

The Elks

M a n e

JUNE,
1934

CENTRAL
EDITION



Irvin Cobb ~ Samuel Crowther ~ Talbert Josselyn



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The Elks Magazine

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

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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JUNE, 1934

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Cover Design by
Walter Beach Humphrey

This Month

As a teller of tales—whether humorous, romantic or dramatic—Irvin S. Cobb has seldom been equalled, and never beaten. In "Blue Sedan" he is at his best in his dramatic vein. For mystery and suspense we commend this story to you unqualifiedly—and will lay a bet that you won't figure out how Bryce identified the victim before you reach the very last sentence.



Piric McDonald
Irvin S. Cobb

Next Month

THE July issue will be the pre-convention number. It will reach you shortly before you set sail for Kansas City and the 1934 meeting of the Grand Lodge. In addition to the pre-convention news, several interesting features are being planned for this important number.

For example, you will find a most amusing story by your old favorite, Octavus Roy Cohen, under the title, "A Fool and His Honey." One of the articles, by Boyden Sparkes, points out the mob-inciting tricks of Communists—and shows how to deal with them. The third article in Charles Spencer Hart's significant series, "Forgotten Men of History," will be published in this issue. There will also be a story, "Tee for Two," by Albert Treynor, with a corking girl in it and an account of a golf match that will make you want to get out and try your luck on the nearest fairway.

We think you'll like the July number whether or not you are planning on coming to Kansas City—but, needless to say, we hope very keenly to see you there.



News of Elkdom

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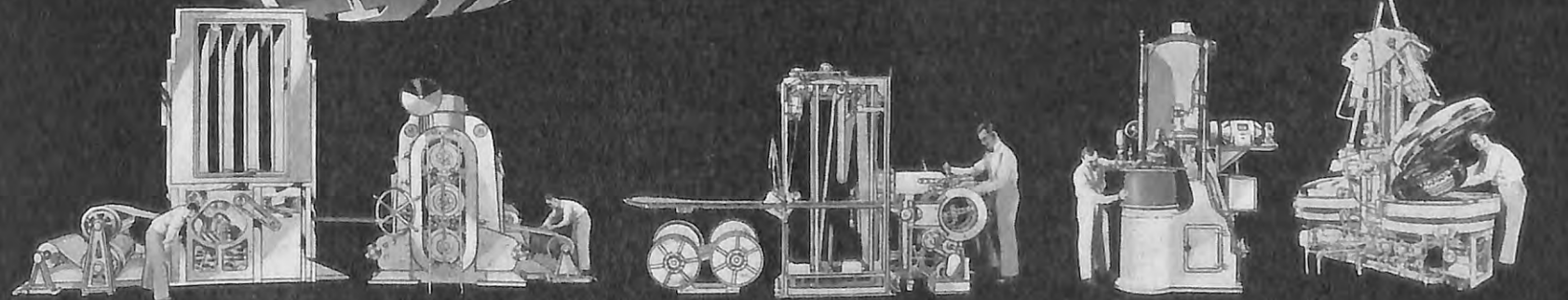
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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
 Official Circular Number Ten

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

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

DEAR BROTHERS:

When this official Circular is read in our Subordinate Lodges, I will be on my last trip in connection with my visitations. I expect to make the last official visitation in Kansas City, Mo., on June 8th, after which I will return home to prepare my annual report for the Grand Lodge Session and make ready to turn the administration of affairs over to my successor upon his election in July. Although I have enjoyed my work greatly, yet I am glad that I begin to see the end, for with all the responsibility, the traveling and the speaking, it has been strenuous—far more so than would be imagined by any one who had not gone through it.

Installation of Officers

The new officers in the Subordinate Lodges have been elected and now they await only their installation before they will shoulder the responsibility for carrying on during 1934 and 1935. The Lodge Activities Committee has issued an important bulletin urging that this installation be made a special event in the Lodge life, and I heartily concur in their request. It should be the time of new hopes, new aspirations and new determination. Properly observed, the installation of officers can be translated into a great impetus, the effect of which will be felt throughout the whole year. Let it be made so.

Plans for the New Year

The new officers should not come into power with no plans laid for their year's work. Immediately upon their election they should start to work. Let conferences among themselves, and with Past Exalted Rulers, be held. They should map out a definite program. Let them be constructive and prove themselves to be real leaders. No one can afford to be either a drifter or a floater. Let the movement be up the stream. The struggle to progress means greater strength, and ultimately, finer results.

The Kansas City Convention

Every Lodge should send its Exalted Ruler to the National Convention. He is the official representative. He can best represent the interests of his Lodge. Let him come with constructive ideas. He must not let the individual problems of his own Lodge obscure his vision as to the needs and welfare of the Order as a whole. Let him remember that he is representing and acting for a great National Fraternity having Lodges in every part of our great country and its outlying possessions.

Flag Day

Next to the Fourth of July, marking the birth of the Nation, Flag Day should rank in importance, for it represents the birth of our National Emblem—that which typifies the glory of the past and the inspiration for the future. Its observance is obligatory, and it should be made one of the outstanding events in the community. Let the observance be dignified as befits an Elk occasion, and fervent as comports with a patriotic spirit.

My Annual Report

Shortly after June 1st, I will commence the preparation of the report which I will render at the Kansas City Convention. In that connection I will be glad to consider any constructive suggestions or recommendations that any Lodge or member might desire to submit prior to that date. Incidentally, the preparation of this report emphasizes the fact that my administration is fast drawing to a close. Matters coming to me from the Subordinate Lodges after June 1st should be only those of an urgent character and requiring immediate attention.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler



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WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO • PEORIA, ILLINOIS



by Irvin S. Cobb

Illustrated by
John E. Sheridan



Sheridan

Blue Sedan

JUST a bit ago, going through my rough indexes on the cases of Detective Morgan Bryce, cases in which I more or less figured as what you might call The Innocent Bystander, I came upon a row of references to Cal Smiley, who likewise had a cadet's share in the particular case with which I'm about to deal now.

These two made a great team—Morgan Bryce, the city-raised sophisticate, and John Calvin Smiley, the fledgling apprentice from a Cayuga County farm; a team which in time became a notable one and well-advertised in print. Even so, there were frequent occasions when Bryce played a solitary game. However much faith he might put in associates or underlings, the lone wolf rôle appealed to his vanity.

On the forenoon of the October day when this case of the unlucky couple from upstate broke, I chanced to be passing Headquarters. I had a small secret office just around the corner, where I went when I wanted some real privacy. Just as I was abreast of the stone-pillared doorway, out bulged Bryce and Smiley, heading for a police two-seater that stood by the curb.

"Hop in here with us if you've got nothing better in sight," invited Bryce. "What looks like a neat little gang murder's been reported from up by Jerome Avenue. You never can

tell—it might be just one of those things, and then again it might have angles to it that'd maybe interest you. Anyhow, it starts off that way."

I wedged in with them, and as we swung about and steered north, Bryce, who had the wheel, fed to me in dribblets such information as the Homicide Bureau had: "About two hours ago a citizen that's chugging along a lonely sort of a short-cut up there on the borders of the Bronx, sees a blue sedan where it's left the road and smashed itself up against a tree. He steps over to see what's the matter. And the first thing he sees is that the car is shy both its license plates, and the second thing he sees is a man kind of slumped down in the front seat like he might be asleep or stewed or something. So he ranges up where he can get a good squint and what he sees then starts him dusting back hell-for-leather. Because the party in that car is dead; and what's more, he hasn't died any nice easy death, neither."

"Shot?" I asked. "Or stabbed?"

"Tougher on him than that. Choked to death. Well, this here citizen spreads the news and pretty soon some precinct dicks are on the spot. And they frisk the stiff and going by what they find on it—keepsakes and letters and whatnot—they right away start telephoning upstate, and then they begin to hear things that make 'em think the business wouldn't be any ordinary killing, but maybe has got a real fancy slant to it."

"For instance, what?"

"The papers on the body give 'em the name of William Gillespie and an address in Albany. Well, first-off, that don't seem to mean anything to 'em, but it starts making sense soon as they raise Albany on long-distance. Because Albany was

*"The man—
jumped for
'em and sort
of closed in
on 'em."*



already putting out a general alarm for the same William Gillespie—for him and a woman represented to be his wife—on the theory that the both of them were bodily snatched out of there about midnight last night by a person or persons unknown but traveling in a blue five-passenger car."

"Abducted, you mean?"

"Well, the Albany force is leaning strong to that notion. This Gillespie couple have been hived up for about six weeks in a lodging house in Albany. The dame who runs the dump suspicions that they must have been under cover. You know—sticking in their room daytimes and not going out much except after dark. They seemed to have connections in town, though—made many local calls and once or twice long-distance ones. And the Albany cops are pretty sure now, from what dope they've picked up, that Gillespie wasn't their right name. They think the man might have been a cheap crook and hijacker of the name of Walter Gallagher, better known as Shang Gallagher, a small-timer but having influence with some of the big shots; and that the woman was probably his moll, Montreal May Dilley. We found her classification cards in the Gallery—pennyweighter and shoplifter and once in awhile a little low-grade blackmailing, but, funny thing, there's nothing in the records on him. Either he'd never been pinched or else managed to dodge being mugged. We had the luck, though, to bump into a Central Office man that came from the same town this Gallagher came from. It's a little village outside of Rochester. He remembers Gallagher from when they were both kids. He says Gallagher came of good people, decent, religious family and all; and that he used to serve on the altar at a little church up there before he went wrong, and last accounts, still was booked as a member of the parish. That's a thing a Protestant pup like Smiley here wouldn't savvy—the True Faith hanging onto her black

sheep as long as there's a living chance to straighten 'em out."

We made an east turn to strike Third Avenue. Bryce went on:

"Getting back to Albany, this here landlady says that late last night her two quiet lodgers got ready to check out. They didn't tell her where they were heading for and she didn't ask. It looks like, though, they were trying to do a sneak and slipped up. Because, looking out of her window just before they were due to pull their freight—she's got a room up on the third floor—she saw a car down in front. She's got a vague idea that it'd been there quite some time and she's reasonably certain it was a blue sedan. There was a man standing by it. She didn't see only the one man. But the shades on the car were drawn down so there might have been somebody else inside. Well, if she thought anything about it, she thought it was just the car that was waiting to take these two people away somewhere. And she was right there, too, but not the way she thought. Because when the pair of them came out, each one carrying a grip, she peeked out of the window again and the man by the car jumped for 'em and sort of closed in on 'em. They all three went into a kind of a huddle. How it looked to her, they made as if to break away from him and take it on the lam, only he wouldn't stand for it. There was a good moon, but part of the time they were in the shadow and, remember, she was looking down from up above, so her story's got gaps in it. She's pretty sure, but not dead sure, that the strange man made a gun-play. She is sure that he laid hands on 'em and hung on. It's likely he was frisking 'em. Anyhow, it was all over in a minute; and the finish of it was that he took charge of their grips and made 'em climb in his car, and then he climbed in, and off they went, leaving her hanging half out of her window, with her tongue out about a yard. She didn't yell for help. People in her line of business learn to mind their own affairs, and besides, suppose she was wrong about the whole thing? But the more she broods over it the funnier it seems to her and finally, early this morning she notifies the police, giving descriptions of the couple, and by this and by that, the Albany chief decides this here Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie can't be anybody else except Shang Gallagher and May Dilley. And on the chance it's a kidnaping, he's starting to get busy when the flash comes through on this Bronx killing, which that would seem to indicate a direct hook-up between a stunt that started out up there as a snatch job and wound up down here as a cold-blooded croaking job, or maybe a double-header."

"The woman, you mean?"

"Who else? She's missing and no sign of her. And it's reasonable to assume that if a gang—if it was a gang—or some party working single-handed put the man out of the way, naturally the woman would be put out of the way, too, so there'd be no squeal. But why should the killer wait until after daylight when he was inside the city limits of Greater New York to finish one or the both of 'em when he must have passed a plenty of dark stretches on the Post Road between here and Albany? . . . Well, p'raps we'll be hearing more when we get where we're going."

BRYCE knew his outskirts all right. It seemed that as a green recruit he once upon a time had walked a beat in those remote parts. He steered in and out of a contradictory maze of adolescent avenues until presently the Bronx Zoo was behind us and we had invaded a blind-ended, unpaved thoroughfare which was neither a regular street nor a country road, and which, for no fathomable reason, rambled on, following roughly a north-and-south course, until it butted into one of those steepish heights above the Harlem River. Here was a hinterland betraying all the characteristic symptoms of growing pains in this lusty young giant of a borough; on our right, an ambitious real-estate "development" shoving its raw lines across what lately had been a cornfield; and on our left, a sizable scrub-oak thicket, sixty or seventy acres of it, stony and steep and weedy.

Entering the cul-de-sac, we saluted a brace of policemen on guard to turn back mere curiosity seekers, and a hundred or so yards beyond them we edged past two parked patrol wagons, a dead-wagon, an official photographer's car and a wreckage car from some garage, then drew up abreast of a number of men,

some in civilian garb, but more of them uniformed, who were clumped near the murder car which, with a front axle bent and its radiator grotesquely crumpled, was rammed against the bole of a sizable tree some forty feet back from the road.

A tall, knobby man emerged from the group and hailed us. This was Captain Matthew Rock, temporarily in command of the situation.

"Been holding everything just like it was until you folks got here," he said. With a mild curiosity he sized me up and I could tell that mentally he cataloged me as an interloper.

So I decided to bide where I was, and in so far as was possible, to keep out of the picture. Besides, for an ex-reporter who had, in addition, seen service as a war correspondent, the sight of a fellow-being unpleasantly dead by violence was no treat.

Going over to the wreck, Bryce stopped and scrutinized the ploughed furrows which showed how the wheels abruptly had skidded out of the dirt road and skewed across the rank turfage until it banged into that wayside oak. Knowing him as I did, I knew they were telling him something. He stooped, the more closely to study the swerved tire-tracks. His face, though, wouldn't tell anybody anything. On his approach, a policeman swung open the forward door of the curtained blue sedan and I could make out the victim's body, a gross shape, half-collapsed on the front seat. For the moment, Bryce didn't offer to touch the crumpled figure.

He circled the car and considered the damage done to her bow. I heard him ask Rock whether the slanted woodland had been thoroughly searched yet and heard Rock answer that the first hunt necessarily had been a cursory one but now he had thirty men combing every square foot of the tangle.

"Brand-new wrinkle on me," Rock was saying next. "Usually when these racketeers take somebody for a ride, it's a bellyful of automatic bullets for him. But wrapping a set of fingers around his goozle and squeezing the breath out of him by slow progress—ugh! Did you notice the look on this poor devil's face?"

Pointing and lowering his voice, Bryce said something—something which sent Rock and Smiley hurrying up the road. I figured that here he had employed a subterfuge to get them away for a space of minutes. Sure enough, later they found out he had set them on a wild-goose chase to salvage nothing more important than a scrap of gaudily-painted tin half hidden under a bush a hundred yards distant. He had suggested it might be one of the vanished license plaques.

On the instant his confrères embarked upon this bootless errand, Bryce reopened the forward door of the car and scooped part way in. I saw him lift the lolling head and stare down at it. Suddenly his hand darted under his right coat-tail and fetched out some small shiny article, and with this, whatever it was, he seemed to me to be making, in relation to the upper part of the body, measurements of a sort. He lifted a lifeless hand and examined it also, and then let it drop limply. Next, on the driver's side, he industriously fumbled in the flapped side-pocket of the car. In this his rummaging was rewarded. He found at least one object and drew it forth and glanced at it keenly, then shoved it into his pocket. From where I was, it looked as though it might be a small slip of yellow paper.

He was out of the car by the time Rock and Smiley returned.

With them he went into conference. I no longer could catch the purport of what he said, but when, using both arms, he performed a circular motion, then with a darting forefinger made stabbing gestures in the air, this way and that, Rock cried out:

"Be gee, a fellow would think you'd been born and brought up around this neighborhood!"

"Better than that," snapped Bryce, raising his own voice. "Didn't I pound these same pavements for two long years when there were more cowpaths to pound than there were pavements? . . . We better get busy, Captain." His tone was insistent.

Rock did what was to me a surprising thing. He fetched forth a whistle and blasted shrilly. Whereupon police reserves came streaming down out of the woods. To the accompaniment of snapped orders from Rock, nearly all of these men piled into the patrol wagons and scooted southward at high speed.

With a cryptic grin on his face, Bryce rejoined me.

"Well, let's get going, too," he said, hopping in and putting our runabout in motion.

"What made you practically abandon the hunt around these parts?" I asked. "This looks to me like a likely locality to hide a body in."

"We ain't exactly abandoned it," he said. "You might have noticed that a few of the posse went back in again. We've just broadened it out so as to cover a radius of three or four miles. We're taking in all the hardware stores, all the lodging-houses and all the small hotels between this point and the top end of the 'L' line."

"But why hardware stores?"

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. This here hunch of mine might be wrong at that."

"But do you mean to say you actually think it would be possible for anybody to smuggle that woman's body into a hotel or a boarding-house with any hope of getting away with such a crazy risk?"

"Since you put it that way, and in a manner of speaking, yes. I don't guarantee results, I'm just hoping, that's all."

This lap of our journey ended at Captain Rock's station-house. We went into the captain's room. Smiley already had arrived and was putting in calls through the Headquarters' exchange. He was busy at that for quite a spell, and between calls—they were long-distance calls, I gathered—he came in where we were and whispered with Bryce.

A medical examiner's assistant appeared with an armload, and at Bryce's direction, arranged the various items comprised in his bundle on a table-top. The lot included the clothing that had been

removed from the murdered man's body, and certain exhibits—letters addressed to "William Gillespie," a key-ring, some money, a pocket knife, a gold seal ring, a silver wrist watch and such-like odds and ends of personal belongings, none of them having any special significance, I thought. From time to time, Bryce was called out to the desk, presumably to interview someone or to receive telephoned reports. Between these trips he sat and twiddled his thumbs and hummed a little tuneless tune, smiling gently as though over developments privately satisfying to him. After such fashion the better part of an hour passed.

(Continued on page 38)



"You ain't even warm. I'll give you a hot tip."



One of the first men they seized and incarcerated in the old Sugar House prison was Haym Salomon. His sympathies were known . . . he was a successful money-maker

General Washington's Son of Israel

by Charles Spencer Hart

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

LONG is the line of men who made history but whose deeds are overlooked—whose memories go unrewarded to the end of time. In this, the second of this series, we tell of such a man—a man from Philadelphia—a Jew who helped save the newborn United States of America from utter disintegration before it had fairly started on its way. We give you Haym Salomon—

The Jewish Broker Who Helped Save America

THE highlights in the life story of Haym Salomon—cultured financial genius and unofficial diplomat—might well be limned in three dramatic little scenes:

One is a dimly lit Synagogue in Philadelphia. It is Yom Kippur. The most sacred period in the ceremony is in progress. Outside a dusty rider clatters up to the building and without knocking strides into the midst of the worshippers. The rider, in Continental army uniform, states:

"I am a courier from General Washington. Is Haym Salomon here?"

A slight figure in a frock coat and Quaker hat—a half-military and half-diplomatic outfit—steps forward. The courier hands him a letter. He reads it. Then he speaks softly:

"Tell General Washington that his appeal shall not be in vain."

The messenger retires. Salomon turns to his fellow worshippers. "The General," he says, "is in urgent need of \$200,000." Haym pledges his entire fortune. His fellows pledge more. The amount is raised and the Hebrews return to their candles and the worship of their God.

The second illuminating episode has its scene at the Court of Louis XVI in Paris. The King is in conference with Benjamin Franklin, come to gain financial support for the infant Republic by means of French subsidies. Five million gold livres are needed.

"But who will guarantee the subsidies you ask?" inquires the King.

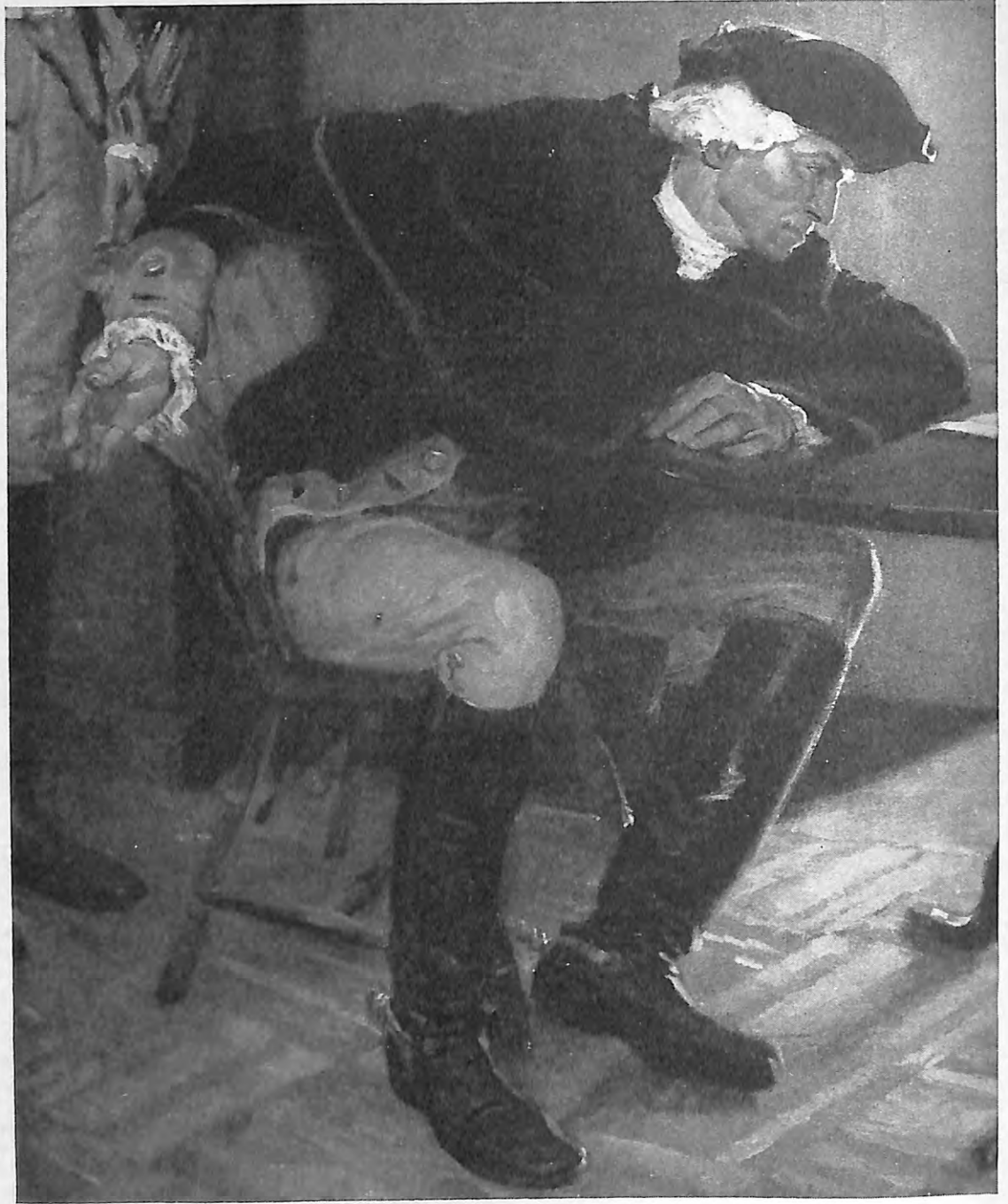
"Haym Salomon," replies Franklin quietly.

"It is enough," the King rejoins.

The third episode is still more illuminating—the reward of this same Salomon for his great and many services. It is on the front page of the *Philadelphia Journal and*

Copyright, 1934, by Charles Spencer Hart.

Here came Washington, Lafayette, Von Steuben and members of the Continental Congress, some of whom were greatly beholden to the generous little broker



Advertiser, and the date is January 8, 1785. A one-line obituary reads:

"On Thursday died Haym Salomon, a broker."

A broker. Just a broker. But what a broker!

BETWEEN these three high spots is a history of pure, unadulterated generosity never before encompassed in the history of our Country—nay, of any country; for without Haym Salomon, this "broker," we very much fear there would not be a United States of America as we are privileged to know it.

For Haym Salomon not only helped keep the Nation in finances through the sale of subsidies to France and Holland; he turned over to the United States all the commissions he thus earned. He also pledged his personal fortune to the Bank of North America, which would otherwise have closed; paid the salaries of James Madison and at least two other future Presidents of the United States; underwrote most of the expenses of Lafayette's Army—all without a cent of interest—and neither he nor his heirs ever collected a dime of what was due him from the Government. He never even received a medal for his services!

How this came about is a most amazing story of unselfish service and of a Government's ingratitude—a story without a known counterpart in any nation's history, and an example of utter lack of appreciation of what the Jewish race has meant to this and other countries.

Although recorded in history as a Polish Jew, Haym's father and mother were Portuguese—Spanish Jews who were driven—first from Spain and then from Portugal into Germany—and from there to Poland. Any inherent sympathy for those denied liberty must have been greatly augmented in Haym's mind by his parents' bitter experiences.

Born in Lissa, Poland, in 1740, he and his family met with the usual fate of the Jew in a strange country, and when Warsaw was attacked and another Jewish pogrom threatened, the Salomons fled again, this time to Holland. To a Jew, Holland offered permanent sanctuary, but further fields looked greener. New York was Dutch and therefore safe—so by way of England, young Salomon landed in New York City in 1772.

In this financial center of the New World, Salomon found himself with good prospects. His education had been complete in financial accounting and exchange, and especially in languages. His expenses were slight for he was able to get both



board and room in the metropolis for \$2.40 a week. His work at first was that of a broker and commission agent for shipping interests. From the start he was unusually successful because of his thorough training and his mastery of languages.

For a lover of liberty the time was ripe for his coming. The Sons of Liberty were on the warpath and already signs of turmoil were apparent. Therefore Salomon practiced early what later became his guiding principle in life—he cast his entire fortune with a cause that could not help but mean complete ruin to himself and his business! Always on the side of liberty against injustice, he modelled his entire career on these lines.

At the outbreak of the Revolution New York was the hottest spot for patriots on the Atlantic seaboard. The few previous contests between the British and Americans had found most of the victories on the side of the Colonists. But in New York, Britain still reigned supreme. The British concentrated on holding New York which was their seat of government. The Sons of Liberty and those sympathetic with the cause of the Colonists made no end of trouble. Fires were set about the City and the British adopted severe measures to stop the outbreaks.

One of the first men they seized and incarcerated in the old Sugar House prison was Haym Salomon. His sympathies were known—he was a Jew—and a successful money maker. Seize him! So he was put behind bars—but the British were not long in recognizing his marked abilities as a linguist. They were dealing with Hessians and others of foreign blood in their armies, and needed interpreters. Salomon was just the man. So he soon received special privileges. Immediately he used this opportunity to induce the Hessians to desert the British cause and join forces with the new Republic. His persuasiveness caused many of them to leave their dangerous business of hired soldiering and turn to farming in the fertile Lehigh Valley of Pennsylvania.

Soon Salomon was released and, marrying into the wealthy Franks family, he went back into business and continued to increase his rapidly mounting wealth. He used some of his money to help American prisoners held by the British in New York, so evidently the powers that were had no suspicion of his previous activities. But after the battle of Monmouth in the New Jersey campaign, the British again were in trouble. They began to use harsher measures with the Colonists who fell into their hands. Apparently (*Continued on page 42*)



The lovely object at the left is Sylvia Froos, whom we once pictured astride a flagpole for publicity's sake. Now, singing for CBS thrice weekly she has gone up in the world. Or should we say come down?

Joseph Melvin McElliot

Above is pictured the cast of the CBS sustaining program, "Raffles," based on the adventures of the celebrated crook. Standing are Frederick Worlock, well-known stage actor and Irby Hawkes, surrounded by announcers and members of the cast, rehearsing the evening's program. The broadcast rides the air waves regularly on Thursday evenings at 8:30 P. M., EST.

Cast and Broadcast

By Phillips Coles



Albert Spalding, right, foremost American violinist, recently cancelled his annual European tour and renewed his CBS concerts at 8:30 Wednesday evenings for another 13 weeks. Mr. Spalding is the first world famous instrumentalist to sign for a long-term series of broadcasts



To the left of your left eye are Shirley Howard and the Three Jesters, strikingly photographed by Ray Lee Jackson. They sing and act up funny-like for NBC on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 P. M.

The best of the new spring offerings is "Jig Saw," a gay, sophisticated comedy by Dawn Powell which enjoys the benefit of excellent acting. The group at the right comprises Eliot Cabot, a young man of the world who puts up a spirited resistance to the matrimonial designs of the young miss standing next to him; Gertrude Flynn, the young lady aforesaid, fresh from a French Convent with decided views as to her destiny; Spring Byington, her mother, a flighty matron with a life of her own to live, and Ernest Truex, the favored partner of that life



Vandamm Studios

Behind the Footlights

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



Apeda

One of Broadway's milder successes that is destined for wide circulation through the country this summer is "Big Hearted Herbert" by Sophie Kerr and Anna Steese Richardson. It tells the not unfamiliar story of the self-made man who trumpets his homely origin in season and out, causing his wife and children acute distress by his ostentatious plainness until they neatly turn the tables on him. Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield (above) head the company that will tour the eastern states, while Taylor Holmes and Ann Mason do as much for the one destined to regale visitors to the Chicago World's Fair



White Studio

The official harbinger of spring on Broadway, a Gilbert and Sullivan revival, duly arrived about six weeks ago, and along about the middle of June it will move on to Boston. Vivian Hart (left), the charming and piquant soprano who has sung many of the familiar rôles in past seasons, is again a member of the company, which includes such trusty favorites as William Danforth, Herbert and Allen Waterous, and Roy Cropper.

On the Screen



"Isle of Fury" is a stirring tale of British secret service among the Sinn Feiners. William Powell (left) a daredevil English captain, plays havoc with the married happiness of lovely Edna Best (also left) but later makes amends by a truly gallant gesture

The group above are the principals in the much heralded picture "Stingaree." Reading from left to right there are Irene Dunne, who has operatic ambitions; her wealthy relatives, Henry Stephenson and Mary Boland; Richard Dix, alias Stingaree, a notorious bandit with a gentlemanly interest in things esthetic, who plays a picturesque part in the career of the beautiful Irene

If you own a radio the names of Burns and Allen either cause you to shrink politely away at the first sound of Gracie's girlish treble or to clap your hands in glee. Here they are pictured at the right as co-stars in the forthcoming picture "Many Happy Returns." This is a lively and improbable yarn in which Gracie's many dizzy antics upset any number of applecarts to the despair of George Barbier, who is kept constantly on the verge of apoplexy in his rôle of father to this amazingly popular nit-wit



The Beliefs of Pitcher Plummer

by Talbert Josselyn

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

THE big league baseball scout was in a hurry when he made his recommendation on pitcher Harvey Plummer. He had been sent out into the sticks with instructions not only to find a pitcher who could get a ball past somebody's bat now and then, but also to dig up a fielder who could miraculously contrive to hang on to a ball after catching it. And he had come upon pitcher Harvey Plummer and had heard of a magician fielder all in the same afternoon.

Without going deeper into the facts than that pitcher Plummer possessed both a curve and a real swift one, and that he didn't seem inclined to throw the ball over the grandstand, the scout wired his report and then betook himself into the more remote wilds, going post haste after the magician fielder.

Which, in view of the immediate events involving pitcher Harvey Plummer, was the best place that the scout could have gone—and the more remote the wilds the better.

The club took the scout's report at full value. . . . It grabbed pitcher Harvey Plummer.

Harvey reported, and to the manager's general knowledge that his newest player was right-handed and twenty-two years old, were now added these more intimate facts: The newest player was tall; he was lean; he had light blue eyes, large ears, and his Adam's apple slid up and down his long throat with all the free motion of a trombone. His accent could best be described as cornfield rural.

But the real, the inner Harvey Plummer did not begin to show himself until he was in his uniform, and with the rest of the team was making ready to leave the dressing room. Half-way through the door that led to the playing field he gave a convulsive stop, grabbed his chest and cried out:

"My undershirt! Oh, my gosh, my undershirt!"

He spun about, trampling players, and at the same time commencing to rip off his blouse.

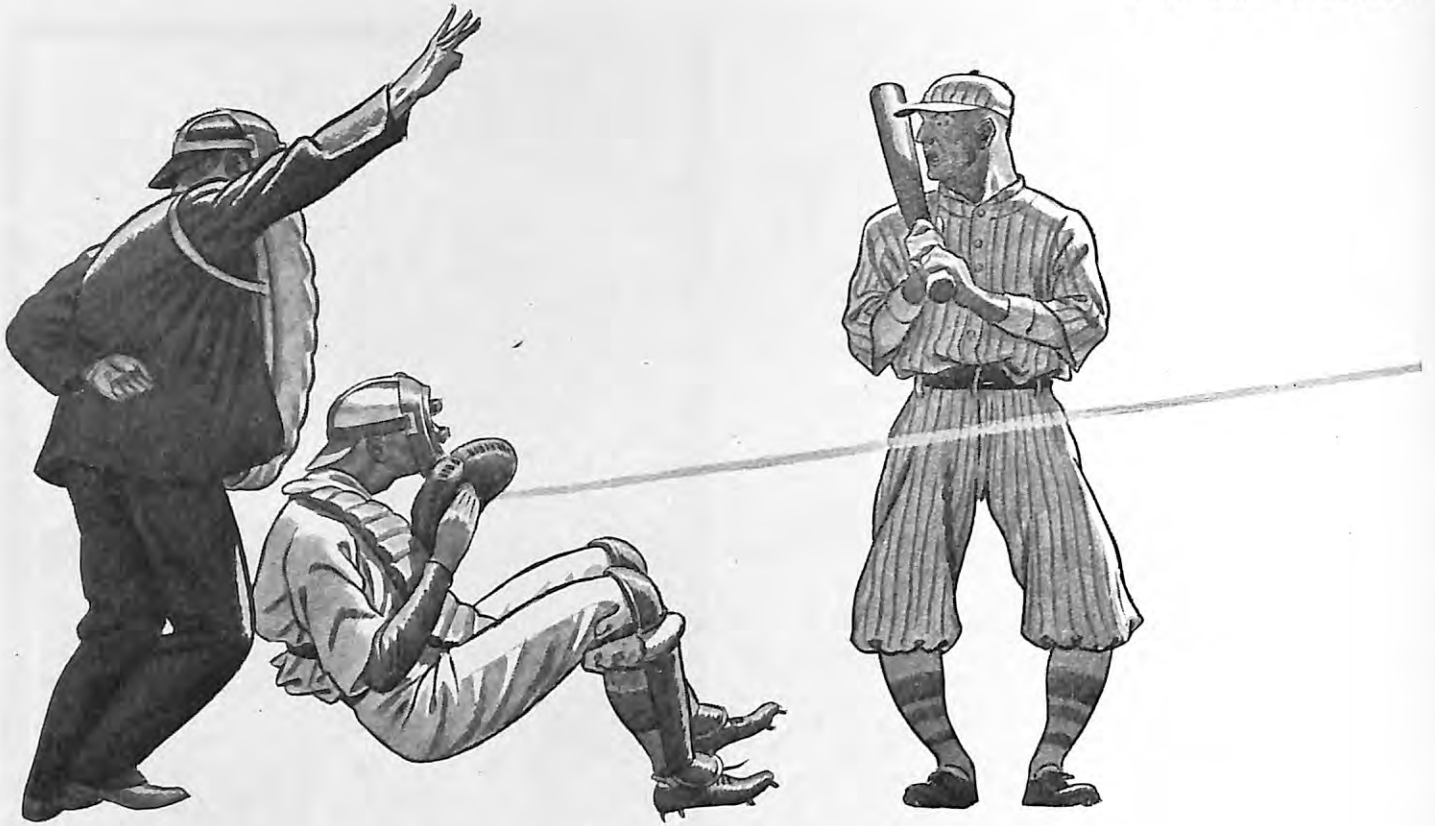
"What t'hell's the matter?" not unnaturally demanded the player who had been most trampled upon.

"I forgot," said recruit pitcher Plummer, heaving and tugging. "I should have put my undershirt on inside out and backward. That's the way I wore it when I won five straight, and now . . . Gee," and his voice went up, "I hope I haven't put the jinx on myself just because . . ." With the sound of seams parting here and there, the misapplied undershirt was whisked off, was turned inside out, was

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*. . . he assumed man's superior manner.
"If you'd seen all that I've seen . . . say,
let me tell you something about jinxes"*



about-faced, was hauled over the lean Plummer torso again; and not until it was thoroughly in position did the look of horror leave the Plummer face. "There!" said recruit Plummer, and permitted himself a quavering laugh. "I guess it's all right now." He regarded those of the team who were still in the dressing room.

They regarded him in return, some of them humorously, some questioningly. One or two of them nodded with agreement stamped on their faces, yet an agreement tempered with evident disapproval at pitcher Plummer's having been fool enough to forget about the lucky shirt to begin with. Now, like as not, he had twisted the luck right out of the shirt; but what could you expect with one of these rattle-headed rookies? They went out the door.

The manager continued to stand and study his newest player. The scout had been more than vague concerning young Mr. Plummer's personal side; indeed, he hadn't mentioned it at all. The manager was now beginning to get it. Jinxy!

Well, the manager wasn't. Oh, of course he held to one or two cardinal truths in common with every right-minded player, such as all the bats being put in front of the dugout in an orderly row, side by side, with the handles toward the dugout; and if any of the bats got put crossways, a person stopped the game until things were straightened out, or the game would be lost; but this was merely the acceptance of an obvious truth. . . . As for wearing one's shirt inside out and backward, or any other such foolishness, well, the sooner people got over such things, the better.

He scowled sharply as he noted that recruit Plummer, now going out the door, most obviously stepped across the threshold with his right foot, and the scowl deepened as recruit Plummer spat twice upon the ground through his fingers as soon as he was outside. The newcomer then tilted his head far back and fell to scanning the heavens; scanned them so intently that the manager finally threw a glance aloft,

fearing that he might be missing some new kind of airplane.

"Well, the afternoon looks pretty good," stated recruit Plummer at length.

"Looks pretty good?" snapped the manager.

"Yeah. Of course, all them little clouds, being so twisty-like, is liable to jinx a pitcher's control some, but on the other hand—"

"Hell!" cried the manager, and fell into the dugout—after first making sure that all the bats had been laid out in an orderly row in front of it.

"I remember one time," went on pitcher Plummer, following him into the dugout, "when—"

"Listen!" gritted the manager, turning on him. "I'm trying to run a ball club, not a séance. That'll be about all from you until I let you know."

Harvey Plummer subsided. The game began. And by the middle of the second inning the club's starting pitcher had issued four passes.

"I knew it was them jinxy clouds," muttered recruit Plummer. "Of course," and here he suddenly brightened, "it might be a cross-eyed man sitting right back of home plate. All we got to do is have an usher go see, and if there is, why, just make him change his seat, and then . . ."

The manager, half in and half out of the dugout, vigorously and profanely waved the pass-giving pitcher from the box; pitcher number two went in. He was greeted by three hits in a row.

"Doggone!" intoned prognosticator Plummer, writhing bench-slivers into his pants. "Probly there's a guy up there now with a wooden leg. I only wish I could get up into them stands and—"

The manager seemed to have his own opinions.

"Said he was ready to go today," he rumbled, glowering at the bat-hitting pitcher. "Yeah, ready to go to the showers! All right, I'll fool him; I'll make him stay in there and take it."



The pitcher stayed. And then, by that twist that makes the modern game of baseball a thing of such charming uncertainty, the barrage died away, and the home team took its own turn at knocking them down the opposing pitcher's throat; run after run thudded across the plate, to a continuous series of incantations and spittings through fingers by recruit Harvey Plummer. They went into the lead; they held it; and then recruit Plummer either ran out of words or saliva. The enemy again began to pound in runs. The manager, looking glassily around the dugout for anybody else on the payroll bearing the title of pitcher, became aware of recruit Plummer.

At that particular instant, recruit Plummer was leaning far back on the bench, his hands tugging at the air, his lips issuing an abracadabra of sounds—and the enemy home run that should have gone over the left-field screen, struck the top of the screen and bounced down upon the playing field.

"There!" pleasedly cried recruit Plummer, straightening up. "Held it to a triple."

The manager laughed without mirth, and briefly.

"Yeah—you and the wind! All right, wizard," and he snorted, "get going to the bull pen and warm up. We'll just let you jinx 'em in person on the mound for the rest of the game."

RECRUIT Plummer finally comprehended. "You mean me go in and pitch right now? Gee, that'll be swell!" And he scrambled from the dugout.

The manager again gave way to mirthless laughter. "Swell," he mouthed. "And them on a hitting spree."

Recruit Plummer warmed up in the bull pen . . . and was sent in. He stepped wide over the whitewashed foul line; entered the box; picked up a handful of dirt and scattered it in front of him. He made his preliminary pitches. The first batter came to the plate. Pitcher Plummer thrust out his neck and studied him as though he were some rare kind of beetle, and then, as though finally satisfied with his cataloguing, nodded his head . . . settled himself . . . and pitched.

As the ball smacked into the catcher's glove, an explosive whistle emerged from the dugout; the manager rubbed a slow hand across his chin, and blinked. The Plummer wind-up had had all the free, easy motion of a long, whirling sling-shot; rifle-like, the ball left the big hand, sped for the batter's knuckles, dipped at the last instant, and broke sideways across the plate. The catcher had had to lunge to get it.

The manager again ran his hand across his chin. A natural! A pitching natural, if he had ever seen one. Breathlessly, an old, old veteran at the game, he awaited the next pitch. With a curve like that, if recruit Plummer had something to go with it . . . He had. The fast one that went across the plate set the club's veteran catcher back solidly on his haunches. "Whew!" said the manager.

Three strikes. . . . Up came batter number two, who studied pitcher Plummer as critically as pitcher Plummer studied him—and popped out. Up came batter number three, the enemy pitcher. A pitcher who, as a batter, had gotten just three hits all season.

"Boy," breathed the manager, "one, two, three in a row."

Which showed how little acquainted the manager was with recruit Plummer. The next instant the elongated, knock-kneed



The first batter was greeted by a whistling bean-ball that just missed taking off his head . . . he went out on three curve strikes, all of them called

batter, with his season-useless bat, was crashing a triple off the center-field fence.

"Oh, for the love of . . ." cried the manager. He repeated it, with variations. Then began all over again as the next batter—the lead-off man of the enemy, short, bow-legged, and the hardest man to outfox in the whole league—was called out on three straight strikes without taking his bat off his shoulder.

"Well, I'll be . . ." choked the manager.

Recruit Harvey Plummer slouched from the box, stepped wide across the double whitewashed line, and commented casually as he descended into the dugout:

"Doggone, I never could pitch to one of them knock-kneed fellers. But say," and his eye lit up, "gimme them bow-legged ones every time!"

It took two people to keep the manager from slipping off the bench. It took these and more to keep him upright during all that followed, culminating, in the last of an extra inning, when recruit Plummer, as batter, after watching two strikes cut full across the center of the plate, reached up his bat at a wild pitch which, if unhindered, would have struck the grandstand, and clouted it into the farthest seats. Leisurely did recruit Plummer trot around the bases, making chatty comment to the enemy basemen en route, then padded to the dugout and gave greeting.

"That's the way to fool 'em! Hit the ones they don't expect you to. Did you see the look on that pitcher's face?"

"Help me . . . help me out of this dugout," wheezed the manager to the coach sitting beside him. "And . . . lem'me talk to this guy . . . alone."

He talked to him, all through dressing, all through the ride down town to the hotel; talked like one who has suddenly come upon a person who holds a fortune in his hands but who half the time is getting ready to throw that fortune out the window as though it meant nothing.

"And so, don't you see," concluded the manager, dry of throat, as they went toward the dining room, "all you've got to do is to think nothing but baseball, and let these jinxes just stay strictly on the outside. In fact, I'll tend to all of them. There." The manager gave a croaky attempt at swallowing, and smiled.

Recruit Plummer, who had listened without once speaking, nodded in obvious and complete agreement. He now spoke.

(Continued on page 32)



The Dangers of Bureaucracy

and/or

Can a Peanut Peddler Argue with a Policeman?

*An Interview with
H. S. Richardson*

by Samuel
Crowther

*Portrait of Mr.
Richardson,
Chairman of the
Board, Vick
Chemical Com-
pany, drawn
from life by
Jeff Tester*



THE citizen, going about his daily affairs, thinks that the laws are made by the Congress and executed by the President—acting through various departments and officers. We were all taught that in school. Probably the governing process as laid down in the Constitution is still being taught. But only to a certain extent does the old way still hold. A great body of laws are put out as bureau regulations. They affect our lives more intimately than most of the laws we hear about. They are never debated on the floor of Congress, are never signed by the President and are really the personal edicts of men in Federal bureaus whose names and whose departments are, as a rule, unknown to the general public.

There has been growing every year at Washington a government within a government. The members of the inner government are not answerable to the voters. They can scarcely be reached by Congress, and only the wealthy can afford to test their powers in the courts. To all intents and purposes these men are despots. They may be benevolent despots, or again they may not. But, however they may exercise their powers, nevertheless their powers are despotic—and almost outside the law. They take to themselves the right—always with the best intentions—of regulating some sections of our lives according to what they believe are our best interests—at our expense.

The field of bureaucracy is extending through business,
Copyright, 1934, by Samuel Crowther.



finance, farming, education and every other phase of our lives. We are, without realizing it, giving up the right to govern ourselves. We may be forced, by a tiny majority of faddists who represent no party or section, into a kind of life for which we have never voted and which we do not want. And our elected representative in Congress may be as powerless as we are. That is something to think about.

Government by bureaucrats knows no party. It is growing and has been growing steadily for a great many years, regardless of the politics of the administration in power. Indeed, one of the peculiarities of the whole question is that it is not a partisan political one. Politicians generally dislike bureaus and bureaucrats. It is true that every bureau has been established by some political party, but rarely as a major issue.

A bureau is set up in a small way for some beneficial purpose to satisfy some minority movement and is then forgotten by nearly everyone in authority. In the course of time, it is discovered that the bureau has not only made a place for itself but, by the skilled playing of forces one against another and by publicity at Federal expense, has gained for itself a footing that only a major political movement can dislodge. President Roosevelt, expressing the need for a trained personnel in government, recognized the inherent danger when he qualified his desire by the hope that such men could be brought together "without the creation of a national bureaucracy which would dominate the life of our national governmental system."

The doings of a bureau in Washington may seem very remote to the man conducting a small or a moderate-sized business or to the salesman out on the road combing for orders. It probably does not seem so remote now as it did before the NRA. But, in fact, already a considerable division of the manufacture and sale of everyday commodities and specialties is under bureaucratic Federal supervision, and it is only a step to making that supervision so complete that the articles which anyone may make or sell and the manner of making and selling them will be standardized. And they will be standardized not by law but by the judgment of some man in Washington who, in all likelihood, has never been in business at all.

So it is not beyond reason to conceive of a situation in which a good part of what we earn may be levied to pay someone not to tell us how to earn, but to tell us a large number of ways in which we must not earn. We may find ourselves with

all the forms of liberty and none of the substance. This danger is neither new nor imaginary. Nearly half a century ago, Herbert Spencer, sensing the trend, said:

"If the central administration and the multiplying local administrations go on adding function to function; if year after year more things are done by public agencies and fewer things left to be done by private agencies; if the businesses of the companies are one after another taken over by the state or the municipality while the businesses of individuals are progressively trampled upon by official competitors; then in no long time, the present *voluntary* industrial organization will have its place entirely usurped by *compulsory* industrial organization. Eventually the brain worker will find that there are no places left save in one or another government department; while the hand worker will find that there are none to employ him save public officials. And so will be established the state in which no man can do what he likes but every man must do what he is told."

The power of a bureau is little understood by those on the outside, because none of the powers that amount to anything are set forth in the act creating the bureau. Suppose, for instance, a bureau has the power to seize goods or, as under Prohibition, to make a raid. The defendant, the lawyers say, has his redress in the courts. They will protect him from injustice. True, if he has the funds, he can prove in the courts that he was right and the bureau wrong, and that the seizure or the raid was illegal. But what of it? The harm has been done and the business has been ruined or at least has had a serious set-back—out of a thousand people who read of the seizure or raid, only one, and many months afterward, will read that the court held the government to be wrong.

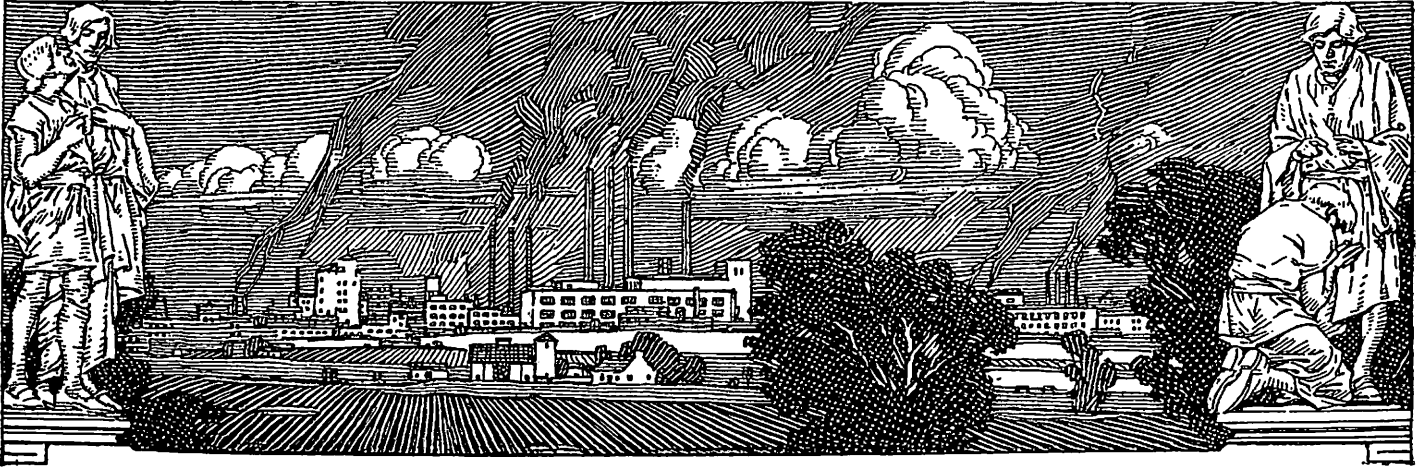
A government department has unlimited resources for litigation. Lawyers form a part of its permanent staff and the Department of Justice, with district attorneys in every jurisdiction, is at its service. To an individual or a corporation (other than a great corporation with a large legal staff) a lawsuit is an expensive proceeding. Therefore a defendant, regardless of whether he is right or wrong, simply cannot afford, either on account of the loss of business which a dispute might bring about or the cost of litigation or both, to do other than bow before the ruling of a bureau—regardless of whether it be right or wrong.

It is the old, old case of the peanut peddler not being in a position to argue with the policeman. Thus, bureau rule in practice works out to be despotic rule and, in a number of bills now being urged, the strengthening of this rule is sought through a strange provision to the effect that certain findings of the bureau shall be conclusive—not subject to review by the courts.

I AM not talking about something that I read in a book. I head a company which is a member of an industry that has been under regulation for more than a quarter of a century. I am in the drug business, and we have been controlled by a bureau since the Food and Drug Law of 1906. That law was needed then and it is needed today. Those who are older will remember the agitation that preceded the passage of the Act and they will also remember the conditions in parts of the food and drug trades. It is impossible for a consumer to know what is in a prepared food or drug. That is the reason why honest manufacturers have always put their preparations out under trade-marks and, through advertising and fair dealing, have made their trade-marks the most valuable assets of their businesses.

It is incomprehensible to me that any man should try to found a business under any other principles—for cutting corners simply does not pay. But in every industry there is always a small group of men who think that they can get away with something for long enough to make it worth while. This is the group which has been called the "recalcitrant ten per cent." Such a group exists in every industry that I know of and in every profession. It exists in the drug business, and the Food and Drug Act is needed to control it.

The Act has since then been administered by a small bureau in the Department of Agriculture known as the Food and Drug Department, and it has been well administered. The head of the Department is W. C. Campbell, who is an able and conscientious public servant of the highest possible type. He has conducted his office without the slightest suspicion of scandal and I can say without any reservation (*Continued on page 44*)



EDITORIAL

KANSAS CITY

THE time is now at hand when the attention of the subordinate Lodges must again be directed to the Annual Convention to be held in Kansas City next month. It is an event in which they have a very definite interest that should be felt as a real concern.

It is there that each Lodge, by its annual report, will disclose its successes and failures during the year; whether it has measured up to its opportunities and grown in usefulness as a local unit of a great fraternity, or has merely drifted; whether it is vigorous and active, or dormant.

The Annual Convention is the most important occasion of the Grand Lodge year. During its sessions the problems of the Order are presented for consideration by those whose responsibility it is to solve them. And the primary object of every Grand Lodge officer and member in attendance should be to seek the wisest practical solution of them.

Of course there is another phase of the occasion which appeals to all Elks who attend, whether they be Grand Lodge members or not—that is the opportunity, so pleasantly presented, for the renewal of fraternal associations, the cementing of the ties of existing friendships and the formation of new ones which will enrich the years to come.

There is still a third phase, which should be kept in mind by all—that is the impression to be made upon the public, by the formal acts of the Grand Lodge, the conduct of individual Elks, and the display of loyalty and enthusiasm by the character and size of the parade.

Kansas City and the host Lodge have given every assurance of their desire and purpose to contribute in every appropriate way to the success of the Convention. They have made adequate preparations to insure the comfort and entertainment of every visitor. It is now incumbent upon each Lodge to play its part, by securing the attendance of as large a delegation of its members as possible, and by such helpful participation in the parade as it may be able to undertake.

Times are better. Conditions have improved. The Order has joined the great American procession which

is again gallantly marching forward. The Kansas City Convention should give proof of this to the whole country.

HOW YOU MAY HELP

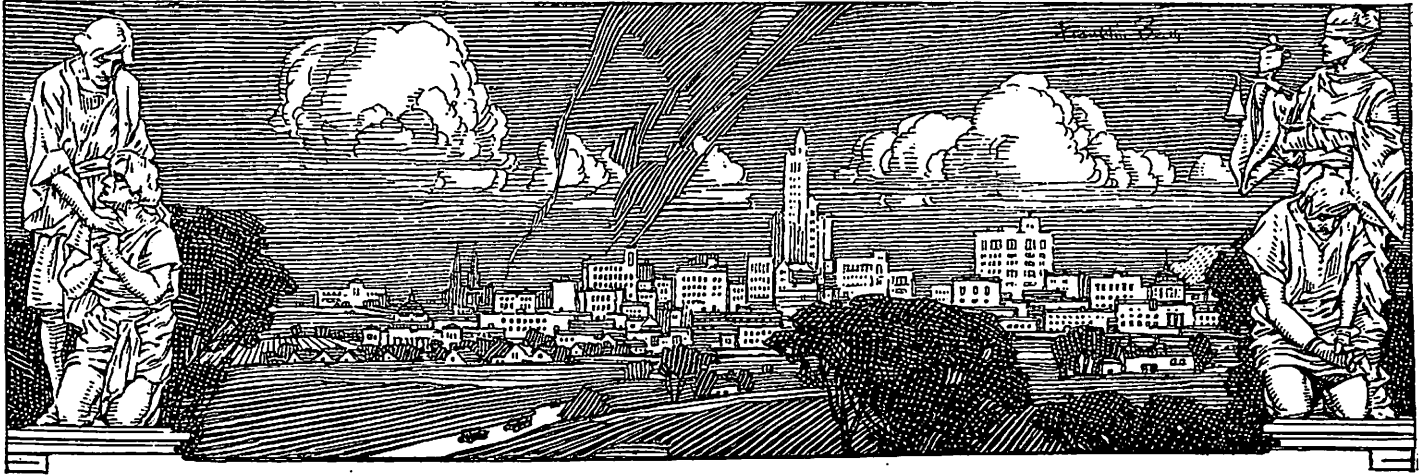
THE ELKS MAGAZINE is your Magazine. You have a double interest in it. First, it represents an investment and undertaking by the Order, of which you are a quasi-stockholder. Its earnings are available to meet Grand Lodge liabilities which would otherwise require an increase of membership levies. You are, therefore, directly interested in these earnings. Second, you are, by virtue of your membership, a subscriber. It is to be assumed that you are a reader of the issues which come to you monthly. You are, therefore, interested in the quantity and quality of its fraternal and literary contents.

It would be impossible to realize any net earnings from the publication of THE ELKS MAGAZINE if the annual subscriptions were its only source of income. To achieve that result there must be a substantial revenue from its advertising space. And the amount and character of its reading matter must depend, in a measurable degree, upon the receipts from advertising. It is clear then, that you have a very direct interest in the advertisements which appear in each issue, and a very real interest in those which do not so appear but which might be secured.

Naturally advertisers seek publicity for their products through periodicals which reach those who actually read them and display an interest in them and in their advertising sections. In the case of a fraternal journal, such as ours, it is somewhat difficult to check this readers' interest in a demonstrable way. Yet proof of that interest is the one great inducement to advertisers to adopt such a medium.

Now, here is where you may help your Magazine and assist it to become a better one for your own entertainment and information and a more profitable one for the Order.

When you purchase an article which is generally nationally advertised, but which is not advertised in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, call that fact to the merchant's attention and ask his interest in securing such an advertisement. If it be so advertised in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, let



your merchant know that, and that it has encouraged your patronage.

If you are a merchant, dealing in such articles, ask the manufacturer for this assistance to your local sales, or express your appreciation of it, as the case may be.

This will involve very little time, trouble or expense on your part. But if the suggestion be followed by the membership generally, it will insure the interested consideration of national advertisers. It is an opportunity to perform a real service. It is the most effective way in which the tremendous consumption capacity of the Order may make itself felt on behalf of its Official Organ.

RITUALISTIC CONTESTS

THE effectiveness and impressiveness with which the initiatory ritual is exemplified in subordinate Lodges have a very direct relation to Lodge attendance and the interest of the members in all Lodge affairs. They have an even more direct relation to the impressions made upon the minds of the candidates. The universal acceptance of these truths would seem a sufficient incentive to an earnest endeavor by all Lodge officers to perfect themselves in the performance of their respective duties in connection with this highly important matter.

Unfortunately there are many who do not seem to recognize this obligation; and there is a continuing necessity to remind them of it; and to bring other influences to bear upon them which may prove effective.

It was for this purpose that ritualistic contests among the Lodges of the various State Associations have been encouraged. It was with this same end in view that national contests have been held for several years past, as programmed events of the Grand Lodge Conventions.

The value of these contests, not only to the participants but to all who attend them, and even to the greater number to whom they are only described, has been demonstrated; and they have grown in popularity as they have in importance. One only need watch the crowds which pack the halls where the national contests are conducted, to realize the increasing interest in them.

The Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations has issued a special circular on the subject, designed to promote such contests among the local Lodges, because of the local benefits to be derived therefrom; and also to stimulate a better preparation for the national contest to be held at Kansas City next July.

The circular contains valuable information to all who are interested and definite instructions to be followed in planning for, and in the conduct of, the contests, with special reference to uniformity in methods of grading and judging.

It should, and if its earnest suggestions be heeded it will, result in a vastly increased interest in ritual exemplification throughout the Order. In some degree this will be reflected in the interest displayed in the national contest. But its most desired effect is in the improvement of the work in the local Lodges.

FLAG DAY

IT is a matter of pride among all Elks that our Order is the only fraternal organization which has made the formal celebration of Flag Day a mandatory obligation upon all its subordinate Lodges, and has prescribed a definite ritual for its observance. It is a fine evidence of the patriotic Americanism of our Fraternity.

But it is obvious that, if that pride is to be justly maintained, it must be sustained and supported by a loyal and effective obedience to the mandate on the part of the local Lodges. The Grand Lodge Statute is a declaration of a patriotic purpose. But the manner in which the Lodges comply with it is one measure of the sincerity of the patriotism of their members.

The anniversary of the birth of the American Flag, on June 14th, is an appropriate occasion for a nationwide demonstration. It offers an opportunity for a real service to our Country through programs which provide features of educational and inspirational value. And each subordinate Lodge should avail itself of the opportunity; and, by an effective presentation of the prescribed ritual of the Order, with its colorful and illustrative pageantry, should endeavor to make the occasion eventful.

A public celebration is not required by the Statute. It may be held in the Lodge room for members only. But where it is practicable to do so, the Lodge should plan a public ceremonial; not only because it tends to enhance the Lodge's prestige in the community, but primarily because the patriotic purpose in view will thus more effectively be promoted.

The flag of our country and all for which it stands, to which Elks pledge allegiance in every Lodge meeting, is entitled to this annual evidence that the oft repeated pledge is something more than mere empty lip service.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Conn. State Elks Association Awards Scholarship

The Scholarship Commission of the Connecticut State Elks Association has awarded the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300 to Thomas McCormack, a member of Ansonia, Conn., Lodge, No. 1269, and a student at the University of Alabama. Mr. McCormack prepared for college in the elementary schools of Ansonia and at St. John's Preparatory School in Massachusetts.

He has been active in the affairs of his Lodge, notably on programs of entertainment and in connection with ritualistic contests. By reason of his scholarship, character, and general merit he is richly deserving of the award and his many friends rejoice with him in his good fortune.



Thomas McCormack, a member of Ansonia, Conn., Lodge, who was awarded the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300 by the Connecticut State Elks Association

Oregon City Lodge Claims One of Order's Oldest Members

Oregon City, Ore., Lodge, No. 1189, is proud of its oldest member, J. B. Sawyer who, the Lodge believes, is one of the oldest Elks in the Order today. Mr. Sawyer was born on July 13, 1838, in Windsor County, Vermont. He joined No. 1189 in 1912, and served as Chaplain from April 1, 1917, to March 31, 1931. For his splendid services in that office, Oregon City Lodge awarded him an Honorary Life Membership.

F. H. McAnulty, Correspondent



A Lodge Record of Which to Be Proud

Oakland, Calif., Lodge is proud of the fact that seven P. E. R.'s and its Exalted Ruler constitute four "father-and-son teams". The six living members, seated from left to right, are: Judge A. F. St. Sure, Dr. O. D. Hamlin, Max Horwinski. Standing, left to right, are: Wm. P. St. Sure, O. D. Hamlin, Jr., Edmund Horwinski (incumbent). The deceased pair were George W. Reed and his son, Clarence M. Reed. THE ELKS MAGAZINE will welcome for publication other group photographs of multiple "father-and-son teams"

District Convention Entertained by Muncie, Ind., Lodge

Elks from 11 counties poured into Muncie, Ind., on Saturday, April 14, to attend the Central Indiana District Elks Association Convention. Between three and four hundred visitors were reported present. The afternoon's program on the first day was informal, with visiting Elks registering at the Home of Muncie Lodge, No. 245, where amateur entertainers were presenting a program. A midnight show was held at the Star Theatre, with E.R. Herbert A. Smith acting as Master of Ceremonies.

On the following day, Sunday, activities opened with the initiation of a class of 25 candidates by the Anderson Lodge Degree Team of 22 members. At noon there was a parade to the Roberts Hotel, where dinner was served. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters was the principal speaker. At 2:30 P.M. a business meeting of the Association was held in the Lodge rooms.

The Convention was declared to be a distinct and unqualified success, with much having been accomplished. Officers of the Central District are: Cecil Rape, Union City Lodge, Pres.; C. D. Sizelove, Elwood Lodge, 1st Vice-Pres.; George Palmer, Lebanon Lodge, 2nd Vice-Pres.; C. G. Knotts, Muncie Lodge, 3rd Vice-Pres.; D. W. Garner, Union City Lodge, Secy.-Treas., and Fred Meeker, Portland Lodge, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Carl Bartlett, Muncie Lodge

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Institutes Antlers Lodge

After several months of preparatory work East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, instituted a Lodge of Antlers with a charter class of 64 boys. Election of officers was held with Zeph Campbell, Jr., being elected as first Exalted Antler. The initiation of the candidates was in charge of the Antlers Lodge of Chicago Lodge No. 4.

Attending the meeting were E.R. Archie Cohen of No. 4 and a number of members of the Chicago Lodge Antlers' Advisory Council, together with a delegation of visiting Antlers. Judging from the enthusiasm

shown, it is obvious that the East Chicago Antlers are off to a splendid start. The Advisory Council of East Chicago Lodge is comprised of R. F. Robinson, George W. Dunbar, Dr. Hugh Norman, Nicholas Patrick and P.E.R. Max M. Friedman.

No. 981 has turned over the basement of its Home to the Antlers for their activities, the Lodge itself moving to newly decorated rooms on the second floor.

John E. O'Neil, Secretary

Coshocton, O., Dedicates New Lodge Home

The handsome new Home of Coshocton, O., Lodge, No. 376, was formally dedicated on April 10 in an appropriate ceremony presided over by District Deputy Thomas F. Joseph of Martin's Ferry Lodge, No. 895. Local and visiting Elks filled the beautiful Home on the day of the ceremony. Visitors were present from the Lodges of New Philadelphia, Newcomerstown, Cambridge, New Lexington and other cities.

A class of four new members was initiated into Coshocton Lodge during the evening. The Lodge was instituted in 1897, and five of the 37 charter members are still living.

Rome, N. Y., Lodge Loses P. E. R. Roselle C. Moyer

Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, was plunged into sorrow recently by the death of P.E.R. Roselle C. Moyer. At the time of his death, Mr. Moyer was City Editor of *The Rome Sentinel*, and was regarded as one of the most competent newspaper men in Upstate New York. He was 53 years of age.

Mr. Moyer was initiated into Rome Lodge on February 17, 1916. He passed through the various chair offices before coming to his term as Exalted Ruler, which he fulfilled admirably. During his term of office he was called upon by the District Deputy to accompany him on his visits and to act as Exalted Ruler at the meeting of the Lodges being visited.

On the night prior to his funeral the officers of Rome Lodge conducted the prescribed funeral ritual at Mr. Moyer's home. In at-

tendance were all the living Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. At the conclusion of the ceremony more than 200 members went through the home and passed the casket.

Martin R. Marriott, Correspondent

Oxygen Tent Presented to State by Norwich, Conn., Lodge

Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, recently presented to Uncas-on-Thames an oxygen tent, purchased and donated by the Lodge.

The presentation was made at the surgical building at Uncas-on-Thames, and was witnessed by the entire personnel of the State Tuberculosis Commission, Dr. Hugh B. Campbell, Superintendent, Dr. Glen Urquhart, members of the staff of the sanatorium, the officers of Norwich Lodge and the Lodge's Welfare Committee. Dr. Stephen P. Maher, Chairman of the State Tuberculosis Commission, accepted the oxygen tent which was officially presented by William S. Murray, Chairman of the Welfare Com-

mittee of Norwich Lodge.

Paul H. Zahn, E.R., introduced Mr. Murray who, in turn, presented the tent, saying that the Norwich Elks had always felt kindly toward Uncas-on-Thames, and took pleasure in donating the piece of equipment which it was understood was greatly needed. Prior to the presentation the Elks were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Urquhart at their home. A luncheon was served and thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

Charles E. Woodlock, Past State Pres.

News of the State Associations

Arizona

THE Annual Convention of the Arizona State Elks Association took place April 5-6-7, at Tucson with 430 members registered as present. Of the 15 Lodges in the Association, 13 were represented. Among the distinguished Elks of the State attending the business meetings and festivities were State Pres. Joe F. Mayer, State Secy. D. E. Rienhardt, District Deputy R. I. Winn, and Past Presidents W. S. Thompson, Frank B. Baptist, G. K. Smith and Jacob Gunst. The Convention was the largest held by the Association in ten years.

The Elks went on record this year to continue the Arizona State Elks Hospital at Tucson as its main charitable activity. A fund is to be established, through voluntary subscriptions from ten dollars per year up, payable quarterly, and each Lodge in the State is to be asked to contribute to the Arizona State Elks Hospital Fund not less than five dollars monthly out of its own charity fund.

The entertainment provided was plentiful and varied. A banquet was given at the Pioneer Hotel on April 6, with 183 persons in attendance, after which a dance was held in the Home of Tucson Lodge, No. 385.

Baseball games between the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Chicago White Sox were provided for the entertainment of the crowd on April 5 and 6, and a boxing match was staged the evening of the sixth.

The Bowling Tournament was well attended. Some 300 bowlers took part in the play. Teams representing Douglas, Nogales, Phoenix and Tucson Lodges participated. Tucson Lodge won all the main events. The winning five-man team, the winning doubles team and the singles winners were all members of Tucson Lodge.

On the afternoon of April 7, a barbecue lunch was served by Tucson Lodge at its Home. The closing dance and entertainment were held that evening.

Officers elected to serve the Association for the year 1934-35 are as follows: Herman Lewkowitz, Phoenix Lodge, President; Oney Jetts, Prescott Lodge, First Vice-President; D. E. Rienhardt, Globe Lodge, Second Vice-President; Shelton G. Dowell, Douglas Lodge, Third Vice-President; John W. Wagner, Phoenix Lodge, Treasurer, and Herbert F. Brown, Tucson Lodge; Ben O'Neil, Ajo Lodge, and Charles A. Dutton, Kingman Lodge, Trustees. Joseph B. Zaversack, Phoenix Lodge, was appointed Secretary.

Members of the Executive Committee of the Arizona State Elks Association Hospital are: Jacob Gunst, Tucson Lodge, Chairman; M. H. Starkweather, Tucson Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer; C. C. Cheshire, Nogales Lodge; Joe F. Mayer, Globe Lodge, and Bernhard Anderson, Phoenix Lodge.

The Arizona State Elks Association will hold no quarterly meetings save those of the Hospital Executive Committee. Kingman was selected for next year's meeting.

*M. H. Starkweather,
Chairman Convention Committee*

Florida

THE Annual Convention of the Florida State Elks Association, held in Tallahassee, April 15-16-17, was brought to a close with the President's Ball held at the American Legion Home, rounding out a most successful meeting. Secy. H. E. Jacoway, of Tallahassee Lodge, No. 937, reported 324 Elks as registering during the Convention.

The Degree Team of Tallahassee Lodge, competing with the team of Sanford Lodge, retained ritualistic honors, Tallahassee's per-

centage being 98.7, and Sanford's 95.4. Tampa Lodge, No. 708, won the trophy for the best record of officers' attendance at Lodge meetings during the past year.

Appreciation was expressed for public support of the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home upon presentation of the report of the Commission on the operation of the Home during the year.

Visitors attended from 31 of the 33 Lodges of Florida. Prominent among State leaders who were present were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight David Sholtz, Governor of Florida; State Pres. Frank Thompson and Harold Cole, Past. Pres. and Secy.-Treas. of the Association. A delegation of prominent Elks from Georgia was in attendance. A fish fry, trapshoot, golf tournament, bridge luncheons, automobile tours of the City, and a visit to Wakulla Spring, were among the entertainment features.

The names of the officers elected to serve the Association during the coming year are as follows: President, Caspian Hale, New Smyrna Lodge; First Vice-President, W. P. Mooty, Miami Lodge; Second Vice-President, J. J. Fernandez, Tampa Lodge; Third Vice-President, Al Dooley, Pensacola Lodge; Fourth Vice-President, M. E. Welborn, Ocala Lodge; Fifth Vice-President, G. W. Spencer, Sanford Lodge; Secretary-Treasurer, Harold Cole, St. Augustine Lodge; and Tiler, C. L. Johnson, Tallahassee Lodge. Past Pres. J. Edwin Baker, of West Palm Beach Lodge, was elected a Member of the Executive Committee for a three-year period. The following appointments were made: Chaplain, the Rev. Frank Gee, Daytona Beach Lodge, and Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Gessner, De Land Lodge.

The 1934-35 Convention of the Association will be held at Ocala.

Harold Colee, State Secy.-Treas.

The National Bowling Tournament

THE Seventeenth Annual Elks National Bowling Tournament, conducted by the Elks National Bowling Association, was brought to a close recently with new champions in each event. The Tournament was held under the auspices of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge.

In the Five-Man Team event the Waldorf Golden Bock Elks Team, of Cleveland Lodge, established a new all-time record by scoring 3209 pins on games of 1017, 1069 and 1123. Charles Lausche, a member of the winning team, also hit an all-time high mark in the All-Events with a total of 2044 pins for the nine games. The winners in each division received diamond medals.

In the outstanding feature of the Tournament Jess Pritchett, of the famous Barbasol Team of Indianapolis, bowled a perfect score of 300 in his third game in the Two-Man event, pocketing 12 straight strikes. He and his partner, J. Fehr, totaled 1326 pins to finish in second place. Fehr rolled 606 and Pritchett 720.

Following are the detailed scores of the winners in each event:

Five-Man Team Event

	Waldorf	Golden Bock,	Cleveland	
Lodge.				
Name	1st	2d	3d	Totals
Lausche, C..	231	213	254	698
Rice, R....	147	191	188	526
Siperke, E..	192	223	237	652
Kuver, J....	203	232	236	671
Franz, F....	244	210	208	662
Totals...	1017	1069	1123	3209

Two-Man Event

Lausche, C..	219	234	687
Rice, R....	252	192	644
Totals....	471	426	1331

Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge.

Individual Event

David, T....	278	203	224	705
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Massillon, Ohio, Lodge.

All-Events

Lausche, C.—Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge:	
Five-man Event	698 Pins
Two-man Event	687 "
Individual	659 "
Total	2044 Pins

The Tournament was a success in all respects. The visiting Elk bowlers enjoyed the treatment and hospitality accorded them by the Cleveland Elks. One hundred and seventy-eight five-man teams were entered in that event, 44 of them being sponsored by Cleveland Lodge. Toledo, Ohio, Lodge entered 13 teams. The tabulation of the team entries by States reveals the following:

(Continued on page 47)

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central State Lodges



The 1933-34 officers of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge

Iola, Kans., Lodge Celebrates 34th Anniversary

Iola, Kans., Lodge, No. 569, was organized in 1900 with 40 members. On its recent 34th Anniversary the Iola Elks held a large party to celebrate the event. A number of new members were initiated, an entertainment program was presented and refreshments were served.

Visiting Elks were present from a number of cities throughout the State, as were nine of Iola Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers and one of its Charter Members. Eight new candidates were initiated into the Lodge, 20 old members were reinstated, and one was affiliated by transfer dimit, thus adding a total of 29 members to the rolls. P.E.R. Judge Frank Forrest was General Chairman of the Birthday Party.

Iola Lodge has recently installed a splendid gymnasium in the Lodge Home, an addition which is attracting wide attention and considerable comment. It is expected to bring in many new members during the coming months.

M. C. Langley, Correspondent

Activities of Iron Mountain, Mich., Lodge

Iron Mountain, Mich., Lodge, No. 700, recently celebrated Past Exalted Rulers Night with a party at which 50 members were present to enjoy the excellent entertainment and luncheon offered by the Lodge. The following Past Exalted Rulers took chairs for the evening: Ray E. MacAllister, L. J. Will and M. J. Bacco.

Another interesting party held by the Lodge was the After Easter Dancing Party, planned entirely by the ladies of the Lodge, who were proud to announce that the attendance topped that of any similar entertainment in recent years. A fine program of entertainment and a buffet supper were provided.

The members are receiving a great deal of enjoyment from the new weekly Bulletin, published by the Lodge, which is making its appearance. This colorful little paper, known as *The Tattler*, boasts that it "Knows All, Sees All and Hears All." Up to the present writing it seems to be carrying out its threats. Members of Iron Mountain Lodge are cautious in their remarks and actions, lest their follies appear prominently displayed for the enjoyment of others.

Dan Goodman

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge Ends Successful Year

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, has closed one of the most successful Lodge years in its history. At the start of the year an honor roll was established on which were to be placed the names of the members of the Lodge bringing in a new member or causing an old member to reinstate himself. At the close of the year there were 76 names on the honor roll, representing a total of 164 members added to the roster, either by initiation or reinstatement. Thomas J. Murray headed the list with 20 new members to his credit.

During the year there was organized among the members a group of forty-odd good singing voices, known as the Elks Male Chorus, under the direction of John P. Davies. The purpose of the group is to assist in special functions, such as Mothers' Day, Flag Day and Memorial Day services, and to entertain in visitations to sister Lodges. The first appearance of the Elks Male Chorus outside the home Lodge was at Chicago Lodge, No. 4. The Chorus distinguished itself, proving to be a credit to Oak Park Lodge and to the Order in general.

Rodger Kenney, Correspondent

Houston, Tex., Lodge Holds Carnival, Challenges Bowlers

Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151, staged a carnival this spring entitled "Days of '49"—a period about which the Texas members of the Order should know something. The carnival, held in the Lodge Home, proved to be highly successful both financially and as an entertainment feature. It is estimated that some 2,000 persons attended during the three days of its run. In conjunction with the carnival a "Black and Tan" revue was presented.

Gambling games, played in the days of the Forty-Niners, were indulged in, including faro, chuck-a-luck, black jack, roulette and craps. Play was for script, with a dollar buying "\$1,000" worth.

The bowlers of Houston Lodge announce that they would like to arrange a telegraphic bowling match with members who are not less than 1,000 miles distant from Houston. They would like to have those who accept the challenge write to C. E. Vance, Physical Director of the Lodge.

C. E. Vance, Physical Director

Union City, Ind., Lodge Enjoys Busy Season

Under the efficient leadership of E.R. Cecil Rape, Union City, Ind., Lodge, No. 1534, has brought into the Order 40 new members so far this year. Twelve of them were initiated at a ceremony performed recently. The Lodge has also staged several enjoyable social evenings, among them being Past Exalted Rulers Night, with every living Past Exalted Ruler present at the festivities.

Morgan City, La., Lodge Honors J. L. Fisher

Morgan City, La., Lodge, No. 1121, regrets to announce that its Secretary, Joseph L. Fisher, who has held his office for the past 25 years, and who was one of the pioneers in building up the Order in the City, has resigned his secretaryship because of ill health. A special vote of thanks was offered Mr. Fisher for his efficient work. In further appreciation a token of honor commending his long service was ordered, and a committee appointed to carry out the action of the Lodge.

Sol Loeb, Secretary

Elks of Illinois Northeast Hold District Meeting

The Illinois Elks Association of Northeast Lodges held their District Meeting at the Home of Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295, recently. The meeting was an interesting one and matters of importance to the Lodges of the State were discussed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, State President Frank C. Winters of Monmouth, and others.

The meeting was in charge of Northeast District Trustee W. J. Savage, P.E.R., of Oak Park Lodge and a Past District Deputy of the Northeast District. It was well attended by the District Lodge members as well as visitors from various parts of Illinois. After the meeting those present partook of a Sunday evening supper served in the dining room of the Home.

Frank P. White, State Secretary



The attractive new Home of Coshocton, Ohio, Lodge, formally dedicated on April 10

Yazoo City, Miss., Lodge Initiates Large Class

Fully 150 members of Yazoo City, Miss., Lodge, No. 473, attended the regular monthly meeting at which the officers for the following year were elected and a class of 50 can-

didates was initiated. Several months ago Yazoo City Lodge initiated the largest class of candidates ever inducted into the Order by a Lodge in Mississippi. This class, together with the later one of 50 candidates, places No. 473 as one of the outstanding Lodges in the State.

On the night of the recent initiation and election of new officers, the crack degree team of Canton, Miss., Lodge, No. 458, visited Yazoo City Lodge and exemplified the ritual. The team was composed of E.R. J. B. Price, Est. Leading Knight John Ferguson, Est. Loyal Knight S. O. Cobb, Est. Lecturing Knight David Campbell, Esquire Gus Hansen, Inner Guard Jake Kaplan, and Chaplain J. O. Cresap. After the initiation a dance was held, sponsored by the Lodge.

A. P. Burr, Correspondent

Columbus, O., Lodge Holds Elks' "World's Fair"

Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, recently presented to the citizens of Columbus an eight-day "World's Fair." The purpose of the affair was two-fold—first, to provide the Elks and their friends an opportunity to enjoy themselves, and second, to replenish the Lodge treasury. Both objectives were successfully achieved.

A full-fledged "Midway" contained many of the features of a world's fair, including freaks, a pirates' den, Chinese village, Spanish retreat, fortune teller, an oriental village, a stage and floor show, singing, dancing, acrobatic acts and a Wild West Show with cowboys. The ball room on the second floor of the Lodge resembled the interior of an ocean liner, and was known as the "Show Boat." There dancing, refreshments and entertainment were indulged in by the visitors. A Winter Garden was situated in the basement of the Home.

Joe Penner, radio comedian, who is the current rage, was a big drawing card at the Show. He has always admired the Elks, and had visited many Lodges but never joined the Order. Columbus Lodge arranged a special meeting and initiated him on March 3. Columbus Lodge members agree that Mr. Penner is a fine young man and feel that other members will be glad to know that he is a member of the Order.

C. W. Wallace, Secretary

Burlington, Ia., Lodge Reports Charitable Activity

A report from Burlington, Iowa, Lodge, No. 84, reveals that the Lodge donated to needy school children of Burlington a total of 458 pairs of shoes and overshoes during the past winter. This benevolence was made possible through the Elk shoe fund. The list included 185 pairs of boys' shoes, 173 pairs of girls' shoes, 69 pairs of girls' over-



Helping Studio

The commodious Lodge Home of the Wapakoneta, Ohio, Elks

shoes, 21 pairs of boys overshoes, and 10 pairs of tennis shoes.

The work has been carried on through the cooperation of the Rev. A. D. Freden, the Rev. Charles F. Zummach and school teachers. Upon receiving reports of children in need of shoes, the Committee investigated and the children were taken directly to shoe stores where they picked out their own shoes, within the prescribed price range.

Between Sept. 1, 1933, and April 11, 1934, the Committee spent \$876.68, and in making his report, Chairman Carl M. Fischer expressed his appreciation of the assistance and kindness of the officers, trustees and many members of the Lodge, and urged continuation of the work next year.

E. A. Erb, Secretary

Champaign, Ill., Lodge Wins Ritualistic Contest

The first District Ritualistic Contest in the State of Illinois was held in the Southeast District recently, taking place in the Lodge rooms of Olney Lodge. The teams com-

peting were from Champaign Lodge No. 398, Olney Lodge No. 926, Urbana Lodge No. 991 and Effingham Lodge, No. 1016.

A splendid contest resulted, all of the teams showing careful preparation and giving a beautiful rendition of the ritual. The contest was quite close and resulted in Champaign Lodge being declared the winner. This entitled the team to a trip to Urbana for the State Convention, to participate in the State Ritualistic competition.

Frank P. White, State Secretary

Boonville, Ind., Lodge Stages Dramatic Performance

Boonville, Ind., Lodge, No. 1180, recently entertained two packed houses with a three-act comedy entitled "Henry's Wedding." The show was given under the direction of the Universal Producing Company of Fairfield, Iowa, in the Clarke Gymnasium, with Miss Joyce Whitelaw as dramatic coach. Both performances were a financial and artistic success.

One of the features of the show was called



G. Toburen

An elk, shot by Wausau, Wis., Lodge Elks, stands mounted in the Lodge Home. Above are members grouped about the animal



W. T. Meyers & Co.

A professional boxing contest, held in the home of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, for the benefit of the Lodge Charity Fund

"The Beaux and Belles of the Gay Nineties," in which prominent Elks and well known business men of the City appeared in the costumes of that period. The Boonville Glee Club and the Girls Glee Club of the local High School assisted in the chorus.

One hundred and fifty persons took part in the production. Since it was a splendid exhibition of amateur dramatics and a credit to the local Elks, Boonville Lodge received more publicity from the venture than from anything it has attempted in years. Part of the proceeds were turned into a fund established to refurbish the Lodge rooms, while the rest was diverted into No. 1180's Charity Fund.

Argyle Shelton, Exalted Ruler



All set and ready to go. Elks 1934 Good Will Fleet lined up before South Bend Lodge, No. 235. Below—Side view of the two models of Studebaker cars being used for the Tour



Good Will Fleet Launched May 30

*Appropriate Ceremonies at Gettysburg and Denver
Signal Start of Purple and White Cars on
Transcontinental Good-Will Journey*

STARTING from historic Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and Denver, Colorado, six cars of the Elks 1934 Purple and White Fleet take the road on their 30,000-mile Good-Will Journey, scheduled to terminate at the Grand Lodge Convention at Kansas City, the week of July 16th.

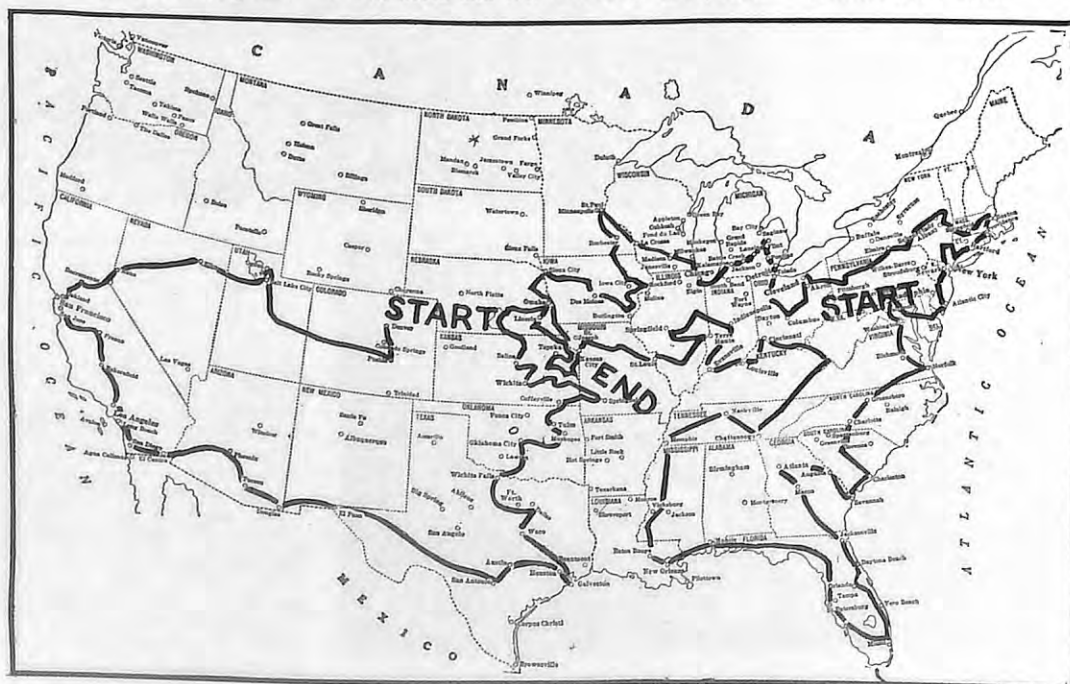
Accompanying each of the three divisions of the Fleet is a skilled professional entertainer who will bring to every Lodge designated to be visited an interesting program of entertainment. In the cars which proceed from Gettysburg, Brothers Joe Downing and Fred Roberts (both entertainers of high ability) will provide the entertainment. On this route—No. 1—the cars swing east

into New England as far as Lowell, Massachusetts. Returning west and north, they will arrive at Saratoga, N. Y., in time to participate in the New York State Elks Convention which will be held at that City. Their itinerary then takes them through northern Pennsylvania, central and upper Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri.

One of the cars on Route 2 is being piloted by Bede Armstrong, organizer of the Elks National Bridge Tournament. The other car will be handled by Ed Benedict, stage and broadcast star. This pair will travel south to the Carolinas into Georgia and Florida, thence north and east into lower Ohio, Ken-

tucky, Indiana, lower Illinois and Missouri.

The remaining two cars leave from Denver, Colorado, go west through Utah, Nevada and central California, then south to San Diego, east through Texas and as far as Galveston, then through central and upper Texas into Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and into Missouri. One of the pilots of this unit is Axel Christensen—also a stage and radio star, whose program of entertainment has been planned particularly for Elks Lodges. Brother Ralph Jones, who accompanies him, is well known in many of the Lodges on this route for the excellent work which he performed in the same capacity in connection with the 1933 Tour.



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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

ON the evening of January 16 Grand Exalted Ruler also attended a meeting at Austin, Tex., Lodge, No. 201, with seventy-five members present, including D.D. Knetsch and State President H. S. Rubenstein, and twelve Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge.

Despite the lateness of the hour Mr. Meier, in company with Mr. Rubenstein and his father, traveled on to Brenham at the conclusion of the Austin visit. At an early hour on the following morning, he breakfasted with some seventy-five members of Brenham Lodge, No. 979, among them being State Secy. F. L. Amsler, P.D.D.'s. Charles L. Wilkins and W. J. Embrey, all the officers and eleven Past Exalted Rulers.

Mr. Meier then drove to the Home of Temple, Tex., Lodge, No. 138, where he was guest of honor at a luncheon and addressed fifty members. He noted at this meeting many whom he had met in Elk circles, among them P. L. Downs, Past State Pres., and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, and Past. Pres. Harry E. Holmes. Later Mr. Holmes and Mr. Downs joined the Grand Exalted Ruler's party and journeyed with him to Waco, Tex., where they met with fifty members of Waco Lodge, No. 166. Also present were P.D.D.'s. Gibson Gayle and L. L. Wilkey.

MR. MEIER'S next visit was to Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71, where his party was greeted by the officers of the Lodge and forty more members. Since Mr. Meier had held a District Deputy Conference in Dallas last September, he did not remain long but, with his official party, hastened on to Fort Worth, Tex., Lodge, No. 124, to attend a meeting given in the form of a barbecue banquet. He spoke to the members at some length and was pleased to note a considerable number of men who had attained rank and position in the Order, among them being D.D. Tom J. Renfro, Past State Pres. Charles A. Mangold and P.D.D. Wayne Manning, in addition to many others from Fort Worth and surrounding Lodges.

After remaining overnight in Fort Worth, Mr. Meier traveled on the next day to Cleburne, Tex., Lodge, No. 811, where he was received with much interest by the members, as this was the first such visit paid the Lodge.

Traveling with D.D. George L. McCann and H. E. Christie, P.E.R. of El Paso Lodge, Mr. Meier soon left for Brownwood, Tex., Lodge, No. 960, where he was guest of honor at a luncheon. Here he met W. P. Murphy, Past Grand Inner Guard, and P.D.D. W. Lee Watson. With the same escort, Mr. Meier paid his next visit to Sweetwater, Tex., Lodge, No. 1257, where he had the distinction of being the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit the Lodge, and was guest of honor at a dinner. Several distinguished Elks were present, in addition to all the elective and appointive officers.



The Reception Committee which boarded the Empress of Japan to greet Mr. and Mrs. Meier on their arrival in Hawaii

After remaining overnight at Sweetwater, Mr. Meier left the following morning for Abilene Lodge, No. 562, where he held a conference with the members and leaders of the Lodge. There were several distinguished Elks present. Following the conference these members and Mr. Meier and his party lunched at one of the local hotels.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then left Abilene for Breckenridge, Tex., Lodge, No. 1480, where once more he proved to be the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit there. He was delighted with the large number of members who had gathered to meet him and to hear his address. The meeting was followed by a barbecued luncheon. A large number of prominent Elks attended, among them being Past Pres. Harry A. Logsdon, former member of the Credentials Committee of the Grand Lodge, and N. J. Nanney, P.D.D. Preceding the Lodge meeting Mr. Meier called upon T. B. Ridgell, P.E.R., who was ill.

The next of Mr. Meier's official visits was with the members of Ranger, Tex., Lodge, No. 1373, where 87 members of the Order were present, among them being many who have already been mentioned and B. S. Huey and E. J. Keough, P.D.D.'s. During the meeting the chairs were filled by Past State Presidents, the chair of Exalted-Ruler being occupied by Past Pres. Logsdon, who is Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. A great many addresses were made in addition to that of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and a special feature of the program was the appearance of the American Legion Tickville Band, all members of which are Ranger Elks. A conference was held subsequent to the meeting.

Upon leaving Ranger at six the next morning, Mr. Meier made Wichita Falls his next goal, arriving there early. During the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke over radio station KGKO on behalf of the Order and in support of the President's Birthday Ball for the benefit of the Warm Springs Foundation. At six that evening he was the guest of honor of Wichita Falls, Tex., Lodge, No. 1105, at dinner, following which he addressed the gathering of about 225 members of the Order. Among those present were E. F. Fruechte, D.D., and P.D.D.'s. C. K. Johnson, Harry Mason and A. C. Estes, and many others. Lodges represented at the gathering were: Burkburnett, Quannah, Vernon, Amarillo and Houston, all of Texas; Altus, Okla., and Grey Bull, Wyo.

Mr. Meier left after midnight for Amarillo where, upon his arrival, he was met by a

large delegation from Amarillo, Tex., Lodge, No. 923, which included the Grand Exalted Ruler's brother, Mr. Albert Meier, and members of his family. That morning, Jan. 21, Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a breakfast given by the receiving delegation at the Herring Hotel.

After being introduced by P.D.D. Jack Nichols, Mr. Meier, as the principal speaker, addressed the members at a meeting of Amarillo, Pampa, Borger and Plainview Lodges in the Home of Amarillo Lodge. He was presented with a handsome desk piece.

ON the morning of Jan. 22, the Grand Exalted Ruler breakfasted with Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, No. 417, with forty members present. Mr. Meier delivered a speech which was broadcast over Radio Station KOMA. At the meeting were many Elk officials, among them being State Trustee B. B. Barefoot, former member of the Committee on Judiciary of the Grand Lodge; State Pres. M. W. Brown; D.D. George McLean, State Vice-Pres.; State Secy. L. F. Pfotenhauer, and E. F. Rand, P.D.D.

The next visit of Mr. Meier was to the Home of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, where upon his arrival he found a high school band playing on the front porch. Later he spoke to the 112 persons assembled, who included A. T. March, P.D.D. Following this meeting he proceeded to Woodward, Okla., Lodge, No. 1355, and spoke to 75 persons at a luncheon sponsored by the local Chamber of Commerce. Among those gathered to greet him were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden; Bert E. Nichols, Past State Vice-Pres., and A. M. Jameson and Harold L. Street, P.D.D.'s.

At 3:30 P.M. Mr. Meier spoke to 30 members of Alva, Okla., Lodge, No. 1184, in the Lodge room. P.D.D. Sam Clark was present. Upon completing this meeting Mr. Meier hastened to Enid, Okla., Lodge, No. 870, where he was present at a dinner given in his honor. Many distinguished local Elks were there, among them being Past State Pres. E. R. Walcher and State Vice-Pres. D. H. Perry. Many ladies were in the gathering, numbering about 200 persons.

On the ensuing morning the Grand Exalted Ruler left Enid for Blackwell, Okla., Lodge, No. 1347, where he was privileged to speak to 25 leading members of the Order, including P.D.D. Harry Tucker. Mr. Meier's was the first Grand Exalted

Ruler's visit ever paid to Blackwell Lodge.

Leaving Blackwell, Mr. Meier journeyed to Pawhuska, Okla., Lodge, No. 1177, where he met with E. B. Smith, D.D., and several other distinguished Elks. From there he proceeded to Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge, No. 1060, where he arrived at noon. Here he spoke to some 40 members, among them several of the State Assn. officials already mentioned.

In the afternoon, at 3 P.M., Mr. Meier visited Nowata, Okla., Lodge, No. 1151, where, as was the case in the past several visits, he was the first Grand Exalted Ruler to pay his official call on the Lodge. There were 48 members present, and a high school band of 50 pieces was playing in front of the Lodge Home when Mr. Meier arrived.

Following his address at Nowata, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, where he was guest of honor at a dinner attended by all the officers of Tulsa Lodge and by the members of Mr. Meier's party, which consisted of Pres. M. W. Brown, Past Pres. Walcher and Treas. H. A. P. Smith of the State Assn., and D.D.'s. George McLean and E. B. Smith. After the dinner Mr. Meier spoke before a meeting of about 300 people. The response was made by P. O. Galloway, P.E.R. among the noted Elks attending were Past State Pres. Don F. Copeland and P.D.D.'s. R. K. Robertson, W. B. West, W. W. Moody and Robert W. Moreland.

The next morning, Jan. 24, Mr. Meier was at Sapulpa visiting members of Sapulpa, Okla., Lodge, No. 1118, where he spoke to some score of men. He then visited Muskogee, Okla., Lodge, No. 517, where he addressed another score of Elks, among them being Senator T. H. Davidson, P.D.D. While in Muskogee the Grand Exalted Ruler called on E. R. Ben C. Brasch, who was confined in the hospital.

That day's luncheon Mr. Meier took with members of McAlester, Okla., Lodge, No. 533, in the Lodge Home, and 38 members of the Order heard him speak, among them being Past State Pres. H. I. Aston, Vice-Pres. W. H. Eylar, Past State Tiler H. R. Heichelheim and P.D.D. Richard Crutcher. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Meier was forced to hurry on.

He next visited Shawnee, Okla., Lodge, No. 657, late that afternoon, inspecting the Home and the country club owned by the Lodge. That evening he was guest of honor at a dinner attended by State Pres. Brown, Past Pres. Park Wyatt, Past Pres. W. J. Barnett, and P.D.D.'s. U. S. Russell, P. B. Bostick, E. F. Rand and E. C. Cranston. Shawnee Lodge met after dinner, and Mr. Meier spoke to 150 enthusiastic members.

HE left Shawnee for Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge, No. 341, arriving at noon. A guest of honor, Mr. Meier lunched with about 40 members of the Lodge at the Goldman Hotel. P.D.D.'s. Fred F. Fennessey and J. F. O'Melia were present. Mr. Meier left Fort Smith after luncheon and proceeded to Mena, Ark., Lodge, No. 781, where he was the first Grand Exalted Ruler to make an official ap-



The officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge at a dinner in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler

pearance. He spoke to 26 members of the Lodge and to ten of their ladies in the Lodge room and then left early and hastened to Texarkana, Ark., Lodge, No. 399, where he was guest of honor at a dinner given by 25 members. Following the dinner, at which the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke, he left for El Dorado, Ark., Lodge, No. 1129, where he breakfasted in the morning in company with members of the Lodge and others.

That noon Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a luncheon given for him by Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge, No. 380, with 40 members present. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Dr. Leonard R. Ellis and Past State Pres. T. N. Black were among the noted Elks present. While in Hot Springs Mr. Meier was on the air over station KTHS for about ten minutes.

At the close of the broadcast he proceeded to North Little Rock, "Argenta," Ark., Lodge, No. 1004, where 143 members of the Order were present, including W. W. Trimble, D.D., and P.D.D.'s. John Pruniski, F. W. Duttlinger and Charles T. Ryan. C. J. Griffith, P.D.D., had charge of the program. Mr. Meier was pleased with the deep interest manifested by these members.

Jonesboro, Ark., was the next destination of the Grand Exalted Ruler. At the Home of Jonesboro Lodge, No. 498, he attended a dinner with 52 other members of the Order. It was the first time a Grand Exalted Ruler had ever visited the Lodge and the interest was sustained throughout the evening.

UPON the completion of the program, Mr. Meier left Jonesboro for Kansas City, Mo., to meet Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and James S. Richardson, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, to confer regarding the Grand Lodge Convention to be held there in July. After spending the day on these matters Mr. Meier left Kansas City on Jan. 28 and arrived at Memphis, Tenn., the next morning. He was met at the station by Clarence Friedman, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Sam Taubenblatt, E. R. of Memphis Lodge, No. 27, and others.

Before starting the day's trip to Jackson, Tenn., Mr. Meier called upon T. E. Patton,

E. R. of Columbus, Miss., Lodge, who had recently undergone an operation, at the local hospital. After making the call Mr. Meier was driven to Jackson, Tenn., Lodge, No. 192, where he lunched with many prominent Elks, among them being F. B. Wilkinson, Past Grand Tiler; H. W. Hicks, D.D., and P.D.D.'s. W. W. Tucker, R. D. Conger and Lawrence Taylor, Mayor of Jackson. After luncheon all the members assembled in the Lodge room where Mr. Meier spoke, although he had previously delivered a special message at luncheon.

After this meeting Mr. Meier drove back to Memphis for a night meeting which was preceded by a seven o'clock dinner. He spoke both at dinner and later at the meeting when a class of candidates had been initiated. Late that evening Mr. Meier left Memphis by rail and arrived at Nashville, Tenn., early the next morning.

Past Grand Inner Guard W. H. Mustaine and other members met Mr. Meier at the station, and joined him at breakfast in the Hermitage Hotel, staying with him until he left to pay his official call on Murfreesboro, Tenn., Lodge, No. 1029. Mr. Meier was the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit Murfreesboro Lodge. At the luncheon meeting several prominent Elks were present to hear Mr. Meier's address, among them being P.D.D.'s. John A. Baxter and W. E. Mullins.

When the meeting ended Mr. Meier proceeded by automobile to Columbia, Tenn., Lodge, No. 686, and was escorted by a motorcade to the Lodge Home where, upon arriving, he discovered a high school band playing. Among those attending the meeting were P.D.D.'s. W. C. Whitthorne, Mora B. Ferris and L. Z. Turpin.

That evening Mr. Meier returned to Nashville Lodge, No. 72, where he was guest of honor at dinner. There were eighty-five members present, among them being P.E.R. Hill McAlister, Governor of Tennessee, and many other prominent State and Municipal officials. Gov. McAlister honored Mr. Meier by presenting him with a Commission as Colonel on his Staff. After the meeting all repaired to the Capitol where the President's Birthday Ball was in progress.

ON Jan. 31 Mr. Meier drove from Nashville to Bowling Green, Ky., where at the Home of Bowling Green Lodge, No. 320, he breakfasted with 23 members. Among those present were Grand Tiler Leland O'Callaghan, Past Grand Inner Guard W. H. Mustaine, D. W. Smith, D.D., and James A. Diskin, State Pres. After breakfast Mr. Meier proceeded to New Albany, Ind., Lodge, No. 270, where he spoke to 45 members of the Order including the officials mentioned as being with him at Bowling Green, and also J. P. Adkins, D.D., for Indiana, South.

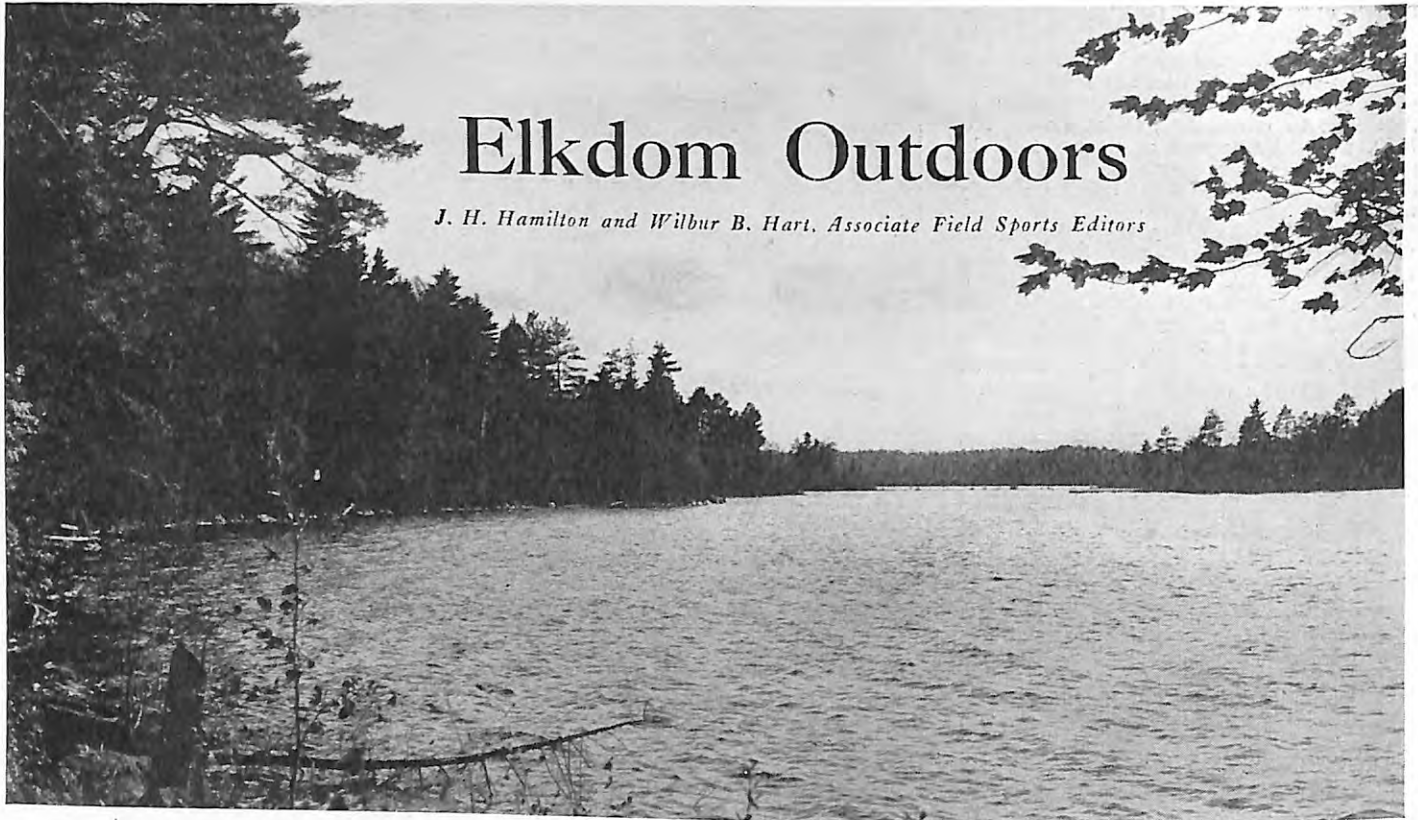
Later Mr. Meier visited the Home of Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge, No. 362, where he met a number of the members. Still later, more Jeffersonville Elks followed Mr. Meier

(Continued on page 49)



Bert L. Covell

Honolulu, Hawaii, Elks greet Mr. and Mrs. Meier on their arrival



Elkdom Outdoors

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

The lake above has a very long name. It is Lake Chargooggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg. It has forty-five letters, fifteen of which are g's and nine of which are a's. How it got its name will be explained in ELKDOM OUTDOORS in an early month's issue



Left: Byron Nelson and J. M. Reynolds of Grove City, Pa., shown with a mixed catch taken at Rice Lake, Ontario, Canada. Mr. Reynolds has been an Elk for forty-five years, being a charter member of Grove City Lodge. For the past seven years he has made this annual journey

Below: When we saw this picture we thought that Fred C. Gale, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge had been shooting sun perch with a rifle, but his accompanying letter explained that the display consisted of a two-weeks' kill of Vermont woodchucks, saving only the tails for photo purposes



Left: H. R. P. Miller, of Eustis, Florida, Lodge with the two largest black bass ever submitted to ELKDOM OUTDOORS. The fish weighed 13½ lbs. and 12¾ lbs., respectively. Mr. Miller is the donor of the \$250,000 building to the Florida State Elks Association for crippled children at Umattilla. When he joined Eustis Lodge he gave his occupation as "fisherman." He certainly lives up to it, judging from his photo



Left: Charles Schultz, of Binghamton, N. Y., wanted to prove to Frank Von Eiff, that you did not have to live near the sea to have real fishing. The fish were taken in Sullivan County, N. Y. Schultz learned of Von Eiff's whereabouts, after a long separation, through this Dept.



Right: J. N. Southard, Secretary of Rockland, Maine, Lodge, claims that you do not have to kill game or catch fish to enjoy the outdoors. The above snapshot shows Mr. Southard's boat in which he spends his leisure hours sailing among the islands of beautiful Pembscot Bay. If we had Mr. Southard's boat, we would add a little fishing to the life of a sailor





W. G. Weigold took the photo above to prove that South Dakota afforded deer shooting second to none. Nineteen hunters killed sixteen white-tailed bucks in eight days. L. to r.: E. Hoskins, R. Fiskdahl, H. P. Brown, W. Laurerinat, A. Saunders, Dr. H. L. Saylor, T. Peabody, E. Puglesy, Earl Pellant, B. York, George Sturm, M. Sturm, Dick Hobart, Mat Dawson, Don Malcomb

Below: M. G. Ljutic is shown on the right with a 250-lb. buck, killed in Modoc County near Alturas, Calif. The buck is a mule deer and it had a spread of 32 inches. Mr. Ljutic is a member of Richmond, Calif., Lodge. While ELKDOM OUTDOORS has received a number of deer and fishing photos from California, we are anxiously waiting for someone to send us a good quail picture. We would like to have a close-up



Above: Ottumwa, Iowa, Lodge is proud of a catch made by two of its members—Jake Cohen and Ben Enyart. The fish are muskies taken from Lake-of-the-Woods at Ontario, Canada. The largest fish weighs 47 lbs., the next 36 lbs., 10 oz., the next is a 31-pounder and one weighs 28 lbs.



Above: Small mouth bass fishing at Pike's Bay, Canada, is all that one could ask for. This catch represents a half-hour's pleasure for the following members of Wooster, Ohio, Lodge. L. to r.: J. Strock, H. Barrett, P. Scuch, D. Quimby, E. Conrod, O. Foss and L. Eberhart. The last-named member of the Order, who sent in the photo, reports that a catch such as this one is by no means unusual. To the Editors of ELKDOM OUTDOORS this looks like a good tip for the summer's vacation



TRAPSHOOTERS

Send your entry

TODAY

for

The Elks National Trapshooting Tournament

Under the auspices of
The Elks National Trapshooting Committee

- Edw. A. Groves, Chairman,
Pleasant Hill, Mo.
- A. Z. Patterson, Kansas City, Mo.
- Ed. Hunter, Kansas City, Mo.
- F. E. Jensen, Kansas City, Mo.
- D. D. Gross, Kansas City, Mo.
- Dan G. Barstow, Kansas City, Mo.
- D. K. Dickinson, Overland Park, Kan.

To be held at the coming
Grand Lodge Convention at Kansas City, Week of July 16

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

SEND YOUR ENTRY TODAY. (FOR ELKS ONLY.)

SEND NO MONEY WITH ENTRY

Edw. A. Groves, Chairman,
 Pleasant Hill, Missouri

Here is my entry for trapshooting.

Name (please print).....

Lodge No. Address.....

.....

The Beliefs of Pitcher Plummer

(Continued from page 17)

"Say, you sure know how to put things mighty interesting. From now on I'll—" He broke off and clutched the manager's arm. "Gee, do you see what I see? Two of these mirrors has got cracks in 'em! If you think I'm going to stay in this place when—"

The manager tried to speak, but was beyond articulation. He frantically opened and closed his hands, which did little good, for recruit Harvey Plummer had already gone.

THREE blocks down the street recruit Plummer entered a small restaurant, after an inspection of it that would have done credit to a tax appraiser, and took a seat at a counter. From beyond it a slender, good-looking, yellow-haired young woman put a glass of water before him.

Which brings us to Miss Minnie Smith, waitress, and brings us to the beginning of all that Miss Smith was to play in the life and destiny of recruit Plummer. Not that Minnie Smith knew anything about this, nor recruit Plummer, but Fate did, and when Fate knows—well, that is sufficient.

Diner Plummer in due time looked up from the menu; waitress Smith looked down at diner Plummer. Each regarded the other in the accepted, detached restaurant manner, the diner seeing merely a waitress who probably would get his order wrong, and the waitress seeing merely one more diner who would undoubtedly kick about the service. That is, each intended so to regard the other, but the Omnipotent Shaker of the Dice of Life, having other plans, saw to it that the glances suddenly became something else than merely routine. The glances held, then were gone—Fate never overplays its hand at the beginning.

Diner Plummer ordered a steak, commenting to himself that this was a darned nice-looking waitress; waitress Smith, taking the order, told herself that while this newest diner's ears were a trifle too long, there was something pleasant about his eyes. . . .

At the end of the meal a replenished diner Plummer made compliment as to the brand of food; waitress Minnie Smith, who would ordinarily have viewed this as a patently hollow effort toward a date and would ordinarily have given sharp rejoinder, announced that she was pleased to hear it.

"I got to have food and lots of it," amplified the satisfied diner. "I'm a baseball

player."

Miss Smith, pausing while stacking dishes, further regarded young Mr. Plummer, and said that this was most interesting. "We haven't had a baseball player in here for a long time," she added.

"Well, you're going to have one from now on, if all the meals are as good as this one," said the satisfied customer.

The management, replied Miss Smith, al-

Plummer slumped into his seat at the I. X. L. counter that evening. His face was red and as long as an accordion.

"Doggone!" cried diner Plummer. "That was the toughest game I ever lost! Had it all sewn up, and then got jinxed out of it right at the end."

"That darned last batter," said Minnie Smith, eyes hot with sympathy. "Of all the luck!"

"Luck?" cried diner Plummer, in a voice that expressed contradiction by the bucketful. "Luck? Say now, listen, that wasn't luck. Jinxed me; jinxed me as I was going to strike him out. Pulled his cap around sideways and—"

"And hit the ball right over the second baseman's head," said Miss Smith.

"Pulled his cap around sideways," harshly repeated diner Plummer, "and I lost all my control. Say," and his face grew dark, "they must of heard about that somewhere. . . . Say, you bet I'm going to find out about that!"

Miss Smith likewise attempted to find out about it, then and there, her more than good-looking face cross-hatched with puzzlement as she finally made question.

"You mean that you think the batter got the hit because he turned his cap around sideways and—"

"Think!" cried diner Plummer. "I know doggone well!"

Miss Smith departed kitchenward with the Plummer order, puzzlement still on her face; in due time she returned, bringing the

Plummer steak, and puzzlement continued with her. Miss Smith's everyday outlook on life was as clear as a newly washed window; one had to have an outlook like that to keep a job as waitress. Pitcher Plummer's outlook was, in a manner of speaking, slightly different. So:

"I still don't see," said Minnie Smith, putting down the steak, "just where a batter's turning his cap sideways—"

"Oh, don't you?" cried pitcher Plummer. He laughed shortly, then assumed man's superior manner. "If you'd seen all that I've seen. . . . Say, let me tell you something about jinxes."

He told, and at the end of the meal was still telling.

"Listen," he said, "let's go to some movie when you get through work here, and then we can talk without having to be interrupted all the time."

They went, and though the talk was in

(Continued on page 34)



Keeper: "Honest, lady, he smiles that way at every one."

ways aimed to please.

"I win my own game today in the twelfth inning with a home run," gratuitously furthered customer Plummer.

"Say, that's wonderful!" said Miss Smith. Then, suddenly remembering that she was a waitress in the I. X. L. Restaurant, and a busy one, and that this was practically a total stranger, she picked up the dishes and departed, not, however, without the feeling that life somehow had taken on a new aspect.

Customer Plummer was there the next morning. He was there for lunch and dinner. And by the third evening, at the end of dinner, he had persuaded Miss Smith that it would be a fine idea for her to spend the next afternoon, which was her afternoon off, out at the ball park watching him win a ball game.

Miss Smith, in her best dress, went out to the ball park, but what she saw that afternoon can best be described when diner

*On their way to
this year's*
KANSAS CITY CONVENTION

**SIX STUDEBAKERS ARE TRAVELING
OVER 30,000 MILES IN 46 DAYS**



FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA



FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE

THEY'RE brand new 1934 Studebakers of speedway stamina and skyway style, these six cars that constitute the Elks 1934 Good Will Fleet. They'll visit more than three hundred subordinate lodges in all sections of the country on their pre-convention journey which starts on May 30 and ends at Kansas City on July 16.

Studebakers again, of course

Make sure to see these Elks Couriers of Good Will when they arrive in your community. Give them the welcome they deserve.

As in former years the cars chosen for this year's pre-convention tour are Studebakers — and *what* Studebakers!

Three skyway style Dictator Sedans—three President Land Cruisers, the very latest thing in streamlining!

Studebaker sales have been mounting to sensational peaks because of the surplus of value Studebaker is offering this year. Priced \$155 to \$620 lower than last year's brilliant Studebakers, these 1934 cars are better built and better looking—finer automobiles in every way. They're brilliant performers—very economical.

They're almost the only cars left that are lower priced today than last year. So whatever your plans or your price ideas about a new car, make sure you first see and drive a new skyway style Studebaker of 1934. It's the year's great value.

\$685 *and up*

DICTATOR	\$685
COMMANDER	920
PRESIDENT	1170

Base prices at factory. Bumpers, special equipment extra

NEW Skyway style STUDEBAKERS

(Continued from page 32)

the main on the wiles and stratagems of baseball, enough of it was of a growing personal nature as to cause young Minnie Smith to begin to envision the possibilities of a four-room apartment, for two.

The vision grew when pitcher Plummer won his next game, aided by the choice of a marvelous series of jinxes—along with a blinding fast ball and a right-angle-breaking curve—but started to fade when pitcher Plummer was hammered out of the box in his next effort on the mound.

"Doggone!" lamented young Mr. Plummer that evening to Miss Smith. "I never saw a team make such bad medicine for a guy. Every jinx I tried to work on them, they worked two right back at me."

"You didn't seem to be able to do anything but hit their bats," condoled Miss Smith, who had had the misfortune to witness the débâcle.

"Well, maybe I won't be hittin' their bats much longer," darkly stated pitcher Plummer.

"What do you mean?" demanded Minnie Smith quickly, a Minnie Smith who had learned to detect the various qualities in Harvey Plummer's voice.

"Well," said Harvey Plummer slowly, "from the way the manager talked today—"

"You mean that chunky old man in the baseball uniform, that came up from the dugout and lay right down on the ground when you let that runner steal home with you holding the ball in your hand?"

"Say, he stole home because . . . Yes, I mean him. And he said to me if I ever let another runner do a thing like that I'd be shipped back to the sticks so fast that—"

THEN perhaps it would be wise to do as the manager says." Minnie Smith took her courage in her hands; Minnie, whose outlook on life had had to be so clear-visioned. "Perhaps—of course, I don't know anything about it—but perhaps all those jinxes don't mean so much as you may think they do. Maybe if you just forgot all about them and went in and pitched ball. . . ."

The look of utter horror that spread over the Plummer face caused her words to die away.

"Forget all about 'em!" cried pitcher Plummer. "For—". Momentarily he was unable to continue. He got control of himself, and when he went on his voice was that of an oracle. "When a man is born under a certain star, he is forevermore under that star, and all mortal efforts to thwart it are as dust. An astrologer told me that. . . . Yes, and there was an Indian down in our country who told me a lot of things; an awful bright old man who could read signs in . . ."

"But of course," said Minnie Smith, dissembling—as women dissemble—"you may be glad to go back home. There's probably some girl back there . . ."

The look that diner Plummer gave her robbed her of speech.

"There ain't any girl back there!" he countered. "The only girl that there is, as far as I'm concerned, ain't a thousand miles from this restaurant." Whereupon diner Plummer held Minnie Smith's gaze as long as he dared, and then, red to the ears, lowered his eyes and began furious attack on the soup.

Waitress Minnie Smith retreated to the coffee urn and spilled coffee twice before she could get her hands under control. She got them under control, and her mind along with them, and that mind went into action upon what was now the major problem of her life; the problem of seeing to it that one tall, rather big-eared young man—with nice eyes—wasn't shipped back to the sticks by any chunky old man wearing a baseball uniform. The problem was still with her

when the tall young man, having finished dinner, departed, with the promised intention of returning that evening when she was through to take her to a movie.

And then she had it! Had it, so that her eyes danced . . . grew firm with resolution. When work was done, she was out of her uniform and into her jacket and away from the I. X. L. like one late for a train. Over and over in her mind sounded the refrain: Kill or cure, kill or cure. The only way. Double the dose and . . .

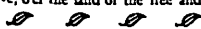
She stopped before a small sign above a stairway entrance saying "Palm Reader . . . Crystal Gazer." She went up the stairs.

PITCHER Harvey Plummer, doing a sentry walk up and down in front of the I. X. L. Restaurant, turned once more from peering within doors and found Minnie Smith beside him. A different Minnie Smith, somehow, than he had ever seen before. . . . But before he could speak, before he could comment on her changed manner and the fact that he had been waiting for a quarter of an hour, Minnie Smith had spoken.

"Hist!" said Minnie Smith in a low, vibrant voice, and laid a hand on his arm. "Are we alone?"

"Huh?" gulped Harvey Plummer.

Old Glory

OLD GLORY! Child of our Forefathers' struggle for liberty! Born in adversity, it was not known whether you would be crushed in defeat or crowned in victory. The few, ill-clad soldiers over whom you watched were frequently discouraged, but the spirit enkindled by your beautiful colors gave new hope and courage. You led on to victory, and a new constellation was established. Since that time you have brought success to American arms in every national conflict; you have never known defeat. Sentinel-like, you have watched over those who laid down their lives to preserve your sacred honor; you have floated proudly to the breeze in the hour of success; and now you shed your silent benediction over a land of contented homes. We recognize in you a symbol of God's love and care, for your blue was taken from the eternal dome of Heaven, and signifies that above and beyond all is the watchful care of the Supreme Architect of the Universe. Your stars are the never-sleeping eyes of the guardian angels that watch over an indissoluble Union of undestructible States. Your white typifies that purity of life and uprightness of conduct that should characterize all who owe you allegiance. Your red is the sacrificial blood, unfalteringly poured out by your heroes upon the Altar of Freedom, that you might forever "wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." 

Walter F. Meier

SEATTLE

"And to think that I was so blind and didn't see it!" cried Miss Smith. "But now I do, and you were right. You, and your belief in all those jinxes. It came over me, while I was in the restaurant, just like that," and Minnie Smith struck one hand against the other. "And I went right out to a crystal gazer as soon as I was through work—that's why I was late getting back here—and she . . . Let's start walking. I don't think it's safe for us to be standing around here."

"Safe?" demanded Harvey Plummer.

"From what the crystal gazer said," hastened Miss Smith, "any one of 'em might appear at any time and start working on you."

A prey to questions, Harvey Plummer continued in their thrall.

"Any one of 'em might appear . . . and start working on me?"

"Yes, some member of the other baseball team. Follow you, and starting working a spell against you for tomorrow. You see you're going to pitch tomorrow—the gazer

looked in the crystal and saw it just as clear as could be—so a dark man on the other team . . . There is a dark man on the other team, isn't there?"

Escort Harvey Plummer, his face a curdle of conflicting emotions, gave a gasp.

"Dark man? Wait a minute. . . . Sure! There's a Cuban. A Cuban outfielder named Garcia. He—"

Minnie stopped short, looked back, and clutched Harvey Plummer. "Ooh, is that man following us?"

He was, if one held to the rather broad interpretation that all people behind them on the sidewalk that evening were following. After a long, taut moment of study, Harvey Plummer finally said:

"I don't see anybody that I know; but then, they may have sent out somebody that I didn't." Inspiration seized him. "Say, where's this crystal gazer's place at? We could go there and I could get some counter-jinxes that would—"

Minnie Smith shook emphatic head. "It's closed. I was the last customer."

"But don't worry about that," said Minnie Smith quickly. "The gazer gave me all the counter-jinxes that you'll ever want."

"Gee, that's great!" said Harvey Plummer.

"You tell 'em to me and I'll—"

"I shall," said Minnie Smith. And she did. She turned loose a wide-ranging, appallingly inventive mind. Within several blocks, escort Harvey Plummer was regarding her with sagging jaw.

"Gee, those sure are pips! I never heard of any better ones. But—but they sound awful complicated. I dunno as I—"

"That's what makes them so effective," retorted Minnie Smith. "And please don't interrupt. It sort of breaks the spell."

Five blocks farther along the street, Harvey Plummer came to a halt and wagged his hands.

"Honest!" he cried. "I think I've got all that I'll ever need! And we passed that movie house of ours three blocks ago."

"Oh," flared Minnie Smith, "so you think more about an old movie than you do about your whole future!"

"No. No, I don't!" humbly corrected Harvey Plummer. "Only, I think that I've had about enough of those counter-jinxes for a while. I mean, just for a while. Let's get back to that movie where we can set down and sort of rest." A slight shudder went through the Plummer frame, as of a man who has dined a little too richly.

"Oh, very well," said Minnie Smith shortly.

HARVEY PLUMMER, attempting to memorize counter-jinxes that would have made the Einstein theory seem elementary in comparison, sank thankfully into a seat. The thankfulness did not last long. He had no sooner become engrossed in the movie, a thriller, than his companion launched a new barrage; continued it. And the subject of jinxes, for the first time in Harvey Plummer's life, took on the aspect of a millstone round his neck.

"Let's stay and see the picture again," said Minnie. "Then we can talk some more."

"Let's . . . get out of here!" said Harvey Plummer. "Honest, I've had an awful hard day, and . . . I need the sleep!"

"Just as you say," said Minnie Smith.

"We'll take a taxi," said Harvey.

"Oh, let's walk!" said Minnie. "It's only a mile or so to my rooming house—and we can talk more."

A glassy-eyed Harvey Plummer said good-night to Minnie Smith on the steps of her rooming-house—and fled. He reached his hotel room and sank into slumber as though he had been hit by an axe. Then he was clawing his way up through seven layers of sleep as the telephone exploded in his ear.

(Continued on page 36)

"GOOD OLD Wagon!"

She's Never Cost Me a Nickel For Motor Repairs..."

AN UNSOLICITED LETTER FROM G. A. GANTZ OF ST. LOUIS, MO.



* An exact quotation from Mr. Gantz' letter. R. O'Hara, Notary Public (Seal).

WOULD you ask any more of your car than this? More than 56,000 miles without a speck of trouble . . . without even taking the head off the motor? But let's read the story in Mr. Gantz' own words:

"My car is a Gardner Sedan, Model 90; and though it has been driven over 56,000 miles, the valves have not been ground, the carbon has not been removed, or even the head taken off the motor. I have used Quaker State Motor Oil in it from the first, and have given the motor good care throughout.

*"You may use my letter as you see fit. The only recompense I ask is that Quaker State maintain the same high quality you have always put into your products."**

Hard-to-believe experiences

Letters from Quaker State fans keep coming in. Some tell how old cars keep young . . . of keeping performance up, and repair bills down. Still others say they drain and refill with Quaker State at regular intervals, and

never add a quart between changes. Hard to believe? Not when you know this simple reason:

An extra quart of lubrication in every gallon

A gallon of ordinary motor oil contains one quart, more or less, of a thin, watery material called "light-end" oil. This burns up quickly, vanishes, without giving your motor proper lubrication. Parts wear, valves need frequent grinding, despite extra oil added at short intervals.

Quaker State removes that "light-end" material at the refinery, gives you four full quarts of lubrication to every gallon. Your motor gets constant lubrication.

Actually costs less per year

Obviously, since Quaker State contains four full quarts of lubrication to the gallon, you don't have to add oil so often. Thus, over any reasonable period of time, your oil bill,

with Quaker State, is actually less than with ordinary oils.

Look for the green-and-white Quaker State sign. Most places will service your car from refinery-sealed cans or from double-sealed drums. And while you're about it, you can get the same quality-lubrication for rear-end, transmission, and chassis . . . insist on Quaker State Superfine Greases. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pa.



"First choice of Experience"



RETAIL PRICE...34¢ plus 1¢ Federal Tax: 35¢ per quart



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the Elks
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Factories and Branches in 18 cities—thousands of dealers from coast to coast.

GLOBE
BATTERIES

SHIELDED PLATES
more power hours



Look for this red and yellow sign



(Continued from page 34)

"Whazzamatter!" he cried into it, thinking fire.

He should have been pleased at the voice that answered, but somehow he wasn't.

"I hope I didn't wake you up," said Minnie Smith, "but I forgot to tell you. It's about dreams. They're the most important of all. It's like this . . ."

Fifteen minutes later, Harvey Plummer hung up the receiver and swayed into bed. . . . Twice, during the small hours, he was rung up and asked if he had dreamed.

"How can I," roared Harvey Plummer on the second occasion, "when I haven't even been able to get to sleep?"

He was up early, more than early, eyes looking like two burned holes in a blanket. He did not eat breakfast at the I. X. L. Restaurant. He didn't eat lunch there. He didn't eat any lunch, being too much engaged walking the streets battling with a multitude of jinxes piling up and up. Piling up so high that just before time to go to the ball park, they toppled over on him and crushed him; crushed the old Harvey Plummer, obliterated him. Obliterated him, and gave birth to the new. A Harvey Plummer done with the past . . . and done, most of all, with that jinx-suggesting Minnie Smith!

A grim-faced Harvey Plummer who came boiling into the dressing room of the ball park, crashed open his locker and began heaving out things . . . a shirt that had been turned inside out, a handful of lucky tokens, three horsehair rings, innumerable junk . . . thrown as far as he could throw them. Sought out a fresh undershirt and put it on right-side out; pulled into his uniform and raced out the door, never pausing to consider left foot or right, or to spit, or to look at the sky, and stormed up to the manager.

"Say, you let me go in today! You got to let me go in today!"

IN the end, he went . . . and what he did to the enemy became history. The first batter, jauntily stepping to the plate and executing a series of signs, signals and dust-tossings intended to cause jinx-fearing recruit Plummer to give a hit or a walk, was greeted by a whistling bean-ball that just missed taking off his head. He was greeted by a second; and then, standing with one foot well over toward third base, he went out on three curve strikes, all of them called. The following two batters were treated in the same way, one of them—a swarthy outfielder of Spanish descent—getting it even a little worse. The dark Señor Garcia, Cuban, was much less dark—almost pale—as he tottered back to the bench.

Pitcher Plummer, tossing his glove over his shoulder, strode from the mound to the twin sidelines, put spikes on each, kicked great chunks of one-time taboo whitewash into the air—strode to the dugout. Surrounded by goggle-eyed silence, he took his seat.

The goggle-eyed silence continued as, during the rest of the afternoon, Pitcher Harvey Plummer went on tearing jinx after jinx into shreds, culminating his idol-breaking by tossing all of the bats into the air when the home team shoved the winning run around to third base in the ninth.

"Hey!" cried an aghast manager. "Put them bats back, straight, before anybody goes to the plate! Put—"

"Put nothing back!" retorted Harvey Plummer, brandishing a bat. "You ain't got no more jinxes left than I have. You!" he shouted to the next batter, and menaced him with his bat. "Go in there and bring that runner home!"

With a hit that bounced off the left-field fence, the runner was brought home. . . .

Harvey Plummer, in street clothes, swung from dressing room out upon sidewalk . . . and came face to face with a slender, good-looking, yellow-haired young woman. With Minnie Smith.

For an instant Harvey Plummer halted, then started to pass. Her, and her jinxes! Minnie Smith's eyes continued on him. He took another stride, came to a full stop, turned toward her. Her and her jinxes! Then something in her eyes caused him to step right up to her and to take her by the arm.

"C'mon!" he said, and led her toward a taxi at the curb.

"Yes," said Minnie Smith meekly.

"Never," said Harvey Plummer when they were in the taxi, "never, from this day on, mention jinxes to me again!"

"No," said Minnie Smith meekly.

"Drive," said Harvey Plummer to the taxi driver, "drive to the marriage license bureau. We're going to get a license today," he said to Minnie Smith, "and we're going to get married tomorrow."

A gasp came from Minnie Smith.

"But tomorrow—tomorrow's Friday, the thirteenth!"

"That," said Harvey Plummer, "is just why we are going to get married tomorrow."

How to Reach a Slam Bid

(Continued from page 27)

The following bidding, while optimistic, is quite logical:

South	West	North	East
2 NT	Pass	3 D	Pass
4 D	Pass	5 D	Pass
5 NT	Pass	6 D	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Unless I miss my guess the bidding of this hand will cause more argument than that of any other hand which has appeared in these columns. I know there will be a great many readers who will not agree with the version given above. Let's have your comments when you answer this month's problems. My shoulders are broad, so you can bear down.

Many insist the bid should get to six no-trump, and six can be made. There will be a multitude who will stop at three no-trump. Frankly, if some power compelled me to change the bidding, I would side in with those who stopped at three no-trump.

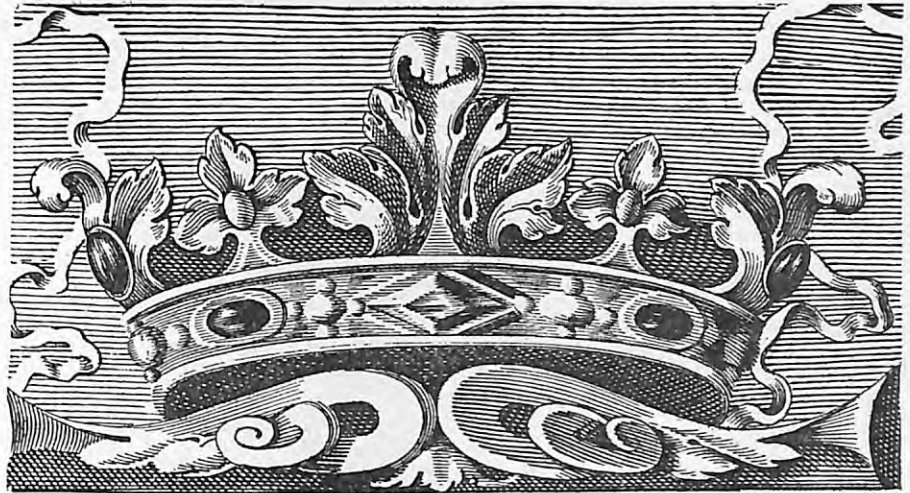
In the play of the hand all of the finesses work and six diamonds are made with only a trick in spades or hearts being lost. For those who play the hand in either three or six no-trump, a black mark will be given if they do not lose the last trick to the six of hearts. If a heart is discarded from the East hand, seven odd can be made.

FOLLOWING is the March double dummy problem on play:

	♠ 6-3		
	♥ 9-7-3		
	♦ None		
	♣ J-5-2		
♠ None		N	♠ 10
♥ None		W	♥ J-10
♦ A-K-Q-9-8-6		E	♦ 4-2
♣ 10-6		S	♣ Q-9-4
	♠ J-4		
	♥ 6-4		
	♦ J		
	♣ A-K-7		

Spades are trump and South has the lead. South and North take six of the eight tricks. There are two ways to do this: South leads the Ace and King of clubs and then puts West in with a diamond and allows him to make two more leads, discarding the hearts from the North hand. On the third diamond lead East is squeezed. Should East discard a club, the Jack is set up in the North hand. If he trumps, South will over-trump and

(Continued on page 38)



Gentlemen, the King!

You'll feel better tomorrow if you stand by King William today. This mellow old Scotch whisky treats you royally and the price is only a trifle more. Ask for King William in the cafes; hope for it when you're a guest; serve it when you're the host. Every case is delivered from a U. S. Customs bonded warehouse.



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GLASGOW and LONDON

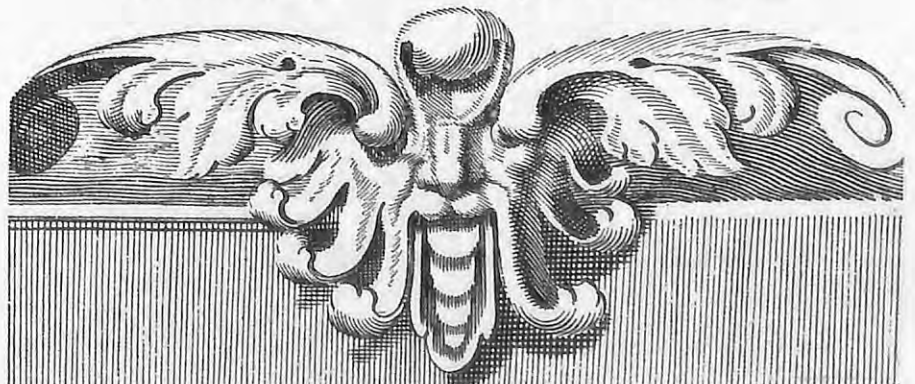
By Appointment to His Late Majesty King William IV

KING WILLIAM IV V.O.P. SCOTCH WHISKY

BLUEBELL IMPORTING CORPORATION

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Graybar Building, New York



(Continued from page 37)

cross-ruff the hand, and if he discards a heart, the dummy will trump a heart and lead a trump to South, who will cash the remaining heart.

Six tricks can also be taken by opening with the Jack of Spades and then leading the Four of hearts, throwing East in the lead. East is compelled to return a diamond, for leading either other suit would make it a spread. The diamond is trumped by North and a small club returned, South winning with the King. South leads his trump and East is squeezed. Choosing the lesser of two evils, a diamond would likely be discarded. South would then put East in with a heart and East would have to lead away from his Queen and Nine of clubs.

Following is a list of those who correctly solved problems Nine and Ten in the February issue. The correct bidding and play of these problems were given in the March issue.

John E. Halligan, Winthrop, Mass., Lodge.
James A. Flood, Sanford, Maine, Lodge.
D. J. Carey, Burkburnett, Texas, Lodge.
J. H. Harris, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge.
A. H. Nieter, Inglewood, Calif. Lodge.
Eli Goldstine, Chicago, Ill., Lodge.
Lt. Comdr. J. R. Lannom, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge.
James Duncan, Ashtabula, Ohio, Lodge.
Carl A. Semrich, Watertown, Wis., Lodge.
Mrs. Jake H. Sam, Houston, Texas.
W. L. Luce, Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge.
Michael B. Wagenheim, Norfolk, Va., Lodge.

Edward J. Farness, Salamanca, N. Y., Lodge.
F. T. Graham, Brownsville, Texas, Lodge.
Mrs. M. B. Heaps, Moline, Ill.
Miss Loretta Scheuer, Newark, N. J.
Dr. F. Allen Rutherford, Lebanon, Pa., Lodge.
George Ferguson, Tampa, Fla., Lodge.
Antonio Marafioti, Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge.
R. R. Richards, Detroit, Mich., Lodge.
Stanley Spielberger, Kankakee, Ill., Lodge.
Dr. L. F. Schiff, Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge.
Charles W. Gamwell, Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge.
Ed. P. Hubbell, Toledo, Ohio, Lodge.
Albert R. Hoffman, Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge.
Frank Brown, St. Paul, Minn., Lodge.

Blue Sedan

(Continued from page 8)

All at once, Captain Rock burst in on us, his angular face lit with jubilation. "Got 'em, be gee!" he proclaimed. "Got 'em as they were ready to duck. Two of my boys just fetched 'em in."

"Great!" stated Bryce. "I'm seeing to it, Captain Rock, that you people get proper credit for one swell job of quick work on this case. Well, suppose you bring our babies in?"

"Want the Dutchman and the bellhop, too?"

"No, leave 'em wait in the back room till called for," said Bryce. "If so be we don't need 'em, they'd only clutter up space." He turned to me: "I half-way promised you you'd get a kick out of this, didn't I? Well, here's where I make good."

He placed two chairs side by side where the sunlight through the windows would fall full upon any occupant of these chairs.

"Just setting the stage and placing the props," he said.

ROCK and Smiley brought the prisoners in and closed the door behind them. Smiley bore their luggage—a weather-beaten leather valise and a suitcase which also was well-worn.

"Sit down over there," ordered Bryce.

They obeyed, the Captain and Smiley going to stand behind them. Bryce was standing, too.

The man was heavy-jowled and sullen-eyed, and, as I diagnosed him, not any too bright. He was not especially well-dressed. For that matter, neither was the woman. In a flashy, bedraggled way, she was rather pretty, but hard as nails—you could tell that—and of the two I figured her as the stronger character. On both of them was a certain unmistakable look. I had seen that trapped, hunted look on their kind before.

"Well, here we are," said Bryce, "all cozy and friendly-like. I take it you're ready to answer a few questions, eh?"

"We got rights," growled the man. "We'll say nothin' till we get us a mouthpiece."

"You'll be needing one, Shang, me lad," agreed Bryce. "You, too, Sister May Dilley, alias Mrs. William Gillespie—the best lawyer you can hire. Well, since you wouldn't seem to care to talk, suppose you listen while I do some talking. If I make any small mistakes, please correct me, won't you?"

"Let's go back six-seven weeks. You pull off a job down in the town of Dover, Delaware—the biggest job for either one or both since the pair of you teamed up. And you beat it up to Albany to go under a log and squat there till the heat is off. But the heat is on hotter than you'd think for. The Johnnie Laws down there in that hick country—anyhow, I guess you'd call 'em hicks—they actually locate you there in your snug woodpecker hole. Maybe they traced you

through the Post-office Department; I couldn't say. But can you imagine it, a bunch of small-town apple-knockers out-smarting two wise gonifs like the likes of you?"

"So, while you're laying quiet and sitting pretty, the sheriff down there, of the name of Luther Opdike, the same man that, between you, got murdered today early, is on his way across the country in his own car, with a felony warrant. See, here's his driver's license." And with that Bryce hauled out that scrap of yellow paper at which already I had had one flashing glimpse. "I wouldn't blame you for overlooking it this morning, especially you being in such a rush at the time. The inside of that left-hand-side car-pocket was ripped, and it was back of the tear in the lining. You missed something else important that was in behind that ripped place; I'll come to that in a minute."

"Well, by the grace of God, he nails you last night just as you're fixing to hop off from Albany for somewhere else. Maybe it's only yesterday you got the office to screw, or maybe with you it's just a blind hunch. I wouldn't know about that. . . . This sheriff means to handle the pinch all by himself. How I'd figure it, he says to himself that Delaware is a little State and New York is a big State, and, besides, it's your home State, Shang, and very likely you'd have a strong pull here. So he's taking no chances whatsoever on having to wait for a requisition, and then some clever guy swearing out a writ of *habeas corpus* and tying him up indefinitely; or you exercising a private drag to keep some way from taking this rap. Opdike's calculating to nail you and get you back on his stamping grounds and stuck away in his own hoosegow before there can be any interference in this State. It wasn't a bad idea, that, only it turned out wrong for him—so wrong it was plumb fatal, the same as it's likewise going to be plenty fatal for you two.

"Well, he nabs you dead, right at the door of your hideout, just as you're flitting with your baggage. That's all confirmed from your landlady. The trouble is he's only got one set of handcuffs on him, when by rights he needs two sets. So he does the best he can. He couples you up wrist-to-wrist and tucks you into the back seat and tears south like a bat out of Hell, intending to be on the far shore of the Hudson River before breakfast time.

"It's no happy excursion you're embarking on; there you are, wearing bracelets and full of grief, with the prospect of a nice long stretch in stir apiece. More than that, for what you did, Shang, down in his State they give you so many lashes on the bare back. You wouldn't care for that. So you do quite a bit of brooding as you ride along. And,

whispering back and forth behind his back, you cook you up a plan. I might be wrong; maybe it came to you all of a sudden.

"For some reason though that we don't yet know, but will when you decide to come clean with all the details, you don't get your proper opening until you're well along below Yonkers; and he's lost his route, not knowing the roads, and blundered further and further east until he's clean over into this district. Maybe he asked you the way and you gave him a bum steer, eh?"

"Be this as it may, you all at once find yourself on a lonely back-road, with thick woods on the one side of you and empty lots on the other. So then, *bango*, it comes off! You raise up and lift your two shackled arms together, and quicker than a flash you throw the little connecting chain over his head and down around his neck and haul back with all your might and main, one on one side and the other on the other, pulling the chain deeper and deeper into his Adam's apple. The car goes out of control and cripples itself against a tree.

"He can't yell, not with that pressure on his windpipe, but he does quite a bit of struggling and thrashing around—he's bound to. But you've got him, if only you keep on straining. So you keep on straining. And sooner or later, though I guess it seemed a month to you two, he's finished. . . . Oh, by the way, Captain Rock, would you kindly turn up our friends' sleeves and let's have a look at what they'll show us?"

Unresistingly the pair submitted. On the woman's right wrist and on the man's left wrist, were telltale, purplish rings of discoloration.

"I see May's bruises are worse than Shang's," commented Bryce drily. "They would be, her flesh being tenderer."

He went on:

WELL, there you are with a fresh corpse on your hands and the sun already up and somebody liable to happen along any minute and start asking embarrassing questions. It's up to you to think fast and work fast. You do both. You search through his pockets over and over, but you can't find the key to unlock those cuffs. I wouldn't blame you much for that, though, considering the hurry you're in and all. I had trouble myself finding it where he'd slipped it down behind the torn lining, along with his driver's license.

"You can't find it. So you do the next best thing. You take everything off of his person that you find. You only skip one thing—that ring over yonder on that table, that he was wearing on the third finger of his left hand. Possibly you didn't see it at all, and possibly you did see it, but it was such a tight fit you couldn't pull it off. Our

(Continued on page 41)



WHAT WHISKEY MAKES THE BEST MANHATTAN?



OF course, we're prejudiced. But there are thousands of Manhattan lovers who will agree with us—that the very finest Manhattan Cocktail is the one that has Four Roses Whiskey as its base.

For Four Roses has that fragrance and mellowness that give a drink the full flavor and satiny smoothness that cocktail-connoisseurs seek.

You see, there's no raw green whiskey in Four Roses. It is made today as it was in the old days—blended with the finest whiskeys, aged by Father Time himself in charred oak barrels.

It costs more to make Four

Roses this way, but the extra cost is more than justified—in taste, in bouquet, and in the absence of headaches.

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For a smooth Manhattan

Dash Angostura Bitters
 $\frac{2}{3}$ Four Roses Whiskey $\frac{1}{3}$ Italian Vermouth
 Stir well in ice, strain into cocktail glass, serve with cherry.

If you like your Manhattan still dryer, substitute French Vermouth for Italian. If it's too dry for you, make it half and half, Four Roses and Italian Vermouth.



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PLANS are rapidly nearing completion for the business and entertainment sessions of the Grand Lodge Convention in Kansas City, Mo., the week of July 15th. The thirty-two local Convention committees are hard at work making all the many arrangements for your comfort, convenience and pleasure.

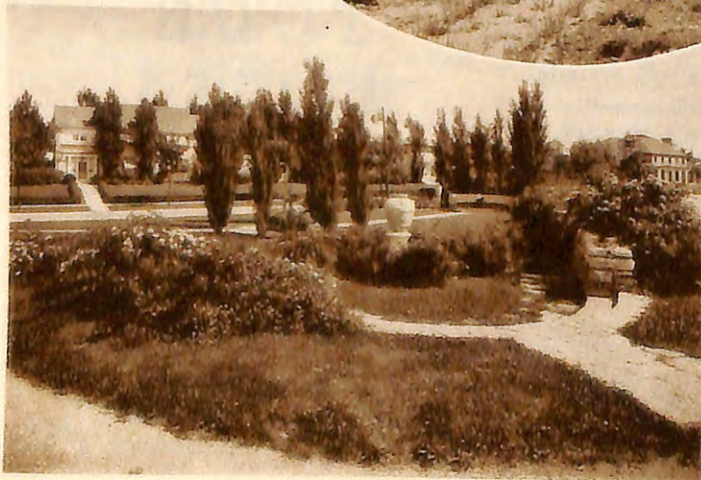
Through the Secretary of your Lodge you can secure a round-trip ticket for one-and-one-third of the one-way rate—even less if you hail from the Pacific Coast.

Make your plans now so that you will surely be on hand when the Convention opens. Become an active participant in all the inspiring pomp and splendor of Elksdom's greatest annual gathering. Kansas City Lodge will be celebrating its Golden Jubilee—its Fiftieth Anniversary. Every Elk in this great midwestern Empire is looking forward to entertaining you in true fraternal fashion. Do not disappoint them.

Above: A night view of the central shaft of Kansas City's magnificent Liberty Memorial Building



Below: Kansas City is proud of its many beautiful suburban homes, parks and well kept gardens



Left: The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art will prove to be a center of interest—particularly for the lady guests. Here fifteen million dollars worth of art treasures are gathered together under one roof. Critics the world over have characterized this institution as one of the very finest in the world

Below: The Kansas City Elks Club has been completely redecorated for the reception of Convention visitors. Painted in brilliant colors, it will stand out as a hospitable landmark for the entertainment of Elks from every section. A warm welcome and good fellowship await you here



(Continued from page 38)

medical examiner had to shrink the finger before he could slip it loose.

"Shang, you take the things you've taken off of him and transfer 'em to your person. Then you take everything that's in your pockets and plant 'em on him. I've got to hand it to you there—making him over into you and making yourself over into him, because if everything goes well, that postpones the proper identification for hours after the body's been discovered, especially as you and Opdike are much the same build and coloring and all, and both of you smooth-faced. It should have stood up, at that, but it seemed like you were out of luck all along.

"Take it the way it still stands: You're free and yet you ain't free, account of being hitched together. Those steel bracelets 'll advertise you to anybody that lays eyes on you. So what are you going to do about that? If you had pals in this immediate vicinity, it would be different. But you haven't. You cook up a notion—fast! It's the kind of notion folks in your fix would be likely to cook up. Matter of fact, I put myself in your place and, believe it or not, the same notion occurred to me, too.

I GUESS tearing the license plates loose and caching them somewhere handy by, is an afterthought with you. Still, it's not bad. It helps to gum up the trail and make this thing look more like what you want it to look like—and that's the proposition that a party named Gallagher got took for a ride by a hostile mob and that Gallagher's gal is dead somewhere in the thickets . . .

"Each one of you takes a grip in your free hand and you leave that car and that dead man and you bear south, walking close together with your sleeves pulled down so as to hide your couplings. Without being spotted, you get clear down into Burkett Avenue and then as you go along, you finally see what you're looking for—a cheap hotel. So you walk right into this here hotel and the only guy in sight that early is the guy that's night clerk and head bellboy and porter all rolled into one. You register as 'Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Green, Bridgeport, Conn.' and you ask for a room and he grabs your bags and takes 'em up to Number 12 on the second floor. He's here on the premises if you'd care to meet him again? . . . No matter, you'll be seeing him in court.

"Well, when you get to Number 12, you both start laughing like you were laughing off some good jokes, and you draw apart and show him how you're locked together. And you tell him this here plausible cock-and-bull story, but mostly bull, if you're asking me: You tell him you got married last night in Bridgeport, but figuring as how some practical jokers amongst the guests at the blow-out might try to play horse with you when you started on your wedding trip, you gave 'em the slip and spent the night at a friend's house instead of taking an evening train as announced. But somebody must have tipped the kidders off, because when you sneak down to the Bridgeport station before daylight to catch a milk-train, the same gang is waiting for you and they snap these cuffs on you and start you off, after notifying another bunch of folks that know you, to be at the Grand Central to give you the razz when you arrive. And so to double-cross the second gang, you hopped off the train when it made its first stop in the Bronx and strolled along looking for a place where you could get help to set you loose, and here you are. And as a couple of ever-loving newlyweds to a good fellow, you're asking him to help you out of your jam and put the bee on the reception committee down at Grand Central.

"If that sucker wasn't a dumbbell, he'd

(Continued on page 42)



Not a drop is sold
till it's seven
years old!



The *youngest drop* of John Jameson is full seven years old. The *youngest drop* has been aged in the wood at least seven years before bottling. And John Jameson is pure pot still whiskey—straight and unblended—made by the traditional method, just as it has been for a hundred and fifty years. This method costs *us* more but doesn't cost *you* more. In fact, at present prices, this whiskey is an extraordinarily 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 & CO. N.Y.

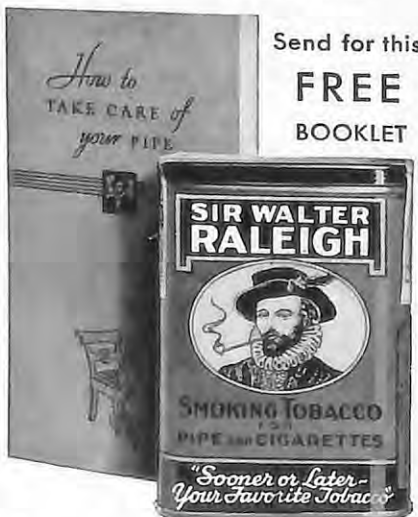
"SIT WITH THE OTHER EXHAUST PIPE."



IT WAS always the rumble seat for Ralph and his powerful pipe. Why will a man try to save on a few pipe cleaners and load up with fummy tobacco?

Life can easily become happier for Ralph. By putting Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept pipe he can ride up front with the driver and even demonstrate that he can handle the wheel with his left hand. Sir Walter Raleigh is a mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys that burns coolly and slowly. And it has a fragrance that wins smokers and fair companions. Try it. You should.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. E-46.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

(Continued from page 41)

get suspicious, then and there. Because even a roustabout in a Raines Law shebang should know that no bridal couple that'd been regularly hitched ever on this earth started off honeymooning without they've got something new and shiny—creaking shoes on the groom's feet or a nobby frock on the bride, or anyway, a new traveling-bag. But that's the trouble with a lot of people—either they don't see things or they don't connect 'em up . . .

"Anyhow, this lad falls for your fairy tale. So, Shang, you slip him a ten-spot and tell him to keep the change, and he slides around the corner to a little hardware shop run by a German he knows, and the German is just opening up. We've got him here, too, in case you're interested. We located him first and then worked back to Room 12 . . . So Dutchie sells the hotel lad a hacksaw and a cold chisel and a hammer and whatnot, and the hotel guy hustles back to you with the tools and you've just cut yourselves apart and are ready to beat it, when two of Captain Rock's detectives walk in on you and then everything for you is dished all over again . . . Well, I guess that'll be about all unless you're ready to put it all down in writing and get it off your chest? . . . No? . . . Have it your own way then. Take 'em along, please, gents—and oh yes, Smiley: After they're tucked away in separate cells, thinking things over, you'd better call back and raise these parties down at Dover that we had on the wire awhile ago and tell 'em we've got Shang and May—they'll be anxious to hear—but tell 'em Delaware can't have 'em because New York is going to want 'em for first degree murder."

SMILEY and Rock took the pair away, they saying nothing at all, but stark terror looking out through their staring eyes. Left alone with Bryce, I got up and went over and shook hands with him.

"How?" I asked.

General Washington's Son of Israel

(Continued from page 11)

Salomon's doings again came to their ears. So he found himself in prison once more. This time he was sentenced to be hanged.

By the liberal use of the gold which he had concealed, Haym, with the aid of the many friends he had made—even among the British themselves—was able to escape just before the hanging that had been planned for him. To New Jersey he went and thence to Philadelphia, which now, of course, was the Colonial Capital, and the meeting place of the Continental Congress.

He arrived broke—but immediately resumed his business of selling bills of exchange, on which subject he was a past master. Shortly thereafter he had all the business he could handle. His "Little Shop on Front Street, near the Coffee House," soon became the meeting place of the important leaders of the Revolution in Philadelphia. In his old Front Street office Haym Salomon was king. Suave, kindly yet shrewd, master of ten languages, he became the go-between and financial adviser to merchantmen of many nations—a human clearing house of commerce.

Traders and sea captains leaving their ships at anchor on the Delaware, would climb the embankment from the river's edge and foregather in the old Coffee House. Amidst a babel of languages they would eat and drink and gamble, buy and sell and talk about the war.

"Not too easy and yet not too hard," he explained. "To begin with, take the prints that the tires made. They told me quite a lot. Then when I lifted that poor Opdike's head, I knew right away that human hands never made marks like he had on his neck. They didn't run far enough around for fingers and thumbs to have made 'em; and they were so narrow and there were little breaks in the line of bruises, so one place they'd be deeper and blacker than another place. Get me? So I asks myself what would saw into a man's throat like that? It came to me—twisted metal, shackle bolts, something like that. So—maybe you saw me?—I got my nippers out of my flank pocket here and stretched the links across the front of his throat and, while as to size they didn't exactly match up with handcuff links, I knew it must have been a short length of chain that killed him and that the pressure must have been from behind. And then when I'd dug up the license card and the key—well, any puzzle is simple enough, ain't it, once you get all the parts assembled?"

"But hold on," I protested; "even after you found the license, that didn't prove the dead man was Opdike and not Gallagher, alias Gillespie. The car might have been stolen from a man named Opdike or the license might have been a forgery. And you had no photograph of Gallagher to go by—only a sketchy hearsay description, and it sent along by an excited upstate cop over a telephone line and then passed on to you second-hand."

"Why, kid," he said, "right before you on this here table is the best evidence in the world to prove the dead man couldn't 'a' been that bad lad of a Shang Gallagher, that used to be an altar-boy in that little town up near Rochester."

"Wait," he bade me, as I pawed feverishly at the array of letters. "You ain't even warm. I'll give you a hot tip. How about that seal ring there? Would the likes of Gallagher be wearing a Masonic ring?"

Every day in an alcove there one could find Haym Salomon trading in bills of exchange and buying food for the starving Colonial Army. A long, dark room it was, high and full of shadows between the lanterns on the wall. At one end a huge log fire burned and at the other were great barrels of liquor for thirsty customers—rum and ale and casks of old wine. Here came Washington, Lafayette, Von Steuben and members of the Continental Congress, some of whom were greatly beholden to the little broker.

DURING his life in Philadelphia, Salomon devoted his time to Jewish activities as well as to finance. He was the first member of the Congregation Mikveh Israel in Philadelphia and officiated in the Synagogue. He also petitioned the Government on behalf of the Jews who were prohibited from military service. The law read that no one could be rejected on account of religion, but it also said that candidates must believe in both the Old and the New Testaments, and this no good Jew could subscribe to. His petition was successful.

Little by little, Robert Morris, then Superintendent of Finance for the Government, began to find use for the "Little Jew" in his monetary difficulties, which had become desperate. Washington was pleading for funds to pay his army. Other Governmental ex-

penses mounted. More and more Salomon was the reed of strength on whom Morris leaned. As Morris received shipments of hides, tobacco and agricultural products from the Colonies in lieu of money, Salomon would sell them for the account of the Federal Treasury. Because of his honesty and ability he was selected as the Government's agent in the disposition and sale of enemy merchandise captured by Colonial privateers. He also handled the bills of exchange for the French Army when it finally joined up with Washington's tattered veterans.

The army mutinied. Morris used his own credit to help pay; then Salomon used his enormous credit and experience in selling subsidies to France, Holland and Spain. In addition Salomon turned over his commissions on these great sums. Then his personal wealth and that of several of his friends.

When the troubles of the Government became known, the British waxed arrogant. The army was foodless, shoeless and shelterless. Desertions increased. The enemies of Washington attacked him, asked that he be demoted. Utter demoralization was imminent. Through the combined efforts of Morris and Salomon the situation was saved. Then came Yorktown and the new Nation was on its own. But its troubles were not yet over. Budgets could not be balanced. The Bank of North America, backed by Morris, was about to fail when again Salomon came to the rescue.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Professor Emeritus of History at Harvard, says of Salomon: "All Americans may acclaim Haym Salomon as a patriot, a benefactor to his Country, an inciter of patriotism to members of his race, to his countrymen and to later generations. *It looks as though his credit was better than that of the whole thirteen United States of America!*"

Madison and Monroe came to Congress but had no money to sustain themselves. Salomon loaned them the cash, making it possible for the United States to use the services of these and other great men who were sorely needed in its early hours of stress. James Madison wrote: "The kindness of our little friend Haym Salomon in Front Street near the Coffee House, is a fund that will prevent me from extremities, but I never resort to it without great mortification as he obstinately rejects all recompense. The price of money is so usurious that he thinks it ought to be extorted from none but those who aim at profitable exploitation. To a necessitous delegate he gratuitously spared a supply out of his private stock."

Shakespeare too had something to say about such a man as Salomon had shown himself to be when he wrote: "In so just a business he could not shut his bosom against his borrowing prayers."

Later, in 1827, Madison wrote Salomon's son: "The transaction shown by the papers you enclose were for the support of the delegates to Congress and the agency of your father therein was solicited on account of the respect and confidence he enjoyed among those best acquainted with him."

Salomon helped finance Lafayette's army and for some time he helped the Spanish and French ambassadors, whose expense monies were long delayed because of the capture of their governments' ships on the way to America.

He loaned money to Governor Mifflin of Pennsylvania; to James Wilson, first signer of the Declaration of Independence and our first Federal judge; to the German, Von Steuben; to Randolph of Virginia, and to many others who were impoverished yet desirous of lending their aid to the new Government.

And he not only refused to take any interest for the many personal loans he made, but in the case of the Government he never

even got back his principal! What a difference between the patriotism of this banker of the Revolution and the cupidity of a number of the financiers of our last great war. All the many efforts made since have been unsuccessful in having Salomon's heirs reimbursed for the money owed them by the United States. Salomon died bankrupt.

IN all fairness it must be understood, however, that it was not for want of desire on the part of the Government that Salomon was thus denied his due. One of the first things the new Nation did when its affairs were organized was to start proceedings to have Haym repaid—not for the thousands he had disbursed privately to individuals, for much of that was paid back. It planned only to pay him for the Government "paper" Salomon held at his death, worthless because of the condition of the Country at the time.

The necessary documents were drawn up and sent to Salomon for his signature. They arrived on a Saturday, a Jewish holiday. Salomon was of all things a good Jew; he would not transact business on a Jewish holy day—although, as has been seen, he did sidetrack religion to aid Washington on one occasion! He let the papers lay over until the following Monday, a legal business day. He was no greedy usurer looking for his money.

On Monday he was suddenly stricken. The ravages of tuberculosis had taken their toll. On Thursday of that week he was dead.

Only forty-five years old—only thirteen years in the Country of his adoption. Already he had made his fortune, given it all freely to the new Government of liberty which he loved, was bankrupted by that beloved land, and dead at forty-five.

His chief clerk, who might have aided the Government in determining its legal obligations in the matter, in a fit of melancholia brought on by his master's sudden death, killed himself. Salomon's wife, a young woman of no financial experience was of little or no use in aiding the bringing of the facts to life. It seems astounding that Morris apparently did nothing to straighten out the matter. He of all men should have had the figures and the knowledge.

It is unfortunate that historians have not had the hardihood to pore through the handwritten diaries and journals of Robert Morris, now in the Library of Congress at Washington. It is still more unfortunate that the Government did not have them printed in order to make the task of the historian easier. The whole story is found in their pages.

Teachers for years past have told their pupils with a touch of pathos how Robert Morris died in poverty and never received in return a dollar of the money he had given the Colonial Government. But mention is seldom if ever made of Haym Salomon, who also gave his fortune to the Cause.

Salomon was different from the average "money lender." He did it for love of Country—he took no receipts, no papers of any kind. It was all done on the word of his Nation's rulers. That was enough for Salomon, and he lost.

EVERY President from Washington down has tried to get Congress to pay his heirs the money owed. Each time lack of papers and records handicapped them. The British capture and burning of Washington in 1812 destroyed much of the evidence. In President Tyler's time a mysterious theft of the latter's personal papers caused the loss of still more. Even an attempt in later years to have him given a medal of honor has always failed of accomplishment.

Actual efforts of Governmental authorities to do something for Salomon's memory were evinced by the 30th, 31st, 36th, 38th and 39th Congresses. In 1893 the 52nd Congress reported on a bill to give him a medal. In

(Continued on page 44)

He blamed PERSPIRATION for those CLAMMY SOCKS...

But the real cause was

ATHLETE'S FOOT



MILLIONS of people who think they suffer from nothing more than perspiring feet will do well to take a look at the flesh between their toes tonight.

Does it feel moist and sticky? Are there white, seeping blisters? Or does the skin look red, angry, with itching? Is it scaly, peeling, cracked open and raw? Any one of these danger signals warns that more is wrong than merely perspiration.

For chances are you have a case of Athlete's Foot, and in the flesh between your toes there lurk billions of tiny, repulsive fungi—digging and boring, breeding and giving off sticky seepings.

Apply this Inexpensive Treatment

If your feet perspire, play safe and examine your toes for the danger signals. At the slightest sign of infection, begin the immediate application of cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. morning and night. Because of its superior ability to kill the fungi, a sufficient quantity of Absorbine Jr. for each application costs only a fraction of a cent.

When you buy, accept nothing but the real Absorbine Jr. All drug stores, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, SUNBURN



WHEN MOTHER WAS A BRIDE

NO WONDER Dad fell in love with her. She was so beautiful—so *lovable*. She is only a sweet memory now. But “the children” love to look at this faded wedding picture—treasured among her keepsakes for years—because Dad was with her. They never fail to be thankful that CLARK Grave Vaults were used at both their services. Faith in the CLARK’s immaculate guardianship is a priceless, never-failing comfort.

The new CLARK Custodian, with its classic Ionic pillars, is rich and massive in effect. Flowing curves add to its charm—and also *increase its strength* materially. Made of one piece of specially processed, rust-resisting metal, with the famous CLARK Air-Seal, this new CLARK Custodian is equipped for generations of water-proof service—immune to seepage or crumbling.

Leading funeral directors everywhere have or can easily get the new CLARK Custodian, CLARK Standard or CLARK Solid Copper Vaults. They come in appropriate modern finishes and at prices that are always reasonable. Our warranty for 50 years or more goes with every vault. See that the name “CLARK” is on the end.

“My Duty,” FREE! Tells exactly what to do when you are called upon to take charge. Every adult should have a copy on file. Write for yours—Free.

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio
Branch Offices and Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.



THE MODERN GRAVE VAULT

(Continued from page 43)

1911 Woodrow Wilson, Louis Marshall and Governor Dix of New York collaborated in an effort to establish, with the aid of leading Jews, a memorial university bearing the name of Salomon.

In 1915 ex-President Taft urged the building of a memorial, and in 1918 Congressman Julius Kahn on the floor of the House suggested his recognition. Coolidge also in 1925 suggested similar action, but nothing was done about it.

So this is the story of Haym Salomon—*as yet unknown, unhonored and unsung in American history*—one of the men who made it possible for the Nation to exist in its formative years.

Up to the present time this singularly unselfish man of money has not even a monument to his memory. Men of every nation who rendered service to the young Republic have been memorialized in bronze and marble. Cities, lakes and rivers bear their names at the instance of a grateful people. But of all that gallant band who congregated in the Coffee House on Front Street, the name of Haym Salomon is mentioned least of all.

The old tavern is gone now but the atmosphere of Front Street has changed but little since that day. The air is still redolent of coffee and spices, the narrow walks still crowded with ship chandlers and cargo men. Here and there a bronze tablet on some dingy building tells a tale of other

days. On one, the curious are advised that “on this site the Friends first meeting house was erected in 1683”—a hundred years before the war. Farther on is this quaint inscription: “Here in 1682 lived William Penn, in a clapboard cottage with a pale fence and gates set well back.” Down the hill of narrow streets you catch a glimpse of shipping on the rain-misted Delaware, just as one did a century and a half ago.

And not so far away on Plum Street is the ancient little cemetery of Mikveh Israel, less than a city block in size and completely surrounded by the great, modern hospital which towers above it. Peering through the locked iron gate you see on the old brick wall to your right a weatherbeaten marble tablet which says in effect that somewhere within these walls lie the remains of Haym Salomon, a patriot of the Revolution. Just that and nothing more.

Fortunately, a group of Jewish-Polish citizens have started a movement to erect a statue to Salomon within the next year. Funds are being raised and a prominent sculptor has been commissioned to proceed with the work. The little park at the intersection of Broadway and Sixty-sixth Street in New York City has been selected as the site for the monument, which will be unveiled in 1935. A fitting inscription on it might well read:

*HAYM SALOMON
Gentleman, Scholar, Patriot.
A banker whose only interest was the
interest of his Country*

The Dangers of Bureaucracy

(Continued from page 19)

that no bureau set up for anything could maintain higher standards. And remember that the food and drug trades need supervision of a sort to prevent harmful or adulterated products and misrepresentation in advertising. The whole trade does not need supervision, but the barely ten per cent. who require watching can by their actions hurt the whole of the industries. So in these trades we have an ideal set-up for supervision and we have been fortunate enough to have the best possible bureau.

Now let us see what has happened. Perhaps ten per cent. of the drug manufacturers will misrepresent their preparations and another ten per cent. will put out harmful compounds. There can be no question that, say, a “cancer cure” should be barred. The line-up to a certain point is clear, but then we move into an area of opinion. The opinions conflict because not only are there several schools of medicine but also the members of each school do not agree with one another. Much the same situation exists in every field which it is now proposed to regulate. For instance, the establishing of union labor domination by law, the public ownership of utilities, the degree of regulation of the issue of corporate securities, the type of education in schools and colleges, and a host of other questions, find opinion sharply divided.

The products of my company fall into the division of what are known as “patent medicines.” This name is a misnomer. It began years ago when the Patent Office allowed the originator of the ordinary medicinal formula, composed of known ingredients, to take out a patent on that formula. This custom has long been discontinued and these formulas are now protected by trade-marks which are registered in the Patent Office. Proprietary medicine is the correct name for such medicinal formulas—that is, they are the property of the owner of the name or trade-mark.

Most proprietary medicines are manufactured in large quantities by drug and pharmaceutical companies in modern laboratories, with scientific equipment. The ingredients used are under the constant check of skilled

chemists, as is the uniformity of strength of the final product. Since the maker’s name or trade-mark are attached to these products, it is obviously to the manufacturer’s advantage to produce, at all times, the best products possible.

There are two kinds of proprietary medicines—“ethical” proprietaries and package or “patent” proprietaries. The difference between these two is not in their method of manufacture. Both are made in the same way. The difference lies in their method of merchandising.

Proprietary medicines are called “ethical” proprietaries when they are advertised to the medical profession only, in the hope that physicians will prescribe the medicine advertised and thereby produce sales for the manufacturer. The druggist purchases these “ethical” proprietaries in original packages, bearing the maker’s name and trade-mark, and fills the prescription from them. The prescription, however, which the patient receives may not bear any indication of the package from which it came. In other words, the maker’s name and trade-mark may not be known by the patient who receives the prescription.

Proprietary medicines are called packaged or “patent” when they are advertised direct to the general public and purchased by the public in the original package, bearing the maker’s name and trade-mark.

The use of proprietary medicines has steadily increased in the last few decades. The reason for this is precisely the same reason that causes probably ninety-five per cent. of all the shoes purchased in this country to be made in factories, rather than by individual village shoemakers. The manufacturer producing shoes in quantities can make better shoes for lower prices than can the village shoemaker who makes one pair at a time.

Likewise, medicines can be produced in quantity in laboratories at a lower price and—what is more important—of a more uniform strength than they can be produced on prescription by local druggists. This reflects

no discredit on the druggist. It is simply impossible to produce the same prescription by one hundred different drug stores and have the resulting products uniform in strength. One reason for this is that the raw materials from which this prescription is compounded, in the hands of these one hundred druggists, are bound to vary in age and freshness and, therefore, in strength.

Physicians have long recognized this advantage of proprietary medicines. The medicines they prescribe must be of uniform strength. Otherwise, they cannot know how to prescribe the dosage. For two decades the practice among physicians has been steadily away from prescriptions composed of raw materials compounded in the druggist's mortar, and towards prescriptions for medicines prepared in large laboratories—that is, proprietary medicines. As far back as 1910, in a report to the Carnegie Foundation under the heading "Medicinal Education in the United States and Canada," it was stated that out of 5,000 prescriptions examined, 47 per cent. called for proprietary medicines.

THERE is today, and always has been, constant warfare between competing groups for the privilege of taking care of men's bodies—just as in times past, there has been constant warfare between various sects for the privilege of taking care of men's souls. Physicians belonging to the allopathic school are the most numerous in the United States. The views of this school as to how the sick should be treated are in opposition to the views held by the homeopathic school, and both oppose the views held by the eclectic school. All three schools are in opposition to the views held by the osteopaths and chiropractors.

Constant attempts have been made, through legislative enactment, by one school or another to bar the others from the privilege of practising medicine. Each school is sincere in its belief that it has the only right and proper way to treat the sick, just as in former times each religious sect was sincerely convinced that it had the only true gospel wherewith to save souls.

All of the professional groups are naturally more or less opposed to package or patent medicines—as are, very naturally, all manufacturers who produce only ethical proprietaries. The result of this constant warfare is a great deal of propaganda commonly camouflaged as attempts "to protect the public health." Much of this propaganda is biased and one-sided—as is only natural and very human. Human nature has a curious twist whereby many of us insist on telling the other fellow what is best for him in our opinion. This country was settled, however, by people seeking escape from that sort of thing—seeking individual freedom of thought and action. And, because they found what they sought, ours has been "the land of opportunity." This propaganda boils down, therefore, to this question:

Shall the American people retain their ancient right to medical freedom—the right to select the particular brand or kind of physician they prefer to treat their ailments—or to treat these ailments themselves if they so desire? And in treating such ailments, shall they retain the right, if they so desire, to buy package or patent medicines bearing the maker's name and mark?

Or

Shall they be forced by law to obtain such medicines—by going to a physician, obtaining a prescription and having that prescription filled at the local drug store?

Now when one comes to regulating the manufacture, advertising and sale of proprietary medicine, it can easily be seen that a wide and entirely honest difference of

(Continued on page 46)

"Look at that ball go!"



IMPROVE YOUR GAME WITH MACGREGOR'S NEW TRU-WHIPS

Get 10 to 40 yards more distance — with accuracy

Just get hold of a new MacGregor Tru-Whip and swing it yourself. Instantly you'll feel that it's different from any club you've ever used. It's built on an entirely new principle—built to give you 10 to 40 yards more distance *plus accurate control.*

Gives the Wrist-force of a Professional

Out on the MacGregor course our golfer-craftsmen experimented for months to develop the new Tru-Whips. They devised an entirely different shaft. One with extra whip—and with all the whip concentrated between the grip and neck. This gives a faster, more powerful snap at the instant of impact. *It puts extra force into every shot.* It gives that "extra wrist" which, until now, only expert players have had.

Two exclusive MacGregor inventions make this club possible. They make the Tru-Whip as accurate as a stiff-shafted club. You have better control. There is less tendency to hook and slice. You will get greater distance and more accuracy. This scientific and patented construction makes Tru-Whips the *only whippy shafted clubs suitable for every golfer*, from beginner to par-shooter.

Woods and Irons at Popular Prices

The price of MacGregor Tru-Whip woods and irons will give you another surprise—they cost less than you'd expect to pay for these sensational MacGregor clubs. If you want to have greater confidence... if you want to put a new thrill into your game... start using MacGregor Tru-Whips today.



GRIP IS RIGID

Note the stiffness of the shaft under the grip. This is because of the exclusive Control Sleeve which keeps the grip rigid. That's why you get the control and accuracy of a stiff-shafted club.



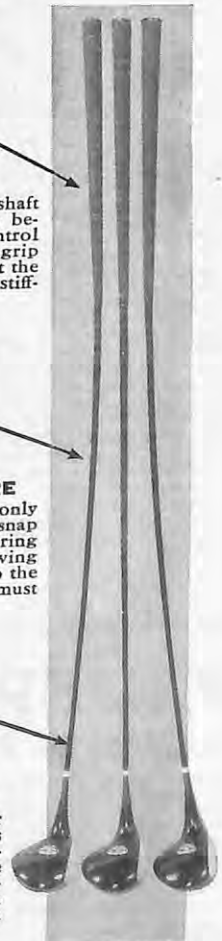
SHAFT BENDS HERE

Tru-Whip shafts whip only from grip to neck. The snap of a powerful, short spring builds up on the down swing to put "Extra Wrists" into the impact... the clubhead must follow through.



NECK IS SOLID

The patented Neutralizer makes the neck solid. This keeps the head from wobbling and lets you hit the ball squarely. It also absorbs shock and vibration and prevents the shaft from breaking.



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(Continued from page 45)

opinion must arise. A group of physicians belonging to one school may want not only state medical service, with all physicians employed by the state, but also the—from their point of view, logical—prohibition of every packaged medicine and every independent physician. An allopathic physician must logically regard every homeopath as a near quack and every osteopath as a quack. He would, if he had his way, drive them all out. And he would do so in the interests of the public health. One who believes in mental or spiritual healing would not be averse, logically, to driving out all the medicines and all the physicians.

In other words, there is no settled body of medical opinion which can definitely say: "This is right and that is wrong." On a few questions nearly everyone is agreed—but not everyone. On a large number of questions the "best" opinions will be widely divergent. And, to repeat, there is no field of regulation where almost the same condition does not exist.

The present Pure Food and Drug Act provides that the Secretary of Agriculture may seize any article of food or drugs moving in interstate commerce on probable cause that the article is adulterated or misbranded. The Secretary of Agriculture does not personally make these seizures or know about them. This power is delegated to the head of the particular bureau which enforces the Pure Food and Drug Act. More than one seizure of an article can be made. In fact, there is no limit to the number. This is called the "multiple seizures" provision of the law. This clause is a needed one, to prevent decayed fish, or horseflesh represented as good meat, from reaching the public.

This "multiple seizures" provision seems innocent and when it was written into the Act, Congress had in mind the use of this power for just the purpose described above. But now that power has been extended by the Department to cover every word on every label, package, or circular around the package. By this means the Department is enabled to enforce its ideas and fancies with respect to language used in good faith in stating claims of therapeutic effect. For instance, one labels a product for headaches. The Department objects, but approves "simple headaches." Again, one labels for coughs. The Department objects and decrees "coughs due to colds." One represents a preparation to correct acidity. The Department requires the statement "acidity due to errors of diet."

IT would seem that, if the Department were in error, it would be simple enough for the manufacturer to take the case into court and find out his rights. That was the intent of the Act. But, since the objective of a seizure is to prevent the articles from reaching the public, the law gives the right to seize the stock wherever it is—to make what are known as "multiple seizures." Thus, if a manufacturer happens to disagree with the Department on the wording of a label, he can theoretically settle the matter in court, but actually he has no such chance, for his product may be seized at many points and he must either elect to defend at every one of them and do no business in the meantime, or he must accept what the Department says as the law—and accept it without question.

The number of such cases is legion. The practical effect is to deny any appeal to the courts. To quote from a lawyer who has studied the whole field:

"Sometimes the Department gives notice before seizures. Sometimes it does not. I have in mind a recent instance, involving an old and well known product, in which the first intimation the manufacturer had that his goods had been seized was a tele-

phone call from the jobber or warehouseman.

"If the manufacturer communicates with the Department and inquires whether there will be more seizures, he is told that that depends upon his attitude. If he asks the Department what he may do to compromise or settle the case, or cases, he is told that the matter is in the hands of the Department of Justice, and that so long as it is there, the Department of Agriculture cannot negotiate with him. If he asks how he may get the matter out of the Department of Justice so that he may negotiate, he is told that he may confess judgment and pay the costs. It is superfluous to point out that judicial determination of any dispute with the Department is impracticable under such circumstances."

THERE is nothing peculiar to the United States in this progression of a single bureaucracy from simple policing to positive directing. It is the way of bureaucracy the world over. The Lord Chief Justice of England, in a recent book entitled "The New Despotism," sketched how a bureau can rise to power. He gives the formula thus:

"This course will prove tolerably simple if he can (a) get legislation passed in skeleton form, (b) fill up the gaps with his own rules, orders and regulations, (c) make it difficult or impossible for Parliament to check the said rules, orders and regulations, (d) secure for them the force of statute, (e) arrange that the fact of his decision shall be conclusive proof of its legality, (f) take power to modify the provisions of statutes, and (g) prevent and avoid any sort of appeal to a Court of Law."

The accuracy of the formula laid down by the Chief Justice is sustained by a number of recent acts. In many of the codes are provisions that the signers must be bound by any change or modification which the Government may make thereafter. This really says that the code as written means nothing. While the so-called Tugwell Bill attempted to take away from the courts the right to find facts in alleged violations—that is, the bureau was given absolute power to find all the facts.

The Tugwell Bill is an extension of the powers of the old Food and Drug Bill and gives the best illustration of how a good bureau can be led on from its original function to a desire to take unlimited power. A new act was written by Professor Tugwell of Columbia, and Professor Cavers of Duke University, and when the bill was introduced a flood of propaganda at Government expense—that is, the taxpayers' expense—was let loose. Agents of the Department of Agriculture were provided with material for speeches from which it appeared that the public health was in imminent danger and could be saved only by immediate and drastic action. These speeches were made all over the country, in schools, clubs and churches, and an exhibit was furnished at public expense—that is, the taxpayers' expense—to shock the audiences into a comprehension of the emergency.

This chamber of horrors was, of course, representative only of the worst acts of the bad ten per cent. of the industry. It was offered, however, as representative of the general practice. And, ostensibly to protect the public health, the bill was presented in Congress. It was a long bill and, as the hearings proceeded, the Congressmen—Democrats and Republicans alike—were amazed at the powers sought. The bill was the most comprehensive ever offered in Congress and, had it been passed in its original shape, would have made a bureau the absolute dictator of the food, drug and cosmetic business of the country—to be administered exactly as the bureau saw fit. It would have given the bureau the right to say what should or what should not be made, how manufacturing operations should be carried on, and

a full censorship of packages, labels, advertising and selling. In its first version, it would have given a practical power over every publication accepting the advertising of foods or drugs. It could have prescribed every treatment for every disease—not in so many words, but by interpretation. And it could have decreed how the American woman should or should not make up her face—by the simple process of excluding every cosmetic that the bureau thought the woman ought not to have.

I have given that bill only because it is the example that I know best. But is it not high time to inquire just how far we as citizens, irrespective of party, desire to be dictated to? We need traffic rules. But do we need or want, not only minute driving directions but also to be told the type of car we may use?

The National Bowling Tournament

(Continued from page 23)

State	Teams Entered
Ohio	99
Illinois	20
Indiana	11
Michigan	10
Kentucky	9
New York	8
Missouri	7
Pennsylvania	7
Tennessee	3
West Virginia	2
Wisconsin	2
Total	178

At the annual meeting of the Association, held in Cleveland Lodge, Joseph M. Vlaciha, of Cicero, Ill., retiring President of the Association, headed a delegation of Cicero Lodge No. 1510 Elks in inviting the Association to hold its 1935 Tournament in Cicero, and the bid was accepted.

Harry P. Gottron, of Fremont, Ohio, was named President at the meeting, replacing the retired President. In the order named, the following were elected Vice-Presidents: Frank G. Mitzel, of Detroit, Mich.; Dave Wells, of Louisville, Ky.; S. A. Hansen, of Oak Park, Ill.; Phil Birkenhauer, of Toledo, O.; Charles A. Reading of Chicago, Ill; and Joseph F. Krizek, of Cicero, Ill. John J. Gray of Milwaukee, Wis., was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer for a term of three years.

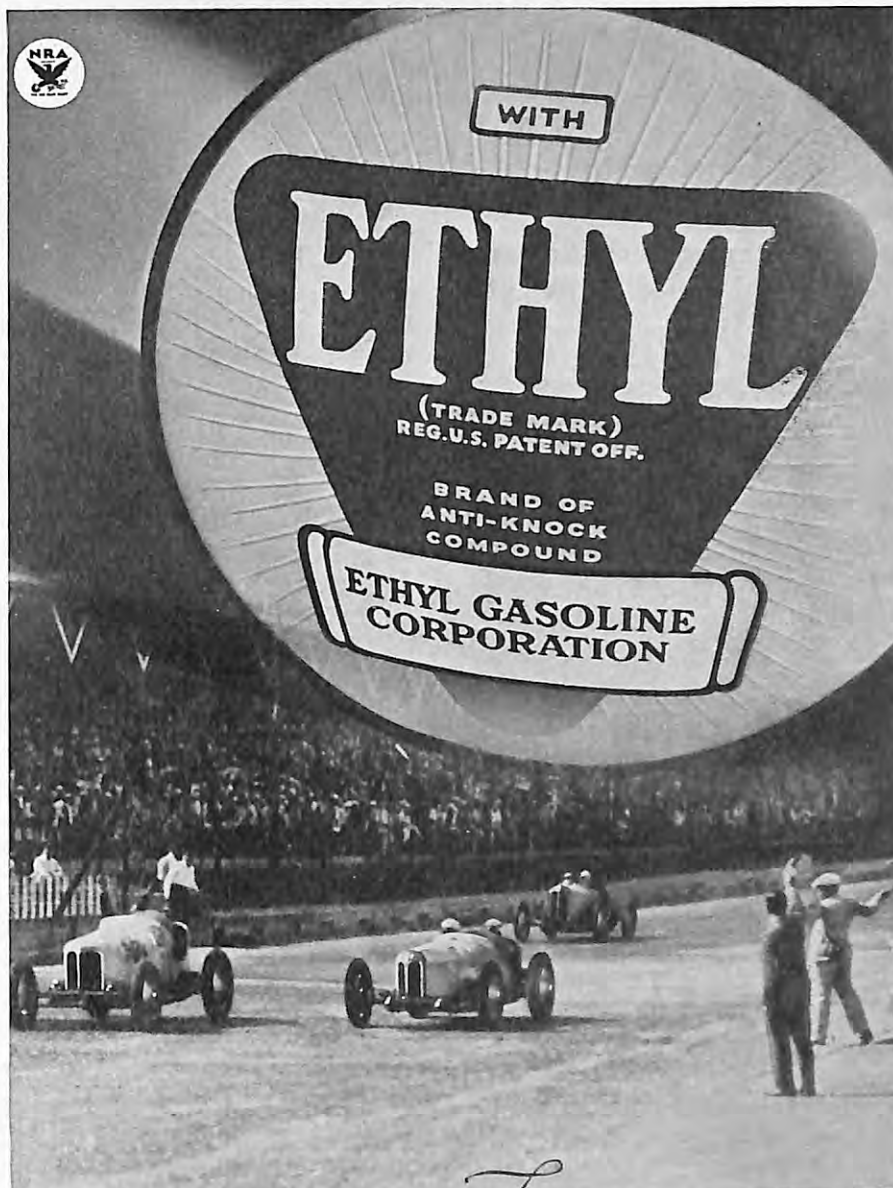
The Prize List, amounting to \$3,506, was authorized by the Executive Committee. Approximately 75% of it will be distributed in regular prizes, and the additional 25% will be given as goodfellowship prizes.

The Regular and Goodfellowship Prize Lists follow:

Regular Prizes Five-Man Event

Pos.	Name of Winner	City	Pins	Prize and Medals
1	Waldorf Golden Bock	Cleveland, O.	3209	\$135.00
2	Bradford Elks	Bradford, Pa.	2984	115.00
3	Hess Recreation	Cleveland, O.	2938	100.00
4	Barbasol	Indianapolis, Ind.	2919	90.00
5	Lakewood Elks No. 1	Lakewood, O.	2899	80.00
6	Mulheran Lumber	Syracuse, N. Y.	2889	70.00
7	Elks Team No. 1	Galion, O.	2886	60.00
8	Hank Smith's	Detroit, Mich.	2856	55.00
9	Interurban Elks	Toledo, O.	2850	50.00
10	Elks Team	Up. Sandusky, O.	2843	45.00
11	Judge Dickmann's Elks	St. Louis, Mo.	2827	40.00
12	Terre Haute Elks No. 1	Terre Haute, Ind.	2821	34.50
13	Elks Team	Altoona, Pa.	2821	34.50
14	Stifel Fabric	Wheeling, W. Va.	2819	30.00
15	Betsy Ross	Springfield, Ill.	2816	28.00
16	Elks Team No. 1	Wooster, O.	2812	26.00
17	Elk Team	Greenville, O.	2808	24.00
18	Capital	Wheeling, W. Va.	2791	22.00

(Continued on page 48)



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

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"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals." Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.



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

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

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

(Continued from page 47)

Table with columns: Pos., Name of Winner, City, Pins, Prize. Lists winners from Buffalo, N. Y. to Oak Park, Ill.

High Single Game Prizes

Table with columns: Name, City, Pins, Prize. Lists winners like Waldorf Golden Book and Elks Team No. 1.

Two-Man Event

Table with columns: Name, City, Pins, Prize. Lists winners like C. Lausche-R. Rice, J. Fehr-J. Pritchett, etc.

Table with columns: Name, City, Pins, Prize. Lists winners from Wooster, O. to Delaware, O.

High Single Game Prizes

Table with columns: Name, City, Pins, Prize. Lists winners like T. David, G. Katzenberg, F. Bettcher.

All-Events

Table with columns: Name, City, Pins, Prize. Lists winners like C. Lausche, Five-man Event, Two-man Event, Individual Event.

Goodfellowship Prizes

Five-Man Event

Table with columns: Pos., Name of Winner, City, Prize. Lists winners from Elks Team to 24 Elks Team.

High Single Game Prizes

Table with columns: Name, City, Pins, Prize. Lists winners like J. Fehr-J. Pritchett, J. Pollock-J. Brady.

Individual Event

Table with columns: Name, City, Pins, Prize. Lists winners from T. David to 35 G. Cunningham.

Two-Man Event

Table with columns: Name, City, Pins, Prize. Lists winners from J. Panfil-C. Wegner to 32 W. Crew-C. Haikus.

Individual Event

Pos.	Name of Winner.	City	Prize
1	J. Bowers	East Chicago, Ind.	\$3.00
2	R. MacTomany	Syracuse, N. Y.	3.00
3	O. Cummings	Grand Rapids, Mich.	3.00
4	O. Meyer	Fremont, O.	3.00
5	H. Mallick	Memphis, Tenn.	3.00
6	S. Wolfe	Fremont, O.	3.00
7	E. Cornish	Elgin, Ill.	3.00
8	R. Novotny	Cicero, Ill.	3.00
9	A. Chayken	Blue Island, Ill.	3.00
10	B. Moore	Pittsburgh, Pa.	3.00
11	C. Reading	Chicago, Ill.	3.00
12	J. Dries	Louisville, Ky.	3.00
13	J. Kendzora	Cicero, Ill.	3.00
14	N. Ihrig	Buffalo, N. Y.	3.00
15	J. Argus	Buffalo, N. Y.	3.00
16	E. Hlavka	Oak Park, Ill.	3.00
17	W. Ruchel	Fort Wayne, Ind.	3.00
18	F. Mitzel	Detroit, Mich.	3.00
19	L. Solomon	Memphis, Tenn.	3.00
20	F. Jacobson	Chicago, Ill.	3.00
21	A. Lang	Buffalo, N. Y.	3.00
22	C. Schnapp	Hamilton, O.	3.00
23	F. Sunkel	St. Louis, Mo.	3.00
24	D. Rosenthal	East Chicago, Ind.	3.00
25	H. Hruza	Cicero, Ill.	3.00
26	J. Clynes	Ithaca, N. Y.	3.00
27	J. Young	Bradford, Pa.	3.00
28	O. Rottmann	St. Louis, Mo.	3.00
29	H. Rosenbusch	Detroit, Mich.	3.00
30	J. Krizak	Cicero, Ill.	3.00
31	T. Albright	Springfield, Ill.	3.00
32	A. Watson	Lakewood, O.	3.00
33	W. Johnson	Rockford, Ill.	3.00
34	L. Szendery	Lakewood, O.	3.00
35	H. Culver	Toledo, O.	3.00
36	E. Linsz	Cleveland, O.	3.00
37	M. Urdang	Chicago, Ill.	3.00
38	L. Perlin	Louisville, Ky.	3.00
39	J. Alter	Fort Wayne, Ind.	3.00
40	J. Patterson	Fremont, O.	3.00
41	W. Stolte	Fort Wayne, Ind.	3.00
42	C. Underhill	Columbus, O.	3.00
43	S. Sher	Chicago, Ill.	3.00
44	E. Klecka	Oak Park, Ill.	3.00
45	A. Ober	Pittsburgh, Pa.	3.00
46	L. Dughi	Altoona, Pa.	3.00
47	M. Czerwinski	Milwaukee, Wis.	3.00
48	H. Salzer	Lansing, Mich.	3.00
49	C. Anders	Sandusky, O.	3.00
50	H. Sparr	Memphis, Tenn.	3.00
51	Dr. A. Pecaro	Oak Park, Ill.	3.00
52	H. Fisbeck	Terre Haute, Ind.	3.00
53	C. Bevan	Painesville, O.	3.00
54	F. Spewachek	Milwaukee, Wis.	3.00
55	W. Zuber	Columbus, O.	3.00
56	B. Rechtenwald	Fremont, O.	3.00
57	S. Purdue	Alliance, O.	3.00
58	W. Conway	Chicago, Ill.	3.00
59	W. Grabowski	Elgin, Ill.	3.00
60	F. Morrell	Ashtabula, O.	3.00
61	F. Glasmire	East Chicago, Ind.	3.00
62	L. Gordon	Chicago, Ill.	3.00
63	R. Densmore	Rockford, Ill.	3.00
64	F. Miller	Hamilton, O.	3.00
65	R. Darby	Toledo, O.	3.00
66	J. Will	Columbus, O.	3.00
67	T. Garbett	Pittsburgh, Pa.	3.00
68	G. Ruehlman	Cincinnati, O.	3.00
69	J. Baggerman	St. Louis, Mo.	3.00
70	C. Wagner	Alliance, O.	3.00

**Goodfellowship Prize
Drawing Committee**

Raymond J. Schmidt, Milwaukee, Wis.
Max J. Czerwinski, Milwaukee, Wis.
John J. Gray, Milwaukee, Wis.

**The Grand Exalted
Ruler's Visits**

(Continued from page 29)

to Louisville, Ky., where they held a meeting with him in the Brown Hotel.

At the banquet held by Louisville Lodge, No. 8, in Mr. Meier's honor at seven o'clock, 138 persons—members and their ladies—were in attendance. The following distinguished Elks were present: Grand Tiler O'Callaghan; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Fred O. Nuetzel; State Pres. James A. Diskin; D. D. Smith; First State Vice-Pres. Benjamin H. Sachs, and Past Pres. H. E. Curtis.

On Feb. 1 Mr. Meier attended a morning meeting with Shelbyville, Ky., Lodge, No. 1368, with some fifteen members. Next he proceeded to Frankfort, Ky., Lodge, No. 530. Immediately on his arrival he was taken to the State Capitol where he spoke to the House of Representatives. Later he was guest of honor at a luncheon given by

(Continued on page 50)



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(Continued from page 49)

Governor Ruby Laffoon, and once more Mr. Meier was honored by being Commissioned as Colonel on the Staff of a Governor of a State. After luncheon he was taken back to the Capitol where he was introduced to the State Senate and accorded the courtesy of the floor. Mr. Meier responded with a short address.

His next visit was to Lexington, Ky., Lodge, No. 89, where he was guest of honor at dinner. A great many prominent Kentucky Elks were present, which pleased Mr. Meier highly.

Having remained overnight at Lexington, Mr. Meier left the next day for Richmond, Ky., Lodge, No. 581, arriving at 9 A. M. Here he spoke to a score of Richmond Elks including P.D.Ds. H. Bennett Farris and John Noland. Following the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to the Pattie A. Clay Infirmary where he inspected the Elks' room, equipped and maintained by Richmond Lodge. In addition the Lodge has contributed \$1,500 toward the construction of the Hospital.

Winchester, Ky., was the next City visited by Mr. Meier. At a meeting with Winchester Lodge, No. 539, there were many locally prominent men present to hear him speak. After an inspection of the Lodge Home, Mr. Meier traveled on toward Huntington, W. Va.

At Moorehead, Ky., the Grand Exalted Ruler was met by D.D. Kelly D. Harper; L. Y. Johnson, E.R. of Ashland, Ky., Lodge, and P.D.D. Gardner Ewing, E.R. of Catlettsburg, Ky., Lodge, and others who escorted him to the Home of Huntington Lodge, No. 313, where he spoke to the members who had gathered to greet him, among them being C. W. Kerr, P.D.D., and George H. Wright, Past State Pres.

On his way to the Home of Ashland, Ky., Lodge, No. 350, Mr. Meier stopped to inspect the Home of Catlettsburg, Ky., Lodge, No. 942. Owing to the fact that this Lodge was to meet jointly with Ashland Lodge, the members had already gone on ahead. At Ashland Mr. Meier was the guest of honor at dinner at the Henry Clay Hotel. Clyde R. Levi, State Trustee; Stewart F. Ireson, E.R. of Williamson, W. Va., Lodge; M. J. Andrews, E.R. of Ironton, Ohio, Lodge, and many others were present.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's next visit was to Newport, Ky., Lodge, No. 273, where he arrived shortly after seven on the morning of Feb. 3. Even at that early hour some fifteen members were present at the Lodge Home to greet Mr. Meier and hear his brief address. Knoxville, Tenn., was the next scheduled stop.

The Knoxville High School Band, consisting of eighty pieces, was playing at the Station when the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived, and a parade was staged to the Andrew Johnson Hotel, Mr. Meier's headquarters. A dinner was held which in turn was followed by a meeting of Knoxville Lodge, No. 160. About 160 members of the Order were present, including Daniel J. Kelly, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; S. C. McChesney, D.D.; D. Al White, former member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; and P.D.Ds. John T. Menefee, Dr. R. P. Oppenheimer and John M. Allen, Jr.

On the ensuing morning Mr. Meier arrived in Hendersonville, N. C., by rail, and was met by D.D. Waddy M. Anderson of South Carolina. Together they drove to Asheville, N. C., and inspected the Home of Asheville Lodge, No. 1401. After calling on D.D. Charles M. Fortune at his home, Mr. Meier and Mr. Anderson proceeded to Greenville, S. C., where Mr. Meier was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. During the evening about forty members of Greenville Lodge, No. 358, called on the Grand

Exalted Ruler there. At noon of the following day, Feb. 5, Mr. Meier met with the Greenville Elks at luncheon. Also present were Past State Presidents Wyatt Aiken, W. W. Beacham and E. M. Wharton.

At eight that evening Mr. Meier drove to Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, to meet with 150 members of the Order, among those present being W. H. Harth, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; L. D. Boyd, State Pres., and P.D.Ds. Manley C. Sanders and W. G. Hunter.

Mr. Meier stayed the night in Columbia but met the next morning with members of Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge, No. 897. Next he visited Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, and attended a meeting of 125 members which included among other distinguished Elks P.D.Ds. C. B. Coleson, David F. Craig and William H. Moore. Mr. Meier spoke to the members and his speech was enthusiastically received.

The following morning Mr. Meier drove to Wilmington, N. C., where, during the dinner hour, he was the guest of honor of Wilmington Lodge, No. 532 at Harrell's Oyster House. Afterward he was escorted to the Lodge room to attend a meeting of the Lodge. Also in attendance were State Pres. Harry T. Paterson, Past Grand Inner Guard; State Trustee Walter Rehder; P.D.Ds. Henry E. Longley and J. Owen Reilly, and the officers of No. 532.

On Feb. 8 Mr. Meier traveled to Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 139, where at noon he was tendered a barbecue luncheon. About sixty members were present and after luncheon they all gathered in the Lodge room where Mr. Meier delivered his address. P.D.Ds. R. Jack Smith and R. E. Stevens were present.

New Berne, N. C., was the next destination of the Grand Exalted Ruler. There, at 6:30 P. M. he was guest of honor at a dinner given by New Berne Lodge, No. 764. This was followed by a meeting in the Lodge room attended by 110 members. Included were Pres. Paterson; D.D. Thomas B. Kehoe; Past Presidents T. C. Daniels and William Dunn; and P.D.Ds. Robert E. Stevens and C. A. Little.

On Feb. 9, on his way to Durham, the Grand Exalted Ruler stopped at Raleigh to call on J.C.B. Ehringhouse, Governor of North Carolina, and a P.D.D. At noon Mr. Meier arrived for a luncheon given for him by the members of Durham Lodge, No. 568. He delivered his speech to the 75 members present, among whom was D. W. Sorrell, P.D.D. Following luncheon Mr. Meier was presented with several gifts, industrial products of Durham.

He then proceeded to Greensboro, N. C., where he was guest of honor at a dinner given him by Greensboro Lodge, No. 602. Among the 75 members in attendance Mr. Meier noted Secy. O. W. Patterson and Trustees W. C. Burns and Dr. D. A. Morris, all of the State Ass'n., and P.D.Ds. John J. Morton and Shelly B. Caveness. Mr. Meier spoke over Radio Station WBIG.

ON the ensuing day the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the outskirts of Danville, Va., by a delegation and at noon was honored at luncheon by Danville Lodge, No. 227. Among the prominent Elks present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper; Walter P. Shaner, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; P. A. Kersey, D.D.; Vice-Pres. W. N. Perkinson; H. B. Trundle, P.D.D., and many locally prominent members.

Accompanied by the three members of the Grand Lodge already mentioned, Mr. Meier next journeyed to Clifton Forge where he was the honored guest at a dinner given by Clifton Forge, Va., Lodge, No. 1065. After dinner there was an open meeting attended by 225 persons. On the next day, Mr. Meier traveled to the Elks National Home,

at Bedford, arriving at noon. He spent the day there, speaking in the evening to some 300 members living there. His audience seemed more than usually interested in the account of Mr. Meier's visitations, especially in Alaska, the Canal Zone and Puerto Rico.

On the 12th of Feb. Mr. Meier drove from Bedford, to Harrisonburg, Va., being conducted into the City by a police escort. At noon he was the honored guest of Harrisonburg Lodge, No. 450, at luncheon, with fifty members of the Order present. His next official appearance was as guest of honor at a dinner given by Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, after which he attended a meeting of the Lodge. George E. Strong, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, was present.

Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, received a visit from Mr. Meier on the ensuing day. Fifty members had assembled, among them being D.D. James P. Swing, E.R. Barney Berman, and A. C. Braun, P.D.D. Later Mr. Meier proceeded to Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469, to attend a meeting in the form of a luncheon, with 45 members of the Order present. Listed among the distinguished guests were State Vice-Pres. Louis N. Frank, Past Pres. John B. Berger and P.D.D. Lawrence E. Ensor. Frederick, Md., Lodge, No. 684, next received Mr. Meier, 50 members of the Order being present, including Alfred W. Gaver, Past State Pres., and E.R. Charles A. Opal, Jr.

THE next meeting was a joint assemblage of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, and Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, with 246 members present. An initiation of five candidates into Frostburg Lodge and eight into Cumberland Lodge was held, after which Mr. Meier spoke. Present at the meeting were many Elks prominent in City and County government. On behalf of the two Lodges Mr. Meier was presented with a white gold wrist watch and band, and other gifts.

At noon of the next day Mr. Meier was the honored guest at a splendid meeting of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378, where he delivered an address to the 135 members assembled. He noted that all the officers of the Lodge, including the Trustees, were present, and that the long list of celebrated Elks was augmented by the attendance of Past Grand Inner Guard Leon R. Youree and State Pres. J. Morris Guider.

Following the luncheon Mr. Meier proceeded to Havre de Grace Lodge, No. 1564, where an Elks Boys' Band of 44 pieces played. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to the 25 members of the Lodge who were present, among them being Harold E. Couborn, E. R., a Vice-Pres. of the Tri-State Elks Ass'n., and all the Lodge officers.

Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, was host to Mr. Meier following the Havre de Grace meeting. A dinner given for him preceded the Lodge meeting. Since those at dinner were the officers and leaders of the Lodge, Mr. Meier took occasion to speak to them in respect to their duties as such. He spoke again to about 100 members at the Lodge meeting.

Early in the morning of February 15 Mr. Meier left for Salisbury, Md., Lodge, No. 817, where he paid an official visit during the luncheon period, 67 members attending.

In the afternoon Mr. Meier, still accompanied by D. D. Swing, visited Crisfield, Md., Lodge, No. 1044. There were 44 members of the Lodge present, including all the officers and Past State Pres. James W. McLane. Mr. Meier addressed the gathering and later left for Cambridge, Md., Lodge, No. 1272, arriving there in time for a dinner attended by 116 persons. Mr. Meier spoke at the dinner as well as at the Lodge meeting afterward, where a class of fifteen candidates was initiated. Many locally prominent persons were present at both affairs.

After terminating his visit to Cambridge Lodge, Mr. Meier was driven to Salisbury, where he caught a night train for New York.

(Accounts of the Grand Exalted Ruler's next three visits to New York Lodge, No. 1, Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, and Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, respectively, appeared in the April issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, under the heading "The Sixty-Sixth Birthday of the Order in New York.")

ON Feb. 19 Mr. Meier attended a meeting of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14. There was a splendid attendance at the gathering. Among those present were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Treasurer James F. Duffy; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman, and Henry C. Warner, member, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Michael F. Shannon, former member of the Grand Forum; Frederick S. Peck, member of the Advisory Council of the Elks National Foundation; James E. Buchanan, D.D., and P.D.Ds. John P. Hartigan, John F. Burke, John E. Hurley, Robert F. Jones, John L. Kane, Thomas J. Flynn and Duncan MacKenzie. Before the meeting closed Mr. Meier was presented with a crystal beverage set. Previous to the meeting he had been a guest at dinner in the beautiful home of Mr. Peck.

On the morning of Feb. 20, Mr. Meier left for Boston where, in company with other members of the Order, he was a guest at a luncheon given by Mayor F. W. Mansfield. Afterward he was driven to Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, where he spoke to about 50 members. He was presented with a set of handsome bookends.

That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of the Massachusetts State Elks Association at a banquet in the Hotel Statler in Boston. Among the distinguished guests present were Grand Secretary Masters, Grand Treasurer Duffy, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Shannon, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott and James R. Nicholson; State Pres. Edward D. Larkin and all of the other officers of the State Association; D.D.'s. Fred H. Scholl, Eugene J. Lakemarsin, James F. McCluskey and James A. Bresnahan; Governor Joseph B. Ely, Mayor Mansfield, President of the State Senate Erland F. Fish, and Speaker of the House Leverett P. Saltonstall. Following the banquet, Mr. Meier was presented with an Oriental rug, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson were presented with a Steinway piano.

Mr. Meier left Boston on the morning of Feb. 21 for Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, accompanied by Mrs. Meier, Mr. Masters, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. and Mrs. Warner. The Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a luncheon, and among those in attendance, in addition to his official party, were many prominent Elks, including P.D.Ds. P. J. Garvey, Ernest M. Torbet and William A. Robinson. At the conclusion of the program Mr. Meier was presented with the latest edition of Webster's New International Dictionary and Atlas. Mr. Meier left Springfield at 3 P. M. for Meriden, Conn.

Here he attended a banquet given by Meriden Lodge, No. 35, attended by 250 members of the Order. Among those present were Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, and P.D.Ds. Charles N. Carrol, John J. Mack, Edward C. Cox, Dr. Henry Martin, and Felix P. Callahan. Afterward Mr. Meier was presented with a chest of sterling silver, manufactured locally. He left Meriden late that night, catching a train for Allentown, Pa.

There he was met by a large number of members of Allentown Lodge, No. 130, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Law-

(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 51)

rence H. Rupp. A luncheon was given in his honor, attended by 250 persons, among them being the members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's party, officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, and Pres. Daniel J. Miller, Vice-Pres. Scott E. Drum, Secy. W. S. Gould, Past Pres. Harry I. Koch and Past Vice-Pres. R. L. Crosland of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and Max L. Silverman, Dist. Vice-Pres.

Mr. Meier left Allentown for Philadelphia by motor. The meeting at Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, took the form of a dinner dance, with 300 members of the Order present. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow presided. Also present were Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary; the Grand Exalted Ruler's entire party, and P.D.D. George E. Hoffman. During the evening Mr. Meier delivered an address, following which he was the recipient of two traveling bags.

Feb. 23 saw the Grand Exalted Ruler traveling to Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, accompanied by Mr. Masters, Mr. Warner and Mr. Schrader. Sixty members were present to greet the Grand Lodge officers, among them being K. L. Shirk, D.D., and P.D.D.'s C. H. Obreiter and D. Smith.

The Lancaster meeting was followed by one at the Home of Columbia, Pa., Lodge, No. 1074, where all the officers and trustees were present. Later Mr. Meier drove on to Red Lion, Pa., Lodge, No. 1592, where he was a guest of the members at luncheon. Also present at the meeting were P.D.Ds. W. H. Eisenhart and R. F. Culbertson, and 25 members of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge.

The record made by Red Lion Lodge is most interesting. Organized last year, it now has 274 members. One interesting point coming to Mr. Meier's notice was the fact that a member, L. P. Sevis, has alone written 160 applications for membership since the Lodge was instituted. Red Lion Lodge presented Mr. Meier with a handsome Morris chair.

After luncheon the Grand Exalted Ruler drove to York, Pa., Lodge, No. 213, under escort, and there spoke to 65 members of the Order including all of the chair officers. Following this he was driven under escort of 25 members of Harrisburg Lodge to their Home, and then to the monument erected to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Meade D. Detweiler. In the evening there was a dinner dance attended by 350 people, among them being Past Presidents Max L. Lindheimer, D. D., and S. Clem Reichard, and P.D.D. Gurney Afferbach. Mr. Meier's address was broadcast over Station WKBO. There were ten Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge at the function.

MR. MEIER arrived at Pittsburgh on the morning of Feb. 24, where he was joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, and the party proceeded to Oil City, Pa. P.D.D. James B. Borland joined them en route. At Oil City the official party was met by a Reception Committee from the Lodge there, No. 344, and taken to dinner at the Belles Lettres Club. Following dinner the initiation of 112 candidates took place at the K. of C. Hall, being conducted by the officers of Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356. Four hundred persons were in attendance, among them being William D. Hancher, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, D.Ds. Howard Ellis and Francis T. Benson, and a large number of Past District Deputies and other prominent Elks. Twenty-two Exalted Rulers and 41 Past Exalted Rulers of Lodges within the District were present.

At the conclusion of the meeting the 23 newly initiated Elks from Warren Lodge, No. 223, presented Mr. Meier with a camp axe bearing his monogram. Mr. Meier

greatly enjoyed speaking to the members of the Order assembled at this meeting. Addresses were also made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener and Grand Secretary Masters.

On Feb. 25 Mr. Meier and his party drove to Carnegie, Pa., Lodge, No. 831, where the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to 100 members of the Order. All Lodge officers and twelve Past Exalted Rulers were present. Following Mr. Meier's address Honus Wagner, the baseball veteran, presented him with an autographed baseball.

Then the party drove on to Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, where members from Allegheny, Monongahela, Canonsburg, South Brownsville and Pittsburgh Lodges had gathered. After speaking to them Mr. Meier proceeded to Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, where he was guest of honor at a banquet. Many prominent Elks were present to hear Mr. Meier talk. Later the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a crystal glassware set. From Wheeling Mr. Meier traveled West again.

ON Feb. 27 he arrived in Yankton, S. D., where he spoke over Radio Station WNAX before attending a luncheon meeting of Yankton Lodge, No. 994. Among the distinguished guests present were M. T. Woods, D.D., State Pres. E. C. McKenzie, H. M. Whisman, P.D.D., and many known in official circles of South Dakota. Mr. Meier left Yankton for Sioux Falls where he was met by a delegation of members from Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, No. 262, and escorted to the Home. In the afternoon Mr. Meier spoke over Station KSOO. Dinner followed at the Carpenter Hotel. Present among the 150 Elks at dinner were P.D.D. George C. Hunt, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; State Pres. E. C. McKenzie; State Secy. Carl H. Nelles, and First Vice-Pres. Robert B. Meldrum.

Madison, S. D., Lodge, No. 1442, was the next Lodge visited. Mr. Meier addressed an assembly of students at the Eastern State Teachers College, and attended a luncheon at the Methodist Episcopal Church. During the afternoon he drove to Brookings, S. D., Lodge, No. 1490, where he dedicated the new Home of the Lodge. Afterward, having been introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, Mr. Meier delivered the main address of the evening.

Present were P.D.D. Howard B. Case; Exalted Rulers Pierce McDowell of Sioux Falls Lodge, C. C. Wilhelm of Yankton Lodge, D. W. Steele of Watertown Lodge and Floyd Durland of Brookings Lodge; the Madison Lodge Band—winner of the Elks National Band Contest—the Huron Lodge Band and the Brookings Lodge Drum Corps. After the dedication exercises the gathering, about 200 strong, assembled at the old Lodge Home where a banquet was held. Several addresses were made, including that of Mr. Meier, and the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a black walnut gavel and a brief case.

ON March 1, Mr. Meier drove to Mitchell, S. D., where he was entertained at luncheon by the Lodge with 185 persons attending, among them M. T. Woods, D.D., State Pres. Ernest McKenzie and George C. Hunt, P.D.D. Mr. Meier proceeded then to Huron, S. D., where he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the local Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler was pleased to see present George Fullinweider, H. M. Whisman, E. B. Dinneen, J. Ford Zietlow and C. L. Doherty, all P.D.Ds.

The banquet was followed by an evening session attended by 250 Elks, when a class of 36 candidates was initiated. The Purple Guard Drill Team of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, and the Drill Team of Huron Lodge participated. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Meier was presented with a gift given

jointly by the Lodges of Sioux Falls, Huron, Aberdeen, Mitchell and Madison.

On the morning of March 2 Mr. Meier was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge. Later in the day he took a train to Seattle, Wash., where for several days he was busily engaged in cleaning up his desk preparatory to leaving for Hawaii, where he was scheduled to visit the two Elk Lodges. While on the West Coast Mr. Meier managed to sandwich in several visits to outlying Lodges before his trip.

ON the evening of March 7 the Grand Exalted Ruler paid an official visit to Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, accompanied by D.D. Merle G. Ringenberg and several members of Seattle Lodge. Upon arriving in Tacoma Mr. Meier was escorted to the Winthrop Hotel. Subsequently he was guest of honor at a dinner given at the Tacoma Lodge Home, which was followed by a meeting with 300 members of the Order present. Among the notables were Past Pres. Robert E. Evans, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and other Grand Lodge Committees, D.Ds. Ringenberg and Bertil E. Johnson, Past Pres. Major Charles O. Bates, and the Exalted Rulers and many Past Exalted Rulers of several neighboring Lodges.

On the ensuing day, March 8, Mr. Meier visited Ballard, Wash., Lodge. Prior to the visit a call was made at the Elks Convalescent Home for Crippled Children, erected and paid for by the Elk Lodges in the State of Washington. The movement for instituting the Home was inaugurated by Grand Exalted Ruler Meier when he was President of the Washington State Elks Association in 1924. When it was completed and paid for it was turned over to the Orthopedic Hospital of Seattle as the contribution of the Elks of the State of Washington for the benefit of crippled children. Mr. Meier was accompanied on his visit by a large delegation of Ballard Lodge members.

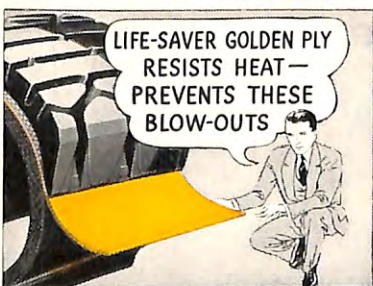
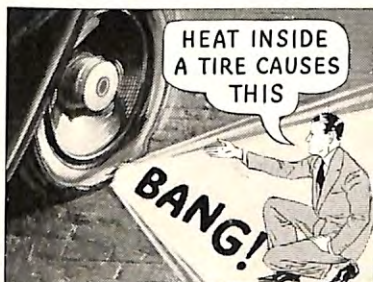
After inspecting the Home the Grand Exalted Ruler was driven to the Olympic Golf Club where he was guest of honor at a dinner attended by 100 leading members of the Order, gathered from the Lodges of Seattle, Everett and Ballard. Mr. Meier spoke at the conclusion of the dinner. Later a caravan of automobiles was formed, and with police escort the party proceeded to the Home of Ballard Lodge, being joined by the Elks Band. Before his arrival the Lodge session had been opened and the routine business transacted. Mr. Meier was conducted into the Lodge room where 400 members of Ballard, Seattle, Everett and Bremer-ton Lodges had gathered. Here a varied program took place, following which the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced as the principal speaker of the evening.

Many distinguished citizens and Elks were present, among them being William Hickman Moore, member of the first Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge; Louis Flieder, State Vice-Pres.; Past State Presidents Frank L. Cooper and A. W. Tenney, and Past State Secretary Victor Zednick.

On the next night Mr. Meier had extended to him the unusual courtesy of being guest of honor at a meeting of Seattle Aerie No. 1, F. O. E., which was open to the public. Mr. Meier is a life member of the Seattle Aerie. He was escorted to the Eagles Hall from the Home of Seattle Lodge, in a public procession. There were several addresses of welcome and Mr. Meier delivered the principal speech of the evening. The committee appointed by the Eagles to handle the affair was headed by Chad Ballard, Chairman, the other members being Mr. Moore, Superior Court Judges James B. Kinne and Malcolm Douglas, and M. J. Davis, Charles M. Lambert and William Boyle.



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