

The Elks

Magazine



DECEMBER, 1935
Eastern Edition

An African Mystery Story by Wynant Davis Hubbard



Mount Vernon Christmas Punch

Pour 12 ounces grape juice, 3 ounces pineapple juice and 1 pint MOUNT VERNON Straight Rye Whiskey into punch bowl. Add 5 unpeeled oranges and 2 unpeeled lemons sliced small with

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The Elks Magazine

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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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DECEMBER 1935

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This Month

This issue of The Elks Magazine contains what the editors believe to be a pleasingly varied collection of stories and articles. It is true that both Paul Annixter's story, "The Die Off," and H. Kent Richards' article, "Dogs Against Darkness," have animals as their main characters, but the similarity ends right there. Mr. Annixter tells a blood curdling story of the fierce struggle for existence which is the lot of the creatures in the northern wilds, whereas Mr. Richards' article deals with dogs and the great humanitarian service they are being taught to render to the blind. Both "The Die Off" and "Dogs Against Darkness" make fascinating reading and can be heartily recommended.

Then Wynant Davis Hubbard has contributed "Tambati" which should provide a few hair raising moments for even the most hardened of mystery story readers. This is a tale laid in Africa, and no one who is acquainted with Mr. Hubbard can doubt that he knows that dark continent. For he has lived there for years, on and off, and can never seem to get enough of it. In fact, right now, according to last reports, he is out there, somewhere in Abyssinia, following the fighting.

"Condition with a Capital C" is also called to your attention. For whether you are overweight or under, fat or lean, you will benefit by Mr. McGovern's sane advice—that is, if you will take it seriously.

Another outstanding feature in this issue is the inspiring message from the Grand Exalted Ruler which appears on page 5. Every member of the Order should read it thoughtfully.

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A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER

My Brothers:

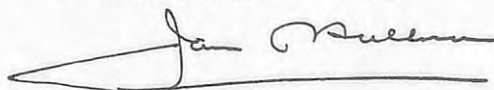
I am most grateful to you for the substantial increase in membership received by our Order on November 14th on the occasion of the initiation of the Joseph T. Fanning National Class. A detailed report of this Class will be published in the January issue of The Elks Magazine, but I am happy to announce here that it was the largest National Class initiation in the history of our Order. The showing made on this occasion was a great tribute to the Dean of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers, and one which made him very happy.

Let me urge you, my Brothers, not to stop here. Let this success be an incentive for greater activity in the reinstatement of worthy Brothers and the proposition for membership of desirable candidates.

I am deeply appreciative of the present Brothers of our Order who, despite depressed economic conditions, have retained their membership and have continued to support our activities. I am now calling upon all of you for your continued cooperation in my next activity, THE RETENTION OF OUR PRESENT MEMBERSHIP. We want every Brother on our rolls this year to remain a Brother so that, when April 1st, 1936 arrives, we can report that our Order has been able this year to hold its membership. Will you cooperate with me in this effort with the same loyalty and devotion which you have shown in the initiation of the Joseph T. Fanning Class?

With sincere appreciation and gratitude, and wishing every one of you a very merry Christmas and a truly happy New Year, I am

Sincerely and fraternally yours,



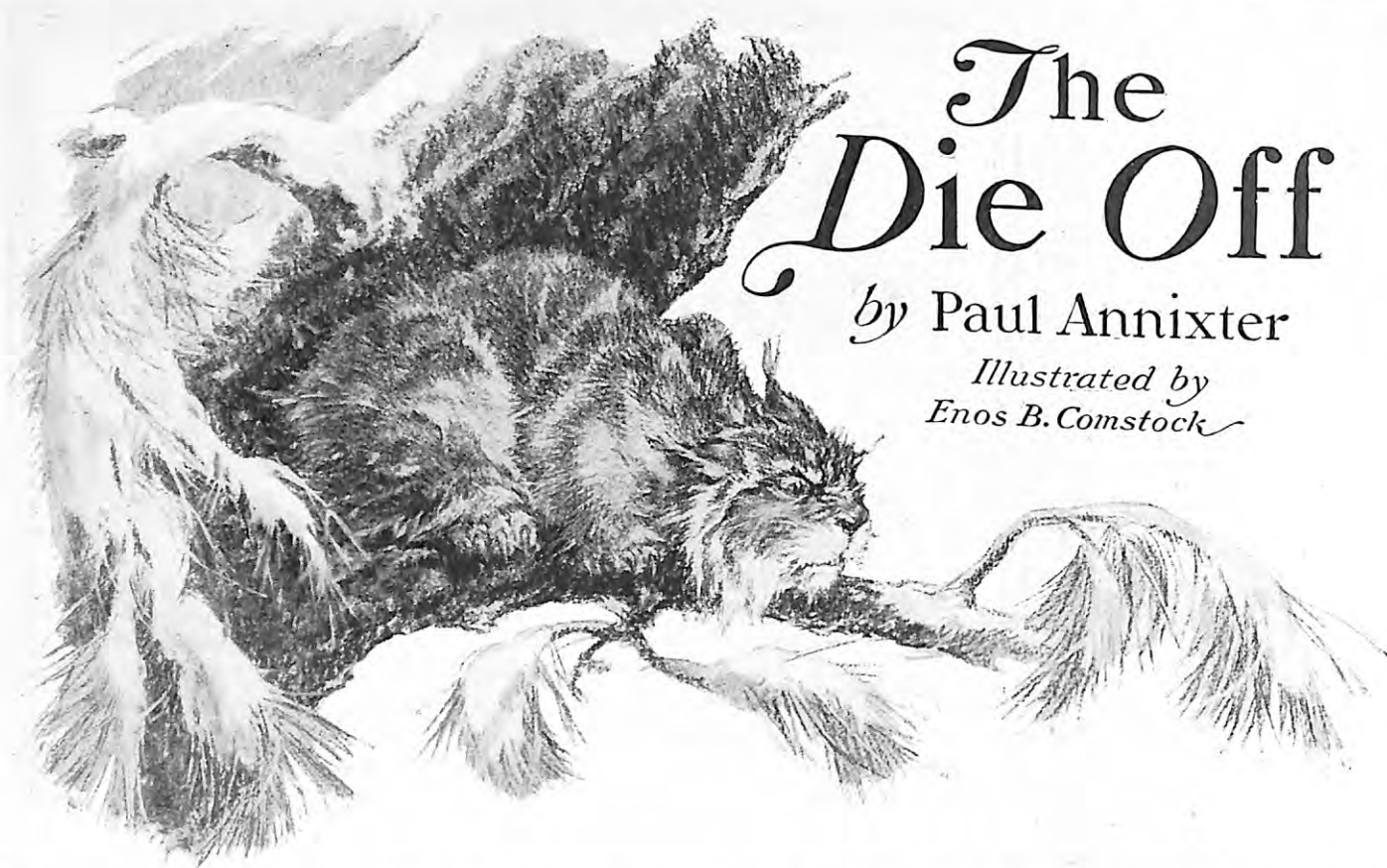
*James T. Hallinan,
Grand Exalted Ruler.*



The Die Off

by Paul Annixter

*Illustrated by
Enos B. Comstock*



IN THE winter wild, as all who live there know, half the creatures spend their time in killing and the other half in avoiding being killed. This is most trying, particularly so to those intermediate ones like Mishi, the gray Canada lynx, who belong neither to the one side nor the other, but to both. With his gray whiskered face, tufted ears and perennial outraged expression, Mishi looked like an old man of no very nice character, whose evil had become indurated with age.

Mishi knew nothing of Nature's law of balance, which is that life must go on only through death; that many should die that one might live, and that one, after living, should die at last that through his death still others might find life. But he did know that he had his paws full to survive. He had done pretty well to date. When less than a year old, he had killed and eaten one of his sisters, much to his own growth and advancement. She had been the runt of the family and was no loss to anyone anyhow. Mishi's father, in fact, had happened along at the time and had sanctioned

Mishi's deed by driving his son away and polishing off the cannibal feast himself. It had tided them both through the leanest month of a lean winter.

Now Mishi had come into man's estate; he had wooed and mated the shrewish female of his choice. Three lynx kits mewled and staggered about in the domestic den and Mishi was paying the inevitable penalty for that cannibal heritage of his kind. He had been banned from the comforts of bed and home. His snarly spouse, an ardent mother, as all cats are, wished to bring up her kittens where the sins of the parents would not be visited upon them—in short, where the father wouldn't be fussing about. She had chosen her den and nursery with care—in a hollow six feet up in a blasted cedar snag—and Mishi was not allowed within twenty yards of the spot.

He had his other troubles, too, this winter. It had been a bad year all round, a year of hunger, fear and savage feud. Something was wrong with the winter woods. It seemed not a thing that anyone could lay



claw or finger on, however. Just what it was even was not at all clear, yet all the forest folk, those who were abroad, that is—and they seemed very few—seemed to creep about stealthily with fingers to their mouths as it were, and there was a distinct hush over everything. It was more than the stillness of winter; it was a quiet surcharged with a definite mystery.

SMALL game seemed entirely gone from the forest; grouse and rabbits in particular. And when the snowshoe rabbit is gone from his runways in the thickets, it plays hob with everyone and everything.

This is truer than anyone realizes, or has yet been able to set down. No one places any importance to speak of in the feckless and finicky tribe of the rabbits. They are endless and meaningless so long as they are present, inconsequential as the leaves. But let them disappear as they do mysteriously every ten years, and their vast importance is felt in the economy of forest affairs.

While rabbit meat is plentiful, the larger killers find it expedient to recognize truce between one another. They respect, to a certain extent, each other's ranges and avoid one another's lairs through a sort of common prudence. But when rabbit and grouse hunting are gone, all that is changed. The fiercely individual blood-drinkers of the forest begin warring, cousin upon cousin, even family groups turning upon one another, because the foolish, skipping legions of the rabbit folk are always the main food supply and therefore the real mediators of the wilderness. Long ago the northern Indians noted these phenomena; they called such a time

a "year of no rabbits." Science has since recognized them as natural "die-offs," Nature's periodic times for taking inventory.

Mishi had been hunting fully five miles from home of late—a thing he had never done before, and at that the pickings were lean. Nothing had come to weight his stomach in twenty-four hours save a lean and stringy stoat he had surprised the day before in a tangle of windfalls. On this particular afternoon, very cold and dank and dumb because of gathering snow clouds, Mishi lay in one of his favorite resting places, deep in the dark embrace of an ancient spruce from whose dense shadow he could watch without being seen the life of the underways. He was purring today, gently but withal a bit horribly. And he was wearing his old man's smile of omniverous expectation. His appetite, as usual, was a public danger.

A COVEY of grouse were feeding just out of sight beyond the shoulder of a bluff, drawing slowly nearby. If they came another twenty yards closer, before seeking the trees to roost, Mishi would know how to handle the situation. Odd green sheens and shadows kept drifting across the lynx's pale and unforgettable eyes as he waited.

Suddenly his bob tail gave a twitch and he screamed—not with fear but with rage and vexation. It sounded as if an escaped demon had been caught and dragged back to the nether regions again. The grouse had abruptly risen with a whimper of wings and Mishi knew his long wait had been useless.

But the grouse had come to rest in the low spruce



He swung his great forepaws and with each swing a wolf lay stretched on the snow or crawled feebly away

that clothed the ridge. Mishi disappeared from his branch. He did not so much seem to move as to be gone. The swart shadows beneath the trees swallowed him up and when next he materialized it was beneath the roosting birds.

THEN a weird thing happened. As he glared ravenously upward, two of the grouse began to quiver, their heads drooped and they fell from their perches, stone dead. The rest of the flock went whirring away as Mishi sprang forward striking two smashing wicked blows with his big oversize paws. The banquet, however, was already defunct. Also, it was almost fleshless. Those birds had been stricken with some strange malady, quite possibly diphtheria. Certainly there was something passing strange about it, and Mishi crouched there over the bodies looking overhead and roundabout with that psychic gaze all cats possess.

With no sound nor warning a gray ball came bounding down the slope above. It was a big male wild-cat who had long been lord paramount over the range adjoining Mishi's, a beast of Mishi's own size and one of the most wicked catastrophes that hunted on four legs. Mishi needed no books to tell him about this customer. He knew the wild-cat of old for a terror and a nightmare before whom even the timber wolf broke trail. Presumably it was the wild-cat that had put up the grouse in the first place. At any rate he approached

They seemed not to have moved, yet there they were, rolling, screaming, wrenching and roweling in a horrid tangle of leaves and fur. Red chaos followed, wholly indescribable



literally on end with rage and drew up, sidewise and all on tip-toe, about a spring and a half away, bristling and moaning softly to himself. Mishi swung sidewise, too, and joined in the moaning, magnified by the bristling of all his wonderful coat.

For two whole minutes the pair of them remained thus, swearing horrible things at each other beneath their whiskers. There was a wet glisten to their bared

fangs and their ears were quite flat to their heads. Then their two right forepaws whizzed up in exact unison, flickered, poised an instant and dropped again while the moaning was redoubled. They were trying to frighten each other, for all cats from the lion down will refrain from battle if victory can be gained in any other way.

Those two, however, knew too much about each other. They ceased their bluffing presently and sank to the ground. No one could have told how they came to be locked and grappling half an instant later. They did not seem to have moved, yet there they were, rolling, screaming, wrenching and roweling in a horrid tangle of leaves and fur. Red chaos followed, wholly indescribable. Over and over they rolled, Mishi on top most of the time, but that meant nothing in a cat fight. In fact, the coveted position was underneath and on one's back, for then the terrible roweling hind-legs could have full play. The wild-cat's hind-legs worked overtime, revolving like twin buzz-saws, with all the power that was in them.

Times the two broke apart and reared on their hind-legs, wrestling, then hurled in again, spinning, reeling, revolving. When their devil's clinch was broken a few seconds later and they crouched again six feet apart, both were tinged the color of sunset in the last light of afternoon, though it was not the sun that tinged them. The wild-cat had a deep gash on one shoulder, a gouge over one eye and a red trickle down both forelegs.

Mishi had scarlet grid-irons on his chest and belly and shredded ears, but the working parts of him were still sound and he had lost no more blood than was healthy.

For a time thereafter both crouched moveless, glaring at one another. One thing was plain to both—all too plain. They were too well matched by far to make the profit in hand worth the peril. Both drew the same conclusion simultaneously, and both chose the same alterna-

tive. They had an exorbitant love for life, these two, perhaps because they and death met so often. As if timed to a hair each pounced upon the nearest grouse, snatched it up and streaked away into the forest, spitting and hissing like a couple of squibs touched off with a match, each evidently under the illusion he was being pursued.

It was a very serious matter for all that. What Mishi had done was to start a very pretty little blood feud and burden himself with a life-long foe who would ever be waiting to do him in and who for sheer evilness had only one equal in all the forest world—himself.

The bird Mishi rated was no more than two or three mouthfuls—a mere aggravator for such an appetite as his. His hunger had become more than a name, it was an incubus that would not let him rest. Furthermore, that unholy row attendant upon the battle had aroused all game and all hunters for a half a mile around as imperatively as a huntsman's horn rouses hounds.

Therefore some half hour later and three miles toward home he heard a rush upon the snow. Ten long, lean gray shapes shot toward him out of the spruce shadows. Fangs whiter than snow gleamed like drawn blades against fur, and clicked at Mishi's stern as he went bounding away on his abnormally long hind-legs like a great india rubber ball. Even the wolves were feeling the pinch of famine this year as their unwarranted bent for tough and stringy cat meat proclaimed. Though they could travel like the wind Mishi drew away from them as if they were standing still. He headed the forest bill as a sprinter, but like all his kind his bolt was soon shot.

Up a tree he went and from a high branch bent down insolently and told the wolves where they were at liberty to go in the worst lynx language. And a good few of them did, for just there it pleased Fate to spring one of the startling surprises for which she is famed, followed by numerous things which were not upon the program as originally intended. Two of the wolves milling below were suddenly precipitated downward beneath the crust of the snow, headlong into a yawning hole.

The hole had been matted over with brush and snow; half of it was full of a débris of leaves and bark, the other half was full of bear. The bear was not dead, only hibernating; in other words, as dangerous as frozen dynamite, for nothing exceeds the wrath of a bear roused from hibernation in the middle of winter. He knows he is doomed to wander the snowy woods sleepless and half starved until spring. The two wolves landed fair upon the stomach of the sleeper and what followed was possibly the biggest thing in fights that had ever shocked that hillside since the cave lion ranged those ridges and the giant ground sloth gallumphed in the valleys.

The wolves, all ten of them, hurled themselves upon the dazed bear and the bear, uprisen on his hind-legs, put up a wild Thermopylæ at the opening to his den. He swung his great forepaws like a boxer and laid about him, bash, smash, crash, and with each swing a wolf lay stretched on the snow or crawled feebly away, howling, for bruin is a one-punch fighter at all times. The bear could not balance long on his hind-legs, however, and the moment he would sink to all fours again the nimble-

footed pack would have its inning. Only at such a time as this would the wolves have tackled a bear, but maddened as they were by famine and excitement, the warm scent of meat was overpowering. Again and again they pulled the bear down by weight of numbers amid a chaos of sounds as from the Pit—snarls, bellowing and the horrid click of snapping teeth, and in between times they fought and at such members of their own crew as the bear had maimed or done for.

In the end the surviving wolves closed like a gray wave over the bear—he happened to be a small one—and after a final struggle, laid him low. As the deep throaty fighting snarls of the wolves subsided to a petulant, intermittent snapping as they bickered with one another over the kill, Mishi began letting himself stealthily down from his tree. The scent of all that meat and blood was well nigh maddening and there being only five wolves left, he had it in mind to risk a short dash on the chance of seizing something for himself.

Other citizens, however, had a similar idea. Half way down Mishi halted and it was just as well. A fox sat not far away beneath a spruce bough watching the feast, and in the low branches of another tree crouched Mishi's late antagonist, the wild-cat. Both of these quickly shrank into themselves at sound of something else wending the blue-black shadows beneath the spruce.

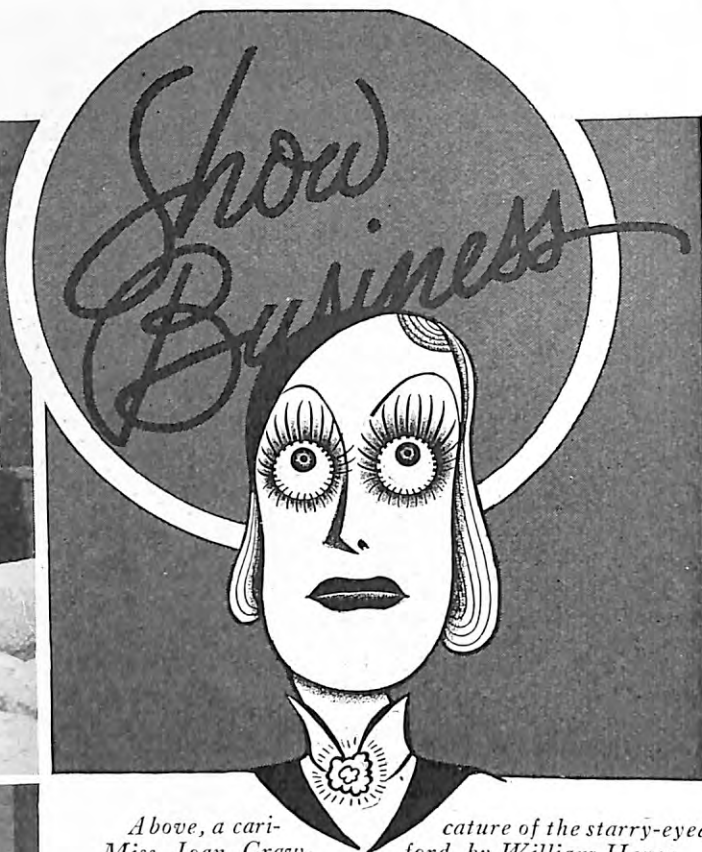
Slouching along slowly, following the trail the wolves had left, came two slovenly, squat, forbidding shapes. They were a pair of wolverines, the devils of the northern woods, the spirits incarnate of the cold, hunger and cruelty of the North. They were between a badger and a bear in size, with coarse heavy coats of brownish fur, heavy-limbed and heavy-muscled, and of dark scowling visage, savage and vindictive beyond compare. Rarely did these solitary beasts hunt together, and when they did it was proof indeed that famine stalked the winter wild.

STRAIGHT up to the wolves the newcomers slouched and there was seen then the weight that lay back of the name of wolverine in those parts. They were two against five full-grown, famished and half-crazed wolves, yet the outcome of that clash was never for a moment in doubt. Fear and faint-heartedness was left out when the wolverine was made. Acting in perfect unison the wolves might in the end have killed the wolverines, but it was certain that only one or two of them would have survived the encounter, for the wolverine is the greatest in-fighter this continent has ever known.

For a space the wolves stood their ground, snarling horribly, their faces masks of utter rage. All the wolverines used were their sinister, green-shadowed eyes. But the eyes had it in this instance, hands down. Slowly the five retreated, giving over their hard won meat, and without ado the two squat, imperturbable beasts fell upon the kill, nor did they stop feeding until the greater portion had disappeared. The wolves, meantime, were busy burying some of their dead, their own fangs and gullets serving for the spades and graves.

Mishi, watching his chance, was just about to slip down from his perch and make (Continued on page 40)





Above, a caricature of the starry-eyed Miss Joan Crawford, by William Heyer. At top, left, are Paul Muni, as Dr. Louis Pasteur, and Dickie Moore in an anxious scene from the cinema, "Enemy of Man," the story of the French chemist who won science's first fight against germs. The picture occupies itself with Pasteur's war against rabies.



Left is a scene from "Ah, Wilderness," a motion picture from Eugene O'Neill's touching play of the same title. "Ah, Wilderness" deals with a conservative middle class family living an ordinary, decent life in the early part of the century. Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Frank Albertson, Aline MacMahon and Wallace Beery have the starring rôles.

In lower left-hand corner is a misty shot of Sylvia Sidney making a hasty get-away from prison in the Paramount motion picture, "Mary Burns, Fugitive." Miss Sidney has a tough time and one is very, very sorry about the vicissitudes she endures as a Fugitive from Justice. Crime, one gathers, does not pay.

Below, Ronald Colman, an urbane Britisher, addresses a quizzical look at Mr. Colin Clive in the latest motion picture of de luxe life on the Riviera, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Lots of vicarious excitement for us tenth-of-a-centers.





Above, Miss Lynn Fontanne, the Queen of this Department's Heart, with her husband, Mr. Alfred Lunt, in the Theater Guild's robust presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Fontanne is not seated upon a full-blooded Arabian stallion.

Upper right, the crap-shooting scene from the Theater Guild's current opera, "Porgy and Bess," the outstanding musical sensation of the season, by Dubose Heyward and George Gershwin. In these two ventures the Guild has outdone itself—which is doing a lot of outdoing.

Right, Mark Plant as Eros, the God of Love, and Mary Boland in "Jubilee," the much touted musical comedy of the season. Mr. Plant is built like a brick skyscraper and Miss Boland is practically the funniest woman alive. Cole Porter wrote the music.

Lower right-hand corner, an electrifying moment in "Blind Alley," New York's most hair-raising melodrama. Roy Hargrave, with pistol, presents perhaps the truest characterization in any play on the boards this winter.

Below, Billy Quinn, Burgess Meredith and Margo in a scene from Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset," Mr. Anderson's best play to date and already a hot competitor for the Pulitzer Prize. Mr. Meredith confirms the well-considered opinion of practically everyone that he is the finest young actor of the day.





Above is a caricature of N. T. G. (Nils T. Granlund), one of the flowers of NBC's 1935 flock.

At top, right: Eddie Cantor, cracking his perennial gags in weekly broadcasts for CBS. At his right is Ann Lester, whose rich voice is one of the treats NBC has to offer.

Below them are Peg La Centra, who puts verve and vivacity into slightly tired jazz, and Wallace Beery, a swell master-of-ceremonies on the Shell Chateau program, presented by W.E.A.F. The radio is a new venture for Mr. Beery.

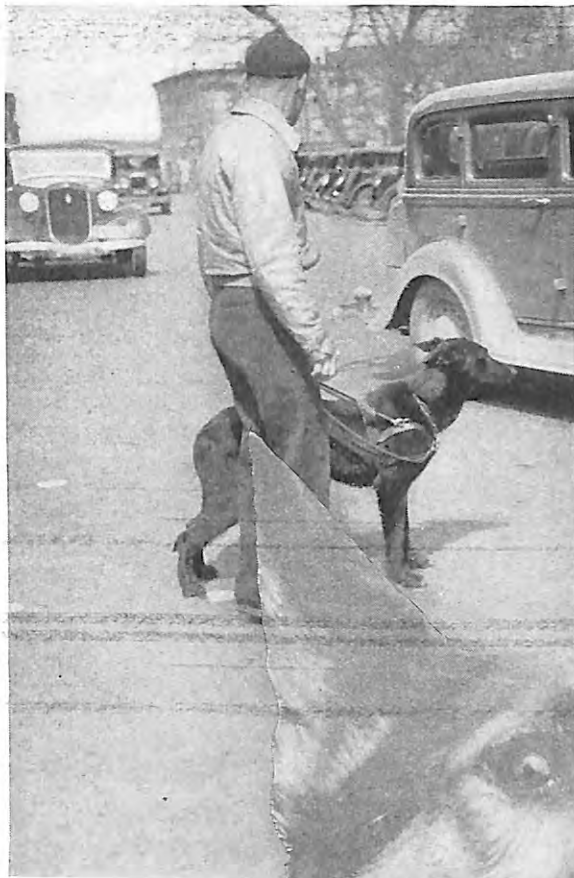
At right, center, are two beeyootiful ladies: Dorothy Lamont, a singer of soulful solos for WJZ, and Agnes Moorehead, the villainess who plays dirty tricks on Helen Hayes in "The New Penny," broadcast over WJZ. Miss Moorehead does not remotely resemble the viper she reveals herself to be in "The New Penny."

Kate Smith, whose picture appears below the ladies, just goes on coming up over the mountain three times a week for WABC. One marvels at the endurance displayed both by Miss Smith and the mountain. At right is Nino Martini, still this Department's preference in tenors. We have been complimented frequently on our strength of character in never referring to Mr. Martini as a beverage, either sweet or dry.

Bottom: Fred Allen, a funny fellow who makes merry quip and jest over W.E.A.F. He is put to shame by the Metropolitan's lovely Miss Gladys Swarthout who appears serenely at his right. Miss Swarthout sings like a goddess and makes neither quip nor jest.

by Phillip Cole





Above: Down crowded sidewalks and across traffic ridden streets the dog guides lead their sightless masters. These fine animals are the blind's salvation



Above: There are two sides to the work of The Seeing Eye. First, the dogs must be taught to guide, and then, the blind trained to follow without fear

Dogs Against Darkness

by H. Kent Richards

NO man ever had a better friend than his dog. Most any dog lover will testify to that, and with emphasis. The companionship and steadfast devotion of a dog for his master is as old as written history.

But there is in this country a small group of dog owners who only recently have learned just how great a friend a dog can be. To them the dog is more than a devoted pal; their dogs mean almost as much as life itself. For the men and women of this little group are blind, and their dogs, to them, are eyes.

They are graduates of The Seeing Eye, that now famous school at Morristown, New Jersey, where the intelligent brain of the German shepherd is educated to become the optic nerve of the sightless. Educated, in fact, to supply the eyes which will take them where their own cannot, through the complexity of city traffic, onto street cars and busses, into stores and offices, to jobs which make all the difference to a blind man be-

tween accepting charity and establishing his independence.

Nowadays most breeds of dogs are valuable mainly for sport and companionship. But at one time or another, as necessity required, man has developed almost every breed into an economically useful aide—one which not infrequently has proved indispensable.

Dogs of all breeds have given protection as watch dogs. There have been the cart dogs of Holland, our own clumsy, noisy, inefficient bloodhounds, and the heroic St. Bernards whose rescues of Alpine travelers thrilled the world for years. The World War provided the greatest opportunity in modern times for the development of dogs' usefulness. The Airdale (known abroad as the War Dog) gained a world wide reputation for remarkable patrol service. The Doberman Pinscher, the Giant Schnauzer and other breeds were used to maintain communications under fire, to provide quick



Left: The blind man is introduced to the dog who is to become his guide. This is one of the first steps in the training of the students at The Seeing Eye, for the master must learn to win the affection of the dog, and how to care for her

movement of machine guns, wherever, in fact, a dangerous job could be done as efficiently by a dog as by a man. At the close of the war, Germany alone had nearly 50,000 dogs engaged in service. Most of them were shepherds.

Though The Seeing Eye has used French Briards, Labrador Retrievers and Doberman Pinschers, it depends almost wholly on the German Shepherd (or police dog) for its guides for the blind. At The Seeing Eye they say that the shepherd can adapt itself to a wider range of human temperament than most other breeds, and its reliability and willingness have been proved through centuries of service to mankind throughout middle Europe.

Dog guides for the blind were first developed in Germany in 1915 when the increasing number of blinded war veterans offered an obvious opportunity for German technique in handling dogs. Some 4,000 shepherds now guide blind men and women in Germany.

It was an American woman, however, who brought the service to this country. Some twelve years ago, Dorothy Harrison Eustis began a dog breeding experiment in Switzerland. It was her intention to recapture in the shepherd many of the qualities which had been lost through breeding for show purposes. At her estate, Fortunate Fields, dogs were developed for Swiss policework, for patrolling international boundaries in the customs service, liaison work with the Swiss army, as an arm of the Italian Metropolitan Police, and to guide the blind. These experiments, which were carried on for ten years, combined to form one of the most extensive breeding programs ever conducted with higher animals. They contributed much valuable data to the science of genetics. But even more important was the contribution which they made to the welfare of the blind—The Seeing Eye.

Much has been written about Seeing Eye dogs and their amazing precision in guiding blind people through traffic. That there has never been a serious accident is sometimes offered as evidence that the blind are safer with their dogs than they would be if they had eyes. But the remarkable work which these dogs are doing does not consist wholly of solving for



Above: Teaching the dog to judge height. This is a most interesting phase in the training of the canine guide. The apprentice dog is first introduced to the problem by means of a rope stretched across the sidewalk. If the dog fails to notice it the instructor, just as he is about to bump, slaps it with his hand, and pulls back on the harness. Below: A dog guide leading her master around sidewalk obstructions





At top of page: Buddy guiding his blind master, Morris Frank. Mr. Frank has given many lectures on the great work that The Seeing Eye is doing. At center: Mrs. Dorothy Harrison Eustis with three of the dogs. It is Mrs. Eustis who brought The Seeing Eye service to this country. Below: A dog guide pulling his master back as an auto passes. With a perfectly trained dog it is safe to cross any street



the blind the problem of automobiles and pedestrians, coal holes and low awnings. That is of itself a splendid job—as much as anyone would ask.

Yet these dogs are doing another job, and its importance is just beginning to be understood. In bringing the blind physical independence, The Seeing Eye is bringing mental liberty as well. By guiding her master into jobs—more and different jobs—the dog is guiding him also into a new conception of his own capacity. Now blind people are beginning to realize that they are fit for something besides chair caning and basket weaving. Why shouldn't they, when men and women with Seeing Eye dogs are successful as lawyers, newspapermen, salesmen, store keepers, executives and stenographers?

And as for the public (which means you and me), The Seeing Eye is just about awakening us to the fact that because a man loses his sight, it does not necessarily mean that he has also lost his brain.

Since The Seeing Eye was established in 1929, one person has openly refused to recognize that this new service of dog to man has in it the elements of importance or even of necessity. She—it was a woman—acknowledged readily enough that lack of sight was confining and that blind people ought not to risk traffic unaccompanied. But to be led by a dog—that, she said, was degrading. How much better it would be, she suggested brightly, if the 110,000 blind in this country were led by Boy Scouts!

Give your sympathy not to the scouts but to the blind. For their problem goes deeper than that. They don't want just to have some person lead them about. They want to be free of human aid.

And above all they want recognition of their capabilities. They don't want it believed any longer that their minds cannot function because their eyes cannot see.

What is it like to be blind? Ask a blind person, as I have. But do it honestly, seeking information and not just to satisfy your curiosity, or you will never find out. I have talked with men and women whose sight was gradually dimming into a blur of grey and black; to others whose eyes were irretrievably gone. I have asked those who have regained unhoped for freedom through The Seeing Eye, and others who do not know of the school's existence.

Here is one answer. A young blind man is to spend the day at his aunt's house. A friend leads him over in the morning and leaves him at the gate. The blind man edges his way cautiously up the steps and into the house. Inside, he calls for his aunt, and his uncle. There is no answer. They have forgotten that he is to come. He waits for them in a chair in silence. Minutes become hours. Finally he decides to call up for someone to come and take him home. He gropes his way to the telephone but it is a dial instrument. He has never used one; someone has always done it for him.

(Continued on page 45)

Left: A young dog at The Seeing Eye. Intelligent, quick to learn, good tempered and faithful, these dogs are perfect guides

Photos for this article by H. I. H. Grand Duchess Marie, N. Y. Evening Journal and Popular Mechanics



TAMBATI!

by Wynant Davis Hubbard

Illustrated by Michael Dolas





SERGEANT COLLINS of the Northern Rhodesia police squirmed his body into a more comfortable position in his worn deck chair and stared out over the hot African valley lying below. The lowering sun, sinking close to the horizon, was drawing water from the Zambesi in flat semi-opaque rays. Conical hills reared from the floor of the long trough. The sun vanished suddenly, as if plunged into water. A quayle cackled shrilly from a tree.

A native, smartly dressed in the uniform of the Northern Rhodesia police, came out of the hut and placed a lantern on the table. His bare splay feet, protruding grotesquely below the neat blue puttees, made scarcely a sound. He saluted the silent figure in the chair.

"I'nkos."

Collins looked up. "Yes."

"A messenger has come from Bunybunamma."

Collins put his glass down with a sigh. "I will see him." More silly native tangles probably. Someone in trouble with somebody's wife.

The messenger approached and stood at attention. The black fez and grey nightgown-like tunic, symbols of petty authority, were dirty and worn. But the man's face, shining with perspiration, was keen enough.

"Well?" asked Collins.

"I'nkos." The native relaxed and allowed his hand to drop to his side. "I come from Bunybunamma. There are white people near the village."

Collins sat up. That must be the party of prospectors who had gone through six weeks ago. The party with the girl. He opened the slip of paper the messenger handed him. It was a label from a bean can. The message was short, as if it had been written only because the Government required all deaths to be reported. "Report Jackson drowned. Doerwald." Collins stared over the veldt.

A hard, weathered group the prospecting party had appeared when they had passed through. Hard except

for the girl. At first glance Collins had taken the slim figure in worn khaki pants for a young boy. She had walked with the swaggering steps of a youngster on his first long trip with older men. Then she had swung about and faced him. Old Doerwald's niece had been very attractive.

To the experienced Sergeant the combination did not seem one to stay together. Three hardened backveldt Dutchmen and two colonial Englishmen. Dutchmen were usually looked upon with suspicion by the colonials. They were sly—"clever" was the Dutch word—and often very unreliable. Collins guessed that one of the Dutchmen had stumbled on some discovery or bit of news which had led him to make up to the Englishmen in order to secure cash to finance the trip. Dutchmen of the type of Doerwald and Hertzog were invariably broke but they usually clung together. He frowned as his thoughts brought back clearer pictures of the five men. Doerwald, the spokesman and presumable leader, was old. His dark beard was stained with tobacco marks. Bushy protruding eyebrows cast shadows over his eyes.

Both Smit and Jackson were tall sunburned men, lean from work. Yet there was no mistaking the Englishman. He wore his worn clothes with an air the Dutchmen could not imitate and his thin face wore an eager interested expression which contrasted sharply with the expressionless face of his companion. Walker was the mystery amongst the men. He was young and fresh and eagerly interested in everything. He had wanted to talk in sharp contrast with the older men who were so reticent as to be rude. Collins wondered why he had joined such a party. Possibly he had had a little money, more likely because of the girl.

Collins dismissed the village messenger with a wave of his hand and called for Corporal Kambove.

When his native officer appeared out of the darkness Collins asked bluntly.

"Why did that messenger come in?"

"Because one of the white men at his village die," answered the native evasively.



But there was Anna. Was she on her uncle's side or on that of Walker in whom she was obviously interested? Moreover, Collins could not drive out of his mind the suspicion that Walker was concealing something—something that related to Anna

"What other reason?" Collins knew from long experience that messengers often had bits of information to add to written reports.

The Corporal shuffled his feet. His eyes, showing the whites sharp against the scarred black of his face, stared over the white man's head.

"Inkos?"

"Don't pretend. Come on. Any more news?"

Kambove twisted awkwardly. He looked from side to side. One hand opened and closed spasmodically. Reporting white people was dangerous. One could not guess how the news would be taken.

"Well," Collins spoke sharply. There was something behind this reluctance to speak.

"Messenger says there is trouble in camp of white people."

"What kind of trouble?" Memory of the scar pocked-marked face of Hertzog and Doerwald's curious bearded grin as contrasted with the clean lean faces of the two Colonials flashed into Collins' mind. And there was the girl.

"THE white men have found something." Kambove spoke reluctantly. "They quarrel. Messenger boy says death hangs over the camp." His eyes rolled and he hesitated, then finished defiantly. "Twice the owl has been heard at night."

Collins did not smile. The hooting of an owl was just an expression. If an owl had not hooted a hyena would have been heard cackling in the bush. The messenger would have used that as a portent. Under no circumstances would he admit that it was his own interpretation of events that led to a report. Many spirits and ghosts and witches roamed at large. If he only reported signs which had been shown no harm could come.

Kambove coughed. Collins glanced up.

"We will go tomorrow." There would have to be an inquest, though it meant a long trek across the veldt. "N'dio, Inkos." The Corporal saluted and melted away, the night swallowing him as though he had been whisked away by a witch's wand.

For three days Collins trekked through the valley. It was the end of September, hot and dusty. At each vil-

lage he held court for an hour or two and then went on. The hills became steeper and if possible, rockier. There was little shade. As hour after hour passed Collins' temper grew worse. Why did people, if they had to die in his district, choose the farthest corner of it. He kicked a stone viciously. He was a fool to take any stock in the "hooting of an owl." The party had seemed on reasonably good terms when he had seen them. Young Walker and Anna, the girl, had joked together and he had not noticed any resentment on the part of the four older men. He trudged along thinking. The sun had gone and the veldt grew cooler. A night jar flapped up from the path and skimmed away on silent wings. Far ahead Collins could hear the throbbing beat of tomtoms from a native village. The calling rhythmic sound pulsed over the veldt like the beating of a great heart. Oom, oom, oom, oom, as if insisting on the omnipotence of man. Collins frowned. Ordinarily the throb of the drums was pleasing but tonight they grated and threw an uneasy foreboding over him. He tried to whistle to drive the feeling away but the sound died away on his lips. It sounded silly, ineffectual against the powerful beat which rolled over the veldt.

Collins expected to find the party camped close to the village of Bunybunamma. It was one more annoying fact that he had to tramp another mile to find the group of grass shelters which housed the prospectors under a huge baobab tree. Standing in the middle of the camp Collins stared around closely. The glint from a rifle barrel caught his eye. A couple of empty water sacks hung from a pole. An unlit lantern stood on a table. Everything was as it should be. Collins stood quiet as if listening to something. He had entered the camp so quietly that not even a native had awakened. The only sound was a steady snore which came from the blackness of a shelter to his right, and the beat of the tomtoms from the village.

MD-35

Collins frowned. An uneasy feeling as of trouble brewing had settled on him. What was it about this apparently peaceful camp that affected him? He glanced slowly about. Nothing unusual. Not one thing which was not exactly as it should be. His look fell on his natives. They, too, were uneasy.

Collins shrugged and called out. "Doerwald!"

There was a rustle in the shelters. The snores ceased. Collins felt the pressure of eyes staring at him from the darkness.

"Doerwald." His call echoed oddly under the huge tree. It was as if the night resented the sharp call and tried to muffle the sound. Not far away a jackal yipped.

A figure appeared from a shelter. The moonlight glanced in a thin line along the shining barrel of a rifle. Above it Collins could see the shaggy outline of a heavy beard. Other figures moved.

"Hello, Collins." Doerwald straightened up and advanced still holding his rifle. "What's the idea of routing people out in the middle of the night?"

"I got your note about Jackson's death." Collins was irritated at his unwelcome reception. The others crowded up, the girl one of them. Without her hat she was prettier than he had thought. The moonlight played on her tousled hair, spinning it out into a fairy halo. Collins' eyes narrowed slightly as the pocked marked man he remembered as Hertzog shouldered close to her. "Didn't you expect me?"

"Tomorrow maybe." Doerwald's voice snapped the policeman back to earth. "Hell! It was only an official report."

"Sit down." Collins pulled out a chair for himself and pushed one toward the old man. But Doerwald remained standing. Walker stood close to Anna on the opposite side from the grinning Hertzog. Smit, nondescript and disheveled from sleep, remained apart.

Collins, studying the men, saw that Smit's eyes never left Doerwald's face. He was glaring fixedly at the old man, his eyes burning with an expression the policeman could not name. Was it fear? Hate? Kambove kicked the remains of the fire together. Little flames danced up. Their flickering light played over the rifles in the hands of the men and threw unnatural shadows across their faces. Tall and sunburnt, they glowered down at the man who had the authority to call them out of bed.

"Anybody with Jackson when he died?" Collins asked suddenly.

No one answered for a long moment. Then Walker, the youngest of the four men, spoke.

"I was."

"So. Well, what happened?"

THE boy—he was hardly twenty-five—swallowed hard and scuffed his feet. He sensed the tone of suspicion in the policeman's voice.

"We went down to get a drink," he began defiantly.

"Yes."

"There was no water in the bags. Before we started for work Jackson and I went down to the river. We had a drink. Then just as we stood up Jackson sort of swayed and fell into the river." Walker shivered and shook himself.

"The crocs got him." Hertzog spoke in a thick voice. Collins was staring at Walker, who had closed his eyes.

"Look for him?" Collins asked Doerwald.

The old man shrugged. "What was the use? Plenty of crocodiles here, you know."

"Crocs, eh?" It was Smit who spoke. Collins glanced at him. His face was twitching but his eyes were still fixed on Doerwald. "Crocs!" (Continued on page 34)

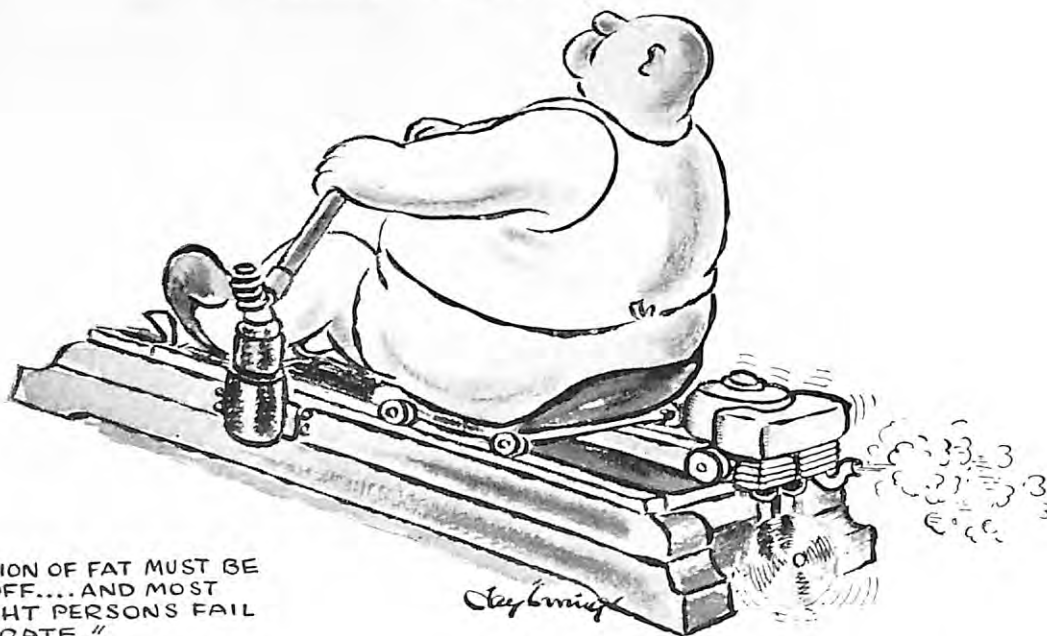


"Hello, Collins," said Doerwald still holding his rifle. "What's the idea of routing people out in the middle of the night?"

Condition—with a Capital C

by Artie McGovern

Drawings by Jay Irving



"ACCUMULATION OF FAT MUST BE WORKED OFF.... AND MOST OVERWEIGHT PERSONS FAIL TO CO-OPERATE"

SUCCESS stories of famous men carry many recipes for reaching the top of the ladder, but the one most seldom mentioned and by far the most important is: to be great a man must feel great, and to feel great, he must be fit!

Today's leaders in business or in any other enterprise pay strict attention to physical condition because they know they have to. Generally speaking, big men—and I don't mean heavyweights—recognize the fact that keeping in the best of health is an absolute necessity if they expect to make the long climb back up the hill to prosperity. Most of them coasted down the hill into financial disaster, or very near it, during the Big Toboggan Slide of 1929, and they know that the second ascent is twice as hard as the first, so they must be in condition, with a capital C.

Such men as Hon. Grover Whalen, Wilfred J. Funk, Gene Sarazen, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, A. B. See, Hugh Lofting, Paul Whiteman, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Hon. Nathan Straus, Jr., Samuel L. ("Roxy") Rothafel, Morton Downey, Mario Chamlee, James Melton, Philip Merivale, Basil Sydney, Lou Gehrig, Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Vinnie Richards and Johnny Farrell have sought good physical condition as an aid to success. In their various fields of business, sport, finance, acting, singing and writing, they found that they had to keep fit. I know this because, at one time or another, they have been under my care.

"GOOD DIGESTION DEPENDS UPON YOUR ENJOYMENT OF FOOD."



I'll never forget the day back in November, 1925, when Christy Walsh, Babe Ruth's manager, brought him to my gymnasium. Feet first, he had returned to New York, following a general physical collapse. And how the swaggering Sultan of Swat stood before me, as sorry a physical specimen as I have ever seen. His blood pressure was low, his pulse high. He tipped the scales at 254 pounds, all of which was loose flabby muscles and soft rolls of fat. His was a story of excesses and extremes—too much food, too little exercise, too much and the wrong kind of diversion, too little sleep and rest.

"He's through!" the sports writers insisted, and it must be admitted that anyone with an ounce of skepticism in his makeup would find it difficult to believe the contrary. Fortunately the Babe, himself, came to the bitter realization that there were no two ways about it. Either he had to get back his health and good physical condition—or else. The "else" meant the end of his baseball career; spelling tragedy for himself, for baseball in general and for the countless fans whose idol he was.

Five months passed. It was March, 1926. Ruth walked out on the practice field in St. Augustine; once more the great Bambino, and he looked it—210 pounds of solid flesh and hardened muscle. He was a veritable mountain of reserve strength, and during the following season as he sought new batting laurels, he had occasion to use every ounce of that stamina. But now he had to give, as his record for that year shows.

It was an inspiring feat, yes! But not a miracle. After twenty-five years of coaching the great and the near-great—the bankers, the bakers, the athletes, and the candle-stick makers—in the art of acquiring good health and physical fitness, I can say emphatically: "Good physical condition with its accompanying self-assurance, poise and confidence, is never gained by any miracle or shortcut. The accomplishment in every case is the result of the application of common sense methods to your everyday life."

Because Babe Ruth had for so long flouted the rules of good health, the consequences in his case were much more apparent, and therefore, his startling comeback seemed all the more remarkable. But the Babe's problems are the problems of many so-called "average" men among the millions who are constantly waging a battle against fat. The only difference is that Babe fought his battle and won! He has reduced more, and more consistently, than any man I have ever known. From 1925 to 1934 Babe Ruth probably lost 10,000 pounds, and even that is a conservative estimate. But he had to work to do it. Obviously, he was designed by Nature to be a heavyweight. He is one of those healthy individuals with an enormous appetite who can get more fat from a single slice of bread than the ordinary person does from a whole loaf.



"TO BE GREAT, A MAN MUST FEEL GREAT...AND TO FEEL GREAT, HE MUST BE FIT!"

Although there may be some modifications to suit the needs of the individual, Babe Ruth's reducing regimen can be applied to anyone who is not only anxious to lose his excess weight, but is willing to make the sacrifices necessary to accomplish results.

With the Bambino, wholesale reformation in his daily schedule was indicated. The first thought was to get him on a regular routine of diet, exercise, rest and recreation. Contrary to common opinion, the diet problem was a simple one. The Babe was limited to two meals a day, but that does not mean that he didn't have enough food. His diet, and the one I prescribe for any person who is reducing, was made up almost entirely of fresh fruits and vegetables, lean meat and fish; with little sugars and starches. He had an average, well balanced diet that anyone can follow.

But diet alone didn't answer the problem of taking off the Babe's superfluous weight. That accumulation of fat had to be worked off. He came to the gymnasium every day and for two hours sweated through a regimen of exercise which included intensive abdominal exercises similar to those given at the end of this article; movements with the medicine ball, dumb-bells, wand drills, treadmill and other gymnasium apparatus. He boxed, played handball or squash—whatever appealed to him in the way of recreative work—but he had to keep moving. His workout ended with an electric cabinet bath and thorough massage.

The main thing for all you fat folks to remember, however, is that Babe Ruth, himself, cooperated to the nth degree. And that's where most overweight persons fail. It was no hit-and-miss affair with the Babe. If he wavered for one day, he made up for it with more stringent rules, the next. And if you are sincere in your efforts to reduce, you must adopt, as he did, a day-to-day discipline. "My life," he used to complain, "is just one round of diet and exercise." So it was, and so it must be in a modified form, for all those who are overweight and who, in fighting fat, still want to keep fit.



"YOU CANNOT WISH FAT AWAY."

Sufficient it is, then, to say: "If Ruth, against all natural odds could keep his weight down, his health up, and still remain a batting champion long past the playing time of most baseball stars; then the business man, the machinist, the telegraph operator—the average man—can certainly manage to take off the paunches and curves."

Not, however, with the nostrums on the market today which enthusiastic manufacturers sell to a public that is as lazy as it is gullible. You cannot wish, wash, pat, roll, scrub, or drink away fat. So if, in a moment of susceptibility, you have bought some pills, salts, or perhaps one of those extraordinary pink-handled reducing brushes in the childish hope that through the use of them you would soon gain a lithe, athletic figure—throw the whole mess into the waste basket and go to work.

One exception to this rule I hesitate to mention, since it is the one form of obesity that will not yield to exercise and diet alone, and is the one form erroneously used as the fat person's alibi for years. This is the case which involves glandular overactivity. A physician can readily identify such a condition and he should always be consulted before beginning any sort of a reducing treatment. However, glandular cases are really more rare than we are inclined to believe in our present day "health-conscious" stage, and once you have been given a clean bill of health by your own doctor, you may proceed with reduction without fear of impairing your physical well-being.

THAT word, "reduction," for one reason or another, always seems to bring up the thought of diet. In recent years the terms have become almost synonymous to the layman. But a sensible reducing diet need not be the bugaboo of tables and charts, diagrams and graphs, sacrifices and suppressions, so many are inclined to make it. A reducing diet that will keep you feeling well while taking off the poundage *must* contain all the essential elements of food which are needed to sustain the human machine. Believe it or not, even though you are overweight, you cannot live without some fat. You need sugar and starches (the medicos call them carbohydrates) for heat and energy. You must have protein. You likewise require (Continued on page 41)

DO SOMETHING TO GET AWAY FROM THE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM AT HAND





EDITORIAL

LET'S PLAY SANTA CLAUS AGAIN



CHRISTMAS is primarily a religious festival; and many denominations so observe it with special formalities and ceremonials. But to the great majority of people its technical religious significance has become subordinate to, if not completely merged in, the celebration of the day as one of which Santa Claus, under various names, is the patron saint, and which is an occasion for the expression of good will, for gift giving and the performance of kindly deeds.

Simply because the Order, as such, does not permit religious considerations to play any part in its activities, and not because it considers the primary significance of the day unimportant, the fraternal observance of Christmas by the subordinate Lodges is undertaken in that wholesome spirit which is more generally pervasive. And the quite universal celebration of it has been accepted by the Lodges as affording an opportunity for special fraternal activities to promote the happiness and welfare of the poor and needy, as their particular contributions to the observance of the occasion.

So generous have these contributions been during past years, that they have become recognized in the several jurisdictions as important features of the seasonal community charities. Failure to continue such activities by any Lodge would not only create a noticeable deficit in the local aggregate, but it would cause keen disappointment to many to whom the Elks have been their only Santa Claus.

As the happy day approaches, may the true spirit which should attend it grow large in all Elk hearts; so that, with characteristic generosity and kindness, they will again bring that cheer and happiness to others less fortunate, which comes most assuredly from a realization that they have not been forgotten during the season of universal good will.

Let's play Santa Claus again in every community in which there is an Elks Lodge.

ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC OPINION



PUBLIC opinion is undoubtedly the most potent factor in the determination of any question presented for decision by the American people or their official representatives. To the aggregate force of that public opinion each citizen contributes to the extent of his individual attitude plus his personal influence exerted thereby upon others. It follows that such attitude should be intelligently assumed after appropriate consideration of all the elements involved.

Some wit has said that there are always two sides to every question and frequently three or four. No fair minded man will definitely form an opinion thereon without giving thought to every one of those sides. And yet many are unwittingly led to do so.

They read but one newspaper whose editorial comments naturally reflect the editor's own preconceived view point and are often one sided arguments rather than helpfully informative. Their associations are usually with a limited group having like interests with themselves and who are actuated by similar mental processes. Prejudices are unconsciously permitted to sway judgment. The result is an unduly narrow concept of the matter in issue.

Every person desiring to take an enlightened stand upon any particular question should read expressions presenting different views based upon other considerations deemed important. He should extend his contacts so as to enlarge his opportunities for hearing other opinions and the arguments supporting them. He should eliminate prejudice, and give unbiased thought to the subject. Only in this way will the combined force of what is called public opinion become truly intelligent so as to logically justify the influence it exerts.

The Order of Elks is made up of so vast a number of individuals that the

effect of their opinions is an important contribution to what constitutes public sentiment. The real value of that contribution depends upon the fair minded intelligence with which the individual opinions are formed. And the fraternally patriotic obligation rests upon every member to exercise that fair mindedness and intelligence in considering all phases of a given question.

By the faithful observance of the obligation, and only so, can the Order become the force and influence it should be in the formulation of an enlightened public opinion which will inevitably control the ultimate decision and attending results.

WINTER



WITH the coming of December, Winter has definitely settled upon our whole country. In some portions the climate is less rigorous than in others, of course; but over a very large extent of our territory weather conditions essentially multiply the needs of human beings as related to mere creature comforts.

Unhappily the season itself brings to the great body of the economically unfortunate no compensating increased abilities to meet the unusual needs. This means greater suffering among those who compose this class unless those who are more fortunate share generously with their neighbors who are thus brought into distress.

The word "neighbors" is used in its larger charitable sense, as embracing all our human brothers; and not with its restricted meaning, as including only those who live in our small physical neighborhood.

As you read this, you are most likely to be comfortably situated; wearing seasonable clothing; sitting in a warm room; with a body amply nourished by good food. You may not have much, or any, money in the bank. But you are quite sure to be in a position which, without any great sacrifice to you or yours, admits of your sharing something of your comparatively much with those in your community who have such a pitiful little.

Why not follow the generous impulse which stirs you, before your attention is distracted, and make some contribution to the comfort and wellbeing of those of whom you can easily learn by calling any relief agency on the telephone?

That's a good fellow!

LIKE AN ELK



THE expression "like an Elk" is frequently used in reference to a fraternal act; and it is interesting to analyse the meaning which usually attaches to it and which speaks volumes for the general repute in which the Order is held.

A deed performed like an Elk means one that is actuated by the purest unselfishness. It seeks only to benefit others with no idea of any substantial or material return.

It implies an uncalculating generosity. It looks only to the need to be met and how completely that need may be served; not merely how little can be made to do.

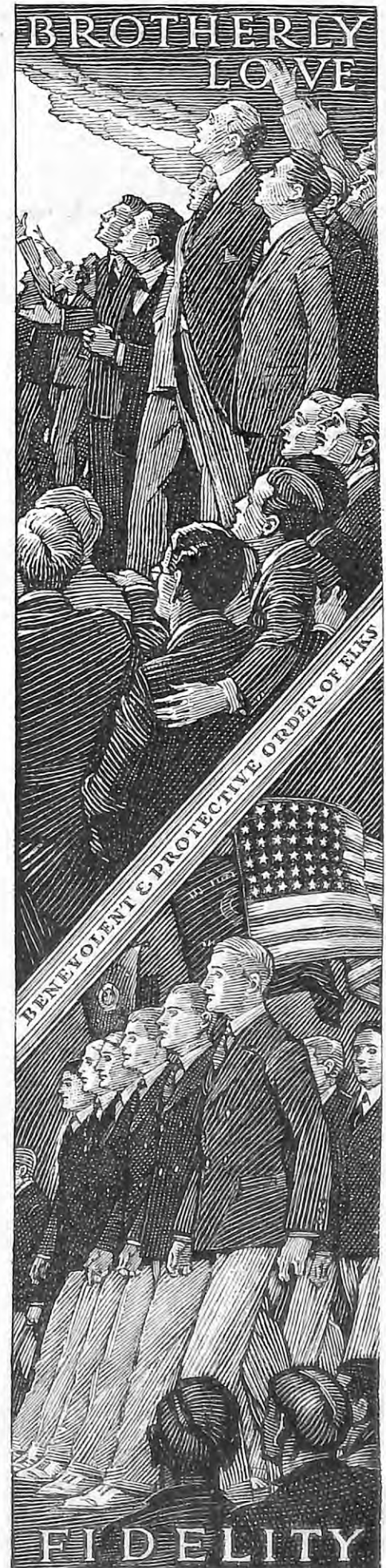
It connotes a cheeriness that bespeaks a real happiness derived from the act; not a mere complacent recognition that a duty has been perfunctorily performed.

It involves a manner which is born of thoughtful consideration of the feelings of others, and which seeks to avoid inappropriate publicity.

And it embodies a true dignity which is conscious of the worthiness of the act.

A deed so performed is a concrete expression of the highest virtues taught by our Order and which every true Elk strives to exemplify in his daily life. If it lacks any one of these suggested features it fails to measure up to that fullness of benevolence which must attend it, if it is to be really like an Elk.

Members of the Order should have a special pride in the use of the expression by those who are not members; for it shows they have come to realize what that membership implies and how generally its benevolent obligations are observed. And they should be alert to maintain and enlarge that fraternal reputation by their own conduct so that it be always truly Elklike in the best sense.



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Series of Class Initiations in Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

In addition to its Joseph T. Fanning Class, initiated on November 14 in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, is bringing into the Order this month another large group of candidates in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon. The Lodge has embarked on an ambitious program of initiations with a class for every month.

In January, P.E.R. Marshall F. McComb, a member of the Grand Forum, will be similarly honored. The name of P.E.R. John J. Doyle, Grand Esquire, will be given to the February class when a number of prominent Los Angeles citizens will become members of the Order on "Doyle Night."

Each of these events is the outstanding monthly date on the Lodge calendar. Elaborate programs of entertainment, speaking cards, and refreshments occupy that part of the evening which is not taken up with the regular Lodge meeting.

National Home Elks Hold Golf Tournament

The Fall Tournament of the Elks National Home golf club was run off in October with much enthusiasm and display of golfing prowess exhibited by the participants. John A. Tipton, of Buffalo, N. Y., won first prize, S. H. DeHoff, of Towson, Md., second prize, and William S. Campbell, of Latrobe, Pa., third prize.

While golf is played throughout the year on the National Home links at Bedford, Va., no more tournaments will be held there until the spring season opens. The Club claims to be the only golf club in the United States with members hailing from nearly every State in the Union, and from Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. The present officials are Peter J. Malott, Columbus,

O., Pres.; G. William Allen, Honolulu, Vice-Pres.; Nelson J. Galipeau, Appleton, Wis., Secy., and G. W. Miller, Pulaski, Va., Treas.

Nelson J. Galipeau

California North District Elks Meet at Sacramento

The annual conference of officers of the California North District was recently held at Sacramento, Calif., in the beautiful Home of Sacramento Lodge, No. 6. The program started with an initiation of candidates in the middle of the afternoon, the initiatory ceremonies being conducted by officers of various Lodges of the District.

The conference was called by D.D. William J. Quinn, of Stockton Lodge, No. 218, who introduced the 75 officers who were present. Following the conference, Sacramento Lodge entertained the visitors with a fine dinner served in the banquet room. Entertainment was provided.

Some of the officers present traveled over 200 miles to attend and all were highly satisfied with the work accomplished. It was announced at the meeting that every Lodge in the District was enthusiastically planning for its Joseph T. Fanning Class to be initiated in November in the respective Home of each Lodge, and reports have shown that the total number of new members brought into the Order through these classes is of gratifying proportions.

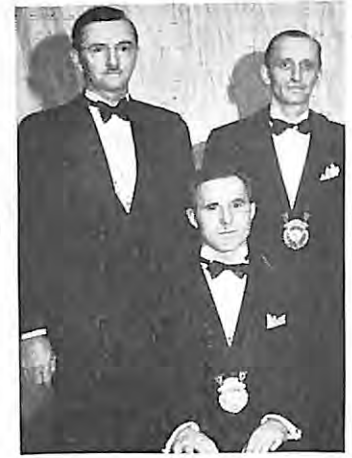
William J. Quinn, D.D.

Pekin, Ill., Lodge Dedicates Memorial Pipe Organ

Pekin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1271, formally dedicated its pipe organ recently with impressive ceremonies in the presence of upwards of 500 Lodge members and guests. The organ was installed as a memorial to the late Jacob Schmidt, editor and publisher, and a charter member of Pekin Lodge; Lawrence J. Duffin, who served as Est. Lead. Knight for several years, and the late Herold D. Taaks, also a charter member, who served on many committees during his 17 years of membership.

The donors of the Memorial were Mrs. Ida E. Schmidt, widow of Jacob Schmidt and aunt of Lawrence Duffin, and Mrs. Carolyn J. Taaks, the mother of Herold Taaks. Mr. Taaks was also a nephew of Mrs. Schmidt. The gift of the pipe organ, one of the finest made, was reported in these columns several months ago. That it is appreciated by the membership was evidenced by the universal expressions of members as well as the guests present at the dedicatory ceremonies. The program was presided over by E.R. Everett A. Stropes. Opening and closing prayers were made by the Rev. Arno A. Zimmerman. The Memorial Address was delivered by Judge John T. Culbertson, Jr., immediate Past Exalted Ruler of Pekin Lodge.

Roy S. Preston, Secy.



Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Holds Charity Ball

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, held its Charity Ball on November 4 at the Concourse Plaza Hotel. The Ball was heartily enjoyed by the Bronx Elks who credit the Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge with its success.

The Glee Club of Bronx Lodge, under the direction of Fred Vettel, has been giving a succession of concerts in Homes and Hospitals in New York. The Glee Club will be heard in February at the "Follies of 1936" to be presented in the Bronx Winter Garden. Bronx Elks are already looking forward to this musical treat.

George B. Bley, E.R.



Left, at top: the officers of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, who comprise the State Champion Ritualistic Team of California. The Team eliminated all other contestants in the competition at the recent California State Elks Association Convention at Santa Monica

Left, center: The diamond ball team, sponsored by Valley City, N. D., Lodge, which won the local championship

Left, below: A group of distinguished members of the Order who saw Leavenworth, Kans., Lodge, gain a record-breaking class of candidates at a recent initiation



Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge Moves into Old Home

After an absence of 10 years Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, has returned to its former Home at 1320 Arch Street. It was here that some of the greatest strides of any subordinate Lodge in the Order were accomplished. The ceremonies incidental to the re-establishment of the Lodge in its old Home met with enthusiastic acclaim by hundreds of old time members who had for various reasons been obliged to forego the privilege of membership during the past decade.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, P.E.R. of No. 2, installed the new Lodge régime in its present quarters in his usual happy style. With Deputy Attorney-General Adrian Bonnelly as Exalted Ruler and Dr. Calvin O. Althouse, Commander-in-Chief of the Philadelphia Consistory, as Est. Loyal Knight, the Lodge is making rapid progress in fraternal circles in Philadelphia, and there is every indication that it will in the near future be up top among the subordinate Lodges of the Order.

Philadelphia Lodge, which built for itself a nation-wide reputation for hospitality, is doing everything in its power to create within the walls of its Home the true spirit of Elkdom, and looks forward with a great deal of pleasure to the opportunity of welcoming Elks from other Lodges in the Order.

Recent business as well as social meetings have been extremely interesting to the membership. Some of the guest speakers have been Supreme Court Justice George W. Maxey, former Attorney-General Francis Shunk Brown, Attorney-General Charles J. Margiotti and Owen B. Hunt.

Max Slepín, Esquire



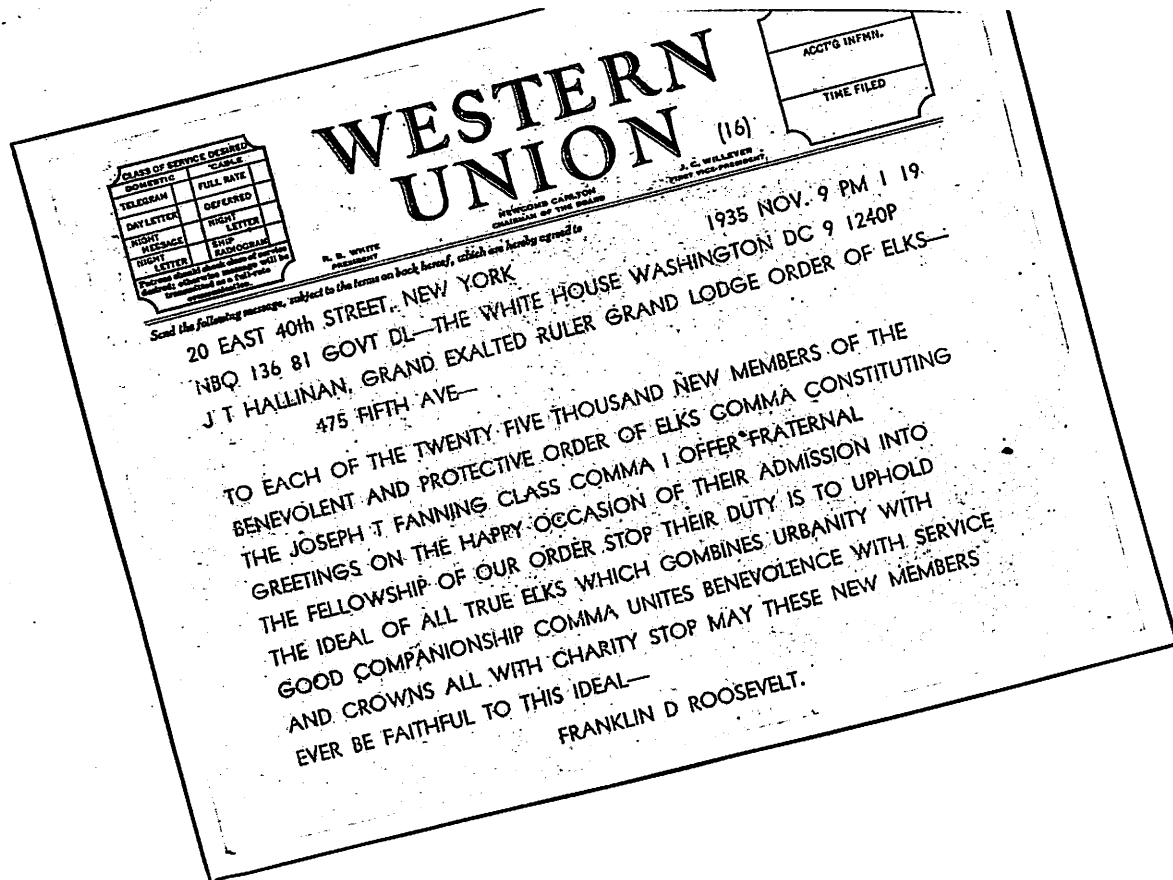
Record-Breaking Class Initiated by Leavenworth, Kans., Lodge

Leavenworth, Kans., Lodge, No. 661, recently broke the State's all-time initiation record by the induction into the Order of a class of nearly 150 candidates. The Class is the foundation in the Lodge's plans for making itself the largest Elk Lodge in the State. From as far away as Omaha, Neb., prominent Elks journeyed to Leavenworth to witness one of the longest civilian marching parades ever staged in the city. The procession was led by a car driven by Mayor J. H. Miller bearing D.D. James B. Kelsey and E.R. Arthur Fowler of Leavenworth

Lodge. The combination of the bands of the Senior and Junior High Schools and the band of Leavenworth Lodge gave the parade a musical unit of more than a hundred pieces.

The members and the candidates were guests at a chicken dinner after the disbanding of the parade. The crack Degree Team of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, performed the initiatory work. Judge LeRoy T. Hand delivered the address of welcome and Mr. Kelsey addressed the assemblage. The District Deputy made his official inspection of the Lodge on this occasion, and was highly pleased with the conditions he found there.

A Telegram to the Joseph T. Fanning Class from President Franklin D. Roosevelt



The Elks 19th National Bowling Tournament

E.R. George F. Conner and the members of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, are working diligently on preparations for the 19th Annual Elks National Bowling Tournament to be held in Cincinnati next March and April under the auspices of the Lodge. They hope to smash all previous records for entries.

Many Elk Lodges throughout the East and Middle West have signified their intention of sending large delegations to participate in the tourney. Reservations have already been requested for their members by Pittsburgh, Louisville, Toledo, Chicago, Oak Park, Fremont, Detroit, Milwaukee and St. Louis Lodges. Special committees are working in Cincinnati for entries and a monster booster meeting is one of the events on the Lodge's program. The local Lodge expects to enter 100 five-man teams.

Diamond medals or trophies, with engraving emblematic of the bowling game and of the Elks Bowling Association, will be awarded the champions of each division. The Lodge represented by the team declared as the five-man team champions will be awarded a beautiful trophy in addition to the medals given the individual members of the team.

The entry fee is \$3.50 per man in each division with no other charges.

The three divisions are five-man, two-man and individual. The All-Events is determined by the aggregate score in the three divisions rolled by the bowler. It is not necessary to enter all divisions in order to bowl in the tournament. Elk bowlers may enter either of the divisions, any two or all as they may desire.

Reduced fares will prevail on all railroads for Elks attending the tournament. Further information

may be secured by writing Secy. John J. Gray, 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. Mr. Gray will be glad to help arrange dates and other details in connection with the meet.

*John J. Gray, Secy.-Treas.,
Elks Bowling Assn.*

Addition to Home Dedicated by Weehawken, N. J., Lodge

With over 500 persons witnessing the ceremonies, Weehawken, N. J.,

Prize Winners of The Old Gold-Elks Magazine

Baseball Contest

Robert L. Miller,
145 Marathon Ave.,
Dayton, Ohio.

C. F. Kemps,
220 E. Dayton St.,
South Bend, Ind.

Virginia Pohlman,
350 West 11th St.,
Fremont, Neb.

A. V. Cloutier,
935 West 9th,
Des Moines, Ia.

Mrs. F. R. Fisher,
3749 Montgomery Ave.,
Norwood, Ohio.

L. M. Gagle,
317 11th St., S.W.,
Washington, D. C.

A. B. Shoemaker,
6 West Jefferson St.,
Quincy, Michigan.

Ross H. Belbeck,
R F D 3,
Lansing, Mich.

L. Bruce Myers,
207 Crescent Ave.,
Ellwood City, Pa.

C. J. Harris,
Box 473,
Gainesville, Fla.

Mrs. Celia Mendelson,
147 Catherine Ave.,
Muskegon, Mich.

J. G. Sommer,
1237 Potomac Ave.,
Hagerstown, Md.

C. M. Seaton,
7627 Phillips Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Roy A. Cochran,
471 Beacon Road,
Newark, Ohio.

E. A. Simon,
202 N. Liberty St.,
Galion, Ohio.

Lodge, No. 1456, recently dedicated a new addition to its Home. Throngs of visitors congregated on the spacious grounds as E.R. Frank R. Hellinghausen opened the ceremonies following the invocation by Chaplain Nelson Fairweather. Mayor John G. Meister, a member of the Lodge, delivered a brief introductory address in which he conveyed the congratulations of the township upon the splendid record of the Lodge and the high esteem which it holds in the community.

Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, Secy. of New York, N. Y., Lodge

delegations from the Lodges of Gulfport, Biloxi and Pascagoula, Miss., and Pensacola, Fla., attended. The Degree Team of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge was also present. After the initiation ceremonies a dinner was held, followed by a dance and floor show.

Talks were made by Mr. Tardy; State Trustee Sam Lefkowitz of Ensley, Ala., Lodge, No. 987; P.D.D. Harry W. English of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79; P.E.R. Ed N. Levy of Demopolis, Ala., Lodge, No. 681, and Secy. W. W. Walker of Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge, No. 1120.

Ballard, Wash., Lodge Band Presents Flag and Pole to Convalescent Home

On Sunday, October 20, the Elks Band of Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827, presented to the Orthopedic Convalescent Home situated on the Lake Washington Canal, a handsome flag and flag pole. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, under whose leadership the Washington State Elks Association built the Home, made the presentation speech. A bronze plate, bearing the date, the Lodge number and the names of the Band Committee, was placed on the pole. The Band rendered an appropriate concert for the occasion.

Henry C. Fox is the Director of the Band Committee, and Joseph T. Gogerty, Manager. The other members are P.E.R. M. T. Bowie, Reuben Carlson, Milo Robbins and Byron Hogan.

Joseph T. Gogerty



No. 1, for nearly a quarter of a century, was the principal speaker. He recalled that he helped to install Weehawken Lodge 15 years ago and spoke of the steady advancement that it has made up to the present time.

The dedication ceremonies were impressively performed by Mr. Hellinghausen and his officers. The speeches of D.D. Nelson A. Pomfret of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, and State Pres. Nicholas Albano of Newark, N. J., Lodge, were features of the program. Among the other prominent New Jersey Elks present were State Vice-Pres. John H. Killeen, Weehawken; P.D.D.'s Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne; Dr. William A. Dittmar, Jersey City, and Thomas Osborne, Kearny; E.R. Thomas A. McCarthy, Bayonne; P.E.R. Patrick H. Sullivan, Jersey City, and P.E.R.'s John Roeder, Jr., and Frank Bucino, Hoboken.

The cost of the addition was \$12,000. The money was raised during the past two depression years and just before the dedication not only were all bills connected with the work of construction paid, but an additional sum of more than \$3,000 was deposited in the Lodge treasury.

Henry L. Schroeder, Jr., Treas.

Large Class Initiated at Mobile, Ala., Lodge

At a meeting held on October 24, Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, initiated the "C. M. Tardy Class of Candidates," numbering 24 members. E.R. Fournier J. Gale, Secy.-Treas. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., presided over the meeting. The class was named in honor of Clarence M. Tardy, Pres. of the State Assn.

The ritualistic work was performed by the Degree Team of Blocton, Ala., Lodge, No. 710, champion Degree Team of the State. Large



Top: Officials at the dedication of the Lodge Room and Grill addition to the Home of Weehawken, N. J., Lodge. The principal speaker was Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, (8th from right)



2nd picture from top: Members of Globe, Ariz., Lodge who attended a surprise party to Past State President Joseph F. Mayer



Some of the 700 Elks who attended a picnic given by Medford, Ore., Lodge recently

Eastern Edition
This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges



Above: a picture taken on the occasion of the Annual Elks Children's Day, recently held by West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge. The entertaining of unfortunate children is one of the principal activities of the Lodge

At left: the officers of Englewood, N. J., Lodge, whose administration of the affairs of the Lodge have put it on a firmer footing than it has enjoyed in many years

West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge Holds Annual Children's Day

Thousands of children gathered at Bethesda Park recently where members of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, had assembled a free luncheon as one of the features of the gala annual Children's Day sponsored by the local Elks. The children were picked up at West Palm Beach, West Gate, Kelsey City, Riviera and Palm Beach in taxis, buses, trucks and private cars. First they were taken to the Kettler Theatre and the Arcade, the same film—"Girl of the Limberlost"—being shown at each theatre. Both houses were filled to overflowing.

The children were then taken to the Park for luncheon. The FERA playground force managed the athletic program arranged for the children under the supervision of the FERA Recreation Director, Ralph Studebaker. Baseball was the prin-

cipal event on the program, although track events were also stressed and heartily enjoyed by both participants and spectators.

Anniversary Banquet at Greensboro, N. C., Lodge

By the time this item is published, Greensboro, N.C., Lodge, No. 602, will have celebrated its 35th Anniversary Banquet and Ball on November 16—one of the most important social functions ever held by the Lodge. Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper of Lynchburg, Va., accepted invitations and were scheduled to appear, as was Governor David Sholtz of Florida, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Greensboro Lodge was also scheduled to have initiated on November 14 the largest single class of candidates the Lodge has ever had, num-

bering 60 candidates. The year 1935 has been the most successful one that the Lodge has enjoyed in its history.
John W. Caffey, E.R.

York, Pa., Elks Make Good Will Tour

So successful was the good will tour of York, Pa., Lodge, No. 213, to Gettysburg, Carlisle and Harrisburg, that plans were made immediately for other similar pilgrimages. A caravan of 27 automobiles made the trip to the neighboring communities. The party included officers and members of York Lodge, the 20 members of the Elks Chorus and the 32 members of the prize-winning Spring Garden Band led by its conductor, Lester K. Loucks.

At each of the places visited the caravan was met by a reception committee and always before its departure refreshments were served and entertainment presented. The officers of York Lodge, headed by E.R. James E. Chalfant, took an important part in the tour. A total number of 105 Elks made the trip. Benjamin Eby was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements and Walter S. Souder co-Chairman.

Several days later the Lodge officers and a party of members visited Chambersburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 600, and performed the initiatory work

December 1935
**D.D. Houlihan Visits
 Concord, Mass., Lodge**

P.E.R. Frank D. Houlihan of Framingham Lodge, No. 1264, D.D. for Mass. Cent., recently made his official visit to Concord, Mass., Lodge, No. 1479. Accompanying him as Grand Esquire was State Secy. Jeremiah J. Hourin, former Secy. of No. 1264. A large and distinguished suite of visiting Elks paid respects to the District Deputy. During the evening a class of candidates was initiated after which Mr. Houlihan delivered his address.

Short speeches were made by P.D.D.'s Frederick T. Strachan, Winthrop, John F. McGann, Somerville, H. Wesley Curtis, Arlington, and Edward W. Sheehan, Concord; P.E.R. Ivan D. Servais, Concord, and Mr. Hourin. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by P.D.D. David F. Walsh of Framingham. A buffet supper followed the meeting.

John J. McWalter, Secy.

**Betty Bacharach Home Exhibits
 Work at County Fair**

For many years a prominent place among the exhibits at the Atlantic County Fair, held annually at Egg Harbor City, N. J., has been set aside for samples of the work of the children of the Betty Bacharach Home at Longport, N. J. The display is sponsored by the Board of Governors of the Home. Rug and basket weaving, sewing, bead work and the making of sewing outfits and other household objects, both useful and ornamental, are among the varieties of work represented.

The Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children is the main charity interest of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. The Home has received white ribbons for its exhibits at the Atlantic County Fair for the past several years.

Elias Rosenbaum



Left: Elks of Franklin, Pa., at the dinner given by them for D.D. Larry D. Gent and P.D.D. Mayor J. G. Bohlender. The event, attended by 300 Elks, was one of the most auspicious ever held by Franklin Lodge

December 1935
**Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge
 Holds Annual Clambake**

Its Past Exalted Ruler, D.D. D. Gent and P.D.D. Mayor J. G. Bohlender. Mr. Gent had been appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan to serve as District Deputy for the Northwest District of Pennsylvania, and Mayor Bohlender was elected State Trustee for a five-year term at the recent Convention of the Pa. State Elks Assn.

E.R. Lawrence Kinselman presided as Toastmaster. P.D.D. James B. Borland, a charter member of the Lodge, welcomed the visitors. Among the speakers were State Pres. Frank J. Lyons, State Chaplain the Rev. Father Diamond, and Past State Pres.'s Max L. Lindheimer, George F. J. Falkenstein, Howard Davis and Scott E. Drum. Mr. Gent and Mayor Bohlender also addressed the diners.

Near the close of the program, Mr. Borland presented a beautiful silk handkerchief embroidered with the Elks' emblem to State Pres. Lyons, explaining that it had been one of his prized possessions for forty years.

F. L. Bensinger, Secy.

**Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge
 Holds Annual Clambake**

Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, held its 33rd annual clambake at Wallace Pond Grove. A net profit



Fred J. Smith, photographer

Above: a picture taken at the Clambake and Outing recently enjoyed by the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the East District of New York at Croton Point Park, N. Y.

**Activities, Welfare and Social, in
 Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge**

A dental chair, with instruments and accessories, was presented to the public last year by Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, and installed in the Central School. Two well known dentists, Karl Bowers and John Low, who are members of the Lodge, have each given one day a week during the school year for the purpose of attending to the needs of the children. Their services were free. The sincere gratitude expressed by the parents of the young patients is considered ample payment by the Lodge for its help and by Dr. Low and Dr. Bowers for their work.

Ticonderoga Lodge held its annual clambake recently at Paradox, N. Y. The bake was enjoyed by more than 500 persons.

Arthur D. Spring, Correspondent

December 1935
**Activities, Welfare and Social, in
 Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge**

of 14 to 8.

Among those present were D.D. John P. Doyle of Mount Kisco Lodge, No. 1552, and P.D.D. James Dempsey, Jr., of Peekskill Lodge. Edward J. Donnelly was Chairman of the Clambake Committee.

Charles F. Friedmann, E.R.

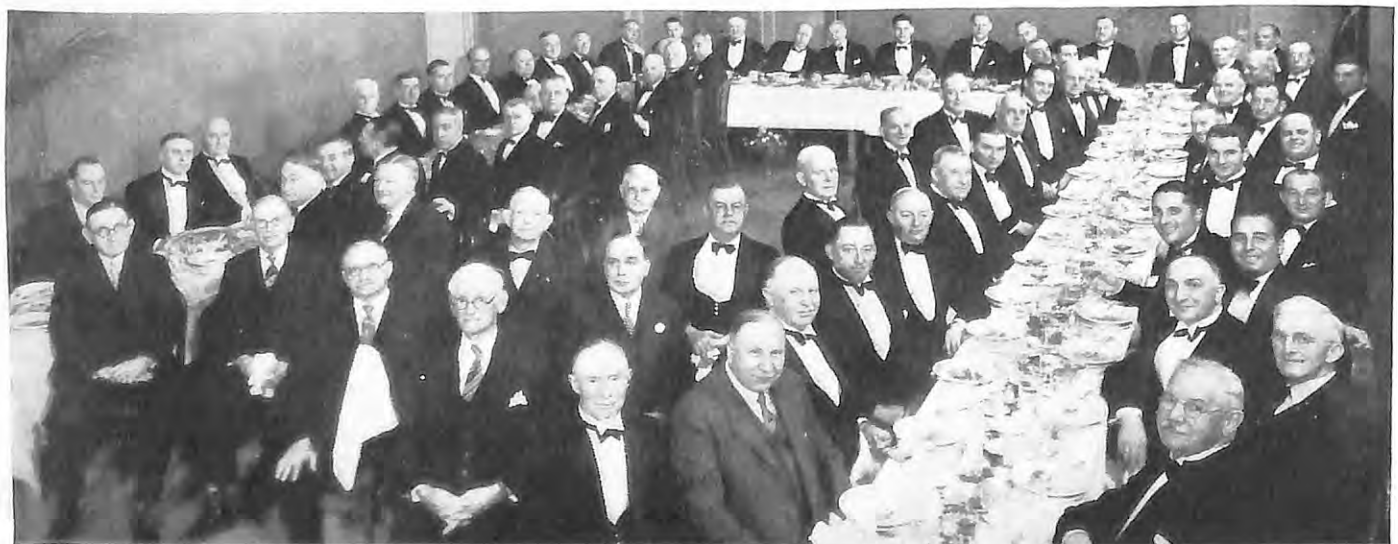
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

THE officers and a large number of members of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, gathered in the dining room of their beautifully appointed Home on October 16 to enjoy with Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan a dinner given by the Lodge in his honor. E. R. Herbert A. McIlroy, who presided, introduced P.D.D. Peter Stephen Beck as Toastmaster who, in turn, presented Judge Hallinan as the only speaker. After complimenting the Committee on Arrangements upon the success of the occasion, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a vigorous address to the assembled Elks that stimulated the hearers to tremendous enthusiasm. Announcement of an increasing number of applications for membership as well as for the re-affiliation of many former members was cause for a renewal of hearty applause. After the termination of the function Judge Hallinan held an informal reception, greeting many old friends of Freeport and many who were visitors from neighboring Lodges.

Among the dinner guests were F. William Wolters, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, P.E.R. John Scileppi, and Secy. James D. Moran, all of Queens Borough Lodge; Past State Pres.'s Joseph Brand of Bronx Lodge and Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls Lodge; State Trustee Gustav H. Papenmeyer, Hempstead Lodge; Judge L. D. Van Woert of Otsego County, a member of Oneonta Lodge; Mayor Robert E. Patterson of Freeport; P.E.R. Wilbur L. Losee of Montclair, N. J., Lodge, and the Rev. Father John J. Mahon. The P.E.R.'s of Freeport Lodge in attendance were Leo Fishel, George Morton Levy, Franklin G. Hill, Clarence A. Edwards, Peter Stephen Beck, Worden E. Winne, George M. Bird, Arved L. Larson, F. Harold Loonam, Isadore Lewis, Joseph P. Glynn, Lyman R. Young, William J. Murphy and George S. Johnson.

At 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, October 19, the Grand Exalted (Continued on page 32)

Directly below, members of the Canal Zone Lodges welcoming Judge Hallinan on his recent visit to Panama, and beneath them, standing on the dock are: James O. Ded Londes, P.E.R. John W. Dwyer, E.R. John A. Wright, Judge Hallinan, and P.D.D.'s R. M. Davies and Charles F. Magee



*Top large picture: Judge Hallinan surrounded by Panama Elks at a reception held for him in the Canal Zone
Lower picture: Distinguished members of the Order at a dinner tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge*



The Home of Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge, where the Wis. State Elks Assn. met

News of the State Associations

Vermont

THE Eighth Annual Reunion of the Vermont State Elks Association was held in the I.O.O.F. Hall, in Springfield, Vt., on Sunday, Oct. 6. Representatives of the 10 Lodges in the State were present and State Pres. Lawrence F. Edgerton, a P.E.R. of Springfield Lodge, No. 1560, presided. The one-day session was devoted to the business of the Association.

Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan motored to Springfield with E.R. Robert E. Cummings of Ben-

nington, Vt., Lodge, No. 567. After attending a meeting of the New York State Elks Assn. at Syracuse, Judge Hallinan had been entertained at dinner by the Bennington Elks. He was accompanied by his Secretary, James D. Moran, Secy. of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge.

Among the prominent Vermont Elks present were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier Lodge; Past State Pres. Charles F. Mann of Brattleboro Lodge, and P.D.D. John T. Nelson of Barre Lodge. In a delegation from New Hampshire were Frank J. Kelly, Concord, the first President of the N.H. State Elks Assn.; State Pres. Benjamin P. Hopkins, Keene Lodge; Dr. C. J. Washburn, Concord, State Inner Guard, and State Trustee Bernard J. Gilbo, Keene Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a five-minute radio address to members of the Order and friends over Station WNBX at Springfield. His presence at the State Convention added much to its success both from a social and fraternal standpoint. After his speech the Bennington Elks escorted him to Albany where he and Mr. Moran took a train to New York.

Officers elected to serve the Association during the ensuing year are: Pres., Arthur L. Graves, St. Johnsbury; 1st Vice-Pres., Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier; 2nd Vice-Pres., G. Edward Charron, St. Albans; 3rd Vice-Pres., Francis E. Morrissey, Bennington; Secy., Jutten A. Longmoore, St. Johnsbury; Treas., Carroll Hardigan, Burlington.

Sidney J. Paine,
Correspondent,
Woburn, Mass., Lodge

Colorado

On Tuesday, October 22, a special get-together meeting of the Colorado State Elks Association, called by State Pres. Jacob L. Sherman of Denver Lodge, was held in Colorado Springs. Over 400 enthusiastic Elks attended, many driving great distances through a blizzard. Mr. Sherman was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, and Past State Pres. Milton L. Anfenger of Denver Lodge, an associate member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

The long list of prominent Colorado Elks at the meeting included the names of some of the most prominent and zealous members of the Order in the State, among them being Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Dr. Lloyd R. Allen, Colorado Springs; F. A. Humphrey, Fort Collins, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; George L. Hamlik, Central City, D.D. for Colo., Cent., and W. E. Daley, Loveland, D.D. for Colo., North; Past State Pres. H. D. Tobey of Boulder Lodge; State Chaplain Val Higgins, Denver; State Secy. W. P. Hurley, Fort Collins; and the entire Board of Trustees of the Colo. State Elks Assn. consisting of Z. D. Havers, Denver, J. Raymond Kisko, Fort Collins, and Lawrence E. Accola, Pueblo. James Clark, Treasurer of Fort Collins Lodge, who has not missed a meeting of the Lodge since 1915, was a member of the Fort Collins delegation.

The Longmont Elks Band, led by Jimmie Carrol, contributed to the pleasure of the gathering. Lodges represented besides those already mentioned were Canon City, Cripple Creek and Victor, and many Elks were present from various localities throughout the State.

Business of the State Association and matters pertaining to the Order were discussed. A banquet was one of the main features of the gathering and an initiation was splendidly staged by the officers of Colorado Springs Lodge. The meeting was not only one of the most constructive but from a get-together standpoint one of the most enjoyable ever held by Colorado Elks.

W. P. Hurley, State Secy.
(Continued on page 33)



Photos by Sheboygan Press

Top picture: The Sheboygan Drum and Bugle Corps as it appeared in the parade which was the closing feature of the Wisconsin State Elks Association Convention held in Fond du Lac early in August

Lower picture: The decorative float entered in the parade by Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 30)

Ruler and a host of Grand Lodge officials and members of the Order assembled in the Mirror Room of the Hotel Morrison to join in the celebration of the 59th Anniversary of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. An initiation and banquet had been arranged and Judge Hallinan was the honored guest on this eventful occasion.

In response to an invitation extended by E. R. Irving Eisenman of Chicago Lodge to perform the work of initiation upon a class of 116 candidates, the P.E.R.'s Degree Team of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, officiated. The members of the Oak Park Team are P.E.R.'s Roy F. Cummins, Wilford D. Prest, James Finn, William J. Savage, Harry Reiser, Frank P. White, Clarence B. Hetzel and A. J. Busscher. The newly initiated Elks and assembled guests witnessed a perfect exemplification of ritualistic work. The Class numbered many men prominent in the civic, political and professional life of Chicago.

THE Chicago Lodge of Antlers then initiated 19 candidates into its own organization in a manner that brought forth praise from all who witnessed the work of the young men. Chicago Lodge is exceedingly proud of its Antlers Lodge and all of the members present were gratified to hear the congratulations and compliments contained in the speech delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler at the conclusion of the ceremonies and also in the remarks of Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., Lodge. A reception was then held for the visiting Grand Lodge dignitaries which continued until time for the Anniversary Banquet at 7:30 P.M.

John P. Harding, General Chairman of the Anniversary Celebration, escorted Judge Hallinan into the Cameo Room of the Hotel in which the banquet was held. Over 800 Elks were present. In the Grand Exalted Ruler's party were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge; D.D. Franz A. Koehler of Des Plaines, Ill., Lodge; P.E.R. Judge Michael Feinberg of Chicago Lodge, who acted as Toastmaster; States Attorney Thomas J. Courtney; District Attorney Michael Igoe and E.R. Irving Eisenman.

The sincere thanks of Chicago Lodge to the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge officials, and all the assembled guests, for making the Anniversary Celebration a complete success was eloquently expressed in Mr. Eisenman's speech. Mr. Igoe

and Mr. Courtney delivered addresses on Americanism and Fraternalism. During the evening Judge Hallinan was presented by Mr. Eisenman with a handsome cocktail set, suitably engraved, intended, however, for Mrs. Hallinan. The Grand Exalted Ruler graciously accepted the gift for his wife, and then addressed the assemblage, thanking the members of Chicago Lodge for his reception and all those who had come to pay him homage. The demonstration which took place at the close of his speech was indeed a tribute both to the personality of the Grand Exalted Ruler and to the wisdom and clarity of his message as head of the Order. The releasing of a thousand red, white and blue balloons added to the excitement of the moment.

Over 400 telegrams and letters of congratulation were received by Chicago Lodge on its Anniversary. Among the members of the Lodge introduced by Judge Feinberg were Harry Armstrong, who became a member of the Order in its earliest days, and Louis A. Cohn, one of the oldest living members on the Lodge's roster.

The banquet was followed by entertainment lasting several hours. Every theatre and café in Chicago sent members of its company or floor show to take part in the program. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell. On Sunday, October 20, Judge Hallinan, accompanied by his Secretary, James D. Moran, who had also participated in the festivities, returned to New York.

MANY of the older members of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, assembled on Tuesday evening, October 22, at the Lodge Home when the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his official visit to that Lodge, where he was greeted by a large representation of the membership. A number of P.E.R.'s were present, including Sydney A. Syme, P.D.D., and M. Burr Wright, Sr.

At the regular session of the Lodge Judge Hallinan was formally presented, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert was also introduced. Both Judge Hallinan and Judge Hulbert spoke of the record made by Mount Vernon Lodge in the years gone by. They also explained to those present the program for this year, the successful completion of which would require the hearty cooperation of all subordinate Lodges in the Order.

On Wednesday evening, October 23, the well appointed Home of Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge No. 1543, was taxed to its capacity to accommodate local Elks and delegations

from nearby Lodges who attended a dinner in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. A regular session of the Lodge was held after dinner in the Masonic Temple adjacent to the Lodge Home where the assemblage was augmented by other delegations arriving from neighboring Lodges.

State Trustee Gustav H. Papenmeyer and P.E.R. Dominick Guando headed the delegation from Hempstead Lodge; P.D.D. Thomas F. Cuite headed the delegation from Brooklyn Lodge, and the Glen Cove delegation was headed by D.D. Michael A. Petroccia. From Freeport Lodge came P.D.D. Peter Stephen Beck, E.R. Herbert A. McIlroy and a large number of members. P.E.R. Horace Sullivan of Lynbrook Lodge and several members were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler's own Lodge—Queens Borough, No. 878—was represented by P.E.R.'s F. William Wolters, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, P.D.D. Matthew J. Merritt, James D. Hampton, George A. Burden and a very large delegation of members.

E.R. Irwin R. Browner of Great Neck Lodge, in presenting Judge Hallinan, stated that the tie that binds Great Neck Lodge to Queens Borough Lodge was more than just an ordinary one, inasmuch as Queens Borough Lodge was regarded as the Mother Lodge of No. 1543.

EARNESTLY and eloquently the Grand Exalted Ruler pointed out the objectives of the order and called upon all members of Great Neck Lodge for cooperation in promoting a successful administration of its affairs during the year. The Rev. Edward J. Donovan, who was Chaplain of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. in 1922-23-24, spoke briefly of the advantages enjoyed by Great Neck Lodge and pledged full support in carrying out the Grand Exalted Ruler's policy. Past Exalted Rulers of the host Lodge present on the occasion included Herbert R. Ninesling, State Vice-Pres.; Henry A. Sahn, Glen E. Towns, John A. Wells and Robert N. Palmer.

Shortly after his visit to Great Neck Lodge, Judge Hallinan journeyed to Bedford, Va., to attend the Annual Fall Meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees held in the Board room at the Elks National Home on Friday, October 25.

After much routine business had been disposed of, the Board received the report of Superintendent Robert A. Scott. The report of the Home physician was included, and a most satisfactory condition of af-

(Continued on page 39)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 31)

California

The presence of Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott of San Francisco and Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles was a feature of the annual convention of the California State Elks Association held at Santa Monica. The duration of the assembly was three days, all of them replete with accomplishment and social activity.

The Convention opened at 10 A.M. on September 26 with Pres. Milton R. Standish presiding. Among the prominent visitors and State officers introduced were Past Pres.'s Abbott and Shannon, Ralph Hagan, Harry M. Ticknor, Richard C. Benbough, Mifflin G. Potts, William E. Simpson, John J. Doyle, Fred B. Mellmann, Horace S. Williamson, F. E. Dayton, Horace H. Quinby and J. Thomas Crowe; Vice-Pres.'s Harry D. Hyde and Gerald B. Adrian; Trustees George M. Smith, Hal E. Willis, Edgar W. Dale, Frank H. Pratt, Roscoe W. Burson and Joseph K. Choate; Secy., Richard C. Benbough; Tiler Thomas Abbott; Chaplain the Rev. David Todd Gillmor, and Sergeant-at-Arms Aubrey N. Irwin.

The opening session was given over to reports from all the standing committees followed by the annual Memorial Service under the direction of Mr. Potts, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight. The speaker was P.E.R. Dr. A. R. Schultz of Redlands Lodge, and the musical program was presented by the Chanters of Los Angeles Lodge.

The afternoon offered much in the way of amusement and outdoor sports. Many played golf. An auto tour had been arranged for the ladies and a large number attended a polo game. In the evening the annual banquet in honor of the State President was held, over 700 being present. A floor show and other splendid entertainment lasting until well past midnight were presented by Santa Monica Lodge.

The second business session opened at 10 A.M. on Friday morning, September 27, with Pres. Standish again presiding. Various other committee reports were received. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott was the speaker of the day, and interesting and instructive talks were made by many of the delegates relating to the work of the Order in the different parts of the State. It was shown that a steady gain in membership had been made. P.E.R. Leo V. Youngworth of Los Angeles Lodge spoke on what had been done by California Elks to check the growth of Communism in the State. After the close of the meeting outdoor

sports were again enjoyed. Over 700 ladies took advantage of the arrangements that had been made by the host Lodge for visits to the movie studios and to private homes of famous picture stars.

The Chanters of various Lodges held their annual contest in the evening after which the Annual Hi Jinks for delegates, visitors and their ladies was held in the Auditorium, over 3,500 being present. The affair was under the direction of the members of Santa Monica Lodge. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Pres. Standish, and at the close of the Hi Jinks dancing began, lasting several hours.

FINAL reports from various committees were submitted at the Saturday morning business session which was opened by the Antlers of Huntington Park Lodge with the initiation of a class of candidates for their Lodge. The work of the young officers was practically perfect and was received with expressions of approbation by Mr. Standish and by the delegates and high officials of the Order who were present. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon addressed the Convention on the communistic situation in the State and told what the Elks had accomplished with the aid of Committees from the American Legion and the Junior Chamber of Commerce of California to suppress communistic activities, and also outlined plans for further action.

The next order of business was the election of State officers for the ensuing year. They are as follows: Pres., George M. Smith, San Jose; Vice-Pres.'s: Charles W. Merz, Marysville; John O. Kroyer, Santa Rosa; James A. Greenelsh, San Luis Obispo; A. P. Anderson, Taft; Joseph L. Hofer, Huntington Park, and Leonard P. Bonnat, Anaheim; Trustees: Edgar W. Dale, Richmond; John B. Scherrer, Gilroy, and Arthur B. Cheroske, Long Beach; Secy., Richard C. Benbough, San Diego, and Treas., Edward J. Mahoney, Tulare. The President-elect then reappointed the Rev David Todd Gillmor, Stockton, Chaplain, and Thomas Abbott, Los Angeles, Tiler, and appointed James J. McCarthy, Santa Monica, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The final report of the Registration Committee showed an attendance of 2,506 registered at Convention Headquarters. Closing reports were made after which presentation of a gift for his home was made by Past State Pres. F. E. Dayton to the retiring President, Mr. Standish. The Convention then adjourned until 1936 when the annual meeting

of the Association will be held in Oakland.

Early in the afternoon more than 4,000 Elks marched in what was pronounced to be the finest parade ever held at a California State Elks Convention. Official police estimates placed the number of those who witnessed the procession at 50,000. Before the vast throng filed bands, drum and bugle corps, drill teams, and a mile of floats and novelty entries. Snappy uniforms and gay bunting added to the general gay and vivid effect. Entries from Glendale, Long Beach, Los Angeles, San Pedro, Redondo Beach and San Fernando were among the largest Lodge delegations. Elk bands from Merced, Inglewood, Glendale, Redondo Beach, Santa Monica and other Lodges of the State supplied stirring music. All along the line of march the uniformed Drill Teams of San Francisco, Sacramento, Oakland, Pasadena, Redondo Beach, Los Angeles, Inglewood and Huntington Park Lodges executed intricate maneuvers. Drum and bugle corps adding color to the parade came from Santa Barbara, Taft, Anaheim, Compton, San Fernando and Long Beach Lodges, and the American Legion and Native Sons were also represented. Among the larger floats in the great number were those entered by Huntington Park, Long Beach and Santa Monica Lodges, the Venice Mardi Gras Assn., the Santa Monica Life Guards, the Venice Police, and the city of Santa Monica. Hal Clark Sanborn, Santa Monica Public Works Commissioner, was Grand Marshal.

THE Annual President's Ball, held in the La Monica ballroom on the pier in the evening, was a beautiful spectacle as well as an enjoyable affair. It was the final feature of the Convention.

The list of winning Lodges in the different contests staged during the three days of the meeting is as follows: State Cup: Band Contest—Class A, Glendale; Class B, Merced. Bowling—875 Class, Whittier; 825 Class, Glendale. Drum and Bugle Corps—Anaheim. Drill Team—Sacramento. Glee Club—Los Angeles. Golf—4-man team, Huntington Park; low gross, Robert C. McCrystal, Huntington Park. Parade—Taft Lodge. The State Cup in the Ritualistic Contest was won by Glendale Lodge. Santa Ana Lodge was awarded the Shanly Cup for second place and Vallejo Lodge the Hoerlin Cup for third place. All of the contest winners were given first prize cups by Santa Monica Lodge.

Richard C. Benbough, State Secy.



Tambati!

(Continued from page 19)

A slurred chuckle broke from his lips. "Shut up!" Hertzog snapped.

Smit subsided.

"Why do you have your watering place at the rapids?" Collins fired the question suddenly.

"Because of the crocs," Hertzog rejoined. He seemed to have assumed the leadership of the party. "Not so many in fast water."

Collins was not satisfied. The answers were perfectly straightforward. It was late and he was tired. Perhaps things would be clearer in the morning. He stood up.

"All right. We'll make a formal report in the morning."

He walked off towards his camp site. But tired as he was, Collins lay awake for a long time. Why should a man suddenly topple into a river early in the morning? There couldn't have been enough sun for sunstroke, and Jackson had not looked the type for heart failure. He was thin, but wiry and tough. And that sly smirk of Hertzog's and Smit's outburst meant something. Walker had been scared. And then the girl. Her eyes had not left his face for a moment. The camp, Collins realized, was a turmoil of emotions and suspicions.

HE was down at the watering spot the first thing in the morning. It was cold and mist smoked up off the rushing water. A great rock ran out into the stream ending sharply as if a chunk had been broken off the end. Collins stared down. A strong swimmer would not have much chance in that. There were no footprints. Turning he made his way to shore and followed down the river. There was just a chance that Jackson's body might have escaped the crocodiles and lodged in an eddy. At the end of the rapids he sat down on a stone and stared at the river. On a spit downstream a crocodile lay sunning himself. Blocks and pools of yellowish foam eddied about. Collins stared at the croc. The reptile lay motionless but he knew it was watching him unblinkingly.

A dark mass, lodged against a stone in the foam, caught Collins' eyes. He jumped up. The crocodile rushed into the water with a splash.

Kneeling, Collins fished out the mass—a bunch of sticks. He was about to toss them back when he noticed how pulpy they were. He examined them more closely. They were soft and mushy, their ends were clean cut, and they were all about the same length. Collins turned them over thoughtfully. Where had he seen something like this before? Suddenly his face cleared only to have a deeper frown crease his forehead. Some sticks just like these had been used as evidence in a witchdoctoring trial at the Boma some months before. He gathered up his find and walked slowly back to his camp. There he sent for his Corporal.

"Kambove. Go to the village. Talk with natives. Find out who here has been boiling medicine."

THE native went off and Collins sent for Walker. When the young fellow arrived he stared at him for a long time before speaking. Walker stared back for a while, then he looked away.

"Anything to add to what you said last night?" Collins asked.

"No."

"Jackson drank and just fell into the river, eh?" He stared at Walker and rustled the pages of the notebook lying open on the table before him. "Didn't call out or speak?"

"No."

"Why was there no water in camp?"

"What there was had just been boiled. The bags were hot."

Collins was silent. Was he trying to unearth something that did not exist? That Walker had anything to do with Jackson's death he found it difficult to believe. Yet he felt the boy was concealing something.

"What have you fellows found down here, Walker?" As he did not answer, Collins continued, "You'll have to file papers with me eventually. Might as well tell now. What is it? A mine?"

"Yes," grudgingly.

"Valuable?"

"They say so."

Kambove came up and saluted. Collins turned to him and spoke in native. The Corporal answered rapidly.

"That's a lie!" Walker said hotly.

Collins had permitted Kambove to speak to see what effect it would have on the man before him.

"It's no lie, Walker," he contradicted softly. "I found the boiled sticks below the rapids."

"But Anna wasn't cooking muti. She was making bird lime. Do you think she'd murder Jackson?" The boy's eyes blazed and he took a step towards Kambove. "You filthy nigger. I'll—"

"Steady, Walker." Collins leaped up and stood in front of him. He snapped a question. "What made you say murder? Do you think it's murder?"

"No!" the boy shouted in anger. "Damn you, Collins, you leave Anna out of this." He whirled about and stalked away.

The remainder of the day Collins put in poking about the camp. He saw that Anna, in true Dutch fashion, was in charge of the food and busy with yeast making, using hops, potato water and sugar. Walker hung around but Collins did not see him speak to the girl. The three Dutchmen had disappeared. Pondering the situation, Collins wondered if the finding of a mine had split the party. The Colonials would stick together against the three Dutchmen. But there was Anna. Was she on her uncle's side or on that of Walker in whom she was obviously interested? As yet Collins had no proof that the camp was split. Still, that uneasy distrustful air which he had sensed upon his arrival persisted. The camp was not at rest. There were undercurrents at which he could only guess. Collins was certain that Smit, for instance, hated Doerwald, that he was afraid of the old man. And Hertzog's bullying attitude suggested that he was on Doerwald's side, that the two had for some reason joined forces against the others. Collins shrugged. It was too much for him. He went to bed. Late that night he awakened suddenly. He could not have told what sound he had heard yet abruptly he found himself wide awake, his eyes staring into the darkness. For a moment he listened. Gently pushing his blanket back he sat up and reaching down felt for his shoes. Years on the veldt had

taught Collins not to go barefoot. Too many thorns, scorpions, spiders and such. He groped beside the bed.

Suddenly he stiffened. His hand touched something he was sure had not been beside his bed when he blew out the lamp. He felt cautiously about. What he found felt like matches stuck on end in the dust beside the bed. Carefully he picked one up and held it against the moonlight outside. A grunt escaped him. What he held was a short, pointed little stake, the sharpened end darker than the rest. Poison! The poison stakes the natives set before a hut to pierce the feet of him they fear.

Collins felt for his shoes. They were gone.

For a long time he sat staring out between the flaps. Boiled bits of roots in the river below the rapids. Now poison stakes. Some one had sneaked into his tent so quietly that he had been able to plant those deadly things and steal his shoes before he awoke.

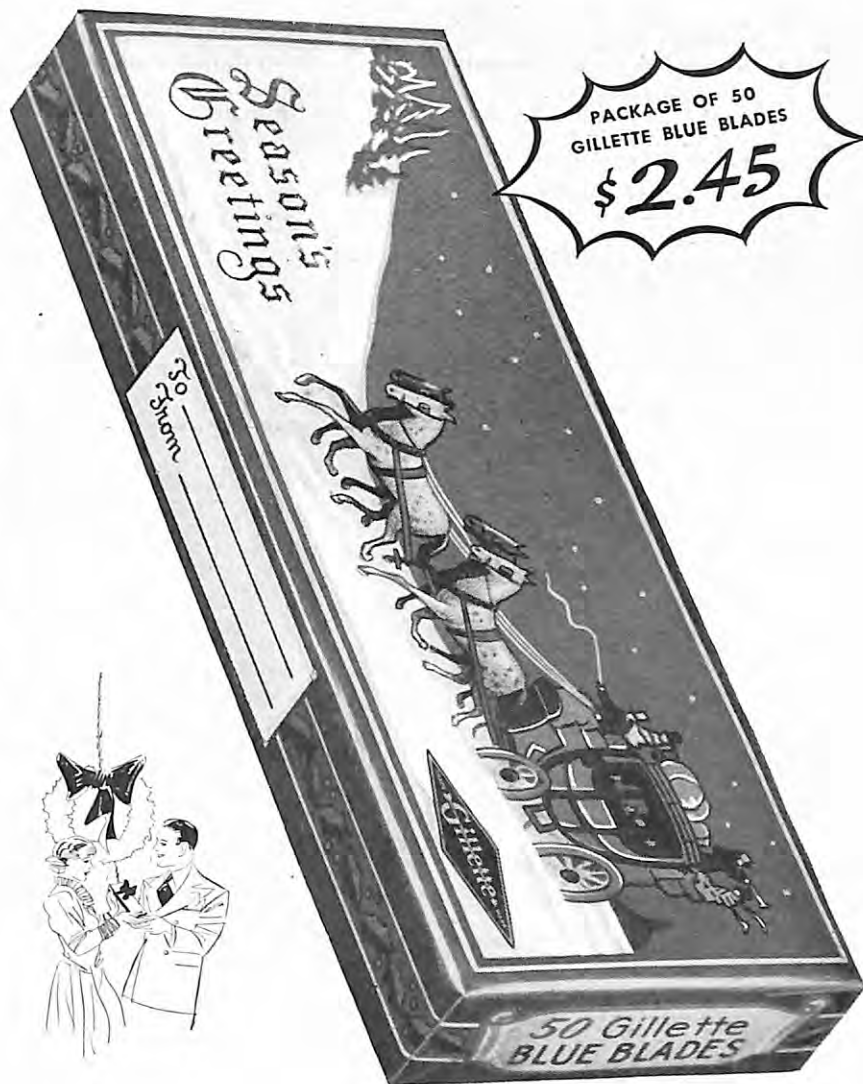
Collins lay down. The bed creaked with his movements and then he lay still thinking and watching the door. Kambove said the girl had been boiling some sort of native medicine. Walker had burst into a denial but it seemed to Collins that the boy was trying to convince himself as much as the policeman. He had been worried. There was bad blood in the camp, probably about the mine. Walker cared for Anna and unless he was badly mistaken Hertzog, too, had his eye on her. Jackson was dead. Neither Doerwald nor Smit would talk.

A movement outside caught Collins' eye. His body tensed. Something or some person was approaching cautiously. A shadow loomed against the tent. He turned his head to get a better look. The bed creaked. Instantly the shadow vanished. But not before Collins had seen the form. It was a young, slender body, dark against the moonlit canvas. Anna. Or Walker.

Collins lay back again. He tried to keep awake to think but suddenly he slept. The sun was shining when he awoke. Sleepily he gazed at a fly crawling on the canvas. Then the night's events flooded back. He stared at the floor. The stakes were gone. His shoes stood where he had placed them upon retiring.

He ate his breakfast in puzzled silence. For minutes at a time he stared at the veldt while his food cooled.

Fetching his notebook Collins spread it on the table. He read over the notes he had made. There was not much that was definite. Only his finding the stakes. The boiled sticks and Jackson's death might be just coincidence. Anna might have been cooking up some roots for a native liniment or making bird lime. After all she had been raised on the veldt and knew about the roots the natives used for medicines. But those little stakes? Collins flipped his notebook shut. The only evidence he had



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GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

pointed directly at the boy and girl and he just would not believe it. "Getting to be an old fool," he muttered. Yet he could not drive out of his mind the suspicion that Walker was concealing something. Something that related to Anna. Why should he, Collins, try to twist the facts around because a boy and girl had fallen in love?

In the evening after the others had returned Collins walked over to the camp to visit. Doerwald greeted him civilly enough but Smit and Hertzog sat silent and lumpish. Watching their faces Collins wondered how Walker had ever come to join up with such a group. Beside the other men he seemed a kid. Just then he was sitting beside Anna beyond the glow of the fire. Collins noticed that Hertzog kept glancing at them. An angry glitter flicked into his eyes but seeing that Collins was watching he turned his head and dragged on his pipe. The two youngsters got up suddenly and walked away towards the river. In the gloom it was difficult to tell which young, slender body was which.

Hertzog's voice broke the silence gratingly. "Doerwald, you told me—"

A glance from the old man silenced him. Smit grinned evilly. Hertzog, Collins observed, was really jealous of Walker.

DOERWALD was the first to leave the prospectors' camp the next morning. If he was aware of Collins trailing behind him he gave no sign. Steadily he tramped up a worn trail beside the river. Collins, behind, just kept him in view between the trees. At a turn in the river Doerwald vanished. Collins hurried up cautiously. There was no sign of the old man anywhere. The path kept on but Doerwald had turned off. He turned back looking for fresh boot marks.

"Following me, eh?"

Collins started. Doerwald stood before him. "You damned policeman," he ground out the words in anger.

"It's a free country, Doerwald."

"Not for policemen." Doerwald spoke the last word as though it tasted bad. "We don't want you here."

"I've noticed that," Collins admitted wryly. He stared at the tall bearded man. "Who murdered Jackson?" he snapped out suddenly. If he had hoped to startle the old man into betrayal he failed.

"No one. He fell in the river."

Collins tried another tack. "Going to work at your mine?"

"There's no mine here."

"What are you hanging about for then?"

"Looking."

Collins gave up. Shrugging his shoulders he walked past Doerwald and returned to his camp.

About seven, just after he had finished his supper, Kambove approached. Collins was staring moodily into the fire.

"Inkos?"

The policeman looked up.

"Inkos. Trouble." The native nodded towards the other camp.

"What's happened?"

"Two white men not come back tonight."

Collins jumped up. "Which two?"

"The young one and the tall Dutchman."

Walker and Smit. Collins seized an old coat and pulling it on, hurried over to the prospectors' camp. Doerwald and Hertzog were sitting before the fire. For a moment Collins did not see Anna just beyond on the farther side.

"What's happened here now, Doerwald?"

"Nothing." It was Hertzog who answered. There was a rasp of bitter feeling in his voice, but Collins felt that it was directed more at Doerwald than at him.

"Shut up," he snapped, "I didn't speak to you. What's happened, Doerwald?"

The older man looked up. "Walker and Smit went off hunting and haven't come back yet. That's all. Why?"

"Hear any shots?"

Doerwald shook his head. "Wind the wrong way."

Collins sat down. "I'll wait awhile." He glanced at Anna. Her hands were folded in her lap. They were tightly clenched. No one spoke. Doerwald sucked on his pipe and stared into the fire. Hertzog was slumped back, his face largely in shadow. Now and then the fire fell in upon itself and flames flickered for a moment. By their light Collins, watching, could see Hertzog's pock-marked face. It was grim with a leering twisted grin. His eyes were fixed on his bearded companion with a triumphant glare.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by the booming roar of a lion. Anna started violently. Again and again the sound tore through the darkness and echoed and re-echoed amongst the hills. A jackal cried out shrilly. Anna jumped up and ran hurriedly into one of the shelters. Collins thought he heard a sob. Anna was wondering, Collins guessed, whether the lions were worrying a body. Hertzog turned his head to watch her but did not speak. Another half hour went by. The fire had died down. A chill dampness stole into camp from the river. The lion had not roared again but a leopard was hunting the bank below the camp. A bushbuck barked explosively.

Hertzog stood up. "Going to bed," he announced, "night, Doerwald." Without a glance at Collins he disappeared into his hut. The policeman rose and flexed his limbs.

"I'll be going, Doerwald," he stopped and looked down at the silent man in the deck chair. "If Walker's not back by morning we will look for him."

The veldt was cold and grey when Collins routed out the others.

"Hertzog. You and I will go to-

gether." He faced the Dutchman who glowered at him fiercely.

"No," answered Hertzog. "I go with Doerwald."

Anna broke the tension. "Hertzog can go with me."

"I don't trust him," Collins said coldly.

"You think I murder, eh?" The way Hertzog slurred the word made it sound ghastly.

Anna shook her head. "He won't hurt me."

"All right," Collins made up his mind. "Come on, Doerwald."

Collins had prided himself on his veldt knowledge but as he hunted the veldt with the old Dutch prospector he realized he knew scarcely anything of the fine points of tracking. He saw a sign now and then but for the greater part was content to follow, realizing that Doerwald was not following a trail so much as using his experience of the country to guess where a man like Smit would go hunting. The tracks of game seemed to mean more than almost any other sign.

HOUR after hour went by. The sun climbed up and burnt viciously and searchingly on the men. Heat waves danced over the veldt. The trees wobbled crazily. Collins wiped the sweat from his face and plodded on only to come to an abrupt halt as a shot broke the noon stillness. It sounded far away behind them.

"Wait a minute, Doerwald."

The old man stopped. The natives huddled together. Collins listened intently. Nothing.

"What was that?"

Doerwald lifted his shoulders. "Hertzog shot something."

"Not a signal?"

"No. Three shots, then two shots. You know that, Collins." Doerwald turned and went on. Collins followed.

Doerwald grunted and pointed to some eland tracks. Following them were the flat crunched marks which only boots can make. They increased their pace, and Collins discovered that they had been traveling in a great loop and were not far from camp.

Suddenly Kambove spoke excitedly and pointed. Not far beyond vultures were wheeling and circling close above the trees. Others sat about. With a sickening realization of what lay ahead Collins ran forward. Three huge birds ran heavily along the ground and took wing clumsily. A brown thing lay sprawled under a tree. Collins ran to it and turned it over. The vultures had picked at the head and hands but they had only increased the horror of the black swollen lips, the black fingers and the frozen grimace of agony on the dead man's face. Under his anger and horror Collins felt a surge of relief. It was the dour Smit whose body they had found. Collins turned to Doerwald.

"Who did this?"

The Dutchman stared at him im-

passively and said nothing. The natives were in a tight little group, their eyes rolling in fear. Collins felt they read more in this death than he did. He signed to Kambove and ordered him to dig a grave. Nerving himself he bent over the body and examined it as best he could. There was not a mark on it.

The sun was very low when they buried Smit. It was not much of a grave but Doerwald did not seem to care and Collins was too preoccupied with his thoughts to suggest more ceremony. Silently he followed as the prospector headed for camp.

The giant baobab loomed ahead. A fire blazed beneath, throwing the weird, thick branches into pinkish relief. The two men rounded the tree and stopped short. Two figures sat by the camp fire. One was Anna. She was bent over, her head resting on her hands. The other was Walker.

Collins strode forward.

"Where have you been?" he asked the youngster.

The boy did not answer. Collins looked into his face. Then he shook him.

"When did you get here?"

Walker's head fell forward. He groaned and relaxing, would have fallen from the chair had not Collins pushed him back. He turned to Anna.

"What's the matter with him? When did he come in?"

Anna did not look up. She sat staring into the fire. Her voice sounded hollow and far away.

"I don't know. He is sick. He was here when I came."

Sudden suspicion flamed in Collins. "Where's Hertzog?"

Anna motioned towards a shelter. "There."

SOMETHING in the girl's voice caused both Collins and Doerwald to start for the shelter. The Dutchman seized a lantern and held it high. Hertzog lay on a rude bed breathing heavily.

"Drunk," muttered Doerwald. Collins grunted sharply and bent over the man.

"Look."

Hertzog's left leg was matted with blood. Collins pulled out his knife and cut away the trouser. A ragged hole gaped in the white skin. A hole made by a soft nosed bullet.

"Take care of him," commanded Collins. He returned and sat down near Anna. For a minute he watched the leaping flames of the fire. Behind the river boomed dully.

"Anna," he spoke quietly, "what kind of a mine have you found here?"

The cook passed carrying a basin of hot water. The girl did not look up.

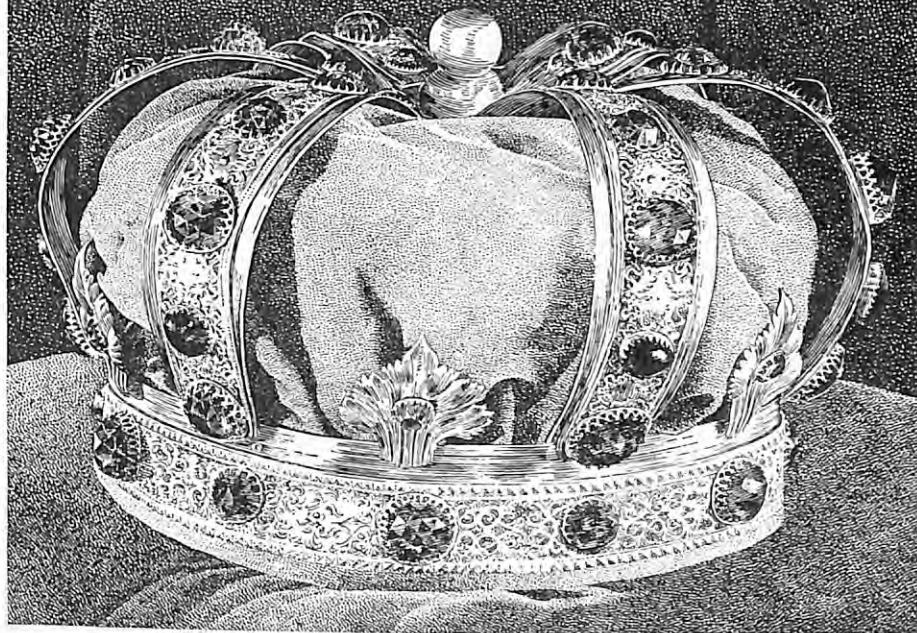
"Anna."

"Yes?"

"What kind of a mine have you found?"

"Chrome."

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Collins sucked his breath in sharply. When he spoke his voice had a steely quality. "When the new railway comes up this valley from Salisbury the mine will be worth a fortune. Just like the mines at Victoria. So you and Walker got rid of Jackson, then you tried to poison me." He paused. His voice rose a little. "Yesterday Walker killed Smit. And you tried to kill Hertzog. You—"

"No. No. We haven't killed anybody."

"Then what were you doing outside my tent three nights ago?"

"I was following somebody."

There was a dull thump. Walker had fallen out of his chair. Anna jumped up with a cry and bent over the form lying in the dust.

"Bob. Bob." She tried to raise him but could not. She turned her white and tear-stained face towards the policeman. "Do something for him. He's sick. Won't you do something?" A sob broke in her throat.

Collins stooped over and picked up the limp form. Holding the boy in his arms he looked about and then strode off to his own camp. Anna followed and stood by the cot as Collins laid Walker down. Kambove appeared.

"Medicine chest," Collins ordered.

For an hour neither spoke. Deftly the policeman stripped off Walker's shirt and sponged him with cool water from the bags hanging outside. He forced some brandy between the boy's teeth and continued his chafing. The patient stirred and muttered. His knees doubled up and then straightened with a jerk. He gurgled. His eyes opened slowly.

"Bob," exclaimed Anna. "Oh, Bob!"

SHE would have dropped onto the bed but Collins pushed her back.

"Here. Drink some more of this." He held a large spoon of brandy to the sick man's mouth. Walker swallowed it and then closed his eyes. Collins watched him for a minute. He stood up and motioned Anna outside.

"He's asleep," he told her and pointed to the chair before the fire. "Sit down."

With a glance back into the tent Anna sank into the chair. Collins drew a box forward and sitting down, began his questions again.

"Who were you following that night?"

"I don't know."

"It was Walker, wasn't it?" He had seen the covert frightened look Anna had cast towards his tent.

"No. No. I didn't see anyone."

"But you thought it was him. You did think so. Didn't you?"

Anna did not answer.

"What were those roots you were boiling?"

She turned her white strained face towards him. Her eyes widened and her lower lip hung down. "You know—you know about that?" Her

fright was pitiful. Collins nodded.

"Yes. I have known several days." He hesitated. "Anna. See here. You're just a kid. So's Walker. I'm not promising anything but if you tell the truth I'll do everything I can for you."

"You think I did it?" Her astonishment was too real to be feigned. "You think Bob killed Smit? No! No! He never could. No!"

"What were you doing with those sticks then?"

Anna dropped her eyes to her hands. "I—I was testing them."

"Testing them?" Disbelief rang in Collins' voice. "Testing them?" he repeated. Why?"

"Because—oh, I can't tell you."

"Because you saw Walker boiling them, eh? Or because you saw him put something in Jackson's food? Isn't that the reason?"

"No. Bob had nothing to do with it." Anna's voice gained strength.

"How did you test the sticks?"

"I boiled them and I fed some of the water to one of the little birds I had." Anna closed her eyes. Collins waited for her to go on.

"And then?"

A SHIVER shook the girl. Her voice had lost its ring of defiance. "It hopped about for a while and then took a drink of water and then—and then—"

"Yes?"

"Then it fell over dead." Anna's voice was so low Collins had to lean forward to hear. But he straightened quickly. A hard, grim look of understanding settled on his face. His eyes narrowed. Jackson had died of native poison. The trial Collins had attended several months ago returned to his memory. He remembered, too, of reading in some of the old office records of the poison which only took effect after drinking water. And he remembered that there had been no drinking water in camp.

Collins sat on the edge of the box staring into the fire. Anna watched him fearfully. The policeman was thinking furiously. A thought was dancing in the back of his mind. Suddenly it came through. He knew now how Smit had been killed and what was wrong with Walker.

"Someone boiled roots and mixed the poison with Jackson's supper. Did he come in late?" The girl nodded miserably. "I thought so. He ate alone. He went to bed. All night long that poison worked in his body. Early in the morning Jackson woke up. He wanted a drink. There was no water in camp so he went down to the river." Collins' voice grew harsh. "He went to the river and drank. And he died." He stared hard at Anna.

"You know who gave Jackson that poison. You saw something or found something. But you had to be certain. So you tested the stuff yourself?" It was more a statement than a question. "Anna, it was you outside my tent that night. You

were following the man whom you suspected of poisoning Jackson, the man who planted the poisoned stakes beside my bed."

Everything clicked in Collins' mind. He rose and hurried to the Dutchman's camp. Rounding the baobab tree he entered the hut in which Hertzog had been lying.

A lantern hung from a pole. There was no one in the shelter but the wounded man lying on the bed. He was conscious now.

"Where's Doerwald?"

"Gone." Hertzog ground his teeth and his face twisted with pain as he tried to sit up. "The dirty swine. He's—"

"I know." Collins rushed out of the shelter. Doerwald was not to be found. The Dutchman had heard him coming and cleared out into the night. Collins walked slowly back to his camp. Anna was standing waiting.

"Your uncle has gone," Collins said.

The girl swayed with relief. "Oh," she said, "I was so afraid—" Tears were in her eyes as she left Collins, running lightly into the tent where Walker was sleeping.

For a while Collins sat moodily watching the fire. Then he called Kambove and gave him orders to track the escaping Dutchman as soon as there was light. Pouring himself a drink he followed the girl into the tent.

"Why did you shoot Hertzog?"

"He tried to—to make love to me." She raised her head proudly. "Nobody has done that."

Collins nodded. "That's what I thought." He sighed and sat down. "He isn't badly hurt."

Collins passed the night dozing in his chair. Once he got up and went to look at Hertzog. He was sleeping. Anna sat at the foot of Walker's bed watching. Collins wondered that she could remain awake.

TOWARD dawn she slept heavily and Collins spent the morning making the invalids comfortable. Kambove and his men returned a little after noon. They were carrying a heavy burden. The Corporal approached Collins.

"Inkos."

Collins looked up. Then he saw the burden the man was carrying. It was Doerwald. He stood up. "Yes?"

"Inkos, we found—"

The Sergeant raised his hand. He glanced into the tent behind. Walker was sitting up, his head resting on Anna's shoulder. Their hands, clasped together, lay on the blanket. Collins moved out of earshot. Kambove resumed his report.

"Inkos. We found him the other side of the village. He was dead. He was old and he went without his hat." The Negro fumbled in his leather pouch and extracted something which he handed Collins. "In his pocket I found this."

It was a small gourd. The narrow open end was corked with a bit of rag. Collins started to pull it out.

"No, Inkos!" Kambove exclaimed. "Inkos! Tambati!"

The poisonous dust from a ground-up mululemma root, which natives float on the air and which strangles those who breathe it. It was what he had finally figured out the night before. Doerwald, after Collins had left him on the path to the mine, had followed Smit and Walker. It had been easy for that experienced backveldter, just as it had been easy for him to slip into Collins' tent and set up the poison stakes. Once he had located the two men, Doerwald had drawn abreast of them and floated the fine, impalpable dust down upon them on the faint wind. Smit had inhaled the full dose. Walker, young and strong, breathed just enough to make him terribly ill. Of course Doerwald had been able to find Smit's body. He had known all along exactly where it was lying. The long trek had been just a ruse.

He looked Kambove in the face.

"Dig a grave under the baobab," he ordered, "and then take water to the Dutchman, Hertzog."

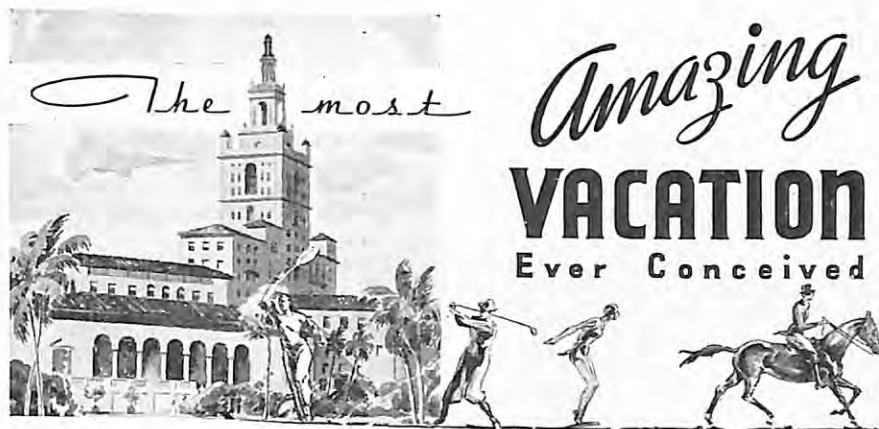
As his Corporal saluted, Collins turned towards his tent. He must prepare for his trek back to the Zambesi with the invalids.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 32)

airs was shown to exist. An inspection was made of the entire premises under the guidance of Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, which disclosed that the efforts of Mr. Scott and his staff to enhance the natural beauty of the surroundings had been highly successful. The lawns and shrubbery were in excellent shape, and the buildings and live stock were also in splendid condition. The atmosphere of the Home is that of a country gentleman's residence and the guests enjoy all the comforts and pleasures which a real home provides. The scenic view from the porch is beautiful at every season of the year and a constant source of pleasure to all the residents.

On Saturday evening, after the Board had completed all of its business, a delightful program was presented, under the able direction of Mr. Scott, for the entertainment of the residents of the Home. They were briefly but warmly addressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler who received a hearty welcome. Judge Hallinan introduced Madam Basha Malinoff who, in private life, is Mrs. Lloyd Maxwell, the wife of the Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Mrs. Maxwell entertained with a group of songs, the closing number being "Mighty Lak' a Rose." So enjoyable was her program that the audience was loath



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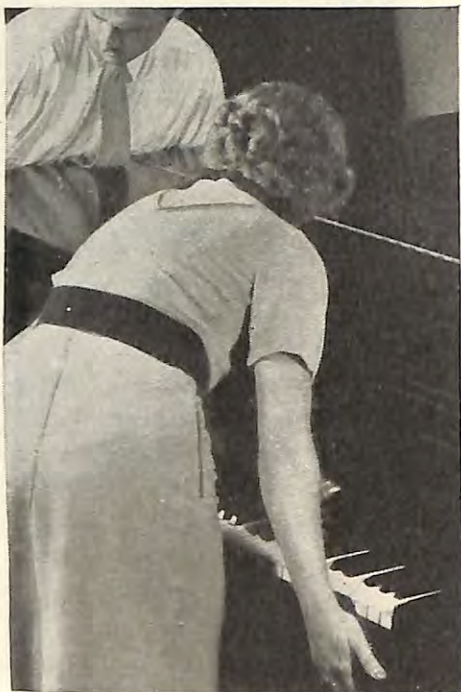
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**Based on actual letter from our files*

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to permit the singer to leave the platform. One of the finest films of the year—"Naughty Marietta"—held the close attention of all for the remainder of the evening, and from the pleasure and satisfaction registered on the face of every guest of the Home, it was evident that the entertainment had been a complete success.

In addition to Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan and the members of the Board of Grand Trustees, which includes the Chairman, Lloyd Maxwell; Vice-Chairman William T. Phillips; Secretary Henry C. Warner; Approving Member David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, and Home Member Henry A. Guenther, there were present Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Rush L. Holland; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and James D. Moran, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Accompanied by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Moran, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his next official visit on Thursday evening, October 31, to Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, and was the guest of honor at a dinner and at the subsequent assembly of Lodge members. The occasion also marked the annual meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, N.E., and representatives of every Lodge in the District were present.

Judge Hallinan outlined his pol-

icy with respect to intensifying interest in the Order. His message was punctuated with frequent bursts of applause, and aroused enthusiasm to a high degree as was manifested at the termination of the Lodge meeting when the Grand Exalted Ruler held a reception and greeted every member personally. Judge M. A. Tierney, a P.E.R. of Troy Lodge, responded for that organization. E.R. Robert L. Ricker-son presided.

A large number of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers were on hand, including Past State Pres. Dr. J. Edward Gallico. Many prominent Elks attended from out of town, among them being George W. Denton of Gloversville Lodge, and Past State Pres. Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls Lodge—Pres. and Secy. respectively of the N.Y. State Elks Assn., and Past State Pres. William E. Fitzsimmons of Albany Lodge.

On Friday evening, November 1, Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 272, was host to Judge Hallinan who was accompanied by a large delegation of Troy members and by a delegation from Bennington, Vt., Lodge. The enthusiasm occasioned by his visit to Troy Lodge was equaled at the Pittsfield meeting, and again the Grand Exalted Ruler convinced his hearers of his sincerity and his firm intention of making this year one of healthy progress for the Order.

The Die Off

(Continued from page 9)

a dash for it when there fell upon his keen ears another sound which turned him to stone.

The wolverines heard it, too, and even they froze in their tracks. From a mile away in the direction from whence they had come, a ringing, terrifying sound came echoing through the woods—the bloodthirsty baying of hounds. Those wolverines, like all their kind, had been playing hob with trap-lines and live stock and had called vengeance down upon them. The hide crawled along their spines with a premonitory chill as they faced back along the trail they had come. Short of leg and clumsy of movement they could not hope to outdistance the dogs, so they climbed up the big leaning spruce in which Mishu crouched.

Mishi scrambled higher. He knew too much about wolverines. Out along a high limb he crept and finally jumped for it, a splendid leap, twenty-five feet out into a deep drift. Then away through the blue snowshadows he streaked, half insane over turning his back on all that meat, but still more so over the din of dogs and men. From far behind he heard presently the furious treed-cry of dogs, shouts and later the short, slapping, vicious report of

rifles. His tasseled ears lay tight back on his head at that and he became but a wraith, a half-guessed shadow whisking through the forest.

By devious and circuitous ways he arrived at last in the vicinity of his home den. Something had drawn him irresistibly thither. For many days past he hadn't seen his mate and he wished to find out how it went with her. He approached, however, like a thief in the night, in case of misunderstanding.

Five yards from the maternal den-mouth he stopped and crouched, still and dumb as death. Silence swathed the place, nothing more. Could his wife have spirited the kittens away to some more secret place? Or had she in the infinite provision of her motherhood seen fit to slay them? Such things happen in the feline world, though the reasons passeth mere human understanding.

Mishi took two steps nearer, hissing and growling softly in his ruff. Abruptly the growling was echoed from just within the den, and there, limned in the darkness, was the malign flat face and sinister eyes of his enemy, the old male wild-cat. He did not know that the night before, his wife in her extremity of hunger had attacked a big porcupine

and in the struggle that ensued one of the long quills on the animal's barbed tail had penetrated her brain, mercifully ending her long unequal battle to survive. The wild-cat had learned of it, however; and no flies ever settled on him or his ideas. He had sought out the lynx's den for the express purpose of killing and eating the young of his foe of foes.

All of this, or most of it, flashed through Mishi's brain in the first instant. He had caught the wild-cat literally red-handed, and he dealt with him swiftly and to the purpose. Only one thing exceeded Mishi's frenzy to get into that den, and that was the wild-cat's frenzy to get out of it. The resulting mix-up was appalling, stupendous. In the midst of it the wild-cat lifted up his voice for help—it was the voice of a nightmare, no less, a fiendish scream that belonged to the nether regions. His mate heard it from afar and came at the speed of the wind. She found her lord stretched out in a very dramatic and picturesque attitude, and knew at a glance what the trouble was. It was death that was the trouble, for parental outrage had lent Mishi the fury of demons.

And glaring at her over the carcass of her mate was Mishi himself, red and unforgettable. A moment they stood there bristling. Then the she-cat was aware that Mishi was not looking at her at all, but past her, and down the slope behind, and across his gooseberry eyes there flitted the shadow of sudden fear. That was the last thing she ever saw in this world, for the sharp, clear,

kicking report of a rifle rang out just there, and stretched her twitching in the snow. One of the hunters had run Mishi's fresh trail and during the fight had approached unheard on whispering skis.

AND Mishi? He had melted spook-like into the primeval hush and shadow of the spruce, given speed by a .318 copper-tipped bullet which came whining after him and lifted a good-sized puff of fur from one shoulder in passing. Because of that and other things he did not stop when he had made good his escape, but fled on and on all the rest of that day and night and most of the next day too, heading blindly southward, whither a repentant nature now saw fit to draw him. He covered more than a hundred miles before he came at last to a region much to his liking, an elder swamp flanked by low hills furred with spruce and pine. And in the heart of the swamp was vouchsafed a miracle—a fresh rabbit track—the first he had seen since early Fall. And not far from that was a fresh lynx-track made, though he did not know it, by a half-sister of his who had been driven away from home for economic reasons the winter before.

All in all, it looked as if things were going to be a bit easier from now on. The rabbits and grouse, a few at a time, were beginning to flit back from the unknown place into which they had gone. Hope of life, and even of love, through the winter could now be revived. Nature was all-wise.

Condition—with a Capital C

(Continued from page 21)

minerals in your menu. These things are important.

Never limit yourself, therefore, to one or two items of food, as some of our ridiculous "sure-fire" reducing diets would have you do. Give yourself enough to eat in proportion to the physical activity you indulge in during the day. Get enough variety into your meals so they don't become a monotonous bore. After all, good digestion depends for a large part upon your enjoyment of food. Personally one of my favorite dishes is a medium broiled steak with all the vegetable fixin's, but I should hate to be sentenced to lifetime servitude on such a diet. Maybe your idea of Heaven is all the pie-a-la-mode you can get; but could you really stand it three times a day for a week.

Eat what you like—but not too much of it. If you feel hungry after cutting down on what you consider too rich or fattening, fill in the gaps with more bulky substances—all the fresh fruits; melons, oranges, grapefruit, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, (go lightly on fruits stewed with

sugary syrups); and then take in the whole category of vegetables; spinach, carrots, lettuce, celery, broccoli, kale, string beans, tomatoes, cabbage, onions, beets, turnips—either raw or cooked without elaborate sauces. They are good for you and taste good as well.

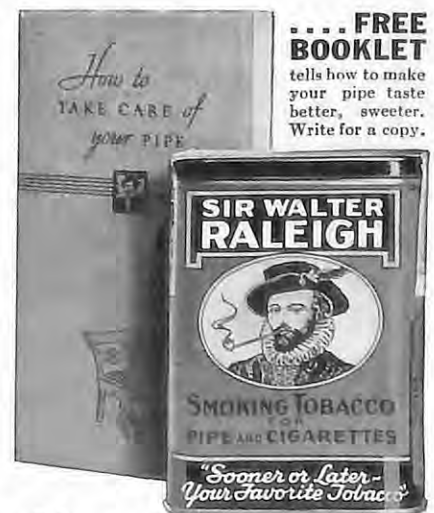
If you do this you will find yourself with little or no craving for another hot roll, a second helping of mashed potatoes or chestnut dressing, to say nothing of that last splurge on the hot mince pie. While I'm at it, I may as well let you in on a little trick that has helped many of my reducers to ward off the desire for starch. If you are a bread and butter fiend, or find your life is not complete without French fried potatoes, try this . . . put two or three slices of raw apple on your butter plate and use it as a substitute. It sounds strange, but it tastes grand! Moreover, it satisfies that craving for a bite of "something" to go with your main dinner course. As for dessert, there's really nothing better to top off a good meal than



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a bit of fresh fruit. Take a ripe pear, or a small bunch of grapes instead of the atrocious French pastries which carry entirely too many calories for your welfare, even though they may tickle those tricky taste-buds in your tongue!

Now that we have covered the dietary question, our second thought on reducing is exercise. I don't care how much you cut down on your diet—you may starve if you like—you will never in this world reduce correctly and sanely if you do not combine exercise with your restricted diet. Oh, you may lose weight, I'll grant you that, but what's the sense of taking it off, if the tissues are to remain flabby and soft, without life or tone? The fat that has accumulated in the body must be burned up through physical activity, and physical activity involves exercise. Ten or fifteen minutes each day devoted to regular exercise is enough for the person who wants to reduce; provided of course he is not grossly overweight. If the regular routine exercise described in this article does not appeal to you, then make up for it in extra walking, tennis, golf, swimming or whatever sport you like best. A form of exercise such as a game, which you enjoy, is often better than work which you probably look upon as a chore. If your interest and enthusiasm are aroused, the mind is stimulated and the work of reduction is a source of pleasure.

spective games, but it just wasn't enough. What happened—we added seventeen pounds to Johnny's frame and twelve to Sidney's—and both reached heights to which they had aspired, but never quite attained.

We usually find in the thin person (barring organic disease of course) the high-strung, nervous type who thinks he must do everything at top speed. This sort of individual is taught, first of all, to relax, to take a more phlegmatic outlook, to go easy. We also find in such cases that there is not a complete assimilation of the food they eat. Consequently, exercise is concentrated on the abdominal muscles to give them greater strength and tone. With Farrell, as with many another underweight person, there was a definite sagging of the internal organs, known medically as *ptosis*. Exercise does much to correct this. More rest is essential. I do not necessarily mean more sleep, although thin men and women need more than fat ones, but I do mean frequent intervals of complete relaxation throughout the day. You may not be a professional golfer or a tennis star, but if you are underweight you will require periods of "laying-off." High-strung business men find it helps a lot to give themselves at least ten or fifteen minutes' rest after luncheon. You don't need to lie down—just sit in a comfortable chair in some place where there is no hurry and bustle and relax every muscle. If you find, in mid-morning or afternoon that the tension is becoming too great and every nerve is "on edge," walk away from your work bench or desk—wash your face and hands with cool water, smoke a cigarette, go next door and say "Hello" to a fellow worker—do anything to get away from the immediate problem at hand, and give brain and body a chance to escape if only for two or three minutes. I've known expert accountants to work for hours over a column of figures without finding the error they sought, but it fairly leaped out at them once they returned to the task after a brief interval of "changing-the-subject" so to speak.

BUT mind you, even the systematic exercise which I advocate and which has been so successful for many years, may easily be overdone. Watch your reactions to physical exercise and always remember that it is far better to do too little than too much at a time. Not everyone can play long, hard, and fast; so start off slowly and gradually increase your work as you become more accustomed to it. All physical activity is a problem which the individual must solve and depends entirely upon the type of person he is, the amount of energy he spends in an ordinary day's work, and the kind of work he is engaged in.

So much for our fat folks. The lean ones have equally as difficult a task, even though they may not get quite so much sympathy or publicity. Take Johnny Farrell and Sidney Wood, for instance, two of my foremost "skinny" examples.

Farrell came to me back in 1927. He couldn't imagine what was wrong with his golf game. In short sessions with the little white pill, Johnny was second to none. But long tournaments found him lagging far behind the leaders. He simply didn't have the physical stamina to carry him through. The nerve strain was too great for his frail body. Likewise, Sidney Wood, another thin youngster, was "tops" in tennis when he was in condition. These boys knew all the rules of their re-

IN addition to rest, mild physical exercise is conducive to greater muscular relaxation and this, in turn, leads to restoration of nerve and brain energy. Diet too, plays an important rôle in the life of the person who is underweight. You can eat yourself thin, paradoxical as it may sound. Very often we find the thin man who consumes a large quantity of food but gets no value from it. He is simply calling upon his internal organs to do entirely too much work, especially if they are weak and run-down already. We need food for strength, it is true, but if we do not properly assimilate it, it will do us little or no good. A thin person may eat all the things forbidden to a fat individual and still not gain an

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ounce. If he were to eat less food and give his body, through sane methods of living, an opportunity to take all the nourishment and to get all the good from that food, then he would see a satisfactory increase in his weight in a remarkably short time.

Those "sane methods of living" I mention, include all the essentials we have known since our grandmothers' day. Moderation, regularity, plenty of fresh air, sunshine, lots of water both inside and out, enough exercise to keep the muscles in good tone, supple and lithe, sufficient rest, diversion from daily activities, and so on.

But to return to our famous men.

LET'S get away from the athletes and look at some of the professional and business men. Take "Roxy" for example. Samuel L. Rothafel is one man who combines both physical and mental work in his profession. He is, without doubt, one of the most active persons I have ever known and in spite of that, at fifty, is by many years far from retirement. Theatrical and radio work such as Roxy does would have taken their toll long ago from men less dynamic than he. How does he do it? He keeps fit! I've known him for years, and I have seen him in the short interval between rehearsal and performance, drop everything, dash to the gymnasium with only half an hour to spare, select an opponent twenty years his junior, whip the socks off him at a fast game of handball, take a cold shower and rubdown, then return to the studio refreshed in mind and body. He has found that his best system of letting down from the mental strain and renewing his physical energy is to get away entirely from the tense concentration his work demands.

SOME of our famous writers, too, have discovered that physical exertion is a surcease from mental activity. A person can become just as tired from writing an article for the newspapers, composing a sure-fire hit for Tin Pan Alley, or dopping out what the market may do, as the man who wields a pick and shovel or carries a hod of bricks.

Mens sana in corpore sano may be just a lot of Latin to you or me, but a "sound mind in a sound body" produces the world's best work. Walter Lippmann, peer of commentators on national and international affairs; Hendrik Willem Van Loon, who took the curse out of geography; Hugh Lofting beloved of all children; Isaac F. Marcossou of *The Saturday Evening Post*; Frederick T. Birchall, renowned foreign correspondent; Arthur Train, father of "Tutt and Mr. Tutt" . . . all these men are great and will keep great for years to come. In other fields we have Henry Morgenthau, Jr., our capable

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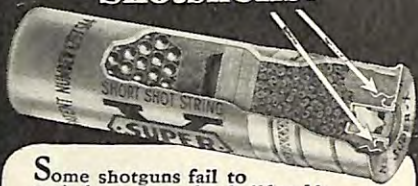
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Secretary of the Treasury; Morton Downey, Lewis James, James Melton, Eddy Duchin and others whose radio entertainment is a nightly source of pleasure; Basil Sydney and Philip Merivale whose work on the stage has thrilled thousands. None of them has need for the muscles of a Dempsey or a Gehrig or a Babe Ruth, but they recognize the fact that if they expect to continue as outstanding figures they must "keep fit to keep great."

Each may have his own way of keeping fit, since perfect health rules must suit individual living methods. But every one of these great men, and many more besides, regard these health rules probably far better than you or I. You may not be famous, you may not be great, you may just be a hard working business man. But to be that, you must still be well. The important point to remember, no matter what your sphere in life may be, is to give the best that is in you, to feel ready for any emergency. In other words, "you may never be great, but you can always feel great providing you keep fit."

IN the following paragraphs you will find a set of exercises, all of which are performed from a supine position. They are a condensed version of the McGovern Method. Their value lies chiefly in the fact that they offer sufficient exercise for the average man and woman without causing any strain. These movements are particularly helpful in strengthening the muscles of the abdomen thus giving the internal organs the tone they so frequently lack. Whether you are trying to reduce, to build up weight, or simply to maintain the present good health you enjoy, this series of exercises when added to your daily schedule and performed faithfully and regularly, cannot help but be of benefit.

All exercises must be performed in a relaxed manner. Start the movements to a count of four for each. At the end of the first week, increase the count to six and add two counts each week until you are able to perform the exercise easily ten times. If at any time the exercises seem to tire you, cut down the number of times you do them. You may even find that you can do only the first five or six for a week or two; then gradually add the other movements to your routine until you have completed the entire set. Above all things, do not hurry and do not have the body contracted or rigid in any way.

No. 1—Lie flat on your back, with shoulders against the floor, arms at the sides, the palms turned down. Exhale completely, forcing all the air out of the lungs. Then begin to inhale deeply and slowly, raising the chest and depressing the abdomen. Turn the palms up as you inhale. Hold the breath for five seconds; then exhale, relaxing completely,

turning the palms downward as you do so.

Nos. 2 and 3—Lie flat on your back, with hands extended beyond the head. Raise the left leg and bring the right arm forward as though trying to touch the toes with the fingers. Keep the leg straight. Return to starting position without touching the floor with heel or hand. Count each time you return to starting position. Repeat the exercise with the right leg and left arm.

No. 4—In the same starting position as in Exercise 2, raise both arms and legs straight upwards. Kick your right leg downward and bring the left arm over the head. Alternate with the left leg and right arm. Do not touch the floor with heels or hands. Count each time the left leg is down.

No. 5—From a flat position with the arms extended straight out beyond the head, feet stretched out straight, with knees stiff and toes pointed; raise both legs up at right angles, at the same time bringing the hands forward in a complete half circle toward the floor. Do not touch the floor with hands or feet.

No. 6—In the same starting position raise the body to a sitting position without bending the knees, and try to touch your toes with the tips of your fingers. Count each time you touch your toes.

Nos. 7 and 8—Lie flat on your back, hands at the sides, legs spread apart. Raise the left leg and right arm. Describe a circle with the leg, swinging it out, upward, and in, without touching the floor. At the same time describe a circle with the right arm, swinging it in, upward, and out. In other words, the arm and leg are circled in opposite directions. Repeat the same movements with the right leg and left arm.

No. 9—Lie flat on your back, raise legs and arms, and simultaneously start double circles; circle left leg and left arm upward and outward to the left, right leg and right arm upward and outward to the right. Do not touch the floor with feet or hands.

Nos. 10 and 11—Lie flat on your back with hands clasped behind the head, legs out straight. Raise the head and shoulders and draw the right knee upward, trying to touch your chin or left shoulder with the knee. Count each time you return to the starting position. Repeat the same movement but with the left leg.

No. 12—Lying flat on your back with hands clasped under the head, raise the head and shoulders and draw up both knees, trying to touch your chin with the knees. Count as you return to the starting position.

Nos. 13 and 14—Lie flat on your back with hands at the sides, palms down. Raise both legs up straight, keeping the knees stiff and the toes pointed. Circle both legs together to the left, making a complete circle without touching the floor. Repeat the movement in the opposite direction, circling the legs to the right.

Dogs Against Darkness

(Continued from page 15)

He tries dialing aimlessly. Finally a voice responds.
 "Operator."
 "I want to get Walker 6575," he says with relief.
 "Will you dial it, please?"
 "I can't. . . ."
 "Just dial W-A-6-5-7-5."
 "I can't. I'm blind."
 There is a short, merry laugh.
 "Ha Ha. That's a good one."
 The receiver clicks in his ear. He is disconnected.

AND here is another answer. A month had passed since a blind man, the head of a family of four, had been given a haircut. Each morning he had said to his wife, before she went out to work, "Tell one of the kids to come home right after school and take me to the barber shop." Each morning she did this and each day the "kids" forgot. Six weeks had passed before one of them remembered. When they got to the shop the youngster spied a friend. "I'm going to talk to Billy," he said, "I'll be back for you, Dad."

In twenty minutes his hair was cut but his son had not returned. He never did return, and later, when the shop was closed, the barber led him home.

The answer to what blindness is like might be summed up in one word: frustration.

THESE simple problems of getting from place to place are solved daily and in a hundred ways by The Seeing Eye dog. There are other, more deep seated, obstacles which she overcomes as well. But first, let us watch her at work guiding her sightless master, on the streets of the Seeing Eye's home city, Morristown.

She (males are used as well) walks at her master's left side. His sensitive fingers lightly grasp the loop of a U-shaped, strong leather harness which is buckled about her shoulders. Her pace is brisk, rather faster than that of the pedestrians about her. With her master close beside her she, every few moments, shifts her direction slightly to avoid bumping passersby. A few feet ahead there is a baby carriage on the sidewalk, partly hidden by hurrying pedestrians. The dog pulls sharply to the left. Instantly the movement is telegraphed to her master. Without missing a step or slackening pace, they go around the carriage and proceed steadily to the corner. Of the next five people to pass the carriage three miss it narrowly, and two, their eyes on other things, bump into it.

Crossing a street dense with auto

traffic may seem at once more hazardous and difficult. Dogs guiding the blind are no novelty in Morristown. Drivers do not slow up because they see the master and his dog in the street. The residents there know how thoroughly the dog has been educated.

As the traffic clears for a moment, the dog throws her weight forward a bit and our blind man, obedient to the pull on the harness, steps with her off the curb. Several cars approach; she stops to let them pass. Another opening, and they proceed to the center of the street. The dog waits as one car, two cars, go by. There is another coming, a little way off. Quickly judging the distance, she leans into the harness and, with her master responding in synchronized movement, takes him safely in front of it, with ample space to spare.

At The Seeing Eye they will tell you that the dog's job is to *guide*. If, for example, an ash can obstructs the sidewalk, she *guides* her master around it without once slowing the pace. If a low awning endangers his head, she *guides* him away from it. Even a broken or irregular sidewalk does not escape her alert eyes and she *guides* her master where he will not stumble.

But the master *directs* the dog. Blind people usually have a mental picture of their own communities; if they haven't, they learn at The Seeing Eye how to form this picture by using landmarks which a person with eyes would scarcely notice. Uneven pavement, the smell of a bakery or drug store, unusual air currents, identify a district to a sensitive blind person as certainly as the Empire State Building marks for us the Island of Manhattan.

WHEN he starts in the morning to an appointment ten or fifteen blocks away, a blind person with a Seeing Eye guide goes there as quickly and as directly, and with as much, if not more, safety than if he could see. At each street corner the dog stops at the curb. Here the master, with the command of "right," "left," or "forward," tells the dog in which direction he wishes to go. The dog never crosses the street until traffic clears. No amount of haste or urging could induce her to risk her master's safety. Dogs are in all probability color blind, but even if they were not The Seeing Eye does not believe that maximum safety would result from instructing its animals to depend on any system of traffic lights or signals. There are too many drivers who ignore signals, and variations in regulations would

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render dangerous in some cities a system of instruction which might be thoroughly dependable elsewhere. When a blind person has learned to use a Seeing Eye guide, he can do so anywhere. Last summer one young man went with his Seeing Eye guide to Europe and visited places of interest as independently and with as much pleasure (and probably with less fuss) as any tourist. How did he find his way around strange foreign cities? He asked questions, just as all the other tourists did.

REMARKABLE, you say, for a blind man. Well, he didn't seem to think it was unusual. But this independence is not made possible merely by handing over a highly trained dog to a blind man and wishing them Godspeed. The dog is not trained at all, she is educated. And like the well bred lady she is, she never forgets the principles of her education.

That blind man whom we watched going through traffic in Morristown was a student ready to graduate. He had to be taught to do what he did. While he was studying at The Seeing Eye, he was treated precisely as if he were a sighted person enrolled for a brief university course. The fact that his instruction was in independence and not, say, in architecture or law, made necessary a most unusual curriculum. It is one which was varied to suit his temperament and that of his dog. It is one in which tact and timely words of encouragement formed an important part of his instructor's equipment. That curriculum opened for him a new way to life. Let me illustrate.

When he arrived at The Seeing Eye, anxious and hopeful, our blind man (shall we call him Frank Alden, for that was not his name?) was at first surprised and hurt at the treatment given him. Oh, they were civil enough. After he said good-bye to his wife, a young man, an official of the school, confidently walked him about the house putting his hand on furniture so that he could identify its location mentally. Alden's hand was made to feel walls to learn where doors were. In his own room his hand was placed on soap, towel and his bureau drawers. His mind was confused trying to remember everything. At home he had never had to.

"Your suitcase is on the bed," the official said. "Unpack now if you like. Lunch will be ready in ten minutes. I'll see you then."

Alden hesitated. "But," he said doubtfully, "I can't unpack. I never have."

"Why don't you try it, then?"

Alden flushed in anger. "See here," he said. "That's no way to talk to me. Haven't you any respect for the fact that I'm blind?"

"I don't see why I should have," the man replied as he went out. "I'm blind myself."

Alden's second introduction into independence came at lunch. He asked to have his bread buttered for

him and was told he should do it for himself. He had to cut his own food, too. He tried and found that, like unpacking his bag, it wasn't so hard.

There were eight in Alden's class, and all of them struggled to overcome old habits of helplessness. Their lessons the first two days of the month's course consisted wholly of lectures—how to care for the dog; to feed and brush her and how to win her affection. Instructors taught them the technique of command—the tone of the kindly authority which wins the dog's respect and later, her affection.

Their first lessons with their dogs consisted of obedience exercises—setting up exercises, The Seeing Eye calls them. Once a dog will sit, lie down, and fetch for her new master, the actual lessons in guiding begin. At first these lessons are given on residential sidewalks, where a pedestrian rarely is encountered. The student must learn to obey instantly the slightest pull on the harness, for the dog, whose education is already complete, expects her guiding to be followed. Until the student becomes adept, his instructor always follows immediately behind, prepared to stop the dog or the student in case of danger.

But before this education of the student can take place, the dog herself goes to school. It requires three months of daily study before The Seeing Eye will certify a dog as having shown sufficient proficiency to guide a blind man.

THE Seeing Eye people will tell you that the dogs are educated, not trained. The distinction they say is important. A trained animal reacts only upon command, either by word or gesture. An educated animal—a Seeing Eye dog—is taught to think for herself, and should any command endanger the safety of her master she will disobey. She will disobey the letter of the command, that is, but she will carry out the spirit of it.

Suppose an obstruction completely blocks a sidewalk. The dog guides her master up to it and stops. With an exploratory toe or cane the master feels the obstruction, but, of course, he cannot see how to go around it. Because he wishes to proceed in that direction all he can do is command, "Forward." To a trained dog this would mean—go ahead at all hazards. To a Seeing Eye dog it means, "Get me around this thing." She may have to go into the street to do it. If cars are closely parked at the curb she may have to retrace her steps for half a block to find an opening, but get around it she will.

Not every such problem and its solution can be taught the dogs at Morristown. It is *educated* intelligence which makes the solution of a new problem possible.

Working with a group of eight dogs as a practical unit, the instructor begins teaching the rudiments of obedience when they reach the age of fourteen months. Since they are

anxious to please and to earn the caress which is their reward for merit, the young dogs learn quickly.

As soon as these simpler lessons are assimilated, actual instruction in guiding begins. From now, until the lessons are completed, the instructor must at all times simulate blindness. If his dog guides him into a tree he must appear to bump full into it, for unless he does so the dog will not understand that the man at her side is dependent wholly upon her eyes for safety. Not all of these bumps can be feigned, for the dog is quick to sense any deception.

Teaching the dogs to judge height is most interesting. It is important, too, for the danger of being struck in the face by a low awning or scaffolding is not pleasant to contemplate. The finished dog will pass unconcernedly under an awning which allows her master's head an inch or two clearance. And, without checking her pace, she will swing wide around one which would skim off his hat.

The apprentice dog is first introduced to the problem of height by means of a rope stretched across the sidewalk. If she fails to notice it the instructor, just as he is about to bump, slaps it with his hand, at the same time pulling back hard on the harness. Surprised at being pulled up the dog looks at her friend, the instructor, to see what stopped them. She sees the rope. After a few failures she stops for it and receives an affectionate pat and an encouraging "Atta girl." Later she learns to go around the rope even though commanded to go forward.

One of the final examinations given before a dog is fully certified is the blindfold test. No instructor may report a class of dogs as ready for the blind until he has been blindfolded and worked with each of them through the most difficult traffic in Morristown. Officials at The Seeing Eye give as the reason for this simply that "Unless the man who teaches the dog is willing to entrust his life to her, why should a blind person be expected to do it?"

THE instructors at The Seeing Eye are all young men.

It is a difficult job. To become head instructor takes four years of grueling work which must be supplemented by considerable classroom lecture work and outside study. A year ago eight apprentices began the Seeing Eye four-year course. These eight men were handpicked from the best of several hundred candidates, yet only five of them have managed to finish the first year. A Seeing Eye instructor must learn animal psychology, he must have the tact and patience to win the confidence of sensitive blind people and equally sensitive dogs; and, if he is to develop other apprentices, he must be able to teach what he knows. He can never hope for large financial reward, for The Seeing Eye is a philanthropic organization run on Spartan

standards, and not many financially ambitious clerks would be tempted by the salary of its highest paid executive.

From time to time The Seeing Eye has been asked why it does not expand its work more rapidly and supply dogs immediately to as many of our blind people as can use them. Could not instructors be taught more quickly? Is it not possible to cut the training time of dogs and students? The Seeing Eye does not think so. Such short cuts would inevitably result in accidents, and unless a dog guide is absolutely safe her effectiveness would be severely impaired.

Why not import instructors from Germany, where many dogs are being educated, at higher salaries? If the demand from the blind continues to increase this may happen. But it will not solve the problem. Despite the extent to which the dog guide service has developed in Germany there are only a few instructors there who are capable of doing the work except under close supervision. And the best of them are retained by the German Government.

THE Seeing Eye anticipates that other schools will be started in this country and, in fact, would offer encouragement to any which were properly equipped. In the meantime, however, it expects to keep its own standards so high that it will be a measure by which other schools can be judged. Public opinion, it claims, will do the rest.

The blind men and women who come to The Seeing Eye are in no sense a cross section of the blind of this country. Careful standards govern their admission to the school, and the investigation of applicants requires almost the full time of two staff workers. As the great majority of the blind are either too young, or over 50, and too old, The Seeing Eye estimates that less than eight per cent, or about 10,000, would meet its standards. As it will be many years before all of these can be reached, The Seeing Eye makes every effort to select for instruction those blind people who show the greatest promise or the greatest need.

An uninitiated visitor at The Seeing Eye would hardly be impressed with the visible results of this careful selection during the first two or three days of work with a new group of blind students. Despite the fact that a blind person must have an exceptional amount of courage to be accepted by the school, I had the feeling, during these first hours, that every one of the students was afraid. The fear was partly hidden by hope, but it was unmistakable. It was not fear of The Seeing Eye, or of the new experience ahead. That, apparently, was the basis for hope. These blind people, and thousands of others like them, I have since discovered, were afraid because they had been taught to be afraid.

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Eye, I considered it, as you may also, to be an interesting place where wonderful things were being done with dogs. But as my investigation led me further I began to analyze its value more carefully. I looked about for some means by which to measure its work. Since there is no other institution just like it, I found that it must be measured by the yardstick of organizations working in one way or another for the welfare of the blind. I tried to make such a comparison of its value in a dozen different ways. Each time I was unsuccessful. Whenever I tried to measure it by some other organization, The Seeing Eye became not the cloth but the yardstick. It is the blind welfare organizations themselves that need the measuring. It is they who seem to be responsible for this psychosis of fear which I saw in the blind students at The Seeing Eye.

Welfare work for the blind in this country has three major outlets: the publication of books in Braille, the operation of schools corresponding to public grammar and high schools, and the maintenance of workshops where the blind are kept busy caning chairs and weaving baskets and belts. To administer these activities (and numerous lesser ones such as homes for the aged and special schools) there are a vast number of local and state associations and commissions, regulated for the most part by conscience and tradition. Remember that word—tradition. It is the key to the psychosis of fear.

If our average schools for the blind are giving education to the sightless, as, indeed, they are, they are also teaching them to be blind—to live always as a blind person. If they are instilling the rules of arithmetic and spelling, they are at the same time teaching that blindness is a fate to be accepted and not a handicap to be overcome. By unconsciously inculcating in impressionable blind people the philosophy that life is drab at best but somehow it must be lived, they are almost indelibly instilling the belief that life, except within the narrow limits of the world of the blind, is something at once mysterious, awesome and never to be attained.

All this is but a reflection of the traditional conception of blindness: the afflicted will seek out the afflicted and comfort one another. And this conception, however false, has been accepted by blind people and has resulted in one of the most damnable methods of administering welfare ever devised by man—segregation. If there ever was a system more successful in stifling the initiative of a handicapped human being than that of herding him with others similarly encumbered, it has by now been humanely outlawed. Only an open display of pity can approach its devastating effects.

The segregation of the sightless in schools (in those enlightened states where there are any specialized educational opportunities) has resulted in blind people being cut to

a pattern. If it is easy to recognize a graduate of Harvard or Oxford, it is even simpler to identify a blind person who has been through the mill of institution routine. By and large he is afraid to attempt anything which does not come within the narrow compass of his learning. The outstanding exceptions make the general application of the rule more absolute.

Consequently, when he reaches the age limit or finishes school, the young blind man is wholly unprepared to associate with seeing people. They are strangers to him, and because the stamp of the institution is so unmistakable, even his family and old friends are apt to find him a little "queer." Soon he seeks out the local workshop where other blind people herd together and there he begins caning chairs and weaving baskets. Now he feels more sure of himself. He is among his own kind.

The problem of eliminating this fear complex in many of its students is most difficult for The Seeing Eye. Records on file at Morristown describe case after case where months and years of persistent effort have been expended to build up sufficient courage in a promising blind person before he has finally enrolled, hopeful, but still afraid.

WHAT can a blind person get out of life? Is the dog guide the only road to happiness? Not even the Seeing Eye people claim that. What anyone gets out of life depends on the individual, whether he has eyes or not. The fingers of a sensitive blind person can reveal to him the beauty of sculpture, if not of painting; his ears are enough for the theatre, movies, music, the radio; Braille brings literature to his finger tips. How about Clinton Russell, the blind man who shoots a round of golf in less than 82?

Last winter I sat almost next to Helen Keller in a theatre where Ruth Draper was appearing. Anyone who has seen Miss Draper's monologue characterizations knows that she gets her greatest effects through slight gestures, through facial expression and with revealing words which may be no more than bits of conversation. The movement of her arm may indicate a stage full of people, if you see the movement. If not you may miss the point.

Miss Keller never missed a point. With her secretary telegraphing the words and action into the palm of her hand with machine gun rapidity, Miss Keller smiled at humor, sympathized with sorrow, her face continuously alive with interest. Yet to her eyes and ears the room was empty of everything save black silence.

We were in the first row and separated from the orchestra pit by a brass railing. During the intermission the orchestra played and Miss Keller kept one hand on the railing to pick up the vibrations. With her other hand she beat time in perfect rhythm with the music.

After Miss Draper had finished her performance, I went backstage to offer my congratulations. Miss Keller was there being introduced. Tapping a steady tattoo into the palm of her secretary, who interpreted orally, Miss Keller described the scenes she had most enjoyed. If she missed anything in them, then so did the rest of us.

Helen Keller is exceptional, of course. But a few months ago I looked in on one of the many artistic "little theatres" which come to life each year in Connecticut's summer colonies. As part of the entertainment a one act play was given by amateur actors. It was one of those average performances such as you might see anywhere. Nothing brilliant, yet it was done with an easy confidence which is sometimes lacking in seasoned troupers. When the curtain dropped there was a round or two of honest applause and the usual curtain calls. Few in the audience knew until after the lights went up, and we were told—and some refused to believe even then—that three of the four actors in the play were blind.

Those blind people certainly were getting something out of life. I learned, on inquiry, that they did not have Seeing Eye dogs though they hoped some day to get them. Certainly from my observations their chances for real happiness will be infinitely greater with a dog guide than without one.

And now, one more story.

The unusual devotion and consideration which Seeing Eye dogs show for their blind masters have prompted many to inquire whether or not the dogs know that the men and women they guide are blind. Do they somehow recognize and respect a difference between people with eyesight and those who cannot see? The Seeing Eye can't answer this. Yet it is a fact that around the house where the dogs do not guide their masters, they will invariably step aside to permit a blind man to pass, though at the approach of a seeing person they will remain where they are without the slightest concern at being bumped into or stepped on.

THE inimitable Alexander Woollcott has told an interesting tale about Buddy, the pioneer Seeing Eye dog in America. As Mr. Woollcott tells it, Buddy's blind master, Morris Frank, was giving a lecture on The Seeing Eye one afternoon at which a number of blind people were present. When Mr. Frank had finished, Buddy guided him off the platform and started toward the rear of the auditorium. As the two of them walked up the narrow aisle many hands reached out to give Buddy an affectionate pat. Every so often Buddy slowed down almost imperceptibly and licked one of the outstretched hands. And, swears Mr. Woollcott, in every case the hand which Buddy licked was the hand of a person who was blind.



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