

Suzanne Out of Tennis Game

SUZANNE LENGLEN'S position in the tennis world is not to be envied. That is what the tennis fans are saying. Her jump from the topmost pinnacle to an almost forgotten young woman with plans for the future unsettled in one year is really startling.

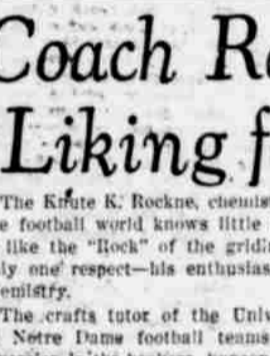
Before she accepted C. C. Pyle's cash offer that really was announced more than twice what it actually was, but still a "handsome sum," she was in the headlines of the papers almost daily. Everything she did was chronicled even to her temperament that resulted in Queen Mary of England being snubbed at Wimbledon last year. Now she is all but forgotten and recently her name was published for the first time in many months.

Her name appeared in connection with a story that if Paul Feret, who played professionally with her, would be reinstated as an amateur, she would ask that her amateur status be reinstated. However, Mile. Lenglen denied this rumor and stated she "would not return to the amateur ranks under any condition."

She concluded her statement with "my future plans as a professional are unsettled. It is doubtful if I will play this season." That is the part that causes tennis fans not to envy her. They know if she does not play this season she will not play the next with the same ability she played last season, for even tennis players "rust." Gene Tunney wanted to fight more than once a year because of the "rust" that comes from one fight a season, and Suzanne must play each season and each day in the season or else she will "rust."

The French Tennis federation refused to reinstate Feret and this action automatically will cause Suzanne not to ask for reinstatement. Many thought that Feret was but a stalking horse for the former queen of the courts.

The French federation felt keenly that Suzanne turned professional, for she had brought many fans into its treasury as she was the drawing card at all tournaments. They resented her step so greatly that immediately after she announced her decision, the federation passed a rule that no professional could be reinstated as an amateur until five years had elapsed from the time the last professional match had been played. It was this rule that Feret had tried to have the federation waive.



Suzanne Lenglen.

Coach Rockne Has Liking for Chemistry

The Knute K. Rockne, chemist, that the football world knows little about, is like the "Rock" of the gridiron in only one respect—his enthusiasm for chemistry.

The crafts tutor of the University of Notre Dame football teams finds diversion in the beakers, bunsen burners and microscopes of the school laboratory—a respite from arduous tasks as director of athletics.

"Rock" received his degree in chemistry at Notre Dame, and for several years taught classes in his alma mater. As duties in the athletic department increased he was forced to discontinue chemistry tutoring.

Thirty-five years ago Rockne came to the United States from Voss, Norway. He was five years old. His parents settled in Chicago. "Rock" learned the rudiments of football on the sport—the hardest gridiron of the north—the streets of Chicago. He received his first lessons in the sport from the boys of his neighborhood.

Knute wanted an education but did not have the money. To obtain it he first worked as a lumberjack in the Wisconsin woods, then as a seaman on the Great Lakes and finally became a mail clerk. He studied nights and finally had enough credits to enter Notre Dame.

In 1910, Rockne appeared on the South Bend campus, a stocky youth of twenty-two. He brought to Notre Dame a pair of speedy legs, a love of football and a strong individuality—three factors that stamped him a great player and a great coach. Eighteen years have well nigh robbed him of the speedy legs, but the other qualities remain.

Cast in a daring mold, Rockne as a coach scorned precedent and cut loose from tradition. He introduced open football to the East to the consternation of the Army. The Dorais Rockne passing combination became famous. "Rock" twice was named to

the All-American team. He played end.

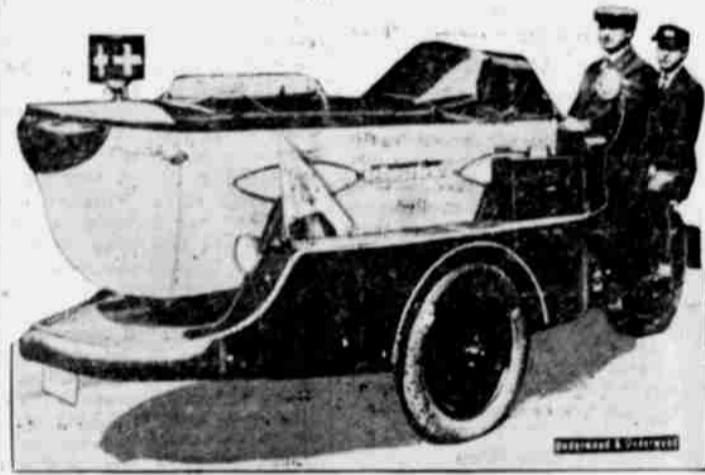
When he was graduated Rockne became assistant to Jess Harper, coach, and when Harper retired his assistant got the job.

Rockne's hair trigger offensive and shifting line and the fighting qualities of Rockne teams have made Notre Dame one of the best known teams in the country.

Civic Opera Every Week

Portions of the Chicago Civic opera performances are heard on Wednesday evenings at 10 p. m., eastern standard time, by the nation-wide audience of the National Broadcasting company's system. By means of a bank of microphones installed in the Auditorium theater at Chicago, every musical phase of the opera is picked up and put on the air. The Fansteel Products company, makers of Balkite, radio receiving sets, sponsor the programs.

Amphibian Ambulance Built



The new ambulance, which travels either on land or water, the first of its kind ever built, which was on exhibition at the Berlin International air show. The ambulance is made in the form of a boat and is mounted on a motor-tractor platform which enables it to be used both ways.

Truck Equipment Is a Matter for Specialist

When you have trouble with your eyes you go to a specialist. He makes a careful examination and then recommends the kind of lens you need in order to get best results.

Why not exercise the same care when you are buying tires for your truck?

"Properly equipping a truck is a matter for a tire specialist. Each truck has its own special problems of cushion, tractor and mileage, which are affected by the load, road, distance of haul, speed and other factors. The tire that is the best for one truck may be very inefficient on another.

Job for Carey

According to talk in Brooklyn, it is quite likely that Steve McKeever will eventually agree to Wilbert Robinson's reported suggestion that Max Carey take over the management of the Robins on the Brooklyn team. Carey has been in the job of president. Several offers have been made for the purchase of the Brooklyn club lately, but it seems impossible for the McKeever and the Elbets interests to agree on a sale. Robinson has been working to this end for some time.

Why Spark Plugs Should Be Clean

Spark plugs to function properly must be kept free of excess carbon and oil formations. Cleaning is easily done. Simply fill the lower part of the plug with alcohol, or any liquid metal polish, and allow to stand for a few seconds; take a piece of wire covered with one thickness of cloth and rub the carbon from the insulator; then wipe clean and dry thoroughly before replacing in the engine.

Use Cloth or Knife.
In cleaning the sparking points use emery cloth or a knife. In cases where the electrode is badly worn away cleaning with emery cloth is of no avail; likewise when the insulator is coated heavily the

best and most economical remedy is to change plugs since the coating cannot be cleaned off readily. When spark plugs are severely worn loss of power is often evident and



Illustration Shows Interior Carbon Accumulation.

Talks to Farmers

Another portion of the National Broadcasting company's extensive agricultural schedule was inaugurated when the "Moorman Cost-Cutting Council" started its regular Thursday evening broadcasts from the NBC Chicago studios. C. A. Moorman of the Moorman Manufacturing company conducts each program in person, presenting various farm leaders to the widespread radio audience. These programs, treating chiefly on economical hog production, are heard at 7:15 p. m., eastern standard time.

Announcer Mimics Self

Two years ago, says Sam Kaney, a Chicago station presented a novelty program burlesquing various radio celebrities. Since no one was present in the studios to burlesque Kaney, now an NBC announcer, he was called over and asked to appear facognito and impersonate himself by announcing in his usual fashion. His father and mother, who agree that Sen is just about the world's greatest announcer, heard the broadcast and proclaimed that Kaney's impersonator was terrible.

eventually missing of the engine will occur which in turn produces the following major troubles:

1. Oil pumping, causing formation of carbon and sticky valves.
 2. Poor starting and excessive draft on the battery.
 3. Poor running; loss of power especially on hills.
 4. Higher gasoline consumption.
 5. Larger engine repair expense.
 6. Poor driving satisfaction.
- Spark plugs as a rule should be changed every 10,000 miles.

Timely Bits of All Sports

Ireland is making a bid for the 1936 Olympic games.

John W. Martin was re-elected president of the Southern Baseball league.

Jim Mullen's middle name is Code, but the Chicago promoter doesn't know why.

Jokey J. McCoy is the only pilot of the American turf who uses spectacles in a race.

Jack Ogden, St. Louis Browns pitcher, is athletic director at Swarthmore preparatory school in the off months.

Of all the golf championships he has won, Walter Hagen is proudest of the fact that he was the first American-born golfer to win the British open title.

Hungary won the team tournament of the International Chess Federation. The United States team finished second.

In the language of algebra, the name of the celebrated Philadelphia ball player would be spelled "F-O-X square."

Leon Riley, heavy hitting outfielder of the Pueblo Western League club has been sold to the Philadelphia Athletics.

John Leary, leading pitcher of the Bloomington club, of the Three-Eye league, has been sold to the Philadelphia Athletics.

Bucky Moore, star Loyola (N. O.) back, ran ninety-eight yards to a touch down on a kickoff in the recent Loyola-Mississippi game.

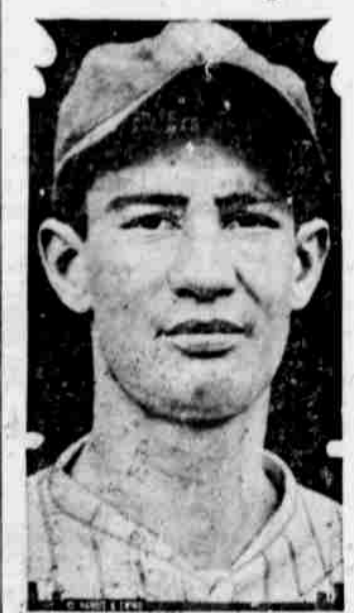
Capt. Lamar Seelgison, district attorney of San Antonio, Texas, a former Yale athlete, has won the arm golf championship twice.

When the first golf course was laid out in Texas wire fences were built around the greens to keep roving cattle from tearing up the grass.

Ray Goode, who buried the javelin 209 feet 8 1/2 inches at the National Collegiate Track and Field meet in Chicago, throws the spear with his left hand.

Johnny Neun, of the Detroit Tigers is also a sports writer in Baltimore. He predicts his new manager, Buck Harris, will be found at third base next year.

Star at Stealing



Old Bill Carrigan's Red Sox didn't finish out of the cellar in the 1928 campaign despite their early season threat which lifted them into the first division.

But Old Bill's outfit did place one of its individuals where a Boston representative never appeared before—the top of the American league's stealing procession. That's the pinnacled youthful Buddy Myer "stole" his way to by virtue of 29 pilfers for the season.

HEADLIGHT BROUGHT GOOD LUCK

(By D. J. Walsh.)

JAMES BRYANT lacked confidence. He faltered because he didn't have nerve!

"There's a wonderful opening here in Jintown for a modern grocery store," Mrs. Bryant declared at the dinner table as she and her husband discussed the family fortunes; "we might easily establish one."

"But, Hattie," Bryant cautioned, "we haven't the capital stock. We've only our little savings account of \$500."

"But that would give us a start," the wife countered; "the wholesale men will 'carry' you for a time if you make an initial payment. Five hundred dollars ought to lay the foundation for a nice stock of fancy groceries. The rent on the Stubbs property isn't high. If we could operate the first month then we could take our profits and increase our stock for the coming months—"

"But, stop, my dear wife," Bryant urged, "we can't take a chance. What if the business failed? Then our life's savings would be swept away and we would have to start all over again. I tell you, Hattie, my \$35 a week at Cohen's isn't so bad. Bookkeeping gets on my nerves sometimes. But a fellow has to do lots of things that he doesn't like."

Thus it was for the thousandth time the family of James Bryant indefinitely postponed the day when the head of the family would launch out in business for himself. The wife at length agreed her husband acted wisely in urging a conservative method of operation.

One day a tall, beak-nosed gentleman stepped from a train in Jintown. The street urchins trailed at the heels of the aged man and people at shop windows eyed with great curiosity this odd-looking stranger, who, unheralded and unannounced had entered the streets of quaint Jintown. The venerable gentleman paused before a sign that read "Cohen's General Store" and a moment later stooped to enter the rather low door.

"I'm looking for a boy named Bryant," the old gentleman announced, "or rather a man perhaps by this time, James Bryant's his name. I'm his uncle. I'm Tex O'Bannon from Del Rio, down on the Rio Grande, a gold miner in Mexico and I'm here to see my nephew."

An instant later and James Bryant was shaking the hand of his aged uncle. In another instant he was studying the huge stone worn on the uncle's hand. The uncle discovered that ring with the giant set had been seen, and he smiled with satisfaction. "It's the real article!" O'Bannon said; "why, in Del Rio they call me Headlight O'Bannon due to that 'sparkler'."

"But where did you get it, Uncle Tex? Here in Georgia we don't have mines that produce such gems as that—guess you dug it out of the ground?"

Uncle Tex O'Bannon smiled at his nephew's apparent ignorance of the mineral products of Texas.

"No, I was given that diamond ring as a reward for kindness done an old miner down in Chihuahua," explained O'Bannon. "The miner was dying of pneumonia and I nursed him in his shack until death released him from his misery. Now, the old miner gave me this ring and I've worn it ever since. They say it's worth a fortune. But I've never worried to find out its real value. I had a special purpose in view for this ring during the five years I have kept it, and now I'm going to dispose of the ring as I have planned and then rush on to a miners' meeting before the congressional committee at Washington."

Bryant grew interested. His eyes widened with excitement and he listened with the enthusiasm of a school child expecting a holiday announcement.

"Yes, James, my dear nephew," Tex O'Bannon announced, "I'm going to make you and Hattie a present of this ring—a wedding gift! I've meant to give you something all these years. But we Westerners just get careless. I'll run down and leave it with the wife and then catch the next train northward. I'm in somewhat of a rush!"

Jim Bryant could hardly believe his own eyes. He sat in a dazed condition for several minutes. Then, with a reckless daring that had never been exhibited before by him in his life, Bryant picked up his felt hat and boldly walked from the cashier's room like an imprisoned bird flitting through the door of a cage accidentally left open.

"I'll be back shortly," Bryant announced to his employer, "going out to get a bit of fresh air; haven't had much lately."

The store owner overlooked the surprising remark and smiled. He was of a generous nature and really was delighted to see good fortune come the way of his hard-working bookkeeper.

"Did he leave it?" questioned Bryant in an excited tone as he entered the humble Bryant cottage in an outlying section. "Hattie, did he leave it?"

"Yes, my dear!" Mrs. Bryant, her cheeks flushed with excitement, exclaimed, "and he says it's worth a fortune!" "Dear old Uncle Tex, I remember he once wrote us a letter from Mexico telling us he was going to remember our wedding. We've been married all these years and I had long

since forgotten about his promise. Dear old Uncle Tex; a real diamond! Big as a headlight; a fortune, but he'll never miss it. He's past seventy now and worth half a million, he says."

Just two weeks after the visit of Texas O'Bannon to Jintown the cozy little neighborhood grocery of James Bryant opened on an important street of the Georgia cotton town. The Bryants, made confident with the possession of the headlight, had invested their savings in a stock of choice groceries. They had a nest egg!

James Bryant was a natural business man. His store prospered and the first month's receipts were sufficiently large to pay outstanding debts and to increase the stock. Within six months the store was found too small and a larger place was rented on an important street intersection. But Bryant's business still increased. At the close of the first year he opened a second store.

Then, with the passing years, James Bryant became a wealthy man and a power in the commercial world. Uncle Tex O'Bannon had long since passed away, but his enterprising nephew was following in the footsteps of that man whose boundless energy and venturesome spirit had wrung a fortune out of the desert sands of Chihuahua.

Meanwhile a baby daughter had been born to the Bryants, had grown into young womanhood and had chosen for herself a mate. The wedding was approaching and James Bryant, now weighted down with cares of a huge chain of grocery stores and a half-dozen other business enterprises, had but little time for romance. But at length he came to discuss the matter with his wife. They must select some suitable wedding gift.

"Oh, I'll tell you," the wife said enthusiastically, "the headlight! It brought us good luck. Now let us pass it on to our daughter."

James Bryant hurried away to the National Bank building. A teller escorted him to a safety vault where a private lockbox was removed. The headlight was taken with tender care from the place where it had rested for many a year. Then Bryant went to a jeweler's establishment across the street. He would have the headlight mounted on a better class of material.

The wedding day approached and Bryant went after the headlight. The jeweler wore a perplexed look when the wealthy James Bryant entered. He seemed to have something on his mind that was giving him a lot of trouble.

"Is the headlight ready?" Bryant asked.

"Not yet," the jeweler replied, "I've delayed the work pending a conference with you, Mr. Bryant. The headlight is worthless! Just glass! Nothing more!"

James Bryant was silent.

"I'm afraid somebody has taken advantage of your ignorance of gems," the jeweler announced, "I'm willing to help locate the culprit!"

Bryant stood as erect as an Apache on guard. He didn't see the jeweler. He saw instead a struggling bookkeeper who was afraid to resign from a \$35-a-week job and take a chance with fortune!

"I'm sure you are wrong!" Bryant finally said, "the stone is worth a million dollars of anybody's money! Go ahead and mount it on the most valuable material that you can obtain."

Extension Light That Should Prove Popular

There is in use an extension electric light device constructed very much upon the principle of the carpenter's tapeline. A cord 15 feet long is contained in the case, having a mechanism for rewinding on one side and an incandescent lamp socket on the other. When light is desired at some distance from the regular fixture, a plug on the end of the cord is screwed into the regular socket and the cord drawn out to the required distance. A catch holds the cord from rewinding at any desired point, so that the lamp may be suspended a few inches below the fixture if one so desires. It is also connected with a leather strap, whereby it may be hung up.

Many uses for such an extension light are easily found. If carried as a part of the traveling equipment, it is not necessary to carry a lamp, as the socket and plug are of standard size and will fit any fixture in common use.

Daddy of Timepieces

According to the London Daily Mail, there are more than 500 clocks in the palace of Westminster, the official designation of the houses of parliament, all synchronizing with "Big Ben," father of timepieces.

There are more than 500 rooms in the "palace," and each has its clock, while other clocks are placed in corridors and on stairways. A gentleman with a light ladder in his hand is constantly in attendance on these clocks.

Act of Gratitude

Washing dishes is not to be done merely that they may be used again, says Sotoku Ninomiya, a Japanese writer. It is also an act of gratitude for the service they have given.

Though he have nothing more to eat, let a man clean his dishes and then starve, for he owes something to the dishes for having been useful to him when he had a use for them.

Maybe So

"Is your lettuce fresh?"
"Yes."
"But I want the kind that is an curly and wavy—you know."
"Maybe you'd better try a beauty parlor, mum."

Bar Bill Tilden



If Big Bill Tilden wants to play amateur tennis now, he will have to go a long way to do it. He must go to Russia, China, Brazil, Bolivia, An Dorra, Lithuania, Abyssinia or Ither In. The International Lawn Tennis federation, which embraces thirty four nations, shudders by the action of the United States Lawn Tennis association in barring him.