

Contests . . . Just for Fun!



Picture Parade

CONTESTS are a great American summer institution. The above old ladies' bathing beauty contest was ruined by an invasion of youth, but it was still fun. Below, Joe Constamagna ran three and a quarter miles to win a waiters' race in San Francisco, balancing a glass of water on his tray without spilling a drop.



Contest winners always get their pictures in the paper, as does young Charley Baker (above) who won a balloon-busting contest. He's a shoe shine boy. Below are first and second place winners of a barrel rolling contest. It's foolish, but it's fun!



Mere man invades a women's knitting contest . . . and wins!

BOOKS IN BRIEF

How Prisoner Used Rats to Cheat Death

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

THE prisoner opened his eyes to blackness. Fears shook him as he thought of the Inquisition Judges. Feeling painfully about him he discovered that his clothes had been changed while he was unconscious and he now wore an unfamiliar robe. Thus does Edgar Allan Poe set the stage in "The Pit and the Pendulum."

What manner of place was this? Perhaps he was dead and this was eternity. Perhaps he was entombed alive. Panic seized him. He must know the size and shape of his prison! Cautiously he felt his way until he found the wall. Ripping a piece from his robe to mark the starting place, he began to creep along, counting the paces. A circuit of 50 yards indicated that it could not be a tomb. Now he would cross the cell. Boldly he started away from the wall, but his feet tripped in the robe and he fell prone.

Taut he lay. A queer sensation stole over him, for his head seemed to be touching nothing, to be in space. Reaching out he found a well or pit. Pit! Almost swooning he recalled stories of the Inquisition pits which the people in Toledo had lately heard.

Some time later and with an effort, his benumbed mind saw that the prison was now lighted. He saw



Elizabeth James

TURBULENT LIFE

The life of Poe is more turbulent than any story that he wrote. Scores of biographers have attempted to reveal something of the spirit of this lonely and passionate man. Although Poe died in his fortieth year, he left literary criticism that is excellent, and short stories and poems that are unexcelled for sheer artistry. Later biographers have stated that Poe's reputation was worse than Poe. His difficulties at the University of Virginia and at West Point, and his being disinherited by his foster father gave him a name for recklessness when he was very young which the events of his later life did nothing to offset.

Poe lived from 1809 until 1849, attaining a literary fame in Europe as well as in America.

walls of metal, a stone floor, and a high ceiling. In the middle of the floor yawned the pit. How strange he felt—he could not move. Lying on his back he was bound to a wooden bench.

Pendulum Appears.

From the pit crept rats. The prisoner looked about him for some weapon. Only his arm was free from the elbow down, so that he could reach the plate of food on the floor. As the rats crept toward the plate he waved them away.

Again a noise, this one sounded like steam. Looking upward, he saw the silver object to be a pendulum that dropped slowly with each stroke. Then he divined the cunning of his captors. A blade of steel was descending slowly toward him. With days of mental torture and hours of physical torture, his death would be slow and horrible.

Time passed but he could not reckon how much. His mind alternated between fascination and insanity. Sometimes he laughed. Sometimes he cried. Sometimes he shrieked.

Now the blade was only a yard above him, then two feet above. Then one foot.

Rats Save Life.

Only inches separated them. Then desire for life surged through him so that he cried to heaven for help. Grasping the scraps of food he smeared the meat over his bonds as far as he could reach, using every drop of grease. Then he lay still. The rats had not before seen him lying so. They watched, crept closer, then jumped onto the bench. They were over his body in a flash. Voraciously they gnawed and chewed the bands of cloth. Greedily they tore it, trying to get the last drop of food.

The pendulum swung in long arcs, even closer. There was a pressure as the knife cut his robe. He did not dare move yet. Seconds passed, and he knew that his robe was cut through. As the blade reached the height of its arc, he lunged with all his force and fell free.

The pendulum stopped and swiftly rose to the ceiling. The prisoner lay as one lifeless, waiting for the next mode of death.

He did not wait long. The walls changed color, revealing hideous pictures which might have come from hell. Oppressive heat choked him as he saw that the walls were being heated and were coming together so that the cell was growing smaller. Their purpose was clear: to push him into the pit.

A crash sounded. The walls jerked away as with thunder. An arm clutched him. The French had conquered his enemies. He was saved.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Find Solomon's Seaport—Kaiser at Wedding



1—An ancient seaport used by King Solomon on the Red sea has been unearthed by archeologists in Palestine. Photograph shows shallow rooms uncovered by the diggers. 2—Gen. Saturnino Cedillo, one-time close associate of President Cardenas of Mexico, whose activities caused the government to re-enforce its troops at San Luis Potosi to prevent a revolt. 3—Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm chats with the bride of his grandson, the former Grand Duchess Kyra, following their marriage at Doorn house, Netherlands. Prince Louis Ferdinand, the groom, looks on.

Menuhin and His Fiancee



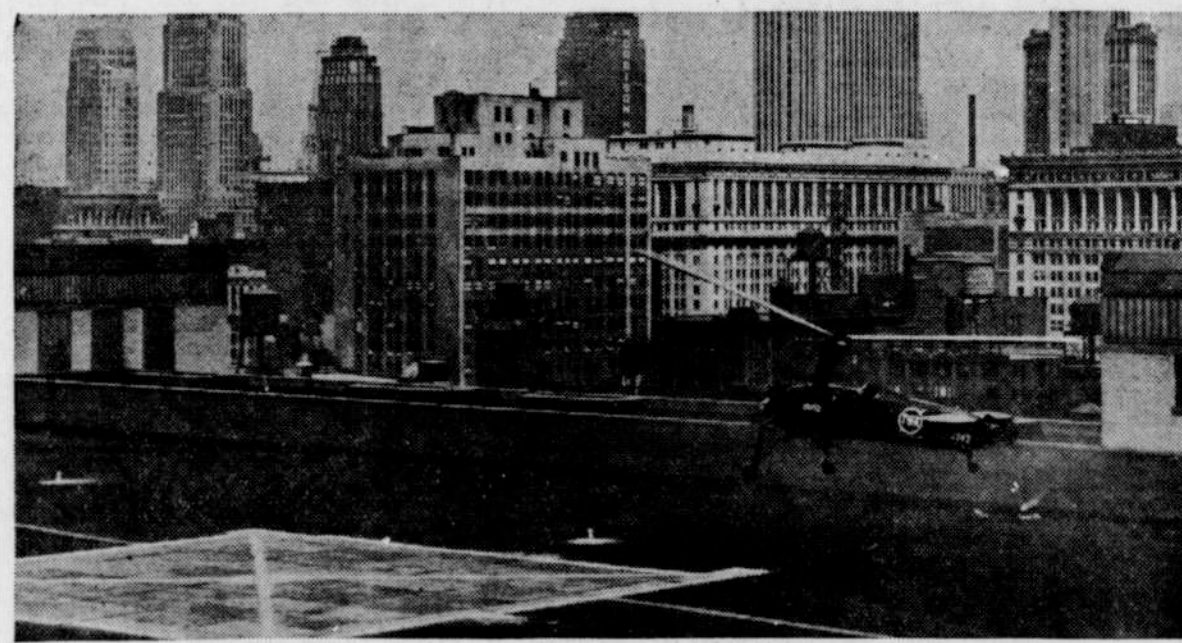
Yehudi Menuhin, concert violinist, is pictured in London with his bride-to-be, Miss Nola Nicholas of Melbourne, Australia. Miss Nicholas is the daughter of a wealthy Australian drug manufacturer.

HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS



Mrs. E. Roland Harriman, society trotting enthusiast, is shown aboard the high wheeled sulky which Jay Eye See pulled to a world record of 2:10 back in 1884 as she gave the ancient relic a workout over the track at Goshen, N. Y.

Giro Lands Mail on Post Office Roof



A new chapter in air mail history was written in Chicago as Pilot Johnny Miller settled to the post office building roof with his autogiro carrying 135 pounds of mail from the Municipal airport. A feature of the program observing the twentieth anniversary of air mail flight, the demonstration showed the practicability of vertical landing and take-offs by means of the autogiro and the attendant saving in time.

ACE JUMPING FROG



"Zip," the prize hopping frog of eight-year-old Eddie Robinson of Stockton, Calif., showed plenty of zip at the historic Angels Camp Frog Jumping jubilee in Calaveras county recently when it pounced out 15 feet 10 inches to set a new world's record. The jubilee honors Mark Twain, who wrote a story about a jumping frog and other figures of the early days in the Mother Lode gold mining section.

Toe Shine Boy Does Rushing Business



America's first "Toe Shine Boy" is enterprising young Keoki Kepoo, who does a rushing business of massaging the pedal digits of fair swimmers at Hawaii's popular Waikiki beach at Honolulu.