

Modernistic Idea of Church Altar



This interior view of Germany's newest and highly modernistic Evangelical Lutheran church at Schmargendorf shows the unusual altar with its cross of Melasmer porcelain measuring about seventeen feet in height. The four symbolic figures of the evangelists, depicted in bronze, may also be seen, while before the altar stands the beautiful baptistry.

Airship Expected to Lower Record

Atlanta, Ga.—Some time next spring when the elements between Los Angeles and New York return to normalcy, Doug Davis, crack Atlanta pilot, expects to fly the distance in about twelve hours.

The record, now held by Capt. Frank Hawks, is close to seventeen hours. But that fact apparently offers little obstacle to the man who recently clipped three hours from the record of the trip from New York to Atlanta.

He used a Travelair "Mystery" ship—a bullet-like monoplane which looks like a bumble bee upside down but which functions with unprecedented efficiency.

Davis won the cup for America's most meritorious flyer of 1929 in the same propeller-like craft at the Cleveland air races. He was in New York early in November and wanted to enter it in an air race in Atlanta.

So he took breakfast in Gotham and lunch in Georgia, actually flying the 800 miles in four hours and thirty minutes through rain and fog. The entire trip required five hours, with two stops of fifteen minutes each for fuel.

Davis believes his "Mystery" ship has greater possibilities than any similar craft extant, believes its highly

developed maneuver ability and excessive speed would make it an invulnerable fighting unit in time of war.

He recently said that shortly he expected to open its throttle somewhere in the vicinity of the ground, point its nose "absolutely straight up," and cut swiftly heavenward for one solid mile at an angle of 180 degrees.

Already he has climbed to 3,000 feet in that manner after a 250-mile-an-hour start. Present equipment of the plane, he said, does not permit more altitude because of gas tank adjustment, which he expects to alter.

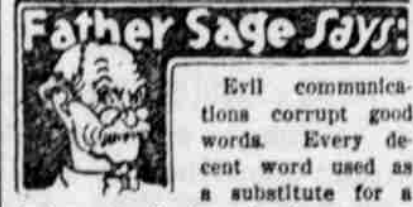
The plane can take off at an angle greater than 45 degrees and hold it

"all the way to the ceiling," Davis said. "I believe it is unquestionably the fastest climbing plane ever built."

It is an open cockpit affair and responds so swiftly to the controls that a sudden change of direction will produce temporary blindness for the pilot. That happened in the Cleveland races, Davis said, when he rounded a pylon too abruptly.

A nine-cylinder motor of 300 horse power twirls the plane's 22 degree pitch propeller 2,300 revolutions per minute and propels the whole craft more than 250 miles an hour.

"A novice is out of place at its controls, but it is perfectly safe in the hands of an experienced pilot," he said.



Evil communications corrupt good words. Every decent word used as a substitute for a bad one finally loses its decency.

SMART HOME COSTUME



Here's a house dress smart enough to wear almost anywhere. It is a wash frock of red and white polka dots, with trimming of red and pearl buttons.

Largest English Lifeboat to Aid Channel Planes

Hampton-on-Thames, England.—England's new lifeboat, considered the largest in the world, which was recently launched here is now stationed at Dover to assist Channel planes. The lifeboat is the first specifically adapted to help airplanes coming down at sea. The craft has a speed of about 18 knots.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

Deafness in Insects
The sense of hearing was the last of the five senses to be developed in the great scheme of evolution. Few insects can hear. Even the highest types of insects, such as ants and bees, are deaf although the senses of sight, smell and touch are very keen. Flies are also deaf.
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Death for Eskimo "Purifier"

Winnipeg.—Believed by the North west Mounted Police authorities to have been a victim of a recurrence of the wave of religious mania which swept over this lonely land about ten years ago, a young Eskimo inhabitant of the interior of the southern portion of Baffin land became demented and shot and killed his parents and a young woman relation.

He shot at but missed his brother. The Eskimo tribe of which he was formerly a law abiding member kept him in close confinement through a long winter, but in the spring, after he had twice escaped their vigilance, they pushed him through a hole and drowned him beneath the ice of the subarctic.

Sergt. J. E. F. Wight, in charge of the detachment at Lake Harbor, reported that last winter, accompanied by Constable P. Dersch, he made a long patrol through a section of southern Baffin island, where white men were unknown before the great war. He learned the story from the tribe in which the tragedy occurred.

The report stated that Mako Glink, a young man, became obsessed with the idea he was a purifier of his race. He told his relatives he had heard a voice from heaven telling him to kill all his people. He promptly proceeded to put his mission into operation.

As Mako was obviously under a spell the Eskimos did not know what to do with him. The nearest post,

Lake Harbor, was 500 miles away, and they had no means of making such a long journey with a madman.

They bound him up with thongs of sealskin and kept him under guard in

PEA-EATING EXPERT



Miss Lucille Anderson of Los Angeles holding her special knife with which she won the world's pea-eating championship by eating upwards of five thousand peas in exactly one minute and ten seconds.

an igloo all winter. About March of the following year members of the tribe decided that they could not keep him any longer. They told police that the men of the tribe were all worn out by this time in maintaining a sharp vigilance lest Mako should escape and continue his crazy plan.

They summoned him before a meeting of the whole family one day and told him he had to die. They gave him his choice of the manner of death. He could be shot, stabbed or drowned—whichever he preferred.

But Mako did not wish to die, they told police. However, his end was decided upon, and a hole was made in the ice. He was pushed through this and river currents carried him to his death.

Westminster Loses Favorite "Cop"

London.—This is a story about a big man with a big record, about weights, lengths, measures, parliamentary procedure and dignified physical scuffles in the house of commons. In brief, about George Fulcher, weight 204 pounds, twenty years a policeman in the palace of Westminster.

Fulcher has retired. Fulcher not only was the most popular member of

the parliamentary police staff, but also the most impressive. When he trod down the long medieval, dimly lighted corridors the whole British empire, with the possible exception of Australia, knew about it.

He was particularly useful in the event of an occasional row within the sacred precincts of the house. All Fulcher had to do was to walk right into the dozen or so rioters and it was then only a question of the old irresistible force against whatever object stood in the way.

Fulcher knew hundreds, thousands, even, of M. P.s. for it must be recalled that Fulcher was a fixture in the house of commons while M. P.s are not. But Stanley Baldwin probably could tell you more about it.

House of commons police have a bigger beat to cover than many of

the metropolitan police out on the streets. They have two miles of corridors to cover on each floor. In some respects the house is like the Grand Central station. There are shops where one may buy postal cards. There are innumerable restaurants for all manner of folk. There are visitors' restaurants, members' restaurants and employees' restaurants.

Then there are innumerable tea-rooms, and, in the words of a prominent lady M. P., all bad.

All these things tend to make Fulcher yearn for his old job. So much so that according to recent reports the former big man of the house has become a mere shadow of his former self and is said to weigh but a mere 280 pounds, having lost a full stone since he left the dignified portals of Westminster palace.

Sights We Hope to See

MAN WHO LOVES TO SHOW OFF HIS POWERFUL GRIP, SHAKES HANDS WITH A ONE ARMED MAN.



MOTHER OF INVENTION

The great silver cigar of the R-101 was drifting lazily over the interested, upturned faces of a great crowd. Said one spectator:

"Can you tell me what relation a loaf of bread is to that airship?"

"What nonsense!" replied another onlooker. "There can be no relationship."

"Oh, yes there is!" said the first speaker. "A loaf of bread is a necessity and the airship an invention. And everybody knows that necessity is the mother of invention."



She—Why did we ever marry? We're entirely different in every way. He—You flatter me.

Such Ability
The hall of fame For Jeremiah Krouse: He laid the corner stone In the first roundhouse.

Preparation
Hostess (sending out cards)—If most of the people we are sending to accept we shall have our work cut out to cater for them. Host—Oh, I don't suppose more than half will accept. We must hope for the best. Hostess—That's all very well as far as you are concerned. What I have to do is to prepare for the worst.

Comparing Points
The Hungry Man—Say, but that order's a long time coming. Isn't there a good waiter in this place? The Starving Man—Gaston, over there, is considered the most efficient, but I am the most patient.

His Quiet Way
Jones—Smithkins is living on hush money. Brown—That's why he is such a soft-spoken fellow.

DEEPLY RED



"Is she a deeply read girl?" "Well, yes, on her lips and cheeks."

Hi Ho, Hum!
"The dollar down," Sighed Hiram Hupp. "Is what keeps many Men hard up."

But He Kept in Step
He (during the entertainment)—You know that dancer spent all the World war up in the front line trenches, and yet came off without a scratch. She—How lucky. He—Oh, no. Just fast on his feet.

The Discoverer
"How did that restaurant man make so much money?" "He invented the process of cutting a pie into five quarters."

Try Gas
"Do you know your wife is telling every one you can't keep her in clothes?" "That's nothing; I bought her a home and can't keep her in that, either."

A Dyspotic Speaks
Son—Dad, I'm going to marry a pretty girl and a good cook at the same time. Dad—Don't try it, son. That's bigamy.

ENDURANCE TESTS

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

I suppose that even in pre-historic and pre-civilization times human beings vied with each other to see which could endure certain physical or mental strains though, never more so than now. Some times, possibly, there was virtue and progress in such contests; some times there was only the satisfaction of vanity or the winning of a prize contributed by those who are willing to give prizes to see some one else suffer, or make a fool of himself in testing his endurance. The athletic contest of today is often little more than an endurance test.

When I was a boy we used often to see who could hold his breath the longest under water. So far as I could see then or even now with the widened perspective of intervening years, there was no advantage to anyone either then or later, in one's holding his breath an unbelievable period of time, excepting as one could boast about doing without oxygen longer than the other boys. I have just read in the evening pa-

per an account of a man in Colorado, who, for the good of his body or his soul, had fasted for a full calendar month, and had reduced his weight by half, and out-fasted all of his competitors. It is true that when he broke his fast he did so with such eagerness that it resulted in his death. It must have been a great satisfaction

INDIAN GREAT DRIBBLER



Louis Weller, who is a full-blooded Caddo Indian, from Anadarko, Okla. He has learned to dribble the basketball in a way that has won the admiration of Dr. James MatSmith, the inventor of basketball. Weller is a forward on the Haskell Institute team and has frequently dribbled his way through the entire defense of an opposing team. He is also a lightning halfback at football and looks after second base on the college nine.

to him, however, to realize that he had been able to do without food longer than any of his friends.

For years we had ambitious people risking their lives and their health in an attempt to swim the English channel. Finally some super-human individual succeeded, and now it is no feat at all to swim across this rather turbulent water way. Why anyone should want to do it, and what virtue or good of any sort there is in the feat when it has been accomplished, I cannot see.

Just recently a fellow townsman of mine won a rocking contest. For an impossible number of days and nights with only brief intervals for rest, she sat in a rocking chair keeping up a constant motion while neighbors and curious onlookers bet on the outcome, or paid to see how long she could keep up the agitation. And now I am told she is staging rocking marathons. Of what value such a contest can be to society or to the human race I fail to see.

There may be some value in seeing how long an airplane can remain in the air without fueling, or how fast a horse or an automobile can get over the ground, but how many hours or days two people can dance, for instance, without food or sleep, seems to me of no value or real interest to anyone.
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Tax Irks Chinese

Shanghai.—Angry at a new 30 per cent "superstition tax" which the local Chinese municipality has ordered levied against religious incense and candles, shopkeepers affected have joined to resist the duty and threaten to declare a strike unless the order is rescinded.

SUCH IS LIFE — This Happens in Every Home



By Charles Sughrue