

The Elks

M a g a z i n e

JULY, 1934

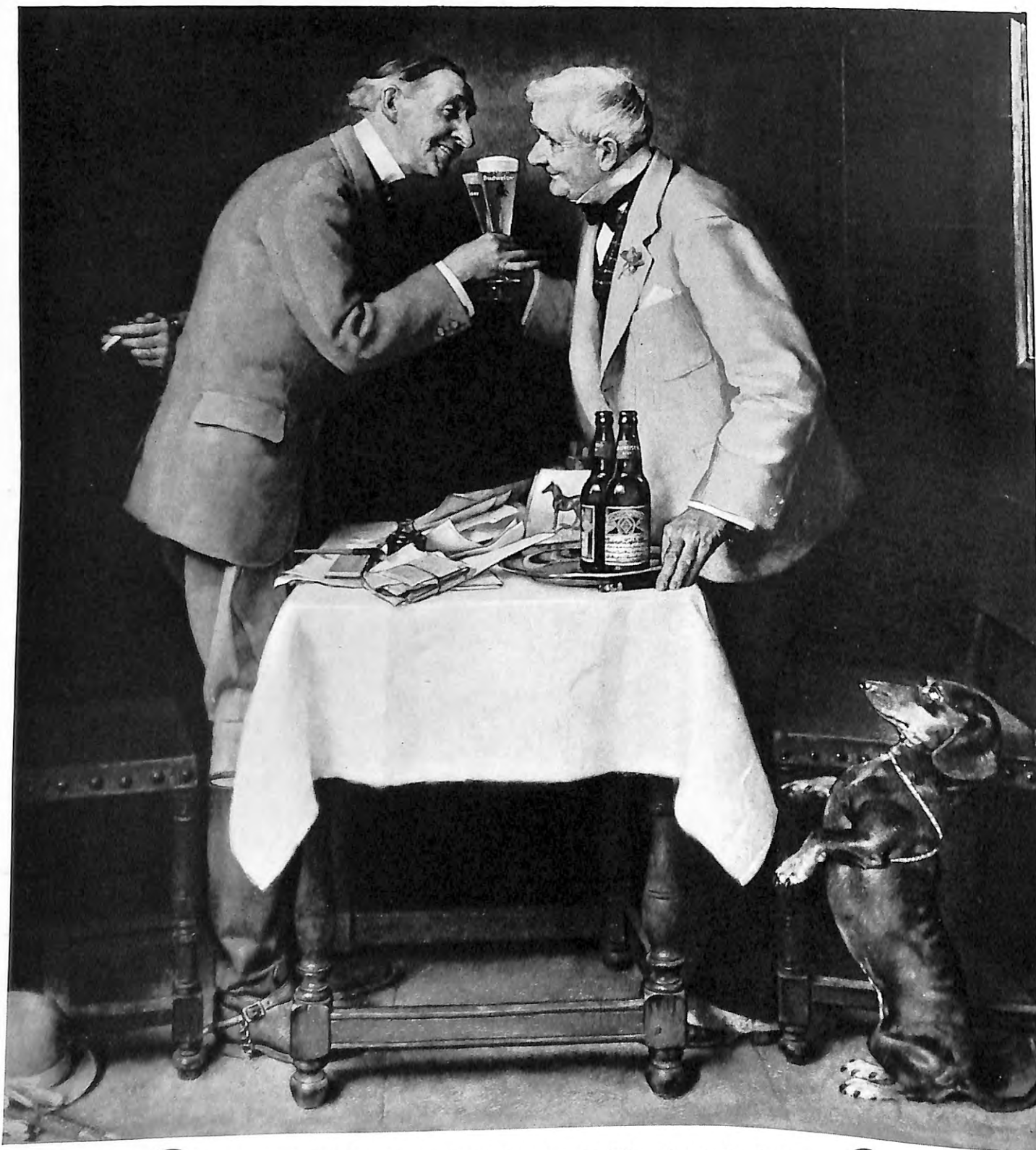
WESTERN EDITION



RONALD
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Grand Lodge ~

Meets July 16



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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H



S A I N T L O U I S





"The man who doesn't keep clean shaven is *never welcome*"

SAYS ALICE-LEONE MOATS, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "NO NICE GIRL SWEARS"



Alice-Leone Moats

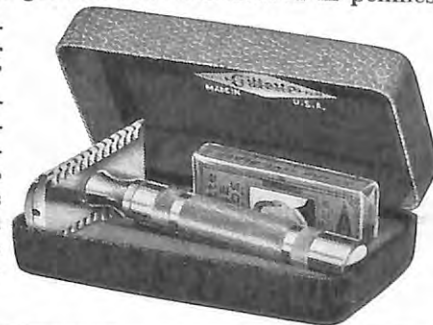
Of course he isn't welcome. Who *could* make a good impression with a growth of stubble on his face! Most men know this is true—yet far too many are careless about shaving.

If there is any doubt that shaving is essential in keeping the respect of others, listen to the words of Alice-Leone Moats. Famous authority on modern manners, Miss Moats brought etiquette up to date in her sensational best-seller, "No Nice Girl Swears." She knows the woman's viewpoint—has helped thousands to get along with others—win new friends and keep old ones.

Says Miss Moats: "No woman cares to entertain or be seen with a man who neglects shaving. He may think he is getting away with it—but the truth is, a careless shave only too clearly implies that the offender thinks so little of his hostess that he cannot be bothered about his appearance. In fact, failure to shave *carefully* is an affront that women simply will not overlook."

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10 FOR 49¢

Gold-Plated Gillette Razor and 5 Gillette "Blue Blades" Only 49c

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The Gillette Safety Razor Co.
Boston, Mass.

Name.....

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The Elks Magazine

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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

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

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JULY, 1934

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This Month



THE biggest month for all Elks everywhere because of the Grand Lodge Convention in Kansas City. The 32 local Committees are hard at work planning the greatest program of business, ceremonial, social and athletic activity ever staged. In addition to the all-important sessions of the Grand Lodge, at which the Order's destinies are shaped for the ensuing year, the week of July 15th will witness a crowded succession of thoroughly enjoyable events.

For those who like ceremonies there will be the ritualistic and drill team contests, the band, drum and bugle corps and glee club concerts, and—best of all—the spectacular Grand Parade. On the social side there will be teas, receptions, dances, lectures, tours, colorful public fetes and entertainments. For the athletes—both participants and observers—there will be bowling, golf and trapshooting competitions, as well as daily baseball games and swimming parties.

Scan the Program on Page Five of this Issue, and then make up your mind to be on hand. Ask the Secretary of your Lodge about the special low-rate railroad fares. In order to get the outcome of the Grand Lodge sessions to you as promptly as possible the August Number will be held open beyond the usual closing date. This will mean some delay in the mailing of that issue, but at least you will not have to wait until September to receive this vital information.

National Ritualistic Contest

THE National Ritualistic Contest will be held Monday afternoon, July 16th. Exalted Rulers of competing teams must register at Committee Headquarters and draw for place at noon. All representatives are cordially invited to witness the exemplification of the ritual by the many championship teams that will compete.



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The genuine bears this seal



You bet the public knows good Whiskey



"Why Jack, what are you doing over here? I thought you had a liquor store in your neighborhood."



"Oh, that place got my goat by offering some inferior substitute every time I asked for Crab Orchard."



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Other straight whiskies we recommend:

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- SUNNY BROOK
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- MOUNT VERNON
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- HERMITAGE

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KENTUCKY BOURBON—STRAIGHT AS A STRING



Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
 Official Circular Number Eleven

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

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

DEAR BROTHERS:

I have come to the last of my official communications to you. For eleven months I have labored for the best interests of our Order to the limit of my ability. Each month I have communicated with you for the purpose of acquainting you with the conditions of our Order as I have found them, and suggesting to you those courses of activity which to my mind would contribute most to your success. But, as there is a termination to all relationships, so I must soon surrender the gavel of authority to my successor in order that he may with new energy and new determination lead on to greater accomplishments.

The year that is about to close with all of its travel, all of its visitations, and the countless problems that have crowded themselves in upon me, has not been an easy one. Yet, withal, it has been a happy one. I shall always be indebted to the Order and its members for the privilege that has been mine during this past year.

The Kansas City Convention

This communication will reach you some two weeks before the Convention which will meet in Kansas City, Missouri, on July 16, 1934. The plans that have been laid by the Kansas City Convention Committee give promise of a most delightful as well as profitable session of the Grand Lodge. The brothers of the Convention City, as well as its citizens generally, are looking forward to your coming to enjoy their hospitality. You should not disappoint them. I trust that every Lodge maintaining its good standing in the Grand Lodge will not only have present its official representatives, but also as many as possible of its members who are eligible to sit in the Convention to deliberate concerning its problems and progress.

I would also direct your attention to the parade that will bring the Convention to a close, and urge upon those Lodges that are able so to do to have their uniformed bodies, their drill teams, and bands present to help bring to a successful termination what we all hope will be one of the greatest gatherings ever held by our Order.

Plans for the Future

At the time that this communication is read in the Subordinate Lodges, the new officer will have been inducted into office. The change of administrations, like the change of the seasons, should be the signal for new activity and growth. It is not sufficient for the officers of a Lodge to assume the reins of authority without making adequate preparations to become guiding influences. A drifting Lodge is never a successful Lodge. The greatest accomplishments are realized only by persistent pursuit of well laid plans.

If it has not already been done, I would like to request the officers of every Lodge to sit around a table with their Past Exalted Rulers, and such other leaders as will lend judgment and strength, and plan the work and activities for the year. There are several phases of Lodge life that should receive special consideration. Without indicating their rank of precedence in importance, let me suggest a few of them:

1. The matter of income and expenditures must be carefully budgeted. Our law now requires that every Lodge adopt and

follow a budget. If that law has been complied with, that budget was presented to you at the first regular meeting of your Lodge in June, and after consideration it was adopted, or should have been adopted at the second regular meeting of the Lodge that month. I have heretofore in one of my official circulars indicated to you the matters that should receive first consideration in that regard. If this requirement has not been complied with, it should receive immediate attention.

2. Every organization, to be successful, must grow. One of the indications of growth is the acquisition of new members. Let a list of eligibles be prepared—the names of those who stand well in the community, whose membership would add strength to the Lodge and to the development of the fraternal spirit. Then bring them into the Order.

3. Many worthy members were compelled to forego active participation in Lodge affairs through financial stress. With the better spirit prevailing in the business world, many of them should be brought back into the fold. A considerable number of them have already re-established their good standing. Let a definite plan be adopted to complete the restoration of the best of them.

4. Give special consideration to the formulation of plans for the conduct of your meetings that, in a dignified manner, will impart the benefits of fraternal association to those members who will be in attendance during the ensuing year. The ritualistic work, properly rendered by earnest officers who have complied with the law and memorized the ritual, will be of incalculable value in promoting this phase of Lodge life. Let your entertainments be of high character, and above all avoid everything that would injure the sensibilities of any.

5. No Lodge of Elks has fulfilled its mission without participation in those activities that make for the uplift and welfare of the people in the community. This participation need not necessarily be an expensive one. Sometimes the most important accomplishments can be had with the expenditure of but a slight sum. Study the needs of your community, plan, and then carry out those activities that will keep your Lodge in high standing among those who reside about you.

Looking Forward

Whatever the difficulties or problems that have heretofore confronted your Lodge, they can be overcome by setting a definite point of achievement for the year. The Exalted Rulers of your respective Lodges should receive inspiration from association with the leaders of our Order who assemble at the National Convention. During the vacation period store up energy and strength and then, under the guidance of the new Grand Exalted Ruler, open your fall activities with an eye fixed upon a definite goal. Do not fear to aim high. You will not attain unto the highlands by fixing your determination upon an object that is set low in the marshes. Look toward the heights!

Assuring you of my deep appreciation of the fine spirit of cooperation you have manifested toward me, and expressing an ardent hope that you will continue to lend your hearty support to my successor, I am, with best wishes,

Sincerely and fraternally,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler



Kansas City's modern and air-cooled Orpheum Theatre, where the Grand Lodge sessions will be held, adjoins the Muehlebach Hotel, Convention Headquarters

Tentative Program of the Grand Lodge Convention

Kansas City, Mo., July 13-19, 1934

(Due to the exigencies of publication it is impossible to give the final and official program this far in advance of the Convention. However, the following dates, hours and places will be found to be substantially correct.)

Friday—July 13

Arrival—Hon. Walter F. Meier, Grand Exalted Ruler and Staff, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committees and District Deputies. Day and evening—official business, conferences and committee meetings. Hotel Muehlebach, Twelfth and Baltimore.

Saturday—July 14

Grand Lodge Officers and committee meetings all day.

Open House Reception all day at Elks Home, South Seventh Street and Grand Avenue.

9:00 A.M. Registration and reception of Grand Lodge Representatives, visiting Elks and their friends. (Registration of visitors will be at the Elks Home. Officials and representatives to the Grand Lodge will register at the headquarters hotel—the Hotel Muehlebach.)

8:00 P.M. Band concert, Elks Home.

Sunday—July 15

8:00 A.M. Registration at Elks Home. Reception of Grand Lodge Representatives and visiting Elks and their friends at Elks Home.

8:00 A.M. Inauguration of Elks Tenth Annual National Trapshoot at Elliott Park.

(There is a church representing every religious denomination in the downtown district. Complete information as to services, location of churches and how to reach them can be obtained at any information desk.)

10:00 A.M. Bands and Committees at Union Station meeting arriving delegates and guests.

11:00 A.M. Preliminary meeting of Officials of the Missouri State Elks Association—Elks Home.

12:00 Noon. Reception of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Good Will Tour, escorted by delegations from various Lodges—Elks Home.

2:00 P.M. Auto Tour to Kansas City Municipal Airport. Cars leave from Elks Home.

3:00 P.M. American Association Baseball, Muehlebach Field, Twenty-second and Brooklyn. Columbus "Birds" vs. Kansas City "Blues."

6:30 P.M. Banquet to Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen. Muehlebach Hotel.

8:00 P.M. Band Concert—Elks Home.

8:00 P.M. Elks Extravaganza at Fairyland Park—dancing, fireworks and amusements.

9:00 P.M. Reception and Entertainment for visiting Elks—Elks Home.

Monday—July 16

8:30 A.M. Opening of the Elks Fifth National 54-hole Golf Tournament, at Hillcrest Country Club.

9:00 A.M. Registration (all day) at Elks Home.

9:00 A.M. Registration of Grand Lodge Representatives at Hotel Muehlebach.

10:00 A.M. Elks National Trapshoot, Elliott Park.

10:00 A.M. Opening of Elks National Bowling Tournament at Harvey's Recreation Parlors, Twelfth Street and Central Avenue.

10:00 A.M. Opening Session of the Missouri State Elks Association at Elks Home.

10:30 A.M. Auto tour of packing plants, stock yards and other industries. Cars leave from Elks Home.

2:00 P.M. Conference—Grand Exalted Ruler with Exalted Rulers and District Deputies. Ball Room, Hotel Muehlebach.

2:00 P.M. Afternoon Session of the Missouri State Elks Association at Elks Home.

3:00 P.M. Band Concert—Elks Home.

3:30 P.M. American Association Baseball Game. All registered officials, representatives and visitors admitted free.

4:30 P.M. Reception by State, County and City officials for Grand Exalted Ruler and Officials.

8:00 P.M. Public Ceremony, Orpheum Theatre. (Chairman W. H. H. Piatt, Chairman, Kansas City Convention Committee.) Musical selections by Band. Invocation by Bishop Robert Nelson Spencer. Musical Number—Chorus. Welcome to State of Missouri—Governor Guy B. Park. Wel-

come to Kansas City—Mayor Bryce B. Smith. Welcome by Kansas City Elks—Dwight Roberts, Exalted Ruler. Address—Walter F. Meier, Grand Exalted Ruler. Musical Numbers—Chorus. Speaking program—55 minutes. Musical Numbers—35 minutes.

9:30 P.M. Entertainment and Dance, Elks' Uniformed Bodies, at Elks Home.

11:00 P.M. Reception to Grand Exalted Ruler at Elks Home.

All Day—Open house and swimming privilege for all visiting Elks at Elks Home.

Tuesday—July 17

8:00 A.M. Continuation of Elks National Golf Tournament.

8:30 A.M. Continuation of Elks National Trapshooting Contest.

8:30 A.M. Continuation of Elks National Bowling Tournament.

9:00 A.M. Registration of Grand Lodge Delegates and Officials at Muehlebach Hotel.

9:00 A.M. Registration of all visiting Elks and ladies at General Registration Headquarters, Elks Home.

9:00 A.M. Shopping Tour for Elks' ladies, conducted by hostesses from the Elks Ladies Auxiliary—starts from Mezzanine Parlor of Muehlebach Hotel.

9:30 A.M. Escort for Walter F. Meier, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Grand Lodge Officers from Muehlebach Hotel to Orpheum Theatre.

10:00 A.M. Opening Session of the Grand Lodge—Orpheum Theatre.

11:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. Tour of City for all visitors, starting from the Elks Home.

2:00 P.M. Elks National Ritualistic Contest—Auditorium, Elks Home.

3:00 P.M. Fashion Show—Edison Hall, Power and Light Building, Fourteenth Street and Baltimore Avenue. Courtesy of Kansas City's leading modistes.

3:30 P.M. American Association Baseball—Muehlebach Field. Columbus "Birds" vs. Kansas City "Blues."

3:30 P.M. Band Concert—Elks Home.

4:00 P.M. Demonstration by Kansas City Fire Department—Railway Exchange Building, opposite Elks Home.

5:00 P.M. Concert Program by Milwaukee Elks Chorus—Auditorium, Elks Home.

8:00 P.M. "A Night in Vienna"—musical extravaganza in Convention Hall. The hall will be arranged as a Viennese Beer Garden.

10:00 P.M. Dancing for visiting Elks and ladies at the Elks Home.

All day—Swimming privileges for visiting Elks at the Elks Home.

Wednesday—July 18

8:00 A.M. Finals of Elks National Golf Tournament.

8:30 A.M. Continuation of Elks National Trapshooting Contest.

8:30 A.M. Continuation of Elks National Bowling Tournament.

9:00 A.M. Shopping Tour for Elks' ladies, conducted by hostesses from the Elks Ladies Auxiliary—starts from Mezzanine Parlor of Muehlebach Hotel.

10:00 A.M. Session of the Grand Lodge—Orpheum Theatre.

10:30 A.M. Auto Tour to plant of the Kansas City Power and Light Company—cars leave from Elks Home.

2:00 P.M. Tea and Entertainment for ladies at the Kansas City Art Institute, followed by a visit to the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art.

2:00 P.M. Session of the Grand Lodge—Orpheum Theatre. Drill Team Contest at Convention Hall.

2:00 P.M. Finals in Elks National Ritualistic Contest. Auditorium, Elks Home.

3:00 P.M. Reception for Elks and ladies at the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Atkins Museum—Forty-fourth Street and Rockhill Road.

3:00 P.M. Band Concert—Elks Home.

3:30 P.M. American Association Baseball, Muehlebach Field. Toledo "Mudhens" vs. Kansas City "Blues."

7:00 P.M. Vaudeville and Novelty Entertainment—Elks Home.

8:00 P.M. Band and Drum and Bugle Corps Contest at Convention Hall.

10:00 P.M. Grand Ball at Convention Hall.

All day—Swimming privileges to visiting Elks at the Elks Home.

Thursday—July 19

9:00 A.M. Shopping Tour for Elks' ladies, conducted by hostesses of the Elks Ladies Auxiliary—starts from the Mezzanine Parlor of Muehlebach Hotel.

10:00 A.M. Final Session of the Grand Lodge—Orpheum Theatre. (Closes about 1:00 P.M.)

10:00 A.M. Swimming Party at Pla-Mor. (For the ladies.)

10:00 A.M. Oklahoma State Elks Association Band Concert at Elks Home.

2:00 P.M. The Grand Parade.

8:00 P.M. Winnwood Beach—Elks Carnival, Swimming, Dancing and Amusements.

8:00 P.M. Band Concert at Elks Home.

11:00 P.M. Auld Lang Syne—Auf Wiedersehen.

by Albert M. Treynor

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

Tee

THE jolly crowd in the clubhouse were saying that the new golf pro had grooved his beautiful swing by going around the open country, knocking off rattlesnakes with a brassie.

When Karen Kays heard this story, she went out to the practice tee to ask him about it.

"That's right," Johnny Devon told her. "Rattlers are grand to learn the game on. They tee themselves up."

He was an upstanding six-footer with tawny, sun-scorched hair and a mocking blue gleam in his eyes. Not so long ago he had graduated from college, with the world pleasantly beckoning. And then a conference of doctors got worried about him and ordered him out in the sunshine to live. It wasn't so difficult to manage. Instead of thinking of his golf as a pastime, he fell back on it as a profession. And, judging by the bronzed, wholesome look of him, he was making a good job of it all around.

Miss Kays looked him over with vivid-eyed interest. "Every member of the committee," she informed him, "has a crazy young daughter or two knocking around this golf course. And I simply can't imagine their daring to hire a dashing and dangerous-looking pro. Heretofore we've had nothing but middle-aged Scotsmen named Sandy."

"My sponsor is not the committee," he said, "but the president of the Windywale Club. Mr. Ames Kays."

"Which makes it even more astonishing," said Miss Kays blandly. "I hear that Ames Kays' daughter is the craziest of the lot."

"She is the young hopeful who wants to be a golf champion, isn't she?"

"She probably doesn't want it nearly as much as her father does. Mr. Kays himself plays what nice people call tolerable lousy golf. But that's why he probably would love to stand in *loco parentis* to a trophy cup."

"Is she any good?" asked Devon.

"In what respect?"

"I am curious only as a golf pro."

"Oh!" Miss Kays gave him a flickering smile. "She's got to be good if she expects to beat the present champion in next month's state tourney. Coralie Bridger. That girl is tough. And don't ask me in what respect."

At this moment the president of the Windywale Club discovered the twosome on the practice tee. And he hastened over.

"I see my daughter has introduced herself to you, Devon," he said.

MISS KAYS met the pro's unruffled glance with a sparkle in her eyes. "How are you, Devon?"

"Devon is here," said Mr. Kays, "on your account."

"Father!" said the girl rapturously. "How did you ever guess what I wanted?"

Mr. Kays frowned. His sense of levity never quite got him off the ground. He was an imposing, white-moustached, over-prosperous gentleman, who lived smugly according to the Social Register and Bradstreet's and maybe also Godey's goody-goody book.

"Devon," he said stiffly, "is an artist with the middle-irons. There your game is lacking, Karen. I should like to know what you think of her, Devon."

"Hit one," said Johnny Devon.

Karen Kays dropped a ball. She was a fine, able-bodied girl, dark and straight and lithe and sumptuous. She hit a short iron shot, and

glanced quizzically in the direction of Johnny Devon.

"I've told you what I think of you," she said. "Now what do you think of me?"

"You've got a sweet pair of hands and wrists."

"I can see," she sighed, "that you and I are going on a strictly professional basis."

"The main thing with an iron," he said, "is control. You make 'em stop where you want 'em to."

"We have come to the right pro," she said, faintly rueful. "to make 'em stop."

"Try a five-iron shot for the green," he commanded.

"Just an iron man!" Karen started her upswing.

"No!" Devon touched the shaft of the club. "A trifle less from the inside, a pennyweight more right hand. Dig it a shadow deeper."

It was a clean and cheerful smack. The ball soared and hit in the middle of the unbanked green. Then, instead of running and hopping, it gave up and died, not six feet from the pin.

"Did you see that one fade?" exulted



for Two

Two potential champions were playing under the amused, faintly cynical eyes of the new Windywale pro, and each was giving a little better than her best



Mr. Kays. "Play them like that, Karen, and we have a great chance."

Miss Kays grinned. "Father is so keen about all champions," she remarked, "he's even got me engaged to one."

"Karen!" gasped Mr. Kays.

"Well, anyhow," she said, and looked straight at Johnny Devon. "I'm to be married soon after the coming matches. Sir Archie Hall of the Horse Guards, polo player and all that."

"An eight goal man," supplemented Mr. Kays. "You've seen him at Meadowbrook."

"An eight goal man and a four handicap girl," Miss Kays smiled. "Perfect, isn't it? Eugenically speaking."

Ames Kays flushed darkly. "I cannot abide that sort of talk!" he said severely.

"Next month's tournament is to be played over the Singing River course," Karen said, unrepentant. "Coralie Bridger's home links. It's not far from here. What do you say, Johnny Devon? Let's look it over. I'll pick you up right after lunch."

It so happened that Roddy Bridger was out infesting the first tee when Johnny and Karen arrived at Singing River that afternoon. Mr. Bridger was the chairman of the greens committee, also the father of Coralie Bridger, the woman state champion. A perky, pernicious little old man, who loved to be obnoxious among the better people.

"What you got your bags for, Karen?" he chirruped.

"I thought I'd take a whack at the championship course," she said. "This is Johnny Devon, our new pro."

"I've heard of him." Mr. Bridger was always sudden and surprising, if nothing else. "Our pro here is quitting next

month," he said. "Want the job, Johnny?"

"I've got a job," said Devon.

"You mean at Windywale?" sneered Bridger.

"You call that a job?"

"You mind if we get going?" Karen interposed.

"What did you bring him for?" asked Bridger.

"To be frank," said Karen, "I'm not one who thinks she can't be taught anything."

"Johnny can't teach you anything. No man can teach anything to a woman."

"Don't be silly, please sir."

Mr. Bridger ripped the zipper on Karen's bag and teed up a couple of balls. "Just hit one," he suggested.

Karen took her stance and drove clean and resoundingly, down the middle of the long fairway. "Now what?"

"You hit the other, Johnny," said Bridger.



Devon's drive was as straight as Karen's. But there was more speed and footpoundage in his swing. The ball sang and soared, and quit this side of the guardian bunker, seventy or eighty yards nearer the green than Karen's drive.

"That's what I mean," said Bridger.

"He has more manpower." Karen gave the pro a contemplative glance. "A sweet pair of hands and wrists."

"It ain't that," said Roddy Bridger. "It's only that you're built different. Hips and clavicle and the mind's eye. A man taught you. So you try to swing like a man. It tightens you up. You ought to learn to swing like a woman ought to."

"Looselike," said Karen.

"What we need here—what every golf course needs—is a woman pro. A woman to figure out the ballistics for her own sex. So she could teach other women."

"Why don't you hire one?" asked Karen.

"We would like a shot, if we could find one," said Bridger. "But there ain't no such animal. You golf girls never turn pro. I wouldn't know why. The ladies have grabbed at every other profession there is, from ancient days on down."

"There is something in what you say," she agreed.

"Take you," said Bridger. "You're an able-bodied girl, and smart. You could teach 'em, and get money for it."

Roddy Bridger cackled at the thought. "Would that char your old man to a crisp?"

"And here's something else," Bridger added. "A woman learning from a woman would have her mind on golf."

"Otherwise," drawled a voice behind them, "what would she have it on?"

She had come up quietly behind them, a tall, racy-looking girl

with a man's hat over one plucked eyebrow.

"Otherwise," said Bridger, "she'd have it on Johnny, I very much mistrust."

"Johnny who?" asked the newcomer.

"Johnny Devon, the new Windywale pro," said Bridger. "This is my youngest child, Coralie."

Miss Bridger, the state champion. She had a mop of red hair and a pair of amber-tinged eyes, drowsy like a tiger cat's. She looked at Devon, languorous and speculative. And then she just happened to discover the other girl.

"Oh, hello Karen," she said.

MISS BRIDGER motioned her boy to tee up a ball. Then, just as she was about to drive off, she checked herself with a guilty start. "Are those your balls in the fairway?" she asked.

Karen smiled crookedly. "Happy to have you shoot, darling. We'll play ours as they lie."

"I didn't mean to horn in," drawled Miss Bridger. "But—thanks."

She socked one down the center aisle.

Before the ball stopped rolling, she spoke to her father. "Eating at home tonight, Bridger." And glanced sidewise at Devon. "Wish you'd come out for dinner, Mr. —"

"So sorry," cut in Karen, "but we eat at our house tonight, too, and Johnny has promised—"

"S'mother time, then," said Miss Bridger carelessly.

"This is just a practice round," cogitated Roddy Bridger, and ambled off for the club house.

It turned out to be a tight little golf game. They were shooting from the men's tees, and Devon's long ball gave him a big advantage. But he was only batting them around. It was the girls who played out the string.

Two potential champions were playing under the amused, faintly cynical eyes of the new Windywale pro, and each was giving a little better than her best. Coralie Bridger, indolent, easy-moving, deadily; Karen, gambling for birdies and smiling a secretive little smile.

All even at the turn. They halved the next three. Fourteenth. A one-shotter, with a ravine in front and a trap in the rear; a green as flat as a pent-house roof. A place to be approached with a long iron and a prayer.

Here Devon remembered that he had a pupil to coach. As Karen took her stance, he silently touched her knuckles. She changed her grip, shifted her feet ever so slightly. And smacked a ball to the green. It hit, twisted lazily to the right, and held.

"Happy landings!" applauded Miss Bridger.

(Continued on page 36)

So they stood . . . in that poignant, close interlude



At this particular moment Mrs. Blott was expressing in no uncertain terms her disapproval of Freddy

A Fool and His Honey

by Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

FREDDY BLOTT possessed to an unhealthy degree the faculty of inciting Mrs. Freddy Blott to fury. And since Freddy was as shy as he was black, and his wife was a veritable Amazon, the frequent family quarrels affected him most unpleasantly.

The outside world credited Freddy with an engaging personality. He was even regarded by some as a colored gentleman of rare distinction. To Mrs. Blott he was nothing more nor less than a target.

At this particular moment Mrs. Blott was expressing in no uncertain terms her disapproval of Freddy. Mere vilification left Freddy placid, but when Poppy Blott commenced throwing large, heavy objects in his direction with rather devastating accuracy, a smouldering spark of manhood burst into flame in Freddy's bosom and he dashed for the door.

He grabbed the knob, wrenched the door open and for a moment paused triumphantly. His thin, slouchy frame held a certain dignity and his words were uttered with an air of finality.

"Poppy," he announced, "you has went too far. I is th'oo with you fo'evermo', an' if us never sees each other again, it will be twenty yeahs too soon fo' me."

With that Mr. Blott departed. He descended the first few steps with proper dignity, but thereafter his progress became a flight, somewhat assisted by flying objects propelled from the head of the stairs by Poppy Blott.

Freddy made his way to the railroad station and placed some money on the counter before the ticket agent.

"Where at will that much money take me to, White Folks?"

The ticket seller figured swiftly.

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"Birmingham, Alabama."

Freddy's ebony countenance lighted.

"Hot ziggity dam!" he ejaculated: "I always did crave to see that town."

He departed from Louisville on the very next train, and as the wheels pounded rhythmically across Kentucky, Tennessee and Northern Alabama, Mr. Blott alternately dozed and cogitated.

He was in a most expansive mood. For three years he had hoped that some day he would find sufficient courage to shed the matrimonial yoke. Not that he objected strenuously to matrimony as an institution: he was, in fact, somewhat inclined to favor it. But not with Poppy as the party of the second part.

Being a man of the world, and also sentimental, he had embarked upon a marital career in the fond belief that home life would be one long sweet dream. Within a month of the brief honeymoon in Indianapolis, he discovered that his dream was a nightmare.

Freddy was small, thin and friendly. Poppy was large, muscular and combative. She dominated Freddy exactly as a winning pugilist dominates a helpless opponent. And although she shared the worthwhile cash which Mr. Blott made by his wits and skill, she gave him no praise or affection.

Frankly, Freddy's method of earning a livelihood was not calculated to advance the progress of civilization to any appreciable extent. Being thoroughly innocuous in appearance, he succeeded in discovering victims where more aggressive looking gentlemen failed. For instance, the most suspicious person could not gather from Freddy's apologetic appearance that he could do tricks with a pool cue which were little short of miraculous. Nor could they sense that he knew more about



Margina was a delightful girl and Mr. Blott was very greatly ambitious to marry her

dice than the person who invented the game. They did not suspect that at the poker table his knowledge of the other man's hole card was almost more than miraculous.

Mr. Blott's scheme of life involved neither toil nor spinning. He played pool, shot dice and tested the credulity of strangers at poker. And since most of his victims started the sessions because they felt certain they could victimize the meek and mild Freddy—Mr. Blott's conscience did not annoy him.

He arrived in Birmingham early in the morning. He passed through the unimpressive L. & N. station and turned by instinct to the left where—after travelling a single block—he came upon the fringes of Birmingham Darktown's civic center. He sighed rapturously: the very air breathed colored prosperity, and Freddy reflected that pickings here would probably be excellent—and possibly permanent.

Eighteenth street was settling itself for a busy day. The impressive bulk of the Penny Prudential Bank Building, a structure by, of and for colored people, lured his footsteps toward Fourth Avenue. And at the corner of Fourth and Eighteenth, he gazed upon the new street which had come into being in Birmingham since the white folks had invaded the former main artery of colored business life.

Fourth Avenue was bustling. Freddy dropped in at the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor, quaffed a soft drink, asked certain questions and then made his way to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel. Thereafter he sallied forth to become acquainted.

Descending to Eighteenth Street, his nostrils were assailed by a tantalizing odor and a familiar sound. He passed through a swinging door and into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor where, in an incredibly short space of time, he had surrounded a succulent lunch, and notified himself that from this moment henceforward he was a Birmingham citizen.

Thereafter three years passed delightfully for Mr. Freddy Blott. He found the Birmingham colored folk friendly and gullible. Even so astute a brain-worker as Florian Slappey never could quite understand how Freddy managed to win from him at pool, dice and cards. Freddy joined The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, The Over the River Burying Society, and otherwise became a person of large acquaintance. Also a checkup indicated that he was earning an average of forty dollars a week.

And after he met Margina Smith he felt that he had little more to ask of life.

Margina was young, peppy and adoring. And if she couldn't

quite understand why Freddy hesitated to commit matrimony with her, she accepted his vague explanations and seemed content to remain his fiancée.

There were times when Freddy longed to confide his troubles. He had, as a matter of fact, confessed that he once had been misfortunately married. Margina's face clouded.

"Then you has got a wife a'ready?"

"No, Margina—I ain't. I had one a'ready, but I ain't got her now."

"What you mean?"

Freddy thought swiftly. It would never do to tell the young lady that he was a hoplessly married man who dared not start divorce proceedings against the militant Poppy lest she discover his whereabouts. So he merely looked mysterious.

"Margina," he said earnestly—"I and Poppy is divorced away fum each other."

"Then," enthused Margina—"Us can git ma'ied right away."

Freddy ducked. "No, we cain't."

"How come not?"

"They's reasons, honey-gal. Lots of reasons which I cain't esplain on account you wouldn't understand, an' most likely I wouldn't, either. But you got to take my word that as soon as I gits ready to ma'y any gal—she will be you."

Margina accepted the verdict, though with no noticeable degree of contentment. Freddy was a devoted fiance, he did nothing to excite her excess fund of jealousy and the young lady philosophically accepted a half loaf since the whole loaf was denied her.

As for Mr. Blott, he was in a quandary. Margina was a delightful girl and he was very greatly ambitious to marry her. But in order to do that, it was necessary first to obtain a divorce, and that

he dared not do.

Of course it had been necessary to tell Margina that he was a divorced gentleman. Had he confessed the marital bonds which still enmeshed him, she—as a perfect lady—would have refused to continue as his girl friend. It was a dilemma which annoyed him; but the penalty of attempting to rectify matters was too great.

So he continued to escort Margina to various social functions and stoutly maintained that he was a free man.

And the irony of the situation was that Freddy Blott did not know he was telling the truth!

FOLLOWING his complete exodus from Louisville, a definitely astonished wife waited grimly for what she considered was his inevitable return. When a month passed and he failed to materialize she commenced to suspect that he was not bluffing. And, peculiarly enough, her original rancor was converted into a tepid admiration. For a few months she wished that he would come back to her . . . and when it became apparent that he had no intention whatsoever of committing any such blunder, she once again became angry.

At the end of a year she consulted a colored lawyer and explained that since her husband had deserted her, she was desirous of obtaining her freedom. Proceedings were started and the absent husband was served by publication. Thereafter she was granted her decree and faced the world once again as a man-hunter.

She retained the Blott name. Her friends knew her now as Mrs. Poppy Blott and she continued to live in the little room which she and Freddy had shared as husband and wife.

Then Willie Capsule swaggered into her life.

Mr. Capsule was the very antithesis of her departed ex-husband. What he lacked in guile, he more than atoned for in physical power. In a certain section of Louisville he had the reputation of being bad, and even his best friends admitted that Willie was more than a trifle addicted to physical combat.

Willie was six feet in height and correspondingly broad. He had a deep chest and plenty of muscle, and in the large Poppy he detected a kindred spirit. They gravitated toward one another, and, after a due courtship became engaged.

They did not immediately indulge in marriage. There were certain economic factors which discouraged such a step at the moment. Willie was distinctly out of a job, and Poppy had no craving to undertake the support of two persons when it

was so extremely difficult making ends meet even for one. Meanwhile, something was occurring in Birmingham which completely destroyed the serenity of Freddy Blott's existence. Freddy had branched out. Finding that occasional play did not replenish his coffers as often or as lavishly as he desired, he blossomed forth as the proprietor of a dice table where all who wished might lose.

The game flourished in Freddy's room at the Cozy Home Hotel for colored. No bet was too small for Freddy to take, and few too large. He won steadily until the time when the minions of the law descended upon him and haled him before Judge Cardigan.

Judge Cardigan was very much of a white gentleman, but he was, nevertheless, one of the greatest personages in the colored life of Birmingham. He knew and understood his colored brethren and while the justice he dispensed was often appallingly informal, it was nevertheless justice.

The colored folks feared him and loved him. There were occasions when his sentences seemed unusually harsh. At other times he amazed those who were brought before him by an insight into their mental processes which resulted in freedom where incarceration had been expected. It was because he understood them as few other white men could, that they went to him with their troubles and it was a poor Christmas indeed when the great majority of Judge Cardigan's presents did not come from those very colored folk to whom he was little short of a god.

He sat now behind his desk and squinted at the friendly apologetic little colored man who had been brought before him on the very serious charge of operating a dice table. The evidence was incontrovertible, and conviction swift.

"One year!" snapped the Judge.

Freddy's face turned a sickly lavender. One year in jail! This didn't at all blend with the idea of charity and kindness he had heard the Judge usually dispensed. And so Mr. Blott raised a quivering face and spoke in a horrified voice.

"Please suh, Mistah Jedge—can I say somethin'?"

"All right, Boy: what is it?"

"Jedge," quavered Freddy—"I'se a po', misguided cullud

man who has been drove to sin entirely on account of a gal."

"What girl? Who is she?"

Tears welled into Freddy's eyes. "Mistuh Jedge, suh—it's my wife. Once I go to jail, Jedge—not only does my wife die of a broken heart, but also she starves to death."

Judge Cardigan was interested.

"It's thisaway, Jedge, suh," pursued Freddy, keenly pressing his advantage: "My darlin' wife, which her name is Poppy, lives up in Louisville. She's a sweet woman, Mistuh Jedge, an' don't suspicion 'bout me ever doin' nothin' so wrong as shootin' craps. So sense I come to Bumminham an' got into evil ways, I has hesitated 'bout bringin' her down heah—an' also she ain't so ve'y strong—an' I has been sendin' her money ev'y week to keep the woof away fum her do'."

"You say she's sickly?"

"SHE'S awful po'ly, Jedge. An' I an' her love each other somethin' terrific. Jedge, suh, you woul'n't go ruinin' the life of that po', innocent maiden just 'cause Ise been transgressin' a li'l, would you?"

Judge Cardigan eyed the little colored man closely. A nice enough little fellow, and apparently penitent.

"Were you planning to bring her to Birmingham, Freddy?"

"Tha's the most thing I was schemin', Jedge. Soon as she got rid of her misery."

"And she is solely dependent on you for support?"

"Jedge, tha's the troof, if I ever told it."

"Very well." The kindly face of the Judge lighted up with a smile and he gave one of the verdicts for which he had become famous and well-beloved. "Tell you what I'll do, Freddy. Your sentence will stand—but I shall suspend it. And here's what you must do:

"Every Friday morning you are to report to this Court. You are to bring with you a letter to your wife and also a postal money order for ten dollars made out to her. I shall see that these are mailed by one of my bailiffs. That will be the way you can serve your sentence. But I warn you that the first week you fail to bring me the letter and money order, I shall clap you in jail."

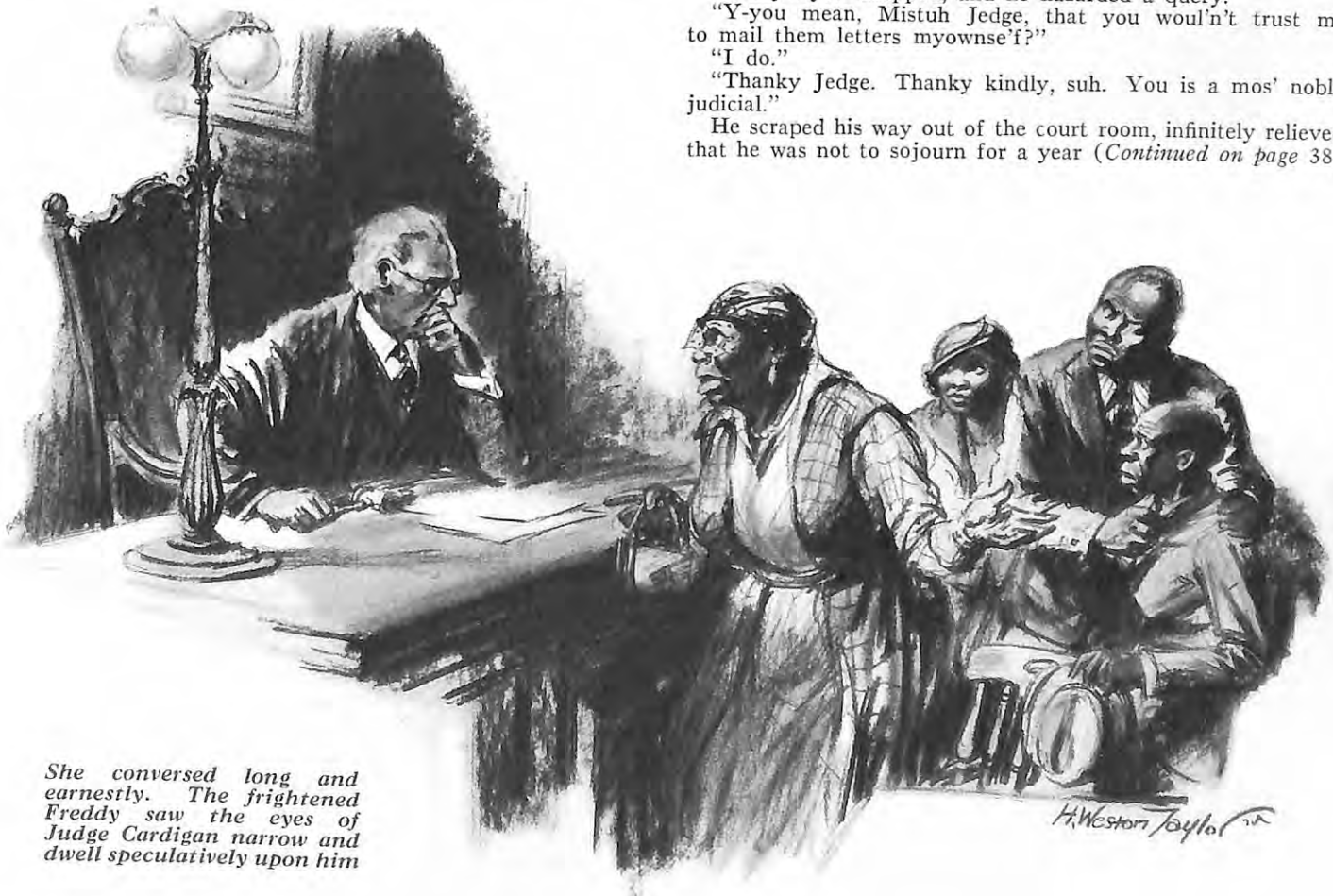
Freddy's jaw dropped, and he hazarded a query.

"Y-you mean, Mistuh Jedge, that you woul'n't trust me to mail them letters myownse'f?"

"I do."

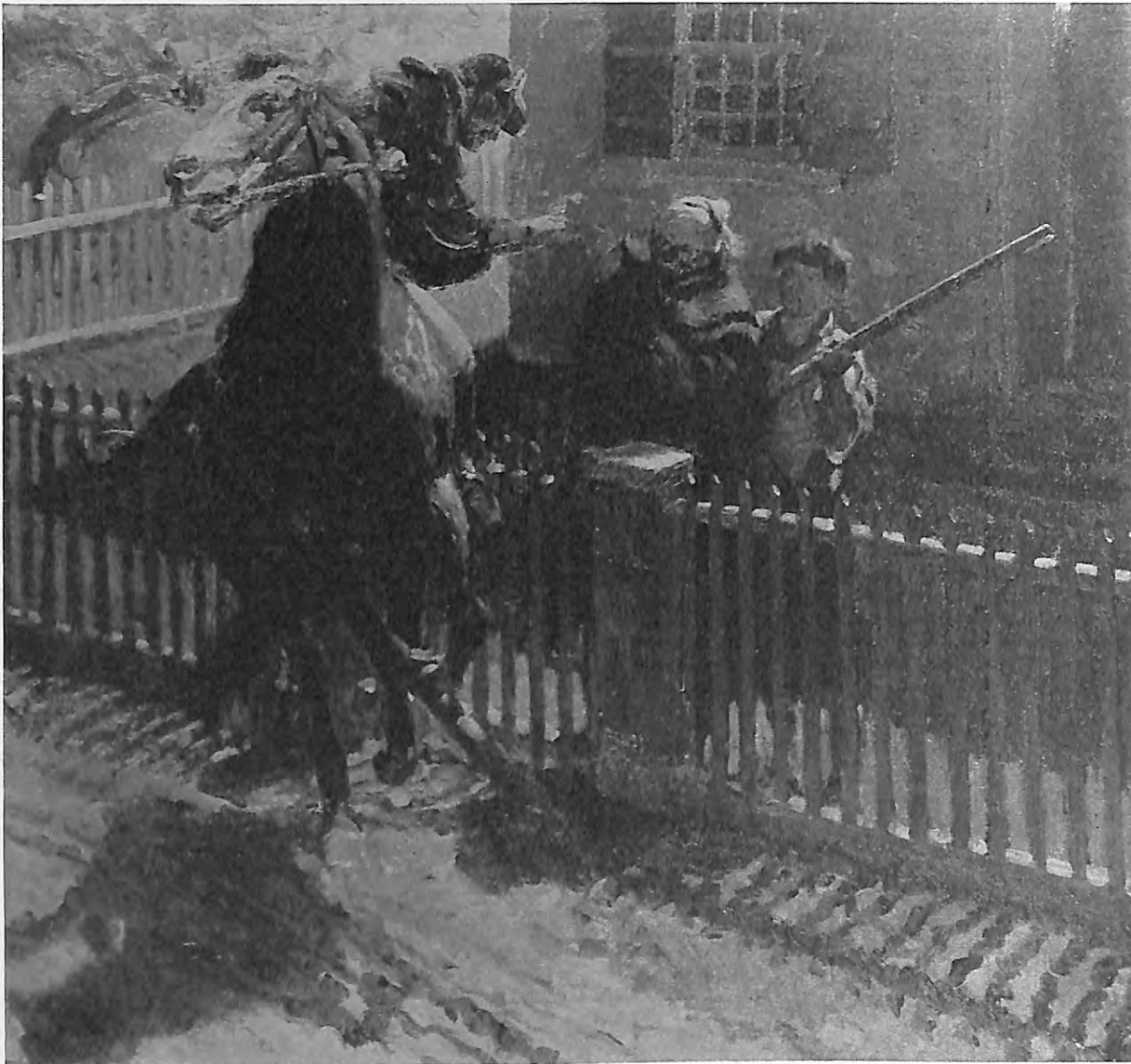
"Thanky Jedge. Thanky kindly, suh. You is a mos' noble judicial."

He scraped his way out of the court room, infinitely relieved that he was not to sojourn for a year (Continued on page 38)



She conversed long and earnestly. The frightened Freddy saw the eyes of Judge Cardigan narrow and dwell speculatively upon him

H. Weston Taylor



History was being made that night along the road to Concord

The Redcoats Are Coming!

by Charles Spencer Hart

WHAT man is there who is not familiar with the famous poem of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow concerning Paul Revere, the rider who warned the patriots of Massachusetts towns of the coming of the dreaded redcoats? You probably remember from "the books you have read, how the British Regulars fired and fled—how the farmers gave them ball for ball, from behind each fence and farmyard wall."

As a matter of fact, if historical rectitude had not been superseded by poetic license, Mr. Longfellow's lines might very well read:

"Listen, my children, and give hurrahs
While I tell of the ride of William Dawes"—

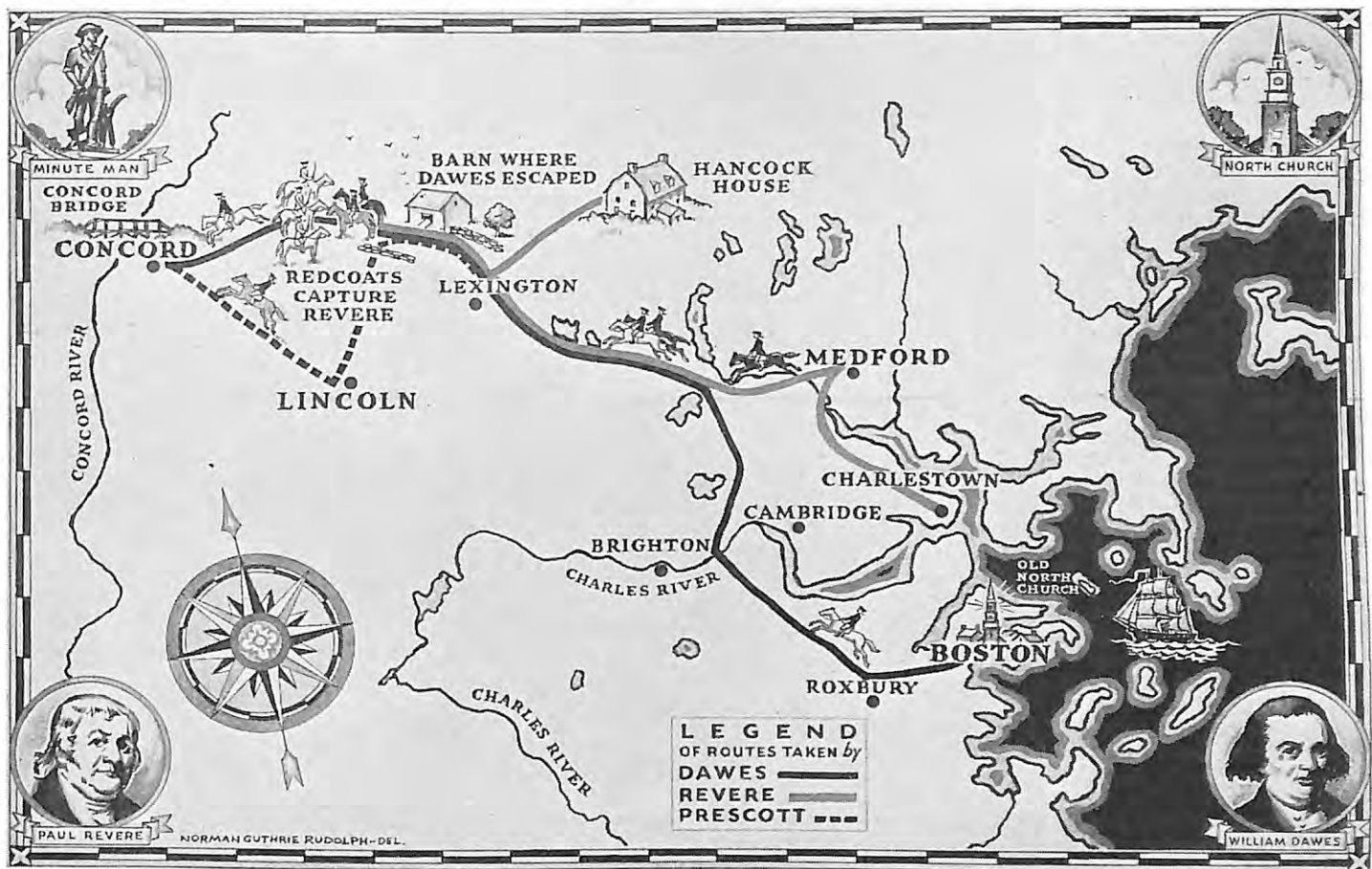
We are not quite sure whether the gentle poet picked Revere as his hero because Revere was a social light and a figure in Boston life, or whether he merely liked the sound of his name for rhyming purposes. But he did use it, so we have history
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Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

following the chronicler instead of preceding him.

In any case it is readily discovered by the patient searcher after facts that Paul Revere, though he was one of several messengers, did not finish his ride to Concord. The rider who actually did a complete job of warning the native sons was one Major William Dawes, a tanner of Boston Town and an ancestor of our well-known "Hell and Maria" Dawes of current fame—father of the "Dawes Plan," former Vice-President, and one of the few Ambassadors to the Court of St. James who returned to his Country with his American point of view unchanged by British influence.

The good Longfellow went so far astray in the exercise of poetic license that one could take "The Midnight Ride" and prove line by line that most of his thrilling poem was highly imaginative, to say the least. A few random references will be sufficient to do this, however. The proofs lie readily at hand in the official correspondence of the period. In the letters from Governor John Winthrop of New Hampshire to His



Excellency General William Gage, who was Military Governor of Boston at the start of the Revolutionary War, we find the most convincing evidence.

These and other manuscripts prove two things about Paul Revere. First, that he never reached Concord at all; second—and to his everlasting credit—these letters mention an earlier and equally important ride which took him to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. His message to that Village so roused the citizens that they forthwith attacked and seized Fort William and Mary in 1774, *four months before* the Concord affair which officially started the American Revolution. So in one sense Revere, while his services in the famous ride might not have been as important as Longfellow made them, *did* do a great service in other directions.

But to our Dawes. While he was only one of three riders, he was by far the most important.

He was born in Boston in 1745 and died in 1799. His father had been a tailor, silversmith and then a grocer, which trade his son turned to in his later years. The younger Dawes first took up the trade of tanner. Among the bigwigs of Boston he was in particularly good standing because of his political and patriotic activities. He was continually called on for special and dangerous services by Doctor Joseph Warren and other leaders of the patriotic Colonists.

Dawes and his father's other apprentices were members of the famous Boston Tea Party. His sister, in one of her letters, recalls that the boys came home late that night and the girls found their hat brims filled with tea.

He slaved hard in those early days to aid the nascent Revolution, riding about the Country in disguise. On one occasion he secured powder from Salem for the use of the projected army, and followed

this with other similar feats. One of his exploits was the recovery of the cannon belonging to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company which the British had seized. He and his friends broke into the armory and stole the guns, which they secreted in a woodbox in a neighborhood schoolhouse, right under the schoolmaster's feet. He was one of the men chosen to take the alarm to the neighboring countryside in case the long anticipated raids by the British should materialize. Another was Paul Revere.

Revere, too, was well liked in Boston. He was one of the prime movers in the Boston Tea Party affair. He was an engraver, bell moulder and silversmith and was by way of being a dentist on the side. He engraved the first money used in Massachusetts and was in many ways a recognized leader.

When, about April of 1775, it became evident that the British were going to start something, Dr. Warren feared that his messengers might have some difficulty in getting out of Boston by the land route, as the roads would be closely watched. He

decided to send Dawes by this route. To make sure of success in case Dawes was captured, he told Revere to be ready to cross to the Charlestown side of the Charles River and to follow Dawes. Paul Revere himself gives the best evidence of the truth of the contention that Dawes was the more important messenger, for, in a letter written twenty years later, Revere states:

"Dr. Warren sent in great haste for me—when I got to his house I found he had already sent an express to Lexington—Mr. William Dawes."

In other words, Revere was a *second choice*, needed only in case Dawes should not get through. Incidentally, the "lights" of the poem were to be hung in the Christ Church belfry for the guidance of Colonel Conant, Captain Devens

POETS, by the magic of their genius, have made heroes of common clay, while others more deserving have passed into oblivion unheralded and unsung. Shakespeare had much to do with the fame of Julius Caesar, of our conception of Marc Antony as the personification of perfidious weakness, and of Cleopatra as the mistress of intrigue and queen of beauty.

Longfellow made Paul Revere a commanding figure in American history, yet unpublicized and incontrovertible evidence in Revolutionary annals gives the true story of the real hero of the famous ride to Concord Town. The man that got through.

In this third of a series of historical vignettes of forgotten men of history we give you—

Major William Dawes, Jr.

and other Revolutionary leaders located in Cambridge, and not for Revere. It had been previously arranged that should the British cross by way of the Charles River, rather than by the land route, Warren would send Revere to first advise Conant and Devens and then continue on to Lexington. The lights were also to inform them of the British plan in case Revere was not successful in crossing the river.

And so, while, according to the poet, Revere stalked up and down waiting impatiently for the signals, it really was two other fellows who did the waiting—both for the signals and for Revere! So much for that apocryphal tale. But back to our William again.

Dawes was able to pass the red-coated sentries in Boston to start his ride because he knew and was liked by many of the guards. Mingling with the crowd, he was passed through and got safely away. He went over Boston Neck, through Roxbury and Brighton en route to Lexington.



1775 The Colony of Massachusetts Bay to Paul Revere

To Revere for the Committee of Safety
from April 21 1775 to May 7. 1775 Days at 50 4 5.00

My expenses for self & horse during that time 2 16.00

May 6th To keeping two Colony Horses 10 Days at 1/4 horse 1 00.00

Aug 2nd To carrying 1000 impressions at 4/10 horse 3 00.00

Errors Excepted 11 1.00

As agreement made Paul Revere
changed his charge of impressions for 1/4 horse
reduced his labour to 1/4 per day emitting for other uses than army

In the House of Representatives August 22 1775
Resolved that Mr. Paul Revere be allowed for a part of
the publick Expence of this Colony ten pounds for riding
in full discharge of the British debt

Subscribed Aug 23 1775
In and Honoured Senate

James Otis Saml Adams
W. W. W. John G. Smith
W. W. W. John G. Smith
W. W. W. John G. Smith
W. W. W. John G. Smith
W. W. W. John G. Smith
W. W. W. John G. Smith
W. W. W. John G. Smith

Facsimile reproduction of both sides of one of the bills which Paul Revere submitted for his services. Note that the full amount asked was disallowed

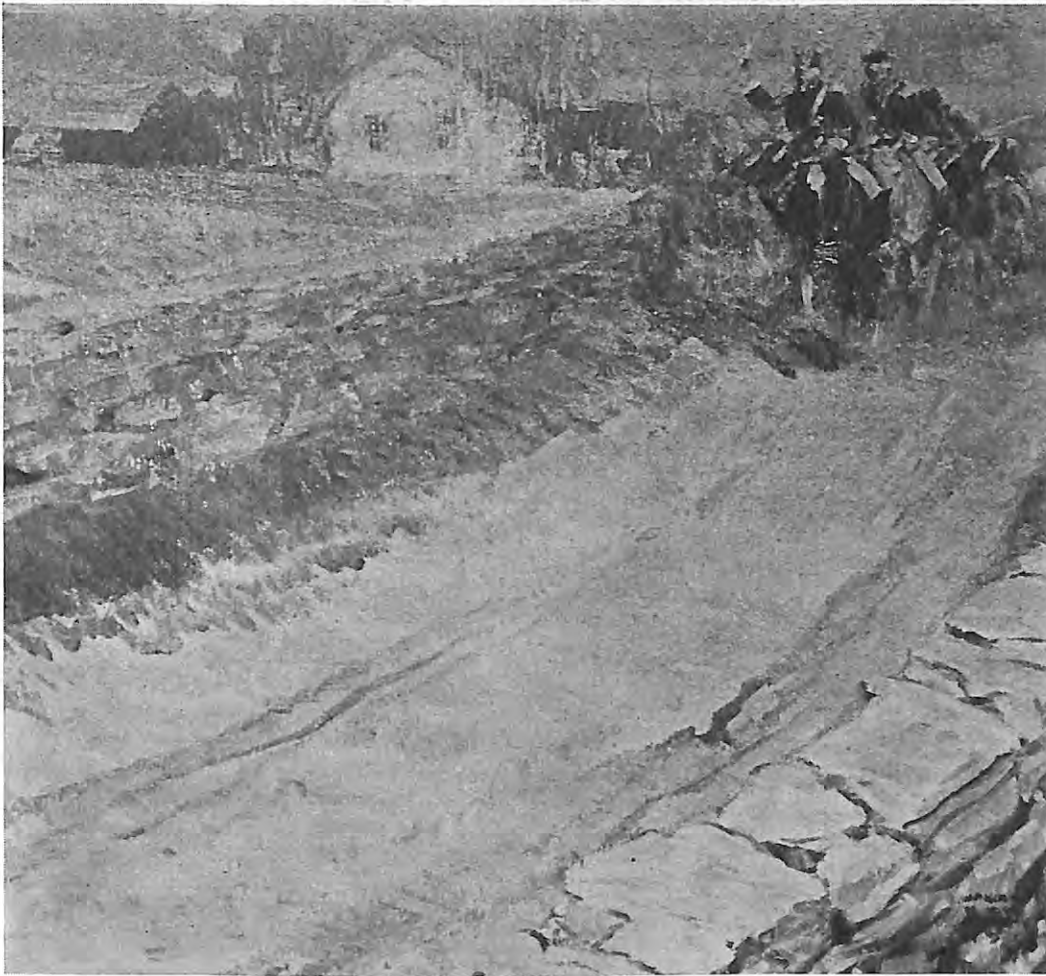
ton. As he went he warned the citizens and effectually roused the men to meet the British and nullify the latter's surprise attack on Concord which they had planned for the purpose of capturing its stores and the patriotic leaders of the Rebellion. That Concord was the point of projected attack had been known in Boston for some time. British transports and men-of-war were at anchor off the Charlestown Ferry. They might attack by land or they might move farther up the River before disembarking. Hancock and Adams were at Lexington. They must be apprised. Therefore the signal was "one if by land and two if by sea." Longfellow was right in that regard, even though the Charles River was hardly a "sea," even in poetical language.

Some time later, after Dawes was well on his way, Warren sent for Revere and told him he'd better get going, just "in case." Revere waited until dark and was then rowed to the other side of the Charles River.

It was a moonlit night; enemy warships lay at anchor in the stream, thick as flies on a summer day. Revere, ever a gallant squire, decided to stop at the house of his lady fair to say good-bye. He also wanted something with which to muffle the rowlocks of the boat which he planned to use, with two friends to do the rowing. He arrived on the other side safely, though a trifle late, but to the dismay of his friends he had no horse!

So this spreader of alarm "through every village and farm," who, the poem says, strode "booted and spurred," impatient to go, awaiting for hours the signal to ride, must have done so with nary a horse. Devens in his letters says that they had to borrow one from the nearby barn of Deacon Larkin. Finally, after Dawes was well on his way, Revere got started.

Dawes' route was much longer than that which Revere took by crossing the river at Charlestown. Consequently Revere reached Lexington at about 12:30 that night and Dawes galloped in on another road a half hour later. John Hancock and Samuel Adams were advised of the situation and made immediate preparations to move on to avoid British capture. Dawes and Revere then continued their journey toward



They managed to escape the British horsemen by jumping a wall into a neighboring field

Concord by way of Lincoln.

But William Dawes was a man of better fortune. The main group of redcoats had gone off with Revere; two or three followed Dawes, who was hiding in the shadow of the farmhouse wall. As the British horsemen approached, Dawes, thinking quickly, flapped his saddle bags with a great noise and called out, as though to men behind the wall: "Here they are, boys; I've got 'em!" The handful of troopers, fearful of great odds against them, turned and fled back to their companions, and Dawes galloped on toward Concord. Reaching there in safety, he did yeoman work in rousing a defending army and when the British forces finally reached town they found the Continentals well prepared.

The successful result of Dawes' share in the ride was far reaching in its effect on history. For the defeat of the British at Concord was the *first disastrous failure* of the British arms in the new Colony. It also indicated the (Continued on page 36)

Concord accompanied by a young doctor, Prescott by name, who happened to be in Lexington at the time and who was on his way back to his home in Concord.

Before they were very far out from Lexington, Dawes, Prescott and Revere met up with a troop of British horsemen. They managed to escape, however, by jumping a wall into a neighboring field. Onward they pounded, warning the villages and farmyards as they flashed through, scattering to nearby houses and farmyards and then rejoining for the mad dash onward. History was being made that night along the road to Concord. The whole future of the Rebellion that was to make a United States of America and free the new land from the domination of a hated King was in the hands of those three flying men.

Getting through to Concord was of the most vital importance, for Concord had been decided upon previously as the place to make the first stand against the oncoming British—the first definite move of rebellion—and the most important gesture of the Colonists. History has recorded for good and all that *Dawes got there*, poets to the contrary.

For, only a few miles farther on, another small detachment of British cavalry appeared. Dawes and Prescott were slightly behind Revere at the time and saw the troop confront him. Let Paul Revere tell this particular incident of the famous ride in his own words as set down in a sworn deposition made by him several years later:

"We set off for Concord, & were overtaken by a young Gentm. named Prescot, who belonged to Concord, & was going home. When we had got about half way from Lexington to Concord, the other two (Dawes and Prescott) stopped at a House to awake the man, I kept along. When I got about 200 yards ahead of them, I saw two officers. I called to my companions to come up, saying here was two of them. In an instant I saw four of them, who rode up to me with their pistols in their hands, said, 'G—d d—n you, stop. . . . If you go an inch further, you are a dead Man.'"

That was as close as Paul got to Concord. Several hours later his captors turned him loose, but it was too late for him to be of any further use to the Cause for that day. Prescott in the meantime had gotten away. He rode into

What's In a Name?

By Helen F. More

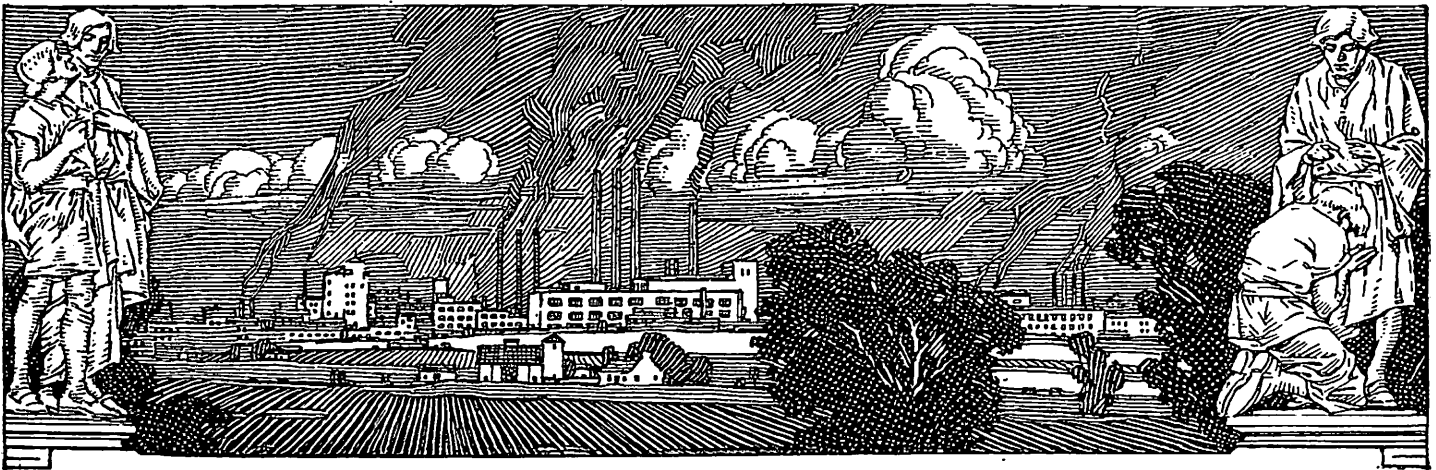
*I am a wandering, bitter shade;
Never of me was a hero made;
Poets have never sung my praise,
Nobody crowned my brow with bays.
And if you ask me the fatal cause,
I answer only: "My name was Dawes."*

*'Tis all very well for the children to hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
But why should my name be quite forgot,
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?
Why should I ask? The reason is clear—
My name was Dawes—his was Revere.*

*When the lights of the old North Church flashed out,
Paul Revere was waiting about;
But I was already on my way.
The shadows of night fell cold and gray
As I rode with never a break or pause,
But what was the use, when my name was Dawes?*

*History rings with his silvery name—
Closed to me are the portals of fame.
Had he been Dawes or I Revere,
No one had heard of him, I fear.
No one has heard of me because
He was Revere and I was Dawes!*

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EDITORIAL

EXALTED RULER REPRESENTATIVES

IF all of the newly elected Exalted Rulers attend the approaching Grand Lodge Convention, as they should do, since they are *ex officio* Representatives of their respective Lodges, there would be approximately fifteen hundred such delegates. To the great majority of them the experience would be an entirely new one. Allowing for the normal number of absentees, and for reelections of Past Exalted Rulers who have attended previous sessions, it is assured that there will still be hundreds who will make their first appearance in the Grand Lodge at Kansas City.

This particular group will, therefore, form a very considerable percentage of those who must consider and dispose of the many matters which will be presented to that Convention. And it is obviously highly important that they should bring to the service a full realization of their responsibility.

Of course there will be Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen, and other leaders, in attendance. Their ability, experience and proved devotion make them wise counsellors, whose opinions and recommendations are entitled to earnest consideration. But the responsibility for final action rests upon the whole body of members. It should not be shifted to the shoulders of the few. Each one should willingly bear his proper share of it; and should give to the service his interested attention, his best intelligence, and his independent action.

The first duty is to secure and carefully read the printed reports of the officers, which will be available at the time of registration. These contain information which each member should possess, without which he will be less able to participate helpfully in the proceedings.

However, the most important duty is to attend every session of the Grand Lodge, so that the business transacted may be clearly understood, and the reasons suggested for any desired action may be thoughtfully weighed. Ample opportunity will be afforded, during hours when the Convention is not in session, for the enjoyment of the social and entertainment features of the occasion. They should not be permitted to interfere with the faithful performance of the primary duties

which the Statutes impose and which the Order has a right to expect.

These suggestions apply to all who attend the Convention and who have the privilege of taking part in its proceedings. But they are directed particularly to the accredited Representatives of the subordinate Lodges, because they are charged with a specific responsibility in the premises, and because, for the most part, they are new to the service.

Only to the extent that they respond to this reminder will the designed benefits be realized by the Order, by their respective Lodges, and by themselves as the chosen leaders of those Lodges for the ensuing year.

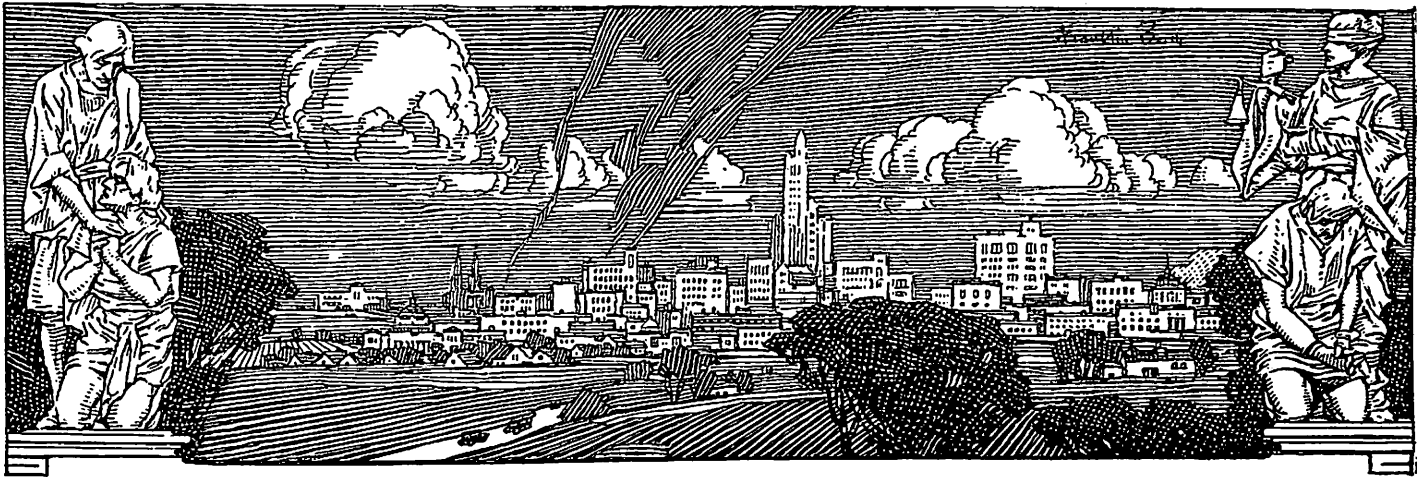
CONVENTION WEATHER

DURING recent months the newspapers have carried a number of articles about the appearance of unusual sun spots and their possible effect upon weather conditions on this planet. They have covered a wide range—from informative statements descriptive of the solar phenomena as based upon telescopic observations and studies aided by other scientific devices, to specific predictions of resultant catastrophes to occur in the next several years.

To those of us who prefer not to know too definitely what is going to happen to us, it is comforting to learn, from an authoritative address by an expert of the U. S. Weather Bureau, that it is still impossible to predict atmospheric conditions even a month in advance. So, when we plan weeks ahead for a picnic or a parade, a garden party or a golf game, we must still gamble on the weather.

Which leads to the suggestion that no assurance can be given as to what weather conditions will prevail during the Convention soon to be held in Kansas City. And, after all, does it make so much difference? If we run into a heat wave the chances are it will be just as hot back home. If it rains one doesn't have to stay out in it and get drenched. There are many ways of promoting personal comfort indoors as well as out, and one of the surest of them is not to fret and complain.

If those who attend the Convention will make intelligent provisions as to clothing, and will maintain an atti-



tude of good humor and good fellowship, and a determination to pleasantly adjust themselves to whatever conditions of weather may prevail, their experience will be a comfortable and happy one, sun spots or no sun spots.

WORK OF ART

SINCLAIR LEWIS has so firmly established himself as one of the foremost of American novelists that any product of his pen is assured a wide circle of readers. And, because of this fact, it is certain to exert an appreciable influence upon current thought.

His latest book, "Work of Art," has been facetiously criticized by some reviewers as a dully clinical study of hotels. But there is a great truth embodied in the novel; one which deserves to be exploited and emphasized, particularly in the light of present day conditions which have involved so many readjustments of employment and of outlook.

That truth is that one can, if he will, make a work of art of any career he may choose, however humble, in any field of endeavor.

The story related is that of a young man who made the business of running a hotel his life career, and whose realized ambition was to create and operate an establishment that would approximate perfection in its field. The scorn of an aesthetic brother, who devoted himself to writing, whereby he sought to win what he considered a truly artistic success, accentuates the moral.

Disregarding captious distinctions, based upon too restrictive a definition of "art," few will be disposed to question the suggested truth—that anyone who loves his job and who gives to it his very best of loyalty, devotion and skill, can make of that job a work of art. This applies to bricklayers, plumbers and carpenters, as well as to musicians, sculptors and poets; and also it applies to Exalted Rulers of Elk Lodges.

When an Exalted Ruler has undertaken the administration of his office with a wholehearted purpose to make it a real success; and when, by giving it his earnest attention, his best thought and his unselfish devotion throughout his term—when he has conserved and built up a true fraternal spirit among its members, has promoted its charitable, benevolent and patriotic objects to the extent of its capability and its opportunities, has led it to a higher position in public esteem and to a sound financial status—he has wrought an achievement that is a work of art, and one which he may contemplate with as much

pride as if he had painted a beautiful picture or modeled a fine statue.

The Order would be tremendously benefitted if Exalted Rulers would more generally become imbued with the spirit of this truth.

SELF-CONTROL

IT is perhaps natural that in Lodge meetings, as in other gatherings of men, the discussion of matters upon which differences of opinion exist sometimes grows more heated than it should. An earnest conviction leads to aggressively positive assertions. Opposition is expressed with equally aggressive assurance. Tempers are presently aroused; and then cool judgment resumes sway only after some brother with self-control assumes the role of mediator and invokes a more tolerant attitude. Such incidents have been occasionally witnessed in every Lodge.

While it is wholly desirable that Lodge room debates be frank and sincere, yet the maintenance of a truly fraternal spirit will prevent the development of real friction. Differences of opinion do not of themselves weaken mutual regard; and their expression should be so phrased and presented as to avoid that unhappy result.

Self-control is a real virtue. Some fortunate individuals seem to be naturally endowed with it. The majority of us acquire it, if at all, and to the extent that we may, by studied practice. There is always the danger of occasional lapses; but certainly special efforts should be made to avoid them in all Elk gatherings.

The more important the matter under discussion may be, the more reason there is for it to be considered with that calmness of mind which alone permits the wisest judgment to be exercised. Temper leads to rashness of statement and conduct. Intolerance begets error. Where there is most heat in debate the least light is shed. If these be bromidic expressions, it is because they are so obviously true, and should be kept constantly in mind.

Not only do these suggestions tend to insure wisdom of conclusion; they have a personal application of the utmost importance. The man who preserves his self-control is not likely to suffer subsequent regrets. He will not give heedless offense and will not be unduly ready to feel it. Every conscious exercise of the virtue strengthens character and develops a higher and more forceful personality.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart,

Associate Field Sports Editors



The immortal "Teddy," afoot and on horse-back (in center of group) and, in the circle, Henry H. Zeitz

Old Timer

By H. F. Vickery

joke he and the other guides "pulled" on their distinguished boss. The dogs were sent up into the hills each morning to bring down game for Teddy. On this particular morning, Zeitz and a couple of others got up early. When the dogs brought down a bear, they killed it. Then they took the carcass and wired it in a tree.

As usual, when Mr. Roosevelt awakened, he was told that the dogs were bringing down a kill. He hurried to the scene. He aimed his trusty 30-40 rifle at the tree, around which the dogs were still yelping. Five shots—the full load—were sent at the bear. It did not move. Teddy looked at his guides and blushed. He looked at his gun. Then he loaded again. Again five shots were fired.

"My God," said Teddy. "Boys, am I that bad?"

The "boys" could no longer see their idol so crestfallen. They admitted the joke. Back to camp went the whole crew, with Teddy enjoying the laugh as much as anyone.

In 1873, Henry, a boy of 11, hopped a box car to Kansas City, and there met the ox-team which was to take him to the West. For ten years he worked at \$10 a month for Henry Ehorst on the old EHO at First View. The Cheyenne Indian Reservation was only a few miles away at Cheyenne Wells, and the boy played a part in the uprising of 1878. The Cheyennes went on a rampage down in Kansas. Zeitz was one of the scouts who trailed along with Buffalo Bill (William F.) Cody, Texas Kid, Wild Frank, Frank Stevens and others. On the wall of the Buckhorn Exchange today there is a picture of Buffalo Bill.

But his work never kept Zeitz from spending months in the mountains with his dogs and guns. And in 1905 he was at the John Burroughs ranch in Rio Blanco County. When headquarters were established for the Roosevelt party at New Castle, Zeitz was one of the guides hired to take the President into the hills.

The first hunt centered near the Bur-

roughs ranch. In the party with Zeitz, according to the files of the *Rocky Mountain News*, were such old timers as Jake Borah, Al Anderson and Charles Allen of Gypsum; John Goff, B. B. Wells and G. M. Sprague of Meeker, and Jack Fry of Glenwood, who was destined to become the President's favorite cook. All, by the way, worked for the

munificent sum of \$1.25 a day. Roosevelt was the idol of his men from the first day out. The rest of the President's party spent their time in hotels or lodges, in New Castle or at Glenwood Springs, but Teddy took his lot with the men.

The President and his party brought down deer, timber wolves, bear, mountain lions and every variety of small game. Roosevelt had no narrow escapes; if he had, the rest of the party would have been shamed for life. But Zeitz did. The dogs one morning brought down some timber wolves. As their leader charged into a canyon, Zeitz stepped out, thinking the wolf would change its course. It didn't. But for the intervention of a courageous dog, Zeitz would not have returned from that hunting trip. The dog, however, managed to hold the wolf's attention until Zeitz could get in a shot.

"It was hard to say goodbye to the President when the party was over," Zeitz said. "He was the finest man I ever knew and he had treated us all as if we were his close friends."

Years afterward Zeitz received a letter from Teddy. It invited the old guide to be a member of an expedition to South Africa. Zeitz couldn't accept because he didn't have the money, and he wouldn't "sponge."

The best shot of all time, he claims, was Dr. Carver, who rode the plains in the '80's and who could shoot a half dollar out of a man's fingers at a distance of 40 feet—shooting from the hip. Zeitz, however, has a bit of a record himself. On a \$25 bet in Rio Blanco County, he killed a wild horse at 1,000 yards, he says. And he used a rifle that would by no means compare favorably with the hunters' weapons of the present day.

It may not be apropos, but the name of Roosevelt has a sort of charm for Old Man Zeitz, as his friends call him now. He thinks that Franklin D. is "the second greatest guy that ever came over the pike."

AT IRED and hungry boy of eleven years sat beside a road leading out of Kansas City in the summer of 1873, as a laboring team of oxen plodded past, hauling a covered wagon.

"Where yuh going?" he asked the driver. "Colorado," was the reply.

It took a good deal of arguing on the part of the stripling to convince the man he wasn't a runaway. But the upshot of it was that the boy clambered aboard the wagon and headed west.

Today, Henry H. Zeitz, 73 years old, stands behind the bar of the old Buckhorn Exchange in Denver—he chose the name to denote his metamorphosis from cowpuncher to boilermaker to inn-keeper—and cherishes the colorful memories that are a part of the history of his adopted State. Foremost among them are recollections of a great American, Theodore Roosevelt. It had fallen to the boy's lot to be one of the guides of the late President on his famous hunting trip in April of 1905.

He cherishes those memories of a man's man who shared his grub with humble mountaineers on terms of equality; who met all the hardships of a big game hunting trip without asking a favor; who never forgot the men with whom he had passed the best days of his life in the Colorado Rockies.

With many an order of beer in the Buckhorn Exchange, the old man gets an added plea.

"Sit down and tell us about Teddy," is the constant request.

Zeitz does. Despite his reverence for the former President and his delight in telling of his prowess, the first in his memories is a



Right: Matthew Monahan of Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge with a day's catch of speckled trout taken from the famous Ausable River near Lake Placid. This stream is one of the best known in New York State for its wonderful trout water and is visited by thousands of summer fishermen



Left: Judge E. G. Rogan of Albany, N. Y., shows how to improve the size of your catch by means of a little trick camera arranging. Judge Rogan's fishing partner was Herb Monette. Their favorite spot is the Conkonville Dam. The Judge's reputation as a fisherman need never be questioned again



Left: Ryman's Orange Queen
Below: Ryman's Golden Glory

George H. Ryman of Shohola Falls, Pa., is an enthusiast about pure English setters. Mr. Ryman has devoted his lifetime to the raising and training of bird dogs and a Ryman bred and trained dog is something to be proud of. Every August he leaves for Quebec, Canada, where he trains his young stock.

The dogs pictured here are all six months old. They come from parents of British Columbia blood and from the old country. Ryman used to show his dogs in the old Madison Square Garden in New York but of late he claims that too many breeders are more interested in quantity than in type. As a result, pure bred English set-

ters are few and far between. Ryman will be glad to furnish information to any Elk in regard to English setters or the breaking in and proper training of gun dogs

THE ELKS NATIONAL TRAPSHOOT

The Trapshooting Committee of Kansas City Lodge No. 26 is rapidly completing the program for the Trapshoot to be held on Monday, July 16, and Tuesday, July 17, during Grand Lodge Convention week. Indications point to a larger number of entrants than ever.

The program will consist of 200 16-yard targets, 100 handicap and 50 pairs of Doubles. The Elks Lodge Team Championship for the Hon. Joe Haldiman \$500 sterling silver trophy will consist of three high guns,

all members of the same Lodge. Formerly teams consisted of five men. This number has been reduced to three Elk shooters in order to enable the smaller Lodges to compete for this Trophy.

There will be numerous prizes of cash, gold and silver medals and trophies. The shoot will be registered with the Amateur Trapshooting Association whose rules and regulations will govern the classifying and handicapping. The completed program will be ready soon.

Left: Ryman's Orange Girl

Below: Ryman's Speckled Maid



Right: J. M. Reynolds of Grove City, Pa., Lodge, with an 18 lb. muskelunge taken at Rice Lake, Ontario, Canada. Mr. Reynolds is particularly enthusiastic about the fishing here. Elkdom Outdoors would like snapshots of Elk fishermen and their catches taken in Southern waters.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

News of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge

The "Days of '49" show recently staged by Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, was visited by several thousand persons during the two nights of its run. As a result the financial returns to the Lodge were more than satisfactory. The members were highly pleased that the interest of many members and of the Ladies Auxiliary were so evident, showing clearly the degree of harmony and cooperation existing in No. 26.

On April 21 a complimentary dance was held in honor of the workers of the Show, and as a preliminary to the initiation ceremonies performed on a large class of candidates the following week.

It has been decided, by popular demand, to continue the informal Sunday evening dinners which the Lodge has been holding recently under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary. Arrangements have been made for succeeding dinners to be held at some of the choice picnic places in the surrounding country.

The Home of Kansas City Lodge has donned its summer, and Golden Jubilee, regalia.

Hugo Roos, Correspondent

P. G. E. R. Hulbert Named for Federal Judge

On June 6 the name of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was submitted to the U. S. Senate by President Franklin D. Roosevelt for appointment as a Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York.

P.D.D. Russell Ford Loomis, of Ohio, Dies Suddenly

Past District Deputy R. Ford Loomis, 57, an Elk prominent throughout the State of Ohio, passed away very suddenly of heart failure at his cottage in Vermillion, O. He was a highly respected and beloved member of Elyria, O., Lodge, No. 465.

Born at La Grange, O., on October 18, 1876, Mr. Loomis moved to Elyria 32 years ago and for many years had been in the furniture and office supply business. He joined the Order on November 1, 1910.

As a member of Elyria Lodge he served in all the chairs from Esquire to Exalted Ruler, attaining the latter office in April, 1916. He was appointed to various committees in the Lodge and in the Ohio State Elks Association almost continuously from



Participants in the Kansas City, Mo., Lodge "Days of '49" Carnival

the time he joined the organization. Consequently he became one of the best known Elks in Ohio, with a large acquaintance in other States. He attended the Grand Lodge sessions for many years.

Mr. Loomis was appointed District Deputy for Ohio North Central by James G. McFarland, Grand Exalted Ruler in 1923-24, and was re-appointed the next year by Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. On February 9, 1926, he was made an Honorary Life Member of Elyria Lodge by his grateful and admiring fellow-members.

F. L. Ellenberger, Secy.

Mass. State Assn. Entertains Hospital Inmates

The outstanding activity of the Massachusetts State Elks Association is its hospital work in the three Government hospitals located in the State of Massachusetts—namely, Bedford, Rutland and Leeds. During the past year the Association sponsored vaudeville entertainments for the inmates of the Bedford Hospital, the events falling on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month from November through to April 25, 1934. The entertainments consisted largely of tap dancing and music, performed by professional talent.

Another series of such parties, of practically the same number and character, were furnished at Rutland and Leeds Hospitals. The patients at these three hospitals have expressed the highest commendation for the type of entertainment and appreciation of the interest shown in their behalf by the State Association.

W. B. Jackson, State Trustee,
Chairman, Bedford Hospital Com.

Longmont, Colo., Lodge Band Represents State

During the past winter, the Longmont, Colo., Lodge Wild West Wranglers, a cowboy band which has won favorable notice throughout the State, appeared before many of the Elk Lodges in Colorado on numerous occasions. The Wild West Wranglers will

be the official band representing Colorado at the 1934 Reunion of the Grand Lodge at Kansas City, Mo., this month. The Band is under the able management of Joe Cook and the direction of Howard Johnson, both of whom are well-known members of Longmont Lodge, No. 1055.

Virginia Mourns Mrs. Fred Harper

Not only the Elks of Virginia but also those in many other sections experienced great sorrow at the passing of Mrs. Carrie Warwick Daniel Harper, wife of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper of Lynchburg, Va., on May 24, 1934. Mrs. Harper had been ill for several weeks. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia.

A daughter of the late Senator John Warwick Daniel, Mrs. Harper had been a prominent figure in the social, civic and philanthropic activities of the City all her life. Belonging to that group which is synonymous with the aristocracy and culture of the old South, Mrs. Harper exemplified the highest attributes of womanhood. Most capably she looked after her household, which included her mother, daughter and husband, and she was foremost in the fight against the evils of poverty. The Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Association, the World War Veterans, the Elks National Home—these and many other branches of welfare benefited by her willing and selfless devotion.

It was, however, underprivileged children who were Mrs. Harper's greatest concern. Through her initiative the Carrie Harper Club, originally known as the Carrie Harper Children's Helpers, was started for the purpose of bringing relief to unfortunate children. The movement spread to include their education, the provision of food for the undernourished and of clothing for those in need. As many as two thousand children a year were aided by Mrs. Harper.

The children and parents of Virginia, and Elks everywhere were deeply grieved at the news of her death. The sympathy of the Order is extended to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper and his family.

Boise, Ida., Elks Win Northwest Bowling Congress Events

Bowlers from Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, recently took three places in the singles event at the Northwest International Bowling Congress held in Spokane, Wash., from April 27 to May 6. Those placing were O. W. Gross, Fred Robertson and Hubert Raymond. Gross and Raymond bowled in the open class—Robertson in the commercial group.

Of the 500-odd contestants at the Bowling Congress, the Boise Lodge group constituted the only all-Elk organization entered. Boise Lodge members bowled in the 5-man, single, double and sweepstake events. Spokane Lodge extended to the visiting Elks the privileges of its Home during the tournament. In addition to Gross, Robertson and Raymond, Boise Elks participating in the contest were Jack Hysmith, Frank Robertson, J. O. Malvin and John D. Case.

Glenn Balch, Correspondent

San Francisco Antlers Enjoy Active Spring

Activities of the Antlers Lodge of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, are numerous. The officers and members were recently guests at a regular Lodge meeting and on this occasion, in the presence of several hundred Elks and Antlers, initiated a class of 14 candidates. The work was impressively performed by the Antler officers who received a tremendous ovation at its conclusion.

Later in the spring the Antlers held their public installation of officers, to which were invited relatives and friends. Approximately 500 attended. The gathering was addressed by C. Fenton Nichols, Chairman of the Antlers Council of the Grand Lodge, and founder of the Antlers. After the installation a dance was enjoyed by those present.

Meanwhile the officers of the Antlers Lodge, working in conjunction with the Advisory Council, have assigned a member to each department of the Superior Court and the Municipal Court of San Francisco. The boys selected sit with the Judges, observing what occurs, and making reports to the Lodge. This activity has been conducted for many weeks, thereby giving a large number of members an opportunity to visit the Courts in a semi-official capacity, and will shortly be expanded into an Antler participation in other departments of municipal government.

*C. Fenton Nichols,
Grand Lodge Antlers Counsellor*

New York Lodge Officers Installed at Queens Borough Home

The installation of the 1934-35 officers of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was unique in that it was performed with befitting ceremony in the Home of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. A great many Elks of the metropolitan area attended. The affair was presided over by D.D. Thomas F. Cuite of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22.

New York Lodge is fortunate in having as its Exalted Ruler for the coming year Ferdinand Pecora, Counsel for the United States Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. Mr. Pecora has won world wide recognition for his diligence in Washington and New York. All the other officers of No. 1 Lodge are outstanding members of the bar, of the bench and of mercantile, banking and professional circles.

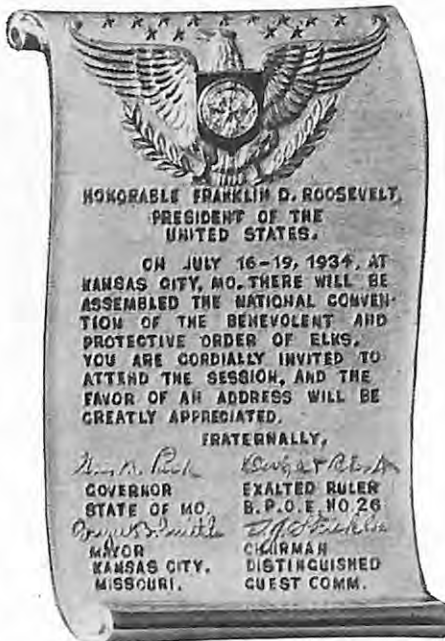
Addresses were made at the installation ceremonies by many prominent members of the Order, among them being Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Grand Trustee James T. Hallinan, Secretary William T. Phillips of New York Lodge, Exalted Ruler Harry Wolff of Brooklyn Lodge, and Mr. Pecora.

J. J. Tindale, Jr., Correspondent

Danville, Va., Lodge Grieved by P.E.R.'s Death

Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227, was deeply grieved to learn of the passing of P.E.R. A. Y. Jeffress, whose death occurred on May 7, 1934. Mr. Jeffress became affiliated with Danville Lodge on March 26, 1914. He was a highly respected citizen of Danville, and an Elk who did more than his share toward making Danville Lodge what it is.

Dave Roman, Secy.



Commercial Photo Co.

This bronze tablet, overlaid with 22-carat gold and weighing three pounds, was presented personally to President Roosevelt by T. J. Strickland, Chairman of the Distinguished Guest Committee for the Grand Lodge Convention, in Kansas City. The President regretfully explained that he could not accept because he would be en route to Hawaii at the time

Bay City, Mich., Lodge Warns Lodges Against Impostor

T. C. Hughes, Secretary of Bay City, Mich., Lodge, No. 88, reports that a former member of the Lodge, H. L. Schramm, holder of membership card No. 1010, paid

to April 1, 1933, has lost his card. Letters have been received by Bay City Elks reporting that a man representing himself as H. L. Schramm, and presenting the lost card, has cashed checks on banks which are no longer in existence. Mr. Schramm is no longer a member of Bay City Lodge, and any man presenting the above card is an impostor.

T. C. Hughes, Secy.

Lawrence, Mass., Lodge Mourns P. E. R.

Lawrence, Mass., Lodge, No. 65, lost one of its most beloved members recently in the death of P.E.R. George Hey, for many years Treasurer of the Lodge. Mr. Hey died after an illness of several months' duration. He was born in Franklin, N. H., November 17, 1867, and moved to Lawrence when he was ten years of age. He was initiated into Lawrence Lodge on April 8, 1900, and served as Inner Guard and Esquire, being subsequently elected to all the Chairs and serving as Exalted Ruler in 1911-12.

Mr. Hey was a delegate to the Grand Lodge Convention at Portland, Ore., in 1912, was elected to serve as Treasurer of his Lodge in 1919, and held that office until his death. In 1921 he was honored with an Honorary Life Membership. The funeral services were attended by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Lawrence Lodge.

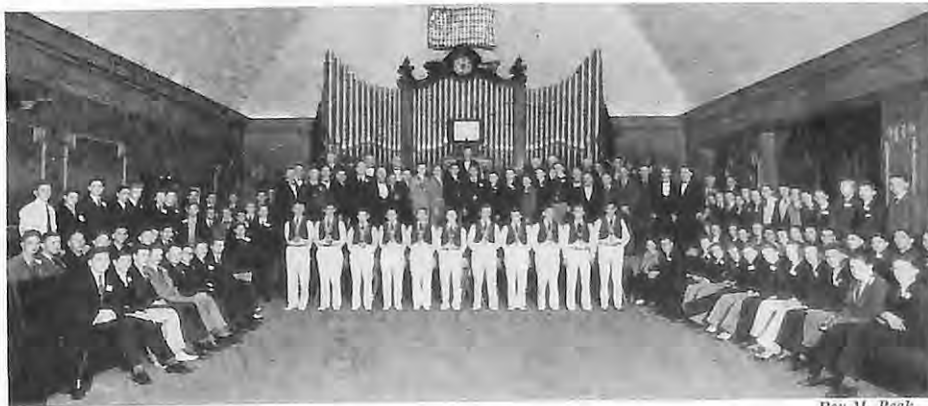
Daniel P. Desmond, Secretary

Antlers Lodge Instituted at Seattle, Wash.

The new Lodge of Antlers of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, the second in the State, was installed by the Longview Lodges of Antlers and Elks on the afternoon of May 19. The Longview Antlers, together with Seattle Lodge's newly-elected Antler officers, put on the work of ritual in an excellent manner. A dinner was first served for the visiting Antlers as well as for the Seattle Antler officers, trustees and the Advisory Council. At eight P.M., the Longview Antlers, in uniform, formally opened the Lodge session.

Seventy-nine young men of Seattle were initiated as the charter group, representing every high school in the City as well as the University. Exalted Ruler R. M. Anderson, of Longview Lodge, No. 1514, officiated in the installation of the officers. Tom Potts was elected Exalted Antler. Among those addressing the large group of Elks and Antlers were D.D. Merle G. Ringenberg; George Newell, E.R., of Seattle Lodge; Ed Prince, Exalted Ruler-Elect; E.R. Anderson; P.E.R. Harry Kirkpatrick of Longview Lodge; D. M. Simonson, A. A. Anderson and Dr. Clyde L. Welsh. Refreshments were served when the program concluded.

*Dr. Clyde L. Welsh, Chairman,
Antlers Advisory Council*



Roy M. Peak

Longview, Wash., Lodge's uniformed Antler officers, and directly behind them the newly-elected Seattle Lodge Antler officers. Seated are more Longview and Seattle Antlers

Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge Organizes Antlers

Tiffin, O., Lodge, No. 94, recently organized a Lodge of Antlers under the sponsorship of Tiffin Elks. The Antlers of Findlay, O., Lodge, No. 75, twenty-five strong, journeyed to Tiffin to conduct the initiation ceremonies of the 15 charter members of the new Lodge. The ritual of the Antlers was beautifully performed by the Findlay Antlers and those Elks who reviewed the ceremonies were highly gratified with the work.

District Deputy Charles J. Schmidt, of Ohio N. W., a P.E.R. of Tiffin Lodge, instituted the new Antler Lodge and installed the officers, being assisted in the work by the officers of Tiffin Lodge. It was Mr. Schmidt's pleasure to install his own son, Charles W. Schmidt, as Exalted Antler. Other officers of the newly formed Lodge are: William Naylor, Leading Antler, Burton Bour, Loyal Antler, Joseph Wade, Lecturing Antler, Ralph Beiderhauser, Treasurer, William Gavitt, Recorder, John Escher, Sentinel, William Leiby, Chaplain, William Tuthill, Guard and Walter K. Keppel, Guide.

The boys were entertained by the Lodge with a buffet lunch after the ritualistic work. Special rooms on the third floor of the Lodge Home have been equipped for the use of the Antlers.

Charles J. Schmidt, D.D.

Secretary "Dixie" Bostock, of Grand Rapids Lodge, Retires

More than two-score years of service to Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, were terminated with the recent retirement of Secretary George D. (Dixie) Bostock from an office which he has held for forty-one years. Mr. Bostock was first elected Secre-



The Waldorf-Golden Bock Bowling Team, of Cleveland, O., Lodge, won The Elks National Bowling Championship, held recently in Cleveland

tary in May, 1889, and served until October, 1895. He was again elected to office in March, 1899, and served until March, 1934, thus winding up a long and honorable record. Mr. Bostock also served for thirteen years as the Secretary of the Michigan State Elks Association, of which he is an honorary member.

He is also the only living member of the Grand Lodge who has never served as Exalted Ruler due to a former ruling which admitted to its membership any Elk who had served ten consecutive years as Secretary of a Subordinate Lodge. Ex-Secretary Bostock has attended a large number of Grand Lodge and State Conventions, and other Elk gatherings, where his genial personality and loyal devotion to the principles of the Order has won him a circle of friends which embraces the entire Continent. Mr. Bostock is eighty-six years of age.

John K. Burch,
Past Grand Trustee

Past President C. C. Chapple Mourned by Detroit Elks

Charles Clyde Chapple, Past Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn. and a Past Exalted Ruler of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, was killed instantly on the evening of Friday, April 20, 1934, when the automobile he was driving crashed into an abutment of the Michigan Central Railroad Viaduct.

Detroit Lodge received Mr. Chapple as a member on January 29, 1925, on dimit from Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53. He was elected Est. Lect. Knight of No. 34 in 1928 and passed on to the chairs of Est. Leading Knight and Exalted Ruler. He retained the E.R.'s chair for two successive terms. The Mich. State Elks Assn. elected him President in June 1932.

Mr. Chapple was born in Sylvania, O., in April of 1890. In 1932 he was appointed Chairman of the Detroit Relief Committee by Mayor Frank Murphy, now Governor General of the Philippine Islands. The officers of No. 34 conducted a Lodge of Sorrow, mourning Mr. Chapple at the family home. Elks throughout the State feel his passing keenly.

Danel W. Ghives, Chaplain

News of the State Associations

Kansas

The Kansas State Elks Association held its Annual Convention at Pittsburg, Kans., on May 13, 14 and 15. The registration of those participating in the business sessions and attendant festivities reached five hundred. On the morning of Sunday, May 13, the Elks attended a Mother's Day service at the First Presbyterian Church. A Ritualistic Contest, won by the team of Great Bend, Kans., Lodge, No. 1127, took place that afternoon, while the evening was marked by an entertainment presented in the rooms of Pittsburg Lodge, No. 412, host to the Convention.

On Monday morning the first business session was held. The afternoon was devoted to the ladies, with a luncheon and bridge at the Elks Country Club. On Monday night the featured event of the Con-

vention, the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, took place. Following a dinner held for the Elks and their ladies, Mr. Meier delivered an address. A dance was held later in the evening.

At the conclusion of Tuesday's business session a barbecue lunch was served in the mosque of Mirza Temple, of the Shrine. During the course of the day a tour through the Pittsburg territory was crowded into the program.

Wayne H. Lamoreux, of Great Bend Lodge, District Deputy for Kansas West, was elected President. The other officers who will serve the Association during the coming year are: First Vice-President, Thomas O. Moeller of Galena; Second Vice-President, Fritz Meyn, of Lawrence; Third Vice-President, Richard W. Johnson, of Augusta; Secretary, Lou F. Goerman, of

Newton (reelected); Treasurer, C. F. Clark, of Hutchinson; and Trustees, V. A. Miller, of Weir, Basil McManaman, of Pratt, and Dr. W. H. Lyman, of Topeka.

Pratt Lodge, No. 1451, was selected as host for the 1935 Convention of the Association.

F. W. Brinkerhoff, State Assn.
Convention Correspondent

Illinois

The Illinois State Elks Association held its thirty-first Annual Convention at the Urbana-Lincoln Hotel in Urbana, Ill., on May 17-18-19. There were 200 delegates in attendance at the Convention, and some 400 visitors. Among the distinguished guests were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and Floyd E. Thompson.

Urbana Lodge, No. 991, furnished a splendid program of social activities, including band concerts, admission to the Inter-collegiate track games and to the baseball game between Illinois and Michigan Universities, and in addition kept open house at the Lodge Home. The banquet on the evening of May 18 was attended by over 400, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Thompson being the principal speakers. The annual golf tournament was held, and the team championship was won by Champaign Lodge. The individual low gross championship was won by Frank Moore, of DuQuoin, and the individual low net by A. A. Reed, also of DuQuoin.

A spirited ritualistic contest took place, with Oak Park, Champaign, Clinton and Monmouth Lodges participating. Though the contest was very close, it was finally de-

(Continued on page 44)



The Country Club of Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge where visitors to the Kansas State Elks Association Convention were entertained

Western Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges



H. G. Davis

Guests at the testimonial dinner given for Michael F. Shannon by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge. Two hundred outstanding members of the Order attended the banquet and the subsequent Lodge meeting

Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge Visits Wrangell Bill's Club

The members of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, organized a minstrel troupe not long ago, and a short time later put on some very successful performances, playing to packed houses. After the performances in Ketchikan, the troupe, with scenery and properties, boarded three large cannery boats which were donated for the use of the Lodge and made a 90 mile trip to the town of Wrangell, Alaska, located within the jurisdiction of Ketchikan Lodge. There the minstrel show was presented to a capacity house. The complete organization of the troupe numbers over 50 members. The local press reports of the various performances credited the show with being the best ever staged in the vicinity.

The trip to Wrangell was, primarily, a visit of Ketchikan Lodge to the Bill's Club of Wrangell, and it proved to be a splendid goodwill expedition. A special meeting was held, and two members initiated, while four new applications were taken and 11 reinstatements made. This work was largely the result of efforts on the part of E. A. Lindman, President of the Wrangell Bill's Club.

Nearly 100 Elks and their friends made the trip to Wrangell in addition to the 50 members of the minstrel troupe. Many who could not leave Ketchikan in time to take the boat traveled by plane. There were also several plane loads of Elks and one boat load from another neighboring town, Petersburg, which is in the jurisdiction of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420.

Kalispell, Mont., Lodge Adds 20 New Members

The chairs of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge, No. 725, were recently occupied by the officers of Missoula, "Hellgate," Mont., Lodge, No. 383, who ably performed the ritualistic ceremonies which invested 20 candidates with membership in the Order. P.E.R. George L. Steinbrenner, Past Pres. of the Mont. State Elks Assn., presided. Other officers were Fred W. Schilling, Est. Leading Knight; Paul D. Wilcox, Est. Loyal Knight; W. B. Milhun, Est. Lecturing Knight, and Ward H. Jones, Esq. There was a large attendance at the session in the Lodge Home when the candidates, sponsored by Grand

Esteemed Lecturing Knight Herman C. Karow, were initiated.

Members had been invited to bring their wives and lady friends to the Home to join them after the meeting in a social session. During the meeting the ladies entertained themselves with cards, but afterward joined the members in a buffet luncheon. Dancing to the strains of enlivening music was also a part of the program of one of the most successful evening affairs held in Kalispell in many months.

J. R. White, Secretary

Craig, Colo., Lodge Winds Up Successful Season

Craig, Colo., Lodge, No. 1577, has enjoyed one of the most prosperous seasons it has ever known. Every committee performed its duties with the utmost care and to the complete satisfaction of the members, with the result that almost no meetings have been held without at least one application for membership being made. Eleven candidates of the 21-6 Class were admitted at the latest initiation ceremonies performed up to the time of writing, and four more were slated to take the degree of membership shortly thereafter.

Elmer D. Davis, Correspondent



The Wild West Wranglers, Longmont, Colo., Lodge's Band which represents the State at Kansas City

Lewistown, Mont., Lodge Proud of Past Social Seasons

The social activities of Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456, held during the past winter and spring seasons were more numerous and enjoyable than ever before. Beginning with a dance on Thanksgiving Night, 1933, and ending with another dance held recently, the following were the high spots in Lewistown Lodge's social calendar: nine dances, including a "Ladies' Choice," arranged and conducted by the wives, sisters and daughters of the members; the Annual Charity Ball; two dancing parties for sons and daughters of members; six card parties for the women and one for men and women; and four stag dinners.

The various women's committees had charge of the affairs participated in by the ladies, while credit for the general enjoyment given the members was bestowed upon the Entertainment Committee.

Weekly practice periods during the winter have prepared the Lewistown Elks Band for its summer concert season. A series of 12 to 16 performances is planned by the organization under the direction of Jack Shelby. Long noted for its ability, which has been recognized with awards in competitions and conventions, the Lewistown Band has for more than ten years given weekly public concerts each summer which have attracted hundreds of patrons.

Walter L. Pierre, Correspondent

Eureka, Calif., Lodge Mourns Charter Member

Eureka, Calif., Lodge, No. 652, was deeply grieved by the death of Fletcher J. Buchanan, a charter member. Mr. Buchanan was one of the original organizers of the movement in Eureka to institute an Elk Lodge, and he aided in every way in the development and progress of No. 652 from the beginning.

He came into the Order as one of the first set of officers of Eureka Lodge, serving as Esteemed Loyal Knight. When the present Home was planned and built in 1910, he went in as Steward, and continued in that position until the time of his death. He was born in 1862, received the initiatory degree of the Order on February 23, 1901, and died April 8, 1934. Eureka Elks will continue to feel his passing deeply.



Paul Park

The winners of the Southern California A. A. U. Handball Championship, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's Team. The members are, left to right, standing: Lorrie Morris, Andy Berry, Gus Peterson, Bill Badham, and Bud Bluth; kneeling: Sid Weisman, No. 99's Handball Commissioner, and Wallace Stockton, the Lodge's Physical Director

Los Angeles, Calif., Elks Win Handball Championship

For the second time in three years of competition in the Southern California A.A.U. Handball League, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, has won the championship. The Handball League was organized in 1932, and honors that year were captured by No. 99. In 1933 the Los Angeles Athletic Club won, and the Los Angeles Elks took second place. This year Los Angeles Lodge defeated the combined handball teams of San Diego, consisting of the San Diego Lodge Elks, the Athletic Club, the Rowing Club and the Y. M. C. A. of that City.

The A.A.U. League opens each January and ends in the early days of April. The leading clubs of Southern California are members of the League. At a recent session the Los Angeles Lodge players were called before the altar, where Wallace Stockton, Physical Director of No. 99, and Southern California A.A.U. Handball Commissioner, presented to them the championship trophy.

Los Angeles Lodge now issues a challenge to any Elk team in the United States for the right to be known as the National Elks Handball Champions.

H. Dyott, Correspondent

Tenth Birthday Celebrated by Cordova, Alaska, Lodge

Cordova, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1483, celebrated its Tenth Anniversary by departing somewhat from the regular routine of meeting, with past officers occupying the chairs as they had on that first night ten years before.

With J. V. Lydick, P.E.R., in the Exalted Ruler's chair, the meeting started. The roll call found only one of the original elected officers missing—N. J. Pickle, No. 1483's first Esteemed Lecturing Knight. Officers answering to the roll call were: P.E.R. Lydick, E.R.; P.E.R. K. G. Robinson, Est. Lead. Knight; Charles J. Goodall, Est. Loyal Knight; P.E.R. Le Roy Badden (substituting for Mr. Pickle) Est. Lect. Knight; P.E.R. M. E. S. Brunelle, Secretary; I. D. Bogart, Esquire; P.E.R. E. M. Saari, Chaplain; John Steffen, Tiler; W. H. Chase, Treasurer; J. L. Galen, Trustee.

The original minutes of the first meeting were read and it was recalled that J. E. Chovin, of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1351, District Deputy at that time, was the

installing officer. A roll call of the charter members was taken, and it developed that of the 53 original members of Cordova Lodge, 16 were present at the Anniversary meeting. Each of the officers related interesting incidents of the Lodge's early days and P.E.R. Robinson read some of the old minutes of the Bill's Club, the forerunner of the Lodge. An interesting regulation adopted was one which set the initiation fee at \$500. Those were, Mr. Robinson reminded the Elks, in the palmy days of Alaska.

After one of the most pleasant meetings ever enjoyed by the membership, the Elks retired to the Lodge rooms where they were the guests of the officers at one of the elaborate lunches for which Cordova Lodge has become noted.

Norman C. Brown, Correspondent

Caldwell, Ida., Lodge Entertains District Deputy Myers

On an evening eventful with entertainment and interesting Lodge work, Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448, entertained District Deputy A. I. Myers in a Lodge room well filled with Elks. The meeting succeeded a dinner in the Home given for Mr. Myers by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers.

The entertainment program included vocal imitations of animals, a Scotch bagpipe band, and singing and dancing. An initiation ceremony was performed following the program. The District Deputy's address was the last event of the evening's activities.

He pointed out that Caldwell Lodge may be very proud of the ritualistic records of its officers. Since the State Ritualistic contests began the Lodge has won four first prizes and one second. Mr. Myers also congratulated the Lodge on the fact that of the eight other Lodges in Southern Idaho, Caldwell Lodge's attendance at meetings averaged 10 more than the others.

Fred La Follette, Correspondent

Large Class Initiated by Moscow, Ida., Lodge

Moscow, Ida., Lodge, No. 249, recently initiated a class of 33 candidates, thus completing the best season the Lodge has seen in several years. On the day of the initiation a parade was held, with the 32-piece band of Walla Walla Lodge, No. 287, supplying martial music, and the members and novices

following. The parade was headed by a 1903 air-cooled truck.

After the parade more than 300 members attended an oyster supper, following which Lodge was convened and the initiation carried through. The ritual was exemplified by the officers of Walla Walla Lodge. During the past year Moscow Lodge has initiated more than 100 new members, and has paid off more than \$11,000 of Lodge debts.

E. T. Baker, Correspondent

Medford, Ore., Lodge Gains Many Members

It was recently announced by Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, that the second largest class of candidates in the history of the Lodge had been initiated on April 12 when 40 applicants became members. In addition, the Lodge had accepted 24 more applications for initiation in a later class. Over 50 members of No. 1168, aside from these two classes, have been reinstated, and some dozen transfer dimitts received from members of other Lodges.

Ernest L. Scott

Greybull, Wyo., Lodge Active

Greybull, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1431, recently sponsored one of the largest dances ever held in the Big Horn Basin. It was given at the Rainbow Palace in Greybull. Originally scheduled to be the Annual Purple Ball, the purpose of the dance was later changed to serve as a benefit to Mark Loveland, son of Past Exalted Ruler N. E. Loveland. Young Loveland has been very ill and under a doctor's care since November 11, 1933. The funds accruing from the dance were used to send him to Denver, where he is now under the care of a specialist at the Children's Hospital.

A large delegation of members recently motored from Greybull Lodge to Meeteetse, Wyo., to initiate a class of seven candidates. The members of No. 1431 voted to meet either in Meeteetse or Cody once every two months, and it is expected that a class of candidates will be taken in at each meeting. At the conclusion of the Meeteetse session, a lunch was served and was followed by dancing, as ladies had accompanied the Elks.

Fred L. Gould, Correspondent

News of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge

In conjunction with other organizations, Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, on the night of April 28, held a benefit ball, the proceeds of which were donated to the widow of a deceased member. The ball was well attended and a tidy sum was realized.

The Lapsation Committee of No. 214 has made an enviable record during the past year. Under the supervision of Chairman James Lenihan, a large number of lapsed members were reinstated. Out of 766 members only 55 are now in arrears. Due to the untiring efforts of the officers and Lapsation Committee, this is a bright year in the history of Great Falls Lodge.

On the night of May 5, forty-eight new members were initiated into the Lodge in the 21-6 Class. A parade of the new Elks was staged early in the evening, following which a banquet was held for the candidates prior to initiation. Over 100 members have been taken into the Lodge during the past year.

The Lodge now has a band it considers second to none. New uniforms have been provided, and the Organization makes a splendid showing. A Drum and Bugle Corps has also been organized, consisting of 36 pieces, and it, too, will soon be in uniform. It is the hope of Great Falls Lodge that one of these organizations, and possibly both, will attend the National Convention in Kansas City this month.

G. W. Pfaff, Correspondent

The Menace Behind the Mob



International

Cops and plain clothes men felled by two-by-fours in a savage battle with Communists in Chicago. One of the rioters can be seen fleeing

by Boyden Sparkes

THERE have been numerous riots in American cities within the last four years. The worst of a series of mob outbreaks in New York City occurred in the Spring of 1930. In the summer of 1932 there was the bonus army riot in Washington, D. C. A little more than a year ago in Chicago, a mob massed itself in a demonstration against the Japanese Consulate and began to riot, coming into wild conflict with the police. In April of this year a crowd estimated to number 6,000 persons, described as "unemployed," for hours fought savagely with policemen who strove to prevent the mob from raiding City Hall in Minneapolis.

In these wretched affairs as in literally hundreds of other recent "battles" between mobs and police the same malignant intelligence has been at work. Each time there has been a clash the trouble has only seemed to have been a spontaneous flare-up between authority and discontented "masses." Actually none has been spontaneous. Each has been engineered by Communists. Essentially it is the same mob that rioted in New York in 1930, that rioted in Washington in 1932, and that rioted in Minneapolis in 1934. That is, the structure of each mob was the same; only the supernumer-

Copyright, 1934, by Boyden Sparkes

aries were different. The "supes," as with all large theatrical enterprises, were enlisted locally. Only a few of them, probably, realized that they were not only "supes" but also dupes.

Take the one in Minneapolis, for example: Hundreds of men and women who wore revolutionary red brassards on their arms were the "bones" of the mob. The "flesh" was composed of swarms of bewildered persons, out of work and eager to grasp at any straw of hope, along with other swarms of the idle-by-choice and squads of city hoodlums who boil out of slums whenever there is prospect of free and evil excitement. Such hoodlums, to the horrified astonishment of the decent citizens, came out of the slums of Boston during the police strike in 1919. Similar faces of evil appeared on the streets of Paris in 1789 and afterward—equally to the amazement of the decent citizens of France.

The Minneapolis mob advanced through the streets until its further progress was blocked by ranks of policemen. The authorities arranged to take a delegation representing the throng into the chamber where the Councilmen were meeting. The mob was shown every possible consideration consistent with the absolute duty of the police to permit the Council to



International

A determined tug of war between police and Communist demonstrators in New York City



Keystone

Communist leaders being arrested in the course of an attempted demonstration before the City Hall in New York

proceed with its work as a legislative body. The mob wished to "petition" the Council concerning matters which any school child would have realized were not of a municipal character in the slightest degree.

Petition? Demand was the word they used. They were there to demand that Civil Works Administration jobs be provided for all who asked for them and at a scale of wages comparable with the unions' scales. They were there to demand that there be no investigation of the need of any individual who wanted to be placed on this emergency payroll of the Government. The demands, in short, were utterly unreasonable and impossible, as is characteristic of the demands of Communist-generated crowds.

In the front ranks of the mob were some women, a Communist trick as old as the French Revolution. One of these women was elderly and swung herself along on crutches. It was she who screamed so provocatively at the first sign of trouble.

The trouble began the instant the police started to carry out an order to dis-

perse the disorderly gathering. When their commands to clear out of the street before City Hall were ignored or met with jeers, the police, properly, began to enforce the order. They shoved mightily and where they shoved women they were bitten and scratched; where they shoved men they were struck with fists.

"So that's it, is it!" said the policemen to one another, and some began using their own fists and some their clubs. Then, from the crowd, members of which were cunningly provoking this fighting, there came a shower of hard missiles—pieces of scrap iron, milk bottles that broke into dagger-like shards, half bricks and chunks of coal. A policeman who was struck in the head sprawled limply, unconscious; and the sight of his blood flowing scarlet infuriated his fellows. The melee had become a savage fight.

International
Police and Federal troops dispersing bonus seekers during an unauthorized march on Capitol Hill in Washington



International

These Communists in Soviet-style attire descended on Washington along with a group of "hunger marchers"



International

A radical delegation protesting the Scottsboro death sentences before the U. S. Supreme Court Building



International



Acme

Underwood

Agitators in the recent West Point Knitting Mills strike in Philadelphia being rendered hors de combat by the local police



At top of page: A bloody battle for possession of the Flag between bonus seekers and the police force in Washington, D. C., in 1932

The police routed this mob in McKeesport, Pa., through the use of tear gas. Six men and also three women were arrested



The street car riot that stirred all New Orleans to a high pitch of excitement and violence

It was a Communist job well done. It is impossible to recount the incidents of such an affair with any regard for chronology, yet some of the mob were seen to swarm over a coal truck and make of its chunks of coal ammunition with which to bombard the police. Others were seen to invade a nearby parking lot and systematically loot the automobiles of all manner of detachable objects that could be used as weapons—tire irons, hammers and monkey wrenches.

Then the police began to throw tear gas grenades and to the cursing of the mob was added the scream of ambulance sirens and the shrill warnings of fire apparatus, rolling swiftly to the battle. The fire apparatus, however, was not used. When urged by other municipal authorities to turn streams of water on the crowd, lest their behavior compel the use against them of more lethal weapons, Fire Chief Earle Traeger replied:

“They might wreck the equipment.”

“They might wreck Civilization, if you let them go on,” remarked a more far-sighted citizen, Paul S. Carroll, who is a Municipal Judge in Minneapolis.

Thirty-eight persons were put in jail and thirteen policemen were carried to hospitals. Half a dozen who were not policemen were taken to hospitals and it is fair to assume that a good many of the mob who should have gone to the hospital dared not. The fighting finally was stopped after about three hours. Only an extraordinary amount of self control on the part of police officials prevented the loss of lives.

Now then, what authority is there for stating that this mob was herded into conflict with the police by Communists? The first witness is Earl Browder, General Secretary of the Communist party. On the day of the Minneapolis riot the (Continued on page 50)



On the left, the gentlemen of the press get a flash that is hot news. Prone on the floor is Brian Donlevy, the champion, knocked out cold by Hugh O'Connell who perches so jauntily on his midriff. This is one of the little upsets that enliven the plot of "The Milky Way," a comedy of the ring by Lynn Root and Harry Clork. Contrary to appearances, Mr. O'Connell is a milkman so bent on avoiding violence that he has raised the science of ducking to a high art. His rapid elevation to prominence in the ring is all done with mirrors



De Mirjian

"Invitation to a Murder," by Rufus King, is ideal entertainment for a warm night when you are ready to welcome a few chills up and down your spine. The story centers around the Channing clan and more especially about Lorinda Channing in whom pride of family has attained the proportions of a dangerous disease. Lorinda, ably impersonated by Gale Sondergaard, is shown at the left, in the act of persuading Walter Abel to do her strange and evil bidding

Behind the and on the

Review
Esther



The spring breakup has brought numerous changes to the cast of that lovely play of Maxwell Anderson's, "Mary of Scotland." Philip Merivale has gone to London for a vacation and Helen Hayes has journeyed to Hollywood to fulfill a motion picture contract. Mid-September will see both players back in their original rôles when the Guild play goes on tour. Meanwhile, the two pictured at the right are appearing as Mary and the Earl of Bothwell—Margalo Gillmore and Stanley Ridges

Burlesque Queen of St. Louis in the Gay Nineties—that's the beginning of Mae West's career in her gaudy new picture "It Ain't No Sin." One of the men who line up at the box office is Roger Pryor, alias Tiger Kid. To him Mae loses most of her heart, but when a misunderstanding arises between them, it's just a step for Mae to the Sensation House in New Orleans. There she is the center of a gay pageant spiced with plenty of drama in which John Mack Brown (pictured with her at the right) plays a leading part



Footlights on the Screen

by
R. Bien

"Of Human Bondage," a screen version of Somerset Maugham's famous novel, promises the happy combination of first-rank actors in a play worthy of their talents. Leslie Howard, right, plays Philip Carey, a crippled medical student, while Frances Dee, also pictured, is Sally, who does not flinch from following her lover into voluntary exile. Also present are Bette Davis and Reginald Owen



Occasionally a book is improved in its translation to the screen. This has happened to Dashiell Hammett's mystery story, "The Thin Man." The plot runs more smoothly and concisely than on the printed page and the drama is heightened by the excellent acting of William Powell and Myrna Loy (left). It is exciting, not too gory and has plenty of humor to relieve the strain



Erno Rapee, Conductor, as seen by his colleague, X. Cugat, the Cuban band leader

"Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities" snapped on a recent Wednesday evening, in a CBS studio. Left, is a mixed chorus; center, the brawny back of baritone Everett Marshall as he sings into the mike. Victor Arden conducts the band. Beneath his wing huddles Elizabeth Lennox, contralto, awaiting her shot at the mike, while Announcer Andre Baruch holds up the wall. The heads of several of the musicians embellish the foreground



Ray Lee Jackson

Cast and Broadcast

By
Phillips Coles



Ray Lee Jackson

Above is Ellsworth Vines, winner of many championship tennis titles, who discusses each Sunday morning over WEAJ, the qualifications that go towards making a good player. Vines feels sure he can help the average tennis player improve his game through broadcast lessons



Ray Lee Jackson

Irving Berlin, left, is celebrating his twenty-fifth year as the Nation's No. 1 song writer by putting on a radio revue over NBC on Sunday evenings. A man must be even more modest than Berlin (who is very modest) not to be proud of having written most of the song hits since 1910, when he wrote "My Wife's Gone to the Country." Berlin can play the piano by ear only and in but one key

Irene Wicker—one of NBC'S prize actresses and singers—is best known as the "Singing Lady." In this rôle she maintains one of the most popular children's hours on the air. She has received a million fan letters in the past year



Above: The Good Will Ambassadors at Richmond, Va. Lodge officials and members are shown with Pilots Hart and Benedict. Richmond Lodge was one of the first visited by the two cars which are making the Southern trip

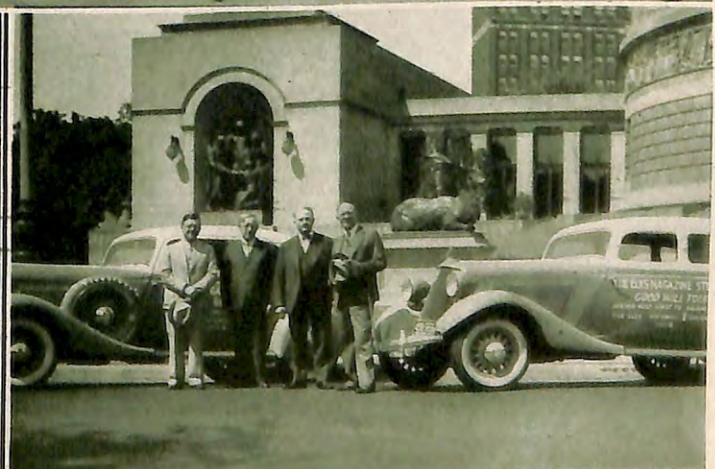
Good Will Tour Ambassadors Start the Long Convention Trek



Left: One of the pair of cars that visited Canon City, Colo., Lodge. The talented Good Will entertainers making the Western tour are Axel Christensen and Ralph Jones of musical fame

Right: The band as well as the brothers turned out in force to meet the Good Will Ambassadors on their flying visit to Grand Junction, Colo., Lodge. To the tune of "Your Old Gray Bonnet," the following Convention song rang out loud and clear:

Put on your Elks regalia, and don't let it fail you
Let the drums and bugles lead the way,
We must all look pretty when in Kansas City
On the Elks Convention Day



Governor E. C. Johnson of Colorado launches the Western Good Will fleet from Denver. With him are E. R. Jake Sherman, Sec'y Wheadon and other prominent Denver Elks. The two cars will eventually cover Utah, Nevada, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska

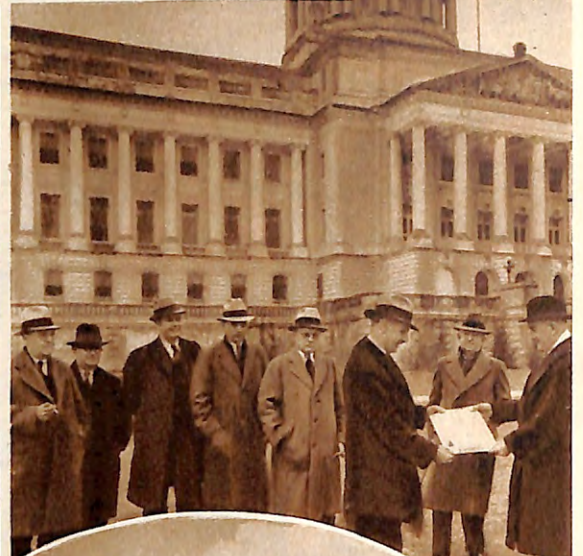
A pair of tour cars before the Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago. From left to right are Pilot Ralph Jones, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier and Pilot Axel Christensen. These two pilots are now embarked on the long and strenuous Western trip

Pictorial Review of Mr. Meier's Visits



Mr. Meier inspects the State Elks Hospital while visiting members of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge

Right: Accepting a Colonel's Commission on the staff of the Governor of Kentucky



Above: At Fresno, Calif., Lodge, Mr. Meier with a group of members attends a dinner in his honor prior to a most enthusiastic Lodge meeting



Above: Mr. Meier, while visiting Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge, is presented with a jawbone by handsome and well-groomed members of the "Oregon Cavemen"



Left: Mr. Meier, front row center, and members of Harrisonburg, Va., Lodge, at a luncheon given in his honor



Grand Exalted Ruler Meier and Governor Blackwood with a group of prominent South Carolina Elks standing on the steps of the State Capitol Building at Columbia



The Grand Exalted Ruler with 125 members of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge at the banquet given in his honor in the commodious and home-like dining room of the Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



The officers of the Washington Lodges of Ballard, Seattle, Bremerton and Everett, all of whom were present at Mr. Meier's visit to Ballard, Wash., Lodge

AT four P. M. on March 10, Mr. Meier, accompanied by his wife, sailed from Victoria aboard the liner *Empress of Japan*, bound for Hawaii. After a pleasant and restful sea trip, of which the Grand Exalted Ruler was greatly in need, he and Mrs. Meier arrived in Honolulu on March 15. They were greeted by D.D. William S. Lederer, P.D.D. Gladstone S. Leithead and other prominent Elks who had formed a launch party, encircling the liner, as it anchored off port, in a gaily decorated launch. At the pier scores of Elks greeted the distinguished visitors.

Later Mr. Meier called at the Capitol where Governor Joseph B. Poindexter, of the Territory of Hawaii, joined the party which journeyed to the Home of Honolulu Lodge on the Beach of Waikiki for luncheon. At six P. M. the Trustees of the Lodge were hosts at a Chinese dinner tendered Mr. and Mrs. Meier at the famous Lau Yee Chai Restaurant. At 7:30 P. M., upon entering the grounds of the Lodge Home, the Boy Scouts sponsored by Honolulu Lodge formed a guard of honor and were addressed by Mr. Meier and Governor Poindexter. Then the party filed into the Lodge room where a session was soon in progress.

A gold membership card container was presented to the Governor by Mr. Meier on behalf of the officers and members of the Lodge. During the session Mrs. Meier and the other ladies were entertained at the home of Mrs. Lederer. They were joined later by the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Governor and the Lodge officers at a social session which followed the business meeting.

On March 17 Mr. and Mrs. Meier, D.D. Lederer and E. R. Edwin H. Kilsby of Honolulu Lodge left Rogers Airport for a visit to Hilo Lodge, situated on an island 198 miles distant. Several sight-seeing landings were made by the plane before arriving at Hilo. Here a large delegation of Elks headed by E. R. Norman McCrimmon, welcomed the official party. At the Hilo Hotel a luncheon was served, following which a railroad trip was made along the Hamakua coast, where great scenic beauty and many points of interest were enjoyed by the visitors. At 6:30 P. M. the officers and members of Hilo Lodge tendered a banquet in honor of Mr. Meier, while Mrs. Meier was entertained at the home of Mrs. Peter Bayly.

Hilo Lodge convened with 68 officers and members present, among them being most of the influential men on the Island. After a splendid meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a beautiful inlaid koa jewel box. A social session succeeded the regular meeting of the Lodge. The night was spent at Volcano House, some thirty miles away, where Mr. Meier's party was escorted by E. R. McCrimmon, Robert Moir and Peter Bayly.

March 18 was spent mostly in sightseeing. A splendid luncheon given by the Past Exalted Rulers of Hilo Lodge also marked the day as an occasion to be remembered. The official party arrived back in Honolulu in time for the next official function, a Japanese dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Meier and Governor Poindexter. The entire party then attended the Grand Ball held in the Home of the Lodge. Over 400 Elks and their wives attended the ball, dancing to the strains of Hawaiian music.

On March 19, after visiting the sick members of the Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party toured the Island, making several visits to Elk officials. Stops were also made at points of interest along the way, among them being Schofield Barracks, the largest military reservation of the United States. That afternoon Mr. Meier spoke over Radio Station KGU, and then over Station KGMB.

The crowning feature of the entertainment in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier occurred that evening, when a Luau (Hawaiian Feast) was held with food prepared in Hawaiian style. During the entire Luau, singing and dancing by groups of Hawaiians featured the entertainment. Just before the close of the evening's activities, E. R. Kilsby presented to Mr. Meier a beautiful Koa Calabash, and to Mrs. Meier a Koa and Tapa tray on behalf of the Lodge. Mr. Lederer presented Mr. Meier with a miniature surf board.

The following day, Sunday, March 20, was also spent in sightseeing, with luncheon at the Lodge Home. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Meier boarded the steamship *Monterey* on which they sailed back to the mainland, thus concluding the first official visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler to the Territory of Hawaii.

While the Grand Exalted Ruler was in Hawaii, the following message, signed by every member of Hilo and Honolulu Lodges, was sent to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning:

"Dear Brother Fanning:

"The Grand Exalted Ruler and members of Hilo Lodge No. 759 and Honolulu Lodge No. 616, B. P. O. Elks, hereby extend to you their heartiest greetings. You have been a great friend to the members of our Order in the outlying possessions, and this friendship and your many years of service in Elkdom have engendered a love for you that is unsurpassed in the Order. May you be spared to us for many years to come.

"Aloha Nui Loa."

THE Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Wilmington, Calif., on March 24, being met by E.R. Clyde H. Foot, of San Pedro Lodge, and other members of the Order. When he disembarked there were present the Hon. Michael F. Shannon, former member of the

Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge; Dr. Ralph Hagan, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; John J. Doyle, Past Grand Esquire, and many others. That evening Mr. Meier attended an important meeting of Los Angeles Lodge with over 500 Elks present. Featured during the evening were the Chanters, Los Angeles Lodge's choral body, the combined bands of Los Angeles and Santa Monica Lodges, the drill teams of Pasadena, Huntington Park and Los Angeles Lodges, and the Drum Corps of Los Angeles Lodge. The meeting was preceded by a dinner attended by 125 members of the Order.

On Sunday, March 25, Mr. Meier left Los Angeles for Fresno, being entertained there at breakfast by the Lodge. D.D. Ben F. Lewis was among those present. After the breakfast Mr. Meier was driven to the Home of Merced Lodge, where 25 members were assembled to greet him, among them being Elmer B. Maze, P.D.D. The next event was a luncheon given by Modesto Lodge, at which he spoke to a gathering of 125 members, the members of the 20-30 Club, and the Exalted Rulers of several nearby Lodges. Judge Bellwood C. Hawkins and George E. Ground, both P.D.D.'s., were also there.

Upon attending this session, Mr. Meier returned to Fresno Lodge where a splendid meeting was held during the evening, including among its attendants the President of the San Joaquin Valley Elks Association, Harry Hoffman.

Leaving Fresno the next morning after a pleasant breakfast, Mr. Meier visited with Hanford Lodge. Sixty-five members of the Order were present at 9:45 A.M., H. C. Kimball, P.D.D., among them. Visalia was the next Lodge visited, with a number of the members on hand, including E. C. Niete, P.D.D. A noon meeting with Tulare Lodge was next on the itinerary. Scattered among the 73 members of the Order present were numerous representatives from the various surrounding Lodges.

Bakersfield was the next Lodge to receive the Grand Exalted Ruler. Here, at a splendid meeting, a class of forty-one candidates was initiated. Mr. Meier spoke to those present and delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast, and also spoke over Radio Station KERN. Present at Bakersfield were P.D.D.'s. Glenn L. Moran, Frank H. Pratt and P. J. O'Meara. Following the Bakersfield meeting Mr. Meier took a train for Los Angeles. The next morning he was guest of honor at the Los Angeles Breakfast Club, into which he was initiated, and thereafter presented with a gold membership card. Following his initiation he delivered an address which was broadcast over Station KFVB.

His next visit, on which he was accompanied by D.D. Jack F. Hosfield, was to Ontario Lodge, the first ever paid by a Grand Exalted Ruler. All the chair officers save one, and 30 members, were present to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. Later he spoke



Mr. Meier and members of Trinidad, Colo., Lodge, on the occasion of the breakfast given at the Country Club. Note the rugged character of the country

to 20 members of Riverside Lodge who were awaiting him at their Lodge Room, among them being E. B. Criddle, P.D.D.

Mr. Meier next addressed 125 Elks at a luncheon meeting held in the Home of San Bernardino Lodge, after which he proceeded to Redlands Lodge where 11 Lodge officers, 9 P.E.R.'s, and a number of other visitors including Past State Pres. Horace S. Williamson, heard him speak. At 5 P.M. Mr. Meier had the privilege of visiting and addressing the members of Brawley Lodge at their Home. He then hurried on to Callexico Lodge, this being the first such occasion in the Lodge's history. He spoke to the members assembled, about 35 in number, before journeying on to El Centro Lodge for a night meeting. Awaiting him were 225 members, among them being C. E. Pitzer, P.D.D. Many members were present from other Lodges, and Mr. Meier found it a pleasure to address the assemblage because of the great interest shown in his program. This concluded the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits at this time to Lodges in California.

ON March 29 Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a breakfast given by Yuma, Ariz., Lodge, there being in attendance some score of members, including R. I. Winn, D.D. After breakfast the Grand Exalted Ruler held a meeting with 35 members of Ajo, Ariz., Lodge and had luncheon with them. Tucson, Ariz., Lodge next received him, tendering a dinner in his honor, succeeded by a Lodge meeting. Among the 100 members present were State Pres. Joseph F. Mayer, Past Grand Tiler, and the Exalted Rulers of several other Lodges. During his stay in Tucson Mr. Meier inspected the Elks Tubercular Hospital located at this point.

On the ensuing day the Grand Exalted Ruler paid a visit to Miami, Ariz., Lodge, speaking to some 50 members and their friends. Among them he noted Past State Pres. Jacob Gunst and M. H. Starkweather, P.D.D. Upon completing the meeting Mr. Meier traveled on to Globe Lodge, where 50 members entertained him at luncheon and later listened to the speech delivered by their national leader. P.D.D. Fred W. Curtis was also present.

On his way to Phoenix, Mr. Meier was met at Mesa by a delegation of Phoenix, Ariz., Elks, headed by the Governor of the State, the Hon. B. B. Moer. Upon arriving in the City he was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Arizona Club. At the club, as at the Lodge afterward, where a meeting was held, Mr. Meier noted many distinguished members of the Order, among them being former Chairman of the Credentials Committee of the Grand Lodge, Frank B. Baptist; State Treas. John W. Wagner, and P.D.D.'s J. B. Zaversack, J. H. Calvert and

Joseph C. Haldiman. Mr. Meier was presented with a gavel made of native woods.

Prescott, Ariz., Lodge was the next to be visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler. His call was paid on the following morning when a luncheon with 125 persons present was held. His address at this point was broadcast over Station KPJM. P.D.D. Morris Goldwater attended the meeting. At the conclusion of the luncheon Mr. Meier made his way to Jerome Lodge, where he paid the first such official visit ever made there. A representative number of members were present, including State Trustee R. H. Cunningham.

Upon completing his address at Jerome Lodge, Mr. Meier left for Flagstaff, where he was the guest of honor of the Lodge officers and many members. P.D.D.'s Loren W. Cress, R. C. Kaufman, A. R. Kleindienst and Henry L. Albers were present, and Exalted Rulers of several neighboring Lodges attended. This visit concluded the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits, on this trip, in the State of Arizona.

THE next day saw Mr. Meier paying a visit to Gallup, N. M., Lodge, where he was guest of honor at a Sunday dinner with 15 members of the Lodge in attendance, among them being Past Grand Inner Guard J. P. Gribbin and D. Rollie, P.D.D. Before he left the City Mr. Meier was presented with a beautiful Navajo rug, a hammered silver paper knife and a silver bracelet for Mrs. Meier.

April 1 was the date on which Mr. Meier attended an evening meeting of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge with 97 members of the Order present. Among them were D.D. Joseph Wertheim, State Treas. L. J. Benjamin, and P.D.D.'s D. L. Safford and F. E. Wood. After remaining overnight at Albuquerque, Mr. Meier proceeded to Santa Fé, driven by Mr. Wertheim. Here he was the guest of honor at a luncheon with about 90 persons in attendance. P.D.D.'s Walter G. Turley and C. A. Bishop were present. A number of members from Las Vegas Lodge were also visitors. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a hand-hammered, solid gold Elk button.

THE evening of April 2 Mr. Meier spent with the Elks of Las Vegas, N. M., where he was guest of honor at a dinner attended by the officers, P.E.R.'s and many members. At the conclusion of the dinner Mr. Meier addressed those assembled. At the Lodge meeting which followed 73 were in attendance, including D.D. Joseph Wertheim. The evening was concluded with the presentation to Mr. Meier of a Chimayo scarf.

Tucumcari, on April 3, was the next place

visited by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Here, at the Rock Island Eating House, Mr. Meier was guest at a dinner given by the officers and P.E.R.'s of Tucumcari Lodge. A meeting followed, marked by the presence of 85 members, among them being J. W. Bonem, C. M. Bueler and A. Mandell, all P.D.D.'s, and seven members, three of them P.E.R.'s of Clovis, N. M., Lodge. At the finish of his address Mr. Meier was presented with a cigar lighter.

The next day the Grand Exalted Ruler drove to Raton, N. M., to make the first visit of a head of the Order to that Lodge. A banquet at the Swastika Hotel, with 60 members in attendance, was a feature of the visit. Later a Lodge meeting was held with the Drum and Bugle corps of Vaughn Moore Post No. 5, American Legion, participating. Among those present were D.D. Wertheim; D.D. Malcolm MacDonald, of Colorado South; P.D.D.'s Ray C. Haner and Fred J. Voorhees of New Mexico; State Senator Adolph Unfug, Past Pres. of the Colo. State Elks Assn., and the E.R.'s of Trinidad, Walsenburg and Loveland, Colo., Lodges. After his address Mr. Meier was presented with a silver-mounted comb and brush.

April 5 saw Mr. Meier at the Trinidad Country Club, breakfasting with members of the local Lodge. Among the guests were Past State Pres. I. B. Rogers and P.D.D. B. Malcolm Erickson.

FOLLOWING his address at Trinidad, Mr. Meier drove on to Walsenburg, Colo., to pay the first visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler to the Lodge there. He was driven first to a high school where 400 students had assembled to hear his address. At its conclusion Mr. Meier drove to the home of a member, George Klein who, Mr. Meier was told, was living only to the time when the Grand Exalted Ruler should call on him. Mr. Meier found Mr. Klein a very ill man.

At a luncheon given by the Lodge Mr. Meier was greeted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen; Past Grand Inner Guard Joseph H. Loo; Past State Presidents G. R. Mallott, W. V. Roberts, Adolph Unfug and I. B. Rogers, and P.D.D.'s George H. Blickhahn and John Olson, and many other distinguished Elks.

The meeting at Walsenburg Lodge was followed by one at Alamosa, Colo., Lodge where Mr. Meier met nearly 100 members, among them being Past State Pres. Byron Albert and many of those who had attended previous meetings. Mr. Meier spoke here, and then drove to Salida, Colo., Lodge, arriving late that night where he inspected the Lodge Home before retiring.

On April 6 Mr. Meier left Salida for Montrose Lodge, accompanied by D.D. Henry B. Zanella, P.D.D. L. W. Wilson and Secy. Walter Wheeler of Ouray Lodge. The party traveled in the private railway car of Mr. Wilson. On the way to Montrose, at Gunnison, Colo., Mr. Meier was met by members of Gunnison Lodge, with whom he conferred. Upon arriving at Montrose it was found that the 50-piece orchestra of the Montrose High School, augmented by a crowd of citizens, was present to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Meier was met by Judge George W. Bruce, P.D.D., many members of Montrose Lodge and the officers of Ouray Lodge. He spoke briefly.

Accompanied by the Ouray Lodge officers Mr. Meier proceeded to their City where, at the Beaumont Hotel, he was met by a reception committee of local Elks, the Telluride High School Band and members of Telluride Lodge. Also present were officers and members of Durango, Colo., Lodge, the Trujillo-Sheets Post No. 28 American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, and P.D.D. J. H. McDewitt, Jr. In the lobby of the crowded Hotel Mr. Meier spoke. All business houses had been closed for the day by proclamation of the Mayor because of

the significance of Mr. Meier's visit. That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained at dinner in the local Lodge Home. Later Lodge convened and 23 candidates were initiated into the Order—9 from Durango, 8 from Telluride, 1 from Grand Junction and 5 from Ouray. Two hundred Elks crowded the Lodge room to capacity. E. E. Wheeler, P.D.D., was among the distinguished guests present. Following the addresses D.D. Zanella presented Mr. Meier with a gold quartz memento of the occasion.

On the ensuing day Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a breakfast banquet given by Montrose Lodge at its Home, 40 members being present, including P.D.D. Joseph Quinn. Mr. Meier was introduced by P.D.D. Judge Bruce, and spoke at some length to members of the Lodge. Short talks were also made by P.D.D. Quinn, Walter Wheeler and C. E. Adams. At the conclusion of the affair Mr. Meier left for Delta, Colo., Lodge.

Here he was guest of honor at a luncheon with 100 members of the Order present, among them being delegations from Montrose, Ouray and Telluride Lodges. On the trip to Delta Mr. Meier was accompanied by D.D. Zanella.

That evening the Grand Exalted Ruler held a meeting with Grand Junction Lodge, and was the honored guest at a banquet for 168 people. Among those present at the succeeding meeting were U. S. Senator Walter Walker, State Senator O. E. Bannister, D.D. Zanella, P.D.D. Quinn, E.R. W. J. Smith of Ouray Lodge, and others.

FOLLOWING the meeting with the Grand Junction Elks Mr. Meier drove to Price, Utah, where he retired for the night. At 7 A. M. he was awakened by the members of the Price Lodge of Antlers, who desired him to take an early ride with them about the City. In this Mr. Meier was happy to concur. Later he was guest of honor at a breakfast given by Price Lodge. After breakfast a parade was staged by the band from Carbon High School. At its conclusion Mr. Meier spoke to its members and to the assembled citizens, his talk being followed by a meeting of Price Lodge.

Here the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to some 80 members. Later he was guest at a luncheon at Notre Dame de Lourdes Catholic Church, also attended by D.D.'s Zanella, H. V. Leonard, and other prominent local dignitaries. Mr. Meier next drove to Eureka, Utah, where he paid the first visit ever made to "Tintic" Lodge by a Grand Exalted Ruler.

A parade was staged there, led by the High School band. Mr. Meier spoke to the band and the citizens assembled, at the conclusion of the parade, and then attended the Lodge meeting with 50 members of the Order. State Pres. J. Alan Pike was also present.

Provo, Utah, Lodge was the next to receive Mr. Meier. He was the guest of honor at a 7 o'clock dinner in the Lodge Home,



The Grand Exalted Ruler and Members of Salisbury, Md., Lodge

with 75 members in attendance, following which he spoke. The dinner was in turn followed by an open Lodge meeting attended by D.D. Leonard, P.D.D. H. G. Blumenthal, State Treas. J. Edwin Stein, Past State Pres. M. Howard Graham, and several other distinguished Elks. Here Mr. Meier made his seventh address of the day, after which he drove to Salt Lake City for the night.

On the morning of April 9 Mr. Meier drove to Park City, Utah, where there was staged in his honor one of the finest parades Mr. Meier had ever seen. It was led by the High School band of 100 pieces. At its conclusion the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke to those assembled before the Home of the Lodge. At 11 A. M., with 50 members present, the Lodge meeting was held, after which Mr. Meier was honored at a luncheon given in the New Park Hotel. Afterward he was taken upon a trip of inspection through the Silver King Coalition Mine.

Logan was the next City on the Grand Exalted Ruler's itinerary. Here he was guest of honor of the Logan Elks at a dinner at the Eccles Hotel. Mr. Meier spoke to the assembled guests after dinner, and then attended a regular Lodge meeting. Four members were initiated into the Order. Past State Pres. W. F. Jensen was among those present. After the meeting at Logan Mr. Meier drove to Ogden, where he remained overnight.

On the morning of April 10 Mr. Meier returned to Salt Lake City where he was entertained at a luncheon given by members of Salt Lake City Lodge. Among the distinguished members attending were Harry S. Joseph, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; E. W. Kelly, Past Grand Tiler; O. R. Dibblee, former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order

Committee, and D. T. Lane, P.D.D. Aside from the officers, 74 members of the Lodge attended. Subsequent to his address, Mr. Meier held a conference with the officers and trustees of the Lodge. He then returned to Ogden.

Upon his arrival in that City Mr. Meier spoke over Radio Station KLO, following which he was entertained at a dinner at the Ben Lomen Hotel, with 40 other members of the Order. The dinner was followed by a Lodge meeting at which were present 65 members and 10 P.E.R.'s of Ogden Lodge. State Pres. J. Alan Pike and Past State Presidents D. L. Stine and W. D. Zeller attended. Also present was Ogden Lodge's one surviving charter petitioner, G. L. Becker. Mr. Meier spoke to the members of the Lodge and was then presented with a set of silver initial plates to go on the doors of his automobile. That evening he boarded a train for the Pacific Coast, and spent April 11 traveling.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER arrived at Klamath Falls, Ore., early in the morning of April 12. He was met by a large delegation of Elks, including P.D.D. Frank J. Lonergan, member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge; D.D. Charles C. Bradley, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight; and D.D. O. L. McDonald. He was guest of honor at a breakfast served at the Hotel Willard, with P.D.D. W. S. Wiley and 9 P.E.R.'s of Klamath Falls Lodge present. Later, accompanied by Messrs. Lonergan, Bradley and McDonald, Mr. Meier drove to Lakeview, Ore., Lodge where 125 members entertained him at luncheon. Following his address he returned to Klamath Falls, where at 4 P. M. he was on the air over Station KFJI, after which he drove to Ashland, Ore., Lodge for a night meeting.

The meeting was preceded by a dinner at the Litha Springs Hotel, with State Secy. F. D. McMillan present. Four hundred members attended the Lodge meeting afterward at which 40 candidates were initiated for Medford Lodge and 2 for Grants Pass Lodge, while three members joined Medford Lodge by affiliation. Among those present at the meeting were Past State Secy. J. Edward Thornton, P.D.D.'s Louis Ulrich and W. E. Newcombe, and the E.R.'s of several outlying Lodges. Sixteen Lodges were represented.

The next day Mr. Meier drove to Medford, Ore., Lodge to be guest of honor at a breakfast, with 100 members in attendance, including eight P.E.R.'s. After breakfast he drove to Grant's Pass Lodge, where 35 mem-

(Continued on page 45)



Glaeser Studio

The head table at the banquet given to Mr. Meier by Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge

The Redcoats Are Coming!

(Continued from page 15)

possibility of their *ultimate* defeat at the hands of the Americans.

Another important phase of Dawes's participation in Revolutionary history is the fact that he and his family were the type of patriots who cared naught for financial compensation for their efforts. But Paul Revere was a business man. This hero of the Revolution and of the famous "ride," rendered bills for his several rides. One of them, from the archives of Massachusetts, is reproduced with this article. It will be noted, furthermore, that the Committee did not allow all of his charges.

Dawes in the meantime had rendered repeated services but no bills, serving for many months as a Volunteer until he finally became an Officer of the regular Colonial Army.

DURING the siege of Boston, Dawes had sent his wife and family to Worcester for safekeeping. He was having a hard time getting money to them, since the British searched every traveler. But he found a clever way to circumvent this. He was a man who was known for his modesty: he never wore silver, gold or brass trimmings on his clothes as many did, but always cloth-covered buttons. So he took gold coins, whenever he planned a trip to Worcester, and his sister sewed them on his clothes, then covered them with cloth. He would wear them to Worcester, his wife would cut them off, then sew on regular buttons for his return trip. Thus he kept his little family supplied with cash.

Later, he was given the commissaryship at Worcester and moved there, where he acted as Army Quartermaster, supplying the troops and guarding prisoners incarcerated in the local army camp. The commissary work probably gave him the experience and the idea for a new career after the war, for he went into the grocery business in Worcester, in partnership with a man named Coolidge, an ancestor of our own late President. Later

he moved back to Boston, still in the same line of business.

A strange sort of life this must have seemed to the energetic Dawes, after all the excitement of war—to be lading molasses, weighing sugar and passing out prunes to the citizenry across the counter of a country store. But heroes must eat—and "after the tumult and the shouting dies, and the captains and the kings depart," even a Dawes must live.

And so the hero of one of the greatest rides in history—a ride with the most significant results on world affairs—must be given his hail and farewell. We leave him with his record amidst his cheeses in his little grocery store. We leave him reminiscing with his cronies of more glamorous days and dreaming of the future of his seven children and their children's children who were also destined to serve the great Republic which he had so valiantly helped to establish.

He was buried in Kings Chapel Cemetery, Boston, and on his grave stands the only memorial mark erected to his memory. On it the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the Revolution placed a simple tablet as late as April, 1899. The inscription on this tablet, reproduced herewith, speaks for itself. His duty done, Dawes himself cared naught for fame or fortune, but nevertheless succeeding generations of Dawes must glow with pride in the realization that a grateful body of men has paid a hitherto unsung hero a just and exceedingly well earned tribute.



The only existing memorial to William Dawes, Jr., is this tombstone bearing the inscription, "Patriot, Son of Liberty, and first messenger sent by Warren from Boston to Lexington on the night of April 18-19, 1775, to warn Hancock and Adams of the coming of the British Troops."

Tee for Two

(Continued from page 8)

Her own iron shot was intrepidly played. It cleared the ditch, almost struck the pin—and kept on going. In dismay she watched it overrun, and hop into the trap beyond.

Karen widened her eyes at Devon. Her way of saying that maybe a man could teach a woman a little something.

One down for Miss Bridger. But she got it back at the next hole. Sixteenth and seventeenth, also all square. They came down the eighteenth fairway, neck and neck.

Two men stood at the home green, watching them come in. One was Ames Kays; the second a thick-set, sunburned chap with a peeling nose and an unconquerable grin.

"Hello Arch," said Karen. "Mr. Devon, Captain Hall."

"Our new pro," put in Ames Kays.

Captain Hall shoved out a cordial, hairy paw. A bluff, friendly, boisterous fellow. Men liked him at sight, and women immediately lost patience with him.

"Hello Corrie," he grinned at Miss Bridger. "You two getting out the straw vote?"

"The two favorites," laughed Karen. "Which is your favorite, Johnny Devon?"

"The one who outputs the other," he told her gravely.

"Wrong answer!" chuckled Captain Hall.

"Thanks, dear, for a swell game," said Miss Bridger. "And I do hope you and Mr. Devon have a nice dinner tonight."

Ames Kays started. He looked suddenly flustered and shocked. "But—but, Karen—don't you realize, we have invited the—I mean, twelve are to be at the table, and one more would make it—"

"Thirteen, I counts it up to," shoved in Captain Hall. "But then, if you're supersti-

tious—there's a chap wants me over at the armory this evenin'. Some hosses y' know."

Karen stood flushed and stricken. Her hand half reached to Devon. But his cool glance stopped her.

"There seem to be misunderstandings," he said. "I had an earlier engagement."

"We dine at eight sharp," Coralie Bridger almost never smiled, yet she nearly always seemed about to smile. "Better still, I'll take you along with me now, Mr. Devon. Save Karen the trip across to Windywale."

EARLY the next morning, Johnny Devon was up on the practice tee, hitting out a few for the good of his soul, when Karen appeared with her caddie and her bag.

"Nice dinner last night?" she casually asked.

"Putrid." Johnny laced out a screaming ball.

"But Coralie—wasn't she—?"

"I ate alone in an all-night hamburger club."

She regarded him intently. "Why?"

"I have never had the urge," he said, "to go slumming among the customers."

The suntan of Karen's face heightened. "If that was aimed at my father, it was right on the nose."

She took a vicious cut at a ball. "I don't have to be so bright," she said, "to know when a man is about ninety per cent superior to ninety per cent of the men I know. That goes for pros or amateurs in any line."

"Don't chop at 'em!" Devon cautioned her.

"A good golf pro is as good as anybody,"

she said. Again she cut one viciously. "Better than some," he dryly agreed.

"Then why the retiring disposition, mister?"

"Because the Anglo-Saxon peoples still remember the old English statutes: which rate actors as rogues, and peddlers and such as vagabonds, and goat herds and golf pros as uncouth pasture boys."

He smiled gently. "You'll be marrying your Captain Hall and going to England to live. And if I were to meet you at your club over there, you wouldn't dare ask me in the front door."

"I'd ask you everywhere," she declared, "and snoot everybody."

"I knew a golf pro," Johnny reminisced, "whom the Prince of Wales invited into the Westward-Ho club. And they threw 'em both out."

When laughter came into Karen's eyes, it was like thrushes and mocking birds enlivening dark, dewy coppices. "We could get in somewhere, couldn't we?" she asked. "You and I and the Prince of Wales?"

"Shall we shoot Singing River today?" he asked.

"Not I!" Karen was emphatic. "That Bridger girl has been trying all summer to grab my polo man. All right. But I take no chances on my Number One pasture boy."

So they shot around Windywale that day. And the next and the next and so on. And when a couple of friendly antagonists have youth and health and gaiety and physical attractiveness, in a world brimful of hey-days, it does not necessarily imply that golf is everything.

It couldn't have been a few missed putts that were giving Johnny Devon that

thoughtful, sobered look. It couldn't have been a wickedly trapped course that made the impulsive, high-headed Karen Kays grow quieter and moodier, less daringly outspoken, day after day.

Not that Karen's game suffered. They were also playing a lot of golf. On the eve of the state tournament they turned in a card that made Ames Kays' moustaches go militaristic.

"I'll caddy for you tomorrow, if you wish," Johnny told Karen.

"Together," she said fervently, "we could lick the world."

Karen didn't win the medal in the opening round. Which suited them perfectly. You don't want to come to the peak too soon in a long grind.

Over the Singing River war trail, during the next couple of days, the unhappy story of the little vanishing Indians was grimly reenacted. First there were thirty-two. Then there were sixteen. Then eight. Both Karen and Coralie Bridger were of that dusty little surviving band.

Quarter and semi-finals. Strangely—or maybe not so strangely—the champion and her most menacing rival did not draw each other in the preliminary stages of play. Arranging committees do not consider it good business or showmanship to kill off the gallery by letting the favorites kill each other off ahead of the closing act.

When Karen came in at sundown, a finalist, Miss Bridger was one of the hand-clapping crowd.

"You heard how lucky I was," Miss Bridger said. "And I got a big hand too. Applause or applesauce. They look a lot alike in print."

"When you beat me tomorrow," said Karen, "please know that I played my fool head off."

IF the public knew what nice places golf courses are at night time, they'd be out sitting on them in thousands. Clumps of silver maples around the dogleg, starshine in the water hole, the smell of freshly mown fairways, the rainlike patter of the sprinklers on the greens. Maybe a full moon is coming up. Maybe there is a throb of dance music on the breeze, drifting across from the club house.

Johnny Devon had a tile-roofed bungalow at Windywale. He had lounging chairs on his porch, and climbing roses, and a million dollar view. He was just sitting there. And then he saw the figure coming across from the clubhouse terrace. He looked again, and suddenly got up.

Yes, it was Karen Kays. Karen in all there was of a flimsy evening dress. A taut, brown-shouldered girl, freshly showered and fragrant after a hot and dusty day.

"I dropped in to watch the dancing," she said. "Got to wishing you were over there, or I was over here."

"You ought to have wished you were in bed," he said.

"So here I am."

She sank down on the lower step and bent her head and shoved her hands through her hair. The straps of a bathing suit had left a white cross mark on the tan of her smoothly arched back, but she wouldn't have given it a thought. "Everything was all cut and dried," she said, "and now everything is all wet."

"I'd go catch'm sleep," he advised.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "Johnny Devon?"

"We're going to put you in my car and take you home."

She sat with her knees drawn up and her fists under her chin. The music came across the hillside, vagrant as the evening breeze. Karen stood up. "Dance with me."

They danced the length of the veranda, and back. Then there was a lull in the distant tempo of the music. They stopped.

Her hand stayed on his shoulder. His arm still held her. So they stood. In that poignant, close interlude. His other arm took possession of her thrilling young body. Her face uplifted, the throbbing curve of her throat, her eyes consenting. . . . He kissed her mouth, forcefully, numbingly, with full deliberation, for a long while.

Then he took her hands in his, brought them down and put them away from him.

"You asked for it," he said thickly.

She stood there, her eyes ardent, moon-struck.

"If you wanted me to do something rotten," he said, slow and heavy of breath, "there you have it."

"Rotten?"

A FOUR-SQUARE guy like Captain Hall rates better than being hurt by something another man can help.

"Is that all?" said Karen. "Listen! The only way you could hurt Captain Hall would be to break his collarbone."

He laughed, not nicely.

"I'm not trying to be funny," said Karen.

"No? Devon regarded her fixedly. "Well then, take me. Maybe I wouldn't want to get hurt."

"I myself," she said, bright and scornful—"I'd rather get hurt, terribly, than just never have anything happen to me at all."

"And so—you're not worrying much about anybody?"

"That's how," she said.

"Just come out to play in the moonlight?"

"I'm playing tonight," said Karen, "as I'll be playing tomorrow. Playing my fool head off."

Johnny no longer looked so bravely diverted.

"How much do you earn a year?" she suddenly asked.

He blinked at her. "Ask your father, why don't you?"

"Already have," she smiled. "You get twenty-five hundred per annum and the proceeds from the pro's shop and fees for lessons and the bungalow to live in—"

She stopped. It was a queer thing to see Karen Kays waiting, patient and wistful, for something to be said, or something to be done.

"If a girl learned how to cook," she said in a small, tentative voice, "and washed out her own underwear—" Again she didn't finish.

Devon's hands closed and tightened. But he said nothing.

"You oughtn't to make me say these things to you," she told him plaintively. "You ought to be saying them to me."

"The sort of a girl I would want in my bungalow," he found the voice to say, "I wouldn't want her there."

"I figured you'd be that way. So I just had to up and come over here, and no nonsense." She laughed low and husky.

"Ames Kays' youngest child."

"And a golf pro!"

Johnny gave it such a dismal sound. "Money? Sure. A girl could get by. But what about her friends and the places she went? Would I be sitting here while she was out? Or would she be sitting here with me, chewing up her fingernails?"

He strode the length of the veranda and stared off at the lighted club house. Then he came back. "If I can't go where she is, she's not coming where I am!"

"It isn't," said Karen, "as though I weren't so sure."

"Sure of what?" he asked.

"Of you. Of me. Of what has happened."

"What has happened?" he demanded.

She smiled, and her eyes were dreamy with confidence.

Devon could be hard, if he had to be. "If I moved a woman in without Ames

Kays' approval, how long would she stay, do you think?"

"Long enough for both to get thrown out."

"Well?"

"And that would—?" She looked incredulous.

"I've got a comfortable job. And peace of mind."

"This big job wouldn't matter," Karen said. "Nothing would, if you really— As for your peace of mind, you haven't got any any more. That's gone, isn't it? Johnny?"

He was whistling the tune they were playing over at the club house, through his set teeth.

"You've backed yourself against that post," taunted Karen, "like an early Christian martyr at the stake. Burning with stubborn, fiery, high—what you call 'em—resolves, ideals? Or maybe what mules think about. But you don't fool me—much."

He couldn't stand any more. "Will you take it?" he asked harshly.

"Yes."

"I intend to live in my bungalow," he said, "all alone."

"Oh!" Karen swallowed convulsively. "That would—I'm not dense that way. When a brick falls on me."

Her shoulders stiffened and she started to move away. Then she came back. She wasn't humiliated or ashamed. She was gallant.

"Just to ease your conscience," she said, "Captain Hall and I told each other this evening that it was all off. Coralie was in the club house at the time, and I think he drove her home."

"All right," said Devon.

Her chin went a trifle higher. "Will you still caddy for me tomorrow?"

"I'll be there," he managed to say.

"Then you'll want me to catch'm sleep. So I won't disgrace you." Her laughter was crazy. "Don't worry. I'll make you proud! I'll show 'em how you've brought me to the top of my game. Don't I play a swell game? Johnny?"

AND so home, and to bed. And if Karen didn't sleep that night, nobody would have known it when she showed up at the first tee next morning to take her ball from the rack.

She ignored the crowding, staring mob that walled in the first fairway. She didn't look at her father or at Captain Hall. She shook hands with Coralie Bridger, a curt gesture. She smiled absently at Johnny Devon as he pulled her driver from the bag.

Then she stepped up, relaxed and concentrated, and smashed her ball far down the middle.

Coralie Bridger was overtense at the start. She half-topped her drive, hooked her brassie, and finished one-down on the first hole. On the second, the champion's tee shot was trapped. But she recovered magnificently for a half. And then her confidence came back, and her slow, insolent smile, and her flexible short play at the pins.

So the match grew up into heroic proportions. A couple of steady workwomen, shooting remorselessly at each other, or, more specifically, at the worst that a good tough golf course could stack up against them. Each girl knowing that at the slightest slip or error, a ruthless antagonist was waiting to cash in.

But neither was making many mistakes. Not among those first few holes. Hillside and gully and a serpentine little river to cross. Pushing through lanes of staring human faces. Around the curve of the woods and back to the club house. Karen still holding her precarious lead.

They took the turn and started off through

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the bad lands. Past the ugly nests of sand traps guarding the tenth. Safely through the three nasty, narrow wooded fairways, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth. Matching skill and courage, stroke for stroke.

Out once more, they climbed to the island tee. The fourteenth. That wicked little one-shotter, where Miss Bridger had tripped up, not so many days ago.

If you can't break through an obstinate defense one way, try something else. Try a little psychology.

The girls had favored each other with a considerate silence all that morning. But now Miss Bridger lingered on the pathway until Karen caught up.

"Isn't it a pity," said Miss Bridger, "that you're losing your lovely pro. Father happened to meet him at the station this morning, buying a railroad ticket."

Karen dropped her ball; stooped to retrieve it.

"We tried to lure him to Singing River," stated Miss Bridger. "But no." She shook her head and sighed. "A pity. My dear, he simply inspires you!"

"It is his privilege," said Karen, carefully controlled, "to resign, if he wants to. And go away—"

"He didn't resign. He was fired." Miss Bridger sauntered onward, leaving Karen standing in her tracks.

Karen waited until Devon came up, carrying her bag. "Why were you fired?" she asked.

She didn't wait for his answer. "I know why! When I got back to the club house last night, I was bawling like a fool. If you must know. And father asked me where I'd been."

"I was pulling out anyhow." Devon handed her an iron from the bag.

She was watching him closely. "Why didn't you take the Singing River job?"

"Don't forget to fade the next shot," he told her.

"Why?" she insisted. "Why, Johnny?" "Because—" he said. Then his jaw set hard. "Because I'm so crazy mad in love with you, I can't stand it any longer! Not in the same county with you, or the same state. I'm getting out!"

"Oh!" said Karen, with a short, stifled breath. "And so you sent me home last night, crying! It didn't matter about me, did it? Only you—"

She happened to catch sight of old Roddy Bridger puffing up the slope in the forefront of the gallery. He was a queer-looking little man, but that was no reason for Karen to gaze at him so raptly; or to run to him suddenly, or to grab his arm and drag him away from the crowd.

In a minute or two she came back to the golf game. She wore the face of a good poker player, and she walked with a conqueror's stride.

Straight up to the fourteenth tee. Karen's honor. She let a ball drop where it would. Stood gracefully at ease. She drove that ball across the hollow, and stuck it on the green.

AS the rounds of applause died, Coralie Bridger took her stance. And then Karen violated the laws and ethics of a grand old pasture.

"Forgive me, Coralie," she said, "but you're about to overshoot again."

Coralie dropped her club and turned in stupefaction.

"Fade it a little," suggested Karen quietly. "Look. A trifle less from the inside, a pennyweight more right hand. Dig it a shadow deeper." She smiled, as though she just remembered something to smile at. "See?"

Yes, Miss Bridger saw. The best of golfers are apt to slack off at times, without even guessing that anything is wrong. And then—a mere hint suffices to set them right.

"But—" Miss Bridger frowned. "I never heard of such generosity." Suddenly she shrugged. "Oh well, I was never one not to

take advantage."

She changed her grip, and swung. As pretty a ball as anyone ever played. It went away with a pleasing little click, arched across the gully, caught the edge of the wind, and hit the forefront of the green. And there it expired, and stayed, just inside of Karen's shot.

Karen pushed forward. "First to congratulate you!" she said.

Miss Bridger started to back away. "On—on what?"

Karen's glance sought through the faces in the crowd. She caught fleetingly the imperturbable grin of Captain Hall. "On what else would I congratulate you," she said in a silken tone—"if not the championship?"

"But—but—" Miss Bridger was almost too bewildered to speak. "You've got me one down, and we still have about twenty to go—"

"I lose," said Karen, "by default."

In the stupefied hush that suddenly settled over the countryside, Ames Kays came blustering through the fringes of the crowd. "Karen!" he choked. "What has happened?"

Karen looked at him soberly. She was about to hurt him terribly. But a girl also has her own life to live.

She was softly spoken, and not the least malicious about it. But she made sure that everybody heard.

"I am disqualified forever as an amateur," she said. "I have taken money from Roddy Bridger to teach his daughter golf."

Then she turned to Johnny Devon, and shoved her club back into the bag. "Roddy Bridger still wants you to be the pro at this club," she said. "And I've given him your O. K."

"A nice job," piped up Mr. Bridger. "And we've got a nice bungalow for our pros to live in."

"And I," smiled Karen, "am one of the pros at the Singing River club."

Johnny Devon filled his lungs deeply as he looked straight into Karen's eyes. "You and I," he said, "and the Prince of Wales."

A Fool and His Honey

(Continued from page 11)

as the official guest of the Commonwealth. And because he feared again to operate a dice game, he hurried to Bud Peaglar's and sought pool-shooting companions who were willing to back their skill with money. Come what might, Mr. Blott understood clearly that he must produce that ten dollars each week for Judge Cardigan.

At ten o'clock the following Friday morning, Freddy presented himself before the Judge. In his hand was an envelope addressed to Mrs. Poppy Blott in Louisville, and in that envelope were a money order for ten dollars and a letter. Judge Cardigan remembered the case instantly and accepted the envelope.

"May I read the letter, Freddy?"

"Yassuh, Jedge, Tha's the most thing I crave fo' you to do."

Freddy beamed with pride as the Judge twinkled over the passionate missive:

My darlin' Poppy—

I bet you are still missing me an also I miss you because you are such a sweet wife an so sickly. I am inclosing ten dollars wich I hope will keep you alive until farthur notice. Buisness is not so good but I am workin hard for my honey gal Poppy. I don't do nothin all the time sept think what a sweet woman you is an why shoudent I? Hopping that you still love me I remain

Yrs truly with kisses—
FREDDY BLOTT.

The letter was mailed Friday and was delivered to Mrs. Poppy Blott Saturday afternoon. She read, gasped and then inspected the money order. At first she could not understand the miracle and then reached the logical conclusion that her long departed husband had gazed too fondly upon the wine when it was filled with snakes.

But skepticism and amazement did not deter her from hurrying to the post office where she ascertained most happily that the money order was cashable. And because she was filled with joy and wonderment she that night told her devoted Willie Capsule of the miracle.

Willie was amused but slightly jealous. He had never quite rid himself of a certain resentment that such a person as Freddy Blott had ever been born. And now if Freddy had experienced a change of heart plus certain affluence, Willie was fearful lest he lose the lady of his choice.

Within a week his jealousy was stilled. But it happened that on the following Saturday afternoon he was with Poppy when the postman delivered to her another letter bearing a Birmingham post mark. From the envelope she extracted a second money order for ten dollars and a second love letter, more romantic than the first. Mr. Capsule grew sullen.

"That slice of tripe has done gone crazy 'bout you an' craves to ma'y you again."

Even though her love for the errant husband had died long since, Poppy experienced a thrill.

"Craziment you utters, Willie. Besides, he don't aim to ma'y me again, 'cause he never did know that I got a divorce."

Mr. Capsule groaned. "That makes it two times as bad. If he thinks he is still ma'ied to you an' is sendin' you money in spite of that, it must mean that he's comin' back heah, or either else wants you to jine him in Bumminham."

Poppy snuggled her large hand in Willie's enormous one. "All of that don't differ with me, honeyboy. Ise happy to spend Freddy's money, but my heart belongs to you."

"No foolin'?"

"Willie," she maintained stoutly—"I wouldn't lie to no man I wasn't married to."

On five additional successive Saturday afternoons the postman delivered to Poppy Blott a letter and money order from her ex-husband. The money materially augmented the wages she was earning as cook in a private home and her curiosity was aroused to a terrific pitch.

As for Willie Capsule, his Herculean figure seemed to droop. The fact that Freddy's love for Poppy had been reawakened served to snatch Willie from the zenith of beatitude and crash him into the nadir of despair. He was frankly and homicidally jealous. He trod the streets of Louisville consumed with an ambition to completely annihilate the absent but affectionate Mr. Blott, and the most earnest reassurances from Poppy failed to soothe his tortured

spirit.

Of course Poppy could do no less than agree with the conclusion reached by her fiancé. Freddy had suffered a rebirth of affection and was paying for his emotions. Perhaps he was afraid to send for her immediately, lest she visit upon his attenuated frame a physical reprisal. If this happened to be the case, his strategy was excellent. The only trouble was that while Poppy was quite happy to spend Freddy's money, and visibly flattered by his earnest letters—she had no idea whatsoever of marrying anyone except Willie Capsule.

But during these seven weeks, Mr. Blott was engaged in thinking. Being a person of somewhat nimble brain and now free from the immediate menace of the court, he commenced to reflect that sending ten dollars a week to Poppy was little short of criminal waste.

Thereupon an idea came to him. At first it was only a faint hunch but after several hours of intensive thought it blossomed into a gloriously feasible scheme.

That night Mr. Blott rented a car from Jasper De Void and invited the pulchritudinous Margina Smith to ride with him. Purring through the romantic fastness of Shades Valley he told his whole story—omitting only one detail.

He did not confess to Margina that he was still married to Poppy. He swore that he had divorced her, and, being unaware that she actually had obtained her freedom from him—did not suspect that he was telling the truth.

"Now heah's the way things stand, Sugar-foots," he finished. "Judge Cardigan is a royal gemmun an' he has treated me swell. But it's plumb silly fo' me to be sendin' cash money ev'y week to a woman which when I was ma'ied to her used to wham me all the time. So I got me a scheme."

"Yes, Freddy. What is it?"

"Fum now on, Margina, you has got to be Poppy. Next Friday you come to Co't with me an' I straduces you to the Jedge as Poppy Blott, an' right befo' his eyes I gives you ten dollars. Then when we git outside you give it all back to me."

Her lips pressed firmly together. "I is gwine do what you want on one condition."

"What that is?"

"Ise gwine keep that money ev'y week an' put it away to save up fo' our honeymoon. An' any time you look like you is two-timin' me—I spends it on myse'f."

Freddy agreed, however reluctantly, and the following Friday morning he introduced Margina to Judge Cardigan as Mrs. Poppy Blott. The Judge was friendly and congratulated her on her recovery. For five minutes she told the Judge how much she adored her husband, and thanked him for acting as intermediary in the matter of the weekly remittances. The Judge then informed Freddy that he didn't deserve so splendid a wife, but reminded the little man that the sentence still hung over his head and that the weekly ten dollars must be paid to the woman in his presence.

For three Friday mornings the ceremony

was repeated. Margina now had thirty dollars saved toward a honeymoon, with the certainty that she would regard it as liquidated damages should Mr. Blott lose interest in her. Freddy was not completely content, but he derived some happiness from the thought that Poppy was no longer profiting by his misfortune.

Unfortunately, Mr. Blott never had delved very deeply into the realm of applied psychology. It never occurred to him that a woman's curiosity, when once aroused to a certain point, must be appeased.

For seven weeks Freddy had been both

inquired for a respectable boarding house and was directed to the establishment of Sis Callie Flukers on Avenue F.

She could not have made a more fortunate selection. Sis Callie knew everything that happened in Birmingham's dusky social circles and told about it whenever there was an audience. Poppy inquired about her ex-husband—without, however, disclosing the nature of their previous relationship—and heard that he was well-known and well-liked in the community and that he was paying ardent court to a certain Margina Smith. Poppy was surprised. This information did not at all tally with the enthusiastic letters she had been receiving from Freddy, and she delved more deeply into the matter. Sis Callie did not know of Freddy's trouble with the constituted authorities and therefore did not mention it to Poppy.

THAT evening Freddy received a sad surprise. There came a light knock on his door and immediately a female figure entered. "Honey!" quivered Poppy: "Heah's me!"

Mr. Blott's countenance reflected a strong emotion, but it was consternation rather than enthusiasm. Into his brain there plunged a dagger of thought which notified him that all bets were off.

"Good goshness Miss Agnes!" he murmured: "You?"

"Uh-huh, Freddy: it's me."

"Wh-what you doin

heah?"

"I just come down fum Louisville to pay you a visit."

"I don't crave fo' you to pay me nothin'."

"But, Freddy—with all them sweet letters you been writin' me"

"Now don't you go startin' that again. Even if you is my wife"

Poppy concealed a triumphant smile. She was right on one point at least: Freddy did not suspect that they were divorced. Her task thus appeared infinitely more simple. She seated herself and chatted casually.

Throughout an hour of small talk, Mr. Blott did some heavy thinking. He knew that sooner or later Margina would discover the presence of the large lady and promptly become incensed.

That situation presaged further trouble. Suppose Poppy and Margina compared notes? In that event Freddy knew precisely what the former Mrs. Blott would do. She would present herself before Judge Cardigan, announce that she was Freddy's lawfully wedded wife and ask what was what.

It was readily apparent that his maximum danger was in Poppy. She must be kept quiescent at all costs. There seemed nothing to do but make a clean breast of things to Margina. Already Miss Smith knew enough to hang him.

He escorted Poppy home and agreed to take her out to a show later in the evening. Then he notified Margina that their engagement for the night was off.

"How come?" she asked.

"'Cause," he declared miserably, "my

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"What shall I do? The ball went in this little hole?"

ardent and financial. His letters told Poppy three things: first, that he was affluent; second, that he loved her; and third, that he was unaware she had divorced him.

Poppy was not particularly scrupulous. If Freddy thought he was still her husband and had come into a fortune, then Poppy considered that it behooved her to take what he might be willing to give. So long as he sent money to her, she was content. But when the seven weeks of financial manna was followed by a ghastly silence, Poppy determined that matters must be investigated.

ACCORDINGLY she informed Willie Capsule that she was about to desert him for a few days. Mr. Capsule trembled with jealousy. He accused her of trekking to Birmingham to hunt her ex-husband and she cheerfully admitted that this was the case, but protested violently that she retained naught of affection for Freddy.

"It's just this, Willie," she explained. "This whole thing has been crazy. An' I can tell that he has got a lot of money. If that's the case, I don't see how come us shoul'n't git some of it."

"Where do I come in at?"

"'Cause, sweetness—soon as I git a lot of Freddy's money off him, Ise comin' back heah an' we is gwine git ma'ied."

"Humph!" grunted the doubting Mr. Capsule. "If you was to ask me, I'd say you wasn't never comin' back."

But Poppy was deaf to Willie's violent protestations and she, too, boarded a train for Birmingham. She arrived in the City,

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wife, Poppy, has come to Bumminham."

Margina's face clouded with anger. I thought you said you an' her was divorced."

"We is—but that don't mean she cain't cause me heaps of misery. An' you shouldn't git mad, either."

"I ain't mad. Ise fu'ious! An' Ise tellin' you right now that if you commence runnin' aroun' with that gal Ise gwine tell Judge Cardigan all about ev'rything."

"An' git me th'owed in jail?"

"I'd ruther you be in jail than traipsin' aroun' with that woman."

Freddy's eyes narrowed, and for a moment his voice became chilly.

"Heah's where you quit bein' an idjit, Margina. Minute you tell Judge Cardigan what a trick I played on him, Ise gwine make it also clear to him that I couldn't of done such if you hadn't come up to Co't with me an' told him you was my wife. An', Margina, maybe then I'll have to go to jail, but you will sho' be there with me."

Margina didn't enjoy the sound of that. She became contrite and promised to protect his secret.

"Wh-what is you aimin' to do, honey?" she asked meekly.

"Co't Poppy!"

"Oh, Freddy!"

"I got to, Gal. I got to make her think I is crazy 'bout her. An' once she believes me, I'll slip her a li'l money an' send her back to Louisville. She knows there's somethin' funny 'bout the whole thing, an' I got to do anything in the world to keep her fum findin' out the truth."

Margina heaved a noble sigh and gave her consent. Whereupon Freddy Blott plunged into a fresh courtship of the large woman whom he thought was his wife.

Poppy was coy and distant. She wanted to know what it was all about, but Freddy cleverly evaded her queries. Physically she was his master, but mentally she was no match for him. He kept her curiosity at the boiling point. He assured her that he had sent her the money and the affectionate letters only because he wished to make amends for his ungallant manner of terminating their domestic relations.

So matters stood at the end of the first week with the three actors in the drama blissfully unmindful of a sinister fourth element which was getting under way at Louisville, Kentucky.

Willie Capsule had reached the point where he felt he could no longer stand the strain of uncertainty. Whereupon he, too, joined in the Birmingham hegira.

Arriving in the Alabama metropolis, he domiciled himself at an obscure hotel and proceeded to investigate. Freddy Blott was pointed out to him in Bud's place, and he marvelled that Poppy could be interested in so insignificant a speck of humanity.

He followed Mr. Blott to a boarding house on Avenue B and saw him chat for a few minutes with a young and highly attractive colored damsel, whom he later learned was Margina Smith. Then he trailed Freddy to Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house, remained on the outside looking in for a terrible half hour, and had the distinctly doubtful satisfaction of seeing his adored Poppy emerge on the arm of her ex-husband and travel downtown to the Champion Theater. He thereupon sought Margina Smith and introduced himself.

"Tain't what yo' name is," said Margina sternly: "What I craves to know is how come you should call on me when we ain't been properly straduced."

"Tha's easy," announced Willie grimly. "Ise engaged to commit ma'riage with Poppy Blott!"

Margina's eyes widened and she clutched Willie's large arm.

"Le's I an' you have a long talk, Mistuh Capsule—'cause it seems like maybe we was meant to work together."

A half hour's earnest conversation indicated unmistakably that their interests were identical. Willie told his melancholy tale, and Margina unfolded her sad story in loyalty omitting an explanation of the trouble which had brought Freddy before Judge Cardigan. Not knowing that feature of the affair, Willie remained puzzled as to the inspiration of the love letters and money orders.

"Nemmin' 'bout them," urged Margina. "They had good reasons, an' you don't need to git jealous. The point is, what is you aimin' to do now, Mistuh Capsule?"

"Well," he observed judicially, "it seems that if I started off by carvin' Freddy up"

She wrung her hands. "Promise me you won't extinct Freddy. Promise me that."

"A'right—provided you think of a better scheme."

"You is a big feller. You got heaps of muscle. Freddy Blott is puny. Now s'pose you go to him an' tell him he has got to marry me! Tell him if he don't do such right away you is gwine treat him violent."

Mr. Capsule extended his hand. "Gal, what you has got is brains. Heah's where I swing into action."

SHE watched his broad shoulders swaying down the street, and her heart sang with joy. Of course, Willie Capsule knew nothing of Freddy's involvement with the law, and Margina realized that this procedure might plunge her sweetie into prison for a year or so. But she told herself fiercely that she was doing Freddy a favor.

At the moment Mr. Blott was lounging unhappily on his bed. He was abysmally unhappy, and had just decided that things couldn't possibly be any worse when the door opened and he found himself gazing at the figure of a huge gentleman whose expression betrayed everything in the world but friendliness.

Freddy sat up on the edge of the bed. "Who you is?" he inquired.

"My name," growled the newcomer, "is Mistuh Willie Capsule an' I is the financé of Poppy Blott!"

For one awful moment Freddy contemplated a leap through much loose air to the hard paving of Eighteenth Street. He smiled then, in sickly fashion: "I—Ise much obliged to meet you, Mistuh Capsule."

"That ain't nothin' but a lie."

"Uh-huh. It sho' is."

Willie moved closer. "I got a good mind to carve you up into slices an' eat you raw."

"Oh Lawsy I would taste awful, Mistuh Capsule."

"But," snapped Willie—"I has got one mo' scheme."

Freddy quivered with faint hope. Even the menace of Judge Cardigan had paled to nothingness beside the terror inspired by Mr. Capsule.

"Wh-what is it?" asked Mr. Blott.

"I is crazy 'bout Poppy Blott," proclaimed Willie. "Also I understand that you is engaged to a gal in this town named Margina Smith."

"I—I sho' is, Mistuh Capsule."

"Good! Then tomorrow mawnin', as soon as the license place opens, you has got to ma'y Margina."

Freddy's heart leaped with joy. As between death and marriage, he infinitely preferred the latter. But suddenly a terrible thought assailed him.

His experience with Judge Cardigan had instilled in his bosom a terror of the law. And here Willie Capsule was compelling him to commit the very definite crime of bigamy.

Obviously Willie Capsule believed that Poppy was not his wife; obviously Willie thought that Freddy was free to marry

whom he chose. It was on Freddy's lips to explain that he was Poppy's husband—not her ex-husband—when it occurred to him that all Willie needed to commit a devastating assault was just such a hint.

He protested pallidly that he was not eager to marry Margina, but agreed to do so when Willie graphically described the only alternative. But during the debate, Freddy was busy thinking, and quite without warning he was assailed by a gorgeous idea.

"Mistah Capsule," asked he, "does you crave to commit matrimony with Poppy Blott?"

"Tha's the one thing I don't want to do nothin' else but!"

"Well," trembled Freddy—"I tell you what I offer. Instead of me ma'yin' Margina in the mawnin', s'pose you marry Poppy. And the minute you is man an' wife I gives you a present of one hund'ed dollars cash money plus two tickets to Louisville."

Willie was eager, but doubtful. He promised to present himself to Poppy pronto, and report to Freddy. He departed, and once he emerged from the hotel, Mr. Blott executed several intricate tap-dance steps.

Truly, he was a Napoleon. A few minutes since he had been in the horrid predicament of a man about to be forced into bigamy. Now, by deft strategy, he had reversed the tables on his enemies and had arranged for them to commit the same offense.

Let them get married: he wished them well. And once the ceremony had been performed, he intended to notify them both where to go. If Poppy said a single word about making trouble for him, his answer would be to explain that she was a bigamist. He intended to notify her most regally that if she so much as opened her mouth—or if Willie laid a vengeful finger upon him—he would have her juggled for possessing two husbands at the same time.

WILLIE CAPSULE returned, radiant. He reported that his presence in Birmingham had amazed and delighted Poppy, and that she eagerly had consented to marry him for one hundred dollars. It was agreed that they should meet at the Court House the following morning at ten o'clock, obtain a license and get wed. That night Freddy and Margina tripped the light fantastic at Epic Peters' roadhouse and he explained to her that their troubles were almost at an end. On the following morning she herself was to witness the ceremony which would unite the militant Poppy and the ruthless Willie. "But what does that do to us?" inquired Margina.

"Plenty. On'y I cain't esplain now." As a matter of fact, Freddy was reflecting that his scheme need not end with the ceremony. Not only would he refuse to pay the hundred dollars agreed upon, but also he intended to demand that his wife grant him a divorce. It appeared to him that bigamy must be ample grounds in any State.

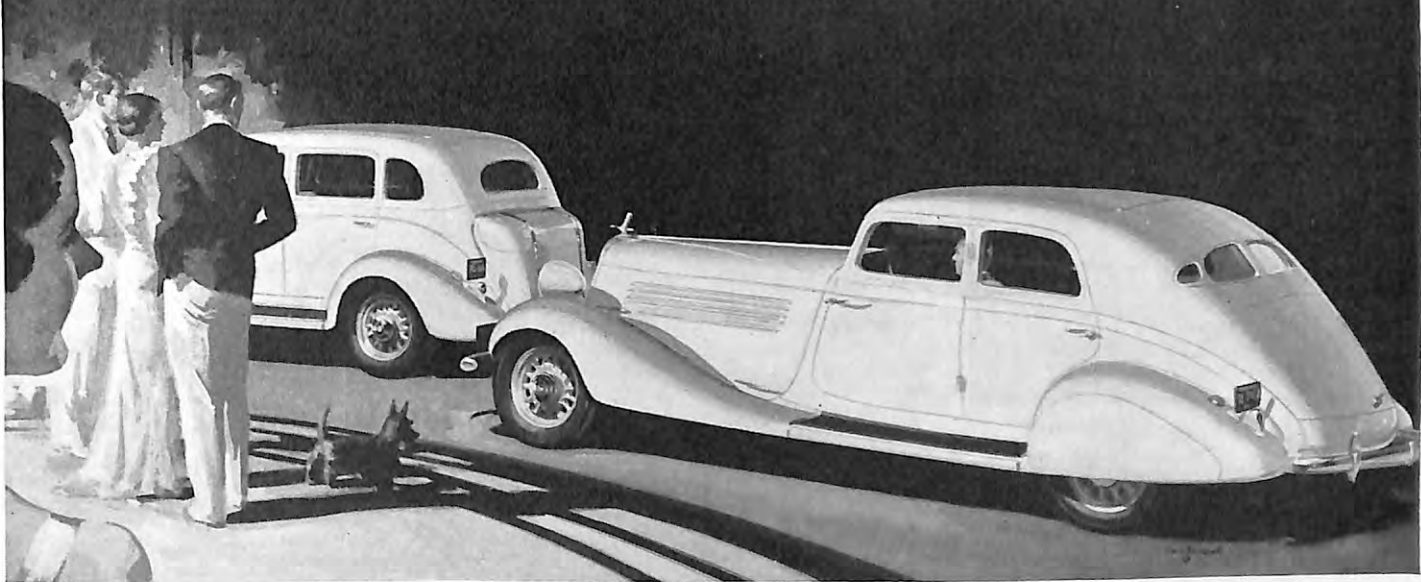
Promptly at ten o'clock the next day four colored persons appeared at the license bureau. Willie Capsule obtained a license which permitted him to wed one Poppy Blott. And then Freddy made his master suggestion: He told them that he was a friend of Judge Cardigan's and wanted the Judge to perform the ceremony. "On'y," he explained—"on account of our las' names bein' the same, you got to tell him that you is my cousin—in case he asts any questions."

His idea was superb. Judge Cardigan was his nemesis. But if he actually performed the ceremony which would make Poppy both a bride and a bigamist, then there could be no denial. The Judge himself would remember, and probably have

(Continued on page 42)

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

(Continued from page 40)

pity on Freddy in recognition of his wife's perfidiousness.

The others remained in the rear of the court room while Freddy attracted the attention of the Judge and went forward to speak with him. The kindly official gave ear to Mr. Blott's story.

"They' a gal out heah, Judge, which her last name is the same as mine, an' she would be terrible honored if you would perform ma'riage fo' her an' her boy friend."

The Judge was amused and readily consented. He gazed benignly upon the abashed bridal couple. He smiled at Margina Smith, whom he believed was Mrs. Blott. And five minutes later he pronounced Willie Capsule and Poppy Blott man and wife.

They thanked him profusely and stepped into the court house corridor where Willie demanded his hundred dollars and two tickets. And now it was Freddy's turn.

"Willie," he sneered—"You is twice as foolish as you looks."

"What you mean?"

"I mean you ain't gwine git no money nor neither tickets."

"All right," said Willie. "Then I sterm-inates you."

Freddy ducked, but the bride interfered. She grabbed the arm of her new husband and uttered words of wisdom.

"Willie," said she levelly—"heah us is in a Co't House. The Judge which ma'ied us looked like a awful nice gemmun. So you just grab this li'l shrimp by the arm an' drag him back. Then us will find out whether we ain't got a right to collect money which somebody agreed to give us."

A sneer appeared on Freddy's lips.

"Yeh? An' I reckon you don't suspect that you then go to jail, does you?"

"How come?"

"'Cause, Mis' Blott-Capsule, you has got a slick feller fo' a real husban', an' what you has just committed is bigamy. An' in this heah State they put you in jail fo' doin' any such of a thing."

Poppy's eyes widened. But she spoke to Mr. Capsule.

"Drag him in, Willie. I craves to make talk with that Jedge."

FREDDY would fain have argued the point, but Willie was entirely too strong, and so once again they found themselves in the court-room. This time it was Poppy who attracted the eye of the Judge and obtained permission to speak with him.

She conversed long and earnestly. The frightened Freddy saw the eyes of Judge Cardigan narrow and dwell speculatively upon him, and he commenced to believe that he had schemed neither wisely nor well. Of course, bigamy was bigamy, but Poppy's efficiency in dealing with the situation might eliminate the curse . . . and Freddy knew that he would then stand very much in the bad graces of his friend, the Judge.

Judge Cardigan beckoned him forward. "Freddy," he snapped, "is what Poppy says true?"

"I—I reckon so, Jedge, suh!"

"And this woman"—pointing to Margina—"isn't your wife?"

"N-n-n-nossuh, Jedge, but I wisht she was."

"Hum! And you aided and abetted the crime of bigamy?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, Jedge, but honest, I was on'y tryin' to do the right thing. You see, Jedge, it seemed like them

two folks was crazy 'bout each other an' I just wanted to see 'em happy."

"But you knew that Poppy was still your wife, didn't you?"

"Jedge, I cross my heart, I didn't know what to believe."

"And you have made sport of this Court?"

"Honest, Jedge Cardigan—it wasn't no sport a tall."

Judge Cardigan pondered. He knew, of course, that Poppy had divorced Freddy long since, but he also knew that Freddy wasn't aware of that fact. The situation tickled his sense of humor. And, being a man addicted to the dispensing of justice—however informally—he felt that Mr. Blott had learned a lesson which would never be forgotten.

"Freddy," he thundered, "you agreed to give this couple one hundred dollars in cash and two tickets to Louisville. I order that you do this immediately."

Freddy produced his wallet. "I ain't boughten them tickets, Jedge, but I got enough money fo' them to do such."

"And also the hundred?"

"Yassuh."

"Pay it over, then."

The money was paid to the eager Willie. "Now," ordered the Judge, "you two buy those tickets and get straight back to Louisville, and if I ever hear of you bothering Freddy again, you'll get into plenty of trouble. Understand?"

THEY understood and eagerly agreed to abide by his decision. They thanked him profusely and backed from the court-room. Judge Cardigan, his face wreathed in a good-natured smile, was observing the cowering Freddy.

"The problem remains," said he, "just what I should do with you."

"Jedge—please, suh . . ."

"Keep quiet! I have an idea. Take this girl down to the license bureau and come back here immediately with a marriage license."

The bewildered young couple did as bidden. Fifteen minutes later the Judge inspected the license and ordered them to join hands.

"I am now going to marry you two—"

"Oh, Lawsy, Jedge," started Freddy, but he was cut short.

"Silence! I know what I can do."

Freddy blinked—and was convinced. If Judge Cardigan chose to regard this marriage as legal, Freddy was content to accept his judgment. And so another marriage ceremony was performed and, at its conclusion, Judge Cardigan announced that Margina Smith had become Mrs. Freddy Blott.

"But," said the Court to Freddy, "the original sentence against you still stands. Also, it remains suspended. Every Friday you are to report to this Court, and should you not be a good and hard-working husband, I shall see that you serve time on the road gang."

"B-b-but, Jedge—beggin' yo' pardon, suh—I ain't committed no new crime."

"Is that so? Have you ever heard of bigamy?"

"Y-y-yassuh."

"You understand that it is a terrible offense?"

"Y-y-yassuh."

"Well," pronounced Judge Cardigan, and his eyes twinkled, "remember this: You have just committed monogamy, and that is worse!"

IN NEXT MONTH'S NUMBER

"C. O."—BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN, 1ST LT., 64TH C. A., U. S. ARMY

A thrilling tale of the Army regulars on the Mexican border. Lieutenant Chamberlain's yarn, "It's So Romantic," in THE ELKS MAGAZINE for November, 1933, was voted one of the best sixteen short stories of that year by the Editors of United Features Syndicate.



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WHETHER conviviality begins before the first tee . . . or after the eighteenth hole . . . “Canadian Club” adds to the pleasure. It is so rich and mellow—so distinctive in flavor . . . so thoroughly a quality product, that it is everywhere preferred by those who appreciate the really fine things in life. Back

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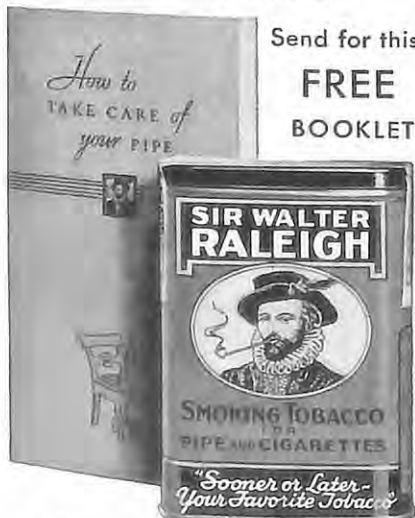
"I PREFER THE
MOSQUITOES,
DEAR!"



HE lit that pipe to drive away the gnats. But the sweet young thing wisely decided she'd rather be somewhat bitten than completely asphyxiated. Even a Roman's nose would wrinkle at the fumes of rank tobacco issuing from that long neglected smokestack.

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It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 22)

decided that Monmouth Lodge's team had won the State Championship, and would represent Illinois at the Grand Lodge Convention.

The annual parade followed the adjournment of the Convention on Saturday, May 19, in which all the Lodges took part. Many beautiful floats were displayed.

In the business sessions, a change in the By-Laws was adopted whereby there will be a Vice-President from each Grand Lodge District in the State—seven in all. These Vice-Presidents will be the Presidents of their respective Districts. The principal charity activity of the Association, the crippled children's work—a report on which was read by Vice-Chairman Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary—showed splendid progress. A special crippled children's clinic was held during the first afternoon of the Convention. It was presided over by Dr. Henry Bascom Thomas, Chief of the Orthopedic Staff of the Crippled Children's Commission.

The newly elected officers of the Association are as follows: President, Judge Frank B. Leonard, Champaign Lodge; Vice-Presidents: N.E., Archie Cohen, Chicago Lodge; N.W., Lester C. Street, Dixon Lodge; E. Cent., Harry P. Miller, La Salle Lodge; W. Cent., Roy S. Preston, Pekin Lodge; S.E., H. C. Hardy, Mattoon Lodge; S.W., F. J. Friedli, Belleville Lodge; South, Charles Amlingmeyer, Metropolis Lodge; Trustees: N.E., Edward H. Kay, Blue Island Lodge; N.W. F. J. Floto, Sycamore Lodge; E. Cent., H. H. Whittemore, Kankakee Lodge; W. Cent., W. E. Heberling, Quincy Lodge; S.E., A. V. Ettelbrick, Effingham Lodge; S.W., John W. Yantis, Pana Lodge; South, Raymond C. Moore, Harrisburg Lodge.

After his installation President Leonard made the following appointments: Sergeant-At-Arms, John P. Smith, Oak Park Lodge; Chaplain, Father Joseph Lonergan, Woodstock Lodge, and Tiler, Victor A. Dillon, Quincy Lodge.

The 1935 Convention of the Illinois State Elks Association will be held in Quincy, Ill., through the invitation of Quincy Lodge, No. 100. The date for the meeting will be set at the mid-winter meeting of the Association.

Alabama

Selma, Ala., opened wide its gates on May 7 and 8 to welcome the Elks of the Alabama State Elks Association, who met there in Annual Convention.

On the first day the Convention group completed its morning session and adjourned for luncheon, while the afternoon was given over to a skeet shoot, golf and automobile tours through the surrounding country. Late in the afternoon a parade brought a tide of Convention color rolling through the City, while that evening a class of candidates was initiated into the Order by Birmingham Lodge, No. 79. The evening wound up with a dance at the Harmony Club.

The second day was distinguished by a resultful business session at which the officers for 1934-35 were elected. They are as follows: President, C. M. Tardy, of Birmingham Lodge; First Vice-President, Charles L. De Bardeleben, of Selma Lodge; Second Vice-President, Herbert Baum, of Birmingham Lodge; Third Vice-President, Frank A. O'Hear, of Ensley Lodge; Fourth Vice-President, Clyde Anderson, of Florence Lodge; Secretary, James B. Smiley, of Birmingham Lodge; Treasurer, Fournier J.

Gale, of Mobile Lodge; Tiler, Pat Coyle, of Birmingham Lodge; Chaplain, Judge Leon McCord, of Montgomery Lodge; Trustees: Albert Boutwell, of Birmingham Lodge, Edward Long, of Demopolis Lodge, and Ben M. Spielberger, of Sheffield Lodge. Montgomery was selected as the next place of meeting for the State Association.

A barbecue at Valley Creek Park, trap-shooting at the Skeets Club, and attendance that night at the American Legion wrestling matches were the closing features of the Convention.

H. W. English, P.E.R.,
Birmingham Lodge

Ohio

Some 500 delegates from Elk Lodges throughout the State of Ohio attended the Fourth Annual Spring Conference of the Ohio State Elks Association, held in Canton recently.

On the first day of the meeting several important business sessions were held, in line with the policy inaugurated four years ago of relieving the summer Convention of as much business as possible. The summer Convention will be held at Cedar Point (Sandusky) the week of August 27.

At 3:00 P. M. on April 21 the committee meetings of the Association were held, and shortly afterward the Past Exalted Rulers' Association met. The evening's program featured a banquet at which the Hon. Martin L. Davey delivered the main address. The Glee Club of Canton Lodge sang and Pres. William F. Bruning spoke to the assemblage. An informal dance at the Home of Canton Lodge followed the banquet.

At the business meeting held on April 22, committees were heard from. Pres. Bruning presided. Further meetings were addressed by the Hon. James S. Richardson of Cincinnati, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; Past State Pres. Norman C. Parr, and the Hon. Frank T. Cullitan among others. The District Deputies of Ohio also met to discuss plans for the summer Convention.

The Annual Spring Meeting closed with a most enjoyable informal party that afternoon, arranged and conducted by the ladies.

R. E. Lane, Publicity Chairman,
Canton Lodge

Kentucky

The Annual Convention of the Kentucky State Elks Association was held in Lexington, Ky., on May 28, 29 and 30, with Col. James A. Diskin, State President, presiding at all sessions. The meeting was well attended by from 150 to 200 Elks, among them being many distinguished members of the Order.

Edwin N. Williams, of Henderson, was elected President. Other officers include: D. W. Smith, of Fulton, First Vice-Pres.; Ernest Warren, of Middlesboro, Second Vice-Pres.; C. B. Truesdell, of Newport, Third Vice-Pres.; and Richard H. Slack, of Owensboro, re-elected Secretary-Treasurer for the ninth consecutive term. Clyde R. Levi, of Ashland, Arnold Westerman, of Louisville, and Prof. H. E. Curtis, of Lexington, are Trustees. Louisville, Ky., was chosen as the 1935 meeting place of the State Association, the next Convention to take place late in May.

Col. Diskin, retiring President, was elected to life membership in the Organization, and was appointed Chairman of the State Association's delegation at the meeting of the Grand Lodge in Kansas City.

The session opened with a banquet at the

Lafayette Hotel, with E.R. George C. Leach, of Lexington Lodge, No. 89, presiding. President Diskin acted as Toastmaster. Many addresses were delivered by the distinguished Elks attending. The entertainment program included several dances and card parties, also at the Lafayette Hotel, as well as motor tours to points of interest in the Blue Grass section.

North Carolina

The North Carolina State Elks Association met in annual session at Charlotte, N. C., on May 19. The attendance was larger than at any previous meeting, with most of the Lodges sending representatives. Among the distinguished visitors was Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight William H. Harth and a delegation of Elks from South Carolina.

The report of the retiring President, Harry T. Paterson of New Berne Lodge showed all the Lodges to be in excellent

condition. The meetings were held in the new Lodge rooms of Charlotte Lodge No. 392. An elaborate buffet luncheon was served to all members at the noon hour. Visiting ladies were entertained during the afternoon with a theatre party, and a golf tournament was held at the Carolina Golf Club. The entertainment features were closed with a ball in the Club house.

The following were elected to fill the offices of the North Carolina State Elks Association for the year 1934-35: President, John J. Morton, of Charlotte; First Vice-President, C. A. Jurgensen, of Wilmington; Second Vice-President, B. E. Harris, of Concord; Secretary and Treasurer, W. B. Davis, of Greensboro; Trustees: John J. Burney, of Wilmington, and Dr. D. A. Morris, of Durham. The time and place of the next annual meeting of the State Association was left to the discretion of the Trustees.

Harry T. Paterson,
Past State President



His Late Majesty, King William IV

Engraved after an original drawing
expressly for Bell's Weekly Messenger, 1830

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

bers had convened to hear him speak. Roseburg, Ore., Lodge was the next stop. Here Mr. Meier was honored at a luncheon when 28 members dined with him. Following an address to the assembled guests, he drove on to Eugene, Ore., Lodge, where he was given a dinner, with 132 members present. At the conclusion of dinner an entertainment program was presented. The meeting held that evening was participated in by 300 Elks.

April 14 saw Mr. Meier at Corvallis Lodge. A High School band greeted him on his arrival. Later he drove to Albany Lodge, where he spoke to some 40 members, among them being C. H. Burggraf, P.D.D. From here he hurried on to Salem Lodge to attend a luncheon given in his honor, at which 275 Elks were present, among them being Past State Pres. Perry O. DeLap, P.D.D.'s. F. T. Wrightman and Max Page, 14 P.E.R.'s. of Salem Lodge, and the trio of distinguished Elks who have been mentioned as accompanying him on his Oregon visits.

Following his address to the Salem members, Mr. Meier drove on to Oregon City Lodge, where he was guest of honor at a dinner. After dinner he hurried to McMinnville Lodge, where he attended a meeting with 190 members of the Order. Among those present were State Pres. A. W. Jones, State Vice-Pres. William M. Hartford, State Treas. Herbert L. Toney, P.D.D.'s. William Ekwall, J. Gordon Baker and Frank Wortman, and many other notable Elks, including the E.R. and officers of Portland, Ore., Lodge. At the conclusion of his address Mr. Meier brought to a close his visits in Oregon. He then drove to Portland, where he boarded a train for Seattle, arriving there on April 15.

APRIL 21 found Mr. Meier in Longview, Wash., after having spent a week attending to his business in Seattle, for the purpose of delivering the main address at the dedication of the new Federal Building in that City. The ceremonies were held under the auspices of Longview Lodge. Mr. Meier was accompanied by D.D. Bertil E. Johnson. That evening he was the guest of honor at a dinner given in the Monticello Hotel, attended by many of the leading citizens of Longview and their ladies. Afterward the special ritual employed in ceremonies of dedication was participated in by Mr. Meier.

After remaining overnight in Longview, Mr. Meier proceeded to Raymond, Wash., to pay a visit to the Lodge there. He was guest at a dinner, following which a public meeting was held in the Lodge rooms. Ap-

proximately 100 people attended. At the conclusion of the session the Grand Exalted Ruler drove on to Olympia.

On the morning of April 23 he was received by the Governor of the State in his office, accompanied by several distinguished Elks of the region. Upon the completion of the call he attended a luncheon at the Hotel Olympian, which was attended by a large number of the prominent local people, with most of whom Mr. Meier was personally acquainted. Following this noon meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled to Hoquiam Lodge to pay an official visitation. The meeting took the form of a dinner banquet at the Emerson Hotel, with 70 members participating, among them being Past State Pres. Russell V. Mack and P.D.D. Frank Lamb.

Later he drove on to Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge and there paid an official visit, 268 members being on hand to greet him. Many prominent Elks were present. Twenty-five candidates were initiated into Aberdeen Lodge on this occasion, and in addition four members were received into Hoquiam Lodge. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Meier spoke.

At six in the evening of April 24 the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a dinner given by Wenatchee Lodge at the Columbia Hotel. He later spoke to the 103 members assembled and attended a Lodge meeting with 250 members present, among them being D. D. Clifford W. Manley, Past State Pres. Terry L. Ross and P.D.D. Elmer Nelson.

Spokane, Wash., Lodge, on the following day, had the pleasure of receiving Mr. Meier at a dinner given in the Davenport Hotel. Many distinguished members of the Order were present at this affair, among them being D.D.'s. Lee Allen, of Idaho North, and C. W. Manley, of Washington East, and P.D.D.'s. Claude D. Randall, Joseph B. Lindsley, Harry A. Struppler, Nave G. Lein and Dr. John H. O'Shea. After his speech at dinner, Mr. Meier broadcast an address from Station KGA. Later he attended the regular Lodge session, where 400 members saw 35 candidates initiated into the Order.

ON APRIL 26, in company with D.D. Allen and P.D.D. Struppler, Mr. Meier proceeded to Wallace, Ida., Lodge, where 75 members joined him at luncheon. P.D.D.'s. James Hawkins, W. C. Rullman and M. J. Bottinelli were present.

Mr. Meier then proceeded to Coeur D'Alene Lodge, where he was guest of honor at a dinner. He spoke here and then hur-

(Continued on page 46)

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Business Address

Business Position Age

(Continued from page 45)

rried on to Sandpoint Lodge, where 200 members were waiting to greet him, 32 of them being charter members. P.D.D.'s. Charles R. Foss and J. H. Christ attended. A class of candidates was initiated into Sandpoint Lodge, with the work of ritual being especially well performed.

Early the next day Mr. Meier drove to St. Maries, Ida., Lodge, paying the Lodge the first visit it had ever had from a Grand Exalted Ruler. At noon he was entertained at luncheon and then the members congregated in the Lodge room to hear him speak. At the conclusion of the affair Mr. Meier proceeded to Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, where he was once more guest of honor at a dinner. Two hundred members listened to his speech with interest. Subsequently Mr. Meier attended a Lodge meeting at which 13 candidates were initiated. Among the prominent Elks present were P.D.D.'s. George Ginn and William Metz and 13 P.E.R.'s. of Walla Walla Lodge.

Early the next morning Mr. Meier left for Lewiston, Ida., where, upon his arrival, he was guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Lodge, with P.D.D. J. F. Atkinson among those present. After speaking to these members the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Moscow, Ida., Lodge, where he attended a dinner given in his honor. The dinner was followed by a regular Lodge meeting with some 85 members present.

On April 29 Mr. Meier drove to Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge to meet 25 members and attend a luncheon. There he met P.D.D. Harry S. Elwood. At the conclusion of his address to these members Mr. Meier hastened on to Yakima Lodge, where he dined and later attended a Lodge meeting. Sixty members attended and one candidate was initiated. Among those present were P.D.D.'s. Leo Ross and Thomas E. Grady. After this meeting Mr. Meier returned to Seattle, not to take up his travels again for ten days.

GRAND EXALTED RULER MEIER arrived at Alliance, Neb., Lodge on the evening of May 11 to pay an official visit. When he alighted from the train he found approximately 1500 people assembled at the station. Arrangements had been made for a monster party, and to add color to this the members had provided a covered wagon drawn by four horses. Mr. Meier was requested to mount the spring seat with the driver. A long parade, with two bands, followed the wagon to the Lodge Home, where Mr. Meier spoke to the 125 members attending. Among them were P.D.D.'s. H. E. Gantz and Judge George Babcock, 10 P.E.R.'s. of Alliance Lodge, 6 of Chadron Lodge and 5 of Scottsbluff Lodge. A meeting followed.

On May 12 Mr. Meier drove to North Platte Lodge in company with E.R. W. C. Bullard. Here he was honored at a luncheon. Present at this affair were J. T. Keefe, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and 7 P.E.R.'s. of the Lodge. Next Mr. Meier proceeded to McCook, Neb., Lodge, where he was entertained at dinner before attending a Lodge meeting. D.D. Max F. Marsau of Colorado and Frank Real, Treasurer of the Nebraska State Elks Assn., were present.

Following this meeting Mr. Meier traveled to Ottawa, Kans., Lodge, where he had lunch and participated in a meeting; then to Osawatimie Lodge, where 20 members had gathered to hear his speech; then to Iola Lodge to greet 55 members, including 9 P.E.R.'s., before rushing on to Chanute Lodge where 20 members were waiting to meet him. In that same day Mr. Meier also visited Coffeyville Lodge, to which he promised to return on June 9 if the Lodge would provide a class of 100 candidates for initiation at that time—an undertaking which the members themselves had suggested.

On May 14 the Grand Exalted Ruler held a conference with members of Caney, Kans., Lodge, where he noted P.D.D.'s. John W. Cornell, H. D. Cook and Charles Lodge among those attending. Cherryvale Lodge next received Mr. Meier, and then Parsons Lodge. Mr. Meier lunched with the members of Galena Lodge, among those present being D.D. Stanley Shook of Kansas East, and D.D. George McLean of Oklahoma West.

Following the luncheon meeting at Galena Mr. Meier proceeded to Fort Scott, where he had the pleasure of interviewing D.D. Wayne H. Lamoreux of Kansas West. Next Mr. Meier visited Pittsburg Lodge. Here the Kansas State Elks Association was in session, and Mr. Meier delivered an address. W. H. McKone, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and H. Glenn Boyd, Chairman of the Committee on Distribution for the 1932 Convention of the Grand Lodge, were on hand. Ten P.D.D.'s. of the State were present. This concluded Mr. Meier's visitations in Kansas.

ON the afternoon of May 15 Mr. Meier was the guest of honor at a buffet dinner given by St. Louis, Mo., Lodge with many distinguished members present among the 100 guests, including Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Carroll Smith, E. J. Mart, D.D., and C. Lew Gallant, State Sec'y. May 16 found Mr. Meier in Portsmouth, O., where he attended a dinner given by the Lodge with 125 members present, among them being P.D.D. William J. Meyer.

Early in the morning of May 17 Mr. Meier was greeted at the railroad station at Bluefield, W. Va., by a reception committee of Bluefield Elks, and taken to breakfast. At noon he was guest of honor at a luncheon with 200 members of the Order present. Congressman John Kee presided. Among those present were State Pres. Charles C. Robinson; State Secy. Walter Wilson, D.D. for W. Va. North; First Vice-Pres. R. D. Lake, D.D. for W. Va. South; Second Vice-Pres. S. W. Winesett, and P.D.D.'s. Frank M. Peters, Max G. Witten and Paul C. Lehman.

Mr. Meier next spoke at Roanoke, Va., Lodge, where he was guest of honor at a dinner given by the Lodge officers. He later attended a Lodge meeting. P.D.D. Morris L. Masinter was one of the prominent Elks present on this occasion.

At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Meier was driven to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., by Superintendent Robert A. Scott, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, preparatory to meeting with the Board on May 18, 19 and 20.

On this trip from Seattle Mr. Meier was accompanied by Mrs. Meier, who was received and entertained everywhere. She did not stop at all of the Lodges with Mr. Meier, but her visits included St. Louis, Portsmouth, Bluefield and Roanoke.

On May 18 at 8 P. M., Grand Exalted Ruler Meier paid an official visit to Lynchburg, Va., Lodge where he attended a dinner and meeting in company with about 125 members. Among the distinguished Elks present he noted: Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper; A. Charles Stewart, Chairman, James S. Richardson, Secretary, and Henry A. Guenther, member, of the Board of Grand Trustees; Walter P. Shaner, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Past Grand Trustees Clyde Jennings and John K. Burch, and P.D.D. R. Chess McGhee.

After the Board of Grand Trustees had completed its meeting on Sunday, May 20, Mr. Meier began a series of visits in Pennsylvania, going to Gettysburg in company with D.D. Max L. Lindheimer and Howard Davis, Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn. Here he was met by 50 members of Gettysburg Lodge. After inspecting the

Lodge and ascertaining its condition, Mr. Meier proceeded to Sunbury for a luncheon engagement. Among those in attendance were P.D.D.'s Henry L. Coira, Ely Biow and C. D. Keefer, and 9 P.E.R.'s of Sunbury Lodge.

At 2:30 P. M. Mr. Meier met with 25 members of Milton Lodge before visiting the Home of Williamsport Lodge where he had dinner. There were some 200 persons in attendance, among them being State Vice-Pres. Scott E. Drum; State Trustee Dr. J. Roy Cherry; Past State Pres. Dr. E. L. Davis; and A. G. Plankenhorn and G. Earle Hoffer, Pres. and Vice-Pres. respectively of the Pa. North Central District.

AFTER remaining overnight in Williamsport, Mr. Meier hurried to Wellsville for the first of a number of visits scheduled to be made in New York State. There he met with 60 members, among them being Frank L. McGovern, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and Alonzo L. Waters, John T. Osowski and D. Curtis Gano—President, Treasurer and Past Pres., respectively, of the New York State Elks Assn. On his arrival in Wellsville, Mr. Meier was met by a boys' Drum and Bugle Corps, to which he spoke at some length.

Hornell Lodge was the next branch of the Order honored by Mr. Meier. Here, at a luncheon, 231 members greeted him. Also present were those distinguished Elks who had met Mr. Meier at Wellsville; P.D.D.'s Charles J. Tanner and M. A. Cameron, and 12 P.E.R.'s of the Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's next visit was to Bath Lodge where 75 members of the Order were present. He then spoke to 72 members at Corning Lodge, D.D. Frank R. Wassung, P.D.D. Ivan M. Bernkopf and 10 P.E.R.'s being on hand. Upon completing this meeting Mr. Meier visited Watkins Glen Lodge where he spoke to some 50 members.

The Grand Exalted Ruler spent that evening with members of Elmira Lodge as guest of honor at a dinner meeting, among those present being D.D. Elmer E. Wolvin and P.D.D. Linnaeus W. Losie.

On the morning of May 23 Mr. Meier visited Ithaca Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert joined him here, and both distinguished Elks spoke to the membership of the Lodge. P.D.D. A. G. Holland was also present as were the officers of the State Assn. previously mentioned, who had been Mr. Meier's traveling companions all along.

Following the Ithaca meeting Mr. Meier joined members of Geneva Lodge at noon and delivered an address to them. Then he hurried on to Newark Lodge where he lunched with 125 members. The latter part of the afternoon was spent with 90 members of Lyons Lodge. Upon his arrival he was met by the High School Band, the members of which he addressed. Ten P.E.R.'s were present.

The officers and P.E.R.'s of Rochester Lodge next received Mr. Meier at a dinner given by them in their Home, following which the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a meeting at which 11 candidates were initiated. Among those present were D.D. Donald R. Harvison and P.D.D.'s George A. Swalbach and J. Theodore Moses. Mr. Meier was presented with a camera by his admirers.

On May 24, still accompanied by the State Assn. officers mentioned previously, Mr. Meier made a number of visits. The first was to Batavia Lodge where he spoke to 65 members, including P.D.D.'s Oren C. Steele and Dr. John W. LeSeur. The second visitation was paid to Albion Lodge where 80 members—among them P.D.D. John B. Bordwell—greeted him. Medina Lodge entertained Mr. Meier at luncheon. There he spoke to 125 members, including P.D.D. F. W. O'Donnell. Fifty members of Lock-

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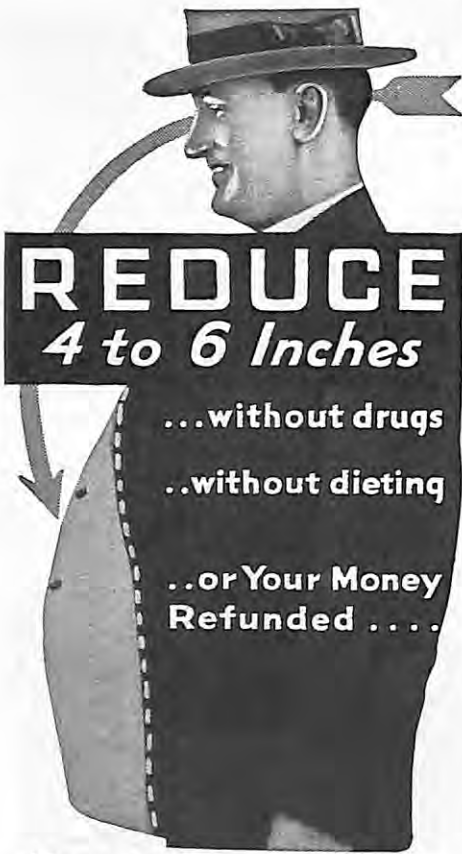


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(Continued from page 47)
port Lodge next greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Meier was guest that evening at a dinner given by Niagara Falls Lodge, after which a class of candidates was initiated. Soon after dinner he hurried on to North Tonawanda Lodge where he spoke to 65 members.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's visits in New York State wound up with a memorable one at Buffalo. Here, at 9:30 P. M., he spoke to almost 200 members, among them being many distinguished Elks and residents of the City. They included State Vice-Pres. Frank L. Spoeri and P.D.D. William Murphy.

Late that night Mr. Meier made his farewells to Buffalo Lodge and to the official party which had accompanied him through the State and caught the Twentieth Century Limited for Chicago.

MR. MEIER'S next visit was paid early in the morning of May 26 to Appleton, Wis., Lodge. He was met at the station by the Lodge's prize Band, and taken to the Home. Seventy-five members were in attendance, among them being Charles E. Broughton, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; P.D.D. Arthur J. Geniesse and several of the officers of Menasha and Kaukauna, Wis., Lodges. Upon leaving Appleton Mr. Meier proceeded to Menasha Lodge where he conferred with 20 members, and then hurried on to Oshkosh Lodge.

He was met at the City limits by the high school band which headed a parade to the Lodge Home where the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke. At 11:00 A. M. he was at the Home of Fond du Lac Lodge, where he addressed 30 members, among them being Judge Clayton F. Van Pelt, member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge.

Mr. Meier's next visit was to Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge where a parade was staged to the Home. Among the distinguished Elks waiting to greet him were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, E.R. Fulton H. Leberman, and E.R. A. K. Wagner of Fond du Lac Lodge. The Wisconsin State Elks Assn. was represented by Pres. J. W. Selbach; Vice-Pres. Myron E. Schwartz; Trustee Gus Kent; Chaplain, the Rev. H. H. Halinda and Past Pres. E. W. Mackey.

After speaking to these members, Mr. Meier hastened on to Manitowoc Lodge where he spoke to 75 members, his address being broadcast over Station WOMT. From there Mr. Meier proceeded to Two Rivers Lodge where, aside from the thirty members waiting to hear him speak, he was pleased to find 12 candidates awaiting initiation.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's next visit was to Green Bay Lodge as guest of honor at a banquet given by the Green Bay Elks. Two hundred and fifty Elks and their ladies were present, among them being Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson. After a splendid dinner Judge Thompson was introduced and he, in turn, presented Mr. Meier, who addressed the gathering with evident pleasure.

Following the meeting at Green Bay, Mr. Meier drove to Marinette, Wis., Lodge where, on the following morning, he breakfasted with the 120 members present. Also in attendance were a number of visitors from Oconto and Antigo, Wis., and Escanaba and Iron Mountain, Mich., Lodges. State Treasurer Louis Uecker, of Wisconsin, was prominent among them.

After the meeting Mr. Meier proceeded to Escanaba Lodge to speak to 25 members before hurrying on to Ishpeming, Mich., Lodge where members to the number of 150 had gathered for dinner. Among those present were D.D. Frank C. Condon, State Pres.; State Trustee Paul J. Ruppe; State Vice-Pres. Earl Leininger, and P.D.D.'s Ray E. MacAllister, Joseph Thomas and Dr. W. W. Kimmel. The eight Lodges of Sault

Ste. Marie, Bessemer, Iron Mountain, Calumet, Hancock, Negaunee, Marquette and Ishpeming were represented.

After his address Mr. Meier drove to Iron Mountain Lodge for dinner which was followed by a regular Lodge meeting. D.D. Elmer Nelson of Wis. N.E., was present.

Next Mr. Meier drove to Antigo, Wis., Lodge where he remained overnight. Early the next morning he breakfasted with the members before hurrying on to Merrill, Wis., Lodge where 31 members were awaiting him. His talk to the Elks present was followed by a drive to the Home of Wausau, Wis., Lodge where 70 members were waiting to join him at luncheon. State Pres. J. W. Selbach and Past Pres. Harry A. Kiefer were present.

Stevens Point, Wis., Lodge was next honored by a visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler. Here he spoke before 45 members, his address being broadcast over Station WLBL. Subsequently he hastened on to Marshfield, Wis., Lodge where he was guest of honor at a dinner attended by 90 members, among them being P.D.D.'s F. T. McDonald and Otto R. Roenius. At the conclusion of his speech Mr. Meier was presented with a gift by the members of the Lodge.

At Wisconsin Rapids Lodge Mr. Meier attended a Lodge meeting with 80 members present, W. J. Conway, former chief Justice of the Grand Forum being among the distinguished Elks to greet him. Five charter members were on hand. Following his address the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with an auto camping kit, a product manufactured locally.

On the morning of May 29, Mr. Meier arrived at Superior, Wis., where he was met by D.D. M. A. Sauter, P.D.D.'s R. F. Hoehle and Dr. John Clark, and others who accompanied him to Duluth, Minn., where he was joined by D.D. Harry Gillespie and a number of other Elks, all of whom were members of the Grand Exalted Ruler's trip through the Iron Range Lodges.

FIRST they visited Eveleth, Minn., Lodge where breakfast was served and Mr. Meier spoke before proceeding to Virginia Lodge. Here 75 members had gathered and Mr. Meier was escorted to the Lodge Home by the High School Band to whom he spoke briefly before visiting with the Lodge members. After leaving Virginia Lodge Mr. Meier proceeded to Chisholm, and at the City limits was met by the Chisholm High School Band. In the Lodge room were 50 members to whom Mr. Meier delivered an address.

The Grand Exalted Ruler lunched with the members of Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, and spoke to a group of Boy Scouts and local citizens who had gathered to greet him before proceeding with the noon meal at which 120 citizens were in evidence. Upon completing this meeting Mr. Meier returned to Duluth where, at the Spalding, he was guest of honor at a dinner. Among those in attendance were former Grand Esquire W. S. McCormick, P.D.D. D. V. Clark, State Trustee John S. Siverts and others already mentioned.

Mr. Meier spoke to these members and then proceeded to Superior, Wis., Lodge to attend a meeting with 125 members of the Order. Many prominent Elks were in attendance. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Meier was presented with the chair used by the late President Calvin Coolidge when he occupied the summer White House at Superior. Mr. Meier spoke on the air for fifteen minutes over Station WEBC, after which he traveled on to Minneapolis.

He arrived there early in the morning and was met at the station by W. C. Robertson, former member of the Grand Lodge Social and Community Welfare Committee, and the E.R. and Secy. of the Lodge. At 9:00 A. M. he was entertained

at breakfast by Minneapolis Lodge with 40 Elks present. Among them were State Pres. Martin A. Nelson, State Trustee Thomas J. Griffith, P.D.D. Herbert Schoening and the officers of Minneapolis Lodge.

Mr. Meier next visited St. Paul Lodge where he was guest of honor at a luncheon. Present were D.D. Roy L. Von Wald, John H. Mitchell, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, Past State Pres. Chester R. Leech, P.D.D. Dr. C. A. Ingerson and the officers of the Lodge. Later Mr. Meier paid a hasty visit to Stillwater, Minn., Lodge, speaking to 28 members before hurrying on to Red Wing, Minn., Lodge for dinner with 26 members, among whom was Past State Pres. Judge William M. Ericson.

At 8:30 P. M. he visited Winona, Minn., Lodge, speaking to 40 members. He remained over night at Winona and left the next morning to resume his Minnesota visits, Rochester Lodge being the next on his itinerary.

On the morning of May 31 Mr. Meier was met at the outskirts of Rochester by a large caravan which escorted him to the Lodge Home, where 90 members joined him at breakfast. Later in the morning he visited Austin Lodge, being escorted by the Minnesota Highway Patrol. Nine P.E.R.'s were among the 69 members awaiting him in the Lodge room.

Lunch was had with a group of Owatonna Lodge Elks, among whom were State Vice-Pres. John B. Cristgau and P.D.D. Eugene Toher. He then proceeded to Faribault Lodge, discussing for thirty-five minutes the affairs of the Lodge with a number of members. Mankato Lodge was the next Lodge to receive Mr. Meier. Sixty-nine members entertained him at dinner, among them being P.D.D. M. F. Sullivan.

June 1 saw Mr. Meier at Albert Lea Lodge where he had breakfast with a large group of members. At Mason City, Ia., Lodge he was guest of honor at luncheon with 100 members, including 10 P.E.R.'s and State Pres. Harry C. Phillips, P.D.D. Remley J. Glass and Col. Hanford MacNider, Past National Commander of the American Legion. After addressing the assemblage Mr. Meier hurried on to Estherville Lodge and conferred with some 58 members there. State Pres. Phillips accompanied him here and on his further visits through the State.

LATE afternoon of June 1 saw Mr. Meier at the Home of LeMars, Iowa, Lodge where he visited. Here he placed a wreath on the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. U. Sammis.

A dinner was held for the Grand Exalted Ruler that evening by Sioux City Lodge, with a meeting following at which 125 members of the Order were in attendance. Mr. Meier had the honor of installing the officers of the Lodge in office. A great part of the membership was present at this meeting which was also attended by P.D.D. A. R. Perasso.

Early on June 2 the Grand Exalted Ruler drove to Fort Dodge where he was guest of honor at luncheon. Boone Lodge was the next to act as his host, 29 members being present. Seven P.E.R.'s and D.D. James J. Deering attended.

Mr. Meier's next official visit was made to Perry Lodge with 21 members present. He then proceeded to Atlantic Lodge and was there the guest of honor at a dinner held at the Hotel Whitney, D.D. Henry E. Cook, Past State Pres. Clyde E. Jones and P.D.D. C. G. Clark attending. After speaking to the members of Atlantic Lodge Mr. Meier visited Red Oak Lodge. Sixty-three members enjoyed a supper with Mr. Meier at Creston Lodge. A speaking program followed, after which Mr. Meier retired, ending a busy day.

(Continued on page 50)



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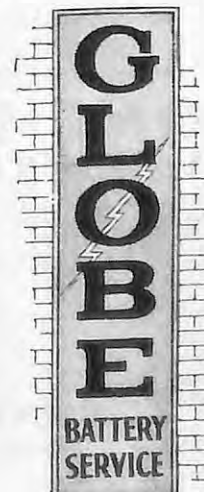
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(Continued from page 49)

He rose early on Sunday, June 3, and drove to Centerville Lodge where a breakfast was given in his honor. Fort Madison Lodge next received him and he was guest of honor, together with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. Two hundred and sixteen Elks were in attendance, including State Vice-Pres. G. A. Beck, Past Pres. J. F. Frailey and P.D.D. C. H. Duffy. Both Judge Thompson and Mr. Meier spoke here. At the conclusion of his address the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a handsome desk set.

His visit to Fort Madison Lodge was followed by a call at the Home of Burlington Lodge where, at 3:30 P.M., 50 members had assembled. Among those awaiting Mr. Meier was P.D.D. A. E. Erb. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Meier departed for Muscatine Lodge and found 50 members assembled there anxious to meet him. Among them was Past State Pres. Clay Kneese. After having spoken to these members of the Order Mr. Meier went to Davenport Lodge. Here, together with Judge Thompson, he was honored at a dinner at which were 150 Elks and their ladies. Also present were Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past State Presidents Clyde E. Jones, Henry Louis and Dr. C. L. Leigh, and P.D.D.'s Sam W. Hirsch and Marx M. Harder. Judge Thompson introduced Mr. Meier, who delivered an address.

After completing this meeting Mr. Meier inspected the quarters of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, at the same time meeting a number of the members. He repeated this hurried visit in the case of Moline, Ill., Lodge. These were not official visitations.

June 4 found the Grand Exalted Ruler at Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge, where he breakfasted with 25 members. Among the Elks present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain; D.D. Dr. C. D. Evans, Jr., of Nebraska, East; and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight James M. Fitzgerald. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Meier went on to Fremont, Neb., Lodge and paid a visit to 50 members of the Order there, including Howard Loomis, a member of the Crippled Children's Committee of the Nebraska State Assn. Mr. Meier spoke here also.

HE then proceeded to Columbus, Neb., Lodge with Mr. Rain and was guest of honor at luncheon. Among the 55 Elks attending were Vice-Pres. Frank I. Holmes, Trustee William Gregorius, and Chaplain the Rev. D. Talmadge, representing the State Assn., and P.D.D. Otto F. Walter.

After speaking to the Columbus Lodge assemblage, Mr. Meier visited York, Neb., Lodge and was the honored guest at a 6:30 dinner which was followed by a meeting. The new officers were then installed and they immediately initiated a class of three candidates. Mr. Meier was much interested in the efficiency of these newly installed of-

ficers. Present were State Pres. H. P. Zieg; Past Presidents August Schneider, George F. Corcoran and W. H. Read; Vice-Pres. Holmes, and P.D.D.'s C. A. Laughlin and J. O. Bohn. There were 125 members present and Mr. Meier was highly gratified at the splendid spirit prevailing in the Lodge.

After attending the Convention of the Nebraska State Elks Assn. at Fairbury, an account of which will appear in an early issue, Mr. Meier visited Nebraska City Lodge on June 6. He was guest of honor at a luncheon which was also attended by D.D. Dr. W. B. Owen of Missouri West.

The Grand Exalted Ruler next visited Shenandoah, Ia., Lodge, where he delivered an address before 50 members. From here he traveled to Maryville, Mo., Lodge and spoke before 100 members and their ladies. A dinner was served at the First M.E. Church, and a dance followed at the Home of Maryville Lodge.

THE following morning Mr. Meier was honored at a breakfast given by St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge. After speaking to the members Mr. Meier visited Atchison, Kans., Lodge and spoke to 65 members before going to Leavenworth, Kans., Lodge to attend a meeting in the form of a luncheon.

Mr. Meier next made his appearance at the Home of Joplin, Mo., Lodge for dinner and remained there over night. June 8 saw him at the Home of Webb City Lodge, breakfasting with 20 members of the Order, among them being Past Pres. E. E. Wood and D.D. Owen, who still accompanied Mr. Meier.

After speaking to these members Mr. Meier drove to Springfield, Mo., Lodge and was guest of honor at a luncheon given in the Colonial Hotel with 125 persons present, including P.D.D. Dr. Don H. Silsby and other important fraternal and business leaders of the vicinity.

That afternoon was spent by the Grand Exalted Ruler in visiting Nevada, Mo., Lodge, with 11 members, and later Rich Hill, Mo., Lodge, with 12 members. F. W. Wiek, P.D.D., was present at this latter meeting to greet Messrs. Meier and Owen.

That evening Mr. Meier was guest of honor at Kansas City, Mo., Lodge at a dinner attended by the General Chairman, as well as the Chairmen of the several Committees appointed in connection with the Grand Lodge Convention. At the conclusion of dinner, Mr. Meier was taken to the Lodge Home where a meeting was convened and a large class of candidates initiated.

This visit to Kansas City, Mo., Lodge completed Mr. Meier's official visits to the Subordinate Lodges of the Order, except such as might arise incidentally. He left Kansas City and flew back to Seattle to start work on his report to the Grand Lodge, and also to prepare to turn over affairs to his successor. In the course of the past year Grand Exalted Ruler Meier has visited something over 520 Lodges of the Order—truly an outstanding record.

The Menace Behind the Mob

(Continued from page 27)

Communists were holding a convention in Cleveland and Browder there boasted that the "workers" who took part in the demonstration were organized by Communists. The next witness is the Governor of Minnesota, Floyd B. Olson. He stated, after an investigation, that the riot was the work of paid Communist agitators. An even more competent witness is the Chief of Police of Minneapolis, Michael Johannes. Communist membership cards, he reported, were found in the pockets of more than a dozen of the men taken prisoner in the course of the riot-

ing. Moreover, all those members of the "Committee" chosen to represent the mob were known Communists. It was a Communist "victory"; make no mistake about that.

After the Minneapolis riot I sought out a friend of mine, a military man whose vocation it is to watch and study the activities of Communists in America. He does not believe they can bring about a revolution in the United States; all he contends is that they are trying. Since the Communists

(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 50)

frankly say that that is their intention I do not see how my friend can be called an alarmist. Indeed, I found him disposed to think the Reds have missed their big chance; but nevertheless it is made plain to him through such a skirmish as occurred in Minneapolis that the Communists still cherish desperate intentions with respect to the United States. It was he who showed me seized letters written by Communists, all of whom had written above their signatures: "Yours for Soviet America."

"That Minneapolis riot," he said, "shows that they are proceeding with the development of their forces. In the technique of modern revolutionists small groups of shock troops are sent swiftly against the sensitive points of cities—the water works, power houses, railroad terminals, seats of local government and, usually, the banks. The small forces, armed in all probability with sub-machine guns and hand grenades, work without hindrance while a mob engages the attention of the police force. You see, that was just a sham battle in Minneapolis. The Reds were accustoming their cannon fodder to the feel of battle. Those people who threw coal and scrap iron were not the real soldiers. The real fighting fellows are getting their training in strikes. They use dynamite, guns and bombs. For the real fighters the street mobs are just about what a smoke screen is to a modern navy. The Minneapolis police authorities probably think that what they had to deal with was just a nasty local situation aggravated by Communist agitators. That is what a lot of people in other cities think. But army people see something else there.

THE newspaper headlines dealing with Communist activities can all be indexed, significantly enough, under the principal headings by which the general staff of the army divides the phases of its work. G-1 has to do with recruiting. Finding a state of discontent or unrest among the population, the Communists' strategy is to improve that situation. When policemen are provoked into breaking heads, believe me, the situation is improved from the Communist angle. I have watched their G-1 and their G-2 work (intelligence) and it has been good. What the army calls G-3 is tactics; that is, fighting. You read about the fights in the newspapers but you don't interpret them any more correctly than the newspapers do. Listen! Then he began to read items from a thick stack of newspaper clippings that he had accumulated during the last four years.

"Gun battles, a bridge dynamiting, a fire and a near riot marked developments today in the five-months-old Ohio coal strike."

He read some of the details—a youth of eighteen found dead in a cemetery after an undetermined number of persons had poured rifle and shotgun fire into a National Guard encampment; a New York Central railroad bridge extensively damaged by dynamite; another of the Kanawha and Michigan Railroad partially destroyed by fire.

"Would you like more details of the kind?" he asked. "If you want to be convinced that this was not a sporadic outbreak I refer you to the index of the *New York Times* for 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933 and the first six months of 1934. Would twenty such incidents make you more credulous? A hundred? Look under the headings: 'coal,' 'textiles,' and finally 'Communism.' You'll find plenty."

I HARKED back to 1932 when my friend had predicted, weeks before it happened, that the Communists were trying to stage a riot in the Capital of the United States. I had seen the beginning of that affair—the first march of the bonus army.

Could I say those men were revolutionaries? I did not think so then and I do not now; but I am fully persuaded that they had been organized for their march on the Capital by Communists whose only desire was to arouse in that mass of former soldiers feelings of bitterness against the Government which they had served in uniform only a few years before. I know there were approximately 1,800 Communists concealed among the more than 30,000 who swarmed into the Capital, and I know that the original idea of the march on Washington was "sold" to discontented ex-soldiers by Communists.

Months before the march began the Government at Washington had received a warning that it was being organized. Thanks to the undercover men of the New York Police Department, the Department of Justice was furnished with one of the first copies of a circular addressed to former soldiers. More than 190,000 of these circulars were distributed over the Country by a New York Communist organization—The Workers' Ex-Servicemen's League. The sweet Communist purpose of that League was to create a schism within the ranks of those natural enemies of the Reds, The American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Although anyone may easily discover for himself that it is a Communist organization, it would be a mistake to assume that every former soldier who succumbed to the appeal of the Workers' Ex-Servicemen's League was aware of its red affiliation. Its circular, typical in its gross exaggerations of Communist agitation, contained one essential command: "March for the bonus." The circular included a "bonus ballot" which was simply a direct-by-mail advertising device for getting a list of potential "customers." In May, 1932, 16,400 of those ballot coupons had been returned to the Communist revolutionary outpost—which was then at One Union Square—by way of Post Office Box 38, Station D, New York City. But long before that the demonstration had been taking form.

As early as February 1932, fifty members—negroes and whites—of the Workers' Ex-Servicemen's League had been trained in a Communist School in New York. As soon as they were ready these men were sent to the centers of sympathy for a bonus march as revealed by the returned coupons. All told, 167 organizers left New York for various parts of the Country. The Nation now knows that they accomplished their purpose. They started a riot in the Capital of the United States.

Did the Communist conspirators who engineered the bonus march really wish the undertaking to gain a bonus from Congress? Surely none now are so naive as to believe they did. What they hoped to create in Washington was a mob. The creation of mobs in American cities is a tactical duty imposed on the American Communists by the only authority they recognize, the Executive Committee of the Communist International, the Komintern, which dwells in Moscow.

PRIOR to the climax of that fierce riot in the Capital and the expulsion of the mob by the regular Army, my military friend had seen things occurring that were not seen by others who lack his understanding of the ways of warfare. It was he who urged me to look back into the newspaper files for accounts of a Communist hunger march on Washington during the winter previous to the bonus march.

"Remember?" he challenged me. "Only fifteen hundred hunger marchers appeared in the Capital. Now then, what I'm telling you is that the bonus marchers had the benefit of some preliminary G-2 work before they massed themselves in Washington.

(Continued on page 54)

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Those hunger marchers actually were what would correspond to the platoon leaders of the bonus army. That is how they achieved a concentration of 30,000 men in Washington from all over the Continent within the space of a little more than a week. Apparently those fellows traveled haphazardly—they hitch-hiked; they commandeered trains. But they got there on time!

"In France when a division was to be moved the battalion leaders were required to cover the route of the march first; in that way the movement and the feeding en route of such a large body of troops was accomplished smoothly, without delay. 'Logistics' is the word used in military science to identify problems of that character. But there was another kind of training given to many of the bonus marchers even before that. Don't forget that the ability to maneuver and march is developed in soldiers before they are trained to fight. Practice marches, see? Have the Communists been staging practice marches anywhere? I'll say they have."

BUT it is not alone the mob on the march, the vagrant mob, which must be considered. Every big city in the United States, thanks to Communist work, now has a trained and practised mob. New York has one. Philadelphia has one. Chicago has one. Cleveland has one. Minneapolis has one. San Francisco has one. So have all of the other large cities. These mobs have been rehearsed and drilled.

The New York authorities have learned to expect a Communist disturbance every few months, but since they also have learned to concentrate on the actual leaders of the disturbances, New York has been strangely free from serious trouble. The demonstrations are without their old time viciousness; the Communists really do not seem to be in earnest in New York. The police there seem to know too much for them.

On March 6, 1930, the Communists had arranged for a typical demonstration of protest to be held in Union Square. Sometimes the protests have been for such silly reasons as "Stop the Massacre of Chinese Workers," or "Down with the Minimum \$1 Electricity Charge." But if there is a better excuse for protest, of course they are glad to use it. On this occasion the police had information that it was the intention of the Communist leaders to start a mob toward City Hall. So, the Police Commissioner and his principal subordinates warned them that under no circumstances should there be a parade; they were told to confine their meeting to the upper end of Union Square.

In the midst of the speaking William Z. Foster, then the Communist Nominee for President of the United States, stood up on one of three wooden platforms shrouded in red and black bunting and yelled at the crowd: "Boys, are you with me? I'm going to City Hall." From the other platforms came similar incitements and the worried police observed that the vast throng was in motion.

Well, suppose they had reached City Hall. Suppose they had swarmed into the building, stopped the work of the officials, broken all its windows and destroyed its fittings, its records. Then what? Well, then the biggest City in America would have been under mob rule. After the mob, always, the dictator has appeared. Make no mistake about it. The constant incitement of Communist mobs to "march on City Hall" has a real significance; a military significance. However, in this case they were not permitted even to get started for City Hall.

There is only one kind of a broom with which to sweep streets that are clogged with an unwieldy or a disorderly mass of humanity; mounted men can do it every time and they have been used for that purpose

for centuries. On this occasion the mounted police had been concealed for hours in buildings not far from Union Square. At a signal they came galloping to the job, each mounted man of them worth a dozen foot policemen for the work to be done.

There is something about the clatter of horses' hoofs that puts fear into the hearts of a city crowd. A good trooper, with an almost unseen movement of his legs, swings his horse's haunches against the front rank of a crowd and the crowd draws back in terror of its hoofs. Actually the rider has the horse's legs under control almost as perfect as that with which he governs his own legs, but the people in the crowd do not know this, so they scramble to get out of the way. The horsemen pass with ease from one side of the crowd to the other. Then comb through from another angle and by that time the crowd has become numerous small clusters of people. It has ceased to be a crowd. No longer is it, if in an ugly mood, inspired with the recklessness that comes from the feeling that there is safety in numbers.

It is to the intelligent use of its Mounted Police that New York is indebted for the fact that in spite of many deliberate and fiendish attempts, the Communists have never succeeded in organizing in New York a mob that the police could not handle. That Minneapolis mob could have been sent flying in terror from one tenth the number of policemen with which it battled so long if only those men had been mounted on well trained horses.

A New York police horse? One of them, sometimes without even waiting for a word of command from its master, will toss its head and knock from your own head your precious hat, and with it will go every trace of any idea that may have been under it. All you will be able to think of from that moment will be the recovery of your hat. Yes, indeed, a New York police horse is well trained. A revolver exploding above its ears will not make it so much as tremble. It will stand placidly in the very middle of a torrent of rushing traffic, of automobiles, buses, street cars, ambulances and fire apparatus.

THE Communists, knowing full well that it is the mounted cops who spoil their best laid plans for rioting, have tried to figure out some kind of deviltry to make the mounted troopers less effective. They have struck at the animals with the poles on which they carry their red banners. The women have stabbed the horses with hat pins and some of them have tried an old trick to frighten the creatures. When horses were as common as automobiles most persons were careful never to open an umbrella suddenly near the head of a horse lest it be startled and run away. The Communists tried to frighten the animals that way, but nothing happened. To a New York mounted cop's horse the sudden opening of an umbrella near his head simply means that Sergeant Gannon (the stud groom from Ireland who trains them) is about to present him with another piece of sugar.

Other cities have mounted police, of course. The larger the city the more certain it is that the authorities will have discovered that the mounted cops are not just a spectacular luxury but the best kind of mob insurance that a community can have. Several years ago in a Pacific Coast city a group of radicals were elected to control. The first thing the new mayor did was to abolish the mounted police. He said it was a measure of economy. Actually it was more nearly a measure of treason.

HOWEVER, it is not by mounted cops alone that New York keeps its frequently rehearsed Communist mob from giving it more serious trouble. The New York police

are rather more successful than those of other cities in dealing with Communist schemes and outrages because they are constantly informed about the plans of the Communists. Among the inner circle of Communist leadership sit certain unidentified "Reds" who actually are policemen in disguise; they are undercover men.

These undercover men do not have the look of policemen. For one thing they are not so large physically as their fellows of the Department; small ones were chosen deliberately for this work so that they might the better sit unnoticed in a crowd of Communists. None of these men has ever worn the uniform of his service. If one undercover man encounters another, neither knows it because none of them are acquainted with the others. Their very lives depend on the preservation of their secret; the secret is their allegiance to the New York Police Department.

They are lonesome adventurers. They send what information will be valuable at headquarters by mail in the form of type-written memoranda, and at intervals each goes secretly to a rendezvous with the one who is their chief. On the whole it is a fantastic game of intrigue and if, in its spirit it is un-American, surely we have only the Communists to blame because the thing the undercover men spy upon is even more un-American.

Last winter there was a strike of shoe factory workers in a Long Island City plant. Communists fomented the strike and by various forms of thuggery prevented the success of any attempts at settlement. Night after night foremen and others connected with the employers' side of that dispute were ambushed and slugged. Then, one night far out in Brooklyn, as a foreman of the factory was returning to his home where his wife and children were waiting to join him at supper, two men rushed at him out of the darkness. Each held uplifted a leadpipe bludgeon. These two were Communist hoodlums. The murderous blows they were about to strike were a part of the Communist plot against American society.

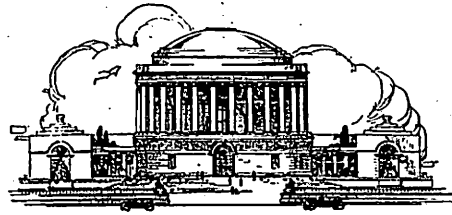
Then, before those blows fell upon the head of the workingman, the darkness was split by blue and orange fire streaks, by sharp reports and by the screams of the Communist thugs, both of whom were shot down in their tracks while still clutching their skull-fracturing weapons. The men who shot them were police detectives who had been warned by their commanding officer that this attack was to occur. Their instructions had been to get the hoodlums dead to rights.

In the morning newspapers the following day the accounts of this shooting suggested that it was by a fortunate coincidence that the two detectives had happened upon this scene of brutality in time to enact the role of rescuers; actually, however, it was not a coincidence at all, but the working out of one piece of information brought out of high Communist circles by one of the Police Department's undercover men.

WHEREVER there is a sore place in our social scheme there the Communists, like an infection of the blood, set to work. In Chicago for four or five years they have been working day and night among the poorer negroes.

Chicago has what is indexed in the minds of its police officials as a negro riot hazard. A black man, or a man part black and part white—probably with just as much accuracy—would call it a white riot hazard. The facts are that among a population of 3,376,438 there are included a mass of 233,900 who are counted as negroes. In a comparatively brief span of dwelling together in Chicago this mass of blacks has experienced one nightmare period of race

(Continued on page 56)



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(Continued from page 55)

rioting. I have no information as to the direct cause of the first outbreak, but I am prepared to bet that if trouble should occur again it will have been fomented by white Communists.

In Chicago white agitators of the Communist party all during the depression have tried by every device known to their kind to get the negroes to "demonstrate." They have invented all manner of excuses to get them to march as a protest against something or other; but always the real purpose has been to get the negroes involved in a general melee with policemen. The vast majority of the negroes and the vast majority of the whites in Chicago are integrated in a peaceful community of interest. They get along without friction. It is the hoodlums of both races who are apt to make trouble.

One of the bold, intrepid spirits of the Chicago Police Department is Captain John Stege. He has been extraordinarily effective in dealing with disorderly swarms of negroes—probably for the reason that he does not know what fear is, but also because he has a pretty keen understanding of that curious monster which we call a "crowd."

During an especially desperate period of the depression, when Chicago was having a difficult time providing food for all of its people who hungered, a group of Communists went to the authorities to demand a permit for a parade of negroes into the Loop. This square mile is the heart of Chicago; it contains the department stores, the biggest financial institutions, the theatres and the centers of public authority—notably the City Hall and the County Building. Such a parade as was contemplated could reasonably be expected to tie up business and it might well have become provoked into a violent racial strife.

"No," they were told, "you can't parade into the Loop; but you can parade."

"See Captain Stege. He'll work out a plan for your parade."

Now it must be kept in mind that the only result which was hoped for by the Communist organizers of that parade was trouble, serious trouble. It must be remembered, too, that they are constantly alert to seize upon anything which seems like an inconsistency in our assertions that this is a free Country. This makes a nice problem of it—to maintain the principles of liberty and at the same time to thwart the vicious purposes of the Communists.

Captain Stege accordingly charted a route for the parade of negroes who were to march with red banners. That route followed a course that was kept as much as possible to the open prairies. Even so it was necessary for the procession to pass through some streets that were massed with buildings. After the organizers of the protest parade had decided to march he sent his men to the roofs of the buildings that looked down upon the marchers' course. A wise precaution! Half bricks and stones had been stacked there by some one malignantly disposed to transform the demonstration into a riot, so police sentries remained on those roofs until after the parade.

The chattering throng of negro men were slow to form into ranks on the day of the parade. They stood wearily in large masses awaiting the signal of their leader. Captain Stege, suddenly alert, buttonholed this man.

"Hey," he demanded, "what kind of a formation are you fellows going to use?"

"Platoons? We don't want any platoons! We're going in mob formation."

"Like hell you are," roared Captain Stege. "Line up quick!" And from that moment he became the grand marshal of the parade.

Captain Stege marched that procession through a sparsely settled West side region until the feet of the marchers were sore and their legs were weary. When he finally stood aside to watch them debouch into an area of vacant land where agitators waited to harangue them, there were very few marchers left. They had been worn out

at the top of his voice. A thousand pairs of white eyeballs rolled into focus then.

"I is," shouted the speaker, using a voice louder even than that of the police captain. "I's de head man."

From somewhere in the vicinity of his right knee Captain Stege swung a mallet-like fist. It was a knock-out punch. No voice was heard then; the only sounds were the scraping of feet on the hard surface of the ground. Sullen men were waiting for someone to tell them what to do next.

"Now the rest of you guys," said John Stege, "go home." His life would have been forfeited if the thing had not worked; but it did work—to perfection.

Those closest to him were the first to go and their departure set up a wave of motion that turned the crowd into a human maelstrom. In about five minutes Stege and Barker were alone with one man, the "head man," who accompanied them meekly when they returned to the "Bastille."

That was a nervy piece of work. It might not have worked. If it had not Stege probably would have lost his life just as Barker, who then stood beside him, lost his about a year later. It is not simply that Stege understands negroes; an unruly crowd of blacks is no more vicious than an unruly crowd of whites. But the man unquestionably knows how to dramatize the power of that society which he represents—and to dramatize it, moreover, for those elements of it which are least disposed to accept the dictates of the Nation.



"And sign it, 'your darling Boo-Boo.'"

before they had arrived at what was intended to be a scene of trouble.

ON another occasion Captain Stege telephoned police headquarters that a group of more than a thousand negroes were massed in a vacant lot while Communist white leaders sought to persuade them to "march on the Bastille." In this case the hateful stronghold was simply the local police station, the Fifth, in the heart of the South Side Black Belt. The Fifth is the station house commanded by Captain Stege.

"You'll want some reserves?" Stege was asked by a superior officer at headquarters.

"Oh, no," he said, "I'll handle it." Then he hung up.

What happened after that was told to me by a man who held a higher place in the Department at the time. He said Captain Stege took one man with him, Lieutenant George Barker, afterward trampled and fatally injured by a mob such as they were trying to prevent this crowd of negroes from becoming. These were not the decent, self-respecting, educated colored people of the South Side. They were the hoodlums, the sullen, muttering fellows of the community; but also there were in the throng a great many unfortunates who simply happened to be out of work—victims of the depression who had been persuaded to join the gathering on the argument that it was designed to "make the bosses provide work."

Captain Stege shouldered his way into the vacant lot where the crowd had collected. In the heart of it he interrupted the shrill speech of a negro who was urging all within sound of his voice to march on Captain Stege's station house and forcibly release prisoners held there.

"Who's the head man here?" asked Stege

IN that attitude there is something preciously worth preserving. When all Americans keep sharply in focus the idea that the mob—any mob which engages in a battle with the police—is thereby fighting against the Nation, the Communists will be pretty well checkmated. As a matter of fact, they are pretty well checkmated by the character of our people whether dinner pails are full or empty.

Any night this last winter you might have observed the salaried Communist agitators learning that for themselves around the bread lines or other centers of relief for the destitute. But there was no better place for this kind of observation than Columbus Circle in New York. In the first place, no idea is so wild that it may not be uttered there from the tonneau of an automobile or from a soap box. An atheist speaks his foolish doctrine there night after night. A Jap shouts against the Emperor of Japan. The Friends of This and the Enemies of That all speak their pieces in Columbus Circle, but the Communists who went there to win recruits among the hungry fellows who knew not where to sleep—those Communists discovered how hard is the fist of an angry American. There would be a flurry of blows, perhaps a kick at a running figure; then, as one of the nearby cops came to quell the disorder, the explanation was always the same: "One of them dirty Communists."

So long as that feeling persists it won't do them much good to stir up trouble, but that is no reason why the prosecuting officials of our big cities should not send to prison every man or woman taken in the act of inciting to riot. If that is done, if the slums are wiped out, if the bread lines vanish with the need of them, why, then I think that it will be just a futile hope which the Communists express when at the end of their letters they write: "Yours for Soviet America."

"Was I Dumb!"

... AN UNSOLICITED LETTER FROM
DR. W. A. WOOD OF CENTRALIA, ILLINOIS



* An exact quotation from Dr. Wood's letter.
R. O'Hara, Notary Public (Seal)

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