

The Elks

NOVEMBER, 1933

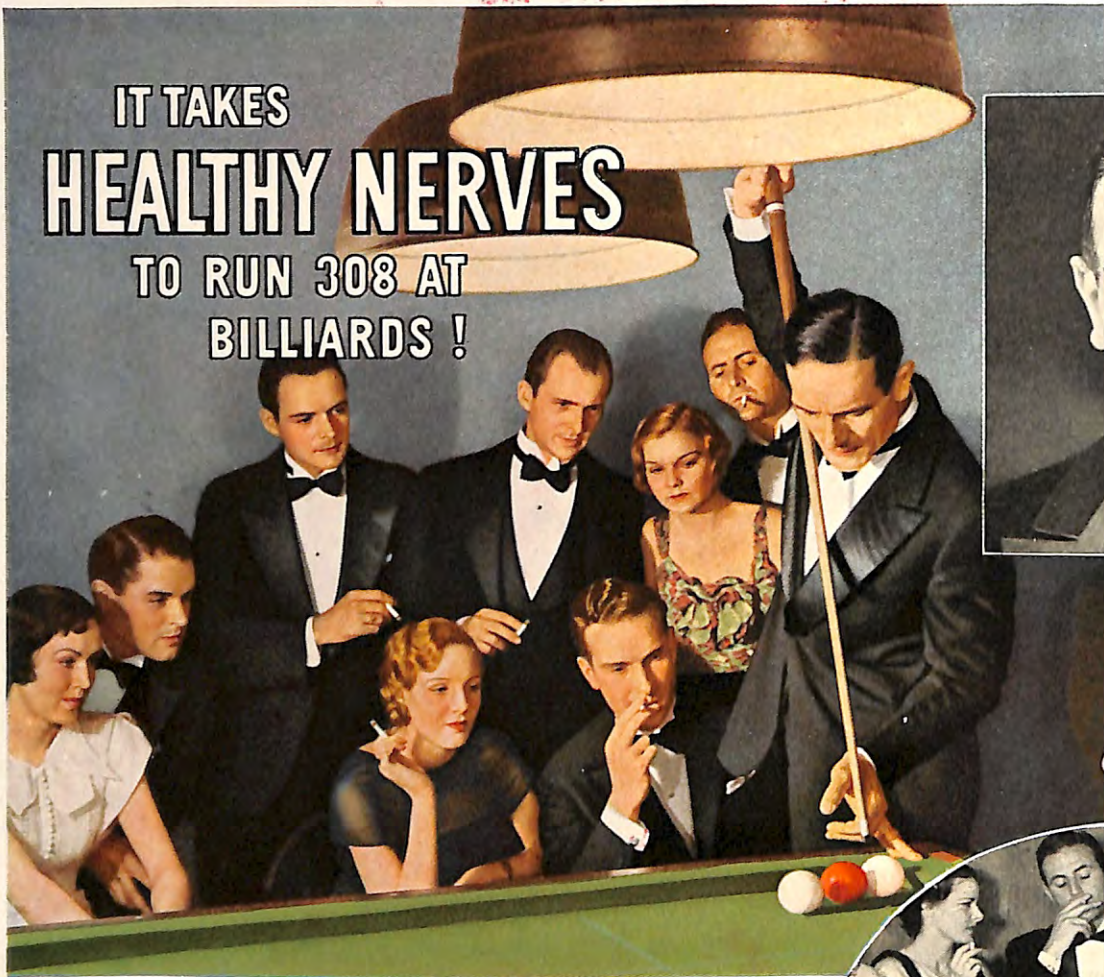
Magazine

CENTRAL EDITION
Containing Additional News
of Central States Lodges



Nation-Wide Initiation Armistice Night

IT TAKES
HEALTHY NERVES
 TO RUN 308 AT
 BILLIARDS!



● MR. HAGENLOCHER says, "If I were giving one simple rule for successful billiard play, I should say, 'Watch your nerves!' That's why I've smoked Camels for years. They never upset my nervous system."

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**NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
 NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE**

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

Official Circular Number Three

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

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

DEAR BROTHERS:

On September 26th I held the last of my sixteen regional conferences for District Deputies, and these officials are now actively functioning to the end that success may characterize our efforts in behalf of a greater and better Elkdom. Incidentally, I wish to say that I am greatly pleased with the personnel of my Deputies. Without exception, they are men deeply interested in the Order, and the interest they manifested in our program for the year will, I believe, spell success. I wish to express to them my deep appreciation of their support, and the help they will render during the year.

National Class Initiation

I am gratified with the cooperation the Lodges are giving in connection with the simultaneous initiation on Armistice Night. Most Lodges have active committees at work in order to insure a representative class, and I hope that nothing will be left undone to make this the greatest initiation that any fraternity has ever seen. The Lodges should not overlook making provision to receive the National Broadcast program in their Lodge rooms. This program will convene at 10:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Hence, the initiation ceremony should be completed by that hour. Let this Lodge activity be made a part of the nation-wide observance of Armistice Day. It has been suggested that our National Class be characterized as "THE PRESIDENT'S NRA ARMISTICE DAY CLASS." Since our members are lending every possible support to Brother Roosevelt's recovery program, I would be glad to have any Lodge that so desires designate its class as such.

Exalted Rulers' September Reports

Our law provides for a report to be made by each Exalted Ruler during the month of September. There has been some delay in the return of these reports. Consequently, at this writing I cannot give you my conclusions drawn from them. I hope the Exalted Rulers will promptly forward these reports, so that they may assist me in promoting the program for the year.

Increase in Membership

Dues were payable October first. I trust no brother will permit his membership to lapse through failure to pay his dues. I am anxious that the Order shall show an increase in membership this year. This can only be done by retaining such members as are now on our rolls and by adding thereto former members through reinstatement, and new members through initiation. Let the Lapsation Committee be vigilant. See to it that such a reinstatement fee is fixed in your Lodge as will bring all former members back into the fold. Be sure that as soon as a favorable vote on the Constitutional Amendment is announced you avail yourselves of a lower initiation fee for young men under twenty-six years of age, as well as for applicants under twenty-two years of age, who have been members in good standing in some Antlers Lodge for at least two consecutive years prior to their attaining their twenty-first birthday. Let no opportunity be lost, no effort spared, to take advantage of all proper means to bring good citizens into our Lodges. In this connection, you can also serve our Order by encouraging the formation of Lodges of Antlers where there are proper fields for them.

Elk Publicity

Too little attention is paid to letting our membership generally, and the public, know something about the community services our Lodges are rendering. There should be a reporter appointed in every Lodge, and it should be his

duty to furnish to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, as well as to the public press, such items in respect to Lodge activities as are of special interest. Omit no chance to enhance the standing of your Lodge by rendition of helpful service in the community, and let that service be stamped with the trademark of Elkdom so that all may know our great objectives.

Kansas City Convention

A few weeks ago, I went to Kansas City for the purpose of learning what steps are being taken to insure a great convention next July. I was greatly pleased with the setup. Kansas City Lodge No. 26 has promised to increase its membership by at least one thousand. Plans are afoot which, if successfully accomplished, will make the next Grand Lodge Session such an outstanding event that time will be reckoned "Before" and "After" the Kansas City Convention. If all our Lodges will become inoculated with the same spirit, there will be a wonderful showing at the end of the year.

The Elks National Foundation

It is during times such as those through which we have been passing that we need the help that can be rendered by a realization of our ambition for the Elks National Foundation—namely, the accumulation of a great fund, the income from which can be used to encourage and promote humanitarian work by Lodges, either singly or in groups. Every member of the Order can help in this great movement, either by making a direct contribution to the fund, or by having some one or more of his acquaintances make provision by will, or by codicil to a will, for a bequest in favor of the Foundation. Do not overlook an opportunity to help build up this fund, for through it our good works may be carried on after we are no longer here to direct them.

Two Important Elk Days

The Order of Elks has given a new significance to the day annually set apart as one of Thanksgiving. For many it is characterized by a feast as an expression of the fact that Nature has been bounteous, and some couple with it an outward expression of thanks for her favors. But the members of the Order, while acting in common with others in these respects, have adopted another means for expressing the spirit of the day. By their thoughtfulness and generosity they make it possible for many to give thanks, who otherwise would be devoid of the incentive to do so. Let us, this year, give a still more emphatic expression to this service by omitting no opportunity to bring cheer to those in need.

Only three days after Thanksgiving Day comes another important day for us. It is our Day of Memory. I mention it now so that every Lodge may make suitable plans for its observance on the first Sunday in December. It should significantly illustrate that an Elk is never forgotten. Though absent, his virtues, written upon the tablets of Love and Memory, live on, and will do so forever.

Let us, then, upon the first of those two days, rejoice the living with those baskets of joy that shall call forth expressions of gratitude for the generosity of Elkdom, and upon the second, freshen the memory of those who, in their day of activity, served mankind to the best of their ability and set a wonderful example for us to follow.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler.

This Month

ERNEST HAYCOX, whose thrilling serial, "Starlight Rider," in *Collier's* was concluded recently, contributes the leading story to this issue. It is a drama of the Western plains with a sophisticated Eastern heiress as the heroine. Packed with action, color and romance, it also portrays irresistibly the fine, rugged, wholesome people who are bred in the "great open spaces."

OF all the bitter controversies that have ever wracked the nation, none have been fought out more savagely than the issue of prohibition. Pulpit, platform, press and radio have been utilized in the struggle since time immemorial. Now that we are about to witness the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, new problems—and old problems in new dress—will arise.

Malvern Hall Tillitt, who contributes the article "After Repeal—How Will True Temperance Be Secured?" to this issue, has made an extensive study of the liquor situation, both here and abroad, for many years. He wrote what many consider the most authoritative book on the subject ever to have been published, "The Price of Prohibition." Be sure to read Mr. Tillitt's remarks carefully. They point out a thoroughly sound and practical approach to one of the most vital issues that will confront this country for many years to come.



WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

WE are sufficiently rash to predict in advance that you'll like "Hobey" Dolan, in William Chamberlain's yarn, "It's So Romantic," as well as any fiction character you've encountered in a long, long time. A simple, unassuming soul, he likes his harmonica and his chocolate milk shakes almost as much as he likes his football. And come what may, on the football field or off, he takes it in his stride. The description of the game between "Hobey's" team and the "All Stars" is one you won't forget in a hurry.

Next Month

THERE are a number of surprises in store for you in next month's issue. To start at the beginning, the cover is, we believe, one of the most attractive and timely ones we've ever had. Eddie Dooley, Dartmouth's former All-American quarterback, will contribute a corking good football article. Space is too limited to go into details, but there will also be stories by Octavus Roy Cohen and Odgers T. Gurnee and an article by Edgar Sisson—in addition, of course, to "all the news of Elkdom that's fit to print."

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Cover Design by Walter Beach Humphrey



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

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

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THE FIRST WORLD WAR

A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY

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THE FIRST WORLD WAR

REALITY

The Luxuries of the East Against the Rigors of the West—She Had to Choose

SALLY FORRESTER'S letters, from far-off Chaparral, Oregon, always seemed to Iris Cleve to carry the faint pungency of that sage she had never seen. And the last one somehow led the eastern girl's quick imagination beyond the woven bark pickets of her Long Island home to a blue and tawny land which at once fired the vague dissatisfaction in her.

"It has been three years since school and now I hear you will soon be engaged. Let a matron suggest you take a last free look around. Come out next month for the roundup. You will like it, but even if you don't we shall have a chance to visit. After you're married the chance may never come. Let me show you the West."

When Gareth Biddle came that evening to take her to the Chilton party, Iris spoke of the letter. Gareth said, "Who's Sally Forrester?"

"Her father sent her east to school.

"No, very keen. But her marriage has been extremely happy. That is the difference, Gareth."

"It would be a hot and dusty trip to see the sort of typical tourist show you'll find here at the Garden this winter. Why go?"

Iris said, "why not?" and sat carelessly on the edge of a divan. The evening dress she wore molded her from chest to ankle, its straight lines quickening the young suppleness of her body. Above the slimly firm shoulders, touched only by frail straps, lay features made falsely strict by a copper-toned hair disciplined back to partially disclose two modeled ears. There was the slightest carmine on lips which needed little of that emphasis; and a trick of the shadows laid one straight line across her hazel eyes, infinitely deepening the thoughtfulness in them. Below that sobriety moved a restlessness, a mixed rebellion. "Why not?" she repeated.

Gareth Biddle looked at her, saw her mood. "All right," he agreed. "We'll make up a party and go. Will you announce the engagement before or after the trip?"

They both laughed. A servant came quietly into the room with two thin glasses on a tray. Iris proposed the toast. "To the roundup, partner."

"O.K., cowboy."

So Iris Cleve's party, on the private car Tantalus, arrived in Pendleton that early September and was met by the Forresters. The dramatic and alert Sally Forrester engaged them instantly with her fine buoyancy of spirits; and the big, easy-going Tom who was her husband had all the men fatally calling his poker hands from the first evening on. That effortless friendliness, Iris Cleve discovered, was the way of the country—a smiling hospitality carrying them through the glitter and the dust of the arena, opening all doors for the party, offering them an unstudied attention which required no payment other than the evidence of enjoyment.

Yet when the last evening came Iris Cleve knew she had made a mistake in bringing so much of her old life's environment along. Each morning she stepped from it to seek that strange zest Sally's letters always breathed; each evening she returned to it disillusioned. Her people were like children, eagerly grasping novelty and soon tiring of it;



She said, gently: "Afterwards, Gareth, if you don't mind."

"You're still not sure, Iris."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be," he warned her. "Much as I want you, I wouldn't have you coming into the Biddle family one slipper at a time."

She laughed, a crisp melody challenging the muffled quiet of the room. "Ardent love, Gareth."

"No, just faithful and hopeful." He sat there unruffled and a little dogged, the only solid person she knew in her gay, mercurial set. Sober again, she told him so. "It doesn't seem to touch you—this thin and silly brightness, this playing around to kill time when we don't wish to think. We're fine people, so clever and so ultra smart—and so very useless. You're a comforting soul."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

and their slightly bored banter dimmed her own little pleasure. If left her oddly alone, and this night, lit by a faint hope that refused to dim, she slipped from her car into the crowd aimlessly flooding the street. Broad hats drifted with the current, reservation Indians stood stolid in the convenient recesses and looked on. There was much high talk, a completely carnival spirit. But it passed her and not far from the car she stopped, knowing then what her trouble was. She was only a tourist looking on. She was, as she seemed forever to be, a spectator. Realizing it, the little excitement died out of her and she turned toward the car. As she did so a shifting pressure from the crowd pushed her into the mouth of a quieter alley; as she paused she heard a man's voice, very resonant, speaking behind her.

"You've been warned before, Slade."

Iris went about. One pale stream of light gushed from a pool hall and in it

It seems the cattle barons like to make that gesture. She went back afterwards and married a rancher. Sally is peachy—about the best of my friends."

Gareth Biddle's rather substantial face showed a tolerant amusement. "So she thinks marriage confining. Old fashioned?"

By
Ernest
Haycox

Illustrated by
J. Clinton
Shepherd



two men stood face to face with a loose circle of spectators around them, all figures of the country and all silent.

The vaguer of the pair stirred. "You're through, so don't come at me so high," he announced angrily. His back was to the light and Iris saw only heavy shoulders and a blackened neck running up into a hat. It was the other her attention clung to, a man she had noticed riding in the arena that afternoon on a wickedly beautiful beast savagely trying to unseat him; and later he had cantered across the grounds with a grace that was fluid and a crooked, cheerful smile. The light was fully against him here, a tall,

One moment of utter clarity showed the plain rolling its leagues away, then the shadows were swimming down! "This," she said, half under her breath, "is beauty. It's real"

loose figure with a definite face burned to light bronze. There was no smile on it; the grace was gone from his body. When his head tipped she got the effect of a temper coiling behind smoky eyes. His talk continued, very threatening from a complete lack of stress. "I have dallied a little too long with you. You figure I'm soft."

The other's answer was full of arrogance. "Might be truth in that, Clay."

"If I find you anywhere south of Bald Dome again, I'll drop you!"

IRIS turned and hurried back to the car with a quicker pulse. It had been like a cold current through a hot night and when she entered the car and found the endless bridge games going on with the same unvarying pattern of talk the whole scene became somehow intolerable. She went to her stateroom, moved idly about; but the stirring rebellion inside her would not let her be still and so she returned to the lounge. Sally Forrester was at the moment coming in. Behind Sally stood the tall, smoky-eyed man. Iris stopped dead, hearing Sally say: "Listen, everybody. I want you to meet Clay Harney, whom you saw ride today. Now, Clay, try to get this." She introduced them all. At Iris Cleve's turn Sally said, "and Iris," with a little extra pressure on the name.

Iris Cleve's party acknowledged the meeting with an interest half perfunctory and half curious. Clay Harney stood over them, slightly smiling and quite at ease. "I have heard of most of you from Sally," he said in a soothing, casual voice. Then his eyes, very direct,

came over to Iris and stopped there. "I know you, of course. From Sally."

A black boy ducked out of the pantry with a tray of liquor and there was a small and grateful pause. Tom Forrester grinned at Harney. "It was a mean animal they gave you this afternoon. It's your neck, Clay, but why bust it?"

One of the men in the party, a little loose from drinking, called out to Harney. "How about a song, cowboy?"

Iris Cleve's nerves tightened. It had to happen. They were taking him as just another entertainer in their well-entertained lives. Well-bred people could be very cruel and tonight they were all a little cynical. Probably, she

reflected, it was a great deal the man's own fault, for he was undeniably picturesque in his boots and cream hat—a great deal like the western man Hollywood had created and then killed by its exaggerations. There was a kind of hungry health mirrored in the leanness and darkness of his cheeks, a silky surface beyond which a suggested strength idled. Queerly roused, Iris explored his eyes for some trace of that sulky wrath she had witnessed on the street. But it was gone, placed back of the even-tem-

It was, for a terrible, dreading moment, nothing but fury with shots shuddering every board

pered smile. That quiet dignity of the Forresters was a trait he also possessed. It turned the horseplay effortlessly off. He stirred his glass with a long forefinger. "No songs," he told them gently.

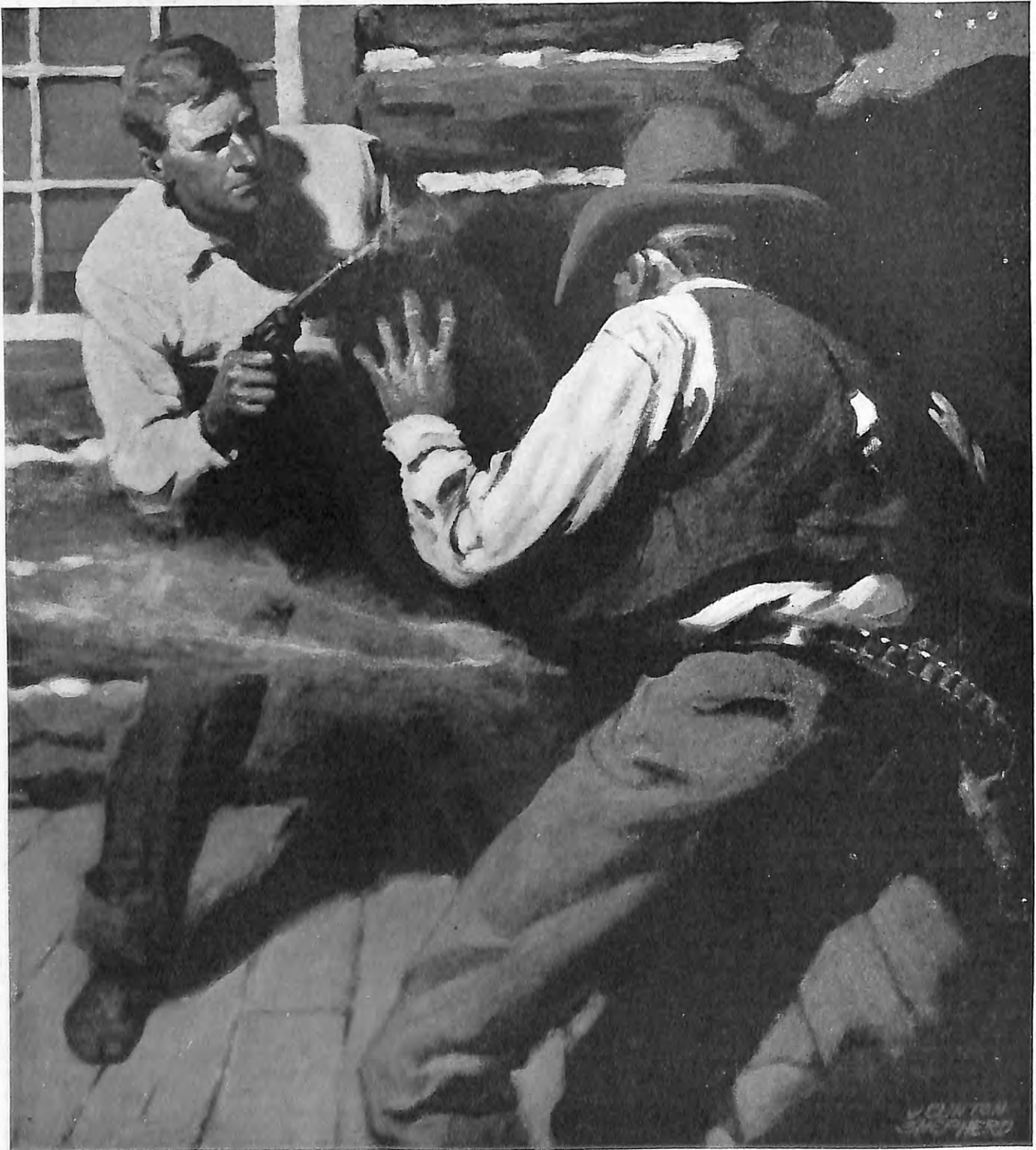
"How many notches on your gun?"

Sally Forrester showed embarrassment and Iris Cleve's anger began to color her cheeks. The man's glance went shrewdly around the car. "You're all a little tired and fed up. And you haven't had too good a time."

Garet Biddle laid down his cards, interested. "How would you know that?"

"You're pretty high-powered people. Used to a great deal and expecting too much. Now I have a little place out in

(Continued on page 31)



AFTER REPEAL—

How Will True Temperance Be Secured?

By Malvern Hall Tillitt



NOW that national prohibition will soon be dead and buried, the problem will be to keep it and its spirit of excessive restriction in the grave to which the two are about to be consigned by an outraged electorate.

There is peril that the autocracy of extreme prohibitionism—being barred by repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment from Capitol Hill in Washington—may attempt to re-assert itself in the chambers of State Legislatures and to lead those bodies into law-making folly of the sort that has worked its own undoing in national legislation.

In the campaigning for national prohibition, dating back some seventeen years, dry orators ranging through outlying rural sections, adopted the trick of placing poor, old, rum-soaked derelicts on the platforms from which they spoke as horrible examples of drunkenness—as warning against support of the opposing view.

This points the way to strategy that might be adopted profitably in the beginning of the new order following repeal. Legislative drunkenness as well as alcoholic excess is a thing to be avoided. So why not install Volsteadism, as it lives in shuddering memory, on the platform of State legislation and cast it in the role of a horrible example against excessiveness in enactment of liquor control laws.

Such warning is in order. For, in anticipation of repeal, twelve or more States have started liquor control legislation—and some of them have shown alarming signs of embarking on a spree of excessive restriction. California and Connecticut, with their restrictions against the drinking of whiskey or other distilled liquor on the premises where sold—even in hotels and restaurants; Delaware with its limitation of the sale

of spirits to one quart; Montana with its inhibition on sale of spirits for consumption on the premises, and with its provision for individual permits to purchase—these make up a group of States already showing perilous tendencies in legislative control.

In some of the control systems already written into legislation there is limitation of "hard liquor" sale for consumption on premises to table service with meals. This is of a piece with over-regulation that threatens to prove self-defeating. Extreme and unreasonable restriction is an old story in America's anti-liquor legislation. Back in the dark ages of State prohibition enactments that preceded the still darker age of the Eighteenth Amendment—there were many ventures in excessive control.

IN a number of States there were restrictions on the quantity of strong drink that could be legally bought—the purchase being limited to one gallon a month in some and to one quart at a time in others. Illustrating the sometime severity of such limitation on the individual is the classic and tragic experience of an aged negro in a Southern State where the gallon limit prevailed. He had labored with extra diligence and amassed a few dollars with which he purchased a jug of whiskey for his celebration of the December holidays. As he turned away from the counter of the transportation company that delivered the whiskey, the package slipped from his fingers and fell with a crash to the floor. And as the old man ruefully watched the liquor flowing from the broken jug at his feet, he exclaimed: "White folks jes' look, dar's my Christmas already come and plum gone!"

For those more in funds than was the old negro, evasion of the quantity restriction was easy. Purchases were multiplied by the simple process of filling in order or receipt slips with names of complacent or fictitious friends.

ALSO there were dispensary systems—with their excessive limitations on sale. The evils of that method of control were notorious. In South Carolina, where such a system was adopted, an investigating committee in 1906 found that the dispensary officials had become "shameless in their abuse of power, insatiable in their greed and perfidious in the discharge of their oath of office." The story of the medicinal dispensary system in Oklahoma—following the entrance of that Commonwealth into the Union in 1907—runs along the same line.

And do not forget the Raines law—that farcical attempt forty years ago to limit sale of liquor in certain metropolitan areas on Sundays to hotel table service with meals. As a result innumerable "hotels" in name only came into being. In many such places, a single sandwich did service for multitudinous drinks as a meal requirement. And in some the simple expedient of using "painted wooden sandwiches" was adopted.

All this emphasizes the folly of unreasonable restrictions on "hard liquor" sale and distribution.

And further emphasizing it is the record of abuses in foreign countries where over-regulation of the strong drink traffic is today in effect. The much touted Quebec liquor control system is a case in point. No hard liquor can be legally sold for consumption on the premises of sale in that Canadian Province.



At top of page: In Sweden encouragement is given to drinking out in the open. The attractive roof garden of the N. K. Department Store in Stockholm. (Photo courtesy Swedish State Railways)

C. P. CUSHING

Above: A type of combination outdoor and enclosed cafe that should prove popular after repeal. The Belmont Bar, New York City

Right: In earlier times luxurious dining and drinking was typified by the bar of the Hoffman House, New York City. (From an old print published in "The Hoffman House—Its Attractions")



Right: Many authorities claim that prohibition taught the ladies to drink. Certain it is, at least, that most of the libations indulged in today are undertaken in mixed company. The modern and well patronized cocktail bar of the S.S. "Leviathan"

But a survey recently made on the ground disclosed that in Montreal, a cosmopolitan center of the Province that smacks somewhat of the larger cities in this country, speakeasies where "hard liquor" is obtainable flourish by the hundreds, and "clubs" to which "cards" without introduction and without price are easily obtainable, even by strangers, supply whiskey and gin so long as the customer's money holds out to burn. The proprietor of one of those clubs stated that his establishment is open twenty-four hours to the day through seven days in the week. And he offered the information that the peak hours of daily trade are from six to eight o'clock in the morning. The United States could not beat that—even under national prohibition.

In the Canadian Province of Ontario, where liquor traffic regulation features

the individual permit with limitations on purchase optimistically designed to aid enforcement, many abuses have been reported.

Under the Bratt System, which has been widely proclaimed as a masterpiece of the reformer's art in Sweden, evil practices have arisen that warn against the severity of the rules imposed. As a result of over-strict limi-

tations on the quantity of hard liquor purchases by the bottle or by the glass, bootleg traffic has sprung up and is reported to be flourishing in some centers. And the individual permit or *motbok* provision in the regulations has been found by unbiased investigators to lend itself to evasion and violation.

So—from the record of law violation under national prohibition with its over-



PHOTO COURTESY "HOTEL MANAGEMENT"

Immediately above: *The tap room installed by the Hotel Seneca, Rochester, N. Y., after beer was legalized, is representative of many similar and popular new gathering places in hotels, clubs and restaurants*

Above: *An internationally famous restaurant of former days which may soon be restored to its former glory—Mouquin's in New York City*



Left: *An historic print, drawn and published originally in 1854 by A. Fay of Hoboken, N. J., under the title: "Temperance, but No Maine Law." It was thirty years later that Maine voted dry*



Left: *How they drink in the Province of Quebec, Canada, is well exemplified by this picture of the tavern room in the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec City. The accompanying text points out the good and bad features of the Quebec liquor system*

sumption on the premises where sold or for limiting the sale by the glass to table meal service in restaurants, hotels and clubs—with specific ban on sale at bars apart from meals.

Sale of hard liquor by the bottle for consumption "off premises" is no answer to the problem. A man can get as drunk in his home or in private quarters as in a dining room or bar. And—with a bottle to draw from—he may be tempted to more indulgence

in his room than in drinking at a bar by the glass. Nor is restriction to drinking with meals the answer. For a man can get as drunk in dalliance over his cups while seated at table in a restaurant, hotel or club dining room as while standing with his foot on the rail and his elbow on the mahogany.

As a matter of historical interest, the
(Continued on page 28)

severe restrictions, from the earlier record of lurid failure of efforts by the States to impose excessive limitations on the traffic in alcoholic beverages, and from current records of abuses chargeable to over-regulation under foreign systems of strong-drink control—the red lights of warning against unreasonably strict liquor legislation by the Commonwealth of the Union are now flashing.

Return of the old style saloon is not for an instant to be considered. That hideaway institution of evil, with its sex-vice, gambling, crime and political corruption tieups, is in its proper place—the limbo of the damned into which it preceded national prohibition. And let it stay there. But this is no warrant for unqualified legislation by the States against the sale of hard liquor for con-



Above, Phil Regan, young Irish tenor, takes it easy. Signed for a year by Columbia, he is at this writing heard Tuesday afternoons late and Thursday evenings



RAY
LEH JACKSON

Grantland Rice, above, probably the most popular of all sports authorities, discusses the major sports events of the week Monday nights over an NBC-WJZ network at 7:30 p.m. Rice's all-too-short program is a bit cluttered up with other people

Cast and Broadcast

By Phillips Coles



Leah Ray, above, is a rose. She was NBC's candidate for "Miss Radio of 1933," and she sings quite nicely over WJZ on the "Lets Listen To Harris" program on Friday. Harris is that Phil Harris, recently imported from California. Personally, we prefer imagining Leah Ray to listening to Harris



Right, General Robert E. Lee (Thomas Chalmers) and General Jeb Stuart (Blaine Corder) plan military tactics in a vivid episode from "Roses and Drums," Columbia's Sunday afternoon dramatization of the great struggle between the States. Strong historical stuff, beautifully done

It's So Romantic

By William Chamberlain

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

HOBHEY DOLAN played tackle for State. He played tackle, as a matter of fact, in a highly satisfactory manner.

However, Hobey Dolan violated all of the traditional rules of football players. He didn't, for example, recover fumbles in the last minutes of games and make touchdowns for good old State. He didn't play final quarters with six broken ribs and a set, stern look. He didn't even go out after the first half with tears in his eyes and a determination to come back with his shield or on it.

In other words, Hobey Dolan was an extremely normal young man.

He was twenty-two years old, seventy-three inches tall, weighed a hundred and ninety dressed in a towel and chewed tobacco on occasion. When not playing football he liked to wear a pair of old golf trousers, put his feet on the table and improvise mournful tunes on a harmonica. It wasn't even a battered harmonica at that. It was the best one which could be purchased at Kliegel's Music Shoppe and it had set Hobey back three dollars and a half.

Twice a week, during the training season, he took Ginsie Blakely to the movies where he chewed peppermint gum and sat with his feet in the aisle. Virginia Blakely was a Kappa who possessed a Chrysler roadster and a pair of high voltage eyes.

"Isn't he wonderful?" Ginsie whispered softly. "I'm crazy about him."

They were sitting in the Princess watching Dick Tarleton flash across the line stripes in "Pigskin." Dick Tarleton, ex-State, '30, wearing an artistically torn jersey and a grim look was just about to put the game on ice for dear old Podunk.

"Umm," Hobey answered thoughtfully. "'At end play's too wide."

"His face is so sad and stern," Ginsie went on.

"It ought to be sad. A good tackle'd run him outta the ball park."

"I mean Dick." There was more than a hint of frost in Ginsie's soft voice.

"Oh, HIM." Hobey chewed reflectively for a moment. On the screen the mighty Tarleton had just taken a long pass and was speeding toward the cash customers at the far end of the stadium. "I got two bucks. What say we get a malted milk when this thing is over?"

Podunk won handily. Dick Tarleton, minus a headgear so that the fans could see his rumpled hair, was turning to receive the mad cheers of the

Copyright, 1933, by William Chamberlain



"You're not romantic, Hobey. You're too . . . too darn stolid! Why can't you act like he does?" "Like who?" inquired Hobey mildly

spectators who had been hired at five dollars and a quarter a day. A co-ed, with a fur coat and a Georgia accent, was draping herself across the artistically torn jersey.

Ginsie sighed with enthusiasm.

"Isn't he wonderful?"

Hobey said, "Let's go, Baby. I gotta be in by eleven. Some bird ought tuh tell 'at end he's playing out too far. A good tackle'd make a monkey outta him."

"Like YOU, I suppose." Ginsie's voice had a slightly acid ring.

"Sure," Hobey answered amiably.

GINSIE was oddly uncommunicative as they pushed through the crowd in front of the Princess and walked slowly down Clifton Avenue toward the Kappa House. In the shadow of one of the elms Ginsie stopped. She looked at Hobey with dissatisfied eyes.

If Hobey Dolan diverged from the traditional paths of great football players, Ginsie Blakely left nothing to be desired in the way of traditional co-eds. She was petite. She had an up-turned nose and pansy-colored eyes. Undergraduates became slightly breathless when they looked at the lashes which she could have curled around a pencil.

"Hobey," she asked. "Why can't YOU be more like that? Like Dick Tarleton, I mean?"

Hobey was suddenly stirred out of his meditation. He had just thought of a new variation of RAMONA—it would sound swell on the harmonica.

"You're not romantic, Hobey. You're too . . . too darn STOLID! Why can't you act like HE does?"

"Like who?"

Ginsie's eyes were dangerous. A spot of bright red glowed in each

A pair of piston-like calves, belonging to the Great Tarleton, flashed toward the hole. Hobey reached up and clasped those calves longingly to his bosom



check. Hobey rubbed a sockless ankle with the toe of a well scuffed shoe. The clock in Summer's Drug Store said ten-thirty. He would have to be getting on, he reflected. The Old Man would blow him up higher than a kite if he didn't get in by eleven o'clock.

"Like Dick Tarleton! You play football like you . . ." She stopped for a moment, searching for a sufficiently blasting simile. "Like you were a pedler trundling a push cart. And you're just about as romantic, Hobey Dolan!"

Hobey ran a ham-like hand through his already well rumped hair. His unhandsome face was genuinely puzzled.

"What's romantic about football, Baby? Hey? You push some punk down an' the next time he pushes you down an' no hard feelings all around. Come on, I gotta be getting along. How about 'at malted?"

Hobey Dolan, off the football field, loved peace. The more he thought of that variation of RAMONA the more he liked the idea. Maybe he'd have time to try it before he went to bed. He took Ginsie's elbow in a huge, proprietary hand.

She pulled away from him angrily.

"How about a malted?" she mocked in a voice in which the temperature was rapidly dropping. "That's YOUR idea of romance! You're impossible, Hobey! I'm going home!"

"Aw listen, Baby."

Her face was hard and uncompromising as they went on down Clifton Avenue. Hobey looked longingly at the tall stools in the Brindled Calf. A chocolate malted would just about hit the spot, he thought. Ginsie's three inch heels tapped petulantly beside him.

Hobey had to walk faster.

"HEY," he tried again.

The Kappa House was just ahead. Hobey could see the tip of her nose beyond the fur collar of her coat. It was at an angle. He guessed that she was pretty mad. He wondered what he could have said.

"Listen, Baby," he began in a placating voice. "How about goin' to see HOT LOVE Thursday, huh? Amos says it's a wow."

Ginsie stalked coldly up the Kappa steps. At the top she turned.

"Last Saturday," she said, "there was

a fumble. You might have run for a touchdown like HE did. And what did you do?" Her voice was bitter. "You didn't even try to pick the ball up. You just sprawled on top of it and lay there like a . . . like a barnacle on a rock!"

"Yeah. If I hadn't the Old Man would've taken my hide off in strips. How about 'at movie, Baby?"

"No!"

"Maybe Saturday after the game, then?"

"I'm going to be busy Saturday!"

Hobey stood with his hands in his pockets and the legs of his golf trousers dangling loosely about his ankles. He seldom bothered to fasten them. The light from the street lamp tumbled over his brown and uneven face.

"Sunday?" he asked hopefully.

The bright spots in Ginsie's cheeks became brighter still. There was a curiously granitic thrust in her chin.

"No," she answered shortly. "Nor Monday nor Tuesday nor Wednesday nor any other time! Goodnight!"

The door of the Kappa House slammed behind her. Hobey walked thoughtfully back down Clifton Avenue.

Girls were funny, he reflected. Well, he'd have time to try out that variation anyhow.

Lancelot Prendegast, his roommate, sat with his feet propped against the radiator and the pages of the sport section of the evening paper scattered over the floor. Lance was a senior who was playing his last season as captain and halfback for State—a handsome youth with sandy hair and a sparing vocabulary.

He lifted his eyebrows in greeting as Hobe came in.

Hobe said, "The Old Man was

"Huh?" he demanded as he launched into another variation which had just occurred to him. In an adjoining room someone was pounding viciously on the wall with a golf club. He paid no attention.

"Publicity stunt," Lance replied. "Meant to throw that wind organ away. We're goin' to play an All-Star team."

Hobe put down the harmonica and listened reflectively to the muffled threats from the room across the way. That was Minny Bardon, he guessed. There wasn't anyone else in the House who could swear like that.

"Well that's a boot in the trousers," he said. "Hey, Lance. How good was this bird, Tarleton?"

Lance thrust a thumb down in a vividly descriptive gesture. He kicked off his slippers and climbed into bed where he lay with his arms behind his head while he gazed reflectively at the ceiling.

"Flashy." Lance closed his eyes and yawned prodigiously. "Money player. Gonna play with the All-Stars. G'night!"

After a moment he opened his eyes again.

"Ran the wrong way when he was a

Five white-sweatered cheer leaders tossed their megaphones into the air and jerked in frantic, machine-like contortions as the team trotted onto the field. Southern U was already out there tossing passes and running formations down near the west goal posts. Hobe dug his cleats into the sod and charged forward with the rest of the line. He wished that the game would start.

HE always felt sort of frozen while he waited for the kick off. Everything was all right once the game had started. Lance Prendegast shook hands with the captain of Southern U. The referee flipped a silver coin in the afternoon sun.

"Heads," Lance said.

It was tails. Hobe scraped a little hole and upended the bright new ball. He stepped back a couple of paces and looked at it. The ball toppled over and Hobe swore without rancor as he walked back and replaced it.

Lance raised his hand. The referee's whistle shrilled in the sunshine. It was a good kick. Hobe could tell by the way the ball felt against his toe. He charged down the field toward the spot



looking for you after supper. Said it was important."

Lance nodded. Hobe pulled the sweater over his head and sat down with the lamp light gleaming whitely on his naked shoulders. He searched the litter on the table until he found the harmonica.

"What's the trouble?" he asked after a while. "The Old Man was in a stew."

"Grief," Lance answered eloquently. He lapsed into silence again.

Hobe took a deep breath and launched into the variation of RAMONA. He played with a great deal of feeling but little melody.

"That's lousy," Lance said after a while. He got up and kicked the rumpled papers into a corner. "We got to play a post season game."

Hobe scowled.

frosh," he said. "Made a nice touch-down for Whyllie Prep."

Hobe scowled at the harmonica lying on the littered table. After a moment he stretched out a muscular arm and picked up the dog-eared dictionary which lay on top of a pile of socks. He thumbed the pages.

"Repel . . . rockshaft . . . romantic. Romantic—Of or pertaining to romance; involving or resembling romance; hence; fanciful, extravagant, unreal. SYN.: Fantastic, fictitious, wild, chimerical."

He tossed the dictionary back onto the socks and scowled again.

Running the wrong way was fantastic enough, he guessed. He yanked morosely at the string of his pajamas and kicked the covers back on his bed. He had forgotten the light. Still scowling he got up and turned it off.

where a Southern U back waited with upstretched arms.

Barney O'Donnell, veteran Southern U end, galloped across the line stripes. He ducked his head and flung himself across Hobe's mid-section. They went down in a heap on the green sod. Behind them three State players smothered the ball carrier in a pile of blue jerseys.

Hobe said, "Hi, Barney. Somebody told me you weren't playin' this year."

Barney O'Donnell was red headed and freckled. There was a green smudge along the side of his canvas trousers where he had slid on the grass. Hobe gave him a hand as he got up.

"Yeah. I'm playing. I told 'em I was going in for tennis instead but the House raised a holler. How you been?"

Southern U huddled, their golden jer-

(Continued on page 36)

"Men in White" by Sidney Kingsley might be subtitled an ode in praise of surgeons. The author is imbued with the very real drama that surrounds the grim battles fought within hospital walls and he has translated his feeling into a convincing and moving drama with a genuinely gripping climax. Alexander Kirkland (below) does an excellent piece of work as the young surgeon who is torn between his love for Margaret Barker (pictured with him) and the stern demands of his profession



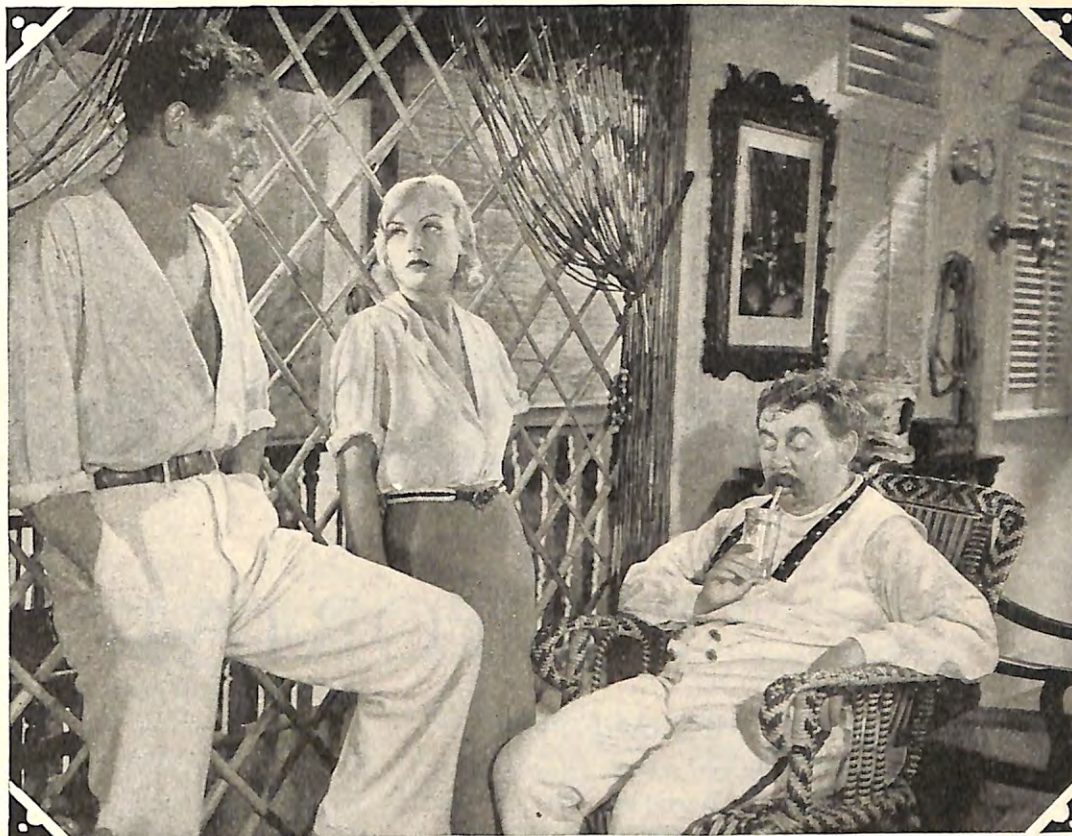
Behind the Footlights

The season so far has produced one outstandingly good revue in "As Thousands Cheer." Irving Berlin was in fine form when he wrote the tunes for this show and Moss Hart has provided a book full of topical satire that is first class adult entertainment. Letitia Ide and Jose Limon (above) have two sensational dance numbers; Marilyn Miller acquits herself nimbly, and Clifton Webb, in addition to his always faultless dancing, handles a number of characterizations very cleverly. Perhaps the lion's share of the evening's mirth is provoked by Helen Broderick, who has a hand in most of the comedy scenes, and to top it all off Ethel Waters stops the show a couple of times with her singing



In "Ah, Wilderness!" Eugene O'Neill wears the comic mask for the first time and wears it remarkably well. There is nothing sensational in the homely story that he tells of a New England newspaper publisher and his family but it is written with a tenderness and poignant sentiment that makes the play memorable. The group at the left, Marjorie Marquis, George M. Cohan and Elisha Cook, Jr., head the perfectly selected cast which the Theatre Guild has found for this production. Mr. Cohan, who herewith breaks his long tradition of writing and producing his own plays, gives what is probably his finest performance in a long career of fine performances

The demoralizing heat of Africa that saps the strength and melts the back bones of white men motivates the drama in the picture titled "White Woman". Shunned by society, which has misinterpreted the reason for her husband's suicide, Carole Lombard seeks a livelihood as an entertainer in an African dive. There she comes under the very covetous eye of Charles Laughton, a trader who rules a large section of the river country with brutal tyranny. The emotional havoc wrought by Miss Lombard's beauty on the handful of white men at the trading post provides Mr. Laughton with the material for one of those colorfully sinister characterizations he does so brilliantly. He and Miss Lombard are pictured at the right with Charles Bickford, one of the emotional complications in the case



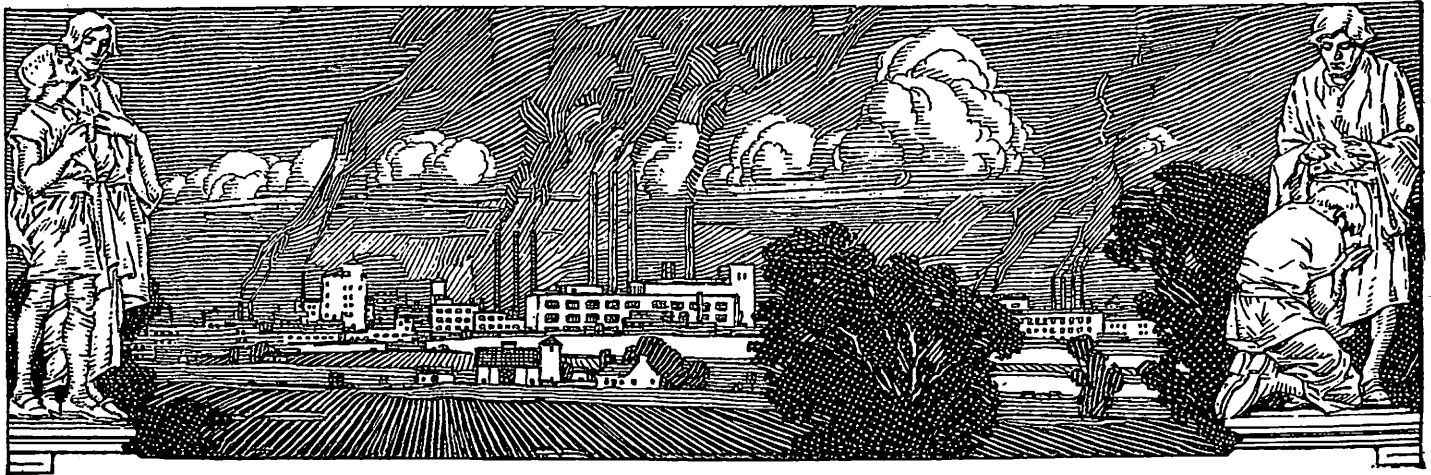
Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

And On the Screen



"Little Women," Louisa May Alcott's perennial classic for girls, has been made into a picture that promises a fine and sympathetic performance. Katharine Hepburn, pictured above with Paul Lukas, plays the outstanding rôle. Other players are Henry Stephenson, Spring Byington, Edna May Oliver, Douglass Montgomery and Joan Bennett

Jack Pearl, masquerading as the fabulous Baron Munchausen with his radio-famous "V as you dare, Sharlie," is about to make his début on the screen in a picture called "Meet the Baron." He is shown at the left with Zasu Pitts, who aids and abets him in his mad antics with Jimmy Durante, Ted Healy and Edna May Oliver



EDITORIAL

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO THE NATIONAL CLASS

■ The gracious promise given by The President, that he will send a message for transmission over the radio to the National Class, to be inducted into the Order on Armistice Day night, brings a deep sense of pride and gratification to every member of the Order. That feeling is inspired by so convincing a proof that the occasion is recognized by our Country's Chief Executive as one of patriotic significance and importance.

But Elks everywhere will also experience a real fraternal thrill in listening to the President's words, in the consciousness that they were written by a brother who himself feels pride in his membership; and who will be welcoming into our fraternity his own son, who will have been just initiated into Cambridge, Massachusetts, Lodge.

The unusual event will insure a radio audience of many thousands of Elks, gathered in their respective Lodge rooms all over our Country, as well as one of countless other thousands who will be hearing the fine program in their homes. And the members of the National Class will enjoy a unique distinction, which they may well treasure in memory for the years to come—that of having been greeted as brothers by the President of the United States.

EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

■ *The New York Times* in a recent news item, announced the retirement of Edwin H. Blashfield from regular activity in what, with humorous modesty, he calls his "trade." The venerable artist, now eighty-five years of age, has decided to undertake no further commissions for large murals, such as have made him famous.

For many years Mr. Blashfield, wearing the highest honors to be achieved in his chosen field, and acclaimed one of the world's great masters, has been called the Dean of America's mural painters. The term, as applied to him, rightly involves more than mere seniority of years. It denotes preeminence of artistic achievement. And it has been affectionately employed by his associates in tribute to his exalted character and to his fine personality.

Elks will recall that three of the great canvases in our

National Memorial, in Chicago, are the products of his genius; and that they are among the finest examples of his work. The lunette typifying Justice, above the entrance to the reception hall, has been referred to by the artist himself as his real masterpiece. The larger murals, typifying Fraternity and Charity respectively, are worthy companions.

During his work upon these paintings, in which he expressed a special interest and pride, he made warm friends of those members with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Blashfield may be happy in the consciousness that his enduring fame is assured; that during his remaining years, which it is hoped may be many and filled with health and well being, he possesses the esteem and affection of countless friends and admirers; and that when he shall have passed away his splendid paintings will survive to perpetuate his memory as one of the greatest artists of our time.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

■ One of the most unfortunate of the results of the industrial and commercial conditions which have existed for the past several years has been the curtailment of appropriations for the maintenance of public schools. In nearly every State of the Union the school terms have been shortened, or the teaching force has been reduced, or the effectiveness of the schools has been otherwise impaired. In some of our cities the situation has been deplorable.

The explanation, of course, is that funds available from taxation have been insufficient. But, even so, it is to be questioned if the economy thus practiced has not been short-sighted; and if additional taxes should not have been levied for the purpose.

Apart from the strictly educational aspect, important as that is, the moral and economic phase is peculiarly important to the whole of society. The effect of the curtailed facilities, aggravated, of course, by the abnormal conditions generally, has been that an unusually large number of young people of school age have been without the influence of school training and discipline. Those who have attended the shortened terms have been for longer periods without the benefit of this influence. It is in such groups, left too much to their unguided impulses, that gangs are born and criminal habits are formed.



Statistics of one of our largest cities disclose that seventy per cent of auto thefts, and sixty-three per cent of burglaries, were charged to boys thirteen to twenty years of age. It is probable that a like high percentage prevails in other cities and relates to other crimes and misdemeanors.

It is well known that a very small number of juvenile criminals are pupils in attendance upon the public schools. The training there afforded is a great force for social and civic rectitude. Education is recognized by criminologists as a potent weapon against crime.

It would seem to follow that the maintenance of our public schools for their full terms, and with such provisions as will secure the attendance and proper training of the largest percentage of pupils of school age, is not only desirable from an educational standpoint, but that it is also a real economic necessity.

This is not a matter of politics, either general or local. It is one of social well-being. Every intelligent citizen should give it thoughtful consideration.

AN EXPERIENCE MEETING

■ It has long been a custom in some churches occasionally to hold what is called an experience meeting, during which such members as might feel moved to do so relate personal spiritual experiences. The purpose, of course, is two-fold; the relation of the experience tends to accentuate its significance to the relator; and it is deemed helpful to others who hear it.

Those in charge of the program for subordinate Lodge meetings might find something in this custom worthy of adoption, with the same purposes in view.

There is perhaps no member of the Order who, in the course of his membership, has not had some personal fraternal experience which has been definitely helpful to himself, or in which the practice of an Elkly virtue has been helpful to another. The recounting of such incidents revives and extends their influence.

A true Elk does not publish his own good deeds. Many of them have a peculiar value in the fact that they have been performed with more or less secrecy. But in the fraternal privacy of the Lodge room, and with due regard to the proper preservation of identities they may well be related. And, of course, where he has been himself the beneficiary, there can be no question of the good taste involved.

A meeting at which the relation of such experiences is made the special feature of the program would in all likelihood bring a number of surprises. But it is equally probable that all of them would be pleasing and fraternally helpful.

LEST WE FORGET

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

■ Kipling's *Recessional* is quite generally conceded to be his poetic masterpiece. As in all great poems, the sublimity of thought is adequately matched by the majesty and sweeping rhythm of the lines. Indeed this particular poem has been set to a number of differing musical compositions and has been adopted as a devotional hymn by several denominations.

It would be well if Elks could become imbued with the spirit of the great prayerful hymn, in which is invoked divine patience with a people in danger of forgetting the great fundamentals.

In the rapid growth of our Order, in its extension into every corner of our country, and in the prosperity which naturally attended that growth, we have indulged in too many extravagant experiments; and we have been led into some of the by-paths which lead from the great fraternal highway which lies so straight ahead. We have builded costly edifices which, in many instances, are neither temples nor true homes. We have exaggerated the social, if not the convivial, aspects of our associations. And, of necessity, we have been forced into a commercialization of our instrumentalities which has limited unduly our capacity to promote the real purpose of our fraternity. We have been somewhat forgetful of our fundamentals.

It is not our fine Lodge buildings which made our Order great. It is not the tremendous sums invested in them which constitute its wealth. It is not the fact that hundreds of thousands of Elks find delight in their privileged contacts, and count them of primary importance, which has given the Order its high place among fraternal organizations.

That which has made our Order great is the underlying purposes of its existence and the loyalty with which those purposes have been maintained and promoted by practical deeds. Its fundamental principles, which appeal to the best in sterling manhood, must ever be kept in mind as our chief concern if we are to continue to grow in real power and to achieve an even higher place in public regard and esteem. Indeed they must be maintained as our chief concern if we are to survive as a true benevolent fraternity.

An humble and contrite heart still remains the true and ancient sacrifice; and obedience to its prompting to deeds of charity and helpfulness, to acts of beneficence and kindness, still remains the great fundamental of Elkhood.

"Lest we forget, lest we forget."



Officers and members at the Colorado State Elks Convention, with Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, center

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Westfield, N. J., Lodge Dedicates New Home

The dedication of the new Home of Westfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1585, was well attended and interesting in the extreme. Francis P. Boland, at that time President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, represented the Grand Exalted Ruler, and a staff of Grand Lodge officers conducted the services in splendid style.

A large number of Elks from New Jersey and nearby States were present, among them being Past District Deputy Charles Wibiralski, of Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784, who is the present President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Past District Deputy John W. Cantillon, of Red Bank Lodge, No. 233, and Exalted Ruler Charles P. McGovern, of Jersey City Lodge, No. 211.

The fact that their beautiful new quarters are entirely paid for is very gratifying to the members and officers of Westfield Lodge. The rooms were handsomely decorated with palms and flowers from the Ladies Auxiliary, as well as from various members and friends. Among the decorations is a fine elk's head, tastefully mounted, which was given to the Lodge by a non-Elk of the City who holds Westfield Lodge of Elks in the highest esteem.

A few nights after the opening of the Home the House Committee held a public reception and several hundred persons were guests of No. 1585. The open house was a most pleasant affair, and those attending hope that it will be repeated.

Hampton Hanna, Correspondent

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Host at Huge Celebration

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, celebrated recently with a big parade and an initiatory meeting which was attended by a thousand Elks from Lodges of the South Central jurisdiction of California.

Among the Lodges represented were: Los Angeles, No. 99, with band, drill team and chanters accompanied by many members of the Lodge; Glendale, No. 1289, with band and drill team leading Burbank, No. 1497, and San Fernando, No. 1539; Whittier, No. 1258, with its crack drill team and many members, and Huntington Park, No. 1415, with drill team. Delegates from the Lodges of San Pedro, Long Beach, Santa Ana, Inglewood, Alhambra

and Pasadena were also present to take part in the big celebration.

Many dignitaries were present, among them being Past State President Frank R. Cryderman; District Deputy C. P. Hebenstreit; Past District Deputy Captain C. P. Wright; Exalted Ruler William Victor Churton, of Los Angeles Lodge, and Past Exalted Ruler Leo V. Youngworth, also of Los Angeles Lodge.

At the occasion of this big gathering of

Thanksgiving Day Baskets

THE ELKS MAGAZINE desires to ascertain the extent of Elksdom's charitable work at Thanksgiving time this year. The editors are, therefore, taking this means of requesting the Secretaries of all Subordinate Lodges to notify them as soon after Thanksgiving as convenient as to the number of baskets their respective Lodges donated.

If Secretaries will simply jot down on a postcard the total number of baskets distributed and mail it to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd St., New York City, the information will indeed be appreciated. These figures are not requested for publication (except possibly in total), but rather for reference purposes.

California Elks the Esteemed Leading Knights Association held its quarterly meeting and dinner at Santa Monica Lodge and all the Esteemed Leading Knights were present at the initiation ceremonies.

The parade, which formed at the Home of Santa Monica Lodge and marched to the Municipal Auditorium, where the initiation was held, was led by Los Angeles Lodge. It was a big night for all concerned, and Santa Monica Lodge lived up to its reputation as a host. The celebration finally closed with a barbecue held at the Ocean Avenue Clubhouse of Santa Monica Lodge.

Thomas Robinson, Secretary

Middletown, Pa., Lodge Initiates Ten Candidates

The first official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler K. L. Shirk, of Pennsylvania, Southeast, was recently paid

to Middletown, Pa., Lodge No. 1092. The membership of Middletown Lodge turned out in full force to greet the new District Deputy who brought a message from the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Accompanying District Deputy Shirk was the drill team of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, which is scheduled to accompany the District Deputy on all his official visits. In the case of the visit to Middletown Lodge the Lancaster Lodge drill team inducted into the Order a class of ten candidates. The ritualistic work was deftly carried out in every respect and it is expected that their participation at District Deputy Shirk's official visits will help draw a large attendance on every occasion.

After the Lodge meeting the visitors were entertained and refreshed with the hospitality that characterizes the sessions of Middletown Lodge.

G. H. Schadt, Secretary

New Jersey Elks Mourn General W. C. Heppenheimer

The Elks of New Jersey join the important figures of the State in mourning the recent loss of General William Christian Heppenheimer, one of New Jersey's outstanding bankers, and a prominent member of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211. The General was initiated into No. 211 on the night of October 1, 1917, in a group with one hundred or more candidates. He was noted as a most generous donor to all Elk Charities and activities, and was a true Elk in every sense of the word.

General Heppenheimer died of heart trouble at the age of seventy-three. He was Chairman of the Trust Company of New Jersey and an officer or director in many other financial institutions. Although he had not been an active political figure since the turn of the century, General Heppenheimer long played an active part in New Jersey politics. He received his title of General as an inheritance from his days as Brigadier-General of the New Jersey National Guard, in 1895. When he resigned, the title of General stuck to Mr. Heppenheimer through all the following decades.

General Heppenheimer's acquaintances numbered most of the important men in the country. Among the honorary pallbearers at his funeral were Governor A. Harry Moore; Former Governor Edward C. Stokes; Former Ambassador to France Walter E. Edge; Mayor Frank Hague, of

Jersey City; Albert Payson Terhune, the author; John F. Galvin, Chairman of the Port of New York Authority, and others. The Elks were well represented at the funeral.

J. J. O'Brien, Correspondent

Lima, Ohio, Lodge Entertains American Legion Commander

Lima, Ohio, Lodge, No. 54, recently had the pleasure of meeting Past National Commander Louis Johnson, of the American Legion, during the Ohio Convention of the American Legion, held in Lima.

Commander Johnson so appreciated the courtesies shown him by Lima Lodge that he wrote the following letter, of which Lima Lodge is justly proud:

"Dear Brother Bowersock:

"I am writing to express to you my appreciation of the personal courtesies shown me while a guest in your City last Sunday. It was in the true fraternal spirit of our Order that you called at the hotel to extend fraternal greetings.

"My visit to Lima was most pleasurable and it was a great satisfaction to find, as I have found on my visits to other States, the fine spirit of mutual cooperation that exists between the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and the American Legion. Our two organizations have many things in common and I know this cooperation and helpfulness extended by one to the other can redound to the benefit of the community as well as to our fraternal organization.

With renewed thanks for your kindness and the hope that our paths will cross again, I am,

Fraternally yours,

Louis Johnson,

National Commander"

Roy E. Bowersock, Exalted Ruler

Compton, Calif., Lodge Sponsors Bicycle Races

Under the sponsorship of Compton, Calif., Lodge, No. 1570, a series of bicycle races were inaugurated at the Motor Speedway, on Long Beach Boulevard for the benefit of the Salvation Army building fund. The local home of this great charity organization was destroyed in the earthquake, and the bicycle races were presented to raise funds to aid in the building of a new Salvation Army Home.

The various events, professional, amateur and novelty, all aroused the greatest excitement. The races were preceded by a colorful parade of couples on bicycles, numbers of them garbed in the costumes of the nineties. Special entertainment features were offered by the Salvation Army Band and by the Elk Lodges of Huntington Park and Long Beach. The crack drill team of Huntington Park Lodge performed, uniformed in white, and Long



The Elks Band, of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, as it appeared at the recent California State Elks Association Convention



Acme

The President Will Send You a Message on Armistice Night

By now your Lodge has organized its "President's N. R. A. Class" to be initiated Armistice Night. Every Lodge of Elks will participate actively in this great, Nation-Wide Ceremony. Following is the program of music and short speeches which will be given over a national hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System:

A Message from President FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
 WALTER F. MEIER, *Grand Exalted Ruler*
 JOSEPH T. FANNING, *Past Grand Exalted Ruler*
 Columbia Symphony Orchestra
 University Singers

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

Beach Lodge's Drum and Bugle Corps, in snappy purple and white uniforms, executed martial and musical rhythms.

The bicycle race turned out to be a great success and a considerable help to the local branch of the Salvation Army. Many notables of the cycling world were present.

B. F. Boggs, Correspondent

Activities of Tucson, Arizona, Lodge

The dedication of the new bowling alleys of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, recently installed in the basement of the Lodge

Home, was held with a large number of members present to witness the initial game played on the new alleys. Exalted Ruler Howard F. Potter and Past Exalted Ruler M. H. Starkweather were the contestants, and the Exalted Ruler topped the score with a narrow margin of ninety pins.

As this is written the installation of a Lodge of Antlers in Tucson Lodge is scheduled to be held. The Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge has been invited to attend and to take charge of the installation ceremonies. Further important events scheduled to be held by Tucson Lodge include the dedication ceremonies of the new addition to the Lodge Home, to be held soon, and an Old Timers' Night. Tucson Lodge has spent something in excess of three thousand dollars in adding to and improving its quarters and in the installation of the new bowling alleys.

Rex Stewart, Correspondent

Correcting an Error in Caption of Alaska Photograph

Through an oversight which the editors of THE ELKS MAGAZINE deeply regret, the photograph on page 53 in the October, 1933, issue was incorrectly captioned as one showing members of Cordova, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1483. The Elks shown there are members of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351. The picture was taken on the occasion of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier's recent visit to the Lodge.

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central States Lodges



The Bay City Baseball team sponsored by Bay City, Mich., Lodge, which recently won The Bay City League Championship for 1933

Waukegan, Ill., Lodge Holds Annual Championship Golf Tournament

Waukegan, Ill., Lodge, No. 702, recently held its fourth annual Lake County Championship Golf Tournament at the Bonnie Brook Municipal Course. For four years this tourney has decided who is to wear the amateur and professional crowns in Lake County. Both the other Elk Lodges in the County, Highland Park, No. 1362, and Lake Forest, No. 1498, also were represented.

Competing in a field that included every outstanding amateur and professional golfer in Lake County, Tom Saielle won the amateur event, and Bryan Harcke the pro contest. Both of these golfers are from Highwood. Saielle just managed to nose out Art Olson, of Highland Park Lodge, the Elks National Champion, defeating him by one stroke. Saielle negotiated the course in 78-76, while Art Olson took a 79 and 76.

In addition to the thirty-six hole match for the championship players there was a handicap match and a blind bogey for the members from several Elk Lodges. This is the third golf affair sponsored by Waukegan Lodge this year, and was the final event of their activities in this field.

Bede Armstrong, Correspondent

El Paso Antlers Lodge Progressing Rapidly

In March of this year El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, organized an Antlers Lodge. Through the slow summer months this little organization has been growing rapidly, and the membership now totals well over fifty with still another class of candidates to be initiated shortly.

The boys are very active, and have al-

ready worked up a Drum Corps which they utilized in a public parade that was a credit both to them and the Mother Lodge.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge Host to Legionnaires

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, recently turned over the Lodge Home and all its facilities to the American Legion, when that body held its Michigan State Convention in Grand Rapids. A heavy proportion of the younger membership of Grand Rapids Lodge is composed of ex-service men belonging to the Legion. Some of the members hold executive positions and others were members of the Legion Committee handling the arrangements for the convention.

Grand Rapids Lodge, feeling that full hospitality to the Legion would be a patriotic gesture, voted unanimously to turn over to the local Legion Posts the entire facilities of the Lodge Home for whatever purpose might be deemed necessary. In response, the local Legion Council, which incorporates the four or five local Legion Posts, advised the Lodge that they would be only too glad to take advantage of the opportunities offered in Grand Rapids Lodge's Café, social sessions and Lodge rooms.

No. 48 received the most enthusiastic thanks from the Legion Posts, and from the Legion Committee, both before and after the Convention, which turned out to be a huge success from every angle. The Lodge Home became the headquarters and home of many of the Legionnaires during their visit, and the Elks feel highly pleased with the impression made on the men, knowing that they felt the Elks of Grand Rapids were cooperating with them the whole way in making the American

Legion Convention in Grand Rapids the complete success it was.

L. E. Sadler

John W. Kaufman, Prominent Ohio Elk, Dies

All Ohio mourns the recent death of John W. Kaufman after an illness of five weeks. Mr. Kaufman, a Columbus industrialist, clubman and philanthropist, was a Past Exalted Ruler of Columbus Lodge, No. 37, and at one time Secretary to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price during his term of office.

Mr. Kaufman was for many years prominent in Columbus Lodge. He was initiated in March, 1904, and was elected Exalted Ruler in March, 1912. When Columbus Lodge's present Home was built, Mr. Kaufman was Chairman of the Building Committee, and his contributions toward its erection were large. Through his help the Elks Country Club was financed and erected on a farm near Columbus. Two years later, when the Club ran into difficulties it was Mr. Kaufman who purchased it from the Lodge and ran it as the Wyandotte Country Club. Mr. Kaufman was also Trustee of the Lodge.

Few men have been able to attain such great success in the business world as that enjoyed by John W. Kaufman, and yet find time to make so many friends. His recent death shocked hundreds and brought sorrow to the fraternal and business groups with which he was affiliated.

Funeral services were conducted by the Columbus Lodge of Elks at Mr. Kaufman's residence.

C. W. Wallace, Secretary

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Mourns Albert Lewis, Trustee

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, recently sustained a great loss in the death of Albert Lewis, one of the most zealous workers for the Lodge, and a pioneer Elk. Mr. Lewis suffered a stroke which resulted in his death at St. Catherine's Hospital, East Chicago. At the time of his death Mr. Lewis was manager of the East Chicago Lodge Home, and a Trustee of No. 981.

Impressive funeral services were carried out in the Lodge Home and again at the grave by the officers of the Lodge. Mr. Lewis's body lay in state in the Lodge room for twenty-four hours prior to burial, and the members and a legion of friends passed through the room to pay last respects.

John E. O'Neil, Secretary

Washington, Mo., Lodge Initiates Class

Several new members were recently initiated at the regular meeting of Washington, Mo., Lodge, No. 1559, at the Lodge Home. The initiation was conducted by the newly organized ritualistic team.

At the conclusion of the initiation, Exalted Ruler D. W. Breid made a short but interesting address, in which he welcomed the new members to the Order, and also praised the members of the ritualistic team for their splendid work. After the meeting a lunch was served and a pleasant evening was spent.

Edward Sprche

Lincoln, Ill., Elks Enjoy Annual Picnic

In Coonhound Johnny's Beer Garden recently, one hundred and twenty-five Elks of Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, enjoyed their Annual Elks Picnic in spite of bad weather. Though the outdoor events were cancelled, indoor amusements were enjoyed to the fullest extent, and the picnic food and copious flow of three-point-two were available throughout the evening.

Two three-round boxing events between a quartet of colored lads were run off, with the winner in each event making hay in a final three-round bout. The main event of the evening was a short but exceedingly snappy scrap between Battling Twoomey and Kid Leo Bennis, in which the boys slugged to a draw finish.

Antlers of New Orleans, La., Lodge Active

The Antlers Lodge of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, recently held a most interesting and entertaining session, among the features of which was an address on the Constitution of the United States by James J. A. Fortier, of the major body.

Following the address of Mr. Fortier the Antlers proceeded with their regular order of business which included the nomination of officers for the next period. At the close of the nominations it developed that Exalted Antler Richard Zimmer was again named for that post without opposition, and Frank Gsell was named Leading Antler with no opposition.

An initiatory ceremony was then performed for the benefit of three candidates who were inducted into the Order of Antlers.

Bay City Lodge Baseball Team Wins Title

The baseball team sponsored by Bay City, Mich., Lodge, No. 88, recently won the championship of the Bay City League for 1933, with a 5-3 victory in the final game of a title play-off. There are two divisions of eight clubs each in the circuit, the National League and the American League. The Elks first won the National League pennant and then took a three-game series from the Vaughn-Gillette-Buehlers, winners of the American League, for the City title.

During the season, the Elks won fifteen out of twenty league games in addition to several contests with non-league members. This is the first year Bay City Lodge has sponsored a team, and the widespread enthusiasm it created makes certain of the team being retained for 1934. It is estimated that more than 25,000 spectators saw the Elks in their battles to win the National League and City crowns. Bay City Lodge feels, and quite justifiably, that it has hit upon a splendid way of sustaining interest in Lodge activities.



The Drum Corps of the El Paso Antlers Lodge which recently appeared in a public parade

The star pitcher of the Bay City Team is Don Andrews, for three years a member of the University of Illinois nine, which he captained in his last year. The third-baseman is Denny O'Keefe who played three years at Notre Dame, and like Andrews, piloted his varsity in his senior year. Manager Larry Butler played three years at the University of Michigan. All told, the Elks team has as members seven ex-collegians.

T. C. Hughes, Secretary

Fort Wayne, Ind., Elks Hold Gold-Rush Scrip Tourney

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, is the owner of a very beautiful country club in the northeastern part of Fort Wayne, located on the banks of the St. Joe River, and northwest of the City the Lodge possesses an excellent golf course.

At the links, recently, was held a Gold Rush Scrip Tournament, which proved successful and popular far beyond expectations. More than two hundred golfers took part in the affair. Guy Paulsen, Professional at the Orchard Ridge Country Club, walked off with first prize by turning in \$225,000, and winning a complete set of Hagen woods, irons and a golf bag. Walter Merrill won second with \$200,000, and H. M. Berg was third with \$171,000.

To enter the tournament each player paid \$1, for which he received \$10,000 in scrip. Not more than \$10 worth was sold to any player. Each foursome used the following system of scoring: \$200 for low ball; \$100 for low total; \$300 for a birdie; \$500 for an eagle. There were heavy penalties for errors in play. The players were adjured: "Don't hoard! Bet, borrow, beg or steal—anything to get the scrip."

One of the penalties—as an example—was "\$500 for swearing at caddie."

R. J. Stetter, Correspondent

Michigan Elks Mourn Past Exalted Ruler Wesley J. Irwin

The recent and untimely death of Past Exalted Ruler Wesley J. Irwin came as a tragic shock to Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47. Mr. Irwin's death occurred when his car left the road and overturned several times, rolling down a steep grade.

Mr. Irwin was a very successful Exalted Ruler of Saginaw Lodge in 1922, and during his term of office he initiated 110 candidates into the Order. He had been an Elk since 1909, and after passing through the various chairs, became Exalted Ruler and was later elected to the Board of Trustees for two five-year terms. Mr. Irwin was well known to most of the Elks in the State of Michigan, attending almost all the State Association conventions, and visiting frequently the various Lodges throughout the State. He also attended several Grand Lodge conventions.

Mr. Irwin was best known in Saginaw for his charitable activities for Saginaw Lodge, and for his success in raising money for, and distributing Christmas baskets. His career included several instances of daring life-saving work in a Michigan forest fire, in perilous rescues in the freezing spring flood waters of the Saginaw River, and on a wagon behind a runaway team.

Recommendations were made for a Carnegie Award to Mr. Irwin after his rescue efforts in the forest fire that swept the village of Metz in Northern Michigan. Mr. Irwin joined a volunteer rescue crew that went into the fire-swept area to rescue



Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, with officers and members of the Wisconsin State Elks Association Convention, held at Warrensburg, Mo.

villagers. Finding that the residents had buried themselves in the sand to escape the terrific heat, the Saginaw Past Exalted Ruler made trip after trip through the blazing forest to uncover settlers and carry them to the rescue train. He received such serious burns by his heroism that he was laid up in a hospital for more than a month.

At a later time, Mr. Irwin, plunging into the freezing waters of the Saginaw during a spring flood, brought ashore a boy who was floating on a piece of ice.

On another occasion he risked his life to stop a runaway team of horses pulling a wagon with two children at a dangerous rate of speed. As the runaway team came at him, Mr. Irwin attempted to stop the horses and failing, jumped upon the wagon as it whipped past. Fearlessly, he walked out on the wagon tongue to calm the horses, and saved the children from almost certain injury.

Two hundred Elks and friends of Mr. Irwin attended his funeral, and a delegation of members of Bay City Lodge, No. 88, headed by District Deputy E. P. Greenwald, was also in attendance. The services were in charge of Past Exalted Rulers of

Saginaw Lodge, with Wilber M. Brucker, a former Governor of the State of Michigan, presiding.

*Past Exalted Ruler Joseph M. Leonard,
Secretary*

Sioux City, Iowa, Lodge Entertains Orphans

Sioux City, Ia., Lodge, No. 112, recently outdid its past similar achievements in the picnic it gave for the orphans of several Sioux City institutions and county homes of the outlying districts, including Woodbury County, Iowa, and Dakota County, Nebraska. To the four hundred guests, this picnic is the pleasantest frolic of the year.

Riverview Park, the principal amusement center of the locality, was the scene of the outing. Through the kindness of Harry Jones, owner of the Park and a prominent Elk, the young guests enjoyed the many amusement features and rides on the various devices without charge. The 100 Elks who served as hosts distributed candy and fruit upon arrival at the Park, and a cash gift was presented to each small guest. Fifty Does served the dinner.

The speakers of the day included Exalted Ruler G. F. Farrell and W. D. Hayes, Mayor of Sioux City. Mayor Hayes warmly praised No. 112 for its many charitable activities, especially for its thoughtful and frequent remembrances of orphans and other underprivileged persons.

Roy Larsen, Correspondent

Newark, Ohio, Lodge Entertains Children of County Home

Approximately one hundred and fifty eager youngsters of the Licking County home, recently ate ice cream, put away numerous slices of homemade cake and participated in the various activities and contests at an entertainment sponsored by Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, held at the Newark Lodge Home.

Prior to a band concert, the athletic and other contests were held and twenty-one prizes were awarded. The band music was furnished by the Elks Band. The children had a time so rare in their lives as to make every effort and every expense of the Elks more than worth while.

James R. Cooper, Correspondent

News of the State Associations

Missouri

One of the largest conventions of the Missouri State Elks Association to be held in years was opened September 18 at Warrensburg, Mo., with Grand Lodge officers and other notables of the Order in attendance. The sessions continued through the first day and evening and were concluded with the final business session on the morning of September 19.

Members of the Order throughout Missouri commenced arriving on Sunday, September 17, and a good attendance was on hand for the opening meeting on Monday morning. Interest in the Convention centered on the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith. Warrensburg Lodge, No. 673, was host to the four hundred Missouri Elks who attended. An unusual program was arranged for the visiting Elks, as the Convention's date coincided with the first two days of the Fourth Annual Johnson County Free Fall Festival.

The opening session was called to order with an address of welcome by Past Exalted Ruler A. T. King, of the local Lodge, and a response by Dr. Carroll Smith of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9. A brief business session was held before noon adjournment. Addresses were given during the afternoon by Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell, Grand Secretary Masters, Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann of St. Louis, present Grand Esquire, and Congressman C. C. Dickinson.

The officers of the State Association and the visiting Grand Lodge officers were guests of honor at a banquet early in the evening of the first day, at which two hundred delegates were present.

Later, from the Estes Hotel where the banquet was held, the Elks marched in a body, headed by a 100-piece orchestra, to the State Teachers College Stadium, where the program for the Free Fall Festival was being held. There Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, Grand Secretary Masters and Grand Esquire Dickmann spoke to the 10,000 persons assembled before them. Mr. Meier outlined to the audience some of the projects carried on by the Elks, and called attention to the 1934 National Convention, to be held in Kansas City, Mo., next year.

After the entertainment at the Free Fall Festival, a dance was held for all Elks and their families at Pertle Springs, a summer resort near Warrensburg.

In the ritualistic contest Kansas City Lodge, No. 26, came first, Sedalia Lodge, No. 125, took second place, and Warrensburg Lodge, third.

At the final business session a committee was named to aid defective eyesight among the children of Missouri, and to obtain treatment and provide glasses when and where needed. Past Exalted Ruler H. R. Garrison of Warrensburg Lodge was appointed Chairman of the Committee to work in behalf of the State Association with Kansas City Lodge in making preparations for the Grand Lodge Convention. The State Convention voted to hold its

1934 meeting in Kansas City on the opening day of the Grand Lodge session. Officers for the following year were elected to serve as follows:

Dr. M. E. Gouge, Sedalia Lodge, No. 125, President for his fourth term; Dr. Don H. Silsby, Springfield Lodge, No. 409, First Vice-President; B. L. Ellis, Trenton Lodge, No. 801, Second Vice-President; M. F. Thurston, Columbia Lodge, No. 594, Third Vice-President; C. Lew Gallant, St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, Secretary; A. A. Lobban, Warrensburg Lodge, No. 673, Treasurer, and Trustees: Bernard F. Dickmann, St. Louis Lodge; R. L. Covington, Clinton Lodge, No. 1034, and J. H. Carson, Maryville Lodge, No. 760.

*James Kirkpatrick, Warrensburg Lodge,
Correspondent*

Illinois State Elks Association Holds Fall Meeting

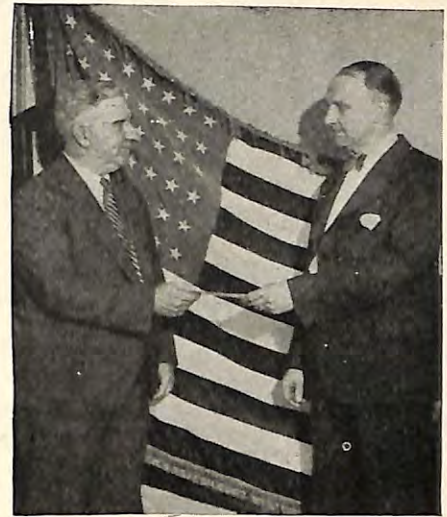
The Fall meeting of the Illinois State Elks Association was held recently in the Lodge Home of Peoria, Ill., Lodge, No. 20. A dinner was served at the Lodge and fifty dignitaries of the State Association were present. After dinner all retired to the Lodge room, where the meeting was called to order by State President Dr. F. C. Winters.

The meeting was honored by having in attendance three Grand Lodge officers: Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, and Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Brief talks were made by President Winters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson, who discussed State Association work, Grand Secretary Masters, and Bede Armstrong, of Waukegan Lodge, No. 702, who talked on the National Bridge Tournament. Appointments of committees for the following year were announced.



Grand Esquire B. F. Dickmann, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith, seated. And Missouri State Association officers, standing with Grand Secretary Masters

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Grand Exalted Ruler Meier presenting to Chairman Malley his check for \$1,000 for an Honorary Founder's Certificate

ON Tuesday, September 5, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier arrived in Toledo, Ohio, to pay Toledo Lodge, No. 53, an official visit, and to confer with the District Deputies of sixteen neighboring districts. Mr. Meier was met at the station by all the officers of Toledo Lodge and taken, with a police escort, to the Commodore Perry Hotel.

The Fifth Regional Conference of the Grand Exalted Ruler was held in the Lodge room of Toledo Lodge. Attending the conference were the following District Deputies: A. Gordon Taylor, of Indiana, North; A. R. Luckenbill, of Indiana, North Central; Claude E. Thompson, of Indiana, Central; James H. Waits, of Indiana, South Central; James P. Adkins, of Indiana, South; Harry G. Chapman, of Michigan, Central; E. P. Greenwald, of Michigan, East; G. A. Kusterer, of Michigan, West; C. F. Unckrich, of Ohio, North Central; Scott H. Cook, of Ohio, Northeast; Charles J. Schmidt, of Ohio Northwest; Ferd M. Pickens, of Ohio, South Central; Thomas F. Joseph, of Ohio, Southeast; Leo McFarland, of Ohio Southwest; Walter B. Wilson, of West Virginia, North, and R. D. Lake, of West Virginia, South. Every one of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers from the regions embraced by the Conference were present. In addition there were many prominent Elk dignitaries at the meeting. Between three and four hundred Elks were in Toledo to hear and see Mr. Meier.

Mr. Meier's day in Toledo was a busy one. The Regional Conference took place at ten in the morning. At noon a luncheon in the Toledo Lodge Home was held in his honor, attended by all the District Deputies and visiting dignitaries. Later in the day the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and other officials and members of the subordinate Lodges from the districts represented and again at five P.M. he broadcasted another address over radio station WSPD. At 6:30 he attended a testimonial dinner in his honor, held in the Lodge Home, and at nine he left Toledo on the New York Central Line, for a meeting at Utica, N. Y.

Early in the morning of September 6, Mr. Meier arrived in the city of Utica. He was met at the station by Exalted Ruler Charles F. Jones and Secretary Amon W.

Foote, of Utica Lodge, No. 33, and escorted to the Martin Hotel, where the three officials had breakfast.

At ten o'clock the Grand Exalted Ruler convened his District Deputies Regional Conference No. 6, there being present all eight District Deputies from the different Districts of New York. After a very satisfactory conference a complimentary luncheon was held for Mr. Meier, following which another conference was convened for Exalted Rulers and Secretaries. In addition to the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, about one hundred and twenty-five members and distinguished men of the Order were present at this meeting, including State President Alonzo L. Waters, and Past District Deputies Peter Stephen Beck, Miles S. Hencle, F. W. O'Donnell, Frank S. Powell, John T. Buckley, John Johns and Perl W. Devendorf.

Following the close of this conference, the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven about the city, to return to the Lodge Home at six o'clock as guest of honor at a dinner given by Utica Lodge. After dinner the Lodge was convened for the purpose of hearing an address delivered by Mr. Meier. In addition to the other distinguished members of the Order present at the Exalted Rulers Conference mentioned above, the following men were present at the Lodge session: Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George J. Winslow, and Past District Deputies Charles T. Lanigan, Dr. Edward B. Manion and Grover C. Ingersoll. After the Lodge session Grand Exalted Ruler Meier left Utica for a meeting to be held in Boston, Mass.

MR. MEIER was met in Boston, on September 7, by State President Edward D. Larkin, Exalted Ruler John J. O'Connor of Boston Lodge, No. 10, immediate Past Exalted Ruler Joseph A. Crossen, and Joseph N. Shafer. He was taken to the Copley-Plaza for breakfast, and there had the pleasure of meeting Governor Joseph P. Ely, of Massachusetts.

Following breakfast Mr. Meier held his seventh Regional Conference of District Deputies in the Home of No. 10. Every District Deputy from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut was present, numbering eleven in all. An unusual interest in

the conference, held in the manner of a Round-Table meeting, was displayed by these District Deputies. The District Deputies present at the seventh Regional Conference of District Deputies were: James F. McClusky, of Massachusetts, Southeast; Eugene J. Lakemarsin, of Massachusetts, Northeast; James A. Bresnahan, of Massachusetts, West; and Fred H. Scholl, of Massachusetts Central; William T. Conkling, of Connecticut, West; Julian D. Moran, of Connecticut, East; Fred L. Sylvester, of Maine, West; P. R. Fitzpatrick, of Maine, East; James E. Buchanan, of Rhode Island; James D. DeRocher, of New Hampshire; and William J. Lonergan, of Vermont.

Following the conference Grand Exalted Meier was driven under motorcycle escort to the City Hall, where he was received by Mayor James Curley, and presented with the keys to the city. After this ceremony, the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven, still under motorcycle escort, back to the Copley-Plaza, where he was the guest of honor at a dinner given by His Honor the Mayor, with about one hundred distinguished citizens attending. Among these was Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, who welcomed Mr. Meier to New England; Grand Treasurer James F. Duffy, and E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

After luncheon, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier proceeded to the Home of Boston Lodge, where he held a session with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the subordinate Lodges of New England. Almost four hundred members of the Order were present at this meeting, including almost every Exalted Ruler and Secretary of the Lodges. In addition to those at the luncheon there were present: Past Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers; Past Grand Auditing Committeeman J. Levi Meader; Past Grand Inner Guard Michael H. McCarron; Grand Lodge Reporter Joseph F. Mellyn; Jeremiah J. Hourin, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Bernard E. Carbin, State Treasurer; and Past District Deputies James Hayes, Dr. Thomas O'Loughlin, Frank J. Kelly, Lester C. Ayer, Charles F. Mann, J. D. Hallisey and Edwin K. McPeck; and every officer of Boston Lodge.

This meeting Mr. Meier felt to be the most interesting and the most successful he had held. During the progress of the conference the Grand Exalted Ruler took

FORM OF BEQUEST

Anyone Desiring to Make a Provision in His Will for the Benefit of the Elks National Foundation Fund May Do So by Inserting the Following Form of Bequest:

"I give and bequeath the sum of.....Dollars to the Elks National Foundation Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, a corporation duly established and existing under the laws of the District of Columbia."



PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier placing a wreath at the base of the famous Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia

the opportunity—since Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, was present—to endorse the Elks National Foundation as the “greatest humanitarian and charitable activity ever undertaken by any fraternal organization.” He gave impetus to the Foundation Trustees’ campaign for gifts and requests by presenting to Chairman Malley his personal check for \$1,000 for an Honorary Founder’s Certificate.

This generous action of the Grand Exalted Ruler brought to a high pitch the fervor of the largely attended meeting of District Deputies, Subordinate Lodge, State Association and Grand Lodge officers and committeemen, and members from all parts of New England.

With dramatic effect, at the conclusion of his forceful and eloquent address upon Elk principles and purposes, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier turned to Chairman Malley, and said:

“Another thing about which I am profoundly concerned has its source, you might say, right here. I am tremendously interested in the success of the Elks National Foundation. I am especially pleased by the great scholarship program which is being fostered by the Foundation, and which has been carried on so successfully in Massachusetts and in the other New England States.

“I do not mean to suggest that I am not equally interested in the other charitable and humanitarian endeavors that have been espoused by individual Lodges or by State Associations or by groups of Lodges, such as the crippled children’s relief work in New Jersey, Illinois, Florida and in other States; the tuberculosis hospitals in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico; the welfare fund of New York State, and the great work of more local character that the Lodges are doing—distributing shoes to poor children, promoting milk funds, establishing playgrounds and fresh air farms, relieving distress whenever and wherever there is occasion. The Elks have a notable record of good deeds. But I repeat, I am especially interested in the educational program of the Elks National Foundation because the propelling influence that has made America what it is today is the intelligence, the ability to think, the desire to do, that comes from a trained mind.

“Our national efficacy has been made possible through the educational advantages afforded the American people. This dear old New England of yours is the source of that great movement in Education. It is fitting that the Elks of this section should take the lead and set the example for the other States of the Union and the other Lodges of our Order in supporting and promoting the Elks National Foundation scholarship movement.

“Those who heard or who have read the report which the Elks National Foundation Trustees submitted to the

Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee last July know that the Foundation is now functioning as a great agency of our Order in all fields of philanthropy. Part of its distributable income is being used for the benefit of crippled children, part for the relief of victims of tuberculosis, part for the succor of those who have met with adversity in other forms. If one desires to perpetuate his power to perform kindly services to his fellow men, if one wishes to participate in the humanitarian works of our Order in every section of the nation for all time, he may do so by making a gift to the Elks National Foundation.

“I reserved to myself the pleasure, because I knew it would be one of the greatest pleasures that could possibly come to me in my experience as an Elk. I reserved to myself the pleasure as well as the honor upon this occasion to present to my good friend, the Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, my check for \$1,000 for an Honorary Founder’s Certificate of the Foundation.

“What better service can you render, Exalted Rulers and officers and brothers, than to go back to your respective communities with the determination, not that you shall give the amount required for an Honorary Founder’s Certificate—great as would be my happiness to have you do so—but with the determination that you will join with me in trying to bring success to the Foundation Trustees’ campaign for gifts and bequests.

“Make this promise, ‘During this year, I shall find at least one person in my community who will make some provision for the benefit of the Elks National Foundation, either by a contribution or by a bequest in a will or in a codicil to a will.’ I care not what the method but let us show our loyalty to Elk institutions by doing everything

within our power to forward the greatest humanitarian and charitable activity ever undertaken by any fraternal organization which has ever existed, because that is the way I look upon the Elks National Foundation.”

His conference with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries having been brought to a close, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, under motorcycle escort, was taken to Mount Hope Cemetery, where he placed a wreath on the grave of Charles Algernon Sydney Vivian, who founded the Order of Elks. The grave is close to that of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edwin A. Perry.

That night the Grand Exalted Ruler was obliged to leave Boston for a meeting held in Philadelphia. Before he left, however, the Boston Elks seized the opportunity of entertaining still more for their leader, giving a dutch lunch at the Arbeiter’s Verein, a German club in West Roxbury, where Mr. Meier greatly enjoyed himself.

EARLY September 8, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the Philadelphia station by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. Following breakfast with these two gentlemen, Mr. Meier proceeded to the Lodge Home where, in the Exalted Ruler’s suite, he held the Eighth Regional Conference. The District Deputies called were those from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and all attended.

There were also present at the conference Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther and F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary.

Following the conference, Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Lodge. Immediately after lunch, and in the same room, Mr. Meier held a conference for Exalted Rulers and Secretaries, which was attended by thirty-five Exalted Rulers, eighteen Secretaries, and the following distinguished members of the Order: Grand Trustee Guenther; Mr. Schrader, who is also a Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; Daniel J. Miller, President of the Pennsylvania Association; Charles Wibiralski, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Past Presidents of the Pennsylvania Association John F. Nugent, Max L. Lindheimer, and S. Clem Reichard; Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association Frank Strasburger and George L. Hirtzel, and James V. Harkin, Past District Deputy of New Jersey, and George E. Hoffman, Past District Deputy of Pennsylvania, together with all the District Deputies of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Following the close of the conference Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was received

(Continued on page 45)



Grand Exalted Ruler Walter Meier welcomed by the officers and members of Salt Lake City Lodge

Final Details on the Nation-Wide Bridge Contest

By Bede Armstrong

Card Editor

THE first Elks National Bridge Tournament is now an assured success. It will be one of the largest bridge tournaments ever held in this country. There will be very few Elks Clubs which will not be in it. Late comers are still being entered and there is still time if your Lodge has not come in as yet. Most Lodges report that they have invited the women folks to compete and that they have had a hearty response from this quarter.

The cards used in this Tournament will be a distinct novelty. Never before have any like them been available. They have a special design upon the back which permits of not only the dealing of the sixteen special prearranged hands which were prepared by sixteen of the leading experts of the country; they also include forty-eight other highly interesting hands with which additional duplicate matches may be played.

In addition to the handsome national trophies and the top score emblems which are to be awarded, these cards will also be given as prizes. With each deck goes the par bidding and play analyses of the hands as prepared by the experts. This constitutes an exceptional prize for it is not merely a deck of cards but a wonderful lesson in bridge. Giving these cards as prizes makes the total number of trophies considerably more than one per table.

Either contract or auction bridge may be played in this Tournament. It is to be

held Friday night, November 24th. While the play will not be exactly simultaneous throughout the country, it will be close enough for all practical purposes. The Eastern and Central time zones will start play at 9 P. M. This means nine o'clock in both zones, so that in reality the Central Westerners start one hour after the Easterners. The Mountain and Pacific time zones both start play at 8 P. M. in their respective localities.

If it happens that your Lodge has not yet entered this Tournament, and if you are a bridge fan, you can boost the game in your community and at the same time do your Lodge a wonderful service by getting behind your Entertainment Chairman (or by advocating the immediate appointment of a special Chairman for this Tournament) and offering him your

support in putting this Tournament over in your city.

Those of you who read my last two articles noticed, no doubt, that I stressed the point that bridge playing (Continued on page 43)

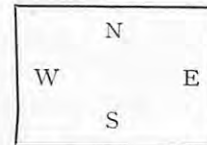


A Prize Will Be Given to Every Elk Who Submits the Correct Solutions to the Two Problems Below:

Problem No. 5. What is your version of the correct bidding and play of this hand. Contract—both vulnerable—rubber bridge—South dealer. The solution will be published next month.

- ♠ A-Q-10-7
- ♥ 9-5-2
- ♦ 10-5-2
- ♣ 8-3-2

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



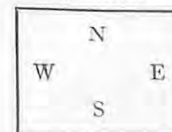
- ♠ 9-2
- ♥ J-6
- ♦ K-8-6-4-3
- ♣ J-9-5-4

- ♠ 6-4-3
- ♥ A-K-Q-10-7-3
- ♦ A
- ♣ A-Q-6

Problem No. 6

Hearts are trump. South has the lead. As North and South how many tricks can you take against any defense. Give your version of the play. The solution should be published next month.

- ♠ None
- ♥ K-9
- ♦ A-10-8-3
- ♣ None



- ♠ None
- ♥ 8-6-3
- ♦ Q-7
- ♣ 10

- ♠ None
- ♥ A-J-7
- ♦ 9
- ♣ 9-6

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



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."

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ON POP!**

**...IT'S
ALMOST DAYLIGHT"**



Acres of territory to hunt—a shotgun or a rifle over your shoulder—a belt full of hard-hitting ammunition . . . what red-blooded man or boy doesn't want to be afield early, these clear, crisp November mornings?

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The Renova, Pa., Elks Country Club situated on Young Woman's Creek near Renova, Pa. The Club features its excellent hunting and fishing

Elkdom Outdoors

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



The Blue Mountains of Grant County, Oregon, is the place to go for big mule deer, as is evidenced by the above snapshot of Carlton Meridith of Caldwell, Idaho. Along with his partner they bagged two, one of which was a four pointer that weighed 232 lbs.

Ernest Sattler, Ventura, Calif., with a Loch Leven trout taken in Convict Lake, Mono County, after a battle of an hour and a quarter. From bow and stern the trout measured 33 inches and weighed 16 lbs. It's the largest Loch Leven ever taken out of the high Sierras according to the natives. They estimated its age as fifty years



The Jos. C. Haldiman cup winners, emblematic of the Elks National Lodge team trapshooting championship, with their trophy won by Iowa City Lodge No. 590. Left to right: Capt. F. Smith, W. P. Russell, W. J. Sweetman, H. A. Mellinger, Wm. Ruppert



The above picture is of Nick Carroll, of Grafton, West Virginia, Lodge, and the prize deer that he killed last season which carried eleven prongs and weighed 155 pounds. The deer was killed at Bruceon Mills in Preston County just east of Grafton. It is a reminder to West Virginia Elks that the coming deer season is near at hand. The picture was sent in by John H. Bradford, Exalted Ruler of Grafton Lodge. Elkdom Outdoors is expecting to hear from other Lodges in West Virginia. We have been told that the quail shooting there ranks second to none, so will somebody please oblige with a snapshot of a bird dog on point. This invitation is extended to bird dog owners everywhere



Glen Becker, E. L. K. Wenatchee, Washington, and his 43½ inch, 30 pound Chinook salmon caught in the Columbia River below the Columbia River Dam. The fish was taken below the dam in extremely rapid water, after the loss of much gear. Ray E. Michael, Chairman of No. 1186 Publicity Committee, was on the job with a camera, and shot the above snap

When Jack Shaw of Pawtucket, R. I., goes fishing the big ones are in for a tough time. The six fish pictured below are all large mouth bass weighing an average of 5 lbs. They were taken in Stump Hill Pond near Pawtucket



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R. H. Grant, Detroit, Mich., B. B. Geyer, Dayton, Ohio, Eugene F. LaPorte, of Baltimore, Md., and all points where there is good fishing. The bass are small mouth and were taken in Lake Ontario in September

After Repeal—

(Continued from page 9)

bar is a quaint old American custom of established propriety—only it hasn't always been called just that. In the olden time when temperance or moderation in drinking was the order—no home dining room was complete without a sideboard graced with a decanter set. There the men-folks paused to take their toddies or highballs or "straight shots" when moved to do so between meals. The sideboard so equipped was just a private bar. It was an honored article of furniture and an ornament in which the household took just pride. And it was affectionately kept "in running order" by mothers and wives—which attests that it was not an abused institution.

As there is no real difference between taking a drink at a table with bread and meat before the consumer and taking a drink at a bar—why permit one and forbid the other? Arbitrary restriction against sale of liquor by the glass across a properly run bar is unwarranted legislative discrimination.

If friends meet and wish to take a drink or two—if a passer-by feels the need of a drink to tone up his stomach or to relieve a moment of depressing weariness—if a man simply desires a dram before meals, or a nip between acts during an opera or play—the liquor to take care of such reasonable demand should be obtainable within the law. The requirement that one must buy a bottle and carry it away with him for guzzling in private, or must seat oneself at a table in a restaurant, hotel or club dining room to follow his urge, is offensively restrictive.

Limitations of this kind simply place a premium on illicit traffic. For there are enough customers who would proceed on the theory that over-regulatory laws are only made to be broken, to call into being and give support to "speakeasies" or other variations of bootleg activity that cater to this very demand.

That is the law of excessively restrictive drink-control in America. State legislatures can't get away from it. The penalty of meal-cost and time-cost would inevitably put a premium on sale-by-the-glass outside the law—and the illicit liquor traffic will doubtless flourish if bar-drinking is prohibited. That would mean the self-defeat of over-restrictions—with resulting loss of Government revenue, contempt for the law and injury direct and indirect to law abiding restaurants, hotels and clubs.

TEMPERANCE is the keynote of the repeal movement—and the cause of true drink temperance calls for temperance in liquor control legislation. That is the only kind that ever will prove enforceable.

Certainly temperance is advanced further by the legalization of liquor sales at bars in well-ordered restaurants, hotels and clubs and in other properly conducted places of retail sale—where orderly drinkers who do not feel able to patronize restaurants and hotels and who are not members of clubs may satisfy their thirst in reasonable measure—than by extreme regulation that breeds speakeasies and similar illicit agencies of distribution. For the time at least, the cause of true temperance and the best interest of hard liquor distribution run hand in hand.

The management of any properly run restaurant, hotel or club—or of any bar divorced from the evils of the old style saloon—urges temperance or moderation on patrons. Excessive drinking is not only discouraged but banned. Non-drunken cus-

tomers only are desired. And State regulation laws can do no more.

It is generally realized by the liquor interests that if the gains in repeal are to be held, temperance or moderation in drinking must prevail in places of sale. For if not, and if the evils that flourished under the old style saloon régime should again arise, the great temperance element of the nation which swung into line against the Eighteenth Amendment and made repeal possible will oppose the sale of liquor for consumption "on the premises" as a thing vicious and uncontrollable—with over-restriction as a result.

And liquor production interests are sharing in the realization of a demand for temperance or moderation in drinking as a goal to be aimed at in the development of their distribution methods under the new order.

Some of the leaders in the distilling industry have been interviewed on this point and, without exception, they have taken the stand that the promotion of real temperance is the pole star by which the trade in alcoholic beverages must steer—if perils of unreasonable restriction in State legislative enactments and resultant evils are to be avoided. A number of them—in fact all of those queried on the subject—hold that temperance or moderation in drinking is a thing desirable in itself.

ONE of these leaders in the distilling industry recently collaborated with Emanuel Celler, a Representative in Congress from New York who is a member of the important House Judiciary Committee, in working out an "A-B-C" plan of liquor control that is directed to the advancement of true temperance. The major premise of the argument for the plan is that "the evil is not in the bottle but in the individual"—not in the whiskey or gin or brandy or rum itself, but in excessive indulgence and abuse of the privilege by the drinker.

In the control method advocated by the authors, who have given the subject long and careful study, licenses applying to the property used in distribution as well as to the operator are featured as a means of increasing the effectiveness of regulation. Such licensing, it is argued, would make obedience to regulation a matter of double-barreled self-interest when the owner is also the operator, and would make it to the self-interest of the owner to compel obedience by the operator when the relation of landlord and tenant exists.

The plan calls for a ban on concealment in places of liquor distribution—for, it is argued, drinking in the open tends to promote temperance and to prevent the revival of old-style saloon evils. The details relating to local control carried in the plan are aimed to avoid "practical politics" in its execution. Bearing testimony to the sincerity of this effort to map a method of liquor control making for temperance—with a distiller as a co-author—is its specification that the regulation of liquor sale and taxation should be devised and imposed to induce consumption of beverages of lighter alcoholic content.

This plan has attracted much attention in circles concerned with the promotion of temperance by means of liquor control legislation throughout the country—as responses and communications received by the authors from leaders of thought in many States show.

In an interview of recent date Congressman Celler—who was chosen recently by President Roosevelt to work jointly with Attorney General Cummings and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Gibbons in drafting a report with legislative recommendations relating to repeal—earnestly advocated a graduated excise tax on liquor that would penalize the consumption of more concentrated alcoholic beverage and put a premium, in the way of a lighter import, on more moderate drinking.

For example, Congressman Celler points out, under the present methods of excise tax imposition a rate of \$4.00 per 100 proof gallon (which means a gallon of liquor with 50% alcoholic content), the charge would be \$2.00 on a 50-proof beverage; \$2.40 on 60-proof, and \$2.80 on 70-proof. This excise tax imposition—still in the way of example—he believes should be changed to run from \$1.00 per 50-proof gallon to \$1.50 per 60-proof to \$2.00 per 70-proof to \$4.00 per 100-proof. And he argues that the bottling-in-bond of alcoholic drinks less than 100-proof should be permitted by Federal law.

Whether the Federal tax on alcoholic beverages is so graduated or not—it is generally agreed that, in the cause of true temperance, the taxation of liquor should be low enough to render bootlegging not too invitingly profitable and that, at least in the beginning, it should be held to levels that will eliminate the organized illicit traffic now in operation.

In the same interview Congressman Celler referred to another point regarding Federal liquor control legislation that, in the interest of true temperance, especially calls for early action.

His reference was especially to liquor rectification. By way of parenthesis, rectification means the blending of aged whiskeys with newer or greener and inferior products of the still, or the cutting or mixing of whiskey with alcohol. And this means the multiplication of good aged whiskey into cheaper beverages. Under the pre-prohibition control laws, the only qualification required of a rectifier was the license fee.

The licensee could buy one barrel of good whiskey and put out as many barrels of liquor as he chose. As has been said by a high official in the Federal liquor control administration, the only limit to which he was subject was his conscience, which was too often highly elastic. As a result, in that former time, the market was flooded with cheap liquor.

Lurid warning against the abuses to which rectification leads has been given by the vile drink supplied to customers by speakeasies and bootleggers under national prohibition, when multiplication of good liquor into bad was the widespread rule. Mr. Celler argues that unlimited liquor rectification makes for dangerous excess in drinking. And he holds that this source of abuse calls for Federal control legislation. He suggests that a remedy may lie in restricting rectification to the distillers—which could be done with some assurance that the motivating desire to keep their products up to certain standards of merit would prevent abuse or over-multiplication of good liquor into cheaper stuff.

Unquestionably a reasonable measure of Federal and State control along this line is called for—in the interests of real temperance. For there is vastly more temperance in good properly aged whiskey—from which the poisons of new production with their sickening and maddening effects have been eliminated—than in the

"dynamite" turned out in the course of unconscionable rectification and cutting.

There is not a "Sweet Adeline," a jovial quip or a jest in a barrel of the "rotten" overrectified or cut liquor that is turned out by greed-maddened traffickers—when unrestricted. And there are tons of battle, murder and sudden death in every quart of this output.

The peril in the rectifying and cutting of liquor under the new order is acutely accented by the shortage of good aged American whiskey—which will undoubtedly be the major item in demand. According to official reports and estimates, the amount of properly aged American whiskey—if sold straight—will run below one-eighth of the demand immediately following repeal and will fall even further below the demand figured for the ensuing three years. This will create a temptation to overrectify and cut that will, with many in the liquor traffic, prove irresistible—if not curbed by Federal legislation.

TRUE temperance interest urges more liberal State legislation as to wines and malt beverages than as to distilled liquors—both in restrictive regulation and in taxation. This principle has, in certain measure, been applied with good effect in some of the foreign countries where laws so aimed to promote temperance have been worked out—as in Sweden and Norway and some of the Canadian provinces. And the principle has gotten off to a good start in State legislation permitting the sale of 3.2 percent beer—which has become widespread through the country since modification of the Volstead Act by Congress lifted the Federal ban on that beverage.

But this legislation is based on legal declaration that beer or wine with not more than 3.2% alcoholic content by weight is non-intoxicating. As wines and beers and ales with greater alcoholic content may be classed as intoxicating beverages, enactment of control laws dealing with these beverages is called for. In Rhode Island there has already been enacted a control law applying to wines and malt beverages counted intoxicating—which differentiates between products of fermentation and liquors produced by distillation—

with the weaker drinks favored in the restrictions imposed. This hews to the line of temperance promotion which is a line for State control enactments generally to follow.

As to wine, liberal control legislation has this to go on—the consumption of that beverage in the United States under the

Eighteenth Amendment registered a great increase both in total annual volume and in per capita rate or individual wine-drinking rate computed for every man, woman and child in the country.

From 1911 to 1913, about one-eighth of the wine consumed in the United States was imported. Just how great a part wine importation will play, under the new order, in supplying the demand for that beverage throughout the States, will be determined by later developments.

CERTAINLY foreign wines will figure largely in the market for a period following repeal. For, according to reports, there will be a shortage of properly made and aged American wines in the beginning—and some time will be required to build up the needed supply. According to statements obtained from some distributors heavily interested in American wines, importation must be resorted to on a big scale at least until production and traffic in this country gets into stride.

The opportunity for profitable importation so offered is being seized by many wine-distributing interests. American agents seeking options on wines or "contracts" for distribution in this country are reported to be swarming in the vineyard areas of France, Spain, Italy, Germany and other European producing lands.

Many importing companies famous in pre-prohibition times as distributors of quality wines from European vineyards are again busy reviving their activities — after nearly fourteen years of suppression—and are preparing to extend them beyond the dimensions of former days. And these interests are holding to the same standards that won them distinction in the past. They have expert buyers abroad and are "binding up" a supply of choice wines for the waiting market.

A large number of new companies are also entering the field. And many of them are pursuing the methods of older importers and employing experts in the selection of wines for their trade. It is reported that especial effort is being made by American importing interests to obtain the finer wines and rarer vintages of Europe for
(Continued on page 30)

STATES THAT ALREADY HAVE TACKLED THE PROBLEM—AND THEIR LIQUOR CONTROL REQUIREMENTS

- ARIZONA** License fees moderate. Tax of 10 cents per pint imposed and tax of 1 1/2% of gross sales also imposed by general provision in Sales Tax Act. Retail sale (not for consumption on premises where sold) limited to bona fide groceries, drug-stores, etc. Retail sale for consumption in restaurants and hotel dining rooms (with meals and in hotel guest rooms) is permitted.
- CALIFORNIA** License fees for manufacture, importation and sale moderate. Sale for consumption on premises where sold not permitted.
- COLORADO** Provides for sale of hard liquor, but sale for consumption on premises where sold not permitted.
- CONNECTICUT** ... License charges fairly moderate. Retail sale permitted but limited to packages not to be consumed on premises where sold.
- DELAWARE** License system with provision for establishment of State monopoly (acting through a Commission). Retail sale (not for consumption on premises where sold) permitted but limited to one bottle at a time unless permit to purchase larger amount for home consumption is obtained (fee \$1,000). Retail sale for consumption on premises where sold limited to sale by the Commission, by restaurants and by hotels (in dining rooms and bedrooms), by clubs (in dining rooms or tap rooms), by boats (in dining rooms during meals) and by railroads (in passenger cars).
- INDIANA** Provides for issuance of retail liquor sale license, when permitted by U. S. law. Issuance of license only to drug-store operators who have been in business for three years. This requirement, however, can be waived.
- MARYLAND** Control legislation is carried in Public Local Laws. Public Local Law applying to Baltimore County may be taken as somewhat typical. This Law carries a wholesale license fee schedule based on value of stock and provides for licensing of retail sale by the drink.
- MONTANA** State monopoly in sale acting through a State Control Board. Individual permits to purchase with charge of \$2.00 for 12 months to permanent residents, \$1.00 for one month to temporary residents, and 50 cents for single purchase. Sale for consumption on premises where sold not permitted.
- NEVADA** Sale permitted but control left to local governments (Cities, Counties, etc.).
- NEW MEXICO** ... Liquor Control Act, which may be adopted by local option, carries license fee schedule based on population. Retail sale (not for consumption on premises where sold) and also retail sale (for consumption on premises) by hotels and restaurants to be licensed, permitted.
- NEW YORK** Liquor Control Act temporary until April 1, 1934, so its provisions are not listed here.
- OHIO** Provision for a Commission which is empowered to control and regulate the manufacture, distribution and sale of beverages "of whatever alcoholic content may be permitted by law." In the meantime Ohio is subject to Constitutional Prohibition (repeal of which is shortly to be submitted in referendum) and is also subject to a dry statute which must be repealed before hard liquor sale is legal.
- RHODE ISLAND**.. Provides for licensing distilleries and sale of product at wholesale. Also provides for licensing sale of beverages at wholesale and retail (not, with some exceptions, for consumption on premises where sold). "Beverages" defined as including all beverage liquors with 1/2 of 1% or more alcoholic content by weight.

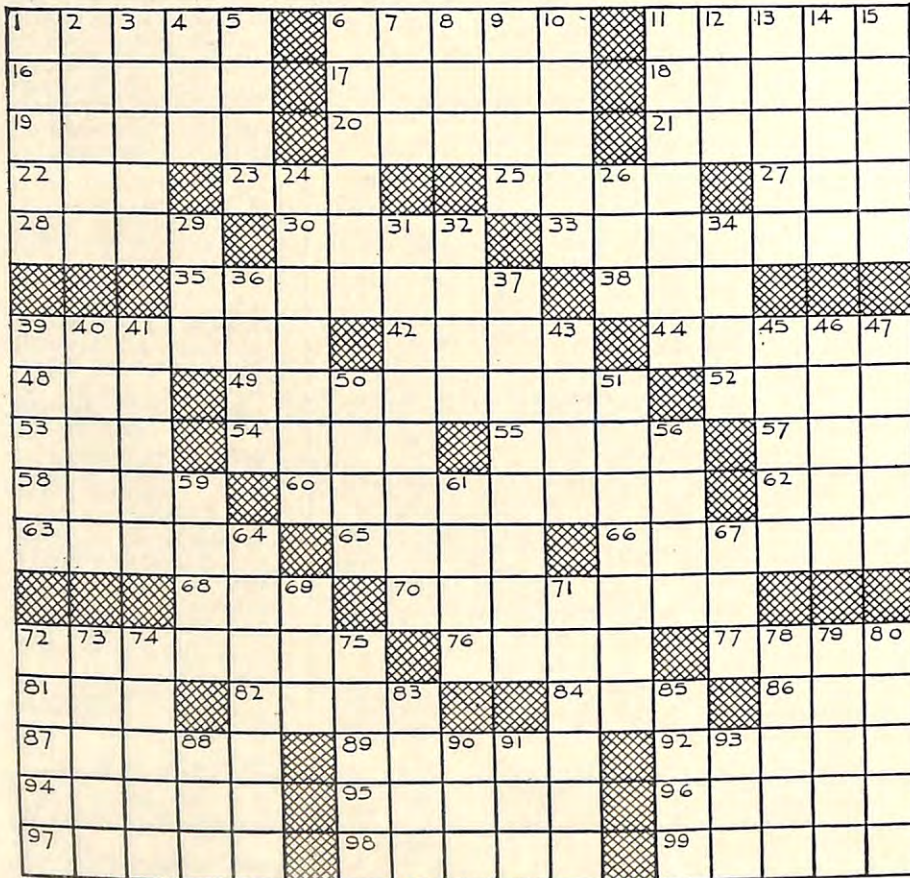
STATES THAT HAVE REPEALED PROHIBITION OR ENFORCEMENT ACTS, BUT WHICH ARE WITHOUT DEFINITE LIQUOR CONTROL—AND WHICH ARE APT TO BE FACED BY A CHAOTIC SITUATION FOLLOWING REPEAL—

- ILLINOIS** **MISSOURI** **PENNSYLVANIA**
- LOUISIANA** **MASSACHUSETTS** **WASHINGTON**
- OREGON** **WISCONSIN**

The remaining twenty-seven States still have either statutory or constitutional prohibition which must be repealed before intoxicating liquors can be sold legally.

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



Across

- 1—Mark denoting omission
- 6—A light for carrying
- 11—Boxes
- 16—Love intensely
- 17—Conscious
- 18—Pertaining to any plane surface
- 19—Badger-like animal
- 20—Column at top or bottom of stair
- 21—Analyze grammatically
- 22—Past
- 23—Boy
- 25—Had on
- 27—Turn to the right (of horses)
- 28—Word
- 30—Jewels
- 33—Most concise
- 35—Possessing life
- 38—Edible seed
- 39—Attic
- 42—Large casks
- 44—A cushioned seat
- 48—Exist
- 49—Mentally gifted
- 52—Lower part of external ear
- 53—A coop

- 54—A celestial body
- 55—To fume
- 57—Drag by rope
- 58—Ceases
- 60—Testimony
- 62—Close of day, poetic
- 63—Grates harshly
- 65—Spikes of corn
- 66—Elementary book
- 68—An exclamation
- 70—Appearing large and indistinct
- 72—Large genus of grasses
- 76—Entreaty
- 77—A 11, distributively
- 81—Implement for chopping
- 82—Dexterous
- 84—An ecclesiastical vestment
- 86—To be situated
- 87—Quoted
- 89—Claw
- 92—Cut off syllable
- 94—Funeral oration
- 95—Wear away
- 96—Horizontal
- 97—High male voice
- 98—Oarsman
- 99—Looks askance

Down

- 1—1/24 part
- 2—Proverb

- 3—Part that revolves in a stationary part
- 4—Prior to
- 5—Relate
- 6—One after another (of horses)
- 7—Be obligated
- 8—Chilly
- 9—Ship's company
- 10—Bondsman in ancient Sparta
- 11—Pranced
- 12—Screw pine of Polynesia
- 13—A woollen stuff
- 14—Relieves
- 15—Hail or snow falling with rain
- 24—To stir
- 26—Ribbed fabric
- 29—Deface
- 31—Corporeal, not spiritual
- 32—Stupefy by blow
- 34—Navigate
- 36—Makes a clear gain
- 37—Low story between two higher ones
- 39—One who yawns
- 40—Scene of public contest

- 41—Splits
- 43—Perceived
- 45—Exercised right of suffrage
- 46—Over
- 47—More recent
- 50—Bathe
- 51—Censure
- 56—Sharp
- 59—Gaiter
- 61—Let fall
- 64—A sudden shiver
- 67—Eon
- 69—A single spot on cards
- 71—More contemptible
- 72—A small face
- 73—Banish
- 74—Twist of silk placed in wound
- 75—Behind
- 78—Existent
- 79—Expressed juice of apples
- 80—Hind part of feet
- 83—Rootstock eaten by South Sea Islanders
- 85—Hollow, metal, sonorous body
- 88—Self
- 90—Moo
- 91—Lyric poem
- 93—The sheltered side

(Continued from page 29)

distribution over here. A considerable portion of the demand for foreign wines immediately following repeal may be expected to continue into after years. Especially is this true of the higher grade imported wines.

But—on the development of local production—American wines may figure proportionately much larger in the trade than they have in former years. According to statements by representatives of American wine interests, there is no reason why selection of choice grapes cannot result in the production of finer wines in this country—just as it has in France and other European areas.

“Over there” higher grade wines are the result of the selection of grapes from vines growing in exceptionally adapted soil midway up on Southern exposed hillsides or slopes, where it is neither too dry nor too moist. And, it is argued, so could similar selection of wine-grapes in the vineyard regions of the United States be resorted to with corresponding attainment of superior excellence in production.

It is further argued that—by the selective storage of wines produced from grapes that mature in especially favorable seasons when the frosts of Fall hold off longer and permit greater wine-richness to be developed—“vintage” products can be provided by America as well as by Europe.

In an interview of recent date, a French vintner of long and wide experience on “the other side” who is, in addition, deeply versed in American wine production, also argued that by adopting European methods of grape selection and selective storage, fine and high grade wines and vintage stocks could be had in this country.

All this about American and foreign wines has application to the argument for liberal legislation in regulating wine distribution—for it indicates what the control enactments by State legislatures that will make for promotion of true temperance, may mean to an important trade and industry in its development immediately following repeal.

FOLLOWING repeal, there will unquestionably be a large demand for beers and ales as well as wines that may fall within the legal definition of intoxicating beverages. And liberal control legislation favoring malt-beverage rather than distilled-liquor consumption would—as in the case of wines—make for the development of an important industry. Many famous ales and beers are waiting in Europe to supply in some measure this demand—at least through the earlier days of the new era. And certain of those products will doubtless retain their followings in later time.

But American production of malt beverage above the 3.2 level may be counted on to prove the vastly larger source of supply with the development of the industry under liberal control laws. The raw materials for production of the best malt beverages are available here and the science and art required for the output of higher grade offerings are within the reach of American capital.

This is no new chapter in the history of America's drink production. Back in early Colonial time, the brewing of beers figured large in the record of achievement in the then new land. And trade in malt beverages was an important item in the record of commercial and social development. William Penn and patriotically constructive leaders of thought in New England and New York enlisted themselves in a movement to develop malt beverage production as a means of avoiding evils of stronger drink. And Oglethorpe, founder of the Colony of Georgia, openly advocated provision for a liberal malt liquor supply to the

end that his Colonists might be diverted from over-indulgence in hard liquor.

In the course of the early development of malt beverage production in this land, connoisseurs of drink found that American beer rivaled the best products of Europe. That is history. And it points the way in the current era.

America can achieve as fine brews—as

superior beers and ales—as can the United Kingdom, Germany, Denmark or other producing countries of Europe. Legislation that by favoring terms promotes wine and malt beverage consumption makes for the diversion of consumption from stronger drink and is therefore to be championed.

And application of this principle calls for distinctions between wines and between

malt beverages on the basis of alcoholic content—with lighter wines, beers and ales favored more than the heavier offerings. In this business of drink control, hard liquor, wine and malt beverages must be dealt with—sanelly, positively and temperately—and each after its kind. In this way—and only in this way—will the great objective of true temperance be secured.

Reality

(Continued from page 6)

the hills. Come along with me tomorrow for a change—"

Their refusal was instant, almost groaning.

"It will be something new, something you've missed," he urged them, and then looked at Iris Cleve.

A little silence came. Iris Cleve said, "why not?" and watched the expression of his eyes change.

Garet Biddle stared wonderingly at Iris and a show of resignation appeared. "All right," he said.

"Fine," applauded Harney. "There's twelve of you. We'll tuck you away in the shanty somehow. I'll be along early with a couple cars. And I'll need Sally to chuck biscuits and Tom to rustle wood."

He went out, the Forresters going along, and Iris felt something definite pass with him. Her crowd fell to a jaded humorous bickering; Garet Biddle's observation was half understanding, half puzzled. "You'll be disappointed again. He'll put on a tenderfoot show for us."

Iris Cleve's latent discontent took to speech. "You're so critical, Garet. Isn't there one real enthusiasm left in the world?"

In her stateroom later, Iris suddenly wondered how this man had so deftly swung her over to a trip she hadn't especially wished to make. Gone introspective, she was debating that when May Allison came in, a sleek and yellow-haired girl with a surface softness that had no truth in it. May Allison said, amusedly: "Summertime madness!"

They were away by the middle of the morning, two open cars sweeping around the curves of a country rising fold on fold to the cloudless sky. Iris sat beside Harney in the front car, relaxed and keening the fine, heady air. Now and then attaining a momentary summit, she saw a flat plane fading to a far blue horizon, promising immense distances beyond; and she had the feeling of pressure being released from her body.

"You were clever," she said to Harney, "to bait your hook with something new. We're like magpies, picking up bright objects because we have nothing better to do, and dropping them again because they are useless."

"The magpie feathers his nest with them."

"Our nests are ready-made. Everything is ready-made."

"Sometimes you regret that?"

"You tell me," said Iris, faintly bitter.

"You know, don't you?"

They fell down the swooping grades into a suddenly remote world with stiff-sided canyons and a dark water idling below. Three hours from town they tipped over a final ridge and faced a valley rimmed by high peaks; there was a lake of indigo blue lapping against flame yellow meadows, and a long house whose many windows blazed with the hard sun. Harney turned the car through a lane of locusts and up to a wide front porch.

"A little place, you said," murmured May Allison.

Garet Biddle came up from the rear auto, chucking. "I'm beginning to recognize a Western trick of understatement."

They were children again, trooping noisily into a great front room—an easy, sprawling room. May Allison opened her delft blue eyes wider, slanting her glance on Clay Harney. "Something tells me," she said, "you're interesting." Sally Forrester stowed them deftly away in their proper rooms and presently it was lunch time. They ate in a long, bare hall meant for a big crew and convened to the porch, to laze there until inactivity palled. May Allison spoke to Clay Harney with that familiarity so born in her. "Clay, dear, what's the program?"

Harney grinned. "Every good fiddle bow needs unstringing once in a while. Yonder is plenty of water to swim in. Tomorrow we go fishing. That's all."

"This is going to kill me," said May. "Well, who's for swimming?"

Everybody was. That water was mountain born, as cold as ice. May Allison

came out of it shrieking and then the thin silence of the valley was shattered by their calling. Lying on the float, Iris felt a queer peace trickling through her, carrying her thoughts and her body apart, drugging her to sleep. When she woke a robe was over her and the others had gone in. A low, earnest voice came across the stillness and she turned to see an elderly, regal sort of man seated in the saddle fifty yards away and talking to Harney at his bridle reins. "Any help," the older one was saying insistently. "Any help at all, Clay. I'll back you to the limit. What's friends for?"

Clay Harney's voice seemed tired. "You can't make a mistake better by going on with it, Bill. I'll play this out—and start again. There's a lot of years ahead."

The rider said something and wheeled away and Harney turned toward her, his face momentarily off guard and rather tight. That vanished when he found her awake. "I figured you needed a robe. This sun burns. You wouldn't want to be peeling all over New York's dance floors this fall."

She sat up, tucking her legs beneath her, body loosely curved. Her hair, escaped from its discipline, lay freely along her temples and the glow of it lent a little flush to her cheeks. Her hands were motionless; her glance came out from some deep place, through drowsy lids. "So you have made up your mind about me. I am somebody to dance well and to look well, and go on doing that."

"If I answered you," said Clay Harney, "I'd be stepping over the line."

"Don't treat me so gently. Chivalry is dated amongst the men I know. You mustn't think me better than I am, or worse than I seem. I'm not fishing—I just don't want you to have the wrong idea."

"Why should that matter?"

She rose and her hands made an upward gesture. They were unconsciously very graceful. "It seems," she murmured, "one of those important things. I don't know why."

They went up the trail and he took her hand to help her along the grade. Afterwards it seemed natural to continue that way to the house. May Allison's quick eyes saw it and she was suddenly ironic. "Romance, my friends, has arrived."

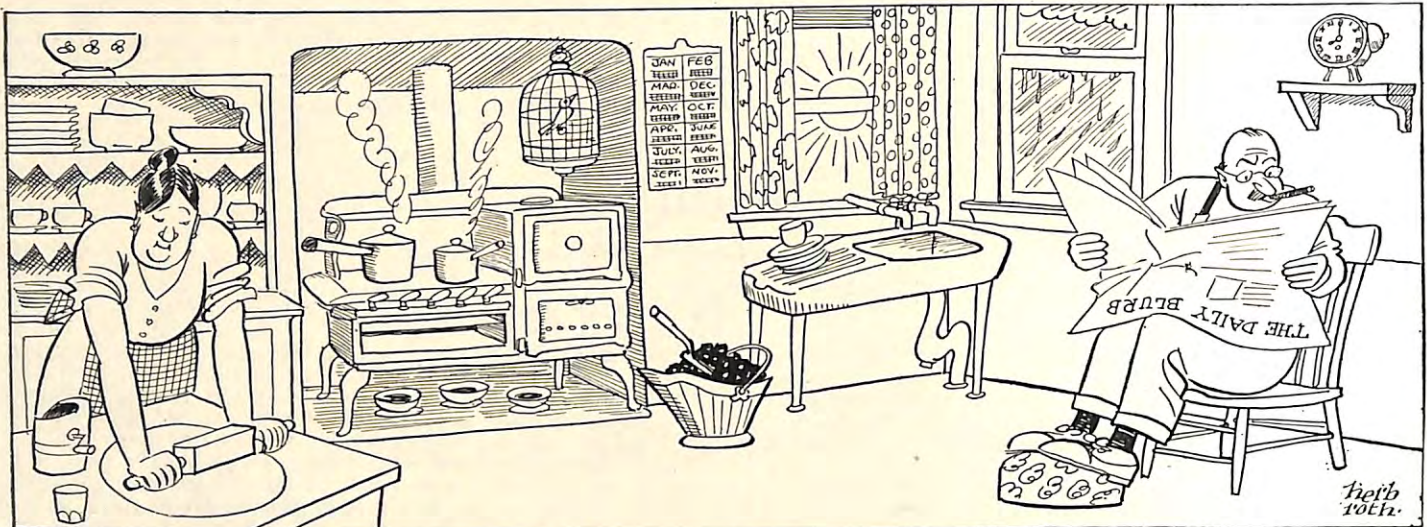
(Continued on page 32)



"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 42)



Garet Biddle swung his ruffled head. "You wouldn't know about the simple pleasures, May, but that might be fun."

"Is this party getting rough?"

"Don't you wish it would!"

IRIS went up to dress and thereafter, till the cook's triangle whirled its brass echoes into the last brilliance of day, nobody saw her. But when they came to the table Sally Forrester opened the kitchen door, giggling like a schoolgirl, and Iris entered with a plate of biscuits which she placed in front of Harney, a little sliver of triumph in her cool eyes. May Allison felt an odd irritation which she made no attempt to conceal.

"Why don't you give yourself up? Nobody plays domestic any more."

They made an affair of it, through which Iris Cleve remained inscrutably calm. When the clamor died, Garet Biddle said gently: "That was fun, too, wasn't it, Iris?"

"I had a German grandmother," said the girl, "who came to live with us after the days of our prosperity set in. The poor soul hated the way we lived and she used to smuggle me into the kitchen and teach me cooking, because she thought I ought to know. My folks wouldn't have it. They hadn't, they said, gone through early poverty just to see me end up as an ordinary housewife. And the servants disapproved."

"They knew their places better than you did yours," observed May Allison. "So what?"

Iris Cleve turned the faint rebellion in her eyes on Harney. "It's hard to know there's really nothing needed of you."

After dinner the cards came out. Not playing, Iris relaxed by the fire, attention straying over to Harney who sat on the edge of May Allison's chair—by invitation—and looked on with a sort of mild interest; he was, she thought, trying to balance what he saw in an even mind. Biddle soon tired of the game and drew Harney out to the porch for a smoke. A little later Iris, restless again, got a wrap and followed, settling beside them. Garet Biddle was looking at the ranch as a business man.

"How far does it go?"

"Formerly beyond the ridges," said Harney, slowly. "Not so much now."

"I haven't seen any cattle."

"Feeding back in the timber. Cattle... the sound of it was a little heavy, are not what they used to be worth. We have had several poor years."

The talk sagged there. Biddle smoked out his cigar and got up; and looking to him in slight surprise, Iris caught his grin and covert, understanding gesture. He went in. Harney said, approvingly: "I like your man. He's kindly."

"I told you," said Iris, "it seemed important not to have you thinking of me as something gossamer floating across a dance floor. The biscuits, Clay, was my gesture."

His cigar ran a red semicircle along the dark. Iris Cleve's voice turned strong and level. "Is this going to be a memory for you?"

"Yes."

"Then I've got to make it real. Never idealize girls like me. It is nice, but it isn't so."

"What are you then, Iris?"

"Pretty much a woman going to waste. The world—my world—is full of them. Good heads to use, good bodies to give, and hands that might be useful if you gave them the chance. Just flesh and blood. Very human. And no need for them. No real need."

"Don't," he said sharply, "talk like that Allison girl."

"No glamor, Clay. We are supposed to be highly educated, quite sophisticated, free as the winds. Living the best of lives. It isn't so. All we do is cling together like children and keep up our silly rigmarole to scare the spooks. Let's go in."

Inside they were quarreling in that frank fashion of intimates. The games broke up and they turned toward the stairs. May Allison tossed a kiss to Harney and said, "dream of me, my dear." Iris thought quickly: "Her kind he'd hate," and went into her room. In the yard was the arriving beat of a horseman, followed by an abrupt halt and a man's voice that had a singing haste to it. Curious, she moved to the window and through a clear moonlight she saw Clay Harney cross to the rider and listen to the muffled words. His answer was to swing back to the house; when he presently reappeared he carried a gun which he handed to the rider. The latter worked its bolt, curt echo licking along the shadows, and rode off as hastily as he had come. Harney remained, a still outline under the stars.

AFTER a cold lunch by a fast running creek five miles from the ranch, it was apparent the women had had enough of fishing. Tom Forrester agreed to take the men farther up the source of the creek but

Biddle, happy with his luck, struck off alone downstream. Iris was at once restive over an afternoon spent in waiting. "I'd rather," she told Harney, "explore." So they got asaddle, forded the water and began a steady climb toward the high summits. There was no particular plan and at four they were deep in the pines, in a green and cobalt world occasionally skewered by thin shafts of sun cutting through the interlacing treetops. They crossed still meadows where gray huts sat dreaming, they flushed the big, brilliant China pheasants before them, and once down a corridor they saw a buck deer poised in the half light. It was past time for turning but a distant peak kept pulling the girl on, a high color of subdued excitement on her cheeks and the cool veiling across her eyes turned luminous, deeply gay. Alternately single file and abreast they let the horses chaffer along. Beyond six they emerged from the trees and met the base of the peak.

Iris said: "I'm not often inconsiderate, Clay. Let them wait. It is all they have to do."

"Tom will figure this and take them home."

"You people," mused the girl, "have the gift of thoughtfulness."

"It's easier to think around a bunch of miles than to ride them. We'll have to go up this afoot."

THEY left the ponies and began the considerable climb across ragged rocks, up into the last flooding light. She had thought it a short distance, yet when they reached the tabled top the sun was a half arc in the west and great beads of gold went search-lighting across the heavens and died out in a sudden purple. She saw the day slide into dusk. One moment of utter clarity showed the plain rolling its leagues away; then the shadows were swimming down.

"This," she said, half under her breath, "is beauty. It's real."

Harney's voice was sudden and urgent. "Get down, Iris."

It startled her, but his head made a swift gesture toward the horses and, looking down, she saw they had disappeared. It didn't come to her then; nevertheless she dropped, watching the man go motionless behind a rock. The pressure of the silence hardened.

"We can't walk nine miles to camp, Iris."

"What's happened?"

"Something I should have expected." He turned, crouching beside her. "Tom will be on the way home now. One mile to the lower end of this gulch there's a house. We'll stay there. Tom will figure that, too, and come along by daylight."

There was more to it, she knew then, than what he was saying; and she thought swiftly of the scene in Pendleton. "Clay, where are we?"

"This is Bald Dome. Come along."

HE struck down the quick grade, reached a bottom trail and crossed rapidly to timber. It was at once dark and a chilling breeze flowed along the forest. Once he stopped, listening into a night filling with the minute voices of a hidden life. The pine tops murmured, water sighed in the depths, and the long bark and chant of a coyote laid a mourning loneliness across the hills. Then they were going fast, his shoulders vaguely rising and falling ahead. Somewhere Iris stumbled and he whipped about and caught her; and he held her till she said: "Let me keep up my end, Clay." After that they didn't stop again till a silver patch swelled to the fore and Iris made out the shape of a little meadow below wherein some sort of a house stood. Crossing the meadow, Harney passed into the place and struck a match. Lamplight suddenly swelled to the corners of a room furnished and clean and apparently lived in. Harney moved quickly through another door, returning with an armload of wood. A brisk fire was soon rising in the fireplace and unexpectedly he was smiling, at ease again.

"Coffee in the kitchen. That's all."

"Where are the people?"

He answered from the kitchen. "They're dead, Iris. My folks built this house. It was the beginning of the Rafter H. The big house on the lake is later history." He came back with a pot and hung it by the bail on the crane over the blaze.

"You've kept it furnished and clean?"

"It's to be lived in again," he said briefly.

There was a rag rug on the floor; a few pictures were tacked to the fading paper along the wall. The coffee pot began simmering, the shadows danced—and that elusive sense of peace touched Iris Cleve again. She said slowly: "I think this must be what I've been looking for, Clay. It's honest. A living room, bedroom and kitchen. Nothing wasted. How much happiness must have been inside these walls."

"Don't try to idealize it. You told me that."

"I'm not! All I want is something real."

They drank their coffee black out of old crock cups. A log began chuckling on the hearth. Harney got up, took the lamp into the bedroom. "Look here," he said and put the light on a little stand. When Iris followed he turned to her. "Good-night."

She said, "wait," and lifted one of the quilts from the bed, handing it to him and then, motionless, she watched his cheeks smooth out against the turbulence churning its way to his eyes. He went sharp about, closing the door behind. Iris remembered pulling off her boots and sinking into the endless depths of a feather mattress; and she remembered calling "goodnight" again. Sleep caught her then.

Yet it seemed only a moment afterwards that she was bolt upright, chattering from a strange cold and hearing Harney's voice break through the deepest shadows she could recall. The uncanny feel of midnight was on the place; and Harney was speaking, out in the other room.

"I told you what I'd do, Slade, if I

caught you across Bald Dome on my range!"

A stunning crash shook her bed, swelled against the walls. Another man was shouting, half in rage and half in fear, "Harney—Harney!" And he was firing back. Even in her terror she distinguished the repercussions of his gun beating into the explosions of Harney's. It was, for a terrible, dreading moment, nothing but fury—that man choking out Harney's name as he fired, the shots shuddering every board and feet shuffling like those of dancers' feet across the living room floor. Then it was over and someone staggered across the porch, breathing hard. He hit the yard with a grunt, he whimpered at his hurts and he cursed a horse that seemed to elude him. Harney's voice passed into the dark, mercilessly calm. "Don't ever let a next time come, Slade." The horse racked away and Iris was out of bed, trying to locate the door-knob. She found it, wrenched the door open and collided with Clay Harney, touching the warm barrel of his weapon. The living room was utterly dark, the last spark of fire gone.

"That's all," Harney was saying to her. "It was the man who got our horses. He meant to sleep here, thinking we'd walked for home. He won't be back, Iris."

"How do you know?"

"I know."

"Supposing—"

"You're cold. Go to bed, please."

Suddenly she was ashamed and suddenly she was thinking that she was no longer a spectator, but a woman standing beside a man just through an affair that might have

smoothness which was meant to reveal nothing; but he couldn't damp the reckless fire in his eyes. "Tonight," he said quietly, "you'll be on your way to New York. This thing has been a mistake. I have got my fingers burnt, Iris." He put out his arms and drew her in, so tightly she could feel the pound of her heart. One of the party was hallooing across the meadow. Clay Harney kissed her and let her go, the rashness of his temper dying. "I thought I had better wait till morning to do that. But it was in the book."

"That happens to be the way I feel about it."

"I suppose I had better say I'm sorry."

"I kissed you back, didn't I?"

"Now we'll be real again. You're going to New York, where you started from."

"And this is all there is—this is all?"

"I told you I'd made a mistake. The reason I asked your party to come was because of you. When I saw you first I thought that all Sally had told me about you was short of the mark. I still think so. But it has been a mistake."

"Can't you see me as I want you to?" cried Iris. "Why have I been telling you it was important?"

"On the train you'll be glad you're going."

"Listen to me, Clay! You're thinking of a difference that doesn't exist. I'm going back to uselessness, to jail. I hate it and I'm not like that! If you knew—" But she saw his face turn to that unbreakable hardness and then the life went out of her words and left them dreary. "All right. Call it summer madness then. I suppose it has happened before. But there is nothing I wouldn't do, nothing I wouldn't surrender—"

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 30)

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

been blackly disastrous. Something better, Iris knew, was needed of her. She drew away, out of his steadying arms. "All right, Clay. But leave the door open." And she went back to bed, a cold lump on the feather mattress. It seemed impossible that she'd ever sleep; yet the next thing she knew a fresh light streamed through her windows and Harney was calling. Going out she found him at the front door.

"They're coming over the notch—the whole bunch."

She went to the kitchen, washed in an old, chipped basin. Harney walked back and watched her tuck her stubborn hair beneath the jaunty beret; and then they drank their coffee out of the same crock cups. Iris Cleve placed her cup carefully on the table, turned on him.

"Why, Clay? Why, really, did you invite us all out here?"

His face, she saw, was returning to that

THEY came pouring in the front door, all of them. Sally Forrester said instantly: "What's happened to your horses?"

"Taken," said Harney, and at that Tom Forrester nodded wisely and drawled, "I thought as much," with a silky inflection. "I brought a couple more."

Garet Biddle grinned. "You've had your adventure, Iris. And I caught my fish."

But May Allison cut in, her talk a little high. "Isn't this rather compromising—"

Biddle slammed his words at her. "Even for you that's sillier than usual."

Tom Forrester was pointing to the floor and all the crowd froze. Biddle stiffened when he saw what was indicated—a little beaded line of blood running out through the doorway. May Allison's glance was burning bright with malice, suspicion and jealousy.

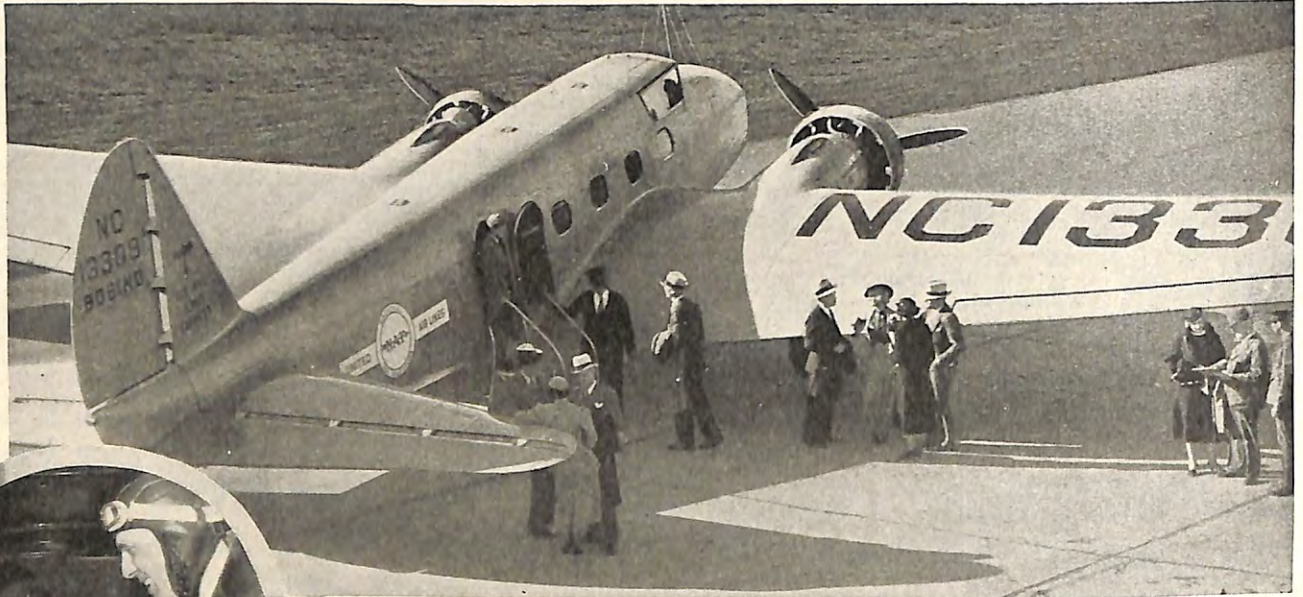
"It was Slade," murmured Harney to Forrester. "He ran into me, thinking I'd be walking home. That's over, Tom. That affair, I think, is all over now. He rode off."

Biddle broke the startled pause with effort. "We're due in Pendleton at noon," he said, and led the way to the ponies. Iris delayed a little, but Harney had stopped to put out the fire and when he did come on he rode with Tom Forrester in the rear. After that Biddle came abreast the girl, his talk gently impersonal, needing no answer. They were an hour reaching the ranch where the autos were waiting. Forrester and Harney took the wheels and presently the party was riding the quick curves across the hills for town. Slightly short of noon they were in front of the private car.

They were, at that moment of parting, all uncertain and constrained. The polite phrases of well-bred people were not said. Biddle suddenly put out his hand. "If it is any satisfaction to you, Clay, you've left us remembering—"

(Continued on page 36)

Why didn't somebody think



THEY'RE STYLED LIKE SPEEDPLANES

Studebaker has gone to the skyway for the dramatic aerodynamic lines of these startling new cars. They're the world's first standard production cars that really approximate the air-curve design of speed monarchs of the

sky. And this streamlining is not merely for style—it's a safety and economy factor when you tramp the throttle of these new Studebakers all the way down in high gear. Real savings of gas and oil are assured.

And, Mr. and Mrs. America,

how low they're priced!

THEY'RE BUILT LIKE BATTLESHIPS

The armor-plated steel-structure bodies of these Studebakers are seamless and therefore exceptionally quiet and strong. They're made a virtual unit with the new-type extra rigid Studebaker frames, insuring safety.

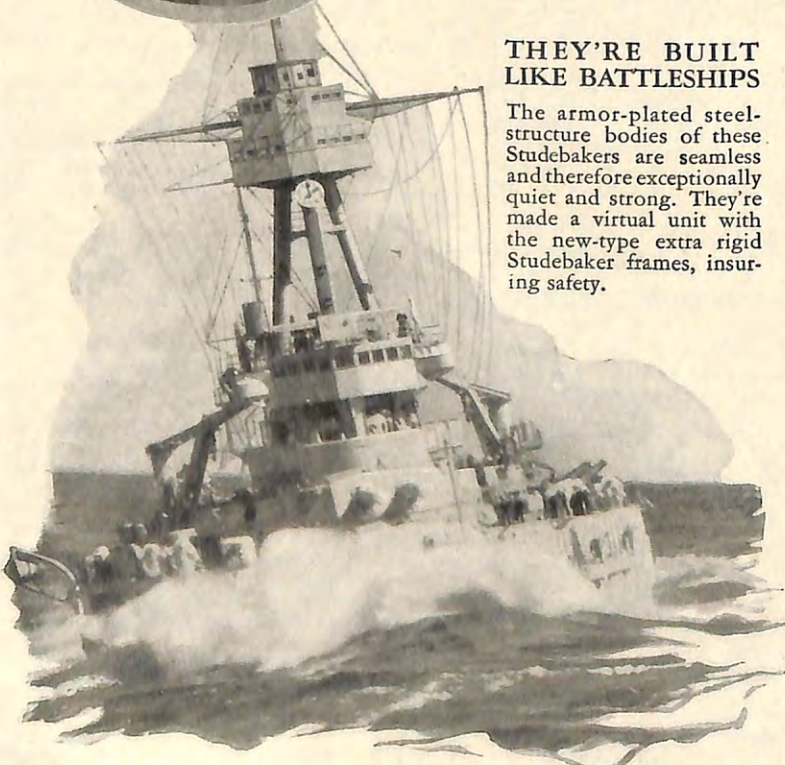
STUDEBAKER has cut completely away from its long-established price fields in these cars without cutting down on Studebaker quality.

These are the best-built, best-looking automobiles that ever bore the Studebaker name plate—and they're literally overflowing with expensive extra equipment and improvements that involve no extra cost to you.

The Studebaker tradition of unexcelled fineness is thus brilliantly maintained although these Studebakers are priced hundreds of dollars under their predecessors.

Appealing outside, they're utterly alluring when you open the doors—with lounge-like, richly upholstered seats and numerous unexpected conveniences for personal comfort. The unusual roominess impresses you.

And, of course, these new Studebakers are almost entirely "automatic automobiles"—equipped with those uncanny "mechanical brains" which make Studebakers easier and much more delightful cars to handle.



STARTLING

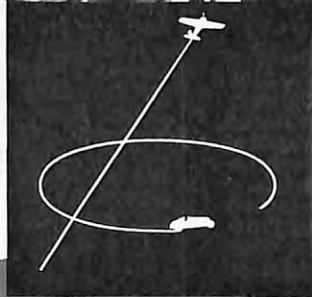
of cars like these startling new Studebakers *before?*



They'll take

RACING CAR PUNISHMENT

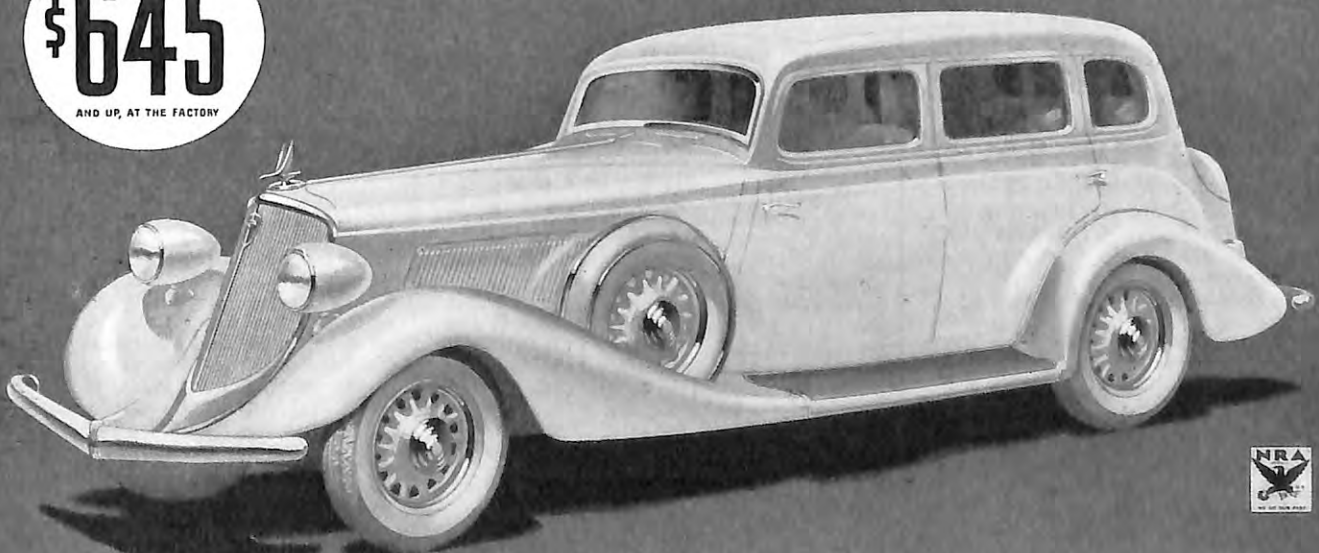
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(Continued from page 33)

Iris Cleve stood near enough to touch Harney who had not moved from his seat. He was smiling that crooked smile that meant so much and covered so much. His voice was drawling and he wasn't looking at her. "The best of luck," he said gently. "And I hope you all ride high. The fun was mine, every bit of it. What I wanted was to go out in a bust of glory—and I did. So-long, folks."

Biddle's eyes strayed to Iris and then he turned to the rest, at once brusque. "Let's get into that car." It was gallantry, but neither Iris nor Clay was seeing just then. The girl's cheeks were uncolored and she had nothing to say as the man lifted his hat to her. "So-long, Iris. So-long." He turned in his seat. Her own "goodbye" was too low to survive the deep rush of the motor.

Her people were in the car again, noisy again. But Sally was returning, near to crying. Iris, her eyes following the auto around a corner, spoke wonderingly: "What did he mean by a last burst of glory, Sally? What was that?"

Sally said, bitterness pouring out of her. "He's broke, Iris. Cattle made his family rich, and cattle has made him poor. You've got to take your luck on the range like a gambler. There is nothing left this morning for Clay but that little meadow and the house you slept in. That's the end of twenty thousand acres—he's probably telling the bank to move in now. You'll have to say this for him, Iris. He's had his party and he goes out smiling. Oh, somebody's a fool!"

Iris said: "I have got to cash a traveler's check," and started down the street. Sally started, stopped. Garet Biddle came out to the platform, calling anxiously. "This car will be moving in—" but Sally's arm warned him to silence. Iris Cleve quickened her pace and went around the corner. There was a low-slung car, quite dusty, standing in front of a

bank door and Iris turned sharply and headed for the door—and stopped before Clay Harney coming out.

"I heard a man," she said, running all her words together, "ask for a job the other day. He said, 'do you need a hand?' That was the way he said it. Clay, do you need a hand?"

Clay Harney said: "Who would I be hiring now? Nothing left. Do you know what living with me would be like?"

"A bucket for water and an axe to chop with, I suppose. Do you want your twenty thousand acres and your cattle back someday?"

"I'll get them back," said Clay. "There's a lot of years—"

"Then let's earn them back! Look. I have a hundred dollars here. I need some cold cream and a pair of shoes that's decent and a house dress and a nightgown. The rest is all the money I'll probably ever bring you, Clay."

He said, in one last effort at reason: "It isn't in the book. You're—"

"You darn fool, it's me that I'm giving away! I love you! What else is there?"

She caught his tall shoulders and then there was no way back for either. A cowhand passing by stopped in shock and presently went reluctantly on, looking half around till he fell off a curb. Garet Biddle came about the corner running, saw them and stopped, the impatience fading from his face, fading into a sadness and heaviness.

"I knew I never had you," he said. "Love isn't worth a damn unless you're willing to throw everything into the fire. What am I to tell your folks, Iris?"

"Tell them," said Iris, "that I've got what I wanted! Tell them I'm happy! Tell them—" She stopped then, thinking of how Clay always understated the things that were important. If one was to be a rancher's wife—"Tell them, Garet, to come out next year and we'll show them the west."

It's So Romantic

(Continued from page 13)

sees a smudge against the green field. Hobey waited on his hands and knees. Ginnie was sitting in the first row on the forty yard line, he saw. She wore a gray fur coat and talked animatedly with a young man who wore a tie of State colors. Southern U trotted out of the huddle. Barney O'Donnell crouched opposite Hobey with his scarred headgear pulled well over his eyes.

"Hup!" he said warningly. The white clad referee burrowed into tangled jerseys. He came up with the ball in his hands. Barney O'Donnell waited for the pile to unravel itself.

He said, "The House figured that tennis wasn't romantic or something. Said it was my duty to play football and all that."

Hobey nodded as he picked up his headgear and pulled the strap tight beneath his chin.

"Yeah," he said. ". . . second down and nine to go, folks . . . Southern U tried to go off tackle but there was a whole mob of State players in on the play . . . Clinton made the tackle . . . wait a minute . . . wait a minute . . . Mike says it wasn't Clinton. It was Shawn . . . yep . . . that's right . . . Shawn made the tackle for State . . . Southern U's in the huddle . . ."

"I heard the same thing when I was a frosh," Hobey said. "I wanted to go out for swimming. Tell that big ape, McGinnis, I'm gonna push his face in the next time he sticks a boot in my ribs."

"Okay, Hobey."

Southern U was going to kick. Hobey hunched his shoulders and waited. The Southern U center spat on his hands and bent over the ball.

"Hup!"

Hobey shouldered off the charge of the opposing guard, spun through the hole which he had made and dropped his hundred and ninety pounds neatly across the stomach of the back who was protecting the kicker. Lance, coming up behind, dropped the fullback in his tracks before he had a chance to get his kick away.

". . . nice work down there, folks . . . Prendegast, State half, went through that line like greased lightning and smeared Handley before he had a chance to kick . . . third down and fifteen to go . . ."

Hobey chewed thoughtfully on his peppermint gum as he got to his feet and walked back to where the referee was placing the ball down. Lance was pulling up his trousers, tightening his belt.

He said, "Nice hole, fella." Hobey scowled at the huddle of gold shirted warriors. McGinnis had put his foot into Hobey's ribs again. He remembered now that McGinnis had been addicted to that little trick last year.

"Hup!"

Southern U got the kick off this time. It was a low, wobbly kick which bounced around State's thirty-five yard line. Southern U downed it on the forty.

". . . State's ball on their own forty yard line, folks . . . there's somebody hurt

(Continued on page 38)



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(Continued from page 36)

down there . . . we'll have his name for you in just a minute . . . it's McGinnis, folks . . . Southern U's star guard . . . they're working over him . . . the water cart is coming out . . . he's sitting up, folks . . . he's all right . . . just had the wind knocked out of him . . . it's a great day for a game . . . I wish you could see these mountains . . ."

Hobey chewed thoughtfully on the peppermint gum as he went back to his position. A dozen yards away Barney O'Donnell grinned.

"One more boot an' I'd have put the big ape to sleep right," Hobey said. "What in hell's romantic about football?"

"Hup!"

" . . . game's over, folks . . . what a game . . . what a game . . . I wish you could see these mountains, folks . . ."

Hobey took the blanket which an assistant manager threw toward him and pulled it about his shoulders. He would have liked to have a fresh stick of peppermint gum, he thought, or a chocolate malted milk.

The stands were still making a lot of racket. THEY must think that football was romantic, Hobey decided. Personally he was glad that this was the last game of the season—except for that All-Star mess. He rubbed tenderly at his ribs where McGinnis had put his foot. Afterwards McGinnis had refrained from any further demonstrations.

The Old Man, standing near the tunnel entrance, was rubbing his chin and looking at the scoreboard high up on the rim of the stadium.

SOUTHERN U 7. STATE 20.

The Old Man said, "That was a lousy job of blocking you did in the third quarter, Hobey. Get on into the showers."

GINSIE was standing a dozen feet away. There were a half a score of other co-eds and an extremely handsome young man with a raccoon coat and a bored smile. Ginsie had her arm thrust through that of the coated young man; she was smiling up at him with the full power of her twenty-four carat eyes. They didn't see Hobey as he went into the tunnel.

In the showers he scowled again, and as he rubbed a hand over his lame ribs, wished that he could get his hands on McGinnis. Lance pulled a towel up and down between his shoulder blades. Assistant managers gathered scattered articles of uniform.

Marty Hanson, stellar end, said morosely, "Two weeks more of training and all for a suchandsuch of a post season game. I personally could do with a cigarette!"

The Old Man wandered through the dressing room with his hands in his pockets and a cigar thrust into the corner of his tight mouth. He looked at Marty coldly.

"You," he said in a positive voice, "could also do without a cigarette!"

Marty mumbled under his breath as he pulled his trousers up with a vicious jerk. "Anyway," he growled, "I've got a date. That's something with this Tarleton punk hanging about the campus. Come on, Bosco. Let's go eat."

Hobey stuck a tumbled head from beneath the steaming shower.

"Hey! Lance!"

"Umm."

"Did he say TARLETON?"

"Yeah."

Hobey turned off the water with a vicious twist; he turned a second knob and danced up and down under the bite of the icy shower, slapping at his chest and howling inarticulately.

"THAT'S the egg who was with my girl this afternoon," he shouted between gasps.

"Hey! He's romantic, Lance. What am I gonna do about it?"

The other grinned wordlessly as he pulled at his socks. The locker room was nearly empty. Hobey turned off the water and shouted for a towel.

After a while he walked thoughtfully down Clifton Avenue with the wind nipping at his bare ankles beneath the dangling bottoms of his golf trousers.

HOBHEY sat in a collarless dress shirt with his silk clad feet on the table. He read items from the sport section of the evening *Tribune* while Lancelot Prendegast wrestled futilely with a black tie.

"Fifty Thousand Will See State-All-Star Game," he read. "Post Season Contest a Sell Out."

Lance patiently pulled the tie loose and started over again. Hot music drifted up the stairs and along the corridor. The House dance had been under way for a half hour.

"Fans eager to see Dick Tarleton—Former State Star—In Action."

"Umm."

Minnie Bardon thrust his head into the door and glared at the two through his glasses. The music was louder. Hobey screwed his shoulders deeper into the chair and looked at Minny Bardon over the top of the sport page.

"What's the big idea?" Minny demanded. "Don't you know that you've got some duties at a House dance? How about trotting your fat sterns downstairs?"

"Dick Tarleton recently starred in PIG-SKIN, where his work as a hard running halfback was sensational," Hobey quoted. "We'll be there. Don't get all hot and bothered."

Minnie Bardon slammed the door and his footsteps died away down the hall. Lance untied his tie for the fifth time and made a fresh start. Hobey pulled a single sheet from the paper and let the rest drop to the floor. He scowled darkly as he glanced over Anson Noble's column of Sport Chit-Chat.

"Dick Tarleton, who plays with the All-Stars against State on Saturday, has been seen more than somewhat with a certain Kappa who is far from hard to look upon. Nice play, Dick!"

Hobey dropped the sheet on top of the rest of the paper and gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling. After a while he got up and thrust his feet into the waiting patent leather pumps. He reached a deliberate hand for his dress collar. Lance was tying the dress tie for the tenth time.

THE two of them paused on the last step of the broad stairway. At one end of the long room Lefe Chilton's Orchestra huddled behind a clump of potted palms and wrenched weird melody from saxophones and violins. Tuxedo-clad youths wandered up and down the floor with the alert, predatory look of stags in their eyes. People danced.

Hobey said, "Last time the punch was lousy. I don't feel like dancin', Lance."

"Umm."

Lance wandered away, his fingers touching the refractory tie. Hobey watched him go. A girl in a flame colored dress danced by with the O'Toole who was peering owlishly over his spectacles. She disengaged herself and leaned across the bannisters smiling at Hobey. She, too, was a Kappa. Hobey had once taken her to the movies at the Princess. He had been a freshman then.

"Hobey," she said. "Divorce yourself from that sad, Sidney Carton stare and dance with me."

Hobey grinned—a brown, capacious grin which exhibited a number of white teeth.

Lafe Chilton's Jazz Boys went into another frenzy.

"Hey," Hobey said. "You look swell."
"I feel swell," Lisa told him. "Come on and dance with me, Big Shot. Your tie is terrible."

"Yeah. 'At's all right, Baby."

They danced. Over by the punchbowl Hobey could see Dick Tarleton, resplendent in black pearl studs and an intense look, surrounded by girls. Ginnie was there. She was wearing a blue dress which caressed her in a breath-taking way. On the other side of the room the stags huddled morosely while they sneered behind their shirt fronts.

Lisa asked, "Listen, Hobey, are you going to let him get away with it?"

Hobey stumbled—regained his balance with an effort.

"Huh?"

LISA grinned at him with a flash of teeth which would have graced a tooth-paste advertisement. Hobey looked down at her sleek head. He had forgotten just how good looking Lisa was. As far as he could remember Lisa had never been romantic.

"Dick Tarleton," she told him. "I don't care for the spectacle of a blond marcel making fools out of the Kappas. You follow me?"

Hobey executed an intricate step—which he had improvised on the spur of the moment—and was grateful to find that Lisa was still with him. The music wailed to a mournful stop.

"He's romantic," he said. "Ginnie said so. He ran the wrong way when he was a frosh."

"I don't care for romantic people," Lisa smiled again. All at once Hobey wondered why he didn't take Lisa to the Princess any more. "YOU'RE not romantic, Hobey?"

"Umm," Hobey answered. "I've called her four times at the House and she won't talk to me. You look swell tonight."

Lisa reached up slender fingers and pulled his tie straight with a little grimace. "You don't have to be complimentary, Big Shot. Lance and I are going off the deep end in June. He wouldn't have told you."

"Huh?"

"You know. Slow, solemn music and flowers and the 'Voice That's O'er Eden.' I had an awful time getting Lance to break down and talk that mush."

"Say," Hobey said earnestly. "You're kidding me. Why the lucky stiff! There they go again," he added morosely.

The music had started again. Ginnie, blue dress and all, was doing fancy things with the magnificent Tarleton. Lisa slipped her arm through Hobey's. She turned him toward the door.

"Romantic," Hobey said in a bitter voice.

"Come along, Tarzan." Lisa was laughing at him. "Mamma wants to make heap big war medicine."

They sat in front of the fire in the living room for a long time. Lisa clasped slender arms about flame-sheathed knees. After a while she looked at Hobey from beneath whimsical eyebrows.

"She's a little feather-wit, Hobey. Give her a little time and she'll wake up. It might help if you mused up the marcel of that Strange Interlude on Saturday. You follow me?"

Hobey grinned. He felt better. He thought that he might even be able to drink some of the punch. In the fireplace a log fell with a shower of crimson sparks, a veil of blue flames.

"Is it a bargain?"

(Continued on page 40)



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(Continued from page 39)

"Yeah," Hobey answered.
"Stout fella. We'll dance some more."
The music caught at them with quivering fingers. Ginnie was dancing with Minny Bardon. Her eyes were following Dick Tarleton's faultlessly tailored back as he looped and shuffled with a sloe-eyed Omega who wore an air of languid sophistication and a gown of very little.

Lance cut—took Lisa away with his customary flow of conversation.

"Umm," he said. "Much obliged."
Lisa danced away with her eyes encouraging Hobey over Lance's black shoulder. Hobey tapped Minny Bardon in the small of the back.

"Hey. Cut?" he asked.
Minny Bardon mopped at his face with a handkerchief and glared after them as they caromed into the crowd. The music stopped as though it had been throttled. Over by the punchbowl The TARLETON, looking very tall and very brown and more magnificent than ever, was fascinating them by squads.

Hobey said, "You're looking swell, Baby. What say we go someplace an' talk? It's been longer than somewhat since we had any conversation."

"No," Ginnie replied briefly.
She dabbed at her nose and snapped an expensive looking compact shut. She glanced calculatingly at the crowd about the punchbowl and then started in that direction.

"How about a movie tomorrow, huh?"
"I'd like some punch, please."

Dick Tarleton was leaning against the mantel at the end of the room. The light glittered on the polished wave of his hair.
"It's the *Devil's Dance*, Baby. Amos says it's a wow."

"No."
The Tarleton was smiling languidly. Hobey scowled at the dreamy, far-away look in Ginnie's eyes as she gazed in the direction of the punchbowl. He dropped a big hand onto her arm and piloted her suddenly out onto the moonlit verandah. The door closed behind them.

"Let go of me," Ginnie said in a dangerous voice.

Hobey's hand tightened. Inside, the music was swinging into a fresh number. He turned Ginnie about so that he could see her face.

"Listen," he said hoarsely. "I'm sick of watchin' you moonin' after that stuffed shirt. We're goin' for a ride."

"You're hurting my arm." Ginnie's eyes were bright and angry. "Let me go."
"So you can go back and dance with THAT, I suppose!"

HOBEY wished bitterly that she wasn't so pretty. All at once he felt helpless and awkward. He dropped his hand. It was that punk, Tarleton's fault. He would like to punch his nose.

"You listen to me, Hobey Dolan," Ginnie was saying coldly. "Dick Tarleton is a gentleman and he's a great football player and you won't ever be either." Her words tumbled angrily over one another. "I AM going back and dance with him—I'm going to dance with him a lot. And what's more I'm going to be cheering for him on Saturday! Now what do you think of THAT, Hobey Dolan?"

"You can cheer for him when they ladle him into an ambulance and cart him to the hospital," Hobey rumbled ominously.

Behind the two the door opened with a soft creak. A tall, perfectly tailored person stepped out—closed the door behind him. Ginnie was smiling at Hobey with a maddening superiority.

"I don't imagine that Dick Tarleton will be the one who will need an ambulance,"

she retorted in a cold voice. "Perhaps you have forgotten that he is a GREAT football player."

"Stuffed shirt," Hobey repeated doggedly. "Maybe he won't feel so romantic when he gets a few back teeth jarred loose. He's not going to be playing any push-overs THIS Saturday."

A laugh interrupted him—a cool, amused laugh. Hobey turned around. The Tarleton leaned against one of the verandah pillars with a cigarette in his fingers. He was regarding Hobey with an air of indulgent superiority; he allowed the famous Tarleton smile—the same one which had panicked the cash customers in PIGSKIN—to play over his shapely lips.

"Ah," he said. "It's Dolan, isn't it? THE Dolan who plays tackle for State, I believe." He flicked the ash from his cigarette as he turned away. "It's chilly, Beautiful. Suppose we go in and dance."

Hobey swallowed hard. The desire to punch The Tarleton's aristocratic nose was becoming almost uncontrollable.

"YOU'LL know he's playing tackle Saturday," he parried weakly.

Dick Tarleton smiled again. He slipped his arm through Ginnie's with a possessive air. She liked it.

"Indeed?" The Tarleton asked carelessly. "I don't imagine that a second rate tackle is going to give me much trouble, Dolan. On second thought, Beautiful, the night is much too lovely to dance. Suppose we take a ride?"

"I'd love it," Ginnie said. She looked defiantly at Hobey. "Good-night, Mister Dolan!"

"Hey!"
Hobey thrust out a brawny arm. The Tarleton turned around with that mildly amused look on his handsome face. All at once his closed hand seemed to float toward Hobey's chin.

Hobey sat down in one of the verandah chairs with a grunt of pained surprise. There was a vast ringing in his ears. As it began to clear he saw the two of them climbing into Tarleton's expensive, foreign looking car. The motor roared; the winking tail light disappeared down the long avenue under the elms.

"**W**HAT a crowd . . . what a crowd, folks . . . and what a day for a football game! I wish you could see these mountains. The All-Stars are just coming on the field led by Dick Tarleton, the State flash of three years ago . . . he's wearing the Tarleton smile, folks . . . the one you all saw in PIGSKIN . . . it's going to be SOME game . . ."

Hobey spat viciously. He dug his cleats into the turf and set himself. The All-Stars were coming out of their huddle. Dick Tarleton was back.

"Hup!"
Hobey charged through the opposing line like an avenging comet. Dick Tarleton had the ball, was flashing straight toward Hobey's position. Hobey yearned to get his hands on him.

An All-Star halfback dropped himself neatly across Hobey's knees and they went down in a tangle of arms and legs. The Great Tarleton went through the hole like a scared rabbit. Lance finally downed him on the forty-yard line with a slashing tackle.

" . . . boy oh boy oh boy . . . can that Tarleton lad run? . . . first down, folks . . . he just ripped off fifteen yards through the State line . . . and that's some line, too, folks . . ."

Hobey got to his feet with a grim look on his face. The Tarleton was giving the stands the benefit of his high-powered smile as he walked back to the huddle. He passed Hobey.

"It's easy," he said with a magnificent carelessness.

"Hup!"
There were red spots in front of Hobey's eyes. He hurled himself at the All-Star line like a crazy meteor. Two husky linemen ran him back a dozen yards to one side of where the play was going. The Tarleton went through again. He side-stepped the secondary and went to State's twenty-five yard line where McGuire, playing safety, barely got him with a shoe-string tackle.

"... hey, hey, folks... I'll tell the world this lad, Tarleton, is all that he's been cracked up to be... he's gone over Dolan's position for a total of fifty-five yards in two plays... What's that?... Mike says that that's more yardage than has been gained over Dolan all season, folks... SOME boy... this Tarleton... I wish you could see these mountains..."

The red spots became a deeper crimson in front of Hobey's eyes. He got slowly to his feet and looked at the two men who had spilled him.

"One more elbow in the mouth," he said hoarsely, "and I'll take you both apart."

"He's gonna take us apart, Joe."

"Who... HIM?"

"Yeah."

THEY went back to the huddle laughing unpleasantly. The stands were rocking with noise. Opposite the forty yard line Hobey could see a gray coat with a chrysanthemum on the collar. The blackness of his scowl deepened.

"... he's away again, folks... look at that boy go... right through tackle clear down to the eight yard line... what a game... what a game... the All-Stars are making monkeys out of this great State team, folks... State's taken time out..."

Lance squatted on his heels and stared at Hobey with his yellow eyes. The water cart was coming across the grass.

Lance said, "Hey, YOU tryin' to get romantic? How about takin' your man out an' lettin' that punk alone?"

The trainer slapped a wet towel about Hobey's neck. It was cold; it felt good. He lay on his back and stared up at the unwinking blueness of the sky. The trainer peeled the foil from a stick of peppermint gum and tossed it with a solemn look to Hobey.

"Get yer teeth intuh THAT," he said.

The red spots suddenly faded from in front of Hobey's eyes. He crammed the gum into his wide mouth and lay back with his hands under his head. All at once he felt comfortable and unbothered. A chocolate malted would just about hit the spot, he decided.

"Hey," he said.

The timekeeper's whistle shrilled. The All-Stars moved into a tight huddle. Hobey rolled over and crawled on his hands and knees to where the State line was forming back of the ball.

The All-Star line dropped into place. The two, who had taken Hobey out of the last play, grinned maliciously as they looked at him.

"Gonna give you a ride, feller," Joe said. "For a Big Shot you're easy!"

Hobey didn't answer. His jaws worked lovingly on the peppermint gum.

"Hup!"

He heaved himself forward, dived low beneath the charging shoulders of the All-Star guard. A pair of piston-like calves, belonging to the Great Tarleton, flashed toward the hole. Hobey reached up and clasped those calves longingly to his bosom. The Great Tarleton went down. A cleated boot banged against Hobey's ribs as the pile untangled.

(Continued on page 42)

"I'd given up hope.. but the PACKER TREATMENT STOPPED my DANDRUFF as you promised"

writes Ohio Business Man

1

A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK
with Packer's Tar Soap

Before you start with Scalptone, give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. Do this every week. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.



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Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—remove the dandruff scales—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute, once a day. 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. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.



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Oil Tube



If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it

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. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to prevent dandruff's returning.

If you are not satisfied with the results, we'll cheerfully return the purchase-price, if you'll write and tell us what you paid.



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with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

once a week

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Massage
with

PACKER'S SCALPTONE

every day

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Tells Simple Secret of Speedy Climb and 75% Pay Raise!

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—How an ex-toolmaker, who had never had the least experience as a salesman, entered the business of selling and nearly doubled his pay the first month, is one of the most interesting success-stories heard here in years. And the most amazing part is, this success was scored selling costly electric refrigerators—a very hard item.



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"I used to hunt for jobs," says Theodore Brill, of 57 Westfield Avenue, "but this summer I was offered three very good positions. For an inexperienced man to enter the selling game in the midst of the present depression and accomplish what I have done, speaks for itself."

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Long ago Mr. Brill realized that of course there is bigger money in salesmanship than in almost any line of endeavor. But he never dreamed that it would be possible for an inexperienced man like him to enter this highly-paid profession.

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Now the book which Mr. Brill says gave him his start, "The Key to Master Salesmanship" with its famous companion volume, "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," is being offered by N. S. T. A., free, to any man who wants to get out of the rut of ill-paid, futureless routine work. It contains hundreds of vital and little-known facts about salesmanship, and explains fully how thousands of men have quickly become leading sales aces. No obligation—write for your copy today.

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Address
City State
Age Occupation

(Continued from page 41)

"Hey," he said. The Tarleton's handsome face was unpleasant as the referee put the ball down a yard back of where it had started. He didn't favor the stands with the famous smile.

"... third down and twelve to go, folks... that State line has stiffened down there... that's twice now Dick Tarleton has failed to gain... McGuire... no, Prendegast made the tackle... here's the play, folks..."

The All-Star line was digging its cleats into the sod. The two linemen, opposite Hobe, weren't grinning now.

Hobe murmured, "If that guy puts a boot into my ribs again..."

He shouldered off the charge of the opposing guard, spun through the hole which he had made and dropped his hundred and ninety pounds neatly across the midsection of the foremost of the Great Tarleton's interferers. Lance, coming behind, spilled the ball carrier in a heap of arms and legs.

Hobe chewed thoughtfully on the peppermint gum as he went back to his position. That boot had massaged his ribs again. Dick Tarleton's handsome face was disfigured by a black scowl. He was looking at Hobe.

"... fourth down, folks... the All-Stars are going to try a drop kick... Tarleton's back... here's the play... the ball comes back to him... he's going to kick... wait a minute... wait a minute..."

"The line didn't hold, folks... they've smothered the great Dick Tarleton... that State Line is over him like a blanket over a sub... State's ball on the nineteen-yard line... somebody's hurt, folks... it's Tarleton... the great Tarleton that you all saw in PIGSKIN..."

"He's all right, I guess, folks... he's sitting up... just got the wind knocked out of him... wait a minute... he's signalling to the bench... they're sending out a substitute... let's see... Prendegast made that tackle... no, I'm wrong, folks... Mike says it was McGuire... I wish you could see these mountains..."

Lance said, "Nice hole, Ape." Hobe chewed contentedly on the peppermint gum as he went back to the huddle. State lined up with a casual sureness. Lance was back. He went through the All-Star line like a blue thunderbolt. Second and two to go.

"... game's over, folks... I tell you this big State team has been pounding these All-Stars with everything but the water bucket... they pulled Tarleton out in the last quarter... he couldn't seem to get anywhere... what's that?... yeah, I guess that's right... Mike says Dick Tarleton couldn't take it, folks... Say, I wish you could see these mountains..."

Hobe took the blanket which an assistant manager tossed toward him and pulled it about his shoulders. He would

enjoy a fresh piece of peppermint gum, he thought—or a chocolate malted.

He rubbed reflectively at the ribs where the Great Tarleton's boot had landed. The Great Tarleton hadn't tried THAT again. On the east sideline the Old Man was rubbing his chin and staring at the scoreboard.

ALL-STARS—0. STATE—66.

The Old Man grinned at Hobe. "That was a lousy job of blocking you did in the first quarter," he remarked in a fond voice. "Get goin' to the showers, Big Shot."

HOBEBY and Ginsie sat in the semi-darkness of the Princess and watched the newsreel which was beginning to unfold itself on the screen. It was one of Grant Grice's SPORT SHORTS, Hobe saw. He chewed at the peppermint gum and stretched his feet comfortably into the aisle.

Grant Grice's hearty voice greeted them; Grant Grice's familiar face beamed at them from the screen.

"We've got a big surprise for you tonight, folks. The selection of this year's All-America team has just been made and we're going to give you a SPORT SHORT of each of these big players in action. Stand by, everybody. Here they come!"

The Yale Bowl. Two machine-like teams flashed into action. A rangy back spun out of the confusion. He dodged, side-stepped and then galloped along the sideline toward the distant goal posts.

"Ernie Myer, folks! Yale's great back. All-America quarterback!"

A Nebraska sky. A great, swelling roar of acclaim from packed stands. A lanky Notre Dame end leaps into the air, snags the pass and then twists away.

"Johnny Kildare, folks, Notre Dame, All-America end!"

Ginsie sighed enthusiastically. "Aren't they wonderful?" she asked.

"Umm," Hobe replied. He had just thought of a new variation of ROMONA. He would have time to try it before he went to bed. Training season was over now.

State's oval bowl. In the stands people were standing up in their excitement. A golden jerseyed back flashed forward, running low, his knees jerking up and down like pistons. Hands reached up, clasped those knees lovingly to a blue chest. The back went down—and stayed down.

"Hobe Dolan, State, folks! The greatest lineman we've seen in many, many moons. All-America tackle!"

"Hey," Hobe said under his breath. A small warm hand was slipped into his own. It pressed his fingers with a tight grip. Hobe chewed faster on the peppermint gum.

"Oh, HONEY! It's so roMANtic!" "Umm," Hobe answered. "I got two bucks. What say we get a chocolate malted after the show?"

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

(See page 32)

1. The housewife is rolling pie crust with a square rolling pin.
2. Birds aren't hung over gas stoves.
3. The soup is being warmed on the floor under the stove.
4. The calendar is wrong.
5. You don't use coal with a gas stove.
6. The sink slopes the wrong way.
7. The faucet pipes run through the window.
8. The window curtains are different.
9. Only one window has curtains.
10. The sun shines through one window; the other window shows a rainstorm.
11. The paper is upside down.
12. The shelf brackets are not alike.

Final Details on the Nation Wide Bridge Contest

(Continued from page 25)

activity in the Club rooms is a big factor in increasing membership and holding it after it has been obtained. I used the illustration of the Bayonne, New Jersey, Lodge in the September issue, and described the Oak Park, Illinois, Lodge plan in the October number. If any reader thinks it likely that the Chairmen of his Lodge's Entertainment Committee and Membership Committee have not seen these articles, it will be well worth while calling them to their attention.

Along this line the following letter from F. W. Roessner, Secretary of Clearfield, Pa., Lodge No. 540, warrants quoting:

"The Elks National Bridge Tournament has aroused considerable interest amongst our bridge playing members and they want to know more about it.

"Not long ago bridge in our social room was rare. Usually cinch and pinochle were played and they are still played. However, each fall and winter the various service clubs of our town—Rotary, Commercial, Fraternity, Kiwanis, Fire Department and State Highway—hold a City bridge tournament. Usually they play ten games and meet every other Wednesday night. Teams are composed of eight or ten players. Players are assigned partners for the night, changing on succeeding nights until each contestant has played with all the members of his own team. Contract bridge under the new rules is played.

"We are proud of the record our Lodge Team has made during the three years we have entered it. We finished second the first year and first the last two years. This activity has aroused an unusual degree of interest around the Club. The tournament also gave us an opportunity to mingle socially with fifty or more of the representative business men of the town. From them we have solicited and obtained several very desirable members. We feel sure they will stick and make good members for they were selected under the old adage, 'If you really want to know a man mix with him socially,' and they seem to be kindred in spirit with us."

Another letter from Neil E. McKenzie of Boulder, Colorado, Lodge No. 566, says:

"Bridge was never played in our Club until three years ago. We started at that time by giving weekly parties to which the men brought their lady friends. These parties started out with just a few tables and increased until at the end of the first season we had from forty to fifty players. The second and third years the parties were still more successful. We wound up with one hundred and twenty players at the final party. You can see from this that we expect to be in the running for one of the Charity Fund prizes.

"Our first party starts this year October 17th and continues weekly through the season. We are not guessing when we say that these affairs in the past have definitely increased our membership. We expect this to be an even more successful year than the last one and therefore we are counting on taking in more members."

It is my hope that this Department will not be devoted entirely to bridge articles. I want it to develop into a valuable source of information for the building up and retention of membership through social activities of all kinds. Toward this end I wish you would write me of any plan that has been tried out in your Lodge and which produced desirable results in either good fellowship, money or members. I am anxious to pass on your experience to other Lodges so that they may benefit likewise. "Take your pen in hand."

(Continued on page 44)

The Halvorfold

Patented Loose Leaf Pass Case Bill-Fold and Card Case

OVER 1,000,000 NOW IN USE

1934 MODEL

Bill-fold

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Above the famous genuine HALVORFOLD—over one million of which have been sold at \$5.00. Below the NEW "Miss America"—my famous new style creation they are talking about from Maine to California. Now both of these Masterpieces may be had at Bargain Prices—in spite of rapidly rising markets on raw materials.

Extra Special Combination Offer. You will make an even greater saving by ordering "Miss America" and the HALVORFOLD together. Regular value of these two \$12.50, but by sending only \$7.50 I WILL SHIP YOU BOTH, each 22K Gold Engraved as you direct. What ideal never-to-be-forgotten Gifts with your friends' names!



The New "Miss America"

DOUBLE ZIPPER HAND BAG 100% SAFETY 100% PRIVACY

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~~\$7.50~~ 395 NOW for 30 DAYS ONLY

AMAZING 22K GOLD ENGRAVING OFFER And now, the most amazing offer I have ever made: FREE in 22K Genuine Gold Engraving on the HALVORFOLD, Monogram, Name, Emblem, Street and City (worth \$2.50 anywhere) and on the "Miss America" Monogram with name on Coin Purse and Key Case (worth \$1.50).

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Gold engrave HALVORFOLD: Emblem.....
 Name.....
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 Engrave "Miss America": Mono..... Name.....
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To All Members—

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

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

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

Law!

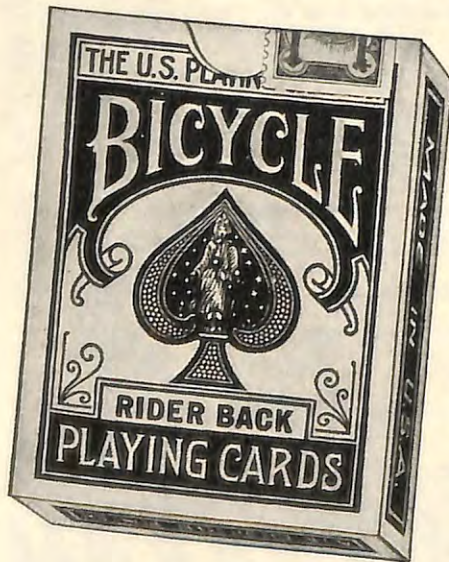
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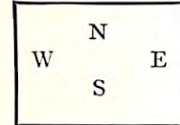
(Continued from page 43)

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

♠ A-K-10-9-6
♥ 6
♦ 8-6-5-4
♣ 9-7-2

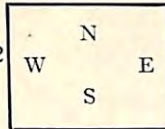
♠ 8-2
♥ K-8
♦ Q-10
♣ J

♠ Q-10-6
♥ J-9-3
♦
♣ 8



♠ 9-3
♥ Q-10-7-4
♦
♣ 9

♠ 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

♠
♥ A-5
♦ 7-5
♣ 10-4-2

The bidding under all systems should go as follows:

South	West	North	East
1 Club	Pass	1 Spade	Pass
2 No Trump	Pass	3 Spades	Pass
3 No Trump	Pass	Pass	Pass

A jump to three no trump on the second round would not be a bad bid on South's part. The bid of two no trump, however, is much safer. With practically all systems it is a semi-forcing bid and unless North has bid on an absolute minimum or less he must bid again.

This hand is a fine example of clever defensive play based on good sound reasoning. It is not involved or complicated, and is a situation that will come up in almost every session of bridge that you play. In a recent tournament all the declarers made their contract except one. At this table the defense rose to the occasion, the play being as follows:

The Trey of hearts was led to the first trick and hearts led to the second and third tricks as the declarer rightly decided to hold up the Ace of hearts until the third round. At trick four declarer led a small spade, deciding to take a finesse in the dummy. Right here is where West used his head.

He could assume that if South had the Jack of spades he would have led it. This deduction could not only be arrived at from the low card led by South, but also by the bidding which showed South to be short of spades. This, then, led to the inference that East probably held three spades headed by the Jack. In case East had only two spades South would surely finesse the first round. Then he would win the last four and no doubt make his contract. The only chance of defeating declarer's plan was for West to go up with his Queen of spades immediately. The play proved highly successful. The declarer could not permit the Queen to hold the trick as then West would cash his two good hearts. He therefore won the trick with the dummy's King.

He led a small club back to his hand, and on the next trick his remaining spade, hoping that West might have the Jack bare. When West played a small one he was in a hole. He had no way of knowing West's holdings and if he finessed he might only take one spade trick. If he went up on the second lead of spades he would take two, but in either case he was defeated by the clever second-hand-high play made by West.

There is a good lesson in this hand to the effect that it is not always wise to follow blindly the generally correct rôle of playing second-hand-low.

FOLLOWING is the October double dummy problem on play:

Spades are trump. Four out of the seven tricks can be taken by South and North against any defense by East and West. The play is as follows:

South leads a diamond and North discards a heart. West takes his good club trick and then leads a heart which South wins with the Ace. South leads his remaining diamond and discards the remaining heart from the North hand. Any lead now made by West will give North the last three tricks.

In order for North and South to take four tricks the low spade in the North hand must take a trick. This can be done only by ruffing a suit in which East cannot over ruff. North must get rid of his hearts. This he can do only by making two leads of diamonds before the second heart lead.

It may not have been entirely fair to Elk bridge fans to have published the first problem in the September issue without a little more explanation than the brief one given. The problem should, perhaps, have stated the question of vulnerability. From the answers received it is very plain that Elks are exceptionally good card players. Their bidding, however, is not as good as their play of the hands. A great many missed the significance of the fact that the hand was played in a duplicate match. Most of the bidding showed that the solvers were more familiar with the rubber style of contract.

Another point which cut the number of winners down was the fact that evidently a great many of them figured out the play of the hand correctly and then made the bidding conform to the playing results. This is the wrong way to bid a hand. The right way is to disregard the opponents' hands except when they have natural bids. Try to get at the right declaration from your partnership cards only.

A great many answers were received in which just one of the problems was worked out. In order to get a prize, solutions must be sent in to both problems. Counting those who sent in correctly played solutions to both problems and who bid problem No. 1 correctly for either tournament or rubber play, there were eight winners. In those cases where the solver passed the South hand on the first round this was not counted against him if he arrived at the correct bid finally, for there are some good systems which do not open a hand with as few as two and one half honor tricks. The following are the prize winners:

- Harry H. Volk, Brooklyn, N. Y., No. 22
- Jim Griffin, Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99
- Sam H. Emrich, Detroit, Mich., No. 34
- Sidney C. Filer, Otten, South Carolina
- Harry Goodman, Oakland, Calif., No. 171
- James Milano, Worcester, Mass., No. 243
- Edmund F. Sullivan, Norwood, Mass., No. 1124
- E. L. Brookins, Des Moines, Iowa, No. 98

Following are those whose bid was too high but who gave the correct playing solutions to both problems:

- Eugene R. Sowadski, Trenton, N. J., No. 108
- C. N. Wood, Oakland, Calif., No. 171
- L. W. Balcom, Houston, Texas, No. 151
- Joseph A. Spliedt, Muskegon, Mich., No. 274

- J. E. Dieteman, St. Marys, Pa., No. 437
- Alfred Tambllyn, Ely, Nev., No. 1468
- M. Schwartz, Shelbyville, Ky., No. 1368
- Byron K. Coghlan, Kankakee, Ill., No. 627
- J. C. Cummings, Huron, S. Dak., No. 444
- Henry Armington, Harvey, Ill., No. 1242
- J. W. Campbell, Homestead, Pa., No. 650
- C. Raymond Clinch, Grass Valley, Calif., No. 538
- Leland J. Smith, Fargo, N. Dak., No. 260
- J. W. B. Reid, Greensboro, N. C., No. 602
- Albert G. Maisch, Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5
- John J. Wahl, Carlisle, Pa., No. 578
- Robert J. Nicholson, Rochester, N. Y., No. 24
- Frank L. Ziegler, Hanover, Pa., No. 763
- A. J. Scheineman, Sterling, Ill., No. 1218
- P. Randley, Evanston, Ill., No. 1316
- Geo. C. Borner, Memphis, Tenn., No. 27
- E. M. Brennan, Terre Haute, Ind., No. 86
- Morris Altman, East Liverpool, Ohio, No. 258
- Sam Baron, Augusta, Ga., No. 205
- Joseph I. Spector, Bridgeport, Conn., No. 36
- Grant Brower, Flint, Mich., No. 222
- E. Bohlinger, Nogales, Ariz., No. 1397
- Dr. Leo Solow, Kearney, N. J., No. 1050
- George O. Ferguson, Tampa, Fla., No. 708
- David Bash, Perth Amboy, N. J., No. 784
- Justin A. Altschul, Springfield, Ohio, No. 51
- L. E. Leonard, Waterloo, Iowa, No. 290
- A. Silverman, Sheridan, Pa., No. 949
- Dr. J. J. Rooney, Circleville, Ohio, No. 77
- W. J. Stevens, Sterling, Ill., No. 1218
- P. R. Mazzer, Boonton, N. J., No. 1405
- Geo. C. Beattie, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, No. 251
- A. H. Lindstrom, Superior, Wis., No. 403
- Harry M. Rankin, Washington C. H., Ohio, No. 129
- E. F. Goldcamp, Ironton, Ohio, No. 177
- Morris Weishart, Jersey City, N. J., No. 211
- Charles Porter, Bay City, Mich., No. 88
- L. Weimer Murray, Lebanon, Pa., No. 422
- R. C. Corrick, Pittsford, Vt.
- Walter A. Edwards, Weston, W. Va.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 24)

at the City Hall by Mayor Moore, after which he was escorted by motorcycle escort to Independence Hall where, at the base of the famous Liberty Bell, he placed a wreath.

At six in the evening Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a testimonial dinner given by the officers and members of Philadelphia Lodge. After dinner a regular Lodge session was convened at which five candidates were initiated into the Order. The ritual of initiation was unusually well rendered. Following the initiation Grand Exalted Ruler Meier delivered the only address of the evening, limiting his talk, as he usually does, to the peculiar problems experienced by the Lodge he is addressing. Mr. Meier was very tired at the conclusion of the Philadelphia meeting, and immediately on adjournment left for his train to Washington, retiring an hour before the train pulled out of the station. In spite of his fatigue, however, he enjoyed to the utmost his visit with the Philadelphia Elks, and felt that the association had been of mutual benefit.

ON his arrival in Richmond, Virginia, on September 10, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was greeted by a delegation of members from Richmond Lodge, No. 45, headed by Exalted Ruler Leo Greenebaum. Mr. Meier was taken to the John Marshall Hotel for lunch, and there he was met by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper.

At two P.M. the 9th Regional Conference for District Deputies was held, with District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers attending from Virginia, East and West, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia, North Carolina, East and West, and Tennessee. All District Deputies in these districts were present save one. After Mr. Meier had finished his address to the assembled officials, he called upon Past

(Continued on page 46)

How Can I-a Business Man- Really Learn Law at Home?

YOU are not alone in asking that. Practically every man has seen where knowing law would have helped his success. The structure of business is held together by legal relations—and the man who knows law has a distinct advantage—for himself and his firm.

Again, countless occasions arise outside of the office—leases, insurance, inheritance questions, domestic affairs, taxes and trust agreements are but a few—on each of which you may lose unless you know something of law.

Again, legal training gives you what the business world prizes highly and rewards liberally—a keen, analytical mind, the ability to judge shrewdly and to act with surety.

But whether you want law for personal and business values, or intend to prepare for a bar examination, the same problem confronts you. How can you acquire that knowledge?

You can't go back to school or spend years in a law office. But there is one road open to you—*home study*—a road that some of the greatest leaders have traveled—men like Lincoln, Grant, Disraeli, John Marshall, Coolidge—who mastered this important subject in hours that otherwise would have been wasted.

It can be done, of course—thousands have done it—yet what you want to know is—can you reasonably hope to do it? Will it hold your interest, or will you find it drudgery? And—most important of all—will you really benefit by it?

You are quite wise in asking these questions—in holding your decision until they are answered.

And these paragraphs are written to help answer your questions so far as LaSalle law training is concerned. Let's get right down to facts.

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Second: Out of this experience in training so many, LaSalle naturally has perfected the material and methods of teaching law by home study. No matter what your situation, your handicap, your education, your needs and desires, etc.—we have already trained some man in similar circumstances.

A Most Remarkable Law Library

Third: Since text books are of such importance in any study of law, the LaSalle Law Library was prepared by more than twenty law professors—leading teachers in our greatest resident law schools—and three lawyers. Five of these professors—including the editor-in-chief

—have been deans of their schools. One of the editors is now president of a great state university. Also, among the writers of the special lectures are two U. S. Senators, a former U. S. attorney-general, and a Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York.

More, these men—in preparing this Library—kept in mind always that it was to be used for home study. They knew it was for men like you—busy men who would study it at night, on trains, in spare moments in offices or stores—men who must find it clear and engaging, yet complete and reliable. So they wrote directly, simply, interestingly.

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Fourth: This training is *personally* applied to you under lawyer-instructors, members of the bar who give *full time*. These men check your work, guide you, and instruct you at every step according to your individual needs. You study under a definite, clear-cut plan involving continual use of the Problem Method. Thus you learn by actually handling legal problems, analyzing cases, and making legal decisions—not by merely memorizing rules.

Fifth: In certain permitted states, each year, LaSalle-trained men pass the bar examinations with honor. And if you are interested in Law for your business success—as most of our members are—we would like you to read a booklet called "Evidence." In it hundreds of business men and lawyers tell you exactly what this training has meant to them in more money and advancement. There is no charge for this book. It is yours simply for the asking. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

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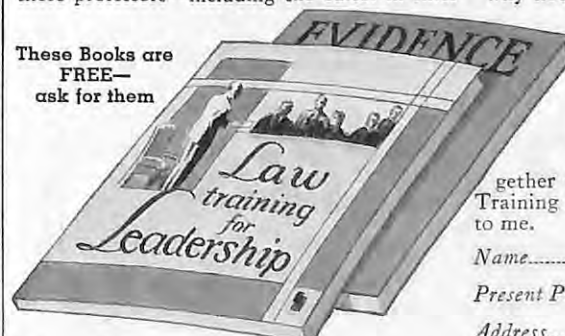
You have our answers to your questions. Now, let us ask you a question—the real question—about the size of your ambition, and the quality of your determination.

For legal training, with all its fascination and values, is no magic wand for the lazy or the fearful or the quitter—it offers success only to the alert adult who has the courage to face the facts and the will to carry on. No other should consider law training—or even write us for further information.

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Good-Will Greetings

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier sent the following telegram to the Hon. Louis W. Johnson, outgoing National Commander of the American Legion, in the course of the Legion's recent Annual Convention in Chicago:

"Because of the fine relationship existing between the members of the American Legion and those of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, I wish to extend to you and them my heartiest greetings and best wishes for a most profitable session. May your services to the Nation in these times of peace be as valuable and productive of good as they were in the crisis of war.

*Walter F. Meier
Grand Exalted Ruler."*

(Continued from page 45)

Grand Exalted Ruler Harper for a brief speech.

Immediately upon adjournment of the conference, Mr. Meier held another meeting for the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries present. About one hundred and twenty-five Elks attended this affair, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper; Past Grand Trustee Clyde Jennings; Past member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee Walter P. Shaner; J. Grover Mayo, President of the Virginia State Elks Association with J. A. Kline, Third Vice-President of the Association, H. E. Dyer, Secretary, and John G. Sizer, Past President; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James P. Swing, for Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia; M. B. Wagenheim, for Virginia, East; P. A. Kersey, Virginia, West; T. B. Kehoe, North Carolina, East; and S. C. McChesney, Tennessee, East; Past District Deputies John A. Baxter, Shelley B. Caveness, R. Chess McGhee, Thomas C. Daniels, John J. Morton, Robert E. Stevens, C. A. Little, W. Camp Abbott and A. G. Dyer; and Joseph Kass, member of the Welfare Committee of the Virginia State Elks Association.

The second conference was as successful as the Regional District Deputies Conference had been. Discussion touched the important subjects of lapsation, reinstatement, new membership campaigns and other matters of interest. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper spoke at this meeting also.

At six-thirty in the evening Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was guest of honor at a banquet held by Richmond Lodge, and at eight-thirty he addressed an open meeting of the Lodge—a meeting attended by more than two hundred Elks. Mr. Meier was introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper. His address covered, in the main, the charitable activities of the Order, touching upon their cosmopolitan character and mentioning the Order's support of such good citizenship movements as the NRA of President Roosevelt.

AFTER leaving Richmond, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Exalted Ruler Grenebaum and Esteemed Leading Knight C. B. Valentine, of Richmond Lodge, drove through the State of Virginia to Hampton. The members of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, had been informed of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, and were gathered together to meet him.

Mr. Meier spoke to them, standing informally on the stairs, as the members were all gathered about on the first floor. Mr. Meier is the first Grand Exalted Ruler

to visit Hampton Lodge since 1899, when Grand Exalted Ruler Basil M. Allen, accompanied by Joseph T. Fanning, Past Grand Exalted Ruler who was then Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, arrived in Hampton. During their visit yellow fever broke out in Hampton, and the two officials were taken out of Hampton in a boat, to enable them to get away from the City before the rigid quarantine was made effective.

Among those who greeted Mr. Meier in Hampton were: Past District Deputies Harry R. Houston, Roland D. Cock, W. Campbell Abbott, and six Past Exalted Rulers of Hampton Lodge.

FROM Hampton Exalted Ruler Meier proceeded to Newport News, where he visited Newport News Lodge, No. 315. Here he was enthusiastically greeted by a gathering of members, while great pleasure was expressed at the honor being paid No. 315. Mr. Meier's visit to Newport News Lodge was exceedingly pleasant but necessarily a short one.

From Newport News Grand Exalted Ruler Meier drove across the famous James River Bridge to Portland, from which town he ferried to Norfolk where he was met by a motorcycle escort and driven to Norfolk Lodge, No. 38. Here an unusually large number of members had assembled to greet their leader.

After inspecting the attractive Lodge Home, Mr. Meier addressed the members of No. 38, urging them to help him in furthering his plans for the coming year. After his talk the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven from the Home to the Monticello Hotel, where he was guest of honor at a luncheon attended by J. Grover Mayo, President of the Virginia State Elks Association; Past State President Cecil M. Robertson; District Deputy Grand Exalted M. B. Wagenheim; Past District Deputy Frank A. Evans, William H. Venable, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Laws, and many others. Here Mr. Meier addressed the gathering again.

Reluctantly, Mr. Meier was forced to leave. He hurried to Petersburg Lodge, No. 237, where a large number of Elks were gathered to greet him gladly, for it had been six years since a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order had paid them a visit. At Petersburg Mr. Meier caught a train en route to Atlanta, Georgia, for his tenth Regional Conference of District Deputies. He left the State of Virginia feeling that he had accomplished much that was both pleasant to himself and beneficial to the Lodges involved. During his hurried trip through Virginia Mr. Meier had time to visit historic spots in Yorktown, Jamestown, Williamsburg and Portsmouth, as well as the Virginia Elk Lodges of Richmond, Hampton, Newport News and Petersburg. It was a busy two days!

THE Grand Exalted Ruler was met in Atlanta, Georgia, on the morning of September 12 by John S. McClelland, member of the Grand Forum, Exalted Ruler J. O. Perry, Jr., of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, and a delegation of members from Atlanta Lodge, and taken to the Ansley Hotel for breakfast. There at ten o'clock Mr. Meier held his Tenth Regional Conference of District Deputies. There were present District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Waddy M. Anderson, of South Carolina; Benjamin J. Fowler, of Georgia, North; Isaac G. Ehrlich, of Georgia, South; E. L. Thompson, of Florida, East; S. Friedman, of Florida, North; George N. Bickner, of Florida, West, and T. E. Martin, of Alabama.

Following the conference, Mr. Meier was

guest of honor at a birthday luncheon given by Atlanta Lodge, September 12 being the Grand Exalted Ruler's fifty-fourth birthday. Fifty-four candles adorned the big cake at the speakers' table. Grand Justice McClelland presided at the luncheon, and addresses were made by Exalted Ruler Perry, Eugene Talmadge, Governor of Georgia, David Sholtz, Governor of Florida and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, and Robert W. Ramspeck, Congressman from Georgia, all of whom occupied places at the speakers' table. On behalf of the Florida State Elks Association, Governor Sholtz presented Grand Exalted Ruler Meier with a set of silver candelabra. Mr. Meier delivered the principal address at the luncheon.

There were present at the affair one hundred and twenty-five members of the Order, among them, besides those named above, the following additional distinguished guests: Daniel J. Kelly, a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge; F. F. Preston, President of the Georgia State Elks Association; R. E. Lee Reynolds, Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, and Past State President J. Gordon Hardy. Unfortunately Past Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews was unable to attend the birthday luncheon because of illness. Following the luncheon Mr. Meier was taken back to his hotel for a brief rest, and then driven about the City by Grand Justice McClelland. At six in the evening he left for New Orleans.

THE following morning, he was met at New Orleans by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John P. Sullivan and Edward Rightor; Dr. Fred J. Wolfe, Exalted Ruler of New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, and others, and taken directly to the St. Charles Hotel, where he held his Eleventh Regional Conference of District Deputies.

There were present District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. J. Manheim, of Louisiana, North; D. T. Lenhard, of Louisiana, South; I. I. Kaufman, of Mississippi, North, and John J. Kennedy, of Mississippi, South. Many Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges in these two States were also in attendance.

At 12:30 the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a luncheon given at Antoine's Restaurant, one of the celebrated eating places of America. Following luncheon, at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rightor presided, Mr. Meier was taken on a boat ride along the Mississippi water front. Once back at his hotel, he rested in preparation for a banquet given by New Orleans Lodge that evening, in the Lodge Home.

Mr. Meier was guest of honor at the banquet. The program following dinner was presided over by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sullivan, and many addresses were made, including those by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Edward Rightor, and Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, who was in New Orleans on business.

After dinner New Orleans Lodge met and conducted an initiation of five candidates, and at the conclusion of the ceremonial work, Mr. Meier delivered his address of the evening, in which he stressed the importance of charitable and relief work of the Order, and conveyed his fervent desire for a large class of candidates on Armistice Night. At the conclusion of his address Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was presented with a gold-mounted snake-wood cane as a gift from New Orleans Lodge.

On the following morning Mr. Meier was taken on a tour about New Orleans by Past District Deputy Sydney Freuden-

(Continued on page 48)



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(Continued from page 47)

stein and other members of New Orleans Lodge. Later he was guest of honor at a luncheon attended by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Sullivan and Rightor, Past District Deputy Freudenstein and Dr. Wolfe, Exalted Ruler of No. 30. In the early afternoon Mr. Meier left New Orleans for Dallas, Texas.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Dallas early in the morning of September 15, there to be met by a delegation from Dallas Lodge, No. 71. The welcoming party was headed by Exalted Ruler George W. Loudermilk, a group of Past Exalted Rulers of No. 71 and the Lodge's officers. The members entertained their national leader at a breakfast at the Jefferson Hotel, at the conclusion of which the Twelfth Regional Conference with District Deputies was held.

Every District Deputy from the States of Texas, Arkansas, New Mexico and Oklahoma was present. The District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers in attendance were: W. W. Trimble, Arkansas; Joseph Wertheim, New Mexico; E. B. Smith, Oklahoma, East; George McLean, Oklahoma, West; Ernest F. Fruechte, Texas, North; T. J. Renfro, Texas, Northeast; F. E. Knetsch, Texas, South; W. A. James, Texas, Southeast, and George L. McCann, Texas, West. The conference was most successful.

At its conclusion Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Dallas Lodge. Exalted Ruler Loudermilk presided. Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell introduced Mr. Meier, who in turn delivered an excellent address to more than two hundred members of Dallas Lodge and the assembled District Deputies. Among the guests at luncheon were: H. S. Rubenstein, President of the Texas State Elks Association; Col. P. L. Downs, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; Past State President Henry E. Holmes, and a large group of Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers, and Secretaries of Texas Lodges. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was presented with a beautiful "Blue Bonnet" painting by Dallas Lodge of Elks.

MR. MEIER left Dallas in the middle of the afternoon, and proceeded to St. Louis, Mo., arriving there the following morning. Here he was met by a large delegation of Elks from St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, and taken to the Melbourne Hotel. The Grand Exalted Ruler's Thirteenth Regional Conference commenced at noon, when he had lunch with his District Deputies.

Every District Deputy from Illinois and Kentucky was present, together with those from Texas, East and Missouri, West. In addition Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson; Grand Esquire B. F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis; Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Col. James A.

Diskin, President of the Kentucky State Elks Association, were present. This was one of the finest Regional Conferences Mr. Meier has held, and he was deeply impressed with the earnestness and interest manifested by the District Deputies.

During the morning hours prior to the Regional Conference, Mr. Meier was received at the office of Mayor Dickmann and invested with the key of the City and with an engrossed address of welcome, bearing the signature of the Mayor. Later, accompanied by the Grand Lodge officials and the Mayor, Mr. Meier was taken under police escort to view the Lindbergh Trophies—one of the most remarkable collections in the country.

Following the Regional Conference at noon, Mr. Meier went into general conference with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries and other officers of the Lodges from the districts represented. This conference, also attended by the Grand Lodge officials already referred to, was a most successful meeting.

At seven in the evening, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was guest of honor at a dinner dance given in the Rathskeller of St. Louis Lodge. Mr. Meier delivered the principal address of the evening.

SINCE his installation as Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Meier has traveled 1,584 miles by automobile, 2,103 miles by water, 1,380 miles by seaplane, and 12,164 miles by rail—a total of 17,231 miles. Since July 21 he has spoken to audiences that have aggregated approximately 32,600 people, and he has been in 42 cities in which Lodges exist, either for the purpose of holding a regional conference for District Deputies, or visiting Lodges. He has delivered ten speeches outside those which were purely Elk addresses, broadcasted nine times, and attended five State Elks Association Conventions.

Subsequent visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler will be reported in the December issue.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier's Itinerary for November

Robinson, Ill.	Nov. 1
Carbondale, Ill.	Nov. 2
Jacksonville, Ill.	Nov. 3
Belleville, Ill.	Nov. 4
Washington, Mo.	Nov. 5
Hannibal, Mo.	Nov. 6
Sedalia, Mo.	Nov. 7
Des Moines, Ia.	Nov. 8
Dubuque, Ia.	Nov. 9
Madison, Wis.	Nov. 10
Chicago, Ill.	Nov. 11
Topeka, Kans.	Nov. 13
Great Bend, Kans.	Nov. 14
Longmont, Colo.	Nov. 15
Denver, Colo.	Nov. 16
Laramie, Wyo.	Nov. 17
Rock Springs, Wyo.	Nov. 18
Pocatello, Idaho	Nov. 19
Caldwell, Idaho	Nov. 20
Pendleton, Ore.	Nov. 21
Vancouver, Wash.	Nov. 22
Kelso, Wash.	Nov. 23
Puyallup, Wash.	Nov. 24

Numerous noon-day meetings will intersperse the night meetings on the dates specified.



Grand Exalted Ruler Meier at the birthday luncheon given for him by Atlanta, Ga., Lodge



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