



To bridge the gap between week-ends!

Jim Thompson never lets loneliness get him down. With the family away for the summer he bridges the gap between week-ends, by telephone. Twice a week, at a set hour, he has a reassuring and cheering chat with wife and youngsters. There's nothing like Long Distance to take the edge off separation. It's speedy, clear, dependable and invaluable in emergency.



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The Fourth Time

By EDWARD F. EHRICH
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WNU Service.

WHEN the prison gate closed shut behind little Tony Scatoli he walked into Oasling and found the cigar store.

He waited in the store for 15 minutes and was just starting to swear in soft, half-Italian profanity when Maria came in. The old man behind the counter watched them with their arms around each other and then without speaking stepped through the doorway into the sun-splashed street.

Tony wasn't a bad kid. He was the chauffeur for the mob. He drove his cab for them, but that wasn't the reason he'd been picked up three times. That happened simply because of a habit he couldn't break. Carrying a gun, to Tony, was as necessary as carrying a compact was to Maria, whom he loved and adored and would probably marry.

"Then you reform and start running around with decent people," Maria had said.

For two weeks he didn't look up the boys, and when he did he told them and they understood all right.

"I just got out, Louis. You know how it is? Nervous. I need a rest a little while. And my parole. They watch me very close now, and the next time—she's the fourth. The Boss he can't do much, the next time."

At last he left his gun home and worked hard. But it was bound to happen.

Tony came in off the late shift at dawn and at ten his landlady was knocking at the door. Maria was on the wire. Would he drive her up to the Bronx that afternoon? Her aunt was sick. Please, Tony.

Another hour and another knock. Louis, this time.

"That you, Tony?"

"Before you even speak, Louis, I say no. I am still too nervous. I—"

Louise had said, "Okay, Tony. But you're kicking five hundred bucks outta bed. Guaranteed—win, lose, or draw."

"You're kiddin', Louis. On the line?"

"On the line, Tony. Bronx factory payroll. All you do is pick up me and Mike on Vyse avenue at four-thirty."

When Louise stopped talking Tony said, "All right, Louis. But listen and understand me—this is the last time. After today—no more."

He picked up Maria. Leave her at her aunt's—get the boys—do the job—and call back for Maria. Very simple and five hundred bucks outta bed. He could throw the gun in the river and he and Maria could get married. He felt good but he was nervous, and when he got a little out of line at Fifth street and the cop yelled at him he nearly died of fright. As the traffic moved faster he stepped down on the accelerator and was going to let the bus have it, when Maria screamed behind him and he jammed on the brake instead.

Ahead of him another driver had swerved to pass a laundry wagon, horse drawn, plodding near the curb. Bearing down on the cab from the opposite direction came a private car, fast. The cab driver swung to his right—but too soon. His cab careened along the side of the laundry wagon and skidded on, into the horse. The animal reared and went down, a tangle of harness and jagged, splintered shafts, one leg crumpling under him.

Tony managed to stop his cab alongside the wreck and Maria was pounding him on the back. "Tony—Tony! Do something! Do something!"

A small crowd gathered and Tony looked through it wildly for a cop. Do something? He could do something. He could put the animal out of its pain, but—Mama mia! How could he explain what he was doing with a gun?

"Tony—Tony! I can't stand it! Do something—"

And suddenly, as the horse screamed again, Tony couldn't stand it, either. His eyes missed the figure of the cop pushing through the crowd, his revolver out of its holster, because Tony was looking along the stubby barrel of his own gun. The report was so loud that for a second he was started. But as he slid his gun quickly into his pocket he looked up and saw the cop's gun smoking in his hand, and he understood. The horse was quiet, now.

Get out of here and get out quick. If there are two bullet holes in that horse the cop'll get wise. And the cop was bending over, making sure of death.

Tony threw out his clutch and ground the gear into first just as the cop straightened up and looked around. He yelled at Tony, and suddenly the little Italian's gun was burning a hole in his back. He stepped on the brake as the cop came over. It was all over, and Santa Maria that cop was lucky! Capturing Tony Scatoli, carrying a gun, and for the fourth time. It wouldn't make any difference that it was an accident; that he, Tony, trapped himself through an act of mercy. Or that he couldn't do this last job for Louise. Not with Maria wise to the gun. The red face of the officer was close to the windshield.

"Listen, bum," the cop said. "What's the idea?"

Tony shook his head. In his mirror he could see the white face of Maria back in the corner of the cab. Well, she was free to marry a respectable kind, now.

"You guys," the cop was saying. "Always pullin' up an' blockin' traffic! Are you gonna scam outta here—or do you want a ticket?"

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There is No Wind When the Wind is Not Blowing

Wind is air naturally and horizontally in motion with a certain degree of velocity. Thus the old question, "Where is the wind when it is not blowing?" is pointless, because there is no wind which is not blowing, says a writer in the Indianapolis News. Pure air is composed of colorless gases and is transparent. Therefore, the wind could not be seen if the air were pure, but the atmosphere always contains minute particles of substances other than the constituent gases and one can see the wind readily enough with the aid of a bright sheet of metal two feet in length with one edge straight, such as a polished hand saw of large size. A windy day when the air is dry should be selected for the experiment to get the best results. The sheet of metal or saw should be held at right angles to the wind; that is, if the wind is blowing from the south, the blade should point east and west with the straight edge up and tilted away from the direction of the wind at an angle of about 85 to 90 degrees, permitting the air current to strike the smooth surface and glance upward. If one then sights carefully along the blade at some sharply defined object in the vicinity, one will see the air flowing over the edge in graceful curves like water going over a dam. The speed, but not the volume, of the overflow increases with the strength of the wind. The phenomenon is similar to the waves of air seen near a hot stove or over the ground, roofs and other surfaces on hot, clear, summer days.

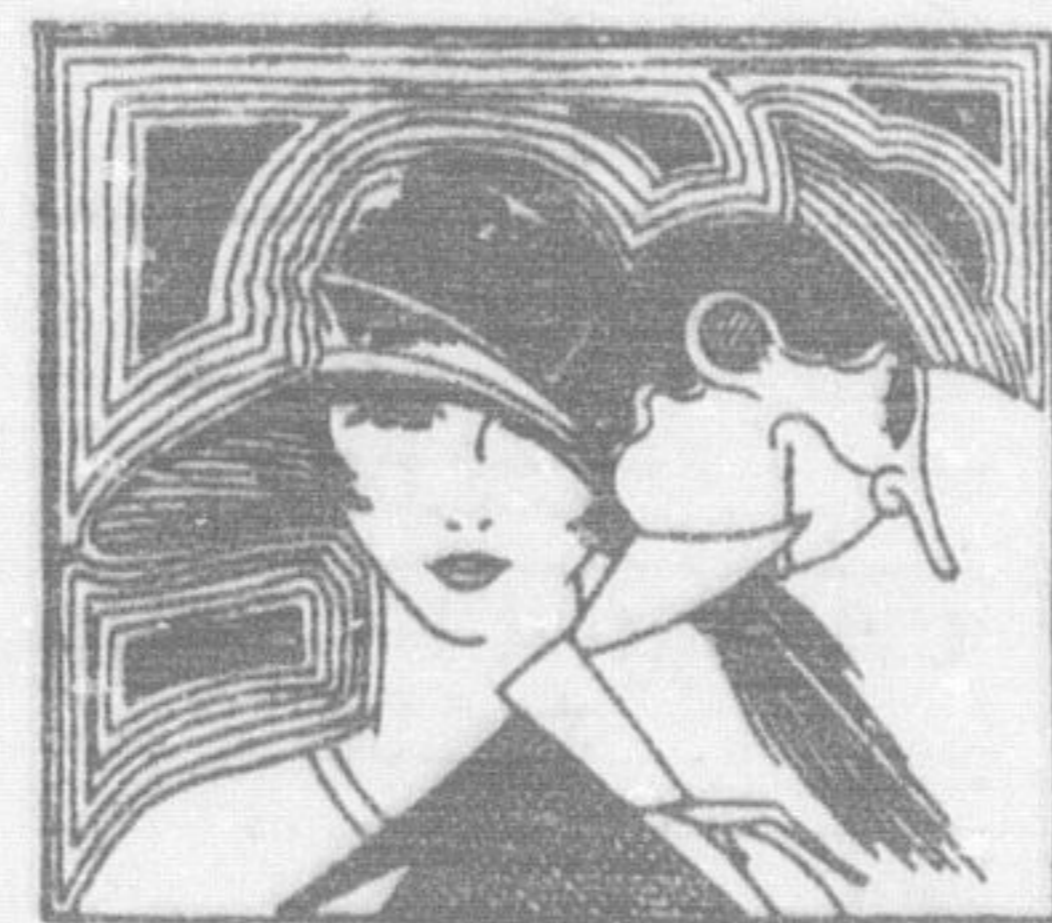
REAL LUCK



"Hello, Dods! Any luck yesterday when you were fishing?"

"Great! I was away when six bill collectors called."

P'S AND Q'S



"The Smiths are happily married all right."

"What makes you think so?"

"He talks back just enough to keep their arguments interesting."

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Mrs. B.—I hate to gossip about people and yet I don't like to go around in society as a prude.

Mrs. W.—No need to say a thing, my dear. Just elevate your eyebrows at the proper point and you'll get along.

Honeymoon Handicap

By E. F. O'BRYAN
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WNU Service.

"All right," says Gracie, giving Bert a wicked look. "Go right ahead, duckie, if that's the way you feel. Shoot the piece."

"Listen, sweetheart—" Bert's words dripped honey. But who wouldn't with a gal like Gracie for a bride? "Why, darling, Spring Dance—"

"Tippytoe is still my choice," Gracie says indifferently. "I'm putting my money on him."

"Oh money, darling, I've got something to say, you know."

That was the way it had been going all day. For a honeymoon couple Bert and Gracie were getting off to a good start. Evelyn and I had chanced to run into them that morning and there had been hardly a peaceful moment between them. Every bet either of them made was just another fly in the ointment of happiness.

Gracie was the instigator of every row between them. If a woman ever courted a good sock in the jaw Gracie was doing just that, only Bert wasn't the kind to start socking before the fact.

She'd dry on the license. She'd lost a lot of Bert's dough and now she was trying desperately to win some of it back by plunging. She was picking crowsnests that nobody else would bet a nickel on.

Finally Evelyn stuck her head in, as women will when they are stood about all they can. "I'll tell you what, let's call the racing—the Honeymoon Handicap. You pick your horse, Bert, and let Gracie pick her. No argument, you understand. Agree on how much you'll bet and bet that much and no more. Winner takes everybody to supper. No winner, I treat. Fair enough?"

"O. K.," Bert says. "All right by me. Anyway, my horse is running in that race."

Gracie looks at her program. "Mine too, smartie. See! Tippytoe. I'm on. Let's make it fifty dollars."

That settled it—temporarily. Things went beautifully for a while. Then the argument started all over again. Bert was foolish to throw his money away on a plug like Spring Dance. She hadn't any record. Hadn't won a race all spring. "Now take Tippytoe—"

"Oh, that sackrabbit!" Bert says in disgust. "You're making a mistake, sweetheart. Any other horse but him."

It finally got around to the last race. First Gracie went away by herself and came back in about five minutes stuffing something in her purse. Then Bert moseyed off. When he came back he was tucking a fifty-dollar ticket in his wallet. They had made their bets.

The horses got off quickly. Sergeant Major, the favorite, went into the lead. He was three lengths out front at the first turn. The others strung out behind him like a pack of wolves after a rabbit. There was nothing to it. When they came around the turn into the home stretch, Sergeant Major had everything his own way. Only a broken leg could prevent him from winning—so everybody thought. It certainly didn't look like a day for the long-shots.

Poor Tippytoe—rather, poor Gracie! Tippytoe was at least ten lengths behind and getting slower every moment. I couldn't help feeling a little sorry for Gracie.

"My jaws!" I nearly dropped dead. Coming down the home stretch right on Sergeant Major's heels was Spring Dance. Where that little filly came from all of a sudden, I'll never know. She just materialized out of thin air. Now they were neck and neck and it looked like a race. Then the crowd went mad. You've seen them do that—when the favorite is challenged. It's always a thrill. Then Spring Dance snatched the lead and held it. I started hammering Bert over the head with my cap and yelling bloody murder. I was helping that little filly all I could. She came down the home stretch like something on strings—beautiful, graceful. Then she was fished by, winner by at least three lengths. Sergeant Major was second and Rompaway third.

I looked at Bert to see if I'd have to help hold him, but he'd sort of slumped over against the rail, as if to support himself. His face looked like something that had run down a canvas, it was that long.

Suddenly he began to curse. He said things that made the air blue. "Think of it," he moaned. "I was all set to bet on that horse and she—my wife—Gracie—talked me out of it."

"You mean you didn't bet on Spring Dance after all?"

"H—no! Let her talk me out of it, I tell you. I figured maybe she was right, and if she was she'd hold it over me like a club the rest of my life, so I played safe and bet on Tippytoe, too."

Just then the price went up. Eighty-four dollars. And Bert's moan sounded like a steamboat coming up the river. He slumped down and sat on the ground, his head in his hands.

"Lord, O Lord!" he groaned. "Think of it! I'd have won a couple of grand if I hadn't let Gracie bamboozle me like that. If I only hadn't listened—"

I tried to console him, but it wasn't much use. He kept on moaning. Suddenly Gracie ran up waving a stack of bills.

"Lookie, darling! Look! I won, and thanks for the tip, dearest." She gave him a look that was all milk and honey. "Oh, sweetheart, what's the matter? Aren't you glad I won, too? I'll always bet the way you want me to after this. Honest, I will. Kiss me."

Wife—You're spending too much money foolishly on tobacco!

Hubby—What's the trouble—do you want a new dress?

Wife—You're spending too much money foolishly on tobacco!

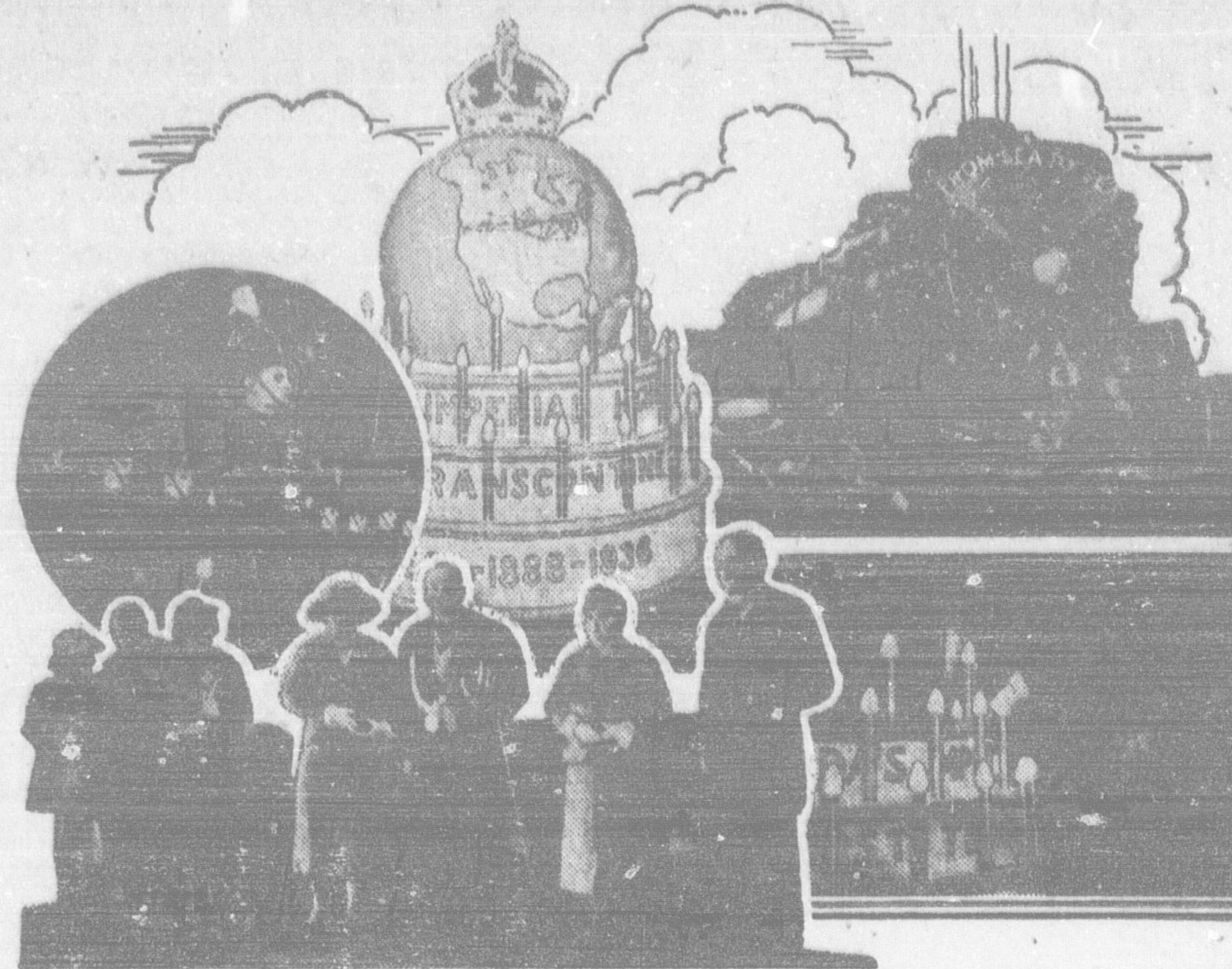
Hubby—What's the trouble—do you want a new dress?



Wife—You're spending too much money foolishly on tobacco!

Hubby—What's the trouble—do you want a new dress?

Celebrate 50th Anniversary



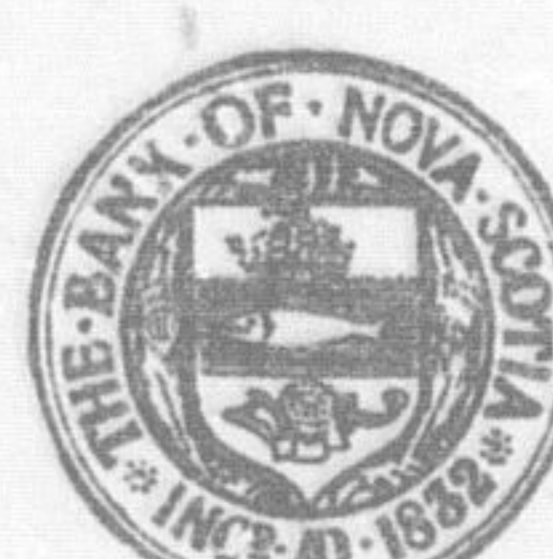
Featured by a congratulatory telegram from His Majesty King Edward VIII, and in the presence of dignitaries of the state, outstanding members of the business and social world, railway officials and several thousand citizens, the Canadian Pacific Railway on Sunday, June 28, celebrated the 50th anniversary of the departure of the first transcontinental passenger train from Montreal to the Pacific Coast. The first passenger train to cross the continent, entirely in Canada, left Montreal on June 28, 1882, amid the acclaim of the entire nation.

The royal message, which was the highlight of the enthusiastic anniversary celebration on June 28, was as follows: "I sincerely thank all those associated with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for their loyal assurances on the occasion of the fifty-th anniversary of this great Railway which ever since its inception has played so notable a part in the development of the Dominion of Canada." Transmitted to the company in the name of Sir Edward Beatty, G.B.E., K.C., LL.D., chairman and president, by His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor-General of Canada, it served as the spark to fire the enthusiasm of the notable assembly of several thousand at Windsor Station.

The programme, colorful and impressive, was broadcast on a coast-to-coast network of the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission, and was completely recorded in still and moving pictures. In addition to the message from His Majesty and the military ceremonies, it included a message from Sir Edward Beatty, G.B.E., K.C., LL.D., chairman and president; addresses by D. C. Coleman, vice-president of the company, His Worship Mayor Camille Houde of Montreal, Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy, who is daughter of the third president Lord Shaughnessy, P. M. B. Roberts of the Edinburgh Scotsman, D. D. Braham of the London Times and others. Mrs. Camille Houde, Mayoress of Montreal, cut a birthday cake six feet in diameter and nine feet tall. The Victoria Rifles of Canada, which supplied the Guard of Honor when the first train for the Pacific left 50 years ago, again supplied the Guard of Honor under Colonel I. W. Eakin. The band of the regiment, in addition to its concert music, played God Save the King as the Guard presented arms when the anniversary train pulled out. The long association of the Company and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was recognized by Canada's great forces. A detachment of the Mounties took part in the ceremonies, and added a touch reminiscent of prairie and mountain construction days. The celebration was continued at Ottawa and all main-line points west to Vancouver and thousands came down to the suburban stations to catch a fleeting glimpse of the decorated anniversary train.

SAVE AFTER 7 and ALL DAY SUNDAY

Low Night and Week-end rates now apply on both "Anyone", and Person-to-Person long distance telephone calls

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NOW THEY ASK FOR MORE

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YOU KNOW I HAVE TO HIDE MY CAKES TO KEEP THEM SINCE I'VE BEEN USING MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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EAT MORE BREAD

CHAMBERS & SON BAKERS

Mrs. B.—I hate to gossip about people and yet I don't like to go around in society as a prude.

Mrs. W.—No need to say a thing, my dear. Just elevate your eyebrows at the proper point and you'll get along.