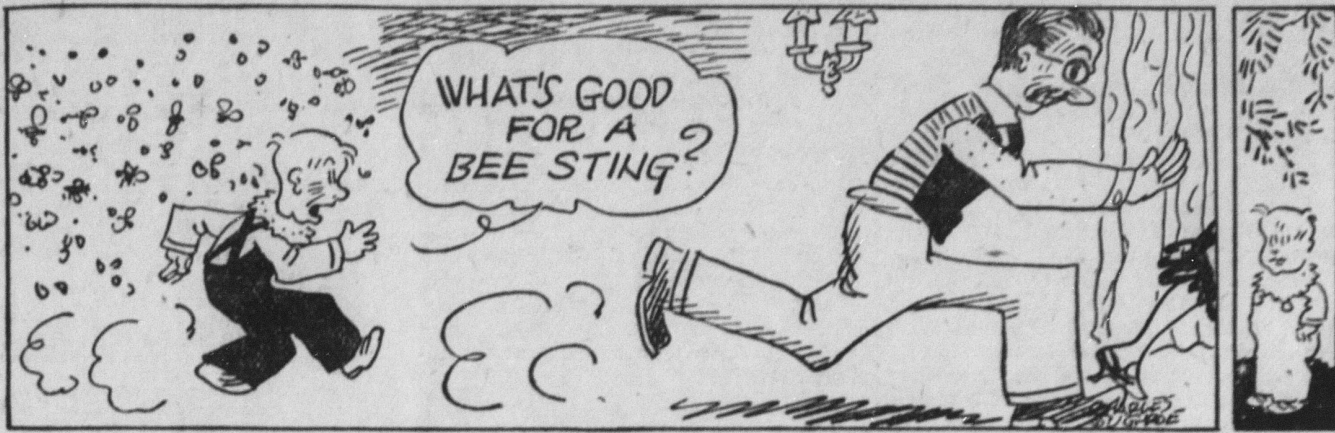


SUCH IS LIFE—Just Another Question

By Charles Sughroe



Many Mysteries of Ocean Unsolved

Whirlpool That Spins Outward Latest Oddity

Washington.—Discovery of an outward spinning whirlpool in the Atlantic ocean is reported by a vessel of the coast and geodetic survey.

of unexplained mysteries of the sea," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

Weds Real Prince



Alene McFarland, daughter of Mrs. Charles McFarland of New York and Weatherford, Texas, who, it is revealed, has become the bride of Prince Johann von Zu Lichtenstein.

have been sighing for new lands to conquer may find their best field, paradoxically, in the sea.

"Little wonder, then that man marvels at how much has been learned about the sea, the while he realizes that what he knows is much less than the proverbial drop in the bucket as compared with what remains a mystery.

"The most impressive thing about the sea is its shallowness as compared with the size of the earth, and its depth as compared with the height of the land.

"Among the sea's unexplained mysteries are the origin and actions of storm waves, commonest of nautical phenomena.

"There is a curious superstition, varying in various parts of the world, that every seventh, or every ninth, or every tenth wave is larger than the ones that precede it.

"Much is still to be learned about the vagaries of ocean currents. Vessels and debris caught in these natural sea lanes often play uncanny tricks."

Father Sage Says: Other people's burdens may be a tax on us, but a man's good opinion of himself never gets too heavy for him to carry around with him.

Solves Hot Weather Church Problem



When it gets too hot for folks to go to church the church can now go to the people. Seven Baptist ministers of the Calumet region of northern Indiana put their heads together to solve the problem and devised this "traveling church" mounted on the chassis of an old seven-passenger car.

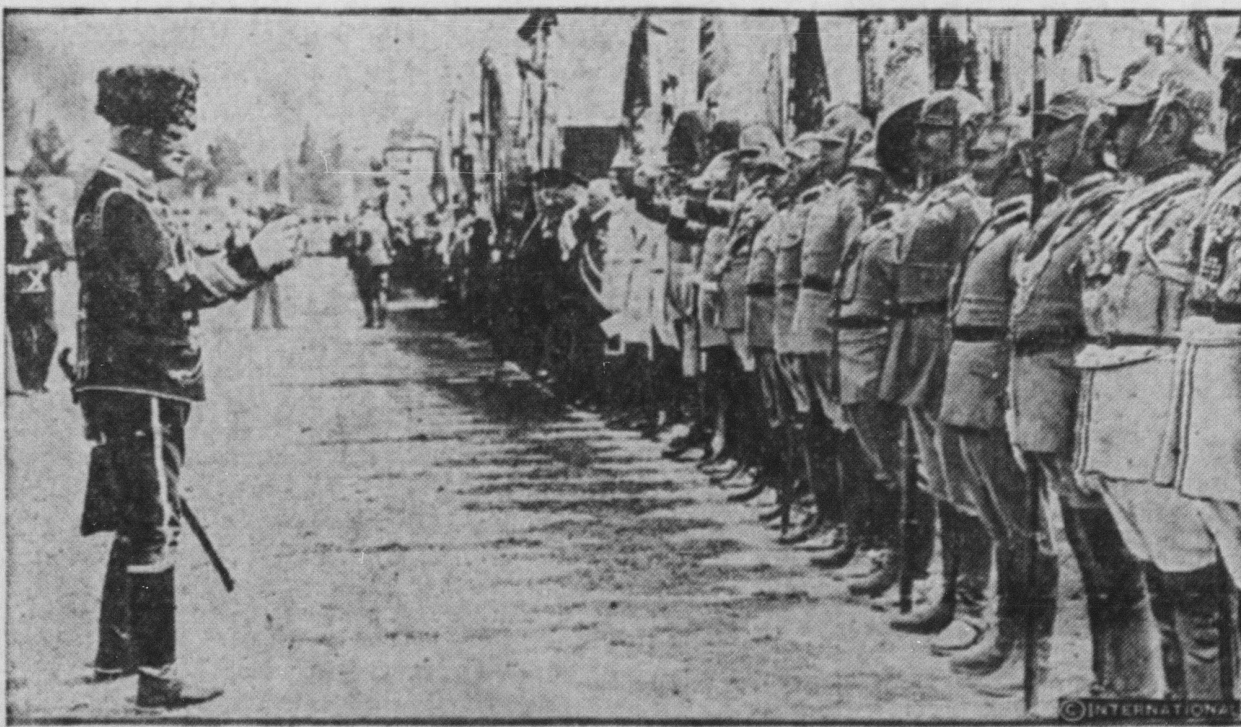
Earnings for 184 Companies Show Gain

New York.—A distinctly better trend in earnings as second-quarter reports continue to appear is noted by Moody's Investors' service in an analysis based upon results announced by 184 large industrial companies.

"Further reduction of operating costs" doubtless contributed in large measure to improved second-quarter industrial earnings, Moody believes.

Industrial groups which made the best contrast with 1930 on a half-year basis included 12 automobile companies, with a drop of 19.9 per cent; drugs, with a decrease of only 5.1 per cent, and biscuits, where earnings were off 6 per cent.

Germany's Cavalry Units Reviewed Once More



For the first time since the close of the world war the officers of Germany's cavalry units were reviewed and their colors unfurled in Berlin.

Monument Cleaning Begun Again in Rome

Rome, Italy.—The municipality of Rome has started the customary annual cleaning of the monuments and antiquities of the city from the plague of weeds which infests them.

Carried a Souvenir of 1899 Tornado

Tulsa, Okla.—For thirty-two years Pat Malloy unknowingly carried a souvenir of a tornado that swept Iowa back in 1899.

SMILES GABBY GERTIE. A relative may be a cousin or a wife once removed. (WNU Service.)

Red Shades Are Favored for Late Summer Wear

Red increases in popularity as the summer advances. Red jackets, red straw or embroidered linen hats, red pocketbooks and shoes provide a gay dash at garden parties and even on the street.

POTPOURRI

Origin of Tuning Fork The tuning fork is the invention of John Shore, trumpeter for George I of England.

Dress and Jacket Comes Into Favor Among Women

A short-sleeved silk dress, plus a silk jacket is a uniform that American women en masse rise up and call blessed. Hardly a woman of any age or any stature can fail to look well in it.

Slot Typewriters Are Used in Berlin Cafes

Berlin.—If you wish to type a letter in Berlin just drop into a cafe, deposit a coin in a slot, and use a typewriter.

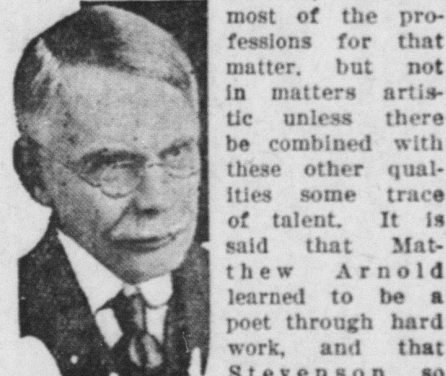
Watching the Game

For spectator sportswear, this neat little jacket of pressed carnal, topped with charming bicorne boasting an individual flower trim, is worn by Lily Damita, Radio Pictures star.

Ambition and Talent

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

Ambition and persistence will carry us a long way in the ordinary affairs of life, and in most of the professions for that matter, but not in matters artistic unless there be combined with these other qualities some trace of talent.



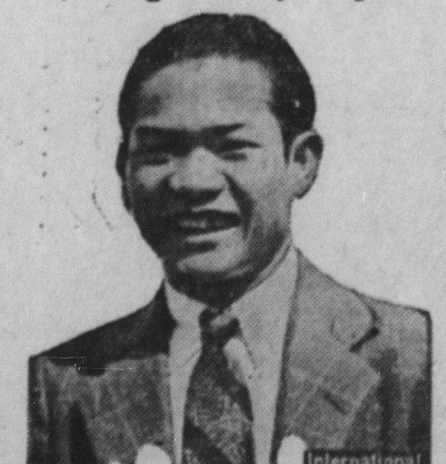
It was Saxton's ambition to be a writer from the time, when he was a boy, he had been thrilled by the tales of Scott and Cooper.

That was twenty years ago or more. He is dubbing along today on a small salary as a newspaper reporter, still trying to write, but never getting anywhere.

I saw in a great art center some time ago scores of men and women whose feverish ambition was to be great painters. Some of them were young and healthy looking, but the thing that seemed to me the saddest about it all was the fact that many of them were old, gray, pale-faced, who were possessed of this high ambition to do something outstanding, and yet who had grown old doing only the commonplace.

Jacobs has just asked my advice as to his taking up music as a profession. "Learn all you can for your own pleasure and the pleasure of your friends. You'll need to make a living, so I'd sell gasoline or automobiles."

"Young Tommy" Opao



"Young Tommy" Fernando Opao, the new Filipino flyweight boxer whose sensational battles since his debut less than two years ago, have led his own countrymen to call him a successor to that other great Filipino boxer, the late Pancho Villa, world flyweight champion, has arrived in the United States.

Tickets, Please! to Happy Days. By M. AMES. (McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Sylvia drove her smart little roadster through the elm-lined streets at a fearful rate. Past the store, past the post office and the Grange hall, how well she remembered the road, even after five years.

"Nothing has changed, but me." Two white teeth bit into a rounded lower lip. "But I'll change. I'll get back to the girl I was five years ago, with gingham dresses, washings to hang on Monday, chickens to feed, a garden to tend."

The blue eyes misted. Turn right here. She swung the light car to the turn suddenly, too suddenly. The brakes ground. Crash! Splinters were flying. Glass shattering.

"I'm sorry," said a surprisingly familiar voice from the vicinity of the gutter, "but you made the turn without signalling, you've smashed my motorcycle, and I think you've broken my arm. Would you mind helping me to hand you a ticket? In my upper coat pocket?"

Out of the car jumped Sylvia. "I'll do not such thing," she scolded, stamping her foot. "You're not a cop. You haven't a ticket, and you don't belong here. Don't you dare faint!"

Sylvia, tugging at the inert body by the roadside, struggled, lifted, panted. Somehow the man was in the car beside her, head back among the cushions.

Down through the avenue of elms again, past the bank, the store, the Grange hall. At last the lights in Doctor Osgood's office shone out.

"I've brought a patient, Doctor. It's his arm, I think. I—I can't stop. I'll be at Granny's, but don't tell him, don't tell anyone. I'm running away."

Running away indeed, she thought, as she traversed her path again. Running away from people, then running into people.

Granny's at last. Here, yes, here was peace and rest.

The morning sun streaming through the window caught in the glint of red brown hair, wavered for a moment on pale eyelids, and flickered over the rosy mouth. Slowly Sylvia's eyes opened.

"I shall think it a dream," she decided to herself. "I couldn't have it true, not now."

Slowly she turned and stretched her relaxed body. How nice it was at Granny's. Peace was here. Here was no money to bother one, no social position to maintain, no Mrs. Addington Sims.

For five long years, Sylvia had been to her tormenter a slave, on call day and night—her social secretary. Now that was all over. She would stay at home forever, hidden from the prying ambitious eyes of Mrs. Addington Sims' nephew.

Sylvia stirred restlessly. Randy was such a darling. Why did he have to be so dependent on his aunt. He couldn't have loved her. Out of her snapping turtle mouth, Mrs. Addington Sims had said, "Randy, it's my last word. That girl or my money. You must choose."

And Randy hadn't chosen. He hadn't said a word. Two tears rolled down.

The door opened softly. It was Gran. "You're awake, my dear. Good. Would you like coffee up here or do you feel up to a good breakfast down stairs?"

"A big breakfast, please. Have I been sleeping a long time?"

"No less than three nights and two days, dear. You must be hungry."

"I'll be right down, honey, and do leave the door open. I can smell the breakfast, and I swear some one's been smoking a pipe in the house."

"Don't you accuse me, my dear. I've lived seventy year without tobacco, and a guess I can finish up without it."

Sylvia glanced about the homey kitchen, lovingly. Suddenly her eyes grew wide. Her voice wavered. "Whose hat is that?"

"Only one hat like that in all the world. A dark stain, almost red, was on the rim.

"Why, that's the boarder's, Sylvia. You don't mind, I took a poor young man in for a week or so to rest, do you?"

"Of course not, Gran, it's very nice of you, but I think maybe I'll go back to bed. I'm still so tired."

Somehow Sylvia lived through the afternoon.

She heard Gran retire early. Only the boarder was left downstairs to prow about with his pipe.

"How Gran trusts her boarder," Sylvia murmured. "Does she know about his arm? His poor, poor arm?"

A wave of pity swept over her. "What a coward I am," she thought "to hide away from him, the silly darling, throwing away his chance for all that money. What a man!"

Slowly Sylvia crept downstairs, lured by a subdued whistle, straight into the haven of one good arm, and one black sling.

"Oh, my darling, are you sure?" she breathed.

"So sure, so sure, my very dear, that even before I came to find you, I put it in the paper that you and I were honeymooning. Do you mind too much dear?"

And later, quite a long while later, "If you'll look, sweetheart, in my upper coat pocket, where I told you that first time, you'll find your ticket. A little ring, dear, which, please God, will be our ticket to Happy Days."