

THE MAN EVERYBODY KNOWS— Yet No One Has Ever Seen Him!

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

BRUCE BARTON once wrote a book which became a best-seller despite the fact that more than ten million copies of the Bible are printed and distributed every year, not to mention the fact that the New Testament is available in 316 languages and dialects. For his book was the story of Jesus Christ and he called it "The Man Nobody Knows."

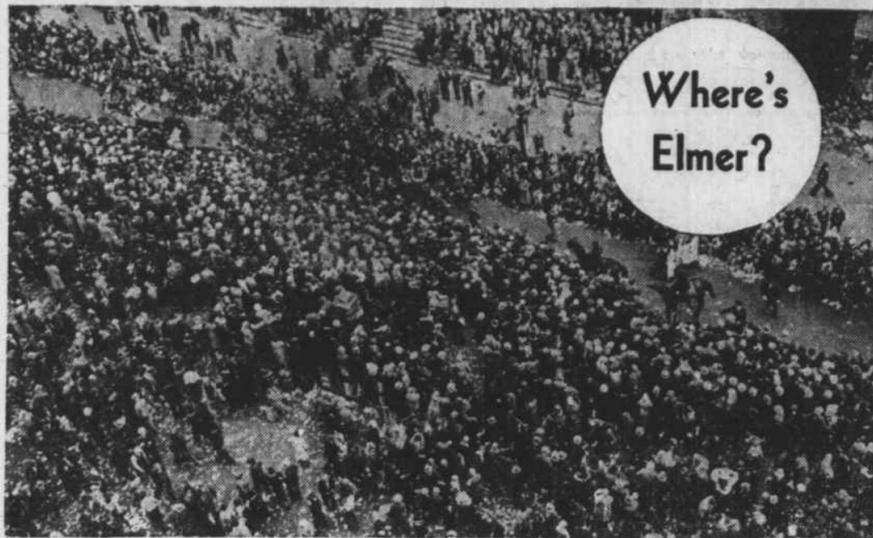
I sing of the man whom everybody knows but whom no one has ever seen. Come to think of it, that should be "men" rather than "man," for there's more than one of him.

Take Elmer, for instance—that is, take him if you can find him. If you can, you're a better detective than the members of the American Legion. They've been trying to locate Elmer for the last five or six years and they haven't succeeded yet.

When the Legionnaires descend upon a city for their annual convention, it's only a question of time before some "buddy" raises his voice above the hubbub of hotel lobbies and corridors to utter the bellowed query: "Where's Elmer?" From that moment on, until the last veteran leaves for his home town, there's scarcely an hour, day or night, when that question isn't being repeated. What if it's never answered? They keep on asking it just the same.

Second only to the ignorance of Elmer's whereabouts is the baffling mystery of his identity. Who was this Elmer, who gave the Legion a slogan, a watchword, a rallying cry?

Rare, indeed, is the Legionnaire who can't answer that question, even though the accuracy of his answer is doubtful. "Sure, I know all about him," one of them will assure you. "He was a fella from Massachusetts and he brought his



Watching the Legion Parade in Chicago in 1933.

Elmer's fame spread from the Legion to the country at large. New York newspapers reported that the city was "in the grip of a new wisecrack having to do with the whereabouts and health of Elmer."

One highbrow reader wrote to the Herald Tribune in protest against this "malignant growth" and "contagious stupidity." But the scorn of highbrows has never yet halted the spread of a popular phrase and "Where's Elmer?" seems destined to become a familiar American byword, its common and widespread use enjoying a curious revival each year at the time of the annual American Legion convention and immediately thereafter. Elmer may never be found nor his identity established but enduring fame is his as the prime example of the man whom everybody knows but whom no one has ever seen.

Have you a friend named Dalton and, if so, have you ever laughingly exclaimed "Curse

the typical villain—you know, that tall, dark man with the white teeth which gleam beneath his long, black mustache as he hisses at the shrinking heroine or the manly hero "Ha! At last, I have you in my power!" So when you exclaim jokingly "Curse you, Jack Dalton!" you are perpetuating his fame—another man whom everybody knows but whom no one has ever seen in real life.

If you've ever traveled in Texas or elsewhere in the Southwest, you've probably heard about Old John Santa Fe. Everybody has, even though it would be difficult to find anyone who has ever actually seen him. One of those times when the train on which you're riding stops in the outskirts of a town, ask the conductor or the brakeman if you've arrived at the station yet. The chances are that he will answer "Nope, got to wait for Old John Santa Fe, you know."

For Old John is the fellow who always has to be ahead. If he isn't always ahead, at least he thinks he always ought to be. Just what was the genesis of Old John Santa Fe is unknown. According to one story, he was born as the result of a situation in North Texas, where the "Cotton Belt" and the Santa Fe lines intersect and the "Cotton Belt" uses the Santa Fe station. So when trains on the two lines are approaching the station at approximately the same time, the "Cotton Belt" train, even though it should be nearer to the station than the Santa Fe train, waits until the other pulls in before drawing up to discharge its passengers. From this practice, presumably, the mythical character of Old John Santa Fe and the tradition that he "always has to be ahead" was created by the railroad men and by them made familiar to the public.

A Perpetual Plaintiff.

Mention of Old John Santa Fe suggests another famous John whom everybody knows but whom no one has ever seen. In one of the early books of English legal forms, a typical case of ejectment was cited in which the plaintiff, to whom the name of John Doe was given, brought suit to force the defendant, a certain Richard Roe, (also a fictitious name) to vacate property belonging to the aforesaid Doe.

It's probable that there was once a real John Doe and perhaps he was a clerk or other minor official of the Court of the King's Bench in which the action of ejectment originated. If he was a real person, the facts about him have been lost in the mists of antiquity but that doesn't mean that he and his opponent are any the less well known. Until 1852, when ejectment was abolished by the Common Law Procedure act, Messrs. Doe and Roe were involved in every case of this kind. Even after that date they continued their litigious course, both in England and in America, to which they apparently migrated at a very early date.

But John Doe wouldn't be so unfavorably, as well as widely, known if he had been only a party to civil actions. Unfortunately, however, he hasn't. Poor John Doe! What a host of crimes have been committed under his name. Is a public official suspected of being recreant to his trust and accepting bribes or otherwise involved when graft and corruption rears its ugly head? Immediately the grand jury meets, brings in an indictment and issues a warrant. Whose name is on it? Who else but John Doe?

When the district attorney decides to suppress gambling or clean up illegal dispensing of spirituous liquors, whose gambling dens and illicit stills are raided? John Doe's, of course! A man is found murdered (with a "blunt instrument," no doubt),

Where's Elmer?



Peiping Merchants Bait Poles With Toys.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

WITHIN the Imperial City of Peiping, on the exact center of all, oriented to the cardinal points of the compass, is the Forbidden City, the Violet Town, which was the residence of the Dragon emperors. It is an inclosure a little longer than broad, and lies behind a wide moat and a double wall. The moat, in the summer time, is full of flowering lotus, and white cranes stalk thoughtfully among the rose-pink blooms.

Each corner of the wall has its tower, small, but very richly ornamented. There are four gates, one to each face of the wall, and their names are notable: East Gate Glorious; West Gate Glorious; Gate of Divine Military Progress, which is the Shen Wu Men, the North Gate, wherefrom in 1644 the last Ming emperor went sorrowfully to strangle himself on Coal Hill across the way, while the triumphant rebel soldiers were breaking into the Imperial City outside. Through it fled the Empress Dowager when the International Column battered down the southern gates in 1900. On the south is the Wu Men, the Meridian Gate, the great gate of ceremonies, not opened since the fall of the empire.

Only from Coal Hill immediately to the north, or from the White Dagoba in the Pei Hai to the northwest, can you bring the Forbidden City within the eye at once. From either height, you see the simple outline of its plan. Down the center line the great pavilions march one behind another, their roofs tiled with imperial yellow, since all this was of the throne.

They are audience halls, council halls devoted to this phase or that of ancestral veneration, and imperial living quarters. Smaller buildings lie along the wall to east and west; houses for the concubines and eunuchs, and space for stores. Each pavilion has its courtyard and its formal approach. The courts are threaded by little conventional moats with white marble balustrades; the terraces are balustraded, as are the ceremonial flights of steps.

In the north end are the pavilions and gardens that the Empress Dowager used. They are small and intimate, landscaped, shaded by cypress and cedar, and traversed by narrow walks among flower beds and fountains, for the old lady loved such things.

Decoration Is Colorful.

Some of the buildings are used as museums, displaying much unusual treasure, although, at the time of the disturbances in 1932 and 1933, most of the exhibits were boxed and shipped south, to the great indignation of Peiping.

The Forbidden City displays the Chinese decorative scheme at its most extravagant and royal. It is done in reds and yellows and blues and greens, all most violent. A little money is spent on its upkeep, and perhaps the close-set walls save it from the grinding of the wind-blown dust that dulls the colors and the gilding of places in the open.

The proportions of the buildings are majestic without being vast, for the Chinese architect knew how to create his effects without relying on mere size. The clear sky and the brilliant sun enter into all conceptions; the secret of their excellence lies between the air and light and a just balance in line and mass.

Yet, as for size, there is a courtyard in the south section of the Forbidden City where, at a victory celebration in 1918, some 15,000 troops were arrayed, with a large number of civilian officials and spectators, and it is related that the courtyard seemed in no sense crowded.

What now is seen in these palaces and courts is a setting only, a stage from which the players have departed, with their bright robes, their banners, and their stately processions.

About the public buildings of Peiping, the shrines, the halls, the pavilions, and palaces, there are many books written. German and Russian and British savants have measured, dissected and surveyed. French scholars have breathed much life into the dry bones of architecture, dwelling with ardor, also, upon the pavilions of pleasure, and the marble-capped wells in which were filed, head downward, discarded favorites, male and female, of not-too-immaculate sovereigns.

Many of the structures are jerry-built and flimsy. The Chinese lacquer with which the surfaces are faced is cheap stuff, prone to flake off before it attains age. The fine silicious that arch the streets and

define the approaches to important places are frail things which must be propped from every side while they are yet new. The stone, so intricately and beautifully carved, is soft and subject to quick erosion.

Many Lovely Things.

Many of the most imposing edifices, such as the White Dagoba that dominates the Pei Hai, one of the "Three Seas," are of brick and rubble, surfaced with plaster which, unless renewed every season, sloughs away in patches. Distant views are impressive, and close inspection disappointing.

Yet there are many things that are beautiful with an ageless beauty: corners of the Forbidden City, as delicate and fine as jewel filigree; the elaborate and cunning ornamentation under the eaves of the pavilions; the porcelain screens and arches; the timeless splendor of the tiled roofs, that persists in spite of the weeds and shrubs which spring from accumulations of dust in the cracks between the tiles. The patterns and designs are frozen in convention, but trees and water, air and light, are integral parts of every arrangement.

After you have dutifully followed the guidebooks through a score of temples and palaces, your impressions will tend to telescope upon themselves. But there are two things that you will never forget: the Temple of Confucius and the Temple of Heaven.

The Temple of Confucius is in the North City (the northern section of the Lama Temple and the old Hall of Classics. You come to it through noisome alleys that swarm with scavenger dogs and naked children.

A passage leads under murmurous dragon cypresses, between ranks of tall memorial tablets commemorating the visits and the patronages of emperors and princes. The passage opens upon a low terrace from which you descend to the central court by marble steps that flank a spirit stairway—Dragon eternally contending for the Pearl, between sculptured masses of sea and cloud.

From it you face the temple, looking along an avenue of ancient trees so thickly set that their interlaced branches cast a cool greenish gloom, very grateful in the summer time. Flanking it are low buildings that serve as storehouses and sleeping quarters for the priests.

The sun strikes through the trees and burns upon the old red walls of the pavilions, and the freshly painted patterns under the overhanging eaves glow richly in reflected light: turquoise blues and emerald greens, purples, and reds, and yellows. There are small golden roofed kiosks, and sacrificial burners of a bronze no longer cast. The noises of the city do not enter here.

A gentle, courteous old priest with hairless, ascetic face materializes from the shadows to attend you; he is unobtrusive and detached in robes of gray and black. There is no statue in the shrine: it is the High Place of an idea. Tablets, richly engraved, hang above the altar, publishing the virtues of the Sage, and the gray ash of joss sticks in the incense burner testifies to the devotion of many worshippers.

The thing is wholly of the spirit. You need know nothing of Confucius, nothing of China, to realize that here is peace made visible: here is tranquility; here are a balance and a symmetry removed from striving; the conception of minds that have, after mature thought, settled their problems.

The Temple of Heaven.

Very different is the Temple of Heaven, out to the south in the Chinese City. It stands most fiercely in the sun, its walls enclosing a park larger than the Forbidden City. You go up from the highway along a broad avenue, mounting by a ramp to the center of a terraced line of pavilions. To the north is the round Hall of the Happy Year, its brilliant blue tiles and triple-roofed silhouette one of the distinctive things on the Peiping skyline.

Turning your back upon it, you walk south, through open pavilions and successive archways, to a stark altar of white carved marble, approached between winged columns. The altar consists of three round terraces, set one upon another, the top one smallest. The steps that ascend to it are in groups of nine, the mystical number; and the flagstones of the pavement are laid in concentric patterns in multiples of nine. And the roof of that altar is the vault of heaven.

Here the Emperor came to offer the Great Sacrifice on the day of the winter solstice, to render his Imperial Ancestors an account of his stewardship, and to solicit their guidance for his people through the succeeding year.

Filet Chair Set With an Initial

Grand, isn't it—that big, stunning initial adding that definitely personal touch to a chair-set of string! Select your initial from the alphabet that comes with the pattern, paste it in place on the chart, and crochet it right in with the design (it's as easy as that!). You can, of course, crochet the



Pattern 1399

initials separately as insets on lines, too. Pattern 1399 contains charts and directions for making a chair back 12 by 15 inches, two arm rests 6 by 12 inches and a complete alphabet, the initials measuring 3 1/2 by 4 inches; material requirements; an illustration of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins referred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 62 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, pattern number and address plainly.

My Favorite Recipe

By Janet Gaynor
Movie Star

Ice-Box Cookies

- 1 pound butter
- 5 cupsful flour
- 1 1/2 cupsful sugar
- 3 eggs
- Dates and nuts to suit
- Vanilla flavoring

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the eggs, one by one, beating the mixture meanwhile. Add the five cupsful of flour gradually while beating the mixture. Add the dates and nuts, which have been previously chopped into small bits. Add the flavoring.

Shape this into a roll. Put in the ice-box overnight. In the morning slice into thin layers, making the cookies, and bake in moderate oven.

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Direction Is the Thing

More important than your going, is to know where you are going before you start. Walking in the wrong direction means the faster you travel the farther you are from your destination.

Kill MOths FLIES INSECTS

Genuine O-Cedar spray is quick, certain death to moths, flies and insects. Guards your health, protects your clothing, rids home of annoying household pests. Has a clean, fresh odor, will not stain. Full satisfaction guaranteed. It's an O-Cedar product.



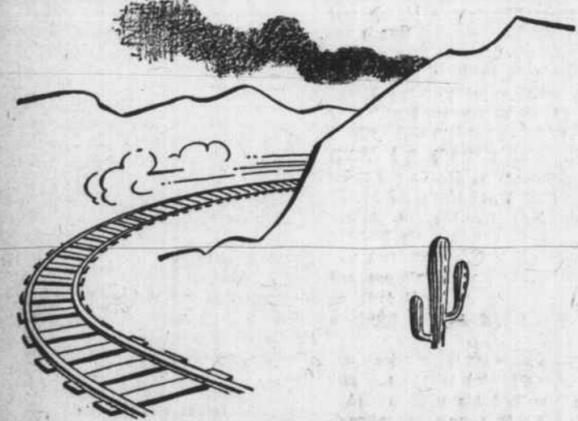
Variable Climate
Love is a pleasing but a various climate.—Shentone.

Stomach Gas So Bad Seems To Hurt Heart

"The gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. A friend suggested Adierka—The Fast-Acting, I took brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never feel better."
—Mrs. Jas. Filler.
Adierka acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels while ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only. Adierka gives your system a thorough cleansing, bringing out old, poisonous matter that you would not believe was in your system and that has been causing gas pains, sour stomach, nervousness and headaches for months.

Dr. H. L. Shoup, New York, reports "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adierka greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacilli." Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adierka and see how good you feel. Just one spoonful relieves GAS and stubborn constipation. At all Leading Druggists.

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"There Goes Old John Santa Fe!"

wife with him to the Detroit convention in 1931. The night before the big parade, he got separated from her somewhere on Woodward avenue. No, I don't think he ditched her deliberately but I guess he spent the night celebrating.

"Anyway, the next morning, she kept the telephone wires hot calling up his mates and asking "Where's Elmer?" The Massachusetts boys tried to help her out by calling for Elmer all along the parade route. Pretty soon everybody was yelling "Where's Elmer?" And that's how the whole thing started.

"What was his last name? Don't think I've ever heard. Better ask some of the Massachusetts gang. They ought to know."
"No, he wasn't one of our outfit," a Bay Stater will answer your question. "And it didn't start at Detroit, at all. It all began out in Portland in 1932. A delegate from Iowa got lost from his buddy whose name was Elmer. He kept yelling "Where's Elmer?" until a lot of others took it up. Then the radio man who announced each day's proceedings over a loud-speaker began asking the same question and pretty soon everyone there was yelling "Where's Elmer?" I don't think they ever found him, but maybe some of the men from Iowa can tell you who he was."

From Many States.

Inquiry among the Hawkeye Legionnaires only leads the questioner to another state and confirms the elusiveness of both Elmer's whereabouts and his identity. He was a North Carolinian, a Californian, a Missourian, a Vermonter, a Texan—or a native of almost any other state you care to name. He was still being sought at Chicago in 1933, at Miami in 1934, at St. Louis in 1935 and at Cleveland last year. After the Chicago convention

you, Jack Dalton!" Or, for that matter, haven't you at some time pronounced that anathema upon some one, whether his name was Dalton or not?

Who was this Jack Dalton, whose name has come down to us as the symbol of villainy? Several years ago William H. Dalton of Connecticut, whose friends had nicknamed him "Jack Dalton," became curious about that and tried to find out who his namesake was. He received a variety of answers from people among whom he inquired.

"He was one of the Dalton gang of outlaws," said one. But the difficulty with that theory is that not one of the three Daltons, whose gang was wiped out at Coffeyville, Kan., in 1892, bore the name of John or "Jack," nor did any of their six brothers who were respected citizens and had no share in their careers of banditry.
"He was once the official rat catcher of the city of London," declared another. "He was a character in a book written by Charles Lever," affirmed still another. A number agreed that "he was the villain in a melodrama which gave a thrill to Americans of the Civil war era," but they were unable to be more specific as to the name of the play or the date.

However, by following this lead, Mr. Dalton and others, notably Roy Day, librarian of the Player's club, brought out the interesting fact that the villain in the famous melodrama, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," produced by Tom Taylor in London in 1863 and in New York in 1864, was named Dalton. But he was called "James Dalton, alias Downey, alias 'The Tiger.'"

The Typical Villain.

Just when or how Jim Dalton became Jack Dalton is unknown. But he has come down to us as



John Doe and Richard Roe.



John Doe and Richard Roe.

adelphia lawyers are a match for the very devil himself." All of which are a tribute to his astuteness, sagacity and unusual ability, even though the last quotation carries with it an implication of sharp dealing.

In doing so it does a grave injustice to the memory of the "Philadelphia lawyer" whose ability was responsible for the origin of that expression. He was Andrew Hamilton and away back in 1735 he was called upon to defend a printer and publisher named John Peter Zenger charged with criminal libel against the colonial governor of New York. So skillful was Hamilton's defense that Zenger was acquitted and his acquittal is now regarded as a milestone in the history of the fight for the freedom of the press in this country.

Since Andrew Hamilton, his "Philadelphia lawyer," was given credit for this epochal victory, the highest praise that could be given an attorney in the early days was to say that he was "as smart as that Philadelphia lawyer who defended John Peter Zenger." Gradually the circumstances under which that accolade was won were forgotten and only the symbolism remained in the various terms of reference to a "Philadelphia lawyer." © Western Newspaper Union.