

Soft Ball Is a Very Interesting Game!



It's surely a hard-hearted softball that wouldn't like to be hit for a homer by any one of these coed diamond queens at Northwestern university, Evanston, Ill., famous for its beautiful women. As soon as classes are over for the day the girls hike out for some exercise to keep curves under control.

His License Plates Wow 'Em



Walter Ozro Wooster, a pet shop owner of Waterbury, Conn., points to his license plates, "W. O. W.," which replace the regular numerals on his 1938 plates. Every person in Connecticut who drives for a period of ten or more years without having a traffic violation or other police charge against him may use his initials on his plates instead of numerals. Mr. Wooster, who has been driving with a clear record since 1916, is shown during a recent visit to New York.

ORCHIDS FOR MARION



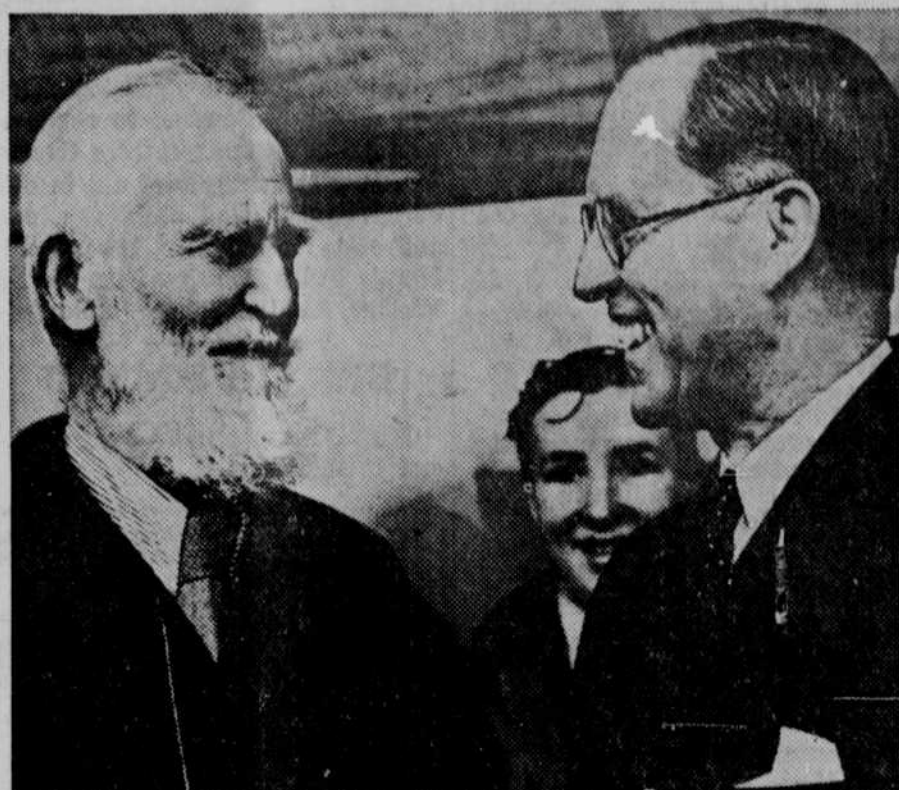
Marion Talley, dainty star of the opera and radio, is planning to use her spare time to raise orchids at her home near Hollywood, Calif. It takes seven years to grow the costly flowers from seeds to blossoms, the price of which ranges from \$4 upward. A full-grown orchid plant costs from \$45 to \$5,000, depending on the variety. Marion is shown examining an orchid, one of the variety she may have in her collection.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Gov. Philip LaFollette, announcing the formation of a new third party, the "National Progressive Party of America," is campaigning to organize the Middle West. 2—Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler of Germany and Premier Mussolini who met in Rome on the occasion of Hitler's triumphal visit to Italy. 3—Brig. Gen. Barton K. Yount, named assistant to the chief of the United States air corps for a term of four years by President Roosevelt.

Irish Wit vs. Yank Diplomacy



George Bernard Shaw, left, chatting with Joseph P. Kennedy, American ambassador to London, following a ceremony which took place at Kensington, London, recently in which the famous Irish dramatist received the deeds of the national theater on behalf of the executive committee.

URGES DEFENSE



With war scares bobbing up all over the world, the United States must be assured a plentiful supply of "strategic minerals," Dr. John W. Finch, director of the bureau of mines, announced in a memorandum to the press. He urges a tariff protection and stock-piling program to solve defense problems with respect to manganese (No. 1 "strategic mineral"), nickel, chromium, aluminum and other metals.

Who Killed John Robbin?

By RAY SAPERSTEIN
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WNU Service.

ON WEEK days Mr. Benjamin Tellifer sold ribbons, laces, hosiery and underwear in Allenville's leading dry goods emporium to satisfy his body, but Sundays and evenings he spent in a manner suited to the needs of his soul—which called for detective stories.

In his youth Mr. Tellifer had harbored a praiseworthy ambition to be the world's greatest sleuth, to make his name and fame a terror to evildoers the world over. But a certain young lady, to whom he was then engaged, objected to a life devoted to the pursuit of crime, and made it clear that no man, though otherwise possessing all the qualities dear to a maiden's heart, could follow such a profession, and still aspire to her hand. So Mr. Tellifer married the lady, and thereafter read about sleuths instead of being one himself.

He was alone in the house one evening, reading "The Mystery of the Headless Guards," a truly delightful tale.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

Mr. Tellifer laid down the book with a sigh of regret. He would have enjoyed a tussle with a gang like that, but Allenville offered few opportunities for a brave sleuth to distinguish himself. The majority of its inhabitants were too honest, or, at least, too law-abiding, to commit a crime worth noticing, and too poor to tempt criminals from other localities. Now, the Robbin house—

Mr. Tellifer rose and looked hopefully through the window at the house in question. It was very much like the homes described in the choicest criminal literature. Its owner was undoubtedly eccentric. He lived alone, a cleaning-woman the sole outsider to enter it. And judging by the hints she dropped, the place contained not only silver, linen and handsome rugs, but treasure of all kinds safely hidden from sight under lock and key.

From where he stood he could see only a small portion of his neighbor's library, and that was almost obscured by an enormous bookcase. He was about to turn away, with a sigh, when he saw Mr. Robbin approach. He saw the hand extended to remove a book from one of its shelves, and then sink to the floor as though felled by an unseen hand.

Mr. Tellifer did not dally. In five seconds his neighbor's door had yielded to his touch, and he was bending over the old gentleman, who was lying on his back, blood from a wound in his temple saturating his thick, silver hair. Close by lay a small bronze Mercury.

Mr. Tellifer picked it up, and deduced rapidly. "Dead as a door-nail," said he. "Somebody sneaked up from behind, and cracked his skull with this thing." He looked around, opened as many closets as he could find, and walked through every room in the house. He examined the floor for footprints, and scrutinized the grass beneath the windows to see if it had been disturbed. Nothing rewarded his efforts. Reluctantly he went up to the telephone and called headquarters.

Jim Horton, the chief, answered. "What did you say?" he demanded. "Murder? A murder in Allenville?" "That's what I'm telling you," replied Mr. Tellifer, trying to keep the clation out of his voice. "I'm in Mr. Robbin's house, and he's lying on the floor with a hole in his head. I'm looking around for clues."

Mr. Tellifer waited patiently until the sound of heavy boots told him that Horton had arrived. With him was Al Bush and Phil Baker, Allenville's entire police force. He escorted them, with due solemnity, to the library. But here a shock awaited him. The dead man had raised himself on an elbow.

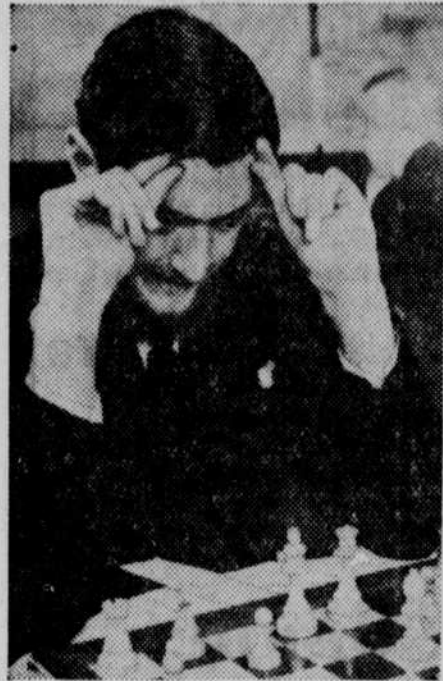
"What are you doing in my house?" demanded Mr. John Robbin. There was an awkward silence before Jim Horton answered, apologetically, "Er... Er... I thought you were dead."

"Did you, indeed?" returned Mr. Robbin.

He arose, dusted his trousers, and wiped the blood away from his injured temple. "Well, if it will relieve your feelings any, I'll assure you that I'm not. I was reaching for a book when this statuette, which that fool of a cleaning woman placed on top of the bookcase, where it could do the most damage, fell and hit me on the head. But I'm all right now, and as I have some important work to do, and your presence isn't going to help me do it—"

They took the hint. Outside the house the police force expressed itself vigorously, if not elegantly. Mr. Tellifer would have been pained at some of the epithets applied to him, had he been listening, but he wasn't. He was thinking that even he, voracious reader of detective tales though he was, had never heard of a corpse coming to life and destroying all a sleuth's careful deductions.

THINKING IT OVER



One of the very few bearded chess players in competition, L. Prins of Holland was confronted with a difficult problem during the International Chess congress at Margate, England, recently. Chess experts from many countries matched their skill in the ancient game.

Prize Winners Glum Over Victory



Some of the victors in baby health competitions at the Colony house in Brooklyn recently refused to welcome their triumphs with smiles. Left to right, George Planco, Marion Pietrowski, Arthur Rynander and Joan Marie Hubiak. The contest awards were on the basis of general health and had added significance because the institution is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding.

"Baby" Senator Reduces Weight

In deference to his waistline, Sen. Rush Holt of West Virginia, "baby" member of the United States senate,



keeps a ping pong table in his office, where he indulges in this exercise between sessions. Here you see the senator in a bit of fast play.

Ball Players Advertise Fair



Members of the University of California baseball team will help advertise the 1939 San Francisco World's fair on its barnstorming trip throughout the United States. On the sleeve of each player will be sewed an emblem featuring the exposition. Lois Sherman is seen sewing the emblem on Sam Chapman's sleeve. The trip takes the team to the campuses of 22 leading universities and colleges.

Defenders Ready for the Japanese



In a trench somewhere along the south bank of the Yellow river in south Shantung province, a Chinese trench mortar crew is on the alert and ready to beat back an attack of the Japanese troops. These warriors are among the defenders in south Shantung where the Sino-Japanese forces have been locked for weeks in a major struggle.

Ireland's New President at Home



Dr. Douglas Hyde, new president of Eire (Irish Free State), shown seated among his grandchildren at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Sealy, at Donnybrook, Ireland. Dr. Hyde, a noted Irish scholar, is a Protestant and the son of a Protestant clergyman.