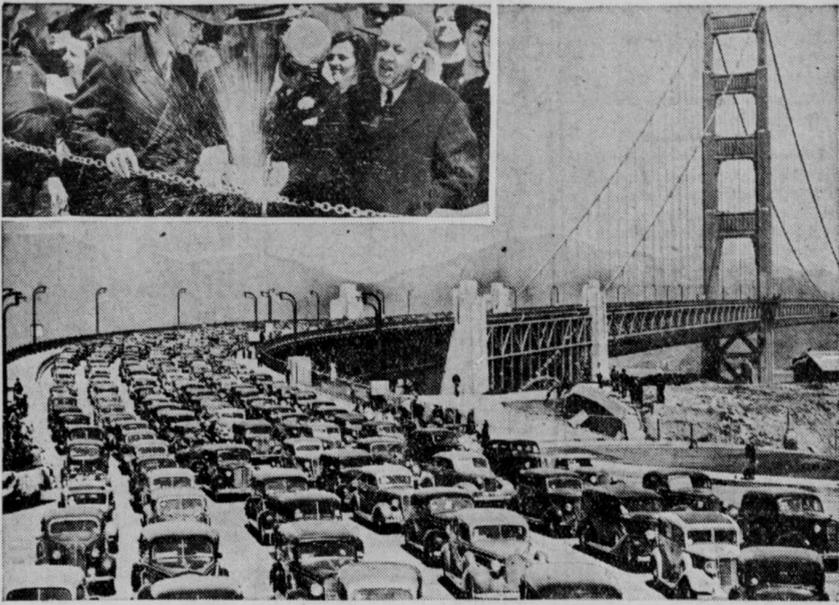


Golden Gate Bridge Opened to Motor Traffic



First automobiles shown arriving in San Francisco from Marin county across the Golden Gate bridge, following the recent gala opening of the span to motor traffic. Inset shows Mayor Angelo Rossi of San Francisco cutting a chain with an acetylene torch, thus officially opening the Waldo approach to traffic.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Police shown dragging a striker to the patrol wagon during fight between police and steel strikers in South Chicago recently, when five strikers were killed. 2—Wilbur Shaw, right, winner of the 500-mile Indianapolis Speedway race. 3—Neville Chamberlain, new prime minister of England, who succeeded Stanley Baldwin following the coronation.

Down the Ladder to Success

By ELIZABETH G. GRAY
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WNU Service.

A LONG, low prune-colored car purred softly up to the curb, sending a flurry of dust to screen a drab, forlorn little figure in its path. A smart young Adonis, of few complexes and sincere gray eyes, alighted, crossed the broad sidewalk, and entered the revolving door of Camerwarner's Department Store.

The young girl stood at the curb and watched the man disappear, meanwhile flicking off the halo of dust that dimmed her unadorned comeliness, and soliloquized: "That settles THAT question! No more expanded ideals and contracted waist lines. A career is the mother of starvation; a job is the twin to necessity; Long live the job!"

And forthwith she followed the apostle of the prune-colored paradise through the revolving door, with a dynamic force that savored well for the success of any job that trailed an income at its heels; leaving behind her, on the seven winds of chance that blew about the doors of this huge pit of oblivion, her art, pride and hopes; blindly descending the ladder of ambition even unto the last rung; down into the abysmal bargain basement of Camerwarner's.

She halted on the first rung down long enough to fill in an application blank as long and lucid as a ticket to California.

The second rung down led her to the bargain basement, at sight of which she not only skipped a few heart beats but slid down several more rungs. If she couldn't sell her Art, how in this age of brain storming intelligence tests could she sell such. The exhibit before her resembled a cubist's idea of a thousand shipwrecked souls fighting for their lives in a storm-tossed sea.

All morning she stood on burning, tortured feet, listening for opportunity's knock, smiling acknowledgment to the good-natured greetings of her fellow workers, and the softly padded threats of the floor walker. This latter sent her toppling headlong to the very lowest rung of all, and she saved herself from total nihilism only by clutching frantically to the last straw of happiness she possessed, her pencil.

And as she sketched she smiled, and as she smiled the Three Fates got busy. The first, a kindly soul, transported her from the Stygian atmosphere of Camerwarner's to the Elysian Fields of romance; the second one, feeling ill-tempered and wicked, sent the watchful floor walker to the higher regions in search of the King; and as though to atone for her sister's act, the third Fate sent a customer to the tired little girl at the dress goods counter.

When the fiery-eyed dragon of the floor acres returned a few minutes later, followed by the grand mogul himself, he stared, rubbed his eyes, and tweaked his finely chiseled mustache at the sight that greeted him. The new sales person was measuring off yards and yards of phantastic fabrics to a crowd of smiling, chattering women. Heloise glanced up, flushed with enthusiasm and success and sent a challenging flash into a pair of sincere, gray eyes that met hers for a questioning second.

Toward closing time that evening she leaned wearily on her dismantled counter, figuring up the day's receipts. There came a noticeable hush in the surrounding activities of primping, powdering and palavering; a big event was casting its shadow aslant her book. And there came to pass a miracle in this land of nether regions; the King was confabbing with one of the lowliest of all lowlies in his domain!

He was saying: "I hear you were hired this morning as inexperienced help. Would you mind telling me what selling methods you applied in getting rid of all this-er-junk?"

Said she: "Certainly not, sir. You are right in supposing that I was hired this morning as VERY inexperienced help. Necessity closed the deal for both parties concerned. As to getting rid of the er-junk. . . I decorated one hundred homes this afternoon, so cheaply and charmingly, that they could not be resisted. That is all."

"You decorated homes with THAT?" he repeated, pointing to the remaining bits of material.

She passed him the sketch she had made during the silent watches of the morning; a drawing of the interior of a living room.

So he said: "It will be too bad to lose so efficient a sales girl, but—" Heloise laughed; the low silvery note echoing disillusionment, discouragement. "Fired!" she said, in so tired a little voice. "Fired from my first job. Somehow I can't feel as dejected as I should under the harrowing circumstances, for I simply couldn't put in another day with old hatchet-face watching me every minute. I am disappointed, but it has taught me that as a salesgirl I would make an excellent interior decorator."

"As I was about to say, Miss—" "Miss Hammond," she supplied, indifferently.

"Miss Hammond. Thank you. Tomorrow morning please report to the Art department."

Thus did she climb down the ladder of ambition into the very lap of luxury and love.

Spelling Champ Wins \$500 Prize



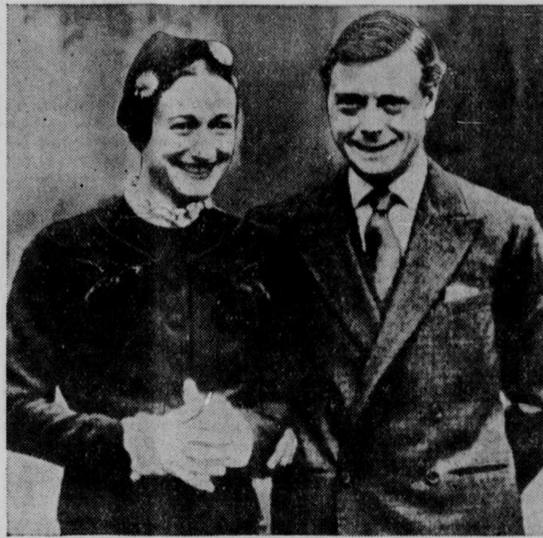
First prize of \$500 was awarded Waneeta Buckley of Louisville, Ky., (right), recent winner of the title of "Best Speller in the Nation." She won the thirteenth national spelling bee at Washington, sponsored by newspapers at the new National museum. Waneeta's runner-up was diminutive Betty Grunstra of Passaic, N. J. "Plebeian," spelled correctly by Waneeta, after Betty missed, decided the contest. Betty's second prize amounted to \$300.

DETROIT BISHOP



Bishop Edward Mooney of Rochester, N. Y., who has been appointed bishop of Detroit, succeeding the late Bishop Gallagher. As bishop of Detroit, Bishop Mooney becomes Father Coughlin's immediate superior. His designation to the post was widely predicted, as he is known as a diplomat of unusual skill in dealing with problems such as those Father Coughlin's excursions in politics and economics create in the diocese.

Duke of Windsor and Wally Are Wed



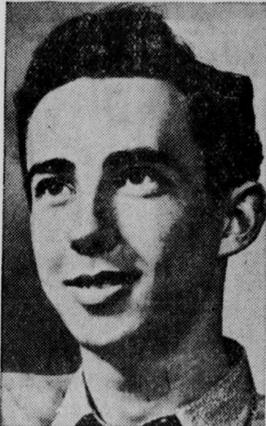
Picture of the duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson taken shortly before their recent wedding at Monts, France. This picture was posed on the lawn of the Chateau de Candé, where they were married. A religious ceremony performed by a rector of the Church of England followed the civil ceremony conducted by the Mayor of Monts.

Nevada Storekeeper Strikes Bonanza

Overjoyed because he struck it rich, George Austin, Nevada mining man and general storekeeper of Reno, is pictured after he received a quarter of a million dollar down payment on the Jumbo gold mine near Winnemucca, Nev. Austin will eventually receive \$10,000,000 from Texas oil men who leased the mine with an option to purchase. The lucky storekeeper immediately divided the down payment equally among his wife, his brother, his daughter, two sons and himself.

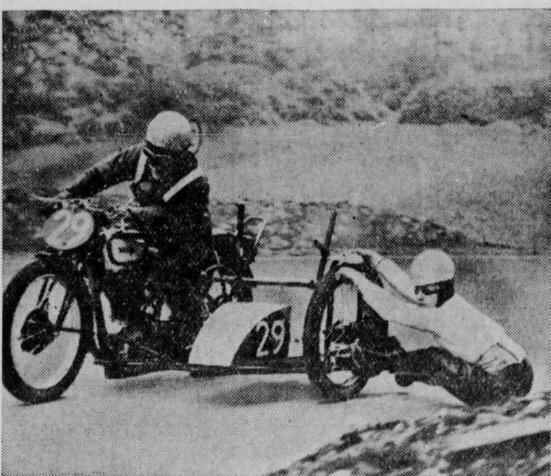


PITCHING FIND



Jack Dawson, sixteen-year-old pitching sensation of North high school, Des Moines, Iowa, who was signed by the Fargo-Moorhead club of the Northern league—a farm of the Cleveland Indians.

Deuced Awkward Riding, What!



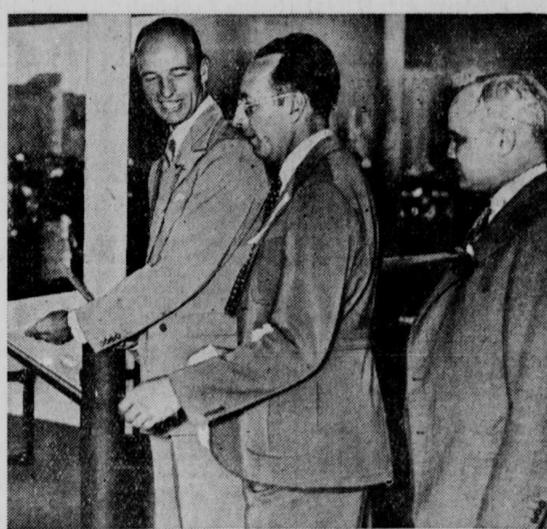
Grand Prix motorcycle racer negotiating a difficult turn at the Crystal Palace road racing track in London. This cyclist is receiving expert assistance from a "contortionist" passenger.

PROTECTOR FOR BATTER



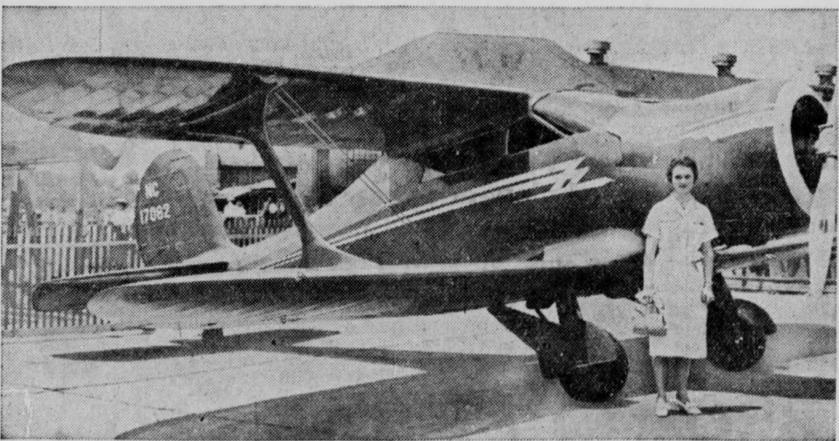
Wally Moses, outfielder of the Philadelphia Athletics, is shown at batting practice wearing a polo helmet, an adaptation of which is suggested as a protective measure against possible beaming of a batter by a pitched ball. The recent accident to Mickey Cochrane of the Tigers inspired the idea.

Great Lakes Exposition Is Opened



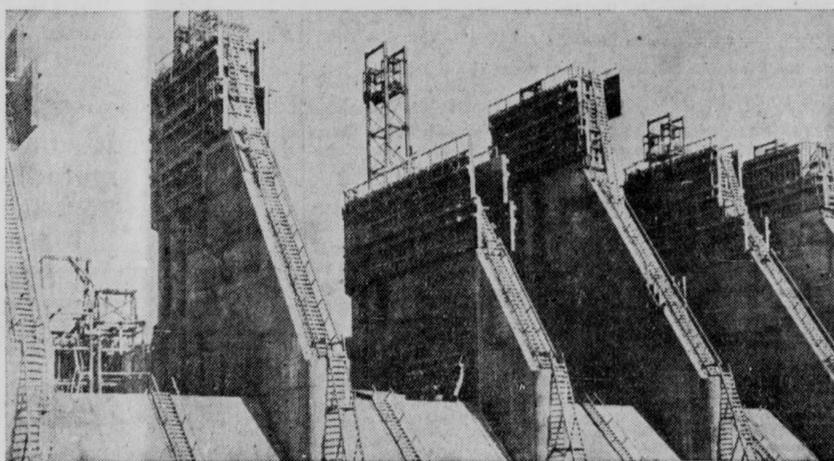
James Roosevelt, son of the President, is shown, left, as he cut the ribbon on the gates of the Great Lakes exposition in Cleveland, officially opening the show for the 1937 season. W. T. Holliday, center, and Mayor Harold Burton of Cleveland look on.

Mrs. Thaden Sets New Women's Air Speed Record



Mrs. Louise Thaden, winner of the Bendix and Harmon trophies last year, beside the plane in which she set a new speed record for women at the air show held at the Lambert-St. Louis airport here May 29, when she flew a 100-kilometer (62.5-mile) course at a speed of 197.9 miles an hour. The former record was 175 miles an hour, held by Amelia Earhart.

Construction Speeded on New Unit of TVA



Like bones of some huge prehistoric monster the skeleton of the TVA dam at Pickwick Landing on the lower Tennessee river rises into the air, showing the recent progress of the work.