

Bo BROADWAY

By JOSEPH VAN RAALTE

By Central Press
New York.—When word got out a year or so ago that Ed. Davis, multi-millionaire oil man from Texas, was loose on Broadway with the rubber band on his waist fractured, and playing "angel" to a dead show, there was a general rush in his direction in which several of The Boys and one or two of The Girls were seriously injured.

And he is noted that in all the padding 'round he's done on The Lane from that time to this he has yet to be initiated into the Ancient Order of Sad-Eyed Suckers.

A HOMER!
My friend Max, the Big Coffee and Cruller Man, is opening a new Java joint in the cavernous of Greeley Square. Max does his own advertising. Some years ago he came to me and said he thought he could write better ads for himself than anyone could write for him. "Go ahead," I told him. "The only way to learn to write, is to write."

His first few efforts were terrible. "Max was discouraged. I guess I'll never be an Elmer Glyn," he said gloomily. I told him to cheer up and not to be down so heavily on his pencil—to hold the stylus lightly and court ease. He went to work along those lines with marked success. We're all proud of Max. Here's the sign he thought out for the window of the recent new Doughnut Den:

"I spent \$50,000 and 10 weeks unremitting labor to make this cafeteria something that New York can brag about and I've done it. You eat in my place and your quarter takes on the pulling power of a five-dollar bill. I buy my food by the car lot and feed 20,000 people a day. I have been doing this sort of thing without let-up, for 39 years. If you eat here I'll guarantee to furnish you the very best food it's possible for any man on this earth to corral. Always the best, always well cooked. Cease, desist, refrain and stop from eating elsewhere till Woolworth's... The new Fall ar-

you've taken a shot at my place." There's no substitute for sincerity.

A FAT BACKET
New York is honeycombed with employment agencies—many of them gyp joints, whose proprietors experience no qualms in taking the last pennies from men and women out of work. These harpists are said to net an income of \$10,000,000 a year.

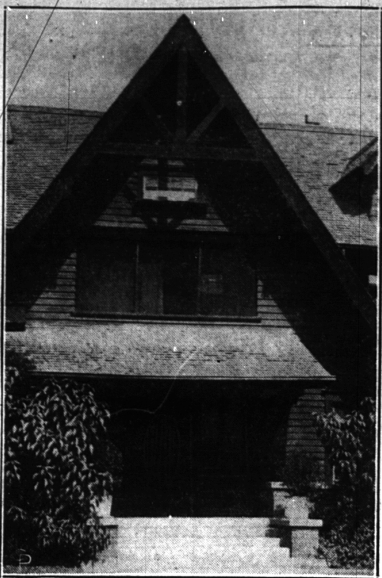
It would be interesting to know what there is in this line of business able enough to buy with that kind of money.

WHO WOULDN'T
A shirt, tie, bathrobe and collar savant's Fifth Avenue has a carefully thought-out eye in his window whereon he announces that he deals in "Edited Haberdasherie."

I refuse to have my pyjamas blue penciled!

INSIDE AND OUT
Steffanson, the Arctic explorer, sipping Turkish coffee at Romani Marie's place in the Village... Newsies using the deep-set window ledges of the Harriman bank on Fifth Avenue as paper stands. They bring their own bricks from Third Avenue to weight the papers down... One of the loveliest girls' New York laboring at a desk in a wholesale radio equipment shop at 20th street and Broadway. She has spun-gold hair done up in a little knot on the back of her head and is worth traveling from the Pacific coast to take a squint at... The Library Area, one of the busiest regions on earth, with not a clock in sight and believed to be the headquarters of a religious cult which is being investigated as the result of the arrest of two of its leaders on charges of fraud and the finding of the body of Willa Rhoads, former high priestess of the order, under the cottage of her foster parents at Venice, Cal. According to the foster parents of the Rhoads girl, the cult had promised resurrection for her with the completion of a book by one of the tiffical flowers in the windows of French's exquisite building on the Rue de la Quince... Beer glasses with the Lord's prayer inscribed upon them in an Eighth Avenue speakeasy.

POLICE RAID CULT HEADQUARTERS



View of a luxurious residence at Hollywood, Cal., raided by police and believed to be the headquarters of a religious cult which is being investigated as the result of the arrest of two of its leaders on charges of fraud and the finding of the body of Willa Rhoads, former high priestess of the order, under the cottage of her foster parents at Venice, Cal. According to the foster parents of the Rhoads girl, the cult had promised resurrection for her with the completion of a book by one of the tiffical flowers in the windows of French's exquisite building on the Rue de la Quince... Beer glasses with the Lord's prayer inscribed upon them in an Eighth Avenue speakeasy.

French's exquisite building on the Rue de la Quince... Beer glasses with the Lord's prayer inscribed upon them in an Eighth Avenue speakeasy.

Terhunes are versatile, and can write about an astounding number of things, but they love home and homely things, and they write so well about such things that they inevitably become famous.

Mrs. Terhune is a musician and a composer. Although she can write novels as well as the best novelist, she has spent much of her spare time doing music books, writing songs and music text books, and studying and playing the piano.

Virginia Belle Terhune Van De Water, who writes for the magazine and occasionally turns out a book, is a sister of Albert Payson Terhune, and F. F. Van de Water, who runs an interesting column in the New York Evening Post and writes novels easily, is her son, and therefore a nephew of the Sunnyside celebrity. There are others of the writing Terhune tribe, in and out of Who's Who, and past generations have been well sprinkled with them.

The writing tradition is a very fine one to keep alive in a family that has talent for it, Irving Cobb has a writing daughter, and I can't help being sorry occasionally that H. L. Mencken is a bachelor.

SKIBBEREEN

It isn't possible to see any country through its larger cities, and I always feel sorry for the foreigner who thinks he has seen America after a week in New York. So I spent more time in Skibbereen than in Cork or Dublin, while seeing Ireland.

Skibbereen is a very small and very Irish town. Nearly 70 years ago my father, a barefooted boy, walked all the way to Skibbereen from Schall to sell fish, so as to make money enough to make a start in America. There is a sentimental value for me in the very cobblestones of this quaint old town.

Here, for the first time in my life, I have seen and heard a bell-man, going his rounds, up and down the village streets, ringing a handbell and making announcements. Here I stop at the ancient and hospitable Central House, where the proprietor and all his proprietor's family, down to and including little Irene, three years old, welcome me, entertain me, and ask me all about America.

Daniel O'Sullivan, who served 18 years in the British navy, bought this little hostelry out of his savings, and his sister is now running it, with the occasional assistance of Daniel. He is about 42, and his accent is delightful, despite his 18 years afloat. He was a lieutenant when he retired, and he gets a good pension, but he wants to go back on the water.

His mother, a grand old Irish lady, talks to me by the hour, and all the guests are introduced to her as they come or go. This is a sociable place, and everybody seems to share two loyalties: one to the Irish Free State and one to America. For everybody in Skibbereen has relatives in America or has relatives who want to go to America, or both.

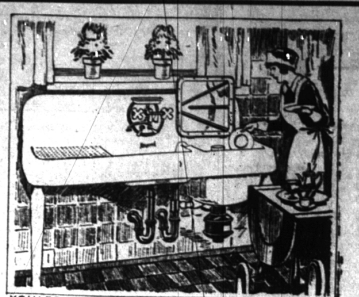
England seems to be regarded as a friendly neighboring power. There is none of the anti-British bitterness that I had expected to find in Ireland. Nearly everybody speaks well of the Englishmen they know. Nearly all the traveling salesmen I have met are English, Scotch, Welch or Ulsterite. And these salesmen are cordially received and well liked.

Notable are the tea and cakes, the fragrant bacon, the sausages, the loaf of home-made bread which is placed on the table with a knife, so that each guest may cut his own slices to suit his appetite, and the sweet butter. For the first time in my life I sit before a peat fire in the evening and hear the young men of the town going through the street singing Irish songs in clois harmony.

Now this, it seems to me, is Ireland.

Indian Lore

One of the lady tourists to a western reservation was a human questionaire, and at Inquiry No. 1,000, even the long-suffering tell me," she cried, "who is that great tall Indian standing by himself over there?" "Madam," answered the weary guide, "that is Sitting Bull. He is on his vacation."



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The WORLD and All

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

IN THE FAMILY

Over the ample fireplace of the living room at Sunnyside, Albert Payson Terhune's charming country home, there is a shelf which I should estimate at ten feet long. It is just about filled with nicely bound books, standing as books should stand, in a crowded, friendly rank.

Every one of those books is a first issue of a first edition. Every one was written either by Albert Payson Terhune or by Anice Terhune, his wife. Of course, Mr. Terhune occupies the most of the shelf, since he has been a prolific writer for at least twenty years. But the third novel by Mrs. Terhune has just been added near one end of the shelf. It is "The White Mouse," a convincing good novel of Massachusetts village folk, recently issued by Harper.

Each one of these specially-bound books on the long shelf is a presentation copy. The first copy of each one of Albert Payson Terhune's novels goes to his wife as a present, and each one of Anice Terhune's novels is started out its way with a presentation copy given to her husband. Here are two writers who aren't jealous of one another's fame!

Writing is a tradition in the Terhune family. Practically all Terhunes, whether Terhunes by birth or by marriage, have always written.

Mr. Terhune's mother was Marion Harland, who wrote many books, but probably was best known to the world by reason of her cook books. That's quite characteristic of the family. All the

Sportraits

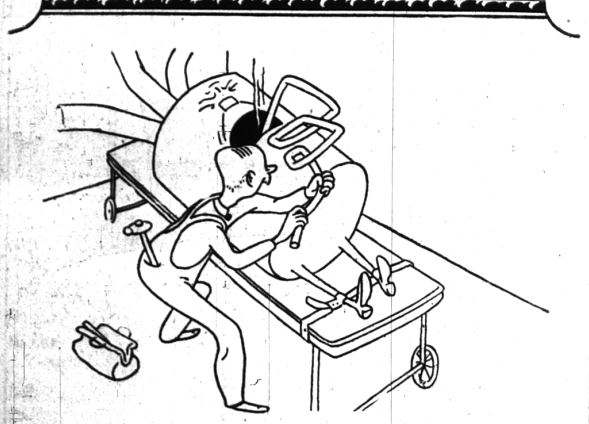


Geo. McBride

After 30 years in baseball, as player, manager and coach, George McBride, side of Manager Harris of the Detroit Tigers, has announced definitely that he will retire for good.

McBride came out of retirement last spring to become a coach with Detroit. He had previously been assistant to Ty Cobb when the Georgian was at the helm of the Tigers and before that he managed the Washington Senators.

As a player McBride toiled for many years for Washington and was known as a great defensive man.



At the Efficiency Clinic

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