

Keeping Tabs on Recovery Pledges



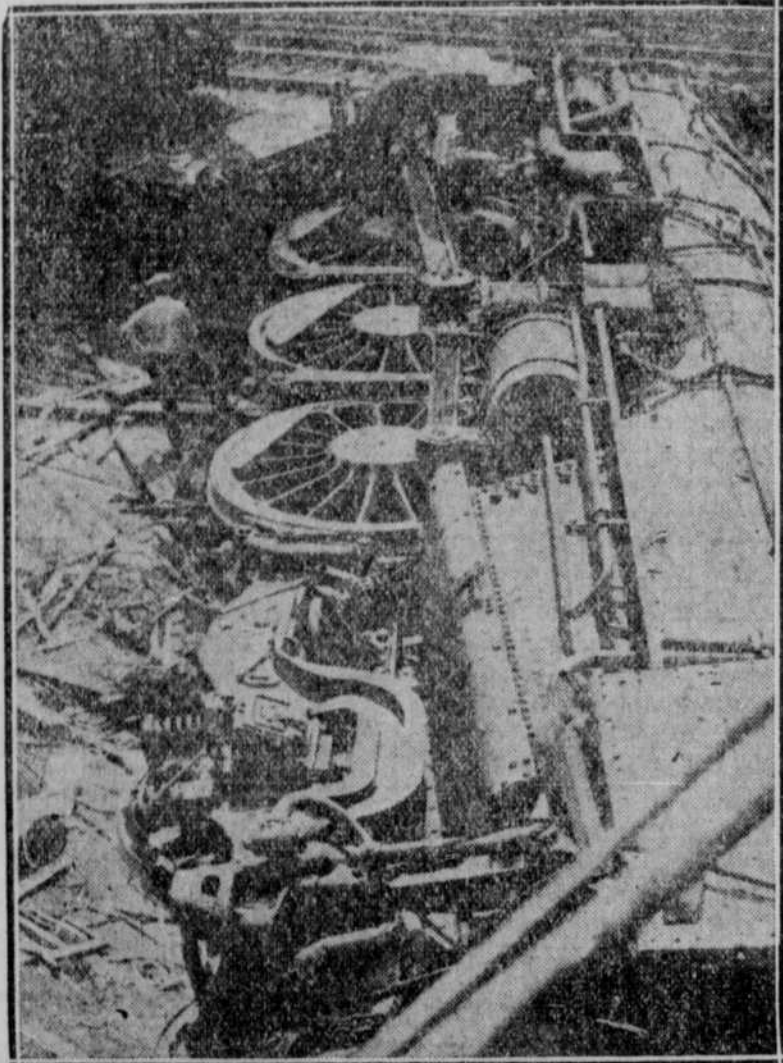
These clerks, shown at work in the Customs House, will support the national recovery codes. To date New York, are kept busy sorting and filing a few of millions of employers throughout the nation have the thousands of pledges received from employers who promised to cooperate in the great NRA campaign.

Gandhi Disciple



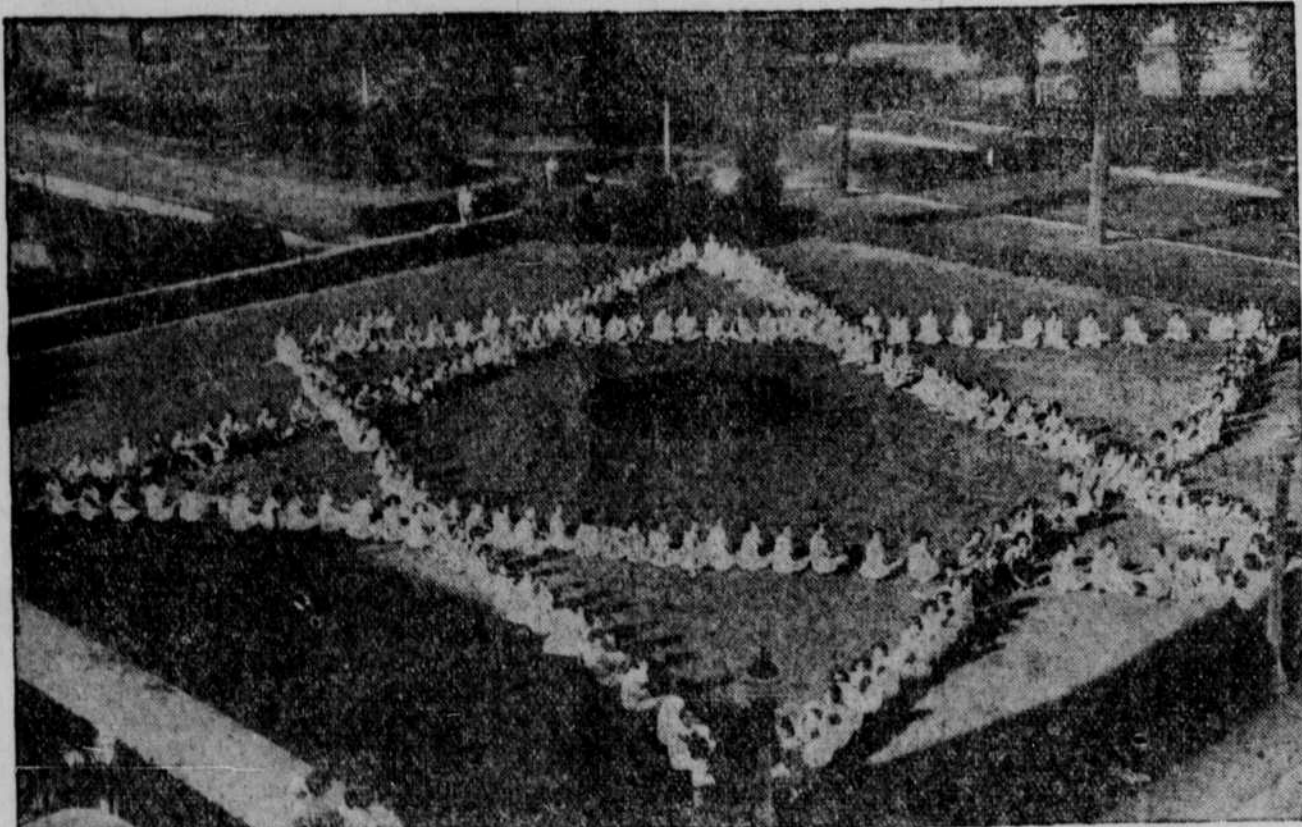
Nila Cram Cook, daughter of the noted American author, George Cram Cook, who has embraced the cause and faith of Mahatma Gandhi and joined his model colony "Ashram." Miss Cook recently visited the Indian leader in Jeroda Jail, where she made a "clean confession" of her past life in accordance with the custom of Gandhi followers.

Where Death Took Throttle



Here's the wreckage of the Penn R. R. crack train, Liberty Limited, bound for the Chicago World's Fair, which jumped a switch at Altoona, Pa. Frank Buck, the engineer, was killed and five others were seriously injured when the locomotive demolished signal tower.

Human Star for Giant Pageant



With machine-like precision, these children form the Human Star of David, which is to be one of the features of the "Romance of a People," gigantic pageant to be staged at New York Polo Grounds on September 14. A cast of more than 6,200 performers will take part in the monster open-air performance.

Here's a Thrill for You



With all the beauty of a perfect picture this rider at the National Horse Show at Thun, Switzerland, takes his skillful jumper over a double barrier. Note the perfect coordination and exact timing between horse and rider.

Wooded With Pistol



"I love you, darling!" Bang, bang, bang! Amorous words, punctuated by pistol shots startled Florence Murphy, of New York, as she saw bullet holes appear in the furniture. The quick-firing suitor, Mike Lowell, 26, then intimated "somebody was going to get hurt," so Florence called the cops and Mike was arrested. Here is Florence resting up.

Triumph of Youth



Too young to vote in the last election, James O. Mann overcame the handicap of youth to win a post as Assistant Secretary of the Federal Home Loan Board. He's just 21 now and holding a \$5,000 a year job. Here he is at his desk in Washington.

Conquered Champ



Sarah Palfrey, of Brookline, Mass., pictured with her trophy after defeating Helen Jacobs, national singles tennis champion, in the finals of the Seabright (N.J.) invitation tournament by a score of 6-1, 2-6, 7-5. Miss Palfrey is considered a good prospect for the Wightman Cup Team.

Papa and Mama



The happy smiles of John Gilbert and his wife, Virginia Bruce, are even broader now that a visit from the stork has made them parents of a baby daughter in Hollywood. Attending physician said Gilbert was most difficult male patient he ever attended.

Spanks NRA Rebel



Mrs. Grace Poole, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, who has asked her two million associates to boycott the commercial houses—large and small—who refuse to cooperate in the re-employment program instituted by President Roosevelt under the NRA.

TALES OF REAL DOGS - By Albert P. Terhune



Back in 1923, Nipper joined the army. In the summer of 1932, a file of soldiers fired a military salute over his grave and two regimental buglers sounded "taps" over him. Those were the first and the last scenes of Nipper's martial experience. But between the two lay nine years of gallant and un-failing martial service.

Nipper came from nobody-knows-where. One morning in 1923, he strolled—or, rather, strutted—into the cavalry barracks of the Royal Canadians—known as "Lord Strathcona's Horse"—in Winnipeg.

As I said, he strutted into the barracks as one having a legal right there and entitled to a welcome. He did not slink in seeking for food or shelter, nor wag his wip ingratiatingly into those sacred precincts. No general officer could have made a more pompously self-assured entrance. He made the round of the premises. Then he settled down in the stables, evidently choosing them as his future home. He belonged to nobody there. He did not make particular friends with any one of the cavalymen. He just made himself calmly at home.

That was Nipper's introduction to the Canadian cavalry service. That was the start of his nine years of volunteer military duty. Perhaps because of his self-assured manner, the troopers welcomed him.

Professional dog-breeders, seeing Nipper for the first time, described him as a "black mongrel," but they were careful not to speak of him in that way where any of the cavalymen of the Strathconas could hear them. Troopers have hard fists. And they hit first and listen to explanations afterward. Also, their whips have a nasty sting when they slash across the faces of civilians who speak ill of anything connected with the service.

The Strathconas, themselves characterized Nipper as "a mixed Scottish terrier." I have seen photographs of the grand little dog. And assuredly he was much more a Scottish terrier than anything (or everything) else.

The best kind of Scottish terrier—"Scotty," if you prefer—is hard to equal. He has the heart of a lion in the body of a pigmy, the brain of all canny Scotland encased in a small and rough-haired head.

In any event, Nipper quickly won so many friends and admirers among the Strathconas that it would have been next to suicidal for any outsider to have referred openly to him as a mongrel or a mutt.

Soon, the newspapers were mentioning the queer little mascot of the Strathconas. And one of these articles about him, in the Winnipeg Free Press, gives a mighty good reason for the ever-growing devotion of the cavalymen for him.

"Nipper adopted the 'Straths', and particularly their horses, as his special charge. He was small and black and wise. He was always present, but never in the way. He bore himself with the dignity befitting a soldier. Ever he kept himself clean and dapper. 'Nipper scorned civilians. Perhaps before he enlisted with the 'Straths', civilians had not understood the little fellow, and, with canine sagacity, he liked his revenge.

"Unless a man were in Khaki, Nipper ignored his presence completely, and remained as aloof and isolated as a dead planet. Despite his short legs, Nipper religiously kept his place in the troop, taking, as if right of seniority, either the dead or the rear of the column, as his fancy dictated." Never in all his nine years of service did Nipper miss a parade. No matter how fast nor how far the regiment might ride, his flying black legs were always carrying him along with it. Sometimes the strain must have been terrific, as when the order came for a charge or for galloping. But Nipper was

right there. With almost miraculous cleverness he picked up the duties of the regiment.

For instance, within a very few weeks after he "joined up," he knew the meaning of every one of the various bugle calls, and what actions on the part of the men and the horses these bugle-calls entailed.

In Winnipeg, as in the northern parts of the United States, the summers are often grillingly hot and the winters, bitter cold and snow-laden. But mere trifles like sunstroke weather or zero-and-snow could not keep Nipper from his place in every parade of every squadron of his chosen regiment.

If the heat half-singed his coarse black coat, if the cold struck in his very vitals, if it was hard wading through the deep snow in which even the horses floundered, Nipper did not flinch. His place was with his men and his horses. And always he was in his place, "either at the head or the rear of the column."

Always he was the perfect soldier, alert, fearless, visiting the various posts, accompanying the pickets on night duty, up at gray dawn to superintend the first activities of the men who were on stable duty.

And for nine long and happy years, this busy mode of life went on, while yearly the "Straths" grew more and more devoted to their gallant little black chum, and Nipper's presence pervaded the whole life and actions of the regiment.

Then, early in 1932, the once-tireless body began to falter. Age was coming on. Nobody knew how old Nipper had been when he attached himself to the "Straths" in 1923. But he had been no puppy, in those early days. And the cavalymen had to admit, among themselves, that he was now an old dog.

During spring months, he would sometimes neglect a parade or a visit to the sentries. This for the first time in his career. More and more, he missed his former self-imposed duties. And he slept a great deal. Then, one July morning, Nipper awoke, seemingly as vigorous and as gay as ever. From sunrise until noon, he jogged gaily about on his oldtime routine. At lunchtime, he trotted into the mess kitchen. There he stood for a moment, wagging his tail. Then he tumbled to the floor, stone dead.

Do you wonder they buried him with full military honors?

The Death's Head moth, now rarely seen, emits squeaks almost as loud as those of a mouse.

Smiling Invader



A smile on her lips, but determination in her heart, Joan Ridley, English tennis star, is pictured as she arrived at New York on the S. S. Olympic to seek fresh laurels on the courts. She will participate in the national championships at Forest Hills, L. I.

W. Charles, head of the Ohio State University board of education research, to be introduced in schools and colleges this fall.

The result, educators think, will be that coming generations will support good motion pictures and eschew distasteful ones. That will place the burden of producing good pictures directly on the box office.

A paste of finely ground soy beans can be used as a substitute for eggs in making salad dressing of the mayonnaise type.

New Movie Censorship May Be Inaugurated

Columbus, Ohio—(UP)—A new form of motion picture censorship, emanating from Ohio State University, may be inaugurated in the United States soon.

The new idea in cinema supervision puts censorship in the box office, rather than any attempt to legislate good motion pictures.

Courses in "motion picture appreciation" for high school and university students are being prepared under the direction of W.