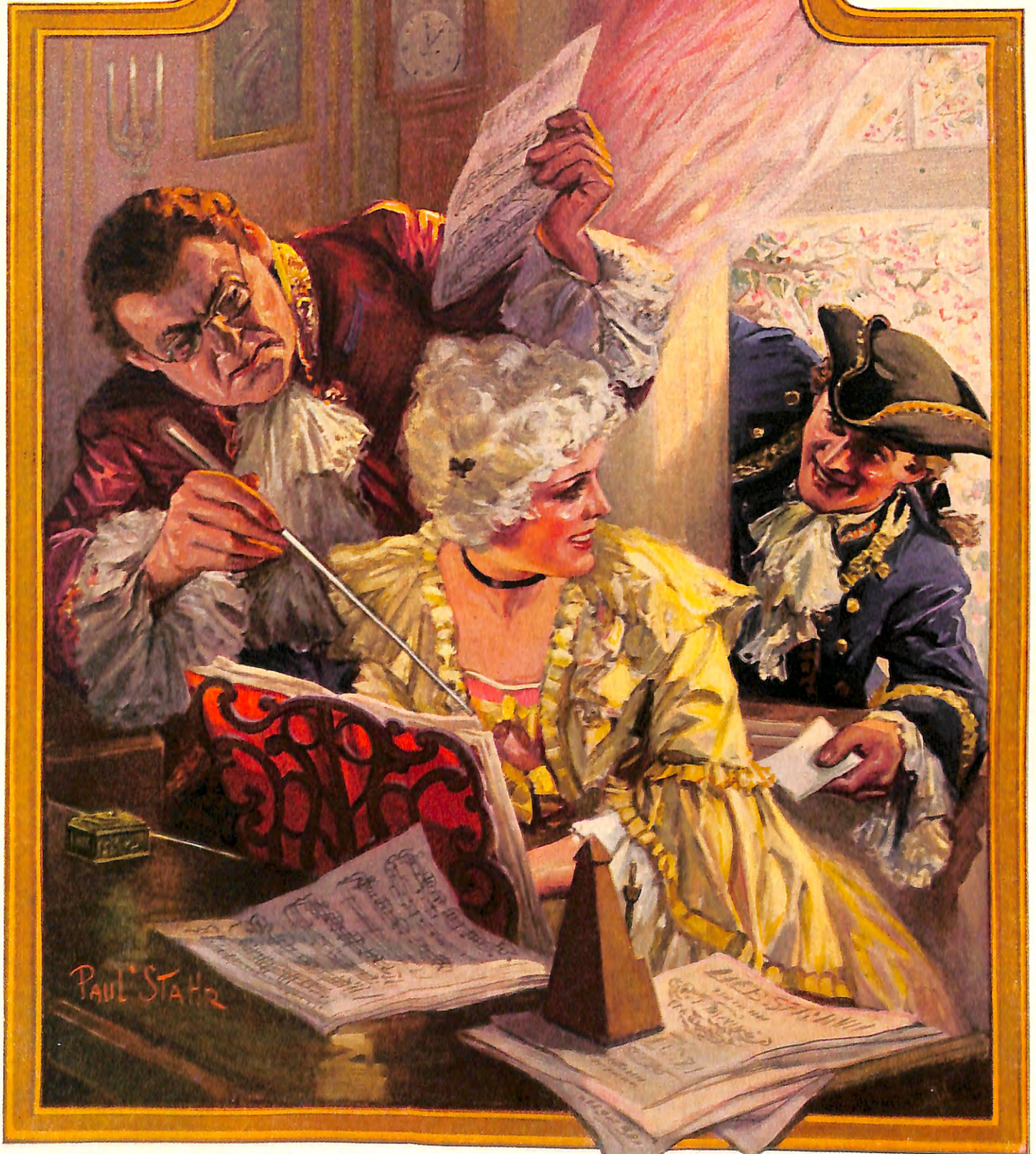


The Elks

M e

MAY, 1934

WESTERN
EDITION



Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Boyden Sparkes

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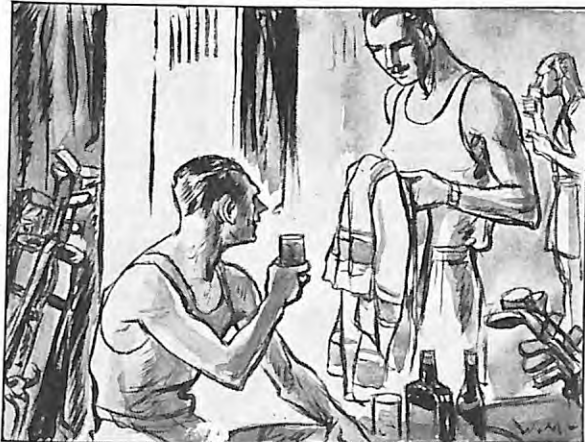
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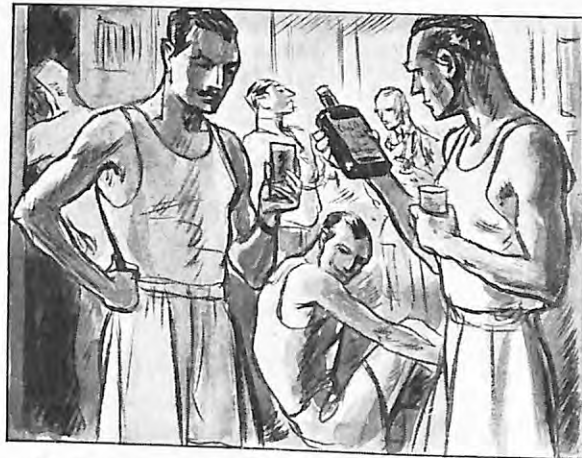
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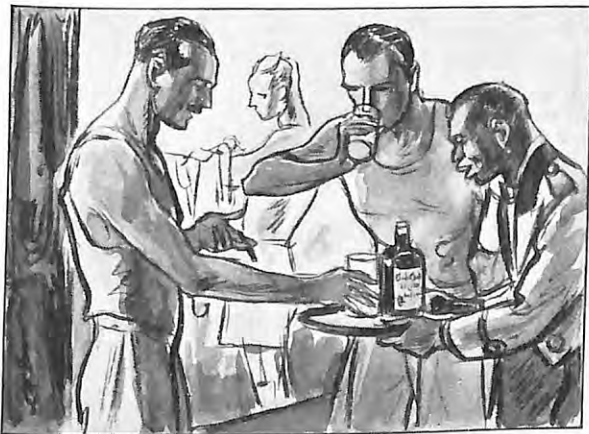
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STRAIGHT AS A STRING





The Elks Magazine

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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

MAY, 1934

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Cover Design by
Paul Stahr

This Month

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN has recently returned to the ranks of the short story writers. His stirring tale of the real Ireland as it is today is one of the first he has written since the publication of his latest—and highly popular—novel, "We Sail Tomorrow." For spirited drama and colorful characters we commend "Come Back to Erin" to you unqualifiedly.

There's another thrilling and dramatic story in this number that we are confident you will find very much to your liking—namely, the article "Forgotten Men of History—Squire Boone," by Charles Spencer Hart. This is the first of a series of short sketches—each of which will be complete in itself—of important men in the growth of our nation whom history has passed by. An unusual degree of thorough, painstaking research was required before the facts regarding these long-forgotten men could be brought to light.

Next Month

Irvin S. Cobb will be the featured contributor to next month's issue. His story, "Blue Sedan," is a thriller from start to finish. It has to do with a hunt for an unusually cold-blooded gangster and his moll, and the twist at the end is one which we'll wager will make you say: "Why didn't I think of that?"



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The Elks Magazine, Volume 12, No. 12, May, 1934. Published monthly at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second class matter November 27, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Additional entry at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year. For Canadian postage add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and membership number; 2. Number of your Lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address; 5. Occupation or business. Please also notify your Lodge Secretary of change and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., or to the Publication's Executive Offices, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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Come Back to Erin

by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid



DOWNSTAIRS, she could hear her father arguing in that lawyer-to-jury voice of his. Occasionally, Uncle Sean broke in, his tone high-pitched, querulous, eternally combative. Chairs creaked and feet shuffled on the floor. Aithra knew from these minor sounds that her young cousins were listening; that her father was angering them. Presently, Bryan or Terrence or Michael would leap to his feet, glare malevolently in hot Irish anger and, without a word, leave the room.

Aithra sighed and reached for a pullover sweater. She would have to go down and extricate father dear before he made himself still more unpopular with his Irish relatives. Poor dad. He should never have come back to Erin. His first visit, after an absence of thirty-seven years, had been a series of bitter disappointments. He had discovered that Timothy McShane, prominent attorney, U.S.A., St. Patrick's Day orator and founder of the Shamrock Club, was sadly out of touch with present day Ireland.

It was too ironic, Aithra reflected. She had come to Ireland prepared to hate it. Instead, she was in love with Ireland. While Timothy McShane, all his life a devoted and eloquent son of the "ould sod," was heart-brokenly disillusioned. The girl glanced around her bedroom. A chestnut log, not peat, was burning in the fireplace. She smiled with the memory of having envisioned a thatched cottage attached to a pigsty. There was nothing about the rag carpet, the wallpaper, the big box bed or the hunting prints to suggest the Erin of sentimental song and story. The room was very like the one in the country house in Surrey where the McShanes had been guests.

Aithra moved to one of the mullioned windows and swung it open. White evening mist rolled like surf below. It had a strong, dank odor of earth, as if Irish fields sweated. Gnarled, compact trees in the farmhouse yard stood darkly through the mist. Somehow, they were no longer trees but shapes pliable to one's fancy. The moon rising above a basalt cliff in the pasture was a bloody orange color and battered like an old goldpiece, a wicked coin spent for sin. Like the trees, it had the quality of imagination; such a moon might light the landscape of a dream. And far off, Aithra could see the little lake called Giant's Sorrow. Her heart throbbed guiltily. . . .

A man was hiding in a cave at Giant's Sorrow. A handsome black Irishman named Rory O'Connell. Melodrama? Aithra McShane in America would have said yes, of course. But here, in the homestead of the McShanes, with this scene before her eyes, Rory O'Connell could not be dismissed with common-sense realism. There was in Ireland a Public Safety Act, authorizing soldiers of the Free State to seize, imprison and execute a man concealing arms for rebellion. And over there at Giant's Sorrow was Rory O'Connell with a thousand rifles. . . .

Aithra shut the window, hastily. That was Ireland, out there in the night. Its sounds . . . a cart wheel rolling, the bark of a mastiff, unexplained voices muttering in darkness, shapes moving between cottage and field with surreptitious little noises . . . that was Ireland. And a man hiding for his life. . . . Aithra decided not to think about Rory O'Connell.

It was all so different from the sentimental songs her father liked to hear. "A little bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day." What sickening rot! Ireland wasn't a flower garden. Ireland was a passion, bitter and terrible. Her beauty was of the mind and soul; austere, phantasmal, always treading the frontier of madness. Erin Go Bragh? Ah yes, some day,

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perhaps; but not as professional Irishmen ranting before Shamrock Clubs three thousand miles away imagined. Not as Timothy McShane had . . .

Footsteps clumped on the stairs. The girl opened her door.

"Aithra! Get your things packed. We're returning to Dublin at once!"

Her father's grayish red head appeared above the landing. His fleshy face was a choleric crimson. His eyes looked fiery.

"What did Uncle Sean call you?" the girl inquired, calmly.

"The man's crazy. Stark, loony, crazy. He wants a tariff—with ninety-three percent of our produce dependent on the English market!" His voice broke. "No wonder we're where we are. No wonder we'll never get anywhere. And yet we elect Sean a Deputy!" Timothy McShane always used "us" and "we" in discussing Ireland.

"I want to know what Uncle Sean called you."

Mr. McShane puffed up the last four steps.

"He says I'm playing England's game. *Me!*"

"That all?"

"Oh, he lost his temper. He always does. You know how a Mick talks. I wouldn't dirty my lips by repeating the terms he used."

"And what did you call him?"

The Irish patriot looked pleased.

"I told him just what I thought of him and all his damned countrymen! Crazy, bigoted, bloody micks. All of them. I might have known it. There's a reason why no decent, intelligent Irishman will stay in Ireland."

Aithra was decidedly unimpressed.

"We are not returning to Dublin," she said. "Aunt Kathleen is bringing Grandmother O'Driscoll to see us tomorrow."

"I'll see them in Dublin or go over to County Meath. I'll not—"

"YOU'LL see them here! We're riding with the Bragagh Hunt on Tuesday and Wednesday Father McGilligan is going to show us the Abbey."

"We'll not stay under this roof another hour. Your Uncle Sean is in no condition to entertain anyone. He's in his dotage, he's senile—"

Cousin Bryan came up the stairs. He had been an officer in the Irish Rifles and was now stiffly military, as if acting in an affair of honor.

"Father instructs me to say he would be wishing to apologize for the names he called you, Uncle Timothy, sir." Then eyeing Aithra with warm friendliness: "'Tis not our custom to make quarrels."

Mr. McShane snorted, indignantly.

"Dad is coming down with me to apologize to Uncle Sean," said Aithra.

"Never. By billy damn, I'll—"

"Go along, Dad."

Cousin Bryan bowed and stood aside. As Aithra firmly steered her protesting parent down the steps, the American part of her mind said: "All this over a silly political argument." But she had learned too much about Ireland to be flippant. Men were murdered in Ireland over political arguments.

Uncle Sean, ten years Timothy's senior, was seated near the fireplace at one end of the huge living room. He arose, stooped and gaunt, his white head shaking a bit. Aithra had grown very fond of Uncle Sean. He had twinkly blue eyes and a nose that "was not ashamed of its bridge" and at sixty-seven, last year, he won a blue ribbon in the Dublin Horse Show with his bay hunter "Dundee."

"What's this fight about, Uncle Sean?" she inquired.

The McShane looked a bit ashamed of himself,



"Ah, look you yonder! My red-headed gir-rl! And with a gun. Brothers, 'tis worth it all!"

ROBERT O'REILLY

muttering: " 'Tis no quar-rel of mine . . . though I might be mistaken for calling him a dunderhead."

"That's a fine sort of apology," said Timothy McShane.

Aithra knew better. She knew it was a splendid apology, coming from Sean McShane. Wasn't it Sean McShane who had called the Minister of Defense "an English louse crawling from one Irish mongrel cur to another" and had refused to apologize, despite imminent fisticuffs on the floor of the Dail?

"Father accepts your apology, Uncle Sean," Aithra said, hastily, "and wishes to make one of his own."

"I might listen to 't."

Timothy McShane apologized for having called his brother "a crackpot and a mick." The McShane suggested a game of chess and summoned one Donnevan to lay out the chess board. Donnevan shuffled in, his leather trousers screeching, and there ensued the inevitable argument between Irish master and servant. Donnevan had been helping Norah scrub silver and he did not consider this an appropriate moment for chess, anyway. He said: "An' shur wasunt th' chissmen all burrrnt in the log these siven-days what with bein' throwed by O'Malley of Tiernanth so ongrly he was an' all?"

Uncle Sean reminded Donnevan, pleasantly but firmly, that the chessmen had been rescued from the hands of O'Malley of Tiernanth. The argument ended by Uncle Sean himself getting out the chess board to prove to the skeptical Donnevan that the ivory pieces were all there.

Watching, Aithra saw her father's jaw set grimly.

Timothy McShane did not approve of this arguing with servants. But the girl thought it charming. Donnevan was not really a servant. None of the Patricks, Norahs and Bridgets who did the work of this household was a servant. They lived in stone cottages with straw roofs all in a row and they merely "visited in" at the big house, taking turns to please themselves. Since her arrival, a week ago, Aithra had been waited on by half a dozen buxom, red-cheeked colleens. Personal servitude to these people was a gesture of friendliness, of family loyalty.

Why couldn't Dad see that? Why couldn't he see that the question of tariff, of annuities to England, of the De Valera tax program—that all such things were not mere debatable social usages and governmental policies? They went deep into the Irish heart, they were bound fast to the Irishman's fierce sense of independence.

Aithra shook her head, hopelessly.

Timothy McShane was saying to his brother, with American intolerance of the impractical: "It's all very well to break with England eventually, but why do it now? Why not keep the English market for your farm produce until you have built up an industrial system of your own? And here's another thing—those tenements in Dublin, the dirt, the filth, the abject poverty—"

Uncle Sean said nothing. His old eyes wandered about the chestnut panelled walls of the room. They were cluttered with family portraits and paintings of Irish hunters and steeplechasers. Cousin Bryan had excused himself and had gone outside. Men's voices, intense, ominous, rumbled somewhere near in the night. Uncle Sean was listening . . .

"Your move," said Timothy McShane.

"Eh? Oh . . . yes."

"Miss Aithra, please mum?"

Aithra turned. Old Molly, the housekeeper, beckoned imperatively.

"What is it, Molly?"

"She wants to see you, an' this minut, too."

Her heart quickening, the girl slipped upstairs to Cousin Bira's room. She knocked. A rich, deep voice said, "Come."

Cousin Bira had been writing letters on a table near the bed. She arose as Aithra entered.

"Rory's here. The fool. He says he won't go until he's talked to you."

"To me? Why—I hardly know him. I only met him the day I was with you."

The older woman shrugged. "He's fallen in love with you.

Or thinks he has. You'll have to settle him."

Aithra stared at Cousin Bira. This was quite too much. Such things just didn't happen. Then, she remembered what had happened to Cousin Bira. She took note once more of this woman's prematurely white hair, her intense black eyes burning with a hatred that would never leave them, the thrilling, spiritual beauty of her face. Cousin Bira had married Laman O'Shaughnessy in "the cross times" of 1920. He had been "on the run" for two years. She had carried food and arms to his hiding places. He was a Sinn Feiner. The Black and Tans had shot him down from ambush one black December night.

"Very well," said Aithra, "where is Mr. O'Connell?"

"I'll take you to him." Then, "I'm sorry, Aithra. I should never have let you go with me the other night."

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

Cousin Bira nodded, gravely. She and Aithra had been attracted to one another from the first.

"Don't laugh at Rory, please. Just be matter-of-fact."

The girl smiled. She drew a cloak around her shoulders. Cousin Bira handed her a man's felt hat, remarking: "We don't know whom we can trust. Your red hair is a giveaway."

As she followed Cousin Bira down a steep and narrow rear stairway, Aithra tried to assure herself that this was mere childish melodrama. Rory O'Connell, indeed! She'd settle him in short order. But when they reached a back passageway and met Cousin Terence, she knew that this was Ireland. Cousin Terence carried a sawed-off shotgun and at his heels was a big red setter dog.

"Please say nothing to your father or to Uncle Sean," Cousin Terence said. "It might start trouble."

Aithra nodded. The McShanes were a family divided. Bira and Terence were Sinn Feiners. Bira had not spoken to Uncle Sean since he became a De Valera deputy. She considered Fianna Fail, the De Valera party, traitorous. Bira and Terence were irreconcilable republicans. They wanted no compromise with England whatever. Bira was in close correspondence with Mary McSwiney, leader of the Sinn Fein, and Terence drilled secretly with the Irish Republican Army.

The two Irish McShanes led their American cousin to an abandoned peat-digger's hut. Terence commented, angrily, "I wasn't for having Rory watch the guns. His brothers killed two Comrades' Association men last fall and the Comrades are sure to do in any O'Connell who gives them half an excuse. And now he walks off from Giant's Sorrow. I hope you'll tell the fool what-for, Aithra." (Continued on page 36)



Uncle Sean was listening.
"Your move," said
Timothy McShane

*An Interview with Dr. Charles Norris
Chief Medical Examiner, City of New York*

by Boyden Sparkes

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso



Was it.. Murder?

A SCHEME is a plot and a person who works out and executes an elaborate plan to kill without detection is usually, and unwittingly, doing some author a favor. Raw material for the most fascinating murder mysteries is stored up in the records of actual crimes. The authors of these are never so ingenious as the murderers; they only seem so because they are able to employ hindsight again and again. Edgar Allen Poe repeatedly used an actual case as the basis of a plot; and the modern writers are smart enough to follow his lead.

Just now a case ticketed in the files of my office is recognizable to myself and my staff of assistants in a fascinating yarn that I am too good a sport to identify by name. If you have read the story you will recognize it likewise; if you have not, and if you like fiction murder mysteries, you have a treat in store.

We know it as the Becker case. Before we were called in to perform an autopsy the hard part of this puzzle had been solved by capable detectives of the New York Police Department. This fellow, Becker, went to police headquarters and reported to the Bureau of Missing Persons that his wife had vanished. He operated a garage and service station up in the Bronx. The visits of solicitous headquarters men to his place of business began to get on the nerves of the husband.

"I can't stop my work just because she went away," he protested. "I got work to do."

"Uh, huh. I got my work to do, too," said the detective quietly.

Next day the husband went to headquarters again,

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She scratched and used her fists and then, suddenly, she was victorious and he was lying on the floor



this time to clear up a mystery. He showed a telegram sent from Philadelphia and signed with his wife's name. It stated she was sailing to England to visit her parents.

The head of that police bureau is a better detective than policemen are ever permitted to be by the authors of fiction. He is Captain John Ayres, a college graduate—a shrewd, well poised executive. The detectives who work for him have to be good too, or else.

"Listen, Cap," said the detective assigned to find the missing Mrs. Becker, "let me go to Philadelphia. I got some leave coming. I'll go on my own time."

"Why?"

"I think that telegram is phoney. I don't think the woman sent it. I don't think she could send it. I think this is a murder case."

Well, he went and discovered the telegram had been filed by a man. Slowly it was established that the one who had sent the telegram was the one who received it, Becker, the husband. But before you can make a murder charge you must have the *corpus delicti*. Mrs. Becker continued to be a missing person.

The next coup was the arrest on suspicion of the two helpers who worked for Becker in his garage. The cells in which they were locked up were separated by a third inhabitant—a goofy sort of individual who, hour after hour, sang, whistled, asked impertinent questions and whispered suggestions that aroused jealous fears in the mind of the more weak-willed of the garage helpers. The goofy mannered fellow was a police detective and his work was done when the less nervy prisoner confessed that Mrs. Becker had been killed in the garage by a skull-crushing blow with a machinist's hammer. Her body was secreted in a shallow grave in a vacant lot near the garage. When the unrecognizable corpse was exhumed our work began.

AT Becker's trial he boldly took the stand and denied that the body exhumed from the vacant lot grave was that of his wife. But the prosecutor had the minute and not altogether pleasant details of our autopsy.

"You know perfectly well," he said on cross-examination, "that is the body of your wife. Don't you know what you had at the last meal you ate together? I do. You ate grapes and a fruit salad."

Well, that disclosure brought back memories so vivid the accused man's nerve cracked. He finally made his gruesome confession and later died in the electric chair at Sing Sing. But to my way of thinking he was a collaborator of the author of that book I referred to. In it the murderer, by a series of devices like the phoney telegram, keeps the police hunting for one they suppose is a murderer but who is, actually, a murder victim.

Although it is common in some countries, the concealment of bodies of murder victims in secret graves is unusual in New York—not because the murderers as a class are less eager to hide the evidence, but because the rivers and waterways of the metropolis offer a simpler means of disposal. An average of more than one body a day is added to the flotsam and jetsam of New York harbor.

Presumably the unfortunates do not drop into the river in batches, but that is the way they are recovered in the Spring. As the waters grow warm, those bodies that have not been carried to sea rise to the surface. There they are recovered by the harbor police who are constantly patrolling the water as their fellows ashore patrol the streets. These bodies are sent

to the morgues—gruesome riddles for the medical examiner's office to answer if possible.

The statistical records of my office show that for the year ending January 1, 1933, a total of 226 corpses recovered from the water were more or less enigmas. It was impossible to show how they had fallen into the water. It is not pleasant work, trying to answer such questions, but it is important that it be done by highly trained, conscientious men. Of what use are the bullet-comparing microscopes and other fine mechanisms of forensic ballistics unless in our autopsies we recover the bullets that caused the victims to die? Often from a body taken out of the river we recover a lead slug, a talisman of revenge.

That bullet, through good police work, and luck, may be traced by its markings to the gun from which it was discharged. Then the gun itself becomes, with the bullet, part of a repercussion of vengeance for that original percussion of murder. Aye, it is possibilities like these that make murderers fearful of a detection and conviction. When that fear becomes general and strong enough the murder rate declines.

Homicidal poisoners? In my experience few of them have possessed that subtlety which the writers of mystery thrillers invariably attribute to them. I admit that an exceptional poisoner might fool a highly skillful toxicologist if he



were careless, but persons of well developed intelligence rarely become murderers. I can think of just one poisoner who might have given a great deal of trouble and he was a maniac whose behavior was not in the least degree predictable. As far as I was concerned it began with the report of a sudden death at a chemical laboratory far uptown in New York. I went myself.

A young research chemist in that laboratory whom we will call George Smith—a man who worked at night—was lying on his back, dead, his hands folded on his chest. Someone possessed of extraordinary strength had torn a copy of the thick Manhattan telephone book in half, and then in half again, and dropped the pieces in a boastful gesture on the body of his victim. Nearby was an enormous jar of cyanide of potassium. Deadly stuff. A pinch of it on your tongue and you drop dead in your tracks. The mouth and throat of the

dead chemist were crammed with enough cyanide to kill dozens of people. What had happened?

A finger print on a drinking glass served to identify the killer as a person with a criminal record—a wide-shouldered youth whose name, let us say, was Frank Jones, who formerly had worked in the laboratory in some minor role. When he had returned at night, Smith, lonesome, had allowed him to enter and sit with him when he drank his coffee. He did not realize, of course, that he was entertaining a maniac.

It was not until three years later that mad Frank Jones was caught and then in his confession he told how he had

mentally unbalanced. They are what the Germans call *min-derwertheiger*, constitutional inferiors. You become aware of them in drinking places. They are the ones who begin to boast, to talk loudly and brag when they have had a drink or two. That is one of the signs marking such people. They cannot stand alcohol. One or two drinks and the Valkyries are flying around. Hah, they are mighty fellows then and begin to talk about it. The sad truth is that they suffer always with the conviction that they are not so good as others. Under the influence of alcohol they enjoy for a little the belief that they are, after all, stupendous. I do not say all of them are murderers or likely to become murderers. I say that a great many murderers are fellows of this type.



Boastfulness was the undoing of Jones. The girl told the police . . . and the maniac is now in Dannemora for life

passed his hand over Smith's coffee cup, dropping a few grains of cyanide into the hot drink. Then this insane killer had waited hopefully—and nothing had happened. In a sudden frenzy Jones snatched out a revolver and pressed it against his host. He forced him to the floor and then literally poured cyanide into the mouth of what had already become a corpse.

Boastfulness was the undoing of Jones. He was arrested in another city after he had bragged to a girl what a devil of a fellow he was; displayed the newspaper accounts of mysteriously sudden deaths in a restaurant, on a ship among the crew and of the chemist, Smith, in New York. The girl told the police. The maniac is in Dannemora for life. To me one of the significant things about that killer is his kinship with so many other murderers who are not classed as insane.

You have to remember as you move through the streets that of the people on all sides, one out of every twenty or so is

I DO not suppose the fundamentals of humanity vary greatly anywhere in the world. Consequently I dare to say that if polygamy became the general practice in the United States—if each man were encouraged to take as many as four wives—there would be a sudden increase in child murders. How do I know that? In Egypt it is a common occurrence for one wife to destroy the offspring of an associate wife in order that her children may inherit. Is that because the Egyptian women are so much worse than their sisters in other countries? Not at all. It is simply that social circumstances creating intolerable jealousies have conspired to cause murder schemes to flower in the soil of their mother-love.

Also, in Egypt, where a wife may be divorced without legal formalities, any children of the disrupted union remain in the custody of the mother, but the father has to provide for them until, if girls, they are nine; if boys, seven. Such children in a polygamous country are like creatures with prices on their heads. Child murders in Egypt are much more common than in the United States, but then in this country a great many fathers and mothers have died in recent years from drinking poisonous beverages. The Egyptians are probably more sensitive to the horror of that social fact than we are.

Nationally we are revealed as a people with an unspeakably low regard for human life. When I was a young man studying in Vienna they had among that population of approximately 1,800,000, only about twenty-five or thirty homicides a year. In New York City for a typical year—1932—we had 565. In the Civil War they would have had a general in command of so many people. Is this because New York with its seven millions is so bad? Actually the record is worse, statistically, because half of those homicides occurred on Manhattan Island.

But now you must ask yourself what occurs on this Island every day. Each morning men and women pour in from a radius of fifty miles. In the course of each twenty-four hours a vast wealth of treasure is traded in. There is a lot of crooked business, there is graft and racketeering. Some of that wealth is in such a form that it tempts numerous rascals. Similarly rascals were tempted by gold, silver, emeralds and other forms of wealth in the galleons afloat on the Spanish Main. The pirates who were attracted by the treasures in the cargoes of those ships were gangsters no better and no worse than the gunmen of our cities who kill for gain. In my heart I can find no trace of mercy for them. I should like to see the slabs of our morgues covered with their bodies until none were left.

You see, in my fifteen years as Chief Medical Examiner of the City of New York, I have looked upon the remains of more than 7,500 victims of murderers. (Continued on page 41)



White

The man behind the barrage of whiskers above is Henry Hull in his current impersonation of Jeeter Lester, and the beautiful girl trying to escape his grasp is Reneice Rehan. The scene is from Jack Kirkland's play, "Tobacco Road," a drama of the poor whites in the back country of Georgia. Henry Hull is by way of giving the outstanding performance of his career as the profane and disreputable old patriarch who glories in his well-earned reputation as a sinful man. It is strong, pungent drama, and its tragedy is well salted with humor

The skillful collaboration of Sidney Howard and Paul De Kruif on "Yellow Jack" has resulted in a play which makes vivid and breathlessly exciting one of science's most spectacular battles against a devastating plague. The foe in this instance is yellow fever and the patient, scientific warfare which begins in West Africa culminates in Walter Reed's triumph in Cuba in 1900. Katherine Wilson (right), as a nurse in Major Reed's camp, is the only woman in the play, while Robert Keith, shown brooding over the microscope, plays a leading rôle in this gruelling battle

Mindful of the popular belief that in the spring the fancy lightly turns to new pastures, an enterprising group of theatrical craftsmen have devised a revue called "New Faces," which pretty well lives up to its title. Styled along the same general lines as the "Garrick Gaieties" so popular a few years ago, it has a freshness and verve that carry it safely across the spots where wit runs thin. Imogene Coca and Charles Walter (right) are two almost-new faces who do yeoman service in making the entertainment a bright one



Behind the Footlights

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



Vandanm



Besides demonstrating what an unhealthy place a purely fashionable girls' seminary can be, "Finishing School" provides a lively and interesting background for the romance of Frances Dee and Bruce Cabot, pictured at the left. The fresh charm and genuineness of Miss Dee's playing against the dramatic background of the school's vapid curriculum, in contrast to the sub-rosa activities of its leading spirits, makes this picture good entertainment

and on the Screen

Ginger Rogers, who is wont to hide her sterling qualities under a wise-cracking manner of speech, is teamed with Dick Powell (below) in the picture "20 Million Sweethearts." It is a back-scenes radio romance with Pat O'Brien on the job as a maladroit talent scout to make a happy ending as difficult as possible



The key to the scene of assault and battery pictured above is the rescue of Joan Crawford, a cabaret entertainer, from the gentleman having his nose pulled by Edward Arnold, an inebriate millionaire. Miss Crawford, in the title role of "Sadie McKee" begins her career as the daughter of the cook in the home of the aristocratic Aldersons. Her mother's dream of seeing her daughter united to the Alderson heir is deferred to the final fade-out by that young gentleman's uncharitable conduct toward the lad who has captured Joan's young fancy

Steel from the Blood

by Carmony Gove

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

THE steel skeleton of the Catskill Building was up to the sixth floor, when young Bob Lindstrom asked for a job. That was just four days after Emil Lindstrom's fatal spill. No one who knew the sure-footed Emil Lindstrom could understand how he had happened to slip from the top of a newly placed floor-beam. Even the man paired off with Emil on the work could offer no explanation—so he said.

Old man Milburn, as keen an old dog as ever ran a job, gave Emil Lindstrom's husky, blue-eyed, job-seeking son a careful scrutiny. He must have liked what he saw, for he nodded grimly and signed the youngster on as a rivet heater.

Young Bob was starting a fire in his rivet forge the next morning, when a big guy stopped on the edge of the platform and stared. The big fellow seemed to shiver, too, as he turned to the man behind him and asked:

"Who's 'at, Stenerson?"

Bob heard and glanced at the second man. So that pleasant-faced chap was Sten Stenerson. Bob had heard his father refer to Stenerson as a good steel ratter. Stenerson answered the big guy:

"How th' hell would I know who the kid is? A new one Milburn's put on, I s'pose. . . . Hi, kid! What's your name?"

With a hint of a grin, Bob stepped closer. "I'm Bob Lindstrom," he explained, and his eyes whipped sharply to the larger man. A tremor, slight though it was, had shaken that hulking frame. Stenerson must have noted it, too, for he growled:

"Boozin' again, Bull? Some of these mornings the jitters'll shake you off a—"

"Aw, close your trap!" the big man flared, and walked off along a narrow beam with a sureness that no booze-jaded nerves could simulate. Bob watched him go, his eyelids narrowing, until Stenerson spoke.

"Say! You're Emil Lindstrom's kid, ain't you? I

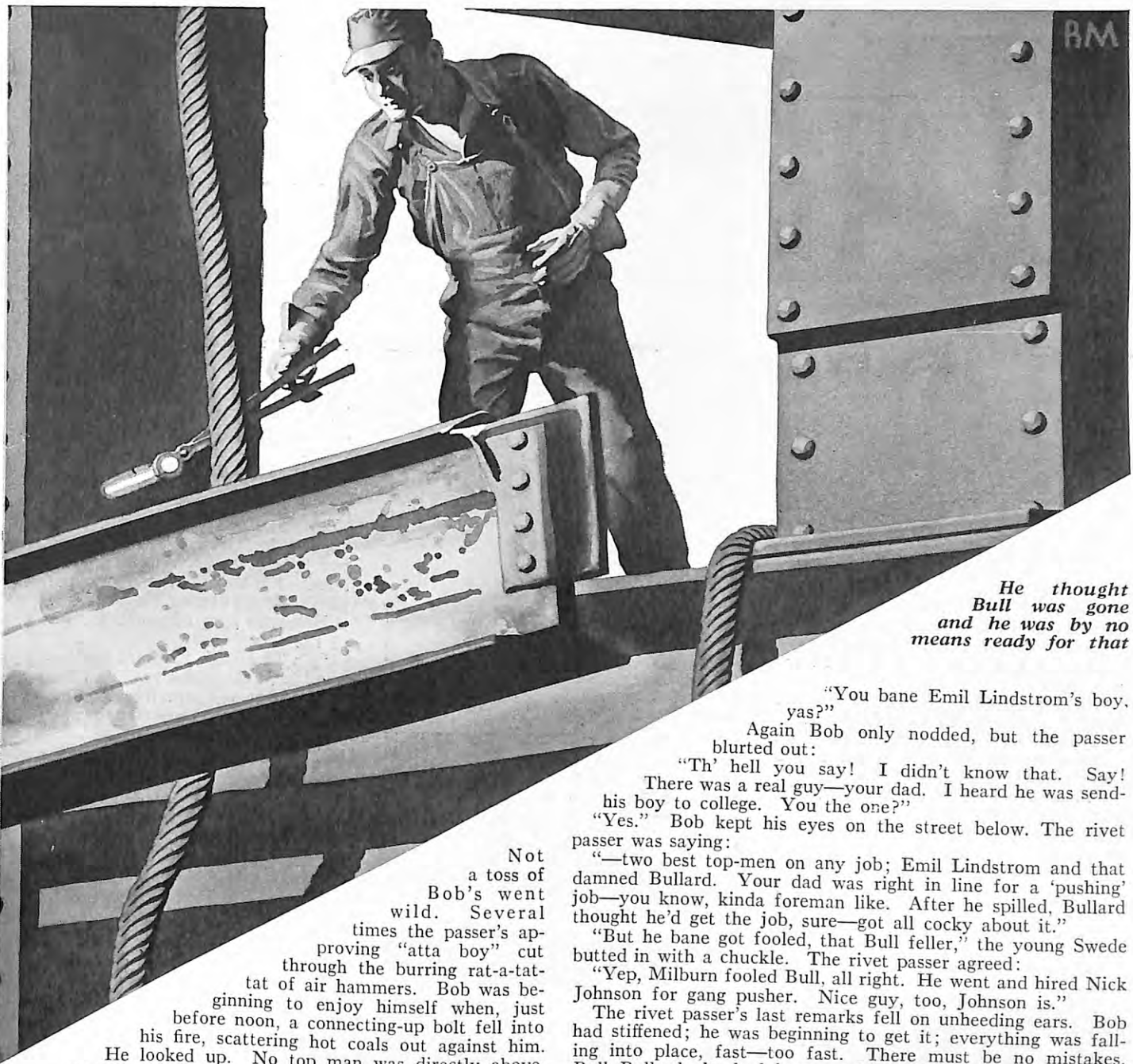
Copyright, 1934,
by Carmony
Gove.

thought there was something kinda familiar about your build and the way you bend over so easy like. You're heatin' rivets for Mattler's crew, eh? . . . Well, watch your step."

Stenerson stepped out on a beam, pivoted and came back. "That big feller's Bull Bullard. He was workin' with your dad when—when your dad went down. Guess it kinda shook Bull up, see'n' you, and you lookin' and movin' so much like your dad. And I thought Bull had been boozin'. That's one on me! . . . Watch your step, now."

Bob turned to his forge. Mattler's rivet passer called out the lengths that were wanted. The day's work was on. Bob heated rivets, as called for, and tossed them to the passer. The passer deftly caught the flying bits of hot metal in a steel cone and inserted them in the holes. The buckler-up ramm'd the rivets on into the holes with his bucking-up bar and held them there, while Mattler drove heads on the other ends with his air-driven riveting hammer.





He thought Bull was gone and he was by no means ready for that

Not a toss of Bob's went wild. Several times the passer's approving "atta boy" cut through the burring rat-a-tat-tat of air hammers. Bob was beginning to enjoy himself when, just before noon, a connecting-up bolt fell into his fire, scattering hot coals out against him. He looked up. No top man was directly above, excepting Bull Bullard, and he was fifteen feet off to one side. If Bull had dropped that bolt, it wouldn't have fallen anywhere near the forge fire—unless Bull had thrown it. Still farther to one side was Sten Stenerson, now paired off on work with Bull. And, though the men were two floors higher, Bob could see that Sten was glaring at Bull, and that Sten's jaw was thrust forward belligerently. A call for rivets jerked Bob back to his job.

When the hoisting engine whistle squeaked out the noon hour signal, Bob sat on the platform edge and let his legs swing free. He tore the paper from around a couple of sandwiches. This was the way his dad had eaten lunch for years. Bob's eyes smarted at the thought and he stared at the traffic below, while he forced his mind to ponder on something more important. Mattler's rivet passer flopped down beside Bob.

"Where'd you learn to toss rivets?"

"My dad taught me."

"He sure did a good job," the passer commended, then silenced himself with bread and meat. Bob nodded, but he said nothing of the hours he and his father had played at the game of tossing rivets with a pair of tongs—first at a mark in the back yard then at a bucket twenty feet up on a telephone pole in the alley.

A young Swede came to sit on the platform. He leaned forward recklessly and spoke to Bob across the passer's front.

"You bane Emil Lindstrom's boy, yas?"

Again Bob only nodded, but the passer blurted out:

"Th' hell you say! I didn't know that. Say! There was a real guy—your dad. I heard he was send his boy to college. You the one?"

"Yes." Bob kept his eyes on the street below. The rivet passer was saying:

"—two best top-men on any job; Emil Lindstrom and that damned Bullard. Your dad was right in line for a 'pushing' job—you know, kinda foreman like. After he spilled, Bullard thought he'd get the job, sure—got all cocky about it."

"But he bane got fooled, that Bull feller," the young Swede butted in with a chuckle. The rivet passer agreed:

"Yep, Milburn fooled Bull, all right. He went and hired Nick Johnson for gang pusher. Nice guy, too, Johnson is."

The rivet passer's last remarks fell on unheeding ears. Bob had stiffened; he was beginning to get it; everything was falling into place, fast—too fast. There must be no mistakes. Bull Bullard—he had been working with Emil Lindstrom at the time of the accident, and he had expected to get Lindstrom's promotion. Then, there were Lindstrom's last words about a beam having turned, and his intimation that it hadn't been accidental. There had been little more except a name, which the hospital nurse who had been with Lindstrom at the time he died hadn't quite caught from the stiffening lips. But Bob was quite sure of the name, now—only there must be no doubt.

AT quitting time that evening, Mattler complimented Bob on his accurate tossing of rivets to the passer. Bob stammered his thanks and turned to the ladder leading to the floor below. There, he came face to face with Bullard.

Bullard, looking squarely at Bob, reached for a ladder post, missed it and reached again.

"Go on, kid."

Bob stood still and stared steadily at Bullard.

"No. I'll feel safer with you below. You might drop another bolt—you seem to have a habit of getting careless around a Lindstrom."

The older, bigger man turned slightly pale around the lips. He tried to outstare this Lindstrom kid, but his gaze dropped and he went down the ladder first.

After that, Bob met Bullard at just such places whenever

Bull was suddenly fighting for his balance on the platform edge. Another inch or so and he would have gone down

possible, always watchful for the chance that was bound to come sometime.

Two days later the heating platform was raised another two stories, and a spud wrench came spinning down onto the planking, knocking the tongs from Bob's hands. His fists doubled until his nails bit into the leather of his gloves. He gritted his teeth to still the pounding of his blood. He must wait. This was not the time. There must be no question of intent; somebody else must recognize it, too.

PICKING up his tongs, Bob let the wrench lie. No need to look above. Bullard was no longer up there; he was sliding down a column, landing on the platform.

"Hurt you, kid? Hell! I haven't dropped my wrench before in years."

"No-o? And you wouldn't do it on purpose any more than you'd roll a beam under a man's—"

"You—I—— Don't get huffy, kid. It wouldn't pay. See?"

Bull wheeled then and shinned back up the column down which he had just slid. He looked down to see Bob still watching with steady eyes, lips slightly curled. Bull reached for a nearby column and steadied himself as Sten Stenerson snorted:

"What th' hell, Bull! Got chills and fever?"

Bull snarled some obscenity, braced himself and walked his beam. Bob told himself that the man had guts.

On the tenth floor, an end of one of Bob's platform planks slipped off a beam and he came near to going down through. Without looking up, he adjusted the plank and made sure the others were safe. Bull Bullard had just eaten lunch while sitting where that plank had slipped from the beam. No use broaching Bull about it; there was no proof.

Would Bull never come to open attack? Bob was beginning to doubt. Sooner or later, Bull would "get" him with some blackguard trick. Yet Bob gloried in those behind-the-back assaults; proof to him, as they would be to no one else, of Bull's guilty conscience and that it ragged the big man's nerves to see Emil Lindstrom's son on the very job where—Well, twice he had given Bull clear hints that he, Bob, knew or at least suspected. And, both times, Bull had turned tail.

"Hot one!"

At the passer's yell, Bob pulled a pink-hot rivet from his fire and turned for the toss to the passer, now a floor above. There stood Bull Bullard, too, his cap and one glove off, while he ran the fingers of his free hand through his greasy hair. Bob made a careful toss and landed the glowing rivet neatly in Bull's cap. The rivet burnt its way through and went down, leaving a plume of smoke drifting up into Bull's scowling face.

"Haw, haw, haw! Chuck one in his pocket next time, kid.



"Haw, haw, haw!"

Stenerson's raucous laughter attracted Mattler's attention. Afterward, Mattler warned Bob to be careful, or that big bruiser, Bullard, would knock his block off. Bob only smiled; but, when Mattler added that Bull might make complaint, his face sobered. And that was just what Bull did. Milburn climbed the job along toward evening and asked about the matter.

"Bullard got in the way, sir," Bob explained. "How was I to know Bull was going to hold out his cap just then? I'm sorry if the rivet came near to hitting anyone on the way down."

Milburn's eyes measured the distance of the toss.

"No," he said, "I don't suppose you could have chucked a rivet into Bullard's cap at that distance intentionally."

"Yes, sir, I could—nine times out of ten."

That startled Milburn, his face showed it, but he said no more and walked away scratching his graying head.

It wasn't ten minutes before Stenerson let out a yell. Bob ducked, but his soft hat was swept from his head.

ONE of the big hooks of the derrick falls had swung through the space where Bob's head would have been but for Stenerson's warning yell. Still squatting on the platform Bob watched the big hook, swinging at the end of its chain, arc back toward him, over him. He followed the line of its swing back up to a girder, above and behind. Bull Bullard was up there tightening the connecting-up bolts of the floor beam which had just been released from the derrick falls.

While talking to Milburn, Bob had lost track of Bullard. Now, he knew that Bull had released that murderously swinging hook before the derrick man had been signaled to hoist it clear, and let it swing straight for his, Bob's, head. Others might question its having been intentional. Bob didn't. And Sten Stenerson must have seen. It was worth a chance.

Bob straightened and moved until he could look up into Bullard's face. Stenerson's yell had stopped half the work on two or three floors.

"Bullard," Bob trumpeted, "you're a filthy, canine son-of-an-imbecilic-dinosaur! You're—" Bullard's head came forward, his face a blank, as he listened, "—a vermin-impregnated, grave-digging hyena." Somebody roared laughter. Bob didn't stop. "You're a porcine image of a murdering—"

Bullard went into action. He was being laughed at. He couldn't make head or tail of Bob's talk, but the gang was laughing—at him. He glared, his face going twisted and red as Bob continued heaping it on. Another laughing roar came from the gang. Bull slid down a column to land on the platform with a flat-footed thump. Bob had his gloves off, his shirt off. He let a hissed word sting Bull's ears a second time:

"Murderer!"

(Continued on page 46)

Below are Jack Whiting, giggling Jeanie Lang, singer, and orchestra leader Jack Denny, whom you hear over a WABC-Columbia network Friday evenings at 9:30, as principals in one of the better programs. Inset is a Llanuza caricature of Glen Gray, of the famous Casa Loma band, broadcast by CBS



Cast and Broadcast

By
Phillips Coles



Ray Lee Jackson

Above is Frances Langford, a little brunette with a deep contralto voice. Rudy Vallee discovered her while he was on tour in Florida some three years ago, and introduced her to a nation-wide hook-up in one of his broadcasts. Miss Langford is at present being heard in three NBC broadcasts a week, as well as treating theatre audiences to a few personal appearances. She is heard Sunday afternoons and Wednesday and Saturday evenings



Joe Penner, above with friend duck, is acclaimed by the N. Y. World Telegram's radio poll as this year's find in the comedy field. Penner is another star first introduced to the air by Rudy Vallee, who presented him as one of his famous guest artists. Penner clicked, and now look at him! Being funny over an NBC-WJZ network regularly Sunday evenings

The handsome gent to the right would be John Barclay, of the Broadway stage. He comes to the microphone playing leading roles opposite Gladys Swarthout, of the Metropolitan Opera, in the new series of operettas heard Tuesday evenings at 10 P.M. over an NBC-WEAF network. This program is something to hear. Mr. Barclay sings a fine baritone, is an actor of experience, and photographs remarkably well. We'll put a ten-spot on it that the movies will get him if he doesn't watch out



Ray Lee Jackson

Forgotten Men of History

*Those Who Were Overlooked
When Honors Were Handed Out*

by Charles Spencer Hart

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

In every walk of life, history has its heroes—the men who came and saw and conquered where others failed—and also those whose greater services oftentimes were overlooked or forgotten. History, ever a fickle jade, is given to forgetting. Many heroes had good press agents in the form of poets in after years; others, equally daring and often joint owners of the credits, were overlooked.

It is especially true that younger and elder brothers have been the victims of such injustice; have gone unhonored and unsung to their graves, the world unaware of their true greatness and their equally great deeds.

The purpose of this series is to give some measure of credit where credit is due. We present one of the forgotten men of history—SQUIRE BOONE.

The Brother of Daniel Boone

IN the Spring of 1769 two brothers clad in buckskin and wearing the coonskin caps that crowned them kings of the wilderness, stood upon the mountain summit of Cumberland Gap and gazed upon the landscape of Kentucky which unrolled before them. It was the land of their dreams. In the memoirs of the older of the two, written some 40 years later, he called it "the most beautiful country my eyes ever looked upon." The older man was Daniel Boone, the younger his brother, Squire.

For generations the name of Daniel Boone has been synonymous with pioneering, with Indian fighting and with the settling of the new land of Transylvania, now known as Kentucky. This is due not only to his great achievements, but also to the fact that in his later years, when he settled down, he wrote the story of his career. These memoirs were preserved and formed the basis of innumerable stories concerning this famous settler, who lived to the ripe old age of 86.

All through his story, as well as through the accounts of others, occurs the name of Daniel's brother—Squire. But so far as the account itself goes, Squire was only "with him." This is practically all the credit the younger Boone ever got. But the truth, secured by patient research into the archives of that day, gives a different story. It proves to the world that Squire was much more than just a traveling companion for Daniel on his explorations.

Squire was ten years younger than Daniel. There were numerous other brothers and sisters of whom history is silent, but "history," which sometimes speaks in a loud voice after a long silence, has something to say of this younger Boone, when properly interrogated on the subject.

His given name was that of his father, grandfather and great-

grandfather before him. "Squire" was not a title, but an actual baptismal name—inherited, no doubt, from a title of respect in still earlier days in England. The family was of old Norman-French stock, descended from the Bohuns of England and Normandy in the time of the Conqueror. There had been nobles among the Bohuns for many centuries, and a few Bishops. The only pictures of Daniel Boone extant plainly show this Norman ancestry. Proud and arrogant, he had the look of, and the qualities that made him, the unquestioned leader of the invasion of the wilderness that became Kentucky—"the dark and bloody ground."

Young Squire was born in Pennsylvania, near Reading, thirty-two years before the outbreak of the American Revolution. As a child he was moved with his family to Winchester, Virginia. The cause of this particular Boone heira was not merely the restless desire to move on to new lands. Rather was it due to the scrappy nature of the breed. Quakers though they were, these descendants of Bohun and ancestors of the American Boone brood were not bound by any laws of conduct—even those of the church. Squire Senior had married outside the close community of Quakers in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and he was severely criticized by the elders therefor.

Other famous pioneers came from this same little settlement of Reading, by the way. Squire's wife was a Van Cleave; her brother John's grandchild was the first white baby born in Dayton, Ohio, which John founded. Squire's wife's sister married a man named Linkhorn in that same Berks community in Pennsylvania, and the grandson descended from that marriage was to be heard from in later years. *His* name was Abraham Lincoln.





... Two brothers clad in buckskin and wearing the coonskin caps that crowned them kings of the wilderness ... gazed upon the landscape of Kentucky

"Kaintuck," and had been given up for lost, young Squire went alone through the trackless wilderness to look for them. And what is more, he found them.

But to return to Squire. His father did not take to criticism lightly. Boones never did. So he took his large family and removed to Virginia—a rich land of promise for settlers. Not far from Winchester, where they settled for a time, there was history in the making. General Edward Braddock was assembling his redcoats with the object of driving the French from America. Major Washington and his Virginians, Morgan and his rangers clad in buckskin, were familiar sights to the boy, Squire, who watched their futile preparations for Braddock's blundering advance on Duquesne. Scenes to stir a young man's fancy for adventure.

At the early age of fourteen young Squire began his pioneering career. He rode alone on horseback from Virginia clear back to the settlement in Berks County, Pennsylvania, in order that he might be apprenticed to a relative to learn the trade of gunsmithing. When the Boone family later removed to the mountains of North Carolina—ever seeking the remoter parts where there weren't too many people to cramp them—Squire again made the trip back to Pennsylvania alone for the purpose of guiding several more of their clan into the new country.

In the Blue Ridge country Squire often hunted and trapped with his brothers, mainly Daniel, who had become the most expert marksman, trapper and guide in Carolina, and Virginia. One of Squire's first trips was a long one with Daniel and a few friends to Florida, then an unexplored country, in 1765. Two years later, after his brother Daniel and some Carolinians had started for the western land of the Indians known as

This is the first time we really begin to see of what stuff this young Boone was made. Daniel went on these trips with friends and companions; Squire went alone through the hostile country of the Shawnees, the Delawares and the Wyandottes, without aid and without company.

This was not the only time that Squire was to venture into uncharted wildernesses, for he was to make many trips back and forth between the new-found Kentucky and North Carolina, bringing aid and supplies to his brother in the wilds and guiding North Carolina families to the new settlements in Kentucky.

From all accounts, therefore, Squire became as great a woodsman as his famous brother. Like Daniel, "he could race the forest aisles without breaking a twig, dive with the beaver, hit the bull's-eye from incredible distances, catch fish with a horsehair and outwit any brave who crept the thickets in full war paint." Many times over he would leave Daniel in the depths of the Kentucky forest and start back to the North Carolina hills for supplies or settlers, agreeing to meet his brother again on a predetermined day in the same vicinity.

Back over the mountain trails with a peddler's pack and rifle he would go afoot, to the North Carolina settlements. And at the appointed time Daniel would again stroll into the clearing where they'd parted, or would hide in the brush nearby. Silently, Squire would step cautiously into the same clearing and the two brothers would strike hands on schedule time in forest



While Boone was engaged with the other Indian, the chief recovered his weapon

aisles beset with danger from wild animals and Indians alike.

To realize what that meant, imagine a stretch of five hundred miles of trackless forest running over the Blue Ridge Mountain and down the valley of Ohio and the Tennessee. Then a thousand miles of forest and plains to the Mississippi River. In this expanse there were no roads—scarcely a path. The only trails were faint, and used by animals and Indians along ridges and rivers. None of these rivers, except the great Ohio, traversed the land from east to west, the way that travelers had to go. All the others ran north and south. Along those forest trails slunk the wildcat, the bear, the panther and, still more deadly, the red savage. Hating the white intruders and their invasion of his hunting ground, he slayed with relentless fury.

Squire Boone made these many trips safely and alone, out-fighting and outmaneuvering the wily redskin in his own country. Not only that—the task of merely *finding* his way was alone a greater one than we of today can realize. He did this many times in entirely new country and guided whole families to Kentucky, bringing them safely through despite the marauding Indians who skulked on every trail.

The pioneers in those days, like the Indians, used the waterways for transportation. The Ohio River, flowing as it did from east to west, became a popular highway for the settlers and Squire Boone frequently used it. He and his brother Daniel had a meeting place on a spur of land projecting out into the river from the Kentucky side, a few miles north of the Falls, which afterward became the site of the City of Louisville.

On his way to one of these meetings, Squire, carefully pad-

dling his canoe down the Ohio side of the river, noticed traces of a Wyandotte war party of more than usual size. As he approached the Falls he saw fresh moccasin tracks on every hand. He suspected an ambush and feared they might have Daniel cornered on the point of land where he was to meet him.

Squire kept to the Ohio side, and about half a mile above the peninsula tied up his canoe. He broke off some branches, spliced his gun and ammunition on them and, concealing himself beneath this camouflage, pushed off toward the Kentucky shore. A powerful swimmer, he made his way diagonally downstream with the current and finally landed a short distance above the point where he hoped to find Daniel. Creeping cautiously along the bank, he came upon a Wyandotte chief—a magnificent red giant in war paint—accompanied by a smaller, younger companion. Both were watching the woods where Daniel was supposed to be in hiding.

Squire took careful aim at the chief, but his flintlock, apparently wet from its river trip, missed fire. The snap of the lock betrayed him. Too close to retreat, Squire sprang upon both Indians in the hope that his rush would push them down the slippery bank. The chief jerked himself free and aimed his tomahawk at Squire's head. An opportunely applied kick sent the big redskin sprawling. While Boone was engaged with the other Indian, the chief recovered his weapon, rushed in and aimed a savage blow at Squire, who deflected the tomahawk with his forearm.

Meantime, Squire had eliminated the smaller Indian with two lightning thrusts of his long hunting knife. He and the chief then closed in a death struggle (*Continued on page 44*)



Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
 Official Circular Number Nine

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

*1412 Northern Life Tower
 Seattle, Washington
 April 15, 1934*

DEAR BROTHERS:

We are now entering upon the last quarter of the Grand Lodge year. Heretofore, we have been reckoning by months, but from now on, it will be by days. Every circuit of the sun will make it one day less, and ere we realize it, the time will be gone. As the time lessens, let us prepare and put into definite shape, plans that will insure the onward movement of our Order.

Selection of Subordinate Lodge Officers

During the month of April, nominations must be made from which the new officers in Subordinate Lodges are to be chosen. The election will follow at the first regular meeting in May. Good officers cannot be elected unless good men are first nominated. Nominations, therefore, should be made that will insure an opportunity for the selection of the most capable leaders. Too often it is the custom to nominate a man for an office merely because he has held it, or the one preceding it, before. This is a mistake. Nomination of candidates should be made because of the possession of those qualities that make for capable leadership. Often perpetuation, as well as rotation, in office has meant the slow death of a Lodge. That should not be.

If a man is capable as a Secretary, Treasurer, or Trustee, and alive to his duties and the welfare of the Lodge, keep him, but if from inattention to his duties, or if he puts his personal welfare above that of the Lodge, it is your duty to retire him. The same is true with respect to the Chair Officers. Do not advance a man when his only, or chief, claim is based upon the fact that he has held the preceding office. Leadership in Elkdom requires certain definite characteristics. See to it that your Lodge is captained by the best, for it is only thus that we can rise to and maintain the high standing to which our Order is entitled.

Preparation of Budget

Special attention is called to the law enacted at the last session of the Grand Lodge relative to the preparation and adoption of a budget in each Subordinate Lodge. The provision is to be found in the last paragraph of Section 128, Grand Lodge Statutes. It requires that the Board of Trustees, or the budget committee, where such committee is provided for in the By-Laws of the Lodge, "shall at the first regular meeting in June present to the Lodge a segregated budget, making appropriations for each of the several objects for which the Lodge must or may provide out of moneys known to be in the possession of the Lodge or estimated to come into it during the ensuing Lodge year." This budget must be adopted in its original or modified form, at the meeting at which it is submitted, or at the next following regular meeting. The Board of Trustees, or the budget committee, as the case may be, should be at work now on the preparation of that budget.

It is something that cannot be done in a day. If properly done, it will require weeks, and in many cases months, of study. Provision should first be made in the budget for meeting the obligatory payment of Grand Lodge dues and assess-

ments. These are a *primary* obligation of each Subordinate Lodge, because upon the payment of them depends the life of the Lodge. All other proposed expenditures of the Lodge should be kept within the "moneys known to be in possession of the Lodge or estimated to come into it during the ensuing Lodge year." This matter is now called to your special attention so that it may be attended to in a business-like way.

Growth of the Order

Do not let the approaching change of officers cause a cessation in your efforts to insure a gradual growth in our membership through the initiation of the best of our citizens into the Order. Let the transition from one administration to the succeeding one be such as to carry on this important work without a break. Be diligent to that end, and then put into effect plans that will help the new officers when they take charge of affairs.

The Kansas City Convention

Keep our Kansas City Convention in mind. Make certain that your Lodge is represented by its Exalted Ruler. The law makes him your official representative. He is authorized to speak for you, and he should be there to look after your interests. Also plan to go yourself. What finer way to show your interest in our Order?

Our Special Days

In my last Official Circular, I urged adequate preparation for the observance of Mother's Day and Flag Day. I mention the subject again to the end that the best results may be obtained. See to it that proper publicity is given to these ceremonies through the public press and otherwise, and then make your performance of them comport with the dignity of our Order.

Foundation Appointment

I take pleasure in announcing that I have appointed Frederick S. Peck, of Providence, R. I., Lodge No. 14, a member of the National Advisory Council of the Elks National Foundation.

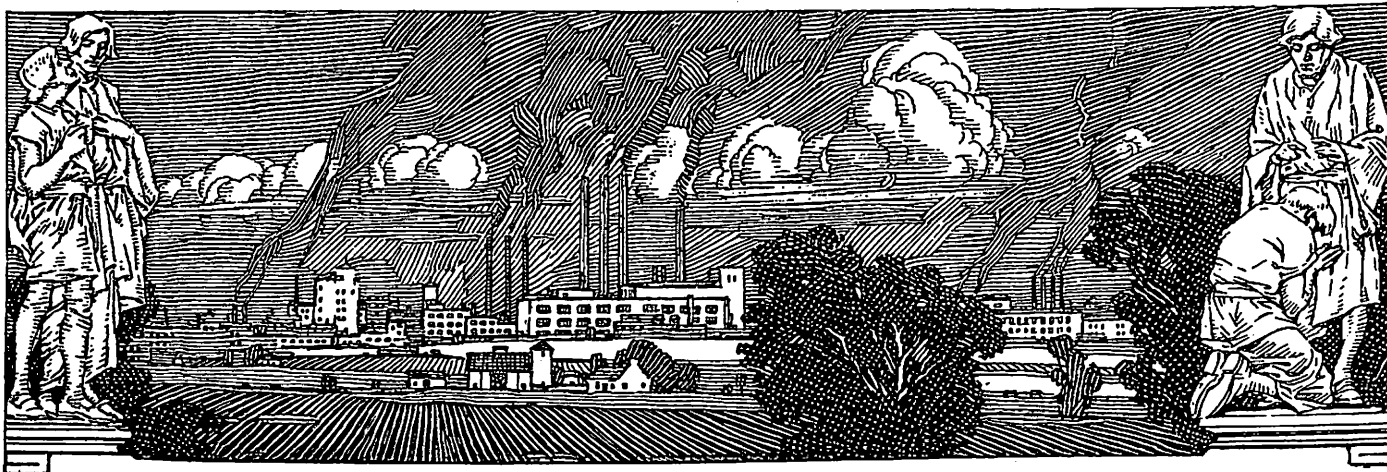
My Visitations

Finally, where plans are laid for my official visitations, for I shall continue in the making of them until some time in June, make the most of them for the benefit of your respective Lodges. I do not come for entertainment, but rather to help furnish an inspiration that flows from official recognition. Continue to capitalize that inspiration after I am gone. The "follow-up" work is often the most important and valuable feature in connection with such a visitation. When I am among you, let me improve every opportunity to be of service. That will make me happiest.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler



EDITORIAL

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

A CURRENT anecdote is to the effect that a little boy asked his father the meaning of the expression, "the quick and the dead," and received the reply that automobile drivers are the quick and the pedestrians are the dead. The humor is rather sardonic; but there is a point to the story which is worthy of consideration.

It is a statistically supported fact that a very large percentage of accidents, in which motor cars are involved, are due to the excessive speed with which they are driven. This does not mean that all such casualties are ascribed to an actual high mileage per hour; but rather to a higher speed than reasonable care required in the circumstances. A speed that would be quite safe on a broad country highway, free of other traffic, would be the extreme of recklessness upon a busy city thoroughfare. And the law takes account of this.

But it should not be considered merely as a question of legal liability, covered by an insurance policy. It is rather a matter of moral obligation, to avoid inflicting injury upon any other person.

At this season, when the charm of Spring is calling us all to the out of doors, and to the more frequent use of automobiles, it is well to be again reminded of the duty of careful driving. It is a duty one so easily forgets, even though such forgetfulness is freighted with the direst possibilities.

Elks should set an example in the observance of this duty.

MOTHER'S DAY

THE Order of Elks has indicated its interest in, and approval of, Mother's Day, by permitting its formal celebration in the subordinate Lodges and by providing a special ritual for use on such occasions. It is not a mandate of our statutes that the Lodges shall observe it; but they are definitely encouraged to do so.

The Grand Exalted Ruler has called attention to this in a recent Circular; and has urged that timely prepara-

tions be made for such celebrations, either at a special ceremonial on the second Sunday in May (the thirteenth, this year), or as a feature of the regular Lodge session to be held on the date nearest thereto.

The sentiment which underlies the observance of this annual tribute to motherhood is one which is shared by every true Elk. The thoughtful acts which are prompted by it, in evidence of filial affection for his living mother, or of his tender memory of one who may have passed away, bring a happiness which cannot be measured. And he will be a better man who personally participates in a formal ceremonial observance of the day so set apart.

A Mother's Day celebration is one which appeals to the entire community; and many Lodges have opened their doors to the public for their ceremonials. Others have invited specially selected non-member guests. Some have restricted the celebration to a special program during a regular session for members only.

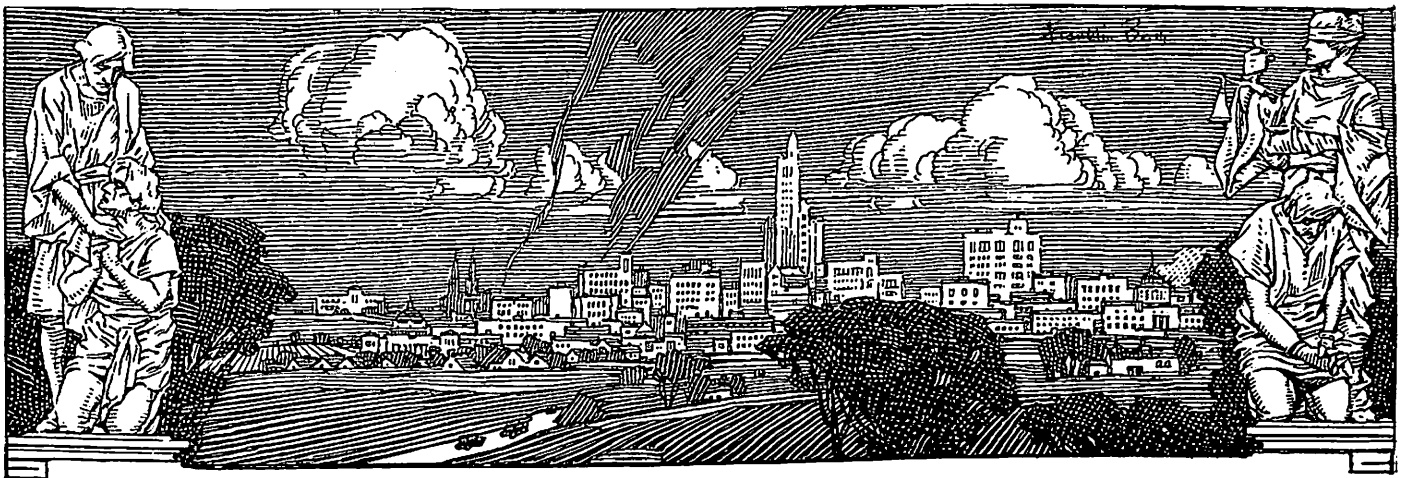
Whatever plan be adopted, it is to be hoped that there will be a general response to the Grand Exalted Ruler's suggestion. The influence of the occasion is such that only good results can flow from it, to the Lodge and to all who attend the services; for each will properly regard himself as one of whom Tennyson might have written the lines:

"Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

MAKE INSTALLATION AN EVENT

THE Lodge Activities Committee have very wisely undertaken to promote a distinctive and an eventful installation service in every subordinate Lodge of the Order in June. If the only purpose in view were to encourage one more specially interesting and attractive Lodge meeting during the year, it would still be a laudable endeavor. But there is much more than that involved in the movement.

The election of a member to be Exalted Ruler of his



Lodge is the highest fraternal honor which his brothers can confer upon him. It is a distinction in which he should feel a very keen pride. The acceptance of the office carries with it a conscious assumption of duties and obligations which are of dignity and importance. The proper observance of them is a matter in which the Lodge and its whole community have an interest, for it bears quite directly upon Lodge prosperity and community welfare.

And this is also true, in ratable degree, of every other officer of the Lodge. They constitute the staff and support upon which the leader must rely, without whose loyalty and cooperation the fullest measure of success is impossible.

The Grand Lodge has recognized these facts and has provided a mandatory ritual for the induction of the several officers. It is designed to imbue each one of them with a spirit of fraternal consecration; to impress upon each the specific importance of his own duties; and to furnish an occasion upon which they, and all the members of the Lodge, may renew their pledges of loyalty and devotion.

When properly conducted, the prescribed ceremony of installation is beautiful and impressive. It lends itself to an elaboration of pageantry which is only limited by the facilities of the Lodge room and the availability of Lodge organizations which may participate. And yet it may be made a memorable event in the most unpretentious quarters.

Unfortunately this ceremonial is too frequently observed as a mere necessary formality, without adequate preparation and with no attempt to lift it above the perfunctory taking of the oath of office. It has come to mean little to the members generally, and naturally less than it should to those more directly concerned.

It is the purpose of the Lodge Activities Committee to correct this and to encourage an observance of the occasion throughout the Order in a manner commensurate with its importance.

In response to the suggestions made, the approaching installation meeting should be given appropriate publicity, not only among the members but in the community. The very proper impression should be created that a real event is to be celebrated. And plans should be perfected to make the celebration of interest to all. A program should be arranged that will effectively supplement and give color to the ritual itself. Drill teams, bands, orchestras, glee clubs, and other similar organiza-

tions of the Lodges, should participate. The largest attendance possible should be secured.

And, of course, the whole program should be of a character to accentuate the dignity and true import of the occasion.

If the officers of the several Lodges, upon whom the duty rests, will give the matter the attention it merits, and will make suitable preparation for the meeting, it may easily be made the outstanding event of the whole Lodge year.

COULD YOUR PAPER SAY THIS?

DURING the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to New Bern Lodge No. 764, *The Tribune*, the daily newspaper published in that City, addressed an appreciative editorial to him. Among other pleasing expressions, it contained the following:

"New Bern is proud to have one of the most active and vigorous Lodges in the Country. We doubt that it is surpassed in this respect by any brother organization. . . . We believe Mr. Meier and his party will find its members a group typical of the best in the Order."

It is doubtless true that a similar comment might justly be made in most of the cities in which Elk Lodges are established. But it is none the less gratifying when it is actually made. And it naturally prompts the inquiry in every Lodge as to whether its local paper could honestly say such things about it and its membership.

If that inquiry be answered affirmatively, it would be desirable to occasionally seek such editorial expression. It would be helpful to the Lodge and it is favorable publicity that is due to a Lodge which is performing fine community service.

If the answer be negative, then of course the duty is imperative upon the Lodge to so rehabilitate itself as to merit a change in the public estimation. No Lodge can really justify its existence which does not hold the respect and admiration of the people of its community; and generally this attitude is reflected accurately in newspaper comment.

Definite press criticism is rare and its absence is not of itself proof that a Lodge does hold its proper place in public esteem. But specific praise is generally sincere. Every Lodge should strive to merit it; and it is quite appropriate that occasionally it be specifically sought.

Below: An inviting spot in Kansas City's boulevard system is created by the sunken gardens on the Paseo—a double traffic Boulevard crossing the City from North to South



Below: Kansas City has many golf courses within a short distance of the business section. Arrangements have been made to take care of all golfers who want to play



Above: Night scene at Kansas City's famous Airport. This thoroughly modern plant has come to be recognized as the center of the Nation's airways



The "Night in Vienna" Program at the Grand Lodge Convention

THE "Night in Vienna" program, one of the principal entertainment features for Elks and their friends at the Annual Convention in Kansas City in July, will offer a colorful presentation of the dances and other public fêtes of European nations, as assembled for the cosmopolitan stage of the Austrian capital. A specially trained chorus will support a group of principals who will give authentic exhibitions of the best in modern theatrical productions from France, Germany, Spain, England, Russia, and other countries.

The program will be in four sections, each division con-

tinuing for fifteen or twenty minutes. Dancing and other events in which the audience may participate will be scheduled for the intermissions. The complete program will continue for three hours or more.

The Convention Hall will be decorated with flags and colors appropriate to the nations represented in the program. The Arrangement Committee is also planning on providing booths and alcoves in the hall arcades, decorated so as to give the atmosphere of the European countries represented in the evening's entertainment. The Convention will open formally on Monday, July 16.

The National Ritualistic Contest

PAST Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge, recently issued an important bulletin regarding this year's Ritualistic Contests, extracts from which are set forth below:

"There will be a National Ritualistic Contest at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Kansas City in July. Now is the time for all State Association Ritualistic Committees to contact the Lodges in their respective States and get the teams ready for competition. The aim should be to have the officers of every Lodge participate in the preliminary contests. The inter-Lodge visits stimulated by these contests will create renewed interest in our beloved Order.

"The dates and places of all State, district and preliminary contests should be fixed by the State Association Ritualistic Committee. Where the State Association meeting is held prior to the

Grand Lodge Reunion, the State contest should be held in connection therewith. In any event, it should be held at least thirty days before the date scheduled for the National Contest. The district contests should be concluded at least two weeks before the State contest is held.

"The offering of a trophy to be awarded the winner of the State Association Ritualistic Contest is recommended. Where one is provided, the Association may impose such conditions as seem wise concerning the awarding and the holding of the trophy. It is suggested that a cash prize to be offered for the purpose of helping defray the expenses of the winning team in attending the National Contest, and the payment of the award may be made conditional upon the participation of the team therein.

"The results of the competition in each State shall be immediately reported by the State Committee to the Chair-

man of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations. Notice of entrance in the National Contest must be given at least twenty days before the date of the Grand Lodge Reunion."

In order that there may be a common standard by which to judge all teams competing in ritualistic contests, the Committee has prepared a carefully compiled set of rules and an official score card. Copies of both may be secured on application to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge, 11 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

The State Associations Committee is anxious to serve, and so are the officers of the individual State Associations. Send your problems along. And don't forget your suggestions. Exchange experiences with each other, so that all may benefit mutually.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Indianapolis Lodge Mourns Loss of Two Charter Members

Past Grand Tiler George W. June died at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., on March 9, in his eighty-fourth year. As a charter member of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, he was the thirteenth member on the charter roll and was widely known as "13 of 13." He was one of the best known and beloved members of the Order and was noted for his absolute devotion and fidelity to the principles and precepts of Elkdom.

At the time he became an Elk, Mr. June was engaged in the theatrical business, which he followed for many years as a manager and director of leading attractions. He spent much of his time in New York City where he was a regular attendant at the meetings of the "Mother Lodge," New York No. 1. He was intimately acquainted with, and a close associate of, the early founders of the Order. Always of the "old school," he was an ardent advocate of the early customs and practices of the Order. He was in every sense a patriotic American citizen, taking particular pride in the distinction of being one of the first to advocate and encourage the decoration of Lodge altars with the American flag.

When he retired from the theatrical business in later life, Mr. June became interested in the "Pop June" Oyster and Fish Restaurant, established many years before by his father in Indianapolis. Following the death of his father he became the head of the restaurant, remaining as such until the time of his death.

It can be truly said that George W. June lived an ideal Elk's life and that there never was a more sincere or ardent adherent to Elk ideals. He was charitable in every sense of the term, a lovable character, a loyal and companionable friend and a true Elk.

Funeral services were conducted by Exalted Ruler W. J. Fahey and the officers of Indianapolis Lodge in the Lodge room. A beautiful eulogy in tribute to the memory of Past Grand Tiler June was delivered by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Hubert S. Riley. Mr. June is survived by his widow, Mrs. Alburta June.

Following closely upon the death of Mr. June, Charles F. Cleaveland, who was also a charter member of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, and its first Chaplain, passed away on March 23, at the age of seventy-nine, at his home in Indianapolis. He had been a



The beautiful Home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

Padilla Studios

resident of Indianapolis for more than seventy years.

In his early life, Mr. Cleaveland was actively engaged in the real estate business and assisted in plotting and laying out Woodruff Place, which is one of the beautiful suburban residential sections of Indianapolis. Later in life he became actively engaged in insurance work and was connected with the Reserve Loan Life Insurance Company and the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S., in New York City. In addition to his activities in the Order of Elks, he was a member of Marion Lodge F. & A. M., and a devout member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. He is survived by his widow and two daughters.

Refinancing of Los Angeles Lodge Accomplished

A successful refinancing program, placing the Elks Building Association of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, again in a healthy financial condition, has been consummated by committees representing the organization itself and the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company.

After conferences extending over a period of several months and participated in by officers and directors of the Association and representatives of the Life Insurance Company, it was finally decided to appoint a special committee to meet with agents of the principal creditor for the purpose of working out a plan which would be equitable and fair to both sides and acceptable to the stockholders of the Association. As members of this committee Past Exalted Ruler John J. Doyle, President of the Corporation, appointed Louis J. Euler, Leading Knight, Chairman; Past Exalted Ruler Edward A. Gibbs and Trustee Robert L. Casey. Assisting the committee was Monroe Goldstein, General Manager of the Lodge Home.

After negotiating with the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, the committee was successful in entering into a refinancing pro-

gram which was approved by the Legal Committee of the Association, consisting of Past Exalted Rulers John G. Mott, Chairman; Norman A. Bailie and George M. Breslin.

A contract of agreement was accepted, signed, sealed and delivered by the Elks Building Association and the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company on February 27, 1934. With the acceptance of this refinancing program, any worries that members of the Lodge may have had regarding being personally liable have been eliminated.

It is now up to the members to secure the benefits to be derived from the refinancing program by securing new members. An intensive campaign is being undertaken to increase the membership of the Lodge from three angles: (1) From the ten thousand members of the Order residing in Los Angeles and yet not members of No. 99, to secure transfer dimitts; (2) reinstatement of members who have been suspended or who have taken absolute dimitts; (3) new members.

In view of the fact that the Lodge has a moratorium on the principal payments for a period of five years, in which no payment on principal need be made, Los Angeles Lodge expects to have no difficulty in repaying its obligation and clearing itself of debt so long as the members do their part.

David S. Freedman, of Albany Lodge, Loses Card

William F. Chadwick, Secretary of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, reports that a member, David S. Freedman, has lost his wallet, together with his Elks dues card and other personal papers. His wallet was found by the police, but its contents were missing. Albany Lodge wishes to warn all Lodges of the Order to be on the lookout for any person offering this card for admittance to their homes or offering its credentials to cash checks.

William F. Chadwick, Secretary

Frank J. Lonergan Appointed to Grand Forum

Owing to the resignation of Michael F. Shannon as a member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge, a step taken by him in view of his candidacy for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, it became necessary to select his successor.

Frank J. Lonergan, attorney-at-law, a Past Exalted Ruler of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, Past District Deputy, and Past President of the Oregon State Elks Association, was nominated for the position by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier and supported unanimously by the other members of the nominating conference. A wire was sent to Mr. Lonergan from New York City where the nomination was made, to ascertain whether or not he could accept the appointment. Immediately upon receiving his affirmative answer, the appointment was made.

Mr. Lonergan receives the congratulations and best wishes of the entire Order on his appointment as a member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge.

Warning Against Impostor Issued by Danville, Va., Lodge

Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227, warns the Lodges of the Order against issuing credit or cashing checks to an impostor claiming to be Herbert R. Eichwald of Danville Lodge. Mr. Eichwald lost his membership card some time ago in Philadelphia, Pa., a fact which was reported in the March issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Since that time several Lodges in the West have been swindled on the strength of this card, among them being Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, and Whittier, Calif., Lodge, No. 1258.

Dave Roman, Secretary

Mena, Ark., Lodge Mourns Virgil W. St. John

At the Home of Mena, Arkansas, Lodge, No. 781, funeral services were held for one of the members, Virgil W. St. John, widely known Editor and Publisher of the *Mena Star*, and rated one of the best newspaper publishers in the State. Recognized as a powerful influence in State politics, Mr. St. John was credited by Mena, his home town, as being its most valuable citizen.

Prior to his death Mr. St. John arranged his own funeral plans, asking that the services be held in the Home of the Lodge in which he had been a member for twenty-six years. At his request no religious services were held, the Elks ritual being used instead. The eulogy was delivered by his editorial associate, Robert M. Berry, a Past Exalted Ruler of Mena Lodge.

A message left by Mr. St. John and delivered at the funeral attracted much attention throughout the State. The former editor requested that there be no let-down of activity in working for those things that tended to make his community and State a better place to live in. "Don't Quit; Carry On!" was the crux of Mr. St. John's message. He referred to pending movements for the purpose of bringing about better schools, highways and homes, and more community advantages not yet obtained.

The State of Arkansas joins Mena Lodge in mourning one of its most distinguished members.

Illinois State Elks Mourn Secretary

In the death of Nelson H. Millard of Aurora Lodge, No. 705, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association, the Order has suffered a severe loss. As Exalted Ruler of his own Lodge for four terms, as District Deputy for the Northeast District, as Chairman of numerous State Association commit-

tees, and as Secretary of the State Association, Mr. Millard's life was active and useful, and his conduct worthy of emulation. He gave unstintingly of his time and great ability to the furtherance of the work of the Order.

His funeral at Aurora on March 16 was conducted with Elk services, during which a beautiful tribute to his life and character was delivered by Henry C. Warner of Dixon Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. In addition to the large attendance of members of Aurora Lodge, many prominent Elk dignitaries were present, among them being Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past State President Dr. J. C. Dallenbach.

Frank P. White—a Past Exalted Ruler of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, Past District Deputy, and Executive Secretary of the Association's Crippled Children's Clinic—has been appointed to succeed Mr. Millard as Secretary of the Association.

San Pedro Elks Institute Antlers Lodge

Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler C. H. Foot, San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, recently brought into being one of the largest Antlers Lodges in the State of California. The institution and the initiation of 108 young men took place in the Lodge Home, the ceremonies being conducted by Gerald A. Wall, Vice-President of the California State Antlers Association, assisted by the officers of the Antlers Lodge sponsored by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888.

This was followed by an open installation attended by over three hundred Elks, their families and friends, and the parents of the Antlers. The principal speaker of the evening was E. B. De Groot, Chief Field Executive of the Boy Scouts of America. Exalted Ruler Foot, through whose ambitious efforts the Antlers Lodge was made possible, gave a splendid address on the aims and purposes of the Order of Elks and its relations to the Antlers. Long Beach Lodge's Purple Devils Drum and Bugle Corps acted as escort during the installation and also rendered several selections.

Officers elected by the Antlers for the ensuing year are as follows: Exalted Antler, Edward Riddell; Leading Antler, Maurice Rosenfeld; Loyal Antler, William P. Tanner; Lecturing Antler, Frank V. Foot; Recorder, Verner H. Taylor, Jr.; Treasurer, Fred Meinke; Guide, Leo Miller; Guard, Steven G. Podesta; Sentinel, Roy Whitelaw; Chap-



Robert A. Ayrault, of Medina, N. Y., Hobart College freshman, who recently received the first Elks National Foundation Scholarship awarded in that State at the best of the New York State Elks Association

lain, George Loebel, and Organist, Jack Plumberg.

The installation was followed by a Grand Ball attended by all present.

Robert R. Snodgrass, Secretary

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Warns Against Max Sweitzer

Reports have reached Penn. P. Fodrea, Secretary-Manager of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, that Max G. Sweitzer, holding a card issued by Omaha Lodge, has been cashing no-fund checks, usually drawn on a Kearney, Neb., bank. Sweitzer also induced the Manager of Omaha Lodge to cash several no-fund checks.

Charges were preferred against Sweitzer, and at a Subordinate Forum hearing he was found guilty of violation of his obligation as charged and the penalty of expulsion from the Order was pronounced. Lodge Secretaries are hereby warned against cashing checks for Max Sweitzer or giving him credit in any form.

Penn. P. Fodrea, Correspondent

Grand Rapids Lodge Holds Father-Son Dinner

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, recently held its annual Fathers and Sons Dinner at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson was the principal speaker. Judge Thompson, who is recognized as one of the country's most brilliant legal minds, impressed upon old and young alike the forcefulness of his personality and the wisdom of his views. He was greeted with great applause.

Members of the Union City championship football team were guests of honor, and Captain Frank Szczpaniuk accepted a championship trophy as a symbol of Union's City football supremacy.

Entertainment consisted of a boxing exhibition staged by Benny Duke and boys from his gymnasium, while tap dancing and movies completed the program. The Union High School Orchestra furnished music.

L. E. Sadler, Acting Secretary



Automobile windshield sticker issued by the Arizona State Elks Association. These stickers keep the objectives of the Order always before the public

Western Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges

Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge Boasts Winning Bowling Team

Although far removed from the sporting centers of the world, Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, boasts of two of the best bowling teams in the Pacific Northwest. Their claim to this honor was recently demonstrated when they defeated the strong team of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, both the men and women winning their matches by wide margins.

The women's team, known as the An-Bo-Gi's (Anchorage Bowling Girls) defeated their feminine rivals in a special "wire" tournament of fifteen games, by 1,228 pins, their total being 13,724 against 12,495 for the Seattle ladies. The Anchorage Elks defeated the Seattle Elks 13,595 to 13,448. Each team bowled on its home alleys, the results being exchanged by radio at the end of each match.

Mrs. Fischer of the Anchorage ladies carried away high honors with a total average of 198, closely followed by Mrs. Scott with 194. Mrs. Fischer also bowled the highest individual game score when she toppled the maples for 235 in the first game of the last match. Mrs. Scott was formerly Amateur Champion of the Pacific Coast. The remainder of the team helped materially in building up a team average of 182 for the fifteen-game series.

After emerging victorious in such first class competition, both Anchorage teams are looking for new fields to conquer, and would like to hear from Elk teams throughout the country regarding special matches.

Robert L. Scarce, Correspondent

Petaluma Lodge Entertains Pres. Crowe of State Association

The official visit of J. Thomas Crowe, President of the California State Elks Association, to the Home of Petaluma, Calif., Lodge, No. 901, marked a day of days in the annals of the Lodge. Mr. Crowe was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, Past State President, and one of the best loved of all Elks.

The occasion was a joint meeting of the Lodges of Eureka, Santa Rosa, San Rafael, Richmond, Napa and Petaluma, and was the reason for a gathering of several hundred members of the Order including many State officials and Past District Deputies.

The outstanding feature of the event was the splendid address delivered by President Crowe. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott, who is an orator of great brilliance, also made a brief talk. Past President Fred B. Mellmann spoke, paying tribute to the work of State Vice-President Leland J. Guglielmetti, twice cited by Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order for his meritorious activities. Mr. Guglielmetti is accompanying the State President on his tour of California districts. The formal response to Mr. Crowe's address was made by Exalted Ruler J. O. Kroyer, of Santa Rosa Lodge. Other speakers were District Deputy Jordan L. Martinelli and Warren Innes, Secretary of Eureka Lodge.

The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Mr. Crowe. During the evening an application for membership was received. A buffet supper and social time followed the meeting. The event was also in the nature of a reunion of old-time friends.

Prior to the meeting the visiting guests were entertained at an elaborate dinner at the Green Lantern Inn, and at noon were luncheon guests at the Hotel Petaluma, at which a number of local officers and past officers were also present.



Hecitts Photo Shop

The Ladies' Bowling Team, of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge which is one of the best women's teams in the West

Other prominent Elks at the meeting besides those already mentioned were Past President John D. Saxe, State Trustee Edgar Dale, Past Vice-President E. S. Tomasi, and Past District Deputies Charles A. Redding and O. C. Hopkins. Mr. Tomasi was also among the State officials honored by special recognition.

Albuquerque Lodge Initiates Many Candidates

Sixty-nine new members were admitted to Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, a short time ago at an initiation which followed a parade through the business district of the City and a dinner at the National Guard Armory, where over 400 Elks and the candidates were dined. Grand Inner Guard E. L. Safford was present. Members of the Order from Santa Fe and Las Vegas, N. M., Lodges and from four other cities attended the meeting. There were sixty initiates and nine reinstatements and transfers. Exalted Ruler Charles M. Barrett and Secretary O. A. Matson are planning for another large initiation to take place this month.

Colbert C. Root

Alhambra Lodge Presents 15-Year Membership Pins

Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328, recently awarded to fifty-one members of the Lodge special pins signifying fifteen years or more of membership in the Lodge. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts, of Pasadena Lodge, represented State President J. Thomas Crowe in presenting the awards. Michael F. Shannon, former member of the Grand Forum, attended the meeting and made an impressive speech. The idea of the pins was originated by Lee Cochrane, a member of Pasadena Lodge.

The presentation of these membership pins has become quite an institution in Cali-

fornia, having started with Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, which presented 250 of the pins to its membership of twenty years or more, and contemplates awarding fifteen-year pins to that group later in the year.

The purposes of awarding the pins are manifold. First, they are reminders to the older members that they are not forgotten by the younger element; second, they are an incentive to again attend Lodge meetings and take an active part in the work. The results being obtained are the acquisition by members of an honor to be looked forward to, and the retention of membership, resulting in less dropping out for non-payment of dues.

The idea as approved by the California State Elks Association provides for three classes of pins. The first is given to the member who has been in continuous good standing in the Order for ten years. The pin is changed at the fifteen, and again at the twenty-year, periods. It is hoped that the idea, the benefits of which are obvious, will spread to Subordinate Lodges of the Order in other States.

Lee Cochrane

Caldwell Lodge Enjoys Unique Entertainment

"Al G. Barnes and his One-Ring Circus" held sway recently, during the Past Exalted Rulers Night celebrated by Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448. Led by the Caldwell Headquarters Troop brass band, the circus parade—with ringmaster, wild animals, calliope performers, clowns, sideshow people and attendants—marched several times around the Lodge room before coming to a halt before the Exalted Ruler's station.

Then followed a program such as had never been seen before in the Home of Caldwell Lodge. The freaks, animals, hula dancers, and other participants in the circus were all members of the Lodge.

Fred La Follette, Correspondent



Al's Photo Shop

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Butte, Mont., Lodge, together with Lodge officers and members and Scout executives

Scout Troop of Butte Lodge Gives Program

Three hundred parents, friends and Lodge members looked on when the Boy Scouts of Troop No. 28, sponsored by Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, presented a program in honor of George Washington. Fred I. Root, Chairman, presided and John H. Piper, Regional Executive, was an honor guest. The program, including an address by T. J. Davis and various musical features, was climaxed by the presentation of Scout awards under the supervision of O. E. Hoover, local Scout Executive, and the presentation of the President Roosevelt award to the troop by Mr. Piper.

The program consisted of the call to colors, sounded by Scout buglers, a piano solo, harmonica solo, first aid exhibition, a saxophone solo, and a drill by the Troop drill team. Merit badges and star and life ranks were also presented to deserving Scouts.

Another important event recently held by No. 240 was its Father and Son Night. More than 200 boys were the guests of as many members. The program, followed by a buffet supper, was provided by the young visitors, all of whom appeared to be in top form. So successful was the affair that many members expressed the hope that it would become an annual event on the Lodge calendar. The Father and Son Night was the subject of the leading editorial in the local evening newspaper.

Wilbur Hanley, Exalted Ruler

News of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge

A. E. Eldredge, Secretary of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, passed away last Fall, but the members of the Lodge have not become reconciled to his loss. Mr. Eldredge transferred from Jerome, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1361, at the time San Fernando Lodge was instituted, on August 9, 1927. He was a charter member, and served as Secretary until the time of his death. Mr. Eldredge was born in Granger, N. Y., in April, 1879. He served for a time in the Government Secret Service at San Diego, Calif. Before becoming Secretary of San Fernando Lodge, he was the Secretary of the San Fernando Chamber of Commerce.

San Fernando Lodge has been most active of late. Probably the most successful event to take place this year occurred when members of No. 1539 were host to some 300 wives, mothers and daughters of Elks.

A buffet supper was served in the dining basement, after which the ladies were entertained at bridge, while the men attended a Lodge session. After the meeting the members joined the ladies in the patio where a fine vaudeville show was enjoyed. Dancing completed a pleasant evening. So successful was the entire program that San Fernando Lodge will be host to the ladies.

Claude H. Hallock, Correspondent

Members of Aberdeen Lodge Travel to Everett

One hundred and fifty Elks recently traveled some 160 miles from Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, to Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, to convince the State Association officers that Aberdeen deserved to entertain the State Association Convention this coming summer.

The trip was made on the "Everett Express" of eight cars with a number of members of Hoquiam and Raymond Lodges also aboard. The crowd circulated from the coaches to the dining and baggage cars which were the recreational centers, with refreshments and an orchestra. At Olympia, Wash., another coach was added with seventy Elks from Kelso, Longview, Chehalis, Centralia and Olympia Lodges climbing aboard. This new delegation brought the Kelso uniformed Hill Billy Band, and the Olympia German Band to add to the merriment.

At Tacoma twenty members of Tacoma Lodge joined the party, while still more were added at Seattle, and again at Ballard Station. At Everett the guests were met by a large delegation from No. 479, and all the delegations marched behind the three bands to the Lodge Home.

Once in the Everett Lodge stronghold Aberdeen Lodge settled down to "sell" the idea of holding the 1934 Convention of the Washington State Elks Association in Aberdeen. By means of a cleverly worked out mock trial, in which Exalted Ruler Herbert Horrocks, of Aberdeen Lodge, was accused by State President George E. Secord with being unable to stage a satisfactory convention, the Aberdeen Elks put across their point and gained the Convention. After the mock trial an entertainment program was continued.

At 2:15 A. M. the special train pointed its headlight toward Seattle and started the homeward journey. The trip was a success from start to finish.

Earl B. Hunt, Secretary, Aberdeen Lodge

Meeting Held at Modesto by Elks and Legionnaires

Nearly 300 persons attended the joint session of Modesto, Calif., Lodge, No. 1282, and Modesto Post No. 74 of the American Legion, which was held in the Lodge rooms of the Home, with Arlo H. Simon, Exalted Ruler, presiding, and Carol Conture, Commander of the Post, conducting the meeting. Homer Chaillaux of Hollywood, State Commander of the Department of California, American Legion, was the main speaker of the evening. His address was, in the main, a statement of the serious menace of Communism in this country.

Anton Ruby, of Modesto Lodge and Don Gillison, of Post No. 74, entertained at the piano. Charles D. Swan, Past Exalted Ruler, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast, and Joe Kelly and Past Exalted Rulers James E. McCormick and George C. Nelson entertained with stories. Members of the Legion from Posts in Newman, Patterson, Ceres, Oakdale and Riverbank also attended.

Arlo H. Simon, Exalted Ruler

Montana Lodges Pay Visits to One Another

Miles City, Mont., Lodge, No. 537, was recently host to Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, at a banquet served in the visitors' honor. At a Lodge meeting later in the evening the Billings Lodge Degree Team, in charge of Exalted Ruler Ray G. Griffin, initiated a class of twelve candidates into Miles City Lodge. District Deputy Joe Kelly attended, and Past District Deputies Arnold Huppert, C. J. Carroll, J. Henry Nibbe and George S. Smith were also present.

A week later Billings Lodge returned the compliment, and Miles City Lodge was entertained at a banquet in the Billings Lodge Home. Afterward the Miles City Degree Team, headed by Exalted Ruler J. W. Nugent, initiated a class of candidates into No. 394. Large delegations of members from Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246, and Red Lodge, "Beartooth," Mont., Lodge, No. 534, were present.

James W. Nugent, Exalted Ruler, No. 537, Jack Keenan, Correspondent, No. 394

Fort Morgan Lodge Honored by Local Newspapers

In honor of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, No. 1143, special editions were published of the two local newspapers, *The Fort Morgan Times* and *The Morgan County Herald*. The *Times*, published on Wednesday, March 7, was printed entirely in purple ink, with a four-inch purple panel across the top of the first page. The panel bore the legend "B.P.O.E. 1909-1934, Silver Anniversary" in white letters.

In the first section of the paper were several columns devoted to the Elks, while al-



Aerne Photo Service

The large Antler Lodge of 108 young men, which was organized as the junior body of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge of Elks, in March of this year

most the entire second section, embellished with illustrations, related the history and current doings of Fort Morgan Lodge. Almost all the advertisements were dedicated "to the Elks," congratulating them on their Lodge's birthday.

The *Herald*, which appeared on the following day, also devoted much of its space to No. 1143. It, too, carried a second section in purple ink relating the past and present activities of the Lodge, and bearing many pictures of prominent national and local Elks. The advertisements in the *Herald* were also largely phrased in the form of congratulations to the Lodge.

As the membership of Fort Morgan Lodge is two hundred, and since the entire population of Fort Morgan numbers less than five thousand, these newspapers are a credit to their publishers as well as a remarkable compliment to the Lodge, indicating as perhaps nothing else could, the high esteem in which the Organization is held locally.

Isom W. Epperson, Secretary

San Bernardino Lodge Host to Former Members

San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, recently acted as host to former members of the Lodge who had dropped from the rolls sometime in the past. Special invitations were sent inviting them to a dinner served in the Home of the Lodge, and an evening of entertainment, together with short talks on Elkdom, was staged.

There were over one hundred Elks and guests present, and it was evident that the former members carried a look on their faces of "Home Again!" Many of them signified their desire to reaffiliate at once. Harry Hickman was Chairman of the program for the evening.

District Deputy Jack Hosfield, Secretary

Candidates Initiated by Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge

Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 759, initiated three candidates into the Lodge on the occasion of the celebration of the Sixty-Sixth Anniversary of the Founding of the Order. District Deputy William S. Lederer paid No. 759 an official visit on that night, and was present for the initiation. He complimented the officers on the splendid manner in which they demonstrated the ritual and stressed the importance of securing young material to carry on.

Mr. Lederer spent several days vacation at the Kilauea Volcano House overlooking the famous crater. On the night before he sailed for his home in Honolulu, former Secretary P. H. Bayly gave a stag party in his mountain home in honor of the distinguished visitor. Twelve members of the Order attended.

Otis Hill, Secretary

Red Bluff, Calif., Lodge Holds Old Timers' Night

Old Timers' Night proved to be one of the most successful events of the year at Red Bluff, Calif., Lodge, No. 1250, both socially and financially. All holding membership cards in No. 1250 dating back twenty years or more were admitted free, and anything they wished for during the course of the evening was "on the house." Sixty-five persons qualified as twenty-year members.

Exalted Ruler George T. Growney arranged an elaborate program which attracted Elks from Redding and Chico Lodges, as well as the home Lodge. Boxing and wrestling bouts, and a tumbling act were featured events on the program. Games in the club room followed. The net proceeds of the evening were assigned to the Lodge's Charity Fund.

L. E. Lafferty, Esteemed Leading Knight



Above are the minstrels of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, with Exalted Ruler George C. Newell as interlocutor, who entertained at a "Shut-in" Party recently

"Shut-in" Party Held by Seattle Lodge

At a recent "Shut-in" party held by Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, a minstrel show and ten vaudeville acts were performed for the benefit of the guests. Exalted Ruler George C. Newell was interlocutor. The other acts were also by members of the Lodge. Similar performances have been put on recently for the visiting Lodges of Tacoma, Everett, Ballard and Bremerton. They have also been held at two churches.

"Shut-in" parties held by No. 92 were started eleven years ago, fathered by Quent Williams, Chairman of the Seattle Elks Shut-in Committee. Four to six entertainments are given annually to the helpless cripples of the city, most of whom are adults. On each occasion some 150 to 200 people are called for by the members and brought to the Lodge Home for the entertainment, and from then until midnight their minds are distracted from their ailments. A bouquet of flowers is given each guest, and cake, baked by the wives of Elks, and ice cream are served.

This "Shut-in" activity has spread to all the other Lodges of the State and each Lodge holds at least one such entertainment program every year.

Quent Williams

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Holds Housewarming

Attended by many local celebrities, the Home of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, was reopened on Monday, February 5. The formal opening of the Lodge was celebrated by a four-day housewarming attended by most of the important figures of the surrounding territory. On the first night one thousand persons jammed into the beautiful edifice built by Long Beach Lodge—this was solely an Elks' night. On Wednesday, February 7, an attendance of thirteen hundred persons swept into the Lodge Home to be present at the first open house. On the following Friday night, which was Family Night, seven hundred more visited the Home, and on Saturday evening, February 10, fifteen hundred people attended the Grand Ball celebrating the auspicious event.

The Home has been rebuilt and newly furnished throughout, representing an investment of \$300,000. In its complete rehabilitation, from basement to roof, it was re-designed in modern architecture, the interior was remodeled for greater convenience, and it was rendered earthquake-proof by the addition of tons of steel and concrete.

The old brick walls are now only "curtain walls" as far as the strength of the building is concerned. Vertical troughs were cut through the walls, and into them were built reinforced concrete beams, joined by

horizontal beams at every floor, with a concrete and steel cap around the top and steel "I" beams connecting wall to wall in the interior.

The first change noticed is the attractive modern front of the building. Four pilasters rise the height of the three stories and each is capped with colored figures representing the four stations of the Order.

Huge vertical grilles handsomely wrought in filagree patterns and finished in chromium plated steel placed between the pilasters extend the height of the three floors. The balance of the front surface is finished in white cement with a base of gray granite. The same modern effect is carried out in wall finish, furnishings, floor coverings and lighting system throughout the entire interior.

Clare McCord, Esteemed Leading Knight

Salt Lake City Lodge Honors Harry E. Deardorff

In recognition of the services of Past Exalted Ruler Harry E. Deardorff, Chaplain of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, the Lodge dedicated the March issue of its monthly Bulletin to him. Among the many letters of tribute which appeared in the magazine were those from the following Grand Lodge officers: Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, J. Edgar Masters (Grand Secretary), James G. McFarland, William H. Atwell, Charles H. Grakelow, Walter P. Andrews, Lawrence H. Rupp and Floyd E. Thompson.

O. R. Dibblee, Past District Deputy

Old Timers Honored by San Pedro Lodge

More than 250 Elks, members of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, for periods varying from a few months to a quarter of a century, recently attended the Old Timers' Night and anniversary party held at the Lodge Home. Nearly 150 Elks—members of San Pedro Lodge—have been on the rolls for more than twenty years, and more than half of them were present at the party.

Many of them came from nearby areas while others journeyed from more than a hundred miles away. V. V. Oyster, a pioneer resident of San Pedro, and an old-time member of No. 966, captured the honors for the farthest distance to come. His home is now in Coalinga, and his visit was the first to the local Lodge in 16 years.

The minutes of a meeting held on February 26, 1906, were read at a session which preceded the social part of the evening. Later several acts of vaudeville entertainment were enjoyed.

Robert R. Snodgrass, Secretary



Elks Good Will Tour cars welcomed by prominent members of the Order and important officials of the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, 1933

Elks Purple and White Fleet Prepares for Transcontinental Journey

1934 Good Will Tour Starts May 30th from Washington, D. C., Gettysburg, Pa., and Denver, Colorado

MORE than three hundred subordinate Lodges will be visited by the cars of the Elks 1934 Good Will Fleet in their transcontinental journey to the 1934 Grand Lodge Convention at Kansas City. Six Purple and White Studebaker automobiles—three Dictators and three Landcruisers—equipped with Firestone Tires and using Quaker State Motor Oil and Ethyl Gasoline, will be used on three separate routes.

Four cars will proceed from historic Gettysburg on the morning of May 30th. Two will visit Baltimore and then turn east for a swift journey into New England, where they will reverse and head north and west to arrive at Saratoga Springs, New York, in time for the New York State Elks Convention. From there they will traverse upper Pennsylvania into Ohio, go north through Michigan, west into Illinois and then cover Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri.

Two other cars will proceed to Washington, D. C., and head south through Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama; then east into Tennessee and West Virginia; then west into Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri.

The remaining two cars of the Fleet will journey from Denver to Salt Lake City, through Nevada into California, south to San Diego, then east through Texas. From Texas they will go north into Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska, then east into Missouri.

Since 1929, when the first of the Elks Good Will Tours was conducted, the cars of these Fleets have visited every State in the Union and approximately seventy percent of the subordinate Lodges.

The Good Will Ambassadors, pilots of the cars, have been greeted personally by the Governors of a score of States and the leading municipal officials of practically every city visited. No less personages than former President Hoover and Franklin Delano Roosevelt have greeted the Elk emissaries. In 1931, while Governor of New York State, President Roosevelt wrote personal messages of greeting to the Chief Executives of some eighteen States, the capitols of which were visited that year by the cars of the Fleet, at which time these messages

were delivered by the Good Will car pilots.

That the annual Good Will tour has aroused the interest of thousands of people in the activities of the Elks is a fact proved by the hundreds of letters of inquiry received by THE ELKS MAGAZINE during the course of each Tour. Naturally the officials of the subordinate Lodges are no less enthusiastic. As a matter of fact, much of the work involved in routing the Fleet across

the country is occasioned by the many requests for visits which, in turn, make necessary an almost constant revision of routes.

Owing to the restrictions of time and distance, it is unfortunate that all Lodges requesting visits cannot be accommodated—a circumstance readily understood when it is realized that these cars must travel an aggregate of more than thirty thousand miles in the short time of 46 days.



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Hon. Jos. T. Fanning,
Editor and Executive Director,
The Elks Magazine,
50 East 42nd Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Brother Fanning:—

Many thanks for your letter of the 9th with accompanying schedule. This has enabled us to weld the links for a connected program which is substantially as follows.

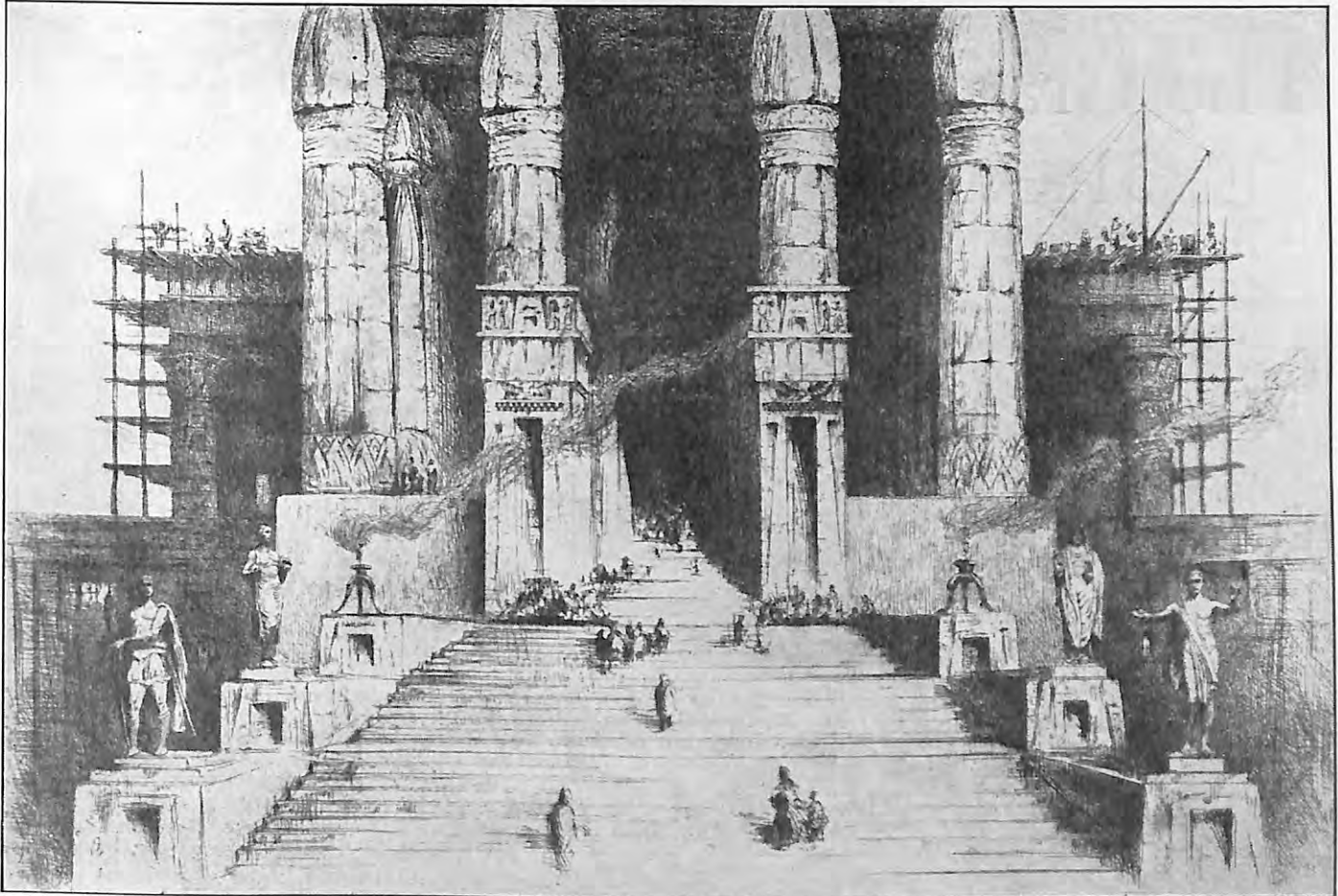
We will have an escort from the State Highway Patrol at Pine City, half way point between Duluth and Minneapolis on the morning of May 25. Two of us will go to Duluth to meet Bro. Cunningham on the night of the 24th. If however we fail in this, have him call me at the Elks Club, Minneapolis when he arrives in Duluth. In Minneapolis we have arranged a parade through the Loop downtown at noon, then the pilot will be given four hours for correspondence, calls on dealers, etc., and at 5:30 he will make a short address over Station K S T P at Radisson Hotel.

At 6:15 we will have a joint dinner of the Entertainment and New Membership Committees, 78 in number and Cunningham will be the guest of honor and should make a brief address at this time. At 7:30 we will show Cunningham the finest talking picture outfit west of Chicago and this side of the "Rockies" in our own lodge room. At the business session which starts at 8:30 Bro. Cunningham should be prepared to make a lengthy address regarding the Elks Magazine, the National Home and the Grand Lodge Reunion. Cunningham will stop at the Elks Club overnight. His room will be waiting for him on arrival.

In the morning we will escort him to St. Paul with the Minneapolis motor cycle police in advance. For publicity pictures we have arranged that Mayor Wm. C. Anderson be at the Elks Club to greet Cunningham just before the parade gets under way. Vincent Jenny, Secretary of St. Paul Lodge is working well over there and that end is O. K.

Tony Pleva.

Right: A reproduction of a typical letter outlining the proposed plan of reception for the Good Will cars. This was received from Tony Pleva of Minneapolis Lodge, whose splendid efforts have annually been responsible for much of the success of the Good Will receptions in that City



Announcing Two \$1,000 Prizes

AT the Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee last July, the Elks National Foundation Trustees offered for the Grand Lodge year 1933-34 two Elks National Foundation prizes of \$1,000 each.

A prize of \$1,000 is offered, to be awarded to the most valuable student of either sex in the graduating class of a high or preparatory school or in any class in college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order. In making the selection of the recipient of this prize, the Foundation Trustees will take into consideration character, scholarship, citizenship, exceptional courage, patriotism or service, and any notable action or distinguished accomplishment.

A prize of \$1,000 is offered, to be awarded to the subordinate Lodge of the Order which shall make the most notable record in any field of Elk endeavor for the good of the Order.

The Elks National Foundation Trustees invite the attention of all members and of the officers of the subordinate Lodges and State Associations, to their offer of these two prizes. No formal method of application will be prescribed other than that of bringing to the attention of the Foundation Trustees, by letter or other written statement, the name of the individual in the one case, and of the Lodge in the other, deemed worthy of consideration for the prize, and of setting forth the qualifications and the record of achievements which, in the opinion of the proponent or proponents, entitles the individual

or Lodge to favorable consideration for an award.

It is advisable that any individual who applies or is proposed for the most valuable student prize, should have the endorsement of the subordinate Lodge in the jurisdiction of which he resides. Similarly, it is advisable that any subordinate Lodge which makes application or is proposed for the most notable Lodge prize should have the endorsement of the State Association of its state.

The Foundation Trustees will be interested in obtaining the most accurate information regarding the character and achievements of the individuals and Lodges whose merits are placed before them, and they will make the decision which, in their opinion, is warranted by all the circumstances.

It should be clearly understood, however, that the Elks National Foundation Trustees reserve the right to decline to award these prizes if in their opinion the qualifications and records which are presented to them do not measure up to the standard which they believe to be necessary—in one case to make the individual qualified to be described as a valuable student, or, in the other, to entitle the subordinate Lodge to acclaim as notable in its achievements.

The award of the prizes, if made, will be announced at the Grand Lodge Convention in Kansas City next July. All propositions for these prizes must be filed prior to June 10, 1934, with Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

ON the day after Christmas, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier attended a luncheon meeting of Miami, Fla., Lodge, with about fifty members in attendance. After luncheon Mr. Meier proceeded to Fort Lauderdale with Exalted Ruler J. R. Fitzpatrick, Trustee A. J. Cleary and R. W. Marshall, all of Miami Lodge. Upon their arrival the visiting Elks were greeted by about twenty-five members of Fort Lauderdale Lodge, No. 1517, among them being former Mayor Arthur C. O'Hea, Past District Deputy.

Thereafter, accompanied by the three members of Miami Lodge and the officers and members of Fort Lauderdale Lodge, Mr. Meier proceeded to Lake Worth. Here, at the Home of Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, Mr. Meier spoke to fifty members of the Lodge and to the visiting Elks. It was the first time the members of this Lodge had been visited by a Grand Exalted Ruler.

Upon completion of the meeting Mr. Meier proceeded to West Palm Beach where he was guest of honor at a dinner given at the Dixie Court Hotel, with about fifty members of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352, in attendance. At the conclusion of the dinner the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to the members of the Order assembled there, and then attended a meeting of West Palm Beach Lodge with one hundred and fifty members attending. Among the distinguished Elks and public officials present was Past President Harold Colee, who is Secretary-Treasurer of the Florida State Elks Association, and a Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff of Governor David Sholtz, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight. A pleasant feature of the session was Mr. Meier's introduction to Mr. Sholtz, father of the Governor, and a subsequent short visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sholtz.

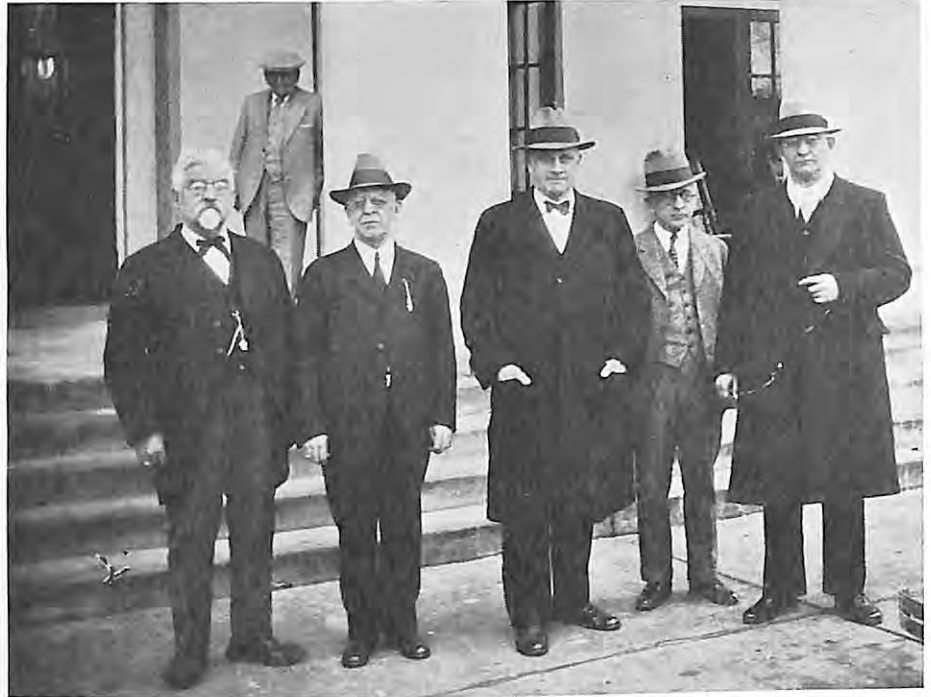
On December 27 the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled on to Fort Pierce, Fla., where he visited with forty members of Fort Pierce Lodge, No. 1520.

Mr. Meier's next visit was to Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532, where he was guest of honor at a luncheon at the Cocoa House. After several addresses of welcome Mr. Meier spoke to the membership, and following his address Cocoa Lodge presented him with a very fine silver-mounted toilet set.

From Cocoa Mr. Meier journeyed to Orlando, Fla., where he attended a regular session of Orlando Lodge, No. 1079. There were many prominent Elks present, including Past President Colee, and Past District Deputies M. O. Overstreet and W. R. O'Neal.

On the ensuing day the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an address to some twenty-five members of Sanford, Fla., Lodge, No. 1241. His was the first visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler to Sanford Lodge.

DeLand was the next halt in the Grand Exalted Ruler's journey through the State of Florida. Here, at the Home of DeLand



Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier on the occasion of his visit to The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.; left to right, Joseph W. Cody, official guide, George M. Denham, Mr. Meier, R. A. Scott, Superintendent, and District Deputy P. A. Kersey

Lodge, No. 1463, about fifty members had gathered to greet Mr. Meier.

ON his way to the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, at Umatilla, the Grand Exalted Ruler stopped off for a moment at the Home of Eustis, Fla., Lodge, No. 1578. As the larger part of the membership had already proceeded to the Home, he did not remain there long, but hurried on to Umatilla where, with about fifty members of the Order, he made his inspection of the Harry-Anna Home and the entire plant where twenty-five crippled children are now being cared for.

Among those who accompanied him were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews; Frank E. Thompson, President of the Florida State Elks Association; District Deputy E. L. Thompson; Harry R. P. Miller, donor of the home, his wife, Anna, and their two daughters; Past Presidents Colee and L. F. Chapman; Past District Deputy Overstreet; J. L. Reid, Sr., Vice-Chairman of the Harry-Anna Home and Dr. W. L. Ashton, Resident Physician; and County Commissioner Will Yancey.

Later, in the company of Mr. Andrews, the Grand Exalted Ruler made his way to Daytona Beach where he was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews. During the evening Mr. Meier attended a meeting of Daytona Beach Lodge, No. 1141, with about one hundred and fifty members in attendance, including State President Thompson, District Deputy Thompson and Past District Deputy Caspian Hale.

Early the next morning Mr. Meier went to New Smyrna, Fla., where at the Home of New Smyrna Lodge, No. 1557, he was invited to speak before thirty-five members, among them being that group of distinguished Elk officials who had attended the Daytona Beach meeting on the previous night.

Mr. Meier arrived in St. Augustine, Fla., in time for a noon luncheon at the Monson Hotel, where he was guest of honor. About twenty-five members of St. Augustine Lodge, No. 829, were present, among them being Past Grand Inner Guard A. M. Taylor.

After luncheon Mr. Meier left for Palatka, Fla., where he spoke to members of Lodge No. 1232. Later he went sightseeing.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's next visit was to Jacksonville, Fla., where, on the evening of December 29, he attended a banquet given by Jacksonville Lodge, No. 221. In all there were one hundred and ten distinguished members of the Order in attendance. At the conclusion of the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler was honored with an appointment upon the Staff of Governor Sholtz with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This visit to Jacksonville Lodge was Mr. Meier's last official visit to a Florida Lodge, his next being in Georgia.

On the following day Mr. Meier was driven by Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Heaney, of Jacksonville Lodge, to the Home of Waycross Lodge, No. 369, where he spoke to some twenty-five members. His was the first Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to the Lodge.

Subsequently Mr. Meier appeared at Brunswick, Ga., being driven there by F. F. Preston, President of the Georgia State Elks Association. Here he was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Brunswick Lodge, No. 691, later speaking to the forty-five members present. This, also, was the initial visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler to the Lodge.

The luncheon at Brunswick Lodge was followed by a quick trip to Savannah, Ga., where the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven by a delegation from Savannah Lodge, No. 183, to the Hotel De Soto. He was guest of honor at a dinner given by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers. Past State President Harry G. Butler was among the prominent Elks and local officials paying honor to Mr. Meier.

Savannah Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler was delighted to find, is in excellent shape. It owns its own building, and has no debts of any character. Its charity disbursements from April to December 1933 amounted to \$1,313.48.

Mr. Meier remained overnight in Savannah, and on the following morning drove to Augusta, Ga., accompanied by a delegation of Georgia Elks.

SHORTLY before noon on Dec. 31 the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Augusta, Ga. That evening he was guest of honor at a dinner held by Augusta Lodge, No. 205, at the Hotel Richmond, with approximately thirty members present, among them being the Hon. John S. McClelland, member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge; Sam P. Rakestraw, Vice-Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn., and Past Pres. J. Gordon Hardy, all of whom spoke. After the dinner Mr. Meier discussed Lodge affairs with about fifteen of the members.

The next day Mr. Meier attended a noon luncheon given by Athens, Ga., Lodge, No. 790, with around one hundred and fifty Elks in attendance, M. G. Michael, the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, presiding. State Vice-Pres. Abit Nix, P.D.D. Arthur Flatau and S. V. Sanford, Pres. of the University of Ga., were present. After a number of short addresses and some diverting musical numbers, the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke. The entire program was broadcast over a local radio station.

En route to Columbus, Ga., Mr. Meier stopped off at the Warm Springs Foundation, making a short side-trip to do so. Inasmuch as many Lodges were to support charity balls for the Foundation on President Roosevelt's birthday, Jan. 30, Mr. Meier was intensely interested in the project, and left with no doubt of the cause being a worthy one.

That evening Columbus Lodge, No. 111, was visited with one hundred members assembled. The meeting was followed by a baked oyster supper and dancing. Past State Secy. Thomas B. Lamar and P.D.D. Joseph A. Lynch were also in attendance.

ON the next morning, Jan. 2, the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to Montgomery, Ala. On the way he visited Tuskegee Institute, established by Booker T. Washington, the outstanding Negro of his day. On the outskirts of Montgomery the party was met by a reception committee consisting of many prominent local Elks, including Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Harvey M. Blue, D.D. Thomas E. Martin and P.D.D.'s. Leon McCord and T. Scott Howe. Mr. Meier spoke later at a luncheon at the Standard Country Club, and afterward visited Maxwell Field to witness the maneuvers of the airplanes stationed there.

In Montgomery Mr. Meier was presented with a commission issued by Governor B. M. Miller as "Guest Extraordinary."

The following morning, in company with D.D. Martin, E.R. William J. Toole of Montgomery Lodge, and George Fuller, Mr. Meier was driven to Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, where he was met by a large Reception Committee on which were Past Grand Inner Guard E. J. McCrossin, whose recent death was reported in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, P. Pres. Ben Mendelsohn and P.D.D. John F. Antwine.

At the Home of Birmingham Lodge, Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a luncheon to which the public had been invited. Many notables were present in addition to those whose names have already been mentioned. Mr. Meier was introduced and delivered the principal address at the affair. Later he was driven to the burial place of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil M. Allen, where he placed a wreath in memory of the services rendered the Order by the noted Elk. Later Mr. Meier attended a dinner in his honor,

which was in turn followed by an important meeting of Birmingham Lodge at which five candidates were initiated.

On the ensuing day, Jan. 4, escorted by State Trustee R. M. Montgomery, E.R. of Birmingham Lodge, and W. B. Leedy and his wife, Mr. Meier proceeded to Sheffield, Ala., Lodge, No. 1375, where he attended luncheon. His was the first visit ever paid to the Lodge by a Grand Exalted Ruler. In company with several distinguished local Elks, he was driven first to the birthplace of Helen Keller and later to the great U. S. Nitrate Plant, erected during the war at a cost of twelve billion dollars. Following his inspection of the plant Mr. Meier also looked over the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, across the Tennessee River.

That evening he arrived at the Home of Florence, Ala., Lodge, No. 820, to be honored at a dinner attended by some sixty persons, among them the most distinguished citizens of the locality. Among the prominent Elks present were P. Pres. B. M. Spielberger, E.R. of Sheffield Lodge, and P.D.D. C. L. Haley, Jr., a Past State Trustee.

Subsequently Florence Lodge was convened, and here again Mr. Meier spoke. As in the case of Sheffield Lodge, this was the first visit ever paid the Lodge by a Grand Exalted Ruler.

AFTER a hurried trip to New York City to confer with Grand Lodge officials, Mr. Meier returned to the South, arriving at Corinth, Miss., early on Jan. 9. He was met at the train by D.D. Irving I. Kaufman, Secy. J. W. Rankin of Corinth Lodge, No. 1035, and S. H. Rubel. Later he breakfasted with a group of Corinth Elks, finding that he was the first Grand Exalted Ruler to have visited the Lodge.

At noon, in company with Mr. Kaufman, Mr. Meier proceeded to Holly Springs, Miss., Lodge, No. 1099, where a splendid meeting was held with some forty members of the Lodge. Several addresses of welcome were followed by that of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Meier found a fine spirit pre-

vailing in the Lodge, and was particularly pleased with the Lodge room facilities and the interest displayed by the members. Among those in attendance at the meeting was Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Clarence Friedman.

Mr. Meier's next visit was to Aberdeen, Miss., Lodge, No. 620, and, as in the two previous visits, his was the first ever paid by a Grand Exalted Ruler. His next call was at the Home of Columbus, Miss., Lodge, No. 555, the home Lodge of D.D. Kaufman. The meeting took the form of a banquet at which there were fifty members in attendance. Several addresses of welcome were climaxed by Mr. Meier's speech.

One hundred and twenty-five members welcomed Mr. Meier the next day and listened to his speech at Canton, Miss., Lodge, No. 458, after which a luncheon featuring the famous "Brunswick Stew" was served. Mr. Meier spoke next to some seventy-five members at Jackson "Mississippi" Lodge, No. 416, and later proceeded to Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge No. 599, where he was greeted by one hundred members, all participating in a most enthusiastic meeting. Before dinner was served all assembled in the Lodge room where several speeches were made, among them being that of the Grand Exalted Ruler. D.D. John J. Kennedy had met Mr. Meier at Jackson and he and E.R. W. F. McDonnell of Biloxi, Miss., Lodge, No. 606, had accompanied him to Hattiesburg.


After having spent the night at Biloxi, Mr. Meier and Mr. Kennedy visited Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge, No. 1120. The meeting took the form of a luncheon with fifty members present, among those attending being State Pres. William Estopinal and State Secy. W. W. Walker. Mr. Kennedy presided at the luncheon, after which the Grand Exalted Ruler drove to Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978, where a fine meeting was held.

Later Mr. Meier drove back to Biloxi to attend an evening meeting with the members of Biloxi Lodge, No. 606. Among those present were D. D. Kennedy, Past Grand Inner Guard John E. Breaux, Jr., Pres. Estopinal and W. Leach, P.D.D. Speeches were made by the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Estopinal and Mr. Ernest Desport, representing the Mayor.

ON the morning of Jan. 12, in company with Mr. Kennedy and his daughter, the Grand Exalted Ruler left for New Orleans, where he was met by P.D.D. Sidney Freudenstein and put on a train an hour later. At his destination, Baton Rouge, La., he was met at the station by D. T. Lenhard, D.D., and others. During the course of a sightseeing trip, Mr. Meier called upon the Hon. Oscar K. Allen, Governor of Louisiana. Later, at the Home of Baton Rouge Lodge, No. 490, a dinner was given by twenty-one Past Exalted Rulers and the officers of the Lodge. Among others present were Mr. Lenhard and Past District Deputies Eugene Cazedessus, Dr. J. A. Caruthers and Hermann Moyses. There were no addresses made at the dinner, but at a subsequent Lodge meeting attended by all the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, Mr. Cazedessus and Mr. Moyses spoke briefly, and Mr. Meier delivered his address.

The next visit of Mr. Meier, on Jan. 13, was to Donaldsville Lodge, No. 1153, in company with Mr. Lenhard. Mr. Meier met fifteen members of the Lodge
(Continued on page 48)

Mother


OTHER is the world's most precious possession. She is God's noblest handiwork. Without her the human race must long ago have perished forever. Nurtured by her tender and loving care it still lives, and is striving to emulate the Master. **¶** No one can be so brave as Mother. No danger can swerve her from the call of duty; no pestilence can stay her footsteps upon an errand of mercy; and without a tremor or a faltering step, she walks unafraid along the brink of the abyss of eternity to fulfill her mission of destiny. **¶** No love can be like unto that of Mother. Her child may neglect her, stray from her, aye, even disdain and forget her, but throughout the silent watches of the night, she will listen for his footstep, and breathe a forgiving prayer for his welfare and happiness. **¶** And when she is arrayed in the white robes of an angel, there can be enshrined in the human heart no memory that is as dear as that of Mother. Upon our aching bed of pain, we long for the soothing touch of her hand. As we grow weary, and our footsteps falter upon the pathway of life, we are made stronger by the remembrance of her encircling arm. Then, when we hear the clear call of the Maker, we shall go in the fond hope of an eternal meeting with Mother.

Walter F. Meier
 Seattle

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Elkdom Outdoors

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



Plans for the New York State Elks Association Golf Championship, which will be held on the McGregor Course at Saratoga Springs on June 17th and 18th—the first two days of the State Convention—have been completed. From the interest shown to date, an unusual turn-out is expected. Mr. Al Burns, Chairman of the Golf Committee, has outlined the following plan of play:

The championship will open on Sunday, June 17th, the first thirty-two qualifying to play another eighteen holes on Monday—all medal play—for the Charles S. Hart cup. For those who

will not arrive until Sunday night or Monday morning there will be a Kickers' Tournament on Monday, which will include late arrivals and those who failed to qualify in the first flight on Sunday. A large number of prizes have been arranged for. They include golf balls autographed by Bobby Jones.

The Tournament will be held on the beautiful McGregor links, one of the finest golf courses in the country, with a good stiff par of seventy-two. The golfers of Saratoga Lodge have gone on record to the effect that they expect to keep the championship in Saratoga.

This challenge to Elk golfers throughout New York State should not go unheeded. Chairman Burns says that regardless of whether you expect to compete for the State championship or not, the opportunity of playing over the McGregor links is one that is well worth while.

New York State Elk golfers can confer a favor upon the Committee members by dropping them a card, telling of their intention to participate in the Championship event. Address all correspondence to Al Burns, Chairman Elks Golf Committee, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Below: Russell Brennan, of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37, with his 72½-lb. sailfish, taken at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, during January. This fish set a four-year sailfish record at this famous fisherman's paradise



Left: V. B. Nelson, Secretary of Brownsville Lodge; F. E. Knetsch, D. D. G. E. R., Texas South; Thomas Dix, of Seguin Lodge; Bill Redding and Joe L. Cobolini, E. R., of Brownsville Lodge, with their catch of trout and redfish taken during the D. D.'s visit

Below: Eugene F. LaPorte, fisherman extraordinaire of Baltimore, with a 60-lb. amberjack caught in the Gulf Stream at Matacumbe, Florida



Left: Fred S. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, of Madison, Ind., and Frank Barr, of Marion, Ind., with their limit of bluegills caught in Palestine Lake, Kosciusko County. Mr. Barr says not only do bluegills afford lots of fun, but are also choice eating





Fred Heinemann, of Merrill, Wisconsin, has saved from the axe a tract of about one million feet of virgin timber fronting on Four Mile Lake—one of a chain of 27 lakes near Three Lakes and Eagle River, Wis. This tract is located in the Argonne National Forest, a part of which is a State game refuge in which

are deer, beaver, partridge and bear. There is excellent fishing in this large chain of lakes, with a great variety to try for—from bass, pike and muskallunge down to the smaller species. ELKDOM OUTDOORS takes its hat off to Mr. Heinemann for his splendid and generous donations to conservation



Left: Jerry Wilson, Harvey Holbrook and Larry Kinney, of Chicago Lodge, and F. H. Martinie, Clayton Beckwith, Mose Goldbaum and Jose Kalico, of Benton Harbor, Mich., with a promising partridge dinner

Below: Max Frolich, of Pittsburg, Kans., has only one worry—being able to hit 'em. Certainly he has the dogs that know how to find and point them



Below: F. Heitzman, Ben Kaiser, Dr. Fisher, F. Weiler, F. Ballard, George Schwabl, P. Maioli, L. Jaus, C. Hoffmann, C. Gohn, William Weigel and I. A. McIntosh—all of Buffalo Lodge—with the results of their annual hunt at Camp Dagamesing, Port Loring, Ontario. This camp is located north of Toronto



Above: C. A. Petherick and P. A. Weidenhamer, of Holland, Mich., are two of the most enthusiastic hunters in their Lodge. The above picture was taken at the start of one of their trips



Trapshooters— Golfers ~ Send your entry **TODAY** for

The Elks National Trapshooting Tournament Elks National Golf Tournament

Both to be held at the coming Grand Lodge Convention at Kansas City, the week of July 16th.

Trapshooters—many valuable prizes in numerous events, with opportunities for all, including the Haldiman Lodge team trophy.

Golfers—one of the finest courses in the Country for play and an assortment of splendid trophies, among them the John J. Doyle national championship cup.



Send your entry TODAY. (For Elks only.)

SEND NO MONEY WITH ENTRY

The Elks Magazine
50 E. 42nd St., N. Y. City

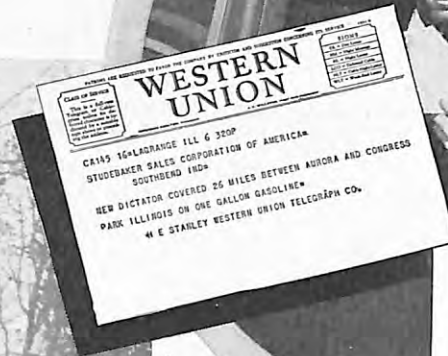
Here is my entry for
trapshooting.....
golf..... (check which)
My handicap is.....

Name (please print).....

Lodge No. Address.....

.....
.....

BUILT LIKE BATTLESHIPS



ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE ENOUGH ON 26-MILE RUN

Checked by Western Union officials at start, en route, and at finish, the Studebaker Dictator pictured covered the 26 miles between the city limits of Aurora and Congress Park, Ill., at a 30-mile per hour average speed. One gallon of gasoline was put in special container connected to carburetor.



HAULS 14 HEAVY MEN UP 45 PER CENT GRADE IN HIGH GEAR

This photograph, taken in late February, shows a new Studebaker climbing a 45 per cent snow-covered grade in high gear. Tremendous power, economically utilized, distinguishes all the new Studebakers. And Studebaker's steel reinforced by steel construction is so strong that a Dictator sedan recently was pushed twice off a 104-foot cliff without material damage even to the alignment of its doors!

And easily the finest of all Studebakers!

THE advanced aerodynamic design that distinguishes these new Studebakers has a much more practical purpose than its dramatic appeal to the eye. It gives you cars that rival the costliest in roominess, riding comfort and safety.

Forward pitch, jouncing and sidesway are subdued.

Drive a skyway style Studebaker. See how uncanny "mechanical brains" make operation almost entirely automatic. Note the sturdy speedway stamina with which every moving part of these cars functions.

You notice a steadiness, new in your driving experience, when you head one of these 1934 Studebakers into cross winds or gusts.

And your big thrill comes when the price is quoted—for these 1934 Studebakers not only cost you \$155 to \$620 less per model than their brilliant predecessors, but you can get a skyway style Dictator for just a few dollars more than a car of very lowest cost!

And when you ride over ruts and obstacles, or round corners at speed, Studebaker's million-dollar Quadripoise Suspension keeps the entire car—not just the front end—in shock-cradled balance.



LOTS OF ROOM FOR THREE IN SEDAN FRONT SEATS

There's a full 50 inches of width in the front seats of all Studebaker sedans. And that's true of the low priced Dictator as well as Commander and President. Very few, even among the costliest cars, are as commodious in rear seats or front seats as these new Studebakers.

NEW *Skyway style*

STYLED LIKE SPEEDPLANES ...

yet priced at an all-time low



HERE'S THE FIRST OF 6 STUDEBAKERS FOR THE 1934 ELKS TOUR

The model is the new Studebaker "Land Cruiser" with the most dramatic streamlining of the year. The "models" are W. B. Hart, Western manager of Elks Magazine and George D. Keller, general sales manager of Studebaker. This is the sixth Elks Tour and the fifth time that Studebaker has been chosen official car. Postmaster General Farley will start the cars at Washington May 30. The six Studebakers will then cruise the nation arriving at Kansas City for the annual convention July 16.



PERFECT BALANCE... AS IN THE NEW STUDEBAKERS

It's a natural instinct for balance that enables expert circus performers to poise their weight so confidently. And in the new Studebakers, it's scientific distribution of weight that gives you such a feeling of security and comfort under all driving conditions. Center of gravity is within 27 inches of the ground. Cars are wider (74 inches) than high (69 inches).

DICTATOR, \$685 • COMMANDER, \$920 • PRESIDENT, \$1170 •

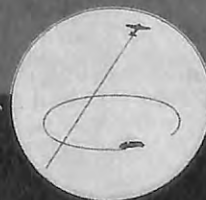
Base prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tire extra

\$685

AND UP, AT THE FACTORY



STUDEBAKERS



FROM THE SPEEDWAY
COMES THEIR STAMINA
FROM THE SKYWAY
COMES THEIR STYLE

Come Back to Erin

(Continued from page 6)

Matters became very H'st-a-spy-ish. Terence released the setter. The dog disappeared in the darkness without a sound. Terence threw down a glove in front of the door. Aithra and Bira entered the hut. Bira lighted a lamp. Terence went out as if to stand guard. Presently, a man and a setter dog appeared in a path of moonlight. The dog picked up the glove. The man patted its head and, after a cautious glance around, entered the hut.

"Twas very good of you, Bira darling," he said.

"And very foolhardy of you," Bira answered, crossly. "We'll watch for five minutes. If you hear a whistle put out the light and run for it." "You're very sweet, angel."

He turned to Aithra, who was wondering how a girl might be matter-of-fact after such proceedings.

"Sure and I had to be seeing you, just once more!" He was wearing an army captain's uniform. It had green cuffs and a green collar—and was very becoming.

"Why?" Rory O'Connell looked at her so steadily that she blushed. A slow grin spread over his face. "Red-headed girl, I love you," he said.

Aithra braced herself against the music in his voice. She tried to forget the bloody Irish moon and to remember that she was Miss Aithra McShane, U.S.A.

"That's nonsense. You don't know me and I don't know you. It's ridiculous, really it is. The whole business is ridiculous."

He shook his head. It had black curls and there was a patch of gray at either temple.

"Love is never ridiculous," he said, gently. "It has a dignity of its own."

"Real love—yes. Not romantic imagination. And besides—well, look at yourself. Don't you think it a bit silly for a grown man to go skulking about in the dark? To hide rifles in a cave like a—schoolboy? You Irish over here . . . you seem to have lost all perspective."

He laughed.

"We never had any. Perspective is a British trait."

"Why are you carrying on this fight against Mr. De Valera? He's called off the oath of allegiance. He's trying to cut loose from England as rapidly as economics will allow. As a matter of fact aren't both Mr. De Valera and Mr. Cosgrave sincere patriots?"

RORY O'CONNELL'S manner changed. His face hardened. His voice was harsh.

"Trimmers. Compromisers. We'll be having none of them! Ireland is going to be free. Without a treaty government, without paying yearly tribute to the British. Free . . . as she has never been . . . as she must be . . . if there is a God."

"But Uncle Sean follows the De Valera

government. Surely he—"

"He's old. He's tired. He wants peace." "Ireland needs peace!"

The O'Connell shook his head. His eyes glowed with the wild lights Aithra had seen in Bira's eyes.

"Peace? Ah, listen . . . the Black and Tans murdered my father. Shot him down while Mother pleaded for his life. She dipped her apron in his blood and nailed it



"And don't get the idea that I'm scared just because I'm running either."

above the fireplace. I had a little nephew . . . just turned thirteen he was . . . Cosgrave policemen fired into an election crowd . . . the child was blinded . . . his groping hands tear the heart out of me . . . peace!"

Aithra was silenced. There could be no compromise for Rory O'Connell, no peace with his kinsmen's blood upon it.

"I see I've shocked you," he went on, in a milder tone. "Tis very sorry I am. Elections do not mean funerals for you in America."

"No. They don't mean that much to us. They should mean more—"

His eyes were scornful.

"Everything should mean more to you in America. You have the Devil's own languor. Your country . . . your faith . . . your homes . . . your loves . . . there's no fierceness, no fine sweet bitterness. Ah, girl, to feel with all one's soul! We have that—"

"Yes, I think you have. I—rather envy you."

Rory O'Connell smiled, dangerously.

"Blessed, beautiful little American. 'Tis small wonder I fell in love with you."

"Oh, you're not in love with me. There's a moon and you're Irish."

"You're Irish, too, I'm thinking. Yes . . . I saw it in your eyes when I spoke of young Emmett . . . I see it, now. Oh, my darling—"

Cousin Bira appeared in the doorway.

"Time's up, Rory," she said, crisply.

Aithra got to her feet, grateful to Cousin Bira for interrupting.

"It's been . . . very charming," she said.

He bowed. A warning whistle sounded. "Goodbye, my darling," he said, lightly. He was gone before Aithra could quite realize that his lips had brushed her cheek.

She walked back with Cousin Bira and did a great deal of stumbling.

"Call that settling a man, do you?" Cousin Bira remarked, caustically.

"I told him it was nonsense."

"H'mph. You didn't look as if you believed your own voice."

"Cousin Bira . . . how long must he stay in hiding?"

"That depends. We may be needing the rifles soon and then, we may not."

The Irish night, heavy, odorous, mystic, pressed about the girl. She fought it off.

"Why must there be another fight?" she demanded, hotly. "What's the good of it? England won't let you go entirely. England dare not. We were talking to Sir Harry Ferguson—"

"Scalawag!"

"I thought him very fair-minded. It's a question of defense, Bira. You're linked with England inevitably in any war with outsiders. And besides, there's Ulster."

"Protestants!"

"Oh, Bira—don't you see? If you Sinn Feiners had your way in the Free State you'd be wanting to invade Ulster next."

"Ulster's turn will come, never fear."

Aithra was too sick at heart to press the religious point. She asked more questions about Rory O'Connell and his family. Rory, it appeared, had read for the bar in Dublin. He was twenty-seven years old and had spent nearly five years in prison, the longest term a year, for political offenses. She thought of Rory hiding in that clammy cave across Giant's Sor-row. All this for a dream of liberty.

Near the house, Bira turned aside to speak to a man who waited on horseback. Aithra went in alone.

Her father was pacing the floor of the living-room.

"Aithra! You shouldn't be chasing around at night like this. Where've you been?"

"Oh, out for a walk with Bira."

"Bira. Oh . . ." Mr. McShane did not approve of Bira. However, he had had his mind on other matters. He announced, grimly: "The Mayor of Bragagh was here. He invited me to make a speech at the Town Hall tomorrow. I accepted. I'm going to tell these people a thing or two."

Aithra was dubious.

"What does Uncle Sean say?"

"Oh, he's all for it. Going to introduce me."

"I do hope you'll be tactful, Dad."

THAT got Timothy McShane started. The girl listened dutifully, but with growing alarm. Her father, who was considered a fire-eater back home when he spoke on the Irish question, seemed very conservative. He really favored Cosgrave's party, Cumann nan Gaedheal. He believed that for economic reasons Ireland should be conciliatory toward England. President De Valera's Fianna Fail-Labor administration he roundly condemned. It was, he said, marching toward economic suicide. As for the Sinn

(Continued on page 38)



Aged in the wood seven years

Seven years is the *minimum*, not the *average* age of John Jameson. When we say "Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old" we mean that literally the youngest drop has spent a full seven years in the wood.

This is one reason for its mellow, golden flavour. The other is our use of the traditional pot still method. John Jameson is pure pot still whiskey—straight, unblended—made just the same as we have made it these last

150 years. Thus the John Jameson you buy today in the States is exactly the same as you bought before the War—and exactly the same as you buy now in London or anywhere else in the world.

Yet—compare its price with any whiskey of comparable quality. You will discover it is an extraordinary good buy. Be sure, however, you get the RIGHT Jameson—JOHN Jameson.

JOHN JAMESON

Pure Old Pot Still

IRISH WHISKEY

JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND

Established A.D. 1780

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK

(Continued from page 36)

Fein group, the Independents and the Saor Eirl, communists—they were all wild and woolly radicals. Ireland had suffered too much from hotheads, said Mr. McShane. It was time she looked facts in the face.

Aithra thought of Rory O'Connell's mother and the bloody apron nailed above the fireplace.

"The Irish aren't economists, Dad," she said sadly, "they're mystics. They have a great hatred of England and a great love of freedom. Pounds and shillings mean nothing. Please try to understand that."

But Timothy McShane's attitude toward Ireland was a mixture of "Mother Machree" and the turgid columns of a cost-accounting ledger.

"It breaks my heart to see us behaving so stupidly, Aithra," he said. "We have God's own garden here and all we need is a little common-sense. That's what I'm pleading for—common-sense. In petty spite, we block off eight percent of England's total exports while she blocks off ninety-three percent of ours. Is that good arithmetic? Is it even sane? Now, take De Valera's tax program . . ."

DEEPLY troubled, Aithra went to bed. It seemed tragic that her father, after holding forth as an authority on Irish problems so many years and sending so much money to assist Irish causes, should have so little understanding of the land he loved. And this Rory O'Connell . . . this awful, terrible, damnable, lovable Rory O'Connell . . . what could be done with him? Rory was in bondage to liberty. It seemed to Aithra that Rory stood for Ireland more completely than anyone or any thing. Rory stood for an impossible ideal—perfect, individualistic freedom for himself and for his country, in a world which had moved on toward collective imprisonments. In the many bondages of internationalism how could Rory or Ireland be free?

She lay there and wondered what would become of Rory O'Connell. She worried about him. All the precautions Bira and Terence had taken that evening came back to her mind. Was the Government after Rory? Were members of the Comrades' Association tracking him down this very minute? A dog barked. She heard a horse's galloping hoofs. She sat up in bed, her heart tightening. Oh, Rory, be careful . . .

All Aithra's misgivings as to her father's speech received confirmation, next morning. Cousin Bryan drew her aside before breakfast and suggested a partridge shoot. She said, in some surprise, "Oh, I want to hear Dad's speech." Cousin Bryan reddened guiltily, and replied lamely: "Ah, to be sure—"

At breakfast, her uncle and the three cousins talked jovially of guns and dogs and horses. Timothy McShane was preoccupied with his speech. Bira did not appear.

Aithra gathered that all the Irish McShanes would be on hand for the speech. Even Aunt Kathleen and Grandmother O'Driscoll planned to stop at Bragagh before coming out to the house. She would have felt a warm pleasure in their loyalty, had not an undercurrent of apprehension which she sensed alarmed her.

She cornered Cousin Terence in the gun room when the meal was over. Terence was fumbling with a pistol which he hastily and too nonchalantly put away.

"Terence, be honest with me, please. Will Dad's speech cause trouble?"

"We're not planning to have any trouble."

"I'm going to Dad and—"

"No. 'Twould disgrace us all. There'll be no trouble. We'll see to that. I promise you."

"Is—is it about Ror . . . Mr. O'Connell then? I mean . . . the pistol and—"

"It might be an' then again it mightn't."

She searched Terence's ruddy, big-featured face. It was set in hard lines. She recalled that Bryan and Michael had done a great deal of staring at their plates.

"Terence! What is it? You must tell me. I'm not afraid. I swear to say nothing to anyone. Tell me."

"O'Higgins's men visited the O'Connells last night. They took young Edmund for questioning."

"About Rory?"

"Aye."

Her hands gripped the table top.

"How near . . . are they?"

"Across the county line. Seven miles."

"Have you warned Rory? Has he left?"

Terence shrugged.

"Rory wants to fight. Bira's gone to see his brothers."

"That's madness! They'll ki—"

"Steady. Ah . . . you are in love with Rory, I'm thinking."

"No. Yes. Oh, I don't know. But they shan't catch him. He's got to run away. He's got to . . ."

Terence shook his head with Celtic fatalism.

"The O'Connells always make a fight of it."

"Where are his brothers? I'll talk to them—"

"They can do nothing with Rory. After the fight at Tara Heath they got a quota number for him. Wanted him to go to America. Agh! He rode back into Tara Heath and threw dynamite into the post office . . . a clear, cold night 'twas . . . they heard the sound of it in Dublin!"

"Lend me your horse."

"Sorry—"

"I'll walk, then."

She stormed out of the room. Terence, protesting, followed her.

"And if you're that set on it, I'll go with you," he said. "Though 'tis time wasted and you'll be missing the speech at Bragagh."

"Speech!" she said.

They rode across the meadow, with the dew like powdered pearls and the sunlight in a purple pool on the distant hills beyond Giant's Sorrow. Basalt crystals like the dead fingers of an ogre thrust up from a dell near the little lake. Cattle and sheep stood in the fields drugged with morning sunshine. Smoke from scattered cottage chimneys flowered in the still, sweet air. Patches of green, too bright and fresh for belief, tricked the eye as a suddenly revealed emerald hoard might do. There was nothing obvious, nothing settled about this landscape; it was impressionistic and awaited the imaginative mind for completion. Aithra saw it only as a battle field . . . she listened for the sound of guns . . .

TERENCE rowed the small skiff around the rush-grown shore of Giant's Sorrow. It was an agonizing trip and made in silence. Finally . . . he whistled . . . a low bird call. It was answered. They beached the boat. The girl followed Terence through a grove of wild plums.

"McSwiney."

"Eirean!"

Rory O'Connell walked toward them. He was coatless and hatless in the chill air and had a pistol strapped at his waist.

Ah, the luck of me! You! Again!"

Aithra looked at him, angrily. Why had she made a bee line to this fellow? Why had she gone hollow in her chest to think of him in danger?

"You haven't any time for pretty speeches," she said coldly. "They're after you." Then, as Rory O'Connell continued to look at her with feasting eyes, she turned to Terence: "Tell him!"

Terence was apologetic.

"She insisted on coming. I told her you didn't fear the Comrades, or the army."

"Nor do I," said the O'Connell. "My brothers will soon be here. Ah, 'tis a fine morning for a fight, Terence, me lad! The O'Connells in the brush . . . agh! Will you be joining us, Terence?"

"I'm under orders to the I.R.A., you know. And the old man would be disowning me . . . still . . . I might drop in this way with twenty stout lads or so . . ."

"Your hand, me lad!"

Aithra could stand no more.

"You're not going to fight! Neither of you! Uncle Sean won't let Terence and I won't let you! Go and get your things. You're leaving this minute."

The O'Connell blinked. He grinned, happily.

"Won't let me?" He laughed. "Ah . . . how sweet that sounds, red-headed girl-ri!"

"Get away from me! You crazy m-mick, you. I'm sick of your blarney. Childish, swaggering, boasting idiot. They're coming to kill you. Don't you understand that? To kill you!"

Ah, what a lovely temper you have! Sure I'm the luckiest Irishman alive. Come here—"

The girl jerked away in a rage.

"Come on, Terence. Let him stay here. I hope they do catch him. I just hope they do."

AS Aithra turned on her heel and walked away toward the boat, it dawned on Terence that perhaps she was right.

"'Tis a somewhat doubtful thing, Rory," he said. "We're not ready for a general uprising, so 'twill start nothing. And as for the rifles—they're so well hid De Valera himself couldn't find them. What will you be gaining if you stand?"

Proudly: "And where could I be running in Ireland?" He followed after the girl. She heard his voice close behind her, saying: "But mayhap there'd be a refuge in America for me?"

She halted and faced about. She was on the verge of tears, she felt horribly afraid for Rory O'Connell and was grasping at any hope.

"Of course there would," she said. "Even your own brothers want you to leave Ireland for a while. Be sensible. Don't throw your life away. You're young. You've suffered enough."

He stood there, tall and straight, his black curls like a cap of astrakhan worn jauntily.

"Would you be wishing me to come, darling hot-tempered angel?"

She met his gaze with a frankness born of panic. It was no time for blushes, for coquetry.

"Of course I would," she said.

Rory O'Connell hesitated, making a gesture with his hands as if calling on the lake, the trees and sky to bear witness. He turned to Terence.

"And what would you be saying to that?"

Terence eyed his American cousin with humorless conviction.

"I'd be going with her," he said.

Aithra, watching Rory's face, saw it harden.

"You are a poor patriot, I fear," he said, gruffly. He swung about and stalked into the little woods.

Pride kept the girl from running after him. That and the realization it would be useless. She knew that Rory had been sorely tempted. He wanted very much to quit it all and go with her. But the pity she could not keep out of her eyes had hardened him. He was Ireland, a strange, wild brother to the end of time.

She stumbled toward the boat.

Terence sighed, as one who has witnessed such scenes and such decisions many times before.

"You aren't quite in love with him, are you?" he asked, miserably.

(Continued on page 40)



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(Continued from page 38)

"No. Not quite," she lied.
" 'Tis lucky. The O'Connell . . . agh! Ireland comes first with them."

The long trip back to the McShane estate was to Aithra a weary progress. Everything had a weird aspect, as if the sun was in total eclipse. She did not weep. She even talked a little to Terence about her father's speech at Bragagh. It helped to ease the numbness. Terence mentioned plans for the fox hunt and Bryan's desire to show her some real Irish partridge shooting. She hated Terence for being able to talk of such things when Rory was . . .

Everyone had gone to the political meeting in Bragagh. Terence offered to drive her over in the pony cart. She knew her father would be hurt at her absence, but had no heart to face strangers. She went to her room, leaving word with Molly to be called if Bira came in. Bira was the last chance. Maybe Bira could think of some way to save Rory.

Fox hunts. Partridge shooting. Speeches. And men hunting for Rory O'Connell to kill him. Where were Rory's kinsmen? Why didn't they do something? Aithra paced the floor in restless torment. Well . . . she'd have to break her promise to Terence and Bira. She'd appeal to Uncle Sean. She'd tell her father. She'd save Rory O'Connell. If only they didn't find his hiding place before . . .

She was on the verge of hysteria when the McShane clan returned from Bragagh. She ran down to meet the aged touring car on the drive. Her father climbed stiffly out. He looked old, tired, almost broken.

"Dad. What's the matter? Didn't it—"
"They wouldn't listen. They threw bricks!"
"Oh."

It was a ghastly moment. Cousin Bryan and Cousin Michael were red-faced with humiliation. Uncle Sean said with hollow cheerfulness: " 'Twas nothing. Last election time in County Cork I ran for my life . . . aye, and twice!" Aunt Kathleen and Grandmother O'Driscoll arrived a few minutes later in a rattle-trap surrey.

Face had to be put on the whole affair and family reunion talk suffered through.

Timothy McShane and his daughter were alone, at last, in his room. He sank down heavily in a chair.

"I want to go home, Aithra. I-I'm out of place here."

The girl saw the pathetic bafflement in her father's eyes. No. Ireland was not "the river Shannon flowing" nor the fundamentals of political economy. Ireland was a mad threnody . . . an ache in the heart . . .

"Yes," she said, dully, "we'll leave at once. I'll start packing."

Yet, as she worked, she was listening for the sound of guns. In her mind's country she was in ambush with Rory O'Connell. "They're coming, now! Must you fire, oh, must you?" She shook her head and took a brace. Rory was a finished episode. She could do nothing for him. She was leaving Ireland. Leaving forever . . .

"They've taken a man! They've taken a man!"

The cry, like a banshee's wail, came through the window to her. Her knees suddenly weak, she stumbled across the floor and looked toward Giant's Sorrow.

Not far away, crossing a field called Forty Acres, was a band of men afoot. Rory . . .

Aithra ran down the stairs and into the gun room. She snatched a gun, shotgun or rifle, loaded or empty, she did not know. She ran across the lawn and climbed a stile, tearing her skirt. She made no sound. The men were coming nearer, walking a lane that led to the Stillorgan road . . .

She was too breathless to speak. She stood in the lane confronting them, gun pointed resolutely. She saw Rory in the center of the group. He was battered and bloody and his hands were tied behind him. Perhaps a dozen men surrounded him.

"Ah, look you yonder! My red-headed gir-rl! And with a gun. Brothers, 'tis worth it all!"

"Let him go," gasped Aithra, bursting into tears of murderous rage. "Let him go or I'll kill you!"

The leader of the group, a tall, swarthy man wearing rough tweeds, grinned at her. He held up his hand.

"Steady, Miss McShane. There's none but O'Connells here."

Rory stepped forward. One eye was blackened and closed. Several others in the group showed signs of fistic combat.

"Aithra, darling," he said, "allow me to present my brothers, O'Rourke, Edmund, Parnell and Aloysius. Also, my cousins . . ."

Aithra dropped the gun and ran to Rory. She put her arms around him, sobbing.

"You'll be spoiling your lovely dress," said Rory. "Agh! 'Tis with great shame I must confess I fought badly. Not an O'Connell dropped—"

"Ha! My jawbone gives you the lie, Rory."

"I caught as pretty a right cross as ever was struck in Ireland."

There was uproarious laughter. The girl stepped back, bewildered.

Brother O'Rourke said, apologetically: "We'd not have bound him, but he would not pledge his honor-r to go on the boat peaceably."

"The boat?"
Rory hung his head.
"Aye. The mother of us wants me sent to America."

"And to America you'll go, me fine buck." Then, to Aithra: "The O'Connells have made the peace with our President De Valera—"

" 'Tis a cowardly, black-hearted—"
"Your tongue has made trouble enough, Rory!"

Rory's brother, O'Rourke, pushed between Rory and a cousin.

Aithra looked at Rory, her heart beating fast.

"Why, Rory, that's splendid! That's—just heavenly! I prayed for it—"

"Splendid, is it? And you here, and an ocean between us? Agh!"

She laughed.
"But Rory—I'm going to America, too! Right away. We're leaving for Cobh this afternoon."

Rory scowled. He glanced around at the purple-shadowed hills. He drew a deep breath from Irish soil.

" 'Tis no choice I have," he muttered, "and sure the heart of me would sicken if we were apart. And yet—"

She laughed.
"But Rory—I'm going to America, too! Right away. We're leaving for Cobh this afternoon."

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She laughed.
"But Rory—I'm going to America, too! Right away. We're leaving for Cobh this afternoon."

Was It Murder?

(Continued from page 9)

My fingers have explored gaping wounds and subtle ones. It is natural that I should have felt some emotions concerning those slain and that I should have developed some philosophy about this American phenomenon, murder.

WELL, there are always going to be murders. A small number may be regarded as normal in the present state of civilization. We shall have murders committed by persons who are insane, crazy. We shall have to deal with the badly brought up children who as adults murder their wives or husbands because they are jealous or short tempered. That is fundamental. Nothing may be done about it for a couple of thousand years. But a vast number of murders are caused by greed. You can housebreak a dog and so you can housebreak the pirate breed who mask themselves as civilized beings until they are ready to kill for the possessions of others. We can deal with that sort of crime by swift and certain counter attacks.

In my own mind I have indexed under greed all the beer murders, the whiskey ring murders, the speakeasy murders and the other killings of the prohibition era. Required by the nature of my duties to look every day on the bodies of fresh victims of prohibition, it is not difficult to understand why I was passionately opposed to it. I hated prohibition for the unnatural pressures it was putting on society. I thanked God when we were done with it; but do not get the idea that I am in favor of heavy drinking—oh, no!

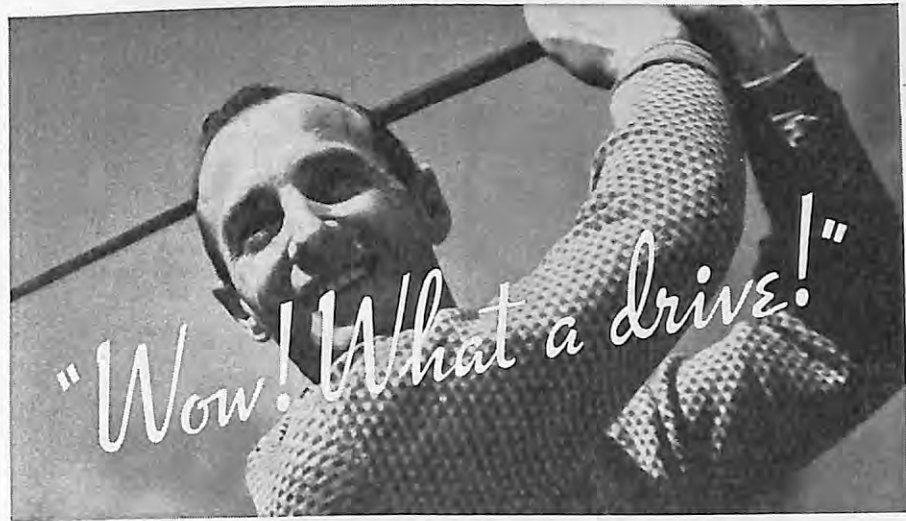
There is something very interesting about the mass of homicides with which I have had an official relationship. We made a careful study one time and discovered that four out of every ten murder victims brought into the morgue had been drunk when they died! I do not have the opportunity, unfortunately, to apply the same test to murderers, but I am positive that an even bigger percentage of those who kill are drunk with alcohol or narcotics when they murder.

Then if you are unfair enough to remind me that Englishmen and Scotchmen drink just as hard as Americans, and that the British have a much lower homicide rate, I am embarrassed. I spend a great deal of time in courts. It is my duty as medical examiner to make of myself an expert witness. I may not be expert about this particular thing, but I want to offer it as my considered opinion that we could cut down our murder rate astoundingly by speeding up the machinery with which we deal with murderers when we catch them.

The longer time that elapses between a homicide and a trial, the greater the chance that the killer will go unpunished, or at best, be lightly punished. Consequently the hazard of committing a homicide in the United States where court procedure is slow is not so grim and awful as in England. There all men are persuaded that if they kill a fellow human being they shall hang, and hang speedily.

LITTLE things which dull or untrained eyes do not see at all become freighted with significance for the experienced medical examiner. When he goes to the scene of a violent or a suspicious death, literally there is nothing he should not see. In his heart, his mind and conscience then he ought to be a Sherlock Holmes. I remember the case of an actress whose body was found lying on the floor of the bathroom of a Riverside Drive apartment. She had not been seen by her neighbors for a week.

(Continued on page 42)



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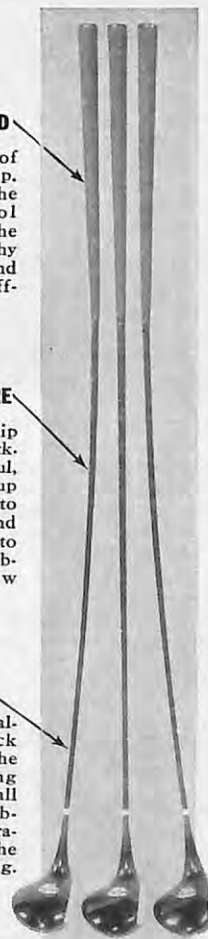
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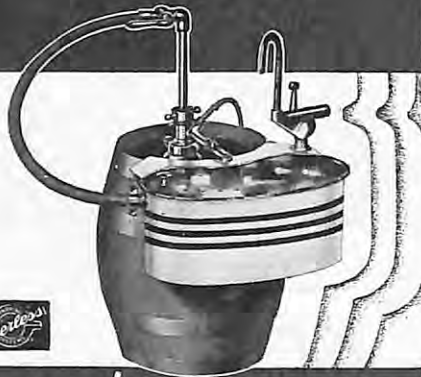
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(Continued from page 41)

A station house detective was finally advised that something must be wrong. When he made his gruesome discovery he hastened out to report the affair as a case of sudden death. One of my assistants, Dr. Raymond B. Miles, arrived soon afterward. Upon entering that dreadful bathroom he seated himself on the edge of the tub and proceeded to write down everything that he saw. His presence there was the most disastrous thing that could have happened to the person who had caused the body on the floor to become lifeless.

Feature by feature he wrote down a description of what six or seven days before had been a beautiful, alluring woman. Methodically he proceeded until his eyes were fixed upon a dead hand. Then he wrote: "Over dorsum of midportion of 5th metacarpal is circular, dark purplish area of discoloration $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter."

It required no great mind to create from that observation the suspicion that a robber had brutally torn from the fifth finger of the woman's left hand a ring she had worn; what it did require was conscientious and understanding observation. There was no guess work about it; nothing was left undone to accumulate a mass of facts with which to blast the murderer out of existence when ever he was caught.

The police caught him. The homicide squad now, and as it was then under Captain Arthur B. Carey, is an excellent organization of able detectives. You would have to search the whole world to find detectives to match in skill with such men as Steve Donahue, Tom Martin, Chubby Trainor. The homicide squad did not give up that case until they had tracked down and arrested a man who had taken that actress out to dinner earlier on the evening she was killed. He was a waiter, an ex-convict, undersized and not strong. He is serving a life sentence.

Catching him was a police job, but it was an appropriate gesture of science that the medical examiner, after the autopsy, was able to tell the detectives: "You should hunt for a person of slight strength. Whoever killed this woman struck her over the head, again and again, with some heavy instrument, but he was not strong enough to fracture her skull."

When they caught him he proved to be a man five feet, five inches in height who weighed only 120 pounds. By that time he had disposed of most of the valuables he had taken from his victim's apartment, but he still had that jeweled circlet which had left its tell-tale mark on the woman's finger.

For an old fellow like myself analytical study of an actual murder victim makes much more interesting reading than anything hatched out of the minds of the most inventive and skilful authors of mystery thrillers. Yet I like to read about murders, too. I can really get excited as I send my eyes galloping along the pages of a paper which reveals details of the plans, equipment and problems of "Les Morgues Parisiennes et L'Institut Medico-Legal de L'Universite de Paris." I will sit up until dawn to digest the latest word on the teaching and practice of legal medicine in Roumania by Professor Mina Minovici.

Look over my shoulder a little while I read what Professor Minovici has to say: "Abandoning the antiquated conception of what is commonly termed a morgue, I conceived of the Institute of Legal Medicine, on one hand as a true mortuary clinic, and on the other, as a laboratory for analyzing the defects of the individual and of society. The role of legal medicine being to direct the judge and to enlighten him so that he may know the truth in its penal as well as

civil aspects, and to direct the legislator in making laws, it is evident that the field of activity of this science is almost unlimited. . . . Making the science of immediate service to society, the Institute of Legal Medicine is no longer destined as a simple mortuary chamber for the exposition of cadavers, but rather by its close collaboration with the organs of distribution of justice it has become an indispensable aid to the bar and the tribunals."

That establishment, which had succeeded the old fashioned morgue, is to be found in Bucharest. But where among the 3,072 counties in the United States will you find anything like that which the Roumanian practitioner of forensic medicine discusses? Excepting only Boston and New York City, which have medical examiners, the morgues in all the other counties are simply places where coroners store bodies until they are buried.

But I must pass over the interesting details of, for instance, the manner in which unidentified corpses in Bucharest are photographed so as to give them appearances not too different from those of the individuals before death. I must stick patriotically to our American cadavers who get that way through the various contrivances and violences employed by our own corps of murderers. I want to show, if I can, why our society in most political subdivisions of the United States behaves clumsily in its too often futile efforts to punish murderers who have been caught by the police.

You may ask what is the difference between a medical examiner and a coroner. A book might be written to expound this subject but I think I can put the case succinctly when I say that a medical examiner, in determining the cause of death, employs the skill of pathologists, toxicologists and other scientists, while a coroner very often accepts the verdict of a jury of six men as sufficient answer to the question. A coroner is chosen by ballots, conceivably because he is a good fellow. Probably in many cases the individuals hired on a fee basis as coroners' physicians are also good fellows. In the very nature of the arrangement they cannot be the best men available for the work to be done. The coroner is, of course, not to blame, but rather the system that results in his selection.

In Chicago some months ago a woman physician called an undertaker into her home and had him embalm speedily the body of a young woman that was stiffening in *rigor mortis* on her operating table. Eventually three autopsies were performed on the corpse of that victim of a murderess. None, I gather from newspaper articles, was satisfactory in showing positively whether the daughter-in-law of Dr. Wynekoop had been dead of chloroform when a revolver shot was fired into her back, or whether the bullet killed her.

In New York that simple issue would have been determined as easily as falling off a log. It would have been done by one of the staff of men of the medical examiner's office who are accustomed to such work. Chicago (Cook County, that is) still operates under the old coroner system—haphazard, elective, inefficient. Chicago has had competent coroners. It may be fortunate enough to have one now, but I dare to say dogmatically that Chicago deserves something better.

It is less surprising that another bungled murder investigation which became a *cause celebre* was an occurrence in a comparatively small town. The Rev. Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills, the wife of his church sexton, who were killed in each other's company in the vicinity of New Brunswick, New Jersey, have moldered in their graves unavenged by society largely because of that same sort of

incompetence. The ordinary family doctor who performed the autopsies on the bodies of those two people actually did not discover that the woman's head had been almost severed from her body by some razor-sharp instrument. One can imagine from that circumstance how likely it was that important tell-tale clues were lost through the failure of New Jersey to subject those bodies to the postmortem tests of real experts—of such an intelligence, let us suppose, as that of Dr. Timothy Leary, Medical Examiner of Suffolk County (Boston) or his associate, Dr. George Burgess MaGrath.

As an illustration of what obscure marks of violence may be left on the body of a murder victim I can cite a recent experience of one of my assistants, Dr. Halpern. A sheeted corpse was drawn from the mortuary and rolled on rubber tires into the main autopsy room of the Pathological Building at Bellevue Hospital. The history of the case set forth that the man had been in the hospital forty-eight hours before his death, suffering from a paralysis growing out of a hurt incurred while he was unloading a truck. There was nothing in the history to suggest that the injury was caused by a murderous blow, and the body when carefully examined betrayed no evidence of such; but Dr. Halpern began to look for the cause of that paralysis.

There is a physical cause for every death. When he took the brain out of its case he found a tiny hemorrhage track in its back and a small cerebral rupture at the base. Then he returned to an examination of the body. In the skin of the scalp, in line with the hemorrhage track, sure enough, he found an almost indistinguishable cut one tenth of an inch in diameter. That was a stab wound. It had been made with an ice pick. Right then and there a message was dispatched to the homicide squad. Metaphorically sirens began to blow!

Halpern and I were talking shop a bit later that day.

"My heavens," he said with a shudder, "how many do we miss?" Of course, we do not fail to detect signs of murder in most cases, but undeniably we do miss some in spite of the fact that we devote our lives to this field. In my own experience I have had to do with more than 25,000 autopsies. I do not say I have performed that many, although, God knows, the sum of those I have made is great enough. Yet I know that even I get nervous when I have tried for an hour or two to fix upon the circumstance that caused life to leave a body over which I am working.

Suppose a bullet has been fired into that body and I fail to find it. I can tell you that I have developed a special chamber in my conscience that would torture me for the balance of my days were I to discover I had failed. But when the hay stack in which you search for a needle (or a bullet slug) has been drifting under water with the tides for many months—well, it is not easy! I can tell you that unreservedly.

Not long ago I watched Dr. Gonzales, my second in command, hunt for the cause of death in a man who had committed suicide with a twenty-two calibre pistol. That bullet was not much bigger than a couple of grape seeds and I marveled that Tom Gonzales had been able to find it. If I had found that one, I should have taken a drink to celebrate.

YOU see, the importance to a community of discovering the actual cause of death in any of its citizens is supreme, involving numerous ramified interests—both social and economic. Public health and safety may be involved, as well as criminal, civil and compensation actions. It is a duty which we owe both to our dead and to the living to determine accurately whether death was due
(Continued on page 44)



Her
BETTER JUDGMENT
whispers...

"NEXT TIME GET
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THIS young woman was told by her husband to "save money" on gasoline. But after her last experience on a grade with a traffic light at the top, her *Better Judgment* whispers: "You really don't save money when it's at the expense of your car's performance."

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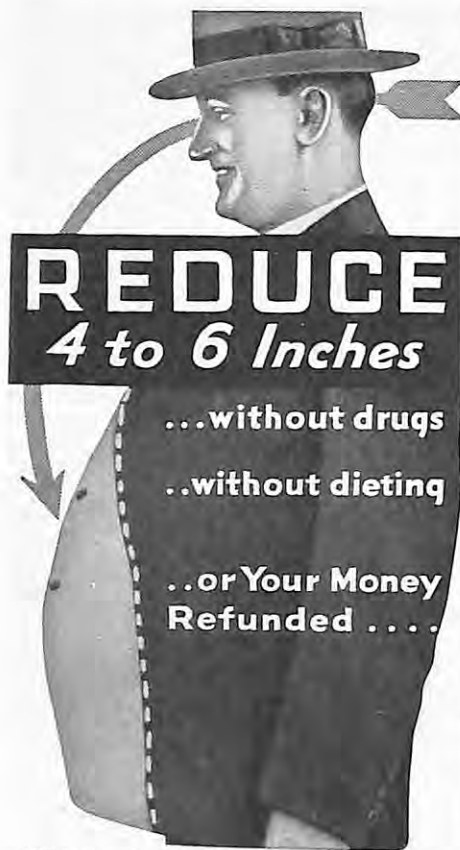
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(Continued from page 43)



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

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

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to disease, accident, suicide, or whether it was of criminal origin. The establishment of the medical diagnosis may be the means of clearing the name of the deceased or of vindicating an innocent person accused of crime.

For example, there was a woman—young, attractive, married—who struggled against the amorous advances of a bachelor acquaintance. She scratched and used her fists and then, suddenly, she was victorious and he was lying on the floor, dead. She fled and confessed to her husband that she had killed the man. But when we performed an autopsy we found that the excitement under which he was laboring and the physical effort of the struggle, had put an overload on an already weak pump. He had died of heart failure.

Another case pops into mind to illustrate my meaning; that of a young mother. She was taken from a tenement flat by a policeman and charged with the murder of her two-months-old baby. Had she really smothered the infant in the hot oven of her stove? My autopsy showed unmistakably that the baby had died from the effects of pneumonia. Poor woman, she had felt the chill of death creeping up the child's limbs. There was no fire in the stove but the oven was still warm. Frantic, she had placed the baby in the only warm refuge in the cold flat.

There is one young fellow in New York who would be glad to testify that skilful autopsy work is vitally important sometimes. He knows all right. His name is Mike. His wife jumped out of a third story window one night and killed herself. I never had any doubt about it being suicide. My assistant, Dr. George Hohman, examined the body, and if he said it was suicide it was suicide. He was a wizard and no one thought an autopsy would be necessary until the dead girl's family became suspicious. They were grief stricken, of course, and besides they held the young husband, Mike, in low esteem. In consequence poor Mike was indicted on the charge of first degree murder. To make his situation even more desperate a police detective reported he had observed blood stains on a pillow of the couple's bed.

At my suggestion the lawyers defending the young fellow retained Dr. George B. Magrath to perform an autopsy. He is Medical Examiner of Suffolk County and professor of pathology at Harvard University. Aye, it was a beautiful piece of work. He testified for the defense that a hemorrhage which the State contended was evidence of strangulation actually was evidence that the woman had been breathing when she struck the sidewalk. In other words she was living when she fell. The jury properly acquitted Mike. Those compromising bloodstains, it was shown, came from Mike's bad teeth.

Now this is more important than you might realize. Every year in New York several hundred persons are killed by falls from high buildings. In 1932 we established the fact that three of those who fell had been the victims of murderers; that 225

were suicides; the others were cases of accident.

Death is a solemn thing and so recognized in every social organization. Since I took charge, upon the creation of the medical examiner's office in 1918, in round numbers more than a million persons have died in New York City. Formalities of the law must be complied with each time life leaves a human body. In most cases the certificate of the physician in attendance is sufficient for the granting of permission to bury; but it is with the other cases that I must deal.

The total number of deaths each year in New York is, roughly, between 65,000 and 75,000. One out of each five or six is a case for my office.

There are all the suicides—1609 in 1932. More than 200 jumped from high buildings, 160 shot themselves, 236 hung themselves, but a total of 649 died by inhaling illuminating gas. Now the point I wish to make is this: We must decide in every such instance that it really is a case of suicide and not a subtly arranged homicide. How do we know that the woman who has met death in her kitchen with gas escaping from open vents was not killed in some other manner by a murderer who then sought to create an illusion of suicide? When you know how, the test is quite simple. The blood of a person asphyxiated by gas is cherry red; the blood in other corpses is much darker, almost purple.

There were 1,287 fatalities as a result of highway accidents in 1932. One of the reasons for each of 688 autopsies was to determine whether these victims were killed while under the influence of alcohol; but there was a further intention—to make certain that the death was an accident and not a calculated incident designed to end life—in short, a murder or a suicide.

Death comes in a variety of ways and in bizarre places, but since the determination of the cause of death is the cornerstone of medical jurisprudence, there can be no question but that the officials chosen to perform this important service should be medical men of high professional qualifications and ideals—scientists competent through education and experience to make postmortem examinations and to present accurate, unbiased findings having value both as scientific data and as a legal basis for prosecutions when a crime is disclosed.

As compared with most European countries the established murder rate of the United States is disgraceful. I believe it is probably worse than the statistics reveal. I say this because I know how numerous are the tests necessary in many autopsies before it can be said positively that a suspicious death was accidental, suicidal or homicidal. If I am ready to admit that even the trained scientist may miss a murder now and then, think how many murders must occur undetected in communities where the only tests are made by laymen or by some general practitioner of medicine. Think of this very earnestly the next time you read in your newspaper that "the remains were viewed by the coroner." And also remember that the system which selects non-professional men to this important office is to blame, and not the men themselves.

Forgotten Men of History

(Continued from page 18)

which, owing to the slippery bank, plunged them both into the Ohio. The object now of these powerful and well-matched men was to drown each other. First one and then the other went under. They were carried beyond their depth by the current and obliged to swim for it. The rapids swept them to the point of land where, unknown to Squire, Daniel had been watching, un-

able to take a hand because of the fear of killing his brother.

The Indian, a strong swimmer and not handicapped by clothing, reached the shore of the peninsula ahead of Squire. Turning to watch his adversary, he was unaware of Daniel, who was never known to miss a target of this size—nor did he miss this one.

In after years, Squire was wont to remark

that this was "the most satisfying fight that he had ever been in, since everybody fought so well." But, he claimed, it was not nearly so amusing a one as the time he was cornered while unarmed in his own tobacco barn by two Indians. He circumvented them by throwing a huge bundle of dried tobacco leaves into their faces and made his escape back to the stockade before the astonished braves had finished their sneezing contest.

AMONG other things of lesser import, Squire was the first to bring emigrants to the settlement of the new land of Kentucky. He built with his own hands the first cabin in that settlement. His son was the first white male child born in Kentucky. He was the first preacher in Kentucky and solemnized the first marriage in the new land, uniting the Henderson and Calloway families, who stand today among the greatest names in Kentucky history.

With his brother he aided in cutting "Boone's Trace," the first road to the west through the Cumberland Gap, which made it possible for wagons to make the long trip safely. Stretches of that old "trace" are still to be seen where the present state road, using the old trace for its foundation, continues on in a new line, leaving the old. The old trace is frequently seen at the side of the motor highway, where a wide strip of new timber has grown up in the midst of the old forest.

In Kentucky Squire built the first fort and what became the first real settlement—Boonesborough. He built and operated the first mill in the State. As an Indian fighter he was excelled by none. Frequent hand-to-hand fights with Indians made him famous in the new country. In one fort he was defending against the Indian hordes, he put them to rout by making a cannon of wood and actually firing it with devastating effect—and, almost unbelievable, with no injury to himself. Truly a handy man to have about.

He was a good hand at politics, too, and was made a member of the Legislature of Transylvania in 1775, along with Brother Daniel. A roving, restless man, like all the Boones, he settled and started settlements all over the Kentucky country. A settler but never "settled." After Boonesborough became "too crowded" for him he moved to Harrodsburg and then on to what later became Louisville. Here he staked off many fine lots in what was to be downtown Louisville.

All the lots were taken from him in later years by unscrupulous politicians, leaving him a pauper. In 1779, in order that his son might study the French language, he traveled to Kaskaskia, in the Illinois-Indiana country where the French had largely settled. The next year he was the principal signer of the petition to the Legislature of Virginia which gave the City of Louisville its charter. He also preached the first sermon in Louisville, having long been a Calvinistic Baptist—by adoption. First a Quaker, then a preacher and a Baptist at that, Squire—not to say all the Boones—was a pretty good scrapper for a "man of peace."

About this time he started another new town, Boone's Station, and in addition was made a Delegate to the Convention of the Virginia Legislature which ratified the Constitution of the United States.

In 1786 he again developed the wanderlust, or shall we say he still had it? With his son, he started on a longer hike than usual—a jaunt to New Orleans. By foot, overland and partly by boat, they arrived safely and spent three years in that lovely French-Spanish city. There he set up shop at his trade of gunsmithing. The practice of dueling in that hot-tempered community probably kept him busy, to say naught of the profitable patronage of the pirates who came into port from the Spanish Main and swaggered along the City's streets.

Again footloose, after that three-year period, he made his way back to Kentucky. In 1790. He then took a brief trip afoot to his old stamping ground in North Carolina to see the few friends and relatives who had not moved to Kentucky. Following a short visit he strolled down the coast to St. Simon's Island in Florida, where he spent some two or three years in the little village of Frederika, again gunsmithing for a livelihood.

Pioneering was beginning to peter out as a living; it was a good thing he had studied gunsmithing in his youth, else he would have had a hard time. A few more years and his designation as a pioneer would have been turned to that of a tramp. This is what time makes of our "heroes." But old Squire hadn't far to go—he was nearing the end of his trail. Back to old Kentucky he trekked and found his aging brother ready to move on to some place where there was more room. Squire was ready, too, and readily agreed to accompany Daniel to Missouri, the new "West." The Boone feet were probably a mite sore and weary by now, for history tells us they went by boat this time.

In Missouri Daniel finally managed to "settle down" for the first time in his career—except for a mere side trip or two to "nearby" places like Wyoming and Texas. Just to break the monotony. But Squire was not quite ready to settle even yet. He took a short walk back to Kentucky to see if he could rescue the property in Louisville which was rightfully his but which trickery and fraud had taken from him.

His family did not accompany him on this last journey. They had had enough. This time they "put their feet down" and for once kept them there. So Squire went alone—a lone wolf to the last. He found that his land was gone beyond recovery. And he was so reduced by poverty that the sheriff of Louisville—the town which he had helped to build, and a large part of which he had owned—put him in jail for debt.

Disgusted and discouraged after he had served his time, he left Kentucky for good and crossed the Ohio River into Indiana. On Buck's Creek in Harrison County he settled down for what was to be his last stand, starting a mill and doing a little gunsmithing on the side. Ever versatile with his hands, he built a home of rock which he quarried out of the nearby hills. Artistic he was, too, for he carved on each rock a face or an animal. Over the door he hewed out the words: "The Traveler's Rest."

A RUDDY-FACED, sandy-haired man was Squire. Among his many lesser eccentricities might be mentioned the fact that he caused one of his many grandsons to be baptized with his high-sounding name: "Squire Heath Manly Marquise de La Fayette Green Jennings Tipton Boone." A mouthful, indeed, for one who was never heard from thereafter, although he raised a son named Tipton Boone who became one of the first Governors of Indiana. A hospitable old gentleman was Squire, eccentric as he undoubtedly was. His family probably had a hard time living with him, even on the few occasions when they could catch up with him at all.

Finally, in 1815, death, which he had dodged so many years in more violent forms, caught up with the old pioneer. Long before this he had carved himself a coffin in which he had directed that he be buried. He later changed his mind and at his own request was buried—or rather, laid out—on the bare stone floor of a large cave at the top of a nearby hill. Here the old warrior lay alone in his open tomb—free as always to the play of the wind and the elements, just as he had always slept while living.

Time passed and soon the world and even his immediate neighbors forgot him in the

(Continued on page 46)

"EVEN HIS WORST FRIENDS TOLD HIM!"



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

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

(Continued from page 45)

cave on the hill. No trace remains of him today nor of his home of carved rocks. Even his memory has faded. Daniel is the great name of history. But Squire, the blazer of wilderness trails, would, no doubt, have preferred it that way. Like all truly great

men, posterity's praise would have meant little or nothing to him. His life had been a full and active one. The worlds he had set out to conquer he had toppled over, one and all. Glad he was to rest at last, alone and unheralded, in the forest's peace and quietude.

Steel from the Blood

(Continued from page 14)

Bull yelled to drown out the word and swung blindly.

"Ah!" Bob clenched his teeth and countered. He had feared Bullard wouldn't attack. Now, if necessary, Emil Lindstrom's son could plead "self-defense."

Bull shook his head. Bob's blows to the jaw stung and jarred, but they also wiped away Bull's clogging doubts. He crouched and lunged. "Ouw!" Bob had sidestepped and Bull was suddenly fighting for his balance on the platform edge. Another inch or so and he would have gone down—farther than Emil Lindstrom had.

"One of us is going down, Bull, you murdering—"

"Arghh!" Bull couldn't stand it. He wheeled, charged and stopped short, for the platform wasn't more than ten feet by twelve, maybe fourteen. He was forced to fight it out Bob's way. Bob was hitting him, battering his face. Bull swung heavily and kept reaching for a hold. He made a lunge and barged into the rivet forge. He spat blood—his own blood.

BOB'S arms worked like piston rods, his fists smacking regularly against Bullard's face. He didn't dare try for Bullard's wind; the man's arms were long, and he must stay out of reach. Now, he would work Bullard back to the edge of the platform by peppering away, then taunt him into telling how—Hell! Milburn was coming back. He would have to crowd Bull, or Milburn would stop—

He was down! He, Emil Lindstrom's son, was down. On his knees. He was going to roll over. He had gotten too close—that's what he had. Bullard had fouled him with a kick. He should have guarded against that. Why didn't Bull kick again? Then Bob Lindstrom could go to join his dad. The platform's edge! He must not roll that way. There was a hand that wouldn't let him. It wasn't Bullard's hand. Not on your life it wasn't. Why didn't Bull kick again? That hand—it was Milburn's hand—or Stenerson's—or Nick Johnson's.

The fight had Milburn in a quandary. He could hardly fire Bob, without firing Bullard, too, just as a matter of morale and justice. And he needed Bullard. Bullard was the best connector-up on the job since Emil Lindstrom's fatal spill. Milburn looked down at Bob, now slowly forcing himself to his feet; his eyes narrowed at the way the youngster came out of his pain and fog. Stamina! And Bullard—Milburn scratched his head as he stared at Bullard's battered face. It looked like a lay-off for Bullard.

"Get back to work, you guys!" Milburn had made up his mind. "What d' you think this is?—a picnic? And if you two—" Milburn's glare swung from Bullard to Bob and back again,—"do any more fighting, I'll lick you both."

With that, Milburn turned away, leaving everything up to Nick Johnson, the gang pusher. Johnson wasted no time; he ordered Bull to souse his head in cold water from the water-boy's bucket and get to sticking up steel. Bull grunted assent, though one of his eyes was badly swollen; but it would have taken more guts to ask for time off right then, than to go on with

work that had become almost automatic in spite of its risks.

Still unable to straighten up entirely, Bob was already at his forge and cranking up the blast. Sticking it out all afternoon was hell, yet he managed, somehow.

The morning after the fight, Bob was down town on time, but his step was slow and his eyes were listless. He lingered across the street, gazing up at the nude skeleton of the new Catskill Building poking upward into the air as if reaching for the sky. The hoisting engine squealed—starting time. It left Bob unmoved, thinking. He had made a mess of things. He should have knocked that brute off the platform, when he had the chance and some semblance of an excuse. But that would have been merely a life for a life. Well, no use quitting now, not with six stories yet to go; he might get another chance at Bull, if Bull didn't get him first.

Forcing some of the old spring back into his stride, Bob crossed the street to the job. The material elevator was running and he went up eight stories on that. He hoped the gang wouldn't kid him about those names he spit at Bull. But they had gotten Bull's goat. If he had simply sworn at Bull, Bull would only have laughed it off, for, according to the code, a man who has been a near victim of another's carelessness has a right to speak his feelings.

Mattler's rivet passer was starting Bob's fire.

"Matt thought maybe you wasn't coming," he explained. "Thought maybe Bull had scared you off."

"No chance," Bob replied, his eyes roving over the platform, looking for anything that might not be just as it should. He would have to double his guard against Bull's trickery from now on. The passer was still talking.

"Bull's down below. He's going to hop that outside beam for the corner up there and ride 'er up into place. Some of them outside corner beams is hell to get out to for bolting up. But this one wouldn't be so bad. Bull just wants to show off, 'cause of the way you put the old k-nucks to him."

Bob took over the forcing of the fire in the forge. The passer named the rivet lengths Mattler would be wanting, then climbed to his station. The fire suddenly glowed and went hot. Bob poked rivets into the hot coals so they would heat without burning. Beyond the front of the structure, the derrick cables squeaked. That would be the heavy corner beam coming up, with Bull riding it. So Bull had to show off a bit, to make up for yesterday, huh? Bob's mouth tightened—he had Bull on the defensive.

The squeaking of derrick cables and blocks increased. Bob kept an eye on them. This stunt might be worth watching, even if it was Bull Bullard who was pulling it off.

Bull's cap came into view above the outer floor beams, then his bruised, brutal face, with the morning sunlight throwing it into bold relief. Bull must have been watching for Bob; his lips curled crookedly and snarled:

"Dead man's whelp!"

The platform seemed to go unsteady

under Bob's feet, the sunlight became a blurring fog. Bob rubbed the back of a gloved hand across his eyes to wipe the blur away, and his vision did clear somewhat. He saw Bull's full length, now, as the load rose slowly. A heavy steel beam, over twenty feet long, suspended at its middle by a single sling from the derrick hooks. The beam see-sawed slightly, but Bull stood on the beam close to the sling and kept it balanced levelly, throwing his weight just so, and with a precision that bespoke years of practice.

"Dead man's whelp!"

Bob flinched. He had to take it. No one else was close enough to hear. No one was even paying any attention, except Stenerson.

Stenerson had shinned up by a column, two stories higher, and was waiting to catch the tag line, which Bull would throw, when the beam was high enough. Bull was holding most of the tag line coiled up in his right hand, the other end was knotted securely around one end of the beam. Stenerson would catch the line and steer the beam end into place.

The rising beam was now a little higher than the riveting platform. Bull's thick lips formed those three senseless, yet reason-robbing words again, adding a leer that made them seem more outrageous than when shouted aloud. As if in a dream, Bob poked his tongs into the fire and snaked out a glowing rivet. Stepping to where he had an unobstructed view of Bull, he crouched in position for a toss. The rivet glowed wickedly even in the sunlight. Spitting sparks of scale fell from it.

Bull saw and understood. He cringed as if the pink-hot rivet was already scorching through his clothes. His yell split the racket of the job. His nerves jabbed at his muscles; unconsciously his left hand jerked on the sling that looped the beam at its middle. The beam wavered, see-sawed once, then one end began to go up. Bull shifted to the high side and brought it down. He might have been able to keep the beam balanced, but there was Bob, still crouching on the platform, swinging that sizzling rivet as if for a toss.

The threat of that searing rivet was too much. Bull couldn't wait. His right arm swung out and he shot the light tag line up to Stenerson.

IT was a good throw, but Stenerson was looking down at Bob in open-mouthed amazement. He missed catching the rope. And the sudden shifting of Bull's weight, when he tossed the tag line, had set the beam to teetering again; one end, the tag line end, went up and swung around with a jerk. The tag line was snapped out away from the building, like a cracking whip lash, and the free end wrapped itself securely around a derrick guy wire extending down to an anchorage in the street below. Now, the tag line went tight as the beam slipped a little in the sling and hung vertically, heavy end down. The bell man had already signaled for the hoisting engine to stop.

Bull had hung on, wrapping himself around the sling, and one of his thighs was now wedged in between the sling and the beam's upper end. He wasn't hurt, but his wedged-in leg was the only thing that was keeping the beam from sliding on down through that sling. And, if the beam went, Bull would be jerked loose, too. The beam and Bull would have to be carefully lowered down to the street level. However, that was impossible for the moment.

The tag line must be released, first. It would tilt the beam back far enough to relieve the effectiveness of Bull's wedged-in leg, the instant they started to lower away, and the beam would promptly slip through the sling. No one could get out to the guy wire, around which the free end of

the tag line was wrapped, nor out to Bull. Bull couldn't reach up to where the tag line was knotted around the beam. For some one to slide down the derrick tackle to Bull would only mean two lives instead of one.

Bob got it in a glance. His head began to swim with a sense of conquest. Back at his forge he gave the blast-fan crank a turn. Heat, burning coals and little blue flames leaped out at him and spotted his face, but the only thing that mattered was his rivets going white hot. He dropped the rivet he'd had, now cold, and tonged out one that was white with heat, burnt too hot to be driven, but just right for—

"I've got you, Bull! I've got you!" Bob stepped out along the beams, crouching. His right arm swung with the rhythm of a pendulum; in his right hand were the tongs holding the hissing rivet ready for the toss. "I knew I'd get you sometime, Bull."

"Ouw! Don't throw it! Don't!" Bull's voice cracked. The rattling racket of the job was receding farther and farther, as one worker after another got the drift of things. Voices, words became abruptly distinct. Bob monotoned:

"Emil Lindstrom. You 'did' for him. Didn't you, Bull?"

"No, no. He fell. I— I—"

"Why did he fall, Bull? Why did he fall?"

"'Twas a accident, you fool. The beam turned."

Bob's nerves tightened at this corroboration of his father's dying words.

"Why did it turn, Bull? Why—"

"'Twas a acci—"

Bob rapped the tongs against a column. A sputter of sparks showered from the rivet, leaving it still pinkly hot.

"Ouw! Help!"

"Why did the beam turn, Bull?"

"Go to hell, you—you whelp!"

The change in Bull's voice sent Bob gliding back to his platform. Nick Johnson, the gang pusher, had landed there. Two other workmen were close behind Johnson and old Milburn was coming. Bob faced them and swung his tonged rivet.

"Get off this platform and stay off!" Bob's voice was brittle as ice. Johnson, startled for the moment, backed off. One of the men behind spun a wrench at Bob's head. Bob ducked and the wrench shot out into space over the street. Then Bob let go his rivet. It caught the wrench thrower squarely on the chest. Everybody began backing away, now, even Milburn. Bob gave the blast-fan crank a turn to force the fire and snaked out another white-hot rivet from the coals. Feet thumped on the platform as Stenerson hit the planks.

"Get off, Stener—"

"'s all right, kid. I'll keep the others off. You finish your job, only don't kill 'em."

After one look into Stenerson's cool eyes, Bob nodded. He could now devote himself to Bull. Bull's face was pasty, where it wasn't fight marked. His squirming started the beam to swinging a bit further, stretching the tag line tighter at each swing. He must have been able to feel the beam slip a tiny bit each time.

"Why did the beam turn, Bull?" Bob's voice settled once more into a deadly monotone. "Why did it turn?"

"'Twas a acci—"

"Why did the beam turn, Bull? Why?"

"'Cause there was only one bolt in the connection—at one end—damn you!"

That brought a little growl of comprehension from the watching group, who had never been able to understand sure-footed Emil Lindstrom's spill.

"How did there happen to be only one bolt in that connection, Bull?"

"Go to hell. You're—"

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

"Look out, Bull! Here it comes." Bob rapped sputtering scale from the rivet and felt a hand touch his back, then heard Stenerson's voice:

"Swap with me, kid. Here's a nice hot one. Drop it inter his overalls. The dirty murderin'—"

Bob switched tongs and rivets, without ever taking his eyes from Bull. He began again:

"That bolt was left out of your end, wasn't it, Bull? And you signaled for Lindstrom to come on across, didn't you, Bull? And after the beam turned under his feet and spilled him, you put a second bolt in so no one would get wise. Eh, Bull?"

"I'll—I'll kill you, you damned—"

"That's the way it happened, wasn't it, Bull?"

"You go to hell!"

"Why did you leave that bolt out, Bull?"

Bob crouched a bit lower, rapped fiery scale from his rivet and increased the arc of his swing. Bull saw and shivered; his shoulders actually shook. He brushed frantically at his chest, where he expected the searing rivet to hit, lost his grip on the cable sling and flopped over backward to hang head down. Bob's breath caught in his throat for an instant; he thought Bull was gone and he wasn't ready for that.

"Why, Bull? Why did you leave—"

"Oh, my—I did it so he'd fall and—break his damned neck."

"Did it because you knew Emil Lindstrom was going to beat you to pusher's job, didn't you, Bull? You're the kind of a guy who'll murder a man for a job, aren't you, Bull?"

"Yes, yes. But don't throw that— Help! Help! It's slippin'!"

But the beam didn't slip. Bob turned back to the platform, wet with sweat, his head light. He had what he wanted. Stenerson,

Johnson, Milburn, everybody there was white of face, tense, for they had heard the answer to what they had all asked themselves: how had sure-footed Emil Lindstrom happened to spill that day, when afterward everything seemed to have been secure?

"Give me another rivet, Sten." Bob's hands were steadier than the hands of any of these danger-hardened men.

"No, son. That's enough. We'll take care of Bullard, but we don't want the responsibility for his death on our hands. Steady now, while we figure out some way to get that tag line cut, so we can lower him down." Milburn spoke softly.

"That's what I'm going to do, Mr. Milburn."

"What?"

"I'm going to cut the tag line."

"You? How?" Milburn scowled in puzzlement.

Bob already had a fresh white-hot rivet in his tongs. He ran out along the beams, paused, crouched, swung and tossed.

Bull squirmed and whined his fear, as the rivet hit the beam close above where the tag line was knotted around it. The rivet slid down to the knot and was jarred off by the swaying of the beam.

"Hold still, you yella-bellied cur!" Stenerson yelled at Bull, and shoved a second pair of tongs with its hot rivet into Bob's hands.

Bob missed the beam entirely with his next toss. He would have to get a grip on himself. There was no excuse for that miss; Bull was no longer swaying the beam, he seemed to have passed out. Fear or too much of the head-down stuff had killed Bull's senses. Bob tossed a third rivet.

Again the rivet landed close above the tag line knot, even closer than the first one had; it slid to the knot and lay there, until it smoldered its way loose. Still the rope held. Bob's fourth rivet landed as surely as the third. The rope smoked and

smoldered. It flamed a little—and parted. The beam could now be lowered with its unconscious leg-wedged load.

There was no cheering. The understanding Stenerson guided Bob back to the platform. Hearty hands were extended.

"Where'd yuh learn to toss 'em like that, kid?"

"Dad taught me," Bob answered, without knowing who asked the question—without caring. His answer seemed to stop words in half a dozen throats. He wanted to relax; he would go home and rest a bit, and then—

"You go on home for a couple of days, son. Come back Monday." Milburn's voice wasn't exactly steady.

"I won't be back, Mr. Milburn. I'm returning to college, Monday. Dad would want me to finish, you see."

"But, Bullard— We all heard. Won't you—"

Bob shook his head; then: "Yes, you all heard. Maybe, now that you know the details, you will be able to make Bull repeat his confession, or block his claim that he was forced to make it. But I wouldn't be interested in seeing a guilty man tried for anything, after the steel had been drained from his blood, and there isn't much left in Bullard's."

"Cripes!" "By damn!" "Well, there's still plenty of steel in your blood, kid!" "I'll say—"

Stenerson broke in on the babble. "Why I was going to ask Mr. Milburn this very day to let you try a bit of connecting-up with me, Bob."

Again, Bob shook his head. "No, Sten. Thanks for backing me up though." He shook hands with Stenerson, with Milburn, with Johnson and the others, picked up his coat and went down the ladder. Old Milburn took off his hat and muttered, before following:

"To a worthy father, a he-man son was born."

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 31)

and spoke briefly to them. From Donaldsville he proceeded to Morgan City where he had lunch with fifty members of Morgan City Lodge, No. 1121. He then went on to Franklin, La., where he met with a number of members of Franklin Lodge, No. 1387.

The next visit was made on the same day to New Iberia, La., Lodge, No. 554, where at four in the afternoon Mr. Meier met with the officials and leaders of the Lodge. Next was a meeting with seventy-five members of Opelousas Lodge, No. 1048. Mr. Meier spoke here and again at the midnight supper which was given at a local country club.

At luncheon on the ensuing day Mr. Meier lunched with some fifty members of Alexandria, La., Lodge, No. 546, speaking to them at some length. Mr. Meier was pleased to see present A. J. Manheim, D.D., and Sol B. Pressburg, four times a District Deputy.

Following this meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122, where he was the guest of honor at a dinner in the Lodge rooms, with about 125 members in attendance. After the banquet, presided over by D.D. Manheim, Mr. Meier spoke. He was later presented with a book containing many interesting photographic views around Shreveport, by C. A. Parker, E.R. While in Shreveport Mr. Meier was pleasantly surprised to find that his sister and her husband were in the City. Following the Lodge meeting, Mr. Meier seized time to visit with them briefly

before proceeding to Houston, Texas.

On the morning of Jan. 15 Mr. Meier reached Houston in time for breakfast at the Home of Houston Lodge, No. 151, with some twenty-five members, including W. A. James, D.D. for Tex. Southeast, F. E. Knetsch, D.D. for Tex. South, and A. F. Fisher, P.D.D.

Mr. Meier's next visit was to Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311, where he had luncheon with about fifty members, and made an address. The Grand Exalted Ruler was highly pleased with the way in which his remarks were received. Immediately after the conclusion of the visit, he proceeded to Port Arthur, Tex., Lodge, No. 1069, where he met with some twenty-five members. This was the first visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler to that Lodge and the members were enthusiastic over the occasion, heartily applauding his speech and regretfully speeding him on his way to Galveston.

Mr. Meier arrived in Galveston in the late afternoon, and upon leaving the ferry was greeted by a delegation including D.D. James, E.R. John E. Comfort, P.D.D. Henry Block, P.D.D. Frank L. Lubben and E. P. Theis, P.E.R.

That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a dinner given by members of Galveston Lodge, No. 126, with 150 members present. At the conclusion of his speech, a most generous courtesy was extended him by one of the members who had called Mrs.

Meier in Seattle on long distance without letting the Grand Exalted Ruler know anything about it. Mr. Meier was called to the telephone and to his great surprise found himself talking to Mrs. Meier.

Corpus Christi, No. 1030, was the next Lodge to be host to Mr. Meier, where he breakfasted at eight with twenty-seven members. His was the first such visit paid the Lodge.

Accompanied by E.R. Andrew Smith and Secy. C. E. Smeltz, of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to San Antonio where at luncheon he spoke to fifty members, being introduced by E.R. Smith. Here his address was preceded by that of Mayor C. K. Quinn, who presented him with a key to the City. Many distinguished Elks were at the meeting, among them being D.D. Fred Knetsch, who later conducted the Grand Exalted Ruler to Seguin, Tex., in company with other Elks.

The visitors arrived in Seguin at 4 P.M. to find themselves met by a delegation of distinguished Elks and citizens of the locality. That evening Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a dinner at the country club attended by 100 members. This was the first visit to Seguin Lodge ever made by a Grand Exalted Ruler and the interest shown by the members was great. Almost every official of the City is a member of the Lodge there, and the list of prominent participants at the dinner was extremely long.



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** An exact quotation from Mr. J. Harry Beidler's letter. R. O'Hara, Notary Public (Seal).*

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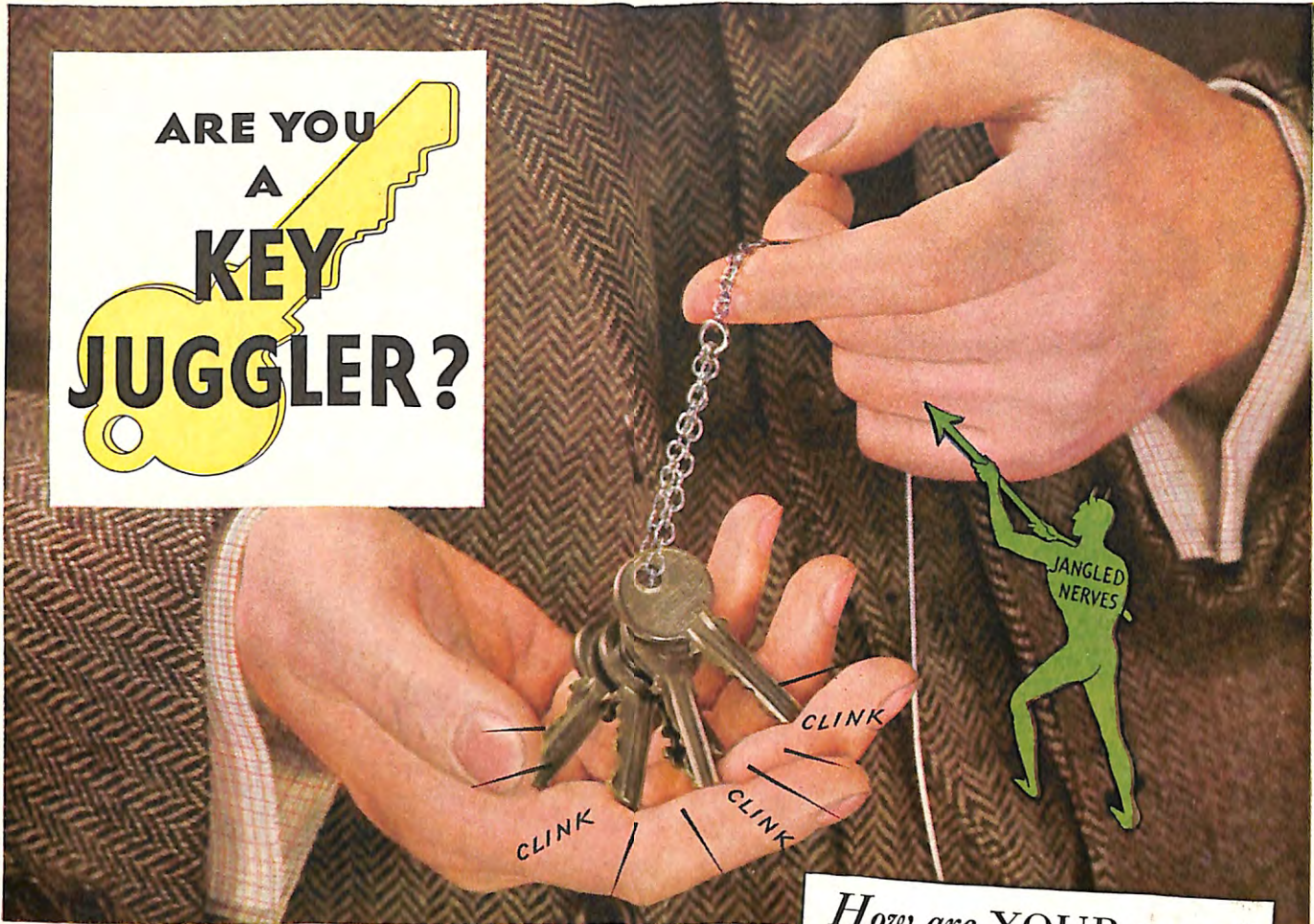


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