Senator from New Mexico, so the President shut his eyes, put his hand in the hat, and pulled out Dern. All the same, he is honest, industrious, capable, and so tickled with his job that he'll work his head off to keep it. The one danger is that he may get a chance to make a speech.

UNLIKE Governor Dern, Homer Cummings emitted no yelp of joy when the glad news came that he was to be a member of the President's official family. On the contrary, he let out a moan that shook every inch of his

gangling, Lincolnesque frame. Mr. Cummings, it may be remembered, had been appointed Governor-general of the Philippines, and was looking forward to the job with keenest relish. Sixty-three years old, he had worked hard all his life, and looked forward to the soft, care-free Southern seas as the hart panteth for the water brook. No more hard Connecticut winters; no more law books, but in their places palm trees and fans and hammocks. Then Senator Walsh died suddenly, and Mr. Cummings was yanked away from the Philippines, and handed the hardest-working job in Washington.

It was not only because of his ability that Homer Cummings was selected for the high post of Attorney General after the death of Senator Walsh. What moved President Roosevelt even more than this was his appreciation of the man's high character, his sense of justice, his passion for the right, all of them qualities that stood proved by Mr. Cummings' conduct of one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of American jurisprudence.

On February 4, 1924, Father Hubert Dahme was shot and killed as he walked one of the principal streets of Bridgeport, Connecticut, taking his usual evening stroll. Some assassin, sneaking from behind, placed a revolver against the back of his head, and fired the fatal shot. On the night of February 11, a week later, a derelict by the name of Harold Israel, was arrested in Norwalk, and after three days of questioning, confessed that he had done the deed.

(Continued on page 43)

Further Information on the Nation-Wide Bridge Contest

By Bede Armstrong

Card Editor

ARRANGEMENTS for the first Elks National Bridge Tournament, to be held simultaneously in Elks Clubs throughout the country on Friday, November 24th, are progressing rapidly. From the interest displayed and the reports coming in, the affair unquestionably has struck a popular chord. From all indications this contest is bound to be a huge success.

For the benefit of those who might not have seen the notice in the September issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, this Tournament is planned both for Elks and their friends. You can play either auction or contract bridge. Playing will be by pairs. You have the same partner all evening. There will be sixteen prearranged hands furnished by leading bridge experts of the country. They will be very interesting hands but not trick or freak hands. For a more complete statement, you are referred to last month's issue.

A number of letters were received stating that while plenty of bridge was played in the community, scarcely anyone played at the Club. This is a situation where the local Lodge can reap maximum benefit from an affair of this kind. You will find a hearty response from the card players of your city owing to the prestige and appeal that this National Tournament has for the bridge enthusiast. Further, it will place you in close touch with a desirable class of prospects who would make good members.

It is a well-known fact that card activities get and hold members. In this connection the following quotation from a London magazine is appropriate: "Although the general public may not realize the fact, a well attended card room is a valuable asset to any club. Not only is it a place of recreation for many of its members, but it is also a haven of rest and amusement for other members who enjoy looking on at the game."

The starting time for the Tournament has been set at two different hours. The country has been divided into two time-zones. The Eastern and Central sections will start playing at nine o'clock P.M., while the Mountain and Pacific zones will start at eight o'clock. By having these two starting hours all the Lodges will be playing at the same time.

Two hours and five minutes after the

time set for the opening of your tournament, a messenger from the Postal Telegraph Company will deliver a sealed package containing the analyses of the hands and the par score sheets. By arranging the time in this way, the packets will not be delivered to the Eastern and

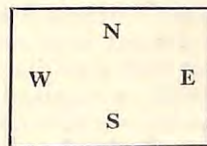
(Continued on page 48)



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

Problem No. 3. What is your version of the correct bidding and play of this hand? Contract bridge—both vulnerable—South dealer—rubber bridge. The solution will be published next month.

- ♠ A-K-10-9-6
- ♥ 6
- ♦ 8-6-5-4
- ♣ 9-7-2



- ♠ Q-4-2
- ♥ K-9-7-3-2
- ♦ J-9-7-3
- ♣ Q

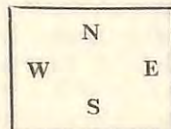
- ♠ J-8-5
- ♥ Q-J-10
- ♦ Q-10
- ♣ J-10-6-5-4

- ♠ 7-3
- ♥ A-8-5-4
- ♦ A-K-2
- ♣ A-K-8-3

Problem No. 4.

Spades are trump. South has the lead. How many tricks can North and South make against any defense? Give your version of the play. The solution will be published next month.

- ♠ Q-10-6
- ♥ J-9-3
- ♦
- ♣ 8



- ♠ 8-2
- ♥ K-8
- ♦ Q-10
- ♣ J

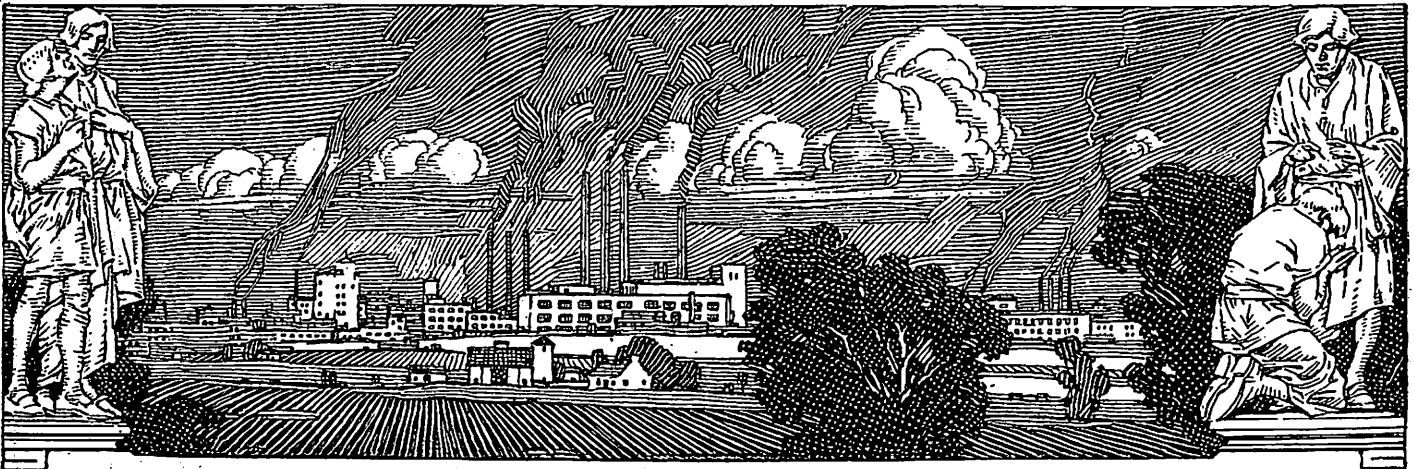
- ♠ 9-3
- ♥ Q-10-7-4
- ♦
- ♣ 9

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 November 1, 1933

- ♠
- ♥ A-5
- ♦ 7-5
- ♣ 10-4-2



BOTH CARTOONS REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, H. T. WEBSTER; THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO., AND FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., PUBLISHERS OF "WEBSTER'S BRIDGE."



EDITORIAL

A FRATERNAL AND PATRIOTIC EVENT

■ On the eleventh of this month Armistice Day will be observed, commemorating the cessation of the active hostilities of the World War. It is an occasion of world wide significance. It holds a peculiar significance for our own people.

Even after the fifteen years that have elapsed since the Armistice was concluded, every Elk will vividly recall the joyful acclaim with which the great news was received; and will experience again something of the devout thankfulness that pervaded every heart at the thought that the dreadful slaughter of human beings had ceased, and that the nations of the world could once more turn into the paths of peace.

In nearly every city, town and hamlet of our country the anniversary will be celebrated with appropriate ceremonies. Innumerable groups will unite in prayers of thanksgiving for the continuance of our peace; and will reconsecrate themselves to patriotic loyalty. And in every Elks Lodge room the members will assemble to share in this nation-wide celebration.

But for Elks the occasion will hold not only a patriotic significance; it will be a great fraternal event as well; for it is designed that at that time the greatest class of initiates in its history will be received into the Order.

Following the suggestion of Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, each subordinate Lodge has been engaged for weeks in a concerted effort to have in readiness the largest possible number of candidates to be contemporaneously initiated in a unique ceremonial.

The Lodges in the East will begin the initiation at ten o'clock P. M.; those in the central states at nine o'clock; those in the Rocky Mountain zone at eight o'clock; and those on the Pacific slope at seven o'clock. Local standard time will govern in each case. Thus the ceremonies will be conducted in each Lodge at the same hour.

At ten thirty o'clock, P. M., Eastern Standard time, the initiatory ceremonies having been concluded in all Lodges, the Grand Exalted Ruler will address the members over the radio, with a hook-up that will reach every locality. The broadcast will be concluded at eleven o'clock by the rendition of the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

The importance of the event and its possibilities for the Order and its constituent Lodges must be obvious

to all. It is equally clear that its success and the realization of its highest value to the Order must depend upon the earnestness and enthusiasm with which the respective Lodges enter into the spirit of the occasion; and upon their careful compliance with the formulated plan.

There should be a large class in each Lodge, composed of wholly desirable initiates. The ceremonies should be conducted at the hour specified. A radio receiving set and loud speaker should be installed in each Lodge room. And every Elk who can do so should attend the meeting of his Lodge.

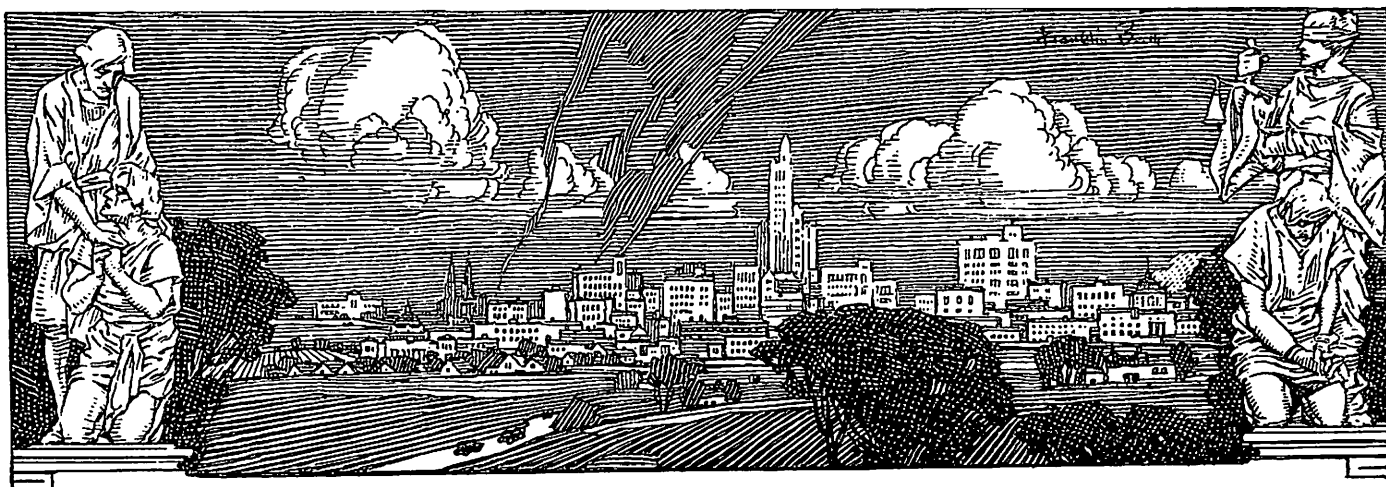
If a proper spirit of cooperation is evinced and if individual members display the interest in the event which its importance justifies, it will not only insure a substantial increase in our membership, but will also prove an inspiring experience that cannot fail to bring about a revival of fraternal interest and enthusiasm throughout the whole Order.

WHY STAND YE IDLE ALL THE DAY?

■ It will be recalled that in one of the biblical parables it is related that a husbandman, seeking laborers for his vineyard which was ripe for the harvest, hired some in the morning and others at noon. Still later in the day he saw a number of idle men in the market place; and asked them why they stood idle all the day. They replied that no man had hired them. He then employed them. And at the end of the day he paid them all the same full day's wage.

Without attempting to make any special application of the lesson of the parable, but only reciting it as the source of the caption hereof, it is to be noted that there are many members of our subordinate Lodges who have stood idle nearly "all the day," while workers in the fraternal vineyard have been sadly needed. The membership rolls have been steadily depleted and they have seemingly regarded the result as inevitable and have not bestirred themselves to prevent it or to make good the losses. They have permitted the ever faithful few to undertake the task which should receive the cooperative attention of all.

The call for service is again sent forth by the Grand Exalted Ruler. A new campaign is on for a specially selective class of new members, to be initiated on the night of Armistice Day, in a manner which will make the



occasion one of national patriotic significance as well as one of fraternal importance.

The fields are white for the harvest. Are you doing your share of the work in your Lodge? Or are you still standing idle?

Remember, the day is not fully spent. Go into the vineyard. You will be surprised to find what a rich harvest awaits the reaping. And your pay will be a full day's wage of satisfaction in a fraternal duty performed.

THE ANTLERS COUNCIL

■ The interesting report of the Antlers Counsellor made to the Grand Lodge at Milwaukee, disclosed that there are now forty-five actively functioning Antler Lodges, located in nineteen states. The total membership approximates thirty-six hundred. And nearly five hundred former members of the junior organization have become members of the Order.

The growing importance of this adjunct made it obvious that appropriate statutory provision should be made for its more effective supervision, to be exercised with a sympathetic attitude toward its wider extension. Accordingly the Grand Lodge created a new Committee, to be known as the Antlers Council, to consist of three members, and whose Chairman shall be known as the Antlers Counsellor.

Under this new legislation, and under the administration of the Antlers Council as a directly responsible agency, designed to promote that result, the Antlers should grow rapidly in members and become an increasingly valuable affiliate of the Order in its fraternal work among the boys and young men of our country. And it is to be confidently anticipated that this fruitful field will yield a continuing harvest of young, interested and wholly desirable members to the parent Order.

OUR FRATERNAL HYMN

■ "Auld Lang Syne" is recognized as the fraternal hymn of the Order of Elks. By custom, though not by legislative enactment, we have adopted it as such. From the earliest days of our history the sweet old song, so full of fraternal sentiment, has played a part in most of our ceremonials. And it is almost invariably the concluding number on the programs of Elk occasions.

The words are attributed to the great Scottish Bard, Robert Burns. Undoubtedly he adapted them into the present accepted form. But Burns himself stated that he took them down from an old man's singing; and that they had never been previously printed or put in manuscript. It was an old folk song and had been familiar

throughout Scotland for generations before Burns was born. The origin of the words is lost in the mists of tradition.

So, too, the composer of the familiar music is unknown. The tune is an old Lowland melody called "I See'd A Lad At Michaelmas." It admirably fits the words and the sentiment embodied in them; and has become universally popular.

The custom, which was quite general in the earlier days of the Order, for the members at Lodge meetings to form a circle and join hands during the singing, has fallen into disuse. This is perhaps because of the larger numbers usually now present. But it is a good old custom. It promotes a feeling of friendly intimacy and adds a distinctively fraternal touch which should encourage its reestablishment for auld lang syne.

SUBORDINATE LODGE BUDGETS

■ In a survey conducted by the Lodge Activities Committee it was found that many of the subordinate Lodges made no attempt to properly budget their income and expenditures. And, as might have been expected, the Committee reported "an astonishing coincidence in the Lodges that showed satisfactory financial records and those that maintained a budget system."

To insure a better administration of Lodge finances, the Grand Lodge amended Section 128 of the Statutes, making it mandatory upon the subordinate Lodges annually to adopt a segregated budget; and to strictly adhere to it, except that it may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the Lodge at a regular meeting.

The wisdom of this provision is apparent. It is the very essence of common sense and of sound business practice. And the District Deputies should be alert to insure compliance with the statute by the Lodges in their respective jurisdictions.

The Committee prepared and distributed to the subordinate Lodges an elaborate Model Budget Chart, which not only contained a detailed financial budget plan but also outlined certain suggested activities designed to increase membership interest. Later, and in response to numerous requests, the Committee also issued a pamphlet containing valuable information relating to budgets generally; and many specific suggestions as to those to be prepared to meet peculiar conditions in the different Lodges.

These documents will be found most helpful. With their aid every Lodge of the Order should be able intelligently to prepare its preliminary budget. And, when this is adopted, it should not be amended nor departed from except in circumstances which require it in the promotion of the true purposes of the Order.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

New York Elks Mourn Past Grand Trustee Drislane

The recent death of Past Grand Trustee William E. Drislane came as a bitter blow to the Elks of New York State and elsewhere. Mr. Drislane, at the advanced age of eighty-two, died after a two-year illness.

Mr. Drislane was initiated into Albany Lodge, No. 49, in 1890; he was elected to life membership in 1902, during which year he was Exalted Ruler of Albany Lodge. In 1915-16 he was elected President of the New York State Elks Association and later, from 1918 to 1924, he served as a Trustee of the Grand Lodge, acting as Chairman during his last year of office. From 1901 to 1931 Mr. Drislane attended every Grand Lodge Convention.

Albany Lodge conducted the funeral services at his home with the following Past District Deputies acting as officers: William E. Fitzsimmons, Robert J. Walsh, Edward McCaffrey, Joseph Mulholland, Thomas J. Hanrahan, George W. Denton and Peter A. Buchheim.

Among the prominent Elks attending the funeral were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; State President Alonzo L. Waters; Past State President and present Secretary, Philip Clancy; Past State Presidents Dr. John E. Dear-den, D. Curtis Gano, William T. Phillips and Dr. J. Edward Gallico; Past District Deputy Dr. Lee Abbey; all the Past Exalted Rulers of Albany Lodge, and Exalted Rulers and officers of Troy, Gloversville, Hudson and other Lodges of the District.

William F. Chadwick, Secretary

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge Formally Opens New Lodge Home

The new Lodge Home of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, was officially opened recently with considerable pomp and ceremony. The Home was formally acquired by the Lodge on July 1, 1933. It had been in use since its erection eighteen years ago as a Y. W. C. A. Clubhouse. The building is admirably



The attractive new home of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge

suiting to the requirements of the Lodge, having a lobby and auditorium on the lower floor and six spacious sleeping rooms on the upper floor. There is a kitchen with all the appurtenances for quantity service.

Preparations were in progress during the greater part of July to permit of a formal opening to the general membership at the earliest possible date. The hospitality at the opening was entirely in keeping with that always shown by Cristobal Lodge. Within the building was resplendent with flags and bunting. A large gathering, approximating more than four hundred Elks and their ladies, was present to pay tribute to the new Home and to wish every one many years of happy association within it.

A delectable buffet supper with the usual beverages was served and dancing followed. Cablegrams of congratulation and good wishes were received from many parts of the United States and many Lodges from the States were represented by members present on the occasion.

During the brief time of four years, Cristobal Lodge has increased its membership three hundred percent, has dispensed charity on a broad scale, has returned to its members more than seventy-five percent of each member's dues in entertainment, and has now provided the membership with a new and better Home.

Hudson, N. Y., Lodge's Scholarship Fund Is Self-Sustaining

Hudson, N. Y., Lodge, No. 787, being desirous of lending a helping hand to some student of the country schools who was deserving of aid, established a fund to assist such a student in obtaining a college education. This fund is administered by the trustees and provides that the sum of \$375 per year shall be paid over to the Treasurer or other designated official of the college which the recipient of the fund attends.

This money, however, is not a gift, for the recipient must sign a note for each payment, payable five years from

the date on which he receives the loan.

The first beneficiary under this fund was Charles Jackoski, who attended, and was graduated from, Cornell University in June, 1931. Young Jackoski established an exemplary scholastic record at Cornell, and set a standard that future recipients of the fund will do well to follow. In addition to his fine scholastic achievement, Mr. Jackoski, with fine integrity, has promptly and regularly met the obligations incurred by the promissory notes, thus making Hudson Lodge feel that it has furthered another thoroughly worth-while movement.

In the meantime the present recipient of the fund is Bernard Ginsburg, of Hudson, who is also attending Cornell, and who is making an equally creditable record there. Since the payments sent in by Mr. Jackoski are being used to pay the yearly allowance of young Ginsburg, the fund has become a revolving one, and is self-sustaining.

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge Sends Boy to Harry-Anna Home

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, 829, has as its guest in the Harry-Anna Memorial Home for Crippled Children, a little five-year-old boy of St. Augustine. The child has a condition in his limbs and feet which prevents their normal and natural use, and medical advisers have suggested that he be entered in the institution because of the expert medical attention and supervised convalescence available there for cases of this nature.

The Harry-Anna Home is maintained and operated by the Elks of Florida, the purpose being to provide means and opportunity for the rehabilitation of Florida's crippled children. Its patients are the guests of the Florida State Elks Association, an organization which is proud to sponsor and take the responsibility for so fine a work. The Home is widely known throughout the State of Florida and the Order. THE ELKS MAGAZINE recently published a detailed account of the project.

Cecil H. Zinkan, Secretary

Reading, Pa., Lodge Honors Secretary, Newly Elected State President

Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, recently honored its Secretary, D. J. Miller, who was elected President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association at the Annual Convention held at Altoona.

Immediately following a regular meeting which, despite very hot weather, taxed the capacity of the Lodge room, a clam bake and dutch lunch was served in the grill of the Home in honor of President Miller. Many old timers of the Lodge were present to welcome and congratulate him, and also to hear Exalted Ruler Paul W. Fett report on the National Convention held at Milwaukee.


President Miller has served his Lodge in all of its offices. Initiated in 1907, he passed through the various chairs, and was twice Exalted Ruler. He served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in 1919-20 under Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, and on numerous committees of the Pennsylvania State Association. Mr. Miller was Vice-President last year and this year his conscientious and efficient work has been rewarded by the Association in his election to its highest office.

Karl J. Blankenbiller, Correspondent

San Francisco Lodge Forms Aquatic Club, Pushes Membership Drive

An Elks Aquatic Club recently was organized in San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, membership in which is free. The purpose of the Club is to promote more activity in aquatic sports in the way of races, coaching and lessons for those who cannot swim. The Elks Aquatic Club meets every Friday night at six in the swimming pool.

No. 3's membership drive, under the leadership of Leo Bunner, Chairman, is swinging ahead with great strides. More than fifty applications were filed during the month of July, which is one of the slowest months in the calendar from the point of view of fraternal activity. Exalted Ruler Fred Lemon, on his return from the Grand Lodge Convention, was highly pleased at the way the drive was progressing, and he feels sure that by December the desired result of five hundred new members and more will be achieved.

WE DO  OUR PART

Important Notice

START today to organize your "National Class" to be initiated Armistice Night. Read the details in the Grand Exalted Ruler's Circular on Page 6—also the Editorial on Page 24.

Following is the tentative program of music and short speeches which will be given over a nationwide hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System:

President **FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT**
WALTER F. MEIER, Grand Exalted Ruler
JOSEPH T. FANNING, Past Grand Exalted Ruler
Columbia Symphony Orchestra
University Glee Club Quartette

Tune in your Lodge's radio on the Columbia Network at the following hours on Saturday, November 11th:

10:30 to 11 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
 9:30 to 10 P. M., Central Time
 8:30 to 9 P. M., Rocky Mountain Time
 7:30 to 8 P. M., Pacific Coast Time

Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge

John R. Coen,
Chairman

Gardner, Mass., Lodge Sponsors Lawn Party

Sponsored by a group of Elks of Gardner, Mass., Lodge, No. 1426, a Lawn Party was held recently on the grounds of the City Infirmary. A buffet luncheon was served. The party was given for, and thoroughly enjoyed by, residents at the Infirmary. In the evening a hill-billy band entertained with

a group of songs and music of the hill country.

Western and Central Lodges Warned Against T. A. Mercure

Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 272, issues a warning to Western and Central Lodges against a former member, Past Exalted Ruler T. A. Mercure.

Mr. Mercure left Pittsfield in a car on which he owed payment. Soon afterwards, word came from Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316, that he had obtained a loan, claiming he had been robbed in an overnight camp. Again came word from Joplin, Mo., Lodge, No. 501, that a loan had been made to Mr. Mercure, who was supposed to have been held up on the highway.

This man owed two years' dues and was to be suspended from Pittsfield Lodge, but on February 27th the Lapsation Committee issued card No. 777 to him gratis. The card was good until April, 1933. Any Lodge which may encounter Mr. Mercure is requested to confiscate his card.

Edward X. Connell, Secretary

(Continued on page 56)



Children from the Harry-Anna Memorial Home on the occasion of the Barbecue and Picnic at Lake Joanna given by Eustis, Fla., Lodge

Western Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges



The Antler Band, of Portland, Ore., Lodge, a group of widely acclaimed musicians

Recent Activities of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

With the return of Exalted Ruler Loren G. Ury from this year's Grand Lodge Convention, Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, started in on its fall season of activity, beginning with an inter-Lodge meeting, with Long Beach, Monrovia and Alhambra Lodges as guests.

Horace H. Quinby, President at that time of the California State Elks Association, and C. P. Hebenstreit, the new District Deputy of the California South Central District, were present and witnessed an impressive initiation ceremony performed by the Long Beach Lodge officers. Pasadena Lodge will return the visit of Long Beach Lodge soon, and will visit other Lodges in the jurisdiction within the next few months.

Open House was held by Pasadena Lodge during the State Convention of the American Legion, and many visiting Legionnaires made Pasadena Lodge their headquarters during their stay in the City.

At the Convention of the California State Elks Association held at Long Beach, Pasadena Lodge was represented by a large delegation, and entered in the various competitions its drill team, bowling teams, and baseball and golf teams.

Russell A. Stapleton, Correspondent

Further Word From Agana, Guam, Lodge

Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, recently held an initiatory meeting, at which three new members were admitted and two dimits voted upon. A light lunch was served after the meeting, and a social session was the order of the evening.

Agana Lodge is well known for its picnics, the last of which, held recently, did much to boost its reputation. At high tide and under a full moon, the members gathered together around a huge bonfire on the beach, joining Governor Alexander of Guam and his family, in enjoying a grand feast of skiacki, chili, hot dogs and sauerkraut. Afterwards everyone danced until the moon grew low.

Agana Lodge repeats again how delighted its members are to hear from

Elks in the States. Mail arrives in Guam on an average of every two months and when the newspapers reach the Lodge the news is a little stale. However, word is received by radio flashes, and a small newspaper is published on mimeograph paper. This journal consists of five or six sheets and is called the Guam Eagle. Needless to say it is much looked forward to and eagerly received by all hands.

R. Semple, Correspondent

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge Gives Orphans a Picnic

Under the auspices of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, seventy children from the St. Joseph Orphanage were treated recently to a picnic at the Blue Heaven Ranch, located some sixty-five miles from Tucson.

The children were transported to the ranch in a truck provided by Pima County, driven by Jack Ritoff, and the picnic was made possible through the courtesy of J. A. Atkinson, owner of the ranch. A thoroughly delightful time was had by all the children, and the Elks of Tucson fully enjoyed doing their good deed.

Rex Stewart, Correspondent

Bremerton, Wash., Lodge Initiates Class of Candidates

Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181, recently held an initiatory meeting at which eight candidates were inducted into No. 1181 with fitting pomp and ceremony. Most of the candidates for initiation were Navy men. Two representative citizens of Bremerton were

among those initiated, and still another was reinstated.

During the absence of Exalted Ruler John H. Jessup, Ed Crawford, Esteemed Leading Knight, performed the leader's part, and brought the new Elks into Bremerton Lodge as though he were a veteran in the rôle.

Los Angeles Antlers and Elks Hold Joint Dance

The first joint Antler-Elk dance, held by the Antler and Elk Lodges of Los Angeles, Calif., turned out to be both a social and financial success. The attendance was large, and the affair was thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated. The Antlers and Elks called their joint party a "slack dance," since it was informal. Entertainment of various kinds was provided throughout the evening, and the dance orchestra proved itself to be thoroughly capable.

Past Exalted Rulers Organization Stages Salinas, Calif., Rodeo

Annually, for the past twenty-one years, Salinas, Calif., has staged a nationally-known rodeo, at the end of which is a celebration called the "Colmo Del Rodeo." This means, in western Spanish, "the end of the round-up." In order to stage this large parade and street affair, it is of course necessary that some organization take over the work, superintend it and see that no detail goes awry.

For the past three years the Past Exalted Rulers organization of Salinas Lodge, No. 614, a very active body of men, has taken charge of the entire affair. The Past Exalted Rulers elect a chairman, who in turn appoints his committee, all from among the Past Exalted Rulers. The Colmo Del Rodeo is their work. It is the talk of the community, the State, and the ranching world, this Salinas Rodeo, and the Colmo Del Rodeo is the grand finale.

This year the cowboys from the local community as well as those from all over the West, banded together as they do annually to compete for the championships. Afterwards the parade took place, and more than a hundred entries, consisting of floats, marching bodies, drum and bugle corps, and many bands and drill teams took part in the affair. It is estimated that more than



Float of Salinas, Calif., Lodge at the Colmo Del Rodeo

one hundred thousand people came from all over the countryside to view the spectacle, which is celebrated throughout the nation by the press and the newsreels.

Salinas Lodge and the Past Exalted Rulers are conceded the credit in staging this event, and the Past Exalted Rulers and the Lodge itself were highly lauded this year as in other years for their untiring efforts in making the Salinas Rodeo the success it is.

L. E. Johnson, Secretary

Montana Elks Mourn Oldest Tiler

The recent death of Walter S. Carns, a well known Elk of Montana, followed a lingering illness and was a severe blow to his fellow members of Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240.

For twenty-nine consecutive years, Mr. Carns was Tiler of Butte Lodge. He is believed to have been the oldest Tiler, in point of service, in the Order. He was nationally known in Elk circles, and at the time of his last installment in office, was the recipient of numerous telegrams of congratulation from various parts of the country and from many officers of the Grand Lodge.

Mr. Carns was a native of Buffalo, N. Y., but went West when a young man. Filled with the adventurous spirit, he journeyed to Alaska, where he engaged in mining. He later settled in Montana, and went into business. He came to Butte from Great Falls in 1900, and joined the Order the following year. He was first elected to the office of Tiler in 1904.

Despite his advanced years, (Mr. Carns was seventy-five years old) he was still active in the affairs of his Lodge and was a frequent visitor to the Lodge rooms. News of his death was received with deep regret not only in Butte, but in every branch of Elkdom.

A. C. McDaniel, Secretary

Red Bluff, Calif., Lodge Wins District Ritualistic Contest

Once again the ritualistic team of Red Bluff, Calif., Lodge, No. 1250, in a contest at Sacramento, won the honor of representing California North in the State Contest held at the California State Elks Association Convention at Long Beach. This is the second time Red Bluff Lodge has been the victor in the district contest. In the annual



James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco Lodge, Governor of California, with Fred Balzar, of Reno, Nev., Lodge, Governor of Nevada, seated, with officers of Sonora, Calif., Lodge, who recently initiated a class of eighteen candidates at the Second Annual Caravan to Bridgeport

State contest, which at the time this is written is still in the offing, six ritualistic teams compete, each being the winner of one of the six district contests.

It has been found that the proficiency of the ritualistic teams during this and other years, has been a significant factor in gaining new members for the Lodges, and observers at Red Bluff Lodge note that the attendance at initiatory meetings increased visibly when the team was whipped into good form. Initiatory meetings attract more attendance at Red Bluff Lodge than any other occasion during the year.

L. E. Lafferty, Correspondent

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Observes First Civic Night

The first Civic Night observance held by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, was attended by members of the City Council and others prominent in municipal affairs. A steak dinner was given at the Breakers Hotel. Later in the evening a program of entertainment was enjoyed at the Home of Long Beach Lodge.

Exalted Ruler Cyril R. McTighe welcomed the guests. Al Cox, Chairman of the Civic Affairs Committee and a Trustee of the Lodge, explained the purpose of the gathering and presented Roland G. Swaffield who, in turn, introduced the Master of Ceremonies, Past District Deputy Newton M. Todd. The principal speaker of the evening, Bruce Mason, President of the Chamber of

Commerce, spoke on civic affairs, and Past Exalted Ruler A. Bruce Swope gave a talk praising and explaining President Franklin D. Roosevelt's NRA. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. P. Hebenstreit, of California South Central, also attended the meeting.

Singing en masse opened the entertainment program, and this was followed by several acts of vaudeville and a delicious supper.

Dan R. McGarry, Correspondent

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Of Antlers Progressing

Since last March the Antlers of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, have been without a Lodge Home, due to the depredations of the recent earthquake. Reconstruction work, however, has almost been completed on the Home, and within a short time the Antlers expect to re-enter the building and carry on regular meetings there.

Plans have been made by the Antlers to wage an extensive membership campaign throughout the winter. The objective of the drive will be to enlist at least two hundred boys in the membership. Meetings will be held once a week with entertainments and various activities scheduled well in advance, and a monthly bulletin is being published to keep the members informed of the Lodge news. Now that these plans have been laid, Huntington Park Lodge of Elks expects to have one of the most active and successful Lodges of Antlers in the country.

A. D. Peschke, Secretary

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Forms Glee Club

An organization called the "Nine-O-Six Glee Club" has been formed at Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906. Recently the Glee Club regaled the members with a short concert, and the talent and harmony exceeded the expectations of all. Under the direction of John Ganton, the musical organization has been working hard to make itself one of the outstanding glee clubs of the State. Judging from their achievements to date, it will not be long before their aim has been fully accomplished.



Officers of Glendive and Miles City, Mont., Lodges at a joint picnic

News of the State Associations

California State Antlers Association Convention

The Annual California State Antlers Association Convention was held recently at Long Beach, and turned out to be a great success. The delegates arrived early and went to the Municipal Auditorium where they registered.

The Welcome Ball for Antlers of all the Lodges of California was held on the first evening, with excellent dance music and as entertainment a beauty contest to choose the Antler Queen. On the stroke of twelve the dance broke up and the attending dancers and celebrities journeyed to the Bay Shore Inn, where they stayed until the early hours of the morning.

The first business session of the Convention was opened with Exalted Antler Herbert Carmon, of Long Beach, presiding. The delegates had the pleasure of hearing the newly-elected Mayor of Long Beach, the Hon. Merritt E. Paddock, perform one of his first executive social duties when he extended the City's official welcome to the visiting Antlers. Later in the day the Antler Convention parade took place through the business section, with motorcycle police escorts, causing much interest and enjoyment both to participants and spectators. Later in the day the delegates and visitors from both Elk and Antler Lodges were ushered through the *U. S. S. Augusta*, with a guide to explain the various points of interest.

The following day opened with another business session at which elections to office took place. The Hon. Thomas P. White, Judge of the Los Angeles Superior Court and a noted speaker, addressed the gathering. Horace H. Quinby, President of the California State Elks Association, also delivered an address. The afternoon's main feature was a baseball game between Los Angeles Lodge and Glendale Lodge, and Long Beach Lodge and Huntington Park Lodge. The Los Angeles and Huntington Park Antlers produced the winning teams, with scores of 14-1 and 9-1 respectively.

The last business meeting of the Antlers Association was held on Saturday, and on Saturday night a Farewell Dance was held at the municipal airport, with delightful music, the introduction of attending notables, and the awards of prizes for the winners of the different sporting events.

Officers elected to serve the Antlers Association for the year 1933-34 were as follows: Jack L. Riordan, Long Beach Lodge, President; Gerald A. Wall, Long Beach Lodge, First Vice-President; John J. Connely, Oakland Lodge, Second Vice-President; Warren T. Smith, Los Angeles Lodge, Third Vice-President; Clark B. Tauscher, Santa Barbara Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer; Jack Karnow, Inglewood Lodge, Corresponding Secretary; Woody Winkler, Alhambra Lodge, Guide; Henry Levy, San Fernando Lodge,

Chaplain; Harry Dailry, Santa Monica Lodge, Guard; and George Huddleston, Pasadena Lodge, Sentinel.

Austin Hanson, Correspondent, Los Angeles Antlers Lodge.

Washington

The Washington State Elks Association convened recently at Everett, and the conclave found many members of the organization attending both the business meetings and the elaborate entertainment programs.

A banquet and smoker were held on the first evening, and the parade and the Purple Bubble Ball were the main attractions the second day and evening. So great was the crowd at the Ball that arrangements were made for dancing on all three floors of the Home of the host Lodge, Everett, No. 479. The Convention was concluded with an all-day picnic at Canyon Creek Lodge. The attendance was so unusually large and the enjoyment so evident that the Association can congratulate itself on the success of the event.

On the afternoon of the first day of the meeting, the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries met to discuss Lodge affairs. The business sessions of the Association were held on the morning and afternoon of the second day. An outstanding report was that on the work accomplished by the Social and Community Welfare Committee. Three years ago the Committee outlined for the Association a threefold program. Flag Day exercises, shut-in entertainments and concentrated efforts in behalf of crippled children. These three objectives have become fixed institutions in the Lodges of the State of Washington.

For the coming year the Committee has recommended that the Lodges combine their efforts to see that every crippled child in the State in need of help be given every opportunity to have his handicap removed. The Committee proposed to obtain a complete census of the State's crippled children, this to be accomplished by each Lodge holding its own clinic. The children are to be segregated into classes of those to be taken care of in their respective communities and those to be assisted through hospitalization and surgical treatment. If the need is found to be sufficiently great, the Elks plan to ask the State of Washington to join in the enterprise of assisting the crippled children.

The Association elected George E. Secord, Kelso Lodge, No. 1482, President of the organization for the year 1933-34. Other officers elected were: Robert W. Schulz, Vancouver Lodge, No. 823, First Vice-President; Louis Flieder, Bremerton Lodge, No. 1181, Second Vice-President; A. W. Swanson, Everett Lodge, Third Vice-President; Ed. G. Rothweiler, Bellingham Lodge, No. 194, Treasurer; and Dwight S. Hawley, Ballard Lodge, No. 827,

Secretary. Aberdeen was chosen as the meeting place for the 1934 Convention.

Lloyd Spruce, Everett, Wash., Lodge, Correspondent.

Montana

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier was the guest of the Montana State Elks Association at the opening session of its Thirty-first Annual Convention, held in Dillon, August 10, 11 and 12, under the auspices of Dillon Lodge, No. 1554. In his official address to Elks, he urged whole-hearted support of President Franklin D. Roosevelt in his NRA program and made an earnest plea that every member of the Order devote at least a few minutes a day exclusively to the cause of Elkdom.

The Grand Exalted Ruler also delivered a public address at the opening program of Dillon's annual wild west show and gave a brief talk at a dinner in his honor by the Dillon Rotary Club. During the afternoon, he held a conference with all the District Deputies and Exalted Rulers present. Mr. Meier was accompanied to Dillon by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Herman C. Karow of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge, No. 725.

Nearly 500 Elks were registered for the Convention and approximately 300 more attended the final day's program, with delegates, representing all of the sixteen Lodges of the State, in attendance. President Arthur J. Baker, of Lewistown Lodge, No. 456, was in charge of the business sessions.

A widely varied entertainment program was presented on all three days. The diversions included the Dillon firemen's annual rodeo, a two-day registered trapshoot, parades and concerts with the bands of Missoula and Lewistown Lodges and the drum corps of Butte and Anaconda Lodges participating, a nightly free street entertainment featuring concerts, dancing acts, boxing contests and vocal numbers; public dances at Dillmont Park with music by the orchestra of Dillon Lodge, and a breakfast and style show.

At the concluding session, Earl L. Wheat, of Dillon Lodge, was elected President of the Association for the coming year. Other officers named were John F. Abel, Lewistown Lodge, First Vice-President; George L. Steinbrenner, Missoula Lodge, No. 383, Second Vice-President; W. J. Wyland, Helena Lodge, No. 193, Third Vice-President; J. W. Nugent, Miles City Lodge, No. 537, Fourth Vice-President; Arthur Trenerry, Billings Lodge, No. 394, Secretary; S. Arthur Parry, Anaconda Lodge, No. 293, Treasurer; and C. M. Holbert, Virginia City Lodge, No. 390, Trustee for five years.

Miles City Lodge, joining the State Association this year, was chosen host for next year's Convention.

Homer Faust, Dillon Lodge, Correspondent.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

ON August 8, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier was accompanied on an official visit to Mandan and Bismarck Lodges, North Dakota, by Sam Stern, Past District Deputy and Vice-President of the North Dakota State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Otto Bauer, and delegates from both Mandan and Bismarck Lodges.

On their arrival at Bismarck at eleven in the morning, the visiting party was met by a parade led by the Bismarck American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps. They proceeded to the Grand Pacific Hotel for luncheon as guests of the Bismarck Kiwanis Club, where a hundred Elks and their officers were present. Among the guests were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond C. Dobson and Past District Deputies L. K. Thompson and A. C. Pagenkopf. There were also present delegates from Mandan, Minot, Bismarck, Dickinson, Valley City and Jamestown, N. D., Lodges.

After luncheon a talk by the Grand Exalted Ruler was broadcast over Station KFYZ, following which an automobile caravan took him to the State Capital where he was royally received. He visited with Governor William Langer; with Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, W. L. Nuessle; Judge of the Supreme Court, the Hon. John Burke; and with Attorney-General A. J. Gronna. Mr. Meier also visited the State Training School and the U. S. Field Station at Mandan.



Ketchikan, Alaska, Elks meet the Grand Exalted Ruler at the dock

In Mandan, later that afternoon, Mr. Meier was adopted into the Sioux Indian Tribe, being given the name Hehaka Tonka, meaning "Big Elk." Col. A. B. Welch, an adopted son of the Sioux Indians, known as "Charging Bear" was in charge of the ceremonies. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a Sioux Indian War Bonnet as a testimonial of his adoption.

After a dutch lunch had been served in the Lodge Home, Mr. Meier addressed a gathering of more than three hundred Elks and their officers from all parts of the State. At seven in the evening he left on the North Coast Limited for points farther west. The visit was highly successful and the Grand Exalted Ruler was received everywhere with the greatest respect and enthusiasm.

At six-thirty in the morning of August 9, Mr. Meier was met in Billings, Montana, by Exalted Ruler Ray G. Griffin, Esteemed Leading Knight Earl Morse and Secretary E. H. Sackett, all officers of Billings Lodge, No. 394.

They breakfasted at the Northern Grill and then the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken on a sight-seeing tour through the surrounding country, spending some time visiting the sick. The St. Vincent's Orthopedic Ward at the hospital, which

is a work aided by Montana Elk Lodges, was also the object of one of his visits.

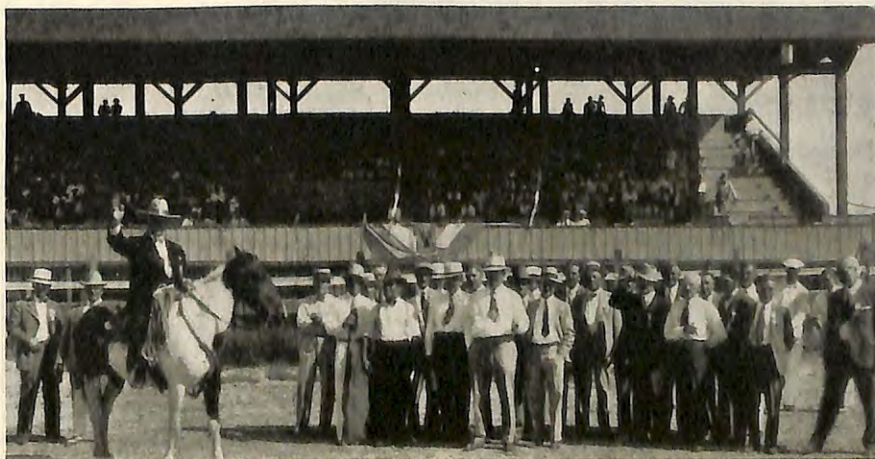
At noon of that day one hundred Elks gathered together for luncheon at the Northern Hotel Tea Room and were introduced to the Grand Exalted Ruler who delivered a splendid address, after which he was presented with a "ten gallon" hat as a memento of the occasion. Among the guests at the luncheon were Past District Deputies C. T. Trott, C. J. Carroll, J. Henry Nibbe and George S. Smith. Mayor Fred L. Tilton, Chief of Police Val Lechner, Sheriff E. N. Birely, and many Past Exalted Rulers of Billings Lodge and of adjacent and neighboring Lodges also attended.

Though Mr. Meier's visit at Billings was the longest paid to any Montana Lodge, the members were genuinely sorry to see him leave them in the afternoon. His talk at the luncheon stirred the members to great enthusiasm.

On the afternoon of August 9, the Grand Exalted Ruler made his way by automobile to Livingston, Montana, accompanied by Past District Deputy Smith and the Hon. Robert S. Stong, Judge of the District Court of the Thirteenth District, both members of Billings Lodge.

Elaborate preparations had been made by members of Livingston Lodge, No. 246, who had planned to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler at a joint meeting held with Bozeman, Mont., Lodge No. 463. At dinner Mr. Meier was treated to a fish-fry of trout caught in the Yellowstone River. Two hundred and fifty Elks of Livingston and from Lodges in the surrounding towns were present at the festivities, including the delegation of fifty members from Bozeman Lodge, accompanied by their Drum Corps.

Among the guests were Past State President Frank Arnold, Past District Deputy Arnold Huppert; P. W. Nelson, a Past Exalted Ruler of Livingston Lodge and the oldest game warden in Montana; and Joseph Brooks, Exalted Ruler for the fourth time of Livingston Lodge, who was toastmaster. Addresses were delivered by Judge Stong, who was a classmate of Mr. Meier at the University of Nebraska in 1903; Past District Deputy Smith and Past Presi-



The Grand Exalted Ruler rides at the Montana State Convention

dent Arnold, and by the Grand Exalted Ruler himself.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left on the following day for Dillon, Montana, where he was to attend the Convention of the Montana State Elks Association.

On his way to Dillon, Mr. Meier made a brief stopover at Butte, Montana. There he was entertained by the members of Butte Lodge, No. 240, at a breakfast at the Hotel Finlen.

Present at the meal were: Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Herman C. Karow of Kalispell Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joe Kelly of Montana East; Past District Deputy H. A. Gallwey, of Butte Lodge, the first President of the State Association; Mayor Archie McTaggart, Past District Deputy of Montana West; and Past District Deputy Judge Frank L. Riley of Butte Lodge. This was a pleasant affair, attended by many notables, and Mr. Meier addressed a few words to the gathering before he hurried on to Dillon.

An account of Mr. Meier's visit to Dillon Lodge is given in the Montana State Association report.

TO the accompaniment of band music and the enthusiastic cheers of hundreds of its members, his home Lodge, Seattle, Wash., No. 92, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler on his arrival in the City early Saturday morning, August 12. Hardly had Mr. Meier stepped from the train when a group of his admirers raised him to their shoulders and carried him along the platform to the depot. In addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler's wife and three children, public officials and leading citizens of the State of Washington were numbered in the throng paying tribute to one of Seattle's most noted citizens.

The party proceeded to the Home of Seattle Lodge where an elaborate breakfast was served. Exalted Ruler George C. Newell presided, and Mayor John F. Dore welcomed Mr. Meier back home.

Among the prominent members of the Order in attendance were Emmett T. Anderson, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand

Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Merle G. Ringenberg and Bertil E. Johnson; George E. Secord, President of the Washington State Elks Association; Louis Flieder, Second Vice-President of the Association, and a large group of Exalted Rulers and Lodge officers.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was much affected by the reception tendered him, and after his introduction he expressed



Grand Exalted Ruler's Tentative Itinerary for October

Kalispell, Mont.	Oct. 2
Helena, Mont.	Oct. 3
Great Falls, Mont.	Oct. 4
Havre, Mont.	Oct. 4
Minot, N. D. or Grand Forks, N. D.	Oct. 5
Hibbing, Minn.	Oct. 7
Superior, Wis.	Oct. 8
Michigan Lodges	Oct. 9-11
New York Lodges	Oct. 12-14
New England Lodges	Oct. 15-17
New Jersey	Oct. 19-21
Ohio Lodges	Oct. 23-24
Indiana Lodges	Oct. 25-26
Illinois Lodges	Oct. 27-28
Kansas Lodges	Oct. 29-30



his appreciation in his address to the gathering. Later in the day Mr. Meier sailed aboard the *S. S. Aleutian* to pay an official visit to the six Elk Lodges of Alaska. He is the first Grand Exalted Ruler to make an official visit to the Elks of the North.

AT nine o'clock on August 12 Grand Exalted Ruler Meier's ship sailed from Seattle north through the beautiful San Juan Islands, then on through Haro Strait. On the left was the city of Sidney on Vancouver Island and the towns of Ladysmith and Nanaimo. While in Georgia Strait the *Aleutian*

had to wait five hours for the tide to change in order to venture through the Seymour Narrows.

Most of the way up on Sunday the ship sailed between Vancouver Island on the left and the mainland on the right. About midnight Queen Charlotte Sound was crossed. This was one of the only two places where the open waters of the Pacific were encountered. Otherwise the entire trip to Juneau is in waters protected by a string of islands on the left and the mainland to the right.

All day Sunday and Monday Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was in Alaskan waters, making the Yukon-Circle tour. At four A.M. on Tuesday the vessel docked at Ketchikan, Alaska, where Ketchikan Lodge, No. 1429, is situated. Having been in Alaska before, Mr. Meier knew what to expect and was dressed when, as the boat docked, the members of No. 1429 descended en masse to his cabin.

The enthusiastic Alaskans escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Home of Ketchikan Lodge, the plans of which Mr. Meier, as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge, had approved some time before. Mr. Meier was accorded a hearty welcome at the Home, the members having waited up all night for his arrival.

Soon the party went to a breakfast served at the Blue Fox restaurant. The gathering included: District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas M. Donohue; Past District Deputies L. H. Kubley and G. S. Talbot; Exalted Ruler F. J. Chapman and officers and trustees of Ketchikan Lodge; William Sulzer, former Governor of New York State; J. W. Kehoe, Representative from Ketchikan District in the Territorial Legislature; Judge George F. Alexander, newly appointed Judge for the First Judicial District of Alaska, and O. M. Carter, President of the Ketchikan Chamber of Commerce.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier addressed the gathering, and was presented with an ivory gavel. Judge Alexander and District Deputy Donohue also addressed the audience.

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Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, center, at his official visit to Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge



Sunset at Ketchikan, Alaska

PHOTO BY JOHN KABEL

Alaska—Life and Lure of the Northland

By Hon. Scott C. Bone
Former Governor of Alaska

THE Capital of Alaska is Juneau, not Sitka, as many people still think, or Dawson, in the Yukon Territory, the objective point of the famous Klondike stampede of 1898, to which letters to the Alaska Governor are sometimes addressed; or Nome, away off up north on the Seward Peninsula, which other uninformed people visualize as the official center. Misinformation and misconception are proverbial, touching almost everything Alaskan. Sitka was so identified with the early history of Alaska and the Seward Purchase that its erroneous status as the Capital endures to this day. Juneau supplanted it over a quarter of a century ago.

In its environment, situated at the head of Gastineau Channel, Juneau suggests Lucerne as Lucerne might have been in its primitive days before little farms dotted the mountain slopes. Here dense forests cover the towering landscape. The picturesque little Capital was built in a hurry, its streets planned with scant thought of symmetry or expanding needs and its stores and dwellings thrown up to meet the demands of a mining boom. In its earlier stages it boasted scores of saloons and dance-halls, and vied with Skagway and Dawson in the number of such resorts

bidding for the easy money prodigally spent by stampedeers in the onrush for gold. It grew in helter-skelter, haphazard fashion, and its pioneers thrived amazingly. Those of vision saw a metropolis in the making and shaped their ends accordingly. On the majority part, however, heed was given only to the day and the fullness thereof. The great Treadwell across the channel was yielding forth its ore abundantly. It seemed inexhaustible.

In its heyday of growth and prosperity, Juneau, in 1900, ambitious and numerically and industrially powerful, seized the opportunity to become the Territorial Capital.

Picturesque Sitka, on Baranoff Island, cherishing its historic traditions, exhibiting with pride its miniature Russian cathedral, its rare totems, its blockhouse and its trading post; lured into comatose inactivity by the soothing sweep of the waves and given quiescent repose by the restful, fascinating picture of flower-pot islands growing out of the placid waters, with majestic Mt. Edgecombe, Fuji-like, in dignified distance, watching over the scene and heightening

its charms—Sitka, dreamily content, cultivating the artistic temperament and happily entertaining enraptured and beauty-loving tourists who came that way, offered feeble resistance to the taking away of the Capital—unequal to combat with her big, bustling sister.

Juneau at once became a smart Capital. It put on evening clothes at the proper hour and set the territorial pace. It preened itself, with every right, upon being the center of so vast a domain, and conducted itself as to the manner born. It whirled and hummed, thriving industrially upon the operation of the mines and waxing prosperous with multiplying governmental agencies. It danced and gave dinners; hailed the annual visitations of Government officials, and entertained them fittingly. The lively little Capital, in some of its aspects, was a Gay Paree of the frontier, its latch string ever out. It secured a road to Mendenhall Glacier, and bought automobiles to ride thereto. It built pretty homes and subdivided attractive suburbs and dreamed of country seats. It gave the glad hand to tourists and its thrifty tradesmen trafficked in costly curios and furs. It built a high school that was

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ELKDOM OUTDOORS

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

Iowa Goes Modern in Game Restoration

By Ray E. Benson

Member of More Game Birds in America, Inc.

IF YOU expect to shoot quail in Iowa, you'll first have to earn the privilege. The co-operative shooting grounds plan, outlined for Elks and farmers in July ELKDOM OUTDOORS, has been adopted "out where the tall corn grows" as the most feasible means of restoring quail shooting after sixteen years of closed seasons.

Iowa's plan puts quail restoration squarely up to co-operating groups of farmers and sportsmen—and, like the Chinese proverb "no tickle, no shirtee," those who practice and don't simply preach are going to have all the quail shooting their own actual conservation efforts warrant.

An even dozen sportsman-farmer cooperative shooting grounds are expected to be in operation there this Fall. If results prove favorable, the plan will be considerably extended in 1934—and present indications are that such will be the case. Iowa's Fish and Game Commission will supervise operation of the areas and experts of Iowa State College have been enlisted to aid in the modern game management practices. Sportsmen of thirteen states, where quail shooting has become history, will watch Iowa's progressive step with new hope. In the other states, where quail hunting seasons have been cut to but a few days per year—and sometimes every other year—conservationists look to the corn belt state for a way out.

Here is what the Iowa Fish and Game Commission, headed by the famous "Ding," has to say on the subject and also the plan, all of which may be used as a guide to similar sportsman-farmer projects in other quail-denuded states:

"Bobwhite quail has long had complete legal protection at all seasons. Nevertheless, merely maintaining complete protection is becoming increasingly inadequate to cope with the present day situation.

"For one thing, quail protection in any locality, even despite efforts of conscientious and qualified wardens, has been 'paper protection' only; that is, the quail have suffered net losses from poaching in excess of what they might have borne even under the old system of regular open seasons.

Need for Right Environment

"Then, too, legal protection has not solved the problem arising from the progressive deterioration of quail environment through agricultural and other practices, many of which are not necessarily sound. This deterioration of environment may exert a far more serious pressure upon the species than any save the most excessive shooting. Quail or any other species, cannot thrive where the environment, or living condition is unsuited to them, whether they are shot or unshot.

"Ordinarily, open seasons on game birds allow shooting over periods of time varying from a few days to a few months. Daily bag limits and season limits per hunter are

intended to keep within bounds the amount of shooting any particular individual may do. The birds are shot where they may be found and, at best, with only the implied or expressed consent of the landowner. Frequently game is killed contrary to the wishes of the landholder.

"Faults of the old type of regulations are many. One of the worst is inflexibility. Concentrations of hunters may practically clean out the game in given locations during comparatively short open seasons. General open seasons covering states do not take into consideration the condition of

ment areas on a sound economic and biological basis.

"The game management area seems the nearest approach to the answer of anything in sight," the Iowa Commission declares. "We have already tested it to a certain extent with unusually gratifying results. Briefly, the advantage of co-operative management areas may be summarized:

"For the Quail: (a) Complete legal protection until a strong population is built up. If there are no surplus birds, there is to be no shooting. When a safe calculated surplus is removed the shooting ceases. (b)

Habitable environment.

"For the Hunter: (a) A place for honest sportsmen to shoot, with the provision that they make arrangements with farmers on whose lands a shootable quail population exists.

"For the Farmer: (a) Protection from trespassing with firearms. The law pertaining to trespassing on state game management areas has teeth. (b) The opportunity to choose those who may hunt on this land. (c) The final word as to whether hunting will be permitted. (d) A chance to receive cash or other compensation from hunters in return for shooting privileges. (e) Indirect benefits linked with game management practices, such as lessening of erosion, etc."

How the Plan Will Be Regulated

Regulation of co-operative shooting grounds, especially in states where no state-wide open hunting season on the species prevail, might appear a problem for F.D.R.'s Brain Trust. Iowa has solved it, however, with these outlined regulations:

1. Purpose: To issue annual permits to landholders or groups to conduct experiments, in co-operation with the Iowa State College and the Iowa Fish and Game Commission, for the purpose of determining whether game birds resident on the lands of such permittees can be conserved by the practice of game management. Such permits may authorize the taking of surplus birds.

2. Applications for Establishment of Game Management Areas: Any landholders or groups of landholders owning or residing upon continuous areas of not less than 640 acres may apply for a permit. If, after inspection, adequate seed stock is determined to be present, and suggested food and cover improvements have been complied with, game management signs will be issued by the Commission. The areas will be subject to trespass protection.

3. Shooting Permits for Quail: Applications to take the calculated surplus quail crop must be in by February first. A permit will be granted when the average quail population is not less than one quail per four acres and if food and cover are adequate.

4. The area must be posted with regula-



Type of Pheasant Pen Used by W. I. Towne, Grand Rapids, Mich.

localized game populations. They subject insecure populations to about the same hunting pressure as populations well established and able to withstand considerable shooting. The old type of regulation furnishes no mechanism by which shooting can be stopped when the surplus has been taken, except rarely by private initiative or sweeping emergency closure.

"Again, a fundamental fallacy in the old system is that, as a rule, it merely permits shooters to take advantage of whatever more or less satisfactory game populations happen to be accessible to them. With the increase of hunters and the decrease of game and game habitats, the system becomes sadly obsolete. It gives practically no incentive to farmers, for example, to maintain or to improve game habitats; indeed, farmers have been known to welcome or purposefully hasten the decline of game in the hope that they might thereby obtain some degree of relief from the affliction of inconsiderate and irresponsible hunters."

Game Management the Way Out

In view of the shortcomings of the old order, the new deal for game birds, Iowa has decided, should include increased security and increased production rather than passive conservation. This can be achieved through establishment of wild life manage-

The Fastest Animal Known

The sport of hunting antelope with a camera and airplane is the newest thing out West. This herd of pronghorns in full flight is part of the nation's largest herd of these animals. It numbers some three thousand head and grazes on the vast acres of the Pitchfork Ranch. There will be an open season on these animals in Wyoming this year. These pictures were taken by Charles J. Belden of the Z-T Ranch, Pitchfork, Wyoming.



(Continued from page 34)

tion signs and have one designated entrance. Quail hunters must carry courtesy cards signed by the commission and a farmers' representative. The total take must not exceed 30 per cent of the quail population, maximum number of hunters per day is specified, bag limit is set at six per day per hunter and all quail shot must be tagged with tags issued only to the number of birds that may be taken off the area. Prosecution for possession of untagged quail is provided. Length of season, number of shooting days and time of shooting is left to the commission.

The cocky little fellow, whose cheery

whistle still echoes through Dixie's famous quail country, has been fighting a losing battle for survival north of the Mason-Dixon line. Clean farming has ruined his natural cover. Heavy hunting, winter sleet, predators, improved firearms—and last, but far from least, good roads and the automobile have made his last retreats accessible to the followers of one of America's finest field sports.

Bobwhite has no place he can call his own in most of the states where he once was plentiful. Iowa means to give him one. A good share of the country's 7,000,000 recorded sportsmen will hope that the plan succeeds.



The golfers pictured above are John Kelly, Tom Kelly, Nick Beaudin, Art Olson (winner of the Elks' National Golf Championship, 1933), William Witten, P. E. R. and Manager of the team, C. E. Moran, P. E. R., Captain of the Elks' Golf Team, Highland Park, Illinois. They finished in front of all competition in the third annual Northeastern District of Illinois Golf Tournament held at Aurora, Ill.

Pheasant Raising at Home

W. I. Towne of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has successfully raised pheasants at home with the following plan: Mr. Towne has tried raising pheasants both with incubators and hens and finds the latter the more successful. A photograph of one of Mr. Towne's pens is shown as an illustration for the article, "Iowa Goes Modern in Game Restoration" on the opposite page.



Small Mouth

Harry Germaine of Queens, N. Y., and Fred Borst of Hoboken, N. J., shown on the left, had a great day's sport at Erophy's Point on Wolf Island on the St. Lawrence River. The catch shown above consisted of eleven small mouth bass ranging from 1 1/2 to 4 1/2 pounds. They report that not only is bass fishing ideal, but they had the good fortune to also take a nice catch of pike and muskies.

"I'm settin' the alarm extra early tonight"



"For close onto forty years, I guess, I've gunned over pretty near every acre in this county. And today, when the boys up and presented their dad with a new 12-gauge—well, can you blame an old-timer for wantin' to get an extra early start? Plenty of hard-hittin' Peters Shells ready, too. A sweet gun like this deserves sweet ammunition, and believe me, I'll never shoot anything else in *this* baby!"

We, at Peters, do not make guns, as you know. But we do make the kind of ammunition we believe a clean, straight-shooting gun deserves. Long-range, hard-hitting Peters High Velocity Shells—*right* for ducks. Peters Rustless Victor Shells for quail, rabbit, snipe, woodcock and grouse. Give that pet gun of yours a break—ask your dealer for Peters.



FREE! To help you see exactly how shot loads act when fired, Peters actually photographs shot strings leaving the muzzle of the gun. Write for your free copy of this interesting booklet on Sparkography. The Peters Cartridge Company, Dept. J-69, Kings Mills, Ohio.



PETERS
AMMUNITION YOU CAN
SHOOT WITH CONFIDENCE

The Management of Happiness

(Continued from page 19)

disease can try to gain a foothold inside of me without my being made instantly aware of it. I dare not be a glutton at meal times. I dare not overwork and so deny myself of restoring play and exercise. I dare not allow myself to worry. I dare do nothing that is not conducive to the good health and longevity, not only of the diabetic, but of every man woman and child.

Many people would pity me. I must be so careful! I must calculate my rations by the grams, thereby getting no more calories in a day than my body requires. I must forego the indigestible pies and pastries, cakes and candies that help to send so many people to an early grave. I must disinfect instantly that "trifling" cut or scratch and not allow it to develop into something serious. Poor me! Because I do not want to die, within six months or a year, I must attend to all of those little, important things that should make me live to a ripe old age!

I hope that my readers will not get the impression that I go about like a valetudinarian, flicking imaginary grains of sugar from my coat-sleeve. I live a normal healthy, happy life. I play golf—and often crack ninety; I dance—and without menace to my partner's fragile shoes; I call a three-mile walk a stroll; I can still show some of the young fellows a thing or two about boxing; I even take a drink occasionally—and if it is not sweetish soda-pop I must be condoned for—alas!—only distilled liquors are permitted the poor diabetic!

I live as *everyone* should live. I eat what I should eat—and that is pretty nearly what everyone should eat in quantity and kind. I take some sort of exercise every day. I work hard and play hard. I try to create around me an atmosphere of peace and happiness—a placidity and a gaiety that will add years to *anybody's* life.

I am only a *potential* invalid. Actually, I am a healthy man.

THERE are nearly one million, five hundred thousand diabetics in the United States. Of every one hundred readers of this article, at least one of them will have a mild, moderate or severe form of diabetes. At least three of them will have some relative who is diabetic. And nearly all of them will be acquainted with someone who has the disease.

Each year the numbers of this great army are increased. Whence come the recruits? From among men and women—and children, also—who become too fat. From among the sedentary workers, the brain-workers, the "white-collar class," who do not take enough exercise. From among those persons who, like myself, though neither fat nor sluggish, suffer a great shock and a long-sustained grief.

The more deplorable fact is that so many people *die* of diabetes. The mortality rate of this disease is increasing rather than decreasing. Mild diabetics are permitting themselves to become moderate diabetics; moderate diabetics are permitting themselves to become severe diabetics. And the severe diabetics are committing suicide.

Many diabetics misunderstand the virtues of Insulin. Insulin is no magic cure. It merely allows of a more generous diet,

betes; he died of a carbuncle. I may explain that many diabetics die of carbuncles.

Another acquaintance, in like solicitude for my abstinences, will tell me of a cousin of hers who had diabetes. This young man laughed at his doctors. What's a little sugar in the blood? I find out that this cousin, too, is dead, but neither did he die of diabetes. He dropped dead one day of heart disease. I may tell my readers that quite a few diabetics drop dead one day of heart disease.

On the tombstone of every diabetic who dies in coma or of some malady directly traceable to diabetes there might well be inscribed this significant epitaph: "He didn't know—or he didn't care."

PERHAPS that would be an appropriate epitaph for many non-diabetics who die before their time. It isn't so much that they do not care. Rather it is that experience, that hard but capable instructor, has not made good Managers of them.

The qualifications of a good Manager are these: He must have a clear vision of the

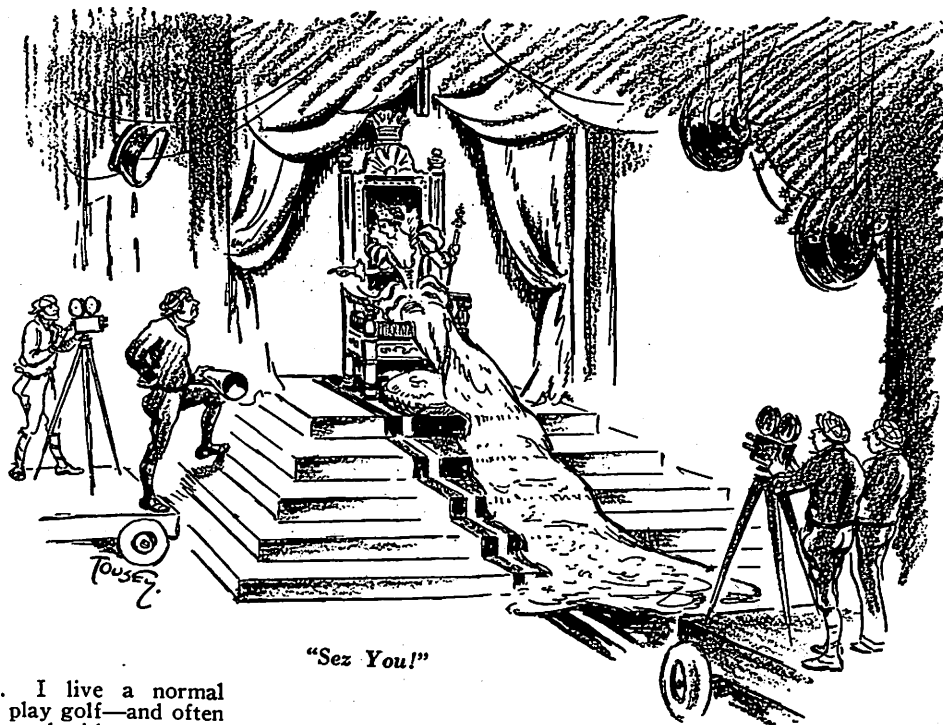
end to be accomplished and a thorough knowledge of the means at his disposal. He needs enough hope to light the way and enough courage to sustain him in times of stress. He requires enough will power to do the things he should do, and enough self-control to keep himself from doing the things he should not do. He needs enough jaunty recklessness to attempt the seemingly impossible and, at the same time, enough caution to attempt it judiciously.

How many of us, into whom Life has not mercilessly beaten and hammered these qualifications, are good Managers?

As soon as I learned that the science of keeping a diabetic patient alive was technically called "The Management of Diabetes Mellitus," I realized that the enemy was playing into my hands. Management, as my contemporary, Octavus Roy Cohen would say, is something I don't know nothing else but.

I will admit that managing Diabetes has been easy for me. Diabetes has been likened to a raging lion. Out of control, it bites and claws to death. But safely caged it is no more than a lamb. I have my lion safely caged. I intend to keep it there, behind stout bars, where it can only roar its threats and lunge at me without avail. Its management entails certain petty nuisances, such as the sterilization of instruments and the taking of hypodermic injections twice a day; the calculation and weighing of food three times a day. It entails, also, a certain amount of self-denial, and a constant vigilance that is colloquially called watching one's step.

Self-denial! It is not very difficult for



"Sez You!"

a greater carbohydrate intake than was possible to the diabetic before Insulin was available. A common and a suicidal practice is to eat that slice of cake, that piece of pie, those deadly bonbons and chocolate éclairs, and then take an extra dose of Insulin "to take care of it."

A diabetic's well-meaning relatives and friends are often his most active enemies. Without realizing what they are doing, they urge the diabetic to commit follies that lead to his destruction. After an evening of bridge a repast is served. (Why? I wonder. Has not everyone present had his three square meals that day?) The diabetic among the guests has, upon eating the last bite of his evening meal, fulfilled his dietary obligations. He has already had the so-many-grams of protein, fat and carbohydrate that is his daily fare.

"Oh, a little slice of chocolate layer cake won't hurt you!" says the misguided hostess. "I baked it myself. Do eat a piece of it!"

Why does she not hand her friend a loaded revolver and say, "Oh, it won't hurt you to shoot yourself only in the hip! Do put a bullet into you!"

No one will take diabetes seriously enough. It would seem that people everywhere make a point of trying to break down my will power, to shatter my resolve to live in health and to beat this insidious foe of mine at his own game. One woman will tell me that her father had diabetes and he didn't eat "just-so," as I do. I ask her drily what became of her father and she tells me that he is dead. But, she hastily adds, he didn't die of dia-

me to forego a piece of pie after my years as a crippled boy, watching other children run races, jump fences and climb trees.

Petty nuisances! What do they amount to after years and years of manual and electrical massages, twisting and stretching of atrophied muscle and deformed bone, steel braces that bruised to bleeding ankle and knee and hip?

Constant vigilance—watching one's step! I have always literally had to watch my step. If I did not, I should be down at the bottom of the stairway much faster than a normal man would go down; but less comfortably! My toes would stub every crack and prominence of the pavement, to my undoing. I'd be hit and run over by so many taxicabs, private automobiles and street cars that all by myself I'd carry my home city to the top of the list of pedestrian casualties.

That I do not topple down stairways, trip and fall on pavements, and am not run down by every vehicle on the street; that I can actually go about with even greater safety than you can, is due to Management. I must be very careful; you need not be. You *think* that you can *probably* make the other side of the street before that oncoming automobile reaches the intersection. I know full well that I can make the other side of the street—but not until *after* the automobile has whizzed past. So you run on, and I wait secure on the corner near the mailbox.

Out of every thousand accidental deaths, how many of the victims were cripples? Like Little Orphan Annie's goblins, an automobile may get me yet; but it will have to run up on the sidewalk to do it.

I have, in addition, the attitude of the driver for my protection. He sees me crossing the street; he notices my lameness; he decides that I'll probably not get across very quickly; he stops. He doesn't stop for you because he believes you will run, jump, or do whatever is necessary to save your life. Too often he is mistaken.

When I drive an automobile, the same cautiousness, engendered by a recognition of my limitations, hovers over me like a

guardian angel. I have driven automobiles for twenty years—on city streets, through country lanes, over mountain roads—and I have never so much as bruised a fender in a collision with another car. As a pedestrian I am so used to letting the other fellow have the right of way that I can't lose the habit when I climb into the driver's seat.

Do not confuse cautiousness with timidity. A man who has fought a finish fight with that ogre Poliomyelitis and has learned to walk with legs hardly fitted for the purpose, has long ago forgot the sensation of timidity. Many men are so timid about being timid that they lose sight of the value of caution. And a reasonable degree of caution (which is, after all, only an indication of the functioning of the reasoning brain Nature has given us) is one of the important attributes of a good Manager.

I BELIEVE I have proved that in spite of, or because of, my physical handicaps, my chances for longevity are greater than the normal man's. I have not had space enough to present all the evidence at my command. I have not mentioned the increased alertness, acquired by the deafened man, of the remaining senses. I have said nothing about the mental attitude that so strongly influences the physical side. These matters I must hold in reserve until we are together again.

Three years ago, when I lay in the hospital, my doctor said to me: "If you do not take care of yourself, you will die." *He might as truthfully have said that to any man who has not diabetes.*

He said further: "But if you do take care of yourself, you will probably live longer than you would have lived."

In that statement is the physician's indictment against the folly of Man in his way of living.

However averse I am to being didactic, my hard, adventurous life points a moral. It is not a new lesson, but it is, unfortunately, one that goes unheeded by almost

everyone. Thousands of year ago Æsop pointed it in his fable of the Tortoise and the Hare. Life has slowed me up so that I am the Tortoise. Plodding and plugging along, far more slowly and laboriously than the Hare, I have more time for observation and reflection, more time to learn how to manage the winning of the race. Logically, the Tortoise should not win. For the fleet and nimble Hare the course is easy. No doubt it is too easy.

If I, deafened and lame, can cross streets in safety and drive an automobile without misadventure, why should a sturdy man ever be injured in traffic or involved in a collision? If I, with deadly diabetes dogging my steps like a shadow, can yet live in health and strength, why should you, a normal man, be statistically marked for death before the age of sixty-two?

Most of you cannot be as happy as I am—and in my next article I shall demonstrate the truth of this strange declaration—but nearly all of you can maintain a physical condition at least equal to mine and can live as long as I intend to live. You can accomplish these objectives with an ease that is denied me. My difficult problem is the Management of Diabetes. Your simple problem is the Management of Normal Living.

I have made up my mind to live to be a hundred years old. I am thirty-eight now, so I must continue to take care of myself for sixty-two years. It involves nothing more than eating wisely, sleeping soundly, exercising moderately, working sensibly, playing whole-heartedly—living judiciously.

Whenever a man reaches his centenary, he is given the coveted opportunity to tell the world how he did it. I want the reporters to flock around me on that distant day so that I may show them not only that I did it, but that I did it with Diabetes Mellitus, Poliomyelitis and Otosclerosis to keep me company on the long journey.

And when the reporters ask me the proverbial question, I am going to say in a young-old voice:

"I've been a darn good Manager."

Junk Sees a Star

(Continued from page 10)

Heffernan has when it comes to signals and trick formations. I even takes a hand myself, but I'd have much better luck teaching fish to climb flag-poles. The boy's just ex-brains.

"It's no use," admits Heffernan, finally. "We'll have to call his plays for him and lead 'em into him by the ear."

I don't know just what that means, but when we lines up against Arrandale the next day I finds out. No signals are needed and none are used. Junk, parked at left guard, tears holes in the line a guy could walk through with an armful of grand pianos, and the Radmore backs parade.

There's no stopping Hennessey. With vicious thrusts of his head and shoulders and sweeps of his arms he crumples the whole right side of Arrandale's defense. In ten minutes we've reeled off two touch-downs.

In desperation Arrandale pulls in its wings, leaving the ends unprotected, but Gil takes no advantage of the situation. His plan calls for shooting each play off Junk's guard and he sticks to it without a break. He's taking no chances of confusing Hennessey with sudden shifts.

After our third score I meets up with Dink Travis, the Arrandale trainer, who's been busier than a surgeon on a battlefield.

"Where," he growls, "did you get that bruiser?"

"At an outdoor school for undernourished children," I grins. "Don't he look feeble?"

"He looks to me," comes back Travis, "like a couple of guys I once saw in a boiler factory."

"And what," I demands, "were you doing at a boiler factory? Ordering yourself a necklace of square-cut boilers?"

"Never mind what I was doing," snorts Dink, "but if that junky of yours is a Simon-pure I'm St. James the Lesser. How you paying him—by the month or by the murder?"

"What a wicked thought!" I exclaims, shuddering delicately. "Here's a sickly boy giving his all for the red and green and ready to die for dear old Radmore—"

"I'm glad he's ready," cuts in Travis, and turns a pair of narrowed eyes upon me.

"I see," says I. "Ordering the works?" "I ain't ordering nothing," snaps Dink, "but it ain't my fault if bones break instead of bending."

Just then the first half ends and I tells Heffernan of my conversation with Travis, but he refuses to be annoyed and laughs off the suggestion of pulling Junk from the line-up.

"Arrandale hasn't got what it takes to turn a tibia," says Gil. "Besides, I want to try out Hennessey at full."

"Without signals?" I asks.

"I got a signal," returns the coach. "It's 'one-two-three-star Hennessey!' and calls for a smash at center."

"No variations?" I puts in.

"Not any," answers Heffernan. "I'll have the ball practically handed him, and I'll eat your other shirt if he doesn't crack Arrandale wide-open in the middle. You don't think the signal's too complicated, do you?"

"Better just hand him the ball without numbers," I suggests. "The one thing you can't underestimate around here's Junk's capacity for savvy. He might confuse the signal with a reflection on his mother's cooking or his old man's taste in penitentiaries."

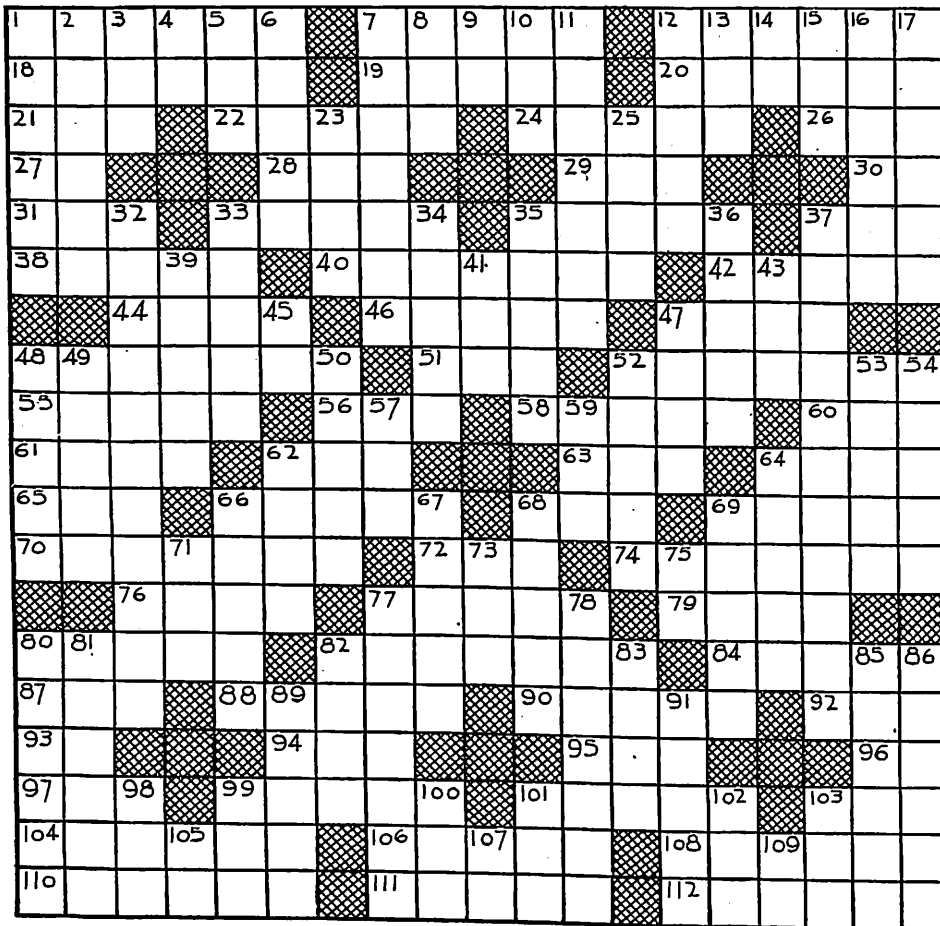
AS it happens Hennessey gets his hooks on the ball before it was intended he should. On a fumble at the kick-off he grabs the pig-skin and runs it about thirty yards in the wrong direction, smearing three or four of our lads before he's shown the error of his ways and tumbled. Nevertheless, Junk's at full when play's resumed and I'm on my toes for his first crash at the line.

And a crash it is. Head down between his concrete shoulders Hennessey bangs into Arrandale's mid-section, but the wall holds pretty well. Junk's caught in a jam

(Continued on page 38)

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



Across

- 1—City in Wash- ington
- 7—Boxes
- 12—Seasoned
- 18—Planet
- 19—A size of type
- 20—Spud (slang)
- 21—Merry
- 22—"—of Athens" (Shakespeare)
- 24—Author of the Psalms
- 26—Secondary
- 27—Norse god of war
- 28—Ventilate
- 29—Acquire
- 30—Abbreviation for "manu- script"
- 31—A constituent of varnish
- 33—Hidden
- 35—A saint of the 4th century
- 37—Cape in Tunis, Africa
- 38—Small particles
- 40—A small piece
- 42—Pollute
- 44—Disputable
- 46—Burn with water
- 47—An Asian sea
- 48—Like the Tamils of Ceylon
- 51—Before
- 52—Tangled
- 55—Stop!
- 56—Possesses
- 58—Simpleton
- 60—Daughter of Cadmus (Greek Myth.)
- 61—Bombast
- 62—A small number
- 63—Deer

- 64—Craft
- 65—Assist
- 66—Rain, snow and hail
- 68—Distant
- 69—Because
- 70—Railroad tie
- 72—Female ruff
- 74—Hay-lofts
- 76—Iroquian Indian
- 77—Weapons used in Spain
- 79—Wise Men of the East
- 80—Lobster roe
- 82—Satirical
- 84—Pluck
- 87—The 18th letter (plural)
- 88—Absolute mon- archs
- 90—Tricked (slang)
- 92—Spike of maize
- 93—Not any
- 94—Self
- 95—Custom
- 96—See!
- 97—Gratuity
- 99—Genus of Grasses
- 101—Relieved
- 103—Cover
- 104—Suitable for eating
- 106—Live
- 108—Contrive
- 110—Keep
- 111—Taut
- 112—Shoots from Ambush

Down

- 1—River in South Africa
- 2—Famous Mt. in Asia

- 3—Coast reef
- 4—Forward
- 5—Mongrel pup
- 6—Of Asia
- 7—Tally keepers
- 8—To wash out gold
- 9—One
- 10—Perch
- 11—Ran on a sun- ken obstruction
- 12—Vex
- 13—Legume
- 14—Thing
- 15—Public vehicle
- 16—The root-form of a word
- 17—Does not (cont.)
- 23—Thinking appa- ratus
- 25—Outlet
- 32—Conscripts
- 33—Irish princess in one of Wag- ner's operas
- 34—Cereal grasses
- 35—Leader of the "Green Moun- tain Boys"
- 36—Wander
- 37—A rich man
- 39—Damp
- 41—The legal pro- fession
- 43—River in Swit- zerland
- 45—The 7th note
- 47—Fatima's sister (Bluebeard)
- 48—African ante- lopes
- 49—Profit
- 50—Gladden
- 52—Breathe vio- lently through nose

- 53—Make into a law
- 54—Drivels
- 57—Reverential fear
- 59—Mountain in Asia Minor
- 62—Run away
- 64—Flat part of a ship's bottom
- 66—Spilled
- 67—Little toddlers
- 68—Is afraid
- 69—Vulgarism
- 71—Epoch
- 73—A ninety-year old Priest (1 Sam. iv-15)
- 75—Live
- 77—Nobleman
- 78—Located
- 80—Tilted
- 81—An alloy of cop- per, zinc and tin
- 82—Wise person
- 83—To swear (slang)
- 85—Grip-sack
- 86—Eats away
- 89—The number of the heavens
- 91—Requires
- 98—Kernel
- 99—"Baba's" first name
- 100—Woodman's tool
- 101—The 19th letter
- 102—Lair
- 103—To kiss
- 105—Chemical sym- bol for "barium"
- 107—At home
- 109—Six

(Continued from page 37)

and lifted above it like a wave that's smashed against a rock. A second of that—then he butts himself loose and gets clear on the far-side of the line. Arrandale's right after him, but Hennessey's snaked off fifteen yards before the whistle blows. "Ten or twelve shots like that," gloats Heffernan, "and there won't be a line to go against. It'll be a thoroughly wet news- paper."

Six shots are enough. On the seventh Junk breaks through into the open and races the ball to the pay-off posts. From then on it's an amble.

Arrandale keeps dragging men off the field and sending in other ewe lambs for the sacrifice, but it makes no difference to Junk. With the session a little more than half over and with two home-made-Hennessey touchdowns in, the boy again breaks through center, shakes off four or five hangers-on and hot-foots for the goal. It looks like a clear field ahead until Allen, the hundred and thirty pound Arrandale quarter and ten-flat swifty, cuts through the interference and starts after Junk.

About twenty yards from the finish line Allen throws himself at the runner for a waist-high tackle. Hennessey slows up for a moment to pry the signal-shouter loose, but that gives Thorndike, an Arrandale end, a chance to come up. Suddenly Junk comes to a full stop, drops the ball, tears Allen loose and lifting him high overhead hurls him crashing into Thorndike. Both drop to the earth out cold. Then Hennessey picks up the pill and trots across.

Arrandale lets out a howl like a stricken she-wolf and the upshot of it is that Junk's ordered from the game.

"What for?" he demands of me. "For unnecessary roughness," I replies. "Who says it's unnecessary?" shouts Hennessey.

"The same guy," I tells him, "who says it's rough."

"What a sissy game!" snorts Junk.

II

IN the next two weeks Hennessey takes us to a couple of victories over elevens we haven't beaten in years, but it's just a chore to him. Radmore tries to make a fuss over the oaf but Junk'll have no part of it, resisting all advances with sneers and scowls and an occasional right swing.

Then, rather without warning, the kid mellows down—off the field—a fact which I attributes to the refining influence of college life. And I'm not so far wrong.

I'm sitting on the porch of our joint boarding house about eleven bells one night when Junk passes by on the other side of the street—and with him's a chick! At the distance I can't place the pan, but she's a quick little trick about five feet six, who'd weigh all of a hundred pounds if she carried a five pound Angora cat in one hand, and a five pound freshly caught salmon in the other. The pair soon vanish from sight, but in less than a half hour Hen- nessey's with me.

"Who's the twist I just seen on your wrist?" I inquires.

"Oh, just a dame in my astronomy class," replies Junk, trying to look easy the hard way. "Say," he goes on, "did you know that astronomy was all about stars?"

"Stage stars?" I puts in. "Naw," grunts Hennessey. "Them stars up there."

"Fancy!" I exclaims. "You've been in Old Joblots' astronomy class for a month. What'd you think he was talking about?" "I don't know," comes back Junk. "I never asked him."

"I see," says I, "and tonight you found out all about the starry-heavens."

"Yep," he returns. "Me and Minnie—"

"Minnie, eh?" I interrupts. "That the pretty party of the first part?"

"Naw," answers Hennessey. "That's the party you seen me with. Well, me and she went up the hill and looked through that there new big-spyglass up there. I'll bet you never had no idea how big them stars is."

"Would an apple be about right?" I asks, for the ride.

"Apple, my eye!" snorts Junk. "Some of them there stars are bigger'n—er—er—Pittsburgh."

"You mean, of course," says I, "before they took in Allegheny City."

"Naw," insists Hennessey, "even with Allegheny City. And besides stars they've got plants up there that's even bigger."

"What kind of plants?" I horns in. "Factories, flowers or frame-ups?"

"Naw," growls Junk. "Not them kind of plants. This is a swell astronomy word. A plant's a star just like a grape-fruit's an orange. The thing you're living on's a plant."

"The thing you're living on is," says I. "The thing I'm living on's a planet."

"Have it your way," offers Hennessey. "You know, there's millions of stars and what you said and the world ain't nothing but a fly-speck in a layout called the University."

"So well?" I asks, wearying a little of the subject.

"Well," returns Junk, "it makes you feel like you don't amount to nothing—that all this busting bozos ain't nothing—that nothing ain't nothing. Life ain't really nothing—"

"Listen, kid," I interrupts. "You've been talking with Minnie in the moonlight. Rub the star-dust out of your eyes and go to bed. We've got a football game on tomorrow."

Hennessey departs without another word, but I remains on the porch, pondering. What seemed so surprising at first, doesn't seem surprising at all, after a few pipe-puffs. I suppose even greater stupes than Junk have stared into stars on stilly nights and started religious as a result. Throw in a gal with the gaze and you can paint your own picture.

Though I'm not keen to have anything come into Junk's life that'll soften him up, I'm not particularly perturbed over his recent discovery of the Universe and a pure young girl to split it with. However, the next afternoon I find real cause for uneasiness.

Palmer Tech's always been a push-over for Radmore, but they come within a touch-down of taking us this trip, and all because of Hennessey. His game has all the gimp you'd expect from a Gold Star Mother. Sheer bulk makes him good enough on the defense, but ball in hand he's a sad spectacle.

Tacklers tumble him both in and out of stride, tissue paper could withstand his straight arms and he's run ragged by guys with lead in their hoofs. There's not a trace of the old junk-yard in Junk. At the end of the first half I lets him have it.

"What's eating you?" I asks. "Lady-fingers? What was the idea of letting Ahearn flatten you on the five-yard line? You could've kicked his ears off."

"Maybe," shrugs Hennessey, "but what difference would it've made a thousand light years from now?"

"What kind of years?" I demands.

"Light years," repeats Junk. "In astronomy we don't count by no ordinary years on account of the University being so big—"

"Big, eh?" I cuts in. "Well, this particular University isn't big enough to hold you unless you produce the goods you're paid for. You're not here for an education, you know."

"I ain't been running after no education," comes back Hennessey. "It ain't my fault if education won't let me alone, is it?"

"Meaning Minnie?" says I.

"Lay off her," growls Junk. "She's a swell kid."

There's no percentage in arguing further with the dumb David, so I leaves him and hies myself over to Heffernan.

"Better yank Hennessey," I advises.

"I was thinking of it," returns Gil. "Looks stale. Guess I've made a mistake and worked him too hard."

"There's a mistake been made," says I, "but that isn't it. The mistake was not registering him for botany or applied tattoo or something instead of astronomy."

"Huh?" frowns the coach belligerently. "The kid's gone high heaven on you," I tells him, and lets him in on the low.

"That quarter wit!" exclaims Heffernan. "I'll even bid him down to an eight." says I, "but remember, feller, guys went goofy over stars and skirts long before they could read or run margin accounts. Perhaps it's just a passing fancy—"

"It'd better be," cuts in Gil. "If Junk doesn't act up against Holt next week the whole purpose of bringing him here's in the wash. It's up to you, Arnica to see—"

"What do you expect me to do?" I asks. "Have the stars taken in for the duration?"

"You've got to do something," says Heffernan. "There's more Minnie than Milky Way in this business. Pull her off, appeal to her college spirit, elope with her yourself—anything you want, but I've got to have Junk with barbed wire in his hair next Saturday."

Hennessey showing no signs of getting down to the raw earth in the days that follow, I begins to take steps. First of all I gets a line on the dame in the deck through Jed Harrison, the team captain, who's in on the know.

"There's no use talking to her," says he. "She's one of those twining viners who eats peas with a spoon. She thinks it's brutal to stab 'em with a fork. How she happened to fall for Hennessey's beyond me. Most of her boy friends to date have been greasy grinds studying to be anemic."

"No college spirit?" I inquires.

"Well," replies Harrison. "I think she once sent some discreet cheers by mail to an intercollegiate chess match. Better try another side of the street, Red. You'll never rouse the jaguar in Junk through her. How about a bit of a bonus?"

"That's been suggested," I tells him, "but what's a few dollars to a lad who figures in millions of light years."

"The compound interest angle might appeal," grins Jed.

I tries everything with Hennessey, but on Friday—the day before the big game, I'm about ready to cry. Junk promises faithfully enough to give us our money's worth but the glint of battle's absent from his eyes and the curl of carnage from the lip. To show what he thinks of the game and earthly things in general he stays out until all hours directing traffic in the heavens with the help of Minnie, and it's nearly two o'clock Saturday morning when he finally reaches the boarding house. I'm waiting up for him with my last ace.

"You should've seen Venus tonight," blurts out the kid, before I can lead my card. "She was—"

"Leave Venus be in her bath," I cuts in, "and get this load of bad news. You're through at Radmore."

(Continued on page 40)



CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

On the shore of Lake Bennett in the Yukon territory

(Continued from page 39)

"Through?" mumbles Hennessey. "Through and went," says I. "Doc Doakes has ordered you dismissed at once. He claims you're not taking any interest in Chinese literature—"

"Yeh," interrupts Junk, "but I'm doing good at astronomy, ain't I?"

"Perhaps," I returns, "but Chinese lit's the Number One study in this deadfall and what Doakes says goes. You'll have to be on your way by noon or you'll be pinched for vagrancy. You see, you'll have no visible means of support—"

"Gee, that's tough," mutters Hennessey. "Ain't they no way to square this Doakes?"

"Not a way," I assures him. "It's funny, too, he should pick on you. Doakes, you know, was a great football man himself once. Played four years for the Electoral College and made the All-Alabianian the year they beat Bolivia for the All-Abroad title. But you've got to go, boy. Want me to help you pack?"

"Can't I even hang around a couple of days?" asks Junk.

"Not unless you want to hang around 'em in the hoosegow," I answers, and go into a thought trance. "There's one possible chance," I resumes, after a bit, "but it's a wild, outside chance."

"What is it?" demands Hennessey, eagerly.

"Well," says I, "I might hide you away here until this afternoon and then sneak you into the line-up without Doakes' knowing it. If you should win the game for Radmore he might be so pleased he can be talked into letting you stay."

"Think so?" puts in Junk.

"As I say, there's a bare chance," I returns. "There's nothing that professors of Chinese literature get more excited about

than football wins in freshwater colleges. Want to try?"

"Sure," he comes back quickly. "Let's try. I'll break Holt in two. Me and Minnie has got some stars—"

Having sold my bill I'm no longer interested in Minnie or the stars and I shooes Hennessey off to the hay. Until two the next afternoon I keeps him by me. Then I delivers him over to Heffernan, with a wink and a nod that tells the story of a reclaimed soul.

AND Junk does his stuff as of old, tearing wide gaps into the Holt line and taking the ball places when he gets it. However, even with Hennessey's heft, the enemy's heavier than we are and the kid's progress toward the play-off is nothing like it was against the weaker teams. Nevertheless, he plunges the ball to the Holt five yard line in the first ten minutes of play and, but for a dumb pass by our quarter-back, we'd've scored for the first time in five years against Holt.

We again threaten toward the end of the half, but it ends with the score 0-0. The play, though, has all been in Holt territory and Gil's mighty pleased with Radmore's showing.

"Nice work," says he, slapping Hennessey on the shoulders.

"Yeh," grunts Junk, "but what does it mean? A bunch of insects battling on an apple in a University where they is millions of bigger apples and—"

"Forget that," I cuts in hastily. "I just passed Doakes and I seen him smile. You got a chance."

The second stanza's a good deal like the first, but a crazy break gives Holt two points for a safety and it's up to us cold

to score. And it looks like a good bet that we will. Hennessey's on a rampage and one by one the ace players on the other side are being pulled out for repairs. So much time's taken it's growing dark when the real fireworks start.

Opening up on our own fifteen yard line Junk begins a march down the field.

Ten yards this try, twelve the next, then another ten, Hennessey hammers his way toward the goal posts. Hammers is hardly the word. Holt's shot to pieces and helpless. It's in the bag. The enemy's twenty yard line's reached without the need of a second down.

The play's close to the foul line near the Radmore rooters, with only a minute or two before the whistle, when it happens. There's a pass to Junk, but his hands never touch the ball. It sails over his shoulder with enough speed to carry it thirty yards or more and a wild scramble follows.

Hennessey, though, is not in the scramble. He's standing stock still, an arm raised toward the darkened skies and his eyes turned to the stands. I comes up on a rush.

"What's the idea?" I hollers.

"There's a star up there," returns Junk, with a goofy look.

"A what!" I howls.

"A star," he repeats. "Me and Minnie's got a game. Whoever sees the first star yells 'first.' This is the first time I win. She'll maybe gimme a kiss for seeing the star—"

"Take it now and see a lot of 'em," I snarls, and with everything I've got, I bangs my fist into his chin. Just then Heffernan appears.

"What's happened?" he asks, looking kind of blank at the big oaf on the ground.

"He saw a star," says I.

Hell-Beater

(Continued from page 13)

he got foothold with the spurs, his arms now flipping the life rope upward, then holding it taut as he swung and drove up the great tree.

An ax and a crosscut saw were slung from the back of the rigger's belt. At the first boughs Spike set himself solidly on his spurs, braced his body at an angle in the cradle of belt and taut rope, and worked for ten minutes lopping off the huge limbs. Then he climbed on. He chopped and sawed. He climbed again, leaving a stripped tree underfoot.

The relentless drive and strain of his labor smothered the torment in Spike's head until he was ready to top the spar-tree. Then, as he straddled a limb to rest, the rigger took a look through the hundred and eighty feet between himself and solid earth.

A speeder stood on the rails of the spur. From its seat a man and a woman were getting a grandstand view of Spike's performance. They would be Len Shuler and Ruth Purroy. Who else? The schoolma'am was out at last to take a look at the lovely timber in the Burson tract. She had stopped to get herself a thrill watching a logger risk his neck as he shaped up a head-spar.

So Spike thought bitterly as he scowled down through the thinning smoke haze of the Lazy Mountain woods. The thing had started hammering in his head again—

"You can't let Shuler get away with it, fella—but what'll it get you—runout—blacklist—but she's a lady, you Hunyok—"

Sore-headed and swearing savagely, Spike tackled his job again. Above him towered a thirty-foot bush of top boughs and crown. Slashed off, this top would leave a solid, stripped spar.

Spike tackled the topping in a wrathful temper, without his usual cool caution. Chopping a deep notch to guide the fall of the giant bush, he then sawed through the bole. The tree shuddered. The great top swayed over inch by inch as its fall began, with a ripping sound of splintering wood at the cut. Spike set himself for the shock to come. He wasn't quite right. There was a jangle in his usual steel-spring reaction of muscle and nerves.

The thirty-foot mass of timber and boughs gathered speed swiftly in its downward sweep. The spar pulled with the fall of the top. A last crackle of splinters, then a great green plume shot downward.

In the same instant the released spar sprang back, jerking and vibrating in a thirty-foot circle, while Spike clung like a fly on a wind-blown reed. At another time he would have been as safe. But something had failed to click. He had let a spur shake loose. He was whipped out by a jerk of the spar. He dropped—three times his length—and then his luck snatched the life rope over a bulging knot, and held.

Spike was somewhat groggy and considerably shaken, but he hocked his spurs in and started down the spar. The fall had barked his head and face. Spike felt blood trickling down his right jaw. He let it run.

When he hit solid dirt, resentment against women in general, and lady timber barons in particular, was smoking in the high-rigger. Bothering about a woman had brought him near a smashup. Women were fine in their place. But when they came to the woods and messed a man's logging up on him, th'ell with 'em.

Shuler and the lady timber baron came over from the spur.

"This here is Spike Hallisey," was Shuler's introduction. "Now, Miss Purroy, you can see what a genuine timber beast with the bark on looks like."

Miss Purroy uttered a small, gasping, "Oh!"

She was terrified, almost sickened, from the scene she had just witnessed. The man up on the tree had hardly seemed human. He stood now, silent, glowering at Shuler, black-visaged, sweating, pitch-spotted and blood-smear—a savage—a timber beast.

Miss Purroy gasped again, "Oh—oh, yes—please, Mr. Shuler, let's go on—"

They went on, with Len Shuler looking highly satisfied, almost exultant. And in Spike Hallisey's shaggy head all argument was done.

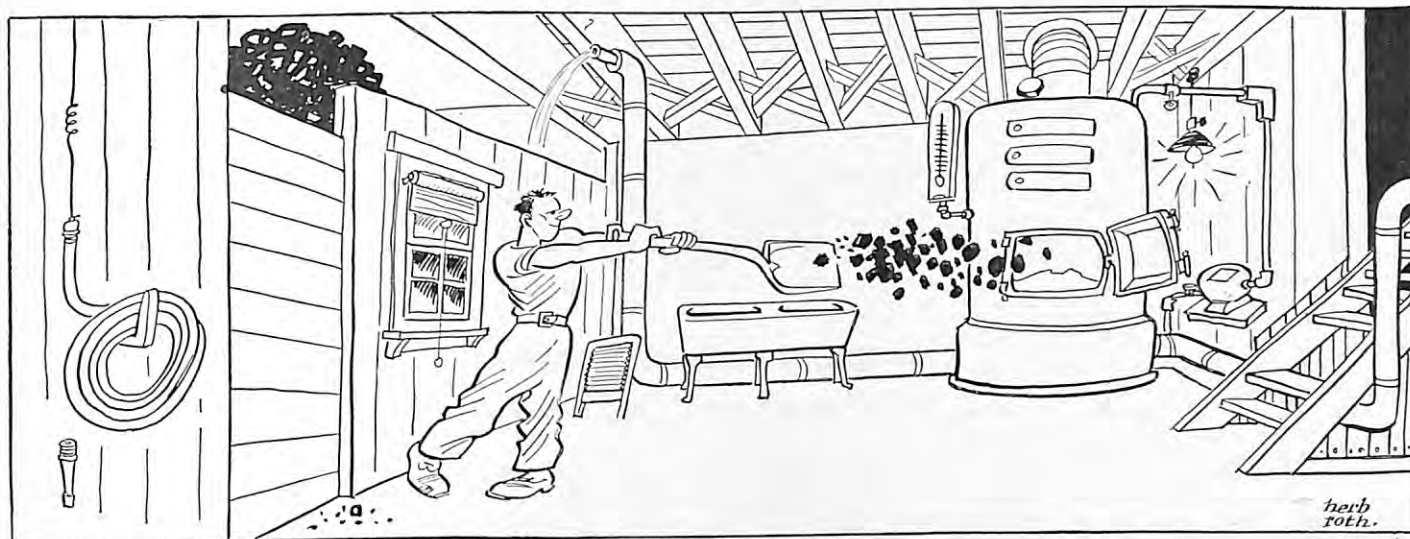
"Just one look at me, and she squinched up like a rabbit at a curly wolf," growled Spike. "Fair enough. If that's how I look to Miss Purroy, she'd listen a lot to me, wouldn't she? When they squinch like that there at Spike Hallisey, he's through!"

And so it might have been, with Ruth Purroy returning to Nebraska a sadder and wiser domestic-science teacher, had not Dutch Louie, the camp cook, picked this particular morning to start a bender on lemon extract.

The Purroy loggers were reduced to a makeshift cold lunch for their noon meal. They were a glum crew as they headed back for the last half of the day's labor. Dutch Louie's benders generally lasted a week. Sober, he was a prime cook, so his derelictions had been tolerated up to now. The loggers saw dismal meals ahead and the

What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 53)



prospect left them downhearted. The timber-country proverb says, "Meals make the man." With woodsmen this is a solemn article of faith.

And so it was with Ruth Purroy, whose cookery had won blue ribbons at several Nebraska fairs. Dutch Louie was fired, bag and baggage, by the lady owner of the Purroy camp. For the first time since coming to Oregon Ruth had a chance to act with certainty. To Ruth a kitchen—any kind of a kitchen—was what the big timber was to Spike Hallisey. She fired Dutch Louie with zest. With joy she took hold.

This sudden turn of events shook Len Shuler out of his chilled steel calm.

"You can't do this, Miss Purroy," the boss protested. "We got to look over the Burson tract this afternoon."

"I wouldn't know what it was all about, anyhow," Ruth said serenely. "Besides, the option has three days to run, hasn't it?"

"Yah—sure," muttered Shuler nervously. "Only—well, it should be settled. And this doesn't look right. You, the owner, cooking for a pack of timber savages. It's—uh—scandalous."

"Oh, stuff!" Ruth laughed. "It's my chance to stop being a stranger in my own place. You run along to the woods, Mr. Shuler."

Mr. Shuler was still swearing when he met his bull-bucker, Muddy Magoon.

"You keep an eye peeled on that blasted rigger," Shuler ordered. "I've warned Miss Purroy what an all around hellion he is, but he might get her cornered and shoot off his chin. I'll rig up some scheme to get her back to Crosscut tomorrow . . ."

BUT today had one more meal to go. That evening the Purroy loggers bunched gloomily before the cookhouse door to await the supper gong.

Spike Hallisey brooded apart. All afternoon, as he geyed the new spar, he had felt lowdown. It was queer, after he'd settled the argument in his mind.

Ought to be feeling prime, Spike mused. Cool breezes blowing over old Lazy from the Pacific. A fringe of sunset cloud fleeces in the Western sky there, all red and gold in the thinning smoke haze. Maybe rain tomorrow. Hell closed for the season. All he had to do was keep his mouth shut and log for Len Shuler. But here he was, lowdown . . . lowdown . . .

The clangor of the gong opened the cookhouse doors. The loggers made a heaving human torrent that poured inside

and flooded around the tables. Spike dragged along to his seat. He had no appetite as he sagged at his place. Too low-down in his mind.

To the right and left of Spike brawny arms shuttled from platters and bowls to plates. Dripping slices of roast beef soared and fell. Steaming scoops of vegetables swung along. Spike stared with dull eyes.

THEN a flunky hustled up with a fresh platter of smoking biscuits. The platter clattered down before Spike's plate. His chest lifted a trifle as he breathed in the inimitable odor of hot bread. His eyes glistened a mite as his gaze was filled by the mound of snowy fluffs with tops of golden brown. Next to flapjacks, hot biscuits were Spike's favorite dish. He knew these were rare, even before he had lifted one to his mouth. Then—

Spike's eyes gently closed. He hardly chewed at all, but simply let that first wonderful and amazing hot biscuit melt in his mouth, feeling its flavor clear to his feet. Here was the hot biscuit of Spike's hungriest dreams. Not a hard crumb in the crust. Not a tough flake in the center—

"Pass the butter," breathed Spike Hallisey, still in the spell. Then, all of a sudden he realized that he was a starving curly wolf. His neighbor had failed to hear him. "Pass the butter!" howled Spike, "or I'll gnaw your goddam ears off!"

The butter was passed. Spike Hallisey ate biscuits. Alone he cleaned up half the platter, while his neighbors devoured the others. The flunky brought a second platter. Spike sampled some roast beef, creamed peas and mashed potatoes. He even took a whack at a dish of lettuce salad. His last try was a half of a green-apple pie.

"Just let me hear a man say he's ever wrapped his lips around better cookin' than this here," invited Spike ominously. "Just let me hear somebody even hint so much."

It was a needless challenge. As the Purroy loggers quit the tables, ardent praises for the lady owner's grub trailed from every man. Through their stomachs she had won the hearts of all.

Ruth Purroy had achieved even more with Spike Hallisey. In a mellow glow from a meal that hit every spot, the high-rigger felt his bitter cynicism utterly subside, while his chivalry lifted in a finer flame than ever. It led him irresistibly for the kitchen.

Ruth Purroy was so tired and hot that a hysterical mood threatened. For five solid hours she had slaved in a kitchen that was strange and had been in drunken disorder to begin with. Five hours over a blazing wood-burning range. With serving over and the flunkies clearing the tables, Ruth stepped out on the screened back porch to rest and cool off.

As she sat down in a camp chair the screen door opened and banged behind her. The porch floor creaked under a tramp of calked boots. Ruth turned sharply on the intruder. She gasped weakly as she was faced by the timber savage who had repelled her so this morning. Mr. Shuler's stories about the terrible man flashed into her mind.

SPIKE HALLISEY had come out all gloried up to tell this lady timber baron who was such a prime biscuit-baker a heap of things for her own good. He had booted out all thoughts of danger to his life in the woods. Th'ell with all that! He'd run the risk. This Miss Purroy was folks, and he'd tell her things—

But here she was, all white at just the sight of him. And here was Muddy Magoon, crashing up and growling:

"Haul outer here! We'll learn you to scare hell outer a lady! Tramp, you timber beast!"

Miss Purroy fled for the kitchen. Spike Hallisey grimly marched.

Some twenty minutes later Spike Hallisey was sitting on a side bench of the logging train caboose as it rolled from camp. A blanket roll bulked in his lap. Spike felt licked, and resigned. Shuler had handed him a kickout. There was no mention of a blacklist, and Spike hoped that he could hunt along the timber trails for a new job under his own name.

What still worried Spike was the fact that Muddy Magoon was along. The squareset bull-bucker was squatted on the bench opposite Spike. His right hand nursed his gun, a hog-legged revolver with a seven-inch barrel.

The rattling roar of the train subsided as the geared locomotive coasted on a down grade. Magoon and Hallisey were alone in the caboose, the brakemen riding the engine until the train should make a switch-back at the bottom of the long grade.

"You can put up that cannon," Spike invited pacifically. "I ain't startin' nothin'. I'm cured. I'll head out of Crosscut first

(Continued on page 42)

(Continued from page 41)
shot in the mornin' for keeps. No need of bein' tough."

"You'll head out, bully," said Magoon, with a sarcastic leer. "Sure you will rigger—in maybe thirty days. You're bound for the Crosscut jail. Think I'm along as a escort or somethin'?"

"What's the charge?" said Spike quietly. "I ain't made up my mind." Magoon grinned. "I'm a deppity fire warden, you know. Maybe you're a firebug. Maybe you threatened Miss Purroy. Anyhow, you'll get a long-needed rest."

"That's no use," argued Spike. "I'm cured, I tell you. I'll pull out and keep my trap shut."

"Yeh? Len give you one chance. Been me, I'd of cooked you soon's I heard you took that cruise down from the Reserve."

"I never figured to block your game. All I want to do is log. That's straight."

"Shut up," growled Magoon. "I got my orders. Maybe Shuler will let you out in a week, if he's ready, and you talk turkey."

This jail business was rubbing it in considerably too hard. Spike could take his medicine, a kickout, with a grin. But Len Shuler was handing him poison. Besides, Spike had plucked an idea from Magoon's gloating talk. That firebug thing—once loose from Magoon, he might turn firebug to beat Len Shuler—

THE train was slowing down at the switchback. The caboose was jolted and jerked by the ponderous cars of logs ahead as the brakes ground on. Spike hugged up his blanket roll as though to save it from falling to the floor. Head down, his cornerwise gaze watched Magoon's every movement.

The brakes ground harder. The caboose lurched and bucked. Magoon was heaved off balance for a moment. That was enough for Spike Hallisey. With his blanket roll as a shield, he surged up and over for the bull-bucker. A gunshot roared. It was echoed by a meaty thud. Muddy Magoon rolled to the caboose floor with the knuckle-prints of Spike Hallisey embedded in his jaw.

The rigger hooked up the gun and his pack and ran for the back platform. In a six-count he was lunging and swaying in the ditch beside the track. Then he plunged into the bush.

Spike was two hundred yards up the slope before he stopped for a backward look. The train was backing through the switch, picking up speed for the run to Crosscut. Spike had a solid start.

Twilight was deepening over the woods. The rigger headed on into the shadows of the slash and bush. Spike cut over the hump, on a trail that would take him to the logging works. He was not hunting freedom. Neither was he being anybody's hero.

Len Shuler had pushed Spike Hallisey just about seven inches too far. A man could push Spike around a lot before he could be aroused to fight back. But when he started he was a hell-beater. Spike Hallisey was a logger . . .

Spike's first waking emotion the next morning was, as always, a profound craving for flapjacks and bacon. Then, as he blinked up into the red sunrise that shone through the great firs of the Burson tract, Spike remembered what he had to do before he could wrap his jaws around flapjacks. Last night he had hauled the climber's outfit out of the cache at the spur and fetched it along to his lone camp. After a wash in the creek, Spike shouldered the outfit and his blanket roll and started a cruise through the Burson timber.

He took a broadly zigzagging trail,

working easily across the half-mile of valley toward the boundary of the Reserve. Spike was cruising for a particular tree. In an hour he found it.

In the heart of the Burson tract Spike Hallisey hauled up at a giant Douglas fir whose towering spread of boughs was turning brown. On one side of the tree the bark had fallen away above the roots, revealing rotten wood. The tree was stricken with the black fungus, a parasite that devours the heartwood of firs, leaving a shell of sapwood to bear life from the roots to the boughs. An infested stand of timber may appear outwardly sound for years, yet be commercially valueless. This stricken Douglas fir was in the last stage of destruction.

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 38)

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

It was working time down in the Purroy woods. The shrill of donkey-engine whistles carried through the windless air to Spike, as he buckled on the heavy rigger's belt and looped the dead tree with his life rope. It would be a risky climb up to the rusting boughs. Slabs of dead bark were sure to shake off under the drive of his spur-spikes. But Spike knew what he had to do. He climbed timber.

Three times his spurs were jerked out by shedding bark slaps, but three times Spike yanked his rope into a clutching grip about the tree and recovered his spur-hold. Sixty feet up he was at the big lower limbs. Then the idea that had sparked on the logging train blazed into action. Literally that. Spike Hallisey turned firebug. Breaking off a bushy branch, he struck a match to the brown needles. He thrust the flame into the foliage of the bottom bough. Then he plunged down the bole.

THERE was no time now to play safe with the dead bark. Spike let the life rope sag below his spur-hold for each jump, then swung into a ten-foot drop before hauling up on the rope and kicking for a hold with his spurs again. Six jumps down the tree—and then a monster bark slab broke loose with a rending crash.

Spike fell twenty feet, raking and thumping the tree as the snagging life rope caught twice, then slipped on from the jerk of his weight. Spike bumped the roots hard. His chest and legs burned from the loss of hide. And now brands and sparks were showering from the fired tree. Spike pawed the rope from his belt and heaved out for a roll in the dust, smothering the sparks that had caught in his clothes.

Spike wobbled to his feet and stared up into the tree. It was now a giant torch, the flames shooting high above its two-hundred-foot crown, a great smoke plume rising on beyond the flames. Any second now the flag of hell would be spotted by somebody in the Purroy crew.

Then the loggers would turn hell-beaters again. The one force that the authority of Len Shuler could not override would pull his entire gang of loggers into the Burson tract—would bring them all straight to a tree which would tell any knowing woodsman that the cruise of Shuler and Magoon had been a fake.

The donkey whistles shrilled, in short, frenzied blasts. Spike heard them as he fought to hold the fire he had started to the one tree. Brands were showering in the bush and among saplings. Spike had yanked his pack open, and he now charged with a blanket club to beat out every start of a bush blaze.

The windless weather was with Spike, and his luck held. The brands of the giant torch failed to carry to the crowns of neighboring big trees. The torch itself was smoking out when the first of the Purroy loggers crashed through for the fire.

It was Len Shuler. The man was a fox. He had made no effort to stop his men from a charge on the fire. Instead he had led them on. He was a hundred yards ahead when he spotted Spike Hallisey. For an instant the rangy camp boss wavered in his running stride, then he plunged for the rigger, swinging an ax.

Murder glittered in the man's gray eyes—and in the flash of the steel ax blade. Spike's pack was some ten feet behind him. He swung for it, remembering that Magoon's gun was on the unrolled tarpaulin. Spike swooped, then whirled to a halt, kicking up dust. Shuler plowed to a stop against the threat of the black muzzle. His hands went limp. The ax thudded into the dirt. That was prime for Spike. Now he could get his man as a logger should. He flung the gun behind him and leaped for Shuler with the same motion. Then, in the sweep of his lunge, the rigger's right hand closed into a knotty fist. It struck Len Shuler's chin like an oak maul.

The camp boss lit in a splash of dust. He was out of it. But now Spike Hallisey faced a human storm. These loggers were not seeing him as a mate now. He was a black devil of a firebug who had started a blaze in the woods. They were out hunting hell, and Spike Hallisey was their meat.

But a name lulled the storm—
"It's for the Purroy girl—Shuler sold her out!" roared Spike, as the gang heaved for him. "I'm tellin' you for Ruth Purroy!" The loggers slowed up, most of them now seeing the death in the tree. "Listen, you savages," Spike growled on. "This timber is rotten with conk—like the burnt tree there—it's a sellout on Ruth Purroy, and you got to give me a chance to show you how."

The fire threat was smoked out, and Spike Hallisey was allowed to speak his piece.

During the fire in the Reserve Spike had taken a lone run down the southern slope of Lazy Mountain to smother a blaze from a long-shot brand. Chopping down a small burning tree, Spike had discovered that the black fungus was in this spot of mountain timber. It was just above the upper boundary of the Burson tract. That tract was probably the source of infection. Keeping the news to himself, Spike had cruised down the valley alone on his return from the Reserve.

"A good half of the tract is foul and worthless," Spike concluded. "Shuler and Magoon sold out to the speculator who owns the tract. It was Jake with me, if the timber barons hooked each other. I admit

I thought to horn in on this deal, for a cut. But not now. Not on somebody like Miss Purroy. I want a fair cruise and estimate for her. That should slab maybe three-quarters off the price. That's all. Me, I'm out of it . . . I'll just be loggin' on . . ."

But Ruth Purroy had another idea, after Grizz Whalen, the old hocker, had made her understand things about Spike Hallisey. It hit the rigger somewhat like a falling tree.

Spike was at the cookhouse table for a delayed breakfast. Before him a mighty stack of flapjacks smoked. Behind him the

soft tones of the lady timber baron murmured words that made Spike's ears feel large and hot. Then:

"And now I must hire a new camp foreman," said the lady timber baron. "One whom I can trust. Mr. Hallisey, will you take the job?"

For a long moment Spike stared wordlessly into the fragrant steam that curled up from the flapjacks. He knew what it meant to be a woods boss. It meant the worry of responsibility. It meant thinking, tough thinking about matters that couldn't be settled by brawn in action. And thinking was hard on a logger. It bothered his

sleep, took his appetite, and set hammers to pounding in his head. Nope. Not for him. For Spike Hallisey the free trails, the job that could be licked by fist and boot alone—

But meals make the man—when the man is a logger. Unconsciously Spike had forked up a buttered mouthful of flapjack. Suddenly he relaxed. His eyes closed. Then, over his chilly doubts, warm and melting flavors flowed. Spike's rugged countenance was sunned by a blissful grin. At last he breathed words.

"Better'n your biscuits even," breathed Spike Hallisey. "Ma'am, I'm hired."

The Mystery of the Secret Cabinet

(Continued from page 22)

Homer Cummings was State's attorney for Fairfield county at the time, so that his was the duty of prosecution. On the face of it, the case looked absurdly simple, for even if Israel had not confessed, proof of his guilt seemed to be overwhelming. A waitress testified to seeing him a block from the scene of the crime five to ten minutes before the shooting. Four other witnesses, who saw the killing, identified Israel as the man they had seen running away after the fatal shot.

An eminent expert on ballistics was called in by the Bridgeport police, and his lengthy experiments had every appearance of conclusiveness. Bullets fired from the revolver found on Israel's person at the time of his arrest were declared to have the same "lands" and "grooves" as were on the bullet extracted from the body of Father Dahme.

THE usual bloodhound breed of prosecutor, presented with such a mass of evidence, would have rested content, and licked his jowls at the certainty of a death penalty. The law, of course, presumes the innocence of the accused until guilt is proved, but not one State's attorney in a hundred ever proceeds upon that theory, nearly all striving for a conviction as though their own lives depended on a verdict of guilty.

Homer Cummings, fortunately for Israel, was the one man in the hundred. As he saw it, the primary duty of a lawyer exercising the high duty of a public prosecutor was not to convict, but to see that justice was done. Instead of accepting the case as handed to him by the police, therefore, he read its details with the most scrupulous care, and then prepared to verify every item for himself, taking nothing for granted.

An interview with Israel speedily developed the point that the accused man now repudiated his confession, insisting on his absolute ignorance of the crime. He had confessed, he said, in order "to get a rest, and because everything was against him." Investigation uncovered the fact that he had been "questioned" for hours at a time, and physicians of standing, after due examination, testified that Israel was a moron type peculiarly susceptible to fatigue and suggestion.

Israel further stated that he had been at a motion picture theatre in Bridgeport at the time of the murder, and named the four pictures he had seen. Mr. Cummings, on checking up, found that the four pictures had been shown on the evening of the murder, and in the exact sequence Israel had described.

Turning to the stories told by the various witnesses, he spent evening after evening at the scene of the crime, acting out just what the men and women had sworn

to having seen. As a consequence, it stood clear that it would have been humanly impossible for an identification to have been made by three of the witnesses. A fourth said that the slayer had "one of those black pistols," while the revolver taken from Israel was nickel-plated.

A fifth witness, who stood within six feet of Father Dahme at the time of the shooting, was unable to give any more accurate description than that the killer wore an overcoat and a gray cap. Israel's cap was an olive green. Coming at last to the waitress who claimed to have seen Israel pass her restaurant a few minutes before the murder, Mr. Cummings found that it was impossible to distinguish passersby, owing to the fact that there was a glass partition between the front window and the counter where she stood.

These investigations concluded, he turned to the evidence of the expert on ballistics who held that the fatal bullet had passed through Israel's revolver. Almost at once he found weak spot after weak spot, and thoroughly dissatisfied, called in six other experts and outlined the experiments he desired to make. The mortal bullet was found to have well defined lands and grooves, while bullets fired from the Israel revolver had none. Various other points of difference were noted, and at the conclusion of the experiments, the six experts were unanimous in the declaration that the mortal bullet could not possibly have passed through the Israel revolver.

On the morning of Harold Israel's trial, therefore, Homer Cummings rose in his place and gravely remarked that: "It goes without saying that it is just as important for a State's attorney to use the great powers of his office to protect the innocent as it is to convict the guilty." After which he analyzed the case in the light of his investigations, and when he had finished, moved a dismissal of the indictment, declaring that there could be no doubt as to Israel's innocence.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Errors commented as follows: "No finer example of adherence to highest public duty, of patient investigation, of steady and unbending courage and of quiet disregard of prejudice and clamor can be found in all the annals, all the administrations, of all the State's attorneys in our State from the beginning of that office, that the Israel case furnishes. Nothing of its kind can excel the cogency of that assemblage of facts; they fitted in place like the stones of some mighty and massive building. The guilty cannot escape such an official; no more can the innocent suffer through him."

The Wickersham Committee in its report on "Lawlessness in Law Enforcement" also referred to the Israel case as "a notable illustration of the proper discharge of the prosecutor's duty." Both

abroad and in the United States, it has become a legal classic, and President Roosevelt, a lawyer himself, knew that he was making no mistake when he selected Homer Cummings to fill the high post left vacant by the death of Senator Walsh. Just as the man from Connecticut will not use the high office of Attorney General to hound, harass and grandstand, just so is it certain that not fear nor favor will turn him from full enforcement of the law.

HAROLD ICKES, the fifty-nine-year-old Secretary of the Interior, comes about as close to being a political chameleon as any man in public life today. A Republican to begin with, he switched to the Bull Moose movement in 1912, scurried back into the Republican ranks in 1916, serving on the National Committee in support of Hughes, and in 1924 left the fold again, managing Hiram Johnson's ill-fated campaign for the presidency. Continuing as a Progressive Republican until 1932, he fought valiantly for the election of Roosevelt.

It may be said in passing that F. R. was his first winner, for not only did Harold lose with T. R. in 1912, Hughes in 1916 and Johnson in 1924, but back in the days of Chicago's reform waves, he managed the unsuccessful campaigns of John Harlan and Charles E. Merriam. Oh, yes! In 1926 he handled Hugh Magill's losing race as an independent candidate for the United States Senate.

Grateful to the Progressive Republicans for their help, President Roosevelt decided to give them a place in his Cabinet, and made the offer to California's Senator Johnson. Hiram, however, had no desire to quit the Senate, but took advantage of the bid to press the claims of the man who had managed his campaign in 1924, and succeeded in landing Harold as Secretary of the Interior.

A very quiet man, this Mr. Ickes, with rather cold, squinchy blue eyes and a steel trap mouth. Anything but a hand-shaker, and at first Washington was inclined to regard him as a joke that Hiram Johnson had played on the Democratic party. Before a month had passed, however, the whisper began to spread that "Ickes was the goods," and today it is quite a loud cry. An honest man and a very able man, the people can rest assured that nobody will grab natural resources, or get any special privileges, as long as Harold is in office.

DANIEL CALHOUN ROPER, Secretary of Commerce, is the Administration's handyman. Professor Moley may have been called when a policy was to be decided, but

(Continued on page 46)

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Go today to a Studebaker dealer's and see these sensationally designed, sensationally priced new cars. Take one out for a trial drive and experience the thrill of motoring as only Studebaker can provide it.

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For years has relieved sore muscles, aches, bruises, cuts, sprains, abrasions, sleeplessness, "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

(Continued from page 43)

when it comes to a question of how that policy is going to be put into effect, and the way to make it work, "Dan" Roper is the man called in. He was at the head of the select committee that planned the railroad law, the reorganization of government departments and the Industrial Recovery Act, not to mention a score or so of other like matters.

Oil is a rough and gritty substance compared to the smoothness of Mr. Roper, for virtually all of his adult life has been spent in politics, and he has lifted the profession into an art. While a member of the South Carolina legislature, he made some remarkable discovery about cotton statistics that won him a ten year job with the United States Census Bureau. With that as a spring board he eased himself into Congress. The first Wilson administration elevated him to be first assistant postmaster general, and due to his invaluable services in the 1916 campaign, he was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Mr. Roper looks like a preacher, and strangely enough, the appearance is not deceptive, for his success in politics has not been due to slyness, but to simplicity and straightforwardness. Everybody knows that "Dan" Roper's word is as good as gold; there isn't a bitter drop in him, and best of all, he has an invincible modesty that makes him willing to let others have the credit for an achievement. Added to all this, he has ability and a most prodigious industry. When 1936 rolls around, and the Roosevelt record comes up for appraisal, nothing is more certain than that "Dan" Roper will be found to have played a great part in its accomplishment.

SECRETARY of Agriculture Wallace has the distinction of being the worst dressed man in the Cabinet. His clothes never fit very well to begin with, and after a week or so, they look as if they had been slept in, and a hard, restless night at that. To complete the tawdler picture, his vest and pants are rarely on speaking terms, and through the gap billow great waves of crumpled shirt. Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Tugwell, himself what might be called a snappy dresser, burst into racking sobs when he first laid eyes on his future chief.

Out in Iowa, however, where Wallace hails from, it's not the clothes that count, but the man inside them. And young Henry is considerable of a man. A Republican born and bred, he didn't like what Mr. Hoover was doing for the farmer and for the country, and he said so in words that had the crack of a bull-whip. Not once, but week after week, year after year, until the Republican elephant had welts on every inch of his hide.

The good people of Iowa have a way of listening to what a Wallace says. Henry's grandfather started *Wallace's Farmer* back in the days of sod houses, and Henry's father carried on, gaining political stature to a point where the Republican party put him in the Cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture. Young Henry started in the office in 1910, then just out of a cow school, and rose to be the Editor in 1924. Always something of an independent, he quit the G. O. P. with a loud report when Franklin Roosevelt took the field, although he still calls himself a Progressive Republican. That, however, was a principal reason for his selection as a member of the Cabinet, for if President Roosevelt has one idea that he loves more than another, it is his dream of amalgamating Democrats and Progressives in one big liberal party.

Professor Tugwell's chief may not be able to chatter glibly about ergs and graphs and lags, but he certainly knows his farms

and farmers. No expensive pamphlets on the sex life of the bull frog will be issued by the Department of Agriculture while Mr. Wallace is in charge. He is about as practical as they make them, and if his whole soul is centered on the welfare of the farmer, it's because he believes implicitly that the prosperity of the country depends on the restoration of the farmer's purchasing power.

WILLIAM HARTMAN WOODIN, Secretary of the Treasury, remains the "mystery man" of the Cabinet. His record indicates a hard-headed, hard-fisted "go-getter," for while inheriting a fortune from his father, he built it up to a vast size, and has his finger in almost every big financial pie. He's Big Business in every fibre.

It is the general opinion that President Roosevelt put him in as Secretary of the Treasury more as a gesture than anything else. There was a somewhat general fear, bred by Republican orators, that the Democrats meant to go in for fat money the minute they took office, running the printing presses night and day, and F. R. named Woodin by way of reassuring the great financial interests of the country.

Who's Who for 1933 lists Mr. Woodin as a Republican, although he himself insists that he supported "Al" Smith in 1928, and was both vigorous and generous in his championship of Franklin Roosevelt. In any event, his Republicanism is without a tinge of progressivism, for his political affiliations have always been with the reactionary, standpat element in the Grand Old Party.

CLAUDE AUGUSTUS SWANSON, Secretary of the Navy, is the oldest member of the Cabinet, being seventy-one years of age. Like Cordell Hull, that other Southern statesman, the Honorable Claude Augustus has given his entire adult life to the public service. Virginia sent him to Congress from 1893 to 1905, made him Governor from 1905 to 1910, promoted him to the United States Senate in 1911, and then proceeded to keep him there.

His selection for the Cabinet, so it is whispered, was largely dictated by President Roosevelt's desire to have Governor Harry Byrd in the Senate, but this is not the whole truth by any means. Senator Swanson has made the Navy his specialty, and while never having served before the mast, he knows more about battleships and cruisers than a lot of the admirals. He is, quite frankly, a Big Navy man, and from the very first has fought against reductions that would cripple our sea power.

A GOOD many people are firmly convinced that Frances Perkins was put in the Cabinet as a sop to the woman vote. As a matter of fact, sex had nothing to do with it. President Roosevelt named her Secretary of Labor because, in his judgment, she was "the best man for the job." A college graduate, with all sorts of letters after her name, she enlisted early in the fight for social justice and for more than twenty years has been a leader in the struggle for industrial reform.

As much as any other in the country, she is responsible for improved factory conditions, the abolition of fire-traps and the forward march of hygiene and sanitation; she was an early foe to child labor and fought in many States for laws that would protect women in industry. Maternity care, mothers' pensions, workmen's compensation laws and collective bargaining have all had her fearless, brilliant championship—in fact, there is no movement for human betterment that has not had her help.

The American Federation of Labor heads were bitter about her appointment, and William Green declared publicly that he would "never go to her" for anything. "Well," smiled Miss Perkins, "that being the case, I'll have to go to Mr. Green."

An intense person, the new Secretary of Labor, but with her intensities masked by suavity, splendid judgment and a nice sense of humor. Even in her crusading days she never called names or got in rows, marching to her goals with a gay, disarming amiability that won over many an opponent. Governor Smith was the first to recognize her rare executive talents, putting her at the head of the New York State Industrial Commission back in 1919, and when Franklin Roosevelt took office in 1929, one of his first acts was to tell Frances Perkins to stay right on the job.

Organized labor may have resented her appointment, but it can be prophesied safely that she will do more real good for the workers than any A. F. of L. man that could have been named. Not for the selfish advantage of unionism, perhaps, but for *all* men and women who toil with head or hand, bettering the conditions under which they work, compelling fair treatment and bringing a larger measure of happiness into their lives.

LAST, but far from least, we come to a consideration of James Aloysius Farley, our Postmaster General. Like Miss Perkins, he has the gift of humor and winning geniality. Everybody likes "Big Jim" Farley, and staunch Republicans avoid him to keep from being won over. If any one man can be said to be responsible for Franklin Roosevelt's nomination, that man is Mr. Farley, for his swing around the circle netted nineteen States in twenty days, putting F. R. so far out in front that they never caught him.

A master politician, this Aloysius, but not of the Old School. A "square shooter," one finds him always in the open, saying exactly what he thinks, and performing exactly as he promises. There isn't a devious, sly, subterranean note in the man, or a mean bone in his body. He gets his results by a very real ability, a prodigious industry and a most uncanny knack of knowing just what people are thinking and feeling.

He looks as strong as a horse, and that is what he will have to be, for he carries more on his shoulders than any other save the President. Aside from being Postmaster General, "Big Jim" is Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee, chief dispenser of patronage, and the President's personal representative when it comes to laying cornerstones, opening World Fairs, stumping against prohibition and bouncing around the country. Strange as it may seem with all this press of duties, "Big Jim" is making a fine official. His administration of the Post Office Department has been both honest and fair, for he has stopped the abuse of the spoils system, and what is even better, put an end to the favoritism that handed out juicy subsidies to powerful and privileged interests. The New Deal, as he sees it, is essentially the "square deal."

SO much for the Roosevelt Cabinet. Viewed politically, it does not show any too much sagacity, for three members are from the Solid South, and three from the State of New York—a curiously lop-sided and rather inept distribution. Viewed personally, however, it's a pretty good Cabinet, for generally speaking, they are an able, industrious lot, possessed of ideals and fairly busting with a desire to make good in a great big way.



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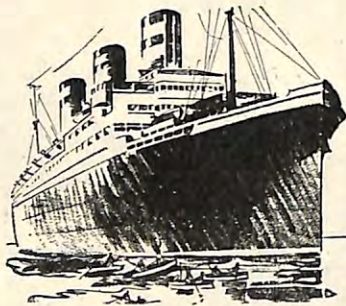
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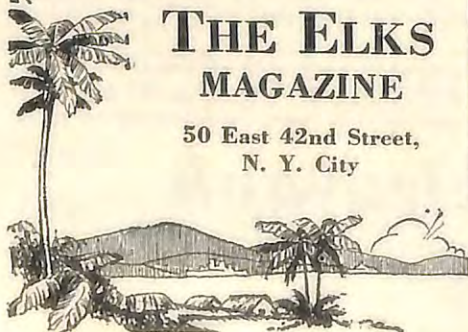
BEGIN now to plan for one of the Elks beautiful West Indies Cruises during the coming winter.

The Elks Magazine has made arrangements for several tours during the Winter season, definite announcement of which will be made in the November issue.

This announcement is purely for the purpose of having all Elks know that there will be several Elks West Indies Cruises this Winter. Bring friends, relatives and Brother Elks—and you will see everything. You will go ashore at those fascinating ports made famous by pirates and corsairs . . . enjoy hospitality far away from Winter's blasts . . . on azure Summer Seas. The cruises will be from nine to eighteen days, and planned to suit every one's purse, time and convenience. *Write for details.*

**THE ELKS
MAGAZINE**

50 East 42nd Street,
N. Y. City



Further Information on the Nation-Wide Bridge Contest

(Continued from page 23)

Central Lodges until after play has commenced in the West. Thus, no advance information regarding the hands will be available to any of the contestants.

To the player the most interesting phase of this arrangement is the fact that the correct bidding and play of the hands will be available immediately after he or she has finished playing. The players can then compare their results with those of the experts, thus getting a lesson of untold value. While there will be handsome cups for the national winners, top-score emblems for the local winners and various other prizes, the main benefit to any one interested in bridge will be the thrill of competition and the opportunity to acquire thoroughly practical and highly concentrated bridge instruction.

If you are a bridge fan or have a friend who is one, go to the Chairman of your Entertainment Committee or the Chairman appointed to conduct this Tournament and talk to him about it. Offer him your aid. He will appreciate it. By every one doing a little this Tournament can be made a wonderful success. If your Lodge has not yet appointed its Tournament Director, bring the matter up at the next meeting.

Last month I said that I expected to get ideas from you and pass them on through these columns. Write me of any plan regarding card playing that has been tried out in your Lodge and that produced beneficial results in money, good fellowship, new members or reinstatements. You might even write me of any plans that turned out to be flops. Maybe the weakness in the scheme can be pointed out, or the information may keep some other Lodge from the same mistakes. I am very much in hopes that all of us can work closely together.

Here is a plan that Frank P. White, Past Exalted Ruler of Oak Park, Illinois, Lodge, No. 1295, told me of. This Lodge has had it in highly successful operation for several years. They give a great many free bridge parties during the season. Prizes are furnished by the club and refreshments are served—all free. Members are urged to bring their friends—as many of them as possible. The only requirement is that they must register their guests with the Secretary and obtain courtesy cards for them.

A list of these guests and their sponsors is handed the Membership Committee. The names are listed as membership prospects and these men are contacted by the Membership Committee. It is likely that the various sponsors are added temporarily to that Committee. Considerable tact is used in handling the solicitations. The committee members do not jump right on a guest the first time he appears in the Club. Opportunity is given him to get acquainted, the idea being to have the prospect sell himself on joining the Lodge. They have found that a man who sells himself in this way is generally a sticker. However, if continued hospitality is accepted and the joining feature is dodged or postponed too long, that particular guest is no longer invited.

A great many Lodges feel they cannot afford to give free parties, but when they are handled in the proper way they are membership builders and dividend payers. It's the old adage of casting your bread upon the waters. Oak Park Lodge's record in Elkdom proves this plan to be a thoroughly profitable one.

A brand new bridge book by T. N. Winslow came to the writer's desk this month. It varies from the usual style not only in its arrangement, which was done by Charles E. Anstett, but also in its clever spiral binding which permits the book to open absolutely flat. It is a very clear and complete exposition of a contract bidding system which is radically different from the systems now in use. Mr. Winslow must have in his makeup a strong leaning toward statistics, for his book hews strictly to a line of mathematical reasoning. He stresses the importance of the combined twenty-six cards in the partnership holding and his bidding formulas make it possible for each partner to obtain a precise picture of the combined values in the two hands.

The bridge student who likes to try out new bidding systems will be captivated by this book. There is a wealth of material in it and every step is illustrated with a number of examples. To either the timid or the over-bold, the last two chapters—devoted to slam bidding and penalty doubling—alone with compensate for reading the entire book. *Win With Winslow*—\$1.00. Published by the Nascon Service Co., New York City.

YOU were asked in last month's issue how you would bid and play the following hand in a duplicate contract match:

♠ A-K-Q-6-4-3			
♥ A-J-6			
♦ Q-3			
♣ K-3			
♠ 10-8-2	N	♠ 5	
♥ Q-5	W	♥ 10-9-7-3	
♦ K-9-5-4	E	♦ 10-8-7-6-2	
♣ Q-J-10-6	S-Dealer	♣ 9-5-2	
		♠ J-9-7	
		♥ K-8-4-2	
		♦ A-J	
		♣ A-8-7-4	

The bidding should go as follows:

South	West	North	East
1 No Trump	Pass	3 Spades	Pass
3 No Trump	Pass	5 Spades	Pass
5 No Trump	Pass	6 No Trump	Pass
Pass	Pass		

This would be the correct bidding in a duplicate match. In rubber bridge the six spade contract would more likely be settled upon as it would be safer. A bid of seven in either no trump or spades would not be justified. In duplicate play the difference of a few points often means the difference between a top score or just an average on the hand. This is an especially important factor now that the match point method of scoring is used so widely.

The proper play of the hand is as follows:

When the dummy is spread the declarer can count eleven tricks—six in spades, two in hearts, two in clubs and one in diamonds. It is an excellent rule, when you have eleven tricks, to look the hand over carefully for a squeeze or end play. In the above hand, in addition to this possibility, there is the chance of a finesse in both hearts and diamonds, and also the possibility of setting up the odd heart.

The Queen of clubs was opened and dummy held the trick with the King, thus following a rule that is almost always good

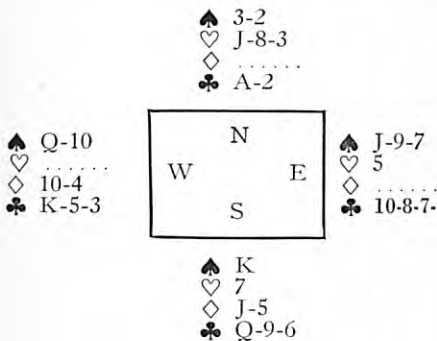
practice—namely, that in hands which may develop an end play or squeeze, keep the high cards in the hand with the most cards of the suit. The heart suit has the most possibilities in it, so after leading three top spades, on which East discarded the Deuce and Six of diamonds, the Six of hearts was led. South won the trick with the King and led back the Deuce. West was forced to play the Queen and now the contract was safe.

The declarer still had a chance to get some extra points by taking all the tricks. From the opening lead West was marked with the Jack and Ten, or Jack and Nine, of clubs. From East's discard of the diamonds it was likely that West had the missing King. If this is so the hand can be squeezed for the thirteenth trick.

Declarer then plays the Three of diamonds, taking the lead in his hand with the Ace. Next a small heart is led, West discarding a small diamond and dummy holding the trick with the Jack. A spade is led from dummy, East discarding a diamond and South a club. West sloughed another diamond. Another spade led from dummy and East and South both slough diamonds. West gets rid of a small club.

The last spade is then led and East has to break up his club stoppers or discard his high heart. He throws away a club, South discards the Eight of hearts and now West is on the spot. He is compelled to discard his King of diamonds or his Jack or Ten of clubs. He decides on a club so South takes the last two tricks with the Ace and Eight of clubs, making all the tricks.

FOLLOWING is the September double dummy problem on play:



Hearts are trump. South has the lead and is to win all seven tricks against any defense. The solution is as follows:

South leads the Five of diamonds, West plays the Four, North trumps with the Eight and East discards the Seven of spades. North leads the Ace of clubs. North leads the Three of hearts, East plays the Five, South the Seven and West discards the Ten of diamonds. South leads the Jack of diamonds. West discards the Ten of spades, North the Two of clubs and East the Eight of clubs. South leads the Queen of clubs, West plays the King. North trumps with the Jack and East plays the Ten of clubs. North leads a spade which South takes with the King and South's Nine of clubs is set up for the last trick.

If at the fourth trick West should discard a club instead of a spade, South would lead the Nine of clubs, West would play the King and North would trump. Thus South's Queen would be set up. If to the fourth trick East discards a spade instead of a club, South leads the King of spades, thereby setting up a spade in the North hand. If to the fifth trick West does not cover the Queen of clubs, South will hold the trick and North discard a spade.

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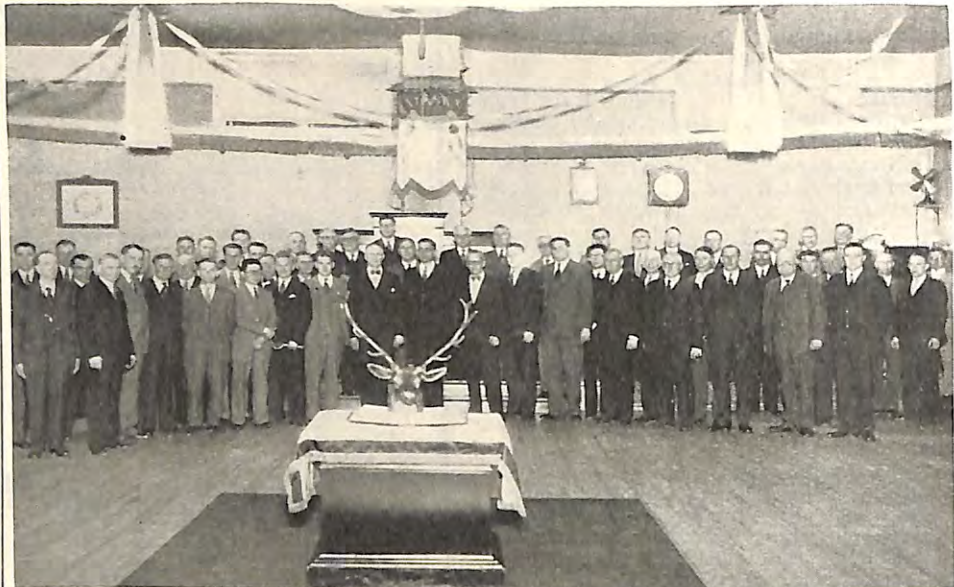
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The Grand Exalted Ruler in the Lodge Room of Cordova, Alaska, Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 32)

At ten in the morning the boat left Ketchikan. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier said goodbye to his new friends, and turned his thoughts to the next stop of the *S. S. Aleutian*, which was at Wrangell, Alaska. There there is a "Bill's Club" made up of some eighty Elks from many different Lodges throughout the country. Many members of the Club were at the dock to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler, and during the hour and a half that the boat was docked, Elk affairs were discussed by the "Bills" and Mr. Meier. Soon, however, the trip was resumed, and the *Aleutian* sailed from Wrangell bound for Juneau, Alaska.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Juneau at five o'clock in the morning of August 16, and was greeted at the dock by a number of prominent Juneau Elks, among them being Past District Deputy Henry Messerschmidt.

Since Mr. Meier had predetermined by wireless to pay Juneau Lodge an official visit on his way home, only an informal breakfast had been prepared at Bailey's Café. Present at the breakfast were those Elks who had met Mr. Meier at the boat, and in addition District Deputy Tom Donohue, Judge George F. Alexander, Federal Judge for the First District of Alaska; the Hon. W. A. Holzheimer, former Judge over the Second District of Alaska and now U. S. Attorney for the District (Juneau); and several others.

At ten-thirty in the morning the Grand Exalted Ruler re-embarked on the *Aleutian* and in a few hours the boat passed from the protected waters and headed out over the Gulf of Alaska. Here many of the passengers were forced to take to their staterooms for they felt the ground swell; fortunately Mr. Meier is a good sailor and was not among the unhappy ones. During most of the afternoon on the right could be seen the many age-old glaciers of Alaska, extending from mountain top clear down to the sea. All through the night and most of the next day the *Aleutian* ploughed through the heavy waters of the Gulf. Along about three P.M. she entered protected waters again, and in the evening at six-thirty she docked at Cordova, Alaska, where Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was to make his next official visit.

On the dock there was a great course of people to greet Mr. Meier who,

before he disembarked, was able to recognize many of the upturned faces from his previous visits of 1925 and 1927. All the officers of Cordova Lodge, No. 1483, and all the Past Exalted Rulers save one were there to meet him.

After the greetings Mr. Meier was driven out along Cordova's only highway to Eyak Lake to the American Legion Post Cabin, tastefully decorated in connection with a convention of Alaskan American Legionnaires held there August 18, and then he was driven back to the Home of Cordova Lodge. A regular meeting was held, at which all the living Past Exalted Rulers were present. Also attending were: District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Donohue; Past District Deputies J. V. Lydick, K. G. Robinson, and M. E. S. Brunelle.

At the Lodge meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an address, and was afterwards presented with a copy of the "Alaska Cache" etched in copper by Mrs. Brunelle. The "cache" is a common sight in Alaska, a raised depository of food supplies erected by a prospector to protect his belongings from bears. By an unwritten law, anyone stranded in the wilds is at liberty to take sufficient for his needs from the supplies stored there. The reproduction of the "Alaska Cache" presented to Mr. Meier is a beautiful and intricate piece of work.

At the adjournment of the Lodge meeting a public reception was held in the Lodge rooms and most of the population of Cordova attended, including men, women and children. Mayor W. H. Chase left an important Government conference to pay his respects. While everyone present was being formally presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler, an orchestra of young ladies played delightful music, and then refreshments were served. Prior to the supper hour, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier addressed the multitude.

The evening ended and Mr. Meier spent the night in Cordova, leaving the *S. S. Aleutian* there until his return trip. At eight the following morning he was honor guest at a breakfast, having risen at six that morning to write his reports of the visit while the events were still fresh in his mind. At ten in the morning, after

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the breakfast, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier took off in an amphibian plane for his visit to Anchorage, Alaska. He left feeling that his visit to Cordova had been so pleasant an experience that he could never forget it.

Harold Gillam, of the Gillam Airways and a member of Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1551, piloted the Grand Exalted Ruler's hydroplane to Anchorage.

Taking off from Eyak Lake the plane flew across Prince William Sound, with the snow-capped Chugach Mountains off to the north. The fliers' eyes were met with a panoramic view of the Columbia Glacier, of Harvard Glacier and Yale Glacier, both separated by College Island, as they soared across Alaska. Then they flew up over the pass to Turmagain Arm of Cook Inlet, in which the tide runs highest save for the tide in the Bay of Fundy. After they had flown over the Pass, the Alaska Railroad, that runs from Seward to Anchorage, could be seen. At about 12:15 the plane dropped to Lake Spenard, and the Grand Exalted Ruler was in Anchorage.

Exalted Ruler Stephen W. Ostrander and Secretary Lyle W. Larsen met the plane and took Mr. Meier to lunch, after which he was taken aloft in another plane and flown to Willow Creek Mines, near Wasilla, Alaska, fifty miles from Anchorage. After inspecting the operation of the mill there and watching the extraction of ore, of which \$1,000,000 in gold is taken a year from the Lucky Strike Mine and the War Baby Mine, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, still accompanied by Mr. Ostrander, Mr. Larsen and E. R. Tarwater, Trustee of Anchorage Lodge, was taken back to Anchorage for a banquet attended by 140 Elks.

Following the dinner, Mr. Meier spoke at a regular session of the Lodge, and then at 11:15, he broadcasted over Station KFQD. After the radio talk he attended a public reception and dance held in his honor, where he made his last speech of the day. Mr. Meier spent the night in Anchorage, resting up for his projected flight to Fairbanks, on the following day.

Late in the morning of the following day, August 19, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier took off from Anchorage in a seaplane of the Pacific and Alaska Airways. Across plateaus and mountains and lakes and rivers the plane took Mr. Meier and his pilot. The flight through Broad Pass and through the canyon, the walls of which were higher than the plane, was the most interesting part of the 240-mile journey.

At one twenty P. M. the seaplane landed on the Tanana River immediately in front of the City of Fairbanks. The Grand Exalted Ruler was met by Past District Deputy Arthur S. Brown, Exalted Ruler of Fairbanks Lodge, No. 1551; David Adler, Secretary, and many other members of the Lodge. He was escorted to the Nordale Hotel, and then taken to lunch with the officers of No. 1551. After lunch he inspected the Lodge Home, and passed on to view the \$500,000 Federal Building.

After a rest in the afternoon, Mr. Meier and Past District Deputy E. B. Collins had dinner with the officers of Fairbanks Lodge at six o'clock, and then at eight went to the Lodge meeting, where about one hundred and twenty-five members were gathered. Most of them, it developed, had heard Mr. Meier's broadcast from Anchorage the evening before. Fairbanks Lodge, Mr. Meier found, is unique in that its membership is scattered all through the north even into the Arctic Circle. It is the "farthest north" Lodge, and its jurisdiction extends up to and beyond the North Pole.

At the meeting of Anchorage Lodge Mr. Meier addressed the members, and

afterwards was presented with a beautiful ivory gavel, suitably inscribed and bearing the Elks emblem. The gavel is decorated with gold pans surrounded with Alaska nuggets. After adjournment, a delicious supper was served.

Late in the evening Mr. Meier retired, once more highly pleased with the enthusiasm with which he had been received, delighted with the splendid group of men he had met, and feeling that his Alaskan trip was a decided success.

At 9:45 on the morning of August 20, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier took off in a seaplane from Fairbanks, intending to go to Skagway and then on to Juneau. Mr. Meier's pilot was Joseph Crossen, a member of Fairbanks Lodge.

BOTH Crossen and Gillam, Mr. Meier's pilot from Cordova to Anchorage, are renowned fliers in Alaska. They distinguished themselves especially in 1930 by discovering Ben Eielson and his mechanic, who had been killed when their plane crashed on November 9, 1929, about ninety miles from North Cape. Eielson had attempted to rescue the *S. S. Namuk*, loaded with Siberian furs and passengers, which had become frozen in the ice at North Cape, Siberia. He crashed, however. Crossen and Gillam went in search of him on November 20, looking first in Alaska for the fallen plane. They crossed over to Siberia, and there continued the search until January 26, 1930, when they at last found the plane and the two fliers.

The flight from Fairbanks to Juneau was an eventful one. Except for bucking a strong headwind, it was good flying until the plane reached Chilkat Pass, where the Grand Exalted Ruler and his pilot struck trouble. Heavy clouds and fog began to envelope the plane. Crossen tried to follow a river gorge, but soon had to turn back. The two men then tried another way around but were forced to turn back a second time.

They went back to the first gorge, and by flying very low succeeded in getting through the Pass. When the plane finally reached Haines, Alaska, the waters were so rough in Lynn Canal that it was easily apparent the trip to Skagway must be given up temporarily, since the plane couldn't possibly land. After eight and a quarter hours Mr. Meier and his tired pilot dropped down to Juneau Lodge.

Past Exalted Ruler Henry Messerschmidt, acting Exalted Ruler of Juneau Lodge, No. 420, met Grand Exalted Ruler Meier at Juneau. After dinner the Grand Lodge head went to a Lodge meeting which had been especially called to receive him. A candidate was initiated into the Order under Mr. Meier's eyes, and then the noted visitor addressed the gathering at some length. He remarked, among other things, that he had been interested to figure out on the basis of the 1930 census and the Grand Secretary's recent report at Milwaukee, that thirty-five out of every thousand people in Alaska are Elks. This is the best Elk record of any State or Territory. Later, when Mr. Meier had spoken, Joseph Crossen was called upon for a talk.

On August 21 weather reports seemed to be favorable for the Grand Exalted Ruler's proposed flight to Skagway, which had been a failure on the previous day. Accompanied by several friends he left Juneau at noon in the hydroplane *Baranof*, expecting to pay his official visit to Skagway Lodge, No. 431. Once arrived over the City, however, the fliers saw that the gale was too high and the sea far too rough to attempt a landing, and they turned back to Juneau. There Mr. Meier boarded the *S. S. Aleutian* again for his

(Continued on page 52)

Page the S. P. C. A.!



SPEAKING of farm relief, what about the poor pigs? When they complain about an odor, boy, it's some odor! Less particular things than pigs shy at foul pipes. Yet so gentle a person as a lady loves to have pipe smoking in her presence—that is, with the *right kind* of tobacco. For instance, no living thing, pig or person, ever drew away from Sir Walter Raleigh's mild, fragrant mixture in a smooth, well-kept pipe.

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(Continued from page 51)
return to Seattle. He embarked, disappointed that he must forego visiting Skagway Lodge, but on the whole delighted with his Alaskan trip. Of the six Elk Lodges in the Territory, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier visited five.

ON August 25 the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived home in Seattle, there to spend two days attending to personal affairs before going on with his official Lodge visits. Late in the afternoon of August 26 Mr. Meier entrained for Boulder, Colo., for his third Regional Conference of District Deputies. The train arrived the next morning in Denver, where Mr. Meier was met at the station by Governor the Hon. Edwin C. Johnson, Past Exalted Ruler of Craig Lodge, No. 1577; Secretary of State C. M. Armstrong, Past Exalted Ruler of Denver Lodge; Thomas J. Morrissey, at that time President of the Colorado State Elks Association; Wilbur M. Alter, member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge; Past District Deputy George Bromley; Carl Milliken; the officers of Denver Lodge, No. 17, and a group of Past Exalted Rulers from outlying Lodges.

These distinguished Elks escorted Grand Exalted Ruler Meier to the Brown Palace Hotel to a luncheon, where Governor Johnson delivered an address of welcome to which Mr. Meier responded. Following luncheon Mr. Meier was driven to Look-out Mountain to visit the grave of Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody) and the museum maintained in his honor. At five in the afternoon Mr. Meier left for Boulder accompanied by most of the party which met his train.

At Boulder, as guest of honor at a dinner in the Boulderado Hotel, Mr. Meier delivered an address, and Judge Alter also spoke. Following the dinner Mr. Meier paid the Home of Boulder Lodge, No. 566, a visit. A dance was in progress in the street fronting the Lodge Home, and the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the throng from the balcony of the Home. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen arrived during the evening.

The following morning Mr. Meier held his conference with his four District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of Colorado—Thomas G. McGrath, of Idaho Springs Lodge, No. 607; Max F. Marsau, of Sterling Lodge, No. 1336; Malcolm MacDonald, of Walsenburg Lodge, No. 1086, and Henry B. Zanella, of Ouray Lodge, No. 492. Also present at the conference were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen; President Morrissey; Past District Deputies Milton Anfenger and Byron Albert; W. P. Hurley, Secretary of the State Association; twelve Exalted Rulers and four Secretaries. Mr. Meier discussed his plans for the year and then called on Mr. Coen for a talk. The District Deputies and many of the Exalted Rulers also spoke.

After a luncheon given by the District Deputies in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the State Association reconvened, having recessed the afternoon before. Mr. Meier delivered the main address at the business session. After the Convention closed Mr. Meier was driven to the top of Flag Staff Mountain, where a barbecue had been prepared. Amplifiers had been installed there, and Mr. Meier spoke to the 1,500 people assembled before him. With this barbecue as a closing celebration, the Colorado State Association Convention adjourned and Mr. Meier was driven back to Denver.

The next visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler was to Colorado Springs, on August 30. Accompanied by Judge Alter and Past Exalted Ruler George McLachlan, of Denver Lodge, and his son, Mr. Meier arrived to inspect the Home of Colorado

Springs Lodge, No. 309, and then went on to a luncheon at the El Paso Club. Among the dignitaries present were Past Grand Tiler C. B. Horn, Judge Alter, District Deputy MacDonald, Past District Deputy C. B. Adams, Mayor George C. Birdsall and J. R. Lewell, NRA Director.

While in Colorado Springs Mr. Meier visited several homes and institutions. Late in the afternoon he left the City for Pueblo, Colo., accompanied as before by Judge Alter and Past Exalted Ruler McLachlan. On the outskirts of Pueblo a motorcade met the visiting celebrities and escorted them into and about the City.

Mr. Meier was the guest of the evening at a dinner, and addressed the assembled group with his customary enthusiasm. Among those listening to him were: Past Grand Tiler B. F. Koperlik; Past Grand Inner Guard Joseph H. Loor; District Deputies MacDonald and Zanella; Past District Deputies G. J. Stumpf and M. P. Keating, and twelve other Past Exalted Rulers. After the dinner, Mr. Meier left Colorado Springs and entrained for Fairbury, Nebraska. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen joined him on the train, and the two noted Elks arrived at Fairbury at noon the following day.

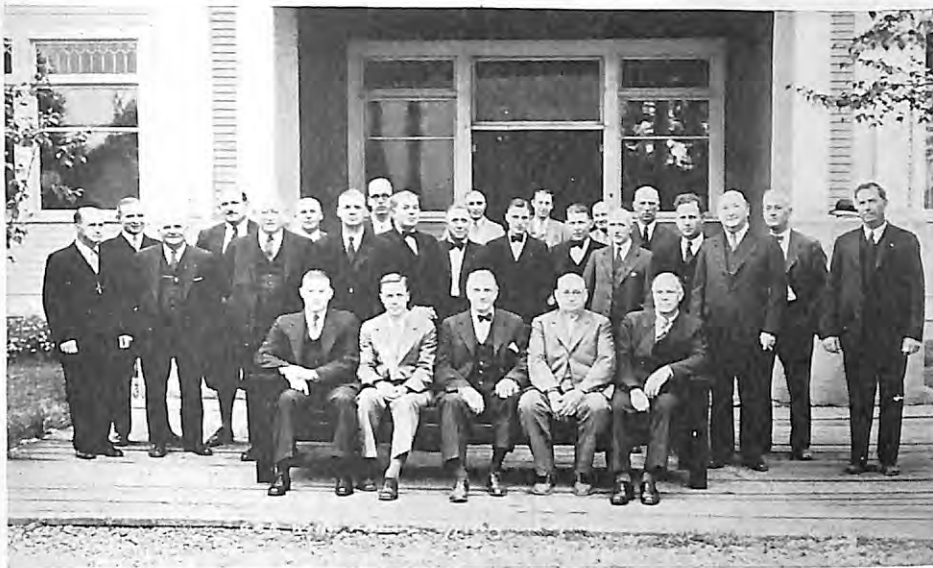
The train was met by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Chaplain John Dysart and others. Luncheon at the Mary-Etta Hotel immediately followed the arrival at Fairbury, and then Mr. Meier's Regional Conference with the District Deputies was held, with the following District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers present: C. D. Evans, Jr., Nebraska East; W. C. Bullard, Nebraska West; Stanley Shook, Kansas East; Wayne H. Lamoreux, Kansas West; Paul E. Roscoe, Iowa West, and W. B. Owen, Missouri West. This made a one hundred per cent attendance of District Deputies. Also present at the conference were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rain and Coen; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight James M. Fitzgerald; Grand Chaplain Dysart; James T. Keefe, member of the Committee on Judiciary of the Grand Lodge; Grand Secretary Masters; L. F. Goerman, Secretary of the Kansas State Elks Association; Past District Deputy H. Glenn Boyd, and representatives from twenty-five Elk Lodges.

THE Grand Lodge officers were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rain, after which a dinner was held for them at the Mary-Etta Hotel. In the evening Fairbury Lodge, No. 1203, convened, and an impressive initiation ceremony was conducted. Among the initiates was Frank M. Rain, son of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies Mr. Meier addressed the meeting, and by request gave a report of his Alaskan visits. The officers of the Grand Lodge also spoke. A dutch lunch was served at the end of the meeting, and Mr. Meier retired in preparation for his trip to Omaha on the following day.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain, his wife and daughter; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen; Grand Secretary Masters; Grand Chaplain Dysart; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Fitzgerald and others left Fairbury, bound for Lincoln, Nebraska. The party stopped off en route to visit Beatrice, Neb., Lodge, No. 619.

Welcomed by Exalted Ruler J. G. Krim and a number of officers and members of the Lodge, the party disembarked from the train and paid the Lodge a brief visit before proceeding on to Lincoln. There they were welcomed by the Exalted Ruler and his officers and taken to the Home of Lincoln Lodge, No. 80. While in Lincoln



Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, center, and members of Cordova, Alaska, Lodge

Mr. Meier took the opportunity to visit four of his brothers and a brother-in-law who live there. Mr. Meier himself was born 17 miles from the town.

At noon the Grand Exalted Ruler's party was taken to the Cornhusker Hotel to a luncheon which was attended by a great number of prominent Elks. At the request of the Exalted Ruler of Lincoln Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain presided and introduced the guests. As was to be expected, Mr. Meier delivered the principal address of the day. Mr. Meier had a very pleasant visit here, meeting many old friends and generally enjoying himself. The visit was, however, necessarily short.

Leaving Lincoln at 2 p.m., the party drove to Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, where a great banquet was served. Attending were the Grand Exalted Ruler's party which has been named before; Past Nebraska State President Walter C. Nelson; John C. Barrett, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Judge L. B. Day, of the State Supreme Court and many others.

At the Lodge meeting following the banquet, nine candidates were presented for initiation into the Order, including the son of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Judge Fitzgerald. It was an exceedingly impressive initiation. Afterwards, as usual, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier gave the principal address, stressing the great Armistice Day initiatory program, and generally urging the Lodge to build up its membership to a size that would carry its burdens. Talks were also made by several of the Grand Lodge officers. Following the Lodge session a reception line was formed in the

library of the Home, where Grand Exalted Ruler Meier had an opportunity to greet personally all in attendance.

After the meeting Past Grand Exalted Rulers Rain and Coen left for Chicago accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters, while Grand Exalted Ruler Meier remained at Omaha over night, leaving for Ottumwa, Iowa, on the following morning.

AT Ottumwa Mr. Meier was met by Past-President of the Iowa State Elks Association Clyde E. Jones, Mayor Edwin C. Manning, Loren Chisman, Exalted Ruler, and other members of Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347. During the afternoon Mr. Meier toured the city and surrounding country, arriving back at the Lodge Home in time to be guest of honor at a dinner and Lodge meeting. In addition to Ottumwa Lodge, the following Lodges were represented at the meeting: Des Moines Lodge, No. 98, Newton Lodge, No. 1270, Fairfield Lodge, No. 1192, Marshalltown Lodge, No. 312, Burlington Lodge, No. 84, Muscatine Lodge, No. 304, Davenport Lodge, No. 298, and Boone Lodge, No. 563.

The following distinguished guests were present at the dinner and Lodge meeting: Past State Presidents Henry Lewis, Dr. Jesse Ward, J. Lindley Coon and Clyde E. Jones; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Henry E. Cook and James Deering; Past District Deputies Sam W. Hirschl, A. M. Umlandt and Dr. J. A. Walser; State Secretary Lial D. Ross; State Treasurer Ed A. Erb, and Mayor Edwin C. Manning.

On the following day, September 3, Mr. Meier left Ottumwa for Chicago, from which city his last report was written.

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

(See page 41)

1. The nozzle isn't attached to the hose.
2. The furnace man stands too far from the furnace.
3. The furnace man holds his shovel wrong.
4. The coal is out of his reach.
5. They don't put windows on coal bins.
6. The left hand hot water pipe goes nowhere.
7. The wash tubs have no water taps.
8. The furnace door is hinged wrong.
9. The furnace has no ash pit.
10. The hot water pipes should be attached to the top of the furnace.
11. The light is placed back of the furnace where it is useless.
12. The cellar steps lack a tread.

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Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. Doctors have been recommending it for 64 years.



2 ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into your scalp. Rub Scalptone in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy—and happy, too!



Note Scalptone's patented Oil Tube

If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's adjustable. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair and Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.

AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. If you are not satisfied with the results—write us. We'll cheerfully refund the purchase price if you'll let us know the amount.

PACKER'S Dandruff Treatment

1 Shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap

2 Massage with Packer's Scalptone



Talking to the *right* man

YOU know how it is; when you or your representative wants to present your merchandise to a buyer, it's important to talk to "the right man."

When it comes to advertising your product it's just as important to talk to the right man; and waste as little time as possible on anybody else.

There are 560,000 members of the Elks organization in the United States; and everyone of them *pays for* and receives the Elks Magazine.

It's a big audience of "the right men" to talk to; men of standing in their own communities; merchants, bankers, lawyers, newspaper men, automobile men, manufacturers; home-owners, home-makers, citizens interested in civic and public affairs.

The fact that the Elks Magazine is the "organ" of a great, high-class fraternal order, doesn't prevent us from making it a great, high-class magazine. We'll send a copy to any advertiser, to show what a real magazine looks like.

Because it is a good Magazine is the reason why the Elks read it with interest and are friendly to the products advertised in it. This friendliness carries over among the more than 100,000 identified Elk merchants who have time and again demonstrated their willingness to cooperate with advertisers in

The Elks Magazine

560,000 identified reader-owners

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Alaska—Life and Lure of the Northland

(Continued from page 33)

the envy of less thriving communities. It went in for clubs, became addicted to bridge, played tennis and thought of golf. It biennially welcomed the Legislature and was gayer the while its sessions lasted. It revelled in stately functions at the Governor's mansion, and contributed freely of flowers and sweets to promote the feasts.

It was a joyous, light-hearted, good-hearted Juneau in those hey-days of ascendance, and looked through the glass brightly. But a cave-in of the mine across the Channel happened, and a flood out of Gold Creek came, and an influenza epidemic occurred, and stalwart sons went off to war, and the mine at Thane suspended, and a bad fishing season ensued, and the high cost of living prevailed, and other adverse conditions arose.

Bravely smiling over these untoward events and putting on an optimistic front, the little Capital, snuggling up to the mountains so confidently, was compelled to mark time for a while after the Armistice. However, it lost none of its attractiveness and today it is going ahead and gradually regaining its former eminence. Its atmosphere, in a minor sense, is decidedly cosmopolitan, and its social life most enjoyable.

SITKA, in the period since it lost the Capital, has slowly progressed and discarded some of its earlier characteristics. Giving up its beauty sleeps, it has gone in for business. Still only one-third the size of Juneau—all communities in Alaska are small—Sitka has built docks and installed a cold-storage plant, and systematically promoted the fish-food industry. It has continued to entertain tourists and exploit its charms, but latterly has given less attention to tradition and legends and more to the material things of life. No longer can Sitka show the old blockhouse and trading-post, nor the castle of the Baranoffs. Rotted and tottering, they burned or were torn away. Sitka is having its being in the living present. Alas, Sitka! Why in pursuit of the almighty dollar was not enough of that artistic temperament spared to rehabilitate and preserve those historic landmarks! Why, indeed!

How long have you been "in"? When are you going "out"? Such questions are as common as talk about the weather. Alaskans are travelers. Half the population of Nome goes "outside," to the States, on the last boats just before the freeze-up. Residents of southeastern Alaska, few of whom have ever seen the great country beyond the gulf or glimpsed the mighty Yukon, think no more of a three days' steamer jaunt to Seattle than would a New Yorker of a trip to Buffalo or Chicago. Distances do not count. But there are countless Alaskans who came with the early stampedes who have never been "out." If perchance one of these goes "outside," the lure of Alaska brings him back. "Once an Alaskan always an Alaskan" is literally true of him who has seen the ice come in and go out of the rivers, and thus qualified as a Sourdough. The bustling "outside" has no charm for him.

Life in Alaska is an open book. It embraces widely scattered groups into a big Alaskan family, with none too humble to escape attention. It embodies a democracy, not always altogether harmonious, that makes for communion of fellowship and a general concern in the welfare of one and all alike.

Indifference is not chargeable to the

typical Alaskan. He would never permit one of his deserving fellows to be in distress. His generosity is proverbial and his innate kindness characteristic. If a typical shortcoming could truthfully be ascribed to a typical Alaskan it would be that of over-concern in things not actually concerning him; yet even this trait is transformed into a positive virtue by the big-hearted impulses underlying it.

Community closeness in remote regions, and to a degree in more accessible places, tends toward the exaggeration of trivialities and a breeding of petty differences, but never at the sacrifice of helpfulness when sorely needed or the withholding of the helping hand in an emergency.

People know one another in Alaska. The white population is so small that a resident or prospector becomes identified with his locality, and even a transient cannot pass unnoticed. A small homesteader is known by name at least throughout the Tanana or Matanuska Valley, and a store-keeper at Eagle or Circle or Fort Yukon is on terms of acquaintance with every inhabitant of the upper Yukon and the mining camps contiguous thereto.

From Tanana to St. Michael the post-trader, missionary, teacher, or miner is a factor in the frontier life, and his comings and goings and doings are talked about. His light is never hidden under a bushel.

Roadhouses on the trails are sources of intimate information and such hosts as Nellie Yeager, at Sourdough on the Richardson highway, and Nellie Neill, at Dead Horse (now Curry), on the line of the government railroad, knew natives and whites for hundreds of miles either way, and could readily describe every traveler who had stopped in passing. Off in the lonely Kuskokwim country and on the Seward Peninsula the occupant of an isolated cabin is definitely identified and known far and wide, and the doctor-trader in the Iliamna Lake region stands out as conspicuously as does a Congressman in the States. This is similarly true of residents of Kodiak and the Aleutian Islands.

A man may more easily lose or hide himself in a city than in Alaska.

News travels magically in spite of distances and meager facilities, and rumor spreads and permeates the length of the winding Yukon and into the vast and almost impenetrable wilds. Along the coast an incident or event, a marriage or death, or a visitation of note, is duly known to every community, however small or remote. Wrangell, Petersburg, Tenakee, Yakutat, Homer—all hear of it, and ultimately it reaches Nushagak, Dutch Harbor, and Unalaska.

Ketchikan, Juneau, Cordova, Valdez, Seward and Anchorage, where the big steamships touch with regularity or irregularity of schedule, naturally are the chief news centers—Juneau preeminently so, because of its important official status—and Fairbanks is fast gaining a place in the same category because of the railroad. A marshal or deputy from the westward or the interior, while his steamer is in port at Juneau or Ketchikan, learns all the current news and carries it on. A chance remark on the dock that an official contemplates an early trip over the railroad or trail will speedily bring inquiries from interested quarters as to when he may be expected.

"Port o' Missing Men" is the caption of a little department devoted from day to day by the Juneau *Empire* to inquiries about men who had come to Alaska and not been heard from. Sometimes publicity serves to locate subjects of inquiries, which frequently reach the Governor's office.

A mother or sister in Idaho or Florida may write that her son or brother started west in 1898 or 1906, and from Portland or Seattle sent word that he was going to

Dawson or Valdez and would write again when he was located, but had never done so.

Occasionally it is learned that such a missing man had died, or gone "out," or was mining or trapping in the interior, or had become an inmate of the Pioneers' Home. To locate a stampeder to the great Klondike gold rush usually is impossible; but to trace a man who lived in a community for any length of time is an easy task. The Governor once received a telegram from a mining hamlet, saying that an old man was three weeks overdue from a trip up the river, and asking authority to organize a searching party. It was granted, with instructions to keep the expenses down, as such searches, hastily instituted, sometimes involve the Territory in heavy cost.

"Do you know John Brown of the Iditarod?" the Governor asked the Surveyor-General, who hailed from that region. "He is missing."

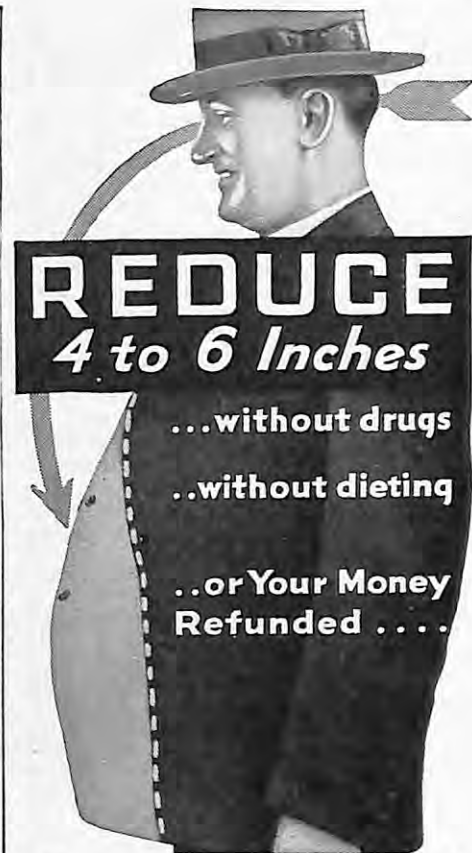
"Know him well," he said, "and I am sure he will turn up. He is at home in the hills and mountains and on the rivers and trails, and couldn't get lost. There is no finer soul in Alaska."

Briefly, he told the Governor about John Brown. Once he was a preacher, but quit the calling a long time ago, to come to the Northland in search of gold. Placer mining yielded him a livelihood, but no fortune. Year after year he plodded on, ever buoyant and hopeful. He built a cabin and furnished it comfortably. Its latchstring hung out, and his hospitality was unstinted. Next to nature, he loved books, of which he possessed a goodly number; and he subscribed to the *Geographic* and other magazines, which reached him weeks or months after issue. Each year, immediately after the break-up, he would go up or down the river or into the hills, and be absent from three to six months. Sometimes he had a companion, but oftener went alone, carrying a pack and his trusty rifle. He would stake a claim wherever there was a sign of promise, and hunt and fish and trap. Scrupulously honest, he observed the game and fur laws to the strictest letter, and frowned upon wanton destruction of wild life. Only twice in years had he left the Territory on brief trips to a Pacific Coast State. He was not a man of mystery, but seldom talked of himself, and told nothing of his antecedent history other than that he had preached the word of God. This he told with pride.

Within a week after hearing this story of John Brown, word came that the searching party, the second day out, had discovered him making his way down the river on a raft, hale and hearty, but pained to learn that this prolonged absence had given his friends anxiety. The dear old fellow insisted upon paying the expenses of the search. He was too proud to permit a paternal Territory to expend a dollar on his account.

ANOTHER instance illustrative of the intimate knowledge of frontiersmen came to the Governor's attention many long years ago. A Peter McGlory, of the Klondike clan, survived the rush and twenty-five years of persistent and laborious, but futile, placer mining thereafter, only to be rewarded with a sufficient stake to start back to his native heath, and then to meet death by drowning, at Tacoma. Two years later his relatives, through a firm of barristers in Ireland, made inquiry at Washington with reference to valuable mining properties reported to have been left by him, and the letter was transmitted to the Governor. A telegram to the official factotum in the remote community—the United States Com-

(Continued on page 56)



REDUCE
4 to 6 Inches

...without drugs

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

(Signed) R. A. LOWELL
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How DIRECTOR Works

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

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

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"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.

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Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send me the complete story of Director Belt and give full particulars of your trial offer.

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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.

(Continued from page 55)

missioner, whose functions correspond to those of a justice of the peace—promptly elicited the information that Peter had left no estate whatever.

Did the Surveyor-General happen to know him? Yes, his and Peter's paths often had crossed on the lower Yukon and in the hills. He was hard-working and frugal, but never succeeded in staking a claim worth holding and developing. He earned wages; that was all.

To his relatives in old Ireland Peter had sent gifts, from time to time, no doubt, and occasional remittances in proof and token of his hopes and prospects. It is the way of the Alaskan. And they, evidently, thought and talked of rich Peter M'Glory, amassing more and more wealth away off in the unknown Northland, and dreamed of the day when he would come to them laden with gold and equipped to help set Ireland free.

The niece or the cousin in Omaha or Chicago who, on her birthday or at Christmas time, is greeted with a string of walrus-ivory beads or a nugget pin sent all the way from Nome or Nenana, in blissful vision may see in her uncle or cousin a Cecil Rhodes of Alaska, when, in fact, he is more likely to be running a lodging house that has seen better days, or eking out an existence patrolling the solitary beat in a frontier town. It is his way ever to be generous, even at the cost of increasing toil, and never to count the cost, and it is the way of his relatives back in the States to believe he will sometime share with or bequeath to them a princely inheritance.

Nobility of character abounds in Alaska, unaffected by hopes unrealized. The preacher John Brown, beloved in the Yukon wilds, and the sturdy Peter M'Glory, who went undaunted through hardship and peril to accidental death after abandoning the trail, have their counterparts in remote sections and in seacoast towns and villages here, there and everywhere.

Each small community boasts at least one outstanding personage, to whom life at the edge of civilization has not meant retrogression, but progression. Communion with the great outdoors attunes him to the sweeter and better things of life. Nature, unpolluted and unspoiled, enables him to retain his health and maintain his vision and continually look upon the bright side.

Contact with frontier roughness gives luster to his polish and keeps it fresh and clean. Hard experiences soften him with the years. He would appear as courtly and perfectly at ease in a drawing-room of the East as when he left it in his youth. The Pioneers' Home can furnish as fine a type of gentleman as Fifth Avenue or Murray Hill can produce, and one often meets in the cabin or on the trail a man with the graces of a cavalier.

What romances and tragedies are embodied in Alaskan types and characters such as these!

TWO youths just out of Harvard and of Back Bay pedigree made a journey in a staunch craft, specially built for them, from Puget Sound through the San Juan Islands, past Victoria and Vancouver, across Queen Charlotte's turbulent waters and through Dixon's entrance to Alaskan shores. This was about the time of the stampede. Their object was not gold, but adventure. Cruising about in the placid bays and inlets of Baranoff Island, they pulled their boat upon the beach at Sitka, and there one of them, enchanted, resolved to stay. The spell of the exquisite scenery was upon him. He could not take himself away. His companion soon departed, but he, with poetry in his soul, remained to delve into history and learn of Russian princes and princesses of a century gone, to paint pictures and take photographs of Mt. Edgecombe and the totems, to perpetuate the island and water scenes and to dream. A youth, then, he was still young and enthusiastic in later middle life, and died in his fifties without ever having been off Baranoff Island. His love of nature was consuming, and his art had provided for his simple needs. Tourists spread his fame, and he might have been affluent if he had commercialized his talent. But he had no taste for selling pictures. He preferred giving them to those who really appreciated his art. He left a reputation extending far beyond his realm.

Each section of the vast Territory proudly claims an artist who has done creditable work in paint and water color.

A spirit of paternalism is over Alaska. Uncle Sam looks after the Indians and Eskimos; provides schools and hospitals for them; trains the Eskimo youth to herd reindeer, and otherwise deals with the

native element inherited from Russia as wards of the nation. Under difficult conditions he attends to this duty, through the Bureau of Education, with a fair degree of efficiency and success. The Indians of southeastern Alaska have made progress. Only a few decades ago in a savage or semi-savage state, holding potlatches and pursuing other tribal customs, today such Indian villages as Kake and Hydaburg present every evidence of civilization. Hundreds of Indians—ordinarily called natives—although not subject to taxation and accorded special privileges as to sealing and hunting, are exercising the rights of citizenship. Under the shrewd leadership of one of their number they hold the political balance of power along the lower coasts. The Eskimos have not yet developed an ambition for the ballot, but they, too, no doubt, will ultimately become political factors in the far Northern country.

Paternalism is likewise practised by the Territory, which more zealously looks after its own, probably, than does any commonwealth of the Union. It appropriates money for the rescue and relief of lost persons, for the care of indigent children, for the relief of destitution; maintains a Pioneers' Home at Sitka, and pensions aged residents. Considering Alaska's limited revenues and small taxable population the outlay for all of this is markedly generous. The simplicity of the Territory's form of government, with small overhead expenses, renders possible its generous charities.

With only eleven wardens to patrol a domain of nearly 600,000 square miles, an adequate supervision of the game resources of Alaska and enforcement of the game laws is clearly impossible. Nevertheless, in spite of reports to the contrary, wild life in the Territory is holding its own, if not increasing. Brown and black bear are still plentiful on the islands, especially Kodiak, and in the Kenai country, and the annual caribou runs show no signs of diminution. Activities incident to the construction of the government railroad from Seward to Fairbanks tended to drive animals farther into the wilds, but they are gradually returning closer to civilization. Instances of wanton destruction of game are rare. Alaskans generally respect the law and are mindful of the necessity of preserving and protecting wild life. A friendly people recognizes its neighbor's rights.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 27)

Two Important Events Held by Jersey City Lodge

The Crippled Children's Committee of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, held its annual outing for the pupils of the A. Harry Moore School for Crippled Children not long ago. Governor A. Harry Moore, Chairman of the Committee, entertained the children, together with a score of nurses, doctors, officers of the Lodge and members of the Committee, at the "Little White House," Governor Moore's summer home at Sea Girt, N. J.

Dr. Frank J. Houghton, Vice-Chairman of the Committee, was actively in charge of the details, and saw to it that the one hundred and thirty-five crippled children enjoyed every minute of the splendid program arranged for them.

A short time afterward, in connection with the celebration of the forty-second anniversary of the institution of Jersey

City Lodge, the Anniversary Committee, headed by its Chairman, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Dennis F. X. O'Brien, had as guests of the Lodge 5,000 boys of the City at the double-header baseball game between Jersey City and Buffalo at the Jersey City Baseball park.

On the night of the anniversary an open house was held at the Lodge Home, with a Corn and Crab Fest. The affair was attended by over 600 members and dignitaries of the Order, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Osborne, of Kearny Lodge, No. 1050.

Charles P. McGovern, Exalted Ruler

Great Neck, N. Y., Elks Enjoy Benefit Show

Many Elks of Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1543, participated in the monster benefit performance held at the Playhouse recently, for the aid of St.

Aloysius Church and School. Although the affair was not sponsored by the Lodge itself, the Lodge played an active part in the evening's festivities, for after the show, the participants gathered in the Lodge Home for an informal reception and party.

Among the talented and famous performers at the benefit were De Wolf Hopper, who recited his ever popular "Casey at the Bat," Leo Carillo, Gus Edwards, Florence Moore, the Three X Sisters, Fred Stone, Leon Errol, Emma Francis, Thomas Meighan, Helen Kane, Lita Grey Chaplin, Elsie Janis and many others. A splendid orchestra was also on the bill.

After midnight, Father Donovan, Pastor of St. Aloysius Church, who was the first Chaplain of Great Neck Lodge, spoke, thanking all who had contributed their talents and services. The performance will not soon be forgotten by those who attended.



Proper Ageing - Thorough Ageing

For 55 years Rainier has known this to be one of the secrets of full, rich beer-flavor

THROUGH the years from '78 to '20, wherever people gathered looking for life's best, Rainier was the favorite. Again, today, it is the same. Rainier's popularity carries on. Just try it. Your taste will tell you that here is rich, full flavor; here is genuine, satisfying refreshment. Here's

quality you've never known unless you've tried Rainier. Only fine ingredients and proper, thorough ageing, plus 55 years of *brewing experience*, can make such a superbly flavored beer! (You'll find "Rainier draught" delicious, too. Insist on this kind by name when you're dining out.)

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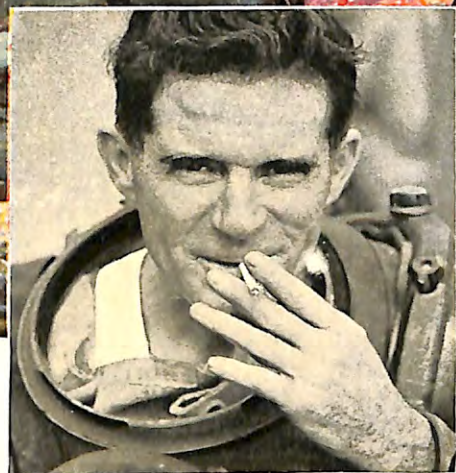
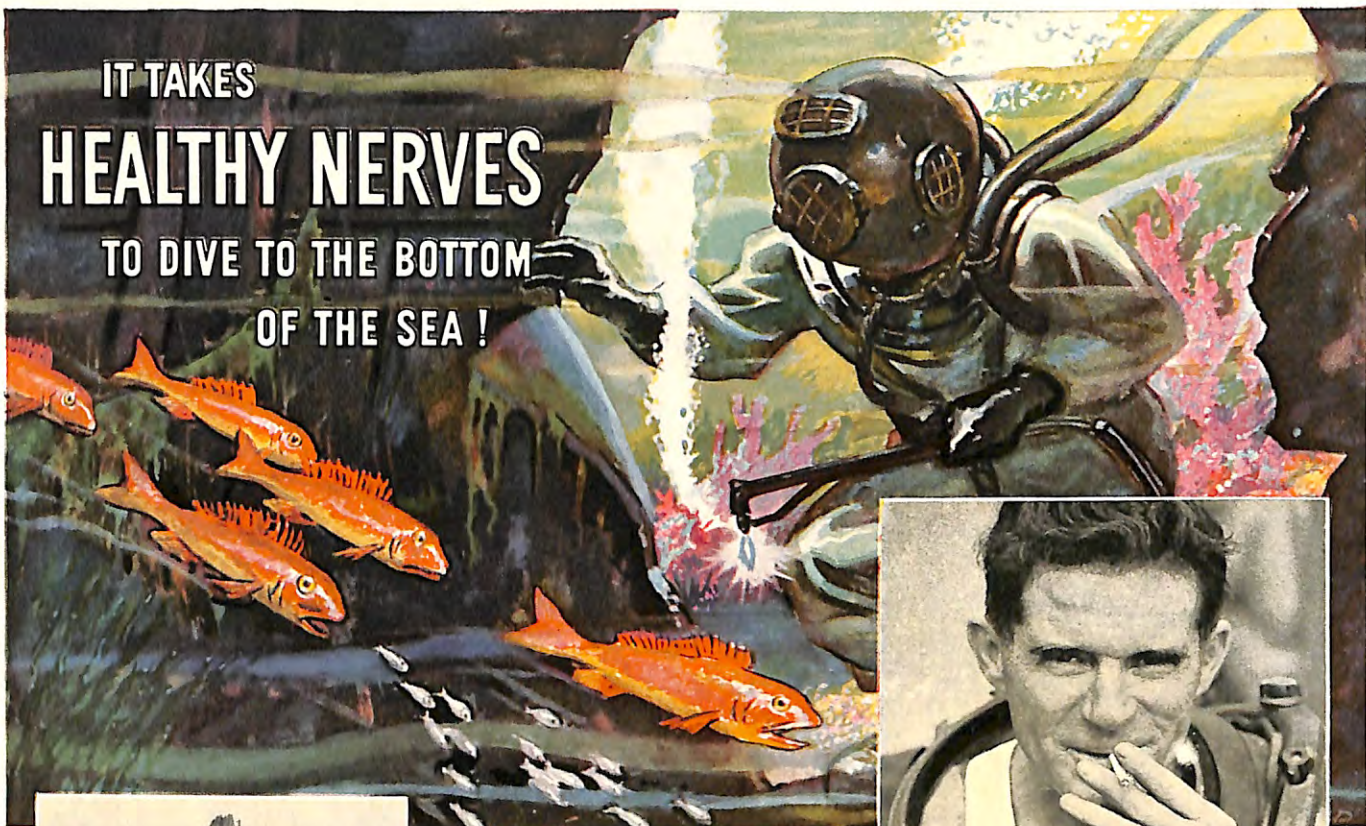
PORTLAND

SEATTLE

Largest selling beer in the West made by the largest brewery in the West—Established 1878



IT TAKES
HEALTHY NERVES
 TO DIVE TO THE BOTTOM
 OF THE SEA!



●PROWLING ACROSS THE OCEAN FLOOR...beneath thousands of tons of water...a deep-sea diver finds that healthy nerves are essential. His very life may depend upon his nerves.

● LEFT—DIVING FOR FUN calls for healthy nerves, too! You can smoke all you want and never have jangled nerves, if you switch to Camels.

●FRANK CRILLEY, champion deep-sea diver, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Navy Cross, says: "Camels never upset my nerves."



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

FRANK CRILLEY says, "Deep down under 300 feet of water, working feverishly under terrific pressure — no place for a nervous man! That's why a diver's nerves must *always* be in perfect condition. And that's why I smoke Camels and have smoked them for years. They are a milder cigarette and they taste better. But more important than that to me—they never upset my nervous system."

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Camel's costlier tobaccos *are* milder, do taste better. They never get on the nerves. Men and women whose very lives depend on healthy nerves have discovered this. *Your* nerves will confirm it. Start smoking Camels today!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. You will find Camels rich in flavor and delightfully mild!



Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
 NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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