

The Elks

Magazine

DECEMBER, 1933

CENTRAL EDITION



MERRY CHRISTMAS

DISCARD GUESSING!

Winslow

GUARANTEES TO IMPROVE YOUR BRIDGE GAME IN JUST ONE EVENING



Charles Lochridge says:

"I believe the Winslow System will become the universal bidding system—it is easy to learn—simple to play and is extremely accurate. It is what bridge players have been seeking because it takes the guess-work out of bidding."



Mr. Lochridge is Director of Activities at the Knickerbocker Whist Club, New York, and the winner of many championships including the 1933 All American Team of Four, the 1933 Mixed Pair Championship and the 1933 Eastern Team of Four. LOCHRIDGE DAILY RADIO TALKS will help you in your reading of the book. Write for further information and copies of the daily lesson sheets supplied free.

AT LAST a simplified, amazingly accurate bidding system which anyone can grasp quickly. Easy to learn—simple to play. Not an individual's opinion or conception of contract bidding, but what the cards will do for you—if you will but let them.

Scientifically developed by expert mathematicians and experienced players, the WINSLOW SYSTEM for the first time supplies simple formulas which tell you exactly how many tricks you can take at any bid. Whether you are a beginner or an expert the Winslow System is guaranteed to improve your bridge game in just one evening.

New York bridge clubs are abuzz with discussion and prognostication as to the effect the newly announced WINSLOW SYSTEM is going to have on the bridge world. Ranking players who have studied it and are playing it, pronounce it not only the most accurate, but the FIRST real scientific method of bidding at Contract.

The Winslow System automatically directs the bid into a contract where the distribution is most favorable to the declarer. This is done by the use of a simple formula which any one can apply.

There are three steps in Winslow bidding; first you establish the

How would you bid this hand?

South is the Dealer.
North and South Vulnerable

NORTH

♠—Q 10 x x
♥—6
♦—A J 10 3 2
♣—K x x

WEST

♠—A 6 5
♥—K J 10 9
♦—x x
♣—Q 8 3 2

EAST

♠—J 7
♥—A 8 5 4 3
♦—Q x x x
♣—J 6

SOUTH

♠—K x x x
♥—Q 7 x
♦—K x
♣—A 10 9 x

Do not read this until you have arrived at your answer by YOUR system

Here is the way it is bid in the Winslow System

South	West	North	East
1♣	1♥	2♦	2♥
2♣	Pass	4♠	Pass
Pass	Pass		

POWER or high card strength of the two hands, next you locate the suit fit, then you apply the amazingly accurate Winslow RULE OF 12, which tells you exactly how many tricks you will make.

The Secret of Penalty Doubling

Statistics show that there is a game in but a small percentage of the hands, yet a game is bid in quite a large percentage. It is a trait of human nature for us to try to outdo one another. A fine trait, but not in contract. Overbidding is the most outstanding fault of contract bridge players (unless it be the lack of courage to double). The Winslow System tells you how to test your hand for a double, and shows you how many tricks your opponents can take at THEIR declaration.

Slam Bidding

Slam bidding is made easy, simple and almost infallible. Holding a big hand there is one famous Winslow bid which locates all of the Aces, tells the full strength of the two hands, prevents you from bidding a slam with two Aces against you and also directs your finessing. The Winslow System leaves nothing to guess work—you KNOW when to stop at game, when to go on to a slam or when you can make more by doubling.

Stops Bridge Table Arguments

Husbands and wives using the Winslow System play together amicably because nothing is left open to differences of opinion. If a mistake is made it can only be done inadvertently and is readily admitted. You are never worried about your partner doing the wrong thing—there is always just one right thing to do, so you can sit back with the full assurance that you are not going to be placed in an impossible contract.

A Prominent Bridge Teacher says:

"I wish to compliment you on your new book 'Win With Winslow,' which gives such an excellent expo-

sition of this new and intensely interesting bidding system. In my years of experience teaching the various modern systems I can frankly say I have never found a textbook quite so complete and clear.

"The Winslow System itself takes you by storm! You wonder why no one ever thought of it before.

"This means the opening of a new era for teachers. They should hail the event. I recommend every part of your book for their complete study, but particularly that part where you treat on the Tables of Distributional Frequencies which, of course, is the foundation of the Winslow System.

"Kindly send me 50 copies as I shall use them as Top Score prizes in my Duplicate Games as well as for my teaching and lecture work."

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Five Days Examination and Guarantee. You need send no money with the coupon below. Simply pay the postman \$1, plus postage charges. Look the book over for five days, try the system, if it does not improve your bridge game within five days, you may return the book and your dollar will be refunded.

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60 East 42nd Street, New York City

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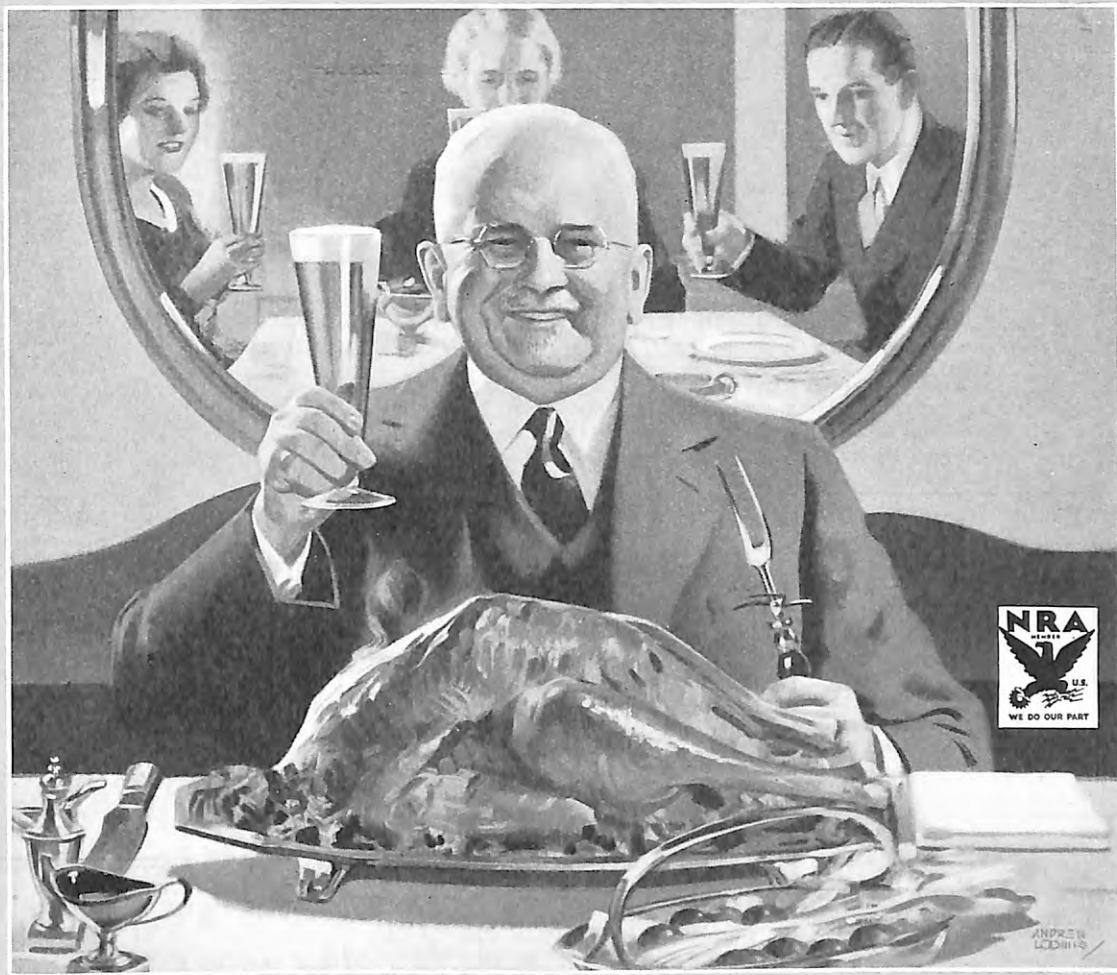
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The Elks Magazine

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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

“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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Managing Editor

DECEMBER, 1933

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This Month

THE Armistice Night Initiation and the nation-wide broadcast over the Columbia System which followed it, were events that will long be remembered in Elkdom. As we go to press it is still too early to state how many members joined or rejoined the Order, but Grand Exalted Ruler Meier will report this information in next month's issue.

President Roosevelt's inspiring message, Postmaster General Farleys' appropriate remarks and Mr. Meier's splendid address—the entire program, in fact, which was arranged by the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge—was perfectly timed and executed. It is estimated that some eight millions of persons listened in.

Next Month

WITH the start of the New Year there will be two stories in particular which we believe will intrigue your imagination. One is a stirring drama of the Wisconsin swamp country—of a life and death struggle between a man who has sworn to avenge the death of his brother and a mysterious monster the like of which you have never seen—but to tell you more would be to give it away. Watch for Mackinlay Kantor's "The Slough Devil."

The second, by Carl Wall, describes the amazing experiences of a clever little lawyer who sets out to beat the racketeers at their own game. Every single line of "Smart" is packed with thrills and humor.

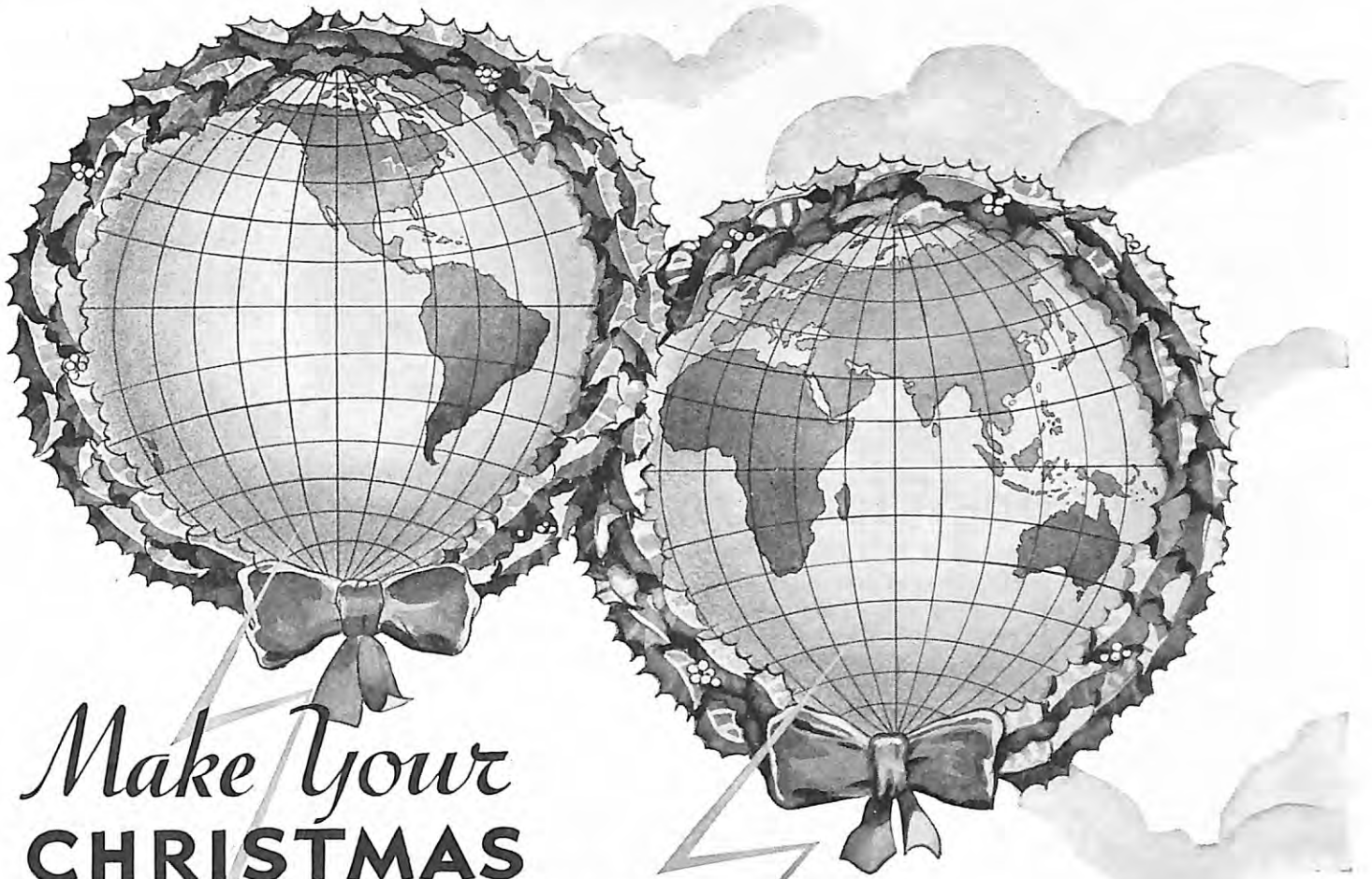


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The Nation-Wide Armistice Night Broadcast

In addition to the addresses reproduced below, the University Singers, the Columbia Symphony Orchestra and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who gave the Eleven O'clock Toast, contributed to make the Armistice Night Broadcast, over a national hook-up of 67 stations of the Columbia System, a most memorable one. This program, which was arranged by the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, was heard by an estimated audience of eight million

Franklin D. Roosevelt

President of the United States

(A Message Read by Postmaster General James A. Farley)

Almost a sixth of a century has passed in review since we celebrated the signing of the Armistice in 1918 which marked the close of the World War—the most devastating and far-reaching in its harmful effects of any war in history.

We are now engaged in another great conflict. It has been called the war against depression—a peace-time war. We will win it and the result will be a triumph of peace which will endure.

The call to the colors in this war is no less urgent than in others, and I am pleased that the response is equally generous and patriotic. A general can plan, but he cannot win, a war—he must have the troops behind him. I am confident and reassured. I know the people of the nation are giving me loyal and patriotic support.

I am calling for patriotic devotion to country, and I am sending this message to an Order which under its Constitution and Ritual can exist only where the Flag of our country unfurls in sovereignty.

I send greetings to those assembled tonight and congratulations to the members of the N.R.A. Class. I trust I may be pardoned for extending special greetings to the members of my own Lodge, Poughkeepsie No. 275, and congratulations to my son, James, initiated tonight in Cambridge Lodge No. 839.

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler

I am grateful for the privilege of addressing you briefly at the close of this, the anniversary date of the signing of the Armistice, that brought to a close the life and death struggle that characterized the World War in 1918. This anniversary date is observed with appropriate exercises, and recalls to mind the good fortune of those participants in the great struggle who were privileged to return to the homes of their families. It also serves as a reminder of our debt of gratitude, not only to the living, but even more especially to those who sacrificed their all in the defense of ideals dear to every American citizen. In this remembrance we must not overlook those who remained behind to "keep the home fires burning," some of whom were privileged to welcome back their loved ones, and those others who, because of the extreme sacrifice, were deprived of the comfort and association that would have followed had their kindred and friends returned to them.

In every great struggle there attaches an importance to its immediate effect on those who were active participants, as well as on the observers of events. More important, however, is the resultant effect upon the subsequent trend of civilization and the welfare of the human family. Looking at this effect, we find that many states and nations were visited with conditions that

caused their people to overthrow existing governments and to institute new forms and institutions which they hoped would bring to them those rewards to which they felt they were entitled. In some instances close students of history see a retrogression and, it is possible, that in a few of them some progress has been made toward the evening up of conditions that confront different classes of society. Doubtless some of the conditions prevailing in America are strictly traceable to that great struggle and some to the changes that have been brought about in other countries.

However, nowhere has there been a more careful consideration of the problems presented than here in America. Countenancing no revolution and believing in orderly procedure, our people have faced the questions with which they have been confronted with a calm judgment, determined that the problems presented and the difficulties encountered must be solved in a way that is consistent with the American form of government and American ideals.

In this connection the members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks have taken an active and prominent part. The Order of Elks is grounded upon principles that are consistent with American institutions and ideals. None but citizens of the United States can be admitted into membership, and each member is, by the obligation of the Order, bound to the support and maintenance of the Constitution and laws of the United States. The members have deemed it a great privilege to join with the President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom we greet as a Brother Elk, in his herculean efforts to restore our country to that state of prosperity to which our people are entitled.

As we recognize no differences of political opinion in our Order, so we would disregard political affiliations with respect to joining with him in his great work, and we are confident that a unanimous support of his program will hasten the time when we can feel that we have inaugurated a new day that shall mean a more equitable distribution of rights and privileges, and a common enjoyment of the heritage bequeathed to us by the founders of the Republic.

During the years of stress through which we have been passing, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has, in a concrete manner, demonstrated the unselfish ideals upon which it was founded by contributing liberally to the relief of distress and want. The Lodges of our Order have contributed of their money, running into millions of dollars, for this purpose, but the major part of this contribution has been primarily for the benefit of the men, women and children of the communities in which those Lodges exist, without regard to membership in or affiliation with the Order.

On this day our Lodges, almost 1400 in number, have been in simultaneous session, initiating into the Order what we have called a National Class. These initiates represent the highest type of citizenship—men who have no selfish motive, but who are thoroughly imbued with the realization that they, like those who are not of our number, are but members of one great human family. The foundation and ground work of our

Order is to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, and our primary aim is to make the name of Elksdom a synonym for love of fellow men. We seek to serve not ourselves alone but those around us as well. From the fine spirit that is manifest toward our Lodges, we are confident that they hold a high place in the esteem of the public, and for this attitude we are deeply grateful.

I extend to the members of our Order and more especially to those who have become members within the past hour, my heartiest greetings, and express the hope that their membership may be the inspiration for greater deeds and nobler accomplishments. For this privilege of greeting you over the Columbia Broadcasting System I desire, on behalf of the Order, to express my appreciation. I thank you.

James A. Farley

Postmaster General

No fraternal order surpasses the Elks in charity and welfare work. This service is measured not alone in money but also in the sympathetic, human touch that is even more valuable than cash.

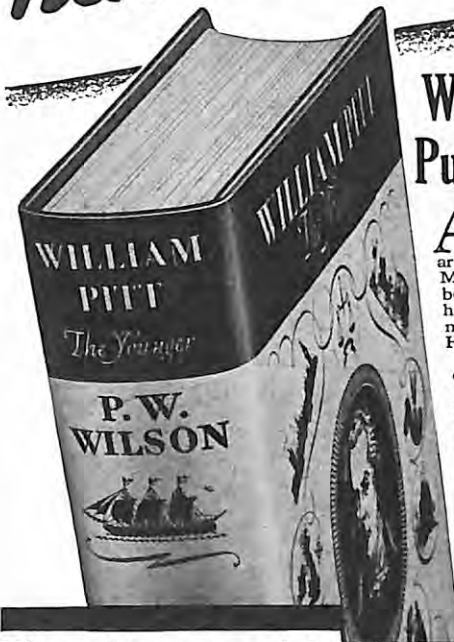
At the suggestion of Mr. Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of *The Elks Magazine*, and Dean in point of service of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers, and who is no doubt the best known member of the Order, I wrote an article on the subject of crippled children work that is being successfully carried on by my own Lodge at Haverstraw, New York. Through Brother Fanning's courtesy that article was printed in the June issue of *The Elks Magazine*—and it brought me several hundred letters from public officials and welfare workers in thirty-six states, commending both the article and the Magazine which printed it. No more worthy or popular welfare activity has even been undertaken in New York State and the program of Haverstraw Lodge of Elks is available for use by any Lodge of the Order.

I consider the privilege which has been afforded me tonight one of the greatest which has ever been mine since I affiliated with the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, over twenty-three years ago. To be permitted to read a message from the President of the United States, to not only the members of our Order but to the millions of listeners-in throughout the country, is something I shall never forget.

I want to take this opportunity to congratulate the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks on the success which has attended the presentation of this very wonderful and out-of-the-ordinary program. You have been working in a very worthy cause, and what you have accomplished—which has been so wholeheartedly recognized by the President, will also be recognized by the millions who are listening in. Their enjoyment of this program must be greatly increased by the feeling that they too have been a part of a great work in the cause of humanity.

Thank you and good night.

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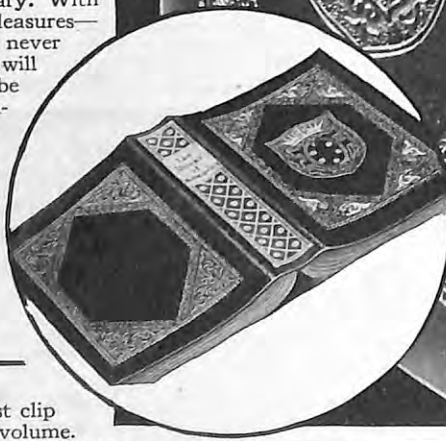
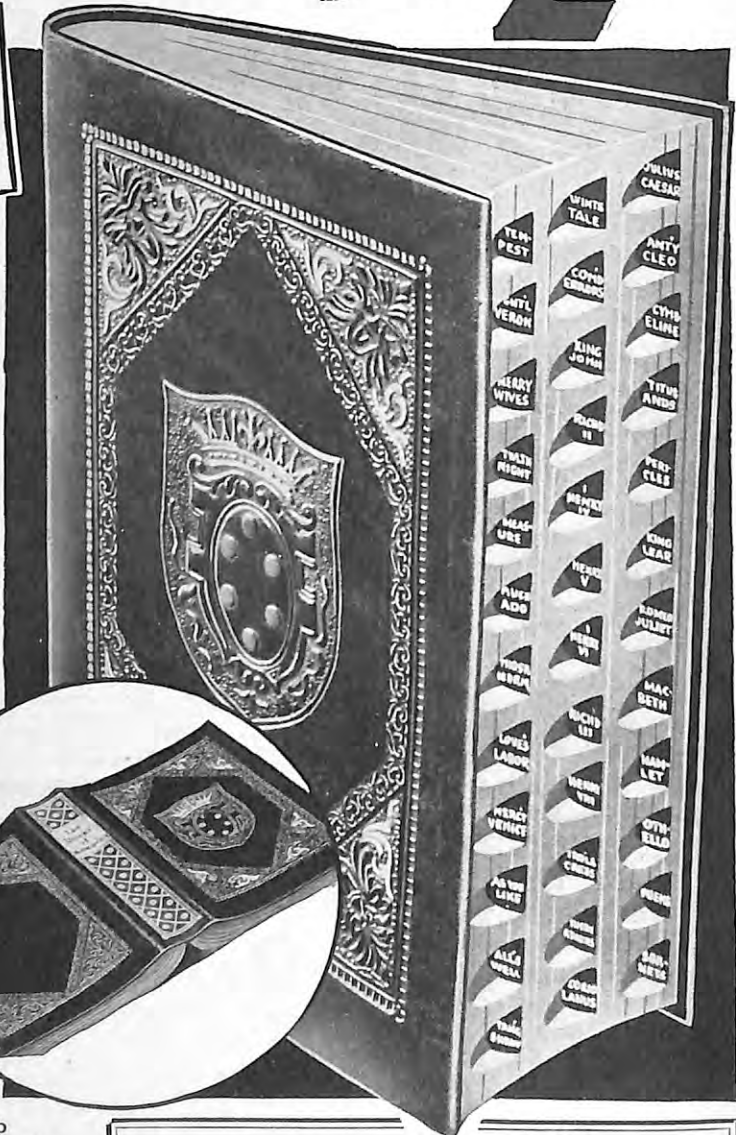


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Measure for Measure
The Merchant of Venice
Macbeth
Love's Labour's Lost
All's Well That Ends Well
A Midsummer Night's Dream
Puck and Bottom frolic forever in purest fantasy.</p> <p>Much Ado About Nothing
The original woman-hating Benedick—and what happens to him!</p> <p>Two Gentlemen of Verona
The Tempest
The wizard Prospero, the brute Caliban, on an enchanted island.</p> | <p>Romeo and Juliet
King John
King Richard II
King Henry IV
—and Falstaff, greatest comic character ever invented!
King Henry V
His own crown in doubt, he demanded France's.
King Henry VI
King Richard III
Royal usurper, hypocrite, tyrant—murderer!
King Henry VIII
Like people you may know, his affection was dangerous to those he loved.</p> <p>Troilus and Cressida
Timon of Athens
As You Like It
The Winter's Tale
Taming of the Shrew
Twelfth Night
Delightful comedy, plus Sir Toby!</p> <p>Cymbeline
Julius Caesar
Shakespeare the reporter makes history live.</p> | <p>Hamlet
Titus Andronicus
Othello
Merry Wives of Windsor
Falstaff in love—written at Queen Elizabeth's request!
King Lear
Pericles, Prince of Tyre
The Passionate Pilgrim
The Rape of Lucrece
Phoenix and the Turtle
Sonnets—all 154, complete.</p> <p>Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music
Venus and Adonis
Famed for its frank picture of woman's passion.
A Lover's Complaint
Index to the Characters
Quick guide to every character in the plays.
Glossary—Defines all terms.</p> |
|--|--|--|



by Odgers T. Gurnee

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

Natchez Trace

THE two men stood at the crest of the bluff, looking down at the river edge, talking softly in spirit with the muted languor that surrounded them. Dusk had folded thickly over Natchez, an impalpable veil. Overhead, cicadas thrummed reedily in the scented trees, and all about them the slurred voices of men, the liquid sibilants of women, the champ of well-oiled leather, of silvered belt, of trim hoofs in the loamy earth bespoke wealth, breeding, leisure, security.

The young man stirred, lifting his eyes from the flat below where Natchez-under-the-hill sprawled bawdily, half awakened from its debauch of mid-day heat. Thin lights poked the purpling caul that seemed to draw protectively across the slattern streets, the dishevelled shacks that lurched and huddled between hill and river lip.

He looked at the older man's eyes.

"You saw the bullet?" he asked.

"It had coursed upward from the heart and was lodged against the fifth vertebra."

The young voice went on:

"It had been notched?"

The old man nodded. His voice tightened.

"It had spread, of course, but enough of the marks still were plain—two grooves across the lead nose in the shape of an X."

He ended on a rising note, asking an unspoken question, but the young man seemed not to hear. Sound rose now from Natchez-under-the-hill—a throaty obscenity of sound, as though some wakening drunkard had rolled over in his sleep and yawned. It drew the youth's eyes again—down to the spraddling pest-hole of the Great River. His hand fell lightly on the doctor's wrist.

"He's there," he said. "I barely missed him in N'Orleans."

A shudder twitched the wrist beneath his fingers. The doctor's voice was suddenly very old.

"He's a snake, son. Deadly as a cottonmouth."

The other shrugged. "He killed my father, he robbed my family," he said simply. "There's a price to be paid."

The elder man made shift to answer, but the words died in an abortive cough. Out of the gloaming, perfumed and sen-

suous, a lilt of song then a girl's voice that

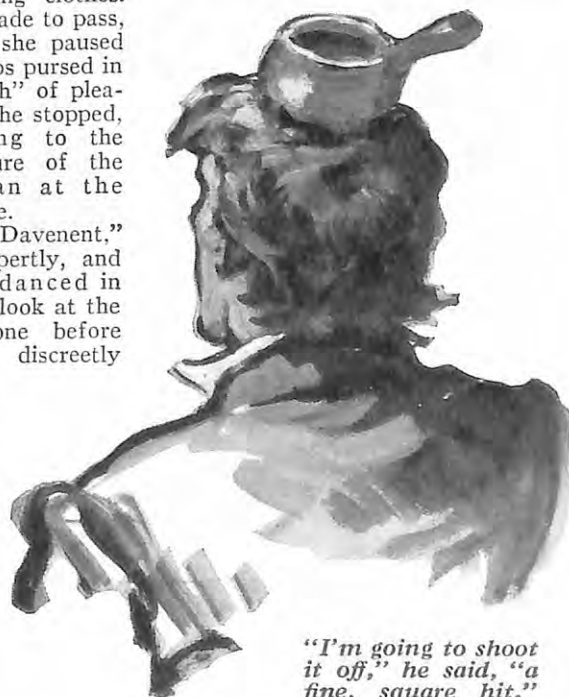
"La," it said, "we must
She came abreast of them,
that fell cascading from her
chignon bounced in sprightly
little head. A youth was with
against the dark of his
white riding clothes.

They made to pass,
and then she paused
and her lips pursed in
a little "ah" of pleasure
and she stopped,
curtseying to the
small figure of the
older man at the
bluff's edge.

"Doctor Davenent,"
she said pertly, and
her eyes danced in
one quick look at the
younger one before
they fell discreetly
masked.

sounded suddenly, bell clear, and
lilted like an echo of the song.
have lights and laughter."

a billow of some light stuff
waist, tight bodiced. A
cadence to the toss of
her, a light shadow



"I'm going to shoot
it off," he said, "a
fine, square hit."

The doctor straightened, bowing. His voice was gay. "Felice," he greeted her. "You imp." He drew her forward so that the little light falling between the trees made an aura about the three heads.

"This," he said to the man at his side, "is my small niece, Felice de Luneville." And, to her, "May I present my friend, Mr. Bryant—"

Fingers gripped his elbow, halting him. The young man bowed gravely.

"Mr. Charles Bryant, Ma'am."

There was the sound of whip-tap against riding boot, and the head of the youth in white joined theirs in the slant of light. His eyes surveyed the face of Charles Bryant stonily.

Felice touched his arm lightly with her fan.

"My brother, Phillipe," she said. The two youths bowed. Phillipe de Luneville's voice cut across the murmurous dark.

"I feel that I have seen you before," he said. "Perhaps in N'Orleans?" It was a question. Bryant answered it.

"I HAVE been there," he said shortly. Then he bowed to the girl and to Dr. Davenent.

"I will see you again," he said to the old man and turned toward the bluff. For a moment his shoulders were silhouetted against the silvered swath of the river below and then he was gone in the shadows under the hill.

The girl spoke musingly:

"He is very handsome," she said. "And very hard."

Her brother's voice broke in sharply.

"He is a common gambler," he said. "I am surprised that Uncle Andre spoke of him as a friend." His cold eyes flared at the older man. "I am surprised he introduced this man to you, Felice. I myself saw him at Baudre's in New Orleans—a paid dealer for the house."

The doctor stiffened and his chin came up as one who is about to administer a stinging rebuke. But the sharp memory of the fingers gripping his elbow came back. He relaxed, silent.

Only the girl answered. "A gambler? It is hard to believe. I saw something fine in his eyes." She looked to her uncle for corroboration and saw his gaze go down the steep slope to where Natchez-under-the-hill was blazing brazenly to life.

She saw him smile wryly and shake his head.

"A gambler? Yes, he's all of that. But not a common gambler."

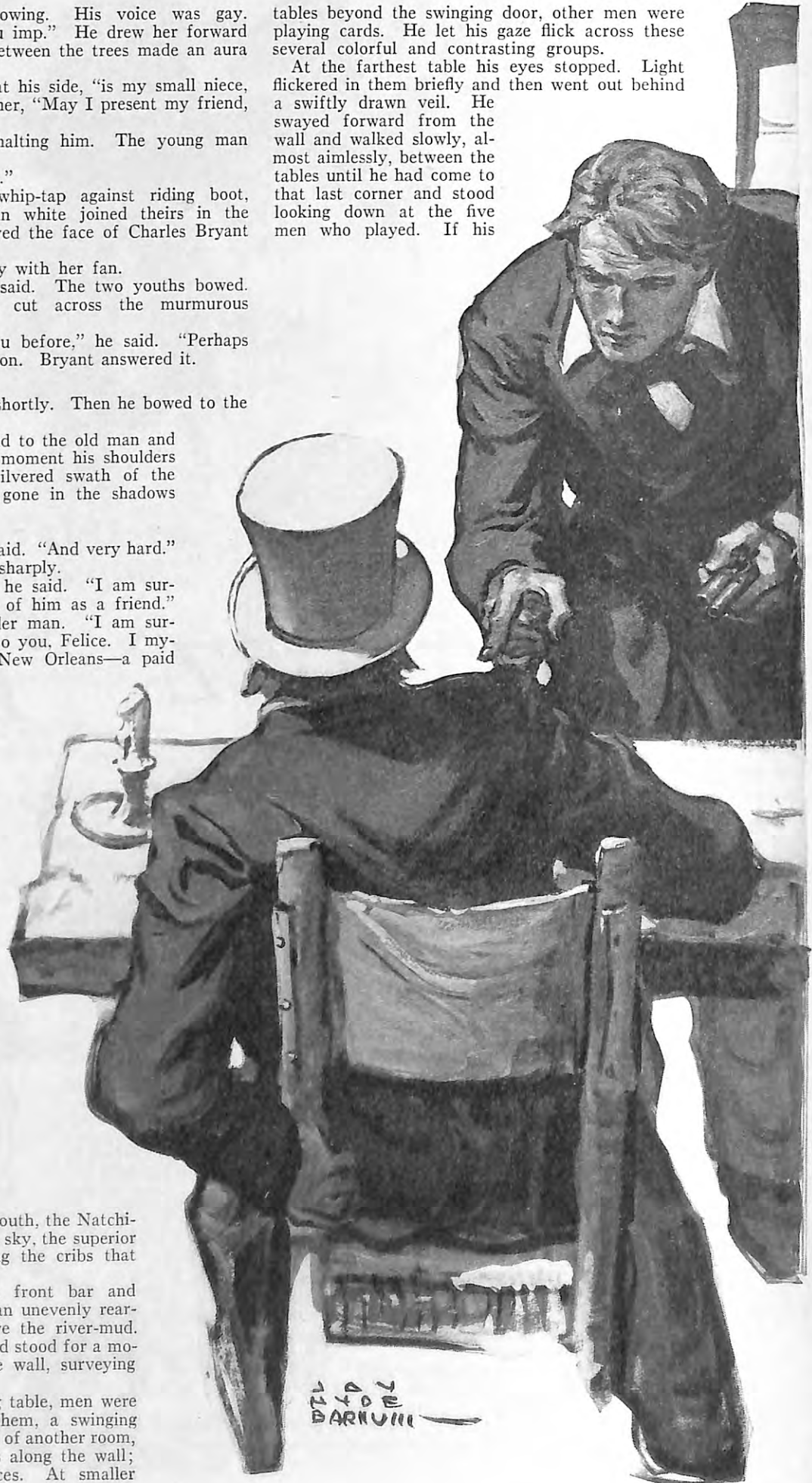
The man who had called himself Charles Bryant went directly across the north fringe of the hulking town below the hill, picking his way carefully through the muddy lanes until he came to the broad levee-like flat that fronted the river bank. To the south, the Natchitoches House loomed against the sky, the superior bulk of its two stories dwarfing the cribs that clustered in its shadows.

He ignored the brightly lit front bar and mounted the side gallery that ran unevenly rearward on staggered pilings above the river-mud. At a door midway, he entered and stood for a moment with his back against the wall, surveying the low, smoke-filled room.

Directly before him, at a long table, men were playing dice noisily. Beyond them, a swinging rattan door gave sight and sound of another room, a string of booth-like structures along the wall; the obligato of women's voices. At smaller

tables beyond the swinging door, other men were playing cards. He let his gaze flick across these several colorful and contrasting groups.

At the farthest table his eyes stopped. Light flickered in them briefly and then went out behind a swiftly drawn veil. He swayed forward from the wall and walked slowly, almost aimlessly, between the tables until he had come to that last corner and stood looking down at the five men who played. If his



BY
D. P. BARNUM



"This"—he indicated the flint lock—"was his pistol. You would have done better to have left it with its mate because it is the one thing I have been searching for, the final proof of your guilt."

gaze dwelt longest upon two in particular, it was not apparent. They presented an odd contrast—these two. One was finely dressed, his features finely drawn. Close scrutiny might have deemed his eyes too hawklike, his mouth too harshly thin. His voice, when he spoke, was musical, magnetic.

The other bulked above his chair, thick-chested, his torso swelling like a gnarled tree trunk into the knotted branches of short, heavy arms. His head was square-hewn, massive, and the hair seemed to push from it in thick, wiry strands, coarse as the bristles of a pig. It was flaming red.

The dealer, spinning the cards from his hand, looked briefly at the newcomer.

"An open game, sir," he said.

Bryant nodded, stacking a small column of gold and silver coins at the table edge. He took a vacant chair and gathered in his first hand.

IT was gray dawn before the game ended. Only three players were left. The hawk-eyed man, tireless, imperturbable; Bryant at his side, and across from him the river bully with red hair. Each of them had won; the little column of coins within the circle of Bryant's fingers had doubled.

The bully eyed the golden stack hungrily.

"Double limit," he said thickly. There was a bottle at his elbow—empty. He knocked it to the floor with the back of his hand and turned to the dealer.

"A bottle," he ordered.

The silken voice of the other man interposed.

"Go to bed," he said. "Get your bottle at the bar and take it with you."

For a moment the pig eyes glowed into the hawk's. Then they fell and the big man kicked back his chair and lurched away. Sardonicly the other watched him until he vanished through the rattan door. A thin smile twisted the slotted lips. The musical voice went on:

"There's no profit in a three-handed game," he said. He bowed with a hint of irony to Bryant: "Not when the third hand is so keen a man at the cards."

Bryant matched the smile. His lean fingers indicated the column of coins.

"A small dividend on shifting fortune," he said. "Do me the honor of helping me celebrate—a bottle with me?"

"A stirrup cup, at least," the thin lips answered, still twisted in a smile. But the sharp eyes fixed appraisingly upon the younger man's.

Sitting in the front bar over the first drink, both held silence.

It was the older man who spoke first.

"You are new to these parts, I take it?"

Bryant nodded. "From Virginia, sir—by way of the Trace." He spread his hands apologetically. "And now a 'gentleman of leisure' at the mercy of chance. My name is Charles Bryant."

The dark eyes sparkled with amusement. "Chance may have played you fair tonight." He reached browned, bony fingers across the table and clasped the boy's hand. It was like the shock of steel trap.

"My name," he said, and his voice fell deeper, silkier, "is Munster." He wet the thin lips with the edge of a thinner tongue. "Have you heard the name?"

Bryant stilled the throb of blood at his fingertips. He shook his head and frowned.

"As a boy," he said, "I recall some mention of a Munster in Richmond—"

The older man dismissed the groping recollections with a wave of the hand.

"I meant The Munster. You are too newly come." The hawk's eyes took on a brooding, almost an exalted look. "If you ride the river and travel the Trace, you will hear of Munster." His manner changed abruptly, the eyes smouldered for a flash and then went

(Continued on page 36)

The All America Beef Trust

by Edwin B. Dooley

Former All America Quarterback, Dartmouth

CAN brains whip beef on the cross-barred field? Can weight and sheer brute strength plunge on to victory in the face of a light but strategic defense and an intelligent attack? Is "heft" more valuable than astuteness? For generations—ever since the game began, in fact—football fans have asked the same question.

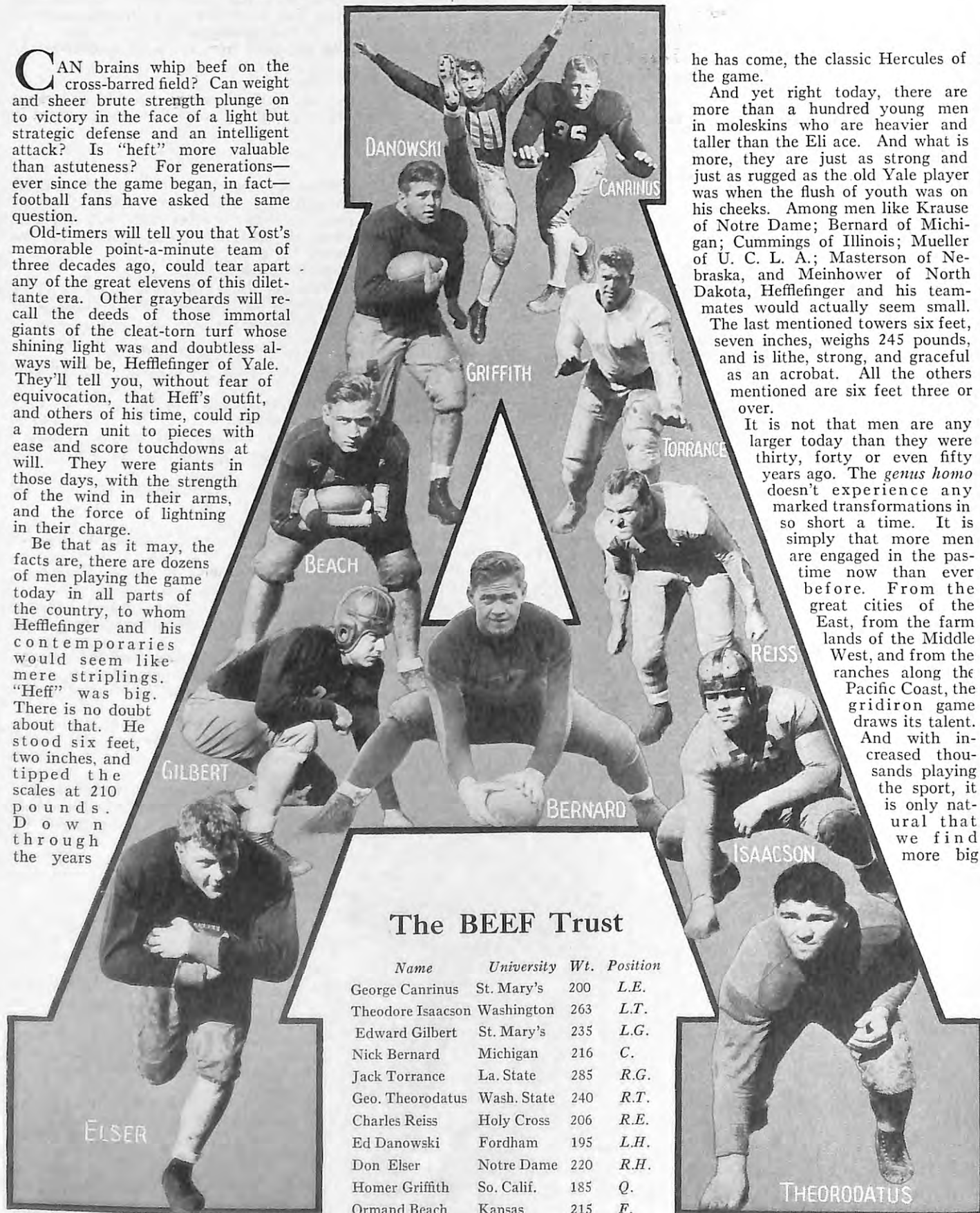
Old-timers will tell you that Yost's memorable point-a-minute team of three decades ago, could tear apart any of the great elevens of this dilettante era. Other graybeards will recall the deeds of those immortal giants of the cleat-torn turf whose shining light was and doubtless always will be, Hefflefinger of Yale. They'll tell you, without fear of equivocation, that Heff's outfit, and others of his time, could rip a modern unit to pieces with ease and score touchdowns at will. They were giants in those days, with the strength of the wind in their arms, and the force of lightning in their charge.

Be that as it may, the facts are, there are dozens of men playing the game today in all parts of the country, to whom Hefflefinger and his contemporaries would seem like mere striplings. "Heff" was big. There is no doubt about that. He stood six feet, two inches, and tipped the scales at 210 pounds. Down through the years

he has come, the classic Hercules of the game.

And yet right today, there are more than a hundred young men in moleskins who are heavier and taller than the Eli ace. And what is more, they are just as strong and just as rugged as the old Yale player was when the flush of youth was on his cheeks. Among men like Krause of Notre Dame; Bernard of Michigan; Cummings of Illinois; Mueller of U. C. L. A.; Masterson of Nebraska, and Meinhower of North Dakota, Hefflefinger and his teammates would actually seem small. The last mentioned towers six feet, seven inches, weighs 245 pounds, and is lithe, strong, and graceful as an acrobat. All the others mentioned are six feet three or over.

It is not that men are any larger today than they were thirty, forty or even fifty years ago. The *genus homo* doesn't experience any marked transformations in so short a time. It is simply that more men are engaged in the pastime now than ever before. From the great cities of the East, from the farm lands of the Middle West, and from the ranches along the Pacific Coast, the gridiron game draws its talent. And with increased thousands playing the sport, it is only natural that we find more big



The BEEF Trust

Name	University	Wt.	Position
George Canrinus	St. Mary's	200	L.E.
Theodore Isaacson	Washington	263	L.T.
Edward Gilbert	St. Mary's	235	L.G.
Nick Bernard	Michigan	216	C.
Jack Torrance	La. State	285	R.G.
Geo. Theorodatus	Wash. State	240	R.T.
Charles Reiss	Holy Cross	206	R.E.
Ed Danowski	Fordham	195	L.H.
Don Elser	Notre Dame	220	R.H.
Homer Griffith	So. Calif.	185	Q.
Ormand Beach	Kansas	215	F.

The All America Brain Trust

Photomontages by
Charles Phelps Cushing and C. M. Wright

men than in the robust '80's or the gallant '90's.

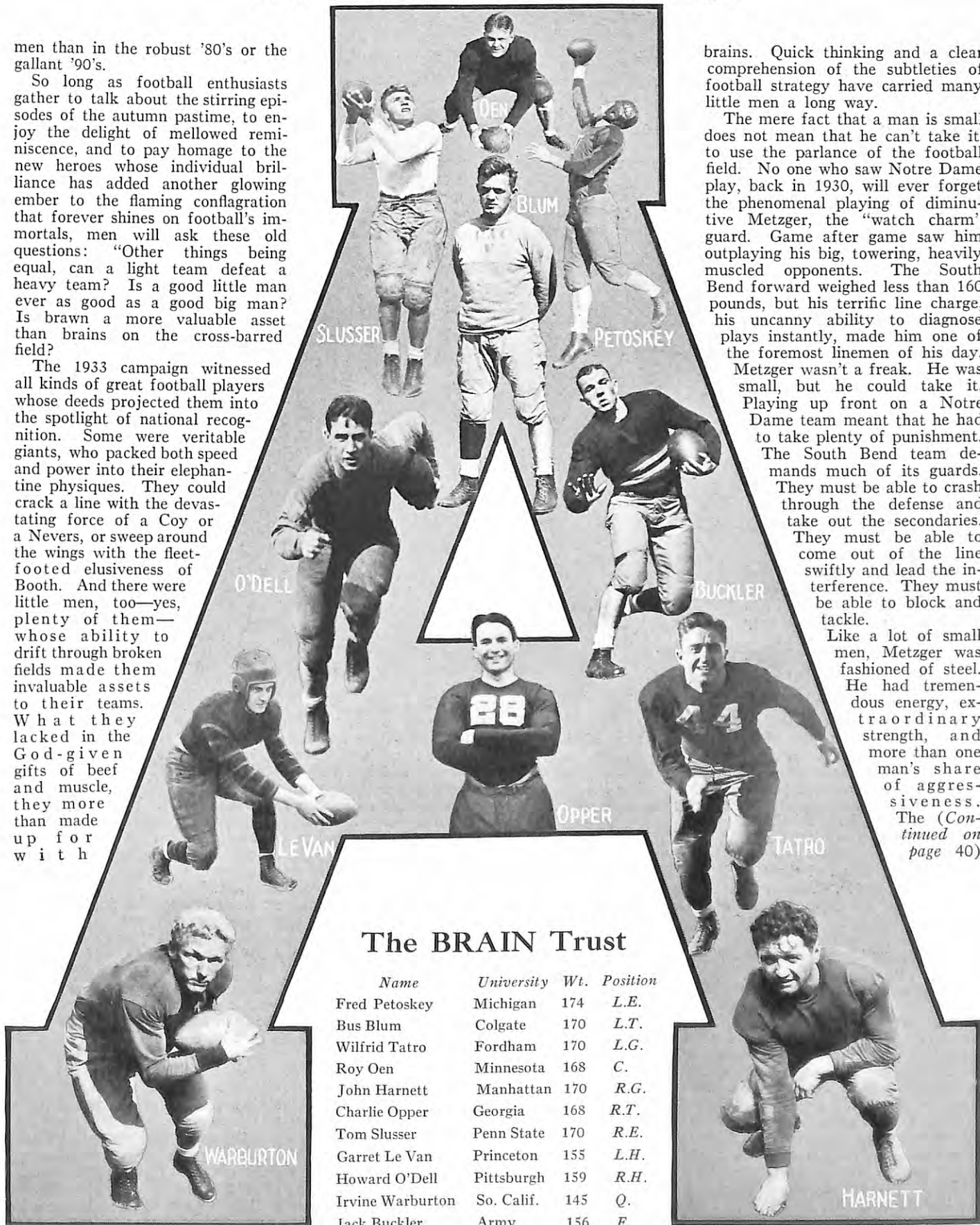
So long as football enthusiasts gather to talk about the stirring episodes of the autumn pastime, to enjoy the delight of mellowed reminiscence, and to pay homage to the new heroes whose individual brilliance has added another glowing ember to the flaming conflagration that forever shines on football's immortals, men will ask these old questions: "Other things being equal, can a light team defeat a heavy team? Is a good little man ever as good as a good big man? Is brawn a more valuable asset than brains on the cross-barred field?"

The 1933 campaign witnessed all kinds of great football players whose deeds projected them into the spotlight of national recognition. Some were veritable giants, who packed both speed and power into their elephantine physiques. They could crack a line with the devastating force of a Coy or a Nevers, or sweep around the wings with the fleet-footed elusiveness of Booth. And there were little men, too—yes, plenty of them—whose ability to drift through broken fields made them invaluable assets to their teams. What they lacked in the God-given gifts of beef and muscle, they more than made up for with

brains. Quick thinking and a clear comprehension of the subtleties of football strategy have carried many little men a long way.

The mere fact that a man is small does not mean that he can't take it, to use the parlance of the football field. No one who saw Notre Dame play, back in 1930, will ever forget the phenomenal playing of diminutive Metzger, the "watch charm" guard. Game after game saw him outplaying his big, towering, heavily muscled opponents. The South Bend forward weighed less than 160 pounds, but his terrific line charge, his uncanny ability to diagnose plays instantly, made him one of the foremost linemen of his day. Metzger wasn't a freak. He was small, but he could take it. Playing up front on a Notre Dame team meant that he had to take plenty of punishment. The South Bend team demands much of its guards. They must be able to crash through the defense and take out the secondaries. They must be able to come out of the line swiftly and lead the interference. They must be able to block and tackle.

Like a lot of small men, Metzger was fashioned of steel. He had tremendous energy, extraordinary strength, and more than one man's share of aggressiveness. The (Continued on page 40)



The BRAIN Trust

Name	University	Wt.	Position
Fred Petoskey	Michigan	174	L.E.
Bus Blum	Colgate	170	L.T.
Wilfrid Tatro	Fordham	170	L.G.
Roy Oen	Minnesota	168	C.
John Harnett	Manhattan	170	R.G.
Charlie Opper	Georgia	168	R.T.
Tom Slusser	Penn State	170	R.E.
Garret Le Van	Princeton	155	L.H.
Howard O'Dell	Pittsburgh	159	R.H.
Irvine Warburton	So. Calif.	145	Q.
Jack Buckler	Army	156	F.

Signed and Sealed

GEORGE ATKINS' pink cheeks ceased to be pink and became crimson.

"As your agent," he exploded, "I got a right to an answer! Why did you have to fall for a dame that has seals?"

Lew Lane, vaudeville comic extraordinary, found himself on the defensive. "Is it her fault?" he inquired hotly. "Seals has got to be trained."

"Why? Why should anybody want to train seals?"

"Because they're cute—that's why."

"Cute!" Mr. Atkins' chubby figure quivered with indignation. "Seals is cute! Can you tie that! And, anyway—why did you have to marry the woman?"

"She ain't a woman," corrected Lew with some hauteur. "She's a girl and a darn pretty one. And why I married her was because I fell in love."

"In love with a bunch of seals!"

"I never fell in love with no seals. I was in love before I even knew she had any. It's like I told you: I met her on a party, and I ast her out to dinner the next night, and first thing you know I was crazy about her—"

"Crazy is right!"

"—And only then did I find out that she was in show business. So I married her and I'm nuts about her and we're awfully happy and—"

"Enough!" cried Mr. Atkins. "It's bad enough you should go goofy over a fish trainer and marry her, but you don't have to tell me how sweet she is."

The agent's eyes narrowed. "Divorced, too, ain't she?"

"Sure, but was that her fault? Her first husband was the bird that taught her how to handle seals."

"He should of married her, after teaching her that!"

Lew Lane mustered a bit of dignity. "Listen, George. I'm in love with Gracie. So let's drop it!"

"How did she get them seals?" inquired Mr. Atkins with profound melancholy.

"The Court awarded them to her when she got separated from Steve Gribble. They was a divorce settlement—sort of like alimony. He kept half the seals, and she got the other half. And she's got a swell act, George—a swell act. I caught it the other day over in Flushing."

"Wait'll your honeymoon is over," prophesied George darkly.

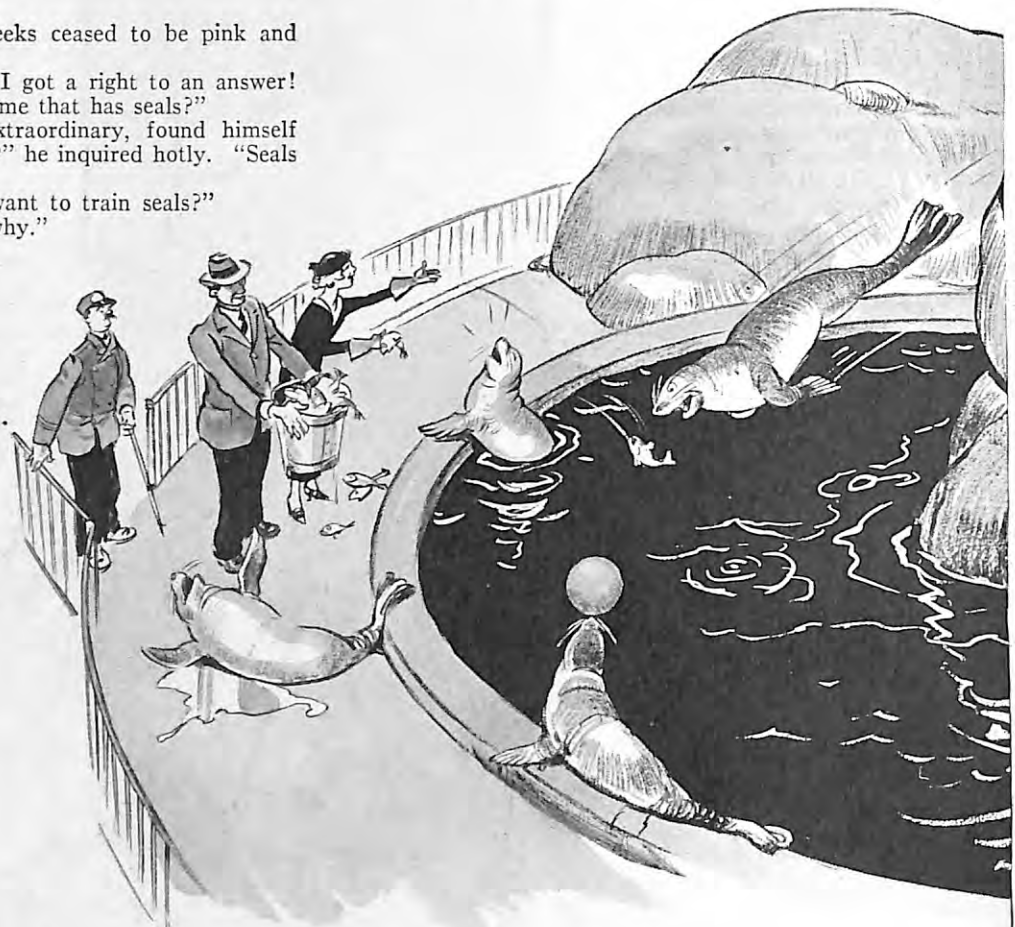
"Just wait 'til then, when everybody down to the Friars starts ribbing you about marrying an animal act."

"They better not kid me."

"Better not! That's a laugh. When did you ever know a bunch of Friars that didn't take a goof for a ride? Why, listen. You won't be able to shove your nose inside that clubhouse—and you one of the best and highest-priced singles in the business. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lew—honest, you ought."

"Well, I ain't ashamed. I'm proud. Wait'll you meet the little woman, George—you'll think different. She's the sweetest little trick . . . and not hardly more than a kid." Lew drew a long and enthusiastic breath. "She ain't never had a good break before—traveling like she did with Steve Gribble, and him treating her rough, and making her knock around

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with cheap circuses and carnivals, with just a little bit of vaudeville. Once or twice he even slugged her, until she just couldn't stand it no more . . . and that was how come she got a divorce and half them seals."

"And you're the big protector, huh? Well, I'm asking you: Is she gonna stay in the seal business, or aint' she?"

"She says she'll do whatever I want. She says she loves them seals and would be worried all the time if she wasn't with them, but if I say she should quit—why, she'll quit. Now could any girl do any more than that?"

"Hmph! Will you make her quit?"

"I dunno, George—I honest don't know. I'm drawing down two grand a week, so we ain't got any financial troubles; but when a person gets attached to something, you don't hardly like to ask them to give it up. You see, them seals is like her children: they all got names. There's Minnie and Percy and Cleopatra. . . . It's pitiful, George, to watch them come out of their tank the minute they see her and start doing their tricks, just so they'll get a pat on the head and a hunk of fish . . . so how can you ask a dame to give all that up just for love of you?"

"Not me, Lew—not me. And as for fish—they won't lack for that while you're around. Here you got a wife who's an animal trainer to boot, and she's got you so screwy you're talking about seals like they was human beings. Imagine Lew Lane—stepfather to a bunch of flapper-flippin' porpoises! Well, you take it from me, kid—you better pitch in while she's happy and get her out of vaudeville, because no man of your standing in the profesh is gonna be contented with everybody knowing his wife is a seal director."

Mr. Lane agreed that there was more than a trifle of truth

by Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Tony Sarg



Unknown to Gracie, the reporter visited the tank at the zoo in the company of an expert photographer

in the utterances of his pink-cheeked agent. After all, there was such a thing as caste in the amusement world, and everyone conceded that animal acts were very, very close to the bottom of the social ladder. He agreed to prevail upon his bride to quit the stage and to abandon her seals to a friendly zoo. Then he insisted that George accompany him to the new apartment.

In spite of himself, Mr. Atkins was impressed by Gracie Gribble Lane. With her round eyes opened wide, she told George of her unfortunate matrimonial venture: Of how she had been an orphan, and of how the muscular and brutal Mr. Gribble had prevailed upon her to marry him, and of how he had mistreated her thereafter. Mr. Atkins found himself on the verge of tears—although he was careful to conceal this weakness from Mr. Lew Lane, lest that eminent vaudevillian reconsider his determination to demand Gracie's professional retirement.

It appeared that Mr. Gribble now owned six trained seals and the ex-Mrs. Gribble owned the other six. Mr. Gribble was playing a small-time route and Gracie had been doing like-

wise. But now her bookings had ended, and George felt that news of her retirement from the stage should be included in the wedding announcements.

That night—and for several evenings thereafter—the bride and groom held conferences. Gracie was terribly sweet about it; she declared passionately that she loved Lew so devotedly she would do whatever he asked . . . though tears trembled in her eyes.

"You see, Lew—it's this way: If I was suddenly to walk out on them—they wouldn't understand. There ain't any seals in the world like those—except the six Steve got, and I love them all like they was my children."

"Well," argued Lew—"I ain't asking you to give 'em away. I'm only suggesting that you lend 'em to the zoo."

"Just like putting my children in an orphan asylum!"

"Aw! Gracie—don't carry on that way. You'll still own the seals, and if the separation gets too terrible—you can have 'em back." He made a generous ges-

ture. "Anyway, honey—I love you so much I'll let you do whatever you want. I ain't gonna be like Steve was—telling you what you got to do."

She flung herself in his lap. "You mean that, Lew? Do you really?"

"I don't say things I don't mean."

"Well, listen, Lew—my agent was here to see me today, and he's begging me to play six weeks of subway time. It wouldn't separate us, and I'm so anxious to just try it out . . . and if you really wouldn't mind . . ."

Lew experienced a sinking sensation below his belt buckle, but Gracie was so cute and so willing to do what he wanted. . . . "And you'll promise to try my idea after that, Gracie? You'll lend the seals to the zoo and see can't you get along without them?"

"Of course, darling! I'll do whatever you say. Always!"

Mr. Atkins received the news with a snort. "I knew it!" he said bitterly. "Animal trainers is animal trainers—no matter how cute they are. Just wait 'til them Friars get ahold of you."

Socially, the thing was a mistake. Lew was embarrassed for

her when she met his friends. Consciously or unconsciously, they dug at her. "You're in the profesh?" . . . "Sure." . . . "Working?" . . . "Yeh! I'm Gracie of Gracie's Seals" . . . "Oh! An animal act. . . ."

Lew couldn't quite understand why Gracie didn't appreciate the shame that was hers. He tried to impress upon her that in his position, the covert sneers of his friends—against her—were unbearable. He became, in fact, rather morose, and, when her six weeks ended, he insisted that she fulfill her part of the bargain.

For a brief time thereafter things were tranquil. Lew was working as master of ceremonies at a gigantic motion picture house, and was thus enabled to be with his young and charming wife most of the time; the seals had been bestowed safely in the big tank at the zoo—on loan—and Lew's friends seemed willing to forget that Mrs. Lew ever had sunk so low in the social scale as to have been intimately involved with seals.

LEW was happy—and Lew was blind. He couldn't know that for the first time in her life Gracie was lonely. During the long afternoons and evenings when Lew was working, she sat in their lavish apartment and worried. She wondered whether Minnie and Percy and Cleopatra would ever forgive her; whether they'd forgot the tricks in which she had drilled them with such eagerness and affection. Being a wise wife, she didn't argue with Lew. All Lew could understand was that the whole half dozen of them were worth only about five hundred dollars, and that that was small change to a man of his earning capacity. Five hundred dollars! He might as well have tried to convince a young mother that the true value of her children could be estimated in dollars and cents.

Gracie languished. Then, because she could stand the separation no longer, she went to call upon her beloved seals. En route to the zoo she dropped in at a fish market and purchased a basket of their very finest and freshest stock. At a toy store she bought three large, light rubber balls. She carried her gifts to the tank, and Minnie and Percy and Cleopatra Seal—as well as the other three—barked and squirmed with delight.

Tears leaped into Gracie's eyes. She explained herself to the keeper, and commenced tossing luscious ex-fish to her pets. They wiggled out of the tank and tried pathetically to go through all their tricks. An amazed crowd gathered, and applauded enthusiastically.

Day after day Gracie returned. It wasn't the same as being in show business . . . but it was something like. Her fame spread by word of mouth, and crowds gathered to watch the daily free show. The children and nurses and old men and casual passers-by made a grand audience—delighted and uncritical. Gracie's stage-loving soul expanded, and these after-

noon trips to the zoo became the bright spots of her life—none the less because they were stolen moments which she never dared mention to Lew Lane.

And then one day, after Gracie had tossed her last fish to the appreciative seals, and had supplied them with a new scarlet ball to play with—after the huge crowd had laughed and squealed and applauded and started to disperse—a hoarse, familiar voice sounded in her ear.

"Hello, Gracie."

She whirled to face a large man with broad shoulders; tiny, cruel eyes and flaming red hair. Mrs. Lew Lane was obviously not pleased to see her first husband.

"Howdy, Steve."

"You're lookin' good, Gracie."

She wanted to be polite, but simply couldn't return the compliment. Steve Gribble looked seedy. He caught her appraising glance and shrugged.

"Show business is lousy. I ain't had any bookings for two months—and don't see no chance of getting any."

"Have you been rehearsing?" she inquired politely.

"Oh! kinda . . . but the seals ain't workin' so good. They don't seem to have no pep."

She clutched his arm fearfully. "They ain't sick, are they? Tell me honest, Steve—there ain't anything the matter?"

"Naaaa! Queen Esther had a kind of cough, but she got all right. It's just that times are hard and I can't get no work." He gazed at her approvingly. "You're sitting pretty, ain't you?"

"I'm very happy, Steve," she answered with becoming modesty.

His voice became eager. "Say, listen, Gracie, I been watching them six of yours. I think they're lonely for the others. How'd you like to buy the six I got?"

HER eyes sparkled, but only for a moment. "I—I couldn't do that, Steve."

"Why not? Ain't you got plenty dough?"

"It ain't the money. But you see . . ." It was very difficult to explain to Steve something which she herself could not understand. "Well, I ain't got any use for any more seals. I'm out of show business."

"You can have 'em for five hundred."

Her heart missed a beat. Then she shook her head sadly.

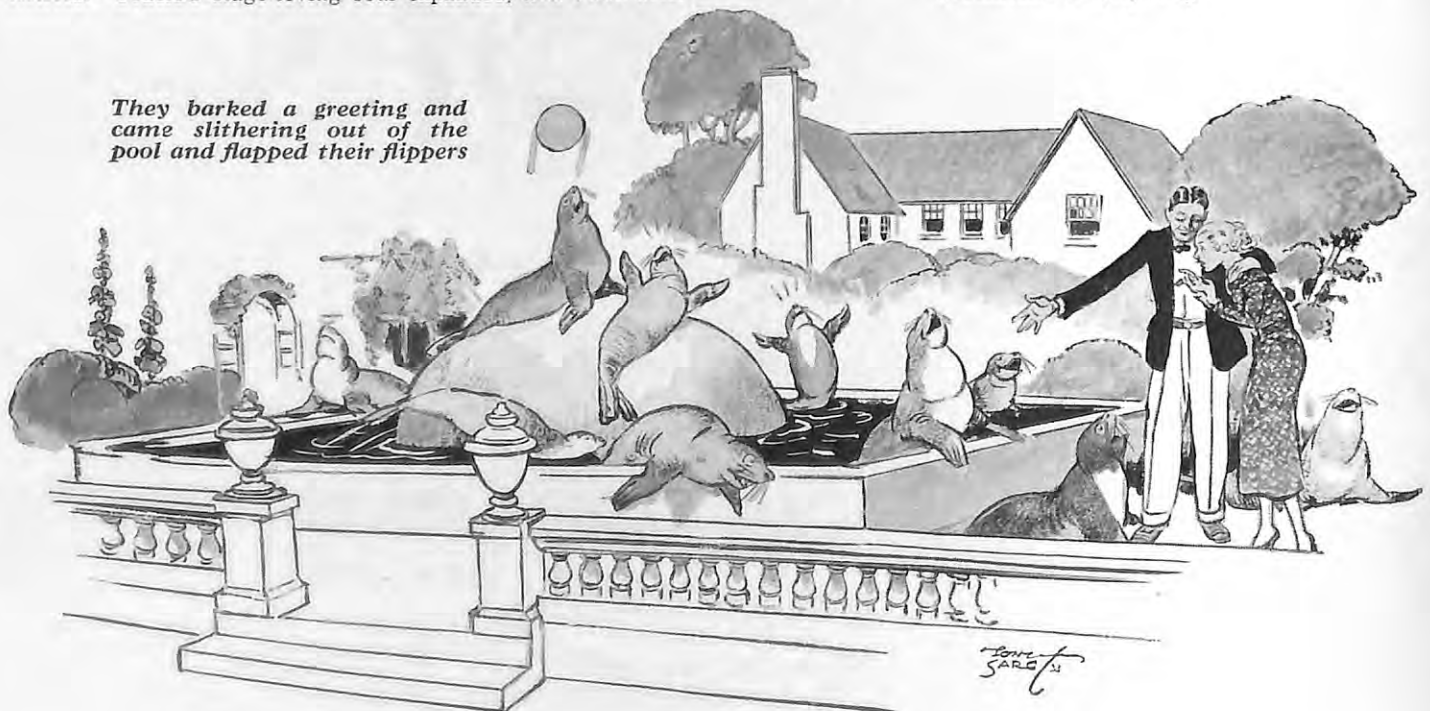
"That's awful cheap, Steve—for such fine trained seals; but it wouldn't be fair. Besides, if you was to sell them, what would you do for a living?"

"Same thing I'm doing now," he grunted. "Nothing! Only I'd have five hundred dollars more to do it with."

"I'm sorry, Steve. . . . It's awful tough on your seals for you not to be working."

(Continued on page 32)

They barked a greeting and came slithering out of the pool and flapped their flippers





The Columbia System proudly presents the queen of the torch singers, Helen Morgan, left, on Sunday afternoons at two. Glamorous, beautiful, a consummate actress, Helen Morgan puts over a song better than any girl on the stage or the air. Sitting on a piano in a smoky, crowded night club, twisting a handkerchief between her fingers, singing sad little songs in a sad little voice, she can draw the tears from a traffic cop

By
Phillips Coles



Cast and Broadcast



Above is Ben Bernie, who stays over on the alkaline side, yowza, yowza. The alkalinity of the Old Maestro's dance music counteracts the acidity of his wit. Tuesdays at nine, ladies and gents—over WEA



RAY
LEE JACKSON

Paul Whiteman's band, his Gang, and his soaring renditions of symphonic rhythm strike and hold a new note in modern music. Right, in a photograph that symbolizes symphonic jazz music, Ray Lee Jackson catches him swinging the baton that put the high hat on jazz

Vera Van, above, one of the Columbia System's sustaining features, is being kept very busy these days doing what Columbia idyllically calls "singing in her blue velvet voice." Well, she can sing, we are here to tell you, and they say she can dance, and to us she looks like several million



WHITE

Clare Kummer has done a sparkling, altogether likable comedy in "Her Master's Voice." Roland Young, whose suave, quiet humor has been gracing Hollywood for some time past, returns to the legitimate stage herewith and is pictured at the left in the act of being mistaken for the hired man in his own home by Aunt Min (Laura Hope Crews). The rôle of the rich, managing aunt of Roland's young wife (Frances Fuller), who gave up the musical career Aunt Min was subsidizing, to marry him, is pure cream for Miss Crews and she laps it up in fine style. Shrewd casting and top-notch performances by the whole cast add to the zest of the proceedings

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



VANDAMM

Behind the Footlights

Mental cruelty, attempted murder and pride of family that oversteps normality are the ingredients used by Elizabeth McFadden to grip your interest and chill your spine in "Double Door." The plot is interesting, the action tense, and the actors more than adequate. Those shown above are Richard Kendrick and Aleta Freel

One of the season's most interesting and subtle dramas is "The Green Bay Tree" by Mordaunt Shairp. It is acted by an exceptionally good English cast which in addition to the three at the right—Jill Esmond, O. P. Heggie and Laurence Olivier — includes James Dale, who gives an unusual and outstanding performance of the central rôle. Briefly, the story treats of the strange relationship between James Dale, a wealthy London dilettante and the boy, Olivier, whose guardian and mentor he has been for fifteen years



VANDAMM



"Girl Without a Room" will be the right prescription for those who want a vicarious dose of madcap, Bohemian adventure among the artists and their models on the Left Bank in the city of Paris. Charlie Ruggles, Charles Farrell and Marguerite Churchill (pictured at the left) lead the wild chase

The piquant charm and sparkling acting of Alice Brady (below), supplemented by the efforts of an exceptional cast which includes Lionel Barrymore, Katherine Alexander and Conway Tearle promise to make "The Vinegar Tree" the hilarious success on the screen that it was on the Broadway stage some seasons ago when Mary Boland disported herself so joyously in the rôle now played by Miss Brady

And On the Screen



The story of the rise and fall of an American pioneer family gives Paul Muni the opportunity for an exceptionally fine performance in "The World Changes." Mary Astor, pictured with him above, contributes her share toward making this a really worth while picture



The Cost of Crime

and How to Curb It

Like rats coming out of their holes, the gangsters formerly engaged in bootlegging are swarming to other fields of crime. The states alone (here typified as cats) cannot cope with them. But the Federal Government (the air-dale) is rapidly arming itself to stamp out their new depredations



EVERYMAN'S dollar is precious to him—never more so than today. And never has a dollar been beset by so many thieving, piratical enemies. Nor is the fact concerned in the least with the change in the mass number of the country's dollars, with their inflation or with any varying of the gold content.

No matter how many the dollars, each of everyman's dollars will still be subject to its proportion of the odious levies of extortioners, kidnapers, racketeers and robbers galore. That is, it will be until crime is warred upon as savagely as crime itself has fought against society—and against everyman. There will be such a war, furiously waged and desperately defended—and it is very near. The victory for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, forcing more into the open the organized criminals who entrenched themselves behind the prohibition wall, and depriving them of huge revenues, has brought the crisis. Though voracious as ever and still powerful, they must and can be beaten down. The means are available.

But, as yet, the criminals still hold their wicked mastery—and everyman continues to pay his forced tribute.

Every computation of the cost of crime to the nation has yielded figures that have a fabulous sound, yet the conclusion reached by every set of investigators is that the figures themselves are far below the reality of damage.

Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York, Chairman of the United States Senate's Committee on investigation of racketeering, still sitting as this is written, has estimated that of each dollar everyman spends, Copyright, 1933, by Edgar Sisson.

twenty-five cents goes to racketeers. The Senator has not even hedged by including in that figure the cost of crime prevention service or of the administration of criminal justice. He has placed the national yearly tribute to extortioners of all complexions at thirteen billions of dollars, and has remained consistent, for the total approximates a fourth of the whole people's income. The *North American Review* four years ago set the national cost of crime at between eleven and thirteen billions annually. Other statistical estimates of equal respectability have placed the sum as high as eighteen billions and more. Senator Copeland runs little risk of being charged with exaggeration.

The figures are sufficiently appalling if they are based upon the costs of crime prevention and of the administration of criminal justice alone. There, too, the costs can be checked up and down the breadth of the land—national, state and municipal. They go into every tax that is paid. If everyone paid taxes, the picture might be made from a tax-payer's point of view.

Attempts, indeed, have been made to do so. Limiting themselves to tangible expenditures such as for penal institutions, police departments and courts, experts of the census departments unofficially estimate the levy at about $3\frac{1}{2}$ percent or three and a half cents on the tax dollar. They know this percentage is ridiculously low, since the ravages from crime and all the indirect expenses due to it are not rated, and in their judgment cannot be. A business man, nevertheless, would consider a toll of $3\frac{1}{2}$ percent an impressive item.

But hosts do not pay taxes at all and so may not believe that they are interested even to this extent. Yet not one escapes the crime cost assessments, whether each pays directly or indirectly. The illustration is vivid, geographic and in dollars, not cents.

Take the one item of the per capita cost of criminal justice.

If you live in the city of Los Angeles, the cost to you is \$6.18 a year. The machine of protective and punitive law is more expensive to the resident of Washington, the Capital City. His part of the cost is \$9.21. If you are a New Yorker, the rating is \$5.79; if a Chicagoan, somewhat higher, \$6.65. The Detroitter needs more protection, costing him \$7.29. The Bostonian is in a still higher bracket, \$9.64, topping Washington. The Philadelphian pays \$8.75, and the citizen of Pittsburgh escapes with \$6.43. St. Louis has a per capita cost of \$6.95, San Francisco of \$6.25, Cleveland of \$4.90, Cincinnati of \$4.45, Denver of \$3.85 and Baltimore of \$5.59. Jersey

by Edgar Sisson

Cartoons by Oscar E. Cesare

City has the highest per capita cost in the country, \$11.30. That figure evidently has a meaning in relation to New York. It is an axiom that New York criminals steer clear of Jersey City, at least after one experience. But the rigor that keeps

them out is expensive to the local inhabitant.

As per capita cost is measured on the population of the cities in question, it is obvious that individual tax-payer cost is double, treble, quadruple or many times multiplied in the case of the wealthier. These, moreover, are only the direct sums. To them must be added whatever the large tax-payers are compelled to give outright to extortioners—contractors to gain immunity from outlaw labor troubles; business men, small as well as large, for protection by racketeers from other racketeers.

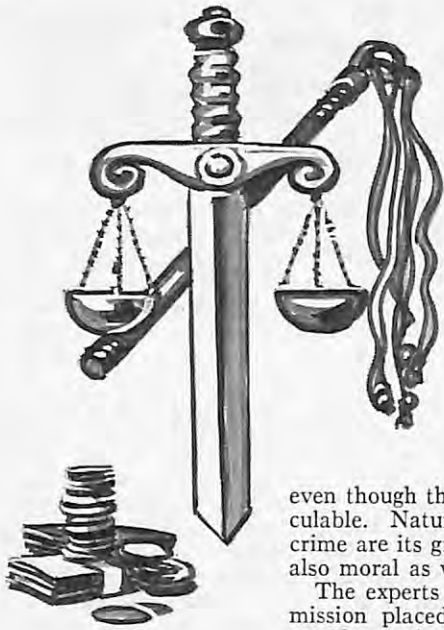
A terrible interweaving, all-told, but at the first glance doesn't the intimation seem to be that the little fellows who pay few or no taxes get off the easiest? Only if that look be careless and fleeting. For the smaller people make up the bulk of that great unit, the consuming public. The actuality is that they are the ultimate payers of the pyramided costs of legal crime control, of illegal crime protection secured by contributions to blackmailers, and of the expenses of graft in its almost countless forms. These, the common folks, pay in dollars and pennies, all the way down from rent and apparel to groceries and to every odd and end of their purchases. They pay all the costs that can be passed along, indirectly and without label, but inevitably.

LINGERING still in the sector of the cost of crime control (only a satirist or a comedian would use the term crime prevention), it is disclosed that the annual cost of criminal law administration is \$52,000,000. This sum is merely an entry for office, court and executive work. The new year, incidentally, should herald a saving, for \$34,000,000 of the amount has been spent annually in prohibition enforcement offices. The states have been spending yearly for penal and correctional administration \$51,000,000, and the cities the larger amount of \$247,000,000 for the same purpose.

Excess of crime has required excess of insurance against it. The annual cost of this protection against money loss from robbery is \$107,000,000. This does not include the price of armored car service for banks and express companies. Another \$3,900,000 is required annually for that.

The total of these protective sundries is about half a billion dollars. The estimate, though official, is probably much too low.





It is that of the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement. A footnote on the report carried the estimate of independent investigators who set the combined administrative costs at \$912,000,000 a year, or \$2,500,000 a day.

From this springboard, the losses from crime, and the genuine cost to the nation, dive easily into billions,

even though they are not exactly calculable. Naturally, the losses due to crime are its greatest cost. They are also moral as well as economic.

The experts of the National Commission placed \$300,000,000 a year as a low estimate of the single factor of the indirect loss of the "produc-

tive labor of criminals." They meant that if the criminals had been engaged in honest labor they would have earned that much. As criminals perhaps they won more, but they not only added nothing to the wealth of the country but also necessitated the expenditure of the administrative billion to hold them slightly in check.

The size of the crime army has been calculated by Secretary of War George H. Dern.

"There is today," he stated recently in a public address, "a crime army estimated at 400,000—more than three times the size of the regular army of the United States—that is operating in this country, invading the domestic tranquillity of our people, invading the security of our homes and confiscating our property."

THAT army feeds on our vitals. We support it, however unwillingly. Its sustenance is not merely included in the cost of crime. The fear it spreads over us and the wastage it makes are menaces to our morale.

"In a broad sense," asserted the National Commission report, "the cost of crime extends beyond general economic loss and individual financial burden to human waste of extreme social importance. How is economic loss determinable? Only by determining the actual economic income and by determining what the income would be without crime. But the method is impractical. The second factor cannot be ascertained."

So Senator Copeland, well aware of the situation, reached his impressive estimate of economic cost (and loss) without attempting to add the intangible factor of what our gains could be if we did not have to stagger along under the weight of crime expense and if instead all criminals were changed miraculously into sturdy toilers and producers. He set himself on the level of the man on the street, and lighted his commentary with homely illustrations.

"Racketeering," he said, "has entered every American home in the form of increased prices of goods. The poultry shipper, for example, can use only certain poultry cars, certain coops, certain trucks. If he doesn't, the chickens never reach the market. Then take the case of a certain friend of mine who owns a building on Fifth Avenue in New York. He improved it with an elaborate front. A man called to ask him to join a protective association at \$15 a week. My friend refused. The next day the windows were broken. He was insured and the windows were replaced. (There was double loss—property destruction and, to the insurance company, money loss to be reflected back upon the community in higher

insurance rates.) Again the windows were broken, and this time the insurance company, while it paid, refused to renew the policy. Now my friend pays the \$15 weekly tribute.

"Hotel men are forced to use certain laundries or somehow their linen is ruined by acid. Cleaners must use certain cleaning fluids or the garments are lost or ruined. Trucks of silk goods on the way to market are hi-jacked, and dishonest merchants sell the stolen silks. Restaurants fight each other and suddenly the business of one is ruined by a stink bomb thrown among the customers. Racketeering and organized extortion must be fought as we would fight national enemies."

Hence we must fight an evil army, already inside our borders, numbering 400,000 unhung villains with guns in their hands, light and mobile machine artillery at their backs, and chemical units at their disposal. One of the latest big-scale Chicago robberies was pulled off behind a smoke screen, and the steel-plated car used by the gangsters was a machine-gun nest.

But how can we fight a guerilla and illusive foe in a broad and decisive conflict? What are the chances of victory? What will happen? Why the particular joining of the battle now, since in theory the campaign began long ago?

A partial answer to the first question would be that when guerrillas are flushed from cover, as they will be to quite a degree with the ending of prohibition, they are just rascals out in the open, to be hunted down and sent to prison. The other way to smash guerrillas is by Vigilante counter attack. There is good old precedent for community Vigilantes. Americans, when they conclude that they can't stand any more, always have taken that method.

In the Middle West, long before the Argonauts or Judge

Lynch or Vigilante Committees had epic life, horse thieves were the bane of the settlers. To take a frontiersman's horse was to cripple him in his hard fight for existence, often to put his very life in peril. The victim couldn't trail on foot the plunderer who escaped on horseback. The horse thieves formed themselves into bands, grew rich, lived hilariously and terrorized whole sections of the prairie lands. There was not law enough to reach them. The despoiled settlers learned the advantages of organization from the thieves themselves. Soon each district had its Horse Thief Association. When one member lost a horse, the community riders jumped to saddle at the alarm call and went man as well as horse hunting.

When the thief was caught

he was hung on the nearest tree with a limb stout enough to bear his weight. As outlaw bands were cornered, they were wiped out—the luckiest killed in the fighting, and the rest strung up. The country was rid of horse thieves. The Far West, when it became frontier, followed the same pattern of quick justice.

Thus Vigilantes have been effective when laws have failed. There will be more killing of criminals before the order of law comes completely back. When one looks forward to what will happen, this aspect is included in the vision. Kidnapers will get this form of execution.

In considering the chances of victory in the combat against present lawlessness, however, it should not be necessary to resort repeatedly to violent justice. The "malefactors of great wealth" in this latter day of criminal gangs are going to be hamstrung in their finances. That is why the fiercer and climactic struggle is about to begin.

The repeal of the prohibition amendment has doomed many of the bootleggers, the beer barons and the rum-running gangs. Their leaders were the bankers and the financiers of crime. They were the sponsors and the protectors of all the big

(Continued on page 34)





Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
Official Circular Number Four

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

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

DEAR BROTHERS:

My Visitations

Here I am writing my fourth official circular, which will appear in the December issue of our Magazine. By this fact I am reminded that another year has almost gone. Before I shall address you again the happy Christmas days will have come and gone, followed by that wonderful day of beginning anew. During that season I am confident that the reputation of our Lodges for remembering the needy will be sustained, and that those remembered, especially the children, will look upon them as a real Santa Claus, whose generosity knows no bounds save that of ability.

It has been a great privilege for me to come into contact with the Lodges and their members in different sections of the country. Everywhere I have gone I have found a fine spirit prevailing. I have been especially pleased with the support the membership is giving to our great undertakings. Men are awakening to the great opportunity for service by making contributions to the Elks National Foundation. They look forward each month to the date of the arrival of our wonderful publication, THE ELKS MAGAZINE. They are alert to find a suitable field for the organization of Antlers Lodges. A more wonderful and inspiring loyalty could not be found. My only regret is that I cannot make a visitation to every one of our Lodges, for were it possible to do so, then my happiness would be complete.

The Assurance of the Past

It is always well to survey the past for the purpose of planning for the future. Looking to the past, we observe that during the last few years, in common with every fraternal organization, there were some who ceased their active service with us, yet there need be no discouragement on that account, for there has been a turn of the tide, and we are again on the upward swing. The Armistice Day initiation afforded a happy realization not only that there is a strong patriotic appeal in the ideals for which the Order stands, but also that there is a strong desire, especially on the part of the young men of the Nation, to improve the opportunity of commencing early in life to do something that shall redound to the benefit of the communities in which our Lodges exist.

The Constitutional Amendment

The Constitutional Amendment making effective the right of a Lodge to provide for a lower initiation fee for young men under twenty-six years of age, and the waiving of such fee entirely in the case of an Antler who has been in good standing in his Lodge of Antlers for two consecutive years before reaching the age of majority, and who applies for membership in our Order before his twenty-second birthday, has been ratified by the Lodges by a vote in excess of ten to one, and these provisions are now in full force and effect. To take advantage of them, a Lodge should amend its by-laws specifying its wishes in respect to them. Before passing this subject, let me say that there are a few Lodges that have not yet made their returns of the vote on the Constitutional Amendment, as required by Section 240, Grand Lodge Statutes. Such failure renders a delinquent Lodge subject to a fine. I would greatly appreciate it if Lodges that have not sent in their returns would do so without further delay.

Looking Forward

Looking to the future, I am confident that our movement will be upward and onward. Everywhere there is an optimism and a determination that will overcome every obstacle that lies in the path of progress. Soon we shall approach the date that marks the sixty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Order. The date falls between Lincoln's birthday and Washington's birthday, and I do hereby designate the ten days intervening between the natal days of our two greatest Presidents as the time for the observance of our anniversary with the initiation of a class of candidates to be known as the "Sixty-fifth Anniversary Class." To the end that many shall be brought into the fold, I request that the officers of the Lodges mobilize their members, setting apart some week in January when each shall devote and give the Order one day that will be used exclusively to obtain new applications, as well as applications for reinstatements. Let the members who are thus enlisted in the cause be assigned to different days of that week. Let them be captained by the best possible leaders. Let there be a contest inaugurated between these captains and their respective teams, so that the benefit of a friendly rivalry may be obtained. Let no opportunity pass to make this observance of our sixty-fifth anniversary add great glory to our Order.

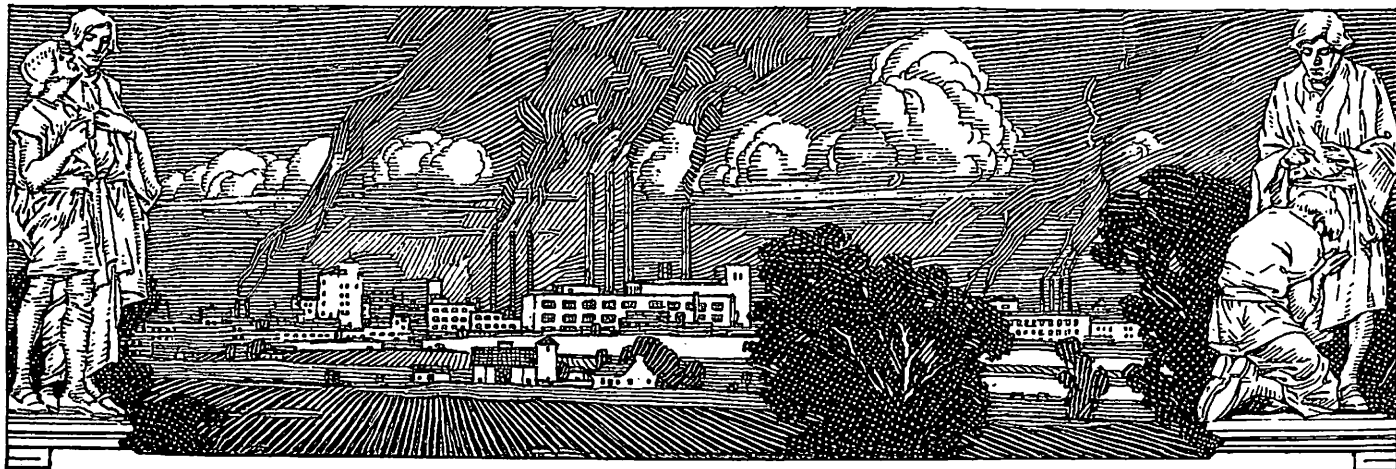
Re-dedication and Re-consecration

I believe that the year 1934 holds in store great things for us. I am convinced that a year of greater opportunity has never existed. The great question is whether we are prepared to make the most out of it. Certain it is that without preparation we cannot be ready to take advantage of the rise of the tide. On the other hand, if we will but rededicate and reconsecrate ourselves to the great ideals of the Order, we shall be able to ride upon the crest of the waves. Let us do so to the glory of our Order and the benefit of ourselves and humanity at large.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler.



EDITORIAL

MAKE IT ONE TO BE REMEMBERED

■ For many years the subordinate lodges of the Order have observed the custom of distributing baskets of provisions to the poor and needy at Christmas. So general has been this custom that comparatively few exceptions have been noted in any year. The respective communities have come to look upon it as a charitable activity upon which they can confidently rely.

The manner in which the lodges have performed this service, marked by cheeriness and good feeling, and by considerate and personally displayed kindness toward the recipients, has given it a distinctive character. It has become an Elk tradition which is maintained with happy pride.

Conditions are such this year that the lodges should exercise the greatest possible generosity in all their charitable activities. There are so many more thousands in want than is ordinarily the case; and every community presents this aggravated problem of destitution.

The relief agencies which have been established by government authority, national and local, will mitigate these conditions to some extent. But they cannot meet all needs. And their contributions should not induce an undue curtailment of those of the subordinate lodges in their several jurisdictions.

Certainly there should be no curtailment of the seasonal charity that is so well established a feature of the Christmas programs throughout the Order. On the contrary there should be more and bigger and better baskets this Christmas than ever before.

There is no lodge whose membership is unable to finance this particular charity. Surely there is no lodge whose members would not cheerfully participate in this benevolent service which is so peculiarly identified with our Order.

Let's formulate our plans early, organize effectively, contribute generously, and aid in the work personally. Let's bring the old time Elk to the service and make this Christmas one to be long remembered.

LIFTERS UP

■ The parable of the Good Samaritan is often referred to as a perfect literary composition.

Its simplicity and succinctness furnish an example which might well be studied by more verbose writers.

But, of course, its chief value is in the lesson it so effectively teaches. And this is peculiarly appealing to Elks, because the hero of the story has been adopted as an ideal for emulation by all loyal members. He was a lifter up.

The thieves, who robbed the traveler and left him sorely wounded, represent that class of people who may be termed "beaters up." They are destructive and selfishly mercenary, ruthlessly preying upon others.

The priest and levite, who failed to render assistance to the helpless victim, represent those who may be termed "passers up." They are indifferent to the suffering and needs of others who, from their narrow viewpoint, they feel have no family or religious claim upon them.

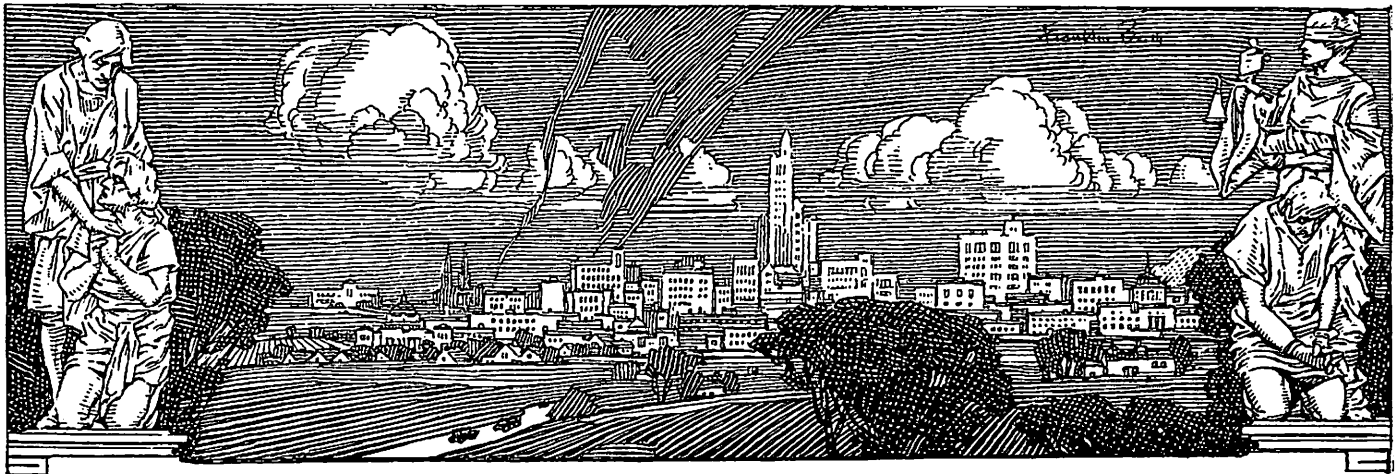
But the Good Samaritan represents the "lifters up." They ask no questions about family relationship, or political affiliation, or church membership, or race, or color. They are not predatory. They are not callous. They are not bigoted. There is no limit to the range of their interests. They recognize the scope of their human obligations. They are eagerly helpful to all in need.

They not only contribute material things to those in want; but their arms are outstretched to lift up those who are helpless to lift themselves. They bring comfort and restored courage through personal kindness and the practical display of individual interest and sympathy.

That seems to be a pretty good description of Elks—Lifters Up.

WISE REGULATION SHOULD FOLLOW

■ The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which has held the attention of the whole Country for months past, has now become a fact. That this result is gratifying to the great majority of our people is indicated by the overwhelming vote in its favor in the states which have definitely recorded their approval. It is quite generally conceded that national prohibition has proved ineffective to accomplish its designed purpose.



But repeal is only the first step. The control of the sale of intoxicating beverages will be restored to the several states. It now remains for them to determine the methods to be employed, in their respective jurisdictions, in the regulation of that business. And this is a matter of superlative importance, in which every individual citizen has a direct interest.

It is inconceivable that there should be a return to the conditions which generally prevailed before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted. The open saloon with its attendant evils, the rebuilding of dominating political power by those engaged in the sale of liquor, and the opportunities for graft by those charged with the administration of the laws, are among the most obvious things to be guarded against. The largest liberty of individual conduct consistent with the public welfare, and the encouragement of true temperance, are among the most obvious benefits to be sought.

This is not a matter of politics in the usual acceptance of that term. It is one of wise statesmanship, to be considered solely with a view to the interests of the whole people. It demands the best thought of our legislators, enlightened by the experiences of past years in other countries as well as our own.

Every Elk, as a good citizen, is interested in this. He should do what he reasonably can to assist in the wisest solution of the problem; for it is a problem having many ramifications.

Selfish interests will be alert and astute to seek sinister advantages for themselves. Patriotic citizens should be equally alert and astute to prevent that result and to insure wise legislation and honest administration, solely in the interest of society as a whole.

THE NEW ELECTION CALENDAR

■ The Grand Lodge at Milwaukee enacted a number of statutory changes affecting the election calendar of subordinate lodges. Nominations for office, election thereto and installation of officers have all been moved forward two months. Hereafter nominations will first be made in April; elections will be held in May; and installation services will be conducted in June. The present officers will, therefore, hold over an additional two months until their respective successors have been duly installed.

The purpose of these amendments is to further promote the policy of having Grand Lodge and subordinate lodge activities coincide, as to time, as nearly as may be practicable. The first step was taken at

Birmingham, when the statutes were amended so as to make the Exalted Ruler *ex officio* the Representative of his lodge to the Grand Lodge.

Under the new amendments, the retiring Exalted Ruler will have an opportunity to conduct his administration more nearly to the date of the Grand Lodge session. The annual report of his lodge will more completely reflect his own year's service. The new officer will start afresh, with his duties as Representative immediately before him; and, with that experience at the very beginning of his term, he will be better equipped to lead his lodge forward in accordance with the declared policies of the new Grand Exalted Ruler and of the Grand Lodge.

The changes inaugurated by these amendments constitute a distinct departure from an administrative plan that has been long maintained. But it is believed that the wisdom of their adoption will be demonstrated by a more satisfactory experience in the conduct of subordinate lodge affairs.

CHILD EMPLOYMENT

■ A fine spirit of cooperation has been exhibited generally throughout the country, in support of the NRA program formulated for the purpose of speeding up our industrial rehabilitation. It is a tribute to the patriotism of the American people; and its symbol, the Blue Eagle, is everywhere proudly displayed.

Of course, differences of opinion have arisen, and have been vigorously expressed, relating to some of the details of the various codes. That was to have been expected. But from a national viewpoint it has been a quite harmonious experience.

And there is one feature which has won practically unanimous approval. That is the purpose to abolish child labor. Whatever else The National Recovery Administration may fail to accomplish, if the employment of children in arduous and inappropriate labor be definitely ended, then something really worth while will have been achieved.

This forward step has been too long delayed; and the delay has imposed a heavy penalty in dwarfed intellects, stunted growths, ill health, maimed bodies, and generally impaired efficiency.

Anything relative to child welfare is of peculiar concern to Elks; and they will be happy in the realization that hereafter, in America at least, the natural heritage of childhood will be better protected against the definite evil of child labor.



The up-to-date barns and silo at The Elks National Memorial Home at Bedford, Va.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

The Order Mourns Past Grand Esquire Thomas F. Brogan

To pay the last tribute of the Order to their Past Exalted Ruler, the late Thomas F. Brogan, the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, filed into the Lodge room at the hour of eleven on the morning of October 23, 1933. The spacious Lodge room was filled with the members, friends and business associates of a famous member deeply respected and beloved by all.

Senior Past Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Brogan died on Friday, October 20, 1933, little more than a year after celebrating within the walls of New York Lodge his Golden Jubilee, the fiftieth year of his membership in the Order. With his passing a wave of sorrow swept through every Lodge in the State.

Mr. Brogan was a guiding spirit in New York Lodge, a man who had given everything to Elkdom at large. As a figure of prominence in the Grand Lodge, he served for three terms as Grand Esquire, his terms of office being 1898-1899, 1899-1900 and 1900-1901. Immediately following his service as Grand Esquire he was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for two terms, and from 1903 to 1905 he was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Work and Ritual.

Mr. Brogan became a member of the Order of Elks March 12, 1882. He was born in New York City, where he lived all his life and became known and respected as one of the outstanding figures in the jewelry manufacturing trade. At the time of his death he was seventy-eight years of age.

The funeral services for the distinguished Past Exalted Ruler were held in the Home of New York Lodge. The Chairs of the Lodge were all occupied by Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1, with Past Exalted Ruler Champe S. Andrews acting as Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert as Esteemed Leading Knight. The other chairs were filled by Past Exalted Ruler Arthur V. Dearden as Esteemed Loyal Knight; Past Exalted Ruler Dr. William C. Miller as Esteemed Lecturing Knight; Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips as Secretary; Past Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Kerr as Treasurer; William H. Leyden as Chaplain; Past Exalted Ruler Samuel McKee, Esquire; William Stephens, Inner Guard; Jesse M. Winne, Organist; and the following Past Exalted Rulers on the rostrum: Dr. John E. Dearden, J. H. Chris Mitchel, Frederick E. Goldsmith, George A. Hopkins, James P. Walsh, James E. McDonald, Sol Tekulsky, Charles M. Ertz, John T.

Hogan, Abraham I. Menin, and Edward A. Neylan.

Among the prominent Elks in attendance at the funeral service for Mr. Brogan were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Cuite; Past President Joseph Brand of the New York State Elks Association; Secretary Philip Clancy of the New York State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Dr. Lester G. Brimmer; and the Past Exalted Rulers of many outlying Elk Lodges.

Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, Secretary of New York Lodge, and member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, delivered the eulogy with dignity and distinction. The floral tributes in the Lodge room were many, beautiful in design and rich and luxuriant in color. The burial took place in Kensico Cemetery in Westchester County. Mr. Brogan is survived by his widow, Mrs. Emma Brogan.

Information Concerning Clarence M. Sharp Requested

Members of the Order are requested to report any news of Clarence M. Sharp, a member of Newton, N. J., Lodge, No 1512, who has neither been seen nor heard from since the first of October.

Mr. Sharp is twenty-eight years of age, six feet in height, weight 160 pounds. He has dark brown hair parted in the middle, brown eyes, and wears gold rimmed glasses. There is reason to suppose that he may have gone West, and the Western Lodges are requested to keep a particularly close watch



William Saner, the prominent Yale Senior, to whom the Elks National Foundation Scholarship was recently awarded by the Massachusetts State Elks Association

in case he presents his membership card at any Lodge.

Please send any information concerning Mr. Sharp to Secretary Thomas J. O'Malley of Newton Lodge, who will, in turn, notify the family.

President Mayer Visits Arizona State Elks' Hospital

Past Grand Tiler Joseph F. Mayer, President of the Arizona State Elks Association, accompanied by State Secretary D. E. Reinhardt, the officers of the Globe Antlers Lodge and the famous Globe Elks Quartet, recently traveled five hundred miles to pay a visit to the Arizona State Elks Association Hospital.

The Quartet entertained the patients with a number of very fine selections, and the officers of Phoenix Lodge, No. 335, with their Antlers Lodge officers, also visited the Hospital at the same time. The Exalted Antler of Phoenix Lodge gave the Antlers toast to Mother in a most effective rendition.

There are patients at the hospital from ten different States, and many more have made application for entrance during the winter months. The hospital is maintained for the purpose of assisting all Elks throughout the United States, regardless of the Lodges to which they belong.

Jacob Gunst, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Arizona State Elks Hospital

San Francisco Lodge Arranges Big League Charity Baseball Game

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, with the "South of Market Boys," recently put on a great baseball show for charity at the Seals' Stadium before a crowd of 18,000 people. The game was between San Francisco's major and minor leagues, the major league All-Stars and the Coast League All-Stars. The Coast League All-Stars won, three to five.

The money taken in by the game will be spent for Christmas baskets for the less fortunate of San Francisco and environs, and to further the cause, the owners of Seals' Stadium offered the grounds free of charge and turned over all concessions. The affair makes possible the expenditure of approximately six thousand dollars for the Christmas baskets. A further consequence of the ball game resulting from the tremendous publicity afforded San Francisco Lodge was the heightened interest in the Armistice Day Class, for the initiation of which the stage was, at this time of writing, all set.

The weather for the ball game was perfect; so was the line-up. Several of the

greatest stars in the two major leagues took part in the game, including Lefty O'Doul, San Francisco's white-haired boy, the lad on the New York Giants who made that hit with the bases filled in the second game of the recent World Series. Lefty was in right field for the major league team and played the entire game.

Joe Cronin, another San Francisco baseball idol, Manager of the Washington Club, winner of the American League pennant, was another center of attraction. Willie Kamm, Lefty Gomez, Ernie Lombardi, Chick Hafey, Roy Johnson, "Poosh 'em Opp" Tony Lazzeri, Gordon Slade, Dick Bartell, Gus Suhr, and other major leaguers, all of whom started in San Francisco or the Bay District, were given big hands. The famous Ty Cobb managed the Major Leaguers, and Jimmy Cave-ney piloted the Coast Leaguers.

Before the game started the attending dignitaries put on ceremonies. The Elks Band and Drill Corps, the police band and the Olympic Club band furnished music, and Mayor A. J. Rossi put in a prominent appearance. Harry B. Smith, Sports Editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, presented to Lefty O'Doul and Joe Cronin gifts made possible by the offerings of thousands of their friends and admirers.

Joe Cronin received a beautiful gold watch, suitably engraved, and Lefty O'Doul was presented with a chest of silver. Each of the famous ball players responded. Finally, after Mayor Rossi had spoken and Captain Fred Lemon of San Francisco Lodge and Al Katschinski of the South of Market Boys had expressed their appreciation of the support San Francisco ball fans were giving this charity game, the two teams squared off for action.

The Majors made all their runs in the fifth inning, when Dutch Lieber was tossing them out. In that inning, with one man out and two on bases, Lefty O'Doul rose to the occasion and smashed a rousing triple to right field to score two, and he counted himself in on a double pumped out by Dick Bartell, who replaced Cronin.

The Coast Leaguers, with one run gained in the fourth, forged to the front, however, in the sixth, when three runs were brought in. The last score of the game came when Jimmy Donovan belted one out to left field, finishing up the game.

The game was one of the best affairs of the kind ever staged in San Francisco. The players and spectators entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the occasion. There will be a lot of Christmas baskets filled as a result of this game.

Louisiana, Mo., Lodge Issues Warning Against Use of Card

Louisiana, Mo., Lodge, No. 791, issues a warning to Elk Lodges throughout the country against extending aid to a woman representing herself to Mrs. F. D. Wilkins, who is in unlawful possession of a membership card to Louisiana Lodge. She has, on several occasions, obtained money on false pretenses from Elk Lodges by using it.

R. W. Campbell, Secretary

Illinois State Elks Association Holds First District Meeting

The officers of the Illinois State Association recently held their first District Meeting at Dixon, Ill. The meeting was in charge of President Dr. F. C. Winters who, during the session, discussed the fundamental purpose of the State Association and explained the work which is in process of being carried on.

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters was present and gave a talk, as did Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; State Secretary N. H. Millard; State Trustee Lester C. Street; Dis-

trict Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. M. Lotts; Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Crippled Children's Committee, and Bede Armstrong, who is in charge of THE ELKS MAGAZINE National Bridge Contest.

The officers of the State Association are planning to hold one of these District Meetings in each of the seven Districts. The object is to increase interest among the membership in the work of the Association.

Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Baskets

THE ELKS MAGAZINE desires to ascertain the extent of Elkdom's charitable work at Thanksgiving time and Christmas this year. The editors are, therefore, taking this means of requesting the Secretaries of all subordinate Lodges to notify them as soon after Christmas 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 on both occasions, 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.

At each of the meetings a crippled children's clinic is held in the afternoon, and a banquet in the evening, followed by a meeting. The members of all Lodges in the District are invited to attend the entire program.

N. H. Millard, State Secretary

Prominent Yale Man Wins Elks National Foundation Scholarship

To William A. Saner, a prominent and popular senior at Yale University, goes the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of three hundred dollars, allocated to the Massachusetts State Elks Association for a deserving young man of the right calibre.

Of young Mr. Saner's calibre there can be no question. The story of his struggle to provide himself with a thorough education is a proof of his character. He was born in 1908 in Northampton, Mass., where

he attended grammar school and high school. When he was eight years old his father died, leaving his mother little financial support for herself and four boys, of whom William was the youngest.

In 1927, while he was in high school, young Saner lived at the Y. M. C. A. with his brother, working as a desk clerk in the building and thus earning enough to provide himself with food and clothing. The following year he received a scholarship to Roxbury School, in Cheshire, Conn. Here as elsewhere his scholastic standing was excellent and his sports career brilliant. He majored in three sports and was captain of the football team.

In 1930, having remained out of school a year after his graduation from Roxbury, in order to accumulate the wherewithal for further education, Mr. Saner entered Yale with a scholarship. As a freshman he was a three-letter man, playing football, baseball and basketball. In his sophomore year he was on the varsity football squad, taking part in five games, and he played on the basketball team all winter. During that spring he played on the baseball team. While a sophomore he became a member of the National Greek Fraternity, Chi Psi, one of the best at Yale.

In his junior year Mr. Saner played football, and was a member of the basketball team that won the Eastern Intercollegiate League Championship. Due to illness, he wisely chose not to go out for baseball that spring, preferring to devote himself to his studies. All during this time his scholastic average was high. He earned his board by waiting on table at such times as he was not confined to the training table. This year, his senior year, he is working in the History Department of the University.

It was the scholarship from the Elks National Foundation that permitted Mr. Saner to continue and finish his college career at Yale. Had it not been for this scholarship, he would have been forced to borrow, a course which he disliked taking, and about the success of which he was not particularly sanguine. Now he will be able to continue with his studies, graduating this year with as good an education as this country provides.

The scholarship Mr. Saner received was apportioned to the Massachusetts State Elks Association in accordance with the offer to award a scholarship to each state made by the Elks National Foundation Trustees, of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley is Chairman.



BROWN BROTHERS

Inspecting a model of the S. S. Reliance, the Hamburg-American liner which will carry Elks upon two separate cruises to the West Indies this winter. The first cruise, of nine days duration, starts on January 12; and the second, of nineteen days, starts January 27

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central States Lodges



GEORGE DANIEL STAFFORD

Drum and Bugle Corps of Perth Amboy, N. J., American Legion Post in front of the Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago

Barberton, Ohio, Lodge Occupies New Home

Barberton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 982, is now located in a new Lodge Home, of which the members are exceedingly proud. The new Home is built on the site of the old, which was torn down in November, 1932. The new 60 by 90-foot structure was started immediately on the demolishing of the old, and was completed in August of this year at a cost of \$40,000.

The new quarters have proven to be a great benefit to Barberton Lodge. Increased Lodge activities began at once, and already the Lodge has shown a ten percent growth in membership. Official dedication plans for the new Home are under way, along with plans for a comprehensive social season.

F. J. Keenan, Exalted Ruler

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Honors Noted Men

Four hundred Elks and their friends gathered around the banquet board of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, at a testimonial dinner in honor of Governor Floyd B. Olson, Chief Justice John P. Devaney, and Mayor A. G. Bainbridge, all members of Minneapolis Lodge.

From all over the State of Minnesota came men high in public office, and in the professional and business worlds, to honor these three outstanding members of Minneapolis Lodge. Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mouer was toastmaster. Dinner was served at 6:30 and ended four hours later when the Governor, the Chief Justice and the Mayor had finished autographing several hundred programs. There

was never a dull moment from 6:30 to 10:30.

The star of the evening entertainment was Henry Gordien, famous magician and a member of the Lodge. He came out second best in a duel of wits and dexterity with the Governor, who left the banquet hall in possession of the magician's wallet, much to the latter's dismay and the amusement of the audience.

In the principal address of the evening, Governor Olson urged continued confidence in the course of President Roosevelt. Chief Justice Devaney and Mayor Bainbridge also spoke.

This testimonial dinner was one of the finest events ever held by Minneapolis Lodge and, due to the many laudatory accounts of the occasion in the daily press, it is felt that much assistance has been rendered the Lodge in regard to its membership campaign.

William T. Mollison, Secretary

Sudden Death of Secy. Timboe Shocks Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge

The recent death of Chester G. Timboe, aged twenty-nine, Secretary of Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge, No. 1216, came as a distinct shock to North Dakota Elks. Mr. Timboe died in the General Hospital in Devils Lake after an illness of only three days' duration, an illness that originated in a throat infection.

For two years Mr. Timboe had been Secretary of Devils Lake Lodge and up to the week of his death he was at his desk, apparently strong and healthy. He was known for his thoughtfulness and his

many kindnesses to friends and fellow members, and his death came as a sad blow.

Mr. Timboe was born in Devils Lake in 1904 and attended grade and high school there. Aside from his affiliation with the Elks, he was a Mason and a former Sergeant in the National Guard. The funeral services were in charge of the Devils Lake Lodge of Elks, with Exalted Ruler F. T. Cuthbert presiding. The Rev. L. F. Green, Methodist pastor, preached the sermon. Burial took place at Devils Lake.

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, who was at Minot, N. D., Lodge when he received word of Mr. Timboe's death, sent a telegram to Exalted Ruler Cuthbert expressing his sympathy.

Raymond C. Dobson, District Deputy

News of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge

James A. Best, a new member of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, became an Elk because he wished to help celebrate Kansas City Lodge's Golden Jubilee next year.

In the spring of 1884 several railroad agents in Kansas City met frequently, and soon agitated for the formation of an Elk Lodge. As a result No. 26 was instituted on June 8, 1884, by St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9. Among the signers of the request for a charter was James A. Best, who was out of the City when the Lodge was instituted. Now, after a lapse of almost fifty years, he has become a member in order to participate in the Fiftieth Anniversary celebration of the Lodge he helped Kansas City to gain.

Kansas City Lodge is confident that the desired quota of a thousand members will be reached before the celebration of its Golden Anniversary. The Armistice Day Class, for which, at the time of writing, Governor Guy B. Park is a candidate, will help the Lodge to reach its goal.

Kansas City Lodge's ritualistic team brought home a large silver loving cup from the State Convention held some time ago in Warrensburg. The large delegation of members which accompanied the team, is highly elated over its victory. Kansas City Lodge's team won in a competition against the crack team of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, No. 673, which took third place in the Ritualistic Contest held by the Grand Lodge at Milwaukee last summer.

Hugo Roos, Correspondent

La Salle, Ill., Lodge Enjoys Renewed Enthusiasm

La Salle, Ill., Lodge, No. 584, has, under its present administration, staged a remarkable pick-up in membership and in other activities.

On April 1, 1933, the membership had dwindled to 220, over ninety percent of which were, however, paid up. Since April sixty-five names have been added to

the roster, about forty-five of whom are new members, and twenty reinstatements. This increase in membership has been accomplished through the ceaseless efforts of the officers and membership committee of the Lodge, and by the Manager of the Lodge, who devotes full time to No. 584's business administration.

It became necessary for La Salle Lodge to seek new quarters, and much of the time during the summer months was consumed in remodeling and fitting out the building which the Lodge now occupies. Close to \$3,000 was spent on the new Home, which was formally opened recently. Now La Salle Lodge does not owe a single debt over thirty days' old, and the months ahead look like clear sailing.

At the formal opening of the new Home a class of twenty-two candidates was initiated, with some hundred and fifty members and visiting Elks from other Lodges in attendance. The meeting was attended by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, State President Dr. F. C. Winters of the Illinois State Elks Association, District Deputy J. J. Mohan, eight or ten Past Presidents, and a number of State Association officers.

The new Lodge Home is most attractive. The first floor of the Lodge Home, which is the second floor of a business building located in the heart of the business district of La Salle, cares for the Lodge's lounging rooms, pool and billiard room, card room, kitchen, dining grill and so on. The floor above will be used for the Lodge room and dancing hall, and a gymnasium will be fitted up there.

The officers of La Salle Lodge were highly complimented by Grand Secretary Masters and the State Association officers, and they now feel that they can be justly proud of their remarkable accomplishments.

Harry P. Miller, Exalted Ruler

Circus Entertainment Sponsored by Sault Ste. Marie Lodge

Under the auspices of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge, No. 552, the Eastern States Circus played recently to capacity crowds in Sault Ste. Marie, netting the local Lodge a most satisfactory profit. The Lodge invited the children of the Emma Mason Children's Home and the aged of the Chippewa County Poor Farm to the entertainment. They were all very happy. They were presented with pink lemonade, peanuts, popcorn, and balloons, and the old people seemed as much thrilled with the clowns and animals of the circus as were the children.

Sault Ste. Marie Lodge has recently completed the task of redecorating the Lodge room of the Home, the library, the Secretary's office, and the buffet. The members are much pleased with the tasteful manner in which these changes have been wrought.

Lourya Freedman, Correspondent

LaFayette, Ind., Lodge Entertained by Purdue Coaches

LaFayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, recently held a meeting called Purdue Night. This attraction brought to the Lodge Home more than two hundred members who were anxious to benefit by

the entertaining and educational program the Committee had arranged for them.

After the regular Lodge meeting, the special session was opened, and all the coaches of Purdue University gave short talks on football, discoursing on the fine points of the game, describing their particular procedure of teaching the boys the art of football, and telling anecdotes of their experiences. The talks were most instructive to the members of the Lodge, as most of them are much interested in football. Noble Kizer, head coach of Purdue, is a prominent member of LaFayette Lodge.

After the meeting all the coaching staff stayed on to enjoy the remainder of the evening with LaFayette Lodge and to partake of a supper provided by the grateful members. No. 143 feels that other Elk Lodges situated in college and university towns may be interested in learning of this way of presenting an entertaining evening.

F. A. Shaffer, Secretary

Mankato, Minn., Lodge Holds Parties to Secure New Members

In October, Mankato, Minn., Lodge, No. 225, held a series of card and dancing parties, the purpose of which was to entertain the membership primarily and secondarily to secure the names and addresses of prospective members. The arrangement at these parties is that each member invites a guest and his lady. Admission is secured by a card that must be signed by the member attending and show the name and address of his guest.

These parties are taxing the capacity of the Lodge rooms, and the names of a number of very desirable prospective members have been secured.

Orville T. McLean, Secretary

Anderson, Ind., Lodge Organizes Degree Team

In its effort to promote the largest attendance of any Indiana State Convention, Anderson Lodge, No. 209, has evolved the plan of organizing, equipping

and sending forth a Degree Team of sixteen men to advertise Anderson Lodge and the next State Elks Association Convention, to be held in June, 1934, at Anderson.

The first visit of the Degree Team was to Kokomo Lodge, No. 190. The Kokomo Elks gave a rousing welcome and thanked the team heartily for its visit. The general response from the Indiana Lodges, following a circular letter sent out by the Exalted Ruler of Anderson Lodge, has convinced every member of No. 209 that this form of advertising the State Convention will pay well. The feeling already exists that the next Annual Convention will be one of the best that has ever been held.

Activities of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge

The Ex-L-Klub, composed of ladies who are relatives of members of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, has taken up its winter work seriously, and will doubtless repeat once again the excellent record of accomplishment it has achieved during the past three years.

Beginning about the first of January of this year and closing with the ending of the school year, about June 1, this organization distributed over 136,000 meals, principally to the school children of Chattanooga. This was accomplished at a cost of less than twenty-five dollars to Chattanooga Lodge.

The Ex-L-Klub secured possession, through the generosity and cooperation of Arthur W. Lessley, a member of the Lodge, of a former hotel dining room located in that section of the town where a number of families who are unable to feed their children properly are living. Each day at the noon hour, the Ex-L-Klub supplied these unfortunate children with warm, wholesome and nourishing meals, which included milk and chocolate.

Beginning their work again this Fall, the Ex-L-Klub, at the last annual meeting following the election of officers, pledged itself to furnish one of the necessary units of the Harry-Anna Home for



ANDERSON

The Ritualistic Team of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, with the silver cup won at the State Convention Ritualistic Contest

Crippled Children, at Umatilla, Fla. In addition to this activity, the Ex-L-Klub ladies propose to carry on in any other line of service to which they are called.

In the meantime, the Elks Junior Band, of Chattanooga Lodge—the band which functioned so well with the Grand Lodge on Elks Day at A Century of Progress in Chicago last summer—has entered the entertainment field, opening in conjunction with a boxing card at the Sailors and Soldiers Memorial Auditorium.

While the financial results from this venture were nil, the Band believes it has profited in that once again it has demonstrated that anything with which it is connected is a pleasing and satisfactory entertainment feature. It was, in other words, a successful publicity move on the part of the Band.

The question of a Lodge of Antlers, to be sponsored by Chattanooga Lodge, has come up in No. 91, and considerable discussion of the subject is taking place. The members of the Elks Junior Band would furnish a splendid nucleus of an Antler Lodge to be instituted in Chattanooga. With the Band as a starting point, it should be an easy matter for Chattanooga Lodge to have one of the finest Antler Lodges in the country.

W. V. Turley, Past Exalted Ruler

Akron, Ohio, Lodge Is Ready for an Active Season

Akron, Ohio, Lodge, No. 363, is pleased to announce the filing of more than one hundred and fifty applications for the membership campaign instituted early in October by the Lodge as part of the national membership drive. It is expected and hoped that at least five hundred applications will be received before the campaign is brought to a close.

As part of the drive for members, three teams were appointed with Past Exalted Ruler William E. Cunningham heading the team of Past Exalted Rulers, Secretary Ollie J. Haag heading the "Red Team" and Robert Azar heading the "Blue Team." Each team is made up of twenty-five members. A dinner is to be awarded the team bringing in the most applications, by the losers. At the present writing, the "Blue Team" is in the lead.

With the beginning of the fall season, various activities were launched in Akron Lodge, including bi-monthly bridge parties for local Elks and their friends, open-house parties, and Saturday night supper dances. Out-of-town Elks have been extended invitations to all these affairs by the Entertainment Committee.

Samuel J. Gordon, Correspondent

Activities at Pontiac, Mich., Lodge

Pontiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 810, held a dinner recently at the Lodge Home for former Commissioner John M. Munnings. There were a hundred prominent men present. Mr. Munnings has always been an active member of the Lodge, in addition to having served on the City Commission and on the Police and Fire Trial Boards. He recently went to Durant to accept a promotion at the hands of the Grand Trunk Railroad by which he has been employed for many years.

Members of the City Commission, Grand Trunk officials, and members of

the Trial Board were guests at the banquet tendered Mr. Munnings. State Vice-President Thomas J. Brady was Chairman of the banquet, and called on Exalted Ruler Charles A. Sparks to welcome the guests and speak in behalf of Mr. Munnings. Mayor James F. Spence replied in behalf of the City and C. G. Bowker, of Detroit, spoke for the Grand Trunk. Mr. Munnings responded. Short talks were made during the evening by others attending the banquet.

The Michigan Elks Bowling Association met recently at the Pontiac Lodge Home to award the Elks State Tournament for the ensuing year. The meeting was attended by delegations from the various Lodges throughout the State. A three-cornered battle was waged between Detroit, Flint and Grand Rapids for the Tournament, with Detroit Lodge finally coming out victorious.

Hank Smith, one of Detroit's greatest bowling enthusiasts, was elected President of the Michigan Elks Bowling Association, and Frank Mitchell was selected as Secretary-Treasurer. The Tournament will start in January.

Wapakoneta, Ohio, Elks Visited by District Deputy Schmidt

More than one hundred and twenty-five Elks attended a meeting on the occasion of the official visit to Wapakoneta, Ohio, Lodge, No. 1170, of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles J. Schmidt recently.

An initiation ceremony was performed during the course of the meeting, after which District Deputy Schmidt spoke to the Lodge, complimenting it highly on the condition in which he found the books and records, and particularly commending the Committee on Lapsation and Reinstatements which has been responsible during the last year for the reinstatement of one hundred members.

The Lodge was much pleased with the report of the District Deputy and its appreciation was shown in talks by Exalted Ruler J. H. Harvey, Jr., and Past Exalted Ruler Harry Kahn.

District Meeting of Illinois Central Lodges

More than three hundred Elks from Central Illinois convened at Urbana, Ill., Lodge, No. 991, for a district meeting. Delegates came from the Illinois Lodges of Waukegan, Effingham, Robinson, Danville, Mattoon, Kankakee, Paris, Decatur, Oak Park, Chicago and Champaign.

A class of thirteen candidates was ini-

tiated into Urbana Lodge, the initiation ceremony being exemplified by the officers of visiting Lodges.

Among the prominent Elks who were present and appeared on the program were Dr. F. C. Winters, President of the Illinois State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge F. B. Leonard, and Bede Armstrong, Chairman of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Bridge Contest.

J. C. Martin, Exalted Ruler

Elkhart, Ind., Lodge Anticipates Active Winter

One hundred and fifty persons recently attended the guest night at the Home of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425. The affair was a stag event at which dinner was served. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Victor V. Swartz, and James A. Bell spoke, and there was musical entertainment of a varied nature. This affair was one of a series of "Monthly Guest Parties."

William Leicester, Correspondent

South Bend, Ind., Lodge Elects New Exalted Ruler

Gilbert A. Elliott was elected Exalted Ruler of South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235 recently and was at once installed. Mr. Elliott assumed charge as successor to Robert H. McAuliffe who resigned on account of ill health.

Having held the office of Trustee for several years, the newly elected Exalted Ruler resigned that office. Harry A. Richwine, a Past Exalted Ruler and Treasurer of the Lodge, was elected to the vacancy, and Henry Kraus will serve the Lodge as treasurer.

The election of officers was the occasion for an unofficial visit from A. Gordon Taylor of La Porte Lodge, No. 396, who is District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the district. Mr. Taylor was pressed into service as installing officer and later addressed the Lodge under Good of the Order. Other members present from La Porte Lodge were Exalted Ruler Franklin N. Stroud, Secretary John T. Bachman, and Past Exalted Rulers Wallace E. De Witt and H. L. Marum.

With the election of Mr. Elliott South Bend Lodge adopted a new policy of Lodge and social activities. Many events have been planned for the winter season, which will include the usual holiday parties to augment efforts of the Charity Committee.

*John F. DeHaven,
Past Exalted Ruler*



Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier at Saginaw, Mich., Lodge. An account of his visit there will be included in the January issue



Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, arriving at Fargo, N. D., to visit Fargo Lodge



The Grand Exalted Ruler on the occasion of his official visit to Trenton, New Jersey, Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

ON September 17 the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters, arrived in Kansas City, Mo. Here he was honor guest of the Committee in charge of plans for the 1934 Grand Lodge Convention. Following breakfast, the Grand Exalted Ruler went into conference with the Committee until noon. Mr. Meier emerged from this important meeting convinced that the interest evinced by the local Committee in preparation for the Convention bespeaks a most successful meeting next July.

Following this conference a meeting was held in the Lodge room of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, attended by both men and women. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier delivered, as usual, the principal address. Grand Secretary Masters also spoke.

At four in the afternoon, Mr. Meier broadcast over Station KMBC for fifteen minutes, his address relating to the preparation being made for the Kansas City Convention, together with an exposition of the charitable and relief work being carried on by the Order.

The next day, accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier left Kansas City for Warrensburg, Mo., to

visit Warrensburg Lodge, No. 673, and the Missouri State Elks Association. The trip was made in the automobile of Exalted Ruler Dwight Roberts of Kansas City Lodge.

The distinguished guests arrived at the Warrensburg Lodge Home shortly after noon, where they met with the State Association which was holding its Annual Convention. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier spoke here, delivering the main address of the day. Grand Secretary Masters and Grand Esquire B. F. Dickmann also spoke briefly, as did United States Congressman C. C. Dickinson, who is a member of the Order. The following prominent gentlemen were present to hear Mr. Meier speak: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith; President M. E. Gouge, of the Missouri State Elks Association; Past President of the State Association John W. Wagner, Otto C. Botz and Harry R. Garrison; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. J. Martt, Missouri, East; Dr. W. B. Owen, Missouri, West; Past District Deputies C. Lew Gallant, R. Louis Covington, E. L. Biersmith, Don H. Silsby, Earl A. Major, J. C. McGrury, C. J. Frost and Marion F. Thurston; Hon. C. C. Dick-

inson, member of Congress, and Dr. E. L. Hendricks, President of Teachers College in Warrensburg.

At five-thirty a banquet was held in honor of Mr. Meier and the officers of the Missouri State Elks Association at the Estes Hotel. There Mr. Meier spoke to the two hundred people present. Following the banquet he was taken out to the Stadium for the Fall Festivities put on by the local post of the American Legion. Here Mr. Meier again spoke, this time to a crowd of more than ten thousand people.

After viewing this affair, Mr. Meier went back to Kansas City, accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters, who was to leave for Chicago, while the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded on to the West on his official business.

AFTER a short stop in Denver, Colo., where Mr. Meier paid visits to Grand Justice Wilbur M. Alter and the Home of Denver Lodge, No. 17, between trains, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Salt Lake City to hold his fourteenth Regional Conference with his District Deputies from Utah, Wyoming
(Continued on page 43)

News of the State Associations

California

WITH an estimated attendance of over three thousand persons, the nineteenth Annual Convention of the California State Elks Association was held in Long Beach on September 21, 22 and 23. With a well-rounded program of business sessions, athletic affairs, and abundance of social activities and contests, this meeting was pronounced to be the greatest California State Convention in many years.

Heading the list of Grand Lodge dignitaries present at the conclave were: Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier; Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott; Michael F. Shannon, member of the Grand Forum; and four of the six newly appointed District Deputies for California, namely, C. P. Hebenstreit, Jack F. Hosfield, Everett H. Brouilliard and Lloyd A. Foster. There were many other prominent California Elks present at the gathering.

At the business session a large number of reports were read. State Secretary Richard C. Benbough reported that during the last fiscal year the seventy-five California

Lodges disbursed \$125,685.50 on charity work. California ranks second in the United States in point of membership, with 50,631 members, and Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, ranks fifth in the United States in point of membership. President Horace H. Quinby gave a complete report on the activities of the various Lodges. President Quinby gave his entire year to his duties and visited every one of the seventy-five Lodges during his term, traveling between five and six thousand miles.

Milton R. Standish, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, reported on the sound financial condition of the State Association, and Harry B. Cooper, Chairman of the Lapsation Committee, gave a detailed report showing the great strides made by the Lodges in lapsation work in California during the year.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier spoke before the Convention on the last day, emphasizing three major points. He urged no Lodge to drop a member so long as he paid his Grand Lodge indebtedness; he urged also that an effort be made to bring back into membership those who had felt it necessary to withdraw because of financial problems;

and he strongly advocated efforts to procure new members of a representative type.

On the previous day, September 22, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier had held his Regional Conference with District Deputies from California and Arizona, and at a banquet that evening he delivered his message to the Exalted Rulers of seventy-five Lodges, with Cyril R. McTighe, Exalted Ruler of Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, acting as toastmaster. Long Beach was host to the 1933 State Convention.

At the business session on the twenty-second of September, a class of fifty candidates were initiated into the Order of Antlers of Long Beach Lodge, with the Antler officers of Long Beach and Alhambra Lodges officiating. Judge Ira F. Thompson, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, gave a most enlightening talk.

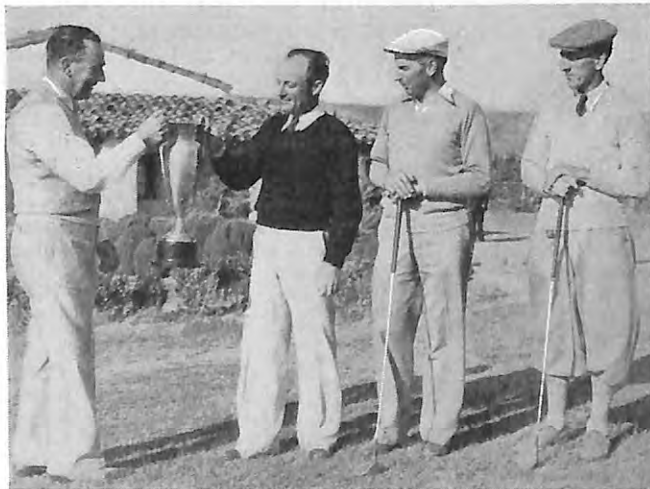
The social activities of the Convention were varied and abundant. Fred Ramirez, Jr., entertained with a real Spanish barbecue on the first day. The barbecue was served in Recreation Park late in the afternoon, and two thousand Elks and their families attended. This was the outstanding
(Continued on page 48)



The above proves that all Elks are not "ace-in-the-hole hunters," as these three buck trophies were knocked over recently in the little Belt mountains near Lewistown, Montana. The hunters are, reading from left to right: Andy Kamp, Joe Songer, Bill Melchert, Curley Jones (guide), W. E. Kier and Conway Bryte. The first three and last two named are residents of Lewistown and are active members of Lodge No. 456 of that City

Elkdom Outdoors

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

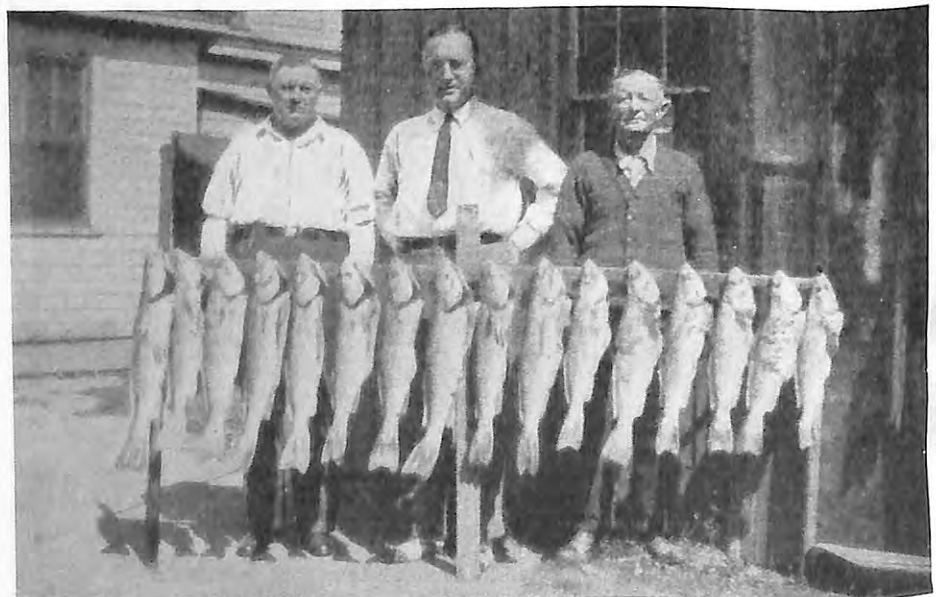


The San Diego Elks will have to dust off a place for another fine trophy, as the Club Golf Team brought home the bacon in the finals of the Fraternal Match Play tournament at Agua Caliente. Photo (left) shows Floyd Strachan, Team Captain, receiving the trophy from Bill Hickey, Agua Caliente Pro. Other members of the Elks team are Ted Merritt and Fred Wetzel



Dr. F. A. Ozburn of Los Angeles with a 4½ lb. rainbow trout taken at Stillwell's Mountain Club, Big Bear Lake, which is located at Pine Knot, Calif.

E. E. Ekdale (below) of Pasadena, California, with his week-end kill of mallards and geese. Ekdale is considered one of the greatest duck callers in the West. He learned early as a boy on the mud flats of the Mississippi River



Artie Letts, Leo F. Nash and Harry Irons of Trenton, N. J., and a nice string of Barnegat weak fish. Nash insists that fishing off the Jersey Shore for weaks is second to none



Ed Newberg, President of the Elks National Trapshooting Association and Ray Dwyer, Secretary and Treasurer. Newberg won Elks State Handicap Championship for 1933 and is also President of the State Trapshooting Association of Wisconsin. Dwyer was tri-state champion for Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa in 1932 and 1933. Both are P. E. R.'s of La Crosse, Wisconsin, Lodge



W. E. Bell of Danville, Illinois, with a 35 lb. muskie taken at Lake-of-the-Woods, Canada. Length 55½", girth 22". This entitled Mr. Bell to a membership in the Elkdom Outdoors Muskie Club



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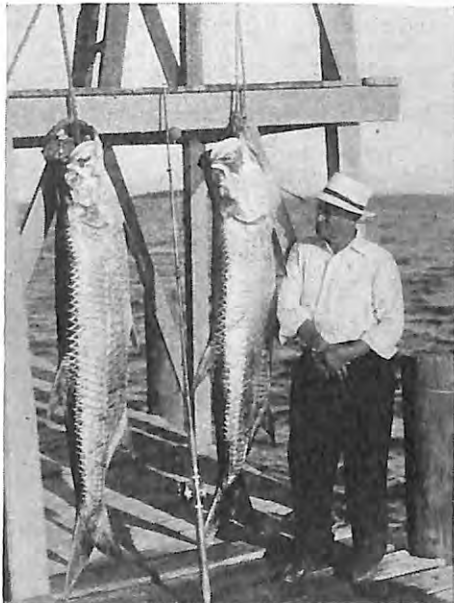
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Three-Hundred Pound Buck

John Wood of Middleburg, N. Y. killed the largest buck that has been taken out of the Catskills in recent years. The deer was killed at Claude Ferris' Camp near Middleburg. It weighed 300 lbs. dressed and was a fourteen pointer. Over fifty deer were taken at the Ferris Camp this year, with plenty left

These beautiful tarpon were caught within one hour's time at Biloxi, Miss., by A. O. Bourdon, Past Exalted Ruler and life member of Biloxi Lodge, No. 606. Both tarpon were over 6 feet in length. One weighed 110 pounds and the other tipped the scales at 125 pounds. They were the nineteenth and twentieth respectively to be caught by Brother Bourdon, who landed them within a stone's throw of the Old Spanish Trail Beach Boulevard at Biloxi



D. Thoodorakas, Ed Cielwich and C. J. Cielwich of Medina, N. Y., with a string of small-mouth bass and pickerel taken near Medina. The fish weighed from two to four and a half pounds



Signed and Sealed

(Continued from page 14)

He lowered his voice. "Ain't you fed up with that mugg you're married to?"

"No! He's grand. And just because I'm nice enough to talk to you—you needn't think you can take cracks at him before me. You're no good, Steve—and only that we're sort of the parents of these seals, I wouldn't be talking to you."

"Oh! All right . . . all right, Gracie. No need gettin' sore." He shuffled his feet uncertainly. "You ain't got a ten-spot you could spare, have you, Gracie?" He had a flash of inspiration. "Id like to buy my seals a swell dinner of fresh fish."

She loaned him the ten and walked away—thoughtfully. Next day when she returned to the tank, Steve was there. He applauded her informal vaudeville act. He even made a suggestion or two which she adopted. Afterwards, he reported that his seals had enjoyed the fish dinner mightily and prevailed upon her to part with five additional dollars.

That was the beginning. Day after day Gracie fought her battle. It had been all right to deceive Lew Lane about visiting her seals . . . but she wondered what he would think if he knew that she was also meeting her former husband. Of course Lew would never understand that they had nothing in common but their affection for the seals they had trained, and that—as a matter of fact—each day was giving her additional cause to wonder how she had managed to live with Steve Gribble as long as she had. She felt guilty and worried. Steve was shabby and out of work: he was making a habit of visiting the tank every afternoon. She tried to believe that he might snap out of his slump and get booked somewhere—far, far away. He was sponging on her and making life a problem. Fortunately for her peace of mind she didn't know what Steve was really doing.

STEVE was desperate—and concerned only with his own welfare. He was also resentful of Lew Lane's prominence in the vaudeville world. And so he planned a coup which, by its audacious publicity value, would procure for him the bookings he coveted.

He contacted an enterprising young man who labored on the reportorial staff of a certain daily paper. Into the ears of this young man he poured the basic idea for a grand future story . . . and Steve was not reluctant to suggest—without actually saying so—that there might be an undercurrent of scandal.

The result was that, unknown to Gracie, this reporter visited the tank at the zoo the next afternoon, in the company of an expert photographer. And, the day after that, the newspaper burst forth with a feature story of the nifty class.

It told of broken romance and of romance that perhaps was not dead; it gave graphic details of how Mr. Steve Gribble, famous trainer of performing seals, had married a young girl in the old circus days and taught her his profession, and of how their marriage had gone on the rocks. It suggested that Steve Gribble was a very fine sort of chap—bitterly misunderstood—and explained, by text and picture, that since Gracie's marriage to the famous Lew Lane, she had been miserable over her separation from her beloved seals.

And then—said the article—"Day after day, this once-wed couple meet at the seal tank in the zoo, where Gracie's melancholy seals know their single hour of daily happiness. Side by side, watching them with proud parental eyes, stand these sealmates: beautiful girl and handsome man—who are drawn together, closer and closer, by a bond

which appears to transcend the love parents have for their children. These two people—Steve Gribble and Gracie Lane—have much in common. They speak the same language and love the same things. They have not forgotten the romance they knew, and when—each afternoon after the impromptu performance—they stroll away together, the crowd is heard to wonder audibly who they are, and when their romance will culminate. Children have been known to reunite estranged couples, but this promises to be the first time when orphaned seals might bring together again a pair of humans who seem to belong."

A certain young lady playing on the bill with Lew that week called the article to his attention. The evidence was incontrovertible, and a great anger suffused the eminent comedian. There was the story, in the first place; and, what was worse, the pictures snapped at the tank wherein Gracie and her ex-husband were displayed in an attitude which could well be construed as indicative of affection.

Lew was innately a sensitive chap—and to be thus slapped in the face by the man who had been his wife's husband was a trifle more than he could bear. Consumed by jealousy and a quite justifiable anger, he rushed to his apartment—where he found Gracie in tears.

There was a violent scene, in which Gracie wildly protested her love and innocence.

"Innocent! Sure you are!" shouted Lew. "I ain't thinking you two-timed me with that animal trainer, but I am thinking that you've made a fool outa me."

Gracie flung herself on the bed and indulged in an orgy of hysterics. Lew banged the front door behind him and fifteen minutes later staggered into George Atkins' office.

"Animal acts," said Mr. Atkins darkly; "I told you they meant trouble."

Lew collapsed. "She never done nothing wrong, George."

"Training seals is wrong, ain't it?"

"Well, it's all according to how you look at it."

"I never look at it. When animal acts come on, Lew, I walk out. Anyway, you can't argue that Gracie ain't been meeting this bimbo at the zoo, can you?"

"Anybody can go to a zoo."

"Sure. But, they don't. Not to play with no seals, anyway." George's voice was like acid. "Been to the Friars since this come out, Lew?"

"No . . ."

"What'll happen to you is plenty. And what folks will think. . . . If I was you I'd give Gracie hell."

Mr. Lane made a gesture. "I done too much of that already, George. I made her cry. I acted like I thought it was her fault. I'm sorry and I'm going home to apologize."

George shrugged helplessly. It was bad enough to be married to a seal-woman, he argued, but to apologize to her for being right was simply scaling the heights of absurdity. He explained that if Lew was sap enough to forgive Gracie for her animal-training transgression, he should have enough gray matter to take full advantage of his excellent tactical position in the home. Lew listened for a few minutes, then stalked from the office. He returned in less than an hour, his face chalky.

"Read that!" he ordered, shoving a letter under the pug nose of Mr. Atkins.

"Dearest Lew:

I know I did you wrong, but not like you think. I hate Steve and didn't know

that was coming out in the papers. It is all my fault, but I want you to understand that I don't love anybody in the world except you and my seals. I cannot bring you any more unhappiness, Lew, so when you read this I will be gone away, never to return, which I think is the human thing to do. Then you can tell your friends that you have cast me off like an old glove, as the song says, and you can say all the things you are thinking about me. Also I am through with seals forever. I love them but they have broken the heart I gave to you, and maybe yours ditto (but I hope not). I am leaving another note which gives you my seals and I only ask you not to trust them to anybody who will not treat them good. Also please request whoever you give them to will they please be extra careful of Minnie who is very delicate and kind of sensitive. Goodbye forever, Lew, and don't forget I am always true to you.

GRACIE."

GOSH!" exclaimed Mr. Atkins, glancing at the stricken countenance of his friend, "that's tough."

"Tough?" groaned Mr. Lane. "It's terrible."

"And since you left here I learned something more." George was all sympathy now. "I learned that it wasn't Gracie's fault at all. She was just visiting there every day, playing with her seals, and Steve Gribble found out about it, and started going there also. He was broke and couldn't get no bookings, so he figured this out as a publicity stunt. Gracie didn't know nothing about it."

"Where is Steve Gribble now?"

George gave the address of a theatrical boarding house. Then he leaped to his feet:

"Hey! Lew—wait a minute. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to beat hell out of that dirty, double-crossing so-and-so. I'm going to . . ."

"Steve Gribble, you mean?"

"Yes, Steve Gribble. I'm going to knock his ugly block off."

Mr. Atkins was frightened. "You can't do that, Lew."

"Who's gonna stop me?"

"Steve Gribble! That's who! He's twice your size and awful tough."

"I'll tough him!" Lew was frantic with rage. "I got right on my side, George, and right always wins. And don't try to stop me, either."

"Okey-doke!" George sighed. "I'll be seeing you at the hospital."

Mr. Lane banged through the front door of the shabby boarding house, stormed up to the fourth floor, and banged on the door of Steve Gribble's room. In answer to the "Come in," he entered. Mr. Gribble took one look at Lew's distorted features and rose.

"Well," he inquired pugnaciously, "what are you askin' for now, Mister Lew Lane?"

"I'm asking to see you," replied the slender Mr. Lane. "Me and you are gonna settle this thing right now!"

* * * * *

"Where you been the last three days?" inquired George Atkins.

"Busy," answered Lew as best he could through puffed lips.

"Hmm! Did you see Steve Gribble?"

"Yeh. I seen him."

"I thought so." Mr. Atkins looked without compassion upon a dark halo around Mr. Lane's left eye. "You and him settled everything, didn't you?"

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

"We settled. But let's don't discuss that no more. I'm ready to work again, and if anybody smart cracks me about them seals or this black eye or Gracie . . ." Lew grimaced: "You know, George—Gracie ain't home yet. She ain't written me, or anything. I'm worried."

"She said she wasn't ever comin' back," reminded George callously.

"She's bound to come back. Why, listen, George—I bought her a house on Long Island: just a tiny cottage with a half an acre of ground and three baths and a flower garden . . . and now, she won't ever see it. She won't ever see it, George . . . unless she changes her mind about never coming back." Mr. Lane seemed near to tears. "If she don't come back—if I don't hear something soon, George—I'll go crazy."

Mr. Atkins was convinced that Lew's fit of depression would prove temporary . . . but Mr. Atkins was wrong. Lew reveled in misery. His stage work was indifferent and ineffective. He scourged himself by moving into the Long Island cottage and brooding about Gracie, and his injustice to her. House managers were complaining. Lew was a grand single, ordinarily. He could be counted on to convulse any metropolitan audience . . . but not any more. And when Lew insisted on introducing two mushy ballads into his act, George Atkins experienced the ultimate of an agent's despair.

Anything now seemed better to George than that his pet meal-ticket should be permitted to effect his own ruin. And one Saturday Mr. Atkins called upon Lew in his dressing room at a Brooklyn theatre and announced that he had located Gracie.

Lew did his afternoon show superbly. His manner was again jaunty, debonair, confident and even cocky. The audience ate it up, and that night the house manager telephoned into the booking office withdrawing his previous protest against Lew. Mr. Lane, he explained, had wowed 'em!

THAT night, after the last show, Lew dashed from the theatre to the subway, accompanied by George Atkins. All the way through Brooklyn and under the river and up Manhattan Island, he fairly babbled.

Gracie was sitting at the window of her lonely room when Lew—leaving George uncomfortably in the hall—burst in. The reconciliation was immediate, effective, and—so George thought—unnecessarily lengthy. Eventually they remembered him and invited him in. Then Lew announced that they'd stay in town until the next morning, at which time George would accompany them on a little picnic to Long Island. He winked portentously when he announced this—and George gave a sickly smile, indicating that he understood.

At nine-thirty Sunday morning Lew and Gracie drove by for the heavy-eyed little agent in a rented sedan. They sat very close together, held hands, and were unmindful of everybody in the world except themselves.

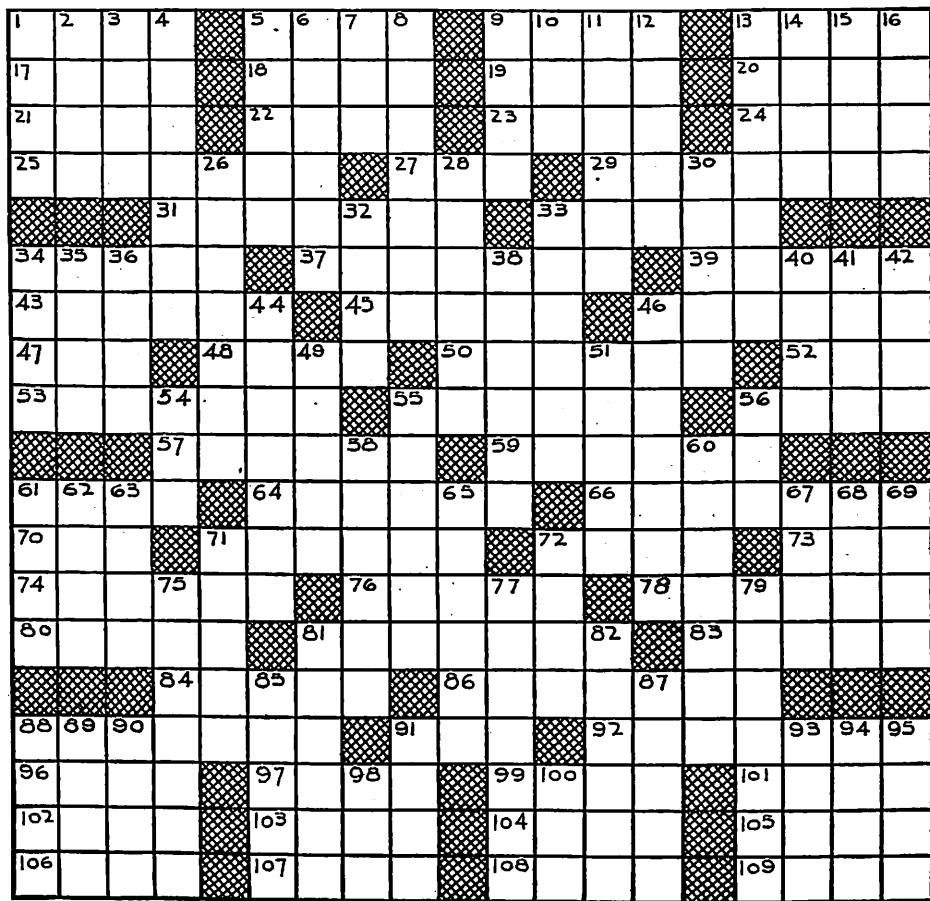
They reached the attractive little home which Lew had purchased, and in which he had lived so unhappily. Gracie was weepful with enthusiasm and gratitude. She bubbled over with happiness, and Lew acted—or so thought Mr. Atkins—like a person whose mentality was definitely subnormal.

Eventually the inspection of the house was completed, and the light in Mr. Lane's eyes warned George that the knockout finish was about to be staged.

"We'll look in the back yard," proclaimed Lew proudly. "I think it's kinda keen."

In the yard were a cozy summer house, numerous flower beds, a dogless dog kennel and a miniature grape arbor—but Gracie saw none of them. What she did see was a new rectangular swimming pool of white tile, in the middle of which a large, smooth rock jutted above the surface . . . and in that

(Continued on page 34)



Across

- 1—Something to eat
- 5—Cease
- 9—Asian sea
- 13—Noblemen (slang)
- 17—To eye
- 18—River in Bohemia
- 19—Brook
- 20—River in Spain
- 21—To harvest
- 22—Roman emperor
- 23—Particle
- 24—Resound
- 25—Turn aside
- 27—To spread to dry
- 29—Had a good time
- 31—Son of Agamemnon who killed his mother
- 33—Speckled fish
- 34—Nymph of the paradise of Islam
- 37—Of the Orient
- 39—Washed
- 43—To value for taxation
- 45—Vapid
- 46—Coat of a mammal
- 47—Suffix forming names of enzymes
- 48—East Indian hard wood
- 50—Drinking vessel
- 52—Unit of wire diameter
- 53—Horse-shoer
- 55—Part of a circle

- 56—The altar end of a church
- 57—Battle
- 59—The ear-drum
- 61—To breathe convulsively
- 64—Long-legged birds
- 66—State whose capital is Helena
- 70—Japanese sash
- 71—Want
- 72—Merit
- 73—Rumanian coins
- 74—Provided with litter for cattle
- 76—Benches
- 78—Vexed
- 80—Severe
- 81—A lot of money
- 83—Positive side of an electric battery
- 84—Tremulous
- 86—A gem
- 88—An associate
- 91—A sphere
- 92—Helps
- 96—Century plant
- 97—Greedy
- 99—A girl
- 101—Eradicate
- 102—Untruthful person
- 103—System of rules
- 104—French abbé who originated instruction of deaf mutes
- 105—Wide-mouthed jar
- 108—A large quantity
- 107—God of love
- 108—Anarchists
- 109—Close by

Down

- 1—Place to wade a stream
- 2—An "S" curve
- 3—A saint-king of Norway
- 4—Lament
- 5—Ago
- 6—Poisonous fly
- 7—Over (poetic)
- 8—Object
- 9—Dry
- 10—River (Spanish)
- 11—A substitute
- 12—Treeless plain
- 13—Pertaining to nephews
- 14—Keep
- 15—A hillside (Scot)
- 16—Exchanged for value
- 26—Controversial
- 28—Property
- 30—An iced beverage
- 32—Work
- 33—An agreement between nations
- 34—Fishing grounds off the coast of Scotland
- 35—Mountain in Thessaly
- 36—Employer
- 38—Chooses
- 40—Masher (slang)
- 41—Shield
- 42—Delete
- 44—Boiled
- 46—Signify

- 49—Constellation of the Ram
- 51—Punctuation mark
- 54—Stroke
- 55—One who sleeps aloud
- 56—Emmet
- 58—Prayer
- 60—Toughens
- 61—Sailors
- 62—Countenance
- 63—Lateral part
- 65—More orderly
- 67—Too
- 68—Require
- 69—An assistant
- 71—Thick
- 72—Serf
- 75—Dealers in hanging cloths
- 77—Drinking glass
- 79—A support in a fireplace
- 81—Heat
- 82—Expunged
- 85—Tranquility
- 87—Dolts
- 88—Shout
- 89—Medley
- 90—Ditch around a castle
- 91—Poems
- 93—Only
- 94—A weight of gold or silver in India
- 95—Chief performer
- 98—An artificial language
- 100—Monkey

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 35

(Continued from page 33)

swimming pool twelve seals—one dozen: one twelfth part of a gross—disported themselves.

Gracie squealed. They were all there—her own precious half dozen and the half dozen which had been awarded to the surly Mr. Gribble by order of the divorce judge. She saw Minnie Seal, and Percy and Sylvester and Jonah . . . and all the other members of the now joyously united family.

They saw her, too, and barked a greeting. They came slithering out of the pool and lay on their sides and flapped their flippers, and one of them performed furiously with a large crimson ball to indicate his glee . . . and Mrs. Gracie Lane flung herself into her husbands arms and wept copiously.

"They're all yours, honey," murmured Lew tenderly. "And now you won't be lonesome or sad. You can stay home and work with 'em every day—and it'll be a swell treat for our friends when we ask 'em out . . . trained seals in the garden. Slick stuff, ain't it?"

Gracie agreed that it was slick. Furthermore, she expressed the opinion that Lew was the grandest, dearest, lovin'est, thought-fullest husband in the whole world . . . and then she inquired by what means he had prevailed upon Steve Gribble to part

magnanimously with his own half-dozen seals.

Lew puffed out his chest, flexed his biceps and squared his shoulders.

"Well, Gracie," he said, "it was this way: When that article come out in the paper and I learned it was Steve who tipped the reporter off . . . well, I figured that I and him had to have a showdown. So I went straight to his room and took a sock at him."

"Oh!" Gracie shuddered. "He's twice your size, darling."

"Yeh . . . maybe he was. In statue. But justice was on my side."

"He—he didn't hit you, Lew—did he?"

"Sure he did. We had a regular shambles. All over the room. We tore things up, what I mean. I fought with the fury of a man dispossessed. And finally he said he had enough. He said he had seen the error of his ways and he wasn't never gonna bother you again. In fact, he said he was through with animal training and I could have his seals if only I wouldn't beat him no more. So I give him a ticket to Los Angeles, took the seals—and brought 'em out here, where I've tried to make 'em happy, Gracie. I've learned to love 'em just as much as you do, Gracie, and . . ."

George moved out of earshot. He hoped Lew wouldn't think he believed the story of

his Pyrrhic victory, and so—fifteen minutes later—when Grace scurried into the house, he called Lew to his side.

"Listen, Lew—I wouldn't tell the truth to Gracie for nothing, but I want you to understand that I know that yarn about your battle with Steve Gribble was phony. Now I'm asking you—man to man—what really did happen?"

"Well," answered Mr. Lane, not without blushing, "we had a fight."

"Sure you did, and he mopped up the floor with you so bad you couldn't play a show for three days. Now, then—about them seals? It wasn't no beating made Steve give 'em up, was it?"

"Not exactly," confessed Lew with splendid candor—"that bird didn't play the game like I planned. His left caught me in the mouth and his right fist smacked into my eye, and while I was laying on the floor I figured I'd better not argue the matter too far."

"I know—I know!" Mr. Atkins was impatient. "But how did you get them six fish off him?"

"I forced him to sell 'em to me," said Lew Lane proudly. "I absolutely compelled him to sell them five hundred dollars worth of seals for one thousand dollars."

The Cost of Crime and How to Curb It

(Continued from page 20)

rackets. They were the commanders in the deadly wars of the underworld. Their treasures and their power will ebb together. If this logical future were apparent to the criminals themselves, there would be no problem and no melee ahead. But 400,000 lawbreakers, grown accustomed to trampling decent folks underfoot, cannot be expected to be so meek and reasonable. They won't break down until they have taken their punishment on the jaw.

They will, in fact, act worse than ever. When they at last are convinced that one graft is gone, they will turn to more intensive pursuit of others. Instead of being sporadic as heretofore, kidnaping may become epidemic before the crime army is finally routed. In the worst governed cities, rackets against business men may arise to heights previously inconceivable.

For a time, also, the gangsters will not believe that their dynastic liquor control is ended. To this hour they remain confident that they can make and sell alcoholic bootleg liquors cheaper than the legitimate whiskeys can be priced. They believe that the public will continue a willing customer. The public, too, is to blame for that conception. Hasn't it been running with the bootleggers and smugglers for years and supporting them munificently? The public, it is true, has been lawless also—but with this difference—it believed wholeheartedly that the prohibition law was a tyranny imposed upon the majority by a minority, and it flaunted the law as much from conscience as from appetite. That the bootlegger profited was considered only an incident. He was used—and looked down upon. He will be spurned henceforth, except in the states which decide to be dry.

It would be better, indeed, for early peace throughout the country if all forty-eight states were wet, for then there would be no rum running across dry borders. Yet even the states that elect to be dry, as they have the right to do, will have a protection the nation did not have against liquor invasion when it was nominally dry. Each border will be smaller and can be more easily guarded from within, while the outer guard will be the sharp Federal penalties for the violation of the clauses of the Inter-State Commerce Act concerning forbidden ship-

ments. There is also a Federal law for the specific protection of the dry states, enacted before national prohibition, never repealed, and again effective.

Congress will be careful about projecting the new dual Federal and state control, now that the people have so emphatically relegated the liquor issue back to the states, but it probably will be called upon early to put into one well-toothed law the provisions now scattered between at least two acts for the guarding of dry states. It can be said safely, anyway, that there will not be enough of these states to give nourishment to many regiments in the 400,000 out-law army.

The dry states in the end may turn out to be very few—Kansas, possibly Nebraska, perhaps one of the Dakotas, and hardly more than four of the southern states—North and South Carolina, which have voted dry and Tennessee and Georgia which have not yet voted on state prohibition. The desire of large bodies of citizens in all these states to share in the revenue advantages of a licensed liquor industry, with lessening taxation, will have a formidable influence in final decisions. These commonwealths, after all, may swing into line with the rest of the country before many years pass. If they do, law enforcement will become more simple.

The puzzles of whatever dual control may be required, however, can be left to be solved as they appear.

THE Federal Government, by itself, remains the wielder of the giant power, that of Internal Revenue taxation, which will destroy the bootlegger. Repeal has made a "moonshiner" out of him. He will be cheating the Government on every illicit gallon of alcohol or liquor he distills or sells. Without his former sympathetic public to hide behind he is "put on the spot." The states may have forty different methods of licensing and regulating the distribution and sale of hard liquor—the Government will insist only that each bottle and package carry the Revenue stamps as receipt for Federal taxes duly paid. "Moonshiners" and smugglers will become the quarry of the "Revenueurs," who got their training in southern mountains and who "shoot it out."

The bootleggers, it would seem, have been kidding themselves into optimism. During the life of the Eighteenth Amendment the tax on a gallon of distilled spirits was \$6.40. Illicit rum makers have assumed that this heavy tax would be continued. Cocksurely they have argued, in the language of one of them:

"If I can sell, at a profit to myself, a gallon of alcohol for \$5, and my customer can make out of it eight quarts of gin or rum (by adding flavoring), he is getting a liquor to which he is accustomed, at a cost to himself of 62½ to 70 cents a quart. Is this man going to pay \$3 or \$4 a quart for bonded liquor? The answer is 'No'."

THE Government does not believe that this is the answer. The first thing it has done is to knock the props from the basis of his price figures. The Internal Revenue Bureau has ruled that the old tax of pre-Prohibition days, \$1.10 a gallon on distilled spirits, will be levied instead of the Volstead rate. The old tax was a straight revenue tax, meant to be as high as a commercial industry could stand, but not to be destructive to its existence. The \$6.40 tax was a frank penalty, intended as a preventative of commerce.

Congress can legislate to change the \$1.10 rate, but as that body is anxious to increase revenue, it will avoid raising it to any height that would decrease sales, and so production. In the same wise, tariff barriers against importation of wines and liquors will not be raised so high that the wet goods cannot come in profitably. Bootleggers have relied on the contrary, though not as they have clung to the false hope of a prohibitive domestic revenue tax on good liquor. Experience, not argument, will have to be their teacher. They will not believe until the knocks come. They think of themselves as emperors and not as felons whose lives are at stake.

The states will make another attack on bootleggers. Every speakeasy and blind tiger cuts into state and city revenues. The pressure from impoverished public treasuries is so strong that crooked policemen who ordinarily would shelter a lawless liquor traffic dare not take the risk. Snug nooks that were hideouts for criminals of all sorts will

in consequence of the situation be fewer. No state thus far has shown any purpose of letting the legitimate liquor traffic go as it pleases, though many have been laggard in preparing a specific plan of operation. Some states will have to move fast. Fortunately, models have been shown by several of the big commonwealths. The Illinois legislature has before it a commission report which is expected to be enacted and which has been given much commendation. The report advocates that all hard liquor sales be by the bottle, and "taxes fixed low enough to discourage illicit sales and outlaw them in public opinion." Consumption of liquor will not be permitted at the place of sale. The outline approaches that of the tested system of several of the Canadian provinces which overthrew prohibition without harm to sobriety.

NEW YORK STATE, in advance of final legislation, has made temporary provision for the emergency by assigning the hard liquor job to the State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, the "beer board" of which former Commissioner of Police Edward P. Mulrooney of New York City is the head. He already has proved himself the right man for his post. For the regulation of trade in beer and wines—and now spirits—the State is divided into three zones, centering in New York City, Albany and Buffalo. County boards throughout the State and the Greater New York City board receive applications for licenses, investigate them and forward them with recommendations to the zone offices, where the State board investigates again on its own account and grants or refuses licenses. Only the State board has the power to issue licenses. Its members, appointed by Governor Lehman, are of high caliber. The board decides the number of drinking places for a given locality. Its rule cannot be overridden. Its policy is one of limitation. On November 10, it issued a stern but practicable set of rules for hard liquor sale. The old-time saloon and drinking at bars are prohibited. Drinking, however, can be indulged in on the premises, at tables. Neither screens nor stained glass are permitted. Club, hotel and restaurant service is allowed. No selling on credit is permitted, nor to persons under eighteen years of age.

Gangsters and bootleggers have no chance to get licenses. The former Police Commissioner has at his elbow the identities and the records of all of them. He is one of the best restrainers of crime imaginable. He is, in fact, if not in name, the Anti-Crime Dictator of New York State.

If Illinois adopts different principles other states can watch the application in these pivotal territories and make a choice between the forms. Or each one can be as original as it pleases and install any device it creates.

Degrees of accomplishment will vary. During the twilight weeks or months, until all the state liquor laws are enacted and set to work, the bootlegger and the hi-jackers will be thrashing around so much that the public may feel that instead of being scotched, the enemies are stronger. Some of the writhings, however, will be those of panic. All their actions—even the worst and most dangerous—will be shoving the miscreants out where they can be seen. More of them will be named than ever have been. More masks will be off, including those of politicians who have protected criminals. Grand juries will begin to get evidence that will lead to convictions. As far as bootleggers are concerned, they can be first curbed, and then booted toward oblivion.

Kidnaping? That will be harder to uproot. It is set deep into the body of crime. Kidnapers escape through the channels used by all other criminals. The easiest one leads over the next state line. Until the states agree to a convention allowing the

peace officers of each the full authority of pursuit across the state lines, the criminal of any variety who flees a few hundred miles has a better than even chance to evade both trailing and arrest. Post-office robbers rarely get away, no matter how far they run. The arm of the Government is longer than any flight. The Government, due to the lesson of the Lindbergh baby kidnaping and murder, has been granted the hitherto withheld authority to turn policeman in kidnaping cases.

That is an excellent step, but only one. If your baby is kidnaped, the local police will be on the scene hours if not days before Washington can get a man there. The clues, if any, are fresh. They are followed. A state line bars the way. The officers cross and get friendly help. But first they have to apply for it. Practically, the police of that next state take over the chase, until they

arrested, in the course of weeks, through the intelligent joint efforts of Federal and state officers. The makeup of the desperado band may be considered typical. The leaders were Harvey Bailey, escaped convict in a nearly wholesale penitentiary break, and George (Machine Gun) Kelly, wanted for many holdups. Neither was the actual kidnaper, who was one of their gunmen. Seven, not including Kelly, who was not caught until the trial was in progress and was reserved for separate prosecution, were convicted the last day in September. Owing to state law, their lives were not in the balance. The equivalent of life imprisonment was the fate of the principals.

The major significance of the trial was that it was the first test of the "Lindbergh Law." The Federal District Attorney immediately stated that "the verdict means the Government is on top in this fight against kidnaping, and we are ready to 'shoot the works.' We are going right on down the line until we get every criminal and gangster in the United States."

In the State of Illinois the same day, the kidnapers of another victim, August Luer, were convicted and given life sentences under Illinois' own kidnaping law. Here the death penalty was permissible and was sought, but was not granted by the jury.

In one case only, thus far in the current warfare, has a death sentence been decreed upon a kidnaper—for stealing a woman, the daughter of a Kansas City municipal officer. The fact that she was not harmed made no difference with the jury. Several states have enacted laws placing kidnaping in the category of murder.

An observer's deduction, therefore, would be that in spite of the elation of the Oklahoman Federal prosecutor, the states need less Government help in the trials of kidnapers than they do in the catching of them, and in the laying down of an attack depriving would-be kidnapers of their present belief that they can be successful. That is, we are back again to the basic issue of curbing crime in general.

In the coming months there will be Congressional and departmental reports upon the subjects of racketeering, of kidnaping, and other forms of the criminal menace. Senator Copeland's Committee will finish its sessions and compile its conclusions. Raymond Moley, presumably, will present as his final official act, considerably subsequent to his resignation, a recipe for abolishing kidnapers. As this article is written, however, he has not yet, in late November, made that report.

It ought not to be difficult, however, to summarize much of the active substance of all the reports. By active, one means elements that can be put to work to curb crime. There will be included, though doubtless in varying order, these recommendations:—

1. That states set about the making of simple police treaties with each other. Police chiefs in many states already have organized Committees on Crime to confer with Attorney General Cummings on setting up temporary machinery for the inter-state pursuit of kidnapers and fleeing racketeers.

2. That the emergency powers of the N.R.A. be employed to restrict the manufacture and sale of machine guns, that Congress be asked to legislate a control for the use and sale of firearms, and that the sub-machine gun be outlawed. The Copeland report surely will contain this clause, the investigators having learned that 1,000,000 pistols have been imported from Germany since 1918, and that 500,000 a year are manufactured in this country. Apropos of machine guns, one wonders why their sale ever has been permitted to any but military organizations, and if their sale to police departments themselves should not be denied. Would not complete disarmament be the

(Continued on page 36)

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 33)

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

have to pass it on to the relay of another state.

Where's the telephone, the telegraph and the radio? They all work well in an alarm way, but unless the Government is putting the calls through without heed of state lines, they do not catch a proper proportion of slick criminals at a distance. When arrested on suspicion, too often there's time for the lawyer or crook retainer to intervene and get the criminal out on bond or *habeas corpus* writ before the papers that would hold him can arrive. If release is on bond, it is forfeited. The criminal has to be caught again, or stays free. So neither the single states, without unison, nor the Government alone, can rid us easily of kidnapers, who can steal a man in Denver and hide him temporarily in South Dakota, or in Illinois, and then stow him away in Minnesota. But a tight police treaty between the States, supplemented by already available Federal power, would be the most useful of instruments against kidnaping. And against all crime! The Constitution permits the states to sign treaties with each other, subject to approval by Congress. No new Congressional law is required. Approval or disapproval would be in review.

The national "Lindbergh Law" against kidnaping, passed by Congress in June, 1932, has demonstrated its effectiveness—once the kidnapers are caught. The Government, through its District Attorney, can elect to become the prosecutor instead of the State's Attorney. It did so in the trial of the kidnapers of the Oklahoman, Charles F. Urschel, who was ransomed for \$200,000. After the stolen man's release, the members of the gang which had captured him were

(Continued from page 37)

best of protection? Guns sold legally get too many illegal resales.

3. That the Federal police center now known as the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice be developed somewhat upon the model of Scotland Yard of Great Britain. It is now an efficient but limited clearing house for the finger prints and measurements of criminals.

4. That there be an end to the sentimental coddling of criminals. The unsentimental British prison system, rigid but fair, based on the idea of deserved punishment rather than the doubtful prospect of reform, works better than our muddled plan. The proof is the lesser number of British second offenders.

5. That the politico-criminal affiliation which exists in our cities be smashed. Recommendations, however, will break no bones. Business racketeering—which is regulated blackmail—can only be overcome by the victimized cities. Only grand juries that cannot be overawed, judges who won't give bonds, and juries brave enough to convict, can cleanse the cities.

6. That, for the early wiping-out of the bootleggers, the nation and the states refrain

jointly from over-taxing beer and liquor in the first flush of opportunity for new revenue. Over-taxation will give bootleggers another lease of life, through the profits of illicit under-selling.

7. That the Bar Associations and the courts unite to ferret out, disbar and send to jail the "scavenger" lawyers who use their knowledge of legal technicalities to abet crime. Some of the worst are the richest and most powerful.

8. That the code of criminal law be revised and simplified from top to bottom. In its complications it has become the cloak of protection for the evil-doer and not the honest citizen. The justice, not the trickery, of law is demanded. The lawyer is a sworn officer of the court. Has the tendency been to forget that fact?

9. That the anti-racket legislation now enacted in many states be invoked against lax or offending municipalities. An example was afforded in late September by the Attorney General of New York State, working in alliance with Mulrooney's Beer Board. Ten firms, charged with illegal distribution of beer in Brooklyn, were raided without reference to city or police authorities. The

weapon is new. It violates the principle of home rule and clamor may be heard against it. But many good principles will have to give way briefly if we are to be cleansed.

10. That voters elect only honest and able men to public office. This short commandment is the one all of us break the most often and the most carelessly, although we know that honest mayors, honest chiefs of police and honest governors, supported by an honest public, would quickly make an end of that ferocious monster, the Crime Profiteer.

So it is possible for us to step shoulder to shoulder and tread the road to a new and an ordered freedom, routing Crime on every front. That is the better way.

Otherwise, if we stay reckless and happy-go-lucky until that army of 400,000 criminals gets entirely out of hand, violence will have to be met with violence. The Vigilantes will be out and Judge Lynch will be presiding in court. The crime challenge will be met in one fashion or the other. Stern and sober enforcement of laws (some of them new laws, rapidly agreed upon and quickly administered) is preferable. The application will leave no scars. Violence will.

Natchez Trace

(Continued from page 9)

bland. "Have you no plans whatsoever?" "I have heard there are opportunities for a man of my 'profession' at Louisville where the river boats are held above the falls of the Ohio by low water."

Munster nodded. "You plan to go?"

Again Bryant spread his hands in a gesture of deprecation.

"Braver men than I have balked at riding the Trace alone." He flicked the little pile of gold with a fingertip and indicated the frilled ruffles of his shirt front, laughing.

"I have only a little gold but I must wear the habit of a gentleman. Who knows what marauder might think me fair game? I'm told the land pirates shoot first and question after—and I have no skill with firearms."

Silence fell again between them. Bryant could feel the thrust of those predacious eyes. He took refuge in his glass. Finally the other spoke.

"Red Jack and I ride the Trace at dawn tomorrow." He let the last drop trickle slowly on his tongue and rose to stand above Bryant's shoulder.

"Be saddled and ready at six." There was the light touch of his palm against the boy's arm and he was gone, moving silently across the puncheon floor.

IT was dusk again on the bluffs of Natchez. From a mews off the scented, tree-lined square, Charles Bryant rode out on the road to Davenport's. His own mount was stabled safely beside Munster's in the noisome stalls of the Natchitoches House and the wind-broken livery horse beneath him labored in the heavy going. Nevertheless, it was but the hour of dinner when he reached the pillared gallery of the doctor's home. The old man greeted him warmly but a quick fnger against his lips commanded silence.

"We must talk alone," the boy said, "I have little time." Wordlessly the doctor turned and led the way to his study.

"You have found him?" he asked.

The boy's eyes flamed through dust rimmed lids.

"We ride out the Trace at dawn tomorrow," he said exultantly.

"Munster?" The doctor's question was a whisper.

"And Red Jack. I found them together, I'm leaving with them." He rested his

elbows against the long table. "You discovered my father's body. Try to tell me all you remember—how he was lying, how he was dressed, and what, if anything, the murderous thieves had left."

The doctor's thin hands moved vaguely across the table top.

"He was lying on his back fully dressed even to the riding coat, the right leg bent at the knee and the right arm under him."

He opened a drawer and lifted from it an ancient flint lock pistol, long-barrelled, beautifully machined, with a deep stock of polished black walnut inlaid with a scroll of gold. He laid it down before the boy.

"This lay beneath his right hand. It had not been fired."

Bryant's fingers strained against the table edge until the knuckle bones went white. Then, almost tenderly, as though he were holding something fragile, he cradled the weapon in his palms.

"You found nothing else?"

The doctor shook his head. "Nothing of consequence; an empty pouch, the miniature of your mother in an inside pocket which told us who he was—"

Bryant laid the pistol reverently on the polished wood. "That is all I need to know," he said. "You see, there are two of these. They were my father's father's. And when Dad went to N'Orleans, he took them with him. Everything that I have been able to find out points to Munster and his killer, Red Jack, as the men who shot him down, but I have no proof. Now I can get that proof because the man who has the mate to this is guilty."

One of the doctor's aged hands fluttered to his lips and the pale fingers picked at the sparse, white silkiness of the imperial that cleft his chin.

"Bryant, my son, these are desperate men, you cannot hope to match them—"

The boy interrupted. "Not in desperation." He smiled. "There are other weapons. Guile, for instance—and this!"

His left arm moved across the table, perhaps a foot, the hand turned, palm up—and there, where no sign of a weapon had been before, lay a squat, wide-mouthed, menacing instrument of death.

Davenport swayed forward, his eyes wide with surprise. "What is it?" he asked.

"A Derringer." Bryant held it forward in his palm. "It has just been invented and they are making them in Connecticut. I

got it from a Yankee trader who swore it was the first one to come west of Fort Pitt." He indicated the short twin barrels. "You see," he explained, "it holds a double charge, it is easily concealable, and the ball is so heavy that it will flatten a man at short range."

The doctor's eyes glowed. "Yes," he said, "a deadly weapon in close quarters even though it seems only a toy."

"But look! There is more. Derringer has done away with the flint lock. He has made a percussion weapon—the hammer strikes upon a cap and that, exploding, forces a flame through a tiny hole igniting the powder."

The old man shook his head. "Even so," he said slowly, "it seems a futile thing to stake a life on."

HIS voice died away in a hopeless, inarticulate effort at discussion. Bryant rose and would have spoken but the quick tap of small heels at the threshold halted him. A girl's voice called: "Uncle Andre, dinner waits—" and then the heel taps were in the room and she was standing in the lamp-light, abashed and breathless.

"Oh," she said, faintly, and then again, "Oh, I am so sorry, I did not know—"

Her quick eyes darted to the dull sheen of the small weapon on the table and Bryant covered it quickly with his hand. He bowed to Felice.

"I am the intruder," he said, smiling faintly, "but I am on the point of leaving. If I may keep your uncle for just a moment longer, I shall send him to you and be on my way."

The girl's eyes shifted again to the hand that hid the gun. "You will not stay?" she asked.

"I cannot," he answered gravely.

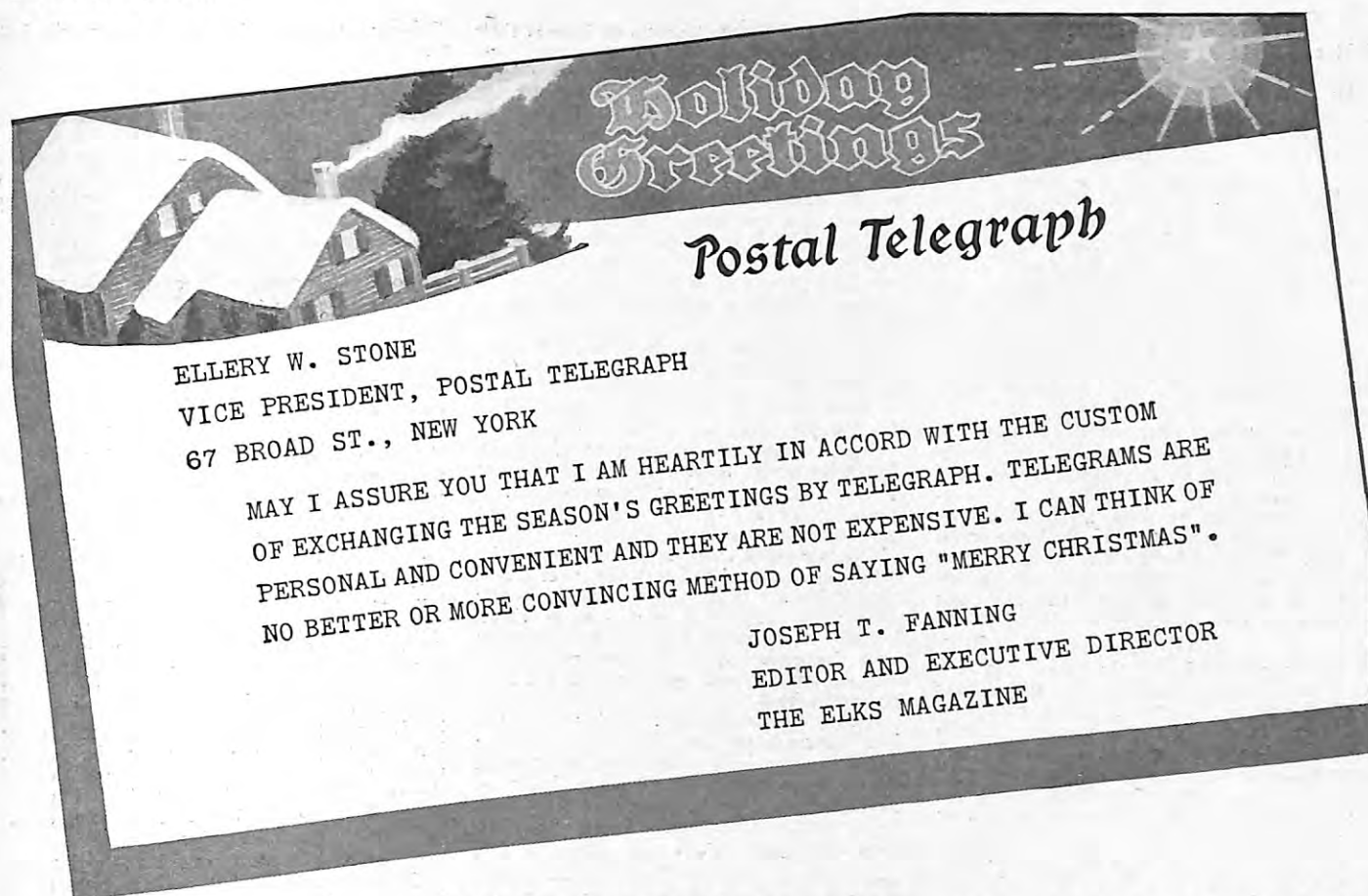
She looked back at him from the door, her eyes wide with puzzlement. Then she shut it softly and he heard the tap of her heels diminish down the long hall.

Doctor Davenport broke the silence. He chuckled drily. "You have not fooled Felice," he said. And then wistfully: "She half guesses—I wish I might tell her."

Bryant stiffened. "No." He spoke with brutal directness. "No one must know. You promised."

The doctor nodded wearily. "You are

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right and I shall keep the trust. But I fear for you, son."

An icy smile flicked Bryant's face leaving it bleak. "Don't fear for me," he said, "just pray." He picked up the Derringer from the table and slipped it into his left sleeve. "I spoke of another weapon—guile." He held out his left arm. "You see, it is hidden. I have attached it by a slip to the lining of my sleeve so that with a small twist, I can bring it into my palm." He leaned forward. "My left hand, do you see? I have practiced with it and I won't miss."

He buttoned his riding coat. "Keep my father's pistol for me until I come for it." His lips twisted ruefully. "And if I don't come for it—"

He was gone before Doctor Davenent, sitting bemused and worried at his study table, realized the swift passage of the lithe young body.

Very carefully he laid away the long pistol with the walnut stock and the scroll of gold. Then he locked the table drawer, and with a sigh, dropped the key in his pocket to go out and parry the questions of Felice de Luneville.

THE north fork of the great Natchez Trace cut starkly through the green hills of Tennessee. The three riders crested a rise and Munster, in the van, drew rein waiting for Bryant to join him. He pointed northward with his whip across distant slopes. Behind them, Red Jack swung his mount across the trail and looked back over the way they had come.

"Yonder," Munster was saying, "a two days' ride lies Boone's Way and the route to the Ohio."

Red Jack spurred between them. "There's water here," he growled, "let's make camp." A sudden movement in the tree branches drew his eyes. Bryant, following his look, saw a raccoon flatten cautiously in the crotch of a dwarf oak. He saw Red Jack draw a heavy pistol from the waistband of his trousers, level it across the crooked elbow of his left arm, and pull the trigger. The 'coon fell, a tumbling furry ball, bouncing from limb to limb and Red Jack's thick lips split in a wolfish grin.

"Fresh meat," he said, and rode into the bush.

The wind died with the sun but the cold air of the hills settled with night and they sat close hunched around a fire. Munster was talking, his liquid voice painting with the glow of romance tales of high adventure on the Trace, along the rivers, and in the river towns. But Bryant scarcely heard him. He was watching Red Jack.

The bully squatted, tailor fashion, at the rim of the fire glow. Across his thighs he had spread a large cloth and he was cleaning his guns—two huge flint locks, bigger, heavier than the beautiful piece with the walnut stock that Bryant had seen in Doctor Davenent's study three nights before.

For all the thick clumsiness of his spade-like fingers, the bully handled his pistols with the precision of a jeweler. Oiled and polished, the barrels shot back the beams of firelight like faceted gems.

Satisfied at length, he laid them carefully on the cloth and began methodically to reload. The powder charge carefully measured, precisely tampered down—then the thick lead ball and the wadded packing. It was this, the loading, the bullets themselves, that gripped Bryant's attention. No ordinary makeshift leaden slugs were these messengers of death in Red Jack's pouch.

Long they were—half again as long as they were thick, moulded so that they came to a bevelled point at one end and as he fitted them into the muzzle, he planed the sides meticulously with his knife blade so

that there was no roughness to impede their swift, true flight. And at the last, just before he dropped them down to nest against the powder charge, he notched the bevelled nose with deep criss-cross marks after the fashion of the letter X.

Munster's voice brought Bryant from his abstraction. It had not risen but somewhere back of its silky overtone had come the whetted keenness of steel.

"I asked," Munster said, "if you had heard of the Cave-in-Rock?" Bryant drew the chill night air deep into his lungs and felt it press against the racing beat of his heart. He held his voice steady.

"The river men spoke of it in N'Orleans," he said, "a cliff above the river edge where the Ohio meets the Mississippi."

"What else did they say?" Munster had sheathed the steel.

Bryant laughed. "A number of things. Tall tales across a bar—I gave them scant credence although by common consent, it seems to be a sanctuary for the boldest spirits of the western country."

"It's more than that," said Munster quietly. He leaned back, drawing his blanket about him. "We are going there," he said in the same quiet way. "I want you to come. I have better plans for you than playing cards for coat buttons in Louisville." He laughed gently and pillowed his head in his saddle bags.

Bryant sat motionless, staring into the fire. Across from him, Red Jack stuck the flint locks into his trouser band and seemed almost immediately to fall asleep, lying on his back, slack-jawed, snoring, but with a finger resting lightly as a balance weight upon each gunstock.

FROM the log cabin beside the entrance to Cave-in-Rock, Bryant could see the blue-green current of the Ohio, a placid ribbon before it mingled with the swifter blue of the Mississippi flecked with brown from the red Missouri. But for the rabble on the staggered slope below him, it would have been a scene of arresting beauty. He looked at this rabble now, his lips taut with disgust;—river bullies, voyageurs, couriers de bois, renegades from some patrone's keel-boat crew, slattern women.

From this hilltop eerie, Munster, like a predatory bird, held them, marshalling their evil against the day when he would hurl them into some vast and hideous project that had formed behind the brooding, hawk-like eyes. What part he was to play, Bryant did not know. He could only bide his time, doubly prisoned by the unfinished task to which he had set himself and the sleepless vigilance of Red Jack.

The bully's voice came to him faintly now from within the cabin and he stepped back, leaning against the wall, listening. The voice grated with anger.

"I don't trust him," it said, "he's too soft." There was the sound of the thud of a fist on wood. "All fancy clothes, fancy talk." The thick voice growled away in a final sneer. "He don't even carry a gun."

"Leave him alone." Munster was showing the steel again. "I have a use for him and it happens that the things you object to are the things that make him valuable." He spoke more softly: "Has it occurred to you that we will need a man to act for us in the towns along the river—the towns where we can't go?"

Straining to catch each word, Bryant heard Red Jack suck his breath through his teeth.

"Where a better one?" Munster's voice went on, and Red Jack's surly growl followed it like an afterclap of thunder.

"What if he talks?" Bryant could visualize the sardonic curl of Munster's lips as he answered:

"But he won't. That is another factor.

The man we use must be one who will feel the fear of God."

There was the sound of a scraping chair and Bryant moved swiftly from the door. A moment later Red Jack came out, passed him without speaking, and plunged down the hill to the sag-roofed lean-to which housed the Cave-in-Rock bar.

Bryant watched him vanish through the open door and turning, went into the cabin. Munster leaned back in his chair. "Bored?" he asked.

Bryant shrugged. "Inaction galls me. I didn't come here to rot. You promised—"

Munster rocked forward and rested his elbows on the table, interrupting. "Sit down," he said, "I told you I had plans. I promised you action. It will come soon enough."

ALL during that afternoon, Bryant felt the menace of impending crisis. The atmosphere of this rogues' settlement seemed charged—there was a new timbre in the men's voices, an acceleration in their movements. Held aloof by Munster, ignored by Red Jack, he could only conjecture what lay ahead. He must wait their next move.

That move came with startling suddenness. It was late afternoon, and he was sitting in the cabin, a grimed deck of cards spread before him in a game of "solitary," when he heard the concerted tread of horses' hoofs and the jingle of bits and saddle irons. Sweeping the cards away, he hurried to the door. Munster's lean figure blocked the opening, but at the sound of Bryant's approach, he stepped aside and pointed below. He spoke incisively:

"There is your action. The beginning."

Through a defile that headed south along the river bank, Red Jack was leading his bullies, fully fifty men, armed and mounted.

Questions tripped at Bryant's tongue. He asked only one: "What does it mean?"

Munster's laugh was like acid. "They'll bring back the answer," he said brusquely and walked away.

Bryant went back to his cards. Knowing nothing, he could do nothing. He ate desultorily and went early to bed—but not to sleep. He was still awake when the tattoo of hoofs brought him running to the cliff's edge.

It was within an hour of dawn. Flares had been lighted at the river edge. In the fitful glare, the horsemen milled about the lean-to bar, their mounts white with lather, saddle bags bulging.

He saw Munster standing out from the cave door, an ominous silhouette against the western sky, and then Red Jack clambering up the slope, a great sack in one hand and the wilted body of a woman slung across his shoulder, one thick forearm prisoning the unconscious figure. He threw his head back and laughed with a hoarse bellow but Munster's voice cut into it like a file.

"I told you to bring no one," he said.

The thick body stiffened and for answer Red Jack slid the girl forward so that her feet touched the ground. He held her erect.

"D'you think I'd leave this?"

Bryant had moved out in the open. Without taking his eyes from Red Jack's face, Munster sensed his presence.

"Bryant," he said, "take this woman to your cabin and see that she stays there."

The girl's body had sagged, her head drooping against Red Jack's shoulder. With an oath, the bully thrust her from him and she swayed back, falling as Bryant caught her, lifting her across his forearms. Her head lolled back against one elbow, the dishevelled hair fell away and he saw her face. It was Felice de Luneville!

The shock numbed him and he staggered as though he had been hit but he had the sense to keep his head down, masking the red fury in his eyes. But the other two,

locked in a clash of wills, had no thought for him. The girl moaned faintly and he turned away, carrying her into the cabin.

It was full morning. Bryant sat beside the bed of balsam boughs upon which the girl slept. Below the hill the raucous shouts of the bullies rose in a discordant clamor. Of Munster there had been neither sight nor sound and for this Bryant was thankful. Where before he had had a single purpose, a single problem, he now had two. And of the two, the thing he had planned, the thing he had staked his life upon, must be secondary. The welfare of this sleeping girl must come first.

He needed time, and finally, he saw a way to gain it. The girl stirred, shifting the blanket that covered her. Moving quietly, he smoothed it and hurried out.

Munster was alone at the mouth of the cave and Bryant went to him, studiously unhurried.

"The woman is resting," he said, casually. "What will you do with her?"

Munster grimaced. "The Mississippi is deep and wide," he said, "and it doesn't talk. I told them to bring no one back. She should have been taken care of as the others were."

Bryant risked a question. "What others?"

For a space Munster continued to watch the drunken antics of the men at the river's edge. Then, without turning his head, he spoke.

"The days of the land pirates are gone. There are too many towns. All the money is on the rivers. If a boat sinks and all on board die"—he shrugged—"who can tell how it happened?"

"That is my plan. I have men from Pittsburgh to N'Orleans watching out for me, advising me. That is where your work lies—a gambler drifting from town to town, and in each town you meet these men and bring back what word they have for me. Last night we struck the first blow. A keelboat from Natchez for St. Louis. I had a man on board. It caught fire at a bayou fifty miles south. Red Jack and his bullies were waiting."

He shrugged again. "The plan was perfect. And now this wench perils it."

"But now that she is here," Bryant said quietly, "I believe she can be made to pay a handsome premium."

Munster swung about, his voice harsh. "I want no traffic in women. They're dangerous."

"You misunderstand me." Bryant held Munster's eyes, smiling. "This girl is a de Luneville, she was pointed out to me in N'Orleans—an immensely wealthy family. They would pay a good many thousands in gold for her return."

Munster played with the idea, his eyes glinting.

"She has seen no one here," Bryant added, building his argument. "She has no idea of where she is being held. We can hide her somewhere along the Trace until the ransom money has been paid."

Munster laughed, his voice tinged lightly with admiration.

"I knew you had brains." He dropped a hand on Bryant's shoulder. "Let's go help the bullies celebrate. Let's drink on it."

Two whiskey kegs had been rolled into the shade of the bar shack's eaves and their heads knocked in. They were half empty and the air was heavy with the reek of the raw white liquor. A maudlin bully swayed before them, waving a gourd dipper, full to the brim. But Red Jack pushed him aside and held up a deep tin cup. "A man's drink," he said.

He laughed mockingly and offered it to Bryant. It was green from the still and it was like liquid fire in his throat but Bryant knew that if he were to keep face with these men, he must meet the crude challenge. He drained the cup, refilled it at the nearest keg, and handed it to Mun-

ster who drank sparingly, balanced the cup for a moment on his palm, then held it out shoulder high.

"Shoot it off," he said to Red Jack.

The bully grinned and turned, stepping off twenty paces. He drew one of the heavy guns and levelled it. There was a sharp report and, almost simultaneously, the scream of a bullet cleaving through metal. The cup spun crazily; the whiskey fell, a white cascade in the sunlight.

There was a coarse shout of approval from the watching men but Red Jack's swaggering roar sounded above it. Another cup—discarded, lay near him and he picked it up, hanging it on the limb of a stunted tree. He looked at Bryant, and laughed, "Let's see you shoot, Fancy Clothes," he taunted, "hit that."

A yelping chorus seconded the challenge, the men pressed about him, urging him on. Munster's deliberate voice sounded through the welter of noise.

"Try it," he said. It was a command. From a hidden holster under his left arm, he drew a pistol. "Use this."

It was a flint lock, beautifully machined, and the stock that rested in Bryant's palm was of black walnut with a scroll of gold. It was his father's gun!

The touch of that stock was like a stab and the pain of it raced through tautened nerves until his whole body trembled with the effort to hold himself in check. This was the thing he had come for, this was the proof. He knew now beyond all doubt that Munster and Red Jack had killed his father. Blind rage tugged at his fingers with the urge to thrust that balanced barrel against Munster's side and pull the trigger. But in the same flash that prompted him to vengeance, came the realization of his obligation to the girl in the cabin.

HE raised the pistol, sighting at the cup. It was a fair mark but he knew that he must miss—must seem inept. The gun spoke and the bullet whined through the leaves of the stunted tree, high and wide.

He forced himself to smile. "I told you I had no skill with these," he said and gave back the gun.

Red Jack stepped beside him, all of the animal coarseness of his face magnified. "I'll show you some real shootin'," he sneered, "if you've the stomach for it."

He was holding the cup that Bryant had missed. He tossed it over the heads of the circling bullies to one of his men who lolled beside the whiskey kegs. "Fill it and bring it here," he said. The cup came back from hand to hand, whiskey spilling from its lip. Still sneering, Red Jack balanced it on Bryant's head. Then he stopped back.

For a moment he looked into Bryant's eyes, then he turned and began to count off the twenty paces again. When he faced about, his second pistol was in his hand. "I'm going to shoot it off," he said, "a square hit so's not a drop of the liquor will wet your pretty curls." He ran his tongue over his thick lips as though tasting the pleasure of the situation. "Up to now," he said, and the voice was suddenly heavy with malice, "I ain't never missed."

He raised the pistol. The chaffing men fell silent. Standing stiffly erect, Bryant could see the movement of the double ranks as they stepped away from the line of fire.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of Munster blowing into the barrel of his father's gun. His gaze shot back to Red Jack, catching the bully unaware. The heavy lids dropped but Bryant had seen the naked flame of hatred in the pig eyes and he knew that Red Jack wouldn't miss—that Red Jack wouldn't aim at the cup.

The hard metal of the hidden Derringer pressed against the swelling tendons of his left wrist. Red Jack's bent forearm was

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(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 39)

straightening, the big flint lock levelling down. Bryant felt an icy touch at the spot between his eyes where he knew that gun would point.

There was a barely perceptible movement of his left hand, a twist—and the arm darted up. To the watchers it seemed that sound and flame leaped from his fingertips and then there was the coughing impact of a heavy ball against flesh and bone. They saw Red Jack sway forward, dull amazement washing the hate from his face, and fall with his hands groping at his throat.

Bryant saw the bullet strike and knew Red Jack was dead on his feet. One of the bullies stood between him and Munster. He spun him away with the flat of his hand and faced the leader, white-faced, blazing-eyed, the unloaded flint lock useless in his hands. Bryant stepped close beside him and spoke so quietly that only Munster could hear. "Lead the way to the cabin, I want to talk to you."

The other hesitated, probing with his eyes, and Bryant spoke again. "There is another barrel and another ball," he said. Munster turned and led the way up the hill as the bullies parted to make way for them, stunned with the suddenness of the attack, bewildered by the death that sped from a seemingly invisible weapon.

Half way up the slope, his eyes fixed on Munster's back, Bryant became conscious of the weight of other eyes upon him. He looked up and saw Felice de Luneville leaning against the lintel of the cabin door, one hand trembling at her breast, sick with loathing and horror.

She spoke to him as they gained the shale path, ignoring Munster. "You beast," she said, "you murderer. Poor Philippe was right—" Her voice broke and Bryant shook his head impatiently. "Please go inside," he said sharply.

There was a shout from below. One of the men had stepped forward. Bryant pressed the muzzle of the Derringer against Munster's side. The bully's voice came up the slope. "He's dead," he called, "what will we do with him?"

Munster's thin laugh was like breaking ice. "The river's deep and wide," he answered, and followed Felice de Luneville into the cabin.

They sat at the low table, Munster and Bryant facing one another across the planked top, the girl at the end, her head in her arms. On the rough surface lay the flint lock with the walnut stock. His face haggard, Bryant forced Munster to meet his eyes.

"A year ago," he said slowly, "you and that red beast waylaid my father, Henry Charlton, on the Trace. You murdered him and you robbed his body. This—" he indicated the flint lock—"was his pistol. You would have done better to have left it with its mate because it is the one thing I have been searching for, the final proof of your guilt."

The All-America Beef Trust—The All-America Brain Trust

(Continued from page 11)

late Knute Rockne himself once told the writer that he never saw a better guard than Metzger. After seeing the little fellow in action against Army at Chicago one bleak autumn day, we agreed with him.

Another small man, whose playing was superior to that of his larger contemporaries, was young Heinicke of Stanford, some five years ago. He played center on that distinguished team which Pop Warner brought East to trim Army under an avalanche of criss-crosses, reverses and touchdowns. The little Palo Alto pivot was 158 pounds of

Munster's eyes fell under the accusative directness of the boy's regard, but when he spoke, it was the same suave, silk-over-steel voice. "What do you propose?" he asked.

Bryant rose. "Life is sweet to you. It was sweet to my father. But I'm going to give you a fighting chance—the judgment of a jury of your peers." He balanced the Derringer in his palm. "You are to come to the door with me and order three horses saddled and provisioned. I will be beside you every minute and if there is a false move, even a hint of treachery, I will kill you. You can take your choice of going with us to face a fair trial for murder, or dying here." He stepped back and waited.

There was a long silence. His whole attention focused on Munster, Bryant, nevertheless, was aware that the girl had raised her head as he had talked and that she was looking at him now steadily. Munster's hands fell opened-palmed on the table top in a gesture of surrender. "I'll go," he said quietly and moved toward the cabin door; but as Bryant joined him he turned and the hawk light kindled in his face.

"I'll go," he repeated, "but mark this down—Scott Munster will never hang."

The broad trail of Boone's Way curved south into the open road to Lexington. Three horses, sweat-caked and blown, broke cover of the wooded hills to the north and settled to a plodding walk.

Leading the three, the cloaked body of Scott Munster hunched above his mount's withers—a stride behind him, Bryant Charlton, his father's flint lock drawn and at the ready—beside him, the girl.

He turned to her and saw the deep-etched lines of suffering and fatigue about her eyes and mouth.

"In an hour, we will be in Madison. Then we can put him under guard and rest."

"I am not tired," she said. She urged her mount forward so that they were riding stirrup to stirrup and laid her hand on his arm.

"Forgive me," she pleaded. "They killed my brother—my friends—everyone but me. And then I saw you with them, saw you kill a man—" Her voice faltered but her eyes held his face. "You have been very brave," she said gently.

He stopped her. "Hush," he said, and the haggard lines of his face lifted in a warm smile.

"Forget all that," he urged, "it's behind us—let us leave it there. Tomorrow we will have rested, will recruit friendly riders for convoy through the Trace. And this day a week, we will ride in to Andre Davenent and he will give me back my father's gun and I will lend him you."

She looked at him and some of the singing lilt was in her voice. "Lend me to him?" she asked.

His bridle hand brushed the cool slim fingers on his arm. "It can only be a loan," he answered.

destructive energy. He looked like a midget standing among Goliaths such as Artman, Sellman, Fleishacker and Hoffman. But once the whistle sounded he made them forget that he was short-changed on height and weight. He was everywhere, batting down passes, dumping the interference, making the tackle. After watching that game I concluded that I would much rather have had a line of seven Heinickes than a forward wall of giants.

Perhaps the outstanding example of a small player's achieving fame on the foot-

ball field is Frank Hinkey. It's more than forty years since "Silent Frank," Yale's incomparable end, was laying them out with his devitalizing tackles, but his name is still a byword among those who follow the autumn pastime.

Hinkey was wracked with tuberculosis. He weighed 145 pounds. Shy, reticent, pensive and morose, he was not popular among his fellow students. Pale-faced and large-eyed, he gave the impression of being far too frail for so Spartan a game as football. When he went out for the team, as a Freshman, the coach and captain considered requesting him to resign, in order to prevent him from getting hurt or killed. They thought it rash that so small and weak-looking a young man should venture to indulge in a pastime designed for young bucks with strong backs and weak minds.

Once they saw him tackle, they changed their minds. In fact, they thought about asking him to resign from the squad to save the players from being ruined. He tackled with a berserk fury that was almost fiendish. His thin body was covered with muscles, and his sinewy arms were made of whipcord. When he cracked a man he had the faculty of raising his victim over his shoulder and smashed him to earth.

For four years Yale's mighty midget, Hinkey, was honored by making the All America team. Few were the players who even dared to circle his end, for they knew that a terrific jolt awaited them there. He was the most feared man in football. No other end has ever played that position with such success and distinction as did he. Football to him was a religion, and he played it with a burning, almost distracted fury. It is no wonder he was referred to in his day as "football's living flame."

EVER since Walter Camp initiated the custom, All America teams have been chosen after every football season. Scarcely a newspaper, sports writer, or football fan that doesn't select eleven players of distinction and honor them in this fashion. With forty-eight States to cover, and thousands of college players to consider, the task of selecting a representative All America team is indeed a difficult one.

After all, there really appears to be little point in picking an All America team merely for the sake of picking one. It might be different if they picked two All America elevens, and had them play a game—the winner to be the real All America team. Instead of following the usual custom, we have decided it would be much more interesting to select an All America "Beef Trust," and an All America "Brain Trust." And we're willing to wager that either one of them could spot any All America team in the country ten points and win hands down.

Study the "Beef Trust" of the football world. Then study the "Brain Trust." Then try to make up your mind which one you think is the better team, potentially. Who'd win, if they actually came face to face and kicked-off? Would the big, strapping, heavy-limbed eleven, sporting on its gargantuan chest the proud emblem of the "Beef Trust," crush and overwhelm the slim, lithe, hungry-looking and diminutive unit wearing the colors of the "Brain Trust"?

Suppose we look into the matter. The "Beef Trust" is certainly an impressive-looking eleven. It is more than that. It is eye-filling and awe-inspiring. At left end stands George Canninus, of St. Mary's, six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds. Beside him at left tackle towers the form of Theodore Isaacson of the University of Washington, whose 263 pounds of willing weight have proven an impenetrable defense against the thrusts of numerous backs. At left guard stands Ed Gilbert of St. Mary's—235 pounds of driving force and stubborn

resistance. His charge is fast and savage.

Nick Bernard of Michigan holds down the center position, with 216 pounds of aggressive fight. Beside him at right guard stands the biggest man in football today—Jack Torrance of Louisiana State. He tips the scales at 285 pounds, and if you think he can't get around, challenge him to a race or watch him toss the 16-pound shot. At right tackle is George Theorodatus, Washington State's 240-pound gift to the gridiron world. And at right end is Captain Reiss of Holy Cross, a 206-pound wingman who has played a gallant and effective brand of football all fall.

The backfield, of course, has less girth than the line. And that is as it should be. At one halfback position, the right, is Don Elser of Notre Dame, 220 pounds of speed and destruction. At the other halfback post is Ed Donowski, Fordham's brilliant 195-pound ball toter. At quarterback is the versatile and brilliant Homer Griffith of Southern California, a mere baby in size, compared to his teammates, for he weighs but 185 pounds. And at fullback is Ormand Beach of Kansas, the 215-pound half-blooded Indian from Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

What a collection of dinosaurs! What a cohort of human locomotives! That forward wall averages a scant 235 pounds, and every man on it is almost as fast as the average back. The attacking department averages 204 pounds per man, and that with the 185-pound Griffith calling the signals. What any coach wouldn't give to see an outfit like that walk out on the field in front of him some day. Talk about Paradise regained. Why that coach would be the happiest man on earth.

Put this eleven in the hands of a master coach for three weeks, and the chances are it would lick any team in the country—with the exception of one, and that is the "Brain Trust." Yes, indeed, there's a team that these big boys with the bulging muscles and piano legs would find a little too smart for them. The little fellows may be short on weight, but they're long on brains and imagination. They're sharp as foxes and they anticipate the development of every play. True, they can't stand up in front of a 204-pound backfield and bounce the ball toters off their chests the way Ormand Beach did the Notre Dame backs in the Kansas-Notre Dame battle, but they have the unpleasant faculty of getting into their opponents' hair, spilling them with astonishing gusto, and getting the interferers all tangled up with one another.

WHO'S on this so-called "Brain Trust"? Well, at left end is one of the finest wing men the game ever produced, Fred Petoskey of Michigan, the smartest end in the Big Ten, and a bear at snaring passes. His weight is 174 pounds. At left tackle, Bus Blum of Colgate, a 170-pound rip-snorting, never-say-die lineman, whom Andy Kerr, Colgate's great coach, will vouch for. At left guard, Wilfrid Tatro, 170 pounds of pluck and ability. The center post is taken care of by Roy Oen, Minnesota's 168-pound ball of fire. At right guard, John Harnett of Manhattan, 170-pound sensation. At right tackle, Charlie Opper, the Savannah sirocco, who plays a bang-up game for Georgia. He weighs 168 pounds. And at right end, Tom Slusser of Penn State, a 170-pound flanker who makes opponents think he weighs 210 when he tackles them.

The backfield of this unique aggregation of hard-playing, smart-thinking men might well be termed the pony express, for every one of them certainly has proven time and again that he can carry the mail to town. At quarterback is Irvine (Cotton) Warburton, the mighty atom of the Pacific Coast. His 145 pounds of elusiveness, speed and

(Continued on page 42)

Stark, staring eyes that count the dreary hours, aching for the peaceful oblivion of slumber—close them, softly, naturally, safely, by slow, firm strokes on the back of the neck with a palmful of soothing Absorbine Jr.—and drift away into blessed hours of sweet and healing sleep.



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(Continued from page 41)

brains have caused plenty of woe to Far Western elevens these last two years.

At left halfback, rarin' to go, is Garret Le Van, Princeton brilliant broken-field runner. He tips the scales at 155 pounds, but weight doesn't worry him one bit once he tucks the pigskin under his arm. Pairing up with him at right halfback is a 159-pounder—Howard O'Dell of Pittsburgh. And ready to crack the line, or shoot a pass well down the field, with the accuracy of a rifle, is Jack Buckler, the spark plug of the Army attack, as well rounded a back as one will find in many seasons in spite of his 156 pounds.

Incredible as it seems, the All America "Brain Trust" is just the team to challenge the All America "Beef Trust." Outweighed and outcharged? Surely. But outscored? Well, that's another matter. With Warburton in there looking things over for the "Brain Trust," and calling his plays cleverly, there's every reason to believe there'd be plenty of long jaunts and scoring. Of course we can't overlook the fact that some of the big fellows are just as smart as the little men, and even smarter. Griffith, for example, the "Beef Trust" quarterback, is one of the best pilots on the Coast. A hard-blocking, hard-running, fast-thinking field general, with plenty of stuff to back up his convictions.

Men, even football players, are easily impressed by size. Perhaps it is just as well. They might get hurt if they weren't. But it must not be forgotten that small men sometimes possess the strength of a giant and the speed of a bird. Take Cotton Warburton, the Trojan "flea," for example. Last year as well as this, in virtually every game, he scooted away to long runs that either resulted in or led to touchdowns. His 145 pounds proved more valuable than the combined heft of any two other men on the team.

Warburton knows he is small and unable to match his strength against other men. Consequently he has to concentrate on his own outstanding qualifications. Give him the ball, and three times out of five he'll weave his way through the biggest brutes on the Coast and gain the distance wanted, or go on for a tally. Against California recently, the plucky little alternate pilot of the Trojans had an unusual experience. But he came through beautifully, just as he has so often before.

Early in the battle, a California giant snared a pass and broke into the clear. Only frail, slender-legged Warburton stood between the runner and the goal line. Craftily he wedged the ball carrier between himself and the sideline, being careful all the while not to commit himself. Should he dive a second too soon, and miss, Southern California would be doomed.

At the critical moment he hurled his body headlong into the churning legs of the runner. His arms locked 'round his opponent's legs. Everything went black. The runner was down, but Warburton was out. Between the halves he lay in a corner of the dressing room, wrapped in a blanket. The fight talk of Coach Jones, urging his men on to victory—to overcome the three-point lead of the Golden Bears, meant nothing to Warburton's fog-soaked brain. He was out of the picture. Dead to the world.

When the squad filed out for the second half he never moved. Only his No. 13, muddy and blurred, showed through a fold of the blanket. Some time later an assistant manager, noticing that Warburton was absent from the bench, went to look for him. He found the "mighty atom" still dazed, but persuaded him to go out and sit with the players on the bench.

Came the last quarter, and the Golden Bears still three points to the good. It looked

like the end of the phenomenal winning streak of the National Champions. Suddenly Warburton's name was called. He responded as best he could and ran out to report. His mind was still foggy, but he didn't mention that to his coach. He knew it would clear. And it did. Thirteen plays later he slanted off tackle, cut back sharply, veered to the right, and drifted 62 yards to a sensational victory. Seventy thousand wild-eyed fans bellowed his name, just as they have done many times before—a just tribute to a winning player.

The secret of Warburton's continued success lies in his ability to comprehend the weaknesses of the defending players. For two or even three periods he will sit on the Trojan bench, watching Homer Griffith pilot the team. All the while Warburton is observing how the secondaries come up to meet plays. He is planning unconsciously the route of his winning run. And when he gets into the game he knows what course to take, whether it be around end or off tackle, through the line or by the air.

Le Van of Princeton, while not the climax runner that Warburton is, must nevertheless be reported as one of the most dangerous backs in Eastern football. Twice in the struggle with the Lion of Columbia, the slightly built ex-Lawrenceville track and football captain found his way across the coveted gold stripe. Against Washington and Lee, and Brown, he did the same thing, although his touchdown in the former contest was called back because of an offside play. Like Booth, the former Yale star, Le Van can spot a slit of daylight in the line and breeze through before a hand can be laid upon him. Fast thinking, quick moving and the ability to anticipate the defending players' next gesture are the faculties which make him so capable. With Warburton experience, he may become as talented a runner as the little Trojan.

O'Dell of Pitt, who hails from Sioux City, Iowa, and of whom it is said that he can call hogs like any good Iowan, is another slippery back in the open field. He can pass, kick and back up a line. Along with Weisenbaugh and Sebastian of the Panther backfield, he constitutes as smart a backfield as can be found in the circuit.

Jack Buckler of Army needs no introduction in the East or the West. Against Illinois it was his machine-gun passes that paved the way to Stancock's winning touchdown. And against Harvard it was his same right arm and his driving legs that ruined and demoralized the Crimson defense. Unlike most backs, the Cadet sharpshooter from Waco, Texas, hurls the ball while on the dead run. His training at tossing the lasso in the Southwest may have given him the idea, but, wherever he got it, it proved most effective all season. His opponents never knew when he was going to keep the ball and run with it, or pull back his trusty arm and let it fly with deadly accuracy to one of his teammates.

IT takes a lot of brains for small men to get by on the football field. If they aren't smart they're usually carried out pretty early in the fray. They must be clever enough to outwit their bigger opponents, and at the same time never allow the bigger man to get a straight shot at them. In the Fordham-St. Mary's game at the Polo Grounds in New York, Fordham's line was being outcharged by the mountainous forward wall of the Galloping Gaels.

Diminutive Tatro, the Ram guard, strove in vain to penetrate the Westerners' line. He was anxious to get through to make tackles, and if possible to block a kick. We watched him carefully. Finding himself stopped on a direct charge, he began to use a feint. He pretended to charge through on one side of the man who was blocking his path, and when that man charged to meet

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him, he shot through on the opposite side of him. It was smart work, and Tatro came perilously close to being the hero of the game. Time and again he missed block-the kick by the margin of an eyelash.

Opper of Georgia is one of the fiercest forwards in the game today. He'd make the big fellows sit up and take notice. Once the whistle blows, Opper's in there scrapping honestly and cleanly every second. He's a wildcat on the Bulldog's line, and every team he has faced will admit it. As for Petoskey and Oen, Harnett, Blum and Slusser, they have this in common. Every one of them knows what the game is all about. They anticipate their rival's motions. They know where to be at the right second. And as a result they are of tremendous value to their teams.

There's a notion current among football fans that big, fleshy men are always soft-hearted fellows who lack the zest for life and the aggressiveness of their smaller brothers. There are exceptions to every rule, of course, but that doesn't seem to be the rule, even. I have never seen more "fight," more spirit, more power on a football field than was shown by Ed Gilbert, the running guard of St. Mary's, in the Fordham clash. He led the interference, and that means speed a-plenty, for Wilson and Ahern can travel. He was the first man down the field on kicks. On defense he was marvelously destructive, and on offense his charge was devastating.

Nor is there anything soft about Jack Torrance of Louisiana State, with all his 285 pounds. Present holder of the Intercollegiate shot-put title, and record holder, the big Southerner is one of the fastest athletes when it comes to getting around on his feet. He moves with the speed of a juggler, and Biff Jones, L. S. U. coach, is grooming

him for an All America berth this season.

The "Beef Trust's" line doesn't depend so much on thinking its way through as it does on breaking its way through. Their tremendous "heft" makes them indifferent to the plans and schemes of their lighter rivals. They'd rather stand up there four-square to the winds that blow and howl a challenge to all mankind to try to budge them off their stance than waste time plotting a deceptive gesture.

The motto of these Titans is "when in doubt, pull your ears in and charge ahead." By knocking down everything in front of you, you're doing your job well enough. All of which works out very well until you get tangled up with a quartet like Buckler, Le Van, Warburton and O'Dell. Then such a policy spells trouble. The "Brain Trust's" line can submarine charge the big fellows or, failing in that, spill them as they charge through. And the backs of the "Brain Trust" kind can whirl, pass and zigzag their way around the big linemen and backs of the "Beef Trust."

Not that Danowski, Beach, Elser and Griffith are slow. They're not—at least among their own kind—that is, big men. But what chance do you suppose any one of them would have of catching Warburton in an open field—or Le Van or Buckler? It would be a wild-geese chase.

Which brings to mind the old question— isn't a good big man better than a good little man on a football field? The answer is yes, but there are no good big men who are as good as the good little men—relatively, of course. The little fellows appear to get far more out of their weight and height than the thundering Hercules who bend the scales. That is why, when the "Beef Trust" meets the "Brain Trust," I'll place my money on the latter.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 29)

and also from the far reaches of Nevada.

On September 20 the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the Union Pacific Station by Past Exalted Rulers of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, members of various Lodges in the State of Utah and by the Lodge of Antlers with its drill team. An enthusiastic parade escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Home of Salt Lake City Lodge.

At noon Mr. Meier lunched with the District Deputies and discussed with them the future activities of the organization. The District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers present were: Harold V. Leonard, Utah; Edward H. Grenig, Nevada; and G. S. Pitchford, Wyoming. After the meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the Exalted Rulers and other officers of the assembled Lodges, of whom about fifty were present. There were many distinguished members of the three states represented.

During the afternoon Mr. Meier spoke over radio station KSL for ten minutes, and three-quarters of an hour later he spoke over station KDYL for fifteen minutes. Later he was the guest of honor at a banquet attended by two hundred people. Addresses of welcome were made by Governor Henry H. Blood of Utah, County Commissioner B. F. Quinn and by Acting Mayor Harry Finch. The banquet was presided over by Exalted Ruler George H. Llewellyn of Salt Lake City Lodge. There were many prominent Elks and residents of the State present.

At a Lodge meeting following the banquet a delightful musical program was rendered, and the Antlers Drill Team presented Mr. Meier with an honorary membership, giving him a regulation uniform sweater, while Salt Lake City Lodge presented him with a beautiful set of book-ends cast by a member of the Lodge. Mr. Meier spoke to the five hun-

dred persons assembled, among whom were representatives from every Lodge in Utah.

THE following morning Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, after a most successful visit in Salt Lake City, left for California, where he was to meet with the California State Elks Association and hold his fifteenth Regional Conference.

Los Angeles, Calif., greeted Grand Exalted Ruler Meier early in the morning of September 22. Met at the station by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott; Past Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Dr. Ralph Hagan; Michael F. Shannon, member of the Grand Forum, and a large delegation of members of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, the Grand Exalted Ruler was immediately driven to the Breakers Hotel in Long Beach.

Here he was met by State President Horace H. Quinby, Cyril R. McTighe, Exalted Ruler of Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, and many others. At one P.M. Mr. Meier had as his guests at luncheon Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott, Grand Justice Shannon, Dr. Hagan, the District Deputies from Arizona and California, and others.

Immediately after luncheon the Grand Exalted Ruler went into conference with District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frank E. Flynn and R. I. Winn, of Arizona; Jordan L. Martinelli, Lloyd A. Foster, Everett H. Brouillard, C. P. Hebenstreit and Jack F. Hosfield of California. Only District Deputy Ben F. Lewis was unavoidably absent. The Grand Lodge officers at the luncheon remained for this fifteenth Regional Conference of District Deputies.

In the evening Mr. Meier was guest of

(Continued on page 44)

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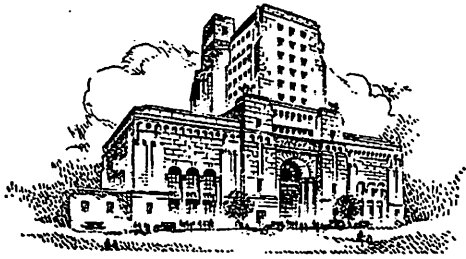
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(Continued from page 43)

honor at a banquet in the Breakers Hotel attended by two hundred persons. Mr. Meier delivered the main address of the evening.

The California State Association being in session, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the Convention on the following morning. He expressed himself as highly gratified at the work being done by the California Elks as reflected in the reports here given. In the afternoon of that day Mr. Meier and Mr. Abbott rode in the first car in the State Convention parade, alighting at the officials' stand to review the parade. Mr. Meier was greatly pleased with the showing the California Elks made.

THAT evening, accompanied by Charles W. Kuchman, Exalted Ruler of Sacramento Lodge, No. 6, and Esteemed Leading Knight Alex Ashen, Mr. Meier proceeded to Sacramento, arriving early in the morning. After a general reception at the Sacramento Lodge Home, Mr. Meier, escorted by a caravan of fifty automobiles, started on a tour through many spots having to do with the early life of California. The tour finally wound up at Coloma, where gold was first discovered. Here Mr. Meier panned a panful of gold, finding at the bottom of the pan a pay nugget, provided as a souvenir of his visit. At noon a luncheon was served at Marshall's Monument, following which Mr. Meier spoke to the gathering.

Upon returning to Sacramento, Mr. Meier broadcasted a highly illuminating talk over radio station KFBK at five-thirty P.M. An hour later he was guest of honor at a banquet attended by some 300 Elks and their ladies. Following dinner, Mr. Meier, at a special session of Sacramento Lodge, addressed the many Elks present from Sacramento and other Lodges of the District of California, North. Assisting Sacramento Lodge in entertaining Grand Exalted Ruler Meier were representatives from the California North Lodges of Marysville, Oroville, Woodland, Redding, Susanville, Grass Valley and Stockton, and from Reno, Nevada.

BEFORE nine on the morning of September 26, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier's train pulled into Portland, Ore., and he alighted to be met by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles C. Bradley, a Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, and other officers and members of Lodges in Oregon and Washington. Mr. Meier was taken to the Benson Hotel where, at ten o'clock, he held his sixteenth and last Regional Conference with his District Deputies. Those present were Charles C. Bradley, Oregon, North, O. L. McDonald, Oregon, South, and Bertil E. Johnson, Washington, Southeast, and Merle G. Ringenberg, Washington, Northwest.

At noon Mr. Meier addressed the Portland Rotary Club at its weekly luncheon, the subject of his address being "The Relation of Fraternal Organizations to the NRA."

At two P.M. Mr. Meier held a conference with the Exalted Rulers and other officers and members of the Lodges of Washington and Oregon. This meeting was held in the Lodge rooms of Portland Lodge, No. 142, and was attended by the District Deputies mentioned above; A. W. Jones, President of the Oregon State Elks Association; George E. Secord, President of the Washington State Elks Association; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Bradley; J. L. Tucker and T. E. J. Duffy, Past Presidents of the Oregon State Association; Frank L. Baker, Past President of the Washington State Association, and Past District Deputies W. M. Briggs and J. Gordon Baker. Twenty-five Exalted Rulers were present, along with many other officers of the various Lodges. The entire attendance at this

The Winners of the October Bridge Problems

By **BEDE ARMSTRONG**
Card Editor

AS we go to press it is too early to report the outcome of the first National Bridge Tournament held on November 24th. From the reports available at this writing, however, it is obvious that the contest went over with a bang. Over 500 Lodges, with some 40,000 players, took part. The response was most gratifying, and every section of the country was well represented. Complete details will be given next month.

The winners of the prize hands published in the October number follow:

Norman A. Goodwin,
Montpelier, Vt. Lodge No. 924
T. F. Keenan, Lynbrook,
L. I., N. Y. Lodge No. 1515
E. M. Breman,
Springfield, Ohio. Lodge No. 51
Geo. O. Ferguson,
New York, N. Y. Lodge No. 1
James E. Griffin,
Los Angeles, Calif. Lodge No. 99
Jas. Milano,
Worcester, Mass. Lodge No. 243
Albert G. Maisch,
Cincinnati, O. Lodge No. 5
James A. Nugent,
Braddock, Pa. Lodge No. 883
C. Fred Vollmer,
Bucyrus, O. Lodge No. 156

Harry H. Volk,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Lodge No. 22
Henry J. Radin,
Elmira, N. Y. Lodge No. 62
E. B. Neff,
Moline, Ill. Lodge No. 556
E. L. Brookins,
Des Moines, Ia. Lodge No. 98
Frank V. Randall,
Syracuse, N. Y. Lodge No. 31
Nelson E. Blake,
Pawtucket, R. I. Lodge No. 920
Eugene I. Hecht,
Milton, Pa. Lodge No. 913
A. J. Scheineman,
Sterling, Ill. Lodge No. 1218

second conference of the day numbered one hundred and fifty.

At five thirty-five in the afternoon Mr. Meier broadcasted a speech over Station KOIN for ten minutes, and an hour later he attended a banquet given in his honor at the Hotel Benson. After dinner the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the Antlers Lodge, affiliated with the Portland Elks. Later in the evening Portland Lodge held a special session, and after addresses of welcome on behalf of the local Lodge and by representatives of the Governor of the State, Mr. Meier delivered his address, which was enthusiastically received.

On October 2 Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier travelled to Whitefish, Montana, where he was met by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Herman C. Karow and Exalted Ruler Mahlon Hall of Kalispell, Montana, Lodge, No. 725, who drove Mr. Meier to the Home of the Lodge.

Following a banquet at which the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor, he attended a meeting of Kalispell Lodge in the course of which a candidate was initiated into No. 725. The meeting was also the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Chester F. Coleman. The principal address of the evening was delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Mr. Karow, Mr. Coleman and Past Exalted Ruler Sidney M. Logan also spoke. Past State Treasurer J. W. Walker and Past State Secretary Roy Gibbons, eleven Past Exalted Rulers, and delegations from Helena and Great Falls Lodges were also present.

On the following day Grand Exalted Ruler Meier left Kalispell, accompanied by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Karow, and drove to the Montana State Elks Camp. Mr. Karow returned to Kalispell from there, while the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to Missoula, Mont., by Past State Secretary Gibbons, who is Secretary of Helena Lodge, No. 193, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Coleman, a Past Exalted Ruler of Helena Lodge. Mr. Meier was guest of

honor at a luncheon in Missoula given by Hellgate Lodge, No. 383. The Board of Grand Trustees had changed the name of this Lodge to Missoula Lodge, but because of the strenuous protest on the part of the Lodge itself, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier restored the name of Hellgate Lodge.

About seventy-five members were present at the luncheon, including Past State President George L. Steinbrenner, Past State Secretary C. E. Johnson, District Deputy Coleman, Past State Secretary Gibbons, Theodore Lentz, Judge of the District Court, and W. C. Lubrecht, local Director of the NRA.

Early in the afternoon of October 3, the Grand Exalted Ruler left Missoula for Helena, Montana, with District Deputy Coleman and Past State Secretary Gibbons. In the evening Helena Lodge entertained Mr. Meier at a banquet attended by members and their wives to the number of three hundred. Mr. Meier spoke at dinner and later dedicated the fine new Home of Helena Lodge which was purchased for \$25,000 and remodeled at a cost of \$35,000. The public dedication was followed by dancing.

Among the distinguished members of the Order present at these affairs were: A. W. Smith, City Commissioner, L. L. Callaway, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, H. R. Adair, City Attorney, Ray T. Nagle, State Attorney General, George J. Joyce, Past District Deputy, Past State Secretary Gibbons, Past State Vice-President O. H. Perry, State Senator Ray Church, who was the orator of the day, Past State Treasurer A. E. Carpenter, and Past State Vice-President G. L. Bryant. Following an oration by Mr. Church, the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke, reviewing the charitable work that is being done by the Order.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left Helena the morning of October 4 and was driven to Great Falls, Montana, where at noon one hundred and seventy-five members of Great Falls Lodge, No. 214, entertained him at luncheon in the Lodge Home.

(Continued on page 46)

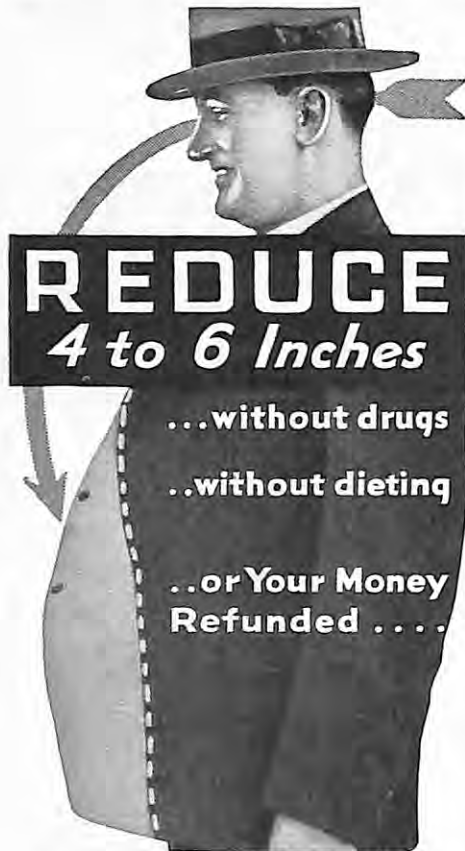
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City.....State.....

(Continued from page 45)

Almon C. Le Febvre, Past District Deputy, was toastmaster, and introduced Mr. Meier, who spoke at length to the gathering. There were many distinguished Elks present at the luncheon, including Past District Deputies J. M. Burlingame and R. M. Leslie; seventeen Past Exalted Rulers of Great Falls Lodge, and five Past Exalted Rulers of other Lodges. The Lodges of Havre, Lewistown and Helena, Montana; Ranger, Texas, and Williston, N. D., were also represented.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was welcomed by City Attorney Charles Davidson, representing the Mayor, and was presented with a copper key to the City.

Later that day, October 4, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Exalted Ruler H. J. Lerty, Secretary H. S. Cooper and Leading Knight R. J. Holland, of Havre Lodge, No. 1201, left Great Falls and drove to Havre. At seven that evening Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a wild duck dinner, following which the Hon. H. Spooner, Mayor of Havre, delivered an address of welcome. Mr. Meier then spoke. After dinner Lodge was convened, and Mr. Meier again addressed the members.

At dinner there were six Past Exalted Rulers present, and a number of municipal dignitaries. This was the first time a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order had ever visited Havre Lodge.

LATE in the evening of the day he visited Havre Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier took a train for Williston, N. D., where he arrived early the following morning, and was met at the station by the officers of Williston Lodge, No. 1214, who escorted their national leader to his hotel. Approximately twenty members of the Lodge breakfasted with the Grand Exalted Ruler.

In the morning Mr. Meier was driven about Williston and its environs to view the various points of natural and historic interest. Later he was guest of honor at a prairie chicken luncheon at the Lodge Home. At luncheon Mayor E. K. Bruegger, of Williston, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler to the City, as did also the Secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce. Present at luncheon were Past District Deputy William G. Owens and many City officials. This visit of Mr. Meier's was the first paid by a Grand Exalted Ruler to Williston Lodge.

In the afternoon Mr. Meier left Williston for Minot, N. D., in a car driven by T. V. Settle, Secretary of Williston Lodge, and accompanied by Past District Deputy Owens and Exalted Ruler Ray Krugler, of Williston Lodge.

At the outskirts of Minot the Grand Exalted Ruler's car was met by an escort of a motorcycle policeman and four automobiles carrying the officers of Minot Lodge, No. 1089, and the Lodge's Drum and Bugle Corps, who escorted their noted visitor to the Leland-Parker Hotel. After registering, Mr. Meier had dinner with the officers of Minot Lodge and the out-of-town Elks in the basement dining hall of the Catholic Church, following which he attended a meeting of Minot Lodge.

Mr. Meier spoke at both the dinner and the Lodge meeting. Distinguished members of the Order present were: District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond C. Dobson; Past State Presidents Judge L. J. Palda, Jr., William G. Owens, J. B. Atkinson and H. K. Jensen, who is Chairman of the Crippled Children's Commission of the North Dakota State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Frank T. Merrill of Montana; Past District Deputies J. J. Coyle and W. A. Hausmann; Charles Liessman, Past Exalted Ruler of Bismarck Lodge, No. 1199, who is Deputy Secretary of the State of North Dakota; August Krantz, Chairman of the County Commissioners of Ward County; Robert W.

Palda, State's Attorney; V. E. Stenersen, City Attorney; A. G. Torgerson, County Auditor, and Louis Rubbelke and Bertel Jacobsen, County Commissioners.

On the following morning Mr. Meier addressed seven hundred high school students at their assembly. At 10:30 he left for Fargo, N. D.

At the meeting of Minot Lodge, Mr. Meier was presented with a very fine gold wrist watch, something which the Grand Exalted Ruler had not hitherto possessed, and which he greatly appreciated receiving.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier arrived in Fargo in the middle of the afternoon of October 6, and was met at the station by a delegation headed by Past State President Sam Stern, who was formerly a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, and Past President Curtis P. Brown. Mr. Meier was first driven to the home of former Governor Hanna, who is President of the North Dakota State Elks Association. Next, the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken to the home of Mr. Stern's father, Alex Stern, where a reception was held in his honor.

That evening a banquet was given for Mr. Meier by Fargo Lodge, No. 260, in the Lodge Home. There were two hundred persons present, among whom were the following distinguished guests: Past Presidents Stern and Brown; Past District Deputy L. R. Johnson; Walter Fearn, Past Exalted Ruler of Kansas City, Kans., Lodge, No. 440, who presided as toastmaster; six Past Exalted Rulers of Valley City, N. D., Lodge, No. 1110; eight Past Exalted Rulers of Fargo Lodge, and four Exalted Rulers of visiting Lodges. The address of welcome was delivered by Exalted Ruler Glen A. Cowing, of Fargo Lodge. Mr. Meier's address followed, and Past President Stern spoke, presenting on behalf of Fargo Lodge, a white gold Waltham watch and chain to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Meier was greatly pleased with the fine spirit prevailing at Fargo Lodge, and feels sure there will be a large increase in membership there soon. Especially pleased was Mr. Meier that Past President Stern had prevailed upon the members to present the Grand Exalted Ruler with a check for five hundred dollars to apply on their Grand Lodge dues.

ON October the 9th, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, accompanied by a delegation consisting of Past Grand Trustee Henry W. Mears, Charles G. Hawthorne, Esteemed Lecturing Knight of Baltimore Lodge, P. F. O'Malley of Baltimore Lodge, and Perry A. Nicklin, Past State Secretary of Cumberland Lodge, No. 63, arrived in Baltimore, where he was guest of honor at a dinner given in the Home of Baltimore Lodge, No. 7.

In addition to those members of the Order already mentioned, the following were present at the dinner: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland; W. S. Shelby, Secretary of Washington Lodge, No. 15; James P. Swing, of Cambridge, Md., Lodge, No. 1272, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; Past District Deputy for West Virginia South M. G. Witten, of Bluefield Lodge, No. 269; Alfred W. Gaver of Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684, a Past President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Maxwell Suls and Secretary Albert B. Kries of Baltimore Lodge; E. Lester Muller, President of the City Council, and many others prominent in both the local Lodge and the City government.

Before retiring from the dinner, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an address in which particular reference was made to the influence an officer of the Lodge has in respect to the success of his Lodge. Talks were also given by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Holland and several prominent citizens of Bal-

Amendment of By-Laws

To All Subordinate Lodges:

There have been many changes made in the Grand Lodge Statutes during the past few years. These necessitate corresponding changes in Subordinate Lodge By-Laws, and to effect such changes the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge has prepared a new edition of the Guide By-Laws which is now available for use.

Secretaries should procure copies of this new edition for use in drafting amendments to Lodge By-Laws or making revisions thereof. By so doing, they will insure their By-Laws being in harmony with existing statutes and save much time for all concerned. Subordinate Lodge Secretaries should write Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Elks National Memorial Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for their copies.

WALTER F. MEIER,
Grand Exalted Ruler

timore. It was a most successful affair.

Following dinner Lodge was convened and Grand Exalted Ruler Meier delivered the principal address of the evening. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Holland, District Deputy Swing and Mayor Howard W. Jackson also spoke. Following the Grand Exalted Ruler's address, the Lodge presented him with a very beautiful silver set. Following the Lodge session, refreshments were served and the Grand Exalted Ruler was taken to Washington, D. C., by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Holland.

On the evening of October 10 Grand Exalted Ruler Meier attended a meeting of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. The ceremonies of his visit commenced with the giving of a complimentary dinner in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor by Thomas A. O'Donnell. The distinguished guests at dinner included: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland; Past Exalted Ruler George E. Strong, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities; the officers of Washington Lodge, and a number of Past Exalted Rulers.

Following dinner, Mr. Meier was escorted to the Lodge Home, in front of which was assembled a large group of members as the Grand Exalted Ruler approached. The Boys' Band was also in attendance. The band proceeded to render several selections in excellent style after which the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced and delivered a brief address.

Mr. Meier was taken into the Lodge Home and escorted to the hall in which the regular Lodge meeting was held. There were in attendance about three hundred Elks, among them being, in addition to the distinguished members already mentioned, Presiding Judge of the Police Court Gus A. Schuldt; Exalted Ruler Joseph P. Hagerty; State Association Trustee John E. Lynch; and Past Exalted Rulers Howard M. Peter; Leonard M. Gawler, David J. Laporte, and Edwin S. Puller, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, and now affiliated with Washington Lodge. M. G. McCormick, one of the two living charter members of Washington Lodge, was also in attendance.

Nine candidates were initiated into the Order at this meeting, and after the ceremonial work, Mr. Meier delivered the main address of the evening.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Meier left Washington on the evening of October 10 and arrived in New York on the following
(Continued on page 48)

The Halvorfold

Patented Loose Leaf Pass Case
Bill-Fold and Card Case

OVER
1,000,000
NOW
IN
USE

1934 MODEL

Bill-fold

Your Name, Address,
City and State, Monogram,
and Emblem in
22K Gold
FREE!

Card pocket

4-8
or more
pass capacity

Patented
loose-leaf device

Card or Check
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1/10-
14K
Gold
Mount-
ings

Over 1,000,000 Now in Use—
One Million Men Can't Be Wrong!

The patented 1934 model HALVORFOLD — Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card-case — Just what every ELK needs. No embarrassing moments fumbling for your passes — just snap open your HALVORFOLD and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protected from dirt and wear.

Ingenious loose leaf device enables you to show 4, 8 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has large card pocket, special pocket for check-book or memoranda and roomy pocket for the new size money. Made of high grade, black or brown GENUINE CALFSKIN, specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched — expertly finished — no flimsy cloth lining. 1-10 14K Gold corners and snap fastener. Size 3x5 inches closed, just snap for bill pocket (flattens to one-quarter in. thickness). Backbone of loose leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD.

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NOW — for 30
Days — Only

"Made to Order" for ELKS and their LADIES

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

An amazing NEW Style and Service Creation made of Black or Brown — rich, velvety, natural grain GENUINE STEERHIDE, attractively lined with green suede leather. Remarkably strong — yet ultra fashionable. New, artistic, tooled design with 22K Genuine Gold Monogram engraved by expert workmen. Two separate "Talon" zippered compartments, making 100% Privacy and 100% Safety. New idea in back strap handle and flap. New and startling idea in TRIPLE FITTINGS of Key Case, Coin Purse and Mirror. Size of bag 6½x9½ inch. What a treat for Mother, Sister or Sweetheart — and at such a price.

~~\$7.50~~ 3.95 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).

FREE to ELKS

This Genuine Calf-skin key case with your name in Gold for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. Hand-iest thing you ever saw for car or latch keys. Keeps 4 keys on strong steel hooks.



It's yours what a or you keep t h e HALVORFOLD or not. Don't miss this free offer!
Read Coupon — CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

HALVORSEN, P. C. M. Dept. 346-12
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Send me the famous, genuine Calfskin black brown, gold-mounted HALVORFOLD, \$3.95, 4-pass capacity (8-pass 40c extra). Send me the New "Miss America" Genuine Steerhide black brown, \$3.95 — (Extra Special \$7.50 for Both) — also the free Key Case to match. I enclose \$..... with the clear understanding, that I must be more than pleased and that this is the same Halvorsen I have seen advertised in the Elks for the last 8 years — otherwise I will return the goods at once for immediate and undisputed refund of my money. Either way the key case is mine to keep free.

Gold engrave HALVORFOLD: Emblem.....
Name.....
Street No. & City..... Mono.....
Engrave "Miss America": Mono..... Name.....
SHIP TO.....
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Keep this door open in 1934.

You can do this by buying and using the committee's address labels, which are sold ten for one dollar.

The sale of these labels and voluntary contributions are the Committee's only source of income in its work of helping those victims of cancer who are unable to help themselves.

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For information, literature and reservations address the hotel direct or see your travel agent

**MIAMI
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CORAL GABLES • MIAMI • FLORIDA

(Continued from page 47)

morning. In the afternoon, driven by Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, he went over into New Jersey and spent an hour at the Lodge Home of Belleville, N. J., Lodge, No. 1123.

Upon leaving Belleville Lodge the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to the Home of Newark Lodge, No. 21, where he was a guest at dinner with Mr. Guenther and the officers of Newark Lodge. Following dinner Lodge was opened, and Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was formally received.

Present at the reception was an interesting number of prominent members of the Order, including Mr. Meier; Mr. Guenther; State President Charles Wibiraliski; Vice-President Arthur F. Jockel, of New Jersey Northwest; Past State Presidents Joseph G. Buch, Edgar T. Reed, William Conklin, John H. Cose, Francis P. Boland and George L. Hirtzel; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas M. Osborne and Vincent J. Kane; Past District Deputies Nicholas Albano and Frank Strasburger, and Past Exalted Ruler the Hon. Meyer C. Ellenstein, Mayor of Newark. Every Elk Lodge in the Northwest District of New Jersey was represented.

There were more than three hundred and fifty Elks present, and all of the dignitaries were introduced. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier's address was the chief one delivered during the course of the evening.

On October 12 Grand Exalted Ruler Meier visited Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289. Preceding the Lodge meeting he was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the members at the Lodge Home. The meeting which followed was attended by about three hundred members and was an open session. The following Lodges of New Jersey Central were represented: Asbury Park, Red Bank, Phillipsburg, Perth Amboy, Plain-

field, Somerville, Rahway, Bound Brook, Dunellen, Washington, Union, Westfield and Hillside.

Distinguished members of the Order attending the meeting were: Charles Wibiraliski, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Vice-President Miller W. Frace; Sergeant-at-Arms August F. Greiner; Past Presidents Fred A. Pope, John H. Cose, William Conklin, Edgar T. Reed, Francis P. Boland and George L. Hirtzel; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frank L. Ten Broeck, New Jersey Central; Thomas Osborne, New Jersey Northeast, and Vincent J. Kane, New Jersey, Northwest.

Mr. Meier was escorted into the Lodge room by a group of ten Past Exalted Rulers of Elizabeth Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered the principal address of the evening, and short talks were made by State President Wibiraliski and District Deputy Kane.

Further details of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits from this point will be reported fully in the January issue.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier's Tentative Itinerary for December

Mr. Meier will spend the first week in December visiting various California Lodges. At the time of going to press it was impossible to publish a detailed itinerary.

On December 9 the Grand Exalted Ruler will visit El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187. Immediately thereafter he will proceed by air to the Canal Zone and Puerto Rico.

Thence he will go to Miami, Fla., arriving about December 23. He will spend the last week of December in a series of visitations to Florida Lodges.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 29)

event of the first day of the Convention, although a bridge party had been given for the ladies early in the afternoon, and an informal dance was held in the evening in the ballroom of the Masonic Temple in honor of the winning ritualistic teams of the State.

All day on the twenty-second the ladies were occupied with a boat trip to Catalina Island, thirty miles distant from Long Beach, and that evening a two-hour, professional vaudeville show was presented in the Municipal Auditorium, assisted by the Chanters of Los Angeles Lodge, and the double-quartet of Santa Ana Lodge, No. 794.

Saturday afternoon, September 23, the annual parade was staged, composed of nine divisions of bands, drum and bugle corps, drill teams, uniformed bodies and floats. The drill team of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, won first place; Bakersfield Lodge, No. 266, won the ritualistic contest for the State, with a score of 98,388; Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, won the band concert contest for the seventh time; Alameda Lodge, No. 1015, won the baseball game from Pasadena Lodge in an eleven-inning game with a score of 7-5. The drum and bugle corps contest was taken by Oceanside Lodge, No. 1561, while Long Beach Lodge won the five-man team, open class bowling tournament. Many other events were won by individuals from the assembled Lodges.

The social highlight of the entire Convention and the final event was the huge President's Ball, staged Saturday evening at the Municipal Auditorium in honor of the retiring and incoming State Presidents. Four thousand persons were in attendance, and the

festivities included a Grand March, the Eleven O'Clock Toast, a spectacular balloon shower, presentation of trophies won in the various contests during the Convention, and souvenirs which were presented to everyone.

Officers elected to the California State Elks Association for the year 1933-34 were: J. Thomas Crowe, Tulare Lodge, No. 1424, President; Richard C. Benbough, San Diego Lodge, No. 168, Secretary for the sixth year; Glen Rood, Compton Lodge, No. 1570, Treasurer; Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, Tiler for his sixteenth term, and the Rev. H. H. Powell, Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002, Chaplain (re-appointed). Thomas Higgins, Jr., Exalted Ruler of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, was appointed Sergeant-at-Arms.

The following were elected Vice-Presidents: George A. Wilkins, Red Bluff Lodge, No. 1250; Leland J. Guglielmetti, of Petaluma Lodge, No. 901; Paul L. Pioda, Salinas Lodge, No. 614; Frank Digier, Bakersfield Lodge, No. 266; Clarence E. Hart, Inglewood Lodge, No. 1492, and Cecil N. Funk, Riverside Lodge, No. 643. Trustees for two-year terms are: George M. Smith, San Jose Lodge, No. 522; Edgar Dale, Richmond Lodge, No. 1251; R. W. Burson, Ventura Lodge, No. 1430. Trustees held over for another year are: Milton R. Standish, San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836; J. Emmett McNamara, Merced Lodge, No. 1240, and C. C. De Marias, Chico Lodge, No. 423.

Sacramento was chosen as the Convention City for 1934.

Clare McCord, Long Beach Lodge and Richard C. Benbough, State Secretary



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"Dad says it has the same distinctive, tangy flavor and strength that made it his favorite in the good old days."

She is right! There's something about the flavor — sort of a zip or tang —

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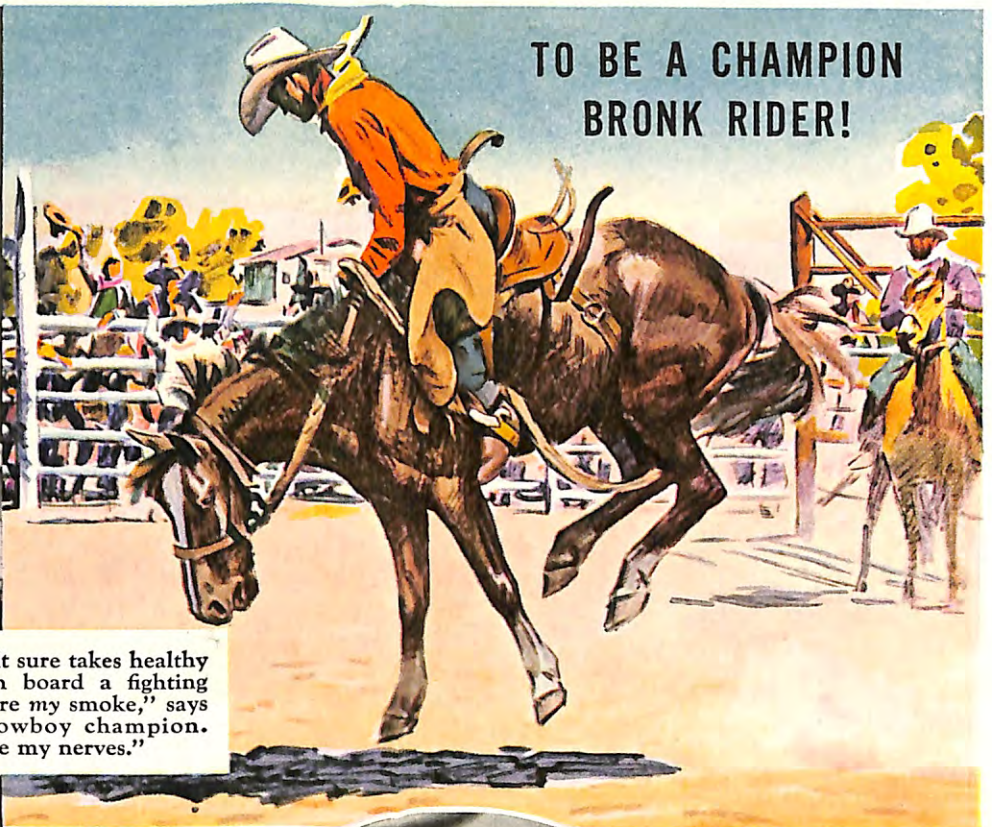
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"Ten seconds on the back of an outlaw horse is about the hardest punishment for a man's nerves that anybody can imagine. To have nerves that can take it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all, but Camels are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness that appeals to me, and I like their taste better. Most important of all, Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I light up one Camel after another."

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"I'M DEVOTED TO riding. Even if I am not in the championship class I need healthy nerves. And Camels are the mildest cigarette I know!"

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
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