

## Air Pilots in Triple Wedding in Mid-Air



High over the watchers at the women's championship air races and stunt pageant at Long Beach, Calif., Municipal airport, three air-pilots took lifetime co-pilots in a triple wedding, held in a transport plane. Left to right: Eula Philpott, Eva Rife, Farris Smith, Opal Rife, Larry Ghyst, Pearl Clark, and Rev. George W. Casidy in rear.

## Sweden's Royal Taste Leans to Champagne

King Gustaf V of Sweden is always a good sport. Here he is pic-



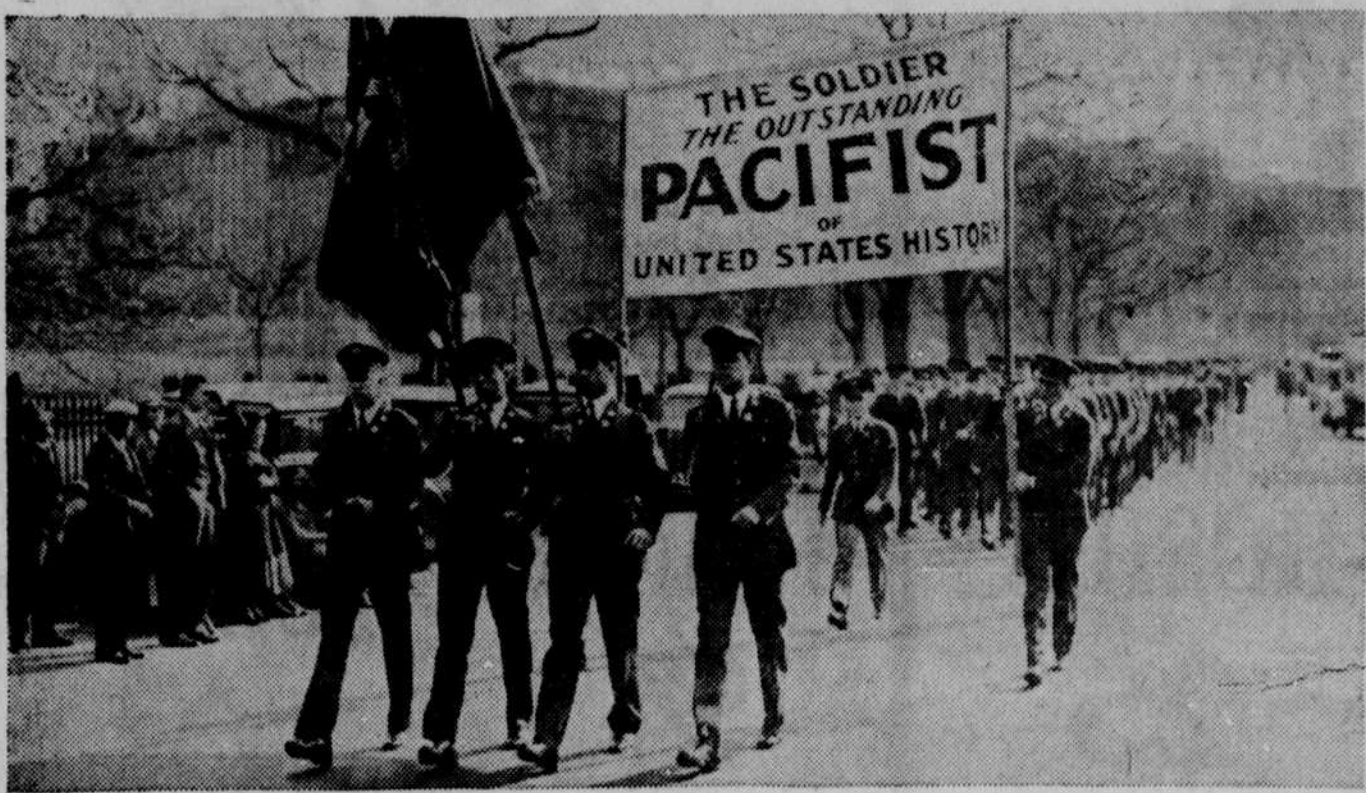
...tured pouring a glass of champagne at the opening of a new restaurant.

## New Coal Commission at Work



Should the Guffey coal act not be knocked out by the Supreme court, these men, members of the new coal commission, will have in their hands the welfare of many thousands of miners. Seated, left to right, are Walter H. Maloney, Chairman C. F. Hosford and George Acret; standing are C. E. Smith and Percy Tetlow.

## Students Soldiers Defy Anti-War Meeting



Marching in their R. O. T. C. uniforms as a gesture in support of military preparedness as best insurance against war, the student soldiers of Boston university made a dramatic appearance at the mall, at an anti-war meeting denounced as communistic by police. This picture shows the head of the university procession carrying flags and banners as it swings toward the common.

## Haile Selassie's New Palace



If the Italian invaders don't prevent it, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia will soon occupy this handsome new palace in Addis Ababa.

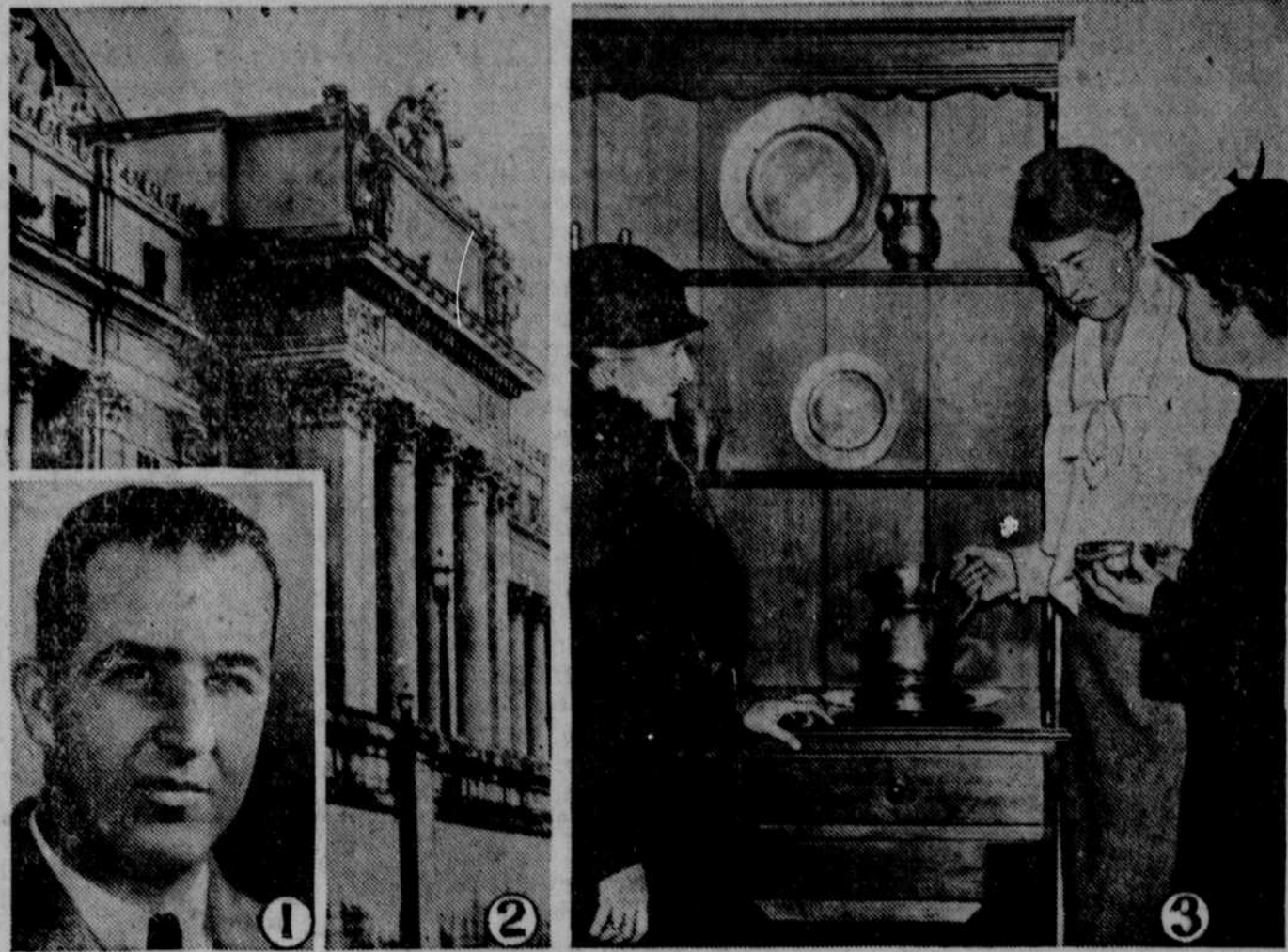
## Heads FERA and WPA Social Work Activities

Miss Josephine Brown of New York, who was appointed the new administrative assistant in charge of social work activities in both the



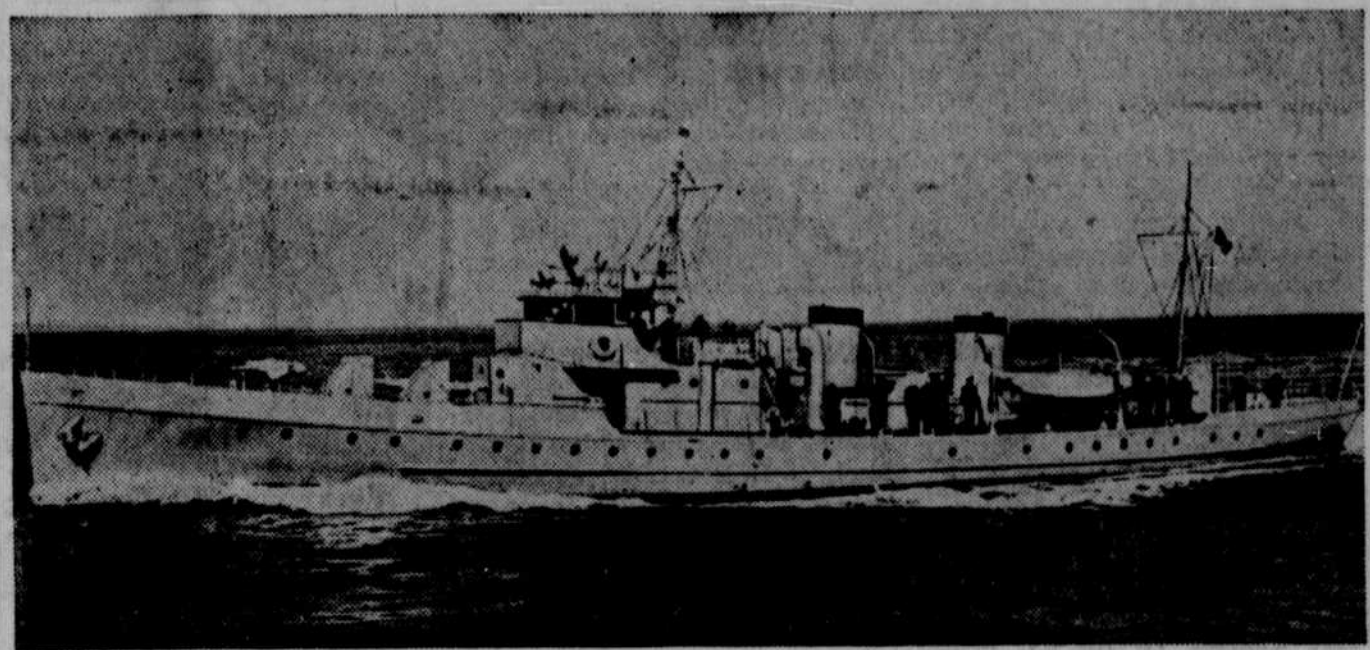
FERA and WPA. For ten years she was on the staff of the Family Welfare Association of America as associating field director.

## Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Albert B. ("Happy") Chandler, Democrat, who was elected governor of Kentucky. 2—Beautiful facade of the Philippines legislature building in Manila where Manuel Quezon was inaugurated first president of the island commonwealth. 3—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt acting as sales-lady at the exhibition and Christmas sale of Val-Kill furniture and metal crafts in New York.

## Electra, the New Presidential Yacht



Here is the new Presidential yacht, Electra, one of the new coast guard patrol boats that has been fitted up to supersede the Sequoia. It is larger and faster than the old boat and has accommodations for the accompanying secret service detail.

## Society Would Legalize Lotteries



The fact that larger headquarters were needed attests to the momentum of Mrs. Oliver Harriman's move to legalize lotteries in New York. Members of the committee are opening a huge batch of mail sent by entrants in the Slogan sweepstakes at the new headquarters at 551 Fifth avenue.

## Dartmouth Ski-Jumper Leaves for Olympics

Richard H. Dorrance of Dartmouth university photographed as he sailed for Europe to take part



In the winter Olympic games. He will compete in the ski jumping at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany.

## Monument to Mexican Independence Leader

This huge monument, designed by Guillermo Ruzand, bigger than the Statue of Liberty at New York, has



been erected in Mexico in honor of Don Jose Maria Morelos, the famous priest who joined the independence movement in 1810.

## From the President to Shirley

Shirley Temple, petite movie star, wears a big dimpled smile, caused by a letter which she received from President Roosevelt, appointing her his special messenger to deliver his autographed photograph to Bill Robinson, colored dancer, who appears with her in a current release. The President also included a personally signed photograph for Shirley.



## The Christening

By HAL G. VERMES  
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WNU Service.

"ANYBODY knows," says Roaring Reggie, "that a horse's name is very important. Here you have a two-year-old gelding which has all the points and is very beautiful indeed. Why then are you asking me does he never win? And the answer I am giving you again is that his name is N. G."

"I have to agree," I says, "that there don't seem to be no sense to his monniker."

"And besides, what does it mean?" asks Harry the Pinhead, who seeing as how he delivered groceries at Notre Dame once is therefore supposed to be a very educated guy.

"Why," I says, "I suppose his name, Lackadaisy, means that he don't care for daisies."

"You are a sap," Harry then says to me, which because he is my very good friend I have to take it. "Lackadaisy is a high-class word which means that this hide simply does not care whether he wins a race or not."

"Well, so no wonder," says Mudder McMork, "that he is always insisting on coming in last."

The finale of this discussion is that we fold up our tent at Saratoga and moves down to Havre de Grace, taking with us our one and only hide, this Lackadaisy, who has lost eight races out of eight starts. That being, as Mudder said, what you can call a perfect record.

The first thing I do when we get to Maryland is to ship our horse out to a farm for a week's rest. The first thing Harry does, as usual, is to see if there is any easy money around. While the first thing Mudder McMork does, also as usual, is to find him a pretty lady.

Harry the Pinhead and I have no time for such goings on, me being married and him being too crazy about the horses, so we dope out a new name for our nag Lackadaisy. We decide on calling him Good Fortune, which monniker we feel ought to be a help. Then we goes over the programs to find a good spot to enter him where he will not find it too difficult to win.

With a new name, a different track and a week's rest, we are confident that we cannot lose. So when everything is settled, I give out the final instructions.

"Harry," I says, "you will beat it up to New York at once and scare up as much coin as you can and wire it to me here at the track. Mudder, you will place the bets at the best odds you can get. And I will sit up in the stand and watch to see that the horses do not cheat."

"What about the christening?" Mudder asks.

"That is the most important part," I reply, while I go to my trunk and take out a bottle. "This here is Morlant 1904 which I been saving for an important occasion like this. Christened with such champagne and with a lucky name, our hangtail will surely win."

"Without a doubt," Mudder agrees, smiling wide at his latest flame, she being an admiral's daughter.

"Now," I says, turning to the girl, "we need a very beautiful lady to christen our horse and we should be indeed much pleased if you will do this honor."

So that is how it is arranged. Harry goes to New York and Mudder runs around placing our money as fast as I get it, while the morning of the race the admiral's daughter goes out to the farm with the bottle of Morlant to christen our entry just before the swipes bring him to the track.

We bet altogether about five grand at around 12 to 1 before the post parade. Then Mudder comes up to one of our seats in the stand and just when the hides are straining at the barrier the admiral's daughter joins us. Mudder and I are very nervous, even though we know we have a sure thing.

It is a very exciting race and one horse comes in first, as it is to be expected, but strange to relate, it is not our hangtail. He, in fact, lackadaisy's home to the wire in the ninth position, which is the same as last.

"I cannot understand," I say when the funeral is over, "how it is that our hide do not win. We get him in perfect condition, we bring him to a good track, and we christen him Good Fortune, which name there is none better."

"But," says the admiral's daughter, whose eyes now look very sad indeed, "I did not christen your horse this morning."

"What?" Mudder explodes. "You mean to say that you did not change his name? And for why not?"

"I was afraid," says the dame. "Why, how could you be afraid," I asks, "to take a few drops of champagne and sprinkle it over our hangtail?"

"Oh!" the daughter of the admiral exclaims with much surprise. "I thought you christened him like you do a battleship and I just couldn't bear to break a bottle over the poor, dear horse's nose!"