



FEBRUARY, 1935

EASTERN EDITION

*"Are the **Pinks** More Dangerous than the **Reds**"*
Rafael Sabatini ~ "The Night of Charity"



The Elks Magazine

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

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

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FEBRUARY, 1935

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This Month

EVERY public spirited member of the Order is urged particularly to read and re-read the following three features in this number:

The article by Samuel Crowther starting on Page 10

The Grand Exalted Ruler's statement on Pages 20 and 21

The telegram from Concord, Mass., Lodge, on Page 28.

Taken together these items will bring you up-to-date on the development of Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon's great Pro-America program. The Crowther article is timely, and wholly sound in the many pertinent points it makes. The recommendations of Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon before the Special Committee appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate un-American activities, are vastly significant. The action taken by Concord Lodge points the way to a great nation-wide cooperative effort in which the Grand Exalted Ruler hopes most sincerely to have the help of every Lodge in the Order.

Rafael Sabatini

THIS month there is also presented the first of a group of five short stories, based on important historical events, by Rafael Sabatini—one of the most popular current authors. If you like to read of life in the raw—of ruthlessness, brutality, intrigue and deception as practiced by our forefathers—Sabatini is your man. A keen student of European history, with an unparalleled faculty for digging out the motives that lay behind history-making episodes—and without a peer as a story teller—but read "The Night of Charity" and see whether you agree. And don't overlook the magnificent illustrations by Harvey Dunn.



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A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day.

WHEN Faulkner invited me to a dinner party I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a substantial increase in salary. Here is how it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag. Finally some one suggested that every one do a "stunt." Some sang, others played the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He said he had a simple "stunt" he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked to write down the numbers called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded us by repeating the entire list backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. Then he gave us the number of any card, counting from the top, or the card for any number.

We all were amazed. You might expect to see this done on the stage. But to see it done by an everyday business man is astounding, to say the least.

* * *

ON the way home I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said it was simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he said the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life!

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory, and it was but a question of days before I learned to

do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat" surely made a hit. I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs.

But the most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

Next I noticed a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. Later I would think of striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression. I instantly find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the best impression.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things attracted the attention of our president. He got the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he said: "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know. Others always dodge out of the office, saying, 'I'll look it up.'"

* * *

MY ability to remember often helped me in dealing with others, particularly in committee meetings. The man who can back his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates others. Very often I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as easy to recall instantly as though written before me in black and white.

We hear a lot about sound judgment. People say a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have found that sound judgment is mainly the ability to judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but have frequently been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit—it is due to the way I trained my memory.

THESE are only a few of the ways I have profited. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind, together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read, but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will.

My vocabulary, too, has increased. When I see a striking word or expression I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put more sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort simply because I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

But the best part of it is that since my memory first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is much greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

* * *

WHAT Macdonald told me that evening was: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do the things I have told you about. Its publishers are so confident it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send it on approval.

Send no money. Merely mail coupon, or write a letter, and the complete Course will be sent to you, all charges prepaid. If after examination you decide that you do not want to keep it, then return it and you will owe nothing. Or, if you find, as have thousands of others, that this Course will do wonders for you, then merely send \$3.50 in full payment.

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The Night of

by Rafael Sabatini

OF all the cases tried in the course of that terrible circuit, justly known as the Bloody Assizes, the only one that survives at all in the popular memory is the case of the Lady Alice Lisle. Her advanced age, the fact that she was the first woman known in English history to have suffered death for no worse an offence than that of having exercised the feminine prerogative of mercy, and the further fact that, even so, this offence—technical as it was—was never fully proved against her, are all circumstances which have left their indelible stamp of horror upon the public mind. There

is also the further circumstance that hers was the first case tried in the West by that terrible Chief Justice, Baron Jeffreys of Wem.

But the feature that renders her case peculiarly interesting to the historical psychologist—and it is a feature that is in danger of being overlooked—is that she cannot really be said to have suffered for the technical offence for which she took her trial. That was the pretext rather than the cause. In



"Sir," she asked Colonel Penruddock with gentle irony, "has my house been given over to pillage?"

Bridgwater, a ruthless ruffian, who at one time had commanded the Tangier garrison, and whose men were full worthy of their commander. Kirke's Lambs they were called, in an irony provoked by the emblem of the Paschal Lamb on the flag of this, the First Tangier Regiment, originally levied to wage war upon the infidel.

From Bridgwater Colonel Kirke made a horrible punitive progress to Taunton, where he put up at the White Hart Inn. Now, there was a very solid signpost standing upon a triangular patch of green before the door of the White Hart, and Colonel Kirke conceived the quite facetious notion of converting this advertisement of hospitality into a gallows—a signpost of temporal welfare into a signpost of eternity. So forth he fetched the prisoners he had brought in chains from Bridgwater, and proceeded, without any form of trial whatsoever, to string them up before the inn. The story runs that as they were hoisted to that improvised gibbet, Kirke and his officers, standing at the windows, raised their glasses to pledge their happy deliverance; then, when the victims began to kick convulsively, Kirke would order the drums to strike up, so that the gentlemen might have music for their better dancing.

The colonel, you see, was a humorist, as humour was then understood upon the northern shores of Africa, where he had been schooled.

When, eventually, Colonel Kirke was recalled and reprimanded, it was not because of his barbarities—many of which transcend the possibilities of decent print—but because of a lenity which this venal gentleman began to display when he discovered that many of his victims were willing to pay handsomely for mercy.

Meanwhile, under his reign of terror, men who had cause to fear the terrible hand of the King's vengeance went into hiding wherever they could. Among those who escaped into Hampshire, thinking themselves safer in a county that had not participated in

the war, were a dissenting person named George Hicks, who had been in Monmouth's army, and a lawyer named Richard Nelthorp, outlawed for participation in the Rye House Plot. In his desperate quest for shelter, Hicks bethought him of the charitable Nonconformist lady of Moyle's Court, the widow of that John Lisle who had been one of Cromwell's Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, and most active in bringing King Charles I to justice.

John Lisle had fled to Switzerland at the Restoration; but Stuart vengeance had followed him, set a price upon his head, and procured his murder at Lausanne. That was twenty years ago. Since then his lady, because she was known to have befriended and sheltered many Royalists, and because she had some stout Tory friends to plead for her, was allowed to remain in tranquil possession of her estates. And there the Lady Alice Lisle—so called by courtesy, since Cromwell's titles did not at law survive the Restoration—might have ended her days in peace, but that it was written that those

Charity

Illustrated by Harvey Dunn

reality she was the innocent victim of a relentless, undiscerning Nemesis.

The battle of Sedgemoor had been fought and lost by the Protestant champion, James, Duke of Monmouth. In the West, which had answered the Duke's summons to revolt, there was established now a horrible reign of terror reflecting the bigoted, pitiless, vindictive nature of the King. Faversham had left Colonel Percy Kirke in command at

who hated her—innocent and aged though she was—for the name she bore, who included her in the rancour which had procured her husband's assassination, were to be fully satisfied. And the instrument of fate was this parson Hicks. He prevailed upon Dunne, a baker of Warminster, and a Nonconformist, to convey to the Lady Lisle his prayer for shelter. With that message Dunne set out on July 25th for Ellingham, a journey of some twenty miles. He went by way of Fovant and Chalk to Salisbury Plain. But as he did not know the way thence, he sought out a co-religionist named Barter, who undertook, for a consideration, to go with him and direct him.

Together the pair came in the late afternoon of that Saturday to the handsome house of Moyle's Court, and to my lady's steward, who received them. Dunne, who appears to have been silly and imprudent, states that he is sent to know if my lady will entertain a minister named Hicks.

Carpenter, the steward, a staid, elderly fellow, took fright at once. Although he may not have associated an absconding Presbyterian parson with the late rebellion, he must have supposed at least that he was one of those against whom there were warrants for preaching in forbidden private meetings. So to her ladyship above-stairs Carpenter conveyed a warning with the message.

But that slight, frail, homely lady of seventy, with kindly eyes of a faded blue, smiled upon his fears. She had sheltered fugitives before—in the old days of the Commonwealth—and nothing but good had ever come of it. She would see this messenger.

With misgivings, Carpenter hailed Dunne into her presence, and left them alone together. The impression conveyed by Dunne was that Hicks was in hiding from the warrants that were out against all Nonconformist preachers. But when he mentioned that Hicks had a companion, she desired to know his name.

"I do not know, my lady. But I do not think he has been in the army, either."

She considered a while. But in the end pity conquered doubt in her sweetly charitable soul.

"Very well," she said. "I will give them entertainment for a week. Bring them on Tuesday after dark, and come by the back way through the orchard, that they may not be seen."

And upon this she rose, and took up an ebony cane, herself to reconduct him and to see to his entertainment before he left. Not until they came to the kitchen did she realize that he had a companion. At sight of Barter, who rose respectfully when she entered, she checked, turned to Dunne, and whispered something, to which his answer provoked from her a laugh.

Now Barter, intrigued by this whispering and laughing, of which he deemed himself the object, questioned Dunne upon it as they rode forth again together.

"She asked me if you knew aught of the business," replied Dunne; "and I answered 'No.'"

"Business, say'st thou?" quoth Barter. "What business?"

"Sure, the business on which we came," Dunne evaded; and he laughed.

It was an answer that left Barter uneasy. Nor was his

mind set at rest by the parting words with which Dunne accompanied the half-crown for his services.

"This is but an earnest of what's to come if you will meet me here on Tuesday to show me the way to Moyle's Court again. I shall be bringing two gentlemen with me—wealthy men, of a half-score thousand pounds a year apiece. I tell you there will be a fine booty for my part, so fine that I shall never want for money again all the days of my life. And, so that you meet us here, you too may count upon a handsome reward."

Consenting, Barter went his ways home. But as he pondered Dunne's silly speech, and marvelled that honest men should pay so disproportionately for an honest service, he came to the reasonable conclusion that he had to do with rebels. This made him so uneasy that he resolved at last to lodge information with the nearest justice.

Now, it happened, by the irony of Fate that the justice sought by Barter was one Colonel Penruddock—the vindictive son of that Penruddock whom the late John Lisle—whilst Lord President of the High Court—had sentenced to death

some thirty years ago for participation in an unsuccessful Wiltshire rising against the Commonwealth.

The colonel, a lean, stark man of forty-five, heard with interest Barter's story.

"Art an honest fellow!" he commended him. "What are the names of these rogues?"

"The fellow named no names, sir."

"Well, well, we shall discover that for ourselves when we come to take them at this trysting-place. Whither do you say you are to conduct them?"

"To Moyle's Court, sir, where my Lady Lisle is to give them entertainment."

The colonel stared a moment; then a heavy smile came to light the saturnine face under the heavy periwig. Beyond that he gave no sign of what was passing in his mind. "You may go," he said slowly, at last. "Be sure we shall be at the tryst to take these rascals."

But the colonel did not keep his promise. To Barter's surprise, there were no soldiers at the tryst on Salisbury Plain on the following Tuesday; and he was suffered to lead Dunne and the two men with him—the short, corpulent Mr. Hicks and the long, lean Nelthorp—to Moyle's Court without interference.

The rich reward that Dunne had promised him amounted in actual fact to five shillings, that he had from Nelthorp at parting. Puzzled by Colonel Penruddock's failure to do his part, Barter went off at once to the colonel's house to inform him that the pair were now (Continued on page 39)



Barter led Dunne, the corpulent Mr. Hicks and tall lean Mr. Nelthorp to Moyle's Court

They Bring 'Em Back Dead

by Burt
McConnell

ONE of the compensations of life in New York City, for the men folks at least, is their membership in the Explorers Club or an occasional invitation to a smoker. Here one meets, at one time or another, the world's leading explorers, hunters, travelers, aviators, photographers. Each outdoorsman is different from the rest, but they all have one attribute in common—that intangible quality known as intestinal fortitude. This is an outstanding trait of the men who use primitive weapons in hunting big game.

Take, for example, Sascha Siemel, of Descalvados, on the Paraguay River. You may have heard of him as the central figure in two books—"Green Hell" and "Tiger Man." At any rate, this soft-spoken *zagayeyro*, who talks like a college professor and looks like a Viking, is the only white man in the world who has mastered the art of killing the South American *tigre*, commonly known as the jaguar, with a spear. He can dispatch one of these notorious cattle-killers in less than a minute, without suffering a scratch.

When he is not escorting hunting parties through the Brazilian jungle, Siemel makes his headquarters in New York. On the floor of his living-room you will find the skin of an eight-foot jaguar killed on his most recent expedition. The beast must have weighed 325 pounds when alive, and Siemel could have declared that he killed it with a spear. Being honest, he did nothing of the kind; he used a rifle, and said so.

A few months before, he had held an Explorers Club audience spellbound by a recital of his exploits, by showing motion pictures of jaguar hunts, and a demonstration of the *zagayeyro's* (spearman's) technique. At the end he was so completely surrounded by eager questioners that it was impossible for me to get nearer than six feet. Later in the month, at his hotel, I asked him to tell the story of how he goes about hunting the jaguar with a seven-foot spear.

"First of all," he said, "you must understand that the South American *tigre* is not a puny mountain lion; he is as large—and as ferocious when cornered—as a medium-sized Bengal tiger, and almost as strong. The largest one I ever killed weighed 350 pounds, and was nine feet long. The treacherous beast is equally at home in the water, on land, or in a tree. In the cow country near the headwaters of the Paraguay, one *tigre* will destroy sixty or seventy cattle in a year.

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Above and Right: Art Young, courageous hunter, who brings down his game with bow and arrow. Mr. Young, probably the most famous exponent of this primitive method of hunting, is shown with a moose that he killed in Alaska



"In my opinion, a jaguar is just as dangerous an opponent as a tiger or a lion; I would just as soon fight one with the spear as the other. For a jaguar is as powerful as he is quick. He can climb a tree with the ease of a house cat, yet he is strong enough to bring down a full-grown bull and to drag the carcass into a clump of trees. The claws of his hind feet are as sharp and eviscerating as those of the Canadian lynx, and he is far more powerful. In fact, the jaguar is the largest member of the cat tribe in the Western Hemisphere—twice as large as the average mountain lion of your Western States.

"Hunting the jaguar with the spear has one disadvantage: one can't profit by one's mistakes. A single error, and it would all be over. One doesn't jab at the crouching beast; he would brush the spear aside and leap at the hunter's throat. Nor does one hurl the spear like a javelin; he is far too tenacious of life for that. No; one must learn the technique of the Guato Indians, perfected by their forebears perhaps thousands



ing instinct and natural weapons. In all, he has dispatched 125 big cats, 98 of them with the rifle, 19 with the spear, and 8 with a combination of bayonet attached to his rifle, bow and arrow, and spear.

"Do you use dogs?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes; hounds trained to follow the trail and bring the jaguar to bay in a thicket, or tree him. We follow on horseback, riding over the vast arid plains and through small patches of woods. Brittle spear-grass covers much of the drab landscape. Usually a flaming sun scorches the ground.

"Soon the dogs tell us, in unmistakable language, that they have treed the animal. We ride as close as possible to the spot, leap off our horses, and rush to the scene before the jaguar kills one or two of the more reckless and inexperienced dogs. We may find His Majesty in a tree, or he may be on the ground. If he has been treed he will be found, no doubt, stretched out on a limb, quite calm in the face of the barking dogs and looking a trifle bored. No doubt he considers the hounds a new species of wild pig—the only real menace the jungle holds for the jaguar. But he hasn't brain power enough to differentiate between the grunt of the peccary and the fierce barking of the hound. So he seeks shelter in the lower branches of a tree, and looks down, a trifle disdainfully, on their mad antics, and waits patiently for them



At top of page: Mr. Young just before he let fly at two large and formidable brown bears in Alaska. He dropped them both

Above: Mr. Young shooting a pumpkin tossed in the air (in circle)—a feat requiring great skill. Note the arrow in the pumpkin



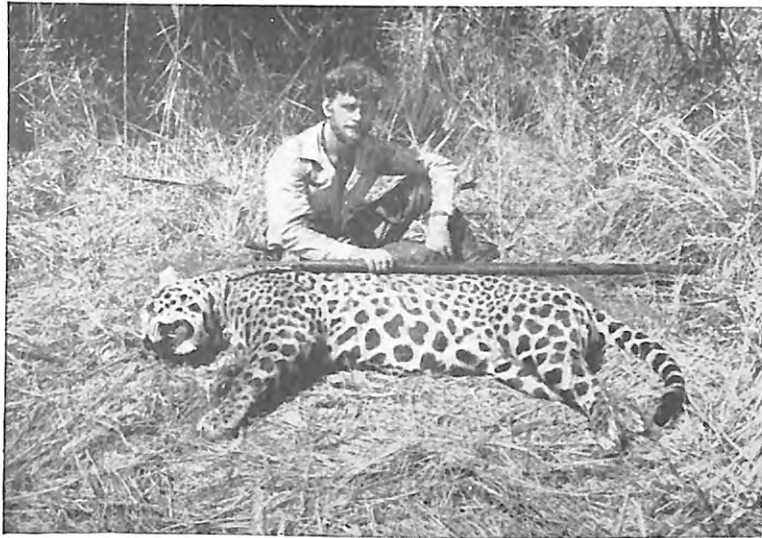
Below: In Africa even the "king of beasts" failed to shake Mr. Young's faith in his bow and arrows

of years ago. The big cat is startled into leaping upon the spearman, who holds his spear in such a way that the jaguar impales himself upon it. It is very simple."

Perhaps it is. One difficulty is that Siemel never knows whether a jaguar will spring upon him in a high arc, or rush at him, low to the ground, like a vicious dog. And, since the jungle beast is often not more than twelve feet distant when he decides on his plan of attack, the hunter has only the fraction of a second to bring his spear to the proper angle. And his judgment must be perfect; his timing accurate as a watch. In the combat that follows, Siemel himself becomes a beast of the jungle, pitting his agility and technique against the jaguar's fight-



Right: Sascha Siemel and Don Gonzalo Moutt, Chilean Minister to Paraguay, with their dogs and the skins of several jaguars they caught in South America



Above: Sascha Siemel with one of the South American jaguars he kills with the spear shown in the picture. This method of hunting these fierce animals is as dangerous as it is simple. The cornered beast leaps upon the hunter, who holds his spear so that the creature is impaled upon it. At the right one of the great cats is shown treed

to disappear. Never having seen a white man, he does not realize that a hunter with a spear is far more dangerous than a herd of wild pigs."

"You said that an Indian taught you the spearman's technique?"

"Yes; Joaquim, of the Guato tribe. He had killed 39 jaguars with his rather crude spear. It seemed to me that if an Indian could dispatch this jungle beast, single-handed, with such a primitive weapon, so could a white man. To test my courage and to acquire the necessary technique, I spent the next six weeks with Joaquim, hunting the jaguar. He taught me the tricks of the *zagayeiro*. On two occasions, when it seemed that the jaguar would get the better of me, he came to (Continued on page 34)



Below and Lower Right: Mr. Young used his trusty bow and arrow to catch both the fish and the elusive mountain sheep. The sheep is the one referred to in the text



Photos for Pages 7, 8 and 9 by Wide World and International



Above: Find the jaguar! This picture was reproduced from an unretouched photograph taken on one of Mr. Siemel's jaguar hunts. The jaguar's protective coloration is such that it is almost impossible to see it until it's too late

Are the PINKS More Dan-

by Samuel Crowther

OUR old friends the pop-eyed anarchists, who got so much fun out of setting off bits of wrought iron pipe filled with dynamite and slugs in the neighborhood of the wealthy, are no longer conspicuous. Compared with what is going on today, theirs was nice, clean play.

Of course, anarchy had a certain kind of philosophy behind it, looking to the destruction of all government and all wealth, but in fact the average anarchist was just a lunatic addicted to speech making, and, although they all talked bombs and destruction, only a few ever worked themselves up to the point of starting to practise what they preached. They were never a public menace, in that there was never the slightest danger that any substantial number of American citizens would take up anarchy as a creed. The anarchists were always on hand during disorder—and they liked to be accused of causing the disorder they merely joined—but actually no one paid much attention to them. They were just nuisances that had to be suppressed.

The general attitude toward anarchists and all the varieties of revolutionists who want to seize the banks and blow up this or that, is precisely that of the London bobby who, seeing that a crowd being harangued in the historic fashion near the Marble Arch was growing too large, stepped beside the speaker and bellowed amiably:

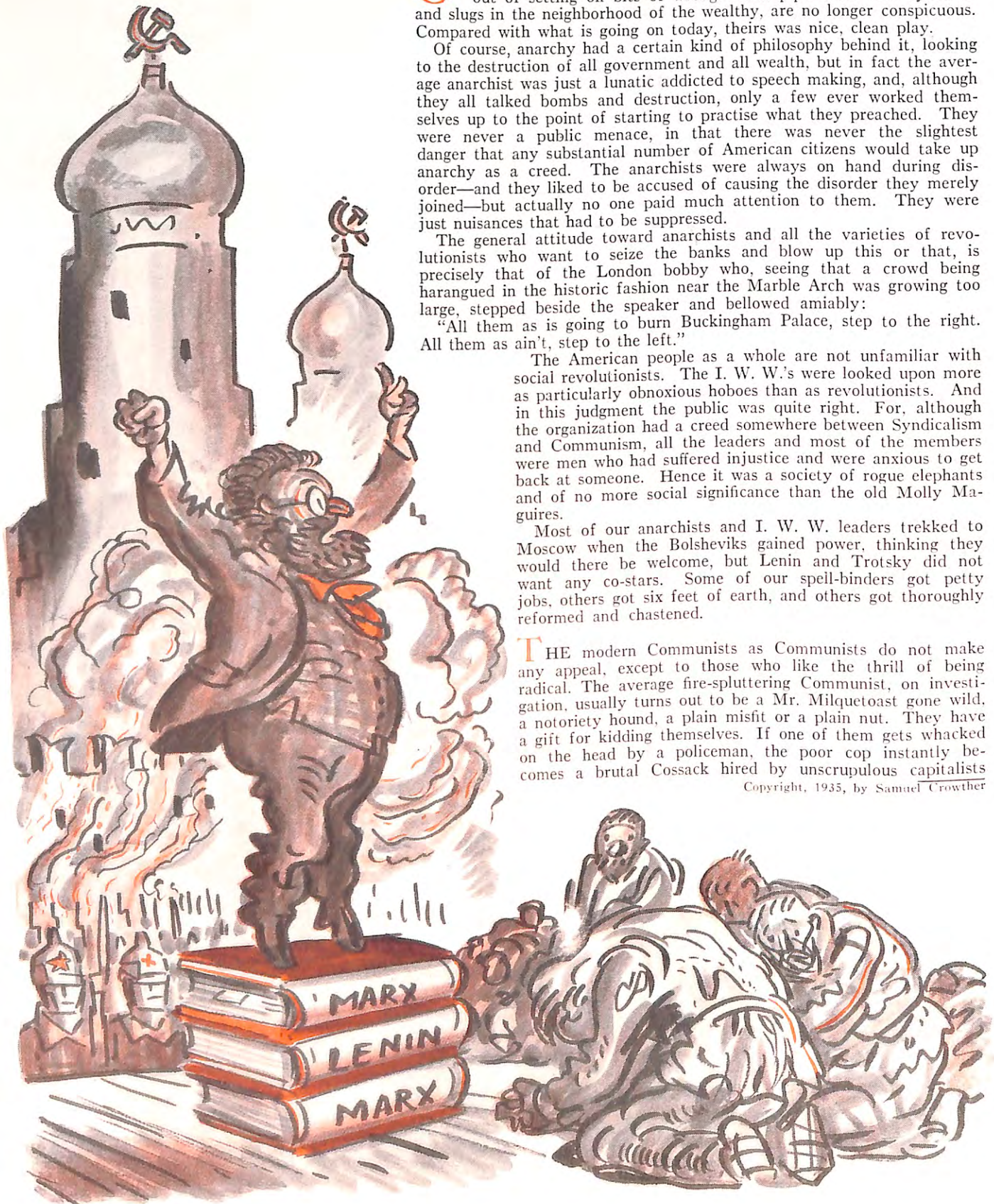
"All them as is going to burn Buckingham Palace, step to the right. All them as ain't, step to the left."

The American people as a whole are not unfamiliar with social revolutionists. The I. W. W.'s were looked upon more as particularly obnoxious hoboes than as revolutionists. And in this judgment the public was quite right. For, although the organization had a creed somewhere between Syndicalism and Communism, all the leaders and most of the members were men who had suffered injustice and were anxious to get back at someone. Hence it was a society of rogue elephants and of no more social significance than the old Molly Maguires.

Most of our anarchists and I. W. W. leaders trekked to Moscow when the Bolsheviks gained power, thinking they would there be welcome, but Lenin and Trotsky did not want any co-stars. Some of our spell-binders got petty jobs, others got six feet of earth, and others got thoroughly reformed and chastened.

THE modern Communists as Communists do not make any appeal, except to those who like the thrill of being radical. The average fire-spluttering Communist, on investigation, usually turns out to be a Mr. Milquetoast gone wild, a notoriety hound, a plain misfit or a plain nut. They have a gift for kidding themselves. If one of them gets whacked on the head by a policeman, the poor cop instantly becomes a brutal Cossack hired by unscrupulous capitalists

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gerous than the REDS?

Cartoons by Oscar E. Cesare

to crush out the honest workers. Every Communist arrested, no matter what the charge, becomes a hero and, if tried and convicted, is a martyr to the cause. Sacco and Vanzetti were tried and convicted of murder; the Scottsboro boys were tried and convicted of rape; but the Communists hold as an article of faith that they were tried and convicted of being Communists.

The Reds love parades with placards. If a dozen or so of them can pick up a motor truck to carry themselves and a resolution or two to the state capitol to present to the governor, they start what they call a "hunger march"—although they do not march and are not hungry. En route they pick up enough bums and hoodlums to make a showing on arrival. If they can succeed in acting impudently enough to get kicked out or arrested, they are heroes and entitled to speak at a mass meeting. The bombastic humbug and tomfoolery are such that a normal American cannot possibly be a Communist. In fact, an American trying to earn a living has not the time to be a member of the Communist rank and file, for when a member is not meeting he is marching.

The Communists as such are not dangerous. A frank statement of a program of revolution to overthrow the whole American system and establish in its stead a dictatorship of the proletariat would fall absolutely flat—if for no other reason than that hardly anyone would know what it meant.

THE danger of Communism in this country lies, not in the thing itself, but in the crippling of recovery through the continuous fomenting of disorder among people who are not in the least Communistic, and in the spreading of the gospel of despair by only slightly informed men whose emotions have been caught by words and phrases which roll glibly off their lips without their in the least understanding the implications of the phrases.

The undermining of the American spirit will not easily be accomplished. But if any large section of the people become convinced that hope is not for them, the upturn in the affairs of the country may be long postponed. The danger to this country is not in its avowed revolutionists. The danger to this country is in those who permit themselves to become the advocates of a change in the social order (Continued on page 50)





on stage



Above: A typically riotous Broadway revue is "Thumbs Up!" It stars such popular favorites as Clark and McCullough, Hal Leroy and Ray Dooley. Above are Eddie Dowling (the producer, by the way) and his wife, Ray Dooley

Above: Natalie Hall and Robert Halliday as they appear in "Music Hath Charms," a play with music by the celebrated Rudolph Friml. The production is a lavish one, and the score highly tuneful. Moreover, the large cast includes, beside the two actors above, such performers as Andrew Tombes, Paul Haakon and Billy Rey



Above: "Post Road" is rolling along very nicely, thank you, on the crest of the present unparalleled wave of interest in kidnapping. This melodrama of baby snatching also has its lighter moments, most of which are inspired by the sparkling wit of Lucile Watson (center) who is starred. The other actors shown are Edward Fielding and Wendy Atkin. The scene is laid in a rural boarding house in Connecticut, which suddenly is invaded by kidnapers



and screen



Above: A touching scene from the new screen dramatization of Charles Dickens' ever popular novel, "David Copperfield." The cast is a huge one and includes many stars of the movie and theatrical world. Pictured here are Lennox Pawle, Freddie Bartholomew and Edna May Oliver



Above: A dramatic scene from the film "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." The story centers about the lives of three stout Britains, officers in the Lancers, who live "one for all and all for one." Gary Cooper, Richard Cromwell, Monte Blue, Franchot Tone and Sir Guy Standing play the leads



Above: Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in a movie version of Baroness Orczy's famous novel, "The Scarlet Pimpernel." This story of the adventurous leader of a small band of young French Royalists during the reign of terror is a thrilling one, and is well presented by a fine cast

CAST AND BROADCAST

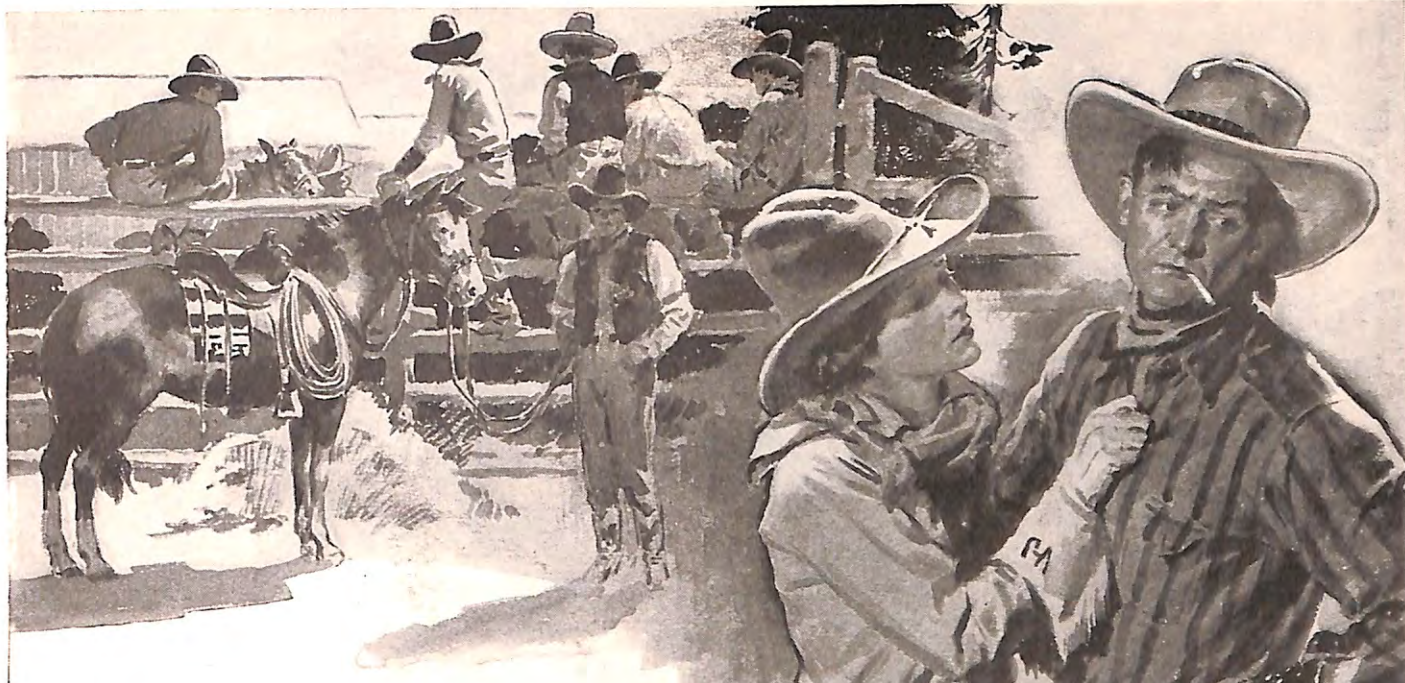


At top is N. B. C.'s famed soprano, Jessica Dragonette, who has for many hard-working years supported the batting average for a flock of second-rate feminine radio entertainers. Because her voice is small and needs great amplification, it possesses an unearthly sweetness of quality which has earned Miss Dragonette a permanent place in the sun

The principals of Glen Gray's popular C. B. S. Casa Loma Band (lower left) are: Ken Sargent, the crooner whose falsetto notes enrapture the dolls; Glen Gray and Pee Wee Hunt, who yodels the many hot and comic numbers with a mad vigor

Beatrice Lillie, top right, comes to radio as rain after drought. One of the sharpest wits of her time, Miss Lillie, through N. B. C. microphones, sprays venom at a world which is, to her mind, over-populated with stuffed shirts. Her astringent humor is revitalizing in this plague of punsters

Block and Sully, lower right, are C. B. S. comedians who have attained popularity through the well-timed delivery of Dave Freedman's gags. Gertrude Niesen, crooner, fills out the program



Cinched to a Cyclone

by Paul Annixter

Illustrated by Frederic Mizen

THE daddy of all rodeos at Cheyenne's famous Frontier Park was well into its second gala day when Solly Stoner rode into town from the north on his well-known sorrel top-horse. There had been a deal of side betting among the boys as to whether Solly would show this year, many believing that the game was gone for him, that he had been stopped for good the Fall before, when the outlaw horse Man-killer had stacked him in the dust and left him with a broken leg, three cracked ribs and a shoulder chewed to the bone. Not that Solly was injured past mending—but there are worse hurts than broken bones in the rodeo game. Those who knew Solly intimately, however, had offered five to one that wherever Man-killer was Solly would be sure to come. These knew that nothing could have been better designed to bind Solly to the outlaw's destiny than that drubbing in the arena. Solly was that kind of a wrangler.

For years he had been known as one of the best of the hard-fanning, copper-riveted fraternity, following the rodeos each Fall, Wyoming state champion three years running, and always close to the top of the game. He had a quiet and pardonable pride in his horsemanship, and never before had he been com-

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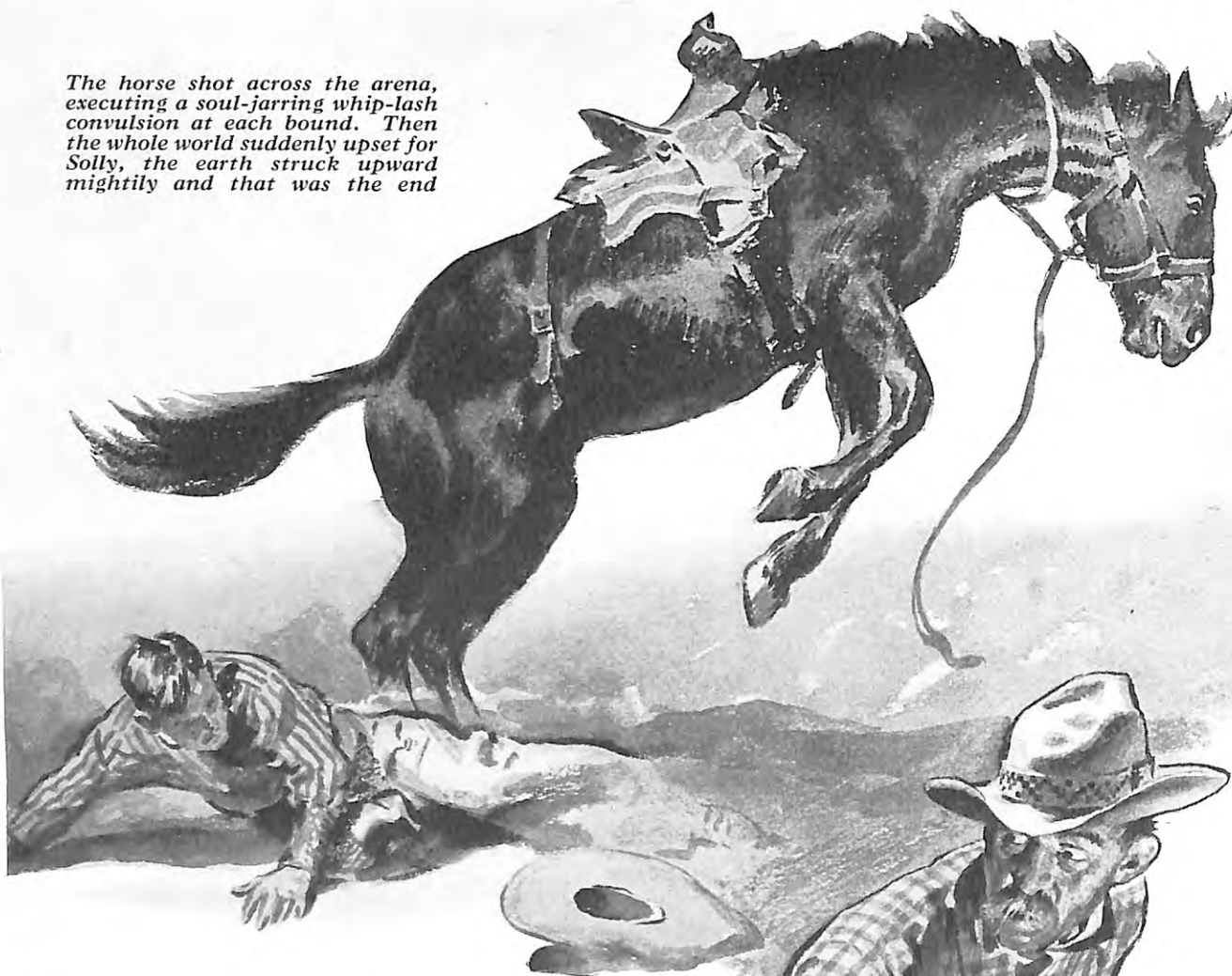
"Solly, listen," she said.
"It's plain suicide! I
know what you're think-
ing—why you're doing it."

Frederic Mizen

pletely worsted by any horse. The result was a queer and growing obsession in relation to the black horse, Man-killer, that few suspected.

No one, however, not even Russ Armstrong, Solly's best friend and runner-up in last season's contests, knew how many angles were entailed in that psychological defeat. There was the attitude of Jean Maitland's, for instance, after he had first been thrown by the killer at Calgary. For two seasons sorrel-headed Jean had quite devastated Solly, and it had looked last year as if he had a real stand in with her. At least, she had let down her Gibraltar enough to give most of her time to him and advise him playfully and go and ask her Dad about it if he was really as serious as he seemed. And Solly, who had

The horse shot across the arena, executing a soul-jarring whip-lash convulsion at each bound. Then the whole world suddenly upset for Solly, the earth struck upward mightily and that was the end



laid by a comfortable stake in his thirty years, besides a thriving ranch up in the Mad River Country, had been working up his nerve to do that little thing to the end that Jean might boss his outfit and keep said savings from straying any—when Man-killer had entered the game.

Not so much to go on in his break with Jean, from the standpoint of the ordinary male masher, but plenty for one of Solly's lonely and integrated pride. A look and a remark of Jean's, for instance, after he had first been thrown by Man-killer—he couldn't quite remember her exact words, but they had rankled afterward. And later when he had passed up another chance to ride the killer because of a crooked tendon he had gotten from his first throw, and had let Russ Armstrong ride in his place, Jean who had stood beside him laughingly remarked: "You must have been flattened for sure, to give up that ride, Solly."

"We figured Russ could do better with him than I could this trip," Solly had explained, chagrined but not caring to tell about the tendon.

"Don't be ridiculous," Jean Maitland had said. "You can outride Russ or any other man in the game. Still, I don't much blame you for shying off a second ride. Once is plenty."

"You don't blame me for—what?" Solly had demanded.

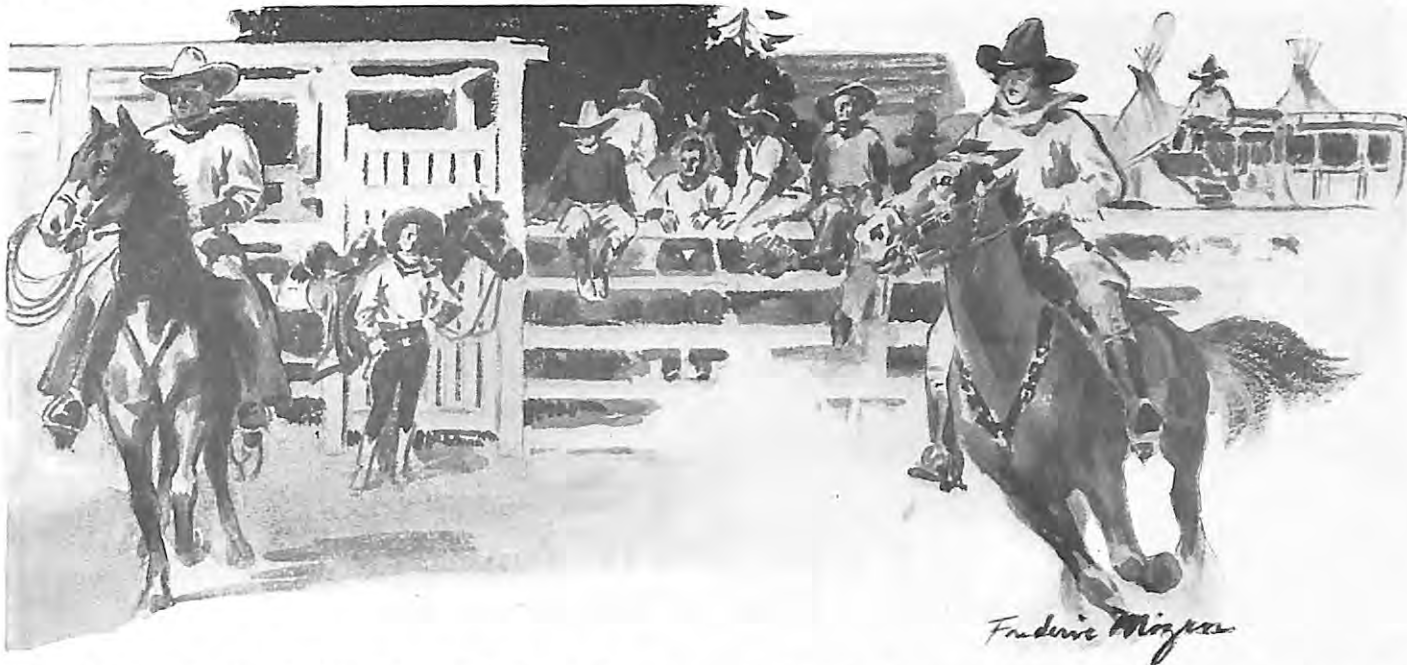
"Why, everyone knows there isn't one of the boys but what would take on any two other horses rather than Man-killer. I've heard them say it."

Solly had stood staring at her for several seconds. "You think I'm buffaloed by that bronc?" he had demanded.

Afterward he hadn't been able to recall just what her answer was, but it had sent him off in a fume, shown him that he didn't stand more than deuce high to a tumble-bug with her. The rest of that season a crazy wrathful pride had made him

avoid Jean, and later she had been seen going about with Dirk Fleming, a famous lady killer.

The more Solly had thought about it the surer he became that he'd never had a chance with Jean anyway. The Maitlands were clear out of his class; too many cattle rallied round the



waterholes on that big two thousand acre ranch of theirs up in the Piperock country. What you might call the real aristocracy of the cow-country, the Maitlands were; men spoke of old Roger Maitland as a cattle king, not a rancher. And what a nasty lip the old man had. But he'd show them whether he was afraid of Man-killer.

Solly had followed the show south from town to town for the sole purpose of riding the outlaw again. His chance had come at Pendleton, with the result aforementioned, and Jean Maitland had been watching from the sidelines. Only the swift action of the pick-up men had saved Solly from certain death that time, and for two months afterward he had been bed-ridden.

Hundreds of times since, with the steely sharpness of an etching, he had lived over those moments in the arena when he lay prone in the dust with the black outlaw rearing above him—hoofs flailing, nostrils red, his yellow buck teeth flashing as they reached to tear the flesh from his bones. But nothing like that had wound Solly up with the Killer. He hadn't more than begun showing Jean Maitland what he was made of. All that summer he had chafed and stewed and kept himself in trim, waiting for the time he could pit himself against Man-killer again in the Fall, driven by that high-fire temper all the Stoners had, the thing that had sent Solly's father to a premature death in his long battle against the dry-landers.

MEANTIME Man-killer had gone on his sensational way. He had become known as the worst horse in the rodeo game, which was saying a loadful, for the mavericks of the west, killers of all the ranges, were shipped to the rodeo association each year. Man-killer had now taken two lives in his two seasons in the arena. He had crippled at least ten riders, and it was rumored that nine out of ten times the ambulance had had to follow him into the arena. This season the natural distaste of the management to mar the show with tragedy had kept the man-eater out of the regular bucking contests. Wild broncs were the regular fare at Frontier Days, the wilder the better. But a large percentage of the most seasoned riders in the game had agreed that it was courting suicide to allow anyone to leave the chutes on the back of the blood-crazy stallion and had so advised the officials. It was not that the twisters were afraid to tackle him, they were only sensible men. And Man-killer was an incorrigible.

Solly Stoner had heard all this before he hit town, and therefore knew that his chances of drawing Man-killer were slim indeed in the ordinary contests. But there were other ways when a man was bent on getting kicked to kingdom come; hadn't even a hope of coming out alive. Certainly he would not be troubled by competition in the course he had chosen.

He took a room at the Moose Hotel, left his mount at the top-horse tent and went immediately to see Jim Titus, the

arena boss in his office back of Frontier Headquarters. He came right to the point with Titus, whom he had known for years, and it was as he had figured, competition would be less than none at all for the privilege he requested. So far this season, Titus explained, the management had carried Man-killer around simply to shoo off the hog-wild local dare-devils who threatened to cop the big prizes, which rôle the stallion had played very well, thank you. There was no law, however, against a contestant choosing any horse to ride he so desired. Man-killer was an acknowledged drawing card; it would help fill the stands. However, according to the new rules they'd have to book Solly's stunt as a special. His name, too, would be kept dark till afterward.

IT don't matter to me how she comes off, as long as she comes," said Solly. "And let's bind it in writing, if you don't mind. I come a heap o' miles to get a chance at him again, an' I don't want no slip-up."

Titus eyed him keenly. "You must be honin' to die, Stoner," he observed as he began making out the typewritten agreement.

"Might look that way," Solly replied, dropping his lanky muscle-corded body into a chair. "But that horse got in on me last year—if you get what I mean. He's been ridin' me night and day, and now I'm goin' to ride him or die in the—Well, I'll have one more try at him, that's all!"

Titus grunted his understanding and prepared to change the next day's program with a bit of high-powered advertising at Solly Stoner's expense. He had a pretty good idea of why Solly was so intense over the matter. He had heard the gossip and had a good insight into the working of horse-wranglers' minds. Stoner had been quelled the season before; for the first time in his life he had been "blow-flied" as the phrase had it. Something like fear had entered his heart. He had to prove now that he was not afraid of the worst outlaw in the game, or doubt would gnaw the pith out of him, Titus figured. It was a lot more than a mere grandstand gesture.

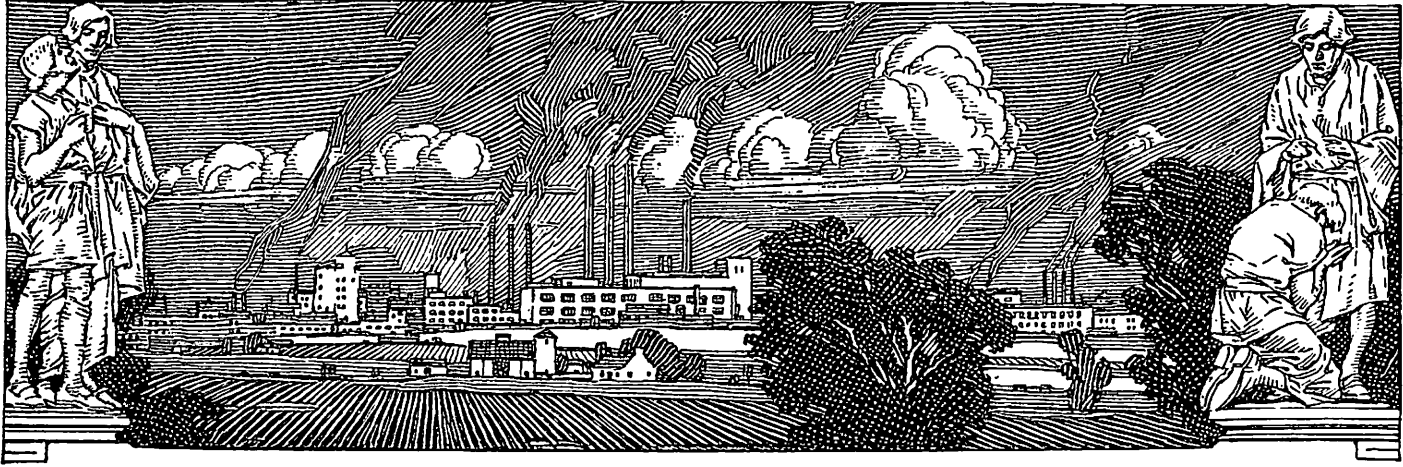
"Luck," called Titus as Solly rose to go.

"Got it," said Solly.

He left the office with a sense of a big weight lifted from his chest. What happened now was up to Man-killer.

He looked in at Headquarters for a moment to make sure that Jean Maitland was among the contestants as usual this year. Not that he cared a hoot in a hurricane in the old way, he assured himself, but it was highly essential that Jean be among the spectators for that last play of his. He wanted Jean to be sorry—to remember.

Her name was there, of course. No rodeo season would have been complete without the Maitlands on hand. Jean, the keenest woman trick rider who ever performed gymnastics on a galloping horse, known as "The Prairie Lily" from coast to coast; and old Dan Maitland, owner of one of the biggest strings of buckers in the west; rodeo (Continued on page 46)



EDITORIAL

SIXTY-SEVEN— STRONGER AND FINER

ON the sixteenth day of this February, the Order of Elks will celebrate its sixty-seventh birthday. In the consideration of some editorial comment appropriate to the occasion, a stirring sentence in Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon's speech of acceptance, at Kansas City, was recalled. He said: "I have observed the Order grow greater and stronger with every year;—greater in numbers in the years of prosperity; stronger and finer in the years of adversity." Surely no more fitting text could be adopted.

During the past several years, when business and industrial conditions have been so abnormal and so chaotic, practically every individual and every organization have experienced such losses and reverses, that they might justly term that period "years of adversity." Fraternal orders have been no exceptions to the general rule, insofar as loss of members and curtailment of incomes are concerned. And the Order of Elks, happily in lesser degree, has shared this experience.

But those who know the Order, as the Grand Exalted Ruler knows it, realize that he spoke truly when he said it has grown continually stronger and finer, even during that unfavorable period.

The real power and influence of a fraternal organization, such as ours, is not to be measured solely by the roster of its members, nor by the aggregate value of its physical assets. They are contributing elements, of course; but its real strength lies in the true spirit of fraternity which pervades its ranks; in the loyalty and devotion of its members which inspires them to worthy achievements; and in their earnest purpose to maintain its highest traditions of patriotic and benevolent service.

A glance at the statistics, containing the record of its charitable activities during recent years, brings conviction that the Order of Elks has maintained its place of leadership in this chosen field. It is obvious to the most casual observer that there has been a consistent development of that splendid spirit of fraternal fellow-

ship among its members which has always distinguished the Order. And their patriotic enthusiasm has never been more convincingly manifested in times of peace.

It is, therefore, with assurance, and with a very just and confident pride, that the Order of Elks, on its sixty-seventh birthday, may be acclaimed as a stronger and finer fraternity than ever before in its history.

WHOM HAVE YOU IN MIND? AND WHY?

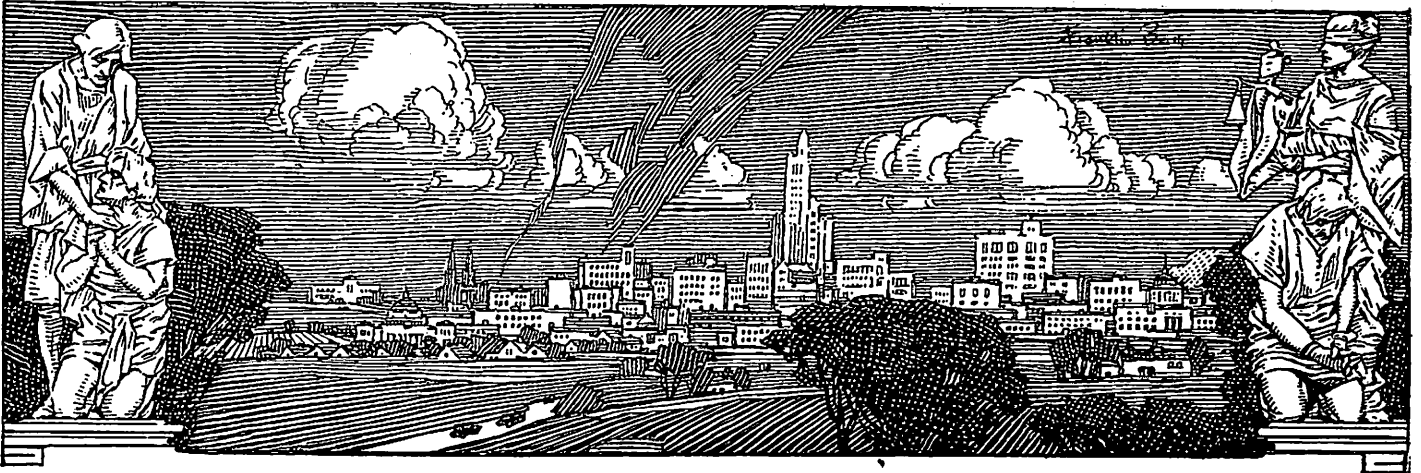
THERE are but few Lodge meetings yet to be held before nominations of officers for the ensuing year must be made. This is a matter which should be receiving thoughtful consideration now by every member of the Lodge. What attention are you giving to the subject? Whom have you in mind? And why?

It is quite likely, in the great majority of the Lodges, that there is an assumption that the station officers will be moved up to the next higher chairs. It is possible that this will be the wise course to pursue. But it should not be taken for granted. There is too much at stake.

It is possible that your Esteemed Leading Knight started several years ago on the road of annual promotion, and that he has shown a capability and loyalty that justifies his selection for the highest office. If so, he should be elected to it; because he has actively displayed such qualification, not because they are assumed.

But if he has merely drifted through his several terms, without any real interest in the affairs of the Lodge except for his own personal advancement; if he has given no evidence of the possession of the peculiar ability which the higher office demands; if he has not succeeded in demonstrating that he is capable of a leader's part, able to draw an enthusiastic and cooperative following; then he should not be slated for promotion.

Particularly is this true of officers who have been negligent of their duties in the subordinate stations. One



who fails to observe his official obligations as Esteemed Lecturing Knight will be likely to display a similar negligence as Exalted Ruler.

Now is the time to be thinking over these matters. They deserve more consideration than can possibly be accorded to them if it be delayed until the session when action must be taken. And every Elk should realize the responsibility which rests upon him as such.

All this is so obvious that it would seem needless to comment upon it. But experience has taught that all too little thought is given to the question by the rank and file. That experience justifies the individual query in the caption, as a reminder of the individual responsibility involved. It justifies the repetition here of the suggestion which has often been made: Deal with the situation so as to serve the best interests of the Lodge, and not with a view to promoting the mere personal ambition of some individual member.

THE NEEDIEST CASE

ONE of the great metropolitan dailies, for a number of years, has featured a Christmas charity which sought to meet the demands of certain specially selected "neediest cases." In each instance the need was great. But that alone did not control its selection. There also must have been some definite circumstance, of cause, of peculiar condition, of present exigency or of future promise, which justified its inclusion in the list for which special aid was asked.

Christmas, with its own seasonal impulse to charitable deeds, has passed. The general demands of every community continue to strain the available sources of relief. But in each city there are yet to be found those cases which make a specially direct and compelling appeal where all the facts are known. And it is suggested that the subordinate Lodges will find a congenial task in searching out such neediest cases in their respective jurisdictions and providing for them in the spirit and in the manner which will be most effective.

In the majority of such exceptional cases the ordinary service agencies are unable to meet the peculiar requirements in the way that insures the best results. It may be that the thing most needed is just that personal, sympathetic interest and continued watchful helpfulness

which Elks know so well how to provide when they undertake such a task.

It may be assumed that each Lodge of the Order is striving to do its full share in relieving the distress and misfortune in its community. But it is because it is so surely the way to a specially gratifying experience, that the suggestion is here made that each Lodge seek out the neediest case in its jurisdiction and adopt it as its own fraternal job. Not only will a worthy cause be served but the Lodge's helpful identification with it will be less impersonal and more gratifyingly direct than in ordinary relief cases.

It would be an interesting variant in the practice of the Acts of Friendship, if the consideration of such proposed act at one of the meetings should be directed to the ascertainment of such "neediest case" and to a generous response to its peculiar claim.

BACKSLIDERS

DID you make a lot of good resolutions on New Year's Day? And have you failed to keep some of them? Well, don't worry too much about it. Just take a fresh grip on yourself and try a little harder. If it had been too easy, perhaps the need for the resolve would have been less urgent.

Even the most purposeful and the most earnest have their moments of weakness. That of itself is not serious. The real danger comes only when there is too long a yielding to that weakness and it is permitted to become a chronic condition.

Backsliding has a significant meaning in those circles in which it has become a current word, indicating one who has "fallen from grace." But there always inheres in it a suggestion that it is a temporary condition. A backslider may reinstate himself. He is expected to do so. He really wishes to do so.

Well, if you are a backslider, just translate that wish into a fresh purpose and no great damage will have been done.

And how about imposing a little penance on yourself by improving your record for Lodge attendance and by greater interest in its fraternal activities? That really is not a punishment. But it might help if you so regarded it until you had derived from it the pleasure it is sure to bring to you.



Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon giving his anti-Communist recommendations before the Special Committee of the House of Representatives appointed to investigate un-American activities

International

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Pro-America Program Gathers Increased Momentum

SINCE the time of Plato men have blamed their troubles on Government and have offered fantastic Utopian dreams as substitutes for going concerns.

Under no system of government—theoretical, fictional or real, except our own—has the spectacle ever been presented of a citizen seeking to be the Chief Executive of a great commonwealth, who first subordinated himself to all decisions of an organization, international in character, the purpose of which was the overthrow by violence of the very Government which he ostensibly sought to govern.

In a western state, in the November elections of 1934, one Sam Darcy, an organizer of the American Section of the Communist International, was a candidate for Governor. Sam Darcy did not expect to be Governor; neither did the fourteen thousand persons who signed a petition filed with the Secretary of State alleging they belonged to, or were affiliated with the Communist Party, expect him to be Governor, because few of those persons cast their vote for their candidate. Sam Darcy of California, and all the other Sam Darcys who appeared upon State ballots all over this nation in the November elections, merely used the ballot as one of many ways of advertising and flaunting a subversive and destructive international movement.

Sam Darcy is not a California problem—he and his prototypes are symptoms of a national disease that is being allowed to grow and spread unchecked by official action of our Federal Government.

For many years before the Government of the United States existed, periodic economic disturbances, world-wide in scope, afflicted the nations of the civilized world. We have suffered recurrent major disturbances, in duration and intensity comparable to the depression the world has suffered during the last several years.

Beyond the time of any living man there have existed individuals

THE campaign of militant Americanism laid down by Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon in Kansas City last July has been growing apace ever since. Wherever Mr. Shannon or his District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers have appeared they have emphasized this program of action, with the result that many Lodges now have well organized Pro-America Committees whose members, in cooperation with the representatives of other patriotic groups, are effectively stamping out local evidences of Communism.

An excellent example as to how a Lodge of 161 members is successfully eliminating subversive influences from its community is given by Elmhurst, Ill., No. 1531. The officers of this small but progressive Lodge have sponsored a Pro-American Society. As reported in detail in last month's issue (page 21), this organization grew out of a meeting to which were invited representatives of all the local civic, fraternal and patriotic groups. The members of the Pro-American Society have pledged themselves to investigate Elmhurst schools, colleges and public libraries for evidences of radical propaganda. Anything of a subversive nature that is turned up in this way will be reported to the proper authorities, and the Society's work will not stop until every trace of Communism has been eradicated from Elmhurst.

Another Illinois Lodge that is fostering a splendid program of Pro-Americanism is Macomb, No. 1009. A series of patriotic meetings is being held at the CCC Camps of the territory, as a result of which some 750 boys and young men are becoming better citizens. These meetings will continue regularly until April 1st (when the present camp members will be discharged), at which time the members of each Camp unit will vote for the boy who is most outstanding in his knowledge and practice of American principles. Macomb Lodge will present medals to the winners at appropriate ceremonies.

On December 18th, 1934, Mr. Shannon was called to Washington, D. C., by a Special Committee appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate un-American activities. He was one of several leaders of national organizations who were invited to the Nation's Capital for this purpose. The Grand Exalted Ruler's statement, together with his recommendations (which are given in full below) were received with acclaim by the large number of listeners present—particularly when he stated in ringing terms: "My appearance here is the result of the mandate of my Order which has committed its every resource and its entire man-power to militant combat until the last vestige of revolutionary, international Communism is destroyed in these United States."

Mr. Shannon's complete report is given below.

and organizations who have offered the destruction of all existing social order by force and violence as a cure for social inequalities and as a means of establishing a constant economic balance. From hunger, want and suffering the destructionists have always attempted to muster the man-power of their combat forces. With the return of employment and good times the forces of violence have become less audible. But for one factor, international Communism would be sure to decrease in intensity in the United States with the employment of men and the return of normal living conditions.

So strong in the hearts of the majority of our people is love of country and so great is the appreciation of our inheritance of individual liberty and opportunity, that until this most recent period our countrymen have had comparatively little cause to fear the force of any movement, individual or mass, within our land having for its purpose the overthrow of our institutions.

The World War afforded the opportunity for a small group of men—less than the acknowledged membership of the American section of the Communist International—to seize the machinery of Government and with it the power and wealth of a vast nation. That this revolutionary group might be perpetuated in power, hundreds of thousands of human beings, regardless of age or sex, were slaughtered in a gory demonstration of the theory that might makes right.

THAT mercy, compassion, the love of a Supreme being, filial devotion, the refining influence of the home or human love of any kind might not deter the progress of a minority plunging a nation into a mad experiment for power, churches were destroyed, churchmen persecuted, the idea of an all-wise, all-just, all-merciful God was held up in scorn to a confused and terrified peasantry. Indi-

vidual home life was discarded for supposed communal living efficiency. Disrespect of parents by children was condoned and encouraged to the point where an expression of doubt of the success of bloody revolution was made a serious offense, and penal servitude of fathers and mothers was ordered on the evidence of their own children.

All of this might well arouse the indignation of the people of the United States, but it might not be sufficient to justify Congressional legislation were it not for the fact that a dream of world domination by this powerful foreign revolutionary group threatens the peace and security of our own people.

IN 1920 a careful, scholarly report, following an exhaustive investigation by a Legislative Committee of the State of New York was made, showing that the seeds of a bloody revolution were being planted in the soil of America. Too little attention has been paid to the study contained in the four volumes of the Lusk Report because our people generally have felt that the soil of America is not hospitable to revolutionary Communism.

While the American people were well employed and while a condition of prosperity existed in our country that made for peace, happiness and contentment, many thoughtful persons were startled—and many more should have been—when in January, 1924, the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in his then capacity as Secretary of State, submitted a report to the Senate of the United States in which he spoke of "the existence (within the United States) of a disciplined party equipped with a program aiming at the overthrow of the institutions of this country by force and violence," and stated that the essential fact was that this "organization in the United States was created by and completely subservient to a foreign organization striving to overthrow the existing social and political order of this country."

In 1931 a Committee of the House of Representatives held hearings in various communities throughout the United States, including Washington, (D. C.), New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Seattle, Portland, (Oregon), San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chattanooga, Birmingham, Atlanta, New Orleans and Memphis. The members of this Committee listened to approximately two hundred and seventy-five witnesses and examined a vast quantity of documentary evidence.

This Committee found that certain facts had been repeatedly substantiated at the hearings, namely: that it is self-evident that the Communists and their sympathizers have only one real object—the Communists and their sympathizers have only one real object—not to obtain control of the Government of the United States through peaceful and legal methods as a political party, but to establish by force and violence in the United States and all the other nations, a "Soviet Socialist Republic" of the proletariat.

I do not go so far as to believe that there is imminent danger of the overthrow of this Government by force and violence, but I am convinced from studying the reports coming to me within this nation year from all parts of the country, that there are within this nation groups affiliated with the international organization of revolution that are constantly increasing in numbers and efficiency to the point where, unless opposed by intelligent and lawful federal force, they may soon believe themselves strong enough to dare revolution. Communism will and already has caused loss of life. It will and it has constituted a serious check to the economic recovery of our country. It will, unless eradicated by federal action, present a constantly increasing and expensive national problem.

The loyal citizens of the United States who do not have the knowledge, will be astonished to learn that there is no department of our Federal Government authorized, empowered or financed to investigate and gather the facts so that our Government may be continually fore-armed with knowledge of subversive activities.

With the exception of the investigation of the Committee of the House of Representatives, which made its report in 1931, and with the exception of the investigation of the present Committee of the House, there has been little, if any, action on the part of the Federal Government to protect its own existence against the threat of Communism.

The present national fight against Communism is being conducted entirely by newspapers, by unofficial patriotic individuals and organizations, and by local police departments. All of this is laudable but relatively ineffective, except that these groups have caused what has been referred to in the public press as a "rising tide of Americanism." Today the leaders of practically every great national patriotic organization are in the Capital of the Nation and most of them will, I believe, request of Congress the immediate passage of punitive legislation against subversive activities.

I APPEAR as the Chief Executive of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, a great national fraternity numbering over five hundred thousand American citizens in every walk of life, with organizations in almost fourteen hundred American cities. My appearance here is the result of the mandate of my Order, which has committed its every resource and its entire man-power to militant

combat until the last vestige of revolutionary international Communism is destroyed in these United States.

When a daily newspaper, brazenly flaunting its connection with an international movement to destroy government by force, passes unchallenged through the United States mail, or travels without hindrance through a Government-regulated interstate commerce;

When men, women and children, singing the Internationale, march the streets of our cities under the banner of a foreign organization which threatens confiscation of property and destruction of government;

When there exist schools of education to teach the young the ways of violence and terrorism, each day's instruction commencing with a youthful salute to a red flag;

When a whole race of people, numbering approximately ten millions, are exhorted to separate from the Federal Government and to organize armed forces;

When the fears, superstitions and prejudices, born of age-old conditions in foreign lands which find no counterpart in this country, are played upon to bring trouble and terror into the life of America;

When every social, racial or occupational difference or inequality is agitated, each within its own group—and not to alleviate or readjust but rather to intensify—human misery;

When organized attempts are being made throughout the land to thwart the efforts of the President of the United States to bring order out of chaos, and when public employment offered from the bounty of a public treasury is referred to as enforced labor and slavery;

When Asiatics and negroes, not representative of their races, are, as a part of an international plan to increase strife, made to lead violent mass attacks upon relief agencies;

When all this happens it becomes the duty of an organization whose chief reasons for existence are patriotism and benevolence, to ask of the Congress of the United States the immediate amendment of existing laws and the passage of such new legislation as may be necessary with proper and forceful administration to insure the peaceful enjoyment of citizenship.

WE respectfully suggest the following as the most necessary objectives of immediate legislation:

1. Investigation of subversive activities of organizations and individuals by the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, with the authority in the Department of Justice to take the necessary legal measures used in investigational work, and supplied with ample funds and personnel. The Department of Justice should also be charged with the discretionary power and duty of publication of the truth about organizations and individuals engaged in subversive activities.

2. Declare organizations which advocate the overthrow by force and violence of the system of government guaranteed by our Constitution to be illegal organizations, and prohibit their existence in any territory under the jurisdiction of the United States.

3. Effectively close the United States mails to newspapers or other publications advocating or encouraging—or affiliated with any organization advocating or encouraging—the overthrow of our Government by force or violence.

4. Prohibit the interstate transportation of newspapers or other publications advocating or encouraging—or affiliated with any organization advocating or encouraging—the overthrow of our Government by force or violence.

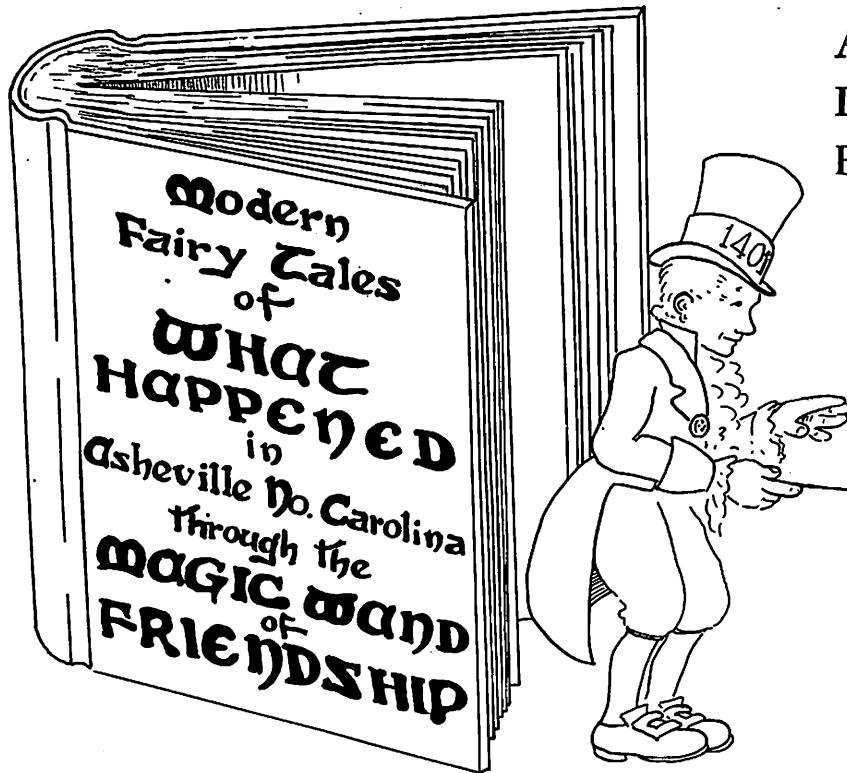
5. Declare it a felony for an individual to publicly or secretly advocate, promote or encourage the overthrow or change of our form of Government by force or violence.

6. Make clear and certain the laws for the deportation of all aliens advocating the overthrow or change of our system of Government by force or violence, and make certain the impounding without bail of any such aliens pending deportation.

7. Prohibit the entry into the United States of any individual who is known to advocate the overthrow or change of Government by force or violence, and clarify the law so that there can be no possible conflict of authority between Departments of our Government in the execution of this law or regulations made under it.

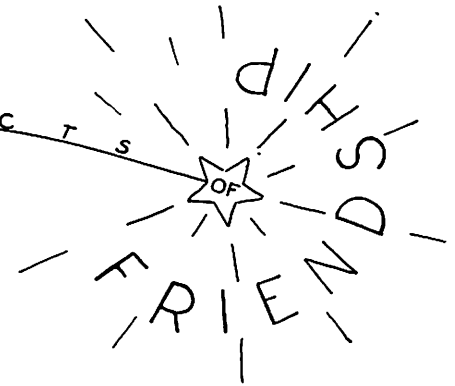
8. Revocation of the naturalization of any naturalized citizen who advocates the overthrow or change of our Government by force or violence.





ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP IN EACH LODGE ON EVERY MEETING NIGHT

Stories by Holcomb Hollister



DO you remember how you cheered as a child when—just in the nick of time—the Fairy Godmother waved her Magic Wand and gave to your hero and heroine the charm which saved them from the Cruel Witch?

Asheville, North Carolina, is lucky! It has—no, *not* just a Fairy Godmother—but a whole Host of Fairy Godfathers. They are members of Elks Lodge No. 1401 and they have discovered that ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP are a more potent Magic Wand than any Godmother ever possessed. And since this Wand was placed in their hands they have waved it regularly—EVERY MEETING NIGHT—and the results far surpass the “happy-ever-mores” of the Fairy Tales of Old! The pages they have so far written in their Book of Modern Fairy Tales are filled with romance and adventure and, as we turn them for you to read, you will understand why Lodge No. 1401 likes its new rôle.

From Page I

Sept. 19—Our heroes and heroines are sixty little school children whose fathers and mothers are very poor. All are undernourished and many are without books and proper clothing. As our Godfathers talk with the teachers to find what is most needed, a little lad faints—and they learn he has not eaten in thirty-six hours! The Magic Wand is swiftly waved and soup and fresh milk and clothes and books appear. *Every day* these little folks are fed and warmed and made happier. “So,” the page ends, “the Witch of Poverty and Adversity was driven from their midst and they laughed and played once more.”

From Page II

Oct. 3—A little blue-eyed girl comes dancing onto this page. A child full of life and energy, *but without the power to speak*. And she knew she was different and suffered under the ridicule of her playmates when, because of a cleft palate, her laughter and words were uncouth. Can the Magic Wand help her? It means surgical procedure, hospitalization and loving care. But the Wand is powerful—and little Fannie found her voice. Her Godfathers freed the childish tongue which Nature had so unkindly bound, “and,” the page tells us, “her little friends circled about her, laughing and happy and amazed that she could speak and be understood.”

From Page III

Oct. 10—This page has a Mother for a heroine—a Mother who had been widowed and whose nimble fingers and talent as a seamstress had made her able to assume her double burden adequately. Her three children had been well taken care of and she was proud and glad. But when eyesight fails, sewing is no longer possible—and this Mother and her Little Ones were left to public relief. Yet all that was needed was a pair of glasses. The Magic Wand supplied them—and the last line on page 3 reads: “So a Mother and her three children became independent again and lived happily!”

From Page IV

Oct. 17—A hero is before us this time—a *real* hero despite his brief seven years. For little Roy is crippled and has never walked. Our kindly Godfathers found him dragging himself about the floor, courageously insistent upon helping himself as much as he could. When the Magic Wand waved this time it meant an operation, a plaster cast, and months of treatment *away from home*—but little Roy did not flinch. It was his one chance to be like other little boys and he grasped it gratefully. The page ends, “when the Godfathers learned that the operation was successful and that little Roy would some day walk, they were very glad.”

From Page V

Oct. 24—The little hero who peeps out from this page is a nine-year-old lad who had been forced to fight a battle with tuberculosis for six long years. And because Robert had been a good soldier he had won his battle and his long frustrated hopes and ambitions were to be realized. He could go to school again and run and play and study—what’s this? He could go—but first the Doctor said he must have warm clothing to protect him. And—Father had no job, so there was no money to buy them. Was he to be stranded again? NO—the Magic Wand waved! And the page ends with these words—“another happy little boy trudges gayly off to school and play.”

From Page VI

Oct. 31—Why do Cruel Witches seem to choose such baby vic-

News of the sudden death of Exalted Ruler Claude B. Harrison, Asheville Lodge No. 1401, Asheville, North Carolina, reached the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler just as “Modern Fairy Tales” went to press. These stories, setting forth the Acts of Friendship inspired by his splendid perception and limitless vision of service, are a tribute to the strength and beauty of a Friendship which will not swiftly fade. Asheville’s Acts of Friendship set a standard for human relations which Lodge 1401 will treasure and zealously maintain.

tims? This is a tale of another little girl born with club feet, whose chance for permanent correction seemed about to be snatched from her. There had been an operation which straightened her tiny ankles and Baby Betty had been brought gleefully home. Soon she would run and romp like other children! But first there must be especially built little shoes to prevent those weak ankles from relapsing, and there was no money to purchase them. The page reads thus: "The Magic Wand danced as it waded for little Betty—danced in prophesy of how Betty's feet will dance in years to come!"

From Page VII

Nov. 7—Verne is the hero of this page—a nineteen-year-old youth who little deserved the ill-fate which overtook him. An accident a year ago robbed Verne of his Father and Mother and left his only sister a cripple. And he dearly loved her. He yearned to give her the care and comfort she needed and worked hard for long hours to make his dreams for her come true. But he brooded, too, and one day a sun-stroke felled him and *clouded his mind*. It was an acute test to meet this need—but the Magic Wand did not fail! It found the right psychiatrist, provided the time for his treatment and recovery, and shouldered his responsibilities until he could assume them again. How does the page end? Oh—"and the young man knew that Friendship was a power that could dispel the dark clouds and he *rested* upon it."

From Page VIII

Nov. 14—Can you think of a more appealing hero than an eleven-year-old lad who is 70% blind? The Godfathers found Ralph struggling against pathetic odds. His Father dead; his Mother re-married; and his Step-father dissipated and dissolute. Little Ralph *liked* caring for himself and did it ably until his sight began to fail. Poor boy—he wandered in a fog of blame and his teachers, knowing he was bright and intelligent, but not realizing his handicap, rated him shiftless. But the Godfathers understood; they waved their Magic Wand with vigor and glasses appeared which have completely restored Ralph's courage and happiness. And the last line says, "and the Godfathers laughed with joy when they saw this little boy changed from a discouraged and unhappy child to a keen, rollicking youngster again. It made their Magic Wand very precious to them."

From Page IX

Nov. 21—What does this page tell us? A three-year-old boy-hero with a "squint"—and a fanatically religious Father who believed it was an "Act of God"! So it seemed as though no amount of well-wishing and reasoning would permit the Magic Wand to save little Fred from permanent sight affliction. But the Godfathers armed themselves for the fray and found a number of quotations in the Book of Books which routed the Father's convictions. The Magic Wand *DID* wave. Baby Fred had his eyes straightened by a fine surgeon and glasses provided to keep them that way. And read this last line! "So the Godfathers made a little boy safe against loss of sight—and found their Magic Wand more potent than they had dreamed. *For the little boy's Father learned to have such faith* in them that *HE* accepted glasses, too." Now don't you believe the Godfathers laughed a little at that?

From Page X

Nov. 28—Back to the heroines! This page is dedicated to a fourteen-year-old Miss whose name is Louise. It was Louise's pride and joy that she had made honor marks all through her grades—so you can guess the shock that was hers when, a few months ago, *she had to leave school* because she could no longer see well. It was heartache and despair at an age that is very sensitive. So the Godfathers investigated and an eye specialist performed a slight operation and provided glasses. Presto! Just one more wave of that Magic Wand and—what is that last line? "And the young lady thanked the Godfathers very prettily and declared that so long as she lived she would always believe in the Fairies of Friendship."

From Page XI

Dec. 5—Oh—oh! This page is a story of a sad little girl bewitched by an unkind fate which had crippled her since birth. It is a story of a struggle against poverty in her home while Father and Mother sorrowed over their child because they could not afford to aid her. And it is a tale of brave patience and cheerfulness in the face of apparent helplessness as the little girl grew old enough to realize her plight. But little Martha has renewed her faith in Fairies. For the Magic Wand was waved for her and her Godfathers stood by her while the surgeons examined their Godchild and told them *she could be made to walk*. So they left Martha with him to be made like other little girls—and the last page says: "There was great rejoicing in that home and the Godfathers learned anew how precious was their Magic Wand."

From Page XII

Dec. 12—Aha! It is not *always* the children who come under the spell of Godfathers and Magic Wands. We see on this page the happy face of Mrs. Kelly—beaming with a deep gratitude for the understanding and friendliness that aided her. For Mrs. Kelly had had one abdominal operation and faced another one immediately—unless she could secure an especially designed abdominal support. It was not only the physical suffering which made life seem hard. There was the feeling of helplessness to aid herself unless she could be up and about again. The support has been provided—the second operation avoided—and a fine woman is staging her come-back with joy and thanksgiving.

From Page XIII

Dec. 19—How hard is life without good teeth! That is what an elderly, cultured woman had been thinking for months—and she is a real heroine, too. For it requires courage of a rare sort to face life under a handicap after the sixties are reached. This heroine's teeth had been removed to effect other physical relief—but before the gums had healed and new sets were made, financial difficulties interfered and she found it impossible to secure them. A sense of personal disfigurement and a growing feeling of incapacity crept over this sweet woman—a feeling many can understand. The Godfathers did—and having their Magic Wand, they used it to make her happy and at ease once more. And the last line says: "It was very potent Magic for the heroine who had begun to believe no one cared. Now she knows the power of Friendship and is eager to be of service in her turn."

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR FAITH IN "HAPPY ENDINGS"?

LET ASHEVILLE ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP RENEW IT FOR YOU!

A—CTS OF FRIENDSHIP undertaken EVERY Meeting Night are
S—afeguarding the future for hundreds of unfortunates.
H—ealth is returning to the frail bodies of undernourished children.
E—yesight comes again to struggling youth and suffering age, and
V—igor is being restored to misshapen limbs. There is a new
I—ndependence for those who eagerly sought it, while
L—ight comes to a mentality clouded by adversity and
L—aughter rings from baby lips that had never spoken. And the word
E—lk has a richer meaning in the heart and mind of an entire community!



Elkdom Outdoors

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



Fred Humphrey, A. W. Whitney, G. H. Vittetoe, W. B. Cooper and C. L. Bishopp with their share of deer killed this past season by members of Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge No. 804. Every season there's a contest as to who bags the first buck. Note also the pictures below



Ortin Davis, of Fort Collins Lodge, with his prize buck. The gentleman to the right of Mr. Davis did not send in his full name, but you can guess the first one easily. Fort Collins Lodge stages a contest every season and awards a prize to the member who bags the first buck. The accompanying photographs prove conclusively that the members take this unique competition seriously



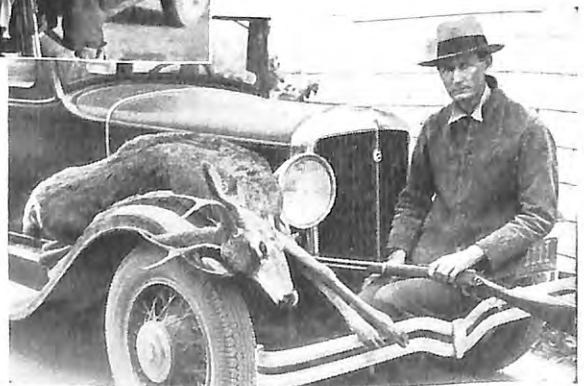
H. R. Van De Veght and Foster Humphrey, of Fort Collins Lodge, had to be satisfied with one trophy, but it proved to be the finest of all. Obviously congratulations are in order on this splendid big buck



Dewey W. Francis and Floyd Headlee with two fine bucks killed near Fort Collins on the opening day of the season. They won the brass ring for scoring first honors. And this in the face of mighty keen competition



Carl Kuhre, of Fort Collins Lodge, was not left in the lurch by any means. His buck was a ten-pointer and provided considerable excitement before he was brought down. It looks as though the country around Fort Collins provides ideal deer hunting conditions. The Editors would like to hear from other Lodges which stage contests



F. G. Martinez, of Fort Collins Lodge, with his buck—also killed on the opening day of the season. Mr. Martinez, as you can see from the snapshot, uses an old saddle gun, and from the results he secured we know that he can shoot it. When the 1935 fishing season opens why not get your Lodge members to stage a group fishing competition?

Famous Bridge Hands

by George Coffin

Card Editor

(With two cartoons drawn by George Shanks)



IN playing around at duplicate tournaments one often has to compete against weird bidding systems. Of course, it is impossible to learn a complete system in one minute of explanation by its exponents. In order that players do not have to be handicapped by playing against methods which they do not understand, the rules provide that a player has the right to ask the partner of the opponent making each bid to interpret its meaning.

Geoffrey Mott-Smith, a well-known championship player of New York City, has a good defense against freak systems. He listens patiently while his opponents outline their systems before he explains, "Now boys, we play the regular Culbertson system except that we have our own peculiar method of doubling. If the opponent on my right bids one in a suit and I double, that is for a takeout; but if he bids one notrump and I double, that is for penalties. However, if my left-hand oppo-



nent bids a suit and I double, that is for penalties; and if he bids one notrump and I double, that is for a takeout. Now my partner uses his doubles just the opposite way, except when opponents are vulnerable and we are not. Furthermore, when we are vulnerable both of us play all of our doubles just the reverse!"

Of course, this ridicule of the opponents' system produces a psychological shock that neutralizes any unfair advantage the opponents may enjoy from the private nature of their signals.

Today, unusual plays have more interest than unusual bids, because clever plays are necessary to win crucial hands while fancy bids rarely yield results better than those obtained by ordinary common-sense methods. Norman Bonney of Boston, Mass., played the following hand brilliantly:

<i>NORTH</i>	<i>SOUTH (Bonney)</i>
♠—K J 7 3 2	♠—A 9 5
♥—J 10 2	♥—A K 5
♦—J 3 2	♦—A 5
♣—10 2	♣—A Q J 8 5

Mr. Bonney, playing South, dealt and bid one club. Although the hand contains 5½ honor-tricks, it has too many losing tricks to warrant a forcing two-bid. West bid one diamond, North one spade, East passed, and Mr. Bonney jumped to six notrumps. Although we feel that this call was unduly optimistic, the answer is that Mr. Bonney has won national championships fulfilling optimistic contracts. He is one of the best card players we have today.

West opened with the king of diamonds, and exposure of the dummy revealed holes in every suit—a sorry assortment to set before even the great Bonney! He cannot afford to lose a finesse because, if he does, the defense will cash the setting trick in diamonds. Mr. Bonney won the diamond lead with the ace, East playing a small diamond.

To Trick 2 Mr. Bonney properly led the five of spades and the queen dropped from West. North played the king and East followed suit.

At Trick 3 North led the ten of clubs, East and South played low, and the ninespot dropped from West.

STOP, LOOK, AND PLAN. Before reading further try to figure out how you would fulfill your contract if you were Mr. Bonney. He did it. Remember, North now has the lead.

Analysis: This deal is unusual because the entire hand can be counted accurately as early in the play as at the third trick. Unless West is falsecarding, which is unlikely, the fall of the queen of spades and the nine of clubs indicate singletons, revealing eleven red cards with West. Furthermore, since West bid and led diamonds, this suit must be longer than hearts. Therefore it contains exactly six cards, as with more West would have made a jump bid over South's original bid of one club.

In addition, the lead of the king (Continued on page 49)

A Prize Will Be Given to Every Elk Who Submits the Correct Solutions to the Two Problems Below:

Problem No. 1. In the hand discussed in the text, if at Trick 3 East covers North's lead of the ten of clubs with the king, how can North and South make their small slam against the best defense by East and West?

Problem No. 2. Spades are trumps. South leads. North and South must win all eight tricks against the best defense by East and West. How is it done?

Mail your solutions to both problems to George Coffin, Card Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire.

NORTH		EAST				
♠—none		♠—none				
♥—A Q 5		♥—K 4 3				
♦—A Q 5		♦—K 4 3				
♣—A 2		♣—9 8				
WEST	<table border="1" style="width: 40px; height: 40px; margin: auto;"> <tr><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td></tr> <tr><td> </td></tr> </table>					
♠—none						
♥—J 10 9						
♦—J 10 9						
♣—J 10						
	SOUTH					
	♠—6 5 4					
	♥—6					
	♦—6					
	♣—6 5 4					

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

District Deputy Charity Ball, of New York East, a Big Success

Two thousand Elks and their friends attended the "First Annual District Deputy Elks Charity Ball" held at the Westchester County Center at White Plains, N. Y., on December 8, 1934, by the 11 Lodges of the New York East District for which James Dempsey, Jr., of Peekskill, is District Deputy.

Among the distinguished guests attending



Parks Studio

The beautiful Lodge Room of Fresno, Calif., Lodge, formally decorated for a recent function of an important nature

the Ball were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and Mrs. Nicholson, and Daniel A. Kerr, Pres. of the New York State Elks Assn. The success of the affair practically assures the Elks of the East District that the District Deputy Elks Charity Ball

will become an annual event from now on. Past Grand Exalted Ruler the Hon. Murray Hulbert was Honorary Chairman of the General Committee of the Ball. Robert L. Dymes of Ossining was Chairman, Edward Murray of Yonkers, Vice-Chairman. John

A Candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler

QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, announces that at the 1935 reunion of the Grand Lodge, to be held in Columbus, Ohio, in July, it will present Past Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan, for Grand Exalted Ruler for the year 1935-36.

Judge Hallinan's record of service in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks extends over a period of twenty-three years. He was initiated into Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, on the 20th day of June, 1912. Upon his removal to Queens County in 1916 he affiliated with Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. After serving Queens Borough Lodge as Esteemed Lecturing Knight and Esteemed Leading Knight, he became Exalted Ruler in 1920.

As Chairman of the Building Committee of the Lodge he was instrumental in the successful planning and erection of the magnificent Home of Queens Borough Lodge, costing over one million dollars, remaining as President of the Building Corporation until the present time. The excellent financial position of Queens Borough Lodge, with its small outstanding indebtedness, is an evidence of his executive ability and untiring zeal. Through his leadership Queens Borough Lodge has substantially increased its membership, advancing in numerical strength to its present position as the leading sub-

ordinate Lodge of the Order in number of members.

From 1923 to 1924 Judge Hallinan served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Southeastern District of New York. At the Grand Lodge Session held in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1924, he was appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution. From 1926 to 1928 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order. In 1928 and 1929 he was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. In 1930 he became Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and in 1931 he was elected a member of the Board of Grand Trus-



tees, serving subsequently as Vice-Chairman, Approving Member and Secretary.

In addition to rendering service to his own Lodge and to the Grand Lodge, Judge Hallinan has been busily engaged in other activities of the Fraternity. He is a member of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of the Southeastern District of New York, of which body he served as President for the year 1924-25. From 1921 to 1935 he has served as an active member and Chairman of various committees of the New York State Elks' Association.

Judge Hallinan was born in New York City in 1889. He is a member of the Bar of the State of New York, having been admitted to practice in January, 1912, after receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws in the New York Law School. In November, 1929, he was elected District Attorney of Queens County, New York, and in November, 1931, as the nominee of both political parties, he was elected to the position of Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York for a fourteen-year term.

Queens Borough Lodge invites consideration of Judge Hallinan for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler on his record as an Elk and his standing as a thoroughly representative citizen of the country.



The famous Elks Chorus of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, has been featured at many Grand Lodge Reunions. It will have a prominent place on the program of the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Columbus the week of July 14, 1935

The 1935 Grand Lodge Convention

THE Convention Committee of Columbus Lodge has received most encouraging reports, all of which indicate that the attendance will be the highest recorded in many years. An elaborate program of entertainment is being arranged, with an unusual attraction featured on each of the four days.

Americanism will be the theme of the Grand Parade. Under the direction of Grand Esquire Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., assisted by Chief of Staff Col. William H. Duffy, of Columbus, uniformed marching clubs and drill teams from more than 100 Lodges are

expected to participate. Fifty beautiful floats, each depicting some important event in the history of the Nation or one of the charity or welfare activities of the Order, will be integral parts of the Parade.

Every State Association and Lodge which can sponsor a float is urged to do so by the Convention Committee. The floats can be made in Columbus. The Committee will be glad to send sketches and prices to all those interested. Inquiries should be addressed to Col. C. W. Wallace, Secretary, Columbus Lodge, at 256 E. Broad St.

P. Doyle of Mt. Kisco, Secretary, and Benjamin Shea of Port Chester, Treasurer. Other Committee Chairmen were Joseph Downing, Entertainment; Fred A. Niles, Publicity; Ray C. Delaney, Decorations; Frank H. Wells, Floor; Edward Murray, Budget; Joseph Carroll, Refreshments; George A. Danner, Program; Leo V. Feichtner, Tickets, and James H. Moran, Reception.

Serving on the Reception Committee were D.D. James Dempsey, Jr.; State Vice-Pres. Max K. Leeds; P.D.D.'s Charles S. Hart, Sydney A. Syme, R. Leo Fallon, Frank J. McGuire, Joseph E. Vigeant, Gerald Nolan, William C. Clark and Fred Hughes; Past Vice-Pres.'s Herman Engel, Isaac Hotaling, Oscar E. T. Schonfeld, George A. Danner and Peter Soeteman, and E.R.'s of Lodges in the District John B. Hoppe, Edward R. Dowd, Edward Murray, Paul J. Haber, R. R. Reynolds, Raymond R. McGee, Samuel LaRosa, Henry D. Holden, William A. Fasshauer, John J. Hayden and John P. Doyle.

Christmas at the Elks National Home

A spirit of cheeriness and goodwill prevailed at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., during Christmas week. A large Christmas tree, with lights and tinsel, stood in the lobby, and the decorations in the dining-room were unusually beautiful. Gifts sent by subordinate Lodges of the Order and by friends and relatives were distributed among the residents of the Home by Santa Claus on Christmas morning. There were

more gifts than usual this year. On Christmas night a special moving picture performance was put on, and another was held on the following Saturday evening.

Members of the Home were honored guests at a party given by Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197, during the week. Minstrel skits and dancing by students of the Floyd Ward School were featured. On New Year's Eve the choir of the Washington Street Baptist Church, directed by Dr. G. L. A. Pogue, provided a program of entertainment. The first half of the program was composed of spirituals and during the second portion there were readings, songs and dances.

R. A. Scott, Superintendent

Indiana E.R.'s and Secy.'s Hold Annual Meeting

The 16th Annual Conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana's subordinate Lodges was held at the Hotel Antlers in Indianapolis on Dec. 9. The affair was run off in the form of a luncheon which was partaken of in the Oriental Room.

The opening introductions were handled by State Pres. Clarence J. Joel and the subordinate Lodge roll call was read by State Secy. William C. Groebl. "Our Plans and Policies" was the subject of remarks made by the District Deputies present. Hinkle C. Hays, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, spoke on "Subordinate Lodge Activities."

Past State Pres. Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., was also featured on the program.

General Chairman Henry J. West spoke to the assemblage about the Terre Haute Convention of the Ind. State Elks Assn. The program closed with a general discussion.

W. G. Taylor, Secy.
Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13

Past State Pres. Bryar of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge Dies

The death of William Bryar, who passed away in Lansing, Mich., on October 17, 1934, came as a severe blow to his fellow members and his many friends. Mr. Bryar was one of the organizers of Dowagiac Lodge, No. 889, and was the holder of membership card No. 2. He dimitted from Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, and was a life member and the second Exalted Ruler of No. 889.

Mr. Bryar was at all times one of the most active workers in the Mich. State Elks Assn. He was State Pres. in 1912, and served as Chairman of the Scholarship Fund Directors for a number of years.

Millard F. Hunter, Secy.,
Dowagiac Lodge

Secy. of Marion, O., Lodge Warns Against Impostor

The Secretary of Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, wishes to warn the Order against the activities of an impostor who claims that his membership card in Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, has been stolen. The man may at one time have been an Elk, as he possesses a fund of information about the Order. He claims to be a printer, is about 35 years of age, and has a peculiar twitch in his eyes.



Tomponson Studio

More than three hundred members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge grouped together in their beautiful Lodge Room at a recent party given in the Home

He is about five feet five in height and weighs about 140 pounds.

He has obtained lodging and loans from Lodges in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and from Marion Lodge. Thomas Sherrick, James Geronimo and James Scott are some of the names used by the impostor.

T. A. O'Leary, Secy.
Marion, O., Lodge

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge Mourns Secy. Hatry

Julius Hatry, aged 71, a charter member of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, and the Lodge's Secretary for 28 years, died recently at his home in Sullivan. His death followed an emergency operation at the Mary Sherman Hospital. Mr. Hatry was a native of Zweibrucken, Germany. He was well known among the Lodges of Indiana, his long service in Sullivan Lodge bringing him into prominence.

The funeral was held at the Sullivan Lodge Home on December 20 under the auspices of the Lodge, the eulogy being delivered by P.E.R. John W. Lindley. Burial followed in the Elks' plot at Center Ridge Cemetery. Mr. Hatry's activities in the life of Sullivan Lodge were many and valuable. His loss is keenly felt by his fellow members.

R. P. White, P.E.R.



The Arlington, Mass., Lodge Tug-of-war Team, Champions of the New England States

Endorse the Grand Exalted Ruler's Pro-America Legislative Program

As this issue went to press, a copy of the following telegram to Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon was received from Concord, Mass., Lodge, No. 1479:

LODGE NUMBER FOURTEEN SEVENTY NINE AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS —WHERE IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS THE SHOT WAS FIRED THAT WAS HEARD ROUND THE WORLD TO START THE FIGHT FOR HUMAN LIBERTY— BY UNANIMOUS RESOLUTION PASSED IN MEETING TONIGHT, REQUESTS YOU AS GRAND EXALTED RULER OF OUR ORDER TO SUMMON ALL LODGES, THE MEMBERS THEREOF AND THE CITIZENS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE COMMUNITIES, TO PETITION THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES TO IMMEDIATELY ENACT INTO LAW AS A MINIMUM OF THE LEGISLATION AGAINST SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES, THE EIGHT REQUESTS FOR LEGISLATION SUBMITTED BY YOU ON BEHALF OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES INVESTIGATING UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES. MAY THIS CHALLENGE BE AS EFFECTIVE AS THE ONE SENT FORTH FROM THIS SAME CONCORD IN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY FIVE.

The eight-point program referred to is published on page 21 of this number. It is the Grand Exalted Ruler's keen desire that every Lodge in the Order will act promptly and favorably on this vitally important part of his Pro-America Program.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Welcomes Matthew J. Merritt

Tuesday evening, January 8, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, entertained members of the Lodges of the Southeast District of New York in the homecoming reception to its Past Exalted Ruler and present District Deputy of the Southeast District, Matthew J. Merritt.

District Deputy Merritt, who was recently



J. D. Grady, of St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge whose three sons, shown with him, recently became Elks

elected Congressman-at-large, is one of the most popular members of Queens Borough Lodge, and the attendance throughout the district as well as from other parts of the State attested to this fact. The Association of the Past Exalted Rulers of the Southeast District was in charge of the reception, at which more than 1200 people were present, including 300 guests.

The meeting of the Association was held in the afternoon. Later in the evening dinner was held in the main dining-room of the Queens Borough Lodge Home in honor of District Deputy Merritt. At the regular Lodge session in the evening, introduction of the distinguished visitors present was conducted by Judge James T. Hallinan, P.E.R., P.D.D., and Grand Trustee of the Grand Lodge. Judge Hallinan was accorded a tremendous ovation when his candidacy for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler for the 1935-36 term was mentioned by one of the speakers.

Of those introduced by Judge Hallinan, the following delivered brief addresses: Matthew J. Merritt, D.D., the guest of honor; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Charles S. Hart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Daniel A. Kerr, President of the New York State Elks Association; and George Riedler, Jr., of Brooklyn Lodge, State Vice-President.



The football squad of Hampton, Va., Lodge and members of the Lodge

Dr. John E. Kiffin, Past Exalted Ruler of Queens Borough Lodge, presented the guest of honor with a beautiful cellarette on behalf of members of the Lodge. Vocal selections were rendered by the Queens Borough Lodge Elks Glee Club, after which a class of 52 candidates was initiated under escort of the Queens Borough Drill and Degree Team.

The initiation was performed by the following distinguished Elks: John F. Scileppi, of Queens Borough Lodge; Harry Wolff, of Brooklyn Lodge; George H. Sternberg, of Staten Island Lodge; John P. O'Connor, of Glen Cove Lodge; Ferdinand Pecora, of New York Lodge; Dominick Guando, of Hempstead Lodge; George S. Johnson, of Freeport Lodge; Michael Leftoff, of Lyn-

brook Lodge; Louis L. Kaess, of Patchogue Lodge; E. J. C. Smith, of Southampton Lodge; Daniel F. Kiernan, of Bronx Lodge; Arthur R. Brennan, of Huntington Lodge and Robert Palmer, of Great Neck Lodge.

At the conclusion of the initiation the Drill Team gave a splendid performance of intricate formations. A reception and buffet supper were held for all the members present in the main dining-room.



Register Now for the 1935 Elks National Bowling Tournament

Cicero, Ill., Lodge, No. 1510, will be host to the bowlers of the Order when the Eighteenth Annual Elks National Bowling Tournament gets under way next month, continuing through April.

A recent visit to the Tournament City was made by the Promotion Committee and arrangements for the event were completed. The Committee, consisting of Pres. Harry P. Gottron, P.E.R. of Fremont, O., Lodge, and Secy. John J. Gray, of Milwaukee, expressed its entire satisfaction with the plans formulated by Cicero Elks for the entertainment of the Elk bowlers.

The contests will open on Saturday, March 23, with the entries for the events closing at midnight on March 1. Joseph Krizek, of Cicero, General Chairman of the local Tournament Committee, and the subcommittees appointed by him, will take care of entries, transportation, hotels, reception and entertainment. The games in the 1935 meet will be bowled at the Windy City Association recreation rooms, where 32 tournament alleys in first-class condition will be available.

Cicero Lodge held a recent booster gathering for the coming tournament at which 200 representatives of Lodges in the Northeast District of

Illinois were present. It is expected that the publicity being accorded the Tournament will encourage 150 teams to register. Special committees have been named to canvass for entries. Reduced fare rates will prevail on all railroads for Elks attending the Tournament. The rates will also include the families of Elk bowlers.

Only Elks in good standing will be permitted to compete in the national meet. Contestants will be required to show membership cards prior to bowling.

Nine diamond championship medals will be awarded the winners of the different events. The cash prize list for the competition is divided into two classes—regular and good-fellowship—the first going to scores of merit and the second drawn for those who have not shown high scores.

Officers of the Elks Bowling Association of America are: Harry P. Gottron, Fremont, O., President; Frank G. Mitzel, Detroit, Mich., Dave Wells, Louisville, Ky., S. A. Hanson, Oak Park, Ill., Phil Birkenhauer, Toledo, O., and Joseph

Krizek, Cicero, Ill., Vice-Presidents; and John J. Gray, Milwaukee, Wis., Secy.-Treas. Lodges desiring to enter teams should write Secy. Gray.



Livingston, Mont., Lodge Warns Order of Impostor

Livingston, Mont., Lodge, No. 246, announces that a member, Frank J. Carey, of 1331 Castro Street, Oakland, Calif., has lost his membership card, and that the card is being used for the purpose of cashing rubber checks.

The swindler also has in his possession other cards belonging to Mr. Carey, including an American Legion Card, V.F.W. Post 1010, at Emeryville, Calif., a 91st Division card, one at San Francisco and one at Oakland; a California chauffeur's license card and a Richfield Oil Company credit and courtesy card. The checks are being cashed, in most instances, at gas and oil stations, and at stores in California. San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, also reports having cashed a check for the impostor. All Lodges are warned to beware of this man.

Arnold Huppert, Secy.



International News Photo

Rev. Dr. Preston Bradley, Chaplain of Chicago, Ill., Lodge with E. R. Harry E. Eckland and James Hamilton Lewis, U. S. Senator from Ill., at a Lodge meeting

Eastern Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges



Asheville, N. C., Lodge recently entertained District Deputy I. M. Cook on his official visit to the Lodge, at a meeting attended by those pictured above. A class of candidates was initiated. Shortly after this picture was taken Exalted Ruler Claude B. Harrison died a most untimely death. (See pages 22 and 23.)

Joseph G. Buch Confers with President Roosevelt at Warm Springs

Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Commission of the New Jersey State Elks Assn., spent a fruitful weekend at Georgia Warm Springs Foundation with President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The invitation was extended to Mr. Buch for a social visit and also a discussion of crippled children work as practiced at the Warm Springs Foundation. Mr. Buch's work in behalf of the crippled children of New Jersey has won him nationwide recognition.

Remodeled Home Dedicated by Freeland, Pa., Lodge

Instead of purchasing a new Home, Freeland, Pa., Lodge, No. 1145, remodeled its three-story building to suit its needs. A new Lodge room was built upon the third floor, a dining room on the second floor, and a grill and card room added to the first floor, with a 42-foot extension added at the rear of the building. The old Home has been practically converted into a new one, with better facilities for handling social functions, Lodge meetings and other gatherings. During the winter months the House Committee expects to conduct a number of interesting social affairs.

The work was instituted and begun during the term of office of E.R. Lester A. Stine and continued and completed by the present officers, headed by E.R. Claude C. Miller. The Committee worked diligently for many months to perfect the plans and bring the work to final completion. A new spirit of progress prevails in the new quarters.

The dedication ceremonies and festivities extended over a period of four days. At the Friendship Dinner, one of the major events, P.G.E.R. Lawrence H. Rupp of Allentown was the principal speaker. After a formal program, the assemblage proceeded to the new annex for an evening of music, song and special entertainment. Other events were a Ladies' Night with cards and dancing in the dining room, the dedication of the Lodge room, and the meeting which celebrated the opening of the Home. This event also served as the occasion for the formulation of plans to support Hazleton Lodge in its arrangements for the entertainment of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. at its Annual Convention to be held in Hazleton next August.

The program for the formal dedication of the Lodge room and the unveiling of the Altar emblems was broadcast. Attorney John H. Bigelow of Hazleton was the speaker. All of these functions were largely attended by out-of-town Elks as well as those in Freeland. Among those who took prominent parts in the four-day program were Scott E. Drum, Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn.; Past Presidents Clem S. Reichard, F. J. Schrader—who came from Chicago to be present—and Max. L. Lindheimer; P.D.D. J. G. Thumm; E.R. James A. Collins, of Hazleton Lodge, and Clinton P. Eilenberger, Deputy Postmaster General of the U. S.

Catskill, N. Y., Lodge Holds German Night

Catskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1341, held its second annual German Night recently, the dancing and entertainment being performed in the German style. Chairman Ebneith and his Committee are to be congratulated on their work in making the affair a pronounced success. The Lodge and the public await the Nationality Nights held at the Lodge Home with keen interest.

The official visit of D.D. Charles J. Mullen to Catskill Lodge was another event to be remembered. Mr. Mullen was accompanied by 23 members of his home Lodge, Kingston, No. 550. Among the visitors were Past Vice-Pres. William T. Rowan and Past Trustee William F. Edelmuth of the New York State Elks Assn., and E.R. Aaron Lipkin and his staff of officers of Kingston Lodge. Preceding the meeting the Lodge served a turkey dinner in honor of the District Deputy and his escort. At the regular meeting five candidates were initiated, with Mr. Mullen delivering an instructive address.

Kingston and Catskill Lodges have always enjoyed visits with each other, but this one from D.D. Mullen, and the officers and members who accompanied him, has done much to bring the two neighbors even closer together.

Bert Hayes, Est. Lead. Knight

Springfield, Mass., Lodge Loses Exalted Ruler

While marching with his Lodge in a parade to publicize the opening of a three-day theatrical performance for the benefit of the Lodge's Charity Fund, Ernest F. Sears, E.R. of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, was stricken with a heart attack and

died instantly. He was greatly respected.

Mr. Sears was for many years active in all the good works of the Lodge as well as those of the Knights of Columbus and the Order of Foresters. In both organizations he had held high offices. He served Springfield Lodge in all the offices from Esquire through the chairs to the Exalted Ruler's station. At all times he was ready and eager to devote his services to the promotion of the Order's interests.

Mr. Sears' death is a great loss to his community as well as to his family and large circle of personal friends.

Charles L. Kelheir, Correspondent

Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge Honors Frank C. Ball

Frank C. Ball, one of the community's prominent citizens, was recently honored at a banquet by Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge, No. 695, in appreciation of his valuable contribution to the Lodge through his active identification with the affairs of the Elks' Home Association.

At the conclusion of the dinner Mr. Ball was presented with a handsome silver shield mounted on ebony and suitably inscribed, as a surprise feature of the program. With a few words of sincere appreciation, he responded to the presentation address made by E.R. Dr. A. T. Liachowitz, P.D.D. George J. Post, veteran Secretary of the Lodge, acted as master of ceremonies.

Speakers on the program included the second oldest P.E.R. present—County Commissioner James H. Kirchner; Glen Garvey Jackson, immediate P.E.R. and Pres. of the Board of Directors; Dr. Liachowitz, and others too numerous to mention. The affair was a history-making event for Mahanoy City Lodge. Full credit for its success is accorded to Dr. Liachowitz who engineered it and to Mr. Ball who inspired it.

James P. Tolan, Chairman, Membership Committee

Varied Activities in Refurbished Home of Leominster, Mass., Lodge

One hundred and seventy-five guests, including the Mayor, members of the City Council and visiting Elks, were present at an open-house held by Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, to celebrate the completion of the work of reappointing and re-decorating the building. The Lodge has spent \$9,000 in transforming its quarters.

One hundred and fifty comfortable seats have been installed in the Lodge room which has a new ceiling and has been refloored. The card and grill rooms have been shifted and enlarged. Between these is the kitchen, also enlarged, and equipped with modern furnishings and utensils. The gas stove was presented by the "Friday Night Club," an auxiliary organization of the Lodge. The large library, parlor, and billiard and pool hall are now perfectly appointed.

The work was planned and designed by E.R. Charles H. McCarthy whose death occurred before its completion. Dr. John J. Curley was elected to fill Mr. McCarthy's unexpired term, and he followed carefully and carried out the program of his predecessor. The opening was marked by extreme goodfellowship and fine entertainment, provided by the Reception Committee headed by E.R. Curley and P.E.R. Frank J. Morin, and assisted by the officers and P.E.R.'s of the Lodge.

One of the events of the winter season was the official visit of D.D. Arthur L. Ryan, of Webster, accompanied by present and past officers of Fitchburg, Clinton and Webster Lodges. He was given a royal reception, and had the pleasure of witnessing the initiation of a class of 31 candidates. The Lodge also held a Ladies' Night, with bridge and bid whist, a buffet supper and other entertainment.

Milo H. Bemis, Correspondent

D.D. James Dempsey, Jr., Visits Beacon, N. Y., Lodge

More than 100 members of Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493, and guests from out of town were present at a meeting of the Lodge held when D.D. James Dempsey, Jr., of Peekskill, paid his official visit. Max K. Leeds, State Vice-Pres., was also officially present. P.D.D. James H. Moran of New Rochelle Lodge was one of the guests of honor. Mr. Dempsey was accompanied by E.R. Paul J. Haber and a large delegation of Peekskill Elks. Mr. Leeds was accompanied by former State Vice-Pres. George A. Danner.

Dinner was served for 40 invited guests and was followed by a regular meeting of the Lodge and the initiation of a class of candidates. Mr. Dempsey made an interesting address in which he commended E.R. John J. Hayden and his staff for the excellent financial condition of the Lodge. He pronounced it one of the finest in the District. He also spoke on the Acts of Friendship program which the Order is carrying on.

Beacon Lodge was also praised by Mr. Leeds whose address was complemented by talks delivered by Mr. Moran and P.E.R.'s Henry L. A. Forrestal and J. Gordon Flannery. Following the meeting a buffet lunch was served. The officers of Beacon Lodge executed the ritualistic work in a finished manner. Presentation of a handsome leather case for newspaper clippings to E.R. Hayden was made by Mr. Leeds. The case was a prize for the excellent publicity work carried on during the past year under Mr. Hayden's direction.

Prominent Member of Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge Succumbs

On December 11, 1934, P.D.D. Max G. Witten, known as the "Grand Old Man" of West Virginia Elkdom, passed away. Mr. Witten was one of the best known Elks in the State, loved and respected by all who knew him.

Initiated into Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, No. 269, on August 28, 1895, Mr. Witten began one of the most active careers in Elk circles in the District. He was a P.E.R., a Past Trustee and a Life Member of the Lodge, P.D.D. for W. Va. South, and Past Pres. of the State Elks Assn. At the time of his



Children partaking of a feast offered them by New Kensington, Pa., Lodge

death, he was serving as State Assn. Trustee.

Elks of the District feel that his loss is irreparable. The death of so faithful an Elk and so fine a man leaves a distinct void in the fraternal life of the entire State.

E. Mark Kincaid, Secy.

North-Central Dist. Assn. of Pa. Meets at Williamsport

The North Central District Assn. of Pennsylvania held its quarterly meeting on December 9 at the Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, with about 65 delegates attending. Dist. Pres. C. D. Keefer presided at the general business meeting which was followed by a discussion on proposed charitable undertakings.

D.D. G. Earle Hoffer, of Bellefonte Lodge, was present, and Bloomsburg, Renovo, Jersey Shore, Danville, Milton, Kane, Sunbury and Bellefonte Lodges sent representatives. A turkey dinner was served in the grill room by the Williamsport Elks. The next meeting of the Assn. will be held at Bloomsburg on March 3.

William V. Welker, Correspondent

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Holds Old Timers' Night

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, observed Old Timers' Night with more than 300 Elks in attendance, including a delegation from Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61. Old time members were presented with badges bearing an elk's head, with a small piece of purple ribbon attached. Among those present was Mayor Henry J. Toepfert, who was congratulated on all sides upon his election victory.

Dinner was served from 6 to 8 P.M. with Steward "Foot" Ruel in charge of the catering. Music was furnished by an orchestra composed of John Reynolds, Michael Griffin, F. Geran and Howard Lucey. Mio Boggio was Chairman of the General Committee, the members of which were Frank Judge, Arthur J. Brouillet, James Tisdell, George F. Stone, James T. Devine, Harry Ernst, William O'Hare, George Hurley, Archie Fletcher, Jerome O'Connor, Emmet Cauley, Fred W. Hunt, Stephen McCormick, Ralph Valencia and James Barron.

John J. Murphy, Correspondent

District Deputy Pays Visit to Hampton, Va., Lodge

When D.D. C. B. Packer, of Portsmouth, paid his official visit to Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 266, he witnessed the initiation of the "Thomas L. Sclater Class" of 13 candidates, so named in honor of the veteran Secretary of the Lodge. Mr. Sclater has held office continuously for 37 years, 33 of which he served as Secretary. After the initiation, Mr. Packer made an address in which he stressed good fellowship and urged a continuation of that spirit of comradeship and fraternity that has distinguished the Order in the past. He also complimented the Degree Team for the able manner in which it conducted the ceremonies of initiation and

praised the Lodge for its high standing in the State.

More than 50 Elks from Newport News, Portsmouth and Norfolk, Va., attended the meeting and were guests at an oyster roast at the Hampton Yacht Club and the social session that lasted until midnight.

Berlin, N. H., Lodge Presents Life Membership Cards

Before a record attendance of members, Berlin, N. H., Lodge, No. 618, recently bestowed life membership cards upon P.E.R. George Treggett, Frank H. Cross and W. A. Hodgdon, the presentation being made by John P. Welch, Chaplain, Charter Member and Honorary Life Member of Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188. Speakers on the program were Eugene F. Martin and Leo F. Mahoney. In attendance at the meeting were four life members, 12 P.E.R.'s, 10 City officials, and 29 members of the Order of 25 or more years standing.

George H. Gagne, Secy.

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge Initiates Class

On the occasion of the official visit of D.D. F. Arthur Miller, Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1508, initiated a class of 10 candidates. The ritualistic work called forth favorable comments from Mr. Miller who suggested that the Lodge enter the Ritualistic Contest to be held during the State Assn. Convention this coming summer. Among the candidates were Eugene P. Keough, son of E.R. J. E. Keough, and James Munn, son of P.E.R. M. M. Munn. Both young men were in the 21-26 Class.

J. E. Keough, E.R.

Sanford, Fla., Lodge Visited by New Smyrna Elks

Headed by Pres. Caspian Hale of the Fla. State Elks Assn., and E.R. C. R. Keesey, of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, a delegation of New Smyrna Elks journeyed to Sanford Lodge, No. 1241, to attend its "State Association Night" meeting. Mr. Hale and G. W. Spencer, State Vice-Pres. for the district, were guests of honor, and delivered inspirational addresses on the occasion. All visiting Exalted Rulers were called upon for short talks.

Initiation ceremonies were conducted, and after the meeting supper was served by the host Lodge. The other Florida Lodges represented were DeLand, Cocoa, Orlando and Daytona Beach.

Knoxville, Pa., Lodge Honors Former Secretary

Knoxville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1196, recently tendered a testimonial dinner to its former Secy., P.E.R. P. W. Lascheid. Mr. Lascheid, who is 75 years of age, retired from office after 25 years of service to his Lodge and to the Order in general. He is credited with having attended more meetings of the Pa. S. W. District than any other delegate.

P.E.R. Bert Soper, Secy.



Verne O. Williams

Principals and officials of the Dade County public schools dining with Miami, Fla., Elks at the pro-Americanism banquet given by Miami Lodge

Miami, Fla., Elks Start Patriotic Campaign

Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, recently inaugurated its campaign to inculcate positive Americanism and renewed faith in the institutions of the Nation, with a banquet in the McAllister Hotel. Forty-three principals and officials of the Dade County public schools were honor guests.

Talks by P.E.R.'s J. Wayne Allen and Commodore Charles A. Mills outlined paths into which Americanism could be led astray, and suggested means by which the Communist menace could be evaded. The work and program carried on in the public schools, teaching a high standard of respect for American traditions, was explained by Charles M. Fisher, Superintendent of Public Instruction. E.R. Hayes S. Wood presided.

Miami Lodge has offered a \$25 prize for the best essay written by a student in the elementary or junior high schools on the subject: "Why I Am Proud To Be an American." The second best essay will receive a \$15 prize and the third best a \$10 prize. Announcement was also made that a prize of \$50 was being offered by D.D. Alto Adams for the best essay from a high school student in the area from Cocoa to Key West, on the subject of Pro-Americanism.

Hayes S. Wood, E.R.

Concord, N. C., Lodge Entertains State President Morton

John J. Morton, Pres. of the N. C. State Elks Assn., recently paid an official visit to Concord, N. C., Lodge, No. 1593, where he spoke vigorously on the "Activities of Elksdom in North Carolina." At the same time, E.R. Harry L. Scofield, of Charlotte, N. C., Lodge, No. 392, extended an invitation to the Concord Elks to join Charlotte Lodge in a forthcoming meeting.

Sid A. Perry, Secy.

Burlington, Vt., Lodge Aids Crippled Children

Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916, has inaugurated a campaign to aid the inmates of the Goshen, Vt., Crippled Children's Home by collecting old magazines and selling them. Recently the Lodge started a series of Nationality Nights, the first being "French Night." An appetizing dinner, cooked in characteristic French style, was served. The price of admission was 25 pounds of magazines. In this way the Lodge realized about two tons of old magazines to be sold.

The Goshen Crippled Children's Home is situated in the mountains about six miles from Brandon, Vt. Doctors and dentists in Brandon give their services free, and the local citizens generously offered their cars as conveyances in order that the children might be taken to the churches of their choice on Sundays.

Edward J. Dailey, E.R.

Danville, Va., Lodge Officially Visited by D.D. Kushner

When Benjamin P. Kushner, D.D. for Virginia, West, paid his official visit to his home Lodge, Danville, No. 227, he was greeted by a large number of local members and visitors from nearby Lodges. As a result of the recently inaugurated membership campaign, a large class of candidates was on hand for initiation.

Upon the conclusion of the ritualistic ceremonies, Mr. Kushner was introduced by the Hon. Maitland Bustard, and addressed the meeting, outlining the nation-wide program of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon. A buffet supper was served in the auditorium of the Lodge Home, where the guests were entertained with short talks and a program of music.

Dave Roman, Secy.

State Pres. Drum and D.D. Hoffer Visit Lock Haven, Pa., Lodge

About 115 members of Lock Haven, Pa., Lodge, No. 182, assembled on the occasion of the official visit of D.D. G. Earle Hoffer of Bellefonte. The Lodge was honored on the same evening by the presence of Scott E. Drum, Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn. Three new members were initiated, the officers presiding being taken from the ranks of the P.E.R.'s of the Lodge. James P. Dennehy acted as E.R., assisted by J. Max Basinger, Lawrence F. Probst, Carroll J. Crowley, M. Shampansky and Dean H. Fredericks as Est. Lead., Loyal and Lect. Knights, Esq. and Chaplain respectively.

The presence of 43 of the first 100 members of Lock Haven Lodge, and its oldest member, aged 93 years, was a feature of the meeting. Credit for the success of the program was due to the efforts of E.R. Lester G. Deise and his fellow officers, who planned and carried through all the arrangements.

Lester G. Deise, E.R.

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge Stages Swimming Meet

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, recently carried out a large and well-attended swimming and fancy diving meet for the children on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. The meet was conducted at the spacious Washington Hotel pool. Sixty-five boys and girls competed for the beautiful gold, silver and bronze medals awarded the three placing entrants in each event. There were 20 events in all.

Swimming as a sport had been allowed to die down on the Isthmus since the beginning of the school vacation period. When the Lodge was approached in regard to the matter it decided to boost the sport by staging the meet.

E.R. Vincent J. Clarke, and P.D.D. Arthur W. Goulet, Chairman of the Committee on Civic and Social Welfare, cooperating with

L. A. Kaufer and Paul S. Miller of the Cristobal High School, arranged the program and carried it to its conclusion. A large number of spectators turned out. The possibility of making the affair an annual one has been advanced. The Committee is greatly indebted to Commander Maximino Walker for the services of his Bombero Band, which furnished the music for the event, and to James Lewis, Manager of the Washington Hotel, for the use of the swimming pool.

E. S. MacSparran, Secy.

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Celebrates 39th Anniversary

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, celebrated its 39th Anniversary with an open house, entertainment and dance. Eleven of the 57 charter members are living and most of them attended. Heretofore these affairs have been for the members only, but ladies were invited this time and the event marked a new era in the social activities of the Lodge.

Among the prominent Elks on the speaking program were D.D. Edward L. Grimes, of Somerville; State Pres. Richard P. Hughes of Burlington; State Vice-Pres. Herbert B. Gould, of Westfield, and the Rev. William A. Giefillan, of Phillipsburg, a member of New Brunswick Lodge.

Edward Burt, Secy.

Portland, Me., Elks Honor Chaplain on 75th Birthday

John P. Welch, Chaplain of Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, was feted recently on the occasion of his 75th birthday. About 100 members of the Lodge gathered in the grill room to present him with a birthday gift and pay tribute to his long and honorable service.

Mr. Welch has been Chaplain of Portland Lodge for 36 years, and is one of the oldest chaplains, from point of service, in the Order. He is a charter member and also an honorary life member of the Lodge. Many of Mr. Welch's fellow members spoke, praising his service and expressing the pleasure that his friendship had given them during the years.

Everett J. Platts, E.R.

P.D.D. Moran Elected Pres. East N. Y. P.E.R. Assn.

P.D.D. James H. Moran, of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, was elected Pres. of the Past Exalted Rulers' Assn. of the East District of New York at a recent meeting held in the Home of Peekskill Lodge. John Murphy, of Yonkers Lodge, was elected Vice-Pres. and Oscar E. T. Schonfeld, of Mt. Kisco Lodge, was elected Secy.-Treas. Committees were appointed immediately and the Assn. got into action with laudable dispatch.

State Pres. Drum Entertained by Williamsport, Pa., Lodge

Over 200 guests attended the testimonial dinner given by Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, in honor of P.D.D. Scott E. Drum, of Hazleton, to celebrate his election to the office of President of the Pa. State Elks Assn. The Hon. John H. Bigelow, also of Hazleton, was the principal speaker. Among the Williamsport Elks present were Past State Pres.'s Max L. Lindheimer and Howard R. Davis and P.D.D. Dr. J. Roy Cherry.

The Antlers' Club of No. 173 held its annual party at the Lodge Home which was elaborately decorated for the occasion. About 150 enjoyed the dancing and buffet supper. Steam radiation has been installed on the spacious enclosed porch that surrounds the Home. This feature adds much to the comfort of the members and their guests.

William V. Welker, Correspondent

Chevrolets for 1935



THE ELKS MAGAZINE Selects Chevrolet Cars for the 1935 Good Will Tour

EIGHT CARS WILL PROCEED ON FOUR TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTES—TWO FROM BOSTON, TWO FROM TALLAHASSEE AND FOUR FROM SACRAMENTO—TO THE GRAND LODGE CONVENTION AT COLUMBUS, OHIO

Left—M. E. Coyle, President, Chevrolet Motor Company, and one of the new 1935 Chevrolets selected by THE ELKS MAGAZINE for the forthcoming Good Will Tour

A BIGGER, better and more enthusiastic Good Will Tour is being planned for 1935. This year, the purple and white cars will be Chevrolets, equipped both with United States and Goodrich Tires. The cars will use Quaker State Motor Oil and Ethyl Gasoline exclusively, as heretofore.

While previous Tours have traversed the United States via three transcontinental routes, the 1935 Good Will Tour will cover the country via four routes. Two cars will leave from Boston, Massachusetts; two from Tallahassee, Florida, and four from Sacramento, California. In Good Will Tours of other years, six cars have been used, but this year, due to the insistent requests of many Lodges, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has added two more cars, thus making it possible to visit many more localities.

The two cars leaving from Boston will visit the Lodges of New England and many of the Eastern Atlantic States. The drivers of the pair which take off from Tallahassee, Florida's Capital, will renew acquaintances with members of the Lodges of the Southern and Midwestern States.

Two of the cars which leave from Sacramento will journey northward along the Pacific Coast as far as Seattle, and then swing east to visit the Lodges of the Northwest and Midwest. The other two cars leaving from

the same City will journey south as far as San Diego and then head east through Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri and nearby States.

All eight cars will end their transcontinental jaunt at the Grand Lodge Convention at Columbus, Ohio, the week of July fifteenth.

The cars, as is the custom, will be painted with the official purple and white of the Order. They will be piloted by professional publicity men who will secure newspaper stories for the Lodges visited. Each car will also be accompanied by an entertainer of repute, whose talent will make it well worth while for members to attend the welcoming ceremonies which mark the arrival of the cars in the hundreds of Elk cities scheduled to be visited.

At the time of the first Good Will Tour there was no intention of making this nation-wide journey an annual affair, but the results in good will, friendliness and publicity for the subordinate Lodges were so impressive that the Tour has since become a yearly event. Every State in the Union has been visited, as well as almost every city where there is an Elks Lodge. Governors of States, Mayors of Cities and two Presidents of the United States—Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt—have participated in receiving and speeding the Good Will

Ambassadors on their long journeys.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE selected Chevrolet cars this year because it was felt that the importance of the event warranted the use of cars which, besides having the essential qualities of speed and beauty, would also possess the sturdiness needed to endure the wear and tear of a transcontinental journey. In addition to these requirements, the nature of the Tour merited the use of cars which would reflect the very latest in engineering and design.

The reason for selecting United States and Goodrich Tires is, of course, obvious to anyone who has used them. Only tires such as these can stand up through the grind of such a journey and finish with little evidence of wear.

In a Tour of such magnitude as this the itinerary must be maintained with railroad-like precision. No matter what happens, the show must go on. Hence, at each city visited, the cars undergo careful inspection and grooming. Only the finest brand of oil is used—Quaker State—and, of course, Ethyl Gasoline.

Since their inception in 1929, the Elks Good Will Tours have traversed more than 200,000 miles of American highways, and have visited some 2,400 subordinate Lodges. It is estimated that the pilots of the cars have contacted more than 400,000 Elks.

They Bring 'Em Back Dead

(Continued from page 9)

my assistance. At the end of this apprenticeship, we came back to the ranch, and there I hammered my own spear out of a piece of tool steel; the head was twelve inches long, and the shaft six feet.

"With my dogs and an Indian companion, I drifted down the Paraguay in my houseboat—the *Adventuress*. One evening, from close to the river's edge, a jaguar spoke. His voice was low, deep and rumbling—the cry of the male in search of a mate. Soon it became louder and more insistent. My dogs growled deep in their throats, for the beast was very close. However, we stayed on the boat all night, and at daybreak I took the dogs ashore, leaving my native companion behind. I carried no other weapon than my new and untried spear.

"It was impossible to see more than ten feet in any direction, so dense was the undergrowth. Wild pineapple bushes tore at my clothing.

SOON the dogs picked up the trail, and brought the jaguar to bay. I could hear him snarling on the other side of a clearing. There was an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach. Perhaps, after all, it would have been wiser to have brought along my Indian companion and a rifle. Apparently he thought so, too, for his last words were:

"What shall I do with your boat if you are killed?"

"Suddenly a wave of loneliness swept over me. It wasn't too late, even now, to return to the houseboat. But that lasted less than a minute. My main concern was the dogs, faithful companions on many a hunt. Shouting encouragement to them, I dashed across the clearing. The palms of my hands were wet with perspiration. Carefully I wiped them on my trousers; the spear must not slip in my grasp. This action, strange as it may seem, had the same effect upon me that spitting on the hands has for a youngster getting ready for a fight—it bolstered up my courage. For, after all, my only protection against the most dangerous beast in the South American jungle was a primitive and unfamiliar weapon.

"Halting at the opposite side of the clearing, I parted the bushes with my spear. I could not see the mottled beast, but I could hear him breathing in short gasps. Suddenly the panting stopped. This, and the whimpering of the dogs, warned me that *tigre* was about to charge. Instinctively I stood firm. Joaquim's instructions flashed through my mind; I braced my feet, bent my knees slightly to take up the shock, and took a firm grip on my spear. And not a second too soon! For the next instant the arched back of the big cat appeared above the foliage. He coughed hoarsely, and I had a momentary glimpse of a huge spotted form, glistening white teeth, and a pink, cavernous mouth. The jaguar's breath, blown directly into my face, smelled of rotten meat.

"In a fraction of a second I estimated his line of flight, pointed my spear-head toward his throat, and rested the other end on the ground, so that Mother Earth would receive the impact.

"There was a thud and a jar as the *tigre* became impaled on my spear. The shaft was driven several inches into the soft ground by the weight and momentum of the beast. His powerful forepaws scratched the wood between my right hand and the spear-head. He threw himself backward thrashing his head from side to side, spitting, coughing, growling—all at once. He tore at the spear with his claws, trying to draw it out.

"Up to this time I had been on the defensive; now, gathering all my strength, I toppled the jaguar over on his back, although he weighed almost twice as much as myself. The experienced Joaquim probably would have followed up this advantage, even though the dense underbrush would have hampered his movements. But I quickly drew out the spear, ran into the clearing, and faced about.

"Driven mad by pain, and vowing no doubt that he would teach this two-legged upstart a lesson, the beast was upon me before I could get set; his weight upon the spear brought me to one knee. I wheeled, slipped, and struggled for a footing, meanwhile keeping clear of those murderous claws. Blood and froth flew in my face, almost blinding me. But the jaguar had lost a great deal of blood, and the spear had penetrated his windpipe. Gradually he weakened, and I bore him to the ground and pinned him there. His breathing became more labored. The round, yellow eyes, so expressive of ferocity and hate, became glazed. The dying monarch of the jungle spat and wheezed, a quiver passed through his entire length—and my first combat, single-handed with a spear, was over.

"Perspiration was pouring down into my eyes and mouth; I was gasping for breath. But in a moment I recovered sufficiently to indulge in that bit of savage exultation that Joaquim always voiced when he dispatched a cattle-killer with a spear. Stepping upon the jaguar's shoulders, I gave vent to a yell of triumph that must have startled any jungle animal within half a mile. This was the signal for the dogs to rush in and worry the big cat; it is always good business to let the dogs think they have had a hand in the killing.

"My shirt was dripping wet. I took it off, wrung it out, and used it as a towel to mop my face and forehead. The sun beat down upon the clearing; a shimmering haze hung beneath the trees; a few lizards scurried here and there; brilliant-colored macaws burst out of the foliage, calling in their raucous voices. Jungle life went on as before.

"But for me the whole outlook on life was changed by that single encounter with a jungle cat at close quarters, using only the most primitive of weapons. If a full-grown jaguar couldn't 'get me down,' as you say in America, nothing could—not even the depression. Since then I have killed 18 jaguars with the spear alone. The time of the encounter has been reduced to half a minute.

"I destroy *tigres* because they destroy cattle—but I don't blame them for that. Their stomachs are made for fresh meat, and they are simply following their natural instincts. Is a sheep or a cow more righteous than a jaguar because their teeth are made for grass?"

You will see from the above that Sascha Siemel is philosophical, as well as absolutely fearless.

THEN we have, in the United States, a small group of enthusiasts who hunt with the weapons of Robin Hood. The bow and arrow as developed by the late Dr. Pope, and by Compton and Young, however, are not the slender weapons and delicate shafts used in shooting at bull's-eyes. The bow is the same that our forefathers used in the Middle Ages; the steel head of the arrow is an inch and a half long and an inch broad. The bow is usually about the height of the man who shoots it, and has a range of at least 250 yards, but the most effective shoot-

ing is done within a hundred yards. A good bowman can shoot as accurately as the average man with a revolver. When you hear someone say that a certain bow "weighs" 80 pounds, he actually means that the string of the bow requires a pull of 80 pounds to draw it back 28 inches—the length of the old English cloth-yard shaft.

In the opinion of Stewart Edward White, the bow and arrow makes a hunter in the best sense of the word. In the first place a bowman must have the same accurate and interesting coordination as a good golfer. He must have a good knowledge of woodcraft. He must know the habits of the animal he is hunting; he must be a good judge of distance; he must be able to read signs like The Deerslayer of Fenimore Cooper, and track a wounded deer like Uncas.

The modern rifle, with a striking force of 2,400 foot-pounds, depends primarily upon its shocking power. The arrow, on the other hand, inflicts a long, wide cut that bleeds freely and remains open. This, and the entry of air into the body cavity, are fatal. Once fairly hit with a steel-pointed arrow, an animal practically never escapes. In shooting lions with the bow and arrow in Africa, Dr. Pope once sent a broadhead entirely through the king of beasts. In fact, the head buried itself so far in a tree that it had to be pried out with a knife. Art Young has killed mountain sheep, deer, cougar, moose and grizzly bear with the bow and arrow. He has killed ducks on the wing, salmon in a stream, prairie dogs at their holes, rabbits on the run—and African lions. Undoubtedly he is the greatest living exponent of hunting with the bow and arrow. The writer is no weakling, yet he was unable to pull back the string of Young's favorite bow.

The feel of a bow in one's hand is sure to awaken that love of archery which lies dormant in the heart of every Anglo-Saxon. Every boy passes through the period of barbarism, and during that age he is stirred by the call of the bow. The Stone Age man was obliged, in self-defense, to take up weapons against the beasts about him. He killed game with club, axe, spear, knife, and sling. Eventually some nimrod, probably by accident, devised the bow, which enabled the hunter to shoot a miniature spear. It was this implement of the chase, more than any other, that enabled man to win his way in the world.

Today we do not have to fight for our lives and kill game for food, but the hunting instinct persists in all of us. Interwoven with the laws of the chase is a deep appreciation of the great outdoors. The writer has hunted many kinds of game, from rabbits to polar bears, and he has found that it is not the actual slaughter that brings satisfaction, but the battle of wits between the hunter and the hunted. Art Young's story of his successful stalk of that elusive animal, the mountain sheep, illustrates this point:

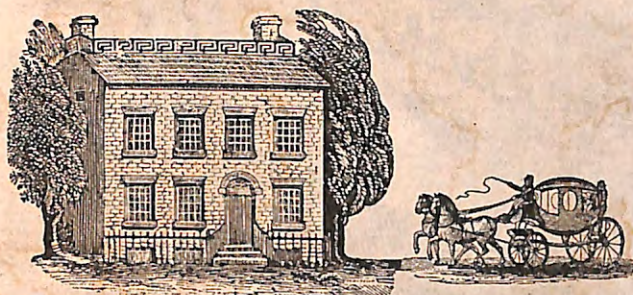
Young is six feet tall and athletic. He saw through his binoculars one day a magnificent big-horn at a distance of about 750 yards. He was lying on a ledge, overlooking a valley, and Young stood on the opposite side. There was no suitable cover between the archer and the big-horn, and no chance for Young to work around in back of the animal. For the ram had seen him, and at the first suspicious movement on the part of the hunter he would be up and away.

A close study of the big-horn through the glasses convinced the archer that this particular old-timer was quite sure of himself;

(Continued on page 37)



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(Continued from page 34)

a little contemptuous of hunters in general and of Art Young in particular. This hurt the bowman's pride; he made up his mind, then and there, that he would get that ram with bow and arrow if it took a month. He would out-guess him.

Prevented by the natural setting from screening his advance up the slope, Young put his binoculars back in their case, and started out at a brisk walk, not in the direction of the big-horn, but at an angle that would permit him to catch an occasional glimpse of the creature. The impression he wanted to give the ram was that he, the hunter, did not know of his existence; that he was merely out for a stroll.

Instead of keeping an eye upon his quarry as he stumbled over the rough terrain, Young carefully avoided even looking in his direction. By the time he had covered a quarter of a mile, the sheep began to show a mild interest in the archer; he got to his feet. But, instead of showing his heels, as he undoubtedly would have done had Young approached directly toward him, the ram stood there, watching the erratic climb of the two-legged animal.

Soon the ledge cut off the hunter's view of the big-horn. This was all according to plan; if the ram permitted his curiosity to overcome his natural instinct to rush away from a new source of danger, the hunter might eventually out-guess his quarry. The question that Young kept asking himself was: Would the big-horn run? As if in reply, a wide, massive set of perfectly curved horns appeared over the ridge, and Young felt, rather than saw, that he was being closely scrutinized by a very curious mountain sheep. Still unconcerned, to all outward appearances, although his heart was pumping madly from the rapid climb and the excitement of it all, Young continued his indirect ascent.

Soon the ledge again came between him and the ram; again he came forward and peered over the edge of the cliff. Young plodded on, paying no attention whatever to this magnificent specimen. For the third time, when his vision of the hunter was cut off, the big-horn came forward, apparently to decide whether to keep an eye on him or to flee. This time Young was within 150 yards of his quarry. When the ram's horns again disappeared behind the ledge, Young, knowing it was now or never, changed his course directly toward the sheep and broke into a run.

He was within eighty yards of his quarry when the curved tops of the massive horns slowly appeared. This was his cue to stop and fit an arrow to his bow—also to catch his breath and steady his aim. Boldly the ram stepped into full view; majestically he fixed his keen eyes on the spot where Young should have been had he continued in his general direction at his usual rate of speed. Too late he spied the hunter almost directly below the ledge. Young drew back his right arm, loosed a steel-pointed shot, and held his breath for an instant. The arrow swished through the crisp Alaskan air, straight to the chest of the mighty ram. By the time Young had scrambled up the slope, the ram was breathing his last. For the first time in history, so far as we can learn, a civilized human had brought down the elusive mountain sheep with the bow and arrow.

Killing bears with the bow and arrow was an achievement of which our primitive ancestors must have been proud. However, it has faded so far into the dim realms of the past that it seems almost mythical. No doubt the dread of this animal has been inherited from our remote forebears. All the more credit, therefore to the man who faces one of the brutes—black, brown, grizzly, or Kodiak—with no other weapons than a bow and arrow. It is a primeval sport, and as

(Continued on page 38)

PAT O'BRIEN

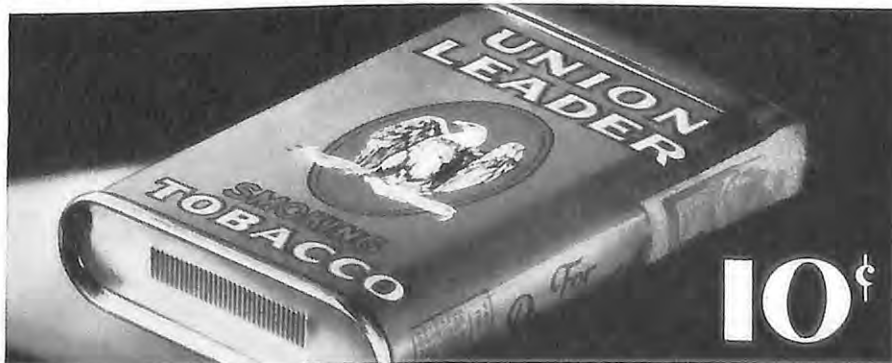
Ex-football star. Made Hollywood debut in 1929. Now featured in "Devil Dogs of the Air," a Warner Bros. picture. A Union Leader smoker since 1930.

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UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



(Continued from page 37)

such it stirs up emotions that have lain dormant perhaps thousands of years. The thrill furnished by the very nearness of the beast, the ancestral blood-lust, the deep baying of hounds on the fresh tracks of the bear, the air of expectancy in the deep shadows, and the prospect of close contact with the fearsome brute—all these combine to produce a stiffening of the backbone that, strangely enough, does not disappear with the advance of civilization.

The very idea of killing a grizzly bear with the bow and arrow will strike the average person as absurd. The friends of Dr. Pope and Art Young "joshed" them so unmercifully about their plan to hunt this dangerous beast that the two archers made up their minds that they would show the skeptics a few things.

First of all, they made themselves bows that would shoot an arrow through the carcass of a horse. In spite of the grizzly bear's reputation for ferocity and tenacity, they agreed that after all he was made of flesh and blood, like other animals, and that an arrow through the lungs would finish him. They got themselves in good physical condition by running, the use of dumb-bells, and other gymnastic exercises, and engaged as guide the most experienced grizzly hunter in America. Their hunting ground lay in the northwestern corner of Wyoming.

These archers knew that the grizzly would charge upon the slightest provocation, and that nothing would turn him aside. They knew that his speed was tremendous; that he was able to catch a horse or a dog on the run. Also, that he could not climb a tree. Knowing that retreat in an emergency was useless, they decided to clamber up a jack-pine or lie flat on the ground and feign death if their arrows had no effect.

Their guide took them to the head of a valley where they encountered, not one grizzly, but an old and cranky female with three half-grown cubs. The guide had his trusty rifle, but was instructed to use it only as a last resort. Proceeding up-wind, they came within twenty-five yards of the four bears without being discovered. Peering cautiously over a ridge, the two archers picked their game, and let drive. The two bears who happened to be on the receiving end roared in unison. This being preliminary to going into action, the two archers fitted more arrows to their bows; the guide brought his rifle to his shoulder.

But the wounded bears, instead of charging the archers, began a free-for-all fight among themselves such as few men have ever seen. Pope's bear leaped at his own mother, biting her with savage fury! Having been chastised many times by the old lady during his three years, the cub probably thought she had nipped him with unnecessary force—and he promptly retaliated. She, in turn, bit him in the shoulder. The spirit of revolt promptly communicated itself to the other wounded cub; even the third youngster, which had not been wounded, joined in the attack against the old she-bear!

The four animals were milling about in this glorified family row, pawing, biting, mad with rage, when the archers again loosed their steel-tipped shafts. Just at that moment the mother reared on her hind legs, the better to cuff her rebellious offspring. Young's arrow was already deep in her chest, and now Pope drove in another. Rearing and

bellowing, the four continued their family quarrel, entirely unaware of the cause of their pain. Then Pope glanced up from his bow in time to see the mother bear's hair rise on the back of her neck; they were in for a charge! She steadied herself and looked at the man with red, glaring eyes. The guide sighted along the barrel of his rifle, for he realized that only the shooting power of a well-placed bullet would stop her. Then she lowered her head and charged.

The guide's bullet literally knocked her head over heels. Half-way down the hillside she checked herself. Rising on her haunches, she bravely faced her tormentors. Two more arrows were loosed at her, and took effect in the side. Almost immediately she sprawled out on the ground; she would never kill any more cattle. The arrows



Dr. Pope and Art Young with a bear they shot with bow and arrow

were the primary cause of her death, but she had been within eight yards of the hunters when the rifle bullet knocked her into a back somersault. Two arrows had passed completely through her; the body of the one cub to receive an arrow was found a quarter of a mile distant. The single shaft had sufficed.

THAT night the bowmen learned of the presence, a few miles away, of a big male grizzly. His tracks, said the forest ranger, were eleven inches long, as against an average of nine inches. He was killing elk by the wholesale; in fact, he was so well established that he had worn trails in the hillside.

The guide had promised his services to another party; nevertheless the two archers decided to go through with the hunt. They straightened their arrows, oiled their bows, made new bowstrings and sharpened the steel points of their arrows in preparation for the big fellow.

They studied his methods, and checked up on his comings and goings. No other male bear was allowed in his territory; and he did his killing at night, they found.

Picking out the most-traveled trail, the archers built themselves a blind, being careful to select a spot near a tree with low-hanging limbs. For they expected to have to run for it, once they had made an animated pin-cushion of the big grizzly. The wind blew steadily up the canyon, and carried

their scent away from the trail. The nights were cold, and the moon nearly at the full. Hardly daring to whisper, they huddled together that first night; their only reward was the sight of an old female with two cubs. But they passed on without discovering the archers—which was, in itself, encouraging.

AT dawn, stiff and thoroughly chilled, they stole back to camp and slept. Another dreary night passed without incident. Another female with three cubs threatened to charge them on their way back to camp, but changed her mind—at which they heaved a sigh of relief. The next day, at sunset, they got their first glimpse of the great bear of Dunraven Pass. He looked like a giant in the twilight. It seemed preposterous that they were going to attempt to kill this savage beast, almost as big as a horse, with bow and arrow.

That night they again saw the female with two cubs, but not the big fellow. But the next night they heard him coming down the canyon, in close pursuit of a brown bear that had entered his domain. Far off they heard him tree the invader, meanwhile growling his loudest and ripping bark from the tree with his sharp claws. Finally, grunting and wheezing from his efforts, he came slowly up the canyon, but not within sight of the bowmen.

The next night they heard soft footfalls after midnight and soon the lady with the three cubs appeared. The Museum wanted a family group, and they loosed arrows at the first two cubs. For some unknown reason—instinct, perhaps—the female started in their direction. And at the same instant the big fellow, attracted by the squeals of the wounded cubs, appeared from nowhere.

"Take him!" whispered Pope to Young; the Doctor himself chose the mother bear. His first arrow caught her full in the chest; she reared, staggered and fell, roaring and tearing at the shaft. She rose to her feet, stumbled forward, and died on the spot. Meanwhile, the monster grizzly, looming bigger than ever in the moonlight, was raging back and forth, unable to locate his enemies. His deep, booming growls might well have struck terror to the heart of any hunter. But the archers, aiming quickly, loosed five arrows at him; it seemed impossible that they could miss so large a target, even in the dim light. Nevertheless, the big bear galloped off. The hunters thought of the chill, weary hours they had spent in the blind; of the risks they had taken; of the discomfort they had endured in their cramped quarters. And now to lose the biggest bear they had ever seen! It was pretty tough.

They skinned the female by the uncertain gleam of a pocket flashlight; the arrow was buried in her heart. By that time it was daybreak, and they soon found the dead cub. Next, like good archers, they went in search of their arrows.

One of Young's arrows was missing!

Had he hit the big fellow, after all? Thoughts of sleep or food were forgotten. Quickly they took up his trail. This was dangerous business, and they knew it. But they persisted, and soon found a few drops of blood. A little farther on they found where the big grizzly had clambered over a windfall, leaving a trail of blood. Deep in

the forest of jack-pines he had rested. Beyond that point they found the fore part of Young's arrow; it had gone through the monster! Nearby they found the feathered end, which the big grizzly had pulled out with his teeth. They came upon his bed, at the foot of a great fir. Then they lost the trail completely. For five hours they searched. At last, worn out by their exertions and the excitement and lack of sleep, they lay down upon the hillside and slept through the daylight hours.

At sunset, still determined to find that bear, they began the search all over again. They retraced their steps, and again lost the trail at the big fir. Plodding about in ever-widening circles, they discovered the huge monster, cold and stiff in death, on a ledge below the rim of the canyon. The one arrow had killed him. Sustained by steaks cut from the cub, they spent the entire night skinning the brute. Later they weighed him in sections, and he tipped the scales at almost 1,000 pounds! Had he been fat, as grizzlies are in the autumn, he would have weighed 1,400 pounds—more than a good-sized horse! He stood nearly four feet high at the shoulders. . . . The sun rose over the mountain ridges and gilded the tops of the jack-pines. The weary nights of watching, the danger, the short rations—all were forgotten in that moment of triumph. The hunters were content.

The Night of Charity

(Continued from page 6)

at Lady Lisle's.

"Why, that is very well," said the colonel, his smile more sinister than ever. "Trouble not yourself about that."

And Barter, the unreasoning instrument of Fate, was not to know that the apprehending of a couple of traitorous Jack Presbyters was of small account to Colonel Penraddock by comparison with the satisfaction of the blood-feud between himself and the House of Lisle.

Meanwhile the fugitives were being entertained at Moyle's Court, and whilst they sat at supper in a room above-stairs, Dunne being still of the party, my lady came in person to see that they had all that they required, and stayed a little while in talk with them. There was some mention of Monmouth and the battle of Sedgemoor, which was natural, that being the topic of the hour.

My lady asked no questions at the time regarding Hicks' long, lean companion. But it occurred to her later that perhaps she should know more about him. Early next morning, therefore, she sent for Hicks as he was in the act of sitting down to breakfast, and by her direct questions elicited from him that this companion was that Richard Nelthorp outlawed for his share in the Rye House Plot. Not only was the information alarming, but it gave her a sense that she had not been dealt with fairly, as indeed she told him.

"You will see, sir," she concluded, "that you cannot bide here. So long as I thought it was on the score of Nonconformity alone that you were suffering persecution, I was willing to take some risk in hiding you. But since your friend is what he is, the risk is greater than I should be asked to face, for my own sake and for that of my daughters. Nor can I say that I have ever held plottings and civil war in anything but abhorrence—as much in the old days as now. I am a

(Continued on page 40)



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tions require us to call a "blend." But it is a blend only of the same whiskey of different ages.

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ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot

(Continued from page 39)

loyal woman, and as a loyal woman I must bid you take your friend hence as soon as your fast is broken."

The corpulent and swarthy Hicks stood dejectedly before her. He might have pleaded, but at that moment there came a loud knocking at the gates below, and instantly Carpenter flung into the room with a white, scared face and whirling gestures.

"Soldiers, my lady!" he panted in affright. "We have been betrayed. The presence of Mr. Hicks here is known. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

She stood quite still, her countenance entirely unchanged, unless it were to smile a little upon Carpenter's terror. The mercy of her nature rose dominant now.

"Why, we must hide these poor fellows as best we can," said she; and Hicks flung down upon one knee to kiss her hand with protestations that he would sooner he hanged than bring trouble upon her house.

But she insisted, calm and self-contained; and Carpenter carried Hicks away to bestow him, together with Dunne, in a hole in the malt-house under a heap of sacking. Nelthorp had already vanished completely on his own initiative.

MEANWHILE, the insistent knocking at the gate continued. Came shouted demands to open in the name of the King, until from a window my lady's daughters looked out to challenge those who knocked.

Colonel Penruddock, who had come in person with the soldiers to raid the house of his hereditary foe, stood forth to answer, very stiff and brave in his scarlet coat and black plumed hat.

"You have rebels in the house," he announced, "and I require you in the King's name to deliver them up to me."

And then, before they could answer him, came Carpenter to unbar the door, and admit them to the court. Penruddock, standing squarely before the steward, admonished him very sternly.

"Friend," said he, "you had best be ingenuous with me and discover who are in your lady's house, for it is within my knowledge that some strangers came hither last night."

The stricken Carpenter stood white-faced and trembling.

"Sir—sir—" he faltered.

But the colonel was impatient.

"Come, come, my friend. Since I know they are here, there's an end on't. Show me where they are hid if you would save your own neck from the halter."

It was enough for Carpenter. The pair in the malt-house might have eluded all search but for the steward's pusillanimity. Incontinently, he betrayed the hiding-place.

"But, sir, of your charity do not tell my mistress that I have told you. Pray, sir—"

Penruddock brushed him aside as if he had been a pestering fly, and with his men went in, and straight to the spot where Hicks and Dunne were lurking. When he had taken them, he swung round on Carpenter, who had followed.

"These be but two," he said, "and to my knowledge three rogues came hither last night. No shuffling with me, rascal. Where have you bestowed the other?"

"I swear, as Heaven's my witness, I do not know where he is," protested the afflicted steward, truly enough.

Penruddock turned to his men.

"Make search," he bade them; and search was made in the ruthless manner of such searches.

The brutal soldiers passed from room to room beating the wainscoting with pike and musket-butts, splintering and smashing heedlessly. Presses were burst open and their contents scattered; chests were broken into and emptied, the searchers appropriating such objects as took their fancy, with true

military cynicism. A mirror was shattered, and some boards of the floor were torn up because a sergeant conceived that the blows of his halbert rang hollow.

When the tumult was at its height, came her ladyship at last into the room, where Colonel Penruddock stood watching the operations of his men. She stood in the doorway leaning upon her ebony cane, her faded eyes considering the gaunt soldier with reproachful question.

"Sir," she asked him with gentle irony, masking her agitation, "has my house been given over to pillage?"

He bowed, doffing his plumed hat with an almost excessive courtesy.

"To search, madame," he corrected her. And added: "In the King's name."

"The King," she answered, "may give you authority to search my house, but not to plunder it. Your men are robbing and destroying."

He shrugged. It was the way of soldiers. Fine manners, he suggested, were not to be expected of their kind. And he harangued her upon the wrong she had done in harboring rebels and giving entertainment to the King's enemies.

"That is not true," said she. "I know of no King's enemies."

He smiled darkly upon her from his great height. She was so frail a body and so old that surely it was not worth a man's while to sacrifice her on the altar of revenge. But not so thought Colonel Penruddock. Therefore he smiled.

"Two of them, a snivelling Jack Presbyter named Hicks and a rascal named Dunne, are taken already. Pray, madame, be so free and ingenuous with me—aye, and so kind to yourself—as if there be any other person concealed in your house—and I am sure there is somebody else—to deliver him up, and you shall come to no further trouble."

She looked up at him, and returned him smile for smile.

"I know nothing," she said, "of what you tell me, or of what you ask."

His countenance hardened.

"Then, mistress, the search must go on."

But a shout from the adjoining room announced that it was at an end. Nelthorp had been discovered and dragged from the chimney into which he had crept.

ALMOST exactly a month later—on August 27th—the Lady Alice Lisle was brought to the bar of the court-house at Winchester upon a charge of high treason.

The indictment ran that secretly, wickedly, and traitorously she did entertain, conceal, comfort, uphold, and maintain John Hicks, knowing him to be a false traitor, against the duty of her allegiance and against the peace of "our sovereign lord the King that now is."

Demurely dressed in grey, the little white-haired lady calmly faced the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys and the four judges of oyer and terminer who sat with him, and confidently made her plea of "Not Guilty."

It was inconceivable that Christian men should deal harshly with her for a technical offense amounting to an act of Christian charity. And the judge, sitting there in his robe of scarlet reversed with ermine, looked a gentle, kindly man; his handsome oval, youthful face—Jeffreys was in his thirty-sixth year—set in the heavy black periwig, was so pale that the mouth made a vivid line of scarlet; and the eyes that now surveyed her were large and liquid and compassionate, as it seemed to her.

She was not to know that the pallor which gave him so interesting an air, and the dark stains which lent his eyes that gentle wistfulness, were the advertisements at once of the debauch that had kept him from his bed until after two o'clock that morning and of the inexorable disease that slowly

gnawed away his life and enraged him out of all humanity.

And the confidence his gentle countenance inspired was confirmed by the first words he had occasion to address to her. She had interrupted counsel to the Crown when, in his opening address to the jury—composed of some of the most considerable gentlemen of Hampshire—he seemed to imply that she had been in sympathy with Monmouth's cause. She was, of course, without counsel, and must look herself to her defence.

"My lord," she cried, "I abhorred that rebellion as much as any woman in the world!"

Jeffreys leaned forward with a restraining gesture.

"Look you, Mrs. Lisle," he admonished her sweetly, "because we must observe the common and usual methods of trial in your case I must interrupt you now." And upon that he promised that she should be fully heard in her own defense at the proper time, and that himself he would instruct her in the forms of law to her advantage. He reassured her by reverent allusions to the great Judge of Heaven and Earth, in whose sight they stood, that she should have justice. "And as to what you say concerning yourself," he concluded, "I pray God with all my heart you may be innocent."

He was benign and reassuring. But she had the first taste of his true quality in the examination of Dunne—a most unwilling witness.

RELUCTANTLY, under the pressure put upon him, did Dunne yield up the tale of how he had conducted the two absconders to my lady's house with her consent, and it was sought to prove that she was aware of their connection with the rebellion. The stubbornly evasive Dunne was asked at last:

"Do you believe that she knew Mr. Hicks before?"

He returned the answer that already he had returned to many questions of the sort.

"I cannot tell truly."

Jeffreys stirred in his scarlet robes, and his wistful eyes grew terrible as they bent from under beetling brows upon the witness.

"Why," he asked, "dost thou think that she would entertain any one she had no knowledge of merely upon thy message? Mr. Dunne, Mr. Dunne! Have a care. It may be more is known to me of this matter than you think for."

"My lord, I speak nothing but the truth!" bleated the terrified Dunne.

"I only bid you have a care," Jeffreys smiled; and his smile was more terrible than his frown. "Truth never wants a subterfuge; it always loves to appear naked; it needs no enamel nor any covering. But lying and sniveling and canting and Hicksing always appear in masquerade. Come, go on with your evidence."

But Dunne was reluctant to go on, and out of his reluctance he lied foolishly, and pretended that both Hicks and Nelthorp were unknown to him. When pressed to say why he should have served two men whom he had never seen before, he answered:

"All the reason that induced me to it was that they said they were men in debt, and desired to be concealed for a while." Then the thunder was heard in Jeffrey's voice.

"Dost thou believe that any one here believes thee? Prithee, what trade art thou?" "My lord," stammered the unfortunate, "I—I am a baker by trade."

"And wilt thou bake thy bread at such easy rates? Upon my word, then, thou art very kind. Prithee, tell me. I believe thou dost use to bake on Sundays, dost thou not?"

"No, my lord, I do not!" cried Dunne indignantly.

(Continued on page 42)



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(Continued from page 41)

"Alackaday! Art precise in that," sneered the judge. "But thou canst travel on Sundays to lead rogues into lurking-holes."

Later, when to implicate the prisoner, it was sought to draw from Dunne a full account of the reception she had given his companions, his terror under the bullying to which he was subjected made him contradict himself more flagrantly than ever. Jeffreys addressed the jury.

"You see, gentlemen, what a precious fellow this is; a very pretty tool to be employed upon such an errand; a knave that nobody would trust for half a crown. A Turk has more title to an eternity of bliss than these pretenders to Christianity."

And as there was no more to be got from Dunne just then, he was presently dismissed, and Barter's damning evidence was taken. Thereafter the wretched Dunne was recalled, to be bullied by Jeffreys in blasphemous terms that may not be printed here.

BARTER had told the Court how my lady had come into the kitchen with Dunne, and how, when he had afterwards questioned Dunne as to why they had whispered and laughed together, Dunne told him she had asked "If he knew aught of the business." Jeffreys sought now to wring from Dunne what was this business to which he had so mysteriously alluded—this with the object of establishing Lady Lisle's knowledge of Hicks' treason.

Dunne resisted more stubbornly than ever. Jeffreys, exasperated—since without the admission it would be difficult to convict her ladyship—invited the jury to take notice of the strange, horrible carriage of the fellow, and heaped abuse upon the snivelling, canting sect of which he was a member. Finally, he reminded Dunne of his oath to tell the truth, and addressed him with a sort of loving ferocity.

"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" bellowed that terrible judge, his eyes aflame. "Is not this the voice of Scripture itself? And wilt thou hazard so dear and precious a thing as thy soul for a lie? Thou wretch! All the mountains and hills of the world heaped upon one another will not cover thee from the vengeance of the Great God for this transgression of false-witness bearing."

"I cannot tell what to say, my lord," gasped Dunne.

IN his rage to see all efforts vain, the judge's language became that of the cock-pit. Recovering at last, he tried gentleness again, and very elaborately invited Dunne, in my lady's own interest, to tell him what was the business to which he had referred to Barter.

"She asked me whether I did not know that Hicks was a Nonconformist."

"That cannot be all. There must be something more in it."

"Yes, my lord," Dunne protested, "it is all. I know nothing more."

"Was there ever such an impudent rascal?" roared the judge. "Dost think that, after all the pains I have been at to get an answer, thou canst banter me with such sham stuff as this? Hold the candle to his brazen face, that we may see it clearly."

Dunne stood terrified and trembling under the glance of those terrible eyes.

"My lord," he cried, "I am so baulked, I am cluttered out of my senses."

Again he was put down whilst Colonel Penruddock gave his evidence of the apprehension of the rebels. When he had told how he found Hicks and Dunne concealed under some stuff in the malt-house, Dunne was brought back yet again, that Jeffreys might resume his cross-examination.

"Dunne, how came you to hide yourself in the malt-house?"

"My lord," said Dunne foolishly, "I was frightened by the noise."

"Prithee, what needest thou be afraid of, for thou didst not know Hicks nor Nelthorp; and my lady only asked thee whether Hicks were a Nonconformist parson. Surely, so very innocent a soul needed no occasion to be afraid. I doubt there was something in the case of that business we were talking of before. If we could but get out of thee what it was."

But Dunne continued to evade. "My lord, I heard a great noise in the house, and did not know what it meant. So I went and hid myself."

"It is very strange thou shouldst hide thyself for a little noise, when thou knewest nothing of the business."

Again the witness, with a candle still held close to his nose, complained that he was quite cluttered out of his senses, and did not know what he was saying.

"But to tell the truth would not rob thee of any of thy senses, if ever thou hadst any," Jeffreys told him angrily. "But it would seem that neither thou nor thy mistress, the prisoner, had any; for she knew nothing of it either, though she had sent for them thither."

"My lord," cried her ladyship at that, "I hope I shall not be condemned without being heard."

"No, God forbid, Mrs. Lisle," he answered; and then viciously flashed forth a hint of the true forces of Nemesis at work against her. "That was a sort of practice in your late husband's time—you know very well what I mean—but God be thanked it is not so now."

CAME next the reluctant evidence of Carpenter and his wife, and after that there was yet a fourth equally futile attempt to drag from Dunne an admission that her ladyship was acquainted with Hicks' share in the rebellion. But if stupid, Dunne at least was staunch, and so, with a wealth of valedictory invective, Jeffreys dismissed him, and addressed at last the prisoner, inviting her to speak in her own defence.

She rose to do so, fearlessly yet gently.

"My lord, what I have to say is this. I knew of nobody's coming to my house but Mr. Hicks, and for him I was informed that he did abscond by reason of warrants that were out against him for preaching in private meetings; for that reason I sent to him to come by night. But I had never heard that Nelthorp was to come with him, nor what name Nelthorp had till after he had come to my house. I could die upon it. As for Mr. Hicks, I did not in the least suspect that he had been in the army, being a Presbyterian minister that used to preach and not to fight."

"But I will tell you," Jeffreys interrupted her, "that there is not one of those lying, snivelling, cantering Presbyterian rascals but one way or the other had a hand in the late horrid conspiracy and rebellion."

"My lord, I abhorred both the principles and the practices of the late rebellion," she protested; adding that if she had been tried in London, my Lady Abergavenny and many other persons of quality could have testified with what detestation she had spoken of the rebellion, and that she had been in London until Monmouth had been beheaded.

"If I had known the time of my trial in the country," she pursued, "I could have had the testimony of those persons of honour for me. But, my lord, I have been told, and so I thought it would have been, that I should not have been tried for harbouring Mr. Hicks until he should himself be convicted as a traitor. I did abhor those that were in the plot and conspiracy against the King. I know my duty to my King better, and have always exercised it. I defy anybody in the world that ever knew contrary to come and give testimony."

His voice broke harshly upon the pause. "Have you any more to say?"

"As to what they say to my denying Nelthorp to be in the house," she resumed. "I was in very great consternation and fear of the soldiers, who were very rude and violent. I beseech your lordship to make that construction of it, and not harbour an ill opinion of me because of those false reports that go about of me, relating to my carriage towards the old King, that I was anyways consenting to the death of King Charles I; for, my lord, that is as false as God is true. I was not out of my chamber all that day in which that king was beheaded, and I believe I shed more tears for him than any other woman then living.

"And I do repeat it, my lord, as I hope to attain salvation, I never did know Nelthorp, nor did I know of anybody's coming but Mr. Hicks. Him I knew to be a Nonconformist minister, and there being, as is well known, warrants out to apprehend all Nonconformist ministers, I was willing to give him shelter from these warrants, which I knew was no treason."

"Have you any more to say for yourself?" he asked her.

"My lord," she was beginning, "I came but five days before this into the country."

"Nay," he broke in, "I cannot tell when you came into the country, nor I don't care. It seems you came in time to harbour rebels."

She protested that if she would have ventured her life for anything, it would have been to serve the King.

"But, though I could not fight for him myself, my son did; he was actually in arms on the King's side in this business. It was I that bred him in loyalty and to fight for the King."

"Well, have you done?" he asked her brutally.

"Yes, my lord," she answered, and resumed her seat, trembling a little from the exertion and emotion of her address.

HIS charge to the jury began. It was very long, and the first half of it was taken up with windy rhetoric in which the Almighty was invoked at every turn. It degenerated at one time into a sermon upon the text of "render unto Cæsar," inveighing against the Presbyterian religion. And the dull length of his lordship's periods, combined with the monotone in which he spoke, lulled the wearied lady at the bar into slumber. She awakened with a start when suddenly his fist crashed down and his voice rose in fierce denunciation of the late rebellion. But she was dozing again—so calm and so little moved was she—before he had come to apply his denunciations to her own case, and this in spite of all her protests that she had held the rebellion in abhorrence.

It was all calculated to prejudice the minds of the jurymen before he came to the facts and the law of the case. And that charge of his throughout, far from being a judicial summing-up, was a virulent address for the prosecution, just as his bearing hitherto in examining and cross-examining witnesses had been that of counsel for the Crown. The statement that she had made in her own defence he utterly ignored, save in one particular, where he saw his opportunity further to prejudice her case.

"I am sorry," he said, his face lengthening, "to remember something that dropped even from the gentlewoman herself. She pretends to religion and loyalty very much—how greatly she wept at the death of King Charles the Martyr—and owns her great obligations to the late King and his royal brother. And yet no sooner is one in the grave than she forgets all gratitude and entertains those that were rebels against his royal successor.

(Continued on page 44)



To my Valentine

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of Samson and Clark Gable . . .
You might be able to provide
silk, satins and rich sable;
But just the same a man like you
can't satisfy my craving.
It's high time someone told you that . . .

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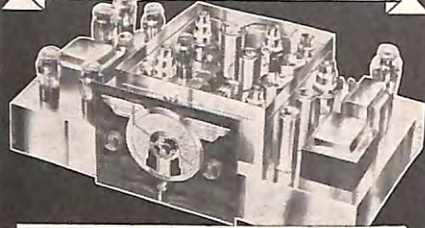
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Hildebrand-Nesmith Photo

"Low, what wonders the day hath brought, "Born of the soft and slumbrous snow!"
—Elizabeth Akers

"I will not say," he continued with deliberate emphasis, "what hand her husband had in the death of that blessed martyr; she has enough to answer for her own guilt; and I must confess that it ought not, one way or other, to make any ingredient into this case what she was in former times."

But he had dragged it in, protesting that it should not influence the case, yet coldly, calculatingly intending it to do so. She was the widow of a regicide, reason and to spare in the views of himself and his royal master why she should be hounded to her death upon any pretext.

THEREAFTER he reviewed the evidence against her, dwelt upon the shuffling of Dunne, deduced that the reason for so much lying was to conceal the damning truth—namely, that she knew Hicks for a rebel when she gave him shelter, and thus became the partner of his horrible guilt. Upon that he charged them to find their verdict "without any consideration of persons, but considering only the truth."

Nevertheless, although his commands were clear, some of the jury would seem to have feared the God whom Jeffreys invoked so constantly. One of them rose to ask him pertinently, in point of law, whether it was treason to have harboured Hicks before the man had been convicted of treason.

Curtly he answered them that beyond doubt it was, and upon that assurance the jury withdrew, the Court settled down into an expectant silence, and her ladyship dozed again in her chair.

THE minutes passed. It was growing late, and Jeffreys was eager to be done with this prejudged affair, that he might dine in peace. His voice broke the stillness of the court, protesting his angry wonder at the need to deliberate in so plain a case. He was threatening to adjourn and let the jury lie by all night if they did not bring in their verdict quickly. When, at the end of a half-hour, they returned, his fierce, impatient glance found them ominously grave.

"My lord," said Mr. Whistler, the foreman, "we have to beg of your lordship some directions before we can bring our verdict. We have some doubt upon us whether there be sufficient proof that she knew Hicks to have been in the army."

Well might they doubt it, for there was

no proof at all. Yet he never hesitated to answer them.

"There is as full proof as proof can be. But you are judges of the proof. For my part, I thought there was no difficulty in it."

"My lord," the foreman insisted, "we are in some doubt about it."

"I cannot help your doubts," he said irritably. "Was there not proved a discourse of the battle and of the army at supper time?"

"But, my lord, we are not satisfied that she had notice that Hicks was in the army."

He glowered upon them in silence for a moment. They deserved to be themselves indicted for their slowness to perceive where lay their duty to their king.

"I cannot tell what would satisfy you," he said, and sneered. "Did she not inquire of Dunne whether Hicks had been in the army? And when he told her he did not know, she did not say she would refuse if he had been, but ordered him to come by night, by which it is evident she suspected it."

HE ignored, you see, her own complete explanation of that circumstance.

"And when Hicks and Nelthorp came, did she not discourse with them about the battle and the army?" (As if that were not at the time a common topic of discussion.) "Come, come, gentlemen," he said, with amazing impudence, "it is plain proof."

But Mr. Whistler was not yet satisfied. "We do not remember, my lord, that it was proved that she asked any such question."

That put him in a passion. "Sure," he bellowed, "you do not remember anything that has passed. Did not Dunne tell you there was such a discourse, and she was by? But if there were no such proof, the circumstances and management of the thing are as full proof as can be. I wonder what it is you doubt of!"

Mrs. Lisle had risen. There was a faint flush of excitement on her grey old face.

"My lord, I hope—" she began, in trembling tones, to get no further.

"You must not speak now!" thundered her terrible judge; and thus struck her silent.

The brief resistance to his formidable will was soon at an end. Within a quar-

ter of an hour the jury announced their verdict. They found her guilty.

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, "I did not think I should have occasion to speak after your verdict, but, finding some hesitancy and doubt among you, I cannot but say I wonder it should come about; for I think, in my conscience, the evidence was as full and plain as it could be, and if I had been among you, and she had been my own mother, I should have found her guilty."

SHE was brought up for sentence on the morrow, together with several others subsequently convicted. Amid fresh invectives against the religion she practised, he condemned her to be burned alive—which was the proper punishment for high treason—ordering the sheriff to prepare for her execution that same afternoon.

"But look you, Mrs. Lisle," he added, "we that are the judges shall stay in town an hour or two. You shall have pen, ink, and paper, and if, in the meantime, you employ that pen, ink, and paper and that hour or two well—you understand what I mean—it may be that you shall hear further from us in a deferring of this execution."

What was this meaning that he assumed she understood? Jeffrey had knowledge of Kirke's profitable traffic in the West, and it is known that he spared no means of acquiring an estate suitable to his rank which he did not possess by way of patrimony. Thus cynically he invited a bribe.

It is the only inference that explains the subsequent rancour he displayed against her, aroused by her neglect to profit by his suggestions. The intercession of the divines of Winchester procured her a week's reprieve, and in that week her puissant friends in London, headed by the Earl of Abergavenny, petitioned the King on her behalf. Even Feversham, the victor of

TO NEXT MONTH'S NUMBER—

Bill Adams

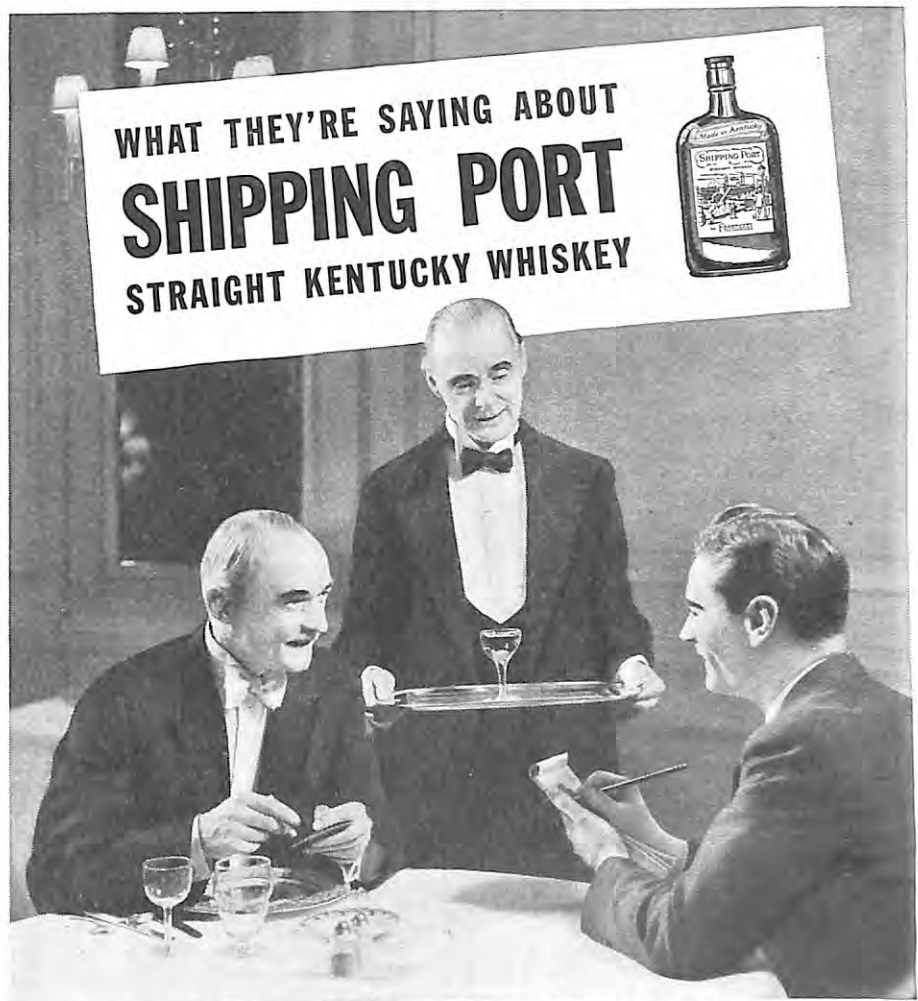
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Sedgemoor, begged her life of the King—bribed to it, as men say, by an offer of a thousand pounds. But the King withheld his mercy upon the plea that he had promised Lord Jeffreys he would not relieve her, and the utmost clemency influential petitions could wring from James II was that she should be beheaded instead of burned.

She suffered in the market-place of Winchester on September 2nd. Christian charity was all her sin, and for this her head was demanded in atonement. She yielded it with a gentle fortitude and resolution. In lieu of speech, she left with the sheriff a pathetic document wherein she protests her innocence of all offence against the King, and forgives her enemies specifically—the judge, who prejudiced her case, and forgot that "the Court should be counsel for the prisoner," and Colonel Penruddock, "though he told me he could have taken those men before they came to my house."

Between those lines you may read the true reason why the Lady Alice Lisle died. She died to slake the cruelly vindictive thirst of King James II on the one hand, and Colonel Penruddock on the other, against her husband who had been dead for twenty years.



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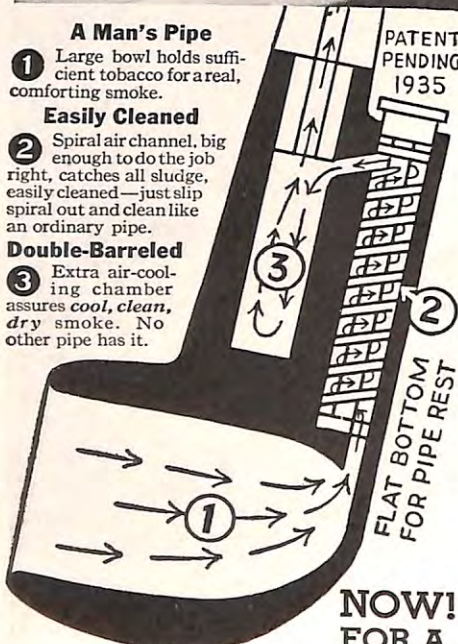
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Cinched to a Cyclone

(Continued from page 17)

judge for ten years, always a familiar figure prancing to and fro in the arena on his showy bay horse.

Presently Solly was putting down toward the wild horse corrals having a mind to take a look at the outlaw.

It was past mid-day now. Within the grounds of Frontier Park was a swirling, changing, colorful pageantry of the old West as it has been preserved for the modern rodeo arena.

A steady stream of people, mostly tenderfeet, were filing into the stands; over all hung a happy babble of voices and laughter, punctuated by the yelling of pop and candy vendors.

Solly leaned on the stockade, watching the doings with moody and superficial regard. A reckless, defiant mood gripped him. The old zest and gusto of the game was quite gone for him this year. He was here for but one thing—the business of riding Man-killer to a stop or being kicked to death doing it. Outside of that nothing mattered. The quicker he could get it over with the better. He hadn't signed up for any of the usual contests.

ABRUPTLY a hand clapped him forcefully on the shoulder. He jerked round angrily to confront Russ Armstrong. If there was anyone he didn't want to see just now it was Russ, who had been his partner and runner-up for two seasons.

"Solly!" Russ jubilated, gripping his friend's arm with both hands. "So you decided to come after all."

Solly didn't answer.

"That letter of yours saying you wasn't entering this season, just about steam-rolled me," Russ hurried on. "There's somebody else'll get a jolt out of this too. Jean Maitland. Saw her this morning and she was asking about you."

"She was, eh?" said Solly.

"I told her you weren't coming down and she bet me five to one you'd show, and I took her up on it. What changed your mind, *hombre?*"

"Nothing," said Solly dully. "I ain't here to contest, Russ. Just blew in to settle a certain matter—"

"Not goin' to contest?" cried Russ Armstrong. "And you the bustinest horse-hand in Wyoming! Listen, Solly. Give it to me straight. Did Man-killer hurt you bad last season; is that the reason?"

"No hurt that didn't heal," said Solly, meeting his friend's look squarely. "I'm off the show game, that's all."

"Solly, you blamed fool, listen to reason. I and you throwin' in together have got about half of them prizes hooked before we start and you know it. Jack Wright ain't here this year; neither is Newt Horne. Snap out of it, fella, and be yourself."

Some quality in his friend's insistence sent Solly's temper surging.

"Damn it, you got my answer. Leave me alone!" he snapped shortly and turning shoved away through the crowd.

A bit later he was hating himself for doing such a thing to Russ Armstrong. No one could have a truer friend; there was nothing Russ wouldn't do for a man. It was the temper of his scrappy sire that had gotten the better of him, at that mention of Jean.

Down the street Solly shouldered his way through the thickening crowd, mostly city folk who had been finding tenderfoot excitement through the forenoon in replicas of old welcome and gambling hells built and named expressly for that purpose. Faro and monte games were booming.

Solly avoided his old friends and moved on toward the "death cells" as the wild horse corrals were dubbed. Abruptly at a corner he saw Jean Maitland talking with Dirk Fleming. The sight of them together took the starch out of him, but he had presence of mind enough to turn deliberately away as Jean turned and saw him.

He ducked into a bar, hurried through and out the back way. A bit later he was climbing to the narrow plank walk at the top of the corrals. His eye had already centered on the big black he had come to ride—the one horse in the world that had ever gotten Solly Stoner's goat.

Man-killer here, as everywhere, was a creature apart. He stood in the far corner of a corral, and the dozen other mavericks with him gave him a wide berth in their milling and rearing. Whenever they came too close the black lashed out with his hind legs and sometimes turned to slash with grinning white teeth. Then he would subside into immobility again, standing with head down, sad-eyed, as if whipped or dejected. "That hoss must be sick," Solly remembered one peeler remarking the year before, and he recalled the way the old hands had laughed. He had found out the meaning of that laugh later.

Roosting on top of the chute Solly watched the black for a while, studying him from all angles, drawn by a fascination to find out what kept the demons dancing in that narrow tortured brain-pan. He differed from the other buckers in that he showed few of the obvious and ordinary signs of his ilk. From the side, his eye was the saddest thing Solly had ever seen, something like human grief written there. But presently, sensing his enemy, man, close by, the horse turned and looked at him squarely with a sudden snoring intake of the breath. The change was startling. There was Killer, written as plainly as if the capital letters of the word flashed in red light from those white-rimmed eyeballs. In spite of himself, the hair stirred at the back of Solly's head.

FOR years he had known the outlaws of the game, most of them runty, dull-witted specimens like old Rail Fence, standing just below him, relying on brute strength, too stupid to be lethal; others like the elderly Undertaker, looking calm and quiet, but combusting with devilish squealings the moment the flanker was tightened. He saw why no one had been able to stay with Man-killer's peculiar brand of bucking. He was heavier and longer geared than any outlaw in the pen; his breeding was thoroughbred, not cow-horse. But what a beauty he was, barring those eyes and the mud and manure on his hide which no one dared clean. A horse to fit any man's pride, deep-chested, with thin sensitive ears clean of hair, short straight back and well-sprung ribs.

At his movement the stallion drew back his lips from his terrible teeth and actually snarled.

"That's right," said Solly, looking down. "Tell 'em what you'll do to the next man that rides yuh. Yuh poor lonely murderin' devil—yuh never had a real chance, that's what's the matter with yuh."

For it had always been Solly's theory that the worst outlaw horses in the game were but the result of man-spoiled, man-madened lives.

It was remarkable how swiftly the news got round that someone was going to ride Man-killer as a special stunt next afternoon. Early in the morning the word was going the rounds among the contestants. Solly

Stoner's name was still withheld, and the majority believed that some fame-crazy local rider was to make the try. But that only increased the expectancy.

At noon the programs were out. By one o'clock the stands bid fair to be filled to overflowing, for the crowd today would be sure to get its money's worth. Here was meat to satisfy their morbid sensation-hunger, for the chances were high that Man-killer would kill his rider. Likewise bets ran high, for the well known character of Man-killer gave heart to the gambling fraternity.

Two o'clock P.M., hot and windless, and the calf-tying contest nearing a close. For twenty minutes some of the greatest work the crowd had ever seen had been going on in the dust. Bud Van Ness, an unknown youngster from Idaho who had lounged in front of the hotel all morning eating candy bars and ice cream cones, was unexpectedly showing up Bob Davis and Paddy Gillan, the old top-notchers in the game. The kid was putting some new acrobatics into the work, which were spectacular and not a little dangerous, and pulling yells from the stands.

Van Ness's final tie was made forty feet from where Solly perched on the boot-worn walk above the chutes. The judge dropped his hat, the calf cut the line and charged across the arena stiff-legged and bawling. Van Ness streaked after, his pigging string between his teeth, throw rope looped over his right shoulder. The rope whistled down within a hundred feet of the start and Van Ness was off his horse before it tautened. There seemed hardly a pause between the thud of the yearling on the sod and the raising of Van Ness's hands above the dust, marking the finished tying.

"Fourteen seconds flat, and the winning tie," bawled the announcer through the relay of loud-speakers. "This boy's quite an artist, but nobody's suspected it so far but his folks. We'll be hearin' more of him before the season's out."

A BUNCH of the boys crowded around young Van Ness, pawing and clapping his shoulders. There was Jack Conroy of Tucson; Windy Johnson, the Montana bucking champ; Hod Archer, the best bulldogger known to the game; and Tex Riley and Bob Davis, both from Texas and aces in their line. Solly would formerly have been down among them; now he sat watching moodily. What call had a man who would presently be hauled off the arena in the meat-cart, to get steamed up over a new champ?

Another bunch of entrants now trotted into the arena for the roping contest—five tanned and leathery men who could loop uncanny skill into their lariats, here to compete for the coveted Roosevelt Trophy. Solly watched, picturing to himself what would happen in the arena a half hour from now, when he would come racking out of the chutes on Man-killer for the ride that would live in vivid detail in the minds of the spectators for months to come. For the idea had steadily grown on him that he would never live through that ride, grown to a conviction that sprang from the pit of fear the killer had first opened up in him. He had spells of foreboding as if someone had kicked the wind out of him, and the more he mulled the stronger they grew. He thought of Joe Haskins and the feelings he had had the day before he was killed in the arena. And there was Slim Mellott who had talked of a premonition for a week before a Bramah steer got him. Such thoughts as these swirled through his head, snapping his morale.

That sort of thing would never do. He dropped from his high perch determined to bolster himself with the false courage of red liquor if need be. But on the way he saw

(Continued on page 48)

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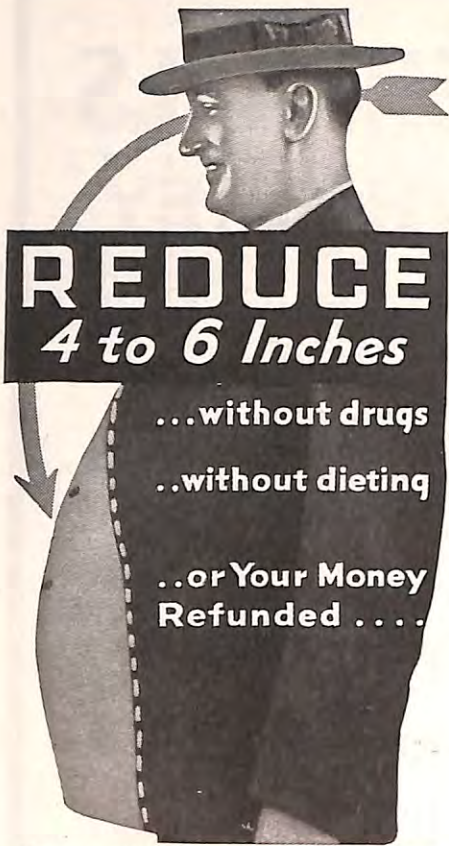
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(Continued from page 47)

Jean Maitland and Dirk Fleming together again, coming from the grandstands, and the hurt and bitterness that welled up in him at sight of them was stronger than any drink. Abruptly his mind sluffed off its misery. He was glad that he had carried out this wild idea of getting kicked to death. It would be quick and easy enough he reckoned. One second after he was thrown the outlaw's hoof would put him out.

"About fifteen minutes to go, Solly," said a voice, and he turned to see Jim Titus beside him. "They're puttin' the saddle on him now."

"Have 'em screw down that hull tight, will you?" Solly asked.

"You bet. It's shore goin' to surprise 'em some when they find it's you on that hoss. The announcer's tipped off. We'll play it up right. Say, how about that flanker?"

"Cut him in two with it," said Solly grimly.

Approaching the chutes again, Solly stopped and tried to turn aside, but Jean Maitland stood directly in his way. She was tense and breathless.

"Solly," she began, and there was a quality in her voice that started his pulses racing. "Where have you kept yourself? I've been looking for you all day."

"I been well hid," he said sarcastically, "behind Dirk Fleming's shadow."

"Solly, you fool—" she began, then checked herself with a great effort. "Listen, are you—is it true what I heard—about your saddle going on Man-killer?"

"Who says that?"

"Two or three of the boys were talking—and I recognized the saddle myself—"

"Just another nutty rumor," said Solly harshly. "Is that all?"

"It is true then—I know it. Solly, you can't! You mustn't do it!"

"What business is it of yours what I ride?" snapped Solly, then turned sharply away, afraid of the giant force that gripped him as he looked into her eyes. She caught his sleeve.

"Solly, listen," she cried. "It's plain suicide. I—I know what you're thinking—why you're doing it. I'm sorry for anything I did. I couldn't stand it if anything happened to you—"

"Better save that for Fleming," he flared.

She looked at him a moment. "I always knew you were an idiot where women were concerned, but I never thought it would go this far," she said. "Do you think I don't know the difference between a real man and a bunch of local color? Is it a girl's fault if someone starts making a play for her?"

He started to answer but his voice sounded far away. It died out entirely as he took another look at her eyes and saw the truth there, heard it in her voice. Love—and an actual fear for his safety.

Abruptly the electric announcing system above the judges' stand began to bellow.

"Now ladies and gents," bawled the great voice of the horns, "comes the big event of the day. A well-known rider is going to risk his life in the arena on Man-killer, the worst horse in the rodeo game, the horse that has killed—"

Another instant he stood irresolute, stunned and dizzy—glad at once by the great confession he had read behind her tears. Too late now to withdraw, even if he would. Nothing he could say, even.

Turning suddenly he sped toward the chutes.

Even the old contest hands, riders who had witnessed a thousand rodeo events, were quiet and attentive to a man, eyes on the chutes, when three minutes later Solly dropped into the saddle on the rearing tight-penned outlaw. For Man-killer was not only the worst horse in the game, but Solly Stoner was renewing a battle in which he had almost been killed before. Points of

high drama in that which only seasoned hands could appreciate.

The gate swung free, the crowd around the chutes scuttled, and squealing, careening and plunging the killer shot out into the arena.

For a hundred feet Man-killer rocketed, kicking at the moon like a cat in a fit, pulling yell after yell from the stands. The first six racking twists almost uncoupled Solly's spine, but he stuck. Reaching up he raked his steel shod heels across the manure-stained shoulders, left and right, high and handome. It wasn't called for in this special stunt, but he was bent on fighting and winning now according to the rules. The answer was a scream and a renewed plunging as if the saddle beneath Solly were cinched to a cyclone. The horizon pitched crazily; on Solly's left the sun-baked earth shot up suddenly so close that he flung out an arm to save the impact; then the ground dropped away again like a flapped canvas; then up, but he had stayed. His hat was off now and slapping at the flat scarred ears while his spurs raked again from shoulder to flank.

Dimly he heard the yelling of the crowd as the stands reeled past. A crash as the horse hurtled into the arena wall, but some instinct swifter than brain had jerked his leg up in time to save it from being mashed. His teeth cut into his tongue and he spat out a mouthful of blood as he recovered. Then out across the arena again, Man-killer's hind quarters lashing sidewise like a black-snake with its head pinned to the ground. Solly clenched his teeth, holding back the dark cloud that lowered over his brain. Blindly he fed steel again, because it wasn't true that he was afraid of Man-killer now. Also because Jean Maitland would be watching. He was riding—the ride of his brief unhurt life. And he could do it again. All his old confidence had returned.

His power began to mount, a great triumphant force that rose from his very boot heels and gripped him till his jaw muscles stood out with it. He was fighting through, slowly and surely mastering his horse! Raking and fanning and sitting it through, because of that vision of Jean Maitland's face at the last, as she stormed at him with hot tears in her eyes. He had to win—to return and reap the promise behind those eyes!

SUDDENLY Solly was laughing, a wild, crazy laugh that rose to an exultant yell as Man-killer gathered himself anew and threw every last bit of deviltry into a final desperate effort. Swapping ends with a snap, his back arched to the stiffness of whalebone, head low between his front feet, red mouth and nostrils whistling forth squeal after untameable squeal, he shot across the arena again, executing a soul-jarring whip-lash convulsion at the end of each bound. But Solly, tougher than tungsten steel, still stuck without pulling leather, while the mob in the stands rose to its feet to a man, cutting loose with a roar that made the whole region echo as far south as Denver, so the evening paper said. Then, though saddle and horse seemed still between his knees, the whole world suddenly upset, the earth struck upward mightily and that was the end.

At least a hundred faces seemed hovering over him when Solly came to, lying on a cot in the farrier's tent. There were ten or eleven really, but they swarmed around him like bees; hands that had never before been extended to him reached out to paw his shoulder in a new camaraderie; hilarious voices lauded him. But Solly didn't hear the words. One thing only stood out for him, and he recalled it with a groan.

"He stacked me in the dirt again—the dern brute!" came out with a gulp of misery. "I didn't even stick out the whistle."

"Whistle!" snorted Russ Armstrong, kneeling beside him. "You stuck out two whistles, palto. The trouble is nobody ever heard them whistles anyhow. The crowd was howlin' so for you that chunks of throat was comin' loose with every howl. You give 'em a ride they never saw before. Listen to 'em yellin' yet; that's all for you, *hombre*."

Outside jubilant cries still sounded. Solly listened wonderingly.

"It don't make sense," he muttered. "Last I knew the ground was comin' up at me and Man-killer was just whirlin' to pound me into the dirt—and here I am with the old bean still attached." He looked down the length of his wiry frame, still articulated in all its several parts.

"That throw you got don't count none against the ride," Russ assured him. "Your hoss let go all holts and somersaulted. He was whirlin' on you though, and he'd a' got you only Jean Maitland galloped her hoss head-on into Man-killer an' knocked him clean off his feet. Before he could get up two-three of us had ropes on him—"

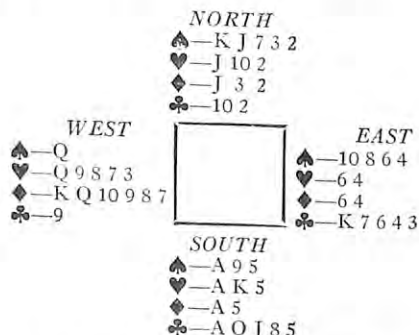
"Who licensed you to go spilling all you know, Russ Armstrong?" said Jean Maitland's voice. The group parted to let her through. Some new and different understanding could be felt between the two as Jean sat down with concern on the edge of Solly's cot. Catching Russ Armstrong's covert signal the boys filed out.

When they had gone, Solly sat up, and Jean, assuring herself that he was not really hurt, began to explain in her own way. But she didn't get far for a farrier's tent is a most conveniently deserted place on a busy rodeo afternoon, and when presently her lips were free again for speech, there was really nothing left to explain.

Famous Bridge Hands

(Continued from page 25)

of diamonds conventionally shows the queen and probably the ten behind it. With five hearts and East with only two, the chances are five to two that West holds the queen of hearts also. This reasoning gave Mr. Bonney a complete picture of all four hands as follows:



As the king of clubs is too well guarded to be picked up, Mr. Bonney properly abandoned the club suit at Trick 4, and led a low spade, finessing the ninespot. Then he led his ace of spades. This established two good spade tricks with North, but no direct entry to North was obvious. Therefore, Mr. Bonney had to get West to help him get the lead in the dummy. To Trick 6 Mr. Bonney led a diamond and West grabbed the trick with the queen. No matter what West led, he put dummy in the lead, and the rest of the tricks were easy to win.

Are You STILL in the DEPRESSION??

TIMES are better. Business is out of the rut—well ahead of a year ago. Millions of men have gone back to work. There's more money in lots of pay envelopes. But what good is that to you, if *your* pay check is still written in depression figures?

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During the worst period of the depression, this plan was helping thousands of men and women forge ahead. Today, during recovery, these same men and women—their ranks swelled by thousands more—are being picked for top positions. They are escaping years of monotonous, routine service—achieving their dreams while they are young enough to enjoy success in its fullest measure.



Since this plan brings results in bad times as well as good, it obviously works independently of business conditions. As unbelievable as that may sound, remember that success is largely up to the individual. Most men struggle through a depression all their lives. The few who forge ahead ride to success the same business tides that sweep the majority to failure.

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There's real danger to accepting "depression pay" these days. A danger that lower wages will continue to dog you—for no employer will pay more until he is convinced you are worth more. Some day, some way, you've got to convince him. There's no time to lose. The sooner you begin, the better.

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Are the Pinks More Dangerous than the Reds?

(Continued from page 11)

without knowing the real nature of the change they advocate. In fact, most of these people do not want the change they talk about—they do not even know they are advocating a fundamental change which can be brought about only by force.

Many of those who talk so much about the "under-privileged" and the "industrially disinherited" do not know that their words imply the existence of a system which is basically wrong and which therefore must be rebuilt on wholly new foundations. The clergymen who talk about "production for use instead of production for profit" and the evils of the "profit system" do not know that they are asking for a new system in which the individual must give up every right—including the right to have a religion of his own choosing. They do not know that they are asking that their own church doors be permanently shut.

All this mumbling about and playing with words would in prosperous times be of no more importance than a craze for cross-word puzzles. It is very important now in this depression because it spreads the conviction that the individual is not, after all, the fountainhead of all prosperity but only a helpless robot to be moved around at will.

THE NEXT TIME—

anybody "sounds off" to you about the joys of "production for use," the "redistribution of wealth," or the like, don't "sound off" in return. A study of this significant article will give you all the right answers.

It may be that the system under which this country has been built is all wrong and ought to be scrapped. It may be that ours is a thoroughly rotten country and that we have been all wrong in caring for it above all others; that it has not provided the greatest opportunity the average man ever knew; and that we shall never get anywhere until we put luxuriant bushes around the face of George Washington so that he can be called Karl Marx and, with some stubbier growth, turn Thomas Jefferson into Nicholas Lenin.

It may be that we ought to do all that. But it would seem to be the part of ordinary common sense to know at least a little bit about what we are getting into. And it might be better to know now rather than later.

FORTUNATELY, the average American has not spent any great portion of his time in making a study of social systems. He has been content to let things take their course until they reached a point where they offended his common sense. Then he used the ballot box or, if the thing were local, organized vigilantes. He has never bothered about doctrines and so he finds himself unable to answer or to meet the flood of doctrines that has inundated the country. Also he does not know how to meet new situations, such as the new kind of strike in which men who do not want to strike are suddenly forced from their work by a small group of

agitators backed up by thugs. He does not understand that there is a difference as wide as the poles between the Communist-led strike and the ordinary strike. He does not know how to act when an appeal is made to him as a member of the "working class."

Let us start with that expression and see what it means. There have never been any classes in this country. Of course there are what the newspapers call "society people," but they are just grown-ups acting like the little girl who refuses to speak to her playmates when she has on a new dress. Every community, down to the very poorest neighborhood, has conventions and distinctions, and the further one goes down the social scale, the more rigid are the distinctions. A railroad tramp regards a country tramp as a very low person.

THESE distinctions are not to be confused with classes. A class is a definite sphere into which one is born and from which few ever emerge. It might be imagined that Socialism, Communism and all other equalizing schemes would be against classes. In theory they are, and Communism is supposed to develop through a number of stages until finally there is a classless society in which all men are equal. But in order to attain this end it is necessary to have a class war in which those who have nothing—that is, the proletariat—organize to destroy those who have something. Those who have something are contemptuously known as the bourgeois, and it is recognized that the great obstacle to the class war is not to be found in the very wealthy, because they are necessarily limited in number, but in the petty bourgeois—that is, the small merchant or employer or the man who owns his home. Therefore, the first step in the United States is to try to make the man who works for wages believe that he belongs to a down-trodden class from which he and his children will never emerge and that his only hope for betterment is to be found in revolution.

The difficulty here is that the American wage earner believes nothing of the sort. In the vast majority of cases he thinks that he is on his way to becoming a boss and the owner of a home and an automobile. However hard his life has been, he hopes that his children will see something better.

THIS hope the Communists must destroy, and they are very active in a great number of directions. If they can get in on a strike, the strike is never settled until they are thrown out. Many people are surprised at the demands made in some of the modern strikes—demands for impossibly high wages, impossibly short hours and guarantees of employment that no employer could honestly grant. For he would have no means of making good his part of the contract. The old line unions, when they struck, always asked for a great deal more than they expected to get, in order to have something on which to compromise. But in a Communist strike the impossible demands are insisted upon for the longest possible time, and no sooner is a settlement arranged than something else crops up. These strikes are further distinguished by rioting and damage to property. The honest workmen who are forced out through fear in the first place very quickly drop out of the strike, and the picketing, rioting and damage generally are in the hands of local and imported rowdies.

The reason for all this is that these strikes

are not called to gain any benefit for the working man. They are called and kept going as long as possible in order to impoverish the working man and to arouse the utmost bad feeling between him and his employer. The Communists prefer conditions after a strike to be worse than they were before, so that the workman may learn to hate the employers—or, as they put it, to develop "class consciousness." For the same reason the Communists are against all labor welfare measures and anything else which might serve to make the relations friendly. The Communist papers—and there are no end of them scattered through the country—are filled with extraordinary tales of injustice to workers. One would imagine from reading the Detroit Communist papers that the automobile workers were speeded to such a point that at the end of a shift they dropped exhausted and simply crawled home. Any one who is so unlucky as to be in a Detroit street car when a shift is going off will find out just how exhausted the workers are!

Nothing could be more sardonic than the interest of the Communists in the workers. They never inject themselves into a situation except to make it worse. They aim always to provoke bloodshed in order to gain publicity, to increase tenseness and to have a big funeral with a lot of speeches and possibly another riot. The odd part of it all is the great number of well-meaning people that the Communists succeed in deceiving—people who have never an inkling of the fact that they are lending aid to the driving down of the American standard of living in order to prepare the way for revolution.

"Capitalism has broken down and we must do something about it," is a favorite pronouncement among those who like to be considered deep-thinking. How many of these men really know what they are talking about? How many of them know that they are not saying anything new or original but are simply repeating a stock Socialistic argument that is trotted out during every major depression?

HERE is the way the story goes: The wealth of the country is supposed to be owned by a small fraction of the population, and they thereby receive a large share of the total income. Say that 10% of the population receive 50% of what is produced. If we increase production, the 10% may be unwilling or unable to consume any more and the 90% cannot consume any more because their incomes are not sufficient. Therefore, increasing the facilities of production only stores goods until stocks are so high that it is necessary to lay off the 90% in order that they may not further add to the surplus. Taking the work away from the 90% brings on unemployment and a depression which lasts until the surplus stocks are consumed. Since 10% of the people have 50% of the purchasing power, it is pointed out that depressions must be chronic and that the lot of the 90% must steadily grow worse. The way out is naturally to redistribute income in some fashion so that there will always be enough consumption to absorb production.

All of this sounds very wise and learned. It is exactly as wise and learned as the crushing conclusive argument of many centuries ago that it was absurd to conceive of the earth as round because, if it were, no one could stand up on it. And obviously people were standing up. Towards the end of the great depression of the nineties, Thorstein Veblen restated this economic theory in America with great force and gained quite a school of followers. Marx and Engels had stated it long before him, and others had stated it before them. The Veblen school got lost in the prosperity which began about 1896 and continued, with some ups and downs, until 1929. Now a new school has discovered the same old stuff

all over again. There is really no difference.

A companion theory is that machines are replacing men at so rapid a rate that curbs will have to be put on the introduction of new machinery, else there will be no jobs. Nearly everyone has a tale of some machine which does what ten, twenty or a hundred men used to do.

THESE arguments are all plausible, but none of them are founded on fact. Ours is not a capitalistic system in the old sense. Neither is it a profit system. It is a profit and loss system. The ownership of wealth does not greatly matter. Anyhow, we have no reliable figures on the ownership of wealth. It is said that from fifteen to twenty million people own our corporations. If we take this figure as true and add to it the home owners and farmers, the small proprietors, the insurance policy holders, the savings bank depositors and the building society members, the total of those who have a stake in the country will be very large indeed—even after allowing for all possible duplications. But it is income, not ownership, that counts.

Taking round figures, in 1929, 87% of the national expended income went for wages and 13% for interest and dividends. But all of this 13% did not go to the rich. More than half of it went to investment institutions, like insurance companies and savings funds, and to people with incomes of less than ten thousand dollars a year. With the very great depression decreases in total national income earned, and consequently in national income paid out, the percentage paid in wages has risen since 1929. The total production did not rise abnormally from the end of the war to 1929, but at about the normal rate of 4 1/4%—which is the rate that this country has maintained since the Civil War. Some fairly heavy stocks of agricultural products had accumulated in 1929, but they were not greatly out of line. These are a matter of record, and also we have records of the inventories of manufacturers and retailers. These were on the low side. So the theory of the breakdown of capitalism simply does not hold water.

We had a great boom in stock prices, an immense amount of foolish investment in both foreign and domestic securities, and a wild speculative jamboree. This was caused by the mismanagement of credit, and its collapse shattered the whole price structure. That had nothing at all to do with the capitalistic system, and there is just no factual support whatsoever for the notion that choking off consumption brought on the depression.

THERE is likewise no factual support for the notion that machines have been displacing men at such a rate as to break up our whole economy. The truth is exactly to the contrary. We can progress away from poverty only as the machine releases man from labor. It is true that a machine seems sometimes to displace a certain number of operatives. But there is only one reason for investing in a machine, and that is to lower costs. Lowered costs through competition always bring lower prices, and lower prices always increase consumption.

The increase in consumption may not be enough to employ the men who have been displaced by the machine at the same jobs that they had before. But some of them will be re-employed and at better wages than before—for machines always increase wages. The making of the machines employs men, and so do their repair and maintenance. But the big employment comes in other directions. Take the automobile industry, in which machines are kept up to date and are used whenever they are better or cheaper than men. The result of this is the low-priced motor car. Compare the value re-

(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 51)

ceived in a motor car with any other value, and it becomes astounding.

About 300,000 men are normally employed in the manufacture of motor cars. But here is a roster of the number of men employed because motor cars are made cheaply enough to be everyday commodities: tire, parts and accessory workers, 200,000; dealers and salesmen, 290,000; garage and repairmen, 405,000; chauffeurs, 450,000; truck drivers, 1,500,000; and insurance, financing, etc., 12,000. That is, the employment of 300,000 men in direct making gives employment to about two and three-quarter millions by reason of the products they turn out. It is estimated that motor cars also employ 1,478,000 more people indirectly, and this figure does not include the roadside restaurants and stands or the thousand and one occupations that serve the motorist.

Nothing could be more unreasoned than to look only at the men displaced at one point and not to investigate the men who find new employment at other points. The Owens bottle machine drove out the glass bottle blower, but it made glass bottles a commodity and is responsible for a complete reorganization in the methods of selling medicines and many groceries. So those who talk about restricting the use of machines in the interest of the workers are not working for their interests but against them. The trouble is not with the machines but with the lack of facilities for quickly putting men in touch with new jobs.

PROFIT, "production for use," "social control" and "social planning" bulk large in modern lingo. The "profit system" is the favorite goat, and it seems that abolishing profits would bring universal peace and joy. Now, just what would abolishing profits mean?

Business as a whole has been carried on at a heavy loss since 1930. No one is the happier for that. The abolishing of profits in 1929 would not, according to the figures given above, have greatly helped wages. Even if interest, as well as profits, were done away with, the pot for division among the wage earners would have been smaller than the normal advance in wages over a prosperous period. No one would greatly benefit by taking away profits—that is, in a monetary sense.

WHO would lose? Those who formerly got the profits? Of course they would lose, but they would not be the big losers. The man running a small store or shop gets his wages in the form of profits. Some provision would have to be made for his livelihood, so by no means the whole fund classed as profits in a good year would be available. Likewise some millions of people—mostly women and the aged—live off small estates accumulated by someone else. They could not be left to starve. So their support would have to be derived from some fund. And then what? Who would provide the funds for new ventures? These at present come out of profits. What test of efficiency

could be set up if the profit test were removed?

Profits could not simply be lopped off industry (and agriculture) by law and the nation go on as before. It is one thing to lose money against the hope of some day gaining it, and quite something else to try to get on without profits. For without profits there could be no fund to take care of losses. The present system can function only on profits. Taken as a whole they are very small, but they are absolutely necessary.

Abolishing profits means instituting production for use. What does that phrase mean? It means first the abolishing of all

never had the slightest experience in management of any kind.

But suppose the thing could be managed; what then? Could any man be his own master? Originality of any kind is incompatible with a planned economy. Every human being must live and act like every other human being. The slightest divergence would have to be punished because that would upset the plan. We have seen in Russia, and in some extent in Italy, that even an approach to a planned economy means tyranny. Where is the sweetness and light which the advocates of production for use promise? It just isn't. None of these people have thought their schemes through. They have thought how nice it would be to have a world in which everyone had all he needed and in which no one had to work hard. For among these people is a curious abhorrence to useful labor. They refuse to face the fact that someone must do the work of the day—that nature does not freely give of her gifts.

Take security. One of the great arguments for a planned economy or "social control" is that the worker becomes secure. What power can guarantee security? If the combined brains of a nation cannot give security under the present system, how can a state control guarantee security? It cannot prevent floods, droughts or pestilences. Russia, since the Soviets came into power, has had one of the most devastating famines in the history of the world. And how many people really want security at the price of progress? Everyone would like to have security and progress—would like to play a game with winning a certainty. But that is not today in nature.

And so to what end will the undermining of the United States bring us? Our present system makes no grand promises. But it has a record behind it. Other systems make promises. But none of those promises have ever been fulfilled. So why tolerate the steady boring into our institutions, if the net result can only be a worse life than we now have?

But why should the pinks and the reds be what they are, if they have nothing real to offer? Samuel Gompers, in his memoirs, probably gave as good an answer as can be found. He said:

"My personal knowledge of Socialists extends over a period of six decades. My judgments have not been based upon second-hand information. * * * I know Socialists from practically every approach. I think I have met a representative of every one of the fifty-seven varieties. * * * According to my experience, professional Socialism accompanies instability of judgment or intellectual independability caused by inability to recognize facts. The conspicuous Socialists have uniformly been men whose minds have been warped by a great failure or who found it impossible to understand fundamentals necessary to developing practical plans for industrial betterment. These were Socialists who were profoundly pessimistic about existing society."



Drawn by George Shanks

"What's the matter, Joe? You've been avoiding me for days!"

private property. With the right to property goes the right to liberty. To produce for use means producing only what the people need and can use. No one can ever know the wants of the people. So the only alternative is for some board to set up what a man or a family ought to have during the year in the way of food, clothing and so on—all the way through to tooth brushes. Unless needs are absolutely standardized and then the exact production schedules arranged for the whole industry and agriculture of the nation, we shall be no better off in so far as regularity of work is concerned than we are today.

THE immensity of such a task of regimentation staggers the imagination. The Russians have tried it on a very low standard of living and have not succeeded even passably. A good part of every Russian's day is spent standing in line for food, and most of what we consider necessities simply do not exist for him. And it must be remembered that management of this kind is proposed for this country, not by men who have had experience in direction, but by people who have

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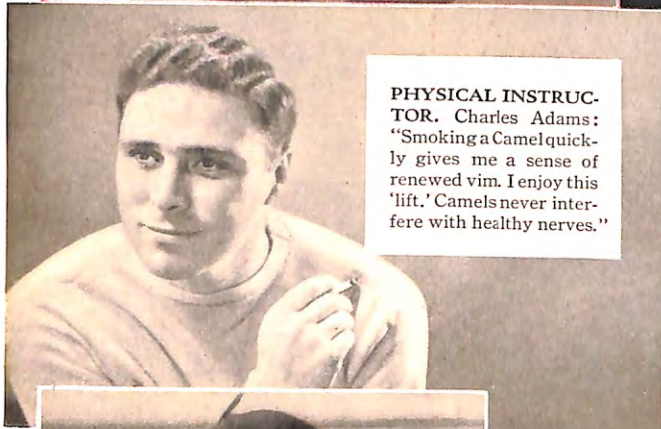
TO WARD OFF
FATIGUE . . .



GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL!



● Roscoe Turner flew from London to Australia—11,323 miles—in 93 hours and 7 minutes! When questioned about his smoking, Colonel Turner said:
“A speed flyer uses up energy just as his motor uses ‘gas’—and smoking a Camel gives one a ‘refill’ on energy. The way I notice this especially is that after smoking a Camel I get a new feeling of well-being and vim. Camels never upset my nerves.”



PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR. Charles Adams:
“Smoking a Camel quickly gives me a sense of renewed vim. I enjoy this ‘lift.’ Camels never interfere with healthy nerves.”




ARCHITECT. W. R. Ballard reports as follows: “Whenever I feel listless, a Camel restores my energy. And I also find that my mind is clearer . . . more alert.”



MRS. LANGDON POST, young society leader: “When tired, I find that smoking a Camel gives me a ‘lift,’ and I feel fresher afterwards.”

*You Are Invited
to Tune In on the All-Star*
CAMEL CARAVAN
with
WALTER O'KEEFE
CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA
ANNETTE HANSHAW
TED HUSING



WALTER O'KEEFE

TUESDAY	{ 10:00 P. M. E. S. T. 9:00 P. M. C. S. T.	8:00 P. M. M. S. T. 7:00 P. M. P. S. T.
THURSDAY	{ 9:00 P. M. E. S. T. 8:00 P. M. C. S. T.	9:30 P. M. M. S. T. 8:30 P. M. P. S. T.

OVER COAST-TO-COAST WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK

LEAF-TOBACCO EXPERTS AGREE:
“Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.”

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

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