

# The Elks

*Magazine*



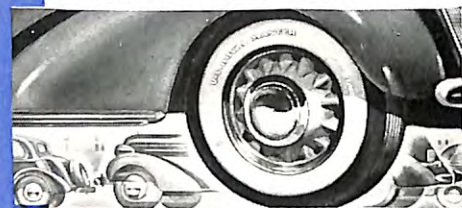
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"Spring comes slowly up this way" - Coleridge





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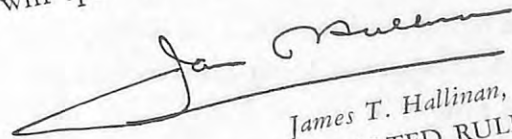
# A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler

My Brothers:

During the recent weeks many sections of our country have been visited with calamitous floods and tornadoes, resulting in serious distress and loss of life and property. The call for relief from these communities found immediate response from our Elks National Foundation, which made generous contributions to the communities affected. This was augmented by State Associations and many subordinate Lodges, who, in addition to making contributions, threw open their Homes, affording shelter, food, and clothing to the needy. This, again, is evidence of the fine humanitarian and charitable spirit of our Fraternity. To those who have been so generous, including the Elks National Foundation, I take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation and gratitude.

Each subordinate Lodge of our Order is an important cog in our machinery. For that reason the Grand Lodge has provided that each subordinate Lodge shall be officially represented at the Annual Convention, which this year will be held in the beautiful city of Los Angeles in the month of July. No Lodge should permit this Convention to pass without representation by their Exalted Ruler, who will be called in conference by the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler to exchange views and to adopt a program that will mean much for our success and progress during the coming year.

Many of our Lodges are organizing Convention Tours for Elks, their families and friends. This will not only give them an opportunity to enjoy our beautiful country en route to the Convention city, but it will also enable our Brothers to attend the Convention, and to there gain inspiration which will spur them on to greater effort in behalf of our Order,



James T. Hallinan,  
GRAND EXALTED RULER



# The Elks Magazine

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

To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken

the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . .”—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

JOSEPH T. FANNING  
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J. J. A. McGuinness  
Comptroller

## MAY 1936

### This Month

ON the cover this month you see the second in a series of four seasonal cover designs drawn by Ronald McLeod. It is a peculiarly apt subject for this time of the year.

John McKenney contributes a story entitled "A Gentleman's Profession,"

which lets us in on some of the problems of steeplechase riding. Paul Brown, internationally known for his knowledge of racing and horse anatomy, drew the pencil sketches that illustrate the story.

Our second story is a saga of the California gold rush days by Bill Adams, handsomely illustrated by Francis.

Charles Spencer Hart once more offers

us an excellent article in his "Forgotten Men of History" series. This one is called "A Mass for MacGahan." The illustrations are by Harold Von Schmidt who has painted the pictures for all of these articles.

On page 10 appears another excellent short story by Fergus Ferguson, a frequent contributor to these pages.

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forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.





by John McKenney  
Illustrated by Paul Brown

I STOOD waiting in a southern railway station that was big, and smoky and empty saving the presence of a few ebony-hued red caps. It was exactly twelve o'clock when, panting mightily, in pretended apology for not-unusual lateness, the southbound hove into view. As I stood frowning upon the incoming stream of passengers, looking here and there for the snub-nosed, be-ribboned little sister of Charlie Vaughan, a smart and extremely goodlooking girl stepped through the cavernous iron gateway, looked me square in the eye, and said, "Hi, Billy Ryan, don't you know me?"

"Pardon," I stammered, "Charlie only said that his obnoxious young brat of a sister was on her way south and asked me to pick her up. I wasn't expecting Miss Venus herself."

"You damned rascal," she grinned, tucking her arm through mine. "I'll have to forgive you after that speech, and you know it. You really did come to meet me, didn't you?"

"Why?" I asked, "Were you expecting to be kidnaped?"

"Just wanted to be sure," she said, as we walked toward the waiting automobile, followed by her squad of porters. "I've seen you ride in the Maryland, the Vir-

ginia Gold Cup, and the Meadowbrook. Now here I am at last with the hero of my dreams in the sunny south. Romantic, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "if you don't mind my long grey beard."

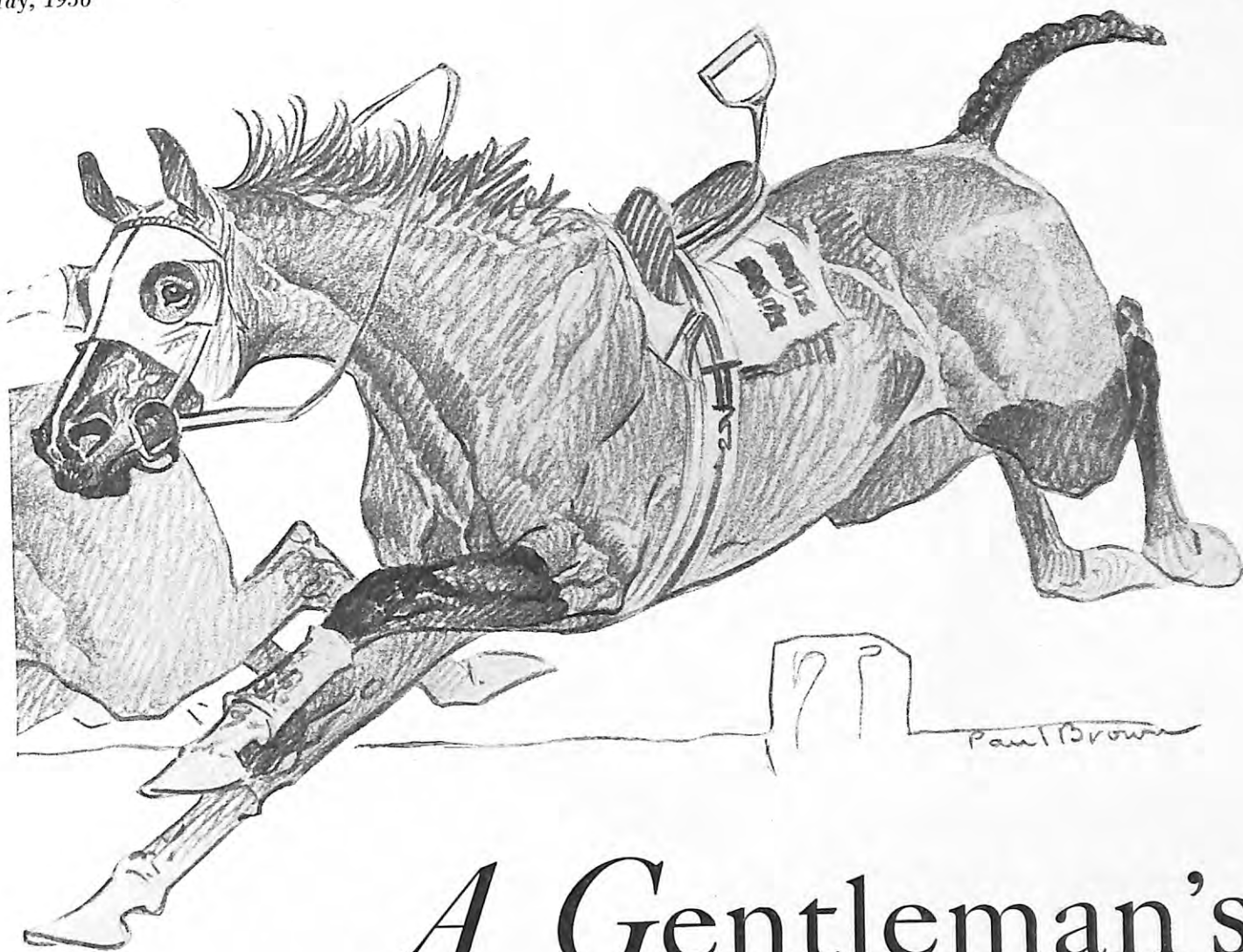
Then we were in the open air, with porters stowing luggage in the rear of the car, grinning and bowing for tips. She was beautiful in the warm sunlight that touched her hair with gold and heightened her loveliness. Her voice was golden, too, a rich and pleasing sound that made me think of moonlit summer nights and stars. The Carolina countryside flitted past, marvelous sandy going, pine trees tapped for turpentine, and an occasional contented darky, riding mule-back, who tipped a battered hat respectfully as we swept past.

"You are riding Escape in Camden, I suppose," she said after a bit.

"I am not," I answered. "I have quit racing. My horses are let to grass, my silks are dusting cloths, my plate has been hammered into mashies and my trophies into niblicks. I have seen the error of my ways."

"That explains the unbecoming plus-fours," she sniffed, adding, "someone should have told you, my dear, that the spindly shanks of horsemen are more attractive when incased in leather."





# A Gentleman's Profession

I was rather proud of the way my legs filled a stocking, and stretched them for approval. She was evidently out of sympathy with my uncavalierly state. Against better judgment I started to elaborate.

"Still," I went on, "life has much to offer by way of diversion, for I manage to play respectable golf and, with the assistance of an excellent partner, fair tennis. Besides, of course, there is horseback riding."

"Horseback riding?" she asked, as if the sound of the word offended. "Somehow or other it doesn't seem to click. What do you mean, horseback riding?"

"That," I told her, "is a mild exercise for ladies who wear tight breeches and gentlemen who have shaken their nerves over fences."

She looked at my shiny, new clubs in the leather bag that smelled unmistakably of the shop.

"Swords with which I intend to conquer hitherto untrodden fields," I assured her. "Rapiers that will win me honor in a new land."

"Such absurd drivel! And what, may I ask, do your friends think of this childish asininity?"

"They advise me to offer my thrice-broken bones again upon the altar of chance. Some have been so unkind as to hint faint-heartedness."

"Then why don't you listen to reason?" she asked. "They can't all be wrong, you know."

"My darling child," I said, "I have willingly risked my one and only neck for fifteen of my thirty-one years. Three short weeks ago I decided to retire. At present I am on a vacation that I assure you has been earned, and although I shall be delighted to watch the racing from the top of your respected uncle's coach, I shall take no part whatever in the sport."

She looked at me queerly for a long moment.

"So you've lost your nerve at last," she taunted.

"Not on your life," I answered. "It's as good as ever."

"And you think you can still take it?"

"Like a Spartan," I replied.

"Then prepare to receive," she added grimly, "for I am going to give you a chance to prove it."

I laughed. "Within a week," I told her, "we'll be putting together on the green."

"Not while there's an unbroken bone in my body. I came south for racing."

"How nice for Harry," I teased. "He's here for the same reason and will thank me no end for an introduction." (I had no intention of performing that ceremony.)





Marsh Hare made a gal-  
lant effort, futile at the  
pace, and they crashed  
to the ground together

We were passing a polo field on the right. She watched the clever ponies turn and gallop after the flying ball before answering. It was a stirring sight and a bit of a race in itself as they stretched away over the level field with the sun shining on their bright quarters.

"Harry," she asked finally. "Who's he?"

"Harry Worthington, to be sure, New York's most palatable pill. Very handsome. Racing, yachts, polo and an Irish stable lad, who buys the horses with a strapping big rake-off to himself."

"Perhaps I'll thank you too," she murmured sweetly, and we dropped the subject.

In Carolina they start thinking horses at an early age and continue to do so long after maturity, and Camden in February is the horseman's Mecca. Outside the small village there are miles of connecting bridle paths, cut through fragrant woods. There are polo fields and race courses, and the sandy going is soft and sound when the frozen gallops of the north are concrete hard. At Camden in the springtime, young riders and old trainers devote themselves wholeheartedly to fitting high-strung charges for spring meetings farther north.

The town hums with morning activity and the stables are awake by daybreak. Grooms are hissing and strapping their pampered charges alive with the tingle of careful training and the urge of forty pound oats. Shrill whinnings and soft stampings come from the

direction of the stalls, with the slithering slide of hay against the walls at feeding time—seductive music to the ear of a horseman.

It was good to be back again after that month at Placid—to smell the leather, saddle soap and fragrant hay odors, to watch a super-sensitive racer shrink, with shuddering, elastic muscles, from the icy touch of cold leather in the morning. To hear at night a well remembered voice tell how Flight Captain had gone a fast work that day or Grey Bard had shirked his fences in the morning. These people lived for horses and loved the game devotedly.

There was Caroline's cousin, Bobby Lane down from the Greenspring, taking precious time from business to watch a five-year-old son of McGee who anyone with half an eye could have told him would never finish in the first ten. And Price Elliott, tiny hercules of a man, who rode fifty races a season and was as hard and fit as nails. And the Pittsburgh millionaire, MacMullen, who once, so the story went, tried to buy his own hunter from a groom in Hartford County—and his pretty daughter whom everyone pitied.

After an early cup of coffee next morning, I jogged out to see the schooling, and there was Caroline, in jodphurs and an old tweed coat, perched atop a seventeen hand hunter, talking to Harry Worthington. They were watching my old ride, Escape, slide smoothly round the course, going steadily, as a gentleman should

At my cheery greeting, (Continued on page 54)



# A Mass for MacGahan

by Charles Spencer Hart

**B**ACK from the flowing "Blue Danube"—which is a muddy brown, by the way—among the farms on the mountains and in the valleys of Bulgaria, groups of peasants gather nightly.

Around their camp fires voices are lifted in crude song and story. The tales of demons—the "Samila," the "Ljuda" and the "Lamia" have been told and retold to their children for generations. The traveler today, were he conversant with the language, would be vastly surprised to find that the most interesting poems and stories are those told about a farm lad from Ohio who restored the liberty and independence of Bulgaria, lost to the Turks for five hundred years!

Mightier by far than the million curved scimitars of

the Turkish hordes, the pen of this Titan of war correspondents—J. A. MacGahan—carved out the freedom of this land for the peasants, long under the cruel oppression of the Ottoman.

Praises of this young Ohioan—he was but 34 at his premature death—are raised in song and memorial wherever Bulgars gather, and the anniversary of his birth is still commemorated by them.

In life, he rode through their villages with hordes of Bulgars kissing his hand and hailing him as their savior. He was even suggested as King and Ruler of their country, the freedom of which his news dispatches had made possible. The hearts of men and nations were touched by this American's vivid descriptions of the



MacGahan went, accompanied by two interpreters, into a strange desert country chased for nine hundred miles by Cossack horsemen



Prison was MacGahan's lot when the Versailles troops took Paris.—Incidentally in the center of that portion of the picture printed on this page there is an excellent portrait of the brilliant Ohioan painted by Harold Von Schmidt from an old photograph in the possession of Mr. MacGahan's son

atrocities of the Turks against the Balkan peasants and the result was the fall of a British Ministry which supported the Turk against the "Bear that walks on two legs." Popular indignation in England, attested by hundreds of mass meetings, opened the way for the entry of the Russian Army into the field and the freedom of Bulgaria from the "unspeakable Turk" was finally accomplished by the victorious Russian forces. It was the Czar's armies which did the field work but it was J. A. MacGahan's pen which put that army into the field.

However, important as was this Irish-American lad's services to Bulgaria in 1876 and through it the future of Europe, his other services to world history are equally notable. In a few short years, from 1870 to 1878, he "covered" and interpreted the "Virginus" affair in Cuba, the Carlist uprising in Spain and the Franco-Prussian War. Moreover, he was the only American newsman at the Paris Commune, and sole correspondent with the Pandora expedition to the North Pole.

He died at Constantinople while engaged in nursing another newsman and was buried there. Six years later his body was brought back on an American warship for burial at his home in Ohio, a unique procedure in the history of America.

The consensus of opinion of other war correspondents of the period was that he was by far the best of them all. This Irishman, member of an eagle's brood, feared nothing but inaction and rightly belonged to Marco Polo's Clan. In writing, gathering news and an uncanny ability to get places under astoundingly difficult conditions he excelled them all. Through sheer personality he won the esteem and confidence of great commanders and though he never abused it, this confidence naturally gave him an insight into military plans. He frequently made suggestions which the High Command found invaluable.

The term "Cossack correspondent," the "will-o'-the-wisp-of-war-writers" and similar titles made him the idol of such men as George Augusta Sala, Archibald Forbes, Bullard and others of his time. He was the Admirable Crichton of the newspaper guild, master of nine languages, a superb horseman and a crack shot.

He moved so fast that not even the famed Cossack raiders of the Don could catch him when he rode hundreds of miles through the deserts of Central Asia in pursuit of the Russian Army and wandered amid perils that had stopped several scouting expeditions of the Russian staff. His book, "Campaigning on the Oxus," describing his experience, is high in literary value and a classic of adventure.

The methods of war correspondents in his time were more perilous and personal than in our modern day of wireless and other swift means of communication. Latterday armies do not wish their moves recounted so quickly, thus giving immediate information to the enemy. MacGahan and his kind had no muffer on their stuff; their job was to get the news, write it and send it back to their papers as quickly as possible.

Publicity is the greatest agency for the cause of peace; its use in the case of Bulgaria was a world benefaction, but the world in general has almost for-



I L L U S T R A T E D

gotten its association with the name of J. A. MacGahan—scholar, linguist, traveler, shrewd observer, politician and powerful writer of telling phrase.

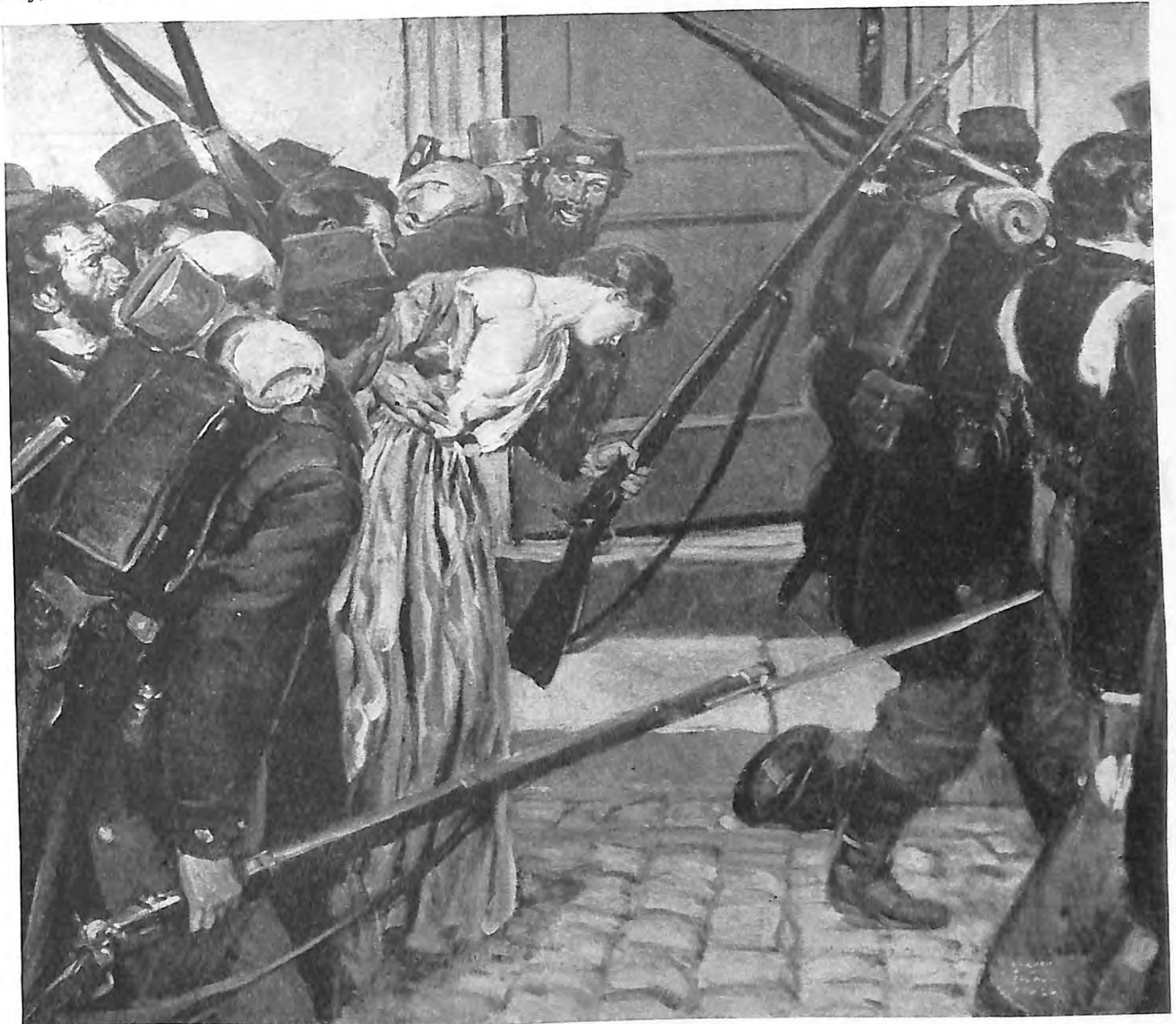
This lad of the Ohio farm would have laughed had any such career been predicted for him.

He first saw the light of day on June 12, 1844. That light faded for him in Turkey on the 9th of June, 1878, only a scant 34 years later. But what he had seen and told in those short years made history, and most of it condensed in the last eight years of his life, for he did not start his career as a foreign correspondent until 1870.

He had been christened Januarius Aloysius MacGahan. His mother was left widowed when he was seven and she spent the little money left her on his education. The boy grew up to hate oppression in all forms, a likely and an understandable Irish feeling. The father had come from Ireland to Ohio and no doubt the lad heard many a lecture concerning the injustices laid upon Old Erin's head, which has ever remained bloody but unbowed. He wanted to teach school and did for a brief time at Huntington, Indiana, then St. Louis.

When but three years past his majority, he went to Brussels, where he studied law. For some time he





B Y H A R O L D V O N S C H M I D T

lived in Germany and France, where he acquired languages. He was at work in Brussels when Louis Napoleon declared war on Prussia. A representative of the New York *Herald* came to Brussels and MacGahan asked to be taken on. He was accepted and, as is often the case, he soon began to "scoop" the field.

He joined the headquarters of the Algerian hero Bourbaki, who was in command of the Army of the Soire, and accompanied him on his disastrous retreat to Switzerland after the defeat by the Prussians at Belfort. Then to Bordeaux where he wrote a series of letters and interviews with the leading statesmen of France.

Then Lady Luck dealt him a master hand for he returned to Paris on the memorable day of the attack of Montmartre in 1871. Following a regiment along the streets one day during this critical period in French history he found himself to be the only reporter present at the opening of the Commune!

His courage, tact and industry made him famous in the city and his graphic reports to the *Herald*, increased his fame in America.

Prison was his lot when the Versailles troops took Paris. Because of his known friendship for the Pole, Dombrowski, he was in peril of his life as a friend

of that great champion of the common people. He was denounced on many sides and several times nearly paid for his devoted friendship with his life. Now the guillotine awaited him!

The American Ambassador, Washburne, the only foreign diplomat who remained in Paris through the siege, intervened and saved his life.

After the Commune, MacGahan wandered over Europe penning his vivid tales of what was what and where it was and what it meant.

He went to the Crimea and stayed at the summer palace of the Czar. Here he met his future wife, a beautiful young girl of the Russian nobility, and thus began his intense interest in the Russian people and the cementing of friendships which were to mean so much to him and the world when unhappy Bulgaria needed his services.

Russians liked this breezy, handsome, red bearded young man with the virile pen. He had just been through the war in France and Russians were much interested in his experiences. He had the misfortune to break his ankle while in Yalta and his bedroom for weeks was the headquarters of the most interesting group in that Crimean summer palace. When the summer was over it was natural that (Continued on page 42)

# Weighed and Found Wanting

DOC BRADY, fight manager, knew he was dealing with a bunch of crooks but he didn't know half of what he was up against until the night before the fight for the light-weight championship. Then he turned from the telephone and knew the answer as if it had been shouted at him.

"Matty Cocoran's gangs had a tip from the inside," he said to Squawk Dole. "They're wise to the fact that Gaines is overweight and that every minute counts with us in getting him down."

"How do you know they know?" Doc nodded at the telephone.

"The commissioners phoned," he said, set-faced, "Gaines is to weigh in at ten in the morning."

Squawk let his cigar go out. "Tomorrow morning!" he gulped. "Weigh in on the morning of the fight. But that ain't never done!"

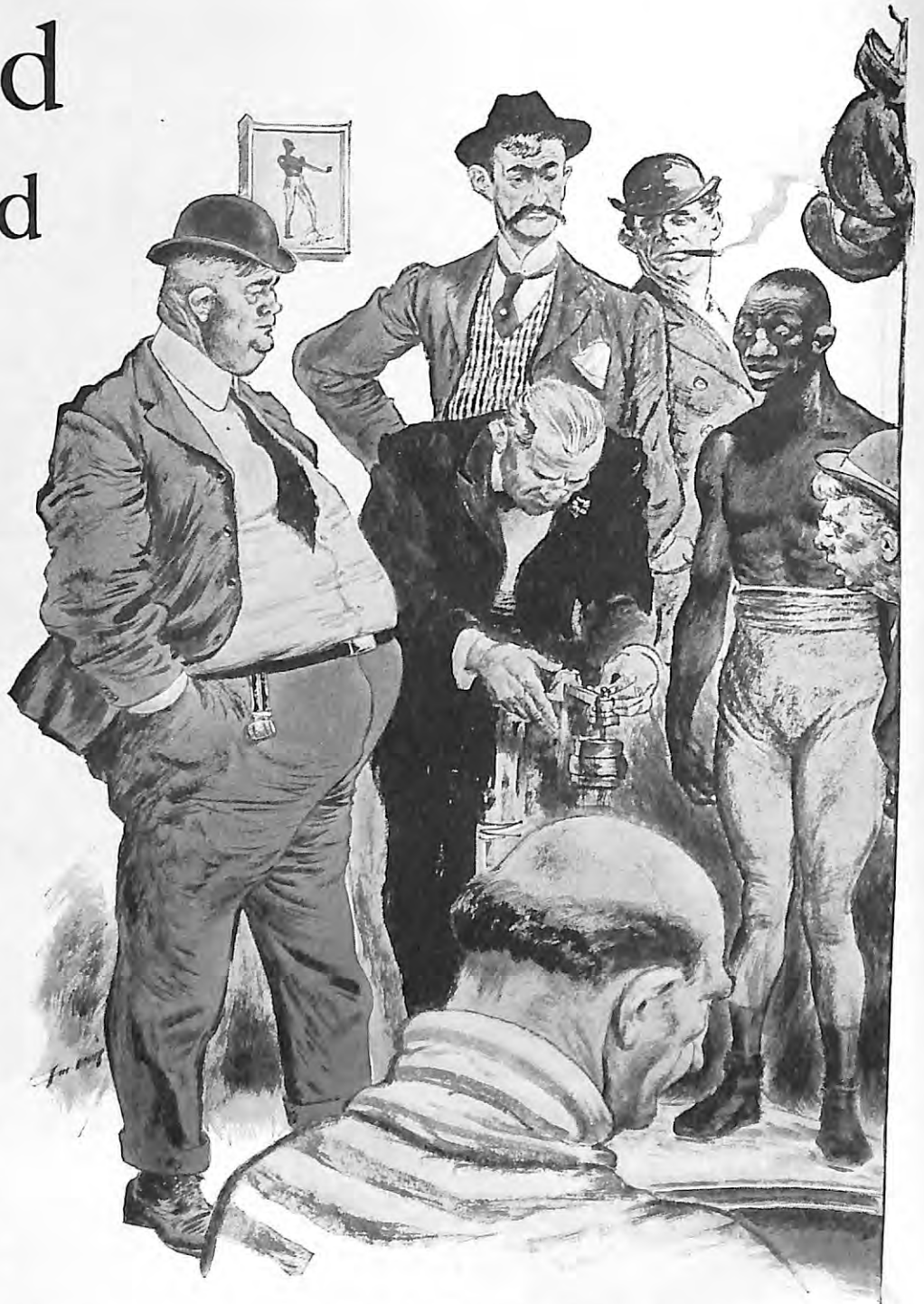
"It's being done this trip," said Doc grimly. "They know we gotta get five pounds off Gaines tonight and they think they've got us where they want us."

Squawk swallowed hard. "He's got to get down to 135," he said, thinking it over, "by ten tomorrow or you lose a five thousand buck forfeit."

"And the championship. They know we've got that fight in the bag," Doc said, "and they've reached the commissioners."

"The dirty rats!" breathed Squawk, huddling in his chair, clearing his throat.

They sat and gazed at the floor. This was serious, it might be their finish. Gaines was inclined to overweight and had taken a beating in getting down to his present weight of one hundred and forty solid pounds. Doc was shaving things fine but he had known he could get his man down to the championship limit by three the next day which was when the weighing-in had been originally scheduled. But not by ten—no, ten was a different matter. Tough going to get five pounds off a fighter who was at razor edge, in less than twelve hours. Not so tough if they could put Gaines in a turkish bath. But that could not be done, not in the Boston of twenty-five or thirty years ago, with Joe Gaines as black as the ace of spades. For that was their difficulty: they had a Negro fighter, the pride of his race but not the pride of any turkish bath in the city of the Cabots.



That was why Doc sat and chewed his cigar. He was a shrewd manager, shrewd as they come, but this time Squawk did not like to look at him. He liked and respected Doc and he thought Doc was licked.

Presently Doc looked up. "Well," he said, rising. "Guess I'm kind of in need of some outside aid myself. Perhaps I can't get Gaines into a bath but I suppose I can still get myself in."

Squawk stared, his jaw dropping. "That all you going to do?" he asked, awed. "You got a championship on the skids and five grand and all you can do is go get you a rub-down!" He watched Doc put on his hat. "It's as good a thing as any," said Doc without rancor. "My bones ache. Al Dickson, over at the College Baths, is an old side-kick of mine."

They went down to the street. Squawk, never brainy, was thinking overtime. "Sa-ay," he brought out at last, "if you think for one minute you can get Gaines into the College Club you're bughouse. Joe Gaines," he

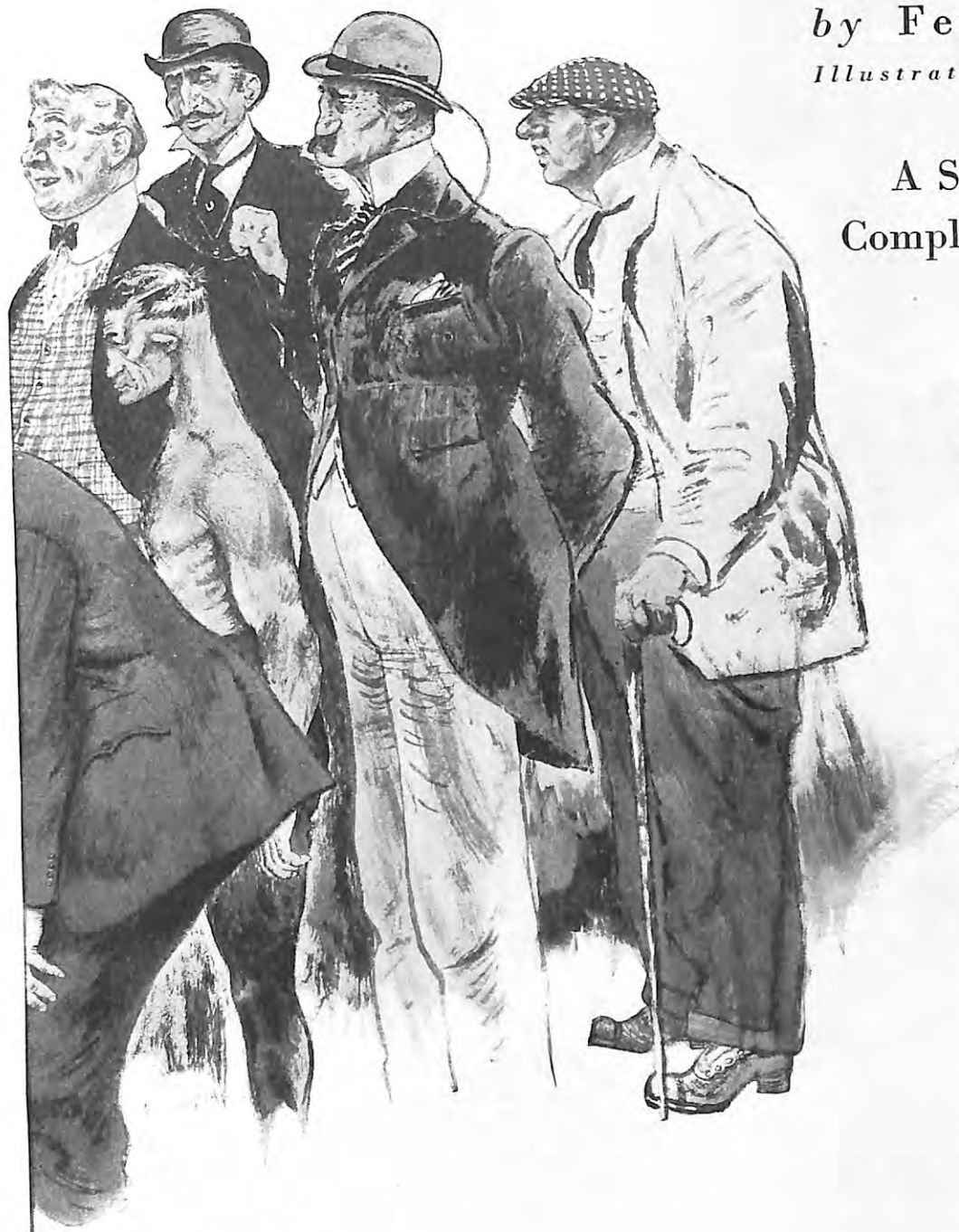


by Fergus Ferguson

Illustrations by Floyd Davis

## A Short Short Story

Complete on These Pages



well it might be there, for Joe, who last night had weighed one hundred and forty, as the gang well knew, now got on the scale and tipped the beam at one hundred and thirty-four and a half.

The thing couldn't be. And yet it was.

Doc looked around at the glowering, astounded faces. "Well, see you all tonight," he said cheerfully to the champion and his manager. "Afraid you won't go many rounds, Matty," he said. "Gaines is traveling pretty light this morning but he'll be heavier by night. Glad we weighed in this morning. Gives us all day to get him in shape. Come along, Joe, what you need is a four-inch steak."

And when the fight was over that evening and Joe Gaines was the new champion, Squawk regarded Doc with the same look he had worn when they parted the night before.

"Nothing to it," said Doc airily.

Squawk blinked. "No, not a thing," he said sarcastically. "Not a thing. A cinch to take five pounds off a trained-down fighter in less than twelve hours. Sure, nothing to it at all. And who cares about a championship and a hundred grand!"

"All a cinch," said Mr. Brady. "I knew that, from the minute I thought about the College Club."

Squawk looked side-long and bitterly at Doc Brady. Doc was the slickest guy he'd ever known, but he wasn't *that* slick. "Listen, Doc," he said disgustedly. "Don't try to kid me. Dickson never let that black boy in his holy of holies. Not if he still had his wits." He waved a sardonic hand at the manager. "I know that dump," he said. "It's full every night of all the aristocrats of Boston, and Dickson wouldn't let Joe in there if the place was empty."

"It wasn't empty last night," said Doc. "If anything, it was a bit more crowded than usual. I was there. I thought the walls needed cleaning in the hot room. I spoke of it to Dickson. He agreed with me. He thought it looked like a good idea to have them wiped down."

Squawk's hand slowly came down with his cigar. His chair creaked and he sucked air through his teeth.

Doc nodded contentedly. "There was a black boy," he said, blowing a perfect smoke ring, "there was a black boy working on those hot room walls most of the night."

jeered, "black boy from Harlem steaming himself with the cod-fish and the fancy bluebloods of the Back Bay!"

Doc looked him over. "Who said anything about getting him in there?" he said. "I'm licked, ain't I? And I'm going to need all the rest I can get. Well, so long."

Doc went on to the College Club and saw his friend Al Dickson. They talked for a while and Doc left. "I'll be back about midnight, then," he said, "for the works."

At midnight he was in the hot room, swabbing his head with cold towels, drinking ice water, gazing around amiably at the dozen men who were there working off high-class fat and high-class weariness in the most exclusive club in Boston.

"So," said Doc after a time, and having had his plunge in the pool, went into the rest room as if he had not a care in the world, and there, a peaceful smile on his face, slept on one of the cots the sleep of the just.

That peaceful smile remained the next morning when he took the shining Joe Gaines to be weighed in. And



**L**ONG before Marshall found gold in California there were rumors. It was by chance that rumor came to Eben Frey. In a way it had naught to do with his travels. Yet also it had. For it was a dream started him, and had it not been for the rumor no dream would have been.

Eben was tall and gawky-looking. His big blue eyes were solemn. He looked drab, lifeless: looked just what he was. A dry-as-dust clerk who spent his days poring over accounts in the stuffy office of a New York merchant. You could see ships' spars from the window, see sails hung to dry. They meant nothing to Eben. He'd never had an adventure in his life; never thought of adventure.

It wasn't account books, nor dull routine, nor the merchant's oft-voiced complaints at his slowness, that troubled Eben. It was girls. Girls made his life miserable; giggling at sight of his simple face, because they couldn't help it. He'd never spoken to a girl. He wouldn't have dared. He lived in fear of them. Did he see one coming, he'd cross the street to avoid her. Did he meet one, he'd go turkey-red.

Leaving the office one evening, the merchant tossed Eben a letter, saying, "Look it over. In the morning tell me what it's all about." Next morning he asked, "That letter, Frey? What was it?"

"It was from—" began Eben; and at once the merchant said, "I know who it was from. You're so eternal slow. When a wheel spins the





# The Dream

by Bill Adams

Illustrated by Francis

spokes have to spin with it. You're too slow a spoke to spin with any fast-revolving wheel. What does that fool brother of mine say?"

"He says he met a man who'd met a man who met a man who had a little sack filled with gold nuggets," replied Eben.

"He'd say a fool thing like that," said the merchant. "Does he say whiskey tastes any different in the west?"

"No, sir," replied Eben; and looking from the window the merchant said, "That ship leaves for California tomorrow. Came in a month ago. Brought hides, tallow, and a few barrels of whale oil. There's nothing in the west, unless it be a paradise for fools. Maybe you'd do well in the west, Frey!"

That night Eben dreamed he was emptying a little bag of gold into a girl's lap. He couldn't see her face, and was glad of it. She'd only have been laughing at him. He was glad to waken. He'd never dreamed of a girl before, and hoped he never would again. The days were bad enough. This day, being Sunday, was his own. He wandered, without purpose, to the waterfront and sat down on a bollard near which sailors were loading the last of her cargo into a ship. He was unaware of them. On his way to the waterfront he'd met a couple of girls arm in arm, and they'd giggled as they passed. He wished he were dead. And then suddenly a hand was on his shoulder, and he looked up into the face of the ship's mate. "Ye've a sour look, fellow. D'ye know figures?" said the mate.

"Yes, sir," replied Eben.

"Our supercargo's taken sick. Speak up man! If ye

don't want the billet another will. We go out right away. Are ye coming or not?" said the mate.

Eben heard himself say, "I'll come, sir." And he'd no sooner said it than he was wondering why he'd said it. But by then the mate had his arm and was leading him over the ship's gangway. In a maze, thinking it must be a dream, he let the mate lead him into the cabin; heard him say to the captain, "Here's a clerk fellow as knows figures, cap'n."

Looking up at Eben, the captain said, "There's no time for you to go for your dunnage. I can fit you out with all you'll need. You're coming, eh?"

Hesitantly, expecting to waken at any minute, Eben said, "I think so, sir."

"Quit thinking so much. Heaven help the man without a bit of gamble in him. Are you coming or not?" said the captain.

"Yes, sir," replied Eben, partly because the taunt in





*He seized a man, lifted him  
bodily, threw him into the mob*

the captain's words stung him; partly because he was sure it was all a dream.

"That's more like it," said the captain; then, followed by the mate, was gone; leaving Eben alone. He looked from an open port. The ship was gliding away from the wharf. In the crowd that had gathered to see her off were some girls. One of them, seeing his face framed in the port, spoke to another and Eben was aware that both were laughing. He turned away. It wasn't a dream. An incredible chance had come his way. There'd be no girls at sea. He hoped he'd never see one again.

For two days Eben was very seasick, and wished he could die. But on the third morning he felt better than ever he'd felt in his life; the way seasickness leaves

one. He went to the deck, and seeing him, the mate said, "Bully for you, my bucko! You've come to life, eh?" Sailors hauling on a rope nearby looked at him in friendly fashion. Everyone was friendly. Suddenly the whole world seemed different; and eager to answer friendliness with friendliness, he moved to the rope to help. But the mate said, "The supercargo don't have to do ship work, lad!"

"Let him learn if he wants to, mister," said the captain; then, turning to Eben, added, "A ship's like a woman. There's lots to learn." Eben reddened. The mate laughed, the captain eyed him curiously, as he went to the ropes. When they were tight he returned to the poop, where in a moment the mate joined him.

"What ye thinking of, lad?" asked the mate.

"Nothing, sir," replied Eben.

"I'll bet!" said the mate, grinning; and, at Eben's puzzled look, added, "Ye ain't got a gal ashore, eh? Well, ye take to a ship mighty quick. If one's in the blood so's t'other. Spanish gals in the west, lad. Fire in the eye!"

Saying nothing, Eben went turkey-red. Laughing, the mate said, "I'll teach ye all I know of a ship, lad. The rest ye'll come by yerself."

As days passed, the mate, teaching Eben the sails and rigging, the working of the ship, ceased to speak of girls. A man who "didn't give a cuss for gals" was beyond his understanding. So Eben knew peace at last and was content. In a couple of weeks you'd not have known him. His face was sun-tanned. His muscles were grown wiry. There was a spring in his walk. He was a different Eben. At times, unsure if he were awake or dreaming, he pinched himself.

When the ship met her first gale it was Eben who led the way aloft to furl the (Continued on page 46)





# Broadcast



At top are spread a covey of radio's current big shots.

Lawrence Tibbett, at left, can be heard practically any evening you can mention singing "The Road to Mandalay." Experimental research at the radio, the movies, the Metropolitan Opera House and in various other places convinces this Department that Mr. Tibbett's luxurious voice is not at its best over the mike. Next comes Miss Margaret Speaks, an interesting-looking girl with a clean soprano who sings and sings for W.E.A.F. Mondays at 8:30. Miss S. is the niece of Oley Speaks, the composer, many of whose works, such as "Sylvia," "Morning" and Mr. Tibbett's old trusty, "The Road to Mandalay," have almost become national anthems.

Walter Woolf King, top center, has got himself in these pages by playing the singing host on the CBS "Flying Red Horse Tavern," a handsomely staged broadcast which makes itself heard to a listening world via a W.A.B.C. network Friday evenings at eight. A new recruit to radio is Charles Hanson Towne, top right, the erstwhile metropolitan newspaper editor who, like A. Woolcott, is renowned for his pertinent anecdotes. He can be heard spouting cogent cracks on the CBS Air Show, produced on Thursday nights at eight.

Directly below these clever and attractive gentry reclines Priscilla Lane, the comedienne of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, who has a very trick delivery for her songs. Among her colleagues is one Poley McClintock, of the frog voice, whose picture we will publish at the drop of a hat.

At left, skulking behind what looks to us like a bed spring, is Marie DeVille, one of the dignified National Broadcasting Company's favorite contraltos and dramatic air actresses.

# Show BUSINESS

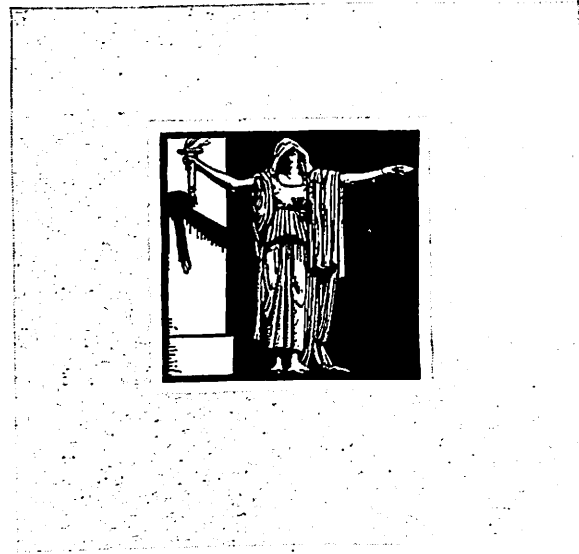
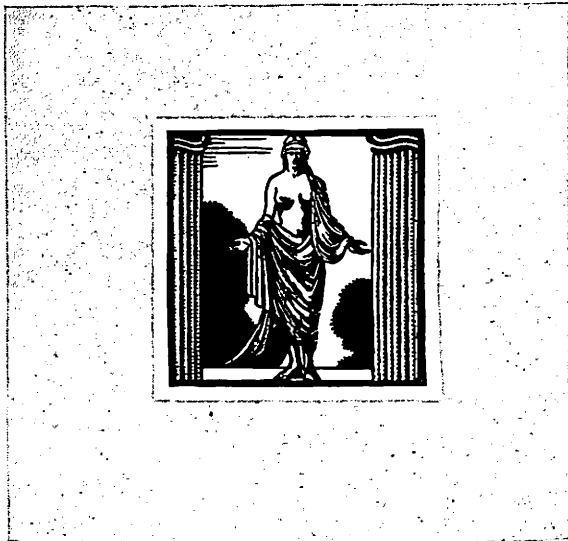






At top left on opposite page is Miss Peggy Conklin, who provides some of the season's gayest moments in a beguiling comedy of modern manners called "Co-Respondent Unknown." Below her, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne indulge in some deft repartee in the Theatre Guild's smartly dialogued comedy-drama, "Idiot's Delight," which clicks along brilliantly at the Shubert: Miss Fontanne's wig and accent, as a dubious Russian princess, are something to cause joy in any breast. At bottom, extreme left, Joe E. Brown, oddly attired, and Joan Blondell, have some fun in Warner Brothers' new picture, "Sons o' Guns." Below them are Alexander Grandison and Wendy Hiller who contribute some funny and some tragic moments in "Love on the Dole," an engrossing hit recently imported from London. Splitting across the page you see a desert scene of action and excitement in the current film, "Under Two Flags." Inset are Ronald Colman, seen often on these pages, and Herbert Mundin, who should be seen more.

Above at top left, Katharine Cornell enjoys one of the few light moments in a revival of G. B. Shaw's astonishing play, "Saint Joan," which is Miss Cornell's triumph for this season. The play has aroused endless discussion and could probably run for years, but won't. Top right, Warren William acts like a Times Square playboy in a Warner Brothers' cinema, known, oddly enough as "Times Square Playboy." Lower right; Jeanette MacDonald, Clark Gable and Al Shean, a strange conglomeration of folk, converse wittily in one of those scenes from M-G-M's "San Francisco." Miss MacDonald grows steadily more beautiful and becomes, movie by movie, an increasingly clever comedienne. At bottom center, Chester Morris and Helen Morgan, the Broadway canary, relish a tender moment in the movie made from the bawdy old ballad, "Frankie and Johnnie." Johnnie has apparently not yet done Frankie wrong.



# EDITORIAL

## Reread Memory's Page

**T**HE honors which are conferred upon those members of the Order who have been, and still are, serving it so efficiently, are in just recognition of the character and value of those services. The fraternal acclaim with which the members thus honored are received, whenever they appear among a group of Elks, is a just tribute to their loyalty and devotion.

It is a happy characteristic of Elks thus to display their appreciation of the leaders who perform such important parts in the making of our fraternal history. And the very natural gratification it affords to the recipients is a strong incentive to a continuance of their interest and their activities.

But it is also well for us, from time to time, to recall those stalwart figures who are no longer with us, but whose contributions to the growth and development of the Order should keep their memories enshrined in the hearts of all loyal Elks.

Meade D. Detweiler, the brilliant and forceful, who was for years and to the day of his death the acknowledged leader of the Fraternity; Jerome B. Fisher, whose wisdom and diplomacy played so large a part in healing the dissensions which for a time threatened to disrupt the Order; Henry A. Melvin, whose musical voice, alike in the songs of fellowship and in the true oratory with which he was gifted, always inspired his hearers to renewed fraternal devotion; Arthur C. Moreland, the blind editor, who did so much to establish and perpetuate the accurate record of the Order's early days; these, and many others whose names could be added, served the Order because they loved it and believed in its high mission. The influence of their ex-

amples and their labors still lives. The record of their contributions to the Order's fraternal achievements constitutes a bright page in its history.

It is good for us occasionally to recall these elder brothers who now live only in our memories, but who builded so well and so wisely upon the Order's structure. As the direct beneficiaries of their loving service, not only the present membership, many of whom knew them personally, but all future members, should keep their memories green and unfading and should occasionally renew their own fraternal enthusiasm by rereading the golden pages upon which their names and their services are indelibly inscribed.

## Mothers Day

**T**HE permissive celebration of Mothers Day by the subordinate Lodges has proved so popular in many Lodges of the Order that they have adopted it as a fixed annual event upon their respective calendars. The approach of the date for the formal observance of this occasion prompts the suggestion that those Lodges which have not heretofore celebrated it will find in it an opportunity for a most pleasing fraternal ceremonial.

It is true that there has been voiced some objection to this particular Lodge activity, on the ground that it tends to cheapen the sentiment involved by a public exploitation of what should be peculiarly personal and private. This objection, however, is obviously directed to the possible character of the observance rather than the occasion itself. A properly arranged program would meet this objection.

The real purpose of the celebration of Mothers Day, apart from the interesting features of the provided pro-





gram, is the stimulation of those in attendance to more adequate expressions of filial affection, which might otherwise be thoughtlessly overlooked or neglected. And since there is no mandatory ritual prescribed, the program may very effectively be arranged to accentuate this object.

The sentiment behind the observance of the occasion is so universally pervasive that its proper celebration should prove pleasing to the membership generally, and it is commended to the consideration of all the subordinate Lodges.

### The Los Angeles Convention

**L**OS ANGELES is a great convention city, especially for Elks. It has entertained the Grand Lodge several times and always with marked success. The experiences of the past give assurance of an unusual convention to be held in that city in July.

Los Angeles Lodge and the business interests of that city are arranging a program that will set a new record in distinctive features and in the entertainment of those in attendance, while the enthusiastic cooperation of the many near-by Lodges insures its success from a numerical standpoint as well as from that of fraternal contacts.

The climatic conditions in Los Angeles and adjacent coast resorts are ideal in July, and it is pleasing to contemplate a convention to be attended with assured physical comfort.

The San Diego Exposition and the numerous attractions of Southern California offer countless opportunities for side trips that will prove most enjoyable.

A number of delegations have already completed plans for their itineraries from eastern points. Since these require time and informed attention to be effectively carried out, it is suggested that the representatives of the subordinate Lodges, and other members who expect to attend, should make their arrangements promptly, in order to insure the maximum of enjoyment and benefit from the trip.

The fine spirit of optimism which pervades the whole Order will doubtless be reflected in a convention at Los Angeles that will prove to be the most successful ever held. This will depend, of course, upon the participation in the provided events by the various Lodges; and attention is called to the necessity of their timely attention to this.

### Tolerance and Brotherhood

**T**HROUGHOUT the country there have been recently held public gatherings in celebration of Brotherhood Day. In these meetings Jews, Catholics and Protestants have united for the purpose of creating in the community a better spirit of tolerance and understanding among those of differing religious creeds.

These occasions have been productive of much good in accentuating the many fundamentals upon which all are in accord and in building up a clearer appreciation of the fewer differences of opinion that may exist and the non-essential character of the questions to which they relate. The result has been the inspiration to a finer sense of real brotherhood.

This prompts the thought that every meeting of a Lodge of Elks is, in effect, such an observance of Brotherhood Day. While the subjects considered upon the formal occasions are not discussed in Lodge, the fraternal associations of the members of differing creeds inevitably tend to the same results.

Tolerance of the beliefs of others, a recognition of the many grounds of common interest, and the broad spirit of universal brotherhood, are the natural consequences of membership in our Order and the fraternal contacts incident thereto.

In this general sense every meeting of an Elks Lodge is a promotion of the true purposes of Brotherhood Day celebrations.

# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

AS reported in the partial account published in the April issue of *The Elks Magazine* of the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan to Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, one hundred new members were admitted to the Order in addition to 46 reinstatements. After the ceremonies an electric clock was presented to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain by Victor Spittler, one of the initiates, on behalf of the Class. Delegations were present from Topeka and Manhattan, Kans., Yankton, S. D., Atlantic, Fort Dodge and Council Bluffs, Ia., and Nebraska City, Lincoln, Fairbury, York, Grand Island, Columbus and Fremont, Neb., Lodges.

A recess was taken for a broadcast over KOIL and KFOR, with speeches by the Grand Lodge officers, and musical numbers given by the Omaha Elks Concert Band—winners of first prize at the Kansas City Grand Lodge Convention — directed by Ernest Nordin, Jr., and the Omaha Elks Glee Club directed by Walter A. Munson. A stag social and lunch were served in the ballroom and gymnasium later in the evening.

The Saturday program opened with a luncheon to the civic and fraternal organizations of Omaha. P.E.R. Dan B. Butler was Toastmaster. The speakers included Governor Roy L. Cochran who is a member of Omaha Lodge, Mayor Roy N. Towl, Bishop George A. Beecher of Hastings, former Chaplain of Omaha Lodge, and De Emmett Bradshaw, leader of Omaha's booster organization, Ak-Sar-Ben. Next followed a party for the children of Elks, who had been deprived of their Christmas party because of prevailing conditions. At 7:30 in the evening a fraternal jubilee was held in the Lodge room. A dance at 9:30 was the concluding event.

A State Meeting of the Exalted Rulers of the Lodges of Illinois took place at the Hotel Morrison in Chicago on Sunday, February 9. All of the Exalted Rulers in the State were guests of the Grand Exalted Ruler at luncheon and a mid-day meeting held for the purpose of exchange of constructive ideas and fraternal association. Judge Hallinan gave a real "pep" talk that delighted his hearers, and sent them all home with renewed enthusiasm, resolved to carry out to the best of their ability the various suggestions and plans offered at the meeting for the advancement of their individual Lodges and the benefit of the Order at large.

Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago; Grand Trustees Lloyd Maxwell, of Chicago, Chairman, and Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Secretary; and Judge Frank B. Leonard, of Champaign, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, attended. All of the District Deputies of Illinois were present, namely: Charles W. Stricklin, Murphysboro, H. C. Hardy, Mattoon, Bryan Cafery, Jerseyville, Charles W. Kurtz, Kankakee, John F. Strand, Monmouth, Franz A. Koehler, Des Plaines, and Philip H. Ward, Sterling.

OTHERS in attendance were F. J. Schrader, of Chicago, Assistant to Grand Secretary Masters; Bede Armstrong, of Waukegan, former Inter-Lodge Chairman; E.R.'s Ray C. Houtchens, Macomb, Jack L. C. Martin, Urbana, George Young, Moline, George A. Olson, Elmhurst,

Albert Paul Ansel, Elgin, Thomas F. O'Connor, Oak Park, T. J. Elkins, West Frankfort, A. I. Zeller, Chicago Heights, R. D. Davis, Springfield, H. A. Hattstrom, Evanston, A. P. Higgins, Decatur, Irving Eisenman, Chicago No. 4, C. R. Sundstrom, Blue Island, Paul Metzger, Lake Forest, D. T. Cloud, Jacksonville, W. M. Buchanan, Effingham, Everitt A. Stropes, Pekin, Dr. C. E. Duff, Lawrenceville, Victor L. Smith, Robinson, E. P. Allen, Clinton, Andrew O. Fox, Ottawa, A. M. Sargent, Lincoln, O. J. Ellingen, Mendota, W. C. O'Brien, Aurora, Irby V. Todd, Granite City, R. L. Earl, Champaign, George W. Bock, Mattoon, Lee Calhoun, Marion, Roy F. Dusenbury, Kankakee, William L. Callahan, Bloomington, Leonard H. Woods, Galesburg, Joseph B. Herman, Belleville, M. E. Holliday, Monmouth, Vernon Tredinnick, Kewanee, M. J. Henley representing G. C. Pritchett, Mount Carmel, Alfred J. Holtz, Rockford, Dr. Marcus M. Archer, Rock Island, Noel

*Below, top photograph: Judge Hallinan with San Bernardino, Calif., Elks, and at bottom, with Elks of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge*





P. Weaver, Chicago No. 1596, A. G. Klemp, Highland Park, Joseph J. Svoboda, Des Plaines, Fred S. Erbes, Belvidere, Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey, W. H. Wiard, De Kalb; P.E.R.'s Roy F. Cummins, Oak Park, and James O. Scott, Pontiac; Secy.'s Richard E. Duff, Waukegan, and Denham Harney, Jacksonville; Est. Lead. Knights William J. Crebs, Robinson, E. Moldaner, Highland Park, H. F. Walder, Dixon, Arthur H. Gunther, Chicago No. 4, R. W. Flock, Sterling, and R. A. Crawshaw, Murphysboro; William Hast, Ottawa, Frank Higgins, Oak Park, and R. L. Gordon, Urbana.

A reception and banquet were held in Judge Hallinan's honor on Tuesday, February 11, by the Massachusetts State Elks Association. The Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston was crowded with Elks who had come from every part of the State to pay homage to the Grand Exalted Ruler. The names of men who stand high in the Order appeared on the Committees. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson of Springfield Lodge was Toastmaster. The Invocation was given by State Chaplain Vincent F. Crowley of Boston Lodge and the Eleven O'Clock Toast by P.E.R. George Connors of Clinton Lodge. P.E.R. Thomas J. McCaffrey, Cambridge, acted as Floor Marshal, E.R. Edward F. Jones, Jr., Haverhill, as Assistant Floor Marshal, and E.R. Clyde E. Orcutt, Quincy, as Chief of Aides. Esteemed Leading Knights



Judge Hallinan before the fountain, at Mission Inn, California

of Massachusetts Lodges were Aides.

The invited guests were Judge Hallinan; Mr. Nicholson; Governor James M. Curley, Boston Lodge; Mayor Frederick W. Mansfield, Boston Lodge; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Springfield Lodge; Lieut.-Governor Joseph L. Hurley, Fall River Lodge; United States Dis-

trict Judge George C. Sweeney, Gardner Lodge; President of the State Senate James G. Moran, Taunton Lodge; Speaker of the House Leverett P. Saltonstall, Newton Lodge; Treasurer and Receiver General Charles F. Hurley, Cambridge Lodge; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Brookline Lodge; Michael J. Kelliher, Chairman Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, Brockton Lodge; Thomas J. Brady, member Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Brookline Lodge; Thomas H. Buckley, Auditor, Commonwealth of Massachusetts; Paul G. Kirk, Commissioner, Department of Public Safety; D.D.'s Frank D. Houlihan, Framingham Lodge, Joseph W. Meyers, Medford Lodge, Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop Lodge, and J. Bernard Boland, North Adams Lodge. The Exalted Ruler of every Lodge in Massachusetts was a member of the Reception Committee. Those serving on the Banquet Committee were: E.R. Dr. Patrick J. Foley, Boston Lodge, Chairman; P.E.R. Harold J. Field, Brookline, Secy.; State Treas., Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn Lodge, Treas.; State Pres. John E. Moynahan, Lowell Lodge; P.D.D.'s Richard A. Cantwell, Worcester Lodge, Ernest R. Torbet, Northampton Lodge, Patrick H. Garvey, Holyoke Lodge, and James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg Lodge; P.E.R. Thomas E. Killion, Brookline Lodge; John J. (Continued on page 35)

Below, top photograph: Judge Hallinan at the home of Richmond, Va., Lodge, where a large Hallinan-Harper Class was initiated; and at bottom, the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Annual Banquet of York, Pa., Lodge



# Under the Spreading Antlers

## *New Home Dedicated by Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge*

Pittsburg, Calif., Lodge, No. 1474, recently built and dedicated a handsome new Home at a cost of \$18,000. The handsome new structure is modern in every aspect of architecture, furnishing and equipment, and affords facilities for all the Lodge's business and social functions. The ground space and building plans allow for additions to the Home if ever required in the future.

District Deputy John R. Thornton, of Vallejo Lodge, conducted the Dedication. The chairs were filled by Past District Deputies as follows: Est. Lead. Knight, George M. Smith, San Jose, President of the Calif. State Elks Assn.; Est. Loyal Knight, Past State Pres. Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland; Est. Lect. Knight, Charles A. Redding, San Rafael; Esquire, Hugh H. Donovan, Pittsburg. A banquet at the Hotel Los Medanos for members and guests opened the celebration. After the dinner the members adjourned to Memorial Hall where a farewell toast to the old club rooms of the Lodge was given.

## *News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order*

After the official dedicatory rites, a special banquet was held honoring the high officials of the Order who were present at the ceremonies.

### *Virginia Initiates 470 Candidates in Hallinan-Harper Class*

Final and complete reports of the Hallinan-Harper Class, organized and initiated in the State of Virginia, show a total of 470 initiates and reinstatements.

Although in Virginia the Class was called the Hallinan-Harper Class, the new Elks, initiated in this group, are counted as a part of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class in honor of Judge Hallinan and the 68th Anniversary

of the Order. The organization of this group of new Elks created a great deal of enthusiasm throughout the State, awakening keen interest in the Order and its activities in every city where there is an Elk Lodge. Much credit for the successful achievement of this undertaking is given by Virginia Elks to Superintendent Robert A. Scott of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., for his advice and suggestions, and to J. A. Kline of Richmond Lodge, W. Camp Abbott of Newport News Lodge, and R. Chess McGhee, of Lynchburg Lodge, 1st, 2nd and 3rd Vice-Pres.'s of the State Assn.

### *Elks National Home Golf Club Holds Annual Meeting*

The regular annual meeting of the Elks National Home Golf Club at Bedford, Va., was held recently. Officers were elected and important business transacted. The meeting was attended by 36 members of the Club. The new officers are P. J. Mallott, Pres.; J. William Allen, Vice-Pres.; George Wolfe, Treas., and Nelson J. Galipeau, Secy. The

*Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan and prominent California Elks at the Home of Alameda, Calif., Lodge during one of his visits*

*Elks of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge during one of the Winter's severe snow storms*





Spring Tournament to be held by the Club is scheduled to take place this month and is highly anticipated.

**P.E.R. Arthur Palmer, of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, Succumbs**

The recent passing of P.E.R. Dr. Arthur H. Palmer, of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, brought sadness to his many friends and fellow members.

Dr. Palmer was a Charter and Life Member of Pasadena Lodge and its first Exalted Ruler. He was a Past District Deputy for Calif. S. Cent. Funeral services were conducted by the Lodge officers. Among those in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and Dr. Ralph Hagan, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Many Elks from all over Southern California attended the services. P.E.R. Clarence A. Kaighin delivered the eulogy.

**Georgia State Association Elks Meet**

State Pres. Walter E. Lee presided over the meeting held at Waycross, Ga., by the Executive Committee of the Ga. State Elks Assn. The following Lodges were represented: Atlanta, Columbus, Savannah, Macon, Waycross, Brunswick, Athens, Fitzgerald, Griffin and Douglas. Resolutions were adopted favoring the election of Governor David Sholtz, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler at the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles this coming July.

The annual convention of the Georgia State Elks Association is to be held this month—May 1-2-3—in the city of Columbus, Georgia.

**McPherson, Kans., Lodge Mourns P.E.R. J. A. Carlson**

McPherson, Kans., Lodge, No. 502, was saddened by the death of P.E.R. J. A. Carlson who died February 27.



On the occasion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, Governor David Sholtz and his all-Elk Cabinet attended. Seated, left to right: Judge Hallinan, Mr. Sholtz and W. H. Ellis, Supreme Court Justice. Standing, left to right: Nathan Mayo, Commissioner of Agriculture; J. M. Lee, State Comptroller; Cary D. Landis, Attorney General; W. S. Cawthon, Supt. Public Instruction; R. A. Gray, State Secretary; Rivers H. Buford, Supreme Court Justice, and W. V. Knott, State Treasurer

Mr. Carlson was one of the Lodge's most loved and respected members. At the time of his death he was serving as a member of the Board of Trustees. Funeral services and rites were conducted at the grave by the officers of McPherson Lodge.

**Tri-State Elks Association Holds Quarterly Meeting**

A highly successful quarterly meeting of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association was held in Frederickburg, Md., on March 1. At the conclusion of the business session the members and their ladies were guests of Frederickburg Lodge at a dinner at the Hotel Frederick.

During the business session several committees reported progress in their especial fields. One was the project to establish a summer camp

for underprivileged children in Frederick County. Plans were also presented for the annual Tri-State Convention which will be held in Annapolis on August 3-4-5.

The quarterly meeting was conducted by Pres. A. Guy Miller of Annapolis. Among the prominent Elks in attendance were D.D. John E. Lynch of Washington; Past State Pres. Alfred W. Gaver of Frederick; 1st State Vice-Pres. John J. Hafer of Frostburg; State Secy. R. Edward Dove of Annapolis; State Treas. Calvert K. Hartle of Hagerstown; Philip U. Gayaut of Washington, Chairman, and Nathan G. Dorsey of Frederick, E. Leister Mobley of Hagerstown and N. Bosley Hoffman of Towson, members of the State Board of Trustees. A number of Past District Deputies and Exalted Rulers of Lodges belonging to the Association were also present.

Buggies featured in a parade staged by Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge



Elks of West Palm Beach and other Florida Lodges at a recent important meeting in the West Palm Beach Home





Left: Members of Fergus Falls, Minn. Lodge who attended the banquet in celebration of the initiation of the Hallinan Class into the Order

Below: A committee of Elks from San Diego, Calif., Lodge who supervised a recent party, the success of which was a landmark in the Lodge's history

### Apollo, Pa., Lodge Mourns Two Prominent Members

Deep sorrow has been expressed by the members of Apollo, Pa., Lodge, No. 386, at the recent deaths of two of its most prominent members, Dr. Daniel Giles and Dr. J. C. Hunter. Both were life members of the Lodge.

At the time of his death Dr. Hunter was serving his 37th year as Esquire of Apollo Lodge. He was a Past Exalted Ruler, a Past District Deputy and a Past President of the Pennsylvania Central District.

### Secretary of Fulton, Ky., Lodge Passes Away

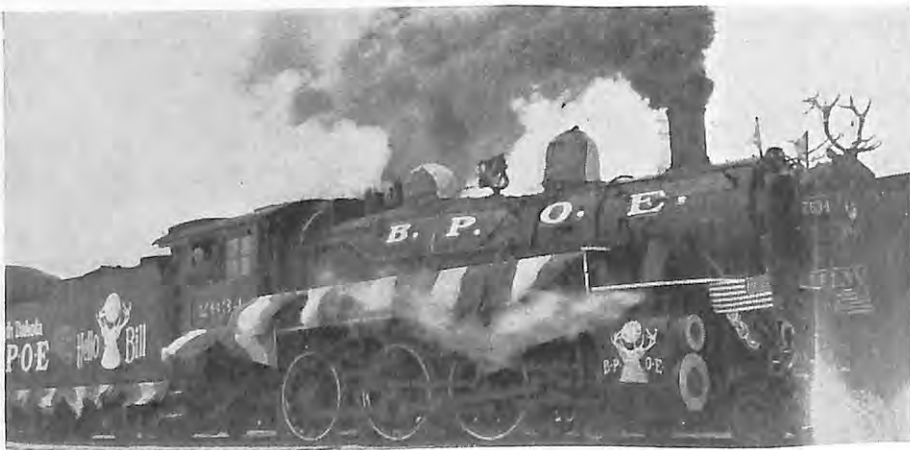
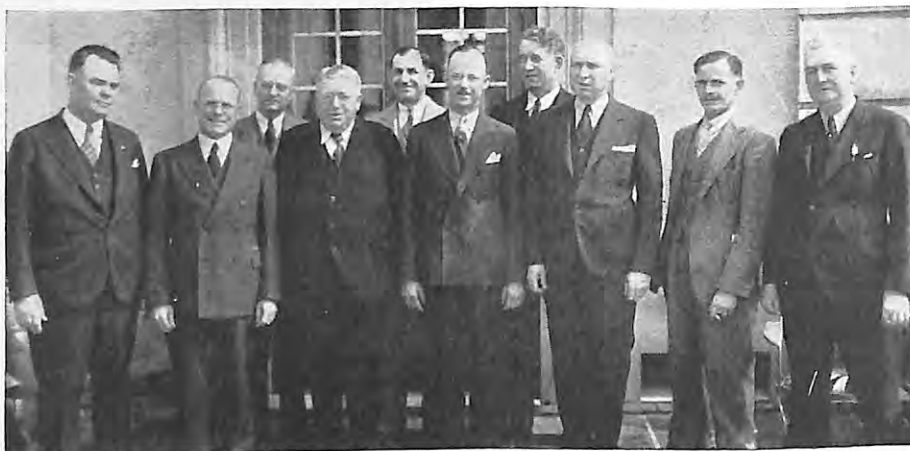
Fulton, Ky., Elks were deeply grieved at the passing of their Secretary, A. W. Morris, on February 18. Mr. Morris died suddenly after a heart attack. He had served Fulton Lodge, No. 1142, in the capacity of Secretary since June, 1935. Funeral services were held by Fulton Lodge at the Hornbeak Funeral Home.

### Arizona State Elks Association Holds Convention

The Arizona State Elks Association held its annual convention at Yuma, Ariz., on the 26th, 27th and 28th of March. One of the largest gatherings attended since its organization, more than 700 Elks registering. The Drill Team of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, arrived on Saturday, March 28, and took part in the large parade that marched through the streets.

The team of Yuma Lodge, No. 476, won the Ritualistic Contest, with Tucson Lodge second, and Prescott Lodge third. The individual winners were as follows: E.R., William B. Linder, Yuma; Est. Lead. Knight, A. P. Harrington, Phoenix; Est. Loyal Knight, Paul Lipscomb, Yuma; Est. Lect. Knight, O. R. McPherson, Yuma; Chaplain, James Treahey, Tucson, and Esquire, Lester Ruffner, Prescott. There were 15 entries in the individual contest.

Under the direction of Mrs. Harry F. Dise of Prescott, the ladies of the Arizona Elks presented a check of \$1,804 to the Committee of the Ari-



The special train which took 100 Sioux Falls, S. D., Elks and 65 Huron and Madison, S. D., Elks to Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge for a party and Lodge meeting

zona State Elks Hospital at Tucson, to be used for tubercular work. The check represented the proceeds of a state-wide dance and card party given by the ladies. The town of Wickenburg, Ariz., with a population of not over 500 and having only a Stray Elks organization, raised \$175.

Officers elected by the Association for 1936-37 are: Pres., R. I. Winn, Yuma; Vice-Pres., Harry F. Dise, Prescott; Treas., Frank A. Michel, Tucson, and Secy., Harry F. Colman, Yuma. The Executive Committee of the Arizona State Elks Hospital was

reelected. The members of the Committee are Jacob Gunst, Tucson, Chairman; M. H. Starkweather, Tucson, Secy.-Treas.; Bernard Anderson, Phoenix; W. S. Thompson, Kingman, and Joseph F. Mayer, Globe. Prescott was selected as the next Convention city for the Assn.

### Hammond, Ind., Lodge Begins Membership Drive

Hammond, Ind., Lodge, No. 485, under the leadership of its new Exalted Ruler, H. G. Stevenson, has made arrangements for an intensive membership campaign. Other activities reminiscent of the prosperity era are also being instituted. The Lodge expects to make a complete recovery of its former activity.

### Shenandoah, Pa., Elks Score Hit With Minstrel

The Charity Fund of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, received the entire proceeds of the Elks Annual Minstrel Show held recently by the Lodge. Before an appreciative audience of 1,500 persons who crowded into the J. W. Cooper High School Auditorium to witness the premiere performance, the cast of 60 scored a decided hit. Stirring entertainment was offered throughout the program as act after act was encored once, and even twice, by the gathering.



**Concert and Ball at Whitehall, N. Y., Lodge**

Featuring the music of Carl Hoff and his orchestra, Whitehall, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1491, recently held its 16th Annual Concert and Ball, the proceeds of which were devoted to charity. Although Whitehall is a small town, in the past 15 years the Lodge has presented some of the country's leading orchestras at this annual affair, making it an outstanding Easter Monday attraction in Northern New York. Among the big orchestras that have preceded Carl Hoff's were those of Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Nathaniel Shilkret, Don Bestor and Benny Goodman.

**Ashland, Ohio, Lodge Mourns P.E.R. Brindle**

The recent death of P.E.R. Tracey S. Brindle, first Exalted Ruler of Ashland, O., Lodge, No. 1360, caused genuine sorrow in the Lodge. Mr. Brindle, who was a Past District Deputy for the Ohio N. Cent. District, was one of Ashland's most distinguished citizens. He was State Director of Public Works at the time of his death. State and County officials and many members of the Order in Ohio joined in paying final tribute to the memory of Mr. Brindle.

**New Castle, Pa., Lodge Aids Flood Victims**

New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, recently sponsored a second big community party as a benefit for flood relief under the auspices of the American Red Cross. The affair was held in the Lodge Home and was attended by close to a thousand people. A varied program of entertainment was provided and a large sum of money realized to help sufferers.

*Elks of Riverside, Calif., dining at The Mission Inn, in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters*



**State Association Convention Dates for 1936**

ASSOCIATION	CITY	DATE
Georgia	Columbus	May 3-4-5
Kansas	Salina	May 10-11-12
Missouri	Joplin	May 11-12
Oklahoma	McAlester	May 16-17-18
Kentucky	Richmond	May 17-18-19
Alabama	Mobile	May 24-25-26
New York	Poughkeepsie	May 31, June 1-2-3
South Dakota	Sioux Falls	June 7-8
Iowa	Decorah	June 7-8-9-10
Indiana	La Porte	June 9-13-11
New Jersey	Atlantic City	June 12-13
Michigan	Kalamazoo	June 12-13-14
Montana	Helena	June 18-19-20
Idaho	Pocatello	June 19-20
Connecticut	Willimantic	June 20
Maryland,		
Delaware and		
District of		
Columbia	Annapolis	Aug. 3-4-5
Pennsylvania	Williamsport	Aug. 25-26-27
California	Oakland	Sept. 24-25-26
Vermont	St. Johnsbury	Oct. 4

**Braddock, Pa., Elks Hosts to District Meeting**

More than 500 Elks and their ladies gathered recently at the Home of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, for the monthly meeting of the Elks S.W. Pennsylvania District. Forty-six Lodges were represented. Among the distinguished Pennsylvania Elks present were Past State Pres. John F. Nugent of Braddock, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader of Allegheny Lodge, Assistant to Grand Secretary Masters; State Pres. Frank J. Lyons of Warren Lodge; D.D.'s James A. Ellis of Carnegie Lodge, and W. C. Kipp of

Apollo Lodge; State Trustee Ralph C. Robinson of Wilkinsburg Lodge; State Vice-Pres. William D. Hancher of Washington Lodge, and 14 Past District Deputies. The business meeting was addressed by Mr. Lyons and Cameron Ralston, a member of the faculty of Washington and Jefferson University, a former member of the U. S. Crime Commission.

During the business meeting the visiting ladies were entertained at cards by the Ladies Auxiliary of Braddock Lodge. A dinner was served and a fine entertainment provided, after which the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

**P.E.R.'s of Jerseyville, Ill., Lodge Entertained**

Eleven of the Past Exalted Rulers of Jerseyville, Ill., Lodge, No. 954, were present at a celebration in the Lodge Home staged by the members for their former leading officials. A number of impromptu talks were given by the Past Exalted Rulers. A quartet sang several numbers. During the evening a "Pot of Gold" was given away to the luckiest Elk, Marcus J. Ryan being the recipient. After he had received the gift, Mr. Ryan returned it to the Lodge to be placed in the Elks Christmas Fund.

**Charleston, W. Va., Lodge Enjoys Successful Year**

Among the many steps taken in 1935 by Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, for the assuring of a successful year, was the complete remodeling, refurnishing and redecorating of the Lodge Home. After the expensive alterations had been completed, the Lodge held a "Jubilee Week" during which time, at a conservative estimate, 15,000 persons visited the Lodge Home. Shortly afterward Charleston Lodge initiated 162 candidates as members of its Joseph T. Fanning Class, thus outdoing such excellent results as Miami Lodge's 149, Milwaukee's 128, New York's 116 and Brooklyn's 109.

In January Charleston Lodge initiated 36 candidates and during that month 74 names were placed before the Lodge for initiation in a February class. These did not include 18 members who sought reinstatement and two who entered on transfer dimits. With the admittance of the February class the membership gain during the year was placed by Secy. Ira D. Maynor at 353.

E.R. Dr. Robert King Buford reports that Charleston Lodge, which has been on the budget system, is operating on 45 per cent of its income and the Lodge is therefore able to put into its amortization fund half again as much every month as is necessary to take care of its obligations. Credit for the success of the whole program is given Dr. Buford and his hard working and enthusiastic Board of Trustees, Board of Governors and Committees.



## Western Edition

*The mortgage on the Home of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge burning brightly before the delighted eyes of many members who witnessed the ceremonies*

### *This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges*

#### *Denver, Colo., Lodge Holds Boxing and Wrestling Tournament*

The Elks' Ninth Annual Amateur Boxing and Wrestling Tournament, held recently by Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, proved to be one of the greatest shows ever presented to Denver fans. The evening opened with the introduction in the ring of leading State and City officials and Judges. Governor Ed. C. Johnson, a P.E.R. of Craig Lodge; Mayor Ben F. Stapleton; State Treasurer Charles Armstrong, a P.E.R. of Denver Lodge, and Past State Pres. Thomas J. Morrissey, U. S. District Attorney, also a P.E.R. of Denver Lodge, were among those who attended. Over 500 local members and 50 visiting Elks were present as guests of the Lodge at the invitation of E.R. William A. Black.

The event enriched the Charity Fund of the Lodge by \$3,000. Many of those who attended were of the opinion that the Tournament was one of the most exciting sports events of its kind ever held in the West.

#### *Service Pin Night Held by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge*

Preceded by a dinner, "Service Pin Night" was recently held in the Home of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, when State Pres. George M. Smith, of San Jose, made the awards. In the afternoon Pres.

Smith with E.R. Raymond C. Crowell and a party of Elks, visited the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, Dr. A. H. Palmer, who has since died, and presented him with a 35-year Service Pin.

Pasadena Lodge has 35 members who have been in good standing for over 35 years, 250 who have been members for more than 20 years, and 282 who have been Elks for more than 15 years. Lee Cochran, a member of Pasadena Lodge, conceived the Service Pin idea which has been adopted by the California State Elks Association. A number of other California Lodges have awarded Service Pins and several other States are taking it up.

D.D. Otto H. Duelke of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, made an inspiring address as did Herman Pierik, a life member of Springfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 158, who is one of the oldest Elks in the Order. Guests from all parts of Southern California were present at the meeting.

#### *Santa Cruz, Calif., Lodge Enjoys Active Month*

Santa Cruz, Calif., Lodge, No. 824, was busy with a crowded schedule of activities during February. At the first meeting of the month George M. Smith of San Jose, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., and James A. Greenelsh of San Luis Obispo, State Vice-Pres, paid their

official visit. Pres. Smith delivered a splendid address stressing pro-Americanism, friendship, loyalty within the Order and support of the Grand Exalted Ruler's program.

In keeping with National Boy Scout Week, the Elks Troop, No. 74, held its court of honor at the meeting on the 13th, presenting a varied outline of its work together with an observance of Lincoln's Birthday. Advancement awards and medals were presented to the Scouts by E.R. Lloyd Hebborn and Committeemen F. Harbert and H. Richey.

The annual Hi-Jinks and Frolic was held on the 15th with the largest turnout in the history of the Lodge. A turkey dinner and lively entertainment contributed largely to the success of the evening. Esq. Roy Drieman was in charge of the arrangements. These activities and the initiation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Anniversary Class were a great stimulus for Santa Cruz Lodge, resulting in a membership gain of 65. Forty of these came into the Order as members of the Anniversary Class. The initiation ceremonies were held in conjunction with Past Exalted Rulers' Night.

#### *Medford, Ore., Lodge Holds Ladies Night*

Six hundred persons were present in the Home of Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, recently at a Ladies Night



Right: The basketball team of Port Angeles "Naval," Wash., Lodge, which recently played 21 games and lost none

Center: A group of religious leaders of San Diego, Calif., who were recently honored at a luncheon given by San Diego Lodge

banquet and open house. Cards, dancing and bowling provided an excellent program of entertainment. This was the second affair of the kind held in the Lodge Home, and because of its success it has been decided to make the event an annual one.

**San Francisco, Calif., Antlers Combat Communism**

The Antlers of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, declared open warfare on the Young Communist League at a regular meeting of the local junior branch of the Order recently.

"We will not tolerate communistic propaganda or ideas," declared Exalted Antler George Biddick. "Every boy who seeks membership in the Antlers is carefully investigated and, before being permitted to join our rolls, is required to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States of America."

The cause of the warfare against Communism was a story in the *San Francisco Examiner* about a Young Communist. Dictographs were placed in her home and detectives and reporters listened in on a meeting of Young Communists. In the course of the meeting one of the Communists said, "What we need is a broad, united front among such organizations as the Democrats, the Republicans, the Masons, the Elks, the Antlers and the like."

The Antlers of San Francisco, who were particularly delighted at being included among the organizations listed as requiring "boring from within," declared war on the Communists through a letter to the *Examiner* written by Past Exalted Ruler C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco Lodge, Chairman of the Antlers Council of the Grand Lodge.

**Eugene, Ore., Lodge Host to Corvallis and Salem Elks**

Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, recently acted as host to visiting Elks from Corvallis Lodge, No. 1413, and Salem Lodge, No. 336. A special excursion train brought the 200 visitors to Eugene, numbering among them the officers of both Lodges. During the evening the Salem officers conferred the Degree upon 10 candidates, eight from Eugene and two from Corvallis. In addition to the Salem and Corvallis Elks 20 visiting members of the Order were present from other points in the United States.

A feature of the program was the singing of the Eugene Gleemen, an organization of 75 voices. An elaborate Dutch Lunch was served.



Above: The excellent basketball team of the Antlers Lodge of San Diego, Calif.

# Beautiful



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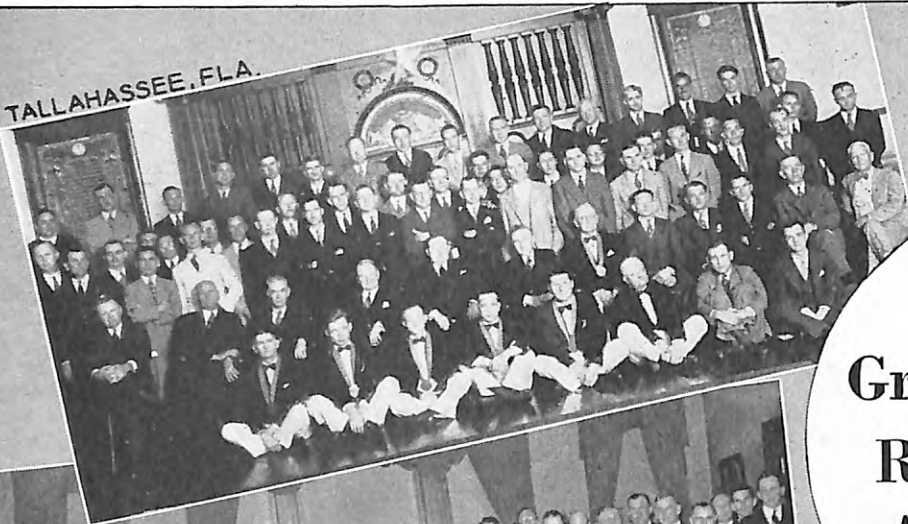
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Ruler's Elks  
Anniversary  
Classes

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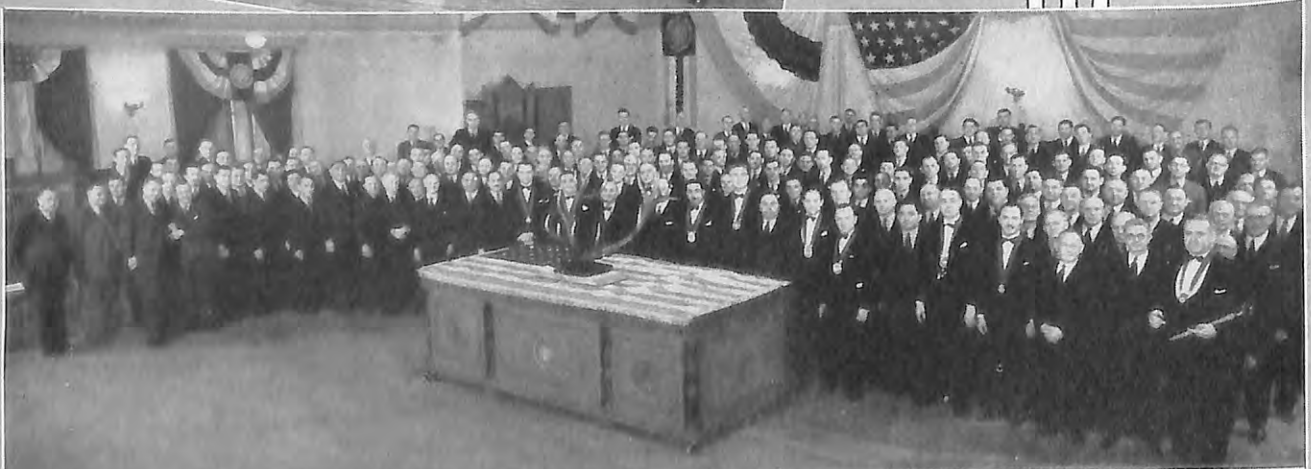
THREE RIVERS, MICH.



SUPERIOR, WIS.



BROOKLYN, N.Y.





# The Elks 72nd Convention

## Bulletin No. 2



*Los Angeles' City Hall, one of the city's many beautiful buildings*

Dear Brothers:

Los Angeles, to be the scene of the fifth Elks National Convention held in that city, is in readiness to welcome and entertain Grand Lodge officers and visitors who attend the Elks 72nd National Convention during the week of July 12th. Questionnaires being filed by Lodges throughout the country presage a record attendance and elaborate plans have been made for the reception and entertainment of all who attend.

We expect and are prepared to care for a hundred thousand guests during the Convention. Because of its marvelous summer climate Los Angeles has become as much a mecca for tourists and vacationists in summer as in winter. Summer days are delightfully warm—not hot and without humidity—and nights so cool, even in midsummer, that one sleeps in comfort between blankets.

So diversified are the outdoor sports that visitors planning to "do and see everything" should bring bathing suits for romps in the ocean surf; skis, for mountain peaks crowned with perpetual snows can be reached by a two-hour motor drive from the city; riding habits, for bridle paths abound; tennis rackets, for courts are everywhere; fishing tackle, for whether one seeks to catch mountain trout or indulge in deep-sea angling, streams and ocean are nearby; guns, for hunting preserves and gun-clubs await the marksman, and, of course, golf sticks, because nowhere in the world are there more or finer courses than in Southern California.

Los Angeles invites you and will do everything possible to make your visit one that you'll remember with pleasure as long as you live.

Fraternally yours,

Otto J. Emme, Chairman.

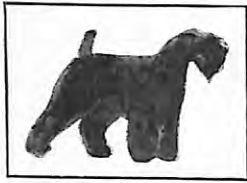
John J. Doyle, Vice-Chairman.

E. A. Gibbs, Secretary.

Monroe Goldstein, Executive Director.

Robert L. Casey, Treasurer.

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**T**HIS grand dog is steel blue, with darkest eye imaginable—small perfect feet—ideal short body—narrow head, over 9" long—small, well carried ears, perfect straight front. No living Kerry possesses a better, thicker coat. He sires remarkable puppies and we now offer his latest litter out of

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They possess the best blood lines—are ideal show types and grand breeding stock.

2 Dogs at .....\$75.00 each  
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**Your Dog**



Photos by Armstrong Roberts

**By Captain Will Judy  
Editor, Dog World Magazine**

**Housebreaking the Puppy**

**P**A and ma and the children after many consultations decided to buy a puppy. The momentous question of what breed to choose has been settled and the puppy has just arrived in the home. The little fellow has been taken away from his mother, brother and sisters and has been thrust into the outside world for the first time. He is just a bit homesick, a little afraid and he hardly knows what to do.

Dogs come to us from the animal kingdom, from the wildness of the fields and forests. They are to be judged as dogs and given full allowance for their difficulties in adjusting themselves to modern civilization and its good house manners.

Such things as bathrooms and rest rooms are unknown to the dog. It requires mops, plenty of patience and three to four weeks' time to educate him in this regard before he is eligible to graduate from the school of etiquette.

**First of all, feed him regularly on scheduled hours day after day. Second, take him out about fifteen to thirty minutes after each meal.**

When you do take him out, do so off the lead if practicable in your neighborhood as he is more inclined to relieve himself and take care of the natural duties when he is running free. Do not let him run loose if there is automobile traffic.

Take him along a road where there are plenty of grass plots, ash heaps and spots where other dogs have been.



A group of German shepherd puppies



You have followed this schedule conscientiously day by day; yet he comes into the house and immediately soils the floor. Punish him for this; smacking his hindquarters with a folded newspaper which will frighten but not injure him. Rush him outdoors.

If you have a watchful eye, you can detect him just an instant before he is about to perpetrate the crime. Rush upon him with loud shoutings; hurry him outdoors.

If he actually has done the crime, punish him very promptly; a puppy's memory is so short that he does not connect the crime and the punishment after a few minutes.

Dogs by nature are clean; they will not soil their beds. That is why chronic offenders can best be handled by placing them in small boxes or containers with little room to move about. Place very late at night and leave out early the next morning.

Many dogs, particularly smaller dogs and the toy breeds, well can take a "paper" course in etiquette.

If you have an older dog, it is well to have the puppy go outdoors with him because dogs learn most things by imitation.

Do not lose patience. About nine-tenths of the secret of house-breaking consists of patience.

Therefore, have a heart and plenty of patience. Give a dog three to four weeks' time. Follow the regular schedule of feeding and

exercising and in time your dog will be housebroken and you will be proud of him.

*If you want further detailed information as to the care of your puppy, we will be glad to send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.*



Champion Pekinese Hans Khoo Hansi

## Readers' Service •

**Q**—I want to buy a dog but do not know what breed to select. Can you advise me?

**A**—This depends upon your environment and the amount of room you have. If you reside in a city apartment you had best select one of the smaller breeds. All of the toy dogs stand confinement very well and some of the smaller terriers such as Welsh, Wire Haired, Scottish or Sealyham. The Kerry Blue Terrier can be highly recommended also. If you have a roomy backyard your choice of breed can not only embrace the above mentioned breeds but can also include the German Shepherd, English Setter or any of the larger dogs.

**Q**—I want to train my dog to run loose although there is much automobile traffic in my vicinity. What shall I do?

**A**—By no means train him where there is automobile traffic. Take him to some quiet section in your locality and use a choke collar on a tight leash. School him to walk at your left heel. If he breaks and wants to get ahead, a quick jerk on your leash will momentarily shut off his wind and very quickly teach him where he should walk. This is not cruel. Later, attach a long line to the choke collar and let him run, teaching him to come to you when you call by pulling him up short if he doesn't obey. Most intelligent dogs get the idea quickly. If your dog has learned his lesson thoroughly then you can turn him loose at your side but if you love your dog by no means try this training in a neighborhood where there is frequent automobile traffic as a dog can't smell on-coming automobiles and many are killed this way.

# Keeping a dog

The recognized authority on the subject is R. F. Wall's book under that title, price \$1.25 per copy.

Other books which should be in the library of every dog owner:

**PUPPIES: Their Choice, Care and Training (Ash) \$1.50**

**TRAINING THE BIRD DOG (Whitford) \$2.00**

**SCOTTISH AND IRISH TERRIERS (Haynes) \$1.00**

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## Good Will Fleet Prepares for Start

*Six versatile entertainers and speakers scheduled to visit approximately three hundred Lodges*

By  
Edward Faust

WITH the establishment of final itineraries for the 1936 Elks Good Will Tour it only remains for the cars of the fleet to be painted with the official purple and white of the Order, for the drivers to pack their bags and start the cars rolling in the direction of Los Angeles, scene of this year's Grand Lodge Convention.

The six cars comprising this fleet will leave New York City, Monday May 25 and are scheduled to arrive in Los Angeles, Sunday, July 12.

Route number one proceeding via the southwest will be traversed by Francis P. Boland, P.D.G.E.R., Jersey City, N. J. Lodge, No. 211, Past President New Jersey State Elks Association. He will be accompanied by Axel Christensen who is rated one of the most versatile entertainers before the public. Mr. Boland, as those who have heard him can testify, is an able and interesting speaker, thoroughly informed on the affairs of Elkdom.

Route number two which takes a central transcontinental course, will be "captained" by Joe Downing of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842. Mr. Downing for years has been orchestra leader in New York's smartest night clubs and his ability as an entertainer has been demonstrated in the years that he has

functioned as a Good Will Ambassador. His team mate will be Billy Harrison.

ROUTE three which leaves New York for Los Angeles visiting Lodges of the northwest and Pacific Coast will be headed by P.D.G.E.R. Richard F. Flood, Jr., of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, No. 434, and a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. Mr. Flood enjoys an unusually wide acquaintance among the members of this Order in the East and in the Far West where he was the guest of many of the fine Lodges in that territory in the course of the 1935 tour. His team mate will be Al Rasmussen. Mr. Rasmussen has for many years been a radio entertainer on some of the larger networks and the entertainment which he will present in the Elks Clubs he will visit is well worth the attendance of every member.

In the course of conducting these Good Will Tours which have been an annual event since 1929, it has been found that only automobiles combining to an unusual degree the characteristics of ruggedness and economy were suited to such difficult travel. With this in mind *The Elks Magazine* has again selected Chevrolet De Luxe Sedans, two of which,

using the northwestern route will be equipped with Goodrich "Safety-town" white side wall tires. The cars going to Los Angeles via the central route will be completely equipped with white side wall U. S. Royal Master tires. Both these tires have demonstrated their splendid wearing qualities on previous tours. Traveling at high speed over all kinds of roads requires the selection of the most dependable equipment and above all dependable tires.

Ever since the inception of these tours the cars of the various Good Will fleets have used Quaker State Motor Oils and Greases exclusively and they will continue to use Ethyl Gas. and these fine lubricants in 1936.

From the many letters of invitation received from Lodges, all indications point to one of the most successful tours in the history of these events and it is expected that the many Lodges scheduled to be visited will again secure a great amount of favorable publicity through these visits.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that the net publicity and advertising result of the 1935 tour was the securing of more than 700,000 lines of newspaper space for the some 450 Lodges which were visited.



# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 21)

Ward, Medford Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Nicholson and Malley, E. Mark Sullivan, Thomas J. Brady, and the four District Deputies of the State mentioned above.

On Saturday evening, February 15, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, celebrated the 68th Anniversary of the birth of the Order with a banquet at the Hotel Commodore with Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan as the guest of honor. The speakers on the program besides Judge Hallinan were P.E.R. Ferdinand Pecora, Justice of the Supreme Court, State of New York, who acted as Toastmaster; E.R. Ellwood G. Feldstein; Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, a member of New York Lodge; P.E.R. James Garrett Wallace, Judge of the Court of Special Sessions; Moses Altmann, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of New York Lodge, and P.E.R. John Scileppi of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge.

On the long list of prominent Elks present at this outstanding event were: Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert, Floyd E. Thompson and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary; Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Grand Treasurer; Lloyd Maxwell, David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, Judge Henry C. Warner, Henry A. Guenther and William T. Phillips, members of the Board of Grand Trustees; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Charles Spencer Hart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Grand Chaplain the Rev. Arthur O. Sykes; F. William Wolters, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Albert E. Dearden, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and James D. Moran, Queens Borough Lodge, Secy. to the Grand Exalted Ruler; District Deputies from New York—Francis G. Roddy, Michael A. Petroccia, John P. Doyle and William A. Wolff; District Deputies from New Jersey—Harvey E. Harris and Nelson A. Pomfret; District Deputies from Pennsylvania—W. C. Kipp and John S. Williams. The New York State Elks Association was represented by Pres. George W. Denton, Vice-Pres.'s E. Lee Heidenreich, Jr., Francis J. Lawler and Edward J. Murray; Secy. Philip Clancy; Treas., John T. Osowski; Sergeant-at-Arms Warren S. Hastings; Trustees: Gustav H. Papenmeyer, Myron C. Alting, Robert L. Dymes and Charles L. Jones, Jr.; Past Pres.'s Dr. John E. Dearden, George J. Winslow and Daniel A. Kerr, and Honorary Life

(Continued on page 36)

Right: Elks of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge partaking of a dinner in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan on the occasion of his visit there



At the Salt Lake City Lodge dinner: General W. C. Sweeney, Judge Hallinan, D. E. Lambourne, E.R.; Governor Henry H. Blood, P.E.R. W. J. O'Connor, Grand Secretary Masters, P.E.R. H. E. Deardorff, D.D. W. H. Nightingale, and P.E.R. Dean R. Daynes



A dinner held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Anniversary Class, initiated by Granite City, Ill., Lodge. Judge Hallinan paid a visit to Granite City



At Miami, Fla., Lodge: D.D. Caspian Hale, E.R. Thos. J. Kelly, of Miami Lodge; Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, and David Sholtz, Governor of Florida and Grand Trustee of the Grand Lodge



Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan, with D.D. Charles B. Truesdell, of Kentucky, at extreme left, inspecting flood conditions on the occasion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Northern Kentucky



Member Amon W. Foote. Officers of the New Jersey State Elks Association present were Pres. Nicholas Albano, Trustee Joseph G. Buch, Sergeant-at-Arms John F. Betz, Chaplain the Rev. Francis H. Smith and Max Bernhardt, Organist; Past Pres.'s Fred A. Pope, John H. Cose, William A. Conklin, Sr., Edgar T. Reed, William H. Kelly, Fletcher L. Fritts, Charles Wibiralski, and Francis P. Boland. From Connecticut were State Pres. George W. Hickey, State Vice-Pres. John J. Nugent, State Secy. A. J. McCullough, Jr.; State Trustees Edward J. Creamer and Robert F. Cunningham, and Past State Pres.'s Martin J. Cunningham and William H. Flood. State Treas. Grover C. Shoemaker and Past Pres.'s Louis N. Goldsmith and Scott E. Drum attended from Pennsylvania. Justice Pecora was Chairman of the Anniversary Committee, with Est. Loyal Knight Joseph V. Burns and Joseph A. Miller acting as Secretary and Treasurer respectively.

**D**ESPITE inclement weather and hazardous driving, the dining room in the Home of Granite City, Ill., Lodge, No. 1063, was filled for the banquet held in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler on February 8. At the head table were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge; Dr. Carroll Smith of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Judge Frank B. Leonard, of Champaign, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; State Pres. Albert W. Jeffreys of Herrin, and Frank P. White of Oak Park, Exec. Secy. of the Crippled Children's Clinic of the Ill. State Elks Assn.; D. D. Bryan Caffery of Jerseyville; E. J. Martt of St. Louis, Pres. of the Missouri State Elks Assn.; E. R. Eugene M. Guise of St. Louis Lodge, and E. R. Irby Todd and P.E.R. Judge R. W. Griffith of Granite City Lodge.

Two hundred Elks were present from the local Lodge and Lodges in the vicinity. Twenty-seven candidates were initiated in a solemn and dignified service by officers from Lodges in the District. Two sons of the late P.E.R. William P. Anson were members of the class. In his address Judge Hallinan touched on many important matters pertaining to the affairs of the Order. Talks were made by other prominent Elks present, and praise was bestowed on the Lodge for its membership showing and its work for crippled children.

**A**LARGE delegation of Past Exalted Rulers, officers and members of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, escorted Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan and Grand Secretary Masters from the railroad station, on Wednesday, February 19, to the Lodge Home where headquarters had been

arranged for them. After attending an organ recital in the Tabernacle, they were entertained at an informal luncheon in the Hotel Utah attended by the Past Exalted Rulers, officers and trustees of the Lodge, and several visitors from other Lodges.

At 6:15 a banquet was held in honor of Judge Hallinan and Mr. Masters in the dining room of the Home with more than 200 members attending. E. R. D. E. Lambourne, presided. P.E.R. W. J. O'Connor was Toastmaster. Past Grand Tiler R. W. Jones of Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, the Hon. Henry H. Blood, Governor of Utah, and the Hon. E. B. Erwin, Mayor of Salt Lake City, were among those present. The meeting that followed the banquet was marked by the observance of Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Immediately after the opening of the Lodge session, the Exalted Ruler's gavel was surrendered to P.E.R. Dean R. Daynes. Occupying the chairs were P.E.R.'s E. W. Kelly, Thomas Homer, E. Hugh Miller, E. W. Browning, Harry E. Deardorff, George H. Llewellyn, Harry S. Joseph, W. J. O'Connor, James W. Collins, O. R. Dibblee and W. H. Nightingale. All are prominent members of the Order in Utah. Mr. Nightingale is the present District Deputy for the State.

In addition to Judge Hallinan's address, the main one of the evening's program, talks were made by E.R.'s George W. Barben, Park City Lodge; Frank Jugler, Ogden Lodge, and Howard Griffen, Logan Lodge; P.E.R.'s Stanley B. Wilson, Eureka, "Tintic," Lodge; Frank W. Matthews and A. T. Hestmark, Secy., Ogden Lodge, and Mr. Nightingale.

On behalf of Salt Lake City Lodge, E. R. Lambourne presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a gavel made of solid copper taken from the largest open face copper mine in the world located at Bingham, Utah. As a special feature of P.E.R.'s Night, P.E.R. Harry E. Deardorff was presented by P.E.R. James W. Collins, on behalf of the Past Exalted Rulers of Salt Lake City Lodge, with a plaque as a token of appreciation for his valuable services of more than 30 years. R. C. Henderson, a lay member, selected by the officers as having performed outstanding services during the present administration, also received a plaque, the presentation being made by P.E.R. O. R. Dibblee, former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee.

The Grand Exalted Ruler accepted the invitation of E.R. J. G. Muehlbauer of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, to make Alameda his headquarters during his three-day stay in the California Bay District. On Friday evening, February 21, following the banquet at the Hotel Alameda, when all the officers of the Bay Lodges were invited guests of Alameda Lodge, a special meeting was held at the Lodge Home, attended by the largest gathering of

Elks to assemble at the Home in years. Officers and members of San Francisco, Oakland, Vallejo, Berkeley, Richmond and Pittsburg, Calif., Lodges attended. Among the Elk dignitaries present were Grand Secretary Masters, who accompanied Judge Hallinan on his trip; Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott of San Francisco Lodge; C. Fenton Nichols, San Francisco, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; George M. Smith, San Jose, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn.; D.D. John R. Thornton, Vallejo; Past State Pres. Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, and P.D.D. William W. Scott, Richmond. The James T. Hallinan Class was initiated by the Alameda officers with the San Francisco Lodge Band and the Drill Team of Oakland Lodge participating. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a short but stirring address and talks were made by Mr. Masters and Mr. Abbott.

Preceding the meeting a trip was made by the party of distinguished visitors to Livermore where they paid a special visit to Est. Lead. Knight John J. Larkin of Alameda Lodge, convalescing at the Veterans' Home.

During their stay in the district, the Grand Exalted Ruler and members of his party were taken to the cemetery where Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Melvin is buried. Ceremonies were held and a wreath placed upon the grave.

**O**N February 22 Judge Hallinan and his companions were taken on a trip around San Francisco Bay. They enjoyed the honor of being the first passengers to ride in a public conveyance on the finished portion of the bridge that stretches from the Oakland side of the Bay almost to Yerba Buena Island. Entertainment was provided in Oakland after the tour until train time when Judge Hallinan and Mr. Masters left for Los Angeles.

On Monday, February 24, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters, made his official visits to San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, and Riverside, Calif., Lodge, No. 643, coming from Los Angeles with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles Lodge; George M. Smith of San Jose, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn.; Dr. Ralph Hagan, Los Angeles, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; State Secy. Richard C. Benbough, San Diego, and A. George Fish, San Diego, D.D. for Calif. South. William Holmes, Exec. Secy. of Riverside Lodge, was in charge of the arrangements for their entertainment.

The party was met at Ontario by E. R. Alex. P. Hansen, P.E.R. Senator Leonard J. Difani, and Est. Lead. Knight Harmon Brown of Riverside Lodge, P.D.D. Jack F. Hosfield and

(Continued on page 38)



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There is a wide range of special trips and moderately priced tours to choose from. There are new highways throughout Mexico to facilitate motor travel; the Canadian railways are offering attractive rates to the traveler; and our own railroads are giving Americans every inducement to see and appreciate America.

There are wonderful and economic trips for fisherman and these United States are a fisherman's paradise. The Great Lakes States region abounds in game for the angler. The deep sea fishing off the Florida and northern New England coasts will thrill any man with a genuine love for the sport. The pre-revolutionary atmosphere of Cape Cod and old Nantucket is unparalleled anywhere.

The mountain regions of the northwest where majestic peaks rear their lofty heads, are not to be rivalled in their awe-inspiring beauty. The Adirondacks and the Catskills offer many attractive hamlets in which to rest and relax. Nor should the Blue Ridge Mountains, with their rolling sweep of hill, be slighted.

For those who prefer the seaside to the mountains, the surf bathing on the Jersey Shore and in southern California are invigorating. The golden stretches of sand along the Atlantic Seaboard are an invitation to lazy days in the sun.

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(Continued from page 36)

the officers of San Bernardino Lodge, and taken to the Home of San Bernardino Lodge by the delegation, where an informal reception was held and then to the National Orange Show at San Bernardino. Judge Hallinan expressed himself as being delighted with the show and spoke briefly from the main platform of the auditorium. Many members from the Lodges in the vicinity were in the large audience.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party inspected the Riverside Lodge Home before going to the famous Mission Inn where the banquet and Lodge meeting in his honor were held. There they were greeted by 165 members of the Order. Judge Hallinan and his companions were introduced by E. R. Hansen who presided. Mayor E. B. Criddle welcomed the visitors to the city. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke at some length to his appreciative audience of fellow members. Other prominent Elks attending the banquet and meeting were Past State Pres. Mifflin G. Potts, of Pasadena Lodge, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; D.D. Otto H. Duelke of Inglewood Lodge; Past State Pres.'s Horace H. Quinby, Alhambra, Milton R. Standish, San Bernardino, and Horace S. Williamson, Redlands; State Trustee Joseph K. Choate, Redlands; State Vice-Pres.'s Joseph L. Hofer, Huntington Park, and Leonard P. Bonnat, Anaheim; Sergeant-at-Arms of the State Assn. James J. McCarthy, Santa Monica, and P.D.D. A. R. Schultz, Redlands.

The meeting was held in the beautiful Music Room of the Inn and was the first that Riverside Lodge had ever held outside its own Lodge rooms. The departure from its custom on this occasion was made by the Lodge in tribute to the Inn which for 20 years has donated this celebrated room for the annual Elks Memorial Service. Judge Hallinan expressed his pleasure at the way the room had been converted into an improvised Lodge room for the meeting.

**C**EREMONIES marking the 68th Anniversary of the founding of the Order and the 40th Anniversary of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, added to the pleasure of the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary Masters during their visit in Phoenix. Arriving on Thursday morning, February 27, they were met at Union Station and escorted to their headquarters in the Hotel Adams by a large delegation which included the two District Deputies of the State, Alexander W. Crane, Phoenix, and Arthur Turner, Miami; E.R. Joseph B. Zaversack, heading the Phoenix officers; P.D.D.'s Joseph C. Haldiman, Phoenix, and Arthur N. Kelley, Yuma, and P.E.R.'s J. T. Whitney and L. L. Billar, Phoenix; Vic E. Hanney, Tucson; Wilson T. Wright, Globe, and D. C. O'Neil,

Douglas. A noon luncheon was given at the Arizona Club by the Phoenix officers and Past Exalted Rulers, followed by an enjoyable trip to points of interest in the valley.

At 6:30 P.M. the banquet arranged by the Lodge in honor of the distinguished guests and in celebration of the two important anniversaries, of the two important anniversaries, was held in the Masonic Temple. Judge Hallinan was the principal speaker at a splendid meeting held later in the Lodge Home, during the course of which he was presented with a gavel, inlaid with native woods, by P.E.R. Lewis S. Neeb.

**T**HE Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary arrived in Houston, Tex., Saturday Night, February 29, from the West, and were met by a committee from Houston Lodge, No. 151, and escorted immediately to the Lodge rooms where Judge Hallinan addressed an open meeting at 9:30 P.M. He reviewed the growth of the Order since its organization 68 years ago, and spoke of its wide and important activities. The two distinguished visitors remained in Houston overnight, leaving on Sunday morning for the East Coast where visits to Southern and Eastern Lodges were scheduled. En route from the West they had stopped off for the Grand Exalted Ruler's official visit to El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187.

**A** TESTIMONIAL luncheon was held on Monday, March 2, by New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, when Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan, accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters, paid his official visit to that Lodge. Brief addresses were made by Judge Hallinan and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, P.E.R. and present Exalted Ruler of New Orleans Lodge, in addition to the address of welcome by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, also a Past Exalted Ruler. Both Judge Hallinan and Mr. Masters commented upon the excellent location of the Lodge's quarters and its splendid progress since its reorganization and institution last August.

On Tuesday evening, March 3, the Grand Exalted Ruler officially visited Biloxi, Miss., Lodge, No. 606. He was accompanied by D.D. Sidney A. Freudenstein of New Orleans Lodge, and P.E.R. John J. Kennedy of Biloxi Lodge, present District Deputy for Mississippi South. A banquet preceded the meeting held in the beautiful Lodge Home. Among those in attendance were members of Biloxi, Gulfport and Pascagoula, Miss., Lodges with their Exalted Rulers and officers. P.D.D.'s W. Leach and John B. Biscox were present.

Judge Hallinan's official visit to Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, No. 937, was made on Wednesday night, March 4. A number of other dis-

tinguished Elks attended the meeting held in his honor, among them being Governor David Sholtz, Daytona Beach Lodge, member of the Board of Grand Trustees; D.D.'s Caspian Hale, New Smyrna, and M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville; Past State Pres. Frank E. Thompson, Lake City; P.D.D.'s S. Friedman, Quincy, S. Lehr Miller, Clearwater, Sol Feinberg, Quincy, and Irvin Gates and W. K. Collins of Tallahassee; E.R.'s Robert L. Bohon, Jacksonville, W. L. Trenchard, Quincy, J. G. Mathis, Panama City, and J. N. McLane, Pensacola; Secy. R. E. Parmeter and P.E.R. John R. Davis, Lake City; P.E.R. F. C. MacMahon, Sanford, and R. S. Somerville, Jacksonville. Many Past Exalted Rulers of Lodges in Florida North were present, and Waycross, Ga., Ocala, Orlando, Sebring, Fort Pierce, Clearwater and DeLand, Fla., Lodges were represented.

The Home of Tallahassee Lodge was tastefully decorated in purple and the number of Georgia and Florida Elks in attendance was estimated at 400. A class of 60 candidates was initiated into the Order with the Tallahassee Ritualistic Team, winner for three years of the State Championship, conferring the degree. Forty-eight members of the Class were admitted into Quincy Lodge. Governor Sholtz was accompanied by his entire staff and members of the Supreme Court. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a splendid address at the banquet held after the initiation. An interesting feature of the meeting was the fact that its presiding officer, Justice W. H. Ellis, was a charter member and the first Exalted Ruler of Tallahassee Lodge.

**J**UDGE HALLINAN spoke to more than 300 appreciative Elks at the Home of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, on Friday, March 6, on the history and ideals of the Order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Col. John P. Sullivan of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, also gave a talk in which he pointed out that at the coming Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles a very substantial increase in membership would be shown. A class of candidates was initiated in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Among the large number of visiting officers of the Order who attended were D.D.'s Caspian Hale, New Smyrna, and G. M. Austin, Arcadia; E.R.'s M. A. Rosin, Arcadia, T. J. Kelly, Miami, W. E. Horsman, Lake Worth, E. S. Willes, Fort Pierce, Sol Wittenstein, Orlando, and Irving J. Unger of Detroit, Mich., Lodge. Many Past Exalted Rulers of Lodges from California to Massachusetts, and visiting Elks from the East Coast of Florida were present at the meeting which was undoubtedly the largest gathering of Elks in West Palm Beach since 1928.



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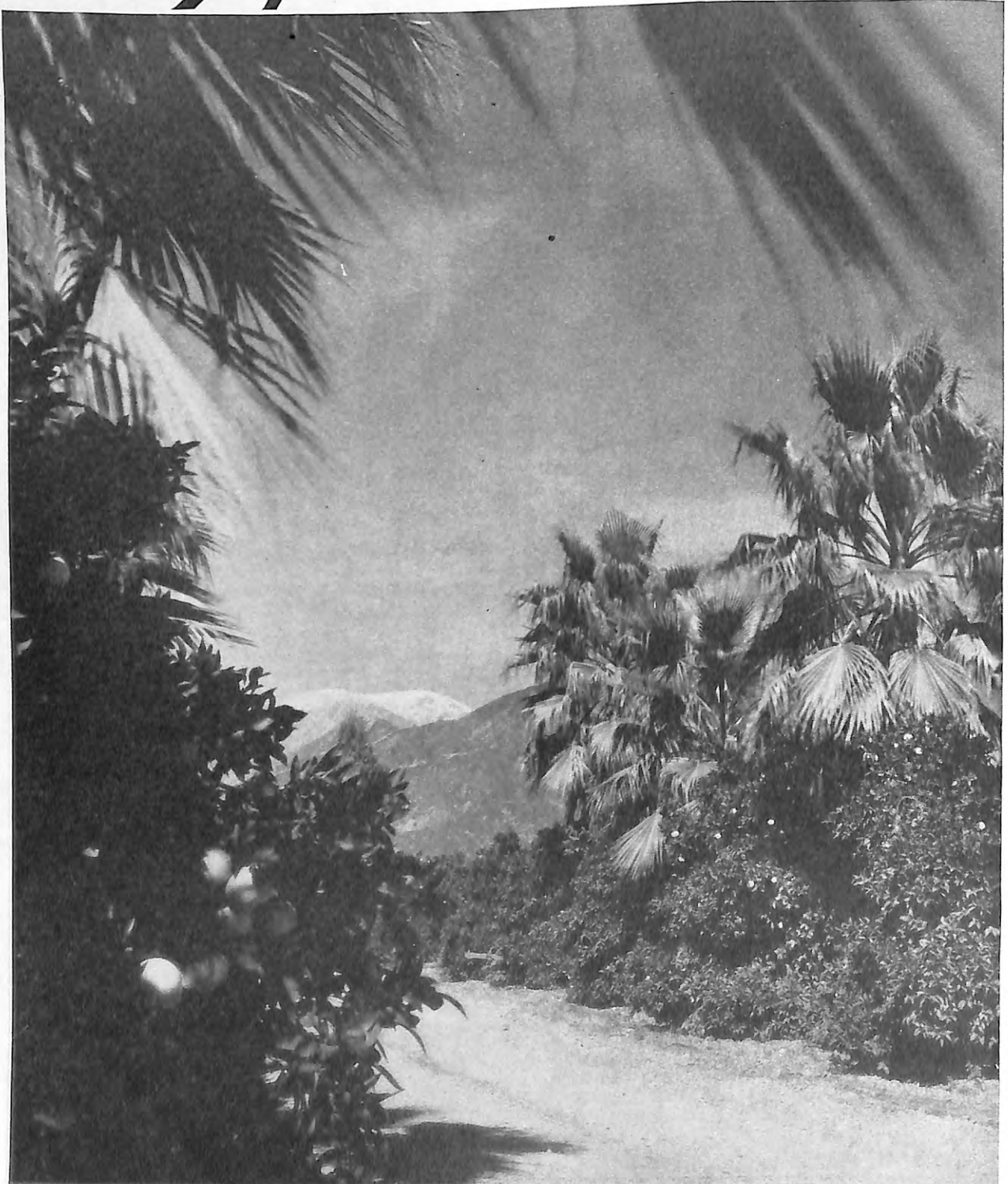
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# A Mass for MacGahan

(Continued from page 9)

MacGahan should go to St. Petersburg with the society and army group that had summered at Yalta. At the court he was beloved as elsewhere. Here he grew to learn the Russian mind and soul and in later years in Bulgaria he remarked on how like they were to the Russians, in appearance, thought and language. There was reason for this as will appear.

When General William Tecumseh Sherman made his jaunt to the Caucasus what was more fitting than that MacGahan should accompany him and cover the trip for his paper? Was not the General a home-town boy, born in those same Ohio hills that gave birth to MacGahan?

**T**HEN Geneva claimed him for a time, to cover the Alabama Claims Arbitration Committee, followed by jaunts to whatever part of Europe seemed productive of news. Then came his opportunity—not the Balkan affair, world-important as it was to be—but one of the most daring and unusual exploits known to journalistic history.

The Russian army was marching against Khiva in Central Asia. The *Herald* wanted to know something about that distant and unknown land, just as the papers of the present day have been interested in the Riff country and Ethiopia. Russia hoped to extend her boundaries and put the Khanate of Asia under the rule of the Czar. It was an adventurous undertaking, that conquest of Khiva. Russian scouting expeditions found it next to impossible and the Russian Government absolutely forbade any newsman to go, for fear of arousing England's suspicions of an expedition headed in the general direction of India.

**N**EWSPAPERS abandoned the idea of sending correspondents when they were informed that the Russian Government would not permit it. But MacGahan, accompanied by two interpreters, went into a strange desert and mountainous country, chased for nine hundred miles by Cossack horsemen who were sent to bring him back. They usually reached his camping place a few hours after he had gone.

After 29 days he reached the camp of General Kaufmann. Twice he was arrested in the general's territory but partly because the rule barring

correspondents was meant for the English and also because of the friendship of General Skobelev MacGahan was allowed to stay.

**M**ACGAHAN tells of his accoutrement for this Khiva expedition in his own words: "Being a man of peace I went but lightly armed. A heavy double-barrelled English hunting rifle, a double-barrelled shot gun, an eighteen-repeater Winchester rifle, three heavy revolvers, one ordinary muzzle-loading shot gun, besides a few knives and sabers, formed a light and unpretentious outfit. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than fighting. I only encumbered myself with these things in order to be able to discuss with becoming dignity questions relating to the rights of way and of property with inhabitants of the desert whose opinions on these subjects are somewhat peculiar."

His trip to Khiva, which he recounts in "Campaigning on the Oxus," makes the average adventure story sound like a fairy tale. Icy Siberian winds and desert sand storms swept down on him. Kirghiz tribesmen of sinister repute confronted him. He had to use one of two methods with such denizens of the deserts; either fight them or throw himself on their mercy and seek hospitality. He usually approached a tent and pushed his rifle inside first and then came in and fell on a rug before the fire and started to eat from the common pot.

**N**O water was to be had. Sand came to the knees of the horses. At the end of the seventeenth day he reached a Russian outpost. Kaufmann had gone five days before!

Between him and Khiva and Kaufmann was the dread Turcoman. He had seen pictures of the Turcomans emptying sacks of human heads in the public square of Khiva! He nevertheless flitted away on the trail that very night, pursued by Cossacks in the rear and dodging Turcomans ahead. Often a little barley stood between him and starvation. Dead men, horses and camels marked the trail. His two Kirghiz interpreters threatened to quit on frequent occasions but he doubled and quadrupled their pay and drove them forward.

Let him tell in his own words the story of the last two days of that eventful journey:

"The sand grew deeper and deeper, and at last commenced taking the form of huge drifts, twenty and thirty feet high; which piled up in all sorts of fantastic shapes, exactly like snow-drifts, were continually changing their form, and moving about under the action of the wind. The wind kept sifting the sand over us in little clouds, and the drifts were so steep and so high, that working our way over them was most difficult and toilsome. The horses sank nearly to their bellies; and we were obliged to dismount. Even then they only struggled through by a succession of plunges, while we ourselves sank to the knees. This continued for nearly two miles. One of those storms that so often sweep over the desert would have sent these huge drifts rolling over us, and in an instant buried us twenty feet deep, leaving not a trace of us behind.

"The name of the place, Adam-Kurulgan, 'fatal to men,' was well chosen.

**I** REMARKED that even here, impossible as it may seem, there was more or less vegetation. Now and again we saw a shrub of saxaul, in a more or less flourishing state. Sometimes it was almost buried, showing only a few leaves on the surface of the sand. Again, its short, scrubby stem, and immense network of long, fibrous roots, extending many yards, were completely bared to the sun, without much affecting its condition apparently, so hardy is the plant. Fortunately, this did not last long, or the horses would have been completely exhausted. As it was, we had only gone two or three miles farther, when the feeblest of the horses suddenly stumbled, staggered a moment, and then fell heavily on the sand with a groan. We threw off his saddle and bridle, distributed part of his load among the other horses, threw the rest away, and resumed the march, leaving him to die. Until long after dark we pushed forward, hoping to reach Alty-Kuduk.

**A**T length signs of fatigue in our horses warned me to halt and camp, if I did not wish to make the next day's march on foot. The poor beasts had to go without water that night, for it would have been impossible to carry enough with us, even had we foreseen the impossibility of getting water at Adam-Kurulgan. We of-



ferred them a feed of our hard, black, dried bread, which they were too thirsty to touch, hobbled them, and let them loose on the desert to pick up what they could find.

I could never cease admiring my own little saddle-horse. He had been now twenty-five days in the desert; he had carried me the whole distance from Fort Perovsky, sometimes as much as sixty miles a day. More than half of the time he had nothing to eat, except what he could pick up in the desert, and yet he was by no means in bad condition. He would go the whole day, from sunrise to sunset, in the easy little trot of the Kirghiz horses, and in the evening would break into a gallop as lightly as though he were fresh from the pastures of the Syr-Darya. He was a pure-blooded Kirghiz; a light sorrel, nearly the colour of the sand; head, ears, eyes, and limbs exactly like an Arab, but the neck and body shorter and heavier. It was never necessary to tether him, as he never wandered away. He swam the Amu, and proved to be as much at home in the gardens of Khiva as in the desert, never hesitating, when necessary, to take a ditch or canal. Now the poor beast was crazy for water, as were the others, and refused to touch the black bread I offered him.

AS to ourselves, we fared no better than our horses. We also were too thirsty to eat the black bread, even if our teeth had been capable of making an impression on it, without its first having been soaked in water. After the long day's ride my thirst was intolerable. The uncertainty of our situation, the ever present fear of Turcomans, who might be hovering around, the difficulty of finding the well we were in search of, the probability of missing it altogether, the condition of my horses—two more began to show signs of extreme fatigue, that told me plainly enough they would not go more than another day—the possibility of being obliged to drag on to the Oxus on foot, only to fall perhaps at last into the hands of the Turcomans; the darkness that settles down over us like a pall—making the stillness of the desert more fear-inspiring, and even the occasional chirp of an insect startling—all combined to make this the gloomiest night I ever passed.

After a two hours' ride next morning, our eyes caught, far away on the horizon, the glitter of bayonets in the early sunshine. Soon we made out the forms of two pickets, posted on a sand-hill, watching our approach; and half an hour later we gained the little eminence from which they were keeping their dreary look-out, and beheld the camp of Alty-Kuduk, General Kaufmann's outpost."

The next morning MacGahan breakfasted with the Russian staff. "A molodyetz" was the general's comment, meaning "brave fellow." And so he was called in Russia

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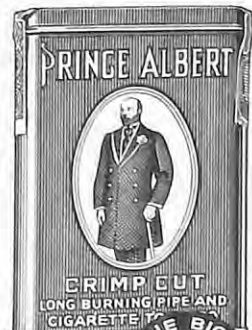
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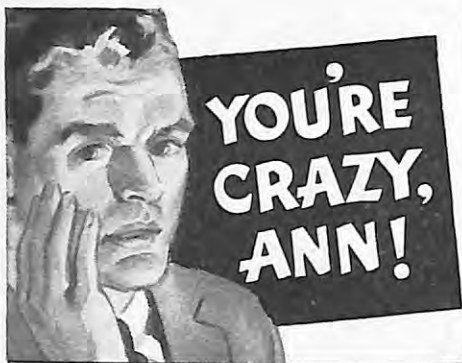
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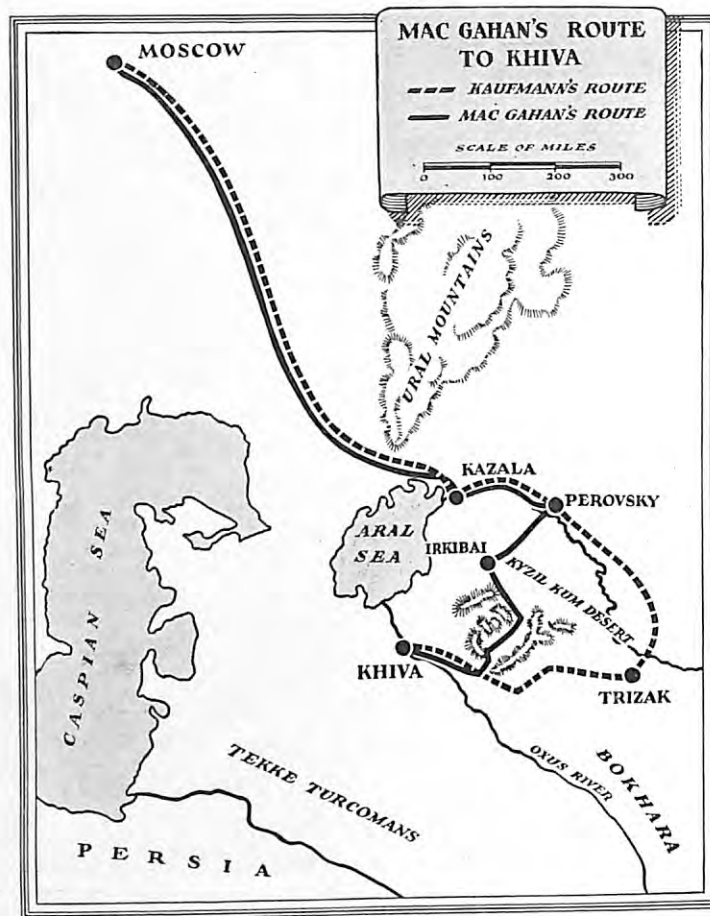


**COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

DINNER THAT NIGHT



COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER



whenever his name was mentioned. The Russian knows no higher praise.

In the mud hut of the Grand Duke Nicholas that night he enjoyed the first tranquil sleep he had had in forty days. An officer of the Cossacks he met later told MacGahan how he had chased him across the desert but never seemed to be able to catch up with him. At the last outpost he had been told that by now MacGahan was either with Kaufmann or the hyenas and in any case out of his jurisdiction.

At Khiva MacGahan met up with his old friend, Skobelev, who later was to befriend him in the Balkans.

AND so ended the great ride of MacGahan in Central Asia. It was so incredible that few at first believed his story but the fact remained that he had disappeared suddenly from a little fort on the Yaxartes and reappeared as if from heaven among Kaufmann's men on the Oxus.

Within three weeks of this return from Khiva MacGahan went to Cuba to cover the Virginius affair and in March, 1874, was back in London where he wrote "Campaigning on the Oxus." Then he sailed for Spain to cover the Carlist uprisings for his papers.

Ten months among the guerilla warriors of that mountainous country brought many an adventure. Correspondents had to carry two dif-

ferent colored boinas or caps, depending on where they were as to which they should wear. MacGahan wore the Carlist colors only and as a result was often in difficulties.

Captured, he was accused of being a Carlist sympathizer and ordered put to death. Again, as in Paris, an American official, intervened and his life was once more saved for his greatest work, the Balkans.

Before this, however, he was to make another expedition to quite a different land than on his previous journeys. This time on the "Pandora" expedition to the Arctic, trying for the Northwest passage that was doomed to failure until Amundsen made it thirty-seven years later.

MacGahan wrote a book on the trip, "Under the Northern Lights," picturesquely as he did all his writing, and among his tales is the story of the attempt made to discover the fate of the Franklin party lost years before in the frozen North.

And now the greatest moment of his career was about to open up for him. The Eastern Question was worrying Europe. Bulgaria was under the yoke of the Turk but Turkey's debt to European nations was so great that Europe was in sympathy with the Turkish program for economic reasons.

Furthermore, and still more important, England to her everlasting shame backed up the Moslem Turk against the Christian nation of Rus-



sia, not because she liked the Turk but because she feared the dominance of the great Russian nation in world affairs which was a menace to the security of her Indian Empire.

MacGahan was in sympathy with the under dog, as always. Having quarrelled with James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald* he went over to the *London Daily News* and was promptly sent to Constantinople to investigate the Turkish barbarities against the peasants of the Balkans who, after five hundred years of serfdom to the Turk were now in rebellion.

MacGahan was sent to tell the world the truth and in the telling he remade history. His stories of the saturnalia of blood upon which the Turk was feasting astounded the world.

**W**ITHOUT money, position or citizenship in this land he, an outsider, forced the nations of the Old World to intervene in the cause of humanity.

His stories closed the mouths of the lying British propagandists and the titled bondholders, thirsty for their maturing Turkish bonds. He saw the revolting Bulgarians as similar to the minutemen of Lexington and Concord, meeting the bloody Turk with sicle, goad and fork as did the Massachusetts heroes with flintlock and club.

Disraeli, half Oriental himself, said: "There are no Turkish atrocities." "Bulgaria must be crushed." But MacGahan went and saw and told. His account of what he saw at Batak where 12,000 peasants, men, women and children, were burned alive in church and school and home, after promised safety, was a tale that seared the heart. It resulted in the entry of Russia into the field and the eventual defeat of the Turks in the Balkans.

MacGahan's letters to the *Daily News* are, according to critics, among the most brilliant of their kind ever penned. They were so powerful that they gave Czar Alexander the excuse he wanted and he declared war on Turkey in the interest of civilization. MacGahan then followed as a correspondent of the war and spent many weeks in the hills and valleys of the Balkans on the heels of the Russian armies.

The hero of the war was Skobelev and Skobelev was MacGahan's friend, so the American was in the forefront of things as they occurred.

All through the conflict MacGahan was handicapped with a broken ankle as he followed the war maneuvers. He laughed it off by saying, "I never cared for walking much anyhow and now I have a good excuse for riding all the time."

He was often half dead from fever, but would pull himself together and face the danger of exposure with cheerfulness and gaiety.

Sick and crippled though he was, the sufferings he saw stirred his



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sympathetic nature and kept him going until his final illness.

His personal friendship for General Skobelev is seen in the fact that his story of the crossing of the Danube was in the hands of the *Daily Mail* before the Russian Emperor received news of the event.

**A**FTER the battle of Plevna MacGahan rode forty-five miles through rain and fog to the Danube to send off his story. The dispatches were in his saddle bags. While looking for a place to cross the river his horse ran away carrying MacGahan's dispatches. When he reached Bucharest MacGahan sat down and re-wrote them all—the second writing of a battle story that critics agree was the most vivid account of a battle ever written!

Delayed at Bucharest by the injury to his leg which had caused him so much trouble, MacGahan was unable to travel with the advancing army but later joined it at Constantinople.

His plans to attend the Berlin Conference at which the fate of the Balkans was to be decided were in abeyance because of his illness and they were eventually cancelled by his sudden death. Had he been alive to attend and had his advice been taken, Europe would have been a different place today and the World War possibly avoided. For the Treaty of Berlin planted the seed of the conflict of 1914.

MacGahan suggested that Bulgaria be given a Mediterranean port and that all of Bulgaria be free, not just a part of it.

Disraeli opposed it on financial grounds. The Berlin Conference settled it and no MacGahan was there to raise his powerful voice and wield his powerful pen in protest. So Bulgaria was dismembered.

But today Bulgaria is free, schools dot the landscape, churches rear their steeples where gallows once raised their heads—and peace and prosperity dwell where once starvation and spoliation ran riot.

Due to overwork and exposure MacGahan's health was shattered. In a badly run down condition he decided to recuperate on the shores of the Bosphorus. His friend, Lieutenant Greene, was stricken with typhoid and MacGahan, despite his own ill

health, came in from camp to nurse him. He caught the dread typhus himself and, being weakened by his long illness, he died in convulsions in a week.

He was buried in the little cemetery of the Greeks on the hillside near Pera. Representatives of every nation followed his coffin. Masses were said for him in the capital of the Little Father of the Russians in St. Petersburg, and in other cathedrals of the Empire.

Six years later the warship "Powhatan" brought the casket containing his remains into New York harbor where in the city hall the body lay in state. A few days later in the capital at Columbus, Ohio, it again lay in state, and on Sept. 11, 1884, he was buried at New Lexington, Ohio.

And so MacGahan came home to the hills of Perry County he had left so short a while before. In the interim, this lad, reared in adversity but overcoming all obstacles, had changed the map of empire!

On July 4, 1911, in Lexington, a monument was dedicated by the MacGahan Club and unveiled by his son Paul—son of the Russian lady, Barbara Nicholavna d'Elaguine, whose translations of Russian classics are well known.

**B**UT MacGahan's real monument is on the map of Europe, on every Bulgarian mountain and in the heart of every Bulgarian patriot.

And should you be a traveler in that far off land, on June the twelfth perchance, enjoying the beauty of its bright green valleys and shining lakes, the craggy hills of somber brown dotted here and there with herds of sheep and goats, with the blue high ramparts of the Balkans behind, perhaps you will take to the road afoot for awhile and climb the steep and winding dusty road which leads to the old cathedral of Tirnova, the ancient capital of Bulgaria.

And should you arrive in the morning by eleven you will hear the deep tones of church bells rolling out across the countryside, and the peasants will hear them, too, and cease their labors and bow their heads in prayer because they know that once again the hour has come when a grateful people pay a silent tribute to the savior of their homeland, while their priests in the old cathedral say a mass for MacGahan.

## The Dream

(Continued from page 14)

threshing sails. The ship had been almost three months at sea. When the sails were furled the mate said, "Ye've a cool head, lad. The gals'll be wild for ye." Seeing Eben's angry flush, he added, "I forgot ye don't give a cuss for the gals. Have it yer own way, lad!"

"Yes, sir," said Eben, "I'll have it my own way."

For a month the ship was in continual storm. Neither storm nor cold mattered to Eben. He'd found himself. He was free. That he'd ever been a clerk in a stuffy office seemed incredible. When, with the



Horn at last left astern, the captain said to him, "A man's a fool to follow the sea, Frey. You've seen enough to know it," he replied, "The sea suits me, sir."

"It's a hard life, Frey," said the captain, "But worst, it's a lonely life. A man wants his woman."

Overhearing the words, the mate said, "He hates the females, cap'n. Speak of 'em an' he goes sour."

"You've been fooled by a woman, eh, Frey?" asked the captain.

"No, sir. I'm not a woman's man. That's all," replied Eben; able now at last to speak of women without blushing.

"Every man's some woman's man, Frey," said the captain, "The job's finding her. It's a gambler's game."

**E**BEN made no reply; wasn't interested. But that night he dreamed again that he was emptying a little sack of gold into the lap of a girl whose face he couldn't see. The dream annoyed him: though not as it had before. Waking, he tried to put it out of his mind and couldn't. So, to forget it, he threw himself the harder into the ship's work. Noting his keenness the captain said, "Stay with the sea, and you'll be a captain yourself, Frey." The words delighted Eben; enabled him to forget the dream.

Five months from New York the ship entered the Golden Gate. Eben saw a wide bay surrounded by green hills. A straggling town set on steep hill slopes. Another ship at anchor close by. Several ships at wharves. The captain said to him, "It's a sleepy place, Frey. Not much commerce, nor ever will be. We'll get hides and tallow, pick up furs farther north, and cross to China. By when we see New York you'll be fit to go mate; and after another voyage Captain. Your mind's made up to follow the sea, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied Eben.

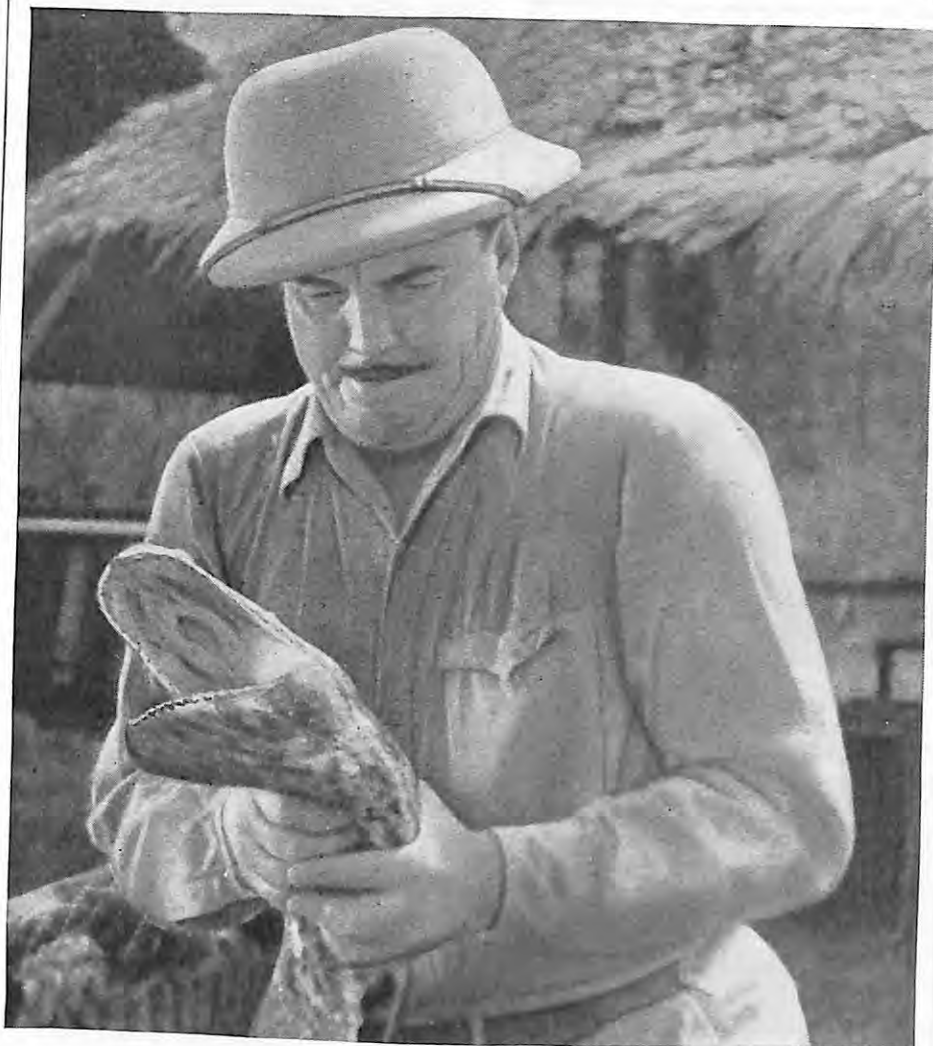
**W**AKING Eben early next morning, the captain asked, "Where the devil's the mate, and crew?" Save for himself and Eben there was no one aboard.

The boat was gone. Eben followed him to the deck. Crowded with sailors rowing as though their lives depended on it, a boat was speeding shoreward from the ship at anchor close by. From her poop her captain was shouting, "Come back aboard, you fools!"

"Boat ahoy! Come alongside here!" shouted Eben's captain. An argument started in the boat, but she came alongside. "Get ashore and fetch the mate and crew aboard!" ordered Eben's captain. He jumped to the boat. As she started shoreward a man at his side said, "So ye're goin' ashore fer yer crew! Ye'll have a hell of a time gettin' 'em!"

"Why?" asked Eben.

Pointing to the hills across the bay



## In a Malayan jungle I made my Strangest "Find"

by Frank Buck, Author of "Bring 'em back alive"

**T**RAPPING and handling ferocious animals is no joke, but I'd rather face a wild beast than shave with a shoddy blade.

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I never dreamed it took so much care and effort to produce the Gillette blade. I saw ribbons of finest Swedish steel put through one elaborate and precise process after another. I saw them perforated, hardened, tempered, ground, honed, stropped

and cut into individual blades by machines that are almost unbelievably accurate. I met skilled technicians who supervise the ingenious scientific devices that constantly check and double-check for quality. I couldn't imagine such rigid inspection.

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Now I know why I can shave every day, in the jungle or out, and actually enjoy it! And that goes whether I buy my Gillette blades in New York, London or Paris—Calcutta, Singapore or Shanghai. They're the same, the world over, equally sharp and smooth-shaving. No wonder wild animals can't keep me from shaving with Gillette blades.

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the sailor said, "See them hills? Beyond them hills is other hills, an' in them hills is gold."

"Gold?" asked Eben.

"A feller came to Frisco last night wi' a bag full. Blew it afore day an' started back for more," replied the sailor. "Frisco's pourin' out, man!"

Eben saw a surging crowd along the waterfront. Vessel after vessel was pushing off to cross the bay. Landing at the heels of the running sailors, he was carried along by the mob, and found himself presently at a wharf by which was an old schooner that long ago had been left to rot. Some of the crowd on her deck were casting off the ropes that held her; others trying to get her sails up. Lolling drunkenly on her deck, Eben saw the mate. Except for the mate he could see that there wasn't a sailor aboard her. He jumped to her deck, ran to the mate, and said, "The captain sent me for you, sir." The mate laughed drunkenly. Eben started to drag him to the rail; and reaching it found that the vessel was now too far from the wharf for him to jump back ashore. Someone grasped his arm, asking, "You a sailor, fellow?" And immediately the crowd on the schooner were demanding that he show them how to get the sails up. Men in top hats and soft shirts, men in old slouch hats and coarse clothing. All manner of men, and all mad, it seemed to Eben. The merchant's words came to him, "There's nothing in the west unless it be a paradise for fools." And then, because there was no help for it, he was showing the mob how to get the sails up. And then, with sail set, he was at the wheel; pushed there by the mad mob; all demanding that he steer them to Sacramento. In the distance he saw the ship, with the headlands leading to the sea beyond her. It couldn't be. The whole thing was too fantastic. He'd wake in a minute, in his cabin aboard the ship. But, then, with the old vessel not yet half way over the bay, he was calling to the mate, "She's filling, sir! She's going to sink under us!" Waving a bottle, the mate called back, "Let her sink. Who cares about a drop o' water?" And then the mad mob was ordering him to run the settling schooner ashore on the bay's far side. If he could get her that far they would walk to Sacramento.

Eben ran the vessel ashore on a mud flat. Instantly, those aboard her were throwing bags of provisions, picks, shovels, and wash pans, to the mud and jumping after them. First to jump was the mate, who, with only a bottle in his hand, started at a run along the shore; the mob following at his heels; some shouting and laughing; other saving their breath for the ninety miles to Sacramento. Last to jump was Eben. Without a thing save what he stood in he looked after the mob.

And because there was naught else to do he started after them. The whole thing was too fantastic. It couldn't be. Yet here he was. When the mob came to a creek and started up it, seeking a place to cross, he sat down. You couldn't walk ninety miles with only what you stood in. What could you do? And then, with the mob gone out of sight round a bend, he looked up to see a wagon drawn by two mules approaching; three men walking beside it. Seeing him, one of them called, "You can't come with us, fellow! We're outfitted for the diggings and you've got nothing."

Eben watched the three climb to the wagon and drive into the water. Half across the creek, the wagon bogged; the mules unable to budge it. One of the three called to him, "If you can get us out of this, you can join us, fellow!"

Eben waded into the creek, took a rope from the wagon, unhitched the team and led it to the far bank. Having made the rope fast to the end of the wagon tongue he made the other end fast to the doubletrees; and with solid ground beneath them the mules pulled the wagon out. "You must be a sailor, the way you handle rope. Maybe there'll be other jams you can get us out of," said one of the three.

In four days they reached Sacramento. But for Eben they'd have tried to make it in three. "You'll kill your beasts," he told them, the first morning. They swore at him, but, when they passed a wagon with the team dying in their traces, let him have his way. Sacramento swarmed with mad men. Madmen were arriving hourly, afoot, in wagons, on horseback, and by boat up the river. Some were outfitted for the diggings, others trying to buy outfits. Any sort of outfit cost a fortune. Eben saw a man in a top hat, tail coat, and soft shirt, pay fifty dollars for an old dull pick. A man who'd evidently never done any hard work in his life. Men with nothing, and no money to buy, were setting out for the diggings empty-handed. It was only a matter of thirty miles, some said. Others said it was fifty. No one seemed to know. The sole thing that mattered was getting there.

Eben's party, who could have sold their outfit for fifty times what it had cost, stayed a day to rest their team; and set out next dawn over a plain dotted with grazing cattle. Carcasses were everywhere. Sutter's cattle, slaughtered for food by the gold-crazed mob. Buzzards circled overhead. The sun rose to shine on mile on mile of blue, pink, creamy, scarlet, and golden flowers. Birds sang. Woodpeckers drummed on great oaks. Blue jays, and magpies with glossy black and white plumage and bright yellow bills, scolded. In late afternoon the sky grew beclouded and heavy rain fell. By dusk Eben's party had made a scant



fifteen miles. They were beginning to unhitch the team when two men rode up. Dismounting, one passed his reins to the other who dropped them over his saddle horn. "Leave them tugs stand!" ordered the mounted man. The dismounted man climbed to the wagon seat, picked up the lines, and brought the whip down on the mules' flanks. "Much obliged for the outfit," he called as the mules started forward. Looking back, grinning, his rifle to his shoulder, the other called, "Walk, damn ye!" It was all over in a moment. All night Eben and his companions crouched over a smoky fire. At dawn the three started back to Sacramento, talking of law in a land where no law was. Eben, deciding he was no worse off than he'd be in Sacramento, remained where he was. He was toasting meat cut from a nearby carcass when a wagon drawn by four horses came up at a gallop; driven by a big man wearing a bright yellow shirt. Pulling the horses to their haunches the driver shouted, "Pile in, feller!" Climbing to the wagon, Eben saw that of four men in its bed one alone was sober; a gaunt tall man with a flaming red beard.

"Whar's yer pick an' shovel?" asked the red-bearded man.

"Hell, ye don't need no pick nor shovel. Ye kin pick it offen the ground," said one of the others.

"Watch out fer yerself, lad," murmured the red-bearded man to Eben. "Soon as we gits to the diggins we'll leave 'em. You come along o' me an' we shares up."

WHEN they camped that night the red-bearded man made a fire, and cooked food; the others lolling drunkenly offering no help. When Eben woke at dawn he had the team hitched, and food ready again. The four cursed him when he woke them, saying, "There's plenty of gold. It kin wait, damn ye!" Having eaten they washed down their food with raw whiskey. The red-bearded man said, "Kick out the fire. I ain't doin' everythin' for ye even if ye be giving me a ride."

"Kick it out yerself if ye want it kicked out," growled one. While the red-bearded man was kicking the fire out the man in the yellow shirt said, "Let's get goin'. Leave the fool. We'll keep his pick an' shovel. Maybe they'll be handy."

As the team started, Eben, who had climbed to the wagon, threw out the pick and shovel. Next minute, thrown out himself, he was sprawling on the grass. The red-bearded man raised his rifle and brought down one of the lead horses; stopping the wagon. Drawing knives and pistols, the four leapt to the ground. "Put up them knives an' guns!" ordered the red-bearded man. To Eben he said, "Go git my water canteen an' grub." When Eben had done so he bade the four, "Git, an' keep gittin'!" They unhitched the dead horse, and



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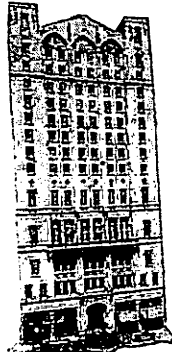
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Williamsport, No. 173  
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Seattle, No. 92
- WEST VIRGINIA  
Grafton, No. 308
- WISCONSIN  
Eau Claire, No. 402  
Kenosha, No. 750  
Milwaukee, No. 46

Note to Lodges: If you are not listed above—advise the Elks Magazine and your lodge name will be added in the next issue.

drove off; their oaths audible long after they were lost to sight in the timber.

Eben and his companion had walked a few miles when a cry reached them from beside a clump of brush. "I was comin' from the diggins wi' a bag full o' gold. Four devils wi' a wagon done this to me," moaned a haggard man upon whose shirt was blood.

The sun was setting when, carrying the dying man on a crude stretcher, Eben and his companion reached the camp. Cabins built on hill slopes and in a canyon's depths. Excited men talking and laughing; showing one another gold dust and nuggets. Half a dozen men dancing to a concertina played by a man seated on a tree stump. Men in red shirts, with rough trousers tucked into top boots, men in soft shirts and tall hats, men with pistols, and knives at their belts, crowded round Eben and his companion. A stern voice said, "We got to have law in this here camp."

Later they said to the man in the yellow shirt, and his three fellows, "Show us whar ye got yer gold an' ye goes free."

Later again, looking at a great oak whence dangled the yellow-shirted man and his fellows, the red-bearded man said, "We'll call this here camp Hangtown." Cheers and laughter answered him.

**H**AVING shared the dead man's gold evenly with Eben, the red-bearded man sat down with three others at a rough table in a cabin. Presently, looking up to Eben, he said, "Lend me yer gold, lad. The luck's goin' to come my way now." A little later he said, rising, "We're cleaned out, lad. In the mornin' we goes to them diggins an' gits us more gold." Not since New York had Eben seen a girl. In a world where no girls were he'd forgotten all about them. He'd forgotten the ship, and the sea. There was no time to think of aught in the mad world that swirled about him. He was not, himself, a part of that madness. The gold fever had not touched him. Everything about him was fantastic, unreal. Even now it seemed to him that it must all be a dream from which presently he would waken. Yet here it was, morning. And amidst a hurrying mob the red-bearded man was striding beside him. Jest, laughter, and snatches of song rose from the mob. The sun flashed on bright new shovels, on picks, and wash pans. Now and again men on horseback passed at a gallop, spurring their mounts; waving their hats to those afoot, who waved back, shouting and cheering, and broke into a run after the riders, to drop soon into a walk again, breathless, sweat on their faces, their eyes shining with impatient desire.

Rounding a bend in the hills, the mob came toward noon in view of

another camp. Cabins and tents beside a swirling green river. At the riverside an abandoned saw mill. Sutter's mill, in the race of which Marshall had found the first gold. On both banks of the river men were swinging picks, wielding shovels. Others, squatting on their heels, twirled wash pans. With a wild yell the mob broke into a run. Laying a hand on Eben's arm, the red-bearded man stopped. "Keep yer head level, lad," he said. "See them thar ravines as runs down to the river? Wot gold's in the river come down them ravines, an' whar it come from's more." Unnoticed by the mob at the riverside he led Eben up a narrow steep-sided ravine. Presently he said, "Take yer pick and dig, son!" Eben drove his pick deep in the red earth, and turned the point up. The red-bearded man let out a whoop. At Eben's feet lay a nugget as large as a pigeon egg.

**A**T dusk they came from the ravine to camp, with a little sack full of gold. Again the red-bearded man sat down to a rough table with three others. Soon one of the three was cleaned. "Go git yerself more gold," said the red-bearded man.

"I'll bide till morning," replied the other.

"No need to wait for mornin'," said the red-bearded man, and turning to Eben said, "Go show 'im whar we got us our gold, lad!" So Eben took the man out, up the ravine into which the moon shone brightly. They were back in an hour. Till long past midnight the game went on, and whenever a player lost all his gold he went to the ravine.

As the days passed the ravine became known as "Gambler's Ravine," and none but gamblers mined there: none save Eben, who, never playing, looked on at games nightly; giving the red-bearded man his share of the previous day's gold again and again. You can find the ravine today; but no gold in the red earth now.

At the end of a week the red-bearded man said to Eben, "Ye ain't no gambler lad. Ye'd best git an go yer own way." They'd found, and the red-bearded man had lost, a fortune. Eben had seen men come empty-handed to the diggins and go away with fortunes. Fortunes had been in his own hands, gone, and returned. And still the whole thing remained unreal: incredible, fantastic. He recalled the merchant's words, "You're too slow a spoke to spin with any fast-revolving wheel." He had nothing after a week of finding and losing riches, and didn't care. Someday he'd waken from this that must be a mad dream. Meantime he'd stay with the red-bearded man.

"One more day then, lad!" said the red-bearded man; and that night won all the gold that three others had found during the day. Thrusting all his own gold, and his winnings, into Eben's hands, he said, "Take it an'



git, lad! Ye kin go buy Frisco iffen ye want." Then, because Eben demurred again, he halved the gold and forced half on him.

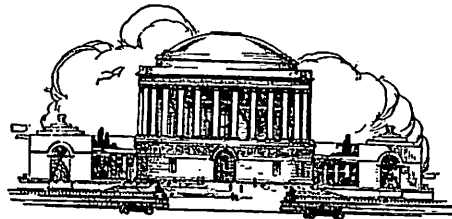
When Eben wakened next morning the red-bearded man was gone. Beside him was the red-bearded man's sack of gold, and, by it, a pencilled note. "I'm gone to the south, lad. They says as how they's richer diggins south."

Incredulous, Eben hurried to Gambler's Ravine. No one had seen the red-bearded man. He hurried back to the camp. No one had seen him there. With a nugget big as a pigeon egg he bought a horse from a new-comer, and by mid-afternoon was in Hangtown. It had doubled its size thrice over. Where the yellow-shirted man and his fellows had dangled two others dangled now. Mules, horses, and burros stood at long hitch racks. Men fresh from the diggins mingled with eager new-comers, showing them gold dust and nuggets. There was shouting, dancing, and laughter. Rounding a corner, Eben came on a company of girls dancing in the dusty street. They beckoned him with smiles. He was passing on, his face crimson, when he heard his name called, and looked up to see the ship's mate leaning drunkenly in a doorway. "Have it yer own way if they'll let ye, Frey!" called the mate. Followed by mocking laughter, he hurried away, and stopped presently to lean from his horse and ask a man the road to the southern diggins. "Gold's everywhere. All ye do is foller yer nose," came the answer. Parties afoot and on horseback streamed past him, some going north, some south, some making for the higher hills. He realized that to look for the red-bearded man was useless.

**E**BEN was rich. He could do what he willed. Not knowing what he willed, he joined a party setting out for Sacramento. Save for his brooding eyes he looked a different Eben utterly to the Eben who had sat on a bollard at the New York waterfront some six months ago. Others of the party talked of their plans. Rich men who'd grown fabulously richer. Poor men grown fabulously rich. Without a plan, Eben rode silent; and no one paid heed to him. No man paid heed to any man in that mad day. A man could be as he willed to be, unquestioned. Riding silent over a sunny plain carpeted with myriad flowers, Eben, suntanned and sinewy, was aware of gnawing discontent, and knew not what it was that gnawed him.

Sacramento had more than trebled its size, was wilder, madder, than before. And if Sacramento was wilder and madder, Frisco, when he reached it by boat four days after leaving Hangtown, was wilder and madder yet. The madness of Sacramento and the hill camps was as nothing to that of Frisco.

It was evening when, having found



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a lodging for the night, Eben went out to the dusty streets of Frisco: towering head and shoulders above the crowd; unconscious that now and again others turned to stare at him. Thinking of the red-bearded man, wondering had he ever really known such a man, he slipped his hand beneath his jacket. Yes, the bag of gold was there. And still he remained utterly unstirred, aware only of a gnawing discontent.

The setting sun shone on the bay, on ships deserted at their anchors, on dusty streets where merchants who'd made fortunes during the day were now barring doors and windows against the approaching night. The crowd was thinning. There was an air of ill omen in the gathering dusk. Eben was unaware of it.

Looking up at Eben a man with pistol and knife at his belt said, "You'd best be getting off the streets. It's not safe after nightfall in this town." A moment later, passing round a corner, Eben saw a dead man lying in the dust; a knife in his ribs.

COMING from a drinking den, three men with cudgels in their hands looked at Eben, whispered to one another, shook their heads because of his great stature, and passed on, hate in their eyes, and Eben unaware of their hate. He turned to go back to his lodging. Tomorrow he'd find a place for his gold, a bank. Not that he cared about the gold. But it was a weight under his shoulder. He was close to his lodging when he saw a coach coming down the dusty street, drawn by two sleek horses with dry sweat on their coats. Silver on the bridles. Silver on the harness. The driver a dark-skinned man wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and a red sash at his waist. As the coach passed he had a glimpse of an old man with a white beard and moustache, beside the old man a young girl. Her eyes met his for a moment, and a smile came to her lips. He reddened. Tomorrow he'd bank his gold. And then he'd go back to look for the red-bearded man in the far hills where there would be no girls.

And then of a sudden Eben saw a band of ruffians come round the corner and rush at the coach. One seized the horses' bridles. Another opened the coach door. Eben saw the old man dragged out, and the girl after him.

And then Eben saw the girl wrench herself free from the hand that held her; saw her step in front of the old man, and face the mob with no fear but only scorn in her great dark eyes. The mate's words came to him. "Spanish girls in the west, lad. Fire in the eye!" And then the rough laughed and the mob closed in on the girl and the old man.

Before he knew what he was doing Eben's hand closed on the neck of a rough who was trying to snatch a gold bracelet from the girl's wrist.

He hurled the fellow back; stood in front of the girl and the old man, facing the mob. A knife flashed, but ere it could reach him he struck the man who held it; sent him sprawling backward amongst his fellows. A yell rose, and the mob was at him. He seized a man, lifted him bodily, threw him into the mob; the fellow letting fall a cudgel as he fell. Eben grasped it before it reached the ground. And then the mob was running, and behind him Eben heard a laugh. He turned. The girl looked laughing up into his face. He reddened, and heard the old man say, "Gracias, señor."

"GRACIAS, señor, means 'thank you, sir.' We are very grateful to you, señor," said the girl. And then she was helping the old man into the coach, and following him into it. Eben felt more solitary than ever he had felt in his life. But next moment she was leaning from the coach door, smiling into his face. "I wished to see San Francisco, señor," she said. "My uncle objected. He always objects to me, señor, but he always at last lets me have my way. And now I have seen enough. We have driven all day the long road from my uncle's rancheria. If you would show us to a lodging for the night? Or would that be too greatly troubling you, señor?"

Not sure if he were awake or dreaming, Eben pointed out his own lodging. He was long getting to sleep that night. Asleep at last, he dreamed that he was emptying a sack of gold into a girl's lap. And this time she was laughing at him from great dark flashing eyes. He woke feeling bitter. Today he'd find a place for his gold; then start back to the far hills where no girls were. Yet, lest the coach be gone before he could see the girl again, he was early up. He'd like to see her again. Even though she laughed at him, he'd like to see her just once more. And when the coach came he was on the street, waiting.

Appearing first, the girl said, "Adios, señor. That means 'good-bye, sir.'"

His face very red, Eben said shyly, "Goodbye, miss."

LAUGHING, looking up into his face, the girl said, "When you say 'miss' would you not please say instead 'senorita'? It seems to me more musical than your American. My mother was American, but I like best some of our Spanish words, señor."

"Adios, senorita," said Eben, very red in the face. And then the old man came, grasped his hand, and said many times, "Gracias, señor."

And then the morning sun was flashing on fast-revolving wheels, and with a small hand waving from its window, the coach was gone. It half seemed to Eben that the hand was beckoning, but he knew that that couldn't be.



And then, of a sudden, Eben heard the merchant's words, "You're too slow a spoke to spin with any fast-revolving wheel." And before he knew what he was doing, or why doing it, he was running to seek some place where a horse might be had.

Presently, looking from the coach window, the girl said, "You accompany us, senior?"

"To see you safe home, senorita," said Eben. And then, because she laughed into his eyes, he turned away, hiding his red face from her, thinking that this was a very foolish thing that he was doing; wanting to hate her for laughing at him, but unable to hate her. Tomorrow, or as soon as might be, he'd go back to the far hills and find the red-bearded man. He'd ask the red-bearded man to teach him how to gamble.

And then, thinking of the red-bearded man, Eben heard the captain's words, "Heaven help the man who lacks a bit of gamble in his blood," he glanced into the coach. The old man was asleep, his head fallen on his breast. He met the girl's great dark eyes, and in them now was no laughter. Unable to look away he gazed straight into her eyes, and before his steady gaze they fell.

Hardly knowing what he did, or why he did it, Eben called to the driver to stop the horses. Still not knowing what he did, or why he did it, he dismounted, turned his horse loose, opened the coach door, entered, and sat down by the girl.

AND now Eben knew all about it. This was the same dream that he'd dreamed so many times. He couldn't see the girl's face. Her head was bent. In a minute he'd waken, or she'd look up and laugh at him. He took from under his shoulder the sack of gold; began to empty it into her lap. And as he did so she looked up, searching his face, her great dark eyes wondering, and no laughter in them.

"Gold is nothing to me. I do not want gold," said Eben.

The wonder passed from her eyes; replaced by a look half puzzlement, half scorn. "You give me that which you do not want yourself, senior?" she asked.

"I do not care for anything on earth at all but—" began Eben, shyly, and, unable to bring himself to say what he would, paused, his face crimson.

"But—but what, senior?" murmured the girl.

And then, Eben heard the mate's voice saying, "Having it yer own way if they'll let yer, Frey!"

"But this, senorita," said Eben, and, no longer scornful, or puzzled, the girl's eyes fell before his. But in a moment they met his eyes again.

"You—were very slow, were you not?" whispered the girl, and laughing into his face, added, "And now—will you kiss me again, senior?"

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(Continued from page 6)

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Harry's expression took a change for the worse, showing more clearly than words that my appearance was as welcome as a rain at a garden party. His coolish nod of recognition failed to accomplish its purpose, and I joined them unabashed.

"There's a nice young lepper," said he, by way of ignoring my presence, as a brown colt flashed by like a swallow. The youngster was going strongly, fencing with a resolute lift of his quarters that seemed to accelerate his flying speed.

"True," I admitted. "Watch the pair of them and try to stay in front."

"Who are they?" Caroline asked. "Marsh Hare," I told her, "and Price Elliott who's riding him in the Cherokee. Unless I'm very much mistaken they'll win in a canter."

"Yes?" said Harry, and rode away. I remembered too late that he had one of his own entered in the same race.

"Your mother tells me," I went on, "that Charlie has his mind set on a stud farm instead of business by way of Vaughan and Company. She asked me to talk the idea out of his head and I promised I'd try."

"Don't you think he'd make a go of it?"

"Didn't he pick up Spectator for a hundred last spring and sell him for three thousand by fall? Of course he would," I said, "he has an animal eye."

"Then why don't you help him instead of trying to complicate matters as much as possible?" she asked.

"Because I have no argument to advance for spending one's life in a stable. I'll grant you there was a day when horses were a gentleman's profession, but that was in the past of hunting squires and debtors' prisons. No, I advised against it and hinted that I should have appreciated similar counsel at his age."

"You're serious, and you mean that, really?"

"Certainly," I answered. "Racing leaves the modern public cold unless the bones crunch and the blood flows. It reminds me of the Roman Arena. If you want to make a gladiator out of Charlie, don't count on me for help."

"Oh, you're simply impossible and I hate you!" she blazed.

I was getting mad too. Everybody, you see, had been harping on the same subject for the past month and I was fed up. I had served my apprenticeship and was through. Whether they liked it or not, I was going to stop riding.

"I think we'll get along better if we lay off that subject in the future," I told her.

"When I need advice on depart-

ment I'll go to some one who's competent to give it," she flared. "Last night I was fool enough to stick up for you against them. I won't be in the future. Goodbye, Billy Ryan." And that was that.

When I saw her next, I had bathed and dressed and was on my way down for a cocktail before dinner. I didn't know she was standing in the shadow at the head of the stairs until she put her hand out and touched my elbow.

She looked bewitchingly lovely there in the dimness of the hallway, with her glowing face and radiant hair shining like some sweet, luminous flower above a dark evening wrap gathered closely beneath her chin.

"Billy," she whispered softly, "they're saying awful things about you in the bar."

"Let 'em talk," I said, "they don't mean half of it."

"But Price Elliott is telling them you've lost your nerve and you're yellow."

"You mustn't mind him," I said, "he gets that way in his cups. Besides, he's been sore at me since I decided not to race that Lancegay two-year-old I bought last fall. He thinks I'm doing the colt an injustice by not giving him a chance to prove himself."

"So you're going to let them get away with it?"

"Sure. Price'll cool off to normal in the morning."

"Well," she said dangerously, looking me up and down carefully, "it's obvious that you're no longer the Billy Ryan I used to know and I'm washing my hands of you in the future. I never suspected that cowardice was one of your faults." And she walked away.


I was forced to admit that appearances were against me, and furthermore the situation was beginning to tax my powers of endurance. I had come to Camden with the sole purpose of enjoying myself, and I wasn't. And Caroline's attitude did not help.

Her whole attitude changed completely after that conversation. She deserted to the camp of the enemy taking, when she removed her bright smile and lovely face from my vicinity, my last strength to endure this new unpopularity. Over the next few days I discovered that a cripple on crutches is welcome where an ex-race rider, sound in wind and limb, is shunned like the plague and when Harry took her under his manful wing my days were bitter things.

They were at the track together next morning, standing in the crowd that had gathered to watch the last work before the meeting. Everyone

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was watching Plus Value, the strapping grey chaser Harry had sent from Millbrook early in January. He was farther advanced by way of condition than the rest, and he looked like doing, with a lean, racing head and the brave, bright eye of a gamecock.

While we were watching, Escape came out. He had not been clipped, yet his coat was velvet, gleaming in the early morning sunlight with the scintillating brilliance of burnished copper. He stood like a statue during the saddling, eyes on the far-off horizon, intent upon some distant vision hidden by the gods from mortal man. A resolute cock of his ear showed plainly that his heart was right and told, far better than words, that he was fit and ready for the contest. We had been through the mill together time and again. The sight of Price Elliott in my colors, seeing to details that had been my care short weeks ago, gave me a hot twinge of jealousy.

WHEN they tossed Price into the saddle I saw something that made me push people roughly aside and run to intercept him as they trotted off. I caught him just as they reached the course.

"Escape has a twisted plate," I called up.

He slipped off immediately, saw it at once and beckoned his boy.

If I had left then and held to my plan of having nothing more to do with racing except as a spectator, all would have been well, but I couldn't help myself because—well, Escape and I had come through the fire together and his welfare was uppermost in my thoughts at the moment.

"Don't let your lad braid him too tightly," I admonished. "It takes his mind off the racing."

My advice was, apparently, the final straw that broke the camel's back. Price was sore with me anyway, and the outburst that followed was only an explosion of pent-up exasperation that had been smoldering a long while.

"So now you want to tell me how to ride?" he grated. "You're a yellow-belly, Ryan, and I'm going to beat your ears off."

He led so quickly that I barely had time to duck. I might have tied him up with a bit of luck, but he was stronger than I thought and he never gave me a chance. When he opened the cut over my eye with his left there was only one thing to do, so I stepped inside his next swing and let him have it.

Nobody knew exactly what was going on but they guessed plenty. It was common knowledge that we were on the outs and the interpretation they put upon the affair didn't redound to my credit. For a moment I felt a sentimental weakness that almost sent me over to apologize to Caroline for the spectacle we had made of ourselves in front of the

crowd. Luckily something stopped me in time, and I left the stable alone.

On the way to the car the youngster, Sammie Johnson, stopped me. I had never liked him since the afternoon's shooting the season before when he had beaten his trusting old setter mercilessly for a minor fault.

"I know what they're saying and I want to tell you I'm on your side against them," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Those stories about licking Price because he's riding your old horse, and losing your nerve, and the Lancegay colt," he went on. "I think they're all a filthy lot and I admire the stand you've taken against them."

Coming on top of everything else it was more than I could stand. Being thrown over by Caroline and having to put up with the suspicion of her friends was bad enough, but the condescension of this mealy-mouthed little whipper-snapper was a final blow to my self-esteem.

"To hell with you, and your sympathy too," I roared. It was a good thing that he left quickly.

That afternoon I did not follow the races from the Vaughan's coach as we had planned. I saw them instead from the inside rail, at an inconspicuous spot across the infield. In the paddock I could have watched the horses walking in their bright coolers, seen the saddling and heard last minute gossip before the start, but there would have been familiar faces and the silence of unsaid things inside the inclosure.

THE first race of the afternoon was the Cherokee Steeplechase. Six entries were scheduled to face the starter, for the two-mile gallop over brush. Cigarette, Harry's game little mare, who had done so well on the big tracks before her conversion to lepping, was the odds-on favorite, but Marsh Hare, with Elliott up, was well regarded by the more astute horsemen, who claimed Price worth five pounds to any starter in the field.

From my isolated position I could see the parade to the post above the heads of the crowd. The colors stood out sharply in brilliant contrast to the background of pine. The starter showed clearly as he lined them up, flag in hand. Although I was out of it I followed every move the riders made with breathless interest. They wheeled and danced and circled as the line took form, then jumped off quickly as the flag fell. My heart went with them.

Harry was away on top. Marsh Hare broke last but settled into his stride on the backstretch and was a comfortable fourth when they passed the crowd. Cigarette was going like a swallow about a length in front and the others were closely bunched. A blanket would have covered the leaders.



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Marsh Hare was running like a thief when Price made his move, where I knew he would. He leaned forward and dusted his game chaser with the bat and they cut down the gap on the leaders swiftly. Then Harry saw them coming and roused the mare to stop them at her girth.

At the three-quarters turn out of the backstretch Harry had the center of the course. Price seeing an opening dove for it with the instantaneous courage that always distinguished him. I was closer than the rest and saw what happened clearly. Harry must have planned to foul him from the start because he waited until Marsh Hare was between him and the judges. At the distance it was next to impossible to see what happened from that angle. Two strides away from the fence he swerved left and put them over the wing.

Price had no time to prepare himself for the fall that followed. Marsh Hare made a gallant effort, futile at the pace, and they crashed to the ground together in a long, slanting fall that must have carried them twenty feet beyond. By the grace of God they parted company on landing and Price wasn't rolled on, or Harry could have been tried for murder.

**P**RICE stumbled to his feet, staggered about in small circles, then collapsed.

When I reached him his upper arm bone was sticking through his shoulder muscle. He was in a bad way. I had my coat under his head in a jiffy.

"Damn the luck," he gritted, "now he'll win the next race too."

"Over my dead body," I told him. "Don't worry, old son. I'll ride for you and take care of Harry too."

"Good man," he whispered, and fainted, just as the doctor arrived.

I dashed across the infield, bumping people right and left without apology. There was an extra set of colors in the dressing tent—my old ones. The silks felt smooth and slippery to the skin, the breeches fitted snug around the knees. Price's white-haired old negro valet grinned as he handed me the boots.

As I dashed to the scales I thanked my lucky stars that I was there to ride. Escape was the only starter with an outside chance of beating Plus Value, and he was not one to give his best to a stranger. To me his peculiarities and sudden whims of temperament were an open book.

Going to the paddock I tingled again to the thrill of racing in the blood. Nothing else mattered but the glory of the coming strife, that hurtling, heedless career of generous-hearted thoroughbreds, giving of their courage lavishly as they fought with bursting lungs and labored stride to uphold the honor of their heritage. When I stepped through the gate I felt that I was coming into my own.

Escape was walking, saddled. His neck and legs were hard as iron. Timmy O'Brian, the trainer, was there with last minute advice.

"Take a strong hold of him at the turns today, sor," he whispered. "He's feeling that full of himself he'd lep Bechev's Brook with a leg tied up."

"What do you hear of the grey?" I asked.

"A rare good 'un to gallop, sor, with a turn of speed like a flat 'oss but he wants a lead to soften the fences for him."

Then the bugle blew and I was on Escape again. He leaned on my hand a moment, then danced and squealed with delight. My heart rose up with that of the horse between my knees. I thrilled to the feel of smooth rhythmic power beneath me as he drifted sideways, then swerved and bickered into line. Not for nothing is racing called the sport of kings.

**I** REVELLED in the crush of jostling, eager horses and the sound of the starter's harsh voice as he fought to form the straining line into a semblance of order. Then suddenly the flag dropped and we were away in the mad scramble to be first.

Harry and I broke side by side, clung together a moment, then the grey pulled off to take the lead with Escape on his quarter. That sharp, initial burst showed clearly the sort of horse we had to beat, for few could leave us on the jump-off. We gained a length as we fled the first. The roar of the crowd was in our ears as we went into the backstretch, level again, galloping stride for stride.

Escape and Plus Value were hitting a terrific clip that quickly outdistanced the rest. We were many lengths in front and still the pace grew hotter. I had blood in my eye for Harry and he obviously felt the same—neither would take back. How we finished without falling is still a mystery.

Then Cavalier, half a lap behind, hit the tenth a terrific belt and tossed Baldy Kent higher than a kite. He came swinging across the infield, whinnying for company, stirrups flashing over his back at every stride. You know how dangerous a loose horse can be. Well, we had several fences together and he nearly turned my hair grey.

They got me in a pocket between them coming to the next. We were still crowding on pace, going like a house afire. They had half a length on me and I couldn't get rid of them without easing back. I'd rather have broken my neck.

I knew that Harry was watching from the corner of his eye. He saw his opportunity just outside the wings and began to bear in. Cavalier was on the left and wouldn't give me an inch. There was only one possible loophole and I tried it. Escape was like a cat on his feet,

handy as a polo pony, and I knew him like a book. I wouldn't have dared it on any other horse.

Just beyond the wings I gave him a chuck in the mouth, got his hind legs beneath him and swung hard left against the loose horse. He bumped Cavalier outside the wing, then by a tremendous effort, gathered himself and cleared the fence as he met it.

Harry was sure he had us, and it was a big disappointment when we got over. Plus Value struck it hard and we were side by side again as we landed.

"Damn you," he yelled and took a back hand cut at me with the bat.

I saw it coming, snatched it out of his hand and dropped it on the course.

"You fool," I laughed. "You'll need that before we're through today."

Both horses were tired as we met the straight after the next two fences. They were still fighting it out neck and neck when I drew my bat. Harry saw my move and his arm went up automatically. I grinned to myself and thought of his own bat lying on the course. Escape left the other cold. We were three lengths in front at the wire.

I saluted the judges and weighed in, taking a petty satisfaction in the congratulations and encouraging calls that came from all around. But I did not wait for the presentation of the Plate because I had still another, even pettier, satisfaction to enjoy. Escape and I might have kept our promise to Price Elliott by beating Plus Value, but there was another little promise to myself which remained to be kept.

I found Harry at the stables superintending the care of Plus Value. He knew why I had come. In hostile silence we stalked out behind the stables and there, with our silk shirts removed, we went into conference.

**T**EN minutes later, with a split lip and skinned knuckles, but my heart high in my chest, and having reached a more complete understanding with the handsome Harry, I returned.

Caroline was standing outside Escape's stall.

"I have been waiting to congratulate you," she said very formally. "And—and to apologize for several disagreeable things I said. Price Elliott sent the same message before they took him to the hospital. Billy, I know now what you mean about gladiators in a Roman arena."

"Gladiator, hell! Racing is a gentleman's profession."

Her voice shook and her eyes fell to the ground. "I—I'm sorry, Billy."

We were silent for a long second and I could feel the blood begin to pound in my temples. I held out my arms.

"Caroline," I said, jerkily. "Caroline, come here."



# From its OLD KENTUCKY HOME

*it rose to be the nation's choice*

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A GOOD GUIDE



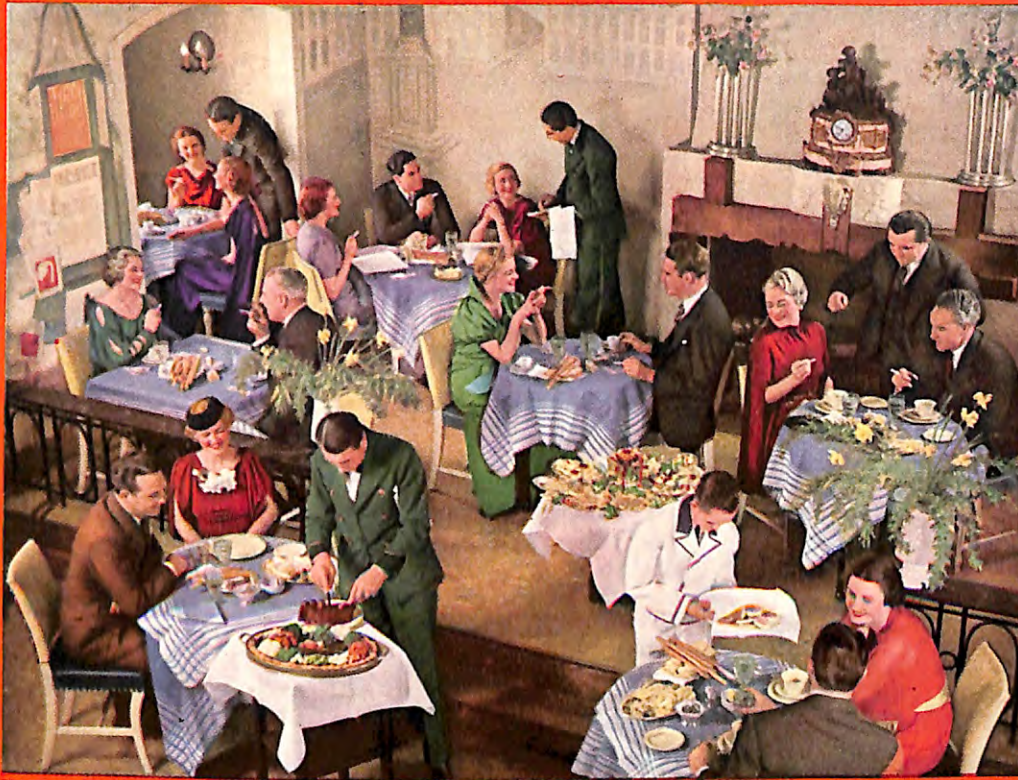
TO GOOD WHISKEY

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Sixty years ago this wonderful bourbon was an obscure whiskey at the Crab Orchard Springs Hotel in Kentucky. But was it good! Right after repeal it filled the bill because it was still good, straight, and low priced! Today it is a bigger favorite than ever.



## FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS



**A RARE PLEASURE.** At the left—leisurely diners enjoying the continental *cuisine* at Jacques French Restaurant, a nationally famous *café* in Chicago. Here it is that soft lights and impeccable service give the perfect setting for such dishes as Baked Oysters *à la Jacques* and other specialties of the house. And Camels add the final touch to dining. "Camels are most popular here," Jacques himself (*above*) observes. "They are the favorite with those who know fine living."



**MRS. HAL LEE**, pictured here in the kitchen, says: "When telephone, doorbell, housework, and planning stretch my nerves taut—it's hard on digestion. I smoke Camels to help keep my digestion in healthful working order."

### Smoking Camels a Pleasant Way to Ward Off Effects of Worry and Strain on Digestion. Camels Set You Right!

Modern days are tense and trying. Nerves get "wound up." Hurry, worry, and strain tend to interfere with normal processes of digestion.

Smoking Camels helps to restore and increase the flow of fluids so necessary to good digestion. You sense a comforting "lift" and feeling of well-being as you enjoy the delicate fragrance of your Camel.

You can smoke Camels steadily. The matchless blend of Camel's costlier tobaccos never gets on your nerves or tires your taste.

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**THE FLARE** of the welding arc climbs to 8700° F.! Dan Rafferty, master welder, says: "Smoking Camels during and after meals helps my digestion."

**THE WINNER!** Kelly Petillo (*below*) takes the 500-mile Indianapolis classic. Petillo says: "Smoking Camels goes a long way in helping my digestion."



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