



Bitsy Grant Alone Supplies Thrills to Modern Tennis

PERHAPS it is because little guys must stick together or get stuck by an unappreciative world. Anyhow the word picture that was to be painted here is all jumbled up. Every time I try to daub the paper with some pretty phrase concerning the flame-tipped rackets of such tennis geni as Helen Jacobs and Fred Perry the result somehow comes out differently. Somehow I always come up with the sharp outlines of a fighting gentleman from Georgia—Bitsy Grant.

It is a most distressing situation. After witnessing the national championship at Forest Hills, a while back, I got loaded with all sorts of other information. I know that the tall, blonde Alice Marble has enough strokes to win a title, but that she has not yet achieved the proper match temperament. I can gab with the best of the experts about Donald Budge's equipment.

I can tip off one of those anti-perspiration companies that they have a good prospect in Perry. I can argue why the worst tournament in years brought out the best crowds. I can suggest that was because the celebrated gentleman conducting the affair introduced some new performers for a change. I know that Mrs. Molla Mallory is almost as active as a player and that she tried sitting on nine different chairs in the course of 75 minutes during one afternoon. But still there's the gent from Georgia.

I can wise up the gents who don't go to tennis matches, too, that they are missing something. That—although tennis no longer seems to turn out such exciting sisters as Mlle. Lenglen—the girls are far prettier than they were a few seasons ago.

It's Polite to Applaud Other Fellow's Error

I know that tennis still is the only sport where the polite thing to do is to applaud some unfortunate fellow's error. I suspect that if I were a linesman and one of the boys or girls tossed a point just to show what he or she thought of my bad judgment, I'd hand him or her a couple of the best where it would do the most good.

I know that Helen Jacobs wears a gold chain on her left wrist while playing and that Miss Marble is adorned with a wrist watch. If I were Miss Pedersen I would wear shorts that did not bag around my knees. If I were one of those khaki-clad stalwarts who seem to do nothing all day long save take down nets, and then put them up again, I'd come out swinging a racquet some day just to see what would happen to the frozen faces of the elect.

I know that Frankie Parker needs a long rest so that he can get in such physical shape that he no longer needs to wait over those soft serves. I know that the ball boys get paid 75 cents a match and that some of them make as high as \$25 during the tournament. I suspect that nose specialists, who see the way Perry keeps his mouth open while playing, immediately begin squirming because they want to operate on that long beak for adenoids.

I—but, as has been mentioned before, such items leave me cold. Until waning strength and Big Bill Tilden finally took the play away from him, and he retired, I used to go to tennis affairs to watch a frail little guy named Bill Johnston. Tennis did not seem then—as too often since—a dead-panned comedy of manners. Instead pulses ever strummed faster while that blazing inner urge with which few humans are blessed made Little Bill's scrawny muscles perform the impossible.

Now—for all that I would not give one Dodge double-header for all the tennis of the season—I again am willing to pay to get into the park. Tennis is a game where tall, strong and rangy men ever will meet with most success and Bitsy Grant probably would have to stand on tiptoes to look Rabbit Maraville in the eyes.

Yet—but come to think of it, maybe that really is why I like to watch this tiny gee.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE: NOT a soul seems to have noted that Princeton Football Professor Fritz Crister is wearing specs for the first time this autumn. . . . Could there be any McCoy to the gossip that Pie Traynor will be elevated to an office berth and Rogers Hornsby will become manager of the Pirates?

That World Series gold will be appreciated by Joe Glenn of the Yankee catching department. A little Joe is due almost any day now. . . . Jack Ogden, the former Swarthmore collegian who has business-managed the Orioles so capably that Baltimore again is a good baseball town, would bear watching by big time basketball promoters. The University of Baltimore five, which he coaches during the winter, is composed mainly of New York boys and might make a very good Garden or Hippodrome attraction. . . . Yale undergraduates, who were very vexed a few springs ago because Johnny Broaca (now of the Yankees) would not wear out his arm for the Alma Mommie, now have a similar peeve. His coach at Andover said that Prec Little was the best schoolboy end he had ever seen. But Prec just can't be bothered with coming out for the Eli squad.

Ball players say the real reason why that "young" Cincinnati team did so well this year is that most of the hitting, fielding and pitching was supplied by Kiki Cuyler, Ernie Lombardi, Tommy Thevenow, Babe Herman, Paul Derringer and one or two others who just missed voting for Lincoln. . . . One of Giant Secretary Eddie Brannick's proudest memories is that in 1918 he won \$27 from various Giants by betting he could stand on the left field foul line at Baker Bowl and throw a ball over the center field fence. The heave traveled more than 300 feet and cleared the high wall of the Philly park with plenty to spare.

Why Shakespeare Isn't Heaving Pro Passes

Bill Shakespeare is not heaving pro passes this year because he has to swell a job as assistant to the secretary of a railroad. . . . That celebrated weekly magazine which last year fell for the bookie blarney that the parimutuels are unbeatable should look up a citizen named Horace Paul. Whispers have it that he would run a mile before investing a nickel in a track book. But that he reaps a fortune each season playing against the machines. . . . Although his football teams do not always elate Syracuse old grads, Coach Vic Hanson is tops with the town kids. That is because he operates a children's summer camp on the lake outside the city. . . . Lou Ambers believes that one reason why he performed so capably while winning the lightweight title recently is that he finally learned to relax before a bout. He used to be so restless that he would wander about town or go from movie to movie on the afternoon when he had an important bout coming up. This time he went to bed and really slept.

Luck has played a miserable trick on a Fordham youngster. The boy is the best passer on the Ram football squad but his eyes have failed so badly that he cannot pick out his targets and has even worse luck on pass defense. . . . Frank Crossetti and Arndt Jorgens of the Yankees do their best to see that Mr. Rockefeller gets along all right. Each fair evening they can be found eating in style, and out of doors, in his Radio City sunken gardens. . . . Cardinal First Baseman Rip Collins is one of the most diligent of autograph signers. He never refuses. . . . Although he has been one of the most successful photographers of race horses for 35 years, C. C. Cook seldom bets on the ponies.

A thought that should be preserved was uttered long ago by Rudolph Spreckels, the multi-millionaire turfman and sugar king. Talking to a young bettor who had more hopes than money, he inquired "How can you expect to bring up a family on horses' noses?" . . . It is somewhat out of line with the quoted statement of Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope in a town where 2 to 5 favorites so often meet with misfortune. The racing commission chairman is quoted as saying that the races never ruined anybody.

Players say the real trouble with Babe Dahlgren, the mighty fielder who will get another chance at the Red Sox first sack next season, is not weak hitting. He thinks wrong and not often enough, they testify. . . . A very pretty feud will have some more innings if Jocko Conlon is added to the American league umpiring staff next year. He and Lou Gehrig never could get along. . . . If Jack Dobson, son of the Maryland coach, did not have a knee injury which probably will prevent him from playing again, Army might be displaying another All-America back.

Pampero seems to be a lucky name for Argentine ponies. Jack Nelson, who sold a big brown with that name to Winston Guest in 1931, now has a similarly tagged small chestnut he expects to peddle for plenty.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Lloyd George Vs. Pershing. VERNALIS, CALIF. — That shell of a once great mentality which is David Lloyd George may be right when he says in his latest book that Gen. John Pershing "was quivering with suspicion that the British and French meant to rob him of his army."

A correspondent in France in 1918, I happen to know that that was exactly what the British and French did try to do — to break up the A. E. F.'s divisions for absorption into their own commands and thereby destroy its integrity as a consolidated fighting force, and if Pershing "quivered with suspicion" he had ample grounds for his suspicion. But he didn't quiver from any other emotions—not so as you'd notice it.

After all our bragging about efficiency, we did slip in the matters of ordnance, airplanes, tanks, and, during the first few months, in transport service at the front. But there were certain elements in which we never failed — in man power and manhood and manly courage.

Uncle Sam in the Lion's Den. EXCLUDING Britons and Scandinavians, ours remains almost the only important white race that hasn't a dictatorship or worse. And the high tide of communism laps these shores, which once we thought were insulated by time and distance against evil alien contacts.

We still stand aloof from entangling foreign alliances despite pressure from within and without, but no longer may we bar reasonable foreign propaganda — not with science making duck-ponds out of oceans. Moreover, sundry great powers work to turn out warplanes capable of spanning a sea or a continent on a single hostile dash.

Isn't it about time we realized—we, the foolish virgin amongst the nations, who once fondly fancied this land was protected by its hemispheric isolation — that we're just about as isolated as Daniel was in the lion's den? And Daniel had a miracle to fall back on!

Benevolence in Reverse. BY EDICT Japan has deleted from her dictionary all mention of the "war." To the Koreans and the Chinese and the Manchurians these should indeed be tidings of great joy — to find out what's been violently happening to them was merely a benevolent brand of peace.

Even so, it's barely possible that some of the survivors of this neighborly friendship may still be like the distinguished American actor — I think it was Jack Barrymore — who went to a luncheon where the guest of honor, a notable from foreign parts, was, as the saying goes, rather chucking his weight about. So Barrymore leaned over to a tablemate and whispered: "The gentleman seems to be something of a formidable ass, doesn't he?" "Oh, oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," said the other. "Well, at least," murmured Barrymore, "he'll do till one comes."

Great American Pests. WHEN he's not working at his regular trade, I know now what becomes of the gentleman with the brainpan development of a Potomac shad who makes a business of sitting at the ringside and yelling to some poor dud of a pugilist, while the latter is being whipped into a custard, "Go on, kid—he can't hurt you."

To show the other side of his nature, this party attends picture theaters and hisses madly as the likeness of the opposition presidential candidate is flashed on the screen.

Statistics show that his breed already numbers nearly two millions and is constantly increasing because, owing to a regrettable oversight of nature, this species spawns close to shore and the hatch all live.

IRVIN S. COBB. Copyright.—WNU Service.

Bodily Requirements Our bodily requirements call for very much larger quantities of air than of food or water. The average food consumption is three pounds of food per person and water consumption four pounds, while the air we breathe in the course of a day weighs thirty-four pounds. This vast amount of air we breathe contains much more than the principal constituent gases, oxygen and nitrogen. It carries germs, mineral dust, smoke, pollen, organic particles.

Fort Knox, Maine Fort Knox is in the town of Prospect, Me., across the river from Bucksport. It was started in 1846 but was not completed until 1866. Its purpose was to protect the headwaters of the Penobscot river. During the Spanish-American war the fort was used as a training camp for soldiers. It is the property of the state of Maine, by a gift deed from the government.

Household Questions

If cream or custard sauce curdles put the vessel in which it is cooking in a pan of hot water and heat well. It will soon become smooth again.

Sandpapering baby's shoes before they are worn prevents slipping and saves many a fall.

To remove lime which accumulates on the inside of a tea kettle boil a strong solution of vinegar inside of the kettle, then rinse thoroughly before putting in water.

Use two spoons for turning a roast. A fork pierces the surface and allows the juice to escape.

Always store baking powder in a tightly covered container. If it is exposed to the air some of the strength will be lost.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Chevalier d'industrie. (F.) A swindler; sharper; an adventurer. Deus vobiscum! (L.) God be with you! In medias res. (L.) Into the midst, as of a subject. Mauvaise honte. (F.) False modesty. Nil admirari. (L.) To wonder at nothing. Ecce. (L.) Behold.



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16 LUNCH AND DINNER FAVORITES

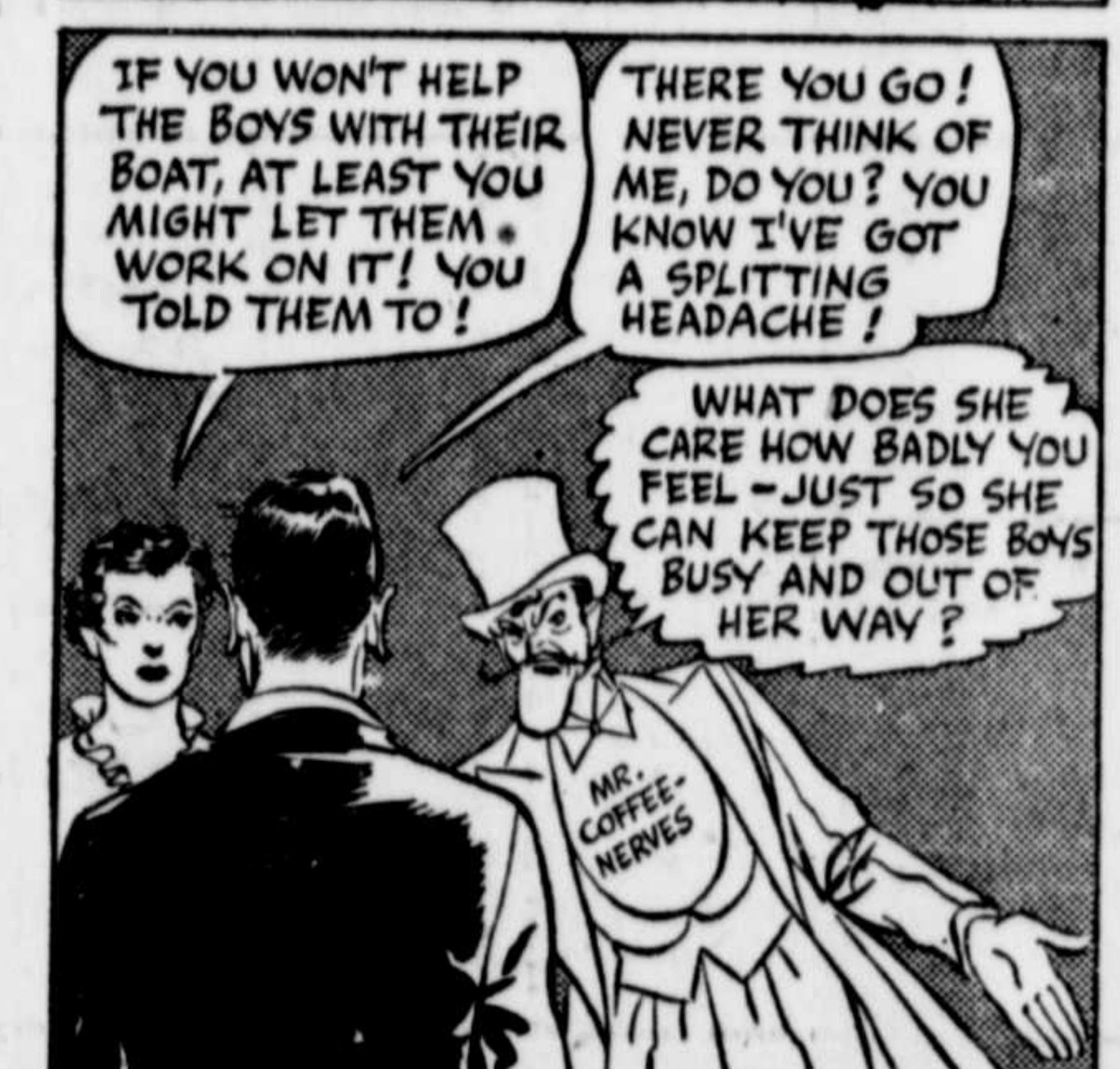
- TOMATO VEGETABLE BEEF
PEA CLAM CHOWDER
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CELERY PEPPER POT
VEGETABLE CHICKEN
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MULLIGATAWNY
MUSHROOM

the Soups from Down-in-Dixie



PHILLIPS Delicious Southern SOUPS

TED LAUNCHES A NEW SHIP



OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you have headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly . . . try Postum. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. Postum comes in two forms—Postum Cereal, the kind you boil, and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. Either way it is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods. FREE—Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail coupon. © 1934, G. F. COOP.