

The Head Start
By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

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TRAINER JAKE JONES, whose eyes resembled hard-boiled eggs, fixed them on Stickney McVey, giving that youth an uncomfortable sensation, as if he had eaten too much at a picnic.

"I've done right by you, Stick," declared Trainer Jake. "I've worked hard and earned on you. You got the build, you got the strength, you got the stride of a runner. But, Judas Priest! you ain't got a fetter. Every time you get left at the post."

"The meet tomorrow with Clay is about the last chance I give you. Try and jump the gun—just once. If you try that, you may run on time after all."

And with that nasty dig, Trainer Jake took himself away.

That night Stickney McVey awoke from a sound sleep to find his bed surrounded by sinister figures in the robes and cowls of monks. By their insignia, he knew he was the recipient of a visitation from that fraternity, an honor highly coveted at Enfield college.

The boy in bed broke the silence with, "Kind of late, aren't you?"

"Lateness is not inappropriate in a visit to you," the spokesman declared, and in his words there seemed to be malice aforethought.

Then the hooded figures spoke in unison: "Rise, base wretch! gird thyself and come forth to trial by combat, holding in all, and other oracles to test if thou be worthy."

"Say, isn't better let me go to-morrow," Stickney protested. "I'm in training, you know. Meet with Clay tomorrow. Got to run the hundred."

"The monk says we think," answered the leader, "that his presence in the meet will make some difference. We had not noticed that it had in the past. We come now to take upon your training."

That night Stick McVey ran as he never ran before and hoped never to run again. The event he ran was the gauntlet. Four strong-armed Mu Nuss were at the start of every sprint, when Stick crouched for the start, being equipped with paddles, they insured the continuation of the impulse, and at the finish were more brethren who indulged in slaps of congratulation. Finally, the initiate did a fast

sprint to his room, locked and barricaded the door, and composed his weary, smarting body to slumber.

It was so funny that even the crowds in the Enfield stands had to laugh when their star pale valuer's pole snapped just as he was clearing what would have been the winning height. The ludicrous fashion with which he crashed through the bamboo cross bar and the surprised expression on his face when he lit suddenly in the pit were comical indeed. But when that event gave a margin of points to the rival Clay team, the debacle lost its power to amuse.

Stick McVey, stopping none so sprightly toward the starting point of the 100-yard dash, felt many a pair of eyes on him. He winced, for he realized that now his college's hopes of victory rested largely on him. He'd jump that gun, he would. What did he care if the starter called them all back? It would show 'em he wasn't going to be late this time. No more trailing and finishing fourth for him.

And then as he dug his spikes in the starting holes, Stick knew with a horrible certainty that he was not going to be able to jump the gun—not even with the grueling training the Mu Nuss had administered the night before to put fighting spirit in him. Long-formed habit was too strong. He knew in his heart that just as he was deciding to beat the starter's gun by a split second, the darn thing would go off and he would lurch forward too late, in the dust of the field.

Before he started he was a beaten man.

"Ready!" ordered the starter. Eight runners rose from their haunches and caught their light, sure balances with hands resting on the cinder track.

"Get set!" The crouching bodies of the eight beat forward, every muscle at its utmost tensile and nerves strung tight for the crack of the pistol.

In the bark of that weapon was lost the gentle crack of an air rifle fired from the track house, directly in rear of the starting point. The concealed marksman was Trainer Jake Jones.

Stickney McVey started forward as if he had been shot. As a matter of fact, he had been.

He must have covered five yards or so with his first leap and on the sixth he hit his stride. His well-muscled legs pounded up and down like the pistons of a smoothly racing engine.

It was a pretty race, the 100-yard dash the stands saw that day. If only the fleeting, thrilling picture could have been more lasting! The watches caught them at only two-fifths over ten seconds. Chest out, head back, Stick McVey broke the

Wit and Humor



SURE!

"Any good going to that factory for work?"

"Sure! Just go in at the gate that has 'Keep Out' on it, and cross the yard. Then you'll see a door with a 'No Help Wanted' sign. Go right in, and there'll be another door at your left with 'No Admittance' on it. If you see a big man in there with a ball pointer tapping him, that's the foreman. He only speaks Rumanian, but you'll understand him."

Fireproof

"You are sure this metal filing cabinet is absolutely fireproof?" asked Edges of the new furniture salesman.

"Absolutely, sir," replied the latter.

"Why, do you know, sir, that one of our filing cabinets came into and sound out of the Midwood Bank fire, although everything inside it had been burned to ashes?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Promising

"When two people like the same thing their marriage is bound to be happy," declared the engaged girl.

"Well, you and I ought to be happy, then," replied the girl, who wanted Tom but didn't get him. "I know you love him, but I notice he is fond of himself."

Adams Not Superstitious

John Quincy Adams was the first resident to take the oath of office on Friday.

Her Education

"Until I married you," said Mrs. Staines to her other half as he rolled home at 3 a. m., "I had no idea there were so many things to take Staines out."—Titt-Bits.

MOTOR CLASSIC AUTO RACE

"Spend the Holidays in Detroit!" is the slogan of the Shadoklam Grotto Awakening Committee and the Michigan State Fair this year, for in addition to the production of The Awakening for 15 nights at the State Fair Grounds, June

27 to July 11, the Detroit Motor Classic Auto Races will be held on the afternoon of July 4 and all day, July 5.

Over thirty of the outstanding dirt track stars of the country have entered for the two days' speed contests at the fast mile oval, among whom will be winners from all parts of the United States in other speed events, including Les Allen who broke the world's I. M. C. A. 100-mile record at Detroit June 7, Sam Ross, who finished in second money and Ralph Ormsby who while coming in third, led the race for 99 miles.

Besides there will be Paul Clancy, a world's record holder on dirt tracks; Cliff Romm, the Italian flash; Jules Devereaux, the Belgian speed ace; Fuzzy Davidson, the Pacific coast star; Kurt Wetchem, Curly Young, Cliff Woodbury, Babe Adams, Homer Ormsby, Billy Brodbeck, Bert Thomas, Lud Neilson and others with such cars as Millers, Duesenbergs, Frontenacs, Peugeot's, Laurels, Roofs, Rajas and Fiats.

Auto races start at 3:30 p. m. July 4, time trials at 8:30 a. m. July 5, the 150 mile race at 2:30 p. m. July 5 and the Awakening "Cleopatra" performances at 8:15 p. m. each evening of the fifteen performances.

Elephants Need Vanity Cases, Too



Painting the faces of the royal elephants of India is pictured above.

Each facial design has a special religious significance. Something of an elephant's age is revealed by its ears; at twenty two they first begin to fold over. An elephant is full grown at twenty-five but he does not attain his perfect strength until thirty-five. He generally lives to be more than a hundred. A tamed elephant eats more than one thousand pounds of green fodder and twenty-five pounds of unhusked rice each day.

A whole herd of these pachyderms is to be seen in Thearle-Dumfeld's gorgeous protected spectacle, "India" or "A Night in the Orient" to be given in Detroit at the University of Detroit Stadium commencing July 28th under the auspices of the University of Detroit Alumni Association.

Come out and see

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		30x3½ GOODYEAR	\$1.75

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