

is built. An elegant hotel on water. Accommodations for 4,000 people. Twenty life boats. All the conveniences of first class home life. But—

"Secure staterooms now. The greatest steamship is to make her maiden run to New York. Records to go glimmering. A trip that will startle the world!"

The biggest handsomest steamer! A maiden trip! A race against the records! Thousands go aboard—men, women and children. It will be a trip to brag about, this race against Time and the elements. In the dead of night the temperature suddenly falls. This means icebergs, as every captain knows. There's that race against the records, however—1,500 passengers and crew of 800 not to be disappointed. Icebergs are not uncommon, anyhow. On with the race!

A crash and near 1,400 bloated corpses float and bob and wash against each other in the splendid cabins and salons two miles deep in the Atlantic. A thousand widows, two thousand orphans, property loss almost beyond account. But it was a splendid race against Death—while it lasted.

Poor foolish humanity that cannot make progress toward full usefulness without paying awful toll of Death!

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#### He Went Out.

Wife (at the play)—That act was full of dry humor.

Husband (delightedly)—I suppose that is why I am so thirsty. Excuse me a minute.—Tit-Bits.

## FREAKY BASEBALL PLAY WAS THIS

Rollie Zeider says Buddy Ryan pulled off a freak play this winter while playing in Southern California. Bud and Zeider were playing for Calexico in the Imperial valley.

One of the irrigation ditches that are numerous in the valley ran in about 10 feet of the left field foul line. There was a man on second and one on third. Mott lined a beauty over third just inside the line. Buddy sprinted over and got the ball with one hand.

He never stopped until he took a header in the canal, both runners crossing the pan. Bud crawled out of the canal and raced over touching third, never stopping until he reached second, claiming an unassisted triple play.

Buddy finally convinced the umpire that he had not dropped the ball by showing him that the ball was wet only on one side, where, if he had dropped it, the ball was bound to be wet all over.

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#### As to Cleanliness.

The teacher called upon Freddie Brown to illustrate the proper use of the degrees of the adjective, "clean."

"Mother is clean," said Freddie falteringly, "father is cleaner—" Here he paused.

"And," prompted the teacher, "haven't you some other relative?"

"Oh, yes, there's Auntie—but I ain't sure about her."