

# The Elks

*Magazine*



*My compliments on your  
very good taste, sir*



*Maxie  
Threshers*

*for the good things  
smoking can give you*

**Chesterfield**  
*Wins*



**A MESSAGE  
FROM THE  
GRAND EXALTED RULER**

Dear Brothers:

¶ This is WELCOME HOME MONTH for our returning Brothers. Through your Lodge officials you have been advised of my Proclamation to this effect. As stated in my letter to Exalted Rulers which accompanied the Proclamation, "Even as 'joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance', so should there be rejoicing in Elkdom over the return of one who has been temporarily away."

¶ Not only is every individual Elk urged to attend the meeting designated by his Lodge to welcome our returning Brothers, but he is urged in the meantime to do all that he can to procure reinstatements. The Lodge officials and the Reinstatement Committees cannot do it all—they need your help and cooperation.

¶ Won't you please put your shoulders to the wheel and assist the officers of your Lodge in procuring every possible reinstatement between now and the time of your "homecoming" celebration in order that it may be an outstanding success?

Cordially and fraternally yours,  
DAVID SHOLTZ

**Proclamation**

**Whereas**, the month of January was designated by me as Reinstatement Month in our Order, and

**Whereas**, reports from the various District Deputies and Subordinate Lodges indicate that the results were so successful as to justify a rousing welcome to our returning brothers by their respective Lodges,

**Now, therefore, I, David Sholtz, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, do hereby proclaim the month of March as**

**Welcome Home Month** for our returning brothers and request the Exalted Rulers of the respective Lodges to set aside one meeting during that month appropriately to honor these returning brothers.

*In Witness Whereof,*



*I do hereunto set my hand and cause the Seal of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to be affixed at my office in Jacksonville, Florida this 22nd day of February, A.D. 1937*

Attest:  
*J. E. Masters*  
GRAND SECRETARY

*David Sholtz*  
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

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### MARCH 1937

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## Fred Harper

### Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON Monday, January 4, 1937, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper died at his home in Lynchburg, Virginia, where he had been gravely ill for several months. Mr. Harper, a son of the late Captain and Mrs. Thomas Harper, was a native of Southport, North Carolina, but spent his early life in Wilmington, North Carolina.

Mr. Harper attended Trinity College, now Duke University, and graduated from the University of Virginia, taking his academic and law degrees there. At Trinity he was a member of the "all time" football team and he was identified with baseball and other activities as well as being a member of Kappa Sigma Fraternity. In 1895, a year after his graduation from the University, Mr. Harper married Miss Carrie Daniel, daughter of Mrs. John W. Daniel and the late Senator Daniel. Mr. and Mrs. Harper resided in Lynch-

burg, Va., from that time on.

During his residence in the Virginia city he was associated in law practice with his father-in-law, the late Senator Daniel, his brother-in-law, Edward M. Daniel, and the late Leon Goodman. After Mr. Goodman's death in 1931 Mr. Harper succeeded him as federal referee in bankruptcy. Mr. Harper was secretary to Major Daniel, then Senator from Virginia, prior to their partnership in the law firm.

Mr. Harper entered the Order of Elks in 1900 when he became a member of Lynchburg Lodge, No. 321. He was elected Exalted Ruler of No. 321 for the term of 1903-04. In 1910 he was elected President of the Virginia State Elks Association. At the session of the Grand Lodge in Boston in 1917 he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, an (Continued on page 48)

# HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

**J**OHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR., once said: "The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. And I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."

Wouldn't you suppose every college would conduct practical courses to develop this "highest-priced ability under the sun?" To our knowledge, none has.

How to develop that ability is the subject of Dale Carnegie's amazing new book.

A few years ago Chicago University and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools made a survey to find out the prime interest of adults. The survey took two years, cost \$25,000. It indicated that their first interest is health—and their second, how to understand and get along with people; how to make people like you; how to win others to your way of thinking.

Wouldn't you suppose that after the members of this survey committee had decided to give such a course, they could readily have found a practical textbook? They searched diligently—yet could find none suitable.

The book they were looking for was published only a short while ago, and became an overnight best seller. 46,000 copies were sold in three days last week alone. It is the most popular non-fiction book in America today!

## A New Book—the Man Behind It

This book is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and is written by the one man perhaps better qualified to write it than any one else.

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom the big men of business come for practical guidance on getting along with people successfully. During the last 25 years he has trained more than 17,000 business and professional men and women—among them some of the most famous in the country.

When he conducts his course on How to Influence People and on Public Speaking in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore or The Pennsylvania, or the Hotel Astor (second largest hall in New York), it is packed to capacity. Large organizations—such as The New York Telephone Co., Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., and many others listed elsewhere on this page—have had this training conducted by Mr. Carnegie for their executives.

This new book grew out of that vast laboratory of experience. As the panel at the top of this page shows, it is as practical as 24 years' success with the problems of thousands in all walks of life can make it.

## The Case of Michael O'Neil

Michael O'Neil lives in New York City. He first got a job as a mechanic. When he got married he needed more money. So he tried to sell automobile trucks. But he was a terrible flop.



### LOWELL THOMAS

Most Famous News Commentator in the World, says about Dale Carnegie:

"I have known him for 20 years. This man, by inspiring adults to blast out and smelt some of their hidden ores, has created one of the most significant movements in adult education. He is indeed a wizard in his special field."



"The Reader's Digest" devoted 10 pages to this volume—because, in their words, "From Mr. Carnegie's extensive reservoir of experience has come the wealth of anecdotes and common-sense lessons in human relations in which HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE abounds."

### THIS IS A BIG BOOK OF THIRTY-SEVEN CHAPTERS, INCLUDING:

- The Big Secret of Dealing with People
- Six Ways to Make People Like You Instantly
- An Easy Way to Become a Good Conversationalist
- A Simple Way to Make a Good First Impression
- How to Interest People
- Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking
- A Sure Way of Making Enemies—and How to Avoid It
- The Safety Valve in Handling Complaints
- How to Get Cooperation
- A Formula That Will Work Wonders for You
- The Movies Do It, Radio Does It, Why Don't You Do It?
- Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment
- How to Criticize—and Not Be Hated for It
- How to Spur Men on to Success
- Making People Glad to Do What You Want
- Letters That Produce Miraculous Results
- Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier



## DALE CARNEGIE

Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 25 years, he has trained more than 17,000 business and professional men—more than any other living man.

Large organizations such as  
 Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.  
 New York Telephone Co.  
 Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania  
 American Institute of Electrical Engineers, New York  
 McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., New York  
 Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce  
 Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce  
 Philadelphia Electric Co.  
 Philadelphia Gas Works Co.  
 Carrier Engineering Corp.  
 Philadelphia Association of Life Underwriters

have had this training conducted in their own offices for their executives.

This new book grew out of that vast laboratory of experience—the first and only laboratory of its kind in existence.

## SEND NO MONEY

Try Dealing THIS WAY with People—  
for Just FIVE Days!

This book has been published only a short time. Yet over 165,000 copies have been sold to date. The presses are now running continuously to turn out 5000 copies each day!

When you get your copy, simply read it; there are no "exercises" to practice. Then try for five days Dale Carnegie's simple method of dealing with people. Judge for yourself, in your daily life, how easily whatever you do, say, or write can win the friendship and hearty cooperation of others—instead of arousing resentment, friction, or no action at all.

It is not necessary to send any money now. You may pay for "How to Win Friends and Influence People" when it is delivered—with the definite understanding that its price of only \$1.96 will be refunded to you if you wish it. If this book does what we claim, it will mean more to you than ANY book you have ever read. If it doesn't, we do not want you to keep it. Mail this coupon at once.

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Please send me *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. I will pay postman only \$1.96 plus few cents postage charges. It is understood that I may read it for 5 days and return it for refund if I feel that it does not in every way live up to the claims made for it.

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Check here if you prefer to enclose \$1.96 WITH this coupon; in that case WE will pay the postage. Same refund privilege applies of course.

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An inferiority complex was eating his heart out. On his way to see any prospect, he broke out into a cold sweat. Before he could get up courage to open an office door, he had to walk past it half a dozen times.

When he finally got in, he would invariably find himself antagonizing, arguing. Then he would get kicked out—never knowing quite why.

He was such a failure he decided to go back to work in a machine shop. Then one day he received a letter inviting him to attend the opening session of a Dale Carnegie course.

## "It may do you some good, Mike, God knows you need it"

He didn't want to go—was afraid he would be out of place. But his despairing wife made him, saying, "It may do you some good, Mike, God knows you need it."

He went to the meeting. Then he attended every other meeting of the course. He lost his fear, learned how to talk convincingly, how to make people like him at once, how to win friends and influence others.

Today Michael O'Neil is a star salesman for one of the country's largest manufacturers of motor trucks. His income has skyrocketed. Last year at the Hotel Astor, he stood before 2500 people and told a rollicking story of his achievements. Few professional speakers could have equalled his confidence—or his reception.

Michael O'Neil's problem was exactly the same as that of thousands in other fields—the fundamental one of getting along with people. He is just one example of what Dale Carnegie's help has meant to more than 17,000 others in all types of endeavor. *What Dale Carnegie has done for them he can do for you.* Look at the chapter headings. They indicate the amount of hard-hitting priceless information his book contains. But the subject is so intensely important that we say, look at this book without obligation. Then decide whether or not you want to own it.

ONLY  
 \$1.96  
 1

If you decide to keep it!

# All is not Fair

I DREADED the interview, but Rosie had asked me to come. And what is friendship for?

I dreaded it because of the aspect of the man. Always so unobtrusive that even his original nickname of Quiet Rosie had long since been dropped as superfluous, in prison the outward calm no longer concealed an inner alertness that burned in the piercing brown eyes. The calm was now merely the hard shell of an organism as devoid of personality as an oyster, and as without curiosity.

Even without bitterness.

I could have understood Rosie's being bitter, and it would not have depressed me. But it was ghastly to see a human being converted into a mollusk.

So my visits to him there in the penitentiary had been infrequent, unsolicited and painful.

But this time he had sent for me and at the very first sight of him, as he came through the door into the reception room, I was conscious of a change. It showed in a slightly quickened step, in the half-smile of recognition and, when he came closer, in a glint of eager animation in the dark eyes.

"I didn't mean to bother you," he apologized. "I didn't want you to dash out here this way."

"Three days is hardly dashing," I assured him. "And I'd have come sooner if it had been possible. I don't have to tell you that."

"I thought you would, or I wouldn't have asked you. In the first place, in case we're interrupted, I'm asking you to give me some books on orange growing, because they haven't a scrap in the prison library. I'm not kidding. (My amused surprise must have shown in my face.) I'm eligible for parole in about three years, you know, and I've got to do *something* when I get out."

I assented, and there flashed through my mind a poignant picture of this silent, brooding man trying to substitute visions of dark green trees, spotted with golden fruit, for the gray walls that were his present, and for memories of smoke-filled gaming rooms that were his past. I wondered if he had ever seen an orange grove, even from the windows of a train. Perhaps in that youth about which I knew nothing. . . .

"Do you think you would be able



By Ralph Holmes

to do me a favor that would take quite a little time?"

"Just name it, Rosie."

Reassured, he continued without further interruption.

"Last Sunday, at social hour, some of the men got talking about why the law scores such a high percentage of convictions, a lot of them, as you know, unjustly. Tom Franklin put his finger on it when he said, 'The real reason is the guys on the other side are smarter than we are, we got to admit that to start with. We can hire all the mouthpieces we want to, but the law's got three ideas

at their disposal for every one of ours—they got the prosecutor's office, they got the cops and they got the press. They even got the public to kick in with an idea every once in a while. And what have we got? Just our own dumb selves. And we are dumb. If we wasn't dumb we wouldn't be in the rackets. We got to admit that. Even a smart guy like Rosie here is no match for them. Look at the fast one Cronin pulled on him at his trial. It's like an ordinary guy going into the ring to fight a trained boxer—like me going against Joe Louis.'



*The man was a seething cauldron of corroding hate.*



"What was the fast one Cronin pulled on me?" I asked him. He thought I was kidding at first, but when he saw I wasn't, he told me something. And that's what I want you to verify for me. Cronin's Deputy Commissioner now, but he'll talk to you. Just get him to open up about my case."

"Sure, Rosie, I'll be glad to, but give me some sort of a lead." I was all in the dark.

"No, I'd rather not. I want a complete check-up on what Franklin tells me. Well, you might use this—ask Cronin about his ability as an actor."

He would say no more, and on the way home I finally gave up speculating on what he might have heard, for as I tried to reconstruct the case in my mind I was ashamed to admit that I had forgotten most of it.

So, instead, I went back over my acquaintance with Rosie, as one of the city's most inconspicuous but influential gamblers.

**I**T began when I was just a cub from a small town, smacking my lips over Big City life.

By a legerdemain known only to

young reporters, I was making \$15 a week to cover not only my food, clothes and lodgings, but a good deal of drinking, and occasional trips to the temples of chance. That was where I met Quiet Rosie, running a modest back-room game for small-fry like myself, but doing it with unpretentious generosity.

One sunny afternoon I encountered him on the street and we stopped to chat. Suddenly he said, "Have you got a ten-dollar bill on you?"

Miraculously I had, and handed it over, momentarily proud that a professional gambler should be borrowing money from the likes of me. But before I realized what he was doing, Rosie had torn the bill into tiny pieces and tossed them into the wind. There was no use trying to conceal my amazement. I was open-mouthed.

"You don't like to see your money thrown away like that, do you? Well, kid, that's the way you throw it away when you come into my place. I know, you think you can win. But don't you know that if you could, I wouldn't be in business? Just mathematics. Never gamble unless you can afford to throw that same amount down the sewer. You're a nice kid and I hate to see you be a sucker. Come on out to the ball game."

It wasn't that he had told me anything new, but the dramatic vividness of the gesture made such an impression on me that I never got over it. Except once in a while at the race track, when I can actually see the ponies run, I have never gambled since.

And Rosie and I went not only to that ball game but to many others in the years that followed. It seemed to be his one recreation, and I found him a fascinating companion, filled with cold wisdom and a cynicism that was the more appalling because he did not realize he was cynical.

There were stories, legends almost, about homicidal episodes in his past, but he never referred to them and the possibility of their being true made his friendship the more glamorous to me. It was a real friendship, too, as he proved more than once in ways not essential to this bit of history.

As a matter of fact, homicide seemed so remote from the Rosie I came to know, that when I picked up the paper one May morning and read that Walter Montrose, "known to the underworld as Quiet Rosie," had been arrested for the murder of Abie the Rat, my first impression was one of amusement at the blind gropings of the police.

I hurried around to the jail to see him and found him unperturbed.

"You know, they have to arrest somebody," he smiled. "That's their job. It'll be all right."

At that time, Rosie had his game—much more elaborate than when first I was one of his willing victims—on the top floor of one of those no-questions-asked hotels. He had the usual devices for clipping suckers—

a couple of wheels, a crap table, some bird-cage dice and black jack counters. Naturally he operated under protection, but he kept his place quiet and tolerated no monkey-business. His clientele was mostly among the fairly well-to-do and he enjoyed an unimpugned reputation for being straight.

He lived in an apartment about ten blocks away, in an entirely different sort of neighborhood, almost painfully respectable. I had been to his home two or three times for dinner and knew Mrs. Montrose as an unostentatious woman of probably thirty, who must have been a striking blonde beauty a few years before, but who had not only begun to fade with that distressing untidiness of blondes, but who walked with an unconcealable limp, perhaps the heritage of infantile paralysis. Rosie called her Martha and always kissed her when he came in. Whether the "Mrs." was a courtesy title I never knew, nor cared.

That much I remember vividly enough, but I had to go to the files to refresh my memory of the trial.

**A**BOUT two o'clock in the morning of May 22nd Abraham Levinsky, variously known as Abe Levine and Abie the Rat in the underworld, was shot twice in the chest while walking through a side street two blocks from Rosie's place, and died where he fell while the officer on the beat stood over him waiting for the ambulance.

It was this officer's claim that he thought the dying man whispered something that sounded like "Rosie" that led to Rosie's arrest, along with half a dozen others who had been seen with Abie that night in Rosie's casino.

Rosie declared at the time of his arrest, in the only statement he made, and maintained it on the stand, that he had been taken ill with indigestion early that evening and had gone home and to bed. He knew nothing of the killing until the police arrested him.

Corroborative evidence was introduced from his house manager who said Rosie had complained of pains in his stomach about ten o'clock and had left. The manager had phoned the house about midnight and Mrs. Montrose had told him that Rosie was feeling a little better and had fallen asleep.

The officers who had arrested Rosie also admitted that they had found an open package of sodium bicarbonate on a table beside his bed and some tablets and a glass partly filled with water. Mrs. Montrose testified briefly, to the same effect, and to the surprise of every one, the prosecutor asked her but one group of questions.

"After your husband apparently fell asleep about midnight, what did you do?"

"I went to my own room to go to sleep."

"Did you go to sleep?"

"Yes, almost immediately."

"When did you awaken?"

"When the officers came, about four o'clock."

"Your husband was still asleep?"

"Yes."

"You slept soundly all that time—a period of at least four hours?"

"Yes."

"Your husband *MIGHT*—I don't say he did—but he *MIGHT* have left the house for three hours or more and returned without your knowing it?"

"I suppose so."

This hypothetical admission was regarded as of so little importance at the moment that the defense attorney gave it no heed, so intent were they on playing their trump card—Rosie's gun.

The revolver, a .38, was found in Rosie's desk at home, the chambers filled and a box of cartridges in the same drawer showing exactly that many removals. This was not necessarily conclusive, as the defense readily admitted, but—and this was the trump card—the bullets in Abie's body had not been fired from Rosie's gun.

Three ballistic experts, including one from the police department, admitted that fact and all of Rosie's employees testified that the gun in court was the only one they had ever seen Rosie have. Its numbers, too, corresponded with his permit. And then the prosecution sprang the surprise that sent Rosie to prison.

Three detectives, and a representative of the prosecutor's office, testified that they had

searched Rosie's apartment again three days after the arrest and had found a second barrel to the revolver, and three experts this time testified that this was the barrel that matched the bullets.

Rosie's attorneys blustered about "plants" and "frame-ups," but the fortunate presence of the assistant prosecutor at the search disposed of that suggestion, and when the prose-



Illustrated by  
C. C. Beall

cutor reminded the jury that "a quarter of a pound of sodium bicarbonate is not the strongest foundation of an alibi," the show was over as far as Rosie was concerned. Except that he won a manslaughter verdict instead of first degree murder.

**R**EMINDED of those facts from the files, two days later I called on

merriment just as easily.

He was the only college graduate I have ever known to be a regular policeman and his career had proved the value, in his case at least, of an academic training.

But he was as vain as he was efficient, and by a slightly devious approach it was no trick to get him to talk with considerable fervor about "the good old days," in general and

*So far as the listening woman knew, this is what happened: the girl threw her arms around Rosie and sobbed.*



Deputy Commissioner James A. Cronin.

He was stout now, and gray, his features flaccid from good living, but he still had the same trick of pulling his brows down over the outer corners of his eyes when he looked at you, giving his visage an expression of sinister grimness that was almost theatrical, especially as he could reverse the process and beam with

his own exploits in particular.

"I always remember that smart piece of work you did in the Montrose case," I reflected.

"That wasn't bad, was it? In fact, without having any melodrama in it, it was about the most spectacular thing I ever did."

"Of course we never knew the exact details in the press room—just rumors. I remember hearing one

of the front office men say something about your ability as an actor."

Cronin tilted back his chair and chuckled. "I think I'd have made a damned good actor, at that, if I do say so myself." I waited quietly for him to browse in the pleasant meadows of his past. Finally—

"We didn't say anything about it at the time—partly because it was all in the day's work and partly because I didn't want to give the defense attorneys any chance to ask for a new trial. Though it was perfectly kosher."

"Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't do anything that wasn't," I bantered, conscious that I disliked his self-satisfied complacency.

"No, by God, I never have. My conscience is clear on that point. I never strong-armed 'em, either. You can get more out of them the other way. Take that Montrose case you speak of. All I did was use my head.

"If you remember, when they picked up Rosie he was in bed, sick—indigestion, he claimed. And he had what looked like a perfect alibi. He'd left his club early because he was sick. His manager had called at midnight and his wife said he had fallen asleep, and he was still asleep when the cops came. And the bullet didn't fit Rosie's gun. It looked air-tight.

"But I knew one thing that some of you outsiders didn't. That Rosie had a motive for croaking Abie the Rat. Not that a lot of other people didn't too, because Abie was a no-good skunk if there ever was one. But Rosie wanted him out of the way because he knew that Abie was a stool pigeon, a fact that we couldn't very well bring out in court.

"So, knowing the existence of a possible motive, I figured the alibi was too perfect, the basic defect being that he needed an alibi at all. You see, Rosie had to explain why he was not in his place when Abie was shot. And he could explain it, as long as the wife stood with him. On the other hand, if Rosie was out of the house around two o'clock, then, of course, his wife knew it. So my job was to crack the wife.

"I looked her up. Remember her? She'd been a damn good looking woman, but she wasn't so very good looking any more, and she had a very bad limp. It always seemed funny to me the way Rosie stuck to her and never looked at any other dame, because with his money and his looks he could have had plenty. Rosie wasn't much over thirty-five then.

"But it didn't take me long to find out why. Mrs. Montrose had relatives up the state somewhere, and I got it from them.

"Mrs. Montrose had started out as a chorus girl and was somebody's sweetie when she first met Rosie. Though there really was nothing but a bowing acquaintance between them, the heel she was sunning with got jealous and walked up behind Rosie one night with his gun out, all ready

*(Continued on page 40)*

# How High is Up?

By John R. Tunis

A MAN in a stovepipe hat stood in a quaint, boxlike contrivance 25 feet in the air which was suspended by a single rope from the top of a rectangular frame. Looking down on the crowd below he raised his voice above the hiss of steam and the murmur of hundreds of wide-mouthed observers.

"Now, gentlemen, I will cut the rope."

There was silence while the crowd waited. His knife sawed through the single cord which held his cage suspended. It started to plunge downward when the safety device on the crosshead of the platform caught, and the inventor in his perch rocked to a stop.

"All safe, gentlemen, all safe," said Elisha Graves Otis, inventor of the elevator that we use today.

It was back in 1854 that this citizen of Yonkers, New York, proved the possibilities of elevators to an astonished world. Today elevators are about the safest form of transportation on earth. Just how safe? I asked that same question of the manager of a big New York hotel recently.

"Curious you should want to know that now," he said. "Yesterday we celebrated by carrying our 200,000th passenger since the opening of the hotel 16 years ago. In that period our 12 cars have covered enough mileage to circle the globe 46 times without a single fatality."

Maybe if you got behind the scenes and saw exactly how you are protected in a modern, electrically operated elevator, you'd understand the reason for that record. Suppose you work in a city building. How many times a year do you enter your elevator? On an average, about 600 times. You spend a couple of hours of your life in the car each year, yet the chances are you've never once really looked around. Next time do so. You'll notice a door in the side of the car. Or at least

you'll see a small lock in the wall. To tell the truth I'd overlooked it until Walter, our elevator man, pointed it out to me the other day.

"That panel is really a door," he explained. "Notice the lock in it? The panel comes off when we unlock it, and can be used as a bridge to climb over to the car in the next shaft if we ever get stuck. Do we use it? You bet we do! Last summer with the temperature 102 and eight people jammed in the cab, we got stalled for ten minutes. The president of the company was aboard, and say, was he mad!"

Whenever you step into a modern, high speed cab, you are literally surrounded by protective devices for every conceivable emergency. But let Walter tell it. "Yes, the doors of every cab in this building are equipped with interlocks. What are they? Electrical contact switches that prevent the car starting until the doors are closed. Then there's the electric eye. This beam of light which shines across the entrance waist high, prevents a door shutting if anything intercepts it. Half-opened doors used to be one of the chief sources of accidents in the old days. An operator would neglect to slam a door shut, and some absent-minded person could always be found to come along and fall into the shaft.

"What else? Well, there's the speed governor which protects you from an accident. This governor is placed on top of the shaft. Maybe the car gets to going too fast. Or drops suddenly. Then the governor comes into play and shuts off the current. If that fails to stop the car, the governor starts a braking mechanism under the floor of the cab. Two brake shoes are forced outwards against the rails on which the car runs, and this pressure brings it slowly to rest. Last year there was

*Folks do ask the darnedest fool questions. They expect him to be an information service*



an old lady in my bus when the cab slipped three stories. Everyone was frightened but that lady. As the governor worked, the car came slowly to a stop and the door opened. 'Is this my floor?' she asked me."

"But what happens when the accident occurs on some low floor close to the ground? Wouldn't the car crash into the bottom of the elevator shaft?"

"No, it wouldn't. That's another safety device. It would come to rest gently on steel plungers encased in steel cylinders filled with heavy oil. You must feel the effect of these plungers as the car nears the ground whenever you ride in a modern elevator."

On the side of the car just over Walter's right shoulder, hangs a framed card with an official looking stamp on it. Probably you have noticed that card about one thousand times and never stopped to read it. Next time have a good look and above all check up on the date. That card is the municipality's assurance to you that the car is safe for you to ride in, and the date is that of the last visit by the city inspector. Walter explained to me what happened the other day when his cab was silent and dark on the ground floor.

"That card tells the last day the inspector from the Department of Buildings was round. We never know when he is coming. Usually they turn up every few months. 'Course that's in addition to the daily check given by the engineers here in the building, for we have eighteen engineers, mechanics and trouble shooters keeping our equipment in condition. But the city inspectors sure do a real job. There are twelve or thirteen different tests; tests of interlocks, of buffers, of car safety, of loading, of stopping and many others. The inspector crawls over the girders on top, makes sure they are free from dust and lint which might catch fire in the grease. Then he checks the machinery and motors. After that he tests all the safety devices. Usually our superintendent rides in the car when he does the testing."

The hoist, the idea on which all elevators are constructed, is as old as the Pyramids. That original car was worked on the simple principle of the hoist. Then came the elevator operated by steam; the hydraulic elevator in which a plunger descended beneath the shaft to a distance equal to the rise of the car; next, the elec-

trically driven car; and last, the modern, micro-drive, self-levelling elevator of 1937. This machine was an out-growth of machinery designed for use in mine-laying during the World War.

"If you know what to look for, you can date your elevator to within a few years," says Walter. It seems the modern cab of today is finished in chromium, has metal panels grained like wood, and more often than not has been decorated with murals. Invariably it is enclosed. When you see an open-face elevator, you can be sure it's old-fashioned.

"Why are modern cabs enclosed? Boy, you couldn't stand up if this car was open," said Walter as we whizzed noiselessly up to the twenty-second floor of his building. "Know how fast we are moving right now? 1,400 feet a minute. If this car was open, you'd be blown to pieces by the rush of air." 1,400 feet a minute is about 200 feet a second. The speediest elevator of 1937 is in Rockefeller Center, New York, which climbs the 65 stories in 50 seconds. That's a long cry from the first of these vertical railways installed in the Fifth Avenue Hotel at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, which went up at the rate of 50 feet a minute. Nothing could better show you the progress that has been made since 1854.

Walter has only been at the handle a few years, but he looks on the old-fashioned gate-swinging elevator much as you look on a Model T Ford. But Eddie, the starter, with a quarter of a century's association with elevators as background, shakes his head. He doesn't agree with Walter because he sees romance in those old cars in which he spent so many years. "Out of date? Well, maybe they are, those old cars. But let me tell you one thing, mister, it took skill to level a car just right in those days. There was as much variation between two of the old timers as between two 1915 automobiles. Say, the boys on this job have it soft."

In the time of the gate-swingers, it used to be said that the elevator was safe because it was always under the control of the operator. But Walter has little more to say about the running of his modern, high speed bus than the conductor of the Twentieth Century Limited. "Boss," he says, "this here cab is always under the control of the machine." Have you any idea what happens when you step out into the corridor on the 22nd

*Illustrated by Wallace Morgan*



"Now, gentlemen, I will cut the rope!"

floor of a big office building like Rockefeller Center and press the little square button in the hall that is marked DOWN?

Walter in his cab is up at the 35th floor. He hasn't yet heard your call, but unknown to him you have summoned a crowd of mechanical Walters to force the car to stop when it descends to your floor. For the moment you pressed the button your message was received in the control room up on the 65th floor. It was first noticed by the selector, a miniature elevator synchronized with the movement of Walter's car down below. This little device passes over rows of contact points, each representing a floor, and as it descends its brushes sweep these contact points and give an impulse to the nearby control board.

Because of these impulses which the control board has received from the selector on account of your pushing that DOWN button on the 22nd floor, it is now breaking contacts and Walter's car dropping from the 30th to the 29th to the 28th and 27th is slowly slacking speed. As it reaches your floor it comes to a gentle stop. The light in the corridor above flashes to indicate its approach, the controller up on the 65th floor makes a contact, the doors of the cab swing open and you enter. Walter himself, you notice, hasn't done a thing. Now he acts. He presses the lever by his side. Once again the machinery starts to act. This time the control board closes the doors, feeds the current into the hoisting motors, and the car drops down to the next stop.

When you pressed that DOWN button as a signal that you wanted to descend, four big machines were called into play to satisfy your desires. The selector, the controller, the generators which produce the current, and the motors which raise and drop Walter's cab by means of cables. There are eight of these cables, each three quarters of an inch in diameter, and each tested and guaranteed to carry 15 tons, so if by any chance one should break, you needn't worry much.

Walter thinks he can be considered an average elevator operator. He is now 22 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds. He is a high school graduate, and on leaving school went to work in the Keystone Building as a porter at \$14 a week. He was promoted after a year and a half to be the operator of a freight elevator, and steered this car for about two years when he was given a regular passenger run and a raise of \$4. A year and a half ago he got his present job where he earns \$20 and wears a gold stripe on his left arm. That means he has seen a year's continuous service on his car. He works from eight in the morning until six at night except on Saturday when he quits at one-thirty. Ed, the starter, wears three gold stars on his left arm each standing for five years service with the corporation. He works about the same hours and gets \$28 weekly.

Ed says folks do ask the darndest fool questions of an elevator starter. On a minute's notice they expect him to be a regular information service, to know all the 8,000 firms in the building, their employees, what office they work in, what floor it's located on, and, when they've moved, their new address. He's a regular walking information booth and has to know everything about everyone; from where the Smith Building is to when the next train leaves for Chicago, how to get to Wall Street on the subway, the offices of the Rhubarb Research Corporation that moved four years ago, and where the nearest public telephones are. Walter likes his job as starter because it brings him into contact with lots of people, and a good many building superintendents were once starters—and elevator operators before that. They hold responsible positions because their personality appealed to some executive of the corporation. From the tenant's angle, it pays to be on good terms with the starter and his corps. One office holder in a big building found this out last year. He moved a few days before Christmas, neglecting to hand out the usual present to the boys. Consequently none of the operators at his former address has ever heard of him or can tell where he is now located.

Did you ever see a fat elevator man? Come to think of it, you never did. Today (Continued on page 46)



Right this minute there is a Russian prince speaking six languages, who runs a car in a New York hotel.



Everyone was frightened but that old lady. "Is this my floor?" she asked.

Below, in what for anybody else we could call a pensive mood, is Martha Raye. The comedienne, whose whacky antics and weird interpolations accompany her singing, has bored her way deep into the sunnybones of the listeners to the Al Jolson program



Above is Jack Oakie, of the camera, who is these days flirting with the microphone in the rôle of a college professor. Professor Oakie advocates more fun in the classroom, and then proceeds to provide it in the form of a lot of hocus pocus and some guest stars



Above is Alexander Woollcott, whose salty and sometimes devastating wit enlivens the air waves on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 P.M. for his Eastern disciples and 9:30 for Westerners

Ray Lee Jackson



Left: The Metropolitan Opera Company's lovely Miss Gladys Swarthout has embarked on a new and notable series of broadcasts for NBC each Wednesday evening

# BROADCAST



Ray Lee Jackson

Above is the merry team of Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, two of America's foremost stage comedians, who are heard on NBC's Twin Stars program on Fridays at 9:30. Miss Broderick's dryly venomous delivery of even the most innocuous line turns it into a gag

Below, Boake Carter, news commentator, whose editorializings, packed with dynamite and made doubly explosive by the dramatic monotone of his rapid British diction, frequently cause his listeners to pause, uncomfortably, and think



# SHOW



*Left: Miss Jeanette MacDonald is introduced to Ivan Lebedeff under the patronizing eyes of John Barrymore, in the film "Maytime." With each picture Miss MacDonald grows more lovely and increases in stature both as an actress and a comedienne*



*Left: Three members of the cast of "Frederika," New York's latest Franz Lehar operetta starring Dennis King, Helen Gleason and Ernest Truex. Beautiful costumes and lovely music distinguish a romantic production*

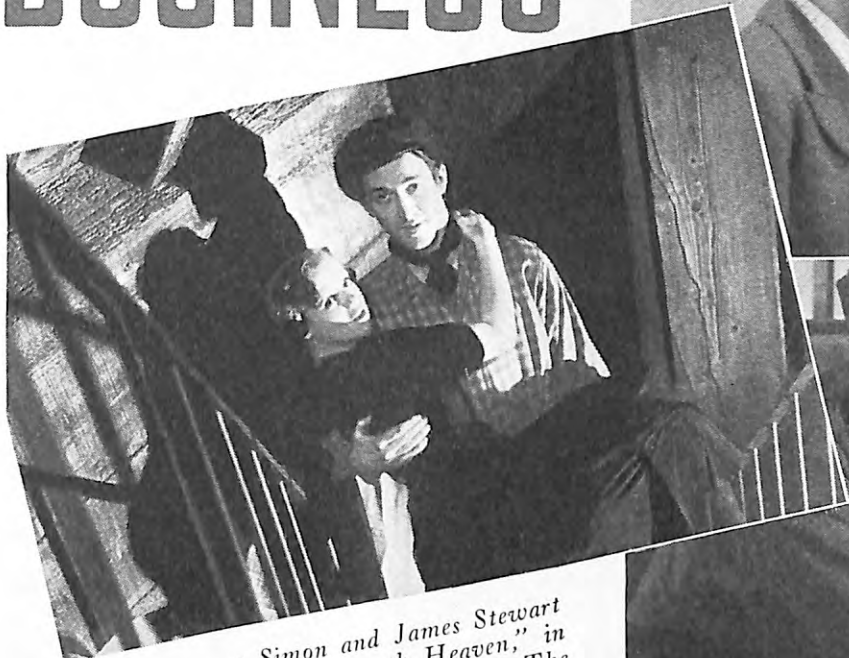
*Below: The distinguished Mr. George M. Cohan, who has recently opened on Broadway in a comedy entitled "Fulton of Oak Falls"*



*Right are Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in their current opus entitled "Love Is News"—a film which deals, we take it, with love. Don Ameche takes a prominent part in the gallant doings which surround the spectacularly beautiful Miss Young*



# BUSINESS

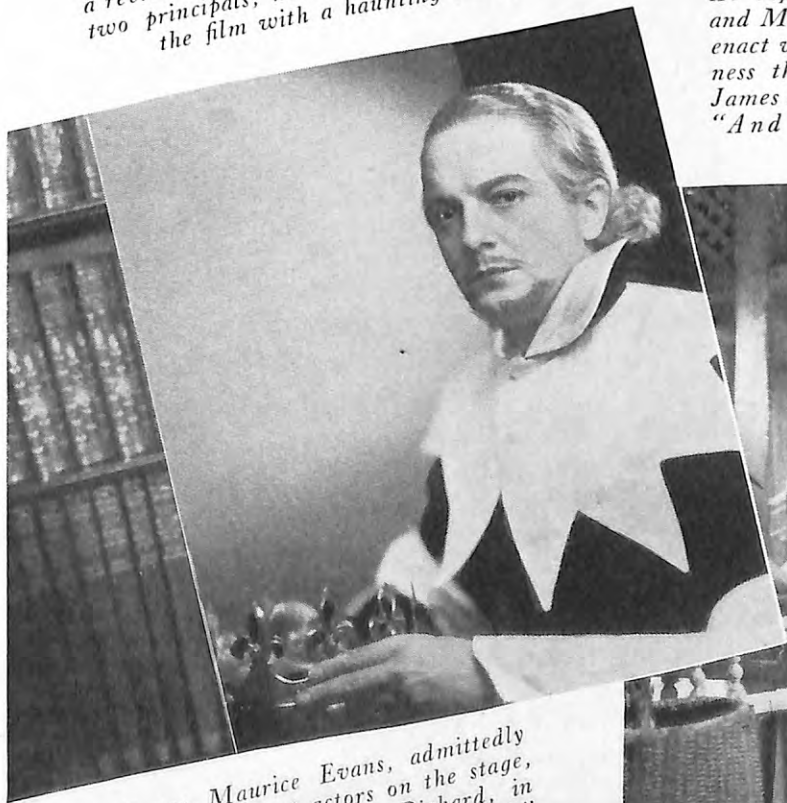


Above: Simone Simon and James Stewart climb the stairs to "Seventh Heaven," in a revival of that touching little story. The two principals, new to the screen, infuse the film with a haunting beauty



At top: Philip Merivale and Marguerite Churchill enact with a moving sureness the leading rôles in James Hilton's tragic play, "And Now Goodbye"

Above is Dick Foran, Warner Bros.' most promising young ace-in-the-hole, currently involved in a horse opera called "Land Beyond the Law"



Above: Maurice Evans, admittedly one of the finest actors on the stage, essays a difficult rôle, Richard, in Shakespeare's "King Richard II." The play is one of the most exciting dramas on Broadway, and a personal triumph for Mr. Evans, who scored earlier this season in "St. Helena"



Above: Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Charles Butterworth in a hilarious film, "Swing High, Swing Low." Miss Lombard and MacMurray are a likable enough team, but with Butterworth added they all three become lovable

# A Lady Unafraid

By  
Fergus Ferguson

*Illustrated by John J. Floherty, Jr.*

THE doctor was a man of science, a realist. He was old and wise and tired but his eyes were calm and kind and there was compassion in them as in all eyes which have understood what they have seen. And he had seen much. So much that there was nothing, he thought, which could surprise him.

But this patient, who had been sent from Florida to consult him, now surprised him. It was his hard task to tell her that her case was hopeless. He rose from his desk and laid his kind old hand on her slim shoulder.

"Your own doctor is correct in his diagnosis, my dear," he told her as gently as he could. "Your heart may give out at any moment, just like that. But with care," he said, "very great care, avoiding over-exertion and excitement, you have a chance to live some years. A good chance," he added, mercifully stretching the truth.

It was then that she surprised him. She disclosed not the least sign of fear or even of concern. "But is there anything you can do for the pain?" she asked. "Sometimes it is rather bad." He told her that they could help her, perhaps, in that. But as she seemed not to have grasped the full significance of his verdict he stood looking thoughtfully down at her. He had no wish to frighten her. It seemed most important that she should remain unconcerned. He hesitated, torn between his wish not to terrify her and the knowledge that it must be brought home to her how careful she must be. He had never known a patient to take such news as she took it and he was not only surprised but somewhat baffled.

She seemed to understand his predicament for she reached up and touched his sleeve. "I will be careful," she promised, "for when I am there is less chance of pain." She sat looking at him. "You have been so good," she said, "and you have hated so to tell me this. You've hated it so much that I want you to know it hasn't bothered me. Not in the slightest, not the least bit."

"Is that because you were prepared for it? Have known it yourself?"

She smiled brightly. "I am afraid I'll hurt your feelings if I tell you the reason."

"Hurt my feelings?" He stroked his chin thoughtfully. So that was it—she refused to believe him. He sighed. Perhaps it was just as well.

She thought she had offended him, apparently, for she said quickly "Please don't think that I don't realize that you are the greatest specialist in New York. I do. But it's just that I happen to know that I won't die of heart-trouble."



"Oh!" It sounded to him like utter stupidity and yet she did not look stupid. She seemed merely calm and sure, as if ensconced in some private knowledge of her own.

His concern for her seemed to break down a wall of reserve. Because of that concern it was his right to know the truth. "It is this way," she said. "I come from North Country Ireland. We are said to be a fey race and some of us have the gift of second sight."

What nonsense that was! But his weary, lined face did not waver. "And you have this gift?" he asked mildly. "I see."

Again she laughed, like an adult over a quaint child. "No, you don't see," she said teasingly. "You are just being kind. You think it is all foolishness."

He would not lie. He could not say he gave the slightest credence to a theory of fore-knowledge of events, for he did not give it credence. But he believed in being kind. And if this fantastic hocus-pocus of believing in her gift was a help to her, that was, he thought, all to the good. He said aloud, soothingly, "Doctors see and hear much that is odd, and many of us come to wonder if there are not more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." He smiled at her his charming old smile. "As for me," he said, "I'm ready to believe almost anything."

"Anything you can see with your eyes, or hear or touch," she said a little mockingly. "You don't believe there are things you see without eyes? No you couldn't, not unless you are Irish."

"Or a gypsy," he said. And they smiled at each other for he was so far from being a gypsy. He said, "I am a scientist and I am interested in everything about people. Would you care to—that is—"

"To tell you what I have seen?" she finished for him. "I'll be glad to. At first, of course, it terrified me. But later, after the war was over, and I was still safe, it was wonderful. Because you see I—it has made me so safe. I am never afraid."

"The war?" he asked.

"Yes, I was a child in London then. And one night during an air-raid we were all in the cellar. They brought in a man who had been hit. He lived only a few minutes." Her blue eyes looked behind him into the past. The doctor kept noticing those eyes, which were said by some to belong to a fey race but which he knew to be merely the mark of an out-door northern people. "I cried and cried and cried," she went on after a time, "and the man, the last thing he said was, 'Don't cry, little girl.' And I looked at him and he was sorry for me. And then, way down in his eyes as if I were looking into a dark pool, I saw it. You see he was Irish, too."

"Saw what?" he asked patiently.

"My death," she said. "It was to be the same as his, in an air-raid."

She smiled at him as if to say, "Yes, I know you think me crazy." But she went on. "I could see it all so clearly. It is still clear. I see myself, dressed in flowing drapery, standing on a high place. It is night and I am looking up. That is how it will be—first the sound of the Zeppelin, that dreadful sound as we used to hear it and me looking up at it—and then darkness."

"And that comforts you?"

"Yes, of course." She looked surprised at his question. "Of course I was terrified after that until peace came, every time there was a raid. But I was still alive," she laughed. "And then, when I had grown up, I came to America because there is so little chance of war here."

She could speak like that, say those fantastic things in that certain, sure way—and *mean* them. It silenced him for a minute. Never, he thought in wonder, could one fathom the vagaries of human beings.

She held out her hands to him in farewell. "So you see, doctor," she said, "why you cannot frighten me."

"I am glad," he said. "But be careful of that heart. Goodbye, and all the best." After she had gone he sat musing, thinking about her, preoccupied with the enigma of human folly and of human destiny. He told his wife about her, about this fanciful Irish woman after they had gone to bed. "I don't know," his wife said, surprisingly enough. "I've often wondered—perhaps there is a veil—perhaps she can see through—" But the doctor by that time was asleep.

It was after midnight when they called him to come at once, to the hotel on the park, to his patient of the afternoon. But there was nothing he could do when he got there. It was all over. "Did she have bad news or any kind of shock?" he asked the manager.

"She was all right, sound asleep when I looked in at twelve," said her maid brokenly. "I was in the next room with the door between ajar as I always leave it so I'll hear her. She had had a quiet evening writing letters and there was no bad news or anything. I was dropping off to sleep when I heard her let out a little cry. I ran in and found her standing there on the terrace, in her night-gown, staring up at the sky. Just as I reached her she fell."

"Too bad," said the manager, preparing to go. "She must have heard that new Zeppelin. I was out watching it myself. It passed directly over the hotel on its return trip to Germany. It's pretty noisy and perhaps the sound frightened her, waking from a deep sleep like that. You said she had a weak heart?"

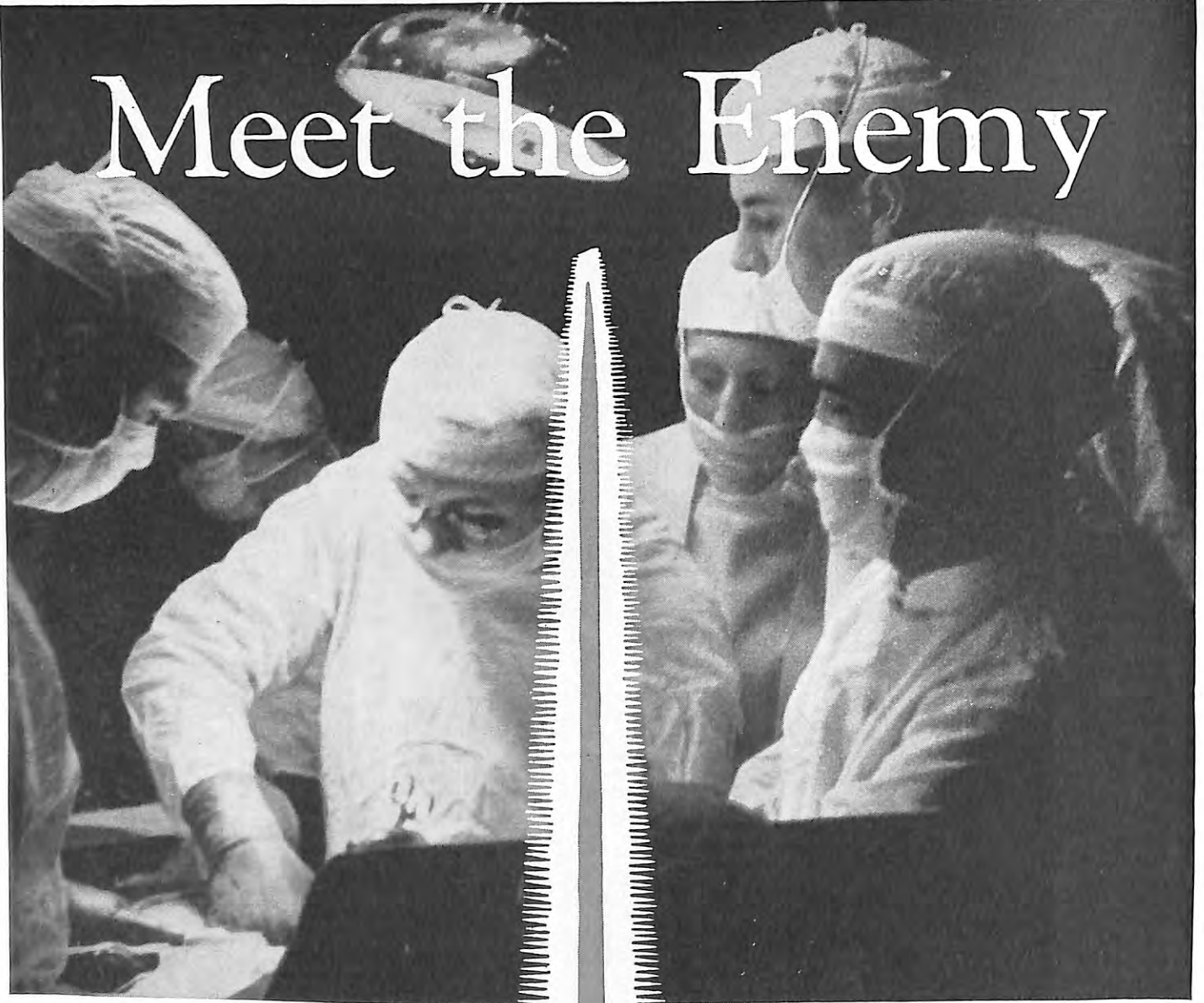
He wondered why the old doctor looked at him so strangely and why it took him so long to answer.

"Yes," said the man of science at last. "She must have been extremely frightened. And, of course, she had a very bad heart."



*I see myself, dressed in flowing drapery, standing on a high place. It is late and I am looking up. That is how it will be.*

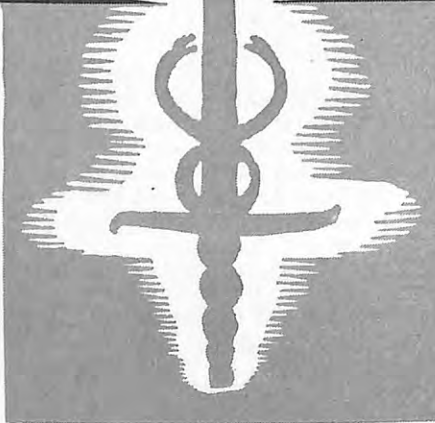
# Meet the Enemy



*Above: Doctors performing a delicate operation which will cure a cancer sufferer*

AS the yacht, *Oneida*, steamed up the East River on the first of July, 1893, it might have seemed to a casual observer to be off for a holiday cruise. But there was no holiday spirit in the main cabin where white-coated doctors talked in whispers and the mingled smells of disinfectants and anesthetics suggested rather a hospital than a luxurious yacht. The cabin had been turned into an operating room. Four of the best-known surgeons in the country and a prominent dentist were bent over the operating table. The operation was for cancer of the mouth: two teeth, a part of the jaw, and a large amount of tissue were to be removed. The security and well-being of millions depended on the success of that secret operation.

The year was a critical one in our nation's history. Gold and silver standard advocates were struggling for supremacy. In country after country throughout the world, the gold standard was being resumed.



There was real danger that the United States might be isolated as a free silver country from which all the gold would be drained. The Vice-President was Adlai E. Stevenson of Kentucky, an ardent free silver man. The President was Grover Cleveland, a staunch supporter of gold. More than one newspaper declared that only Cleveland stood between the country and complete panic.

What was the relation between the cancer operation on the yacht,

By Clifton Read

*Oneida*, and the country's well-being? Simply this: the patient on the operating table was President Cleveland. Had he died of cancer, the results would have been tragic. The failure of banks and business, unemployment and starvation, all the misery that attends a terrible depression would probably have been inevitable. But President Cleveland did not die; the cancer was an early one and was completely removed in this and another less serious operation a few weeks later.

A few weeks before Mr. Cleveland had asked an army surgeon, Dr. R. M. O'Reilly, to examine a sore spot in his mouth. Suspecting something serious the physician sent a bit of tissue from the mouth to a laboratory for microscopic examination. As the pathologist bent over his microscope, he did not know that the cells he studied were those of the President of the United States. Quite calmly he made his diagnosis of cancer. Distinguished physicians were



told that its President suffered from a malignant disease. The belief that cancer was incurable was too widespread.

President Cleveland lived for fifteen years, an outspoken leader, loved by his friends and feared by his opponents for the energy and vigor with which he fought issue after issue. There was never any recurrence of cancer. That he had had cancer was not known until 1917 when Dr. W. W. Keen, one of the attending surgeons, described the operation and incidentally made amends to the newspaper reporter whose story had been called false.

President Cleveland is one of the most famous of those cured of cancer. There are thousands of others. There is the case of Mrs. X. of Chicago who at twenty-nine was the mother of two attractive youngsters.

One morning Mrs. X noticed a slight lump in her breast. She had read some literature on cancer and knew that a lump was one of the so-called danger signals. After consulting her family she went to see a surgeon who removed a bit of the suspected lump for microscopic examination. The diagnosis was cancer and a successful operation was performed. At that time her two babies were far too young to understand

*At top: A pathologist studying a slide of suspected tissue. Only by microscopic examination can cancer be detected. Left: Preparing for deep X-Ray treatment of internal cancer.*

*Below: A few of the "cures" that have been brought to the attention of The American Society for the Control of Cancer. Tested at Bellevue Hospital in New York, they were all found to be utterly useless*

what worried their parents and their grandmother, but now ten years later they know that their mother's life was saved by the courage and speed with which she acted when she detected that slight lump.

Then, there was the painter in Brooklyn, a fellow who boasted that he had a stomach as tough as iron. For years he had been able to eat ice cream and pickles, mix gin with wine, and finish up with bologna and never feel a tremor. The painter was surprised when all at once he began to feel slightly upset. He tried baking soda and other things that the corner druggist recommended but the indigestion continued. It was not very serious, but there it was. After two years, he went to a hospital and the examination showed that he had an internal cancer. The painter was lucky and his wife and three children were lucky because the operation that was performed was successful. His cancer was not a very early one but he nevertheless was cured.

The painter and Mrs. X are living normal and useful lives. Cancer to them does not mean terror and untold suffering. They have met the enemy and have conquered him. Their stories end happily.

Occasionally one of the many who have recovered from cancer come into the offices of the American Society for the Control of Cancer to tell their stories and to aid the work of the organization. One of the Society's state chairmen was cured years ago of cancer of the intestinal tract. Another man, cured of cancer of the tonsil, is a director of one of the largest cancer hospitals in the country. An attractive woman in California often lectures on cancer, using her own experiences when she was suffering from cancer of the breast

called in consultation. The President agreed at once to have the indicated operation on condition that it be kept absolutely secret.

So the yacht was turned quietly into an operating room and without telling anyone of their errand, the eminent doctors came on board. The next day the President accompanied by Colonel Lamont, his Secretary of War, boarded the yacht and the cancerous tissue and bone were removed. No scars were left since the operation was performed entirely within the mouth. A few days later Mr. Cleveland landed at Buzzard's Bay and walked ashore unaided. Shortly thereafter he was fitted with an artificial jaw made of vulcanized rubber. When he made a public address a few weeks later his voice was unchanged.

One reporter somehow learned of the operation and his newspaper printed an account of it. Prompt denials by the President and the Secretary of War brought an apology from the newspaper publisher and the story died. Even though the operation was successful, the country could not stand the shock of being



to illustrate the thesis that "Early Cancer is Curable."

Tiring of the pessimism of the layman with his mournful dirge "Everybody knows cancer is incurable," the American College of Surgeons in 1934 made public records of the cases of 24,440 persons treated for cancer, and alive and healthy five, ten, and fifteen years afterwards. And in each case, cancer had been diagnosed by a competent pathologist who had examined a piece of body tissue under a microscope.

It was a microscopic examination that led to the discovery of cancer in President Cleveland, in the Brooklyn painter, in Mrs. X of Chicago. Only by such an examination can a tumor be definitely diagnosed as cancerous.

Thirty years ago when an operation such as that performed on President Cleveland was exceptional, there might have been some reason for the gloomy fatalism with which the average man thought of cancer. Now is our attitude to be one of increasing gloom since cancer has jumped from where it was in 1900, sixth in the list of causes of death, to second place? Are we to despair because 140,000 persons die of cancer each year?

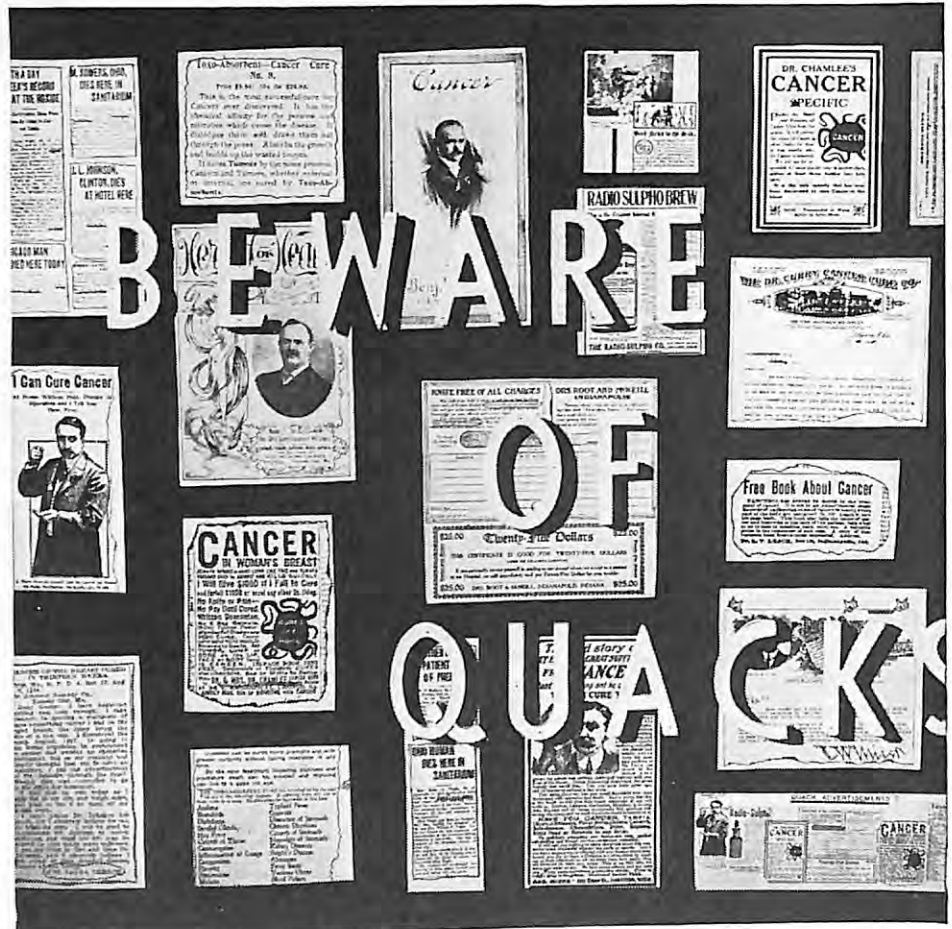
On the contrary, for today we have thousands of cured cases where in 1900 there were only a handful. Today we know enough about early cancer to cure it in perhaps fifty per cent of the cases. The terror that once had some excuse is as out of date as the kerosene lamp or the buggy.

And when we throw out the window blind, ignorant fear, we ought to follow it with many of the popular ideas about cancer. Cancer is not contagious. It is not directly hereditary. It is not caused by so-called cancer houses.

You need not worry if your wife serves you tomatoes that she has kept in an electric refrigerator and prepared in an aluminum pan. Despite all rumors, tomatoes, electric refrigerators, and aluminum do not cause nor contribute in any way to the cause of cancer.

Just what is this thing that in its later stages is so fatal and so bewildering to even the most brilliant scientists? To understand cancer we must remember that the body is composed of millions of cells, units visible only through a microscope, and living an existence of their own. Each of us grew and developed from one original tiny cell that was formed by the union of the male sperm and the female ovum. Growth at first was enormously rapid. And once the baby had been born, the growth continued at a high rate of speed, gradually slowing down as maturity approached.

With cancer, something happens to the cells in a particular part of the body and sets them to growing with wild speed. For reasons that are not clear, the body seems to lose its authority over these cells. Something upsets the equilibrium under which the cells grow, take nourishment,



Misguided cancer sufferers waste hundreds of thousands of dollars when tempted by such fake "cures" as those advertised above.

serve their normal purpose, die and are replaced. The cancer cells show an enormous energy. They grow and spread through neighboring healthy tissue. Like an Anarchist, the cancer cell throws off organized discipline. While the body politic can absorb a large number of malcontents, our own body's tissue cannot absorb without harm to itself the cancer cells. Unless they are removed entirely their result is fatal. Yet so natural is the process of growth that at first, except in rare bone cancers, the body feels no pain as the destructive enemy spreads through it. And unlike germ diseases, the body sets up no effective resistance and builds no immunity against cancer.

How can cancer be cured once it develops? Thirty years ago there was only surgery, now there are three recognized agents for treating the disease: surgery, x-rays, and radium. In cancers of the skin, the mouth and the uterus, irradiation by x-rays or radium has in many cases replaced or supplemented the surgeon's knife. In other instances, as in cancer of the breast, an operation will be followed by x-rays. It is encouraging to hear from specialists that despite the great progress made in the use of irradiation in recent years, radium and x-rays are only in their infancy in the fight against cancer.

Salves, pills, injections, all the paraphernalia of the quack are used

to fleece the poor cancer patient of his hard-earned savings. In 1862, Dr. Theophilus Benet of Geneva wrote that "an unguent of green frogs is very good for canker." As late as 1905 frogs were used to treat cancer in South Africa. And when through the American Society for the Control of Cancer a prize of \$50,000 was offered in 1927 for a cure for cancer one of those entered was based on the binding of a toad on the cancer.

Three years ago a genial rascal was amusing himself in Paris on thousands of dollars that he claimed to have made in America selling electric belts as a "sure cure" for cancer. The belts cost only a few dollars to make and sold for hundreds. The patient was directed to wrap the belt around his waist and attach the connecting plug to an electric socket. Naturally with the current on he would feel a pleasing warmth. This was harmless and useful on cold winter nights. But it was alleged that the current would set the electrons in his body moving in a particular direction, an anti-cancer direction, and that the patient would be cured. This was nonsense. The salesman for this shameful gadget moved from town to town, preying on hopeless cancer cases, on persons who did not have the disease at all, on anyone who could be tricked into buying the belt. Moving eastward from California, the salesman

*Below: A patient under an X-ray machine, and below center: A lady who has recovered from an operation for cancer of the breast.*



foundered in Kansas City when the government clamped down on them for using the mails to defraud. The manufacturer and a couple of the less wily salesmen were sent to Leavenworth.

The files of the American Medical Association are full of such cancer "cures," all utterly worthless. When a real cure for late cancer is discovered, it will be blazoned in head-lines in every newspaper. The late Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, is said to have declared that when a cure was discovered, he would devote the first six pages of his paper to it. President Cleveland, Mrs. X, and the Brooklyn painter were not cured by salves or pills or electric belts. They and the others who have been cured, owe their recovery to

*Left. Dr. Marie Curie and her husband, Pierre, in the laboratory where in December, 1898, they isolated radium.*

*Below, Medical students watching a doctor perform a cancer operation.*

surgery, x-rays, or radium. How can we guard against cancer? One of the chief factors in the disease is long sustained irritation. Thus more than a hundred years ago physicians noted a type of cancer found only in chimney sweeps. Later they discovered that it was caused by a combination of soot and chafing in the groin by the pole on which the chimney sweep sat as he worked.

In the eighties an English doctor pointed out the kangri cancer in Northern India. There, when the natives crossed the mountains, they used to carry a kangri, or basket of hot coals, beneath their robes. Where this heat touched their skin for long periods, cancer would often occur.

Much has been written of the plight of the unhappy Chinese woman whose status is so far beneath the man's. But there is another side to this: when man, the lord and master, eats first, his rice is piping hot. The woman eats later, when her food has cooled. Men in China have a high rate of cancer of the stomach and women have little of it.

Coming back to home, there is the significant fact that women have less cancer of the skin and mouth, than do men. There is no cultural male superiority or inferiority to explain this, but merely the fact that women being somewhat vain are a good deal more careful of their personal appearance. A spot on the skin that seems to spread, a jagged tooth rubbing the tongue, unsightly white sores in the mouth that do not disappear at once send a woman off to a doctor. Even the most careful gentleman may be careless of such matters. Vanity has its practical value in fighting cancer.

In any event, the moral of the chimney sweep's cancer, the kangri cancer, the cancer of the stomach of Chinese men is to guard against chronic irritation.

The most important thing the individual can do, however, is to be  
*(Continued on page 45)*

**T**OMMY CARTER and I stopped at the Green Arrow for lunch. The Green Arrow is a tearoom located at a crossroads four miles west of the town of Sweetwater in Piedmont, Virginia. It was operated at that time by a young woman named Jean Fary. A very special kind of young woman who had refused to marry the man her folks picked out for her and, going further against their wishes, had opened this tearoom—and made it pay.

Parking the car, one of those white roadsters we State troopers cruise around in, Tommy said, "Well, let's go in. You'll get your usual rare steak and I'll get my usual slap in the face." I felt sorry for Tommy.

Jean herself took our order. She gave me a warm "Hello, Steve," and Tommy a brief nod. She was looking swell today, with more red than usual glinting in her dark-gold hair. Her eyes—they are blue like the sky sometimes is after a shower—met mine merrily. But I don't think she even looked at Tommy. Still, the color was pretty high in her cheeks.

Tommy didn't say anything, but his eyes followed her back to the kitchen. Then he picked up the morning paper and began to run through it. I sat there feeling sorry for him. Tommy was a swell kid. We'd first worked together down in Tidewater, a couple of rookie troopers. Then I'd been transferred and after a year they'd sent Tommy up to work with me. Boy, that had been some reunion!

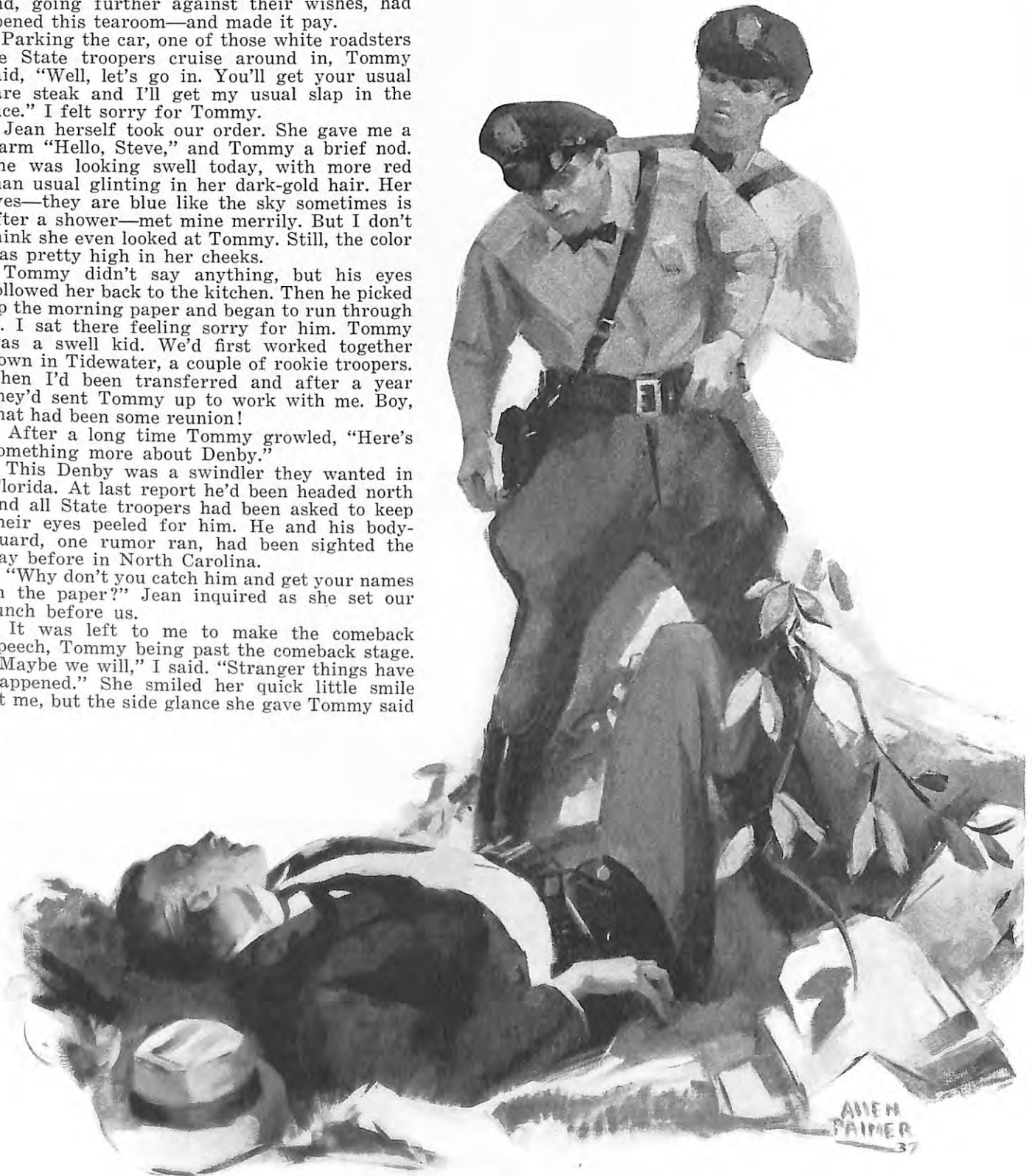
After a long time Tommy growled, "Here's something more about Denby."

This Denby was a swindler they wanted in Florida. At last report he'd been headed north and all State troopers had been asked to keep their eyes peeled for him. He and his bodyguard, one rumor ran, had been sighted the day before in North Carolina.

"Why don't you catch him and get your names in the paper?" Jean inquired as she set our lunch before us.

It was left to me to make the comeback speech, Tommy being past the comeback stage. "Maybe we will," I said. "Stranger things have happened." She smiled her quick little smile at me, but the side glance she gave Tommy said

*They got Denby fifty miles north of Sweetwater. But the bodyguard had shot a deputy sheriff.*



By John  
Randolph Phillips

# A Woman's



plain as daylight he was just a foul ball in her book. I felt sorry for Tommy again, which seemed my main activity these days. But finally Tommy got his talker to working. In a small, hopeful voice he asked her if she would sit down with us.

"Thank you, but I'm much too busy."

Joe Gaines, the widow's kid from across the road, popped in the door. Joe was eleven years old and a swell kid, but I thought Jean always made too much over him, especially when Tommy was around. She began to talk to him right away now. Joe, though, came over and sat down at our table and wanted to feel Tommy's revolver. Jean disappeared into the kitchen.

"I'm going to be a State policeman when I get big," Joe announced as Tommy got to his feet.

Well, I thought, if all troopers looked like Tommy, you couldn't blame little Joe Gaines. Tommy stands six feet even. He's lean and broadshouldered, and, with that black hair and those steady black eyes, he's as good-looking as they come.

"When you get big," Tommy said to little Joe Gaines, "you'll probably be more of a nuisance than you are now." But he patted Joe's shoulder as we went out.

Riding down the road, I said, "Why don't you try indifference some time?"

Tommy didn't answer. But he gave me a look that said "Mind your own business." I didn't get sore. Tommy and I were too close for that. I just sat still and thought about him and Jean Fary.

Tommy had joined me six weeks before. He'd fallen for Jean at first sight and they'd had some dates. Tommy seemed to be getting somewhere. You could tell easy that Jean was attracted to him. Then there was trouble at a dance which Tommy was sort of supposed to keep his eye on. He had to arrest a crazy drunk. The drunk made a movement toward his hip and Tommy whanged him over the head with his gun. He hit him a fraction harder than he intended and they had to take some stitches.

Jean told Tommy he had acted like a bully. "But I thought he was drawing a gun," Tommy said.

"Well, it turned out he was unarmed."

"I couldn't know that."

But Jean repeated the bully remark. He could, she argued, have covered the drunk with his gun and made him surrender. Tommy said that in that case he might have had to wind up shooting the fellow, if the drunk really had been going for a gun. Jean sniffed. Tommy argued. A lovely quarrel blossomed. Afterward Jean got on a high horse and was too proud to make up.

**W**E rolled down to Sweetwater. It was hot and we dived into Fitch's Drug Store for something cool to drink. The phone rang. Fitch said it was for me. Jean Fary's voice, muffled and cautious, came over the wire. "Steve, that man Denby is eating lunch here right now."

"My God!" I said. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," her voice came back.

Tommy and I went tearing back up the road. We looked at each other sort of grimly. This thing was pretty big. Tommy drew his gun and tested it. I'd already done that a dozen times. I was sorry now I hadn't read Denby's description, but Tommy had.

"Little guy," Tommy said rapidly. "Slender. Gray hair. Mole on his nose. Traveling in a sedan with Florida plates. No description of the bodyguard."

Naturally we wanted to take them unawares, so we drove into the field back of the Green Arrow and slid up to the rear of the tearoom. Jean opened the door. Tommy tiptoed over to the door leading into the dining

room and put his eye to the crack Jean had purposely left. He stood there perhaps a minute. Then he turned around and he was laughing.

"Good Lord, Jean!" he said. "Denby's a short little fellow. This bird's short enough, but he's big around as a barrel. And his hair's black."

"But he's got a mole on his nose," Jean said.

"So have thousands of men."

"He could have dyed his hair."

"You've been reading detective stories," Tommy said patiently.

I went and took a peep. Tommy was right. I came back in time to hear Jean say: "But he's got that mole. I just *know* it's Denby."

Tommy smiled tolerantly. I slipped out and had a look at the car the two men were driving. It was a sedan, all right, but it had North Carolina plates. I came back and reported. Tommy smiled. But Jean kept saying she just knew it was Denby. Tommy opened the door and walked into the dining room. Just to be on the safe side, I drew my gun and glued my eye to the crack. The two men—the second one was big but skinny—looked up casually. Five minutes later Tommy came back, laughing again.

"That fellow's from Oxford, North Carolina. Insurance business. On his way up to Washington. Name's Wilson. Here's his card."

"He could tell you anything," Jean snapped.

"I know when a man's telling the truth."

The two men were leaving now. We heard their car start up. Jean stood by the window, color high in her cheeks. I felt a little sorry for her, so I went over and said she'd done exactly right to call us, even if events had proved her mistaken. Tommy lit a cigarette. There was absolute silence for, I guess, ten minutes. Then the radio, that had been going full blast, came to a sudden halt, after which a voice said:

"The notorious Harry Denby was recognized today at a filling station near Farmville by a salesman who formerly knew him in New York. Denby has dyed his hair black and is driving a blue sedan believed to be one stolen last night in Oxford, North Carolina. He is thought to be following back roads in his flight north."

There was a large silence in the kitchen of the Green Arrow. Then Jean Fary said, "You know when a man's telling the truth!" And did her voice ring!

The old white car, with Tommy behind the wheel, tore up the road. We'd left instructions with Jean to telephone ahead, warning all officers. "Damned fools," Tommy muttered. Then, "But that guy back there was big in the middle, awful big."

Well, we found out later that Mr. Denby had made that change in his appearance with a rubber contraption around his middle that he inflated—it seemed he'd been reading some detective stories, too. But we didn't know that then and, anyway, we didn't have any time to waste in speculating about his ingenuity.

They got Denby fifty miles north of Sweetwater. But the bodyguard shot a deputy sheriff. When Tommy and I arrived, the two men were handcuffed and a doctor had said the deputy might live if they reached a hospital with him in twenty minutes. Tommy staggered up against our car.

"If that man dies," Tommy said, "if that man dies—well, I'll be to blame." And his face was as white as chalk.

"**Y**OU'RE a big, grown-up man," Jean Fary said, "and you wear a big gun and you're supposed to enforce the laws of this State, but a man is dying now because you were too dumb to—"

Tommy didn't wait for any more. He just turned and walked out, stiffly, with his head to one side the way he always held it when the breaks were coming fast and hard. I caught Jean's arm.

"Give the kid a break," I told her. "He did what he thought was right. Anyway, I'm as much to blame as he is."

"He should have known," she said, as if Tommy was a special kind of man and as if not much was expected of me, anyway.

# Intuition

Well, thank the Lord, the deputy didn't die! There was quite a bit of criticism of Tommy when he came right out and gave the details about the business at the Green Arrow—he didn't rest till he did that—but Lieutenant Carnaby went to bat for us and we still held our jobs. The lieutenant said it was a grievous thing about the deputy but that ninety-nine out of a hundred men would have failed to recognize Denby. And he pointed out that the fellow had been caught only after it was definitely learned that he was in the vicinity, that he had disguised himself in a certain way, and that he was driving a blue sedan with North Carolina plates.

I kept dinning into Tommy's ears what Lieutenant Carnaby had said. But Tommy would just shake his head. I'd say, "Not a man who knows you doubts your courage, or your intelligence, or your devotion to your duty." I thought they were extra good words. But they didn't reach Tommy. He just shook his head.

"I should have known," he said finally.

"Should have known what?"

"That Jean was right. Did you ever know her to be wrong? You can call it intuition or anything you like, but there it is. She *knew* that man was Denby."

"My God!" I said. It was all I did say. They'd been having nothing to do with each other for a month, yet now both of them felt the same way—that Tommy should have known absolutely the man was Denby just because Jean said so. It seemed they both felt that, even when they were barely speaking, there was some special bond between them that should have made Tommy immediately arrest the fellow and thus save that deputy from a bullet in his chest. I gave up. This love business always threw me for a loss, anyway.

The days limped along through the heat. Tommy wasn't seen at the Green Arrow any more. Now and then, however, we'd stop at the crossroads and little Joe Gaines would come lickety split and he and Tommy would gab and gab. I guess the thing about Tommy that got Joe was that way Tommy had of treating kids as equals.

Lord, it was hot that summer, and when fall came along, it was still hot. And dry! The drought had lasted so long that everything was burned up, dry as tinder. People began to talk of forest fires. Every day the mountains west of Sweetwater swam in a smoky haze that seemed a promise of what might come later.

Once in a while, when cruising around alone, I'd drop in at the Green Arrow for lunch, and usually Jean and I would hit on the subject of Tommy Carter. I'd try to put in some good licks for him, but it was no dice. Jean would say, "I can't forget that his carelessness almost cost a man's life."

I was practically as much at fault as Tommy, but she never seemed to think of that. So I felt now that before their quarrel Jean had really been in love with him. She could overlook 'most anything in me, but Tommy was something else again. Tommy was the man she probably had thought of marrying, which set him apart from all other men and made any blunder he committed seem a catastrophe in her eyes. On the other hand, I used to think in my deep psychological way, if they hadn't had their quarrel, if they'd still been in love at the time of the Denby business, she would probably have scratched like a wildcat if anybody criticized Tommy.

But now—Well, I gave up worrying about Tommy Carter and Jean Fary.

And then Tommy made the front page. There was a shooting at Cedar Gap and the sheriff called us in to help capture the murderer. We cornered him in an old house up beyond the Trant place near Pine Lake and Tommy took him single-handed. He was shot twice, but they were just burns across his left arm. Next day the papers ran pictures of Tommy and long accounts of his heroism. I ate lunch at the Green Arrow and showed Jean the papers. She made no comment.

It was a week later, and Tommy's arm was entirely well again, that we stopped at the crossroads on one of the hottest, driest days of the whole year. Of course Joe Gaines came running. He was full of news today. His mother was going all the way to Lynchburg the next



morning with Mr. and Mrs. Piper. She'd be gone all day and she had said Joe could go fishing up to Pine Lake. Jean was going to fix him a lunch. Boy, was he going to have himself a time!

"You watch out for snakes," Tommy told him, "and here's fifty cents to get that fishing tackle you've been wanting in Mr. Piper's store."

Next morning old man Fitch told me the mountains were on fire. Tommy and I drove up past the crossroads. Smoke was rolling over Rattlesnake Mountain and sweeping across the valley to Pine Mountain. It was a terrible picture, yet at the same time there was something beautiful about it; great clouds of smoke billowing up over the treetops, with now and then long, hungry tongues of flame shooting through the gray veils of smoke.

We rode on farther and saw that beyond Pine Lake all the ridges were on fire. Later we drove back to the crossroads. People were gathered all about, some of them having been driven from their homes back in the hills. It was past one o'clock and I was wondering if



*I ate lunch at the Green Arrow and showed Jean the papers. She made no comment.*

*Illustrated by  
Allen Palmer*

Tommy would consent to go over to the Green Arrow for lunch when Jean burst out the door.

"Has anybody thought about old Mrs. Trant?" she cried.

Mrs. Trant was a semi-invalid living up on Pine Mountain near where Tommy'd captured the murderer. Somebody spoke up and said she hadn't been seen but that her son Dave would bring her out.

"But Dave's working 'way over at Hickory Hills and leaves before daylight!" Jean said. "She's up there all alone."

By that time Tommy and I were piling into the car. Somebody ran over and shouted for us to take the near way to Pine Mountain, up the road leading to Pine Lake, which was beyond Mrs. Trant's.

That was the ride of my life. Even on that narrow, rocky road Tommy had the throttle wide open. Already smoke was pouring through the section we had to travel. Off to our left you could see little flames, the advance guard of the fire, darting here and there like snakes' tongues. But we got through.

Old Mrs. Trant was hanging on her crutches and praying. I picked her up and ran for the car again. Tommy looked back over the way we had come. Down there the smoke had thickened to a cloud and the little flames were big ones now.

"Think we can make it, partner?" I shouted.

"We don't want to die!" Tommy shouted back. "Take off your shirt and wrap her head in it!"

And then we were off like a rocket. Sometimes the smoke was so thick you could barely see. Once we hit a stump and all but turned over. At least three times sparks rained all over us. But again we got through. And did the folks at the crossroads yell when we hove in sight!

Jean was the first to reach the car. Good old romance, I thought. Hero proves to heroine that he is a real hero. Takes heroine in arms. Only Tommy should have had some horrible burns for the heroine to nurse tenderly.

"That was wonderful," Jean said, and she was looking only at Tommy. There was something fine in her eyes, too. But just here the Romance Special left the rails.

"Thank you," Tommy said, in a voice that put even Jean's iciest tones to shame.

Well, could you tie that! After their first quarrel he'd hung around her trying to make up till I was ashamed of him. And now he was the one to have his back up and act proud. He got out of the car and walked past her. I was already out, helping Mrs. Goode with Mrs. Trant. But I saw Jean's face go suddenly white and tears spring into her eyes. She called something to Tommy Carter and he whirled like a shot. The next instant he had dived back into the car and was roaring up the road. I left Mrs. Trant to Mrs. Goode and dashed for Jean. She was sobbing.

"Joe Gaines," she said. "I just remembered. Joe Gaines—he went up to Pine Lake—fishing."

"And why didn't that chuckleheaded Tom Carter wait for me to go back with him?" I snapped.

Jean didn't have an answer for that. After five minutes I commandeered a car and took out after Tommy. But I didn't make it. When I got where the woods began below Pine Mountain—well, those woods were a solid wall of flame. Tommy, though, wasn't in sight. He'd gone on through—but he wouldn't be coming back.

I drove back to the crossroads and if maybe I was crying a little it's none of your business. Jean ran out to meet me. I told her what was what. She didn't cry again; she just stood there with her eyes sort of dead looking and her face stark white.

And then I saw little Joe Gaines walking across the road!

"Where did you come from?" I yelled, when my breath finally returned.

"I came back," he sang out, "soon as it got smoky on the mountain. I've been up in the locust tree. You can see the fire awful good from there! Where's Tommy?"

I looked round and Jean had fallen against the car.

Nowadays newspapers do their stuff in a hurry, so the evening paper that day carried an account of how a State trooper had been lost in a needless yet heroic effort to save the life of a small boy. I read it all to Jean as we sat in the kitchen of the Green Arrow.

Then, just after dark, the drought broke and it began to rain as I never saw it rain before or since. Torrents! People who had been praying stopped and began to give thanks. But it was raining too late for Tommy Carter.

It was hard to think there wasn't any more Tommy. I remembered the time I'd bawled him out down in Tidewater and I'd wished I'd held my tongue that day. I remembered the time he'd saved my life when we had nipped a holdup in the bud. Jean sat across from me and I guess she remembered a few things, too.

At midnight it was still pouring down. I went to the back door and gazed up toward Pine Mountain. It takes an awful lot of rain to make any headway against a real forest fire, and up there you could still see the flames fighting back, rearing (Continued on page 44)

# A Regular Guy

"HE'S handy enough with his dukes to earn a living in the ring if he had to," says Mushy Callahan, boxing trainer and ex-pug.

"He's one swell rider," says Tommy Tyler, polo expert of the crack Upholders Club in Hollywood.

"He's about as good a tennis partner as anybody could ask for," says Fred Perry.

And they are all talking about Dick Powell, motion picture star, former crooner, and all-round man's man.

Dick leads a pretty busy life, what with his work in pictures at the Warner Bros. studios and his radio broadcasts—activities that are making him not only one of the most popular but one of the most prosperous young men now before the public. But, no matter how busy he may be, he makes it a point to keep fit; and this is not only a matter of sound judgment but of personal preference, for he can never be happy very long indoors and physically inactive.

At the end of a long day's work at the studio Dick will say with a grin, "Well, I've got a lot of kinks in my system that I must get rid of," and, dismissing his car and chauffeur, off he'll go for a ten or twelve-mile hike before dinner. Or he'll drive quickly to the beautiful new home where he lives with his wife, who is known on the screen as Joan Blondell; and as soon as he can throw off his clothes he dives into the big swimming pool for a "breather," as he calls it.

When asked what are his favorite sports, Dick is apt to reply, "Pretty nearly all of them." And he means it. So far as the circumstances of his very much occupied life permit, he engages in the widest possible variety of exercise—because he loves it. Golf, polo, tennis, boxing, wrestling, swimming, hunting—these are the pursuits that take those "kinks" out, and when he went to Little Rock College he played football with characteristic Dick Powell enthusiasm.

The result of all this activity, pursued for the love of it, is that Dick, at thirty-two, is as fit and healthy a specimen of young American manhood as could be found in a long summer's day. Because he is always in good physical condition his temperament is buoyant—and boyish; his singing voice is able to win and hold the hearts of myriads of movie and radio fans; and his brain



Dick Powell  
A portrait and an action shot

is keen and fresh enough to have won him a reputation as one of Hollywood's most astute negotiators.

His was an outdoor boyhood.

When he was seven or eight years old he used to ride to school at Mountain View, Arkansas, on the back of an old horse, behind his elder brother. He played baseball, went fishing, did all the things that healthy American boys do—the things that make of them stalwart, upstanding men in after-years.

A "crooner"? Sure. You can call him that and he'll laugh with you and enjoy the joke just as much as you do. It was crooning that won him his first motion picture contract. And that contract has led on to "42nd Street," "Gold Diggers," "Dames," "Flirtation Walk," "Shipmates Forever" and those other big pictures that have carried him to the top of the Hollywood ladder.

He receives, on an average, 8,000 fan letters a week. He leads the Warner studio in popularity-by-mail. That's the sort of thing that reflects itself in dollars and cents when contract-signing time comes round.

So his crooning proved to be an introduction to something very much worth while; but things would not have turned out as they have if Dick had been only a crooner. A pleasing personality, good looks and genuine acting ability came on the scene as powerful reinforcements during his progress toward stardom. The net result of all these qualities spells SUCCESS in big letters.

With all these gratifying circumstances Dick Powell remains modest and unspoiled. He doesn't like to talk about his own work in pictures or in radio, though when he is particularly pleased with his current assignment, and you get him in the right mood, he can be infectiously enthusiastic. At present, for instance, he is rather tickled with "The Singing Marine," the musical film on which he is at work. He hopes and believes that it will repeat the success of those other "service" pictures, "Flirtation Walk" and "Shipmates Forever."

But as a rule he would much rather talk about football or baseball scores, or Schmeling's chances against Braddock, or about a new set of golf clubs and what he hopes he can do with them. Or about bridge. He admits that he is a fiend on that subject. And there are whispers that he is something of a shark at stud poker, too.

An actor's success with the public often brings unpopularity with his own fellow-players. This is especially true, it sometimes seems, in Hollywood. But not in the case of Dick Powell. He has shown that he can "take it" either way—both the ups and the downs of life. He has kept his head—and his friends. Emphatically he is a "regular guy."

And that is why the 8,000 people who write fan letters to him every week have not misjudged their man. He is just as likable, just as regular, as they imagine him to be. A movie actor who is something a lot more worth while in the long run—a man's man.

# What America Is Reading

## Highlights in New Books

Reported by Harry Hansen

### Lively Times

The pony express days are gone. The stage coach no longer rides the western hills, fighting off road-agents to protect its money-bags. You can't stake out a claim because every foot of land is owned by someone, besides, rich ore doesn't crop out of ledges along the roadside any longer. But the miners of 1849 and 1870 are a part of American history and the story of their quest for gold and silver will be romantic adventure for many a day.

In "Silver Stampede" Neill C. Wilson, who once told the story of the early days of Wells Fargo, tells all over again how miners struck it rich in the 1870's on the rim of Death Valley, and tells it so well that I sat entranced as at a play. Sixty years have passed since the mules went out of Surprise Valley with packs that held quarter-ton chunks of silver; sixty years since the local paper reported that "there are 700 men, ten women and 4 inches of snow up at Panamint and lively times are expected." The lively times came with mining silver, betting big money on poker and shooting out the quarrels, which helped fill Sour Dough canyon with graves. Some men called it the "doorstep to hell."

The drama and tragedy lie in the greed that made these silver towns. Few of the original prospectors made money. That was left to men who could swing capital to build mills and furnaces, and pay for transporting the ore. Stanford, J. P. Jones and Bill Stewart even reached the United States Senate. But when the discoveries gave out the big era of speculation, of over-night bonanzas, was over. It took seven years to clear out the hopes of the Panamint mountains, and then a cloudburst ended the settlement. I have the idea that not only will we read about these days because of the exciting adventures they provide, but that our his-

torians and social economists will draw lessons and a moral from the rise and fall of frontier communities based solely on the greed for money.

In "Silver Stampede" Neill Wilson has a picture of Indian George, now nearly 100, leaning against one of the ruined old stage coaches in Panamint in 1935. Indian George, a little boy, saw the first white men come in their wagons to Death Valley in 1849 — and with their exhaustion and death giving the valley its name. His life has changed so little in this span that he seems like Old Man Time himself . . . watching, waiting, letting men do their stuff and saying nothing. (Macmillan, \$3)

### Novels of the Hour

No doubt both readers and publishers are praying for another "Gone With the Wind," but so far no novel of 1937 has achieved its popularity. But there is some good reading available. "Lovers", by Gina Kaus, who wrote "Luxury Liner," is the story of a self-centered actress and her emotional adventures; four people are involved and we get a pretty good idea that every person feels as an

individual and does not always know what the beloved is thinking about. (Macmillan, \$2.50). "And Then You Wish" is the latest novel by John van Druten, who wrote "Young Woodley." This is an entertaining story of a young London playwright who needs encouragement; a middle-aged woman takes him in hand, and we get a portrayal of the conflict

of maternal and love interests, while the selfish young man goes calmly forward to his own destiny. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50). "Invasion," a rather extraordinary novel dealing with the fortunes of an occupied town in French Flanders during the great war has been written by Maxence van der Meersch, who grew up in Roubaix while the Germans were there. Taking all the typical characters of this locality, he shows how they make the best of things, trying to continue their regular pursuits; how the war brings out knavery and chicanery as well as nobility; how some of the merchants and women play the German game for their own profit, only to suffer for it later when the Germans are ousted. This book is filled with brilliant episodes and gives an unforgettable picture of life in those troubled times. (Viking Press, \$3)

### Love and Loyalty

If kings could choose their mates like common men, what a lot of tears, worry, suffering and tragedy could be averted. Edward VIII left a throne for the love of a woman; Rudolf of Austria, crown prince, preferred from his loved one, and because of that Franz Ferdinand became the heir to the Hapsburg throne . . . and the World War followed as one of the possible results. The story of Rudolf, of Marie Vetsera, of the emperor, Franz Joseph, who was bowed down under tragedy all his life, and of Elisabeth of Bavaria, his proud and extravagant empress, is intensely moving. Here royalty has scarcely the right that comes to everyone else—to love freely the woman of his choice. Bertita Harding, whose "Phantom Crown," dealing with the story of Maximilian and Carlotta of Mexico, proved most popular a few seasons ago, has now written the story of the Hapsburgs in "Golden Fleece," the story of Franz Joseph and Elisabeth. Carlotta gets into it, too, for Elisabeth visits her when she is the mad princess of Europe, never recovering her sanity. The curious story of how

Leopold of Belgium rushed the betrothal and marriage of his immature daughter, Stephanie, is here told without reservations, and the author also follows to a logical conclusion the tragedy of the little house at  
(Continued on page 48)



# Editorial

## A TRIBUTE

*"The white sail of his soul has rounded  
The promontory—death."*

ELSEWHERE in this issue appears a factual statement regarding Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper. His life cannot be thus circumscribed.

He was of serious mind and yet a dreamer.

He wrote in prose, but thought in poetry.

Trying ordeals did not dull his fine sense of humor.

Trials and tribulations dogged his footsteps, but he sang and laughed.

He worked incessantly and industriously and, with equal energy, devoted himself to play.

He loved his friends—all who knew him—and was loved by them.

His vocabulary contained no harsh or unkind words.

Loyalty to him was as natural as to breathe and as much a part of his life.

The hills and mountains of Virginia left their imprint upon him, both less, however, than verdure and flowers.

For months, even for years, he knew that the Angel of Death walked beside him, but he did not falter or tremble as they linked arms and journeyed down into the valley.

It is with trembling hand, throbbing heart and tear-

dimmed eyes that we record his passing.

He gave to life all he had.

He was a gentle man.

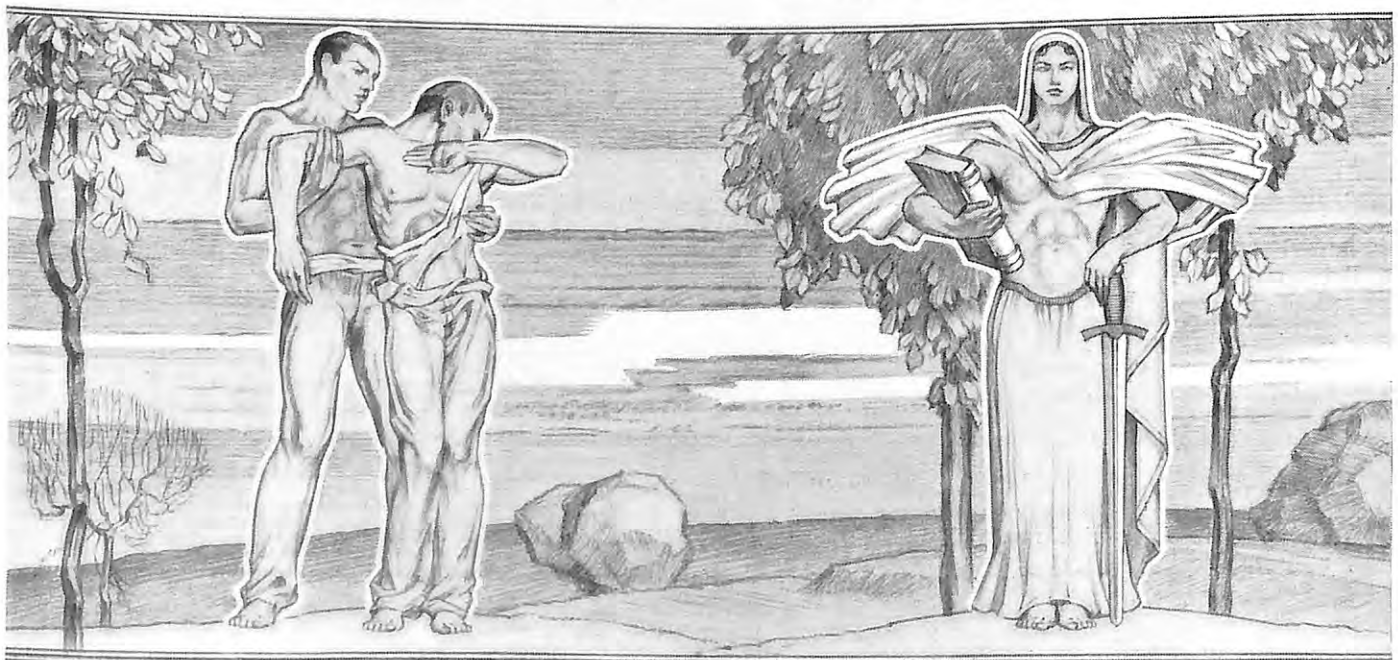
## HOSPITALS IN NEED

FOR some time past the current periodicals have been reminding the public of the exigent need of many hospitals for funds which will enable them to continue to meet their respective community demands. This is quite generally true as to those accepting charity patients; for, because of conditions that have prevailed throughout the country, the number of such patients has materially increased; and the praiseworthy effort to care for all those cases has resulted in putting the majority of such hospitals "in the red."

It would be unfortunate indeed if the usefulness of these institutions in this field should be curtailed; and yet this will inevitably result unless they be more generously supported by those able to accord such support.

Hospitals which receive charity patients, and most of them do, perform a splendid humanitarian service. Every benevolent person naturally feels an interest in their maintenance adequately to care for those who are proper beneficiaries of that service.

The subject is suggested as one worthy of earnest con-



sideration by the subordinate Lodges as it relates to their respective localities. It is one of the most appealing of charitable needs.

The establishment and maintenance of special Elk wards, or rooms, or even single cots, for the accommodation of a designated class of charity patients, would constitute a substantial contribution to any hospital. But this involves a continuing expense which Lodges should assume with great caution. However, the care of individual patients from time to time, or cash donations to be applied to charity cases, is well within the means of many of the Lodges; and such help would be most acceptable to an institution striving to balance its budget.

The contemplation of one surgically or medically restored to health and useful capability through the generosity of his Lodge, and the realization that it probably would not have been accomplished otherwise, will bring a glow of satisfaction to every member of such Lodge.

### THE GRAND LODGE

**I**N the February issue we called attention to some of the many attractions which Colorado offers to those who find it possible to combine a Summer vacation with attendance on the Grand Lodge Session in Denver next July.

In doing this we borrowed from the superlatives reserved to those who write advertising copy.

It is, of course, a bit more prosaic to write of the Grand Lodge, but it should, in and of itself, be more tempting and alluring to every Elk than mountain scenery and a Summer vacation.

Happily this year the two may be combined, but the Grand Lodge is the more important. It is the legislative body of the Order. It enacts all laws for the government of members and of subordinate Lodges. Subordinate Lodges enact their own by-laws, but they must not be in conflict with laws enacted by the Grand Lodge and must be approved by the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary before becoming effective. It, therefore, is strictly true that all laws affecting subordinate Lodges and their members are either directly enacted, or indirectly approved, by the

Grand Lodge. The only exception is as to constitutional provisions which must be submitted to subordinate Lodges for approval. However, amendments to the constitution have their origin in the Grand Lodge and are submitted to subordinate Lodges only when they are approved by a two-thirds vote of those present and voting at a Grand Lodge Session.

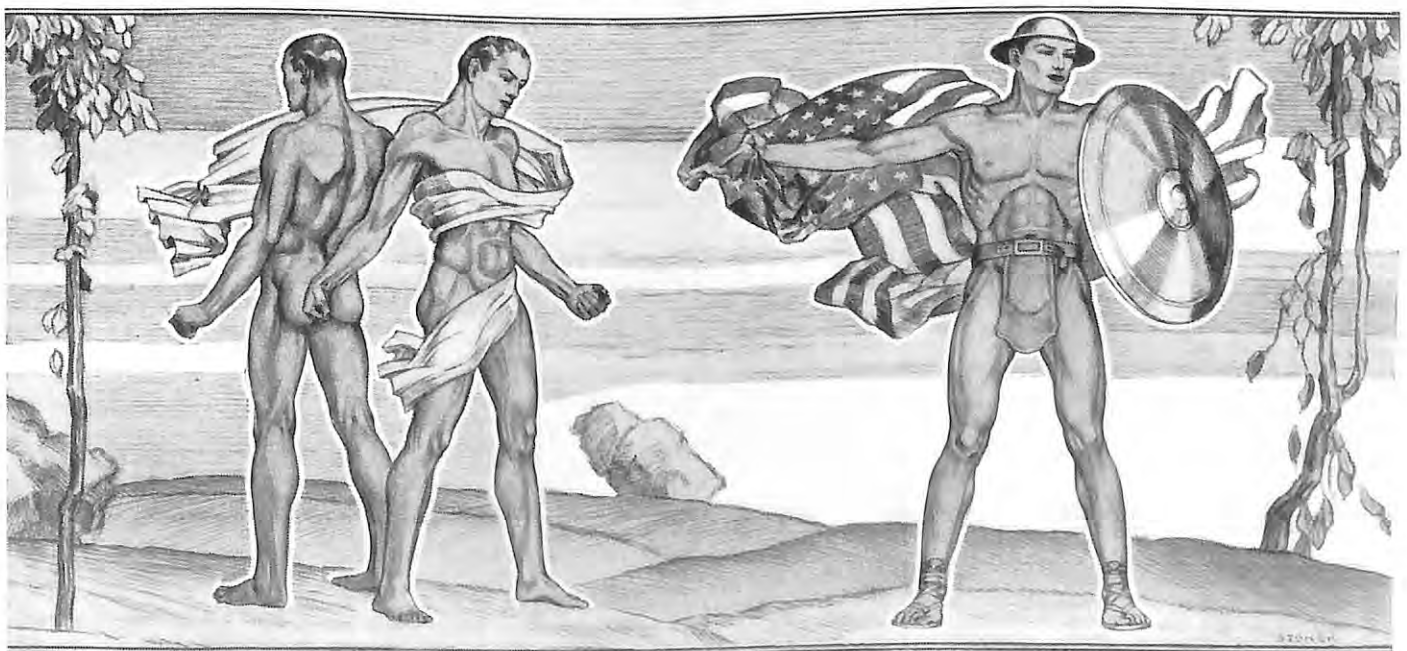
In addition to enacting laws and passing in the first instance on constitutional amendments, the Grand Exalted Ruler submits a report of his activities during the year together with his recommendations, and the various committees and commissions of the Grand Lodge submit their reports, which generally contain recommendations as to matters considered to be for the betterment of the Order. All recommendations are in the first instance referred to appropriate committees and, after being considered, are reported back to the Grand Lodge, where they come up for discussion and final action.

Every member of the Grand Lodge has the right to submit in writing to the Grand Secretary resolutions and suggested changes in the constitution and laws of the Order which he regards worthy of consideration and adoption. These follow the same procedure by being referred to committees and, on being reported back, come before the Grand Lodge for discussion and final disposition. Suggested changes in the laws must be in writing and duplicate copies presented to the Grand Secretary fifteen days in advance of the opening meeting of the Grand Lodge.

Then there is, of course, the highly important matter of electing Grand Lodge officers for the ensuing year and of selecting the place and time for the annual session,

This is written primarily for the benefit of those who this year will for the first time attend a session of the Grand Lodge, and to impress upon all the importance of being present at every Session.

Business before pleasure should be the order. Attend every Session of the Grand Lodge and then go on your vacation if you have the time. With the sense of duty done, you will all the more enjoy the time devoted to play.



### Information Concerning the National Ritualistic Contest

Ritualistic work and ritualistic contests are gaining increasing favor in the Lodges and State Associations. At Los Angeles last July, there was hardly room to witness the National Contest. The proper exemplification of the Ritual by subordinate Lodge officers aids greatly in retaining interest in Lodge membership.

There will be a National Ritualistic Contest at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Denver next July. Suitable cash prizes will be offered for first place with smaller amounts for the second, third, fourth and fifth places. Every State Association should foster district and state contests. The inter-Lodge visitation in such contests alone is invaluable.

The dates and places of all state, district and preliminary contests should be fixed by the State Association Ritualistic Committee. Where the State Association meeting is held prior to the Grand Lodge Reunion, the state contest should be held in connection therewith. In any event, it should be held at least thirty days before the commencement of the Grand Lodge Session. The district contest should be concluded two weeks before the state contest is held.

Several State Associations are now arranging to raise money to defray the expenses of the winning state team to the National Contest in whole or in part, conditional upon the participation of the state team therein. Cups or trophies are awarded by other State Associations.

The results in each state shall be immediately reported by the State Committee or State President to the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations. Notice of entrance in the National Contest must be given at least twenty days before the date of the Grand Lodge Reunion.

Write to Joseph B. Kyle, Chairman of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge, 639 Johnson Street, Gary, Indiana, for full details covering State and National Contests.

### News from the Arizona State Elks Hospital at Tucson

The Arizona State Elks Association Hospital, established for the benefit of Elks suffering with tuberculosis or arthritis, regardless of the particular subordinate Lodge to which the patient belongs, was treated to a wonderful turkey dinner on

*At top: Distinguished Florida Elks who attended the dinner for D.D. M. Frank O'Brien given by Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge*

*Center: A reception committee of Winston-Salem, N. C., Lodge who escorted D.D. G. W. Munford, center, to a dinner in his honor*

*Bottom: Four hundred members of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, with their sons, at a Father and Sons dinner*

# UNDER THE Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



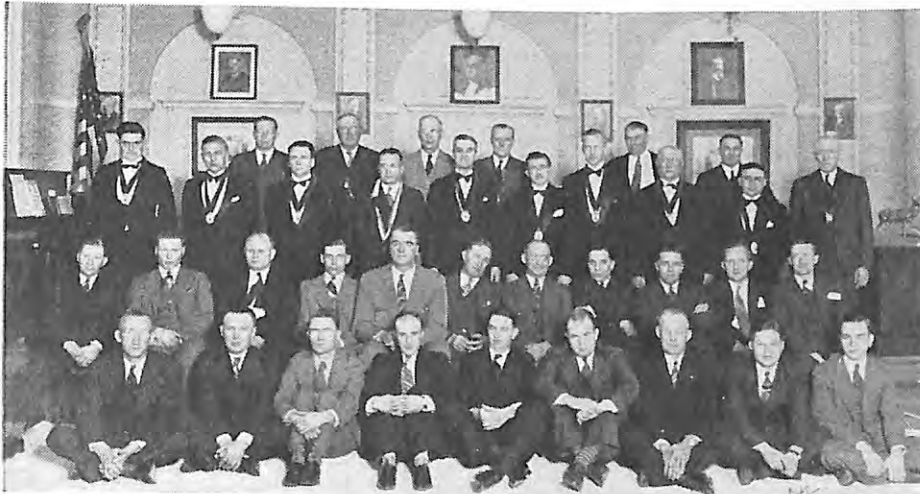




*Top: A class of 65 candidates recently initiated into Columbus, O., Lodge*

*Center: A photograph of one of the largest classes ever to be initiated into Devils Lake, N. D., Lodge, taken with the Lodge officers*

*Below: Officers and prominent members of Macon, Ga., Lodge, photographed with D.D. Charles G. Bruce on the occasion of his official visit to the Lodge*



Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz. It will be held at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh.

It is announced that reservations will close on March 28. Clarence E. Stoner, of Braddock Lodge, is President of the Assn. and C. S. Brown, of Allegheny Lodge, is Secretary. Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, is Chairman of the Banquet Committee.

**Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz Announces Change of Address**

Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz announces to those who wish to direct communications to him that his address is 1005 Graham Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

**D.D. Gaver Visits Baltimore, Md., Lodge; Governor and U. S. Senator Initiated**

At an outstanding meeting on January 13, marked by the official visit of D.D. Alfred W. Gaver, of Frederick, Md., Lodge, the Hon. Harry W. Nice, Governor of Maryland, and U. S. Senator George L. Radcliffe were initiated into Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7. More than 500 members of the Lodge, many prominent in the business and professional life of the city, were present. Numbered among them were P.E.R.'s Dr. Arthur G. Barrett, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Judge Eugene O'Dunne of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, and former Mayor William F. Broening; Mayor Howard W. Jackson, Attorney General Herbert R. O'Connor, State's Attorney Bernard J. Wells, Congressman Ambrose J. Kennedy, Judge Edwin T. Dickerson, City Comptroller Walter R. Graham, City Collector Thomas G. Young, City Registrar Eugene H. Beer and Police Inspector Thomas J. Mooney. Members of the committee in charge of arrangements for the meeting were Patrick F. O'Malley, Frank H. Durkee, Harry O. Levin, Judge Deeley K. Nice, Judge William F. Laukaitis, Isidor Goldstrom and Henry M. Siegel.

A highly entertaining stag social was given in the social session hall after the meeting.

**Golden Jubilee Celebrated by Albany, N. Y., Lodge**

Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, celebrated its Golden Jubilee beginning with Memorial Services in the Lodge Home on Sunday, Dec. 6, and ending with the Golden Jubilee Din-



Christmas Day by the House Committee of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385. Entertainment was provided and more than a hundred visitors were registered during the day. A present for each patient was placed on the beautiful tree in the large ward of the Hospital, and even Santa Claus was present to distribute the gifts. Jellies and jams were received from several Lodges in Central Pennsylvania which have shown a material interest in the Hospital ever since it was established. A Christmas message accompanied by a check was received from a Lodge in California.

The Hospital Committee is exceedingly grateful to the donors and through these columns expresses its

thanks, and also invites all Elks to visit the Hospital and to call upon the Committee at any time it can be of assistance. Many Elks, belonging to Lodges throughout the country, who are wintering in Tucson, paid visits on Christmas Day and all invariably commented favorably upon the institution.

**Penna. S. W. Dist. Elks to Banquet Grand Exalted Ruler March 30**

On Tuesday, March 30, at 6:30 P.M., sharp, will begin what is conceded to be the outstanding event of the year among Elks in the Southwest District of Pennsylvania. This will be the reception, banquet and dance tendered by the Elks Association of the District in honor of

ner on Dec. 12. The impressive memorial exercises were opened by E. R. Edward S. Kampf and the memorial address was delivered by the Rev. William H. Hunt, of St. John's Roman Catholic Church. Floyd Walter, the Lodge's organist, had charge of the musical program.

On Dec. 9, Michael J. Degnan, D.D. for New York, N.E., paid his official visit. A class of 34 candidates was initiated. Mr. Degnan's Lodge, Hudson, No. 787, sent a huge basket of flowers. Dinner was served before the meeting and a lunch afterward to one of the largest gatherings that the Lodge had entertained in some time. Many Old Timers were present. P.E.R. George E. Wallen, the only living charter member of Albany Lodge, his brother, William Wallen, and Chaplain Warren S. Hastings, all of whom have been members for 50 years, were introduced. They were guests of honor at each of the functions held during the week of the jubilee celebration.

Thursday evening's smoker with its splendid boxing and wrestling program brought out the largest crowd of members of the week. "Pink" Gardner of Schenectady gave an exhibition of the various holds and how they are broken. A corned beef luncheon was served to almost 500. This was "Old Timers' Night." Two hundred couples were present on Friday night when a ball was held.

The Jubilee Banquet on Saturday evening was the concluding event. Leo M. Doody, Commissioner of Charities, acted as Toastmaster. The speakers were Mayor John Boyd Thatcher II, Trustee of Albany Lodge; P.E.R. William T. Byrne, then Congressman-elect, George and William Wallen, and Warren Hastings.

The officers, committees and members worked solidly for the success of all the events connected with the observance of their Golden Anniversary. Visitors during the week numbered among them many Grand Lodge officers and Elks from many neighboring Lodges.

#### **D.D. Lippert and State Officers Visit Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge**

On the occasion of his official visit to Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, D. D. Leonard M. Lippert, of McKeesport Lodge, was accompanied by State Pres. William D. Hancher and Past State Pres.'s George J. F. Falkenstein and John F. Nugent. The Lodge's James T. Hallinan Class was initiated during the meeting, after which all present repaired to the social rooms where dancing and refreshments were in order. Music was furnished by the Lodge orchestra.

Pittsburgh Lodge considers itself fortunate in having a set of hard-working officers. E.R. Walter Dailey has served several terms as chief officer of the Lodge. A. W. Liebler

has acted as Secretary for 26 years. Many of the younger members hold office or are chairmen of various committees. The Lodge is enjoying its new quarters located in the center of downtown activities at 307 Diamond Street.

#### **Richmond, Va., Lodge Celebrates Golden Jubilee**

Festivities in connection with the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45,



*Above: John Rohrig, of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, with his four sons who are also members of the Lodge*

*Right and on opposite page: The Lorain, O., Lodge baseball team, which is the city amateur champion team for the year 1936. In their Class D League competition they won 18 out of 19 games*

extended through an entire week ending with the Golden Jubilee Banquet and Ball on December 3. On the first day Open House was held for the members and visiting Elks in the beautiful and spacious Home which the Lodge acquired in 1923. The first day was "Homecoming Day" with a buffet luncheon in the afternoon and a supper in the evening.

One hundred and twenty-five candidates were initiated the next evening at a meeting distinguished by the large number of dignitaries of the Order present. A turkey dinner had been given in honor of the Class at 6:30. E.R. R. R. Waltmyer and his officers officiated in the initiation ceremonies. The principal address was delivered by Past State Pres. Robert S. Barrett, of Alexandria. Mr. Barrett is a Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and a former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. Among those present was Moses Stein who was one of the signers of the petition to the Grand Lodge requesting the granting of a charter for a Lodge in Richmond. Mayor J. Fulmer Bright spoke during the social session.

Six hundred Elks and their ladies, attending the Anniversary Banquet

on the closing night at the Hotel Jefferson, witnessed a spectacle symbolizing the birth of the Order in Richmond a half century before. At a given moment, under the glare of a powerful spotlight in the darkened auditorium, the icing atop a birthday cake, six feet in height, crumbled and a girl wearing gilded antlers emerged among the tall candles. Then the front of the cake opened and a dozen dancers stepped out to take part in a floor show.



#### **Variety of Activities Carried on by Leominster, Mass., Elks**

A State Association Meeting was held in December in the Home of Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237. The State officers were headed by Pres. John F. Burke, of Boston Lodge, and E. Mark Sullivan, of Brookline Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum. One of the worst snow storms of the winter was raging and the attendance was extraordinary. Forty Elks were in the visiting party. Each Chairman present made a report of the work of his particular Committee. The meeting lasted an hour and was followed by a social session.

The official visit of D.D. John P. Dowling, of Holyoke Lodge, also brought out a large proportion of the membership. All attending

showed a keen interest in Mr. Dowling's speech.

The Debating Club, organized by Leominster Lodge, met with immediate success. On less than a week's notice the Club participated in a debate at Westfield, Mass., and won the contest by unanimous decision of the judges.

The Lodge has revived the inter-Lodge games which it discontinued two years ago. The Tournament, which started on January 25, features checkers, bridge, bid whist, cribbage, pitch, "45" and pool. The Tourney was scheduled to last two months or more. The prize to the winning Lodge will be a set of officers' jewels or its equivalent. Clinton, Leominster, Fitchburg and Gardner, Mass., Lodges, entered the Tournament as contestants.

**Class of 67 Initiated at Oak Park, Ill., Lodge's Anniversary**

On the evening of Dec. 14, 1936, Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, celebrated its 24th Anniversary with a dinner and a meeting which was climaxed by the initiation of a class numbering 67 members. The initiatory work was splendidly performed by a picked team from Lodges in the Northeast District headed by D.D. Joseph M. Cooke,

win A. Lee paid a fitting tribute to his memory. It was during Mr. Wymond's administration that Oak Park Lodge paid off, in 1924, 11 years in advance, the balance of its bonded indebtedness. Since then nothing has been owed except current bills, and the Lodge has accumulated substantial assets. This is credited to Mr. Wymond's foresight in establishing the Lodge on a successful budget system.

**Grove City, Pa., Lodge Honors D. D. Gormley**

A dinner was held a short time ago in honor of D.D. J. Austin Gormley, of Butler, Pa., on the occasion of his official visit to Grove City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1579. Among the guests present at the affair were R. B. Christy, Pres. of the Pennsylvania Northwest District; five Past District Deputies, and Exalted Rulers and Secretaries from neighboring Lodges. Eleven candidates were initiated into the Order at the meeting which followed the banquet.

**Muncie, Ind., Lodge Honors P.E.R.'s on District Deputy Night**

Muncie, Ind., Lodge, No. 245, honored D.D. Chesley H. Thomas, of Alexandria Lodge, with the initiation of a class of candidates, and at

the same time honored its Past Exalted Rulers by dedicating the class to them. In the class were three sons of members who have taken an active part in Lodge affairs in recent years. One of the candidates had the pleasure of being initiated by a group of officers which included his own father.

**Social and Recreational Features of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge**

Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198, added a series of monthly dances to its social program this winter, and has been holding boxing entertainments every few weeks. Its billiard tournament was a big attraction. All of these affairs were financially profitable and enjoyable.

**Traverse City, Mich., Lodge Initiates "Albert Ott Class"**

As a tribute to P.E.R. Albert Ott, P.D.D. for Mich., West, Traverse City, Mich., Lodge, No. 323, named the class of 15 members which it initiated on January 21, the "Albert Ott Class." A dinner was held in his honor and a program of entertainment presented.

Mr. Ott has given liberally of his time and money to his own Lodge and others in the District. He is General Chairman of the State Convention Committee which is actively at work on preparations for the annual meeting of the Mich. State Elks Assn., to be held in Traverse City.

**LaFayette, Ind., Lodge Contributes Early to Flood Relief**

LaFayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, lost no time in making its donation to the cause of flood relief. On January 29 Secy. Floyd A. Shaffer sent the Lodge's check for \$500 to the American Red Cross in Washington, through the local Red Cross office.

*(Continued on page 52)*

*Below: Those who attended a dinner given by Grove City, Pa., Lodge in honor of D.D. J. Austin Gormley on the occasion of his official visit to the Lodge*



of Harvey Lodge. Four hundred and fifty people attended the meeting, which was addressed by the District Deputy, who also delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast, and by the following Exalted Rulers: O. D. Buckles, Evanston; J. Leonard Townsend, Woodstock; Clarence L. Wille, Des Plaines; John Oelschlaeger, Elmhurst; W. L. Callahan, Bloomington, and Joseph F. Krizek, Cicero. T. J. Reinert, Chaplain of Chicago Lodge, No. 1596, a P.D.D. for Wis., West, and P.E.R.'s Fred T. Ehlert, of Harvey, Noel P. Weaver, Chicago, No. 1596, and George W. Kralovec, of Cicero Lodge, also spoke.

Memorial services were held during the evening for P.E.R. John Wymond, who passed away in Los Angeles on December 9. P.E.R. Ed-



# Western EDITION

This Section  
Contains Additional  
News of Western  
Lodges



**D.D. Bartelme, of Montana, East, Warmly Received on Official Visits**

On his official visits throughout the Eastern District of Montana, D.D. Frank R. Bartelme, of Havre Lodge, was the honor guest at well attended meetings at which, almost without exception, initiations were held.

The District Deputy praised the facilities of Red Lodge, "Bear Tooth," No. 534, for entertaining the Montana State Elks Association at the annual convention to be held there next summer. Due to the Red Lodge-Cooke City Highway, the convention city will be accessible to all points. Mr. Bartelme was met upon his arrival by E. R. Leo R. Spogen and a large delegation, and after a lunch at Burton's Cafe, was taken on a trip up the new highway. At dinner he was the guest of the elective officers and the House Committee of the Lodge at Natali's Cafe. The evening meeting brought out the largest local gathering of Elks in years.

Mr. Bartelme's visit to Lewistown Lodge, No. 456, was marked by the initiation of the "Roy E. Ayres Class" named in honor of Governor Ayres of Montana who is a Past Exalted Ruler of his Lodge, and by the presentation of Life Memberships by Gov. Ayres to four charter members. A turkey banquet preceded

*Above: A fine class of candidates recently initiated into Laramie, Wyo., Lodge*

the meeting. Mr. Bartelme was presented with a wallet and card case on behalf of Lewistown Lodge by P.E.R. Art J. Baker, Past Pres. of the State Association. The report on the affairs of the Lewistown Elks Country Club, made by Secy. Henry Saxtorph, showed that the Club had enjoyed a large patronage.

Billings Lodge, No. 394, entertained Mr. Bartelme with a deer steak banquet in the club rooms of the Lodge Home. P.D.D. C. T. Trott made the address of welcome. During the afternoon the District Deputy met with the officers of the Lodge and members of the committee in charge of the banquet for a discussion pertaining to organization matters.

Mr. Bartelme was introduced to the membership of Livingston Lodge, No. 246, by E.R. J. W. Hart. His presentation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's message and his constructive remarks were applauded by a large crowd of Livingston Elks. P.D.D. Arnold Huppert, P.E.R., also spoke.

Before the opening of the Lodge session, at Miles City Lodge, No.



537, Mr. Bartelme was entertained by the officers. The features of the meeting were speeches, initiatory work under the direction of E.R. Jack Rost, and a fine lunch.

### **Ouray, Colo., Lodge Holds Eye Clinics for County School Children**

Under the supervision of its Social and Community Welfare Committee, Ouray, Colo., Lodge, No. 492, has conducted two successful eye clinics for county school children. One hundred and fifty were examined at the second clinic held in the Lodge Home. It was conducted by Dr. Swagert of the Colorado General Hospital at Denver, assisted by

Miss Gorton, a nurse from the institution.

Preliminary examinations had been made among all the students throughout the county. The cost of prescriptions was borne by Ouray Lodge in all cases where the families of the children were unable to take care of the expense. The examinations were free. The holding of the clinics is one of the many things the Ouray Elks are doing for the betterment of the community.

**Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge Gives Several Parties**

About 200 couples attended the New Year's Eve party held by Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, in its newly decorated ballroom. A roast turkey and baked ham dinner was served whenever desired until four o'clock in the morning. The party was for members and their ladies only. The party climaxed a ten-day holiday period observed by the Lodge, starting with the "Elks Great Indoor Circus" put on during the Lodge meeting on December 22. All members who had been initiated during the past year took part, either as "animals" or performers. The program featured a "real" circus band and a "girl" chorus.

The day before Christmas the Lodge gave its annual Christmas

party for the children of the community. The youngsters enjoyed two-hour picture shows at two leading theatres, with Santa Claus on hand to distribute candy and fruit. Both theatres were crowded to overflowing.

On the first meeting night after Christmas the members enjoyed a Christmas party of their own with a tree and appropriate amusements. Each member was given a ticket which entitled him to a treat of anything he desired in the club room.

A great deal of interest in Lodge activities is being shown by the Wenatchee Elks and many additional features are planned for the coming months.

**Idaho Falls, Ida., Lodge Honors D.D. Baird on Old Timers' Night**

At an Old Timers' Night, held on November 17, Idaho Falls, Ida., Lodge, No. 1087, paid special homage to four of its six living charter members. Those honored were Jerry Dinnen, aged 84, Ralph Louis and William Luxton, both 74, and A. J. Wiperman, 69. Through the efforts of E.R. Harrison Dennis and Secy. H. R. Robedee, the double celebration brought out the largest attendance recorded in years, it also being the occasion of the official visit of D.D. E. D. Baird, of Boise Lodge. Mr.

Baird paid the Lodge a fine tribute after his inspection, praising, in particular, the efficient manner in which the Lodge's records are kept.

The 10 members of the James T. Hallinan Class were initiated during the meeting. The Exalted Ruler was assisted by P.E.R. Monte Carlson, Robert St. Clair, Orland Buck, Charles Shuetz, Dwight Disney and Roy Jensen in the ritualistic ceremonies, some parts of which had not been used locally for a long time.

**Caldwell, Ida., Lodge Welcomes D.D. E. D. Baird**

One hundred and fifty members of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1448, welcomed the excellent suggestions contained in the speech made by D.D. E. D. Baird when he made his official visit recently. A dinner was given in his honor by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers before the meeting. The work of the Drill Team and officers in the initiation ceremonies for the James T. Hallinan Class was highly commended by the District Deputy.

**Legionnaires Entertained by Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge**

As a gesture of friendliness and appreciation of close cooperation, E.R. A. P. Harrington and his officers, and the members of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, recently entertained the American Legionnaires and Voyageurs of the "Forty and Eight" Legion honor and fun group at an informal dance in the Lodge Home. Legionnaires were present representing the Voyageurs of Desert Voiture No. 35, the Frank Luke, Jr., Post No. 1, Greenway Post, and many Posts which had been represented at the executive meeting of the Ninth Legion District of Arizona and the Valley of the Sun held at the Phoenix Veterans Club. The names of the most prominent Legionnaires in the State were on the list of special guests. The Phoenix Legion Drum and Bugle Corps., which is the official Drum Corps of Phoenix



Laramie, Wyo., Lodge has been forging rapidly to the front in improving Lodge conditions. Above and on the opposite page are two large classes of candidates recently initiated by this active Lodge

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge was host to the Southern Calif. championship football team, right, from Long Beach Polytechnic High School recently. The entire team, headed by its coach, heard Christy Walsh speak





*Above: 110 candidates recently initiated into Casper, Wyo., Lodge*

*Below: Eugene V. Trippeel, first E.R. of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, and E.R. Charles Pearson at the Lodge's recent "Old Timers Night"*



the ceremonies, with addresses by the visiting officials and a program which included the appearance of the Los Angeles Chanters.

Taft Lodge has enjoyed steady progress since its institution, and under the leadership of E.R. Robert C. Dear, continues to grow. Charles A. Shaney was the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, and to him went the honor of burning the mortgage.

#### **Casper, Wyo., Elks Entertain 4,000 Children**

Unusual features marked the annual children's party given by Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353, at the Rex Theatre. The schools were kept heated so that the youngsters from various parts of town could assemble in comfort. Splendid cooperation was given the Elks by the Mayor, Chief of Police, school authorities, the City Rapid Transit Company, which placed its entire fleet of school buses at their disposal, and the Rialto Theatres, Inc., through which a splendid motion picture suited to children was booked. Three separate shows were required to accommodate the thousands of children

Lodge, participated in the event.

Talks emphasizing the close relations between the Elk Lodge and the American Legion were made by District Commander D. H. Campbell and Luke Post Commander E. O. Von Rhein. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given in the ballroom by Past Commander Herman Lewkowitz of Luke Post, a Past President of the Ariz. State Elks Assn.

#### **Gold Service Pins Bestowed by Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge**

Outstanding in the annals of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, was the presentation of gold service pins to 111 members by State Pres. L. A. Lewis, of Anaheim Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Pins were awarded to three different groups—15, 20 and 35 years of continuous service. Forty-five years of unbroken membership made P.E.R. Michael H. Moore, a former member of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, the dean of all the Elks present. Alfred S. Turner, a former member of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, was second with 43 years to his credit.

Nearly 200 members witnessed the impressive ceremony and later heard a stirring address on Americanism by Mr. Lewis.

#### **Taft, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Anniversary by Burning Mortgage**

The membership of Taft, Calif., Lodge, No. 1527, enjoyed a double celebration on November 28 when the Lodge's 10th Anniversary was observed and its mortgage burned. There is no longer any indebtedness on the Home, furniture or fixtures. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Fred B. Mellmann, of Oakland; State Pres. L. A. Lewis, of Anaheim, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Past Pres.'s George M. Smith, San Jose, and F. E. Dayton, Salinas, were present. A venison dinner was served to more than 600 Elks and their families. During the meeting an initiation was held for nine candidates. The officers of Santa Monica Lodge performed the ritualistic work. The burning of the mortgage followed

who appeared for the festivities.

The Elks' Committees had worked day and night in preparation for the event, and gift packages were distributed to all of the young guests. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis B. Brewer, Exalted Ruler of Casper Lodge, headed the list of speakers, among whom were P.E.R. Bryant S. Cromer and Dan Egan.

#### **D.D. Montgomery Visits Hanford, Calif., Lodge on Anniversary**

Starting with a fine turkey dinner at which 251 members and visiting Elks were feasted and entertained, the 25th Anniversary Meeting of Hanford, Calif., Lodge, No. 1259, held recently, convened at 8 P.M. The Lodge room was filled to capacity for the celebration and the official visit of D.D. R. I. Montgomery to his own Lodge. Mr. Montgomery was escorted to the altar by four Past District Deputies of the Calif. East Cent. District, Elmer B. Maze and J. Emmett McNamara of Merced Lodge, State Trustee Frank H. Pratt of Porterville Lodge, and Secy. Harry Kimball of Hanford Lodge. The Roll Call of charter members, which is a feature of the Lodge's annual meetings, disclosed the fact that 12 of the 14 surviving charter members were present.

Of the 25 candidates elected in the James T. Hallinan Class, 22 were initiated.

#### **San Fernando, Calif., Lodge Honors Memory of Noted Elk**

At the regular meeting of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, on January 5, Est. Loyal Knight Frank Butow announced to the membership the passing of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. A motion was passed directing that a testimonial to Mr. Fanning be published in the current number of *The Mission Elk*.

The memory of Mr. Fanning is deeply enshrined in the hearts of San Fernando Elks, who always evinced great interest in the Lodge's welfare. During the administration of Thomas Binda as Exalted Ruler, the Lodge completed its new Home and was honored by Mr. Fanning's participation in the dedication.

# Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Presents A Candidate For Grand Exalted Ruler

**M**OUNT VERNON, New York, Lodge No. 842, announces that at the 1937 Reunion of the Grand Lodge, to be held in Denver, Colorado, in July, it will present Past Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart for Grand Exalted Ruler for the year 1937-38.

Mr. Hart's record of service in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks extends over a period of fifteen years. During that time he served as Chairman of many of the important committees of Mount Vernon Lodge and was elected Exalted Ruler for the year 1927-28, after which he served as Trustee for three years.

He served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the East District of New York in 1930. At the Grand Lodge Session in Seattle in 1931 he was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee on which he served for two years. In 1934 he was select-

ed as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and served in that capacity from 1933 to 1936.

His work in that connection has been spoken of in the highest terms by the Grand Exalted Rulers under whom he served. In addition to his Grand Lodge activity he has been active in the New York State Elks Association, serving on several of its committees.

Charles Spencer Hart was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. After graduating from Yale University with honors in 1908 he joined a national publishing organization, with which he was associated until America's entry into the War. Resigning his position as Manager of Hearst's *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in 1917 he went to Washington to accept a commission as Captain and was assigned by Secretary of War Newton D. Baker to special work in connection with the Signal Corps Photographic Division

of the American Expeditionary Forces, and later became the director of motion picture propaganda work for the United States Committee on Public Information in foreign lands.

After the war he spent a year in European travel compiling material for his book, "Foreign Advertising Methods." Upon his return he became Business Manager of *The Elks Magazine* at its inception in July 1922, which position he held for fifteen years, and from which he recently resigned to become an executive in one of America's largest advertising firms.

He is the author of a recent book on "Forgotten Heroes of History" and holds the commission of Major in the United States Army Reserve Corps.

Mount Vernon Lodge invites consideration of Brother Hart for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler on his record as an Elk and his standing as a representative citizen.



## National Bowling Tourney Expected To Be Very Large

**T**HE 20th Annual Elks' National Tournament is expected to be the largest in several years, by the Elks' Bowling Association of America, scheduled for Kalamazoo, Mich., when the local Lodge, No. 50, will be host to the kegelers of the antlered herd from all sections of the United States.

When this article was written, the Secretary had made reservations for approximately 200 five-man teams, representing Elks Lodges outside of Kalamazoo. Most of the Lodges included have increased their present reservations over those of previous years. This indicates the entry this year should be much larger than that of last year at Cincinnati, Ohio, when 290 teams were registered. Many Lodges are yet to be heard from, as entries do not close

until midnight, March 1, 1937.

Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 93, leads with 20 teams entered, while Lodge No. 8, in flood-stricken Louisville, reserved space for 18 teams.

The officers of Kalamazoo Elks Lodge, together with members of the local Tournament Committee, are extending every effort to make the coming event a huge success. Committees have been named to care for the visiting Elk bowlers, seeing to their comfort in the way of transportation, hotel accommodations, reception and entertainment.

The Tournament will open on Saturday, March 27, and will be preceded by a huge parade through the streets of the city. The games will be bowled at the Kalamazoo Recreation Hall, where 14 alleys will be in first-class tournament condition. The Kalama-

zoo Lodge Home is equipped with six excellent bowling alleys, and these will be available for special matches or practice games.

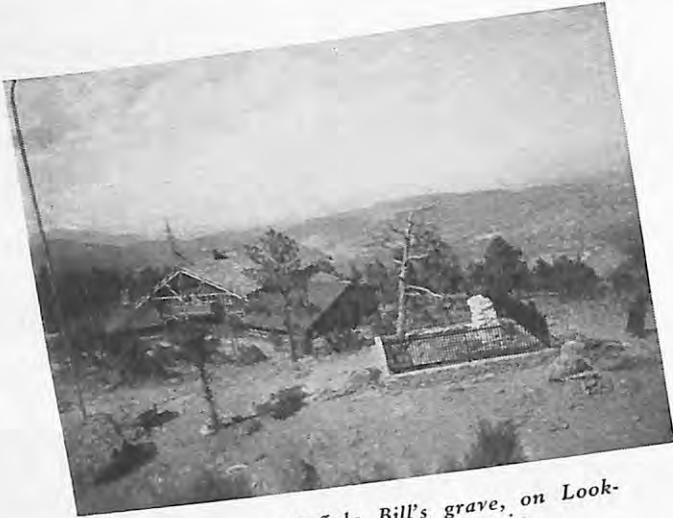
Winners in each event will be awarded Diamond Medals, indicative of the Elks National Championship, while the Elks Lodge represented by the winners in the five-man event will receive a beautiful trophy, emblematic of the victory.

The Prize List will again be divided into two classes, the Regular Class for high scores, and the Goodfellowship Class, being scores drawn from those not qualifying for the high score division.

Any further information regarding the Elks' National Tournament can be secured by communicating with Secretary John J. Gray, 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

# The Elks 73rd Convention Bulletin

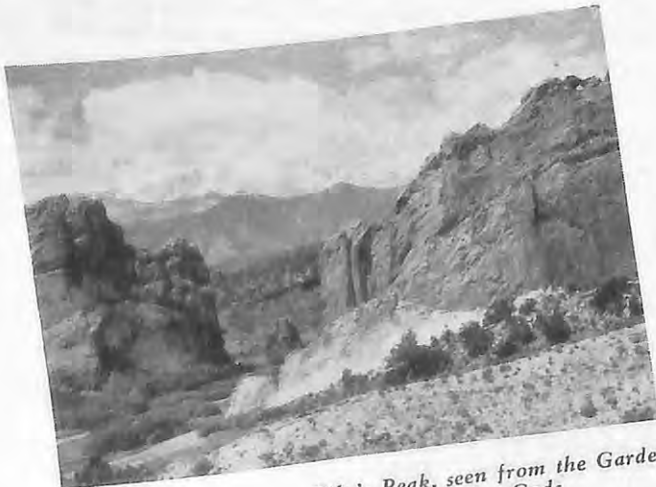
## No. 2



Buffalo Bill's grave, on Lookout Mountain



Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun on Cheyenne Mountain



Pike's Peak, seen from the Garden of the Gods

Strange as it may seem the two focal points of the Elks 73rd National Reunion in Denver next July will not be within the confines of the host city but rather on the summits of two famous Rocky Mountain peaks—Lookout Mountain in the Denver Mountain Parks and Cheyenne Mountain just outside Colorado Springs where are the shrines of two great Americans and consequently two great "Bills"—William Rogers and Col. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill).

On the top of Lookout Mountain (6,800 ft.) near Golden, Colorado, lie the ashes of Buffalo Bill the great scout. Under a simple shaft of native stones in a modest iron-fenced enclosure sleeps the man whose entire life epitomized the spirit of the Old West. Close by is Pahaska Tepee conducted by his relatives wherein are on display a store of relics and mementos of the famous warrior.

To members of the Order it will be of interest to know that Col. Cody joined San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, in 1877, dimitting to Omaha Lodge, No. 39, on April 16, 1897. His last request was to have the Elks conduct his funeral and in accordance therewith Denver Lodge, No. 17, rendered that last service.

On Cheyenne Mountain (9,000 ft.) which rises majestically above the beautiful city of Colorado Springs, Spencer Penrose, capitalist of that community, who amassed a fortune in Cripple Creek, has caused to be erected a magnificent memorial to his friend and America's friend, the late Will Rogers, actor, humorist, good will ambassador and member of New York Lodge, No. 1, B. P. O. Elks.

This Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun, as it has been named by Mr. Penrose, is a hundred foot tower of light pink native granite. It has the Old World dignity of a medieval castle.

Mr. Penrose told his architect, Milton J. Strong, and construction superintendent that he wanted the shrine so built that it would stand as long as Cheyenne Mountain. It contains not a sliver of wood and not a single nail. All of the granite for the 36" walls—5,000 cubic yards—came from a single granite boulder on the site and 200,000 pounds of steel and 30 carloads of cement entered into its construction.

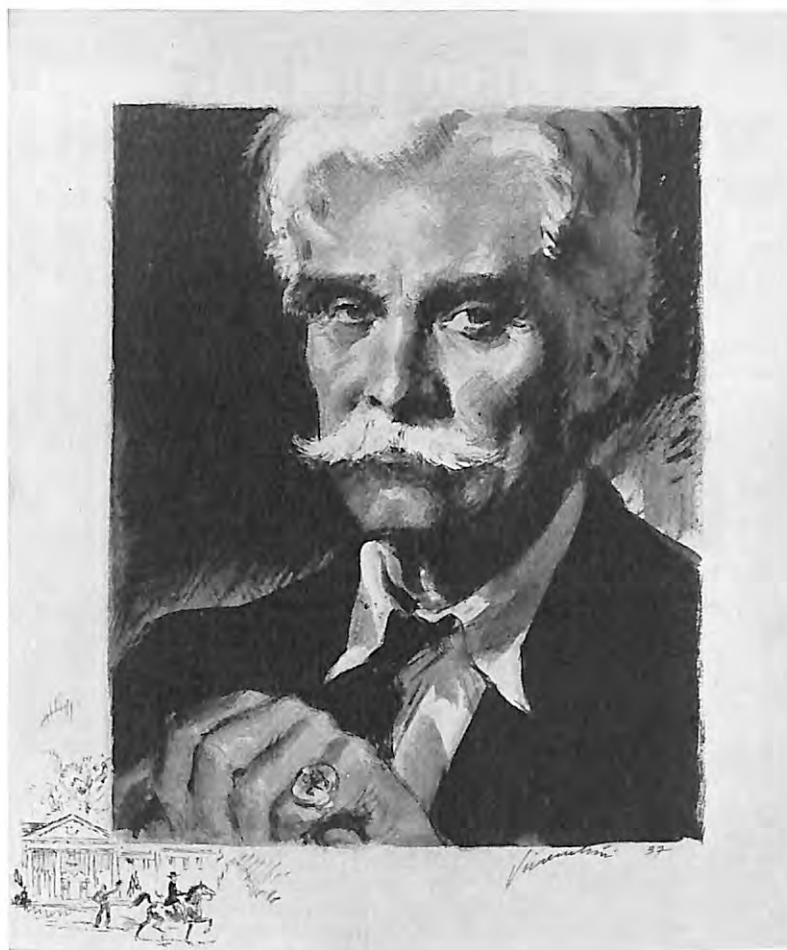
The four rooms of the structure are in tiers, the floors are of red Italian marble and the walls are covered with murals by Randall Davey, depicting the history of the West. Jo Davidson, the famous sculptor, is completing a bust of Rogers which will grace the entrance hall.

Friday, July 16, during Elks Convention week, has been designated Colorado Springs Day and the members of Colorado Springs Lodge, No. 309, the Chamber of Commerce, and the citizens generally of the friendly, hospitable Western city are already making plans for the entertainment of the hosts of Elkdom.

Colorado Springs stands in the shadow of Pike's Peak, discovered in 1806 by Lieut. Zebulon Montgomery Pike, U. S. A. He told his troopers that the peak which bears his name would never be scaled by man but he was wrong because millions of Americans have reached the summit in safety and ease on the famous cog railroad and the world's highest automobile road.

The Executive Committee of the Convention announces that the Elks National Golf Tournament for the John J. Doyle \$2,000 Perpetual Trophy and other valuable prizes, and the Elks National Trap Shoot will be included in the entertainment features of the Reunion and all interested should communicate with the Executive Director for the Convention for necessary entry blanks.





## A GENTLEMAN FROM VIRGINIA

{ *He shaved 2000 times with a Schick* }

He has used a Schick Shaver for nearly five years—shaving every day and twice on Saturday and Sunday. He has shaved more than 2000 times and his Schick works as well today as the day he bought it.

How could shaving cost less than this?

But cost is nothing compared to the sheer joy of painless, quick and close shaves with the Schick.

Our Virginia gentleman solemnly told us that he would part with any other personal possession—even his ring with the family crest—rather than give up his Schick if he could not buy another.

***Why deny yourself this pleasure  
another single day?***

Imagine the comfort of shaving even on the coldest morning with a Schick. No water and soap—no lather to fuss with. No blades

to cut or scrape—nothing but a gentle rubbing with the *flat* shearing plate (which does not move mechanically). The two-way action of the Schick quickly and easily shears every hair *below the level* of the tiny mounds of the skin—and *you cannot possibly cut yourself*.

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Look beyond the price of the Schick to this fact. Your shaving will cost less over a period of time. And every day you live and shave you will enjoy the greatest single comfort a man may have in his personal life.



Do not postpone your decision! Go to one of our dealers and ask him to show you the Schick Shaver. Be sure he is an *authorized* dealer through whom we guarantee and service Schick Shavers.

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# SCHICK SHAVER

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# All is Not Fair

(Continued from page 9)

to let him have it. But the girl saw it, made one big jump between them and took the bullet in the hip. Only for that jump there wouldn't have been any more Quiet Rosie.

"Well, she recovered all right, but the hip bone was so badly smashed that they couldn't mend it entirely—and there was a chorus girl with only a leg and a half. So Rosie did the white thing and married her. And it stuck. According to her folks, they seemed to get crazier about each other every year. Rosie wasn't more than six or eight years older than she was, so it wasn't a case of an old man's darling."

Into my own mind flashed a picture of Rosie greeting the limping woman with a kiss and a cozy hug.

"Well, that's the woman I had to break—and there was just one way to do it—jealousy.

"So I framed it like this. I dug up a flashy looking gal working in a burlesque show and rehearsed her in a little scene I wrote out. Then I practiced every mannerism of Rosie's speech. I had several long talks with him about everything in the world except the case. And that's where my acting ability came in. At the end of a couple of days I could imitate that slow, quiet speech of Rosie's so he wouldn't have known the difference himself. Then we were all set.

"Mrs. Montrose used to come down to headquarters every afternoon to see Rosie about two-thirty—because we were holding him on suspicion, though we hadn't made any charge against him yet. Well, on this particular afternoon she comes in and I take her into a little waiting-room between the regular office and the room where we used to let her see him, so she wouldn't have to go into the cell block. We didn't have all these elaborate screens and benches for visitors in those days, you know. It was much more informal.

"While she's sitting there alone, she hears a woman's voice in the next room asking to see Rosie. The door was closed but the transom was open, so she heard it all clear through. I told the woman Rosie didn't want to see anyone. She insisted. I asked who she was. She refused to tell—just insisted it was terribly important to Rosie and her, too.

"Finally she begged me to tell Rosie that Blanche wanted to see him. I said she'd have to wait till Mrs. Montrose had left. She said she couldn't—that she was working in a show, so finally I consented to send in her name. In a minute the man reports back that Rosie wants to see her.

"I pretend surprise, but say 'all

right' and lead her through the middle room so Mrs. Montrose can get a good look at her. And she was a darb, I'm telling you.

"Very carefully I close the door behind us into the third room, but again the transom is open. And then I put on *my* act. By God, it was a good one, too.

"So far as that listening woman knew, this is what happened: The girl threw her arms around Rosie's neck and sobbed, never loud, but as though she were trying to be quiet but couldn't get herself under control. Rosie asked her why she had come, said it might easily spoil everything. She said she just couldn't stand it any longer, that she was going crazy with anxiety over him, that it was driving her nuts because she couldn't tell a soul in all the world that they loved each other, that she was even afraid she was in the family way (that was my master touch) but that she didn't mind because she loved him so much.

"Rosie tried to quiet her and explained that this scrape was really the best break they could have, because it would give him an excuse for beating it as soon as he got out, and he could take her with him. He tried to bawl her out a little about the baby, but when she cried he forgave her and said he was glad too, because he had really always wanted a kid.

"It ended by his telling her she was the only one he loved and that if she loved him she would lie low till this was all over, which would be just a few days, because the police didn't really have a thing on him, and so forth. She promised, gave him a big, loud goodbye kiss and went out another door.

"The rest was pie. When I walked in on Mrs. Montrose a minute later and said she could see her husband now, she looked at me like a dead woman and said she wasn't feeling well and would go home. I pretended to feel so sorry for her I even took her home myself in a cab.

"She didn't crack on the way home, she was too numb. But that night she phoned me and when I went to the apartment she spilled the whole thing—how she had helped her husband frame the alibi and how he had sewed it up tight by using a different barrel on his revolver, restoring the original when he came in after the shooting. She showed me where the other was, so just to make it all kosher, I went back the next day with my witnesses, searched the premises, found the extra barrel, and—well, you know the rest.

"But I never could have put it over if I hadn't been a good enough actor to make her believe she was

hearing Rosie talking to that dame."

The story left me in such a turmoil of inner rage that I could hardly summon voice and poise enough to say—

"Certainly a damned clever piece of work, Cronin, but a little tough on Mrs. Montrose."

"Oh, yes, but all's fair when you're fighting people like that. He did it all right, I was convinced of that. And we proved it. Now he's serving time for it, so the world's better off."

"What happened to her?"

"Damned if I know. She saw him once more when she went on the stand, but after that I guess she never saw him again."

**ROSIE** sat nodding his head for a long time after I had repeated Cronin's story, his eyes blazing.

"That's just about what Franklin told me. And he thinks that was fair, does he?"

Then followed epithets which would incinerate this paper were I to write them down. The man was a seething cauldron of corroding hate.

When he finally calmed down enough to realize my presence, and talk to me, it was to this effect—and there were tears in his eyes!

"I don't have to tell you how rotten that was. There are some things that just ain't fair. I loved Martha with every breath I ever drew. She saved my life and I would have been the rottenest coward that ever lived to have let her down. But that wasn't the reason I loved her. I loved her because—well, the same reason any man loves a woman—because he loves her.

"I knew she must have turned me in, but I never could figure why. I sent my lawyers to see her, but she refused to talk to them and I've never heard a word in all these years. That's what broke me. It wasn't this place.

"Now, will you do just one thing for me? Will you see if you can find her and give her the straight of it and then tell me what she says? No matter how much it costs. I still got some money. See Driscoll, my lawyer. He'll give you enough. But I don't want him to do it; I want you. Will you—please?"

"Will I? Just watch my dust!"

**IT** wasn't much of a job. I merely went up state, located the relatives and learned from them that Martha was head housekeeper in a big all-year-round resort hotel near Traverse City.

I recognized her quickly enough, though she had changed the same way Rosie had—a kind of inner

(Continued on page 42)

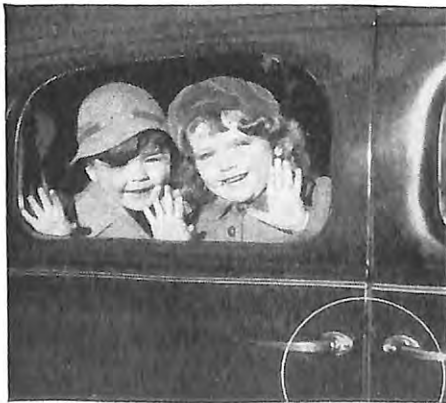
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decay, so that she looked, if not exactly dead, then unalive, if I make myself clear.

She did not recognize me at first, but when I reminded her where I had seen her, her face froze up like a mask.

"Rosie asked me to come and see you, and tell you something," I tried as an opener.

"There is nothing to tell," she stopped me. "If that woman and her child have run out on him now, that's just his hard luck." The whole situation was alive in her mind as though it had happened last week.

"There was no other woman—and no child." I came back, but she drenched me with silent contempt, so that I almost disbelieved my own story and went no further.

Finally, of course, I made her listen—at first because she couldn't exactly run away, then with eager fascination until I had finished with a sort of ostentatious peroration—

"And so you see two hearts have been broken because they loved so much that their pride could not stand suspicion—and broken by a man so clever that he knew how to break them, and so heartless that he didn't hesitate to do it."

It didn't have quite the effect I had expected. Martha Montrose only looked at me, silently, through narrowed eyes. "That's just your story. How do I know he isn't merely trying to play on my sympathy?"

"Is it a story anyone could have imagined? And what object would I have being a party to it? I tell you I had it myself first from Cronin. Why should I lie to you?"

"Then it means that I sent Rosie to prison? His alibi would have stuck if I hadn't showed them that extra gun barrel? Jesus forgive me!"

She didn't break down and sob, as some women might have done, but the realization wracked her inwardly like a suppressed convulsion. I could find no words and had to wait, silent, until she spoke again.

"Are you sure he wants to see me?"

"He sent me to find you; of course I'm sure."

"And I can see him, if I go?"

"Absolutely. Why not?"

**T**HE details of that reunion are not essential to this record. Sufficient that it accounted for the rebirth of two individuals—that love in a very literal sense triumphed over the forces of darkness.

What I am interested in telling is that for the next two years I saw Rosie at least once a week and in that time watched the shaping of an entirely new personality.

Martha got a place in a Jackson hotel so that she saw Rosie as often as regulations would permit, and the regulations were pretty lax in the case of an inmate as popular and trusted as Rosie.

"By God, I didn't think any woman could make that much difference in any man's life," the Warden told me

some three months later. "Rosie seems like a new man."

As indeed he was—not only spiritually, but, before long, physically.

I still had to get him books on orange growing, because it seemed he really did have a thousand acres, free and clear, down near San Diego somewhere, to which he and Martha had always planned to retire, and now he was determined to use them as a refuge when his term was up. To a man shrouded in prison grey for so long the prospect of California sunshine was a vision of Paradise.

So I heaped his cell with all available material—text books, government reports, historical and scenic volumes on California and, in between, he began rebuilding his body. There were some gymnasium facilities in the prison and baseball and basketball games, and Rosie did what his 45 years would permit in competition with the younger men.

"Can't go out on that orange ranch all flabby, and waste six months getting into condition out there," he explained to us.

Especially did he devote his attention to his hands and arms, until, when parole day finally came, he was something of a minor Sandow in those members—able to do what seemed to me quite prodigious things.

There was no great ado the day he was liberated. Just Martha, Driscoll and myself acted as a welcoming committee into the world of freedom, though the committee that bade him farewell consisted of the entire prison. In those last two years Rosie had become the "grandest guy in the world" to the insiders, and his departure was a real loss to them.

Driscoll drove us to Battle Creek to catch the Chicago train so there would be no farewells from townspeople at the Jackson depot, for, as a trusty, Rosie had made many friends among local merchants. On the way over the lawyer remarked—

"I'm surprised you don't want to go around by Detroit long enough to tell Cronin what you think of him."

"What—waste California sunshine on that ———" the air smoked.

**F**OR the next year never a week passed without a letter from either Rosie or Martha, usually with snapshots showing progress on house and plantings.

And then came an urgent invitation that I visit them. The house was finished, there was ample room, it was the time of year when the country looked its best and they were anxious to repay some of the debt they felt they owed me. A month they wanted me for.

It looked alluring enough, so I talked the managing editor into a month's leave, and five days later was exclaiming with real delight over the Montrose patio and thriving groves and the California scene in general.

"Just one thing," my host requested of me, "drop the 'Rosie' and call

me Walter instead. 'Rosie' is too much a part of that old life and none of my neighbors know me by it around here."

A reasonable enough request. But, used as I was to the sardine proximities of city life, I could only smile at his use of the term "neighbor."

Walt's place lay 20 miles from the railroad and ten from the nearest town. It was even three miles up a canyon off a paved road and a sizeable ridge of hills had to be crossed to see the nearest neighbor, another orange grower like himself.

I marvelled at Walt. Except for occasional help, he did all his own work, and not only was he a giant in strength, but he was tireless in energy, and a sturdy growth of dark brown beard gave him an aspect of primitive fearsomeness. As for Martha, she had grown stouter and beamed the day long like the sunshine itself.

And what pleased me more than anything else was the fact that they had adopted two boys, about six and eight, and were as foolish over them, and the airedale, as only late-life parents can be.

Martha and I used to sit on the veranda and watch Walt tussling with those kids after dinner, and then turn to each other without words to voice our thoughts. I'm sure they were always the same, running back over the years through all the scenes in which we had watched that man as a central figure—all so different from this.

I had been there about ten days when, driving back from town with some supplies late one afternoon, Walt suddenly said—

"My boy, you've done me a lot of favors—would you do just one more?"

"Just name it," I assured him.

"Even a little out-and-out lying?"

"Anything short of treason," I laughed.

It turned out to be simple enough. He wanted to make a little trip up to Los Angeles, he said, on some business that might take him a week or ten days and he wasn't anxious to have his absence known. So if anybody came around or called up, would I back up Martha when she said he was just going to be gone overnight? And later on, if anyone asked me, would I mind saying he had never been away from the ranch at all?

Having told more flagrant lies than that for much less reason, the request seemed trivial enough, and I soon forgot it entirely, because Walt was back inside of a week—radiant with good spirits, laden with presents—and his beard converted into a jaunty mustache. In the interval, no neighbors had come in and Martha answered all the phone calls, so my own conscience was perfectly clear.

**I** STAYED another two weeks and never thought of the incident again until I walked back into the managing editor's office for the usual vaca-

tion post mortem and he remarked almost immediately,

"You missed one of the best damned stories of the year."

"I hope I missed a lot of night assignments that went with it. What was it?"

"Well, nothing, only that some guy took Jim Cronin by the neck one night in his garage and choked the living hell right out of him. He never got a chance to peep, let alone pull his gun. His family was sitting in the house at the time and never heard a sound. Whoever did it got away without leaving a shadow of a clue."

"That was a story!" I finally managed to gasp. "They're still working on it, of course?"

"And if you ask me, they'll be working on it 20 years from now without getting any further. Cronin was on the take, I know, from some of the big money gamblers and he probably tried double-crossing them. They don't fool, those boys. And I think he had a cut on the slot machines too. No copper lives in the style he always did on a city salary. He probably had it coming to him, but of course the department is in a lather."

That was nearly twelve years ago, and I wouldn't be writing this story now if it weren't for a letter that lies open on my desk, the first word I have had from the Montroses in three months, though I have written two or three times. It reads:

"We buried Walter yesterday. He died suddenly after being sick for over two months with cancer of the stomach. We were so busy and upset, that's why we didn't answer your letters. He was conscious right up to the last and said to be sure and write and tell you how much he appreciated all you had always done for him. He said I wasn't to grieve too much, because after all we had spent the best years of our life together here in this beautiful place, and anyway I still have the boys. They're fine and strong like their father and I guess we'll be able to go on with the place all right. Anyway, no woman had a finer husband than I did, and that's the greatest consolation any woman can have. I hope you'll be out this way some time and be sure and come and see us. We both owed you so much. The boys remember you and send their regards.

Sincerely yours,  
Martha Montrose."

An idyl. One of those rare occasions when Life completes a story, and ties it up neatly with a pink ribbon, like a bit of fiction.



# LOL' JUDGE ROBBINS

## CURIOUS AFRICAN PIPE

HELLO, JUDGE - HELLO, CHUBBINS - A BIT OF A SURPRISE, WHAT?

SIR CLEVE - I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN AFRICA! COME IN, MAN, COME IN!

BY GEORGE, THIS IS A SPLENDID NATIVE PIPE YOU'VE BROUGHT ME. IT'S A WHOPPER TOO!

OF COURSE IT'S ONLY ONE OF THE MANY TYPES OF AFRICAN PIPES

NATURALLY IT'S LARGE - IN THE DARK CONTINENT 'BIGGER' MEANS 'BETTER'

I'VE SEEN CHIEF'S PIPES TEN FEET LONG, A REAL 'TOP-HAT' PIPE, SO TO SPEAK

YOU WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THE TIME I DISTRIBUTED PRINCE ALBERT TO MY BOYS, JUDGE. OF COURSE THEY HAD NEVER SMOKED ANYTHING SO TASTY, MILD AND MELLOW. P.A. WAS A SENSATION

- IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE, THEY CALLED IT 'TOBACCO LIKE HONEY FROM STINGLESS BEES'

- AND THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE DESCRIPTION OF COOL-SMOKING 'NO BITE' PRINCE ALBERT

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THIS NO-RISK OFFER TAKES YOU STRAIGHT TO SMOKIN' JOY, MEN!

**PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

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CRIMP CUT PRINCE ALBERT GIVES YOU A NEW SLANT ON COOL SMOKIN'

AND, PARDNER, IT'S A MIGHTY FINE 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO TOO

# A Woman's Intuition

(Continued from page 25)

up and licking through the trees. But the rain had got in some good work and the flames looked sullen now rather than happy and victorious.

"If you want to sleep—" Jean began.

"I don't."

"Neither do I."

So we sat and smoked. Every now and then I'd revisit the door and watch the mountains again. Once Jean came with me. But there wasn't any point in watching. The rain was too late for Tommy.

"I sent him up there," Jean said. "At least I told him about Joe and naturally he went. Oh, why didn't Joe come by here, at least look in for a minute, before he climbed the locust tree?"

"He had his mind on the fire," I said. "He didn't have time for anything else."

"I wish—I wish," she whispered, "that even if Joe had been still up there, like I thought he was, I hadn't said a word."

I wished so, too, but I didn't make any comment. The rain kept dashing on the roof. Its first wild rage had given way to a steady, merciless pounding. Jean's head finally dropped forward and she began to sleep. I put a cloak over her shoulders and turned out the light and sat there smoking, the end of my cigarette the only illumination in the room.

After what seemed years and years a faint, pale light came into the east. I went again to the door. Smoke hung like a thick and watery cloud over the woods between the crossroads and Pine Mountain, but there were now no red, darting flames. The woods were just a smouldering mass, with a rain as fine as a needle shower beating down upon them.

When I went back into the kitchen, Jean had waked and was standing at the west window. More light filtered in from the east, but it was a sickly light, having to fight its way through smoke and low-hanging rain clouds.

"We're going up the mountain," Jean said, without turning her head.

I argued, asking her to let me go alone. But it wasn't any use. So we got out her little roadster and, with me at the wheel, we started up the road that leads over Pine Mountain and on to Pine Lake. All around us the woods still smouldered, but the flames had given up. The smoke rose sullenly to mingle with the fog and the rain, and over all the woods it was as if a ghost had spread a veil.

There were trees fallen across the road. Sometimes we could drive around them; other times I had to get out and tug and heave till the way was clear. At last we came in

sight of Mrs. Trant's home—or rather Mrs. Trant's former home; for now it was just a pile of ashes, with here and there an ember winking dully, as you've seen the eyes of a dying animal rally and glow one last time.

Jean turned her head away and she was shaking. I put the car in second and we went pitching and careening over the once shaggy brow of Pine Mountain. The road was rougher and steeper now and there were more obstructions. On all sides of us trees stood out gaunt and stark against the gloomy background, their leaves gone and all their smaller limbs.

And then we saw the car. It lay—what was left of it—at a turn in the road. Of course the gas had exploded and the machine had burned to a crisp. Jean and I looked at each other as I stopped the roadster. Then we walked slowly forward. But there wasn't any sign of a body.

"He left the car and ran for it," I said, and Jean nodded.

We drove round the wreckage, going on toward the lake. Jean was gripping the side of the car. One last steep climb and we shot over the bluff that guards the valley in which lies Pine Lake. This was the end of the road. We sat very still in the car, which I had stopped on a level strip of land near the outlet. All over the lake steam was rising in misty veils. But no living thing moved within our sight.

I think that up to that time Jean and I had both hoped. That was only human, I suppose. People still believe in miracles, you know; even the most hard-boiled people. And Jean and I weren't so hard-boiled, at least not this morning. Down in our hearts we had hoped, and maybe believed a little, that Tommy Carter had somewhere found a refuge.

"Well," I said, and that one word, spoken in a moderate tone, echoed startlingly in the valley, "well, I guess there's no use—We might as well go back." I reached for the starter, then sort of slumped over the wheel. I had thought that I was miserable before, but it hadn't been anything compared to this. We had played our last card and Tommy Carter was still lost.

Then I heard a sound off to my left. When I turned my head, there was Tommy hobbling and groping and stumbling toward us along the charred shore of the lake. And he looked enough like a ghost to justify the first wild thought that popped into my mind.

But he wasn't any ghost and Jean and I were both out of the car now and running toward him. Tommy slumped against me and for a

moment it was all I could do to hold him upright. Then he straightened and we guided him to the car, where he put a hand against the door and turned to face us.

"I got here, but not in time," he mumbled. "It got too dangerous in the car so I left it—reckon it burnt up—and ran the rest of the way on foot. But—but I was too late."

"Oh, Tommy," Jean cried, "I— I—"

But Tommy didn't let her tell him. He went on in a dead voice, "I looked everywhere and I yelled and yelled. But I couldn't find him and he never did answer. Finally the fire—well, it was all around me. So I took to the lake. Been standing out there about a hundred feet from shore all night in water up to my chest. Even then sparks fell all around me. Poor little old Joe," he finished.

Then I caught hold of his arm and shook him, and Jean Fary told him the story, told him that Joe Gaines had been safe all the time. For a long moment after she stopped speaking, Tommy still slumped against the car, then he pulled himself upright.

"Thank God," he said.

"And thank God for that lake," I added.

It was then I noticed the queer light in Tommy's eyes. He turned slowly to Jean. It looked like the big moment so I started to be polite and ease out of the vicinity. But his first word stopped me like a shot.

"You're a grown-up woman," Tommy Carter said, in the same tone Jean herself had once used, "you wear long dresses and you run a business establishment and you're supposed to be responsible—yet you send a man damn near to his death because you *think* a kid's in danger."

Well, sir, I took one look at little Jean Fary standing there like a boxer who's out but hasn't yet gone down and I wanted to maul the living daylights out of Tommy Carter. Even if he was pathetic, with his hands blistered and his uniform nearly scorched off him, I wanted to maul him. I grabbed his arm, but he shook my hand loose; and when he spoke again, his voice was filled with what they call withering sarcasm.

"Of course, the locust tree little Joe Gaines was roosting in was all of sixty feet from the Green Arrow. Too far! If you had wanted to make sure he hadn't come back you could have called him a few times. But it wouldn't have done any good. He couldn't possibly have heard you all that distance!"

I didn't care if he had spent a hard night, I didn't care if he had

looked a red death in the face, I didn't care if his nerves were shot. Hell, I was going to sock him! And then I looked at Jean. She wasn't out on her feet any more. She drew herself up like the princess she is.

"Fair enough, sailor," she said. "You win. We're even."

They looked at each other. My right hand was still itching for that sock I'd promised it. I swung it just a little so as to have it loose and ready.

And then Tommy Carter said, "Aw, kid, I didn't mean to be so hard on you," and right before my eyes they went into each other's arms.

## Meet the Enemy

(Continued from page 21)

ever on the alert for the cancer danger signals. Their appearance does not necessarily mean that one has the disease, but they are significant enough to warrant a prompt visit to a physician. These danger signals are:

1. Any persistent lump or thickening, particularly in the breast.
2. Any irregular bleeding or discharge from any body openings.
3. Any sore that does not heal—particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
4. Persistent and unexplained indigestion.
5. Sudden changes in the form or rate of growth of a mole or wart.

The medical profession could do a vast amount to control cancer if everyone would have a thorough examination once a year, but even with the annual medical inventory, the individual must always be watchful for the danger signals. The physician cannot deal with cancer that has already spread in its painless way to many parts of the body. But the doctor can cure *early* cancer. And the individual must accept the responsibility for noticing these intimate and personal signs of a beginning cancer.

For many years the American Society for the Control of Cancer has concentrated in its work on cooperation with the medical profession. This work is continuing. But from all parts of the country, field representatives of the American Society for the Control of Cancer have sent back word that physicians are saying, "We are ready to diagnose and treat cancer, but too often our patients come to us only when their cancers have begun to hurt, have scattered

**THEY'RE READY! THEY'RE WILLING!  
AND OH BOY, ARE THEY ABLE!**

**Ruby KEELER**

**Lee DIXON**

**Louise FAZENDA**

**Allen JENKINS**

**Winifred SHAW**

**Teddy HART**

**Hugh O'CONNELL**

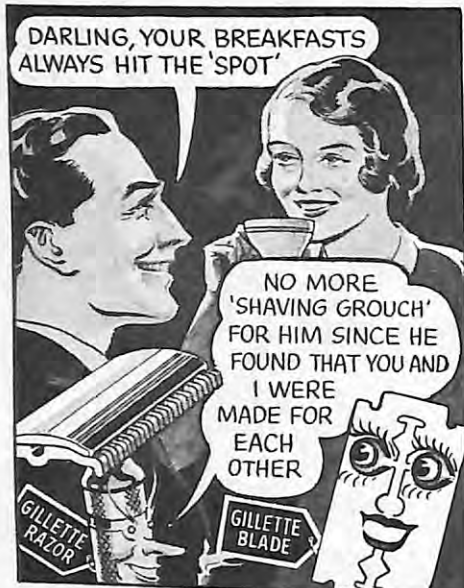
**Carol HUGHES**

**"READY,  
WILLING  
and ABLE"**

Raymond Enright directed the film hit that made song hits of: "Too Marvelous for Words" • "Sentimental and Melancholy" • "Just a Quiet Evening" • "Handy With Your Feet" • Words and lyrics by Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting.

ASK WHEN IT'S COMING TO YOUR THEATRE

*Warner Bros.*



## So Easy to Get Comfortable Shaves

—when you use the blade that is made for your razor

"As different as day and night!" That's how men describe the thrill of shaving with a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor.

There's a reason! The Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade are made for each other. Designed by the same engineers, produced by the same manufacturer, they match each other just as one part of your watch matches another. No wonder they give you such a smooth, clean shave every time!

### Matched Razor and Blade

No other blade in the world is made as the Gillette Blade is made. For only Gillette has the special and costly equipment necessary for its manufacture.

For example, in the Gillette factory, precision processes such as you would expect to find only in the laboratories of a great university are employed to produce this superb blade. Gillette Blades are diamond-tested for hardness, "X-Rayed" for hidden flaws, measured for sharpness by a beam of light—their edges are too keen to be seen by the human eye.

Buy a package of Gillette Blades today. See what it means in shaving comfort to use the blade that is made for your razor!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.



## Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

throughout their system and are incurable. Can't you teach people to come to us as soon as any symptoms are apparent?"

To meet the demand of the medical profession for a program of lay education, the American Society for the Control of Cancer is launching a new venture, the Women's Field Army. Distinguished women who have long experience in organization work are heading it: Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, the Past-President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and Mrs. Marjorie B. Illig, Chairman of the National Health Division of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Leading women in each state are being chosen as Commanders of State Divisions of the Army. Each Commander has appointed Vice-Commanders, Captains, and Lieutenants. Under the direction and with the cooperation of the State Medical Societies this Army is waging its educational war to save human life. During the week of March 21st-27th, the Army will conduct an Enlistment Drive in which every effort will be made to enroll thousands of women in the Army at one dollar per person. Of the funds so raised seventy per cent will be spent in the state where it is raised by its division of the Army, to further the campaign. While only women may be soldiers in the Army, men will be welcomed as contributing members.

This is a war that will be fought by women, but it is not one during

which the men may sit quietly at home while the battle rages. Men, too, must learn the facts about cancer. Men must give the benefit of their experience in advice to their wives and friends in building the Women's Field Army.

The 500,000 Elks throughout the country have played a distinguished rôle in the campaigns against tuberculosis. They have done splendid work in supporting camps for boys, in work with the blind, in all sorts of charitable ventures. Here then is a chance for them to put their shoulders once more to the wheel of social progress. Once more a cause appeals to them for their aid.

During the year, if each one of the 1,400 Lodges would invite the Women's Field Army to send them a physician to speak on cancer and its control, they would be protecting themselves and giving aid and courage to a notable undertaking. If during the Enlistment Week individual Elks become contributing members they will give a boost to the Women's Field Army that will send it over the top in a glorious way.

"Early cancer is curable. Fight it with knowledge"—that is the slogan of the Women's Field Army. An untold number of lives can be saved if the Army is successful. We can help thousands to win the same victory as Mrs. X, the Brooklyn painter and President Cleveland. If you and you and you, men and women who read this article, support the Army, it will succeed.

## How High is Up?

(Continued from page 12)

elevators are so fool-proof, as you have seen, that manual dexterity is unnecessary, and the chief qualifications for the job are personal appearance, slimmness and neatness. Space above everything is valuable so fat men are out. A fat man takes up too much room in a crowded cab. Nowadays all elevator men's uniforms are made up in stock sizes. Consequently, when a superintendent needs a new man, he just calls up and requests an operator to fit his spare uniform.

"Send me over a 5 foot 7 inch '36." Or, "Let me have a tall '34." That's the way he asks for an operator. He takes for granted he will be young and personable, which is why as a rule your elevator man is young and slender. You can't remember a fat operator; can you recall seeing one with glasses? Probably not, although this is largely custom. In the old days when cars had to be jockeyed up and down by hand, eyesight was of some importance. That necessity has, of course, vanished with the modern, self-leveiling elevator, but tradition still clings to the eyeglass-less operator.

Another reason employers prefer young men chosen for alertness, intelligence and appearance, is because it is from them that a stranger visiting the building for the first time receives his first, and possibly a lasting, impression. During the depression, however, older men were forced into the job for a while, and at one time in Wall Street eight former stock brokers, two of them partners in big firms of 1929, were calling floors for their associates. Right this minute there is a Russian prince speaking six languages who runs a car in a fashionable New York hotel. He used to be a gigolo but likes his present job better. Several years ago an operator in a western city threw over his uniform and his cab to another man, and returned home to his native England to claim the title to a Dukedom that had descended to him.

Where will elevators go from here? To the layman it seems as if the last word in safety, speed, and mechanical perfection has been reached. Yet engineers are working to improve elevators and elevator service in the



constricted areas of America's big cities. The longest shaft in the world today is that of Freight Car No. 1, which reaches from the basement to the top—or the 80th floor—of the Empire State Building in New York, a distance of 986 feet. There is no reason to think this is the ultimate limit. Meanwhile, the latest developments in elevator construction are double-decked cars, that is, cars stopping simultaneously at two floors. In this way they carry double the number of passengers, and can ease the traffic on the 30,000 cars which it is estimated transport 15,000,000 daily in Manhattan.

Another idea is a single shaft which supports both local and express cars at the same time. And already engineers are working on one-way cars; that is, cars that go up one shaft and down another, and the Irving Trust Co. Building in lower down-town is now using the conventional one-deck elevator shaft so designed that when it is necessary to handle a greater volume of traffic, two single-deck cars, one a local and one an express, can be installed. This is not, however, being done anywhere as yet except in the test tower of the Westinghouse plant at East Pittsburgh which is an experimental installation. Engineers have perfected a car running about 2,500 feet a minute, which is probably a whole lot faster than you'd care to travel just now in anything but a plane.

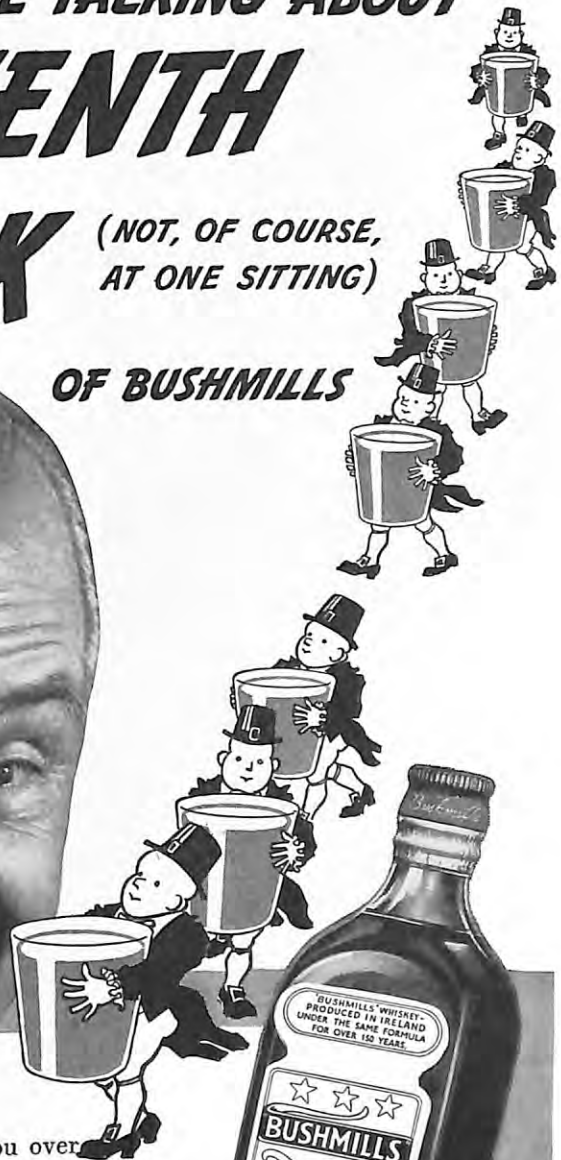
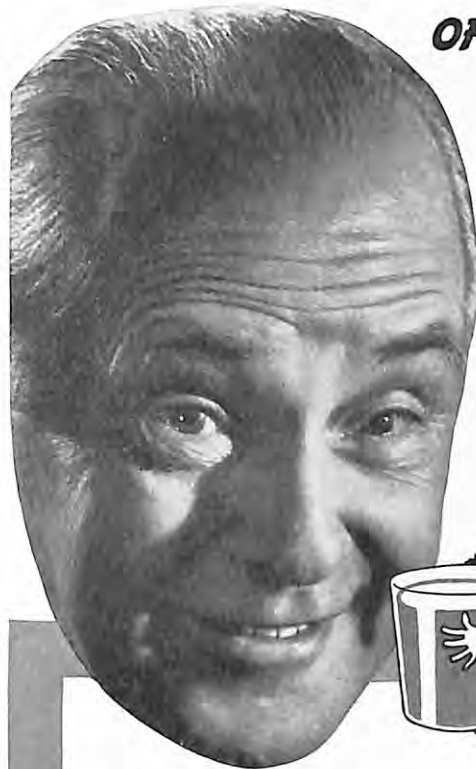
At present in New York, more passengers are carried every day in elevators than in subways and above ground transportation combined. In fact, vertical railroads carry just twice as many people as do surface and underground carriers. In transporting their millions they travel every twenty-four hours 93,250 miles. Don't forget that the term "vertical railroad" is no misnomer. Because elevators actually do run on rails. Moreover they have much in common with horizontal lines. The operator like Walter is really a conductor. The starter is a train dispatcher, with a large board of colored lights before him. He keeps his cars on just as exact a schedule as do the dispatchers of the big railroad systems. For years it was difficult to get tenants to take slow elevators, until someone hit on the idea of applying railroad terminology and calling them locals and express. The analogy caught on, and the objection was immediately overcome as passengers realized the necessity for all kinds of service on these vertical railroads.

If by any chance you are one of America's millions who use elevators daily, you may be unaware of a curious fact. It was not the skyscraper that brought elevators into existence, but elevators that made the skyscraper possible. Originally buildings could not be erected over four stories because nobody liked the idea of mountain-climbing to work. The elevator changed all that. Today the

# WHY MEN ARE TALKING ABOUT THE SEVENTH DRINK

(NOT, OF COURSE, AT ONE SITTING)

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● Bushmills may win you over before the seventh drink! But we do know that at first acquaintance men are somewhat surprised at its strangely distinctive flavor. After the seventh drink, their wonder turns to respect and affection. For, Bushmills' maltier taste "grows on you" to an irresistible degree!

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limit of a building's height is set merely by the limit of elevator service. When the Empire State was under construction what was the first problem to be solved? The question of elevators. No construction details were even considered until the elevator concern had assured the build-

ing corporation that it was possible to carry passengers eighty stories in the air by vertical railroads.

Elisha Graves Otis is more than just the inventor of the modern high speed elevator, the only universally free transportation on earth. He is the father of the American skyline.

## Fred Harper

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 4)

office which he filled with distinction.

He was called to serve as a member of the Elks War Relief Commission and when its final report, which he drafted, was adopted, he was appointed a member of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission on which body he served until the time of his death. As a trained lawyer and a master of the English language he drafted the resolutions calling this Commission into existence and charting its course. He took a prominent part in establishing *The Elks Magazine*, the editorials of which flowed from his gifted pen for a period of fifteen years.

In addition to other services to the Grand Lodge, State Associations and the subordinate Lodges, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper's report at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City in 1911 was credited with securing the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia. The Home was dedicated in 1916 at which time he was one of the leading speakers.

Mr. Harper was a member of the first City Council of Lynchburg under the city manager form of government. He was elected Mayor in 1920 and was re-elected in 1922 for another two-year term. As a member of the City Council he gave close attention to the affairs of the municipality, many of his plans being put into effect.

He taught the men's Bible Class of St. Paul's Episcopal Church for more than twenty years. He had served as vestryman of that parish and was interested in the administration of the affairs of the church.

Funeral services for Mr. Harper were conducted at his home by Dr. Carlton Barnwell, rector of St. Paul's Church. Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" was read, in addition to the prayer book services. Burial was in Spring Hill Cemetery.

Among the visiting officials of the Order who were in attendance at the services were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary; Charles Spencer Hart, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Robert S. Barrett, and R. A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home. A large delegation was present representing the Virginia State Elks Association and many members of Lynchburg Lodge itself were present to pay tribute to the Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. Harper is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Walter Briggs; a sister, Mrs. William A. French, of Wilmington, N. C., and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Julia Halsey Daniel. To them and to his many friends in the Order *The Elks Magazine* conveys its sincere sympathy.



## What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 27)

Mayerling, adopting the best-known theory, that Rudolf killed Marie and committed suicide. The author hits all the high lights of the story and makes us aware anew that kings and queens, who live for the public and

not for themselves, are not to be envied. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$3.50)

### The Nile in History

As the flood waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers were pouring

ful study of the provisions of the Constitution. An inquiry into how the Constitution came to be written, how its different passages were adopted and what the original delegates had in mind is rarely made by modern Americans—it takes too much time. But it is not only extremely necessary, if we are to understand the instrument, but also one of the most interesting of historical readings.

Let me recommend first "The Making of the Constitution," by Charles Warren, whose studies of the Supreme Court will also be worth consulting this year. In "The Making of the Constitution," we get glimpses of the personalities of the founders; the proposals made by Hamilton, Madison, Adams, Randolph, Franklin; the comments of Jefferson from Paris, and the gradual evolution of this great document. This book has just been reissued by Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Warren is a conservative; Morris L. Ernst, on the other hand, believes that certain changes are necessary to adapt the Constitution to the growing needs of the United States. His book is called "The Ultimate Power" and concentrates on the Supreme Court under the Constitution. He points to the contradictory decisions of the last 100 years and the difficulties encountered when the rights of the states interfere with some greatly needed national reform. In his attempt to show that the founders who wrote the Constitution were plain human beings and not demi-gods, Mr. Ernst goes much further than Mr. Warren, reading economic influences into their opinions. His book is sketchy in parts and controversial, but it should be widely read both by liberals and conservatives, for it indicates the trend of opinion among those who want more power given to the national government and who question the justice of the veto power reposing in a majority of the Supreme Court. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$3.50)

### Mysteries Will Never End

New mystery yarns are flooding the bookshops and in addition there's a collection of ghost stories, called "The Haunted Omnibus," edited by Alexander Laing of Dartmouth College, which presents some of the best spine-shivering yarns known to literature. Have you read "William Wilson" by Edgar Allen Poe and "The Haunted Hotel" by Wilkie Collins? These classics are included; also "The Furnished Room" by O. Henry, "The Screaming Skull," by F. Marion Crawford, "The Horla" by Guy de Maupassant, and other famous tales. Mr. Laing also tells one of the briefest of all ghost stories. It runs like this:

Two gentlemen, strangers to each other, chanced at the end of a winter's afternoon to be wandering farther and farther down the dark-

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REFRESHMENT  
WHEN YOU SAY PABST**

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THE ACHE JUST SEEMS TO DISAPPEAR

THAT'S JUST LIKE ALKA-SELTZER, - DEAR

ALKA-SELTZER! DOWN IT GOES!

EXIT, AFTER-DINNER WOES!

BOY! YOU SURE KEEP COLDS AWAY

I ALKALIZE, MOST EVERY DAY

HEADACHE

SOUR STOMACH

COLDS

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**Alka-Seltzer**

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ing corridors of an ancient picture gallery. One of them, shivering slightly, said, "Rather spooky, isn't it?"

"Do you believe in ghosts?" countered the second.

"No," said the first speaker. "Do you?"

"Yes," said the other—and vanished.

"The Haunted Omnibus" has 848 pages of reading and comes from Farrar & Rinehart, at \$3.

As for detective and mystery yarns, Carolyn Wells has a new one called "The Mystery of the Tarn." In it Fleming Stone reappears and discovers why the middle-aged bridegroom was strangled on his wedding night. (Lippincott, \$2) "The Man in the Blue Mask" by Anthony Morton tells the story of a crook who reminds old-timers dimly of Raffles, but only dimly. This book won the \$7,500 prize offered by Lippincott, but I prefer "The Falcon's Prey" by Drexel Drake which was runner-up. (\$2) "The Night of the Garter Murder" by Royce Howes has an unusual title and an unusual corpse—an aviator found wrapped in a blanket and wearing a peach-colored garter around one arm. (Crime Club, \$2) On the other hand there's a collie dog involved in "Unseen," a mystery by Albert Payson Terhune, a story of New Jersey with a dash of romance. (Harper & Bros. \$2)

**Useful Books**

Many words have been poured into the air since that momentous day when Edward Everett made a long and formal oration and Abraham Lincoln added a few words, at Gettysburg. Since then formal oratory has declined, but direct, forceful, natural public speaking is always in demand. Frank Home Kirkpatrick has been teaching the natural method for a long time; his new book, "How to

Speak in Public: a Natural Method" tells how to equip yourself for speaking, how to train the voice, and how to produce effects. Natural dignity, ease and freedom are stressed; formal and eccentric speaking is condemned. (Doubleday, Doran, \$1.75)

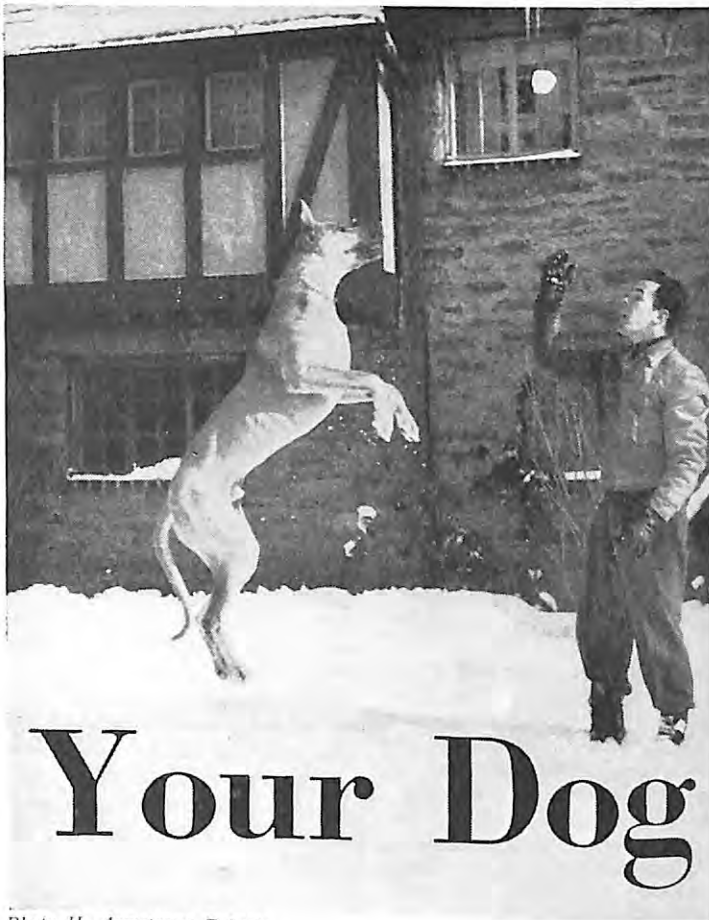
Dale Carnegie's book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People," seems an answer to the average man's prayer. Practically everyone wants to bring people to his way of thinking; salesmen want to get a chance to present their wares and their arguments; salaried men want to prepare for promotion. Mr. Carnegie gives specific suggestions for interesting people, holding their attention, gaining their friendship and approval and avoiding needless difficulty and antagonism. He even adds a chapter on making home life happier, with excellent admonitions to wives. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

"Reading, Writing and Speech Problems in Children," by Dr. Samuel Torrey Orton of Columbia University, is a serious discussion of all forms of language trouble, with suggestions for correcting them. (W. W. Norton, \$2)

"Your Income Tax: How to Keep It Down," is a paper-bound book of 128 pages by I. Herman Sher, lawyer and auditor, who gives useful advice on how to prepare an income tax return with full knowledge of deductions to which the taxpayer is entitled. The explanations are clear and I should think anyone would get a great deal of good advice out of them. Don't make the mistake of thinking this will tell you how to get out of paying taxes—it won't and so far as I know, nothing will, this side of the poor-house. But there is a lot here about salaries, contracts, annuities, payments by corporations and what constitutes legitimate expense. (Simon & Schuster, \$1)



"Look, two bottles of milk! We must have slept an extra day."



# Your Dog

Photo H. Armstrong Roberts

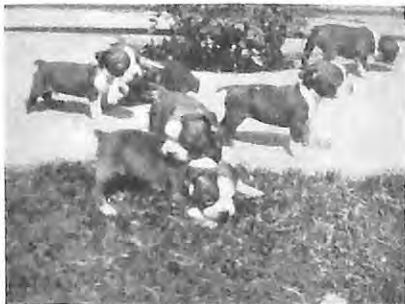
By Captain Will Judy  
 Editor, Dog World Magazine

## Your Dog in Cold Weather

In winter and during the cold days of early spring, we can wear heavy clothes and stay indoors by the fire but our dogs in the wild life of the woods, had heavier coats, more rugged bodies, and fewer weaklings among their numbers; therefore, the dog of today, having given up most of his wild life rights, must depend upon man to assist him.

The best protection the dog can have against cold, damp weather is proper feeding, lots of exercise, and a dry, draftless but ventilated sleeping place.

The danger is that we will be



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selfish when the storms blow—we will hug the house instead of taking long walks with our dogs. Lack of exercise at this time has weakened many dogs and made them helpless against pneumonia and other diseases. Plenty of exercise amid snow and storm will be beneficial for both you and your dog.

Wipe the dog dry with a rough cloth when he comes indoors. And just as you take him out, do so on the run in order that he can protect himself against the sudden change by increased blood circulation.

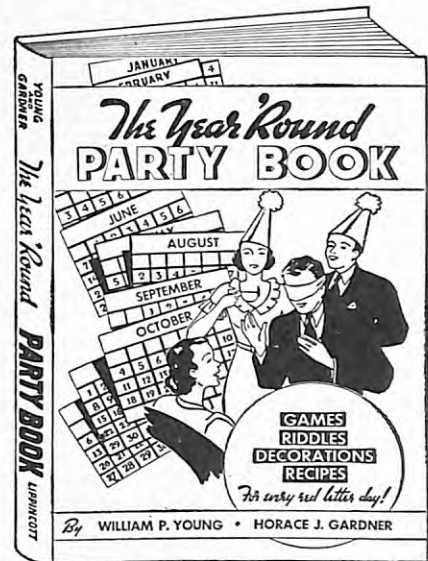
Check up on drafts, open spaces, cracks and broken boards on kennel houses and buildings. Be sure that the protecting sack or curtain over a door is complete and properly adjusted.

A little bit of repairing here and there will mean warmer quarters and more comfortable dogs. Keep the eastern and southern windows clean so that the dogs will get the full benefit of the sun.

Freedom from damp and drafty places (not closed places, for there should be ventilation, but without a draft directly upon the dog) are the chief housing requirements. Have all ventilation from the top. Dogs, regardless of breed and size, can withstand much cold if they sleep in a dry, draftless place.

(Continued on page 52)

## THE ELKS' PARTY BOOK



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Keep beds off the floor at least four inches; preferably have side pieces to keep draft out from under the bed. Always there is a draft along the floor, even in warm rooms.

Give him a rug, blanket, straw or cedar to lie upon in winter time; then he can curl himself into a circle, poke his nose into his loins, and sleep warm and comfortably. On sunny days, air his bedding outdoors in the sunlight.

Keep your dog in a place never heated or always heated. Pneumonia, that dread, usually fatal, disease among dogs, is invited if a sudden change be made from one to the other. Let him rush from a heated place to play outdoors; that will not harm him, for the exercise protects him.

If he is strong and vigorous, the use of a blanket or sweater is not necessary, even on a toy dog. On the whole, the use of blankets should be limited to sick and weakened dogs.

Very few breeds need heated quarters. A box bed with dry bedding on its floor, and in a room free from dampness and floor drafts, will be comfortable for any breed even in an unheated room.

But keep his sleeping bed away from the radiator, not near doors or entrances or tops of stairways. Place

it preferably in a corner and under some object such as a table.

Feed him well; give cod-liver oil every third day. Do not offer hot water for drinking. Do not feed him hot food.

Bathe him not oftener than every week and preferably every two weeks; keep him in a warm, dry place after a bath until you have rubbed his hair dry to the skin. For long-haired dogs this will require at least two hours in the warmth.

Brush your dog daily. Daily brushing will lessen the need of bathing and on the whole, it is greatly beneficial for it keeps the coat glistening, the skin free from dandruff, the dead hair out of the coat, and the dog less liable to skin ailments.

And on every sunny day, let him doze in some sunny, protected spot.

In brief, proper food, plenty of exercise, a dry, draftless bed, and daily brushing or grooming will keep your dog in fit condition to enjoy the cold weather of winter and the early days of spring.

*If you want further detailed information as to the care of your dog, 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.*

# Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

## Towson, Md., Lodge Recognized by Press for Charitable Work

One of the objectives of the officers of Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469, has been the development of the friendly interest already existing in the community toward the Lodge in its work and social life. The opinion among the members is that their December activities contributed more to the realization of this ambition than any carried on previously.

Beginning with Memorial Day services and continuing through the holidays one event followed another. The first Children's Party in the Lodge's history was given for 60 children selected by the County Children's Aid Society. A Punch and Judy Show, a performance by a ventriloquist, community singing and a visit from Santa Claus with presents and candy made up the program. The children were given the run of the grill room and permission to make all the noise they wanted to. For its Children's Party and the distribution of 100 Christmas baskets under the direction of Est. Lead. Knight James M. Vaughan, Towson Lodge was given publicity in all the county newspapers as a recognized charitable organization.

At the first meeting of the month, the Y.M.C.A. Wrestling Team, un-

der the leadership of Johnny Eareckson, former South Atlantic Champion, entertained the members and their non-member friends. At the second the Lodge held a Christmas party for its own membership with an abundance of refreshments. A Ladies' Christmas Party and Dance had been held previously in the Lodge Home under the direction of P.E.R. J. W. Crouch. It proved to be so successful that it will be made an annual affair.

## D.D. Visit and Other Events at East Chicago, Ind., Lodge

D.D. John L. J. Miller paid his official visit to his home Lodge, East Chicago, Ind., No. 981, on December 17. A large turnout of members was on hand and many distinguished visitors were present, among them being Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Ind., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Joseph M. Cooke, of Harvey Lodge, D.D. for Ill., N.E. A class of candidates was initiated. The meeting was followed by a social session, and a roast beef lunch was served.

A large gallery of billiard fans enjoyed the appearance in the Lodge Home of Jay Bozeman and Johnny Layton, professional players. The matches and exhibitions were spon-

sored by the Lodge. The Committee in charge was composed of P.E.R. Max M. Friedman, Trustee Frank E. Keenan and H. H. Hedgcock. The annual rabbit feed given jointly by East Chicago Lodge and the American Legion drew a crowd that completely filled the Elks' ballroom.

**Goldsboro, N. C., Elks and Legionnaires Give Barbecue-Dance**

The barbecue and dance given jointly a short time ago by Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 139, and the local American Legion Post, was an event in the social life of Goldsboro. The party, attended by 250 members of the organizations and their friends, was held at the Elks Lodge Home which furnishes an ideal setting for entertainments. The interior of the building has been entirely redecorated and refurnished.

At 7:30 the barbecue was spread on ample tables on the wide lawns which were strung with bright colored lights and attractive decorations. Cards and other entertainment were enjoyed after dinner until the dancing began. Music was furnished by the Carolina Cavaliers.

P.E.R. Leslie P. Gardner, D.D. for North Carolina, East, and Past Commander of the Post Robert Stevens were largely instrumental in getting up the party and making it a success. It is more than likely that the many requests for more joint Elk and Legionnaire parties will be complied with.

**Joint Patriotic Meeting Held at Galesburg, Ill., Lodge Home**

One of the best patriotic meetings ever held in Galesburg, Ill., took place in the Home of Galesburg Lodge, No. 894, on January 12. It was attended by over 200 members of the Lodge and of local ex-service men's organizations—the United Spanish War Veterans, the American Legion, the Forty and Eight and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The meeting was sponsored by Galesburg Lodge of Elks since all the groups are patriotic in nature and have much in common.

E.R. Leonard H. Woods presided and introduced the speakers, among whom were the Commanders of all of the veterans' organizations. The speakers for the Elks were Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, and J. Paul Kuhn, of Aurora Lodge, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn.

Before the meeting a dinner party in the Lodge Home was enjoyed by the officers, committee chairmen and Past Exalted Rulers of Galesburg Lodge, the Commanders of the ex-service men's groups, and the speakers of the evening.

**Winchester, Va., Lodge Sponsors Highway First Aid Station**

One of the first of a series of Highway First Aid Stations, established under the auspices of various

fraternal organizations, was the one sponsored by Winchester, Va., Lodge, No. 867. The Station was dedicated last October at the home of Mrs. W. B. Stine on Berryville Avenue, Winchester. The personnel completed the standard course in Red Cross First Aid and the Station's equipment was procured by the Lodge from the National Headquarters of the American Red Cross.

The establishment of the 1,500 Stations in the United States have been made in an effort to assist in the movement to reduce the great toll of highway accidents and fatalities. The sponsoring of the local Station by Winchester Lodge is another evidence of the public-spirited activities that it carries on.

**E.R. Joseph Schillo of Canon City, Colo., Lodge Dies**

For the first time in the 36 years of its history, Canon City, Colo., Lodge, No. 610, has lost through death an Exalted Ruler. E.R. Joseph Schillo succumbed to pneumonia on January 25 and was buried from the Lodge room on January 29. Seldom at a funeral in Canon City has such a crowd gathered as that which assembled for the services, presided over by P.D.D. Fred W. Merriam, who rendered in an impressive manner the funeral Ritual of the Order. Besides relatives, friends and members of the local Lodge, many Elks from nearby Lodges attended. E.R. D. H. Brown and Secy. Thomas Andrew of Pueblo Lodge, No. 90, were among those present who came to pay their respects and to express their sympathy to the officers and members of Canon City Lodge in their bereavement.

Mr. Schillo was initiated into Pueblo Lodge about 18 years ago. He transferred his membership six years later when he moved his family to Canon City, having been appointed Steward at the Colorado State prison.

**Ridgefield Park, N. J., Antlers Lodge is Active**

The Antlers Lodge of Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1506, has donated the proceeds of the basketball game, which it sponsored on December 26, to the Students Loan Fund. The Fund was created as a memorial to the late George M. Bates, Principal of Ridgefield Park High School, for the purpose of assisting students who may not have the necessary money to further their educations. The Ridgefield Park Antlers Lodge is the first organization in the community to sponsor an affair for the benefit of the fund.

Since the institution of their Lodge in 1935, the Ridgefield Park Antlers have formed a bowling team, purchased a radio and ping pong table for themselves, held several successful social affairs and visited all the Antlers Lodges in the vicinity. They have expressed the wish to be of service in the organization of other Antlers Lodges.



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**To All Members**

CONGRESS recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

## Record Crowd Welcomes D.D. Reagen to Nutley, N. J., Lodge

Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, made the official visit of D.D. Thomas V. Reagen, a P.E.R. of the Lodge, a truly memorable occasion. To accommodate the members and Elks from Lodges in other parts of the State, it was necessary to throw open both halls in the Lodge Home. P.D.D. Vincent J. Kane, of South Orange Lodge, State Vice-Pres. Frank W. Lord, Newton Lodge, Secy. John F. Coen, Orange Lodge, and P.E.R.'s James F. McCarthy, Hillside Lodge, and James A. Flood of Summit, were among those present. Heading their respective delegations were E.R.'s Floyd Tredway, Boonton; H. Parks Greer, Madison; William F. Higgins, South Orange; Bernard V. McGovern, East Orange; Irving E. Krohn, Bloomfield; Russell H. Williams, West Orange; James O. Ferguson, Belleville; Howard Van Buskirk, Westfield; William R. Condon, Newton; Otto Mueller, Montclair, and Frank B. Ott, Irvington. Mr. Ott brought along his entire staff of officers and a 40-piece brass band.

Mr. Reagen included a résumé of his other official visits in his talk. He was presented with an Honorary Life Membership by P.E.R. Philip R. Guinan on behalf of Nutley Lodge and with gifts from many of the other Lodges in the Northwest District of New Jersey. A buffet lunch was served.

## "Funfest" Held by Kansas City, Mo., Lodge a Success

Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, reports that its annual Fall Funfest was a huge success, attracting large crowds on each of the three nights

of its duration. A western and country fair atmosphere prevailed. Dancing, a German Village, and a German Band were some of the popular features. The Lodge Home was appropriately decorated. The festival was directed by State Secy. Joseph N. Miniace, General Chairman, E.R. A. O. Nilles, Audley F. Norris and William R. Stover.

## Annual Athletic Banquet Held by Manistee, Mich., Lodge

A capacity crowd was present in the Home of Manistee, Mich., Lodge, No. 250, on January 14, for the Lodge's third annual athletic banquet. Members of the local High School athletic squads occupied seats of honor. The affair was open to the public. P.E.R. Edward Talbot, introduced by E. R. Dr. E. J. Andersen, was Toastmaster. The Elks Committee was headed by Glen Larson. The dining hall was decorated in the high school colors, blue and maize. The Manistee Iron Works German Band furnished the music.

The featured speaker, Coach Gus Dorais, athletic director of the University of Detroit, and a former quarterback at Notre Dame, was accorded an enthusiastic reception by the Elks, the members of the high school football and basketball squads, members of the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs, and the other sports fans present. Among the speakers were Principal Lester C. Bendle, Superintendent Dorr Wilde, John Shada, who was the star guard of the 1936 U. of D. eleven, and Coach Al Arnold who welcomed Mr. Dorais and thanked the Elks for putting on the banquet. Mrs. Dorais was also introduced.

During the course of the dinner the announcement was made by Pro-





bate Judge Max Hamlin, representing the Kiwanis Club, that, starting next season, the club would present a silver cup to the high school senior adjudged the outstanding griddler of the year. Capable judges will be selected by the club and the presentation will be made at the next annual athletic honor banquet given by Manistee Lodge.

**D.D. Lloyd Visits His Own Lodge, Yankton, S. D.**

A class of 12 new members and seven reinstatements were received into Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, when D.D. James M. Lloyd paid his official visit to his home Lodge. A 6:30 dinner was served to over 100 members in the spacious dining room of the Home. Twenty young women, daughters of Elks, acted as waitresses. Speeches were limited to announcements, as the dinner was purely social. In honor of Mr. Lloyd's birthday a cake was brought in while the orchestra played an appropriate selection, and a gift from the Lodge was presented to him during the course of the dinner.

After initiation ceremonies were over the District Deputy addressed the meeting, praising the ritualistic work and congratulating the Lodge upon its progress under the leadership of E.R. Louis J. Walker. A net gain in membership of 54 has been made since last April.

**"Frank Kent Night" Held by Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge**

Grand Forks, N.D., Lodge, No. 255, held a special "Frank Kent Night" on Saturday, January 16, in honor of its veteran Secretary, P.D.D. Frank V. Kent. Mr. Kent was the Lodge's tenth Exalted Ruler,

and has been its Secretary for 11 years. He is a present Trustee of the N. Dak. State Elks Assn.

The "Old Timers" of the Lodge turned out in full force, thirty who have been members for 25 years being introduced during the evening. A chicken dinner served in the Home was followed by a meeting and initiation with Mr. Kent presiding as Exalted Ruler during the initiatory ceremonies. C. J. Murphy, fourth oldest member, presented Mr. Kent, who is the Lodge's third oldest member, with a diamond Elks' insignia ring on behalf of Grand Forks Lodge which he joined 43 years ago.

**Welfare Work of Atlantic, Ia., Lodge Praised in Local Press**

Although Atlantic, Ia., Lodge, No. 445, courts no publicity in its local welfare work, these activities have not gone unnoticed. An editorial appeared recently in an Atlantic newspaper calling attention to the good work carried on so quietly by the Lodge, and to the true fraternal spirit existing throughout its membership. The editorial was written by E. P. Chase, local publisher, who was awarded a Pulitzer prize a number of years ago.

**D.D. Lippert Visits his Home Lodge, McKeesport, Pa.**

The closing event of the year for McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136, was the official visit of D.D. Leonard M. Lippert to his home Lodge. Mr. Lippert was welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd of fellow members and visiting Elks which included the following Past District Deputies who had served the Southwest District: State Pres. William D. Hancher, Past State Pres.'s F.



"It's a tough break for Junior!"

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**"I REDUCED MY WAIST EIGHT INCHES"**  
WRITES GEORGE BAILEY



Wear the **WEIL BELT** for 10 Days At Our Expense!

If You do not **REDUCE** Your Waist **3 INCHES** in 10 Days . . . it won't cost you one penny!

**"LOST 50 POUNDS"** says W.T. Anderson... "My waist is 8 inches smaller" writes W. L. McGinnis... "Felt like a new man" claims Fred Wolf... "Wouldn't sell my belt for \$100" writes C. W. Higbee. So many wearers are delighted with the results obtained with the Weil Belt that we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense!

**Greatly Improves Your Appearance!**  
● The Weil Reducing Belt will make you appear many inches slimmer at once, and in 10 short days if your waistline is not actually 3 inches smaller—3 inches of fat gone—it won't cost you one cent!  
● Don't be embarrassed any longer with that "corporation" for in a short time, only the admiring comments of your friends will remind you that you once had a bulging waistline.

**The QUICK SAFE way to REDUCE!**  
● You will be completely comfortable and entirely unaware that the gentle pressure and massage-like action of your Weil Belt is working constantly while you walk, work or sit . . . persistently and surely eliminating fat with every move you make! It immediately gives you an erect athletic carriage.  
● Many enthusiastic wearers write that the Weil Belt not only reduces fat but it also supports the abdominal walls and, with the digestive organs returned to more normal position, indigestion and constipation are greatly relieved.

**Don't Wait—Fat Is Dangerous!**  
● Fat is not only unbecoming, but it also endangers your health. Insurance companies know the danger of fat accumulations. The best medical authorities warn against obesity, so don't wait any longer.  
● We repeat—if you do not take off 3 inches of fat in ten days, it won't cost you one penny!

**SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

THE WEIL COMPANY, INC.  
603 HILL ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.  
Send me FREE, in plain envelope, your illustrated folder describing The Weil Belt and full details of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

J. Schrader, John F. Nugent and George J. F. Falkenstein; Ralph C. Robinson, Chairman of the State Assn.'s Board of Trustees; C. S. Brown, Secy. of the Pa. S.W. Dist. Assn.; Lee A. Donaldson, James M. Kelly, James A. Ellis and John M. Shaw.

Delegations from 18 Lodges of the Southwest District attended. A class of 17 candidates was initiated. Mr. Lippert was presented with a handsome pen and pencil set from McKeesport Lodge as a token of appreciation of his good work. The meeting was followed by entertainment and refreshments in the grill room.

#### **"French Night" Held by Holyoke, Mass., Lodge**

A steak dinner and a program of songs and dances made "French Night" one of the most enjoyable of the Nationality Nights that Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, has held. Nearly 500 attended. The French-speaking members of the Lodge had charge of the program which was planned by Philip Lizotte, Alfred Charbonneau, Leslie Blais and Albert Ladouceur, assisted by a large committee of able workers. Henry Trudeau was Chairman of the General Committee. He was assisted by Emile Fredette, Arthur J. Britton and Arthur Brouillette.

#### **"Elks Frolic" of Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge Given Valuable Newspaper Publicity**

The annual Elks' benefit, held by Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge, No. 294, was presented this year on three successive evenings, beginning Monday, February 1, in the West Side High School auditorium. The entertainment was entitled "Elks Frolic" due to the fact that it was a combination minstrel show and musical comedy.

The Sunday morning edition of the Fairmont *Times-West Virginian* came out on January 31 with a large section devoted entirely to the activities of the Elks. The merchants, professional men and firms throughout the community had generously patronized the advertising columns and the public responded cordially. This "Booster" section, as it is called, has come to be a regular local newspaper feature, and the term has become identified with Fairmont Lodge and its annual charity benefits. The Lodge deeply appreciates the valuable publicity which it received in this recent

edition of the *Times-West Virginian* which aided so materially in making the Frolic the outstanding success that it was.

#### **D.D. Present at Homecoming Celebration of La Junta, Colo., Lodge**

The Annual Homecoming and New Year's Party given by La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, was one of the most enjoyable held by the Lodge in the 25 years that the custom has been in vogue. The festivities began at 10 o'clock in the morning with a parade through the downtown streets. Two bands and more than 200 Elks, together with a class of candidates to be initiated at the afternoon meeting, were in the procession.

D.D. Grover L. Carrico, of Lamar Lodge, paid his official visit on the occasion. He praised the officers for their excellent initiatory work and expressed himself as being well pleased with the Lodge's showing in its regular activities. The annual banquet at 6:30 for Elks and their ladies followed the meeting. Approximately 450 persons attended. Half of this number were served at the Hotel Kit Carson, and the other half at the Harvey House. Many were present from Lamar and Pueblo Lodges. Cards and dancing in the Lodge Home were the features of the evening program.

#### **Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge Entertains D.D. Davidson and State Officers**

D.D. William B. Davidson, of Saranac Lake, and dignitaries of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., including Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan, of Saratoga, visited Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1439, officially when a class of 15 candidates was initiated by P.D.D. Grover C. Ingersoll, P.E.R. Assisting in the ceremonies were E.R. Percy Blunt, Alfred Arlington and

John Roszykiewicz. The work of the Degree Team was highly commended. Among the distinguished guests were Past State Pres. George W. Denton, accompanied by a delegation of fellow members from Gloversville Lodge. Many Saratoga Elks accompanied Dr. Roohan to Herkimer.

The month of December was one of varied activity in Herkimer Lodge. One of the most popular social events was the venison supper given for the members by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Blunt, who furnished the deer.

#### **Monthly Initiations Continued in Billings, Mont., Lodge**

A policy, formulated last September by the officers of Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394, calls for a monthly initiation of candidates. The plan will be continued through 1937. On Wednesday night, January 6, a large number of members gathered in the Lodge rooms to enjoy a dinner of venison steak and to hold an initiatory meeting. Judge O. F. Goddard, a member of the Montana Territorial Congress, and an Elk of long standing, was the principal speaker.

Seven new Elks were received into the Lodge at the meeting, two of the initiates being sons of Billings Elks. This made a total of 25 new members, eight dimitts and five reinstatements since the monthly initiations began. A class of six was initiated in February.

#### **Social Activities Enliven Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge**

A banquet for the members and their ladies was given recently by Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 757, in the First Presbyterian Church, and was attended by more than 175 persons. The officers of the Lodge were introduced by E.R. W. H. Ullom. Paul G. Wade, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, was Toastmaster. Short toasts were given by P.E.R.'s H. C. Schreiber and W. J. Kyle, and J. I. Hook. William Sweet led the group singing. Dancing in the club room followed the dinner.

The membership is enjoying the entertainments given by the Lodge's Birth-Month Club. The members whose birthdays occur within a certain month play host. The parties have created a noticeable interest in social activities and indicate that affairs of this sort fill a long felt want in such fraternal circles as the Elks.



"Is the doctor in?"

# The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



## Today... It's Schlitz in "Steinies"

**TASTE SCHLITZ TODAY . . .** in the new, compact, easy-to-handle "Steinie" Brown Bottle. It is remindful of olden days . . . of beer sipped from the cool depths of stone steins.

Old-time brewmasters never enjoyed the facilities of modern science to assure uniform deliciousness to their brew but Schlitz has expended millions of dollars in research and development to make each glass uniformly delicious, appetizing and healthful.

With the first sip you instantly recognize the difference between Schlitz and other beers. That delightful, satisfying difference is old-time flavor

which Schlitz brews with scientific uniformity into every sparkling drop.

It's the full-bodied flavor of rich barley-malt wedded to the piquant tang of the finest hops the world affords . . . brewed to the peak of ripe, mellow perfection under Schlitz Precise Enzyme Control. You may choose from the modern "Steinie" Brown Bottle . . . tall Brown Bottle . . . or Cap-Sealed Can . . . whichever suits your needs. Each brings you Schlitz at its best with the health benefits of Sunshine Vitamin D.

*Schlitz "Steinie" Brown Bottles are compact—light in weight—easy to carry—take less space in your refrigerator. Contents same as regular bottle.*

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# "Why I choose Camels..."

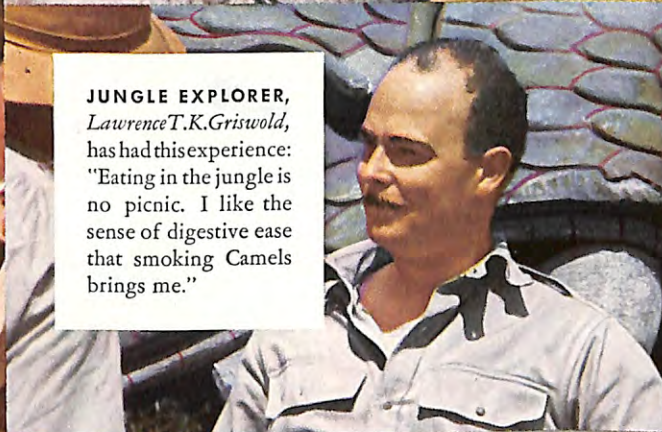


**NAT'L OPEN GOLF CHAMPION**, record-smashing *Tony Manero*, says: "I had healthy nerves and good digestion on my side. Naturally I would. I'm a hearty Camel smoker. Camels don't get on my nerves. And 'For digestion's sake — smoke Camels' hits the ball right on the nose. When I enjoy Camels, I feel cheered up, enjoy my food more, and have a feeling of ease."

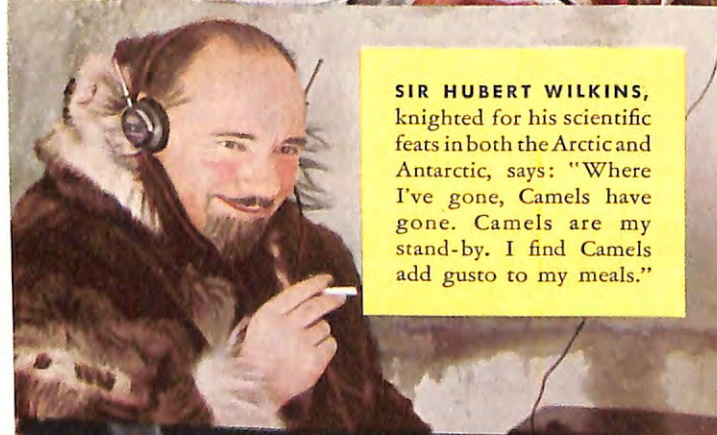
**Take up Camels yourself.** Enjoy Camel's costlier tobaccos the whole day through. At mealtime, smoking Camels aids digestion — speeds up the flow of digestive fluids — increases alkalinity.



**GLOBE-CIRCLING REPORTER**, *Miss Dorothy Kilgallen*. She carried Camels on her record dash. "I ate all kinds of food," she says, "but Camels helped to keep my digestion tuned up."



**JUNGLE EXPLORER**, *Lawrence T.K. Griswold*, has had this experience: "Eating in the jungle is no picnic. I like the sense of digestive ease that smoking Camels brings me."



**SIR HUBERT WILKINS**, knighted for his scientific feats in both the Arctic and Antarctic, says: "Where I've gone, Camels have gone. Camels are my stand-by. I find Camels add gusto to my meals."



**INDIANAPOLIS RACE VICTOR**, *Lou Meyer*, enjoying his Camel after winning the gruelling 500-mile Auto Classic. As Lou says: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights."



**NEW YORK DEBUTANTE**, *Miss Rose Winslow*, high in New York social life, recommends Camels for mildness. "Camels never have an unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat," she adds.

**TUNE IN EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT**  
Hear "Jack Oakie's College" — with Jack Oakie in person! Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! George Stoll's Concert Orchestra! Hollywood stars! Special college talent!  
Tuesdays—9:30 pm  
E. S. T., 8:30 pm  
C. S. T., 7:30 pm  
M. S. T., 6:30 pm  
P. S. T., WABC-Columbia Network.



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Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

**"CAMELS SET ME RIGHT" — STEADY SMOKERS SAY**

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