Green tea at its best

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

520

Synopsis

When the United League season opens Pop Clark's New York Blues are a 200 to 1 shot, Terry Burke being the only sports writer to give them a chance at the pennant. In the Blues' first game Whitper, Philadelphia's star pitcher, is killed with a bullet through the heart after smashing out a home run. Both Burke and Larry Doyle, the Blues' rookie short-stop, for whom Clark's pretty daughter Frances had shown her preference over Whitper, are suspected at first by Detective Kelly. Death or injury cripple every team the Blues meet, and almost always Burke gets a beat for his paper on these sensational happenings. It is Burke who discovers it was a notorious gunman who sent four Boston players to the hospital with a bullet through their taxi tire. Dirkin, Chicago star, dies on the diamond from poison on a phonograph needle fixed in the handle of his bat. Pietro, Chicago's boy, disappears. Clark sends Doyle to Newark but he is soon sold to Boston. The Blues are in fourth place when they go to St. Louis, where Scotter, pitching ace, is found dead from gas given off by a mysterious powder in the box with a jigsaw puzzle sent to him anonymously. Masked gunmen truss Burke up, question him and warn him he knows too much. Rawlins, the Chicago manager, is hanged in a hotel room adjoining his own. Penny, Detroit's star pitcher, refuses to play against the Blues. Baseball's czar temporarily suspends the playing schedule and at a meeting of club owners Terry agrees to risk helping them uncover the murder gang.

The baseball games went on and for a time there were no more attempts at murder. As Mullins rather cleverly pointed out, there was no further need for murder at the time. The Blues were forging ahead

Larry's hunch was right. He was sold to the Washington team and helped them to climb up and up. After the series of crimes which crippled all the good teams, the Washingtons kept right on the heels of the Blues as they mounted toward the top.

Washington met the Rubes in a blistering hot four-game series over Labor Day in St. Louis. The Feds made a clean sweep of the four games and gained first place, sinking the Rubes into second position. At the same time the Blues crept up within a few percentage points of second place by downing the Detroit Bears three out of five The Blues were playing their heads off now and the work of Reynolds in the outfield was a revelation. He got four hits in the first game of the last series and two in the second. Sid Reynolds gave his brother a great spread in the Brooklyn Leader for the magnificent ball he played with the Blues. Sid Reynolds was justly proud of his baseball-playing brother. He took several digs at Terry about his favorite, Larry Doyle, but Doyle's playing was its own recommendation.

With the sudden jump of the Feds to top a great cry went up from sports writers all over the country. What would happen to Washington if they kept their position at the top? Would the murders be revived and, if so, which player would be picked as the final sacrifice for the Blues to win the pennant? The Blues moved into second place, downing the Rubes in a double-header upon their farewell appearance out west.

The police were on the alert again. Terry had had some theories of his own, but kept his own counsel as he watched and waited. He was kept familiar with all the activities of the New York police.

Kelly had obtained a search warrant and raided Tony Murallo's place. Murallo admitted placing some money on the Blues early in the season because he believed in Pop Clark. He admitted he had increased his bets for all he could place after the second murder and said he had had a hunch. You can't hang a man for betting money and there is nothing incriminating about having a hunch. There was nothing the police could do about Murallo.

The three big poolroom operators were frantic. They had taken all the money offered to them early in the season at 200 to 1. With the Blues crowding the other teams for first place, Tinkey in St. Louis, Dorfer in Chicago, and Bernstein in New York stood to lose their well-known shirts. They gladly opened their books to the police on the promise of immunity, but there was nothing on the books that was incriminating in any way. Murallo had more money up on the Blues than any other single bettor and a number of Murallo's henchmen were betting, too. Terry's bet of ten dollars was discovered. Sid Reynolds, the reporter, had $100 on the Blues. There were other odd bets here and there. If the Blues brought home the pennant, the three operators stood to lose about $400,000.

"It's enough to make the bookies get together and kill off the Blues," Kelly said to Terry, when they were talking it over. "But I don't think they'd dare, because, you see, we know too much about them. But I'll tell you right now they won't be anxious for the Blues to win and if they can unearth this thing for us they will."

"Why didn't we do something like this before?" Terry asked.

"There are a lot of things about police and politics and protection you don't know. You've heard of protection and things like that, haven't you? Well, that's your answer. Now they are worried about themselves and will come through. There is a code 'honor among thieves' and all that."

"I've been thinking a lot about this mess—have from the very start—and for a time I was sure it was Murallo and his gang. I know he has a lot of money and he has a reputation as a fixer, but I don't believe he is the prime mover in this."

"Just why?" Kelly sat back and listened.

"For one thing, Murallo is essentially a yegg gone into business. There has been a great deal of imagination put into these crimes. They haven't been the sort of thing you would expect from gangdom. When they want to get a man, they go out and get him. They don't sit and scheme and plot and plan. They just shoot.

"How many gangster murders have been poison cases?" Without waiting for a reply, Terry went on. "I don't say Murallo's skirts are clear, but if this scheme was his, I don't believe he would have gone about it in the way it has been done. He would not have gone to all the trouble that was taken in Boston. A gangster would have riddled the cab with machine-gun bullets and killed them off. No gangster would have bothered to get Dirkin in the way he was killed. Shooting would have been easier and less risky. The same thing is true about Scotter in St. Louis and Rawlins in Chicago. They could have gotten to Planer in some way less spectacular. Whoever thought of this thing thought of it first in terms of baseball and murder second.

"If a gang were after me, would they have come to my apartment the way they did and just throw a scare into me?"

(To Be Continued.)

Girl First to Scale Mount Stupendous

Vancouver Girl Climbs Peak Named by Alexander Mackenzie

VANCOUVER. — A 'teen-aged girl has scaled the towering mountain which Alexander Mackenzie, first white man to cross the North American Continent north of Mexico, named "Stupendous," in 1793.

Edith Munday, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Don Munday, Vancouver, was the first person to mount the peak towering 9,000 feet above the floor of Bella Coola Valley, B.C., when she joined her parents and Henry S. Hall, Jr., Boston secretary of the American Alpine Club, on a mountaineering trip, recently, it was reported here this week.

Fighting floods, avalanches and snow squalls, the party ascended Mt. Stupendous, 250 miles north of Vancouver, completing the final climb from their base camp in 11 hours.

Imagination Held Only Difference Between People

Proved in Test of Individuals who Made $5,000 Annually Through Depression and Those Making $35 Weekly.

The quality of imagination was found to be the only difference between 100 men who made $5,000 a year all through the depression and 100 men who didn't make over $35 a week, in a study reported to the American Association of Applied and Professional Psychology meeting at Minneapolis.

The report was made by Dr. F. W. Walls of the psychology laboratory, Boston, in a study of "100 superior men." He said that in four different intelligence and personality tests the two groups of men rated virtually equal.

The imagination or "creative ability" was found by the "spontaneous test." In this the men answered what should be done in an unexpected emergency—questions like—

Oil in Denmark

"What should be done if you knew that extensive oil fields were about to be discovered in Denmark?"

Or—"suppose the Atlantic seacoast were going to sink 50 feet in the next year, what ought to be done?"

The $5,000-a-year men, said Dr. Wells, made the better answers. There was more "richness" and more "reasonableness" in their discussions of possibilities. They could write 200 words with convincingness, while some of the low-salaried men could not think of anything to write.

Further investigation, Dr. Wells said, indicated this ability to use the imagination did not "grow with age." The men either had it or not.

"Multiple Choice" Tests

A popular form of question supposed to show intelligence, in which a person tries to select the correct answers out of a long list which are all wrong except one, failed to spot the "superior men" at all. This test is known by psychologists as "multiple choice."

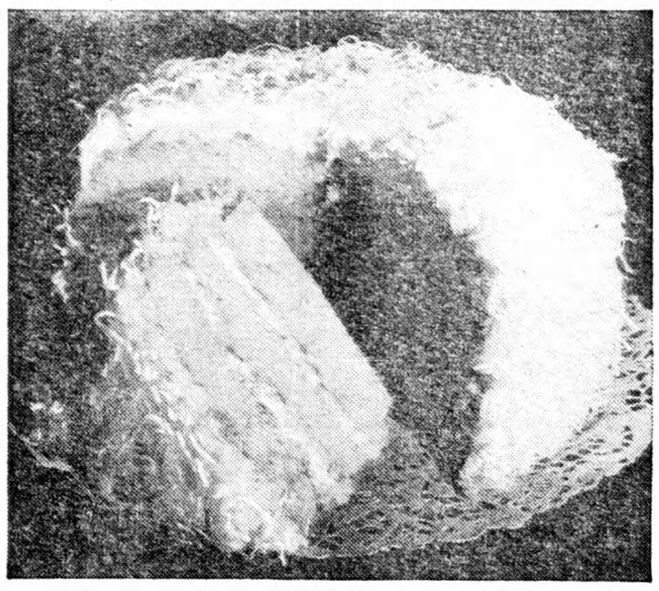
Dr. Wells said the test evidently shows nothing but "multiple choice" mentality, and this part of mentality is not by itself significant of unusual ability.

"Many external factors," he said, "may conspire to hold in the low-salaried group an individual whose personality traits are actually closer to the men of the high-salaried group; just as the present high salaried group doubtless shelters more than one inadequate, who would be well down in the low-salaried group but for the grace of God."

Dr. S. M. Shellow, of the Milwaukee Psychological Service Centre, said a few industrial psychologists had misused their positions to inform employers of labor union activities. As a result, she said, labor unions have come to regard personnel workers as "spies."

Home Hints

By LAURA KNIGHT



If you lived along the Caribbean, one of the joys of your life would be sampling the freshly-picked coconuts brought to you by little native boys, who would obligingly hack open the shells and let you scoop out the fresh, tender meat—rich, moist in its own sweet milk. Delicious—but not half so delicious as coconut, you can have right here at home, thousands of miles from a palm tree!

For now, Caribbean coconuts are shredded, sweetened and packed, still creamy and moist, into air-tight tins and come to you as fresh as the day they were picked. These tender, curling shreds of marvelous goodness, give exciting new flavor to cakes, cookies, and pies.

Especially good is this plain white cake with a Seven-Minute Coconut Frosting.

COCONUT LAYER CAKE

2 cups finely sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2-3 cup butter or other
1 cup sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
1-3 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in a moderate oven (375 Deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread Coconut Seven-Minute Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

COCONUT SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
5 tablespoons water
1½ teaspoons light corn syrup.

Combine egg whites, sugar, water, and corn syrup in top of a double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water; add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers, or top and sides of 8 x 8 x 2 inch cake, or about 2 dozen cup cakes.

Issue No. 38—'37

Siam Retains Oriental Tradition

Is Most Oriental of All Far Eastern Islands

Both white elephants and Siamese cats are virtually extinct in Siam, but the country is the most Oriental of all Far Eastern islands.

The temples of Siam are as munificently dazzling as any dream of the Orient could be. Outside they tower impressively in multi-colored grandeur and inside there is every storied tribute to Buddha that the devout and imaginative Siamese can devise. In Siam one finds Buddhism in its most flourishing present form, and the Temple of the Emerald Buddha in Bangkok—with its eight vividly polychromatic towers, symbolizing the Eight-Fold Path of the Gautama — is the most striking shrine of this religion extant with the possible exception of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon.

In atmosphere, too, Siam conforms to occidental notions of what the East should be. There is an attitude of lotus-eating languor, and any show of zeal in work that may be observed is by Chinese immigrants. The Siamese viewpoint, expressed in one old proverb, is that "in the water there is fish and in the ground there is rice" — which with the sparse population means that not much industry and no worry are required for their simple wants. So they take life easily—and smilingly.

Demand Ideals With Husbands

British Actresses Apparently Like Their Men Tall

Mere males at a London literary dinner squirmed while actresses outlined their conception of the "ideal man."

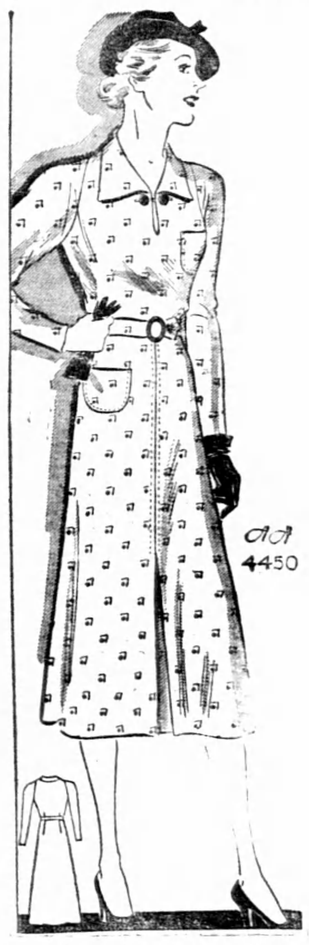
Said Cathleen Nesbitt: "He must be of a goodly stature—like Gary Cooper; his qualities must include a comely countenance, radiant and modest charm, the humanity of the late John Galsworthy, and all these must be larded with the nice ripe humor of George Robey."

Jeanne de Casalis declared: "I do not believe women go in for little things like ideals. We are realists and like what is nice and handy, and we like to concentrate on what is get-at-able. The really nice women like a man who is either a little bit of a bounder or a weak, pathetic little creature. They like someone whom they can either reform or someone whom they can hold up."

Edith Day added: "My ideal man is any man with whom at the moment I happen to be in love." And Marie Burke said: "My ideal man must be six feet tall, and I do not care what are the colors of his eyes or hair. He must not be fat, but must sing like Tauber."

William Mollison rounded off the debate with: "No decent woman would live with a man such as has been described by the speakers, for three weeks. She would shoot him. My conception of the ideal man is the man who makes the honeymoon last the longest number of years."

Make This Model at Home



Perfect For all Events — Pattern 4450 by Anne Adams

It's a life-saver if ever there was one — this trim 'n' tailored shirtwaist frock! For it saves time in making, fabric in cutting, and will present an ever-ready solution to the "what to wear" problem! Take a tip from Anne Adams and order Pattern 4450 today! You'll have it finished in no time and ready to wear on every occasion. Smart, indeed, are the simple sleeves, pointed collar, and handy patch pockets. Don't overlook the centre skirt pleat that allows you plenty of room for action. Perfect in printed or plain synthetic tie-silk print.

Pattern 4450 is available in misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 takes 3 5-8 yards 39 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

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