

The Elks

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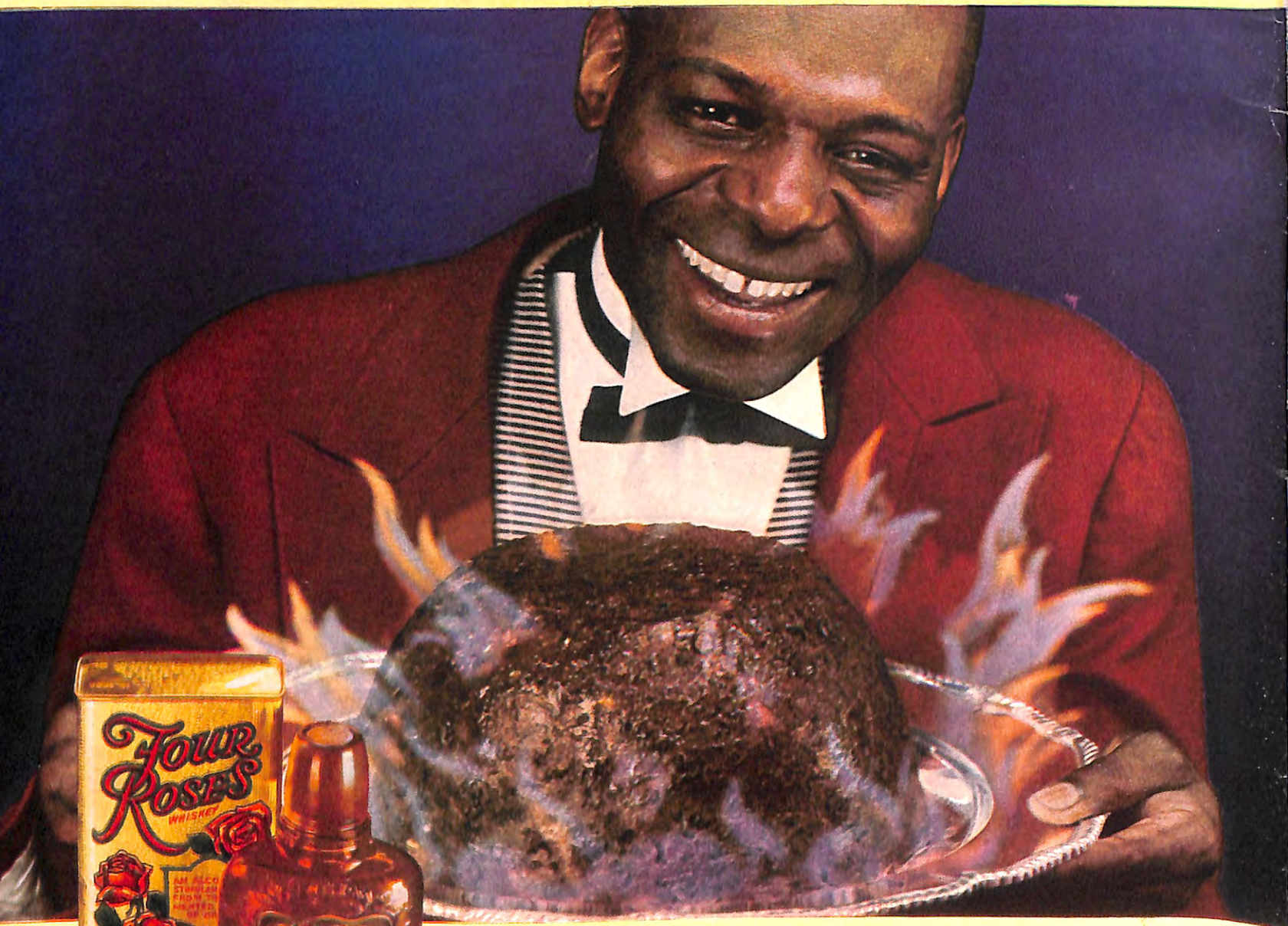
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CENTRAL EDITION
NOVEMBER, 1934



Odgers T. Gurnee ~ Fred C. Kelly ~ Jack O'Donnell

**END YOUR THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER
IN AN OLD-FASHIONED BLAZE OF GLORY!**



**FOUR ROSES
WHISKEY**

MADE BY FRANKFORT
LOUISVILLE • BALTIMORE



Frankfort makes a whiskey for every taste
and purse: **PAUL JONES**, Antique,
Old Oscar Pepper, Shipping Port.

IT'S your first Repeal Thanksgiving—so celebrate it right!

Over a fat plum pudding, pour Four Roses Whiskey until the pudding is fairly soaked with the fragrant liquor. Then set it aflame, and bear the masterpiece to the table in a blue blaze of glory. What an ending for your dinner! No whiskey was ever used to better purpose.

And no finer whiskey could be used for this purpose. For the Four Roses of today has all the rich aroma and dulcet flavor that made it famous in the old days.

Four Roses is a product of Frankfort, a company that has been making fine whiskey for four generations. And it is made in their

traditionally painstaking way—from mellow, hand-made, aged-in-the-wood whiskeys. *No tricks!*

Right now, lay in a supply of Four Roses for Thanksgiving. Mix your pre-dinner cocktails with it—use it for your after-dinner highballs. Ask for Four Roses, too, in hotels and restaurants. You can be certain of its purity. For it comes sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack that must be destroyed before the bottle within it can be removed.

"Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," written as only Mr. Cobb could write it, is now ready. Send 10¢ in stamps for your copy. Address Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Dept. 431, Louisville.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful



“NO DEAR, YOU CAN’T GET BY WITHOUT SHAVING”

“You can’t get by without shaving.” Your wife—your girl—your associates may not tell you this. But that’s what they probably *think* when your face is marred by stubble. For bristles are repulsive to everyone, men and women alike. So how can any man afford to risk the good opinion of others by failing to shave often and well!

Today shaving is not a task. The Gillette “Blue Blade” positively guarantees ease and comfort—even if your skin is tender. In fact—this blade is especially made for men with tender faces — and permits twice-daily shaving, when necessary, without irritation.

The Gillette “Blue Blade” is sharp — amazingly sharp—the smoothest-shaving blade that can be produced. See how its perfectly finished edges—automatically ground, honed and stropped—skim through your beard. Enjoy the benefit of blade-making equipment not equaled anywhere—and inspection methods that eliminate any blade with the slightest flaw.

And when you unwrap your first Gillette “Blue Blade” notice how it is “anchored” in the envelope so the edges reach you undamaged—just as they left the factory. Try this blade on our money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Ask your dealer for Gillette “Blue Blades.”

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES
NOW 5 for 25¢ • 10 for 49¢



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

Charles S. Hart
Business Manager

JOSEPH T. FANNING
Editor and Executive Director

James S. Warren
Managing Editor

NOVEMBER, 1934

General Features

JACK O'DONNELL	
<i>At Your Service</i>	4
EARL CHAPIN MAY	
<i>Hands Across the Lathe</i>	7
FRED C. KELLY	
<i>How Much Do We Really Think?</i>	10
WHERE TO MODERNIZE YOUR HOME	12
ODGERS T. GURNEE	
<i>The Thirteenth Day</i>	13
CAST AND BROADCAST	25
ON STAGE AND SCREEN	26

Winners of the September Prize Letter Contest

A GRATIFYINGLY large and representative response was given to the contest announced in the September issue for the best letter commenting on its author's favorite story, article, feature or department in that number. Not only will the letters prove of considerable assistance to the Editors in planning future issues; their range and character also show that the critical faculties of many members of the Order are highly developed.

The Editors are pleased to announce that the \$10.00 prize for the best letter goes to Phay B. Rutan of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62. His comments on Charles S. Hart's article "What a Pity, He's Crazy," were thoroughly discerning and original. His letter was constructive throughout and of high quality from the literary standpoint.

There were so many good "runner-up" letters that the Editors decided to depart from their original intention and give a group of "second money" prizes of \$5.00 each. The winners of these awards are listed below:

- James H. Duffy, Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871
- Michael J. Hanly, Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37
- R. V. Lucas, Oelwein, Iowa, Lodge, No. 741
- Oliver D. Mann, Danville, Ill., Lodge, No. 332
- J. E. Moyler, Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197 (Resident, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.)
- Robert M. Nice, San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836



News of Elkdom

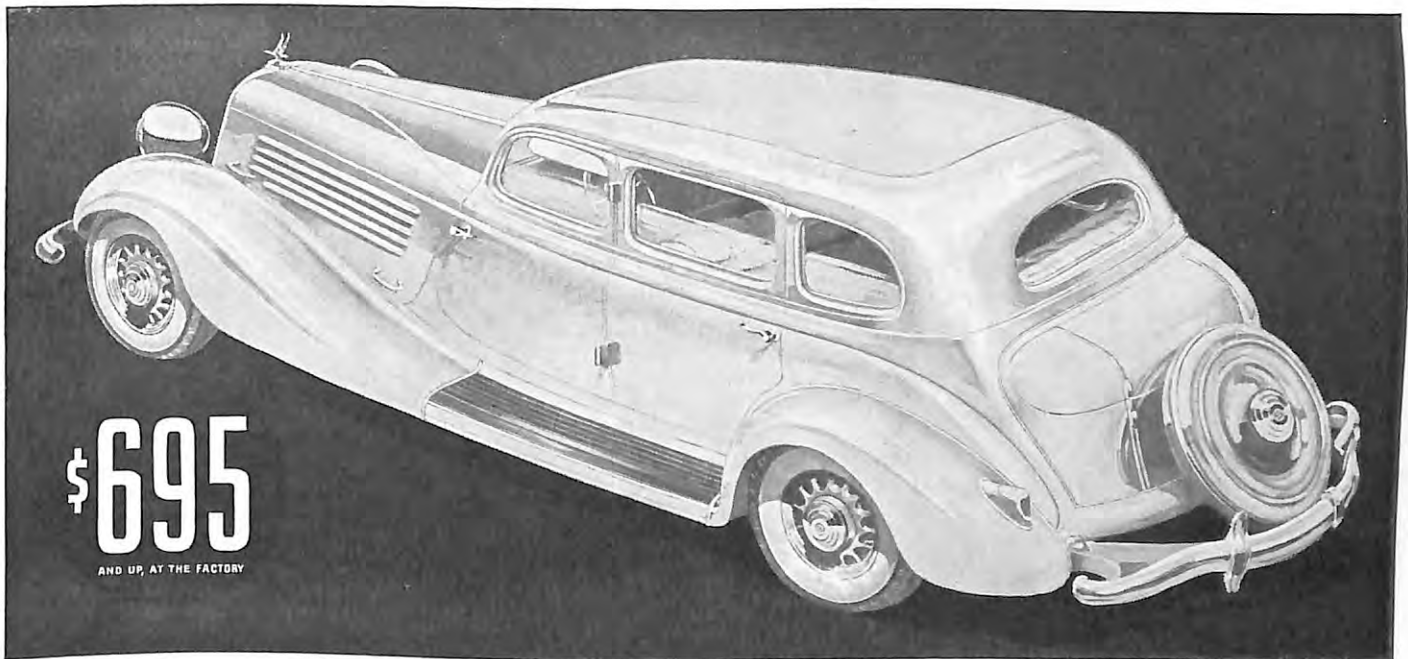
Editorials	16
Acts of Friendship	18
Under the Spreading Antlers	20
News of the State Associations	24
Elkdom Outdoors	28
Officials Who Attended the District Deputy Conferences	30
Winter Cruises for Elk Tourists	47

Cover design by
Frederic Mizen

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Studebaker has done it again!

"YEAR-AHEAD" MODELS SET THE PACE IN
STYLE, VALUE AND ADVANCEMENTS



A YEAR ahead in every way, these latest and greatest Studebakers are deservedly the talk of motoring America.

Crowded with value from bumper to bumper! Decisively superior in style to any cars anywhere near their low prices! Tremendously powered... yet sensationally economical.

Here are the roomiest sedan front seats you've ever tried. A full fifty inches across—easily and comfortably accommodating three full size passengers.

And every one of these "year-ahead" Studebakers is built like a battleship—of steel reinforced by steel. Every one is luxuriously upholstered, fitted and finished.

Why wait for the rest of the industry to catch up? Why satisfy yourself with a purely price appeal car? These "year-ahead" Studebakers are *truly* new. And they give you Studebaker stamina, Studebaker prestige and performance at impressively low prices. Dictator \$695... Commander \$865... President \$1170... base prices at the factory... bumpers and special equipment extra.

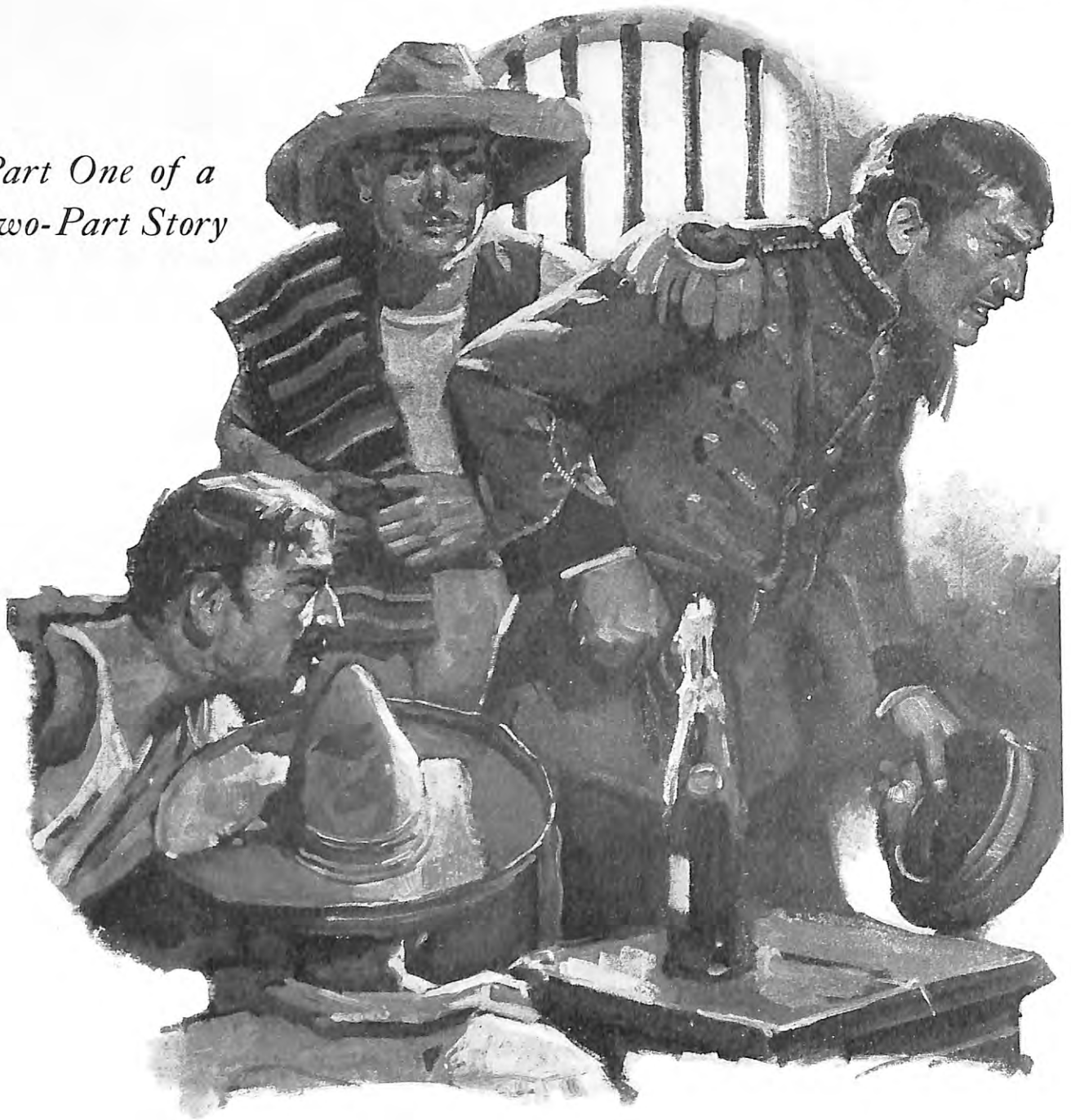
*Listen to Richard Humber and his Studebaker Champions
... every Monday night N.B.C. coast-to-coast chain
... every Saturday night Columbia coast-to-coast chain*

FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA



FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE

*Part One of a
Two-Part Story*



At Your Service

AT dawn the little band of revolutionists in the military guard-house had numbered fifteen. Now they were but five. One was Jerry Easter, a tall, gray-eyed American whose handsomely lean face had been burned to a copperish brown by the Central American sun. The other four were natives of New Granada, zealous followers of Manuelito Pico, who had sought to overthrow the Gonzales government.

The poker game which the five were playing was interrupted by the entrance of a lieutenant and two soldiers in regular army uniform. Involuntarily, the American's four companions leaped to their feet at sight of the officer! But Easter remained seated, merely flipping an impudent salute to the Central American lieutenant.

Copyright, 1934, by Jack O'Donnell

"Insurrecto Marcelino!" bawled the officer, glancing at a slip of paper in his hand.

One of the natives stepped forward. The two soldiers separated, making room for Marcelino between them.

"About—face!" commanded the lieutenant. "Forward—march!"

With Marcelino between the two soldiers, and the officer leading the way, the quartette left the guard-house.

The moment the door closed on them, Easter's three remaining comrades sat on the ground again and the quartette resumed the poker game, first dividing the money left by Marcelino.

Easter dealt a new hand and placed the deck at his side. Romero, on his left, opened the pot for two pesos. All stayed. As the American picked up the deck to resume the deal the morning air was split by the roar of musketry.

Without dropping their cards, the three natives crossed themselves. Jerry Easter closed his eyes for just an instant.



"You hit me!" exclaimed the officer, getting to his feet and weaving unsteadily toward Jerry Easter

RALPH
PALLEN
COLEMAN
1934

by Jack O'Donnell

Illustrated by
Ralph Pallen Coleman

"Poor Marcelino! He was a good hombre," he said. "Which of us will be next?" asked Pedro Zoballa, the man on the American's right, as he studied his cards. Easter shrugged his shoulders. "Only God and the army know, Pedro!"

Then to Romero, on his left: "How many cards?"

"Two!"

"Next gentleman with money?"

"Give me one!"

"I'll play these," volunteered Pedro.

The American looked up, directly at the man who was standing pat. A faint smile parted his lips, displaying a row of strong white teeth, their whiteness accentuated by the copper hue of his skin.

"You wouldn't bluff, sitting here in the shadow of the firing squad, would you, Pedro?" he asked as he dealt himself one card.

"Please, Capitan!" exclaimed Pedro, flinging down his cards and jumping to his feet. The American and the other two players looked up, amazed. Instantly Pedro became penitent.

"Forgive me, Capitan," he pleaded. "It's my nerves. I can't

stand this damn suspense. If I only knew I'd be the next to go, or the last to go, I—I could stand it. But this waiting—not knowing—"

"Maybe you'll never go. You can't tell," said Easter soothingly.

"Why do you say that?" asked

Pedro, hopefully, but skeptically nevertheless.

"Oh, I don't know—just the way I got things figured out, I guess. I believe that no man goes until his hour arrives, and no man stays beyond that hour's time."

"You mean——" began Pedro.

"I mean simply this," cut in Easter. "When your number is up, you're through, so there's no need to worry about that. Before your number is up, there's even less to worry about, because lightning will bend to keep from hitting you before your time comes. Get me?"

"I don't believe I do," said Pedro slowly.

"Maybe you haven't seen as much of life—and death—as I have, Pedro, or you might have a different slant," said Jerry, rising. "I've been playing around with revolutions ever since I was big enough to carry a rifle. And I've been in some tight spots, too. But somehow something always happened to give me a new lease on life. Once, over in Nicaragua——"

"Yes, yes, we know, Capitan," Romero interrupted admiringly. "Your luck is known from Panama to Patagonia. Everywhere they say you bear a charmed life."

"BUT this time, my Capitan," predicted Pedro, "it looks bad for you. You saw Sanchez Gonzales at the court martial. You saw him and heard him gloat over your capture. Never before have I known the Presidente to be so happy over taking a—a——"

"Gringo's the word, Pedro," laughed Jerry. "But I don't blame him. I've been a thorn in his side ever since your leader brought me into New Granada. But I've had a lot of fun, not to mention a few laughs. A monkey like me who goes around the world selling his sword to the highest bidder can't ask for a much better break than that."

"Then you think, perhaps, this time your truly miraculous luck may not serve you?"

There was a catch in Romero's voice as he asked the question. He was the youngest of all the insurrectos who had served under Captain Jerry Easter throughout the revolution. From the first he had worshipped Jerry. To him this debonair American who roamed the world in search of adventure and laughs, selling his services first to one revolutionary band, then to another, embodied all the qualities he deemed requisite in a true soldier of fortune.

JERRY looked at the youth a moment before answering. In that brief interlude he conjured up scattered moments of his life when death was very close to him. There was the day in Mexico when Pancho Villa decided his fate by the flip of a silver peso; the night in Morocco when a young Riff girl took in her heart the knife intended for his own; the dawn in Nicaragua when an earthquake sent his squad of executioners fleeing in panic an instant before the command was given to fire.

"Do you think my luck will fail me this time?"

His lips twisted into a quizzical smile as he repeated Romero's question, and he shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe yes, maybe no—what's the odds? If my number is up, it's time to go. If not, nothing can happen to hurt me!"

Again the heavy ironwood door swung back on its hinges and for the twelfth time that morning the lieutenant and the two soldiers entered.

"Insurrecto Jerry Easter!" bawled the officer the moment he had halted his men.

Jerry turned on the officer with mock severity.

"Listen, Shavetail," said Jerry. "Just to keep the record straight, my rank is captain in this man's army. A big boy like you should practice military etiquette—it often leads to promotion and all that sort of thing."

"Capitan!" scoffed the lieutenant, his small black eyes blazing. "You are just a gringo dog!"

With the speed of a bantamweight, Jerry stepped close and sent his brown-knuckled fist crashing against the officer's jaw. The lieutenant's feet were lifted clear of the floor by the force of the blow and he hurtled through the air, bringing up against the side of the guard-house with a crash. Instantly Jerry turned his attention to the goggle-eyed soldiers. Before they could raise their rifles he was between them, his arms locked in theirs.

"Don't get excited," he advised. "Wait for orders from him. He'll come up for air in a few minutes."

The soldiers, helpless in Jerry's vice-like grip, struggled impotently for a moment, then quickly calmed down as they saw Romero leap across the room toward them. The young revolutionist was not coming to attack, however, but to plead with Jerry to commit no further violence.

"To hit an officer is very bad, Capitan," said Romero. "It is a serious offense. You'll be court-martialed most surely. Oh, it is too bad!"

"Sorry, Romero, but I don't like to be called a dog," said Jerry, smiling into the youth's tense face. "But don't worry. They can only execute me once, and if I know the president of this flea-bitten republic, he'd much rather have me shot for

sticking my nose into this revolution than for cuffing one of his boy scouts."

A moan from the recumbent lieutenant attracted all eyes in his direction.

"Give him a lift, Romero," said Jerry, "and see that he doesn't get careless with his gat."

Romero put his arm under the lieutenant's shoulders and raised him to a sitting posture. The officer opened his eyes, shook his head, trying to dissipate the fog that enveloped his brain, blinked a couple of times, then looked around the room. His eyes finally focused on Jerry. Obviously, he was trying to figure out what had happened.

"You see, it was like this," Jerry explained facetiously. "You came here to pay a party call but carelessly parked your good manners at the door. Then you got to gabbing about foreign dogs. That's *always* a dangerous subject, especially in the

presence of a touchy American. I tried——"

"You hit me!" exclaimed the officer, getting to his feet and weaving unsteadily toward Jerry. "You knocked me down——"

"And out!" added Jerry.

"You shall pay for this, gringo. There is a death penalty for striking an officer of New Granada!"

"Is that so?" exclaimed Jerry with feigned interest. "Well, I regret, old-timer, that I have but one life to give your country. You see, I already have a rendezvous with the firing squad. Looks as if you might have to go through life with your honor slightly tarnished!"

The lieutenant then remembered the purpose of his mission to the guard-house. To

Jerry he said: "You are wanted. Fall in!"

With a quick look about the dingy guard-house, a pat on the shoulders of Romero and Pedro and a salute to the other prisoner, Jerry stepped between the two soldiers. As the order was given to march, Jerry waved a smiling farewell to his comrades and followed the angry lieutenant out into the Central American sunlight.

A hundred paces away, close to a rough stone wall, Jerry saw six soldiers and an officer. These he judged to be the firing squad. The lieutenant headed for the group, but when half the distance had been covered, swerved to the left and proceeded straight for the *Palacio del Presidente*. Jerry wondered what this meant. Was the fiery little Gonzales planning to indulge his sadistic propensities before sending him to face the firing squad? At the court-martial Jerry had infuriated the President of New Granada by constantly referring to him as "the little president of the little country." Even now the American had to smile as he remembered how the hot blood rose to Gonzales's face at each repetition of the phrase.

THROUGH the palace gates, across the broad courtyard cooled by tinkling fountains under tall tropical palms, straight to the doors of the executive wing of the great white building, the lieutenant led his prisoner.

The President was waiting when they finally were ushered into the executive chamber. With him were his staff of gaily uniformed officers of the Federal Army, and a few attachés of the palace.

"The old walrus wants an audience for his act," Jerry mused, glancing coolly at the swarthy faces about the room.

Dismissing the two soldiers, the lieutenant personally conducted the American to a table (Continued on page 45)



Hands Across the Lathe

Amateur Homeworkshop

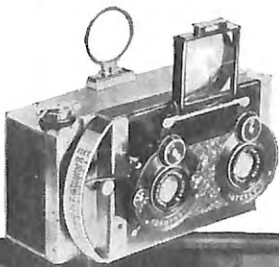
Devotees Who Profit

Peacefully during

Leisure Hours

A FEW months ago five citizens of Rockford, Illinois, got together informally in the employees' room of a local factory and organized The National Homeworkshop Guild. As a first essential the quintette elected officers. LeVern T. Ryder, a native of Woodstock, Ill., thus became President of the first Guild of its kind in North America. He studied electrical and chemical engineering at the Armour and Lewis Institutes, Chicago; enlisted during the World War as an army photographer and emerged from that struggle to be made a First Lieutenant in the Organized Reserves of the Signal Corps.

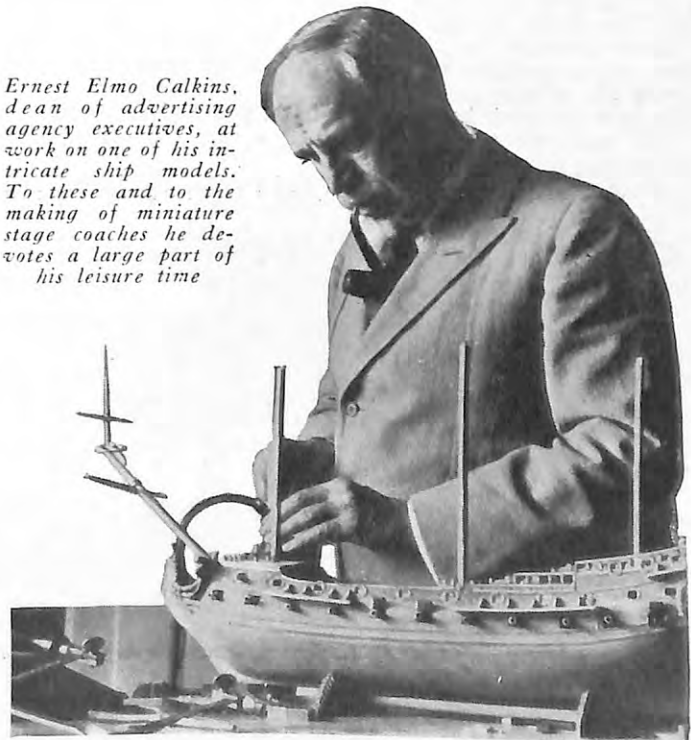
While chief photographer of the Barber-Coleman Company, Mr. Ryder helped organize the Pictorial Photographers' Section of the Rockford Art Association, was made President of the Rockford Archers' Club, and President of the Rockford Homecraft Club—parent Guild unit.



E. E. Honsberg, below, in his Washington, D. C., workshop. Here he turns out many useful mechanical devices, one of which is the complete camera at the left



Ernest Elmo Calkins, dean of advertising agency executives, at work on one of his intricate ship models. To these and to the making of miniature stage coaches he devotes a large part of his leisure time



Robert A. Horner, the National's Vice-President, had been a gold miner in Nevada, an automobile salesman, Sergeant in the United States Army on the Mexican border, Lieutenant in the United States Army in France and a machine shopman and merchandiser of long experience. But, though he has been much around metals, his hobby is woodworking.

E. Raymond De Long, the National's first Secretary, is an accountant specializing in commercial credits who is fond of all kinds of sports as well as homecraft pastimes.

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At the right is H. L. Kirsh, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin, who made all of the metal work in the living room pictured above. Note the chandelier and decorative fire screen in that photograph



Brought up on the "B. & O." in a railroad family, Treasurer L. B. Achor has been a banker, bank examiner and receiver for twenty years, during which time he persistently built miniature steam and electric locomotives by means of a complete machine shop in his Rockford basement.

The legal counsel for this unique organization is M. Allen Warren, holder of an A.B. from Yale University and an LL.B. from the New York Law School. Though a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York, the New York County Lawyers' Association and the American Bar Association, and a specialist in corporation law for more than thirty years, Mr. Warren maintained a residence at Rockford, in the basement of which he does marvels in matched veneering.

The quintette is representative of a varied but important citizenship.

Since October, 1932, Rockford had boasted the largest and most successful Homecraft Club in the world. Its more than a hundred members, affiliated with the Rockford Art Association, made hundreds of Christmas toys for a local children's home. Last February more than 5,000 visitors praised its handicraft exhibition.

It was natural that this Club should develop at Rockford, which I have seen grow from a strictly "farming town" to one of the largest furniture manufacturing cities in America. But the Club felt the need for a nation-wide exchange of handicraft ideas and experiences. Hence the organization of The National Homeworkshop Guild—which ties a prehistoric period

to the very modern handicraft activities of the current century.

Since the hairy caveman turned from hunting to drawing pictures on his subterranean walls, human beings have required changes in occupation in order to escape monotony. In our more complicated modern civilization the average man becomes a better rounded individual—a more effective workman or professional, a more affectionate father, husband or son—if he turns from his daily duties to some radically different employment of his leisure hours. If that employment is creative he is contributing his bit toward human development, to the broadening of character and toward improvement in citizenship.

I am not criticizing athletic sports. I like nothing better than a seat at a big-league ball game or a fight to the goalposts between football teams. I get a big kick from watching a red hot boxing match or from seeing the horse I bet on come in first. But merely watching sporting events has a disadvantage for the non-participant. He cannot get into the stirring event..

If I were so well fixed that I could fly-fish for trout and salmon or bait-cast for big-mouth bass, I wouldn't call the King my cousin. But fishing trips and fishing clubs are unfortunately remote and expensive. Several of my buddies would devote all their spare time to hunting if they could afford the time and equipment. But the great majority of us must find some method of employing our leisure that will give us healthy recreation and, perhaps, a few extra pennies. That is why so many young, middle aged and elderly citizens are joining the army of handicrafters.

Aristotle had one of his bright ideas when he said: "The whole end and object of education is training for the correct use of leisure." That was true three hundred years before our Christian era but it is vastly more true in this Twentieth Century. It has been demonstrated in countless cases that busy men, compelled to inactivity, grow rusty and prematurely die.

AMERICANS are peculiarly fortunate during this period of excess or leisure time that they have a pioneering inheritance. Long before Columbus landed on this Continent the aboriginal Indians fashioned grapevines into bridges. During later ages human beings accidentally learned to make a hard alloy out of copper and tin, thus graduating from reliance on stone for weapons and implements to the more serviceable bronze of the post-neolithic age. Still later they learned to mine and shape iron effectively. But during all those ages they worked in wood.

Before bronze and iron were discovered logs were trimmed with flints and shells; were tied together with vines or held in place with wooden pegs the holes for which were burned with firesticks twirled on bowstrings or between the fingers. Carpenters were indeed important to our own pioneer communities when wooden pegs were used in place of nails.



Louis Allis, well-known electric motor manufacturer, enjoys the companionship of his son in his home workshop. Below is some of Mr. Allis' regular handiwork



Unless born and raised in metropolitan apartments, nearly every American fondly recalls boyhood days filled with the music of saws and hammers, the sweet smell of shavings from carpenters' planes and the caress on bare feet of clean, wooden curls. Axe, saw and hammer built frontier dwellings. Abe Lincoln, learning his book lessons in front of a cabin's fireplace, epitomizes our Westward march of civilization. With the advent of pocket-knives we became a race of whittlers.

OUR one-time national whittling habit was brought to my attention by Ernest Elmo Calkins, distinguished dean of advertising agency executives, for Mr. Calkins is an expert hand crafter, one of a woodworking and metal-working fraternity which numbers millions.

"You can remember," he reminded me, "that no small town's Main Street was complete without a group of important and unimportant citizens who sat on chairs or drygoods boxes and whittled while they debated the fate of the nation. Each group usually boasted a genius who ostentatiously carved concentric spheres of native wood, made a miniature watch chain from a matchstick and did other tricks with a Barlow knife. Time was plentiful in those days.



Oscar of the Waldorf, famous maitre d'hotel, is also an enthusiastic hand at the carpenter's bench. He is shown above in his shop high in the Catskill Mountains

"The recurrence of abundant leisure has rejuvenated our national tendency to work with wood. Whittling may not be in vogue again—I mean idle whittling to kill idle hours—but the tool shed of our backyards and barns, in which we loafed or played when life was young, has been restored with a modern perfection and dignity. We are learning to whittle with scientific tools which create things that have beauty as well as practical value.

"Thanks to modern but simple machinery we are also learning to be metal workers. Thus we preserve and develop our creative faculties and, if necessary, add to our incomes."

Mr. Calkins's penchant for a homeshop is especially interesting because, naturally creative, a chronic deafness deprives him of many means of entertainment. He meets this handicap philosophically. In some ways he regards his deafness as an advantage.

"Please bear in mind," he remarks with a merry twinkle, "during all the long, late, legally dry era I never had a word with any bootlegger, not so much because I care little about liquor as because my deafness made confidential conversations difficult."

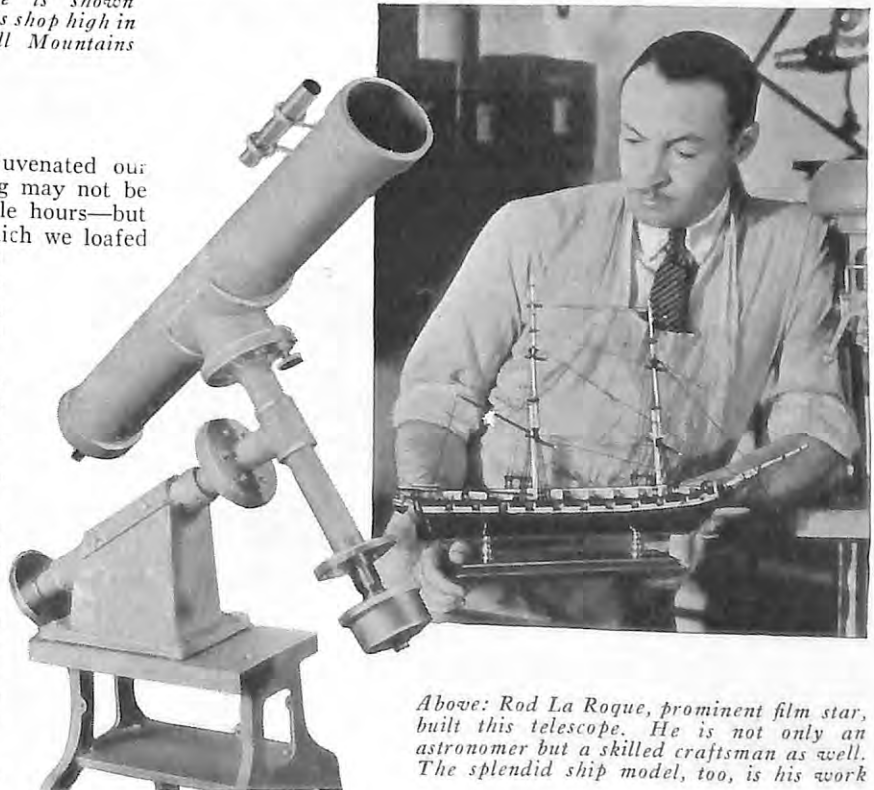
At his summer home in up-state Connecticut,



Walter Huston when not acting on Broadway or in Hollywood, spends his time at his lathe. Furniture manufacturing is his particular hobby

Mr. Calkins works in his private shop with lathes, grinding machine, scroll-saw, drill and other tools and appliances. Being a man of great patience, with unusual powers of concentration, he has completed ship models which require extraordinary delicacy. But miniature reproductions of Eighteenth Century stage coaches are his most effective specialties.

In his Park Avenue apartment he has solved the problem of the big-city homeshop, for his place of work is separated off by partitioned walls. Mrs. Calkins is, therefore, the only person to hear the machinery. She rather likes it, being used to it. While Mrs. Calkins and he are enjoying a summer vacation at Chatham, Cape Cod, the local (Continued on page 34)



Above: Rod La Roque, prominent film star, built this telescope. He is not only an astronomer but a skilled craftsman as well. The splendid ship model, too, is his work

How Much Do We *Really* Think?

by Fred C. Kelly

Illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren

I OFTEN wonder if the average man may properly be called a thinking animal. We *could* think. But how often do most of us really engage in thinking processes? Do we arrive at our beliefs about one thing and another by logical reasoning, or do we accept ready-made beliefs? Most of our so-called thinking, as James Harvey Robinson suggests in his book, "The Mind in the Making," consists in finding excuses to go on believing whatever we already believe. Our most cherished convictions are based on mere chance—maybe entirely due to the acceptance of a common belief by our parents, teachers, or early associates. If my parents are Baptists, or Mohammedans, or Republicans, I may come to believe firmly in the wisdom of being the same thing—not because I have given great thought to it, but because I have never thought about it at all.

Many of our beliefs seem to be the result of an assembly job—the assembly of standard parts. We blindly follow customs based on reasons that no longer exist. Even our most casual conversation consists of piecing together stock phrases, first used a long time ago. Since few of us express original thoughts, we are not compelled to hit on new phrasing. We do not act or talk as a result of thinking. We *don't* think!

In our clothes we pay less heed to present necessity than to requirements that ceased to exist many years ago. At one time men's sleeves were elaborately decorated at the wrist and it seemed wise to have them unbutton in order to turn back these decorations at dinner or elsewhere. No longer is there any gain to having buttons and button-holes on a coat sleeve, but even though (except in English tailoring) the button-holes are no longer there, the buttons remain.

Men's clothes invariably button on the right side and women's on the left side, only because such a practice happened to get started long ago.

Men who like to wear tails on their coats still have two little buttons in the rear, because in the days when horseback riding was not a sport but an ordinary means of getting about, those buttons were necessary to fasten up one's coat-tails off the horse's back.

Our socks have little "clocks" at the ankle as a means of decoration because when socks were made of less flexible goods than they are today, such decorations were used to cover the seams. All harmless enough; but it shows our blind tendency to follow tradition.

Many overcoats still have side pockets out at the angle that was common when one's sword-handle protruded through the coat.

Not long ago I went to a riding stable to hire a saddle horse and asked for either a military or cowboy saddle. But the

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only saddles the proprietor had—though he had some thirty horses for rent—were so-called English park saddles, small and less comfortable than an army saddle. I took the trouble to find out why we should be using a certain type of English saddle and discovered it is because 200 years ago, when nearly all English roads were muddy, a horse could not well follow any fast gait except a trot. This made it necessary for the rider to stand almost constantly in his stirrups—without much use for the saddle—which was, therefore, made small and light.

In a formal wedding the bridegroom is still accompanied by a "best man," as a relic of days when brides were captured from neighboring tribes and it was a wise precaution to take along a friend to help effect the capture. Likewise, the throwing of old shoes after the departing bridal pair originated in the throwing of missiles in tribal days, to chase away the fellow who was attempting to take a maiden captive. All this is, of course, ridiculous in the light of present day facts, when everybody knows it is the maid who usually does the capturing. But then perhaps the "best man" is a sop to the vanity of the bridegroom who likes to think he has done something daring and noble in "winning" the bride of his choice—no mat-



The throwing of old shoes after the departing bridal pair originated in the throwing of missiles in old tribal days

ter how long his bride and her mother may have been plotting to bring him down.

In Scotland, I believe it was, the bride used to wear a girdle having loose ends which her father handed over to the bridegroom as a symbol of transferring her control to a new boss. Later the girdle was no longer used, but the idea is still symbolized by the wedding ring.

Diamond engagement rings probably originated from the days when brides were bought from their parents. Instead of giving a costly gem to the parents, a bridegroom now bestows it on the bride herself. Many people think the marriage would hardly be regular without the exchange of an engagement ring.

Women still wear wedding rings or engagement rings on the third finger of the left hand because in early times, before anybody knew much about physiology, it was thought there were more direct connections for the flow of blood from that finger to the heart than from any other finger. Thus here was a handy way to promote heart interest, romance! How many brides today would take a chance on wearing an engagement ring on any other finger?

Farmers still believe there is something inherent in the nature of cows which makes them resent being milked except on the right side. They don't stop to think that men started milking on the right hand side simply from their own habit of right-handedness; and that they kept it up because they were told it was the proper thing to do. Naturally, after a cow has been milked invariably from the right side, she may be a wee bit suspicious of anybody who attempts to milk her from the left side. If she then kicks over the milk bucket it is only because in her somewhat limited bovine mind she does not understand the change in her routine and distrusts the milker's motives. But farmers assume she was *born* with a disrelish for being milked except on the right side.

It is always difficult for us to make a sudden break from customs of the past and adapt ourselves to new situations. The first railway cars looked like stage-coaches, and the earliest automobiles were about identical in design with horse-drawn vehicles. A few early "horseless carriages" even had dashboards and whip-sockets!

WHAT started me to wondering over our human tendency to stick to out-of-date ideas, is a habit I have of listening to people talk. If I am in, say, a Pullman smoking compartment, I like to sit back and try to take in what other people are saying. It is an amusing pastime, trying to estimate why they have whatever opinions they have, and how well these tally with what appears to be truth or common sense. Between acts at a theatre is another good place to sit with ears cocked and do a little harmless eavesdropping.

But to find out what people are "thinking," or if they *do* think, it isn't necessary to overhear anything one is not supposed to hear. All one has to do is to note what is said by one's own friends and acquaintances in everyday conversations. After making it a point to listen to what we average folks have to say, one can't help observing how much our very words and phrases in ordinary talk follow concepts long ago obsolete.

Yesterday I heard a man say: "I don't care a continental whether my wife goes or not. I'm going, anyhow."

It is doubtful if he knew what he meant by that phrase "don't care a continental." People first used the word "continental" when Continental currency became worthless, just as did Confederate money after the Civil War. Here we are, still talking about those pieces of continental money when we are much more vitally concerned about the value of the Roosevelt dollar.

We often speak of a man being "true blue." But why blue? In Soviet Russia a loyal citizen might be a true red. Color was used for party designations, I believe, back in the days of the Roman Empire. The Emperor Anastasius favored a group known as the "greens," but Justinian protected the "blues." Later, blue was the symbol of the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I, of England, in 1639. What has blue got to do with anything here and now?

In our talk of monetary reform, I hear congressmen speaking of the "almighty dollar" with the aplomb of one who has thought of something out of his own head—just because "almighty dollar" caught people's fancy when mentioned by Washington Irving who has been dead these many years. The phrase is still apt enough, but the point is that we say whatever sounds good.

We say a good disciplinarian is a martinet—because a man by that name, a strict disciplinarian in the French army, was mentioned by Voltaire. But surely we have had good disciplinarians of our own more recently than that!

If somebody says "Hurrah for Roosevelt," naturally he doesn't stop to think the word "hu-ray" once meant "to paradise." Originally it was used by soldiers of Slavonian tribes, just as Turks say "to Allah," to suggest the idea of recompense after death.

"Dead as a door-nail." Since a door-knocker might well kill the nail it hits by repeated blows, it was a good expression when Shakespeare used it in his play, *Henry IV*—but why can't we think of a better one now when comparatively few have door knockers and electric door-bells are common?

When somebody says "yes, but hell is paved with good intentions," we accept that as good repartee—even though it was an old timer in the days of Sir Walter Scott, who said

(Continued on page 40)



Their entire conversation was assembled parts

Where to Modernize Your Home



IF you contemplate taking advantage of the Federal Housing Act, whereby "character" loans from local banks for housing repair purposes have been made far easier to secure than heretofore, the following list should prove of interest to you. It suggests many places where homes which have been permitted to deteriorate may be improved. It was published originally as part of a comprehensive U. S. Commerce Department booklet entitled, "Care and Repair of the House." The Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., will send you the complete booklet (121 pages) for 20 cents.

EXTERIOR

A. FOUNDATION AND SIDE WALLS

1. Masonry walls with large cracks or broken portions requiring filling.
2. Mortar joints or minor cracks requiring pointing.
3. Porous or leaky walls requiring damp proofing.
4. Leakage around eaves or tops of walls requiring repairs or coping.
5. Efflorescence or scum on walls requiring acid cleaning or special treatment.
6. Cracks, discoloration, or fallen-out portions of stucco walls requiring pointing, cleaning, or restuccoing.
7. Loose or decayed boards or open joints in frame siding requiring repairs or replacement.
8. Blistering, cracking, or peeling of painted surfaces requiring repainting.
9. Replacing wall surfaces with newer or more attractive materials.

B. WINDOWS AND DOOR FRAMES AND SASH

1. Window caps requiring new flashing or repairing over existing joints.
2. Holes or cracks around window frames requiring caulking or repairing.
3. Broken glass panes requiring replacing.
4. Defects in putty around panes requiring re-puttying or patching.
5. Windows needing washing.
6. Overhauling screens in readiness for next spring.
7. Need for storm doors and windows or painting and repairing existing ones.
8. Repairs to blinds and shutters.
9. Need for awnings or repairs to existing ones.
10. Loose or shabby balconies and railings requiring repairs or painting.
11. Advisability of additional windows.

C. ROOF, FLASHING, GUTTERS, AND DOWN SPOUTS.

1. Broken, loose, or missing shingles, slate, tile, or other material requiring replacement or repairs.
2. Metal or roll roofing with cracks, open joints, or worn off coatings requiring application of waterproofing materials, painting, or replacing.
3. Rusted or defective flashing requiring painting, repairs, or replacement.
4. Leaky gutters or conductor pipes requiring repainting or replacing.
5. Leakage around skylights requiring repainting of the frames, glazing, flashing, or repairing.
6. Leakage around scuttles, trapdoors, or other roof openings, requiring flashing, painting, or repairs.
7. Defects in chimney requiring pointing or replacement of brick.
8. Need for chimney cap or chimney pots.
9. Ineffective draft may require lengthening the chimney or applying metal hoods.
10. Adjustment or repairs to radio antenna, lightning arrestors, or weather vane.
11. Providing splash blocks at outlet end of down spouts, or connecting down spouts to drainage system.

D. PORCHES AND STEPS

1. Decayed column bases requiring repairing or renewal.
2. Broken, loose, or missing balusters requiring repairs or replacements.
3. Broken or loose railings needing repairs or strengthening.
4. Decayed, broken, or loose floor boards requiring repairs.

5. Decayed or inefficient floor supports needing replacements or strengthening.
6. Broken, loose, or worn steps requiring repairs.
7. Advisability of installing latticework to hide open spaces under porch.
8. Advisability of inclosing porches with glass or screening.
9. Need for floor paint or general repainting.
10. Open joints or cracks in masonry requiring pointing.
11. Broken or loose floor tile or other masonry material requiring repairs.



E. GARAGE

1. Advisability of applying insulating material.
2. Repairs to roof, doors, and windows.
3. Advisability of laying concrete floors.
4. Advisability of installing pit for servicing of car.
5. Advisability of installing heating equipment.
6. Necessary painting.

F. GROUNDS

1. Walks and driveways; new, additional, and repaired.
2. Fences, trellises, and latticework requiring repairing or painting.
3. Weeds, brush, and tree stumps requiring removal.
4. General cleaning up of premises.
5. Advisability of additional landscaping.

INTERIOR

G. BASEMENT

1. Large cracks or broken places in foundation walls requiring filling.
2. Smaller cracks or mortar joints in walls requiring pointing.
3. Dark walls and ceiling needing white coatings to brighten the basement.
4. Leaks through the walls or floor requiring waterproofing application or provisions for drainage.
5. Cracks between wood sills and walls requiring caulking.
6. Spaces between floor joists at the sills and holes around pipes requiring fire stopping.
7. Floor joists sagging or warped, requiring additional support or bridging.
8. Basement floor badly cracked or disintegrated, requiring repairing or new topping.
9. Need for partitions to provide special space.
10. Desirability of ceiling and wall coverings to obtain finished rooms.
11. Floor painting or treatments to improve appearance.
12. Shelves, closets, cupboards, bins, etc., for storage purposes.
13. Advisability of constructing basement garage.

H. HEATING AND VENTILATION

1. Clogged smoke pipes or flues requiring cleaning.
2. Boiler coils or baffles requiring cleaning.
3. Grates warped and broken, requiring replacement.
4. Cracked fire box requiring repairs.
5. Boilers with cracks or leakages requiring repairs or new parts.
6. Cracks in chimney masonry requiring pointing.
7. Woodwork adjoining pipes and heating system requiring fire protection.
8. Coating on boilers requiring patching or recovering.

(Continued on page 43)



"You've got to come away with me." Brick's voice was harsh, impelling

The Thirteenth Day

by Odgers T. Gurnee

Illustrated by Clayton Knight

THERE'S many a strange job in this man's world and one of the strangest man ever had fell to Johnny Marvin.

The vast plant of the United Cement Company sprawls along the shores of Lake Michigan in an alkaline desert of its own creating. At one end gondola cars dump slag and shale and limestone into hoppers powdering the stone.

Midway it flows into block-long kilns to face the heat of seven hells, and it was in the kiln room Johnny Marvin worked. But that does not explain the strangeness of his job.

These kilns are vast tubes, fire-brick lined and in them the powdered stuff must be reduced to a semi-molten state. But it must not run to liquid and above all it must not stick to the flaking sides, else the batch will be ruined.

That was Johnny Marvin's responsibility.

A kiln tender, feeding powdered coal through the blower, would look through a peep-hole. Perhaps he'd see a little mound form and grow like a hornet's nest in the white fury of the kiln and he would signal down the concrete tunnel of the kiln room to where Johnny Mar-

vin stood watching. For he had to stand eternally watchful.

Then Johnny would pick up a gun from a rack against the wall, take position at the peep-hole like a marksman at the traps and spot the growing hornet's nest. He would let fly with the gentle trigger squeeze of a sharp-shooter and the bullet would clip away the fusing balls of molten stone. The kiln would go on turning so that in some far port a new mole would be laid on time, a new road be built across a mountain, a tower rise against the clouds.

That was Johnny Marvin's job—a trouble-shooter who used a gun—and loved it.

And that was in 1915 when Johnny was very young and knew nothing at all but how to shoot, and cared for nothing except the feel of the smooth stock against his cheek and the yielding trigger under his finger.

In 1917 he still loved his job and his gun but he had other loves as well. One was Brick Kiley, the red-headed giant who was open hearth boss at the steel plant and his roommate. The other was Rosie Havlek who helped old Adam Havlek, her uncle, in his grocery store



"It is the last day but one, Sahib"

in South Chicago. The greatest of these loves was Rosie. And it was in 1917 too that he left all this behind him. Brick Kiley didn't go to war. Brick Kiley could get out steel—and armies needed it. So he stayed on the open hearth. And Rosie stayed too—to go to normal school. But Johnny Marvin went to France.

It was 1920 when he came back to find Brick and Rosie standing on the dingy Wabash platform to welcome him—a grownup Johnny Marvin now, but with all of his old loves save one—the job. It had come to Johnny, reading Rosie's letters, or dreaming of Rosie's sweet gray eyes—that he must find work—and that quickly—in order to maintain a home for her.

He spoke of it that night, while Brick was pouring heats in the mill and Johnny and Rosie were on the cool sands of Lake Michigan alone.

"There's a rich man in India—a Parsee they call him," he explained. "He wants to build a steel plant near Calcutta and he's hired American men to build it for him. I've a job if I'll go because a buddy of mine from Pittsburgh is the son of the old man who's to do it."

He stopped and fingered the white sand through his fingers.

"But I wouldn't want to go alone." That was as far as he had to go because Rosie Havlek smiled with her gray eyes at Johnny Marvin and kissed him.

They sailed out of San Francisco bay a month later, and still another month gone they were snug in a bungalow west of the last mouth of the Ganges on the way toward Balasore, while Rosie hemmed curtains of prim Madras and Johnny helped build a steel plant for a rich Parsee who dreamed of an industrial dynasty.

The work went slowly. But it went on. It was like a bullock cart. It was like everything else in India—immutable—inevitable. And then it was finished and ready to transform

This time, this one time, he must not miss. He drew a bead and fired—and Johnny Marvin, marksman who never missed, missed that shot



earthy red ore into silvered spires of steel. Complete in every detail of blast furnace, billet mill, stamp mill, merchant mill, rail mill. Complete in every detail save the men to get out the steel.

That was when they sent back to Pittsburgh, and Gary and South Chicago for the missing ingredient—and Johnny Marvin sold them Brick Kiley for a bossman on the open hearths.

Now it must be understood that it takes much labor to man a steel mill and much of it is "common" labor: that the Serbs, the Poles and the Mexicans—the "common labor" in America—are difficult and expensive to transport half around the world to Calcutta, whereas India teems with men who can be bought for a long while for one rupee.

So the common labor, at the Calcutta plant, was native—and because of caste and religion it was all one kind, Mohammedan. And being Mohammedan it stopped as one man at the hour of morning prayer and evening prayer, and prayed to Allah as all good Moslems must.

It was thus when Brick Kiley came to Calcutta and found Johnny and Rosie to welcome him.

They made somewhat a night of it with what approximated a state dinner and afterward, Carleton, Johnny's buddy, now grown to superintendent, had a talk with Brick.

"We must make a showing," he explained. "We need production and more production. It's up to you and the other men to get it."

Brick Kiley smiled grimly.

"We'll get it out," he said. And after Carleton had gone he turned to Johnny.

"They don't know how to handle these niggers—I never saw the black one yet who'd get his back into it without a feel of the boot."

"But these aren't niggers."

Johnny protested.

Brick Kiley stopped him with a shrug.

"No matter," he

s a i d.

"Greaseball, or bohunk, nigger or mick. They need drivin'."

With that he drained a gin sling at a gulp and went to bed in the room that Rosie had fixed for him. For she and Johnny had decided that Brick was to stay with them in the honeymoon bungalow along the Balasore road.

It was late, as time goes at the steel mills, when Brick Kiley showed up for his first morning's work and much of the blistering day that followed he was indoors with talley sheets and conferences so that it was the moment of sundown when he stepped out into the open and strode toward the battery of open hearths which was his particular concern. And it was the moment of his arrival that fate sent the muezzin call to sound the faithful to prayer.

BRICK KILEY stepped from the corner of a laden ore-lorry and stopped stock-still of amazement. Not twenty feet from him a road grader ceased to trundle his barrow and dropped it. A rectangle of cloth he laid in the dusty company street and upon that he prostrated himself—huddled, strangely foreshortened, his thin buttocks outlined sharply under the wind-whipped folds of his loin cloth.

With a bellow and three jumps Brick Kiley was upon him and the toe of his thick work shoes crashed against the bony pelvis. The man spread-eagled into the dust and a scream crackled from his mouth. Then he shut his lips, biting it off and writhing on the ground, striving to rise and failing. But he did manage to roll over on his back and the venom in his black eyes leaped at Brick Kiley and held him with the weight of something that transcended hatred. Then Brick looked up and saw men running—from mill and lorry, ship and road—little brown men running, and it came to him with a shock that they were converging on him.



Brick Kiley was pulled out of it alive—and not too badly injured. But the mill closed and there was no one to get out steel because there was not one of the thousand-odd little men to work at it. They quit the night a handful of Americans and a larger handful of smartly trained British constabulary raced into the twilight maelstrom on the company street and carried Brick Kiley out on a litter.

For three days he lay abed in a bungalow on the Balasore road while Rosie tended him and Carleton and the two Consuls, British and American, talked long and purposefully to the representatives of the "common laborers."

ON the fourth day Brick rose and felt ruefully of his bruised muscles and on that same day a group of Moslem men waited upon Carleton in his offices at the plant.

"Sahib," they said, "the men will return. The man Kiley too may return and none will molest him. But on the thirtieth day he will die."

They bowed and prepared to leave. Carleton stopped them. "But he didn't know," he told them. "He thought the man was malingering—he is a stranger to the ways of the Moslem."

The spokesman nodded. "That is understood, Sahib. It is for that reason that Mohammed Ali, the man he injured, has forgiven him. But Allah cannot forgive. The man Kiley has sinned grievously against Allah. He has thirteen days."

They told Kiley that night. Carleton, the two Consuls and Johnny sitting in a semi-circle about the big chair where he lounged. But Brick laughed.

"Gosh," he said. "I didn't know the heathen was praying, but what of it? I've been threatened before."

"It's not bosh," the British Consul cut in. "They're deadly serious about it. You must understand their temperament, their religious zeal. It's a mortal sin—"

"Perhaps we'd better get you away," Carleton suggested.

"Not by a damn sight." Brick's red face flushed and he stirred angrily in his chair. "I came down here to get out steel. I'm going to do it. I'll be on the job in the morning."

They went home then and at eight o'clock the next day Brick Kiley was on the open hearths.

The men obeyed him. But they moved like automatons under the lash of his tongue and when they seemed to be looking at him, they were looking through him. It was just before the four o'clock shift came on when the first one spoke.

He had stopped in the shade of a loading crane and was mopping the sweat from his head when he felt a presence at his side and turned to face it. A native stood there.

"Twelve days, Sahib," he said.

Brick Kiley blinked once in surprise and when he opened his eyes the man was gone.

He said nothing of it at the plant. But he mentioned it that night at supper. Rosie went white and Johnny looked grave but Brick scoffed at their fears.

"It's a system," he said. "I'm supposed to waste away with the worry." He laughed sharply. "Hell, I'll get fat on it."

He laughed again—the next day—when the slow voice reached him across his shoulder. "Eleven days, Sahib," it said. But the laugh had a bite to it and Brick's shoulder muscles went taut.

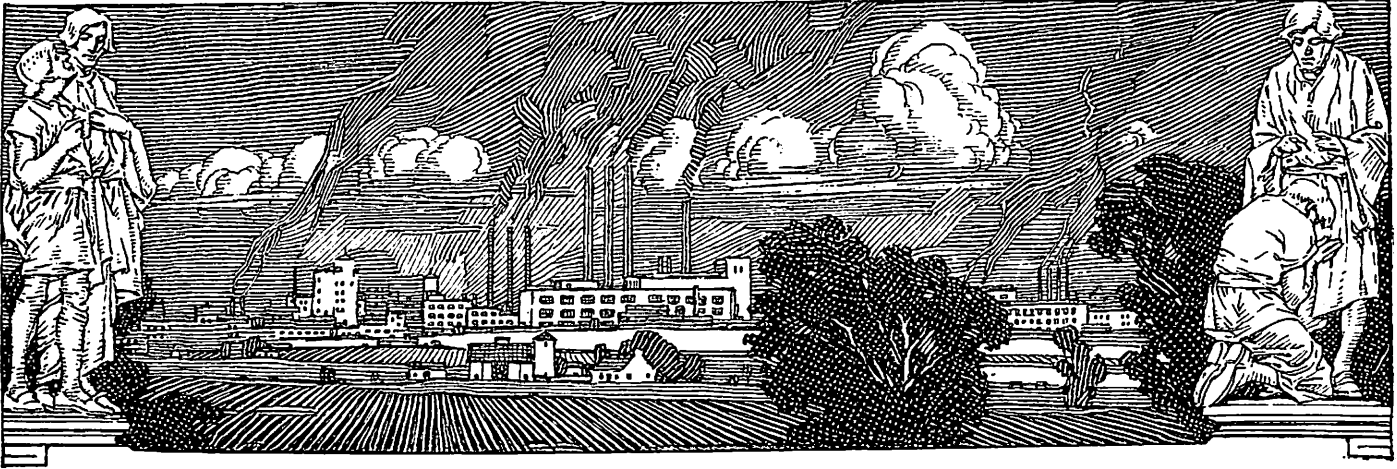
"I wanted to smack him down," he told Johnny later. "I've a notion to do it the next time."

THE three were sitting on the darkened verandah of the bungalow. "Don't give them that much satisfaction," Johnny said quietly. "Don't, don't," Rosie's voice echoed. Johnny got up and walked past Brick's chair. He dropped his hand on the big man's arm. "You can't let down, you know, you mustn't crack."

Then he went into his own room and from the closet took out his gun case and unpacked the new rifle he had bought for tiger shooting and had never used.

For nine days Brick Kiley kept that thought before him—"mustn't crack"—until the words danced in the heat waves before him. For nine days Rosie watched him, flutteringly, and for nine nights Johnny sat up in the blackness of the bungalow verandah with the tiger gun across his naked knees.

But nothing happened. Except (Continued on page 36)



EDITORIAL

NEW LODGES

THE plan of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, to secure the institution of not less than sixty-seven new Lodges during the year, as a fitting celebration of the Order's Sixty-Seventh Birthday, is an ambitious one. But it is a very commendable one and deserves the whole-hearted cooperation of all the agencies which are sought to be enlisted in the achievement of that purpose.

The opinion is quite generally entertained throughout the Order that there is an Elks Lodge in nearly every city and town in the country that is eligible for a charter. But in fact there are several hundred such municipalities in which a subordinate Lodge has never been established.

In comparatively few of these has there ever been any effort to organize a Lodge. The desire of Lodges already in existence to prevent any encroachments upon their jurisdictional territories has had much to do with this. In some instances that attitude may be based upon sound fraternal principles. But that is not true in most of the cases. And the fact remains that there are a very large number of cities in the United States in which there are no Elk Lodges and in each one of which there should be one.

It is the confident opinion of those who have given careful thought to the subject, that the institution of subordinate Lodges in most of those municipalities will not only substantially increase the number of active agencies through which the Order accomplishes its great purposes, without impairing the capabilities of those already organized, but that it will add tremendously to the membership of the Order generally, with comparatively little effect upon the rosters of the adjacent existing Lodges. In any event the gain would so far outweigh the loss that even the Lodges affected should loyally support the movement.

In bringing it to a successful fruition the several State Associations can be materially helpful. Indeed they are

the most natural instrumentalities to be employed for the initial work; because they are peculiarly well equipped for that service in their respective jurisdictions.

Under the supervision and guidance of the Grand Lodge Committee, the plan can be carried through to a triumphant success if the local agencies will earnestly cooperate to that end. And certainly no one will question the desirability of such a result.

The movement is worthy of a generous and unselfish response by every Elk who may be called upon for fraternal service in its promotion.

AWAY FROM HOME

THE man who is away from home is apt to be a bit lonely during the evening, unless he be in touch with friends with whom he may spend it.

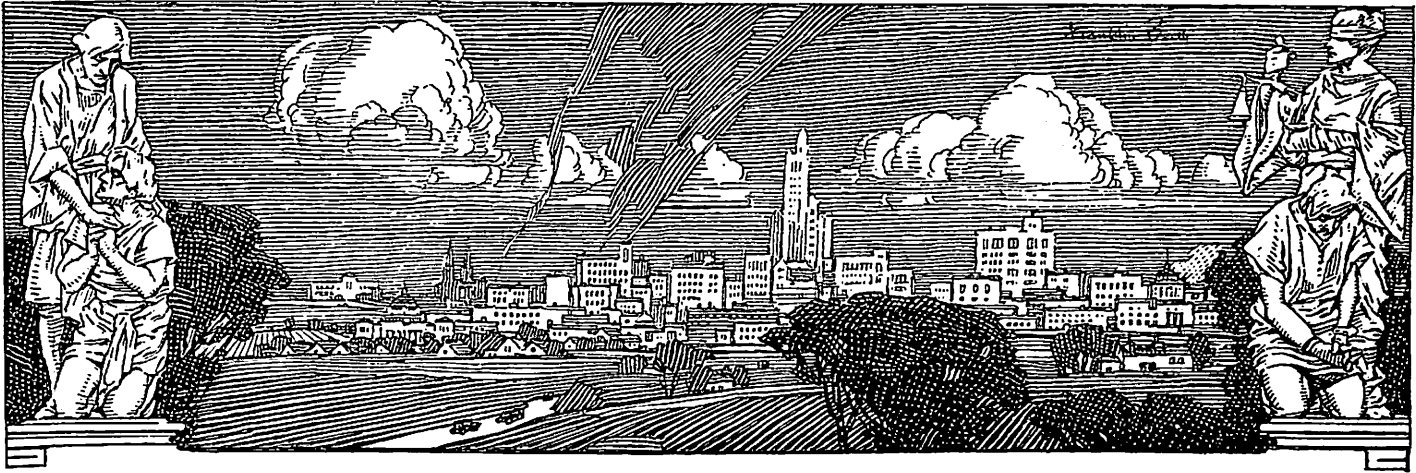
As a rule there is not much entertainment to be found about a hotel lobby. The movie theater may have a good picture running; but that is less appealing than it would be if a friend were available to share it. And quite often the conditions present a rather drab prospect.

But this need not happen to an Elk when he is in a city where a subordinate Lodge of the Order is maintained.

If it be meeting night, he can be assured of a pleasant experience if he will attend the session. New friends await his coming and will extend a cordial welcome. It will stimulate his fraternal interest to observe how a sister Lodge functions and conducts its affairs. And he will feel at home in the familiar atmosphere of the Lodge room.

If it be not a meeting night, the Club House or social quarters will be open to him; and there he will find genial companions between whom and himself there exists a tie that will speed the ripening of acquaintanceship into real friendship.

When next you are away from home, and considering how you will spend your spare time, make inquiry about



the local Lodge. Drop around and meet some of the brothers. It will be an exceptional case if you do not feel, when you retire to your room, that you have spent a pleasant evening and have found acquaintances whom you regard as worthy of cultivation.

LUCKY STIFFS

HOW frequently we hear the term, 'the lucky stiff,' applied to one who has received appointment to some lucrative position or post of honor, or who has invented some gadget which has caught the public fancy or met some universal need, or who has otherwise achieved a notable success which seems to be merely fortuitous. It is a comment quite current on the streets of today.

Undoubtedly it is true that sometimes a fellow 'gets a break,' as it is phrased, which appears to be just a matter of fortunate chance. But in most instances the so-called lucky stiff is those who have carefully and painstakingly prepared themselves for expected opportunities, who had the wisdom to recognize the opportunities when they came, and who were courageous enough to promptly seize upon them.

A man is rarely appointed to an important post unless he has cultivated and developed the ability to fill it effectively. The inventor whose device meets a wide-spread need is generally one who has given long and careful thought to that need and to the method of meeting it most acceptably. Success is still most often the result of applied intelligence and diligent attention to the business from which it comes.

The old copy book maxims, relating to the rewards of industry, of perseverance, and of intelligent thrift, and to the penalties of indolence, slothfulness and wastefulness, though sometimes thoughtlessly flouted, still embody the acquired wisdom of the ages.

As some wit has said, all things may come to him who waits, but the really desirable things come most surely and most quickly to him who hustles while he waits.

The class of lucky stiff contains many more hustlers than waiters. Mr. Micawber, who was always waiting for something to turn up, is a delightfully whimsical

character in fiction. But he has never yet been held up as an example for emulation.

COMMERCIALISM

OCCASIONALLY some glaring instance of bad taste or unethical conduct, on the part of one seeking to capitalize his membership for a business advantage, brings to mind the definite prohibition of such commercialism by the Order of Elks. Happily such instances are not of frequent occurrence and are apt to be thoughtless rather than deliberately purposeful. And it is rarely that disciplinary measures have to be applied. Indeed it is to the credit of the Order that so few cases have arisen which have called for official action.

But it is possible that the desire to avoid even the appearance of evil may sometimes prevent members from developing a very natural and a very appropriate advantage which is necessarily inherent in such fraternal membership.

Increased business comes normally from an enlarged circle of friendships. And an Elk naturally adds to his list of friends by his associations with his brothers. The resultant advantage in business contacts within that enlarged circle, if not claimed as a fraternal right, nor unduly exploited, may quite properly be enjoyed as an incident of that relationship, without breach of the most rigid rules of ethical conduct.

Commercialism is not involved in such circumstances and there is no reason for hesitation in reaping such benefits. They should not be the purpose of fraternal associations; but they need not be neglected nor disregarded, because they are incidental to it. To do so would put a member at a disadvantage because of his membership; and this is not the purpose of the prohibition.

It is only when membership is definitely sought to be used to secure an inappropriate preference in business dealings, as based thereon, or to solicit business through the advertisement thereof, that the prohibition applies. And in such cases, of course, it should be promptly and effectively invoked.

ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP

The primary objective in the Grand Exalted Ruler's program of the year is that each Lodge make it an invariable rule to do one Act of Friendship, to do it as members collectively and with such attention to detail that every member attending the Lodge meeting will feel that he had some part in the doing of it. These Acts of Friendship by the Lodges are not to be of any financial embarrassment to the members. The act of the evening, when possible, is to be accepted and consummated at that meeting. This to be practiced in each Lodge on every meeting night.

Under Way

THE memo of action for Acts of Friendship delivered to the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and by them to each of their Exalted Rulers provided:

- A *Begin September 15.*
- B *Every Lodge, every meeting night.*
- C *Descriptive telegram, 50-word night letter to the Grand Exalted Ruler at Los Angeles each meeting night.*
- D *Publicity, by THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and by radio broadcast if possible, of the finest, most unique and gracious act.*

The doing of the Act in the way requested is possibly a hardship on some Lodges—that hardship, however, is merely a pin scratch compared to the suffering of women, children, and old folks whose condition is being actually relieved by those Lodges playing the game.

OUTSTANDING ACTS

The telegrams as received are rated for excellence of the act reported, and every week a committee selected by the Grand Exalted Ruler picks the six most outstanding. The Exalted Rulers are requested by telegram for an airmail letter carrying full details, with facts, circumstances, and local color, from which a skilled writer may write up the story. Finally, from the stories thus produced a selection is made for publication in THE ELKS MAGAZINE and for a dramatized presentation over the radio broadcast.

Marshfield Elks Lift Fog

By HOLCOMB HOLLISTER

Illustrated by A. BISSIRRI

IF you want a kindness done—ask the person who has little to give but kindness and he will never fail you! Marshfield proves it.

Do YOU happen to know a community entirely dependent for its economic existence upon ONE major industry? And have you watched what happens when that industry slows down week by week—month by month—and finally all but ceases to function?

Then you have a fairly accurate picture of the little City of Marshfield located on Coos Bay in the southwestern section of Oregon. The struggle of the lumber business is its story—for one-fifth of the standing timber in the United States is found in this district and must, some day, find its way out into the world through this port. Have YOU seen the business or profession you have builded through years of effort—gradually—d-i-s-s-o-l-v-e? Then you know how many of your Brother Elks in Marshfield Lodge No. 1160 have been feeling for several years and why membership has fallen from over 600 in 1929 to a hundred and thirty-odd last spring. And you can picture the valiant fight which those who are left have had to put up to keep their Lodge in good standing. And it was *this* group of hard pressed business men and professional men and lumbermen who received the challenge which the Grand Exalted Ruler flung nation wide! It was like a bell in a fog (and fog is one factor in the life of Marshfield which has

shown no decrease during the depression!) calling to mind that there *MIGHT* be conditions worse than their own which it would be within their power to help.

So they set out to find them. It was not difficult—there was an urgent need in an old-fashioned, two-story dwelling on the edge of the City. Despite the ravages of wind and weather upon paint and shingles, it was a kindly house—for it sheltered children who needed care and protection. Eight young people were under its roof—Dorothy, 16; Phyliss, 14; Maxine, 12; Kenneth, 10; Keith, 8; Donald, 6; Lilah, 3; and Virginia, 7 months—and 15-year-old Hugh who came home for visits from the dairy farm where he was working his way through school. But there was only one adult to care for them—the careworn mother who had been widowed three weeks before baby Virginia was born and whose faith and capabilities were being taxed to the utmost to provide the food, clothing and other necessities which would keep her active and growing brood sturdy. Thoughts of the coming winter with the need for shoes, warm clothing, bedding and firewood were closing in on her heart as the winter fogs would close in over Marshfield—if *ONLY* she could keep her family together! But it seemed impossible despite the kindly aid of church and friends.

But the Elks knew all about such things as shoes—sweaters—blankets and firewood and how much food

ONE ACT OF FRIENDSHIP BY ALL MEMBERS!

CLOTHED FOR SCHOOL

Boy of 14 . . . mother deceased years before . . . wants education, but father can't make ends meet . . . needs trousers, shirts, sox, shoes . . . provided by the Elks to insure that the boy becomes an educated, useful citizen.

Lyons, New York Lodge, No. 869.

SEES ONCE MORE

Poor man of 84 years almost blind . . . could read not at all—dependent on feel, not sight—was given professional treatment and glasses fitted . . . at last he sees his way about town . . . and "everything is rosy now."

Greenville, Penn. Lodge, No. 145.

MISSING DADDY

Eight months without work . . . money gone . . . family destitute . . . now in State institution . . . mother and five little daddyless children ousted by sheriff . . . Elks provided new home and paid the back rent.

Wichita Falls, Texas Lodge, No. 1105

ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP

The beauty and spirit in the plan is the co-operative spreading of friendship as between members of a Lodge, between the Lodges of a district, of a state, and of the United States of America—a spirit that will permeate the Order and release such a wave of friendliness that the good will and courage which it engenders will lift the individual Elk, the Lodges of the Order, and the communities in which they are located, out of the problems of the past into the esteem of the future. One Lodge's goodly act makes all others swell with pride.



growing children need! Things like that are sometimes easier to provide than cash. And they knew the feel of fog, which is good when spirits are high but dank when spirits are low and bodies shiver. So they set to work to find among their membership the simple things of life that loom so large when the provider of the family is missing. And every Brother Elk found some way to add to the accumulating pile of good things so greatly needed.

house—and was echoed in the relieved tones of the mother's "Thank You!"—for the friendly Elks had lifted the fog from her heart, just as the sun would lift it from the marshlands.

Was it worth it, Brother Elks? Lodge No. 1160 thinks it was! They feel a new life pulse strengthening their membership. It was a GALLANT GESTURE—and has justly won recognition as the Outstanding Act of Friendship for September.

It wasn't hard for Marshfield Elks—and it gave them a good feeling of activity; of being NEEDED; and it helped them to forget for a little while the absence of the saw-mill whine that spells life to Marshfield! And the joy that resounded in the children's laughter rang to the very rafters of the old, kindly

But Half a Start

WITH only the last two weeks of September for a showing, with but comparatively few of the Lodges in the swing of fall activities, the telegrams already received report so many fine Acts of Friendship, that it was difficult to make selections from the first grist of reports in the Grand Exalted Ruler's office. It will be increasingly difficult as the months go on. But what these telegrams tell! What pictures they reveal of the need of friendship, the nation over! They give assurance, not alone of uplifted humanity, but of renewed spirits of the members and their Lodges.

MERITORIOUS LODGES

Lincoln, Neb.	No. 80
Macon, Mo.	No. 999
Longview, Wash.	No. 1514
Santa Ana, Calif.	No. 794
Bisbee, Ariz.	No. 671
Taft, Calif.	No. 1527
Sterling, Ill.	No. 1218
Allentown, Pa.	No. 130
Fergus Falls, Minn.	No. 1093
Anaheim, Calif.	No. 1345
Colorado Springs, Colo.	No. 309
Putnam, Conn.	No. 574
Fresno, Calif.	No. 439
Pottstown, Pa.	No. 814
Fredericksburg, Va.	No. 875
Ontario, Calif.	No. 1419
Houston, Texas	No. 151
East Stroudsburg, Pa.	No. 319
El Paso, Texas	No. 187
El Centro, Calif.	No. 1325
Douglas, Ariz.	No. 955
Galveston, Texas	No. 126
San Diego, Calif.	No. 168
Charleston, S. C.	No. 242

NATIONAL RADIO BROADCAST. The Grand Exalted Ruler is having difficulty in arranging for satisfactory time on the air. The broadcast will be definitely announced when the proper facilities and the proper time are assured.

IN EACH LODGE EVERY MEETING NIGHT!

BURY THE DEAD

Widow of deceased Elk passed on . . . leaving small son and grandmother . . . family sorely distressed by poverty . . . mother given decent burial . . . family needs provided . . . pension for grandmother arranged . . . boy's education assured.

Des Moines, Iowa Lodge, No. 98.

HELP ORPHAN LAD

Boy of 15 lives with guardian on dilapidated farm . . . his only possessions were outworn overalls, cotton shirt, all-but-gone shoes . . . he is now completely outfitted but still dazed at his good fortune . . . he is matriculated in industrial high school and has promised the Elks that his grades will be good.

Columbus, Georgia Lodge, No. 111.

BRING HIM BACK

Ravages of dread disease suffered silently for year by member who faithfully held his position until forced to retire . . . then out of his harness the illness overpowered him . . . but thanks to the timely interest of his brothers he is now on his way back with confidence and courage.

New London, Conn. Lodge, No. 360

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge Entertains 3,500 Children

West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, recently entertained 3,500 youngsters at the annual outing for children given by the Lodge. School buses and private automobiles picked up the various groups of children from the several points of concentration, and transported them to movie performances. Immediately following the shows the youngsters were taken to Bethesda Park where they had lunches of hot dogs and rolls, apples, ice cream and candy.

Once fed, they were able to turn their attention to the Park where races of various kinds were staged, and where two baseball games—one of all-star players—were in progress. At the conclusion of the games the children were taken back to the playgrounds on which they had originally congregated.

Members of the Lodge pronounced this the finest Children's Day the Lodge had ever held. In appreciation of the work of the 37 playground supervisors who assisted in the managing of the 3,500 children—no small task—the Elks entertained them at dinner in the Dixie Hotel.

Superior, Wis., Lodge Entertains 142 Orphans

Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, not long ago entertained 142 boys and girls from St. Joseph's Orphanage and the Superior Children's Home at a picnic in Central Park. The youngsters spent the afternoon playing games, enjoying musical entertainment and eating lunch. The music was furnished by a group from the Boy Scout Drum Corps and by a duet. One of the featured events of the afternoon—that most enjoyed by the children—was the program of running and novelty races.

A. W. Holland

D. D. Manheim Speaks at Alexandria, La., Lodge

E. R. J. S. Mallett, Est. Lead. Knight, R. K. Twitchell, Secy., R. B. Ricker, and Inner Guard Asa Low, of Jennings, La. Lodge, No. 1085, recently attended a meeting of the Lodges of the North District at the Home of Alexandria Lodge, No. 546. Representatives from various Lodges in the State were present. The meeting was presided over by D. D. A. J. Manheim, of Shreveport Lodge, who brought a message to the subordinate Lodges from Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon.



Some of the 3,500 children recently entertained at the annual children's outing held by West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge

P.E.R. Duberstein's Scholarship a Benefit to Brooklyn Elks

In 1928 P.E.R. Samuel C. Duberstein, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, a Professor of Law at St. John's University School of Law, donated \$3,500 to that institution, the annual income from which is used to defray the tuition of a member in good standing of Brooklyn Lodge, or of a son or daughter of a member.

This scholarship has been awarded annually since 1929, and those who have been selected in the past (including the daughter of one of the members) have shown their appreciation by establishing excellent scholastic records. The 1934 award of the scholarship was made to John T. Manning, A.B., and the 1933 award to Thomas J. Cuite.

James T. Brady, P.E.R.

Fargo, N. D., Lodge Welcomes Postmaster General Farley

When P.D.D. James A. Farley, of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, Postmaster General of the United States, visited Fargo, N.D., on September 22, Fargo Lodge, No. 260, played a prominent part in the welcoming program.

The Elks Purple Band played when the distinguished visitor stepped from the train and joined in the parade which followed. Among the entertainment features offered was a private reception held at the home of P.D.D. Sam Stern, former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee. Mr. Farley and Mr. Stern have been friends for many years.

Raymond C. Dobson, P.D.D.

Leominster, Mass., Lodge Mourns E.R. Charles H. McCarthy

Charles H. McCarthy, aged 49, a native of Clinton, Mass., and Exalted Ruler of Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, was the victim on Friday, Aug. 14, of an attack of acute heart disease. Although he had complained of not feeling well on the evening before, Mr. McCarthy remained at the Lodge Home until midnight. Several hours later he was seized with the attack from which he did not recover. Esquire Dr. J. J. Curley was called to the McCarthy home and was with Mr. McCarthy when he died.

As soon as the news was received, the Lodge quarters were draped in mourning. On Sunday afternoon a delegation of 60 members from Leominster Lodge, and a large number of members of Fitchburg and Clinton Lodges, visited the residence where the impressive funeral service of the Order was performed by the remaining officers of Leominster Lodge. The services on Monday

at St. Leo's Catholic Church were attended by the Lodge in a body, by delegations from neighboring Lodges, City officials and citizens in all walks of life. Interment was in St. John's Cemetery at Clinton in the family burial plot.

As Exalted Ruler, Mr. McCarthy had served No. 1237 faithfully and efficiently since his installation last spring. He attended the National Convention of the Order at Kansas City and made a brief but interesting report at the last Lodge session preceding his death. In civil life he was considered an authority on automobile traffic and laws, and had served at patrolman and inspector on the Police Force, Inspector for the State Registrar of Motor Vehicles' office, and, as the head of the Fitchburg branch office, Traffic Investigator of that Department.

Milo H. Bemis, Correspondent

Brenham, Texas, Lodge Honors Its District Deputies

Brenham, Texas, Lodge, No. 979, recently honored its three Past District Deputies and the incumbent, D.D. Harold Rubenstein, with a barbecue and entertainment. The three P.D.D.'s are C. L. Wilkins, W. J. Embrey and T. A. Low, Sr. A large gathering of Elks assembled for the event.

E. R. T. A. Low, Jr., presided over the barbecue dinner which was served in honor of the four District Deputies. P.D.D.'s Embrey and Low spoke as did D. D. Rubenstein, who is a Past Pres. of the Texas State Elks Assn. P.D.D. Wilkins was unavoidably absent. Singing by the assembly closed the program, after which a number of Elks repaired to the Lodge rooms for an hour or so of informal pleasure.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Loses Est. Lead. Knight on Morro Castle

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, was plunged into sorrow at the recent tragic death of its Est. Lead. Knight, Herbert J. Wacker, aged 43, who lost his life in the Morro Castle disaster. Mr. Wacker was accompanied on the fatal trip by his wife, his daughter Doris, and three friends. Mr. McArthur, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Wacker were the only two of the party who were lost.

On the night of the fire the group stayed aboard the ship until the heat became so intense that they were forced to jump overboard. Mr. Wacker succumbed to the strain, submersion and exposure. By tremendous effort the mother and daughter kept the body with them for another four hours, when they were rescued by the fishing boat Paramount. The captain, however, refused

to take the body aboard as the small boat was already overloaded. The bodies of both Mr. McArthur and Mr. Wacker were picked up later by another boat.

Mrs. Wacker attributes the rescue of herself and her daughter largely to the efforts of Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey, who located them from his airplane, signaled the *Paramount* and directed the fishing boat to the spot where the Wacker party was floating.

Mr. Wacker was initiated into Elizabeth Lodge on June 5, 1916. He took a leading part from his first days as an Elk, serving on various committees and in several chairs of office. He was one of the most active members of the House Committee at the time of his death.

The officers of the Lodge gave a splendid rendition of the Elk funeral ritual in the parlors of Joseph G. Higgins, who is the Exalted Ruler of Elizabeth Lodge and has long been an intimate associate of Mr. Wacker. Burial on the following day was from St. Paul's Evangelical Church. The edifice was crowded to capacity, with many thousands standing outside. The honorary pall bearers were officers of the Lodge. Memorial services for Mr. Wacker were held in the Lodge Home on September 17, and resolutions of condolence were adopted and sent to Mrs. Wacker and her daughter.

George L. Hirtzel, P.E.R.

Revere, Mass., Lodge Honors Charter Members on Anniversary

On the evening of Sept. 13, Revere, Mass., Lodge, No. 1171, celebrated its Silver Anniversary. A most enthusiastic gathering of some 300 Elks convened, including among their number about 30 of the surviving charter members, and all save three of the Past Exalted Rulers. The Lodge Home was tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, and lighted with flood lights.

At 7 P.M. the charter members were assembled in the lounge and escorted to the Lodge room where they were seated at the head table. After the members had enjoyed dinner, E.R. Charles H. White addressed the meeting. On the recommendation of the Anniversary Committee he presented Life Membership Cards to the active charter members. Mr. White was followed by P.D.D. Eugene J. Lakemarsin who spoke on the activities of the Lodge and introduced Hon. Andrew A. Cassassa, a charter member and Mayor of Revere, as Toastmaster.

Mr. Cassassa introduced the following speakers: E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge; Michael H. McCarron, Past Grand Inner Guard; John F. Burke, 3rd State Vice-Pres.; Frank C. Doucette, D.D.; and Arthur T. Jacobs, James E. Donnelly, William H. McSweeney and Raymond E. Henchey, P.D.D.'s. A splendid entertainment program was presented later under the direction of the Lodge organist, George Scanlon.

David S. Shea, P.E.R.

Elk's Charm Found in Baltimore Biltmore

A short time ago an elk's tooth was found in the Turkish bath of the Biltmore Hotel in Baltimore, Md. It bears the inscription "Presented to President McMahan by the Organization, April 27, 1927." On the lower half, the elk's antlers are pointed with diamonds. It was thought by the hotel officials that the owner of the charm came from a town in Pennsylvania, but this could not be verified.

If Mr. McMahan will communicate with Henry W. Mears, of 805 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, the charm will be returned.

Henry W. Mears, P.E.R.

Kittanning, Pa., Lodge Gives Its \$1,000 Award to Hospital

Four thousand men and women of Kittanning, Pa., recently watched officials of Kittanning Lodge, No. 203, lay the cornerstone of the new Armstrong Community Hospital which, when completed, will be the only hospital in Armstrong County. Elk officials from every part of Western Pennsylvania, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener and Judge Frank J. Graff, were on the speakers' platform, and members from Lodges in three counties attended. A holiday was declared to permit the entire City to participate in the impressive ceremonies and every Kittanning organization was represented from the Women's Garden Club to the American Legion.

E. O. Golden, a member of the Hospital Board and also of Kittanning Lodge, acted as Master of Ceremonies at the services, which were under the supervision of the



Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

James H. Stivanson, E. R. and R. G. Best, Esteemed Leading Knight, of Kittanning, Pa., Lodge laying the cornerstone of Kittanning's new hospital

Lodge. The high point was the presentation of a check for \$1,000 by the Lodge to the Hospital. This check had been awarded to the Lodge by the Elks National Foundation in recognition of the splendid community service record the Lodge has shown. It was adjudged to have performed the most meritorious piece of civic work among all the Lodges in the Order as a result of the campaign it waged to finance the Hospital.

The check was formally presented to E. E. Shaffer, President of the Hospital Board, by P.D.D. Francis T. Benson, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener was the principal speaker of the afternoon. Other speakers were Judge Graff, E.R. James H. Stivanson of Kittanning Lodge, and Mr. Benson.

A Bible, the American flag, the history of the Hospital, its charter and a list of names of Elk and other subscribers to the Hospital fund, were deposited within the cornerstone. The ritual preceding the laying of the stone was carried out by E. R. Stivanson and Est. Lead. Knight R. G. Best.

Francis T. Benson, P.D.D.

Youngstown, O., Elk Wins State Golf Tournament

Touring Plum Brook Course in a snappy 76, Dr. W. A. Walsh, of Youngstown, recently won the annual Ohio State Elks Golf Tournament, held in connection with the Convention which took place at Cedar Point and Sandusky. The report of the Tourna-

ment was received too late to be included in the account of the meeting which appeared in THE ELKS MAGAZINE last month.

Dr. Walsh received a handsome cup, emblematic of the State Championship. Four others of the 83 players tied for second place with a score of 80. The Cleveland Lodge team, with an aggregate of 333, won the team event, and the team of Elyria Lodge, with 341, was second.

In a special match for professionals, Harry Moffatt of Toledo and Andy Mocsary tied at 74, while Bob Randall, of Spring Valley, Elyria, shot a 75. Every entrant in the Tournament received a prize regardless of his score.

Dave J. Spalding, Chairman,
State Assn. Publicity Committee

Grand Secretary Pleased with Alaska Lodges

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, after his recent visit to the six Lodges of the Territory of Alaska, turned in a most favorable report on their condition. Mr. Masters was highly pleased with the fine spirit shown by the members, with the Lodges' generally satisfactory financial condition, and with the hearty welcome which they accorded him.

One thing especially interesting to the Grand Secretary was the fact that the net gain in membership exceeded the net loss by 62 members, with three Lodges—Anchorage, Fairbanks and Juneau—showing a net gain, and with Ketchikan Lodge's membership remaining the same as last year.

News of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge

Through the courtesy of Joseph Frierer and Albert Macauley, the members of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, were guests at one of the most enjoyable dinners and outings in the history of the Lodge, held at Sahroon Manor on Schroon Lake. A bounteous dinner was served at noon with about 90 members from Ticonderoga, Hague, Schroon Lake and Elizabethtown seated at the handsomely decorated tables. A brief speech of welcome was given by Mr. Macauley, who is Proprietor of the Manor.

During the morning and afternoon the guests enjoyed the Manor's sports facilities, including baseball, golf, hand ball, boating, swimming and tennis. A program of professional entertainment was presented in the afternoon and a golf exhibition was staged by Jimmy Donachie, Sahroon Manor pro.

Recently the Home of Ticonderoga Lodge was damaged by a fire believed to have been caused by a mechanical defect in a kitchen range oil burner. Most of the damage was centered in the restaurant, although the blaze did spread to the rooms on the second floor and to the post office adjacent. The entire damage was estimated at \$18,000, partially covered by insurance.

Mortimer V. Drake, E.R.
John B. Tefft, Correspondent

Asheville, N. C., Lodge Entertains Orphans

Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401, recently held its annual picnic for the orphans of the section. Approximately 300 children from the five nearby orphanages were present. The members of Asheville Lodge underwent a strange metamorphosis for the occasion, many of them turning into waiters, maids, nurses and chaperones for the day.

The orphanages represented were the County Children's Home, Eliada Orphanage, Mountain Orphanage, Mother Jones' Home, and the Catholic Home at Hendersonville. R. B. Robertson was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, assisted by J. Y. Jordan, Jr., William Rosenfelt, O. F. Meadows, Sam Weimer, R. Hampton Davis and Fred Hutzler.

Central Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Central Lodges



The Baseball Team of Ashtabula, O., Lodge, every player of which is a member of the Lodge. The team recently won the City Fraternal League Championship, winning all ten games played with the five other fraternal teams

Past State Pres. Charles A. Mangold Mourned by Texas Elks

The death of Past State Pres. Charles A. Mangold, of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71, closed the career of one of the most aggressive and far-visioned members the Order has had and caused personal sorrow to hundreds of Elks throughout the Southwest, as well as to the citizens of Dallas, among whom Mr. Mangold was an outstanding personality. He was noted throughout the State as a hotel owner, civic leader, patron of the arts, sportsman, builder, and as a prominent Elk.

Mr. Mangold's fervent love of the Order was an outstanding characteristic. Born in October, 1860, he passed away on August 26, 1934, at the ripe age of 73 years. He was initiated into Dallas Lodge in 1900, and as a member of No. 71 served the Lodge and the Order at large in many capacities. He became Exalted Ruler, and later President of the Texas State Elks Association of which he was, at the time of his death, a Trustee. He had been re-elected in 1932 to serve a five year term. He also served as District Deputy for Texas, Northeast, with honor and distinction. Mr. Mangold made reservations to attend the Kansas City Reunion of the Grand Lodge with E. R. George W. Loudermilk, but was too ill to go.

The funeral services, attended by over a thousand persons, were conducted in accordance with the noted Elk's expressed desire, by Dallas Lodge, with Mr. Mangold's intimate friend, E. R. Loudermilk, in charge. By special request P.E.R. Wilford B. Smith delivered the eulogy, and D.D. I. Hochwald made an address. Two hundred and fifty Elks from all over Texas attended, among them being Col. P. L. Downs, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; W. R. Carter; H. F. Spelman and Thomas W. Hopkins. On the evening before the burial, Dallas Lodge held a meeting at which a resolution was passed to set aside a page in the minutes as a testimonial to Mr. Mangold.

George W. Loudermilk, E.R.

Mobile, Ala., Lodge Entertains Orphans at Park

Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, held its annual orphans' outing recently at Grand View Park. For fifteen consecutive years this event has been looked forward to with keen anticipation not only by the members of the Lodge and the orphans, but by those entrusted with the care and education of the children. The affair is made possible through individual donations, with members of the Lodge contributing their financial aid and time to further the success of the annual program.

The children were first given a ride in the morning through the City, led by motorcycle officers, with 50 buses and automobiles in line. All day until late afternoon, Grand View Park, with its many entertainment features, was reserved for the Elks and their little charges. A big feast was held for the youngsters, and ice cream and cakes were sent to the Zimmer Memorial Institute for Colored Orphans.

Jack A. Dair, Publicity Director



Miss Violet Megas, Queen of the Biloxi, Miss., Oyster Festival, and her attendants. The Festival was staged by Biloxi, Miss., Lodge

Little Rock, Ark., Lodge Awards Scholarship

Little Rock, Ark., Lodge, No. 29, recently turned in a unanimous vote to award a scholarship to some worthy high school graduate in need of financial assistance, for the purpose of carrying on his education in the Little Rock Junior College. A scholarship of \$150 has been awarded to Charles Sherrill Gilman, aged 19, who was left fatherless when he was ten months old. He was reared in Little Rock and attended the City schools with high scholastic averages. To assist his widowed mother, he caddied at the Country Club, delivered milk and did various other kinds of work.

Little Rock Lodge is deriving much satisfaction in bestowing the scholarship upon this worthy and deserving young man who has declared his intention of joining the Lodge when he reaches maturity.

A number of years ago Little Rock Lodge gave up its old Home, salvaging from its sale a sizeable sum of money. The Lodge then purchased a substantial, two-story private residence, made some alterations and moved in. It now owns this Home, free of debt, and possesses the funds with which to meet all necessary expenses.

*J. Rosser Venable, Chairman,
Publicity Committee.*

D. D. Freudenstein, of Louisiana, Appointed United States Marshal

New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, recently honored D.D. Sidney Freudenstein with a testimonial dinner held at the Lodge Home. Five hundred Elks and prominent City officials paid him honor, celebrating his recent appointment by President Franklin D. Roosevelt as United States Marshal for Eastern Louisiana. The presentation of a solid gold official badge studded with diamonds was made by A. Burglass as a gift from the District Deputy's many friends and admirers both in the Lodge and outside.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor was Toastmaster at the dinner, during the course of which N. Wells Longshore, dressed in his fifty-year-old uniform of the Continental Guards, expressed the tribute of the Lodge to its Past Grand Exalted Ruler and to Mr. Freudenstein.

The new U. S. Marshal is a Past Exalted Ruler of New Orleans Lodge and for many years has been the head of the Basket Gift Committee, in which capacity he has supervised the distribution of thousands of Thanksgiving dinners to needy families.

N. D. State Elks Assn. Plans to Aid Crippled Children's Comm.

An energetic campaign for aiding the ten Crippled Children's Committees of the Lodges in North Dakota is contemplated by the Crippled Children's Committee of the North Dakota State Elks Assn., according to H. K. Jensen, of Mandan, P.D.D. and Chairman of the Committee. The State Committee will give particular attention to the matter of proposals for increasing the finances of the subordinate Committees.

Chairman Jensen has but recently been advised by former Governor L. B. Hanna, Pres. of the Assn., of the appointment of P.D.D. Raymond C. Dobson to membership on the State Crippled Children's Committee. Mr. Dobson succeeds W. A. Hausmann. Others on the Committee are Past Presidents Sam Stern and C. P. Brown, both of Fargo, and J. D. Harris, of Manning, N. D.

An Item from Augusta, Kans., Lodge

The newly organized Elks Boys Band of Augusta, Kans., Lodge, No. 1462, recently serenaded the members in front of the Home while Lodge was in session. The band directed by Len Tibbetts, has acquired, through the generosity of the Lodge, a set of handsome new uniforms. Many invitations to play at events throughout the coming season have been received by the new organization.

During the recent World Series Baseball Games, Augusta Lodge operated the electric score board and the loud speaking system of the Chamber of Commerce to report the progress of the games.

John C. Cox, Chairman, Band Committee

Boise, Ida., Lodge Takes Part in Festival

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, played an important part in the recent Fort Boise Centennial Celebration, a festival observance of the 100th Anniversary of the founding of the old Fort which became famous for its hospitality during the days when the Oregon Trail was a thoroughfare for pioneering covered wagons.

Visiting Elks from all sections of the northwest were especially welcomed to the Lodge's lounge, reading room, club rooms and dining hall during the celebration. The Elks Drill Team took part in the Parade of Progress, forming one of its most colorful entries. The Elks' queen candidate, Miss Philura Graham, took second place in the contest. She was accorded the honor of being "Miss Idaho" during the celebration.

For more than a month prior to the Centennial the big ball room in the Lodge Home was used as the rehearsal hall for the large ballet choruses that performed in



The Rifle Team of New Orleans, La., Lodge, in charge of Lieutenant Albert St. M. LeBreton, (at extreme left). The team has been active lately and has planned many matches for the coming season

"Wings o' the West," the historical spectacle and feature attraction of the celebration. Much of the equipment for the various concessions was donated by Boise Lodge.

The Centennial was staged under the general chairmanship of L. W. Ensign, with a large number of other Elks ably supporting him as co-workers and committeemen. The success of the event was a credit to south-western Idaho, which includes the Lodges of Nampa and Caldwell.

Glenn Balch, Correspondent

Sterling, Ill., Lodge Proud of Its Oldest Members

Sterling, Ill., Lodge, No. 1218, points with pride to the advanced age and ripe experience of several of its members. George Canning, of Rock Falls, Ill., recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and the entire membership wished him many happy returns of the day. Another member, John W. Sinex, now residing in Modesto, Calif., is even older than Mr. Canning, having celebrated his ninety-first birthday five weeks previously. Other members of the Lodge who are close contenders for the title of oldest member are H. L. Brewer, who is 89, and N. G. Van Sant, 88.

These four members of the Order all heartily endorse Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon's program of Americanism, as they served their Country in the Civil War. In addition to fighting in that War, Mr. Van Sant enlisted in the Spanish American War and when, at the time of the World War, he found that army regulations barred him, he joined the Salvation Army and served with it in the front line trenches in France throughout the conflict.

Earle R. Bishop P.E.R.

News from Lebanon, O., Lodge

Lebanon, Ohio, is one of the country's smallest municipalities supporting an Elk Lodge, the population being less than 3,500. Lebanon Lodge, No. 422, owns its own Home, using the second and third floors for its activities. At the beginning of the Lodge year of April 1, 1933, the Lodge had a membership of 159, and during the year made a gain of more than ten per cent., bringing the roll to 177. No regular meeting has been missed by Lebanon Lodge during the past three years.

The present Exalted Ruler, Will R. Lewis, is occupying his station for the third consecutive year. He is so competent and enthusiastic, furnishing a number of candidates for initiation yearly, that the members dislike the thought of his ultimately relinquishing office.

G. F. Brown, P.E.R.

Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge E. R., Initiates Son

Dr. C. E. Duff, Exalted Ruler of Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge, No. 1208, recently experienced the pleasure of initiating his son, R. A. Duff, in one of the most impressive initiatory ceremonies ever held by the Lodge. Personal friends and prominent Elks attending the meeting were Past State Pres. Dr. J. C. Dallenbach, E.R. V. R. Fleming and J. W. Dinges of Champaign Lodge; and E.R. Ralph H. Mail, P.E.R.'s I. W. Lloyd, Dr. E. H. Steel, and Dr. E. G. Stephens, and R. F. Shirkliff, of Robinson Lodge. Nine of the remaining 13 charter members of Lawrenceville Lodge were present.

Dr. C. E. Duff, E.R.



Miller Studio

In the Governor's Reception Room of the State Capitol of South Dakota are J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, member of the Advisory Council of the Elks National Foundation; J. G. McFarland, Treasurer of the Foundation; Dr. Park B. Jenkins, State President Milton Dowell, Dr. R. G. Mayer, D.D., State Treasurer M. M. Korte, and Mrs. Florence Englesby, at the presentation of the Foundation's \$300 Scholarship, diverted to the use of South Dakota's crippled children, and \$50 from the S. D. State Association for the same purpose

News of the State Associations

Pennsylvania

Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1045, was host on Aug. 20-23 to the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. during its 1934 Convention. The attendance was far in excess of last year's, with 225 delegates and alternates on hand, representing a total membership of approximately 43,000 Pennsylvania Elks. Pres. Daniel J. Miller of Reading presided at the sessions.

Inspiring addresses on Americanism were delivered by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia, and Lawrence H. Rupp of Allentown, who headed the list of prominent members of the Order who were present. Their remarks paved the way for the delegates to go on record in support of the Pro-America campaign and program of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon. Greater public participation in Elk Flag Day exercises was stressed by all the speakers as a means of crystallizing this sentiment.

The Convention was formally welcomed on the beautiful athletic field of Gettysburg College by E.R. S. Richard Eisenhart, Burgess William J. Stallsmith, Dr. Henry W. A. Hanson, Pres. of Gettysburg College, and C. C. Hutton, General Chairman of the Convention Committee. Full credit for the success of the meeting is given Mr. Hutton and his Committee which comprised E. R. Eisenhart, P.E.R.'s C. W. Stock and Fred P. Hachnlen, H. T. Jennings, George W. Boehner, Scott L. Smith, George March and Herbert L. Grimm.

At the first business session, which took place on Tuesday, the second day, Hazleton was selected as the meeting place for the 1935 Convention, and the following officers were elected: Pres. Scott E. Drum, Hazleton; Vice-Pres., Frank J. Lyons, Warren; Secy., W. S. Gould, Scranton (re-elected); Treas., Grover C. Schoemaker, Bloomsburg, and Trustees, Clarence O. Morris, Leechburg, and James G. Bohlender, Franklin. Henry W. Gough of Harrisburg resigned from the office of Treasurer after having served the Association in that capacity for 23 years.

A DIGNIFIED and impressive Memorial Service for departed Elks was held in the National Cemetery on Wednesday morning. From the rostrum, covered with wistaria, eulogies were delivered by P.G.E.R. Grakelow and Dr. Harvey D. Hoover of the Lutheran Theological Seminary. Special tribute was paid to Matthew A. Riley, P.D.D., and Trustee of the Assn., and to E. J. Morris, Past State Pres.

The visiting Elks enjoyed the fine buffet lunch and a variety of entertainment provided for them at a stag picnic at Geiman's Park near Gettysburg in the afternoon, and in the evening the annual Ritualistic Contest was held. The Team of Washington Lodge No. 776 was the winner, being presented with a beautiful new trophy which will become the permanent possession of the Lodge winning it three successive times.

To the stirring strains of martial music, the Elks paraded on Thursday afternoon, with more than 1,500 in line. York Lodge No. 213 distinguished itself by winning the prizes for the most men in line, the best drum corps and band, and the best-appearing Lodge. Lancaster Lodge No. 134 won the prize for the best drill team.

During the Convention, the wives and friends of Elks were guests at two luncheons and a card party, and were taken on a tour of the battlefield. Dancing was enjoyed on each of the three evenings.

The new officers were installed at the closing business session of Thursday.

Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

On Sunday, Aug. 12, 24 hours before the official opening of the Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, 783 Elks had registered. The number steadily increased and the total registration for the three-day meeting was declared to be 2,700. This unusual registration was accomplished by an intensive advertising campaign conducted by Calvert K. Hartle, State Secy. and Chairman of the Publicity Committee.

The public opening of the Convention took place on Monday in the Home of Hagerstown Lodge, No. 378. The welcoming speech was delivered by Mayor Irvin M. Wertz and responded to by Pres. J. Mor-

ris Guider and E.R. P. Parke Geiger, Jr., both of Hagerstown, Md. Many prominent Elks and citizens of the three States were present, among them being Past State Presidents John E. Lynch of Washington, James P. Swing of Cambridge, Alfred W. Gaver of Frederick and John J. Powel of Wilmington.

At 8 P.M. an Athletic Carnival and Cabaret Show was presented to an audience of 3,000 persons. The program included a one-hour wrestling match, boxing bouts, a vaudeville show, a novelty skating act, juggling, and acrobatic, adagio and Hawaiian dancing. A loud-speaking system had been installed and State Secy. Hartle delivered the 11 O'Clock Toast on that night and both the succeeding ones.

The business transacted at a public session

(Continued on page 32)

A Plan for Raising Lodge Christmas Funds

THE Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge has announced what should prove to be a most effective plan for the raising of Christmas funds on the part of subordinate Lodges which are located in communities with local radio broadcasting facilities.

The Committee will furnish each such Lodge, without charge, with an electrical transcription record that can be played on the local radio station's phonograph, during the three weeks preceding Christmas whenever a vacant 15-minute period becomes available. This record will provide beautiful Christmas chimes and carols, including "Adeste Fidelis" played by a symphony orchestra, with the carols being sung by a male choir.

The plan contemplates that the radio announcer, under the direction of the Exalted Ruler or Chairman of the Lodge's Welfare Committee, state at the conclusion of the record that the program is on the air through the courtesy of the Lodge, whose members are this year pursuing their usual program of providing a Christmas party for the local poor children.

The announcer would then go on to say that the public has been invited to participate in this worthy charity this year. He would invite those who are listening in to telephone to the station offering any contributions they might care to make in the way of clothing, food or money, with the assurance that every article and every dollar received would be used for this purpose with no expense for overhead. The announcer would conclude his remarks by saying that either later on in this evening's program, or at the next broadcast, the names of subscribers would be announced.

Tacoma, Wash., Lodge No. 174 has had a "Stocking Filler" radio program such as this in most successful operation for a number of



years (see THE ELKS MAGAZINE for September, 1933, page 34).

Exalted Rulers and Welfare Committee Chairmen who would like to avail themselves of this free record are requested to communicate immediately with Chairman Charles S. Hart of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee,

Lodge Activities Committee

Charles Spencer Hart,
Chairman
50 East 42nd Street
New York City, N. Y.
R. F. Dickmann
Office of the Mayor
St. Louis, Mo.
Hinkle C. Hays
Sullivan, Ind.
A. I. Myers
Caldwell, Idaho
Thomas E. Martin
Montgomery, Ala.

Associate Committee

Charles C. Bradley
Portland, Oregon
Thomas J. Brady
Brookline, Mass.

William F. Bruning
Cleveland, Ohio

Shelley B. Capeness
Greensboro, N. C.

Hugh E. Curran
Wilmington, Del.

A. L. Dretchko
Minneapolis, Minn.

C. M. Eichel
Red Lion, Penn.

O. J. Ellinger
Mendota, Ill.

Richard F. Flood, Jr.
Bayonne, N. J.

Max Friedman
Cincinnati, Ohio

Joseph C. Haldiman
Phoenix, Arizona

Caspian Hale
New Smyrna, Florida

William D. Hancher
Washington, Penn.

George W. Hickey
Willimantic, Conn.

Jordan Martinelli
San Rafael, Calif.

George McLean
El Reno, Okla.

James H. Moran
New Rochelle, N. Y.

W. N. Perkinson
Danville, Va.

Dr. Leo W. Roohan
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Guy T. Tou Velle
Lincoln, Neb.

Irvine J. Unger
Detroit, Michigan

Frank P. White
Chicago, Ill.



Thrice weekly, at 9:00 P.M., Andre Kostelanetz, above, directs his orchestra for one of CBS's best programs—in fact, for one of the best programs on the air. On Monday evenings Rosa Ponselle is soloist; on Wednesdays Nino Martini is heard, and on Fridays Greta Stueckgold sings



Above is Ray Knight, NBC comedian, photographed by his friend, Ray Lee Jackson, in an intimate family group. Mr. Knight is surrounded by his children, none of whom, unfortunately, resemble their mother. Ray Knight is heard these Knights over WEAf at 6:45 P.M.

Cast and Broadcast



Above is part of the cast of "The Gibson Family," Radio's first musical comedy with music composed especially for it. The program is a one-hour-a-week, 39-week broadcast. The songs are written by Composer Arthur Schwartz and Lyricist Howard Dietz at estimated weekly salaries of \$1,250 each. Courtney Riley Cooper wrote the book

Rose Bampton, one of the youngest stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is seen at the right with Radio City and other skyscrapers in the background. Miss Bampton, an American-born, American-trained contralto, begins her first radio series for NBC, with Nathaniel Shilkret conducting his orchestra, on Saturday evenings at 9:00

(Right) Lou Holtz, the comedian, who is building a large following by his frequent appearances on Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour, WEAf



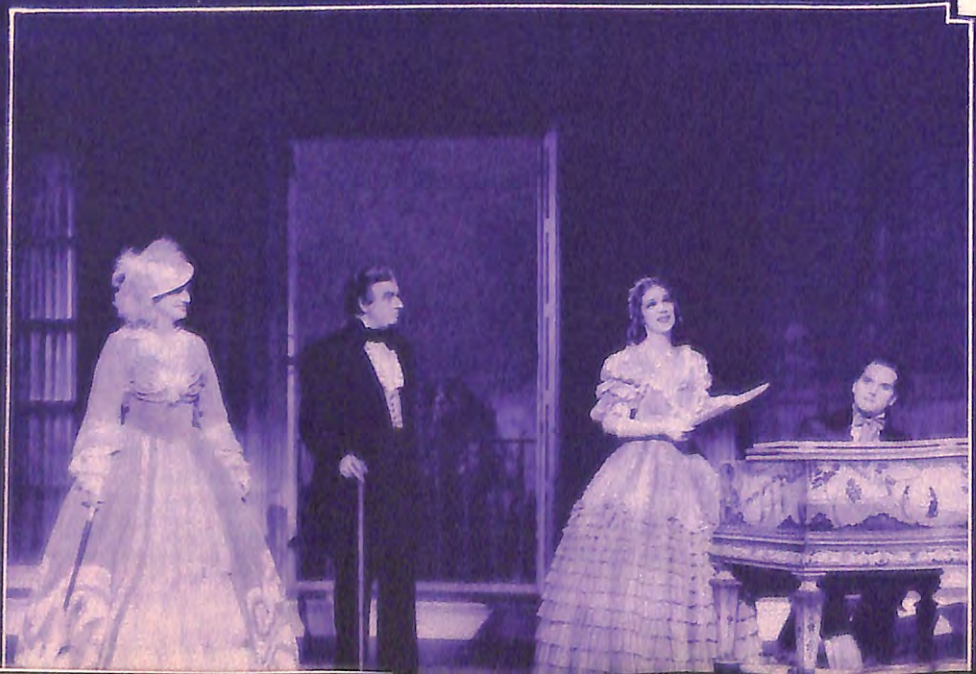


"Merrily We Roll Along," the first of the nine scenes of which is shown above, rolls along backward — and with considerable verve—from 1934 to 1916. In spite of this unique and climax-killing chronology the play is a lively, stimulating and well acted one. Mary Philips, Kenneth MacKenna, Jessie Royce Landis and Walter Abel are among the members of a large and talented cast of characters of the play

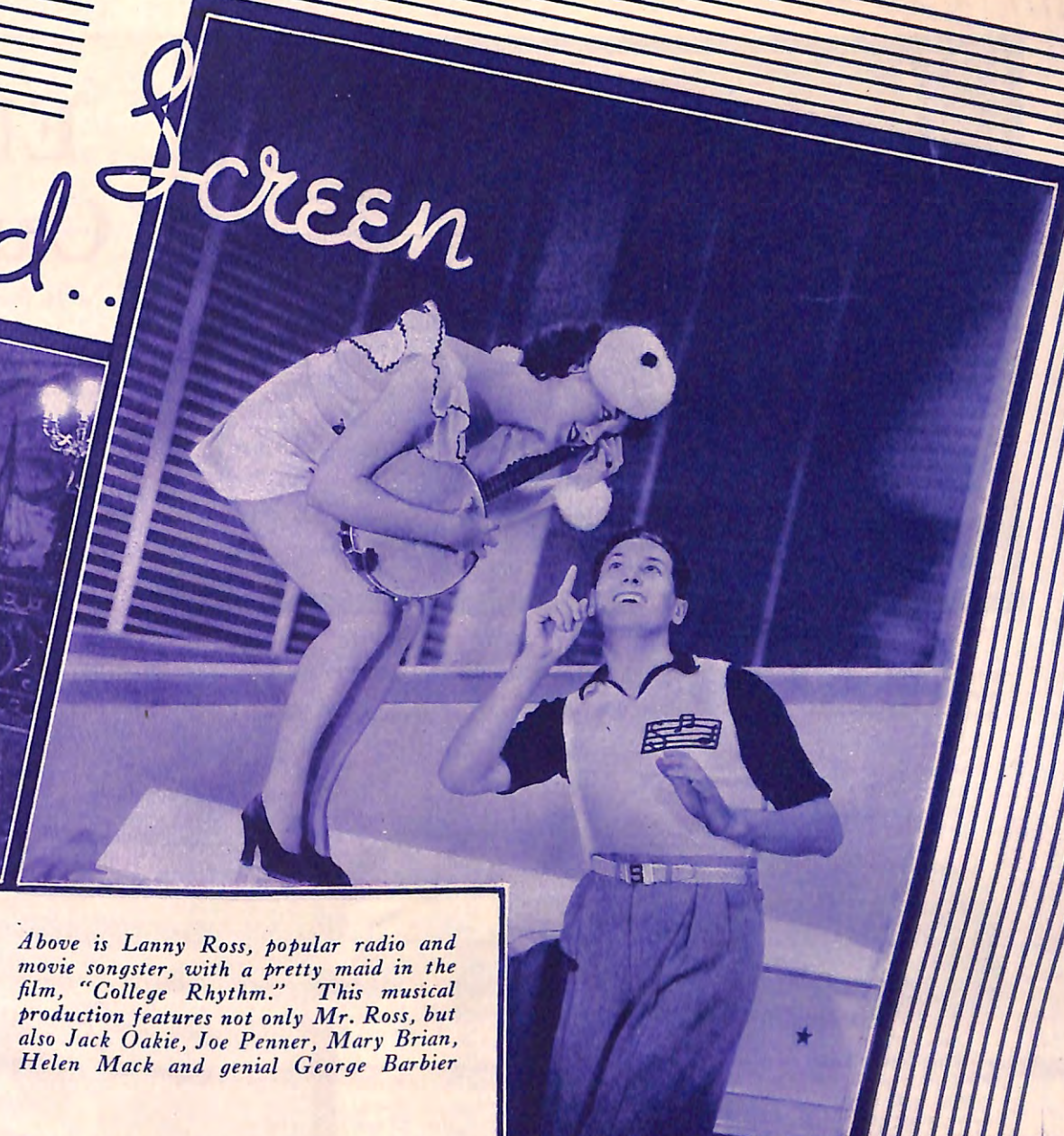
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(Above) Joseph Spurin-Calleia as gangster Tony Mako about to kill his tell-tale buddy (Owen Martin) in "Small Miracle." This melodrama takes place during a Broadway show. Its plot is an exciting one, and the cast, which includes Ilka Chase (the actress shown at the right in the picture) is more than competent for the most part

(Right) Characterized as "A Love Story of Music," Hassard Short's "The Great Waltz" provides tuneful and spectacular entertainment at the new Center Theatre in Radio City. With such talented stars (left to right) as Marie Burke, H. Reeves-Smith, Marion Claire and Guy Robertson, it cannot help but please music lovers



Stage and Screen



Above is Lanny Ross, popular radio and movie songster, with a pretty maid in the film, "College Rhythm." This musical production features not only Mr. Ross, but also Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, Mary Brian, Helen Mack and genial George Barbier

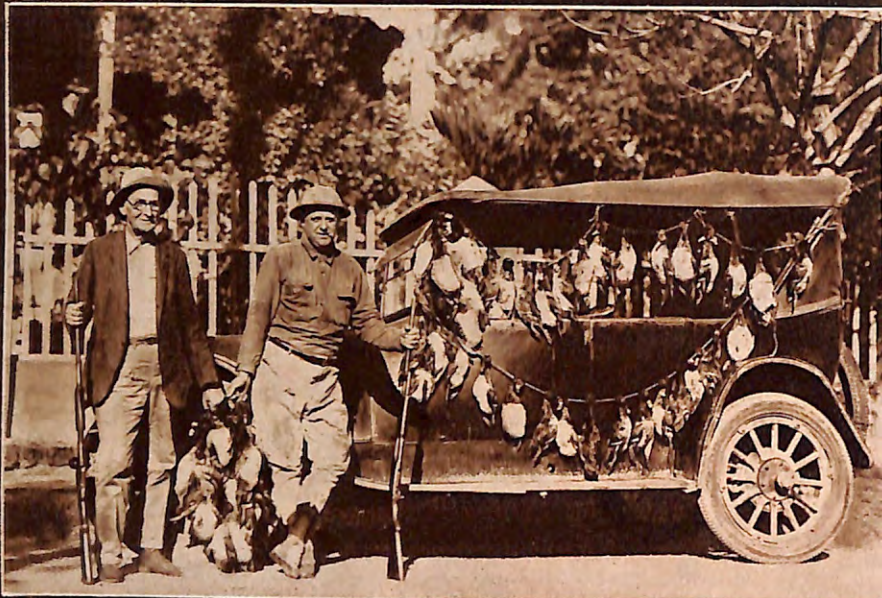
...comes Barrie's well known play, "Every Woman Knows," has been made into a movie with Helen ... as Maggie Wylie, a rôle in ... she scored on Broadway in ... Below she is shown with ... Torrence, Brian Aherne and ... Crisp in one of the many ... scenes in this fine film

Greta Garbo and George Brent (right) who star with Herbert Marshall in a screen version of the novel, "The Painted Veil." China is the locale of this stirring romance which is eloquently presented by these actors. The supporting cast is also excellent



Elkdom Outdoors

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



We thought the Philippine Islands failed to offer much in the way of hunting unless it was wild pigs or similar tropical quadrupeds, but the above certainly proves that duck shooting there is second to none. Henry Chandler and N. E. Thompson, with reputations for snipe and duck shooting, are shown with a day's bag of black ducks, mallards, shovelers, teal and blue bills. Both are old-time members of Manila Lodge

Russell Lammer, of Cleveland, Ohio, with a 27-lb. muskie caught at Kellar's Camp, Trent River, Bonar Law, Ontario. Stewart Morris, of Oil City, Pa., Lodge, snapped the picture



Above: One of the most interesting pictures ever to reach ELKDOM OUTDOORS. It shows two white-tailed deer with horns locked, one still alive and the other destroyed by coyotes. The deer were found by E. S. Kreklau, a member of Missoula, Mont., Lodge. Mr. Kreklau roped the live deer and took both home in an effort to save the live one. He was unsuccessful, however

Right: Amazia Adan—fifteen-month-old pointer—owned by Henry H. Zietz, Jr., of Denver, Colo., Lodge—pointing sage chicken in North Park, Colorado, near Walden. Amazia Adan proved to be the best dog on sage chicken during the August trials that were held there during this summer



H. H. Shillito, Exalted Ruler of Grove City, Pa., Lodge, with a 25-lb. muskie taken at Rice Lake, Canada. The fish measured 42 inches in length and 19 inches in girth. Mr. Shillito reports that this is an unusually fine lake for muskie and other fresh water fishing



Edwin Jones of Ketchikan, Alaska, with a 44-lb. king salmon taken with light tackle. This won him a Montague gold award. The length of the fish was 45 3/4 inches, with a girth of 26 3/4 inches. A live herring was used for the bait

Wilbur Hughto, of Naval Lodge, Port Angeles, Wash., was the winner of the 1934 Salmon Derby held there in September. The salmon shown weighed 27 1/2 lbs. and was taken on light tackle. This was the largest fish caught on that day and entitled Mr. Hughto to first prize—a Studebaker sedan



THE GREATER THING

*However humble the place I may hold,
Or lowly the trails I have trod,
There's a child who bases his faith on me;
There's a dog who thinks I am God.*

*Lord keep me worthy—Lord keep me clean,
And fearless and unbeguiled,
Lest I lose caste in the sight of a dog
And the wide, clear eyes of a child.*

*Lest there shall come in the years to be
The blight of a withering grief,
And a little dog mourn for a fallen god
And a child for his lost belief.*

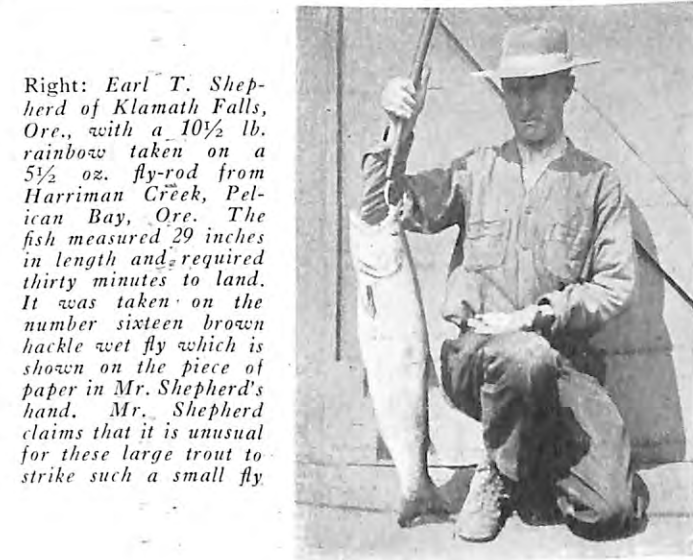
Arkansas Gazette



Above: Florida's reputation as a bass fishing State is upheld by this picture of Anast Nick of New Smyrna Lodge and his fishing partner, who caught twenty-five large mouth bass weighing from 2½ to 5½ lbs. in five hours fishing. This splendid catch was taken entirely on plugs. An average of five big bass an hour, for five consecutive hours, is a record for any State to be proud of

The picture above of Gene LaPorte shows him with a catch of small mouth bass taken at the Barrachs Club on Lake Ontario. Mr. LaPorte is one Elk whom it would certainly be hard to keep track of. First he is fishing in Caribbean waters, then in Alaska and next in Canada

Left: Arch W. Knerr, Mrs. Knerr and John Gregory of Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, with a day's catch of bass, pike and pickerel taken at Leach Lake, Minn. Mr. Gregory is 77 years old, having been a member of the Elks for 25 years. He was Tiler of Tulsa Lodge for 10 years. ELKDOM OUTDOORS can't understand why they went to Minnesota when the Lake of the Ozarks is so close at hand



Right: Earl T. Shepherd of Klamath Falls, Ore., with a 10½ lb. rainbow taken on a 5½ oz. fly-rod from Harriman Creek, Pelican Bay, Ore. The fish measured 29 inches in length and required thirty minutes to land. It was taken on the number sixteen brown hackle wet fly which is shown on the piece of paper in Mr. Shepherd's hand. Mr. Shepherd claims that it is unusual for these large trout to strike such a small fly



Farrier Relected at Belmar

Benjamin E. Farrier of Belmar was relected President of the Belmar Fishing Club for the seventh term at the annual meeting of the Club. With the exception of the Secretary the other officers of the Club were also unanimously relected for another term. Herold Waddington of Colt's Neck was elected to succeed Elwood Smith, resigned as Secretary. The other officers relected were Oscar Matthiessen, Maplewood, First Vice-president; Michael Campagna, New York City, Second Vice-president; and Alfred W. Dougherty, Philadelphia, Treasurer.



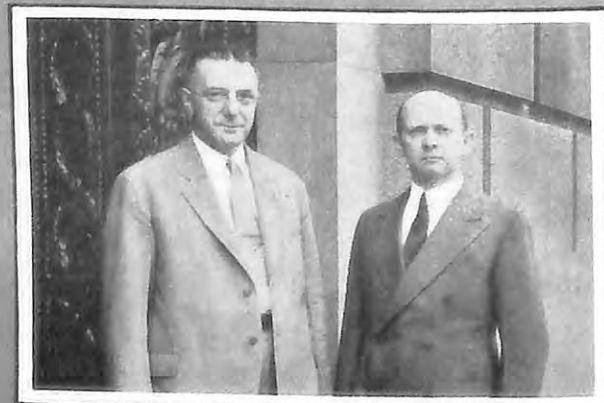
ASHEVILLE



SAN FRANCISCO



DALLAS



CHICAGO



COLORADO SPRINGS

Officials of the Present at the Ruler's District

IN last month's issue photographs of Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon's nine District Deputy Conferences were reproduced. They showed Mr. Shannon with the 122 District Deputies who attended these important gatherings last August. At each of these meetings a number of other prominent Elks from local and nearby communities also were present. The group pictures that were taken of these officials are shown here. Their names, from left to right, are listed below:

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Mr. Shannon; Harold Colee, Secy.-Treas. Fla. State Elks Assn.; John S. McClelland, Chief Justice, Grand Forum; Benjamin P. Kushner, newly appointed D.D. for Va. West; J. Gordon Hardy, Past Pres. Ga. State Elks Assn. and John J. Morton, Pres. N. C. State Elks Assn.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—*Standing:* Capt. H. I. Siegel, Secy. American Defenders Assn.; Byron Hurd, Inner Guard, San Francisco Lodge; J. A. Stutt, E.R., San Rafael Lodge; A. J. Mangin, Secy., San Francisco Lodge; M. J. Donohoe, Los Angeles Lodge. *Sitting:* Charles O. Munson, E.R., San Francisco Lodge; William M. Abbott, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; Mr. Shannon and C. Fenton Nichols, Chairman Grand Lodge Antlers Council.

DALLAS, TEX.—*Standing:* S. B. Simon, Secy., Shreveport, La., Lodge; Harry E. Holmes, Past Pres. Tex. State Elks Assn.; W. R. Dudley, Jr., Secy., Tex. State Elks Assn.; Earl L. Williams, E.R., Shreveport Lodge. *Sitting:* Clyde Pangborn, pilot; Mr. Shannon and George W. Loudermilk, Pres., Tex. State Elks Assn.

CHICAGO, ILL.—John K. Burch, Past Grand Trustee, and Mr. Shannon.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—*Standing:* R. D. Law, P.E.R., and M. E. Stubbs, Secy., Colo. Springs Lodge, and W. T. Cain, P.E.R.,

Order Who Were Grand Exalted Deputy Meetings

Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge. *Sitting:* Lloyd R. Allen, E.R., Colorado Springs Lodge; Mr. Shannon and John R. Coen, Past Grand Exalted Ruler.



PORTLAND

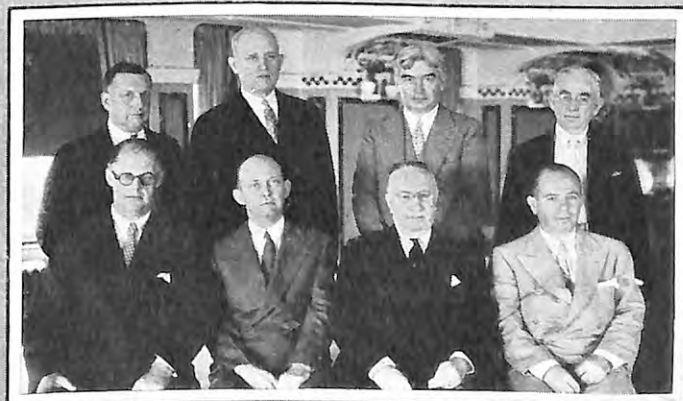
PORTLAND, ORE.—*Standing:* James V. Hawkins, P.E.R., R. F. Kercheval, Secy., and R. N. Irving, E.R. of Coeur d'Alene, Ida., Lodge; Clyde Pangborn, pilot. *Sitting:* Frank J. Lonergan, Member Grand Forum; Mr. Shannon and C. C. Bradley, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight.



OMAHA

OMAHA, NEB.—*Standing:* W. R. McCormick, Secy., Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge; T. B. Dysart, Past Pres., Neb. State Elks Assn.; Penn P. Fodrea, Secy., Omaha Lodge; F. I. Holmes, Pres., Neb. State Elks Assn. *Sitting:* August Schneider, Chairman, Neb. State Elks Crippled Children's Committee; Frank L. Rain, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Shannon, Frederick O. Beck, E.R., Omaha Lodge and Clyde E. Jones, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—*Standing:* Harry Howard, P.E.R., Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge; Daniel A. Kerr, Pres., N. Y. State Elks Assn.; Francis P. Boland, Past Pres., N. J. State Elks Assn.; Edward McCaffrey, P.D.D., New York, N.E. *Sitting:* Murray Hulbert, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; Mr. Shannon, Joseph T. Fanning, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Charles S. Hart, Chairman, Grand Lodge Activities Committee.



ATLANTIC CITY

BOSTON, MASS.—*Standing:* J. Leo O'Brien, Est. Lect. Knight, Boston Lodge; Joseph F. Mellyn, Grand Lodge Recorder; W. D. Cameron, newly appointed D.D. for Conn. West; John J. McKenna, E.R., Boston Lodge and Alfred P. J. Pinel, D.D. Mass. S.E. *Sitting:* John F. Malley, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Shannon and E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman, G. L. Comm. on Judiciary.



BOSTON

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Claude B. Harrison, E.R., Asheville Lodge; Mr. Shannon and Leo Finkelstein, P.E.R., Asheville Lodge.



ASHEVILLE



The annual party for the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children (Brandon, Vt.) sponsored by Rutland, Vt., Lodge. This year the Vermont State Elks Association cooperated with Rutland Lodge officials in staging a most enjoyable affair which included a band concert, vaudeville acts, a minstrel show, and refreshments

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 24)

on Tuesday resulted in the selection of Havre de Grace as the meeting place for next year's Convention, and the election of the following officers for 1934-35: Pres., Harold E. Cobourn, Havre de Grace; 1st Vice-Pres., John J. Stump, Cumberland; 2nd Vice-Pres., Louis N. Frank, Baltimore; 3rd Vice-Pres., John P. Hafer, Frostburg; Secy., Harry S. Coslett, Havre de Grace; Treas., Charles R. Klosterman, Baltimore; Trustees: Phillip U. Gayaut, Washington; John B. Jester, Wilmington; James P. Swing, Cambridge; Nathan G. Dorsey, Frederick; A. C. Braun, Annapolis, and N. Bosley Hoffman, Towson.

After an inspiring speech delivered by Past Pres. Lynch, the Convention unanimously endorsed the aims and efforts of the new Grand Exalted Ruler, the Hon. Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles.

At noon on Tuesday 1,200 pounds of barbecued ox meat was served to a record crowd in the paddock enclosure at the Fair Grounds. Concerts were given by Hagerstown's Little German Band, the 121st Engineers Army Band from Camp Ritchie and the Washington Elks Boys Band of 78 pieces. Another vaudeville show of six acts was presented.

Through the courtesy of one of Hagerstown's largest stores, a show known as the Elks Style Revue was put on at 8 P.M., with 16 models, a special orchestra, and a cabaret performance featuring a number of fine vaudeville acts. Here, also, the attendance was record-breaking.

The concluding business session included the installation of the new officers, addresses by various State officers, a Memorial Address by Phillip U. Gayaut, and the transaction of further business. Concerts were given during the day by five boys' bands, three of which are sponsored by Elk Lodges.

Twenty aerial bombs started the Elks Grand Parade which was pronounced to be the largest ever witnessed in Maryland. The prizes awarded amounted to \$500. The Elks Purple Ball followed. Every chair in the huge building was occupied and the floor was thronged with dancers. An unusual and beautiful lighting effect was created by the use of 1,600 purple balloons containing small electric light bulbs, which were part of the elaborate decorations.

Many letters and telegrams of congratulation have been received by the Convention Committee, and as a result of the publicity,

a large number of applications were made for membership in Hagerstown Lodge.

Calvert K. Hartle, Correspondent

Florida

Called to order by E.R. Murray Sams, a successful meeting of Officers, of the Executive and Standing Committees of the Florida State Elks Assn., and of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the subordinate Lodges of Florida, was held at DeLand on August 19. The invocation was delivered by the Rev. Frank Gee, State Chaplain, and the address of welcome by Mr. Sams. Pres. Caspian Hale presided and delivered an inspiring address in which he outlined his ideas and submitted a program of work for the coming year. Past Pres. J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, was introduced and paid tribute to the diversified plans outlined by Pres. Hale.

The occasion was distinguished by the presence of a record number of prominent

officials of the Order who came from all parts of the State to participate in the proceedings. Governor David Sholtz, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, made a special trip from Tallahassee and was one of the principal speakers. He urged the cooperation of all Florida Elks in upholding the dictates of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, and to assist in stamping out the un-American doctrines which are seeking to handicap government.

Past State Pres. Harold Colee, Secy.-Treas. of the Assn., also delivered a fine address. The entire Executive Committee was present, the members of which are Pres. Hale, 1st Vice-Pres. W. P. Mooty, Trustee A. C. Altvater, Mr. Colee, Past Presidents Frank Thompson and J. Edwin Baker, and P.D.D. Leslie L. Anderson. Others present were D.D.'s Alto Adams and M. E. Welborn, 5th Vice-Pres. G. W. Spencer, and Sergeant-at-Arms Peter Gessner.

Mr. Welborn submitted his resignation as 4th Vice-Pres., explaining that since he had



The Drill Team of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, which recently won the State Drill Team Contest at the State Convention at Benton Harbor, Mich.

been appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler to serve as District Deputy for Florida North, he felt that honors should be distributed, and accordingly nominated P.E.R. J. Frank O'Brien, of Jacksonville Lodge, who was unanimously elected. The 1935 Convention of the State Association will be held at Ocala, probably in the early spring. An informal invitation to hold the 1936 meeting in Saint Augustine was extended by P.E.R. J. H. Manucy.

In order that visiting Elks might know more about the Harry-Anna Home, which is sponsored by the State Assn. as its main charity objective, cards were placed in conspicuous places in the Home of DeLand Lodge, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the Institution.

Constructive plans were formulated during the sessions concerning the many important matters under discussion, among them being crippled children's work; special observances and class initiations on Armistice Day, New Year's Day and Washington's Birthday; open Rituals; Eleven O'Clock Toasts; State Association nights; committee meetings; answering advertisements in THE ELKS MAGAZINE; Vice-Presidents' assignments, and the Elks National Foundation.

Harold Colee, Secretary-Treasurer

Utah

The 21st Annual Reunion of the Utah State Elks Association was held September 15 at Eureka, Utah, with Eureka, "Tintic," Lodge, No. 711, acting as host. Representatives of all the Lodges in the State were present.

The registration of delegates took place in the forenoon, and at 1 P.M. the first session was called to order by Pres. J. Alan Pike. The reports of the several committees were adopted unanimously. The Committee on the Student Loan Fund made a comprehensive report in which Chairman Dean R. Daynes stated that the revolving fund of \$1,500 was working out satisfactorily. On his suggestion the Committee was voted full power to handle the fund in such a way as to promote speed in passing on loans to needy students.

Considerable discussion ensued as to the advisability of reorganizing the Association on a new basis. On vote of the delegates a committee was appointed to investigate proposed changes in the By-Laws. The committee met at a second session and its report will be made at the next meeting of the Executive Committee.

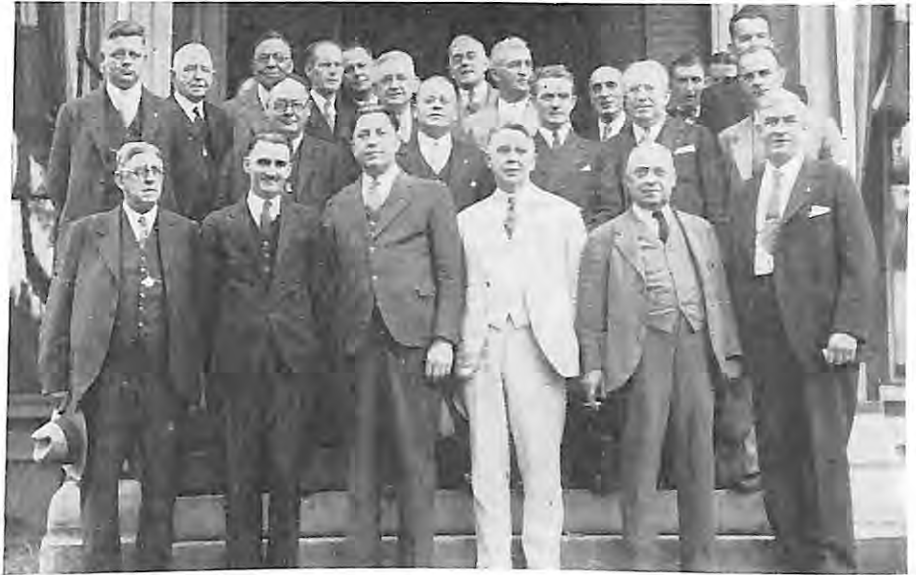
During the business session of the Convention the ladies were entertained at a card party, and the Antler Band of Price Lodge, No. 1550, entertained with a concert. Immediately after the meeting a banquet was held with 300 guests in attendance. One feature of the entertainment program was a series of acts, one being performed by each of the eight Lodges of the State. After the banquet a dance was held in the Elks Pavilion.

The newly elected officers of the Association are: Pres., Clyde J. Roberts, Price; 1st Vice-Pres., Lester Taylor, Park City; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. W. McFarland, Cedar City; 3rd Vice-Pres., Dean R. Daynes, Salt Lake City; 4th Vice-Pres., Howard Griffen, Logan; 5th Vice-Pres., A. T. Hestmark, Ogden; 6th Vice-Pres., Heber Jones, Eureka; 7th Vice-Pres., J. Louis Fisher, Provo; Secy., D. E. Lambourne, Salt Lake City, and Treas., R. Glen Gardner, Provo.

J. Alan Pike, Past President

Colorado

With an attendance of about 250, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Wilbur M. Alter, member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge, U. S. District Attorney Thomas J. Morrissey, Past State Pres. and present D.D., Gov. Ed. C.



Officers and distinguished visitors who were in attendance at the sixth annual Convention of the New Hampshire State Elks Association

Johnson and the Hon. Nate C. Warren, the Colorado State Elks Association held its annual Convention at Pueblo on Aug 29, 30 and 31. The original plan for a two-day session was changed, and much important work was transacted throughout the proceedings.

Colorado Springs, Fort Collins, Boulder and Alamosa Lodges entered teams in the Ritualistic Contest, which turned out to be one of the finest ever held by the Association.

Sixty-Seven New Lodges for the Order's Sixty-Seventh Birthday

One of the many constructive recommendations in Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson's 1934 report as Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was to the effect that the Order commemorate its 67th Birthday next February 16th by the institution of 67 new (or rehabilitated) Lodges in as many non-Elk communities.

Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon has endorsed this plan unqualifiedly and urged his District Deputies to cooperate with their respective State Association Presidents for the purpose of carrying it through to a successful conclusion. There are a number of communities of 5,000 population and up which have never had a Lodge of Elks or in which former Lodges have lost their charters.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE will promptly furnish the names and addresses of Elks in such communities, and Grand Secretary Masters will supply the necessary blanks upon request. The Grand Exalted Ruler urges every loyal Elk to cooperate with a view to providing the Order with this splendid Birthday Gift.

Colorado Springs was declared winner. Loveland was chosen as the host Lodge for the Convention in 1935. Warren R. Dyer, of Pueblo Lodge, was elected President, and W. P. Hurley, of Fort Collins Lodge, Secretary.

W. P. Hurley, State Secretary

New Hampshire

The Sixth Annual Convention of the New Hampshire State Elks Association was held in Manchester, September 29-30, with more than 200 delegates of the 11 member Lodges represented. It was unanimously conceded to have been one of the largest and most successful ever held. Members and guests registered and participated in the various meetings and functions, all held in the Home of Manchester Lodge, No. 146.

The first day's program was informal, open house being observed in the afternoon, followed by dancing and refreshments in the evening. The business meetings began at 1 P.M. the next day and were followed by the Convention banquet and general entertainment which lasted until a late hour. The success of the business sessions and the pleasant and congenial sociability of the entire Convention was largely due to the enterprising and zealous efforts of the local Committee headed by E.R. Fenwick J. Fitzpatrick, and to the Banquet, Music and Entertainment, Decoration, Past Exalted Rulers and Past District Deputies Committees. Tours of the City were conducted by the Ladies' Emblem Club for the wives of the delegates and visitors.

Officers elected to serve the Assn. for the year 1934-35 are as follows: F. E. Norman, Laconia, President; Benjamin P. Hopkins, Keene, 1st Vice-Pres.; Carl A. Savage, Nashua, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Irene Jette, Portsmouth, 3rd Vice-Pres.; Dr. C. J. Washburn, Concord, Sergeant-at-Arms; William J. O'Grady, Nashua, Secy.-Treas.; and William Fraser, Manchester, and Garret A. Cushing, Franklin, Trustees.

The installation was conducted under the direction of P.D.D. James D. DeRocher of Nashua. The guest speakers at the banquet were E. Mark Sullivan of Boston, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge; D.D. Michael J. Nevins of Franklin; retiring Pres. Charles H. Bean of Franklin; Past State Pres. Frank J. Kelly of Concord; P.E.R. H. Styles Bridges of Concord, Republican candidate for Governor; Pres. William J. Moore of Milford, Secy. J. J. Hourin of Framingham, of the Mass. State Elks Assn., and Joseph N. Shafer of Boston, Editor of *The Eastern Elk*. Past Pres. Kelly, who is also a Trustee of the N. H. Assn., was Toastmaster. The local City Government was represented by Aldermen Albert L. Clough, Alphonse Bernier and Thomas Jennings.

A. J. Dubuc, Correspondent

Hands Across the Lathe

(Continued from page 9)

grocer supplies him with empty fruit boxes. These the man of advertising metamorphoses into work-benches and similar contraptions on which he handcarves bits of driftwood into works of art.

AWAY from the multitudinous problems of chefs and menus—from the intricacies of planning banquets and luncheons for thousands of guests simultaneously—Oscar of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York contentedly surveys the blue rimmed Catskills from a window in his homeworkshop. He counts no weekend complete unless he has created some piece of decorative furniture or ornament for one of his country homes, or made some repair or replacement for his farm machinery.

The house which is his warm weather retreat has eighteen rooms. The house to which he journeys for each winter week-end has six rooms and is, therefore, small. But no estate—large or small—would be adequate in the estimation of Oscar of the Waldorf, unless it were equipped with a workshop dedicated to creating works of art and usefulness with the brains and muscles a kind Providence has given him. Hence, one little part of his thousand acres is the site of a shop in which for more than thirty years the internationally famous host of the Waldorf-Astoria has temporarily forgotten the trials and triumphs of his life-long profession by working skillfully with chisels, drill-presses and band-saws.

Unlike many other celebrated professional or business men who turn to woodcraft or metalcraft late in life, the inimitable Oscar is a self-starter as a homeworkshop devotee. He says: "I have always been fond of farming tools and machinery, so really nothing in particular started me. It was just that I played with and used woodworking tools as a young school boy, and have never tried to get over it."

Glenn ("Pop") Warner, game-winning football coach at Georgia, Cornell, Stanford and Temple Universities, has a between-football season use for hands that direct the gridiron destinies of college athletes each fall. "Pop" fancies golf and has original ideas. One of these is the "stream line" head which, as the impact-giving part of a golf club, makes for a straight flight for the hole and enormous distance. "Pop" produces these clubs personally in his homeworkshop.

ADD to an imposing list of notables such screen stars as Walter Huston and Rod La Roque.

Between impersonations in the movies Mr. Huston retreats from the studio lot to a cabin in the San Bernardino Mountains where a commodious basement room has become a workshop in which he produces excellent furniture—good enough to make his guests and family comfortable. When Mr. Huston returns to Broadway as a legitimate actor he brings part of his homeworkshop with him. Using his hands to make things with tools steadies him mentally and physically, he says.

Rod La Roque, who leaped into fame when "Ben Hur" was screened and has been featured in many a subsequent film, is one of the stars who looks at stars—not with naked eyes but through a powerful telescope which he has put together in his California workshop. Like many another of his fraternity, ship models also fascinate him.

An astonishing number of celebrities are amateur astronomers by virtue of their own

handiwork. At the little City of Springfield, Vermont, former Governor James Hartness gazes at starry heavens through a huge telescope in a subterranean observatory. Ralph Edward Flanders, his associate in the Jones and Lamson Machine Company, is one of



Howard Vincent O'Brien, a writer who believes that well equipped amateur craftsmen do better work now than professionals did heretofore

eighteen Springfield amateur and professional men who build their own telescopes, from lenses to eyepieces.

If you are among the millions who regularly tune in to hear "Sunday Evening with Seth Parker," or if you have been mentally gripped by his dramatic continuity, "The Country Doctor," you may or may not be surprised to know that the energetic Phillips Lord is, in private life, a homecraft hobbyist. Young Mr. Lord—still in his thirties—seems to have been born with a love for tools. Having none of his own he toured neighborhood farms until he found a well stocked tool shed, in which he chopped, sawed and nailed scrap lumber until he had fashioned a crude ship model. This was the beginning of his homeworkshop career.

As soon as he struck it rich in radio Mr. Lord (Seth Parker to you on the receiving sets) built a workshop fifty feet long, eighteen feet wide and sixteen feet high, right behind his Long Island home. A hardwood floor and a maple bench thirty feet long were installed for good measure. Mr. Lord and a boyhood buddy did the building, but the radio artist paid for a most elaborate equipment of power and hand tools. Then he began to give workshop parties.

Sunday evenings, after his broadcast, fellow radio, screen and stage celebrities join him at the workbench, roll up their sleeves and saw, fit and glue. Irene Rich and many others have been known to sift quietly from the host's parlor into his glorified work emporium. Miss Rich has pinned back her crinoline and built an antique milking stool of mahogany, absolutely without assistance.

And now that Mr. Lord is sailing around the world in his good ship, *Seth Parker*, much of the ship's hold is set aside for lathe, grinder, jig-saw, drill press, band-saw, bench-saw and planer—on which the radio notable

labors between broadcasts. From Jonesboro, Maine, to China and Good Hope he expects to dock and entertain the local notables in this peregrinating playroom. No true handicrafter is happy without his tools.

Way down yonder below the Antarctic Circle the courageous Commander "Dick" Byrd is whiling away otherwise ultra-long hours with more than seventy-five pieces of wood-working and metal-working hand machinery which were loaded on his supply ship, *Bear*, before it steamed away from this Continent. Commander Byrd has reported his ship workshop progress via the radio. Tony Wons has listened in. You know Tony's "R' You Listenen'" and "Tony's Scrapbook." Tony has one of those moving workshops also. During each winter the shop is on Long Island. During each summer it is in a northern Wisconsin fishing camp. And, being a fishing bug, I almost regret to tell you that the radio artist will forsake the fish for a hobby which means more fun and relaxation to him.

A DYED-IN-THE-SHOP handicrafter packs his tools with him, along with his children. Major Clyde V. Simpson of the United States Army Signal Corps began making his own furniture with a scroll-saw, motor and "slot in the bench" lathe in 1924, while stationed near San Francisco. Subsequently he moved the outfit with him to the Philippines, then to Washington. One of his pet productions is a sewing screen for Mrs. Simpson. His reading stand, which keeps a magazine before him no matter what position he may assume in his easy chair, was made from native hardwoods in the Philippines.

A casual acquaintance with the growing army of amateur handicrafters impresses an observer with the widely diversified vocations of its adherents. During his official working hours Elmer Luke is a radio expert at the Bellevue, District of Columbia, Naval Research Station. When not concentrating on air waves, static, reception and interference, Mr. Luke is wondering how fast a miniature steam power boat can really go. In other words his mind is on water waves and steam engines. To settle the question for himself he makes little power boats in his homeworkshop. His latest effort, three-and-a-half feet long and equipped with a tiny steam engine, goes thirty miles an hour under sixty pounds of steam pressure. Is Papa Luke proud of his baby? Ask Papa.

The national Capital is populous with wood-working and metal-working hobbyists. Professionally an attorney and a special investigator for the Interstate Commerce Commission, Albert F. Clow finds time in Washington to build miniature, steam-driven locomotives which burn coke or coal, speed up to fifteen miles an hour on diminutive tracks, and are sold at from \$150 to \$300 to Vincent Astor and other "live steamers." A "live steamer," as workers in metal know, is a lover of locomotives who thumbs his nose at miniatures driven by springs, clock-work or electricity. But as it costs real money to be a "live steamer" there are only about a hundred in this country.

Dr. Edward Grant Dexter, a Division Chief of the Veterans' Bureau, has a workshop in his Washington home where he has created from junk a workable refracting telescope. He also has a collection of personally hand-carved walking sticks; has patented a silver mounted coconut cup and saucer, and is an expert on semi-microscopic models. In a sense, Dr. Dexter is a throw-back to the whittlers whom Ernest Elmo

Calkins recalls so fondly, for the Veterans' Bureau official can carve a single matchstick into eleven links in eleven minutes!

Which suggests this idea: We have old fiddlers' contests; why not have expert whittlers' contests? Only—Dr. Dexter does his whittling with remodeled dissecting knives. If he brought these weapons to a competition the other contenders might produce razors. However, this can be said enthusiastically about the cult of handicrafters—they form a friendly fraternity. Brother greets brother across the scroll-saw and lathe. Devotion to bits, gouges, blades and dowels runs in groups related only in their love for tools, as well as in those related by family ties.

EVERYBODY in Milwaukee knows Louis Allis. Many persons outside the Wisconsin metropolis also know him or his electric motors, for Louis has been making them in quantities for many years. He is an old-school manufacturer who can run a lathe, drill press or milling machine, or wind and assemble a motor with the best workers in his factory. Furthermore, sixty-seven-year-old Bill Allis is father of twelve-year-old Bill Allis.

The "old man" likes to pal with his growing son, so he brought Bill into the Allis homeworkshop to bridge the years that lie between them. Bill goes in for making toys and battleships. Louis specializes in tables, chairs and desks. But, back to back, they work together. Not a bad idea, a family workshop. Bill thinks he would like to be a wood-worker in Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's furniture factory if Hyde Park, New York, wasn't so darned far from Milwaukee.

The millions who have become homeworkshop makers of wooden and metal articles may be classified into three groups—those fond of handicraft as a pastime, those who follow a new calling because their regular jobs have disappeared and those who are home-craftsmen heroically. In the last two classes there are few hobbyists.

John W. Wood of Bloomfield, Indiana, was a carpenter by trade until 1932. Old Man Depression took all his jobs away from him. Time hung heavily on two idle hands and said hands held no money. So Carpenter Wood gave up trying to work for other people. He bought some new tools and began to make furniture. For more than a year he has made furniture at home. He has also made a living, which is something else again these days.

For many months times have been especially tough in the soft coal fields. Paul Florence of Red Dragon, West Virginia, had mined coal for years and supported a family of six children. Then his income stopped. Paul looked around frantically and got the idea of making fancy furniture. Other miners were being helped by the Red Cross and by Boone County charity. Paul went in for spinning wheels and, strangely enough, sold them. He also sold other pieces of his handiwork. His former mine engineer calls him a furniture artist. Paul sidelines in shoe repairing and barbering but he hopes to specialize exclusively in inlay woodworking some day.

THOUSANDS of men who have slipped from prosperity are earning a living by using their hands and heads with excellent bodily health to back them. Others are more heavily handicapped. For more than a decade Bernard J. Roemer of Colorado Springs has been a bedfast invalid. Only in the last few years has he been able to use his arms and fingers at all. Less than four years ago an occupational therapist visited Bernard and studied his case.

"Why don't you try making little jig-saw puzzles?" the therapist suggested. "I think it can be done—if you will hold the saw

blade in a hand frame of special manufacture."

During his long illness Bernard had played with as many jig-saw puzzles as he could find, though they had not become so popular at the time. The therapist's idea appealed to him. He found the work interesting but rather strenuous. He knew from playing with the intricate, close fitting, carefully made puzzles that his work would have to be unusually good if he hoped to sell it.

In January, 1930, he came into possession of a new scroll saw and work bench which could be mounted on a table poised over his bed. A small electric motor furnished the power. Bernard became "The Puzzle Makers of Colorado Springs," which sounded and looked businesslike. He launched his new business with a "Pike's Peak Picture Puzzle." He bought colored labels and mailing boxes. He arranged to make use of Eddie Guest's verse, "The Jig-Saw Puzzle" in his advertising.

Within a year Bernard J. Roemer was largely responsible for a jig-saw craze so violent that during 1932 more than 2,000,000 persons purchased interlocking puzzles and spent \$10,000,000 on them and their stamped paper counterparts. Out of that craze he paid his debts and made some money. He is strong for homeworkshop handicrafting in or out of an invalid's bed.

Fortune decrees that Vernon C. Snyder of Massillon, Ohio, must do such work as he can from a wheel chair—the kind so often found in hospitals. But his arms and hands are O.K. and he likes all kinds of tools, so he makes radio benches, lamps and comedy outline birds and animals as "set pieces" for lawns.

In Mairdale Sanatorium at Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, John Gazdeski has three spare hours—his exercise hours—each day. He also has a set of hand tools. With them he makes cedar chests, wardrobes, checker boards and hope chests. The last are, it seems to me, significant. John Gazdeski says he is daily feeling better.

For more than five years E. L. Morris has been confined to his home in Cleveland, Ohio, unable to work. His doctor prescribed a hobby. As Mr. Morris has spent most of his life in the poultry business he couldn't think of an indoor hobby. His wife suggested making odd bits of furniture. This was new stuff to him but he got some tools and made a stab at it. The physical results have been some remarkable pieces of furniture of which the prize, experts declare, is

a grandfather's clock designed from his brain and not from pictures. The Morrises are proud and happy.

Turning, spool turning, scroll sawing, dadoing and doing plenty of work on the jointer, Oscar D. Willis of Huntington, West Virginia, has made fancy clocks and other wood ornaments in his home *with only a left hand to work with.*

THE honor roll is long and inspiring among handicrafters. The universal tendency to work with our hands is illustrated not only by interesting specific examples such as those above, but also by an occupational census of various clubs affiliated with the National Homeworkshop Guild.

The Beckley, West Virginia, Homeworkshop Club includes an architect, a lawyer, a book-keeper, a physician, an officer of a collection agency, an automobile mechanic, a school instructor, a machinist, a newspaper circulation manager, a criminal court judge, a student, a railroad man—and the Beckley Chief of Police! Their meetings, I may add, are notably harmonious and orderly in spite of the fact that each is a gathering of hobbyists—metal workers, woodworkers, wood turners, model makers and addicts to archery.

Amarillo's Homeworkshop Club, away out on the Texas Panhandle, embraces in its membership an electrical engineer, dentist, laborer, manual training instructor—who literally comes in handy—a science teacher, insurance agent, chemical engineer and a retired merchant. These men are permitted to use the senior high school shops and machines for their informal wood-working and metal-turning classes. They also hold the distinction of having met in the United States Helium Plant where a demonstration in expert metal turning was given by John Odom through the courtesy of Chief Engineer C. W. Seibel, a local Club member.

At Topeka, Capital of Kansas, a pharmacist, printer, hardware merchant and engineer are among the Club members. Topeka was one of the first clubs publicly to announce that its membership was not restricted to the more usual workshop activities, but that men interested in photography, radio, astronomy, chemistry, microscopy and similar hobbies were welcome.

At Lansdale, near Philadelphia, Albert Perkins, a machinist, constructed a perfect model of the famous DeWitt Clinton locomotive and passenger coach; Lester Fischer,

(Continued on page 36)



Tony Wons, well known for his readings over the radio, is but one of the many business and professional men who are enthusiastic amateur craftsmen

(Continued from page 35)

a bricklayer, produced a practical and artistic tapestry-covered lounge chair; Charles Weitz, a hosiery mill worker, turned his capable hands to making a highly ornamental doorstep; Eli Hendricks, a milk distributor, employed some of his leisure in creating a walnut magazine stand—all in token that the Lansdale Handicraft Club justifies its name.

During a public address on this subject, Oscar Goering, instructor of industrial art in the Lansdale schools, exhibited a copper sundial, a bird-bath, pewter bowls and ladles, metal etchings, block printing, home-made cameras and the resulting photography—as proofs that Lansdale men know how to profit from leisure time.

RELATIVE to the rush toward handicraft shops in our homes the distinguished novelist and literary critic, Howard Vincent O'Brien of the *Chicago Daily News*, declares: "What has happened is nothing short of economic revolution. One of its byproducts may be the death of cities. For an astonishingly low investment a man can have manufacturing equipment in his basement that not the best equipped factories had a half century ago.

"The machine age began with the steam engine which, in turn, created the city as we know it. Labor flocked to cities because power was there. Today, power is widely distributed by electricity, and motor driven tools enable the individual to compete with the factory.

"The speed of this revolution is breathtaking. In almost any hardware store one can buy a drill press, for example, that is better and costs less than the factory machine of a decade ago. The amateur is thus equipped to turn out better work than an expert professional of the past generation. And yet—it might be well to warn the credulous that it takes more than a dollar, a jig saw and a few nails to create a satisfactory Chippendale."

Happily the great majority of workshop devotees are workers. The dabblers and dilettantes do not last long. But increasing regiments of regulars joyfully carry on and extend their hands across to their brother craftsmen who man the scroll-saw and the lathe. So the recently organized National Homeworkshop Guild rests on a broad and yet well knit foundation of fraternal interest and enthusiasm. Backing the Guild, which is pledged to find profitable work for idle hands, there is an imposing Advisory

Council the membership of which includes: Professor Collins P. Bliss, Dean of the College of Engineering of New York University; Dr. Clyde A. Bowman, Dean of the School of Industrial Education at Stout Institute, Menominee, Wisconsin; Harvey Wiley Corbett, Chairman of the Century of Progress Exposition Architectural Commission and one of the designers of Radio City; Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service; Major-General Benjamin D. Foulois, Chief of the Air Corps of the United States Army; Captain E. Armitage McCann, Founder of the Ship Model Makers' Club; Dr. Francis G. Pease, Astronomer at the Mt. Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, California; and Frank A. Vanderlip, financier and banker.

THUS the general movement into home basements and other workshops of more than a million able Americans is to be guided by well schooled, influential, public spirited citizens. The Guild, I might add, is strictly an altruistic, non-profit making, non-commercial institution. But it promises to turn the energies and talents of a peaceful army into material and spiritual values which will mean much to our nation during these transitional times.

The Thirteenth Day

(Continued from page 15)

that every day a little brown man halted somewhere near Brick Kiley and a voice tolled off the remaining days of the thirteen that had been allotted him.

He never knew when the voice was coming. He only knew it would come and he would try to set himself for it as though it were a physical thing and his tensed muscles could ease the blow. Every day he went thus from dawn to evening prayer, his mind, his nerves, his muscles drawn to a thin, fine line. And every night he came home wet with sweat, gasping. For the last three days he stumbled into bed too spent to eat and Rosie sat beside spooning food between his lips until he fell into a half-sleep broken by dreams.

But he didn't crack. Not until the morning of the twelfth day. It was Saturday and they were at breakfast—he and Johnny with Rosie standing behind them serving, when the soft slip of bare feet brought their eyes up. A man stood just inside the verandah door. He was very old and the seams in his face were deeply etched, like the grain of old mahogany. There was a white turban on his head and his loin cloth was white above his pipe stem knees.

"It is the last day but one, Sahib," he said, looking at Brick Kiley. A soft, almost a compassionate glow lighted his sombre eyes for just a moment. Then they were veiled—and then he went as he had come.

Brick Kiley stood up. "Christ," he said and slipped down so that his stiff red curls mingled with the fruit on his plate and the thin little scream that broke from Rosie's lips was drowned by the sound of his sobbing.

Johnny got him to bed and gave him a bromide.

"Try to get him to stay asleep," he told Rosie, and left her sitting by Brick Kiley's bedside while he trundled out his bicycle and rode to the office. Carleton saw him coming—alone—and met him at the door. Johnny slid from his bike and shook himself to keep awake. He spoke quickly, answering the question in Carleton's eyes.

"Collapse," he said—"I put him to bed." The Superintendent nodded grimly and held open the screen door. "Come in," he

said. A stranger was sitting at the long office table. He held a sun helmet on his knees and he was tanned the color of mahogany.

Carleton introduced him. "Mr. Bertram, Johnny. Johnny Marvin." He waved a hand toward the stranger. "He may have the answer for us."

Johnny steadied himself against the table edge and bowed. Bertram smiled. His voice was mellow, his speech broadly accented.

"The man needs change," he said. "Rest won't help because he can still think, regardless. It's all mental y'know." He shifted the topee. "I came down to get Carleton up for some pigsticking. He told me about this chap Kiley so I've suggested we take you all along. Sticking pigs, you understand, is not a job for a novice. But we can shoot them."

JOHNNY sat down. He wanted nothing so much that moment as to sleep. He heard Carleton's voice pick up where Bertram's had left off.

"It's only a couple of hours by car," he urged. "We can run up this afternoon for tiffin and start out tomorrow morning. Be back at dusk, I think," he finished slowly. "It's the best thing we can do for Kiley. Today's Saturday. You can both take the day off. Tomorrow is," he smiled ruefully, "the thirteenth day. Well, he won't be here to be reminded of it. He'll be thinking of something else. And when he comes to work Monday the damnable thing will be past and closed."

Johnny got up and crossed to the doorway. "I'll go tell him," he said.

Pedaling back along the road to Balasore, Johnny began to feel better. Perhaps this plan was the best thing for Brick. That thought helped to assuage the creeping weariness and the vicarious touch of his beloved gun stock against his cheek gave him a little glow of anticipation. He was smiling when he drew up before the bungalow and tiptoed softly across the verandah to the front room.

There was no sound at first except the hum of insects out of doors and the sleepy

cheep of a bird. Then from the bedroom beyond he caught the soft sound of voices. They seemed curiously hushed.

He had opened his lips to call but something stopped him. Some quality in that almost-whispered blur of voices. Then he heard Brick's voice:

"I can't help it," he was saying. There was a driving earnestness in the tone. "I sat back and watched Johnny make love to you and said nothing because the kid was my friend. I watched him go to France and I stuck back on the open hearths feeling like a damn slacker just because I couldn't leave you. And then I see you two get married and go away and I'm lost till I get this chance to come out too. What do you think I came here for? The job? There's better jobs right where I was. I came to be near you."

There was a momentary pause and a little gasp. Standing in the center of the front room Johnny swayed. He wanted terribly to be away. Not to eavesdrop. Not to know that he was hearing Brick Kiley talk that way to Rosie. He set one foot behind him as though feeling his way to the door. But then her voice came and stopped him. Made it impossible for him to move.

"I understand, Brick," she said. "I've loved you too, perhaps, all this time."

SHE paused again and Johnny felt himself swaying in the outer room. Then she went on:

"I've loved you both, you see. But with Johnny somehow it was different. He seemed to need me so. You didn't need anyone. Ever. Not then, and now suddenly it is all changed. You need help—and loving care." Her voice went off key—strained. "I don't know what . . ."

"You've got to come away with me." Brick's voice was harsh, impelling. "I tell you I'm almost nuts here. I want to go back."

The grating voice galvanized something in Johnny Marvin. The limpness went out of his knees and he stood up and swung silently about and made his way to the door and the verandah. He stood for a moment on

(Continued on page 38)

“Test!” SAID SEAGRAM'S *“Yes!”* SAID AMERICA



NOW IT'S AMERICA'S LEADING WHISKEY

S

YOU WILL ENJOY—
Seagram's
Bottled-in-Bond Whiskies:

SEAGRAM'S V. O.
SEAGRAM'S "83"
SEAGRAM'S "ANCIENT BOTTLE" RYE
SEAGRAM'S BOURBON

SEAGRAM'S CELEBRATED
LONDON DRY GIN
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Here's How Professionals Test Whiskey

1. Pour a little into a glass.
2. Swish around to moisten inside of glass.
3. Pour whiskey back into bottle.
4. Inhale aroma left in glass.

The aroma of Seagram's moderately priced Crown Whiskies will be mellow, warm and smooth—like that of the most expensive whiskies. The aroma of young, green whiskey is usually harsh. *Aroma indicates quality*—as your taste will verify.

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Seagram's

CROWN WHISKIES

Say Seagram's and be Sure



(Continued from page 36)

the steps, breathing deeply. Then he squared himself and got his bicycle and brought it up to the house again with a clatter, and whistled before he stamped across the verandah boards and inside.

"Hello," he called and went into the big room, but halfway across Rosie met him, her eyes big and her hands fluttering up against his chest.

"Johnny, nothing has happened? You are all right?"

He smiled down at her and took heart from the straight look of her eyes on his hand and patted her band.

"Nothing wrong," he answered, "it's good news. A holiday. Come on." He took her wrist and led the way into Brick Kiley's room.

"A holiday," he said again, forcing a lift into his voice. "We're driving up country this afternoon for tiffin and tomorrow we go hunting." He looked at Rosie. "All of us," he added.

Brick Kiley had been sitting on the edge of the bed, staring down at the rush mat under his feet. Now he scrubbed one huge hand sharply across his eyes and got up.

"The hell with it," he said gruffly. He walked stumpily across the room and came back. "Oh, all right," he said then. "What difference does it make?"

THE air was still washed by the moisture of the night when they set out on Sunday morning—the morning of the thirteenth day. Rosie of course did not go. They left her standing by the well curb in front of Bertram's house, twisting her wedding ring on her finger, a tight frown of anxiety between her eyes.

The beaters were on ahead and Bertram waited until the group of white men were beyond earshot of the well before he gave instructions.

"Carleton and I will take the flanks," he said. "We've had some experience at this sort of thing. You chaps take the center."

He smiled at Johnny. "I understand you are a *pukka* marksman. It's a good thing when a chap's after pig."

He stepped on ahead and his voice came back over his shoulder, coolly, in final warning.

"The wild pig is the deadliest animal in India so don't underestimate him—and don't miss."

They went on almost in silence for perhaps thirty minutes. Then Bertram halted again, directing the beaters and gun bearers. A few minutes later Carleton cut off to the left and vanished in the high grass. Bertram cut to the right.

"Best stay within thirty paces," he called. "The grass thins out a bit up ahead. We'll try to drive the beggars into the open there."

He moved on and vanished. From up ahead the vague sounds of movement came back to Johnny. He looked about him. Brick was examining his borrowed rifle, attempting to test the unfamiliar bolt action. Johnny shifted his own gun into position and pushed ahead into the tangled reeds.

For ten, fifteen, twenty minutes or more he went on although he had no reckoning of time. He was like a man walking in his sleep. The gun in his hands felt foreign to him, detached. He had forgotten Bertram's injunction. He didn't know where Brick was. He was going back over the years. You must remember that Johnny had had three loves. First, the job he'd given up, and then Brick, his idol and then Rosie, his wife. And now those last two were the only things in the world that mattered and they had let him down.

Incuriously he surveyed himself, and Brick and Rosie—and the intervening years since they had all known one another first. It came to him as he thrust ahead through the diminishing grass, that he could find justifi-

cation for all of them and it gave him a sense of relief.

Why shouldn't Brick have loved Rosie? Of course. But he had kept still about it. He had played fair until this crack-up.

And why shouldn't Rosie in turn have loved Brick? He, Johnny, loved Brick in the way one man can love another. He stopped suddenly and looked about him. The grass was almost gone. A clearing like a stretch of overgrown Indiana prairie opened before him. The sun scorched through the linen across his shoulders and he ran the back of his hand across his lips. He felt suddenly helpless.



"She loves him—he loves her," he said half aloud. "What must I do?"

The thick air took up the question and swirled it about his head. And then abruptly he saw the answer—the way out. A patch of thicker grass parted perhaps thirty yards ahead and to his right and from between the frond-like blades a long snout protruded. It came on and Johnny saw the slaving mouth, the ugly yellowish gleam of the tusks and the red anger of the eyes. It was a big boar even for that section—thigh high to Johnny, ruthlessly, fearlessly deadly.

Johnny braced himself and smiled. The gun came up to his shoulder smoothly, the stock nestled beneath his jaw and his eyes went instinctively to the sights. He drew one long breath and exhaled and then held it. His trigger finger moved infinitesimally in the first movement of the squeeze. And then—unaccountably he laughed deep in his throat, and pulled.

Now Johnny, as Bertram had said, was a *pukka* marksman. The bullet went exactly as he had intended. It did not kill! Instead it creased the thick-bristled hide just beyond the shoulder and drove a deep furrow across the hunched back. Almost as it struck, Johnny could see the angry red groove of its course, saw the fury blaze to the boar's eyes as they swung upon him. And then it charged him.

THE smile on Johnny's face tightened sharply and died. He took a step forward, bracing himself—and the boar stopped because from Johnny's right had come a furious bellow—a wild Gaelic yell and Brick Kiley had stepped out into the open, waving the borrowed gun he didn't know how to shoot.

For a stupefied second Johnny stood slack and still. Twenty feet from him and five yards nearer the boar, the massive figure of Brick Kiley stood with feet planted—swinging the gun by the barrel. Beyond him a bristling thunderbolt swung its head and dug in its knife-edged cloven hoofs for the attack.

Then it came on. A leap—two. The gun in Johnny Marvin's limp hand snapped to his shoulder with perfect precision. In the space of an eye-wink, the butt settled, the eye sought the sights, the finger and the trigger. And then without warning Thought struck Johnny Marvin. It came as sharply—as paralyzingly as the sting of a hornet.

The boar was charging Brick Kiley—Brick Kiley who loved Rosie—Brick Kiley who wanted her—and Bertram had said they were deadly—must not miss—the thirteenth day!

THE crushing weight of it clouded his eyes and for a moment he wavered. Then he shook himself like a terrier and thrust the thought away. This time, this one time, he must not miss. He drew a bead and fired—and missed. Johnny Marvin, marksman, who never missed—missed that shot.

The bullet grooved again across the toughened shoulder muscles, searing the flesh. As though it had been spun on an axis, the boar whirled. For an instant Johnny could see the red hatred in the little eyes, bright and horrible as jets of blood, coming toward him.

But once more the Gaelic bellow sounded and this time Brick Kiley charged. The gun swept down and the stock shattered against the thick boned skull. For only an instant the rush was checked and in that split-second Brick Kiley threw the weight of his great body across the blood red eyes.

Johnny didn't know he had fired again until he felt the shock of the recoil. He was kneeling and the smoking gun was in his hands. The boar lay dead almost at his feet and beneath it was Brick Kiley, panting, smashed, on the trampled grass.

THEY went back through the tall grass, Bertram in the lead and the beaters carrying the litter that bore Brick Kiley. They had gone half way or more on the way to the well curb in front of Bertram's house before conscious thought came back to Johnny Marvin. It came to him then through the medium of Brick Kiley's voice, that he was walking beside the litter and that Brick's big hand was in his own.

Brick was talking to him.

"I'm washed up, kid," he said, "but it was a good bout."

The big head rolled on the rush pallet and he smiled. His voice was thick.

"Take care of Rosie, kid."

Johnny Marvin sobbed inside of him and swallowed and looked down.

"Listen, Brick," he said and his voice was sharp with anxiety. "I tried, I leveled down."

THE man on the litter grinned at him and the red hand squeezed.

"Sure you did, kid, you're always level. You and Rosie." He was silent for a space—ten, twelve steps. Then he cleared his throat.

"I had a brainstorm yesterday. Can't tell you about it now. But don't ever forget this, kid. Rosie loves you. Stick with her and take good care of her."

The other hand came up across his eyes in that characteristic gesture of puzzlement and then it slipped away and lay still.

Behind him Johnny heard Carleton's voice, soft, assuaging.

"Your gun, Johnny, you forgot it."

He felt the smooth stock in his hand and he stiffened. Then he threw it away and a little shudder ran between his shoulder blades.

"I never want to see it again," he said. "I'll never touch another gun again."

THERE is, as has been said before, many a strange man's job in this man's world. One of the strangest is trouble shooter in a cement plant. A man who uses a gun to shoot away fusing balls of stone in a block long kiln so that in some far port a new mole may be laid on time, a new road built across a mountain, a tower rise against the clouds.

IN the vast plant of the United Cement Company on the shores of Lake Michigan a kiln tender will look through a little peep-hole. Perhaps he'll see a little mound grow and form like a hornet's nest and he will signal down the long tunnel of the kiln room to where Johnny Marvin stands waiting—waiting just as he did before.

And Johnny will pick up a gun from a rack against the wall and he'll take sight at the peep hole and clip away the fusing balls of molten stone—also just as he did before.

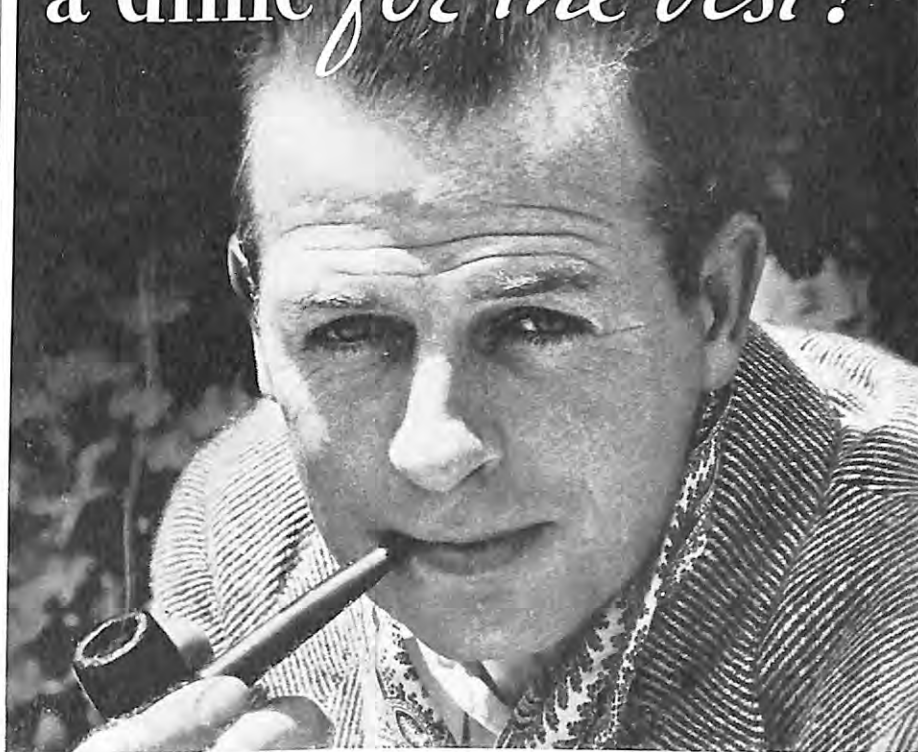
The arm that lifts the gun will be dead-weight on his shoulders and the eye that sights the gun will be filmed because Johnny hates his job and hates the feel of the stock against his cheek. But he never misses.

THAT is why the cement company wants him and is willing to pay him far above the scale. And that is why Johnny holds his job although he'd sworn never to touch a gun again. Because you see, Johnny must earn a good salary now.

He has to take home a good pay check to the bungalow on the Lake Michigan shores for Rosie and the black-haired baby and Brick Kiley, who sits all day in a wheel chair and takes treatments twice a week from the specialist in Chicago who says that some day he will walk again.

THE road to Balasore has all but forgotten them. All but a handful of devout and turbanned laborers, who, at the hour of evening prayer, when they face the holy Mecca, sometimes recall with compassion the Sahib Kiley who sinned. And recalling him they pray the more devoutly because they believe it was the judgment of Allah that brought atonement on the thirteenth day. And they are very sincere in that belief. They do not know that Brick Kiley did what he did for love.

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How Much Do We Really Think?

(Continued from page 11)

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it had been originated by some "stern old divine."

Nobody thinks "a little bird told me" is new, but I doubt if many of us stop to think it came from so old a source as the Book of Ecclesiastes. When we wish to express the idea of a close call, or narrow escape, we still go back to the Book of Job for "escaped with the skin of my teeth." Likewise, we have not greatly improved on "heap coals of fire on his head," from King Solomon's compilation of Proverbs. Nor have we thought of a better way to express the unwisdom of setting too much store on future events than "don't count your chickens before they are hatched"—first said by an Englishman named Samuel Butler who was born in 1612.

WE hear much these days about "radicals"—largely because the word "radical" as a term for a person who would take action in sharp contrast with prevailing opinion, was used by Lord Bolingbroke, in England, more than 100 years ago.

I received a letter the other day in which the word "Esquire" followed my name on the envelope—presumably as a term of flattery—like "honorable," which is often applied to congressmen, judges, and others, who are not always especially honorable. Now, just why should I be called an Esquire? Back in the days of chivalry, sons of minor nobles were often sent for training to the castles of superior lords.

Those between the ages of seven and fourteen were called pages or varlets; after fourteen they were called esquires. Later, according to Blackstone, one who bore office or important trust under the Crown was entitled to have "esquire" after his name. But how does that apply to me? At the present time I am neither a varlet nor an esquire in anybody's castle, nor do I hold any important job under the Crown. If I am called "esquire" it is simply because somebody has accepted something he has seen or heard without stopping to think.

WE are often warned to mind our P's and Q's—because these letters looked alike in Roman type, as they still do, and also because pints and quarts in ale houses were often designated by P's and Q's. But to most of us the danger of confusing p's and q's is a minor problem. If we refer to them it is not because the expression is so apt, but rather because we have heard somebody else say it.

We sometimes speak of a sophisticated person as one who has "seen the animals," or "seen the elephant." That is because many years ago the London Zoo was considered one of the greatest sights in the English metropolis and when a man returned from London, people asked him if he had seen the animals.

When the miniature golf craze swept the country a few years ago the best description we could hit on was to call them Tom



Once only the sons of nobles were called "Esquire," and overcoat pockets were cut at an angle for a very definite reason

Thumb golf courses, though the dwarf, Tom Thumb, who became famous as one of Barnum's exhibits, died in 1883.

BUT all these phrases out of the past, which we use even though we don't know exactly why, form only a small part of our everyday conversation. Much of what we say is made up of current slang. By means of slang it is possible for two people to talk without exchanging a single idea. In a restaurant one evening I heard a young man and a pretty girl carrying on an animated conversation. If I had not been sitting near enough to hear everything they said I should have thought these two were especially gifted talkers, never lacking for a word or an idea. But in the course of an hour I did not hear a word except standard slang. Their entire conversation was assembled parts.

"You're looking like a million dollars this evening," said he.

"So's your Aunt Lillie," she replied, and then both laughed gayly over this quick repartee.

"Some place, this," he observed.

"I'll say it is," said she.

"Yes, I'll tell the cockeyed world," he added.

As I say, for an hour they kept this up. "Be Yourself." "Act your age." "Where have you been all my life?" "OK."

THEY had no need to express ideas or to think, for they had absorbed enough phrases to enable them to talk back and forth indefinitely.

I have listened to people's telephone conversation and wondered what would happen if there were no expression "OK."

Anybody can pick up a copy of the Congressional Record and discover that the average member of Congress in delivering a speech shows almost no evidence of thinking processes but has simply strung together standard phrases that have proved useful in the past. "I say without fear of successful contradiction." "I do not hesitate to say." "I yield to no man in admiration of—." No thoughts; just words.

The same thing is true of the average speech at a class reunion, a convention, or a formal dinner. "A subject that must arouse tender memories in the breast of everyone here," "we all realize that there are no ties so lasting," "in the rush and hurry of business life," "extend a helping hand," "I know your hearts beat true," "the enthusiasm manifested here today," "indeed gratifying to us all."

We all know the kind!

MUCH of our education follows old concepts and traditions rather than sensible adaptation to modern situations. We often hear of a professor being fired for being too "advanced"; but who ever heard of a professor being dismissed because he was too inclined to do everything the way it has always been done?

Latin was taught in England at one time because about the only books available were printed in Latin. Later, when important books were no longer in Latin but in English, education still required pupils to learn Latin—not because it was any longer necessary but because studying it had long been customary. They said it was excellent training for the mind; but that was the excuse rather than the reason for continuing it.

Even the buildings used for education are sometimes traditional rather than sensible. When one of the great eastern colleges wishes to put up a building especially elegant, they do not take full advantage of all the information now available about steel construction—to permit the maximum of air and sunlight—as well as beauty. Rather, they imitate the buildings at Oxford, because they were built a long time ago—in a period

(Continued on page 42)

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For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.

(Continued from page 41)

when, because of structural necessities, it was impossible to give much space to windows.

At the present time we have discovered that our great use of machinery is causing "technological unemployment." Instead of rejoicing in our machinery as a means of setting men free, we are now carrying on many public works where machinery is used as little as possible and the maximum of hand labor is a requirement. In other words, we have not paused to consider that it isn't work we want so much as the results of work. It has not yet occurred to us that if we had enough machinery to do all our work, with no human labor needed to obtain the ordinary necessities of life, that would be Utopia! We are still fretting about finding more work for men to do instead of devoting ourselves to means of giving the widest possible distribution to the goods our machines are already capable of producing.

We still rejoice over sending away more goods to foreign countries than we receive in exchange—though if an individual operated on that basis he naturally would be considered crazy. We call this excess of goods sent away over goods received "favorable balance of trade." Our willingness to do this is presumably because at one time, when we were a debtor instead of a creditor nation, this favorable balance could be ap-

plied to our foreign debts. Today we give this excess of goods in exchange for worthless bonds!

Our financiers are still concerned about the lack of "new issues"—that is, new issues of bonds and other debt claims—never stopping to think that increasing our debts was wise only in an era of scarcity, whereas now we are in an era of surplus. Because of our habit of unthinkingly accepting whatever has existed for a long time, we are trying to apply to the present age the machinery of an age that is passed.

We still believe whatever *is* is right, though if we stopped to *think*, instead of accepting what we are told, we might know that nearly everything that *is* should be suspected. Since the essence of life is change, anything which has existed for a long time may be completely out of date. Changing conditions are always requiring new remedies, but there is always a lag between the need and the remedy. By the time the remedy is provided, the condition which made it wise may have changed.

Whether in our everyday talk, in our economic problems, or what not, we show we do not do enough thinking. But it looks as if there may be light ahead. I don't know whenever there were so many people in the United States trying to hit on better ways to handle our affairs. Something good ought to come from this. We may all get in the habit of thinking before we are through!

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The Washington Monument after an early season snowfall

Charles Phelps Cushing

Where to Modernize Your Home

(Continued from page 12)

9. Heating pipes requiring covering or repairs to existing covering.
10. Advisability of installing automatic stokers, ash conveyers, or similar labor-saving devices.
11. Leaky radiator valves requiring re-packing.
12. Installation of additional radiators if needed.
13. Proper painting of radiators to increase efficiency.
14. Need for radiator covers and radiator tops.
15. Installing thermostatic heat-control system.
16. Providing humidifiers for air conditioning.
17. Advisability of building a fireplace.
18. Putting in ash dump for fireplace.
19. Installation of additional room-heating device in existing fireplace.
20. Repairing or replacing of fireplace screens, andirons, and similar equipment.
21. Installation of gas or electric log or similar heating apparatus.
22. Repairs to hearth, fireback, dampers, etc., in fireplace.
23. Remodeling of mantel or fireplace front.
24. Installation of ventilating devices in kitchen.
25. Providing insulating material to walls or ceilings where possible.

I. PLUMBING

1. Clogged drains needing attention.
2. Leaky faucets requiring washers, tightening, or new parts.
3. Defective flush valves in water-closet requiring repairs or replacement.
4. Covering for water pipes or other precautions to prevent freezing.
5. Installing refrigerator drainpipe and trap to replace pan.
6. Installing additional shut-off cocks or valves.
7. Installing water-heating equipment, water softeners, etc.
8. Replacing worn-out piping with more modern type.
9. Replacing old or worn-out fixtures with newer types.
10. Providing additional bathroom, or lavatory and toilet, for convenience.
11. Providing toilet and shower in basement.

J. LIGHTING AND POWER

1. Rewiring with modern system to reduce fire hazard.
2. Exposed wires requiring insulating.
3. Renewal of appliance cords.
4. Installation of additional convenience outlets, such as floor and base plugs.
5. Additional fuse plugs for fuse box.
6. Repairs to doorbell or buzzers.
7. Installing transformers for bells in place of batteries.
8. Additional bells for convenience.

K. DOORS AND WINDOWS

1. Sticking doors or windows requiring refitting or repairs.
2. Doors out of plumb requiring refitting or new hardware.
3. Advisability of replacing wood panels with glass in doors.
4. Defective locks, chains, or bolts, requiring repair or replacement.
5. Purchasing extra keys for various locks.
6. Broken or defective window cords and pulleys needing replacement.

(Continued on page 44)



If you don't like John Jameson, you're no judge of whiskey

*Its Taste May Surprise You —
It's the Way Real Whiskey Tastes*

You may not even like John Jameson the first time—a few people don't. But if you don't like it the fifth time, then—although we don't mean to be rude about it—you must blame yourself. Because John Jameson is whiskey reduced to its honest fundamentals. Here's why: it is made of barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat and oats—and absolutely nothing else whatever except water



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IN THE ELKS MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER—

- ☞ An inspiring and fact-full interview with Henry Ford—by Samuel Crowther.
- ☞ A new Florian Slappey story by Octavus Roy Cohen—one of the funniest ever.
- ☞ The concluding installment in Jack O'Donnell's stirring yarn, "At Your Service."

(Continued from page 43)

7. Replacing broken window latches or other window devices.
8. Cracks around window sash and doors requiring weather stripping.

L. WALLS AND CEILINGS

1. Cracks or holes in plaster requiring patching or replastering.
2. Installation of partitions, either temporary, or permanent, to provide additional rooms for closets.
3. Removal of partitions to afford additional space.
4. Replacing narrow doorways with plastered arches or similar larger openings.
5. Refinishing or redecorating—painting, papering, calcimining, etc.

M. FLOORS

1. Creaking floors requiring renauling, additional supports, or bridging to stiffen joists.
2. Cleaning and refinishing.
3. Applying new flooring over old.
4. Repairing or replacing floor coverings.
5. Adjusting or replacing baseboard and molding moved out of position by shrinking or settling.
6. Replacing or repairing broken tile.

N. STAIRS AND STAIRWAYS

1. Creaking stairs requiring attention.
2. Replacing worn-out treads on stairs.

3. Providing rubber or composition treads for slippery steps.
4. Rickety cellar stairs requiring additional supports or repairs.
5. Installing railing on cellar stairs to prevent accidents.
6. Transforming closed stairways into open stairways by removing one or more walls.
7. Replacing old posts and railings with modern types.
8. Installing disappearing stairs to attic.

O. ATTIC

1. Need for insulation materials applied to walls, floor, or underside of roof.
2. Installation of louvres or additional windows to provide ventilation.
3. Mortar joints in chimney requiring pointing.
4. Cracks between chimney and side walls requiring filling or covering.
5. Fire stopping between studs at floor line.
6. Application of wall and ceiling coverings to provide finished room.
7. Installation of partitions.
8. Applying flooring.

P. MISCELLANEOUS

1. Need for additional closets, and lining existing ones.
2. Need for shelves, book cases, and cupboards.
3. Advisability of providing clothes chute, telephone cabinet, and other built-in conveniences.



"Dash home, Harkness, and fetch a towel for me and a guest towel for Mr. Fentley!"

At Your Service

(Continued from page 6)

before a low dias upon which, behind a beautifully carved teakwood desk, sat President Gonzales. Looking them over more leisurely, Jerry thought he read expectancy in their faces. They reminded him of a first-night audience in the theatre just before the curtain rises.

When the President continued to ignore him and the lieutenant, Jerry reached out and with the toe of his boot pulled a chair to him and sat down.

"Stand up!" thundered the President, banging the desk with his clenched fist.

"Sorry!" said Jerry, rising with maddening deliberation. "I didn't think you knew we were here."

"GENTLEMEN," said the President, addressing the assembled officers and attachés and ignoring Jerry's remark, "I've had this prisoner—er—Captain Jerry Easter, brought here for the purpose of questioning him about his relations with certain persons in the United States. It has—"

"Just a minute!" cried Jerry, striding toward the President's desk. "If that's why you brought me here, you're wasting time. I told you at the court-martial and I repeat it here—I joined these revolutionists for two reasons and *only* two. First, I didn't like—still don't like—the way you're running this country, and second, because I liked the kind of money they offered me to train their machine gunners and smuggle in rifles for their men. Nobody in the States had anything to do with my part in the fracas."

The President suffered Jerry to finish his speech, an amused smile on his cruel lips, then said: "You are too impetuous, Captain. You did not hear me out. Here, as in your own country, a man's life cannot twice be placed in jeopardy for the same crime. The court-martial is over. I found you guilty and sentenced you to die."

"Then why all this palaver?" asked Jerry. "Be patient, and you shall see," answered the President.

Then picking up a newspaper from his desk, he tapped it with a chubby finger, saying: "I have often heard of your famous luck, Captain Easter, but I never placed much credence in it until now."

THE President paused and smiled down at Jerry. The latter felt that the notoriously cruel Gonzales was playing the cat-and-the-mouse game for the edification of his staff and the palace attachés. "He's trying to make me think I've got a chance," thought Jerry, watching the President through narrowed eyelids. "The stupid little monkey!" "I have come into possession of certain information," continued Gonzales, "which has caused me to reconsider your case. In fact, I've decided to suspend the sentence of death imposed upon you by the military court."

"You wouldn't kid an old soldier, would you, mister?" asked Jerry, smiling skeptically.

"I am speaking seriously," said Gonzales, frowning darkly. "You shall be freed at once—on two conditions!"

"Consider them accepted, your Excellency!" said the American, bowing with mock courtesy.

Gonzales bit his lip and pretended not to have noticed the exaggeration in Jerry's manner.

(Continued on page 46)

 REGULAR 88.8%
 ETHYL 100%

 3RD GRADE 65.9%

Here's the proof:

ONLY ETHYL GASOLINE DEVELOPS MAXIMUM CAR PERFORMANCE

Ten new automobiles, of makes representing every price class and more than 80% of all cars sold so far this year, recently were taken to an automotive testing ground, by qualified engineers.

Performance tests were run on the same measured hill: first with Ethyl, next with regular gasolines, and then with third grade gasolines. The gasolines used included 17 brands representative of the three grades (Ethyl, regular

and third grade) generally distributed throughout the United States and Canada.

Adjustable sparks were set to the car manufacturers' recommendations for bringing out the best possible car performance with each of the three grades of fuel.

Taking the performances of the cars with Ethyl Gasoline as 100%, the averaged performances with the two other grades of fuel used showed the following losses:

PERCENT OF PERFORMANCE* DEVELOPED		
by ETHYL GASOLINE 100%	by REGULAR GASOLINES 88.8% LOSS—11.2%	by 3RD GRADE GASOLINES 65.9% LOSS—34.1%

Study these figures in terms of your own car. Consider also another point: these tests brought out: objectionable knocking and higher radiator (cooling water) temperatures accompanied the power losses when regular and third grade gasolines were used.

Now ask yourself: "Is it economy to 'save' a few pennies per gallon when I buy gasoline and lose from a tenth to a third in car performance? Is it economy to invest from \$500 to \$5000 in an automobile and then get only part of the power I paid for?"

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(Continued from page 45)

"The first condition is that you will never return to this country," said the President.

"That'll be no hardship!" Jerry declared. "What's the second?"

"That you give me your word of honor you will proceed at once to San Francisco and take care of your wife and child!"

For a long moment, Jerry stood studying the face of the President, a look of mild surprise on his tanned face.

"How do you know I have a wife and child?" he asked finally.

Without comment the President handed Jerry the newspaper. On the front page Jerry read:

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE'S WIFE SUES FOR DIVORCE ON EVE OF HIS EXECUTION

CHARGES DESERTION

Mrs. Easter Says She Wants No Part
of Jerry, Dead or Alive

The context of the story stated that the Easters had been married in New York, twenty years before, and that Jerry had deserted his wife soon after the birth of their daughter, Mary, who was now engaged to marry Roger King, son of a wealthy shipping man.

Jerry read the whole story without looking up. There was an amazed smile on his face as he perused that part of the piece in which Mrs. Easter pictured him a roving vagabond who thought so little of his wife and daughter that he had not even written them a word in nineteen years.

"So the old girl's going to divorce me at last," he said, looking up. "Well, I can't say that I blame her. As a husband I've been pretty much a dud."

"There's a ship leaving this port in an hour," said the President, glancing at the clock on the side wall of the chamber. "You may leave on that ship a free man if you'll give me your word of honor to go back and take care of that wife and daughter. What do you say?"

"Here's my hand on it!" said Jerry, advancing to the President. Gonzales took the offered hand and shook it briefly.

"And if you ever come back to this country, nothing will save you from the firing squad!" promised the President.

"If I ever come back here," declared Jerry, "it'll be with two guys pushing and one pulling."

"Very well," said the President. "You're a free man!"

"Many thanks," said Jerry, and slipping the President a snappy salute he strode from the room, still carrying the newspaper Gonzales had given him.

Hardly had the door closed on him when the room was in an uproar. Gonzales' seal officers, surprised and angry over the proceedings they had just witnessed, surged toward the President.

General Torres, who had presided at the court-martial, was almost purple with rage and disappointment. Jerry had come pretty close to messing up the General's plan to quell the revolution, and he secretly feared the American's influence and strategic ability.

"Mr. President!" he cried, going close to the chief executive's desk. "What's the meaning of this extraordinary procedure? You know he's the most dangerous man in Central America! Why did you pardon him?"

"Do not get excited, my friends," advised President Gonzales. "I shall explain everything, after which I am sure you all will agree I did a wise thing in suspending sentence on Jerry Easter."

PRODUCING another newspaper, similar to the one he had shown the American, he read the concluding paragraph of the story about Mrs. Easter's divorce suit:

"Mrs. Easter stated that tomorrow, before embarking on a week's yachting trip, she will make formal announcement of the engagement of her charming daughter, Mary, to Roger King, son of Daniel King, the well-known shipping man."

Tossing the paper down on his desk, the President turned on his inquisitors.

"Now, I think you understand why I acted as I did," he said.

"I'm still in the dark!" declared General Torres vehemently.

"You are, eh?" asked Gonzales. "Then I'll explain. Jerry Easter is the father of Mary Easter who is about to be married to Roger King, son of Daniel King, the power behind the Government of New Granada. Highly unpleasant things might happen, my dear General, if we were to execute the fu-

(Continued on page 50)



"By gosh, Lady, ye've got it!"

Winter Cruises for Elk Tourists

BY special arrangement with the Holland-America Line, the United Fruit Company, and the Furness Bermuda Line, a series of unusually interesting and colorful cruises have been arranged for members of the Order for the coming winter season. The cruises range from six-and-a-half-day trips to Bermuda and Nassau, to a two-months tour of the Mediterranean. In between, for Elks who cannot leave their businesses for two months, but who would like a vacation of more than a week's duration, an interesting seventeen-day cruise to the Caribbean has been scheduled.

You can leave on these trips as early as November 20th or as late as February 7th—with many intervening departure dates. All the ships making the tours are modern and well-appointed throughout. They are sufficiently seasoned so that their seaworthiness has been thoroughly established and yet they are new enough so as to provide every modern convenience.

THE Mediterranean trip has been arranged on the luxurious cruiser *Statendam*—the flagship of the Holland-America Line. She will sail from New York on February 7th and return on April 7th. This 38,900-ton liner has made this trip a number of times since her launching in 1929. She is approximately seven hundred feet long and eighty feet wide.

The first port of call on this glamorous cruise is Madeira in old Portugal, whence the *Statendam* will proceed to Gibraltar. Ample time is provided at each of the many stopping points for sightseeing and inland trips. From Gibraltar the ship will cruise through the Mediterranean Sea, stopping, among other places, at such historic cities as Algiers, Port Said, Haifa, Beirut, Istanbul, Athens, Venice, Naples, Monte Carlo and Tangier. Thence the *Statendam* will re-pass through the Straits of Gibraltar and proceed to Southampton, Boulogne and Rotterdam before resuming the journey back across the Atlantic.

Ten days (from February 27th to March 8th inclusive) will be provided between the Port Said, Haifa and Beirut stops for tourists to visit and thoroughly inspect the chief points of interest in Egypt and the Holy Land. From Port Said, for example, an instructive side trip may be taken to Cairo, Karnak, Luxor, Philae and intervening points. This trip includes visits to the Sphinx and the Pyramids. From Haifa a most significant inland trip may be made to Bethlehem, Jericho, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Damascus and Baalbek, from which point the ship may be rejoined at Beirut.

At Venice two-day programs will include visits to the Doge's Palace, gondola trips through the Grand Canal, a stop at the Rialto, luncheon at the Hotel Royal Danieli (one-time palace of Venetian princes) and many other historic sidelights. If one prefers, an overland trip of five days may be taken from Venice to Florence, Rome and Naples—at which point the ship may be rejoined.

A number of other extensive overland trips may be taken from Monte Carlo or Florence, with Paris, Brussels, Antwerp—and finally, Rotterdam—as the ultimate destination. In this way the beauties of Switzerland may be viewed, or many of the historic spots in France. From Paris it is also possible to proceed to London, thence rejoining the boat at Southampton for the trip home.

CHARACTERIZED as a "Caribbean Merry-Go-Round," a festive seventeen-day trip to the American tropics has been arranged to leave New York harbor on January 17th. For this voyage to the Spanish Main the flagship *Quirigua* of the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet has been reserved. This fine, new, turbo-electric is modern in every respect.

Havana is the first port of call, as well as the last on the return trip. Ample time will be provided during the visits to this colorful City to do (Continued on page 48)



ELKS CRUISE

on the Luxurious Cruise Ship

Statendam

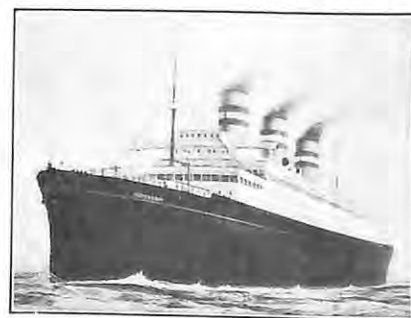
"Queen of the Spotless Fleet"

Here's an invitation to sail with fellow Elks on a grand and glorious holiday. Strange sights, strange ports, foreign climes—yet all seen from the decks of the famed flagship of the Holland Line, and in company with friendly folk you know, and others you'll enjoy meeting. The *Statendam* Cruise is sponsored by Elkdom.

58 days . . . 25 ports . . . 16 countries
Sail from New York

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Please send me the colorful descriptive booklet of the ELKS CRUISE.

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Elks CRUISE

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PANAMA CANAL
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JANUARY 17 RETURNING
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on the liner "QUIRIGUA"

of the **GREAT
WHITE
FLEET**

HERE it is men . . . the best news ever! This year's Elks' Cruise is the prize of them all . . . 17 days and nights roaming The Spanish Main. Don't miss it!

You'll travel as a "guest of honor" on the famous "Quirigua"—one of the United Fruit Company's newest snow-white liners—built especially for cruising in tropical waters . . . with all outside staterooms, outdoor swimming pool, dance orchestra, verandah café, unexcelled service and cuisine, mechanical ventilation. You'll visit places you've always wanted to see—some of the most thrilling ports of the West Indies and the Caribbean . . . gay Havana, exotic Jamaica, Uncle Sam's Famous Canal Zone, picturesque mountainous Costa Rica. It's a marvelous itinerary—with plenty of time in each port to take the shore excursions that show you all the high spots of these fascinating places.

Make up your mind now to be one of the lucky ones in this Elks party. Get all the facts—you'll be delighted with the program—amazed at the low rates. Mail the coupon below—TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please send me full details, rates, cabin plans, etc., for special Elks Cruise on the "QUIRIGUA".

NAME

ADDRESS

LODGE



Moonlight on Cabana Fortress in Havana

(Continued from page 47)

the cathedrals, fortresses, Jai Alai games, night clubs, beaches and suburbs in the specially provided private cars.

From Havana the *Quirigua* will proceed to picturesque Kingston—the Capital City of Jamaica, B. W. I. The wharf and water here will be found to be alive with ebony-hued youngsters who will dive far into the depths of the blue Caribbean waters for "tuppence." Motor trips will take you through exotic flower gardens and to the mountainous heights of Jamaica's richly tropical countryside. Thence the voyage will proceed to Panama where the massive locks at Gatun will be opened so that you may view one of the seven wonders of the Western World—the Panama Canal. Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above sea level, is the largest artificial body of water in the world with its 1100-mile shore line.

Just north of Panama lies the Republic of Costa Rica. A scenic train trip of one hundred miles will convey you from Limon on the Caribbean coast over the mile-high

mountains into San Jose.

The *Quirigua* will meet you at San Jose and swing you back north via Havana for the final stop-over on your memorable journey through the Spanish Main.

TWO of the finest Furness Bermuda liners have been designated to provide Elks with the well known Triangle Trips to Bermuda and Nassau this winter. These six-and-a-half-day voyages may be taken on November 20th, November 27th, December 6th, December 13th, January 8th or January 17th. The liners reserved for the tours this year are the splendidly equipped *Monarch of Bermuda* and *Queen of Bermuda*.

Inaugurated only last year by the Furness Bermuda Line, the success of these special trips demonstrated the big demand for well-planned short cruises prior to the main exodus of winter travelers.

The lure of Bermuda is well known to virtually every sea voyager. This beautiful group of British Islands offers the early win-



JOSEPH HAZRANIS



A beach scene at Bermuda in mid-winter

ter vacationist not only all of the many sports and diversions that have been developed through years of catering to pleasure seekers, but also a complete change of climate and scenery that is as healthful as it is enjoyable. Bermuda is primarily a foreign country. Its towns are as old and as quaint as many that one might find in England itself.

Nassau is also British—and more tropical and foreign than Bermuda in a number of



Ella Barnett Photo

Sugar cane is the native boys' candy in Nassau

ways. The gay recreational life of the British Colonial residents and their visitors from many nations prevails there. In addition to the far-famed swimming at Paradise Beach—the golf, tennis, yachting, polo and racing—Nassau possesses an exotic native side. Donkey carts and modern automobiles share the smooth coral roads, and the native divers bringing in strange sponges to the Sponge Market provide a fascinating and curious spectacle.

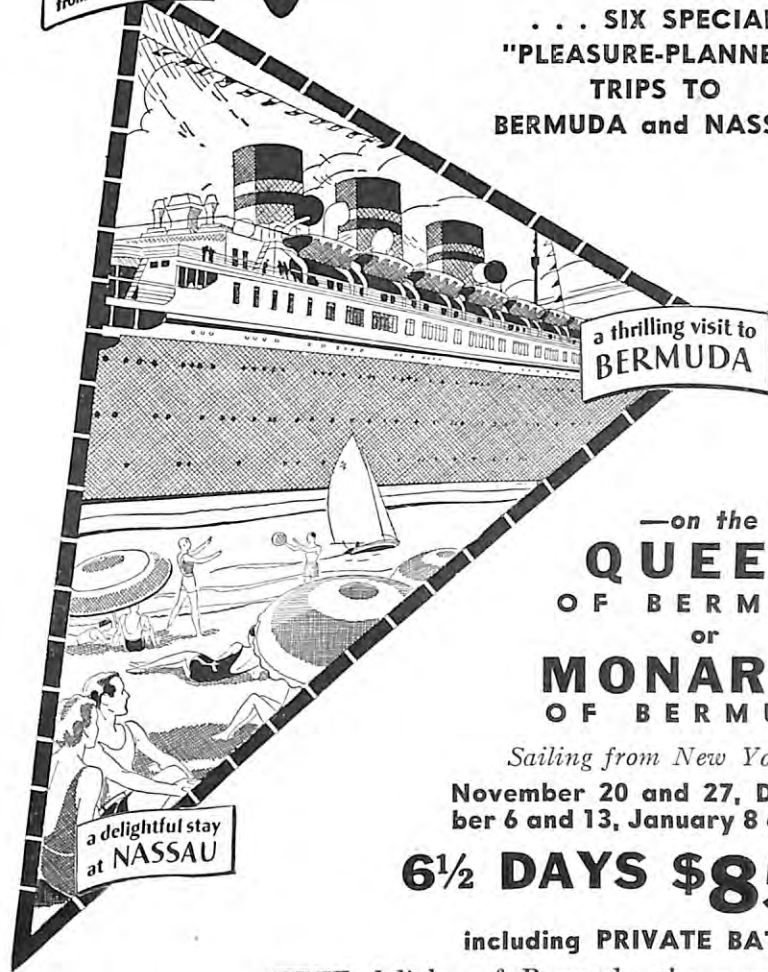
WHEN all is said and done, however, the really unique part of these cruises lies in the fact that they have been planned for Elks. The staffs of all the ships will be on the lookout for members of the Order, and will make special efforts to cater to their every need. The congeniality of every boat-load is assured in advance, and a glorious good time is bound to be had by all.

Don't miss the fun! There'll be lots of it on these

"Elks Voyages"

6 convenient sailings from NEW YORK

... SIX SPECIAL "PLEASURE-PLANNED" TRIPS TO BERMUDA and NASSAU



a thrilling visit to BERMUDA

—on the **QUEEN OF BERMUDA** or **MONARCH OF BERMUDA**

Sailing from New York

November 20 and 27, December 6 and 13, January 8 and 17

6 1/2 DAYS \$85 UP

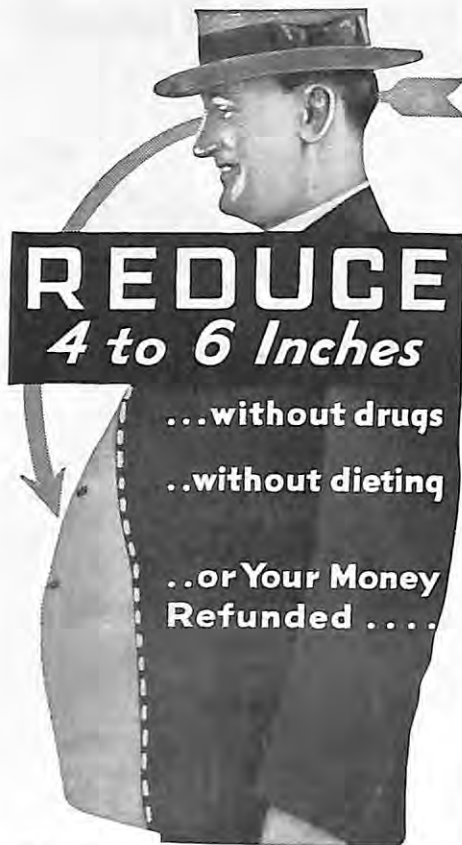
including PRIVATE BATH

THE delights of Bermuda, the gayety of Nassau, the luxuries of a "pleasure-planned" Furness voyage . . . now enjoy them all, along with brother Elks, on these specially arranged Triangle Trips! 6 1/2 days of sparkling good times . . . a full day in Bermuda, from 11 A.M. to midnight in Nassau. Ample time ashore to take in every feature—Bermuda's beaches, golf courses and sight-seeing trips—Nassau's famous Paradise Beach and gay night-life centers. Plenty of time at sea to enjoy all the celebrated facilities of the two magnificent Furness liners . . . private bath with every room, \$250,000 dance decks, the great sports decks, tiled pools, gay night club cafés and cocktail bars, ship-to-shore phone.

It's a real opportunity—don't miss it! Decide now on one of the six sailings listed above—each will be a gala Elks party!

For further information, reservations, etc., apply to the Secretary of your Lodge, direct to Furness Bermuda Line, 34 Whitehall Street (where Broadway begins) New York, N. Y., or any authorized tourist agent.

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

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How DIRECTOR Works

DIRECTOR is fitted to your individual measure without laces, hooks or buttons. Its elastic action causes a gentle changing pressure on the abdomen bringing results formerly obtained only by regular massage and exercise. Now all you have to do is slip on Director and watch results.

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

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"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

Break Constipation Habit

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

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



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Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send me the complete story of Director Belt and give full particulars of your trial offer.

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

(Continued from page 46)

ture father-in-law of old Daniel King's son. Do I make myself clear?"

General Torres and his fellow officers exchanged knowing glances. Yes, they could foresee what might happen. Perhaps the President had acted wisely under the circumstances.

Jerry, again breathing free air, and congratulating himself on this new evidence of a charmed life, walked leisurely along the embarcadero in the direction of the ship in which he planned to sail for San Francisco.

Having time to spare, he stopped in at a café, which he and his American comrades often patronized, for a farewell drink. Tex O'Malley, comrade in many a South American campaign, could hardly believe his eyes when the yfell on Jerry.

"Am I seeing things?" he asked as Jerry approached. "I thought you had a date with the firing squad."

"Right!" said Jerry. "I had one but didn't keep it."

"How come?" queried Tex.

Jerry tossed the newspaper on the bar. Tex bent over it and started to read, occasionally emitting a low whistle.

"Listen, you old muzzler!" he exclaimed when he had finished the article. "You been holdin' out on me. I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not!" said Jerry. "I never heard of this dame before in all my life. Maybe it's one of those marriages they say are made in Heaven. Anyway, I'm not the kind to question a marriage that saves me from a bellyful of lead pills."

"But I don't see how it got you out of this jam, Jerry," said the puzzled Texan.

"You know as much about that angle as I do," admitted Jerry. "All I know is Gonzales gave me a chance for my white alley in exchange for my word of honor that I'd go back to San Francisco and take care of my wife and child. Ain't that a laugh? My wife and child!"

"Well," asked Tex, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Tex," answered Jerry, "if I knew for sure, there'd be no fun—no anticipation—with which to season the future. All I know now is that I gave this guy my word of honor I'd go back and take care—or offer to take care—of these people. I'm the sort who keeps his word. So, I'm shoving off for Frisco. Once there, I'll look over the situation. If Mrs. Easter is a nice, sweet, benevolent lady with plenty of what it takes to make men happy, I'll move in. If she happens to be a gal in distress, I may split my little pile with her and shove off for China. After all, I owe her my life. She owes me nothing, but she may hand me a laugh!"

In order that he might arrive in San Francisco unnoticed, Jerry had Tex purchase his steamer ticket, and he sailed an hour later under the name of Thomas O'Malley.

ABOUT eleven o'clock of an evening six days later, Terry walked up the steps of a not too modest home on Haight Street, San Francisco, and rang the doorbell. His ring was answered by a negro maid.

"I'd like to see Mrs. Easter," he announced with an ingratiating smile.

"Mrs. Easter is not home yet," said the maid, "but Miss Mary is."

"Very well," said Jerry, "I'd like to see Miss Mary, then."

"Who will I say is calling?"

"The Sheriff of Butte!" Jerry replied, and the maid's eyes narrowed a bit. She looked as if she wanted to close the door, but Jerry had taken the precaution to put one foot just inside the threshold. The maid turned and went through a door just off the hallway. While he waited, Jerry noted that

there were several pieces of luggage in the hall. He judged somebody had either just returned to, or was about to depart from, the Easter household.

"Please step inside," said the maid when she returned.

Jerry followed her through the hall and into a spacious, nicely furnished room which bore every evidence of feminine domination.

"Miss Mary will be right in," promised the maid as she went toward the rear of the house.

JERRY was admiring an etching by Zoru when he felt rather than head the entrance of another person. Turning, he saw a young girl he judged to be about nineteen standing framed in the doorway. For a brief moment they stood looking at each other without speaking. During those few seconds Jerry's keen eyes noted many details of the vision of loveliness that stood before him. He saw a pair of wide-set violet eyes shaded by dark lashes which formed a striking contrast to her mass of shimmering gold hair—hair that seemed in a rebellious mood. Her lips, parted as if about to speak, disclosed a row of small white teeth, intriguingly irregular.

"The maid said the Sheriff of Butte wished to see me. She's always getting things mixed up—did she misunderstand you?" asked the girl.

"No," said Jerry with an engaging smile. "You see, I wanted my homecoming to be in the nature of a surprise rather than a shock."

"Your homecoming?" questioned the girl blankly. "Just what do you mean?"

"Of course, you wouldn't understand, never having seen me before, but I'm Jerry Easter, lately of New Granada, Central America, known variously as a soldier of fortune, a rover and a vagabond!"

"Jerry Easter!" exclaimed the girl incredulously. "You are Jerry Easter, my—my father?"

"Unless your mother and the President of New Granada are mistaken, I am!"

"But—but, you must be wrong—you can't be Jerry Easter—he—he was executed a week ago—he—"

"You're wrong, my dear! I was to have been a target for the firing squad, but—well, don't you read the newspapers?"

"Mother and I left on a yachting trip the morning Jerry Easter was to have been shot. We've just returned."

"Oh, I see!" said Jerry soothingly. "Well, I'm sorry if my unexpected appearance has shocked you. But it's a pleasant shock at least; isn't it? You are glad to see me, aren't you?"

Mary Easter stood staring at Jerry as if he were an apparition. Then, as she considered his questions her eyes narrowed.

"If you really are Jerry Easter, why should I be glad to see you?" asked the girl, anger and resentment against this man who had neglected her and her mother all these years welling up in her.

Jerry smiled down at her, inwardly fighting an impulse to take her in his arms and assure her that he really wasn't a big bad wolf, but just an irresponsible adventurer looking for a thrill or a laugh. Instead, however, he said:

"I know just how you feel, Mary, and I don't blame you a particle. A husband and father who would neglect his wife and daughter all these years doesn't deserve a kind word from anybody. But I'm sorry, Mary. You have no idea how sorry I am for the way you have been treated."

"At least you could have written! But no—not a single letter in almost twenty years. You didn't care what became of Mother or me. You never gave us a thought!"

"Please, Mary," Jerry begged, "please don't pile it on. Believe me when I tell you

I'm here to make amends. I'd do anything in the world—now—to make you happy. I'm not asking you to forgive me—I don't deserve that—but I do hope you won't hate me."

In spite of herself, Mary's resentment toward this man was tempered by the ring of sincerity in his tone. Also, she remembered that once or twice in recent years she had wondered if there might not have been some justification for her father's desertion. There was her mother's domineering manner; her underlying selfishness; her hair-trigger temper. Maybe there were two sides to the story of that desertion.

Then, too, there was another reason why her resentment wasn't as adamant as one might suppose it should be. She was secretly pleased with the physical appearance of this new found parent with the engaging smile. Many, many times she had wondered what he was like. Perhaps because of the things she had heard her mother say of him she had most often pictured him as a dour, surly, ill-tempered individual with an in-growing, crotchety disposition. To find, instead, a tall, ruggedly handsome man with a pair of gray eyes that warmed the one who looked into them, was unexpectedly pleasing. No, she decided, she did not hate him.

"Everything is so unexpected—so topsyturvy—I hardly know what to say or think. Last week I thought you were dead—and I wasn't sorry. Then—now—here you are—in our home—and—and you are my father. What in the world will Mother say when she—"

BEFORE Mary could finish her question the hall door opened and Mrs. Easter, a woman Jerry guessed to be about thirty-eight, entered the room. She stopped short when she saw a stranger with her daughter. She looked from one to the other expectantly. In this momentary pause Jerry saw that her eyes were dark and bold. Her lips were too thin and straight to be alluring, but she wore a becoming, rather close-fitting gown of dark silk which set off her well-rounded figure to good advantage. All in all, Jerry decided quickly, not hard to look at. Softer those eyes a bit, and—

"Oh, Mother!" exclaimed Mary. "I'm so glad you're here. The most unexpected thing has happened!" Looking first at Jerry, then at her mother, she started to blurt out an introduction: "Mother, this is—"

"Just a minute!" said Jerry, raising his hand to silence her. "Let's see if she doesn't recognize me!"

"You'll have to pardon me," she smiled apologetically, "but I'm afraid I don't recall ever having met you."

Jerry, smiling broadly, looked at Mary and winked.

"I suppose I have changed a lot in the last nineteen years," he said, "so I can hardly blame you. Worry and exposure and all that sort of thing does something to a man."

Mrs. Easter, a puzzled frown making little creases between her eyes, looked furtively at Mary. A vague, horrible suspicion was forming in her mind. She shook her head, saying, "Sorry, but I simply can't recall your face."

"Possibly you don't remember the torso," said Jerry, "but surely you'll remember the name. I am Jerry—Jerry Easter, your ne'er-do-well husband!"

Mrs. Easter sank suddenly into the chair before which she had been standing. She stared at Jerry aghast. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Jerry, enjoying the situation immensely, continued rapidly:

"I've been an awful heel, neglecting you and Mary the way I have. As Mary said just before you came in, I might, at least, have written. But you've got my number.

(Continued on page 52)

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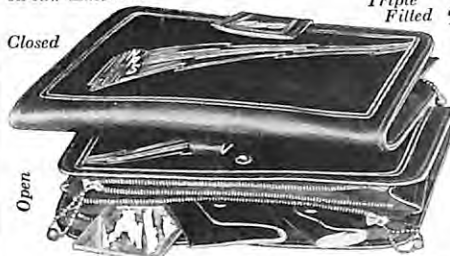
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(Continued from page 51)

As you put it in your divorce complaint, I'm just a rover—and rovers are notoriously bad correspondents. Who ever heard of Casanova writing a letter? But now I'm home. That's the important—"

"Wait!" cried Mrs. Easter, rising. "I'm all confused—this whole thing is so extraordinary—I can't believe my own eyes. If you're really Jerry Easter, how did you escape from New Granada?"

"I owe that to you, my dear."

"To me? What do you mean?"

"When you filed your suit for divorce it had a very mellowing effect upon the President of New Granada," Jerry explained. "The *Examiner* carried a full account of my pardon, even quoting the promise I made in exchange for my liberty. Don't you read the papers?"

A frightened, hunted look came into Mrs. Easter's eyes as she realized she had not seen a newspaper during the six days she and Mary had been aboard the King yacht. She recalled that she had debated the advisability of taking the trip at that crucial time, deciding to go only because she felt so certain there was no chance of Jerry Easter's sentence being commuted.

"I—I haven't seen a newspaper for a week," she faltered. "What promise did you make the President?"

"That I'd come back to San Francisco and take care of my wife and child!" said Jerry with a smile.

"And — and —" stammered Mrs. Easter.

"And here he is!" put in Mary, a faint smile on her lips.

"At your service, madam!" added Jerry, bowing low to Mrs. Easter.

"I must have time to—to think, and check up on what you say," said Mrs. Easter. "Meanwhile, Mary, run upstairs and dress. The Kings will be here any moment now, and neither of us is dressed for the evening. I'll—ah—entertain your—ah—father until you get ready."

"I won't be long!" promised Mary, as she started for her room.

The moment the door closed on Mary, Mrs. Easter turned on Jerry, eyes flashing.

"Now tell me—what's it all about? You know very well you're not my husband—that I never saw you before in all my life!"

"Why, Eleanor!" exclaimed Jerry, trying to look hurt and making a good job of it. "You wouldn't deny the father of your own child, would you?"

"Please stop talking nonsense! A few minutes ago you said I saved your life. Is that true?"

"It is!" Jerry assured her with absolute sincerity. "And I stand ready and willing to render any service in my power to prove I'm grateful."

"The greatest service you can render me is to leave the house at once and never come back!"

"Okay, lady, if that's the way you feel about it," agreed Jerry, "but before I go you've got to lay your cards on the table, so to speak. You must tell me exactly why you named me in your divorce suit. I give

you my word you may trust me implicitly—anything you tell me will be held in the strictest confidence. Now come clean!"

In silence Mrs. Easter studied Jerry's face. She realized that she was at this man's mercy, and after a few minutes, she said: "I'm inclined to trust you. I don't believe you're the kind of man that would take advantage of a woman who is in a tight situation."

"Right! Go ahead with the story!"

"MY daughter's fiancé and his father will be here any moment now, so I'll make it as brief as possible," said Mrs. Easter. "When I was sixteen years old—back in New York—I ran away with a man who deserted me before my child was born. He didn't bother to leave a wedding ring."

A smile, half rueful, half bitter, crept to her lips and she hesitated a moment as if



"Haven't you something not quite so loud?"

recalling the unpleasant past.

"My daughter was born on Easter morning," she resumed. "Mary was a family name. When I left the hospital I decided to come out here, christen my daughter Mary, and assume the name of Easter. I slaved and schemed to give Mary a good education and a few of the comforts of life. Oh, don't think I had an easy time of it. I didn't. I was pretty bitter about it all. Maybe it hardened me—I don't know. Anyway, I made up my mind she should have a better break than I had had. As she grew up I planned and schemed and managed to have her meet the right people. A year ago she met Roger King. You've probably heard of his father, Daniel King."

Jerry nodded affirmatively and Mrs. Easter continued.

"Here was the chance I wanted for my daughter. Roger is an only child. His mother is dead. He and Mary hit it off from the first. His father took an instant liking to her. Everything went just as I wished until a month ago when Roger asked Mary to marry him. Evidently he spoke to his father about it, too. Anyway, the next time we went to the King home, Mr. King began asking me leading questions about my husband. Where was he? Who was he? What was he?"

"And you didn't have any of the answers, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I did, but they were packed with danger. For years I had been reading of your exploits among the revolutionists of the world. I kept a regular book of clippings about you, somehow figuring in the back of my head that some day they would be useful. I told him that my husband was somewhere in South America. But I never mentioned his first name. I told him I didn't know what he was doing—that I never heard from him. I was wise enough not to actually claim you as my husband until about ten days ago when I saw brief mention of the fact that you had been captured while leading a revolutionary band in New Granada. The next day you were sentenced to be shot. Then I decided upon a bold move."

"Figuring that dead men tell no tales," Jerry interrupted, "you hit upon the scheme of immediately filing suit for divorce, naming me as your husband, and thus forestalling further direct questions as to your daughter's legitimacy. Is that right?"

"Exactly!" agreed Mrs. Easter.

"It was a good gamble at that," said Jerry. "If it had worked you'd have been sitting pretty. But it didn't, and now you're worse off than you were before."

"If you hadn't come here everything would have been all right!"

"But I am here and everything is all wrong. You needn't worry, though, because I'm going to straighten out this whole mess."

"You're going to straighten it out? How?"

"That's easy. First of all I'm going to move in—you've an extra room, I'm sure—and stick around for a few days posing as

the repentant husband and father. You'll introduce me to Daniel King and his son, and a few of your friends, as Jerry Easter, your long lost husband. Then—"

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" cried the woman, her dark eyes glowing hotly.

"NOW, don't be like that," advised Jerry. "You've messed things up plenty and you'll mess them up more if you don't listen to me. Don't think I'm worrying about you—I'm not. I'm worrying about that kid, Mary. What a tough break it'd be for her if she ever found out she had no father!"

"You can't come to my home and run things in this high-handed manner. I won't permit it!"

"Oh, yes, you will," said Jerry easily. "You'll do just as I say. Don't forget—I'm running this phantom matrimonial craft of yours from now on. If you should kick up a fuss and I should decide to talk to the newspapers—well, it would be just too bad for you and your plans to marry your daughter into important money. Now, do we understand each other?"

Before Mrs. Easter could answer, there was a ring at the door.

"That's the Kings!" she exclaimed. "What shall I do? What shall I say?"

"Just introduce me as your husband and let nature take its course!"

(To be concluded next month)

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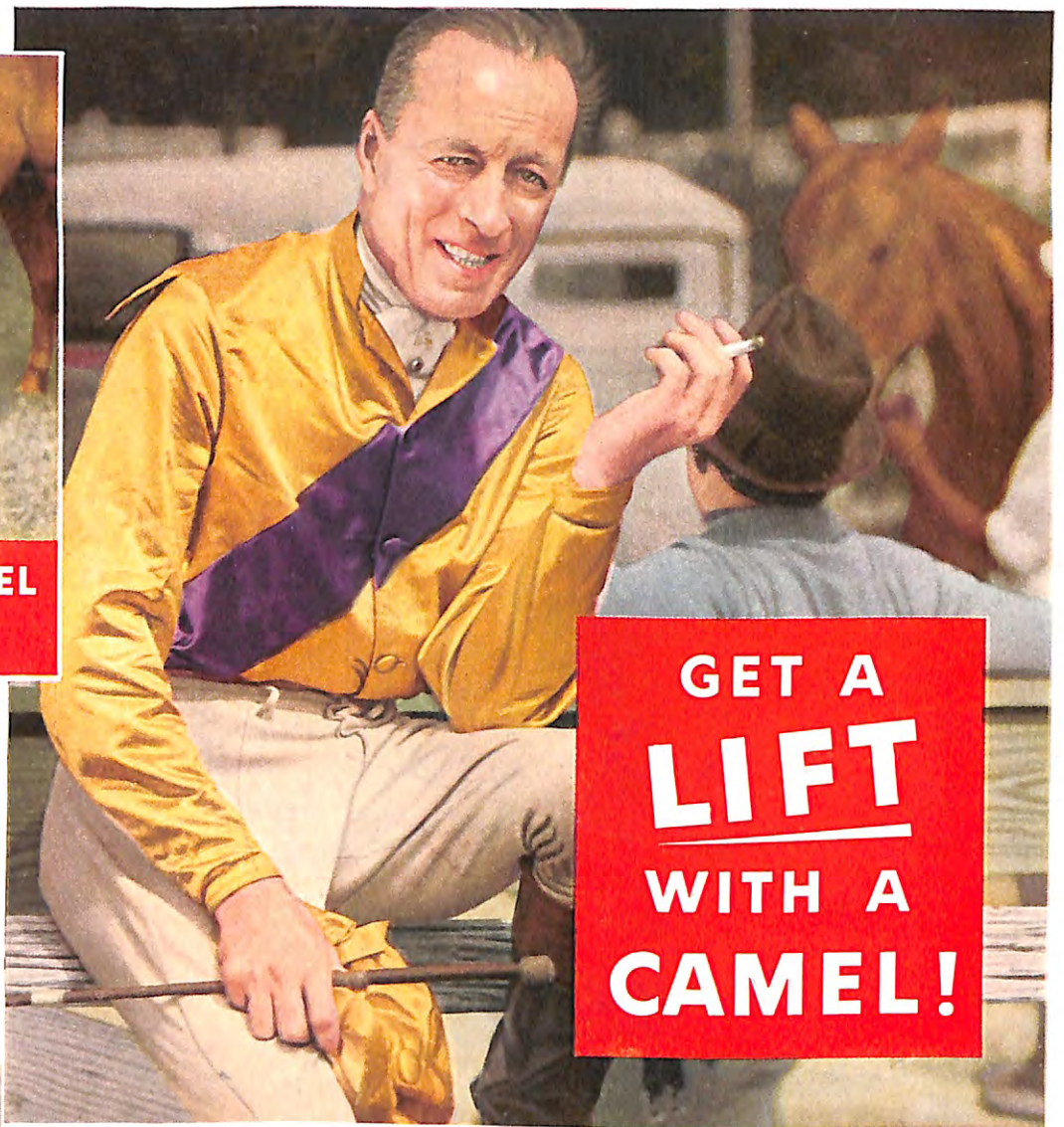
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