

INDIANAPOLIS, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1932

Entered as Second-Class Matter at Postoffice, Indianapolis

The Book Nook



Rafael Sabatini

Once again Rafael Sabatini has written a best seller. It is called "The Black Swan," and it is a story of pirates on the Spanish Main. Published by Houghton-Mifflin.

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

HAVE been asked to name a murder mystery story that will keep one from thinking of the heat these hot days and nights.

That's a pretty big order but I believe that I have such a book.

I know that for several hours one hot evening I became so interested in "Murder in the Zoo," by Babette Hughes, I forgot to turn my electric fan on.

Such a book then has the right to qualify as cool reading on a hot afternoon or night.

The "Zoo" in this story is not a city home for wild animals but the animal room in a university psychological laboratory.

In this strange smelling animal room in which professors and students experiment upon living animals, Dr. Brown, a professor, was murdered.

When the body was discovered, a bloody hammer was near. It looked as if his murderer had crept up from behind and then dealt the fatal blow. But—maybe the hammer had nothing to do with the murder.

And guess who solved the mystery. Not a regular detective but Prof. Ina Craig, who used a unique system in solving the crime.

Yes, it was a woman who murdered Dr. Brown and the reason was that he would not divorce his wife and marry her. Fiction has some strange reasons for murder this season.

The story is entertainingly told. It has plenty of speed and action. Good hot weather reading. Light? Yes, but effective fiction. It is published by D. Appleton & Co.

WHATEVER the Republican and Democratic parties do, prohibition is here to stay, according to Izzy Einstein, the famous prohibition sleuth who has nearly five thousand arrests to his credit.

Izzy, whose name was once a terror to bootleggers and beer runners, is now in the insurance business. He has written a book, "Prohibition Agent No. 1," which will be published in the fall by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Izzy writes: "Professor Albert Einstein makes his discoveries in the sky, but Izzy Einstein makes his own in the cellar."

Such comment does not seem to be any too serious.

Max Miller, who wrote "I Cover the Waterfront," is writing Heywood Brown's column in the New York World Telegram for two weeks while Brown is on his vacation. You may read these same comments in The Times. Miller's book is one of the surprise hits of the season. It is now in its second printing.

The first autumn book Lippincott will publish this year is "High Low Washington," by 30 32. This is not the ordinary book of gossip about persons and events in the national capital but a witty, a searching book crammed with anecdote and analysis of our national and international predicament.

A biography of Napoleon II, who died on July 22 a hundred years ago, written by Octave Aubry and now being serialized in the Revue des Deux Mondes, will be published this autumn under the title, "The King of Rome."

Two popular Lippincott authors celebrate their birthdays this month. On July 27 Hilarie Belloc, whose "Napoleon" Lippincott will bring out in the autumn, will celebrate. On July 10 Jane Abbott, whose novel "Silver Fountain" was published recently, observed her birthday.

E. V. Lucas, internationally known author, was made a companion of honor in the recent list of King George's birthday honors. Mr. Lucas' latest volume, "Lemon Vena," a collection of essays, will be published by J. B. Lippincott Company in the early autumn.

Harrison H. Dodge's recent book, "Mt. Vernon: Its Owner and Its Story," is being printed in Braille for the use of the blind.

J. B. Lippincott Company has published three mystery stories during July: "The House on the Cliff," double-barreled thriller, by Laurence W. Meynell; "The Midnight Murder," Captain Keetch and Scotland Yard sleuthing, by Paul Herring; and "The Green Knife," four murders and Dr. Elvace Halley, by Anthony Wynne. A recent story by Wynne, "The Elvace Halley Mystery," was named by William Lyon Phelps as one of the "one hundred books of the year."

TITANIC RAIL MERGER PLAN IS APPROVED

Commission Puts O. K. on Mammoth 4-Way Combine Proposal.

\$9,800,000,000 INVOLVED

Eastern Lines Get Greatest Chance for Comeback Since Depression.

By United Press

WASHINGTON, July 22.—The interstate commerce commission has opened the way for a \$9,800,000,000 merger of eastern railroads believed to give the carriers their greatest opportunity for a financial comeback since depression and truck competition combined against them.

The commission approved general plans for consolidation of more than 200 lines and 53,000 miles of track into four super-systems that would have a virtual monopoly on rail transportation in the richest shipping territory in the world. Great savings in operating costs would be possible.

Under the approved plan practically every railroad between Chicago and the Atlantic, between New England and the south, would be consolidated under the standards of the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio and the Chesapeake & Ohio-Nickel Plate.

The commission's approval was conditioned upon certain changes in the plan submitted by the four big systems. Most of the roads' own proposals were accepted. The commission completely withdrew from its original position, that there is a fifth eastern system headed by the Washington & Annapolis line.

The roads now must agree to the modified plan and then obtain the commission's approval for each of the scores of transactions required to complete the four systems. This process may take years.

200 Lines Concerned

Over 200 different railroad companies are concerned in the consolidation. In brief, the four-party plan represents the commission's idea of the best possible means of building strong lines and yet retaining a maximum of competition. Every large city will be served by two or more roads, as will every port and every section.

The effects of the plan, as modified by the commission, are: The New York Central, through a connection with the Lackawanna, would secure a new direct route to Chicago and gain access to Lake Michigan for operation of car ferries to Wisconsin. It would get the Virginia and the Chesapeake & Ohio-Nickel Plate, the Van Sweringen line, would gain its long sought goal, entrance into New York and use of the Pennsylvania terminal.

Could Shorten Route

The Baltimore & Ohio would get the Western Maryland. It would be strengthened by trackage rights in the Cleveland and Toledo districts and will have access to the new Cleveland terminal. It could shorten its New York-Chicago route. Between Toledo and Detroit it would have trackage rights over the Pere Marquette. It would get the Lehigh & Hudson, a New England gateway line.

The Pennsylvania gets both the Norfolk & Western and the Washington & Annapolis, which the four roads wanted to divide between them. The commission decided this should be left, for the time being at least, as an independent system. The commission also decided that the Seaboard Air Line be left out of the consolidations.

The Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville, called the Monon, was allocated to the Baltimore & Ohio under the original plan, but the commission agreed with the present owners, the Southern and the Louisville & Nashville, that it remain a north-south line and not be merged into any east-west systems.

The commission also left the New York, Ontario & Western out of the merger.

Commissioners Eastman and McManamy dissented to the majority report.

BUILDERS GO GOLFING

Indianapolis Congress Deifies Heat in Outing at Idlewood.

The heat wave was defied Thursday by members of the Indianapolis Building Congress, and the annual golf tournament of the organization was held in Idlewood park, near Pendleton.

A dinner was served following the tournament. Frederick E. Schortemeier, former secretary of state, was master of ceremonies. Horse shoe pitching, indoor baseball and swimming were other athletic stunts on the program.

WELL, it wasn't long until the news of this had spread everywhere among magicians. A steady trek set in for the house on Remsen street. Dr. Hooker had to give three shows a week to accommodate the demand. That lasted three or four weeks.

In the various audiences sat the most noted professional conjurers

ONCE in awhile a patrolman steps up to the street-barker and asks to see his license. The barker doesn't argue. The request is his notice to "vamoose." As he has no license to peddle his wares, he packs his grip, folds his spindleg-legged table and moves on to a new vacant building and a new crowd, until another copper appears.

But let's stop awhile and listen to Bob Hart, barker extraordinary, in front of 127 East Washington street.

Only a dime, ladies and gentlemen, you can get this needle-threader for just a thin dime—just two 5-cent pieces."

Or it may be a hawk of 10-cent socks, card trick or safety razor blades that are "just as good as those you pay half a dollar for."

Here today and gone tomorrow, these barkers haunt the areas of unrented business buildings and garner the dimes and quarters by the magic persuasion of their voices.

WATCH THE WANDERING BARKER! HE EVEN TAKES STAINS OFF YOUR CONSCIENCE

TODAY'S shopping crowd, window as well as otherwise, is in full bloom on East Washington street.

Youngsters straggle at the heels of perspiring mothers. Grandmothers struggle with bundles of merchandise.

Members of the crowd slow up so you stumble upon them, and cut through to spaces in vacant store-fronts. They edge near a man who stands near a spindleg-legged table and shouts:

KEEPING THE WORLD GUESSING

Greatest Magician of All Picks 'Sons' to Carry On

Through the ages the mystic art of legerdemain has intrigued all men. Out of this ancient interest has grown a unique fellowship, the Society of American Magicians.

BY EARL SPARLING
(Copyright, 1932, by the New York World-Telegram Corporation)

THE greatest of all amateur magicians—indeed, he has been called the greatest magician living, bar none—is Samuel Cox Hooker, Ph. D., wealthy retired chemist and industrialist of 82 Remsen street, Brooklyn. There, by the story of a boyhood dream that did not die.

Fifty years ago as a stripling in England, where he was born, Samuel Hooker wanted nothing of the world but to mystify it.

He haunted the Egyptian hall in London, known as "England's Home of Mystery." Professional magicians were his demigods.

He dogged them, was so persistent that the famous John Nevill Maskeleyne became his friend and teacher. At 16 the youth was giving benefit performances, and the road to his ambition seemed straight ahead.

Life got in his way. His family put him in the Royal College of Science, London, where he won a prize and a scholarship in chemistry. Then he was snipped away to the University of Munich, to become not a master of science, but a doctor of philosophy.

And so, before long, there was no time for magic. He came to America in 1885, and there was still less time.

Honors and cares piled themselves upon him. He became a member of the American Chemical Society, the American Electro-Chemical Society, of the Franklin Institute and of similar bodies in England, France and Germany.

He became a director of the Spreckels Sugar Corporation of the Great Western Sugar Company.

IN 1916, at the age of 53, he retired. Then, suddenly, the old dream got in him again. In the rear of his fine old home in Brooklyn was a stable, unused for years.

He converted it into a comfortable two-story laboratory and began putting. The results became known in 1918, when he invited about twenty members of the Society of American Magicians to visit him at his home.

Dr. Hooker, an immense tall man with a heavy beard, said little. He ushered his visitors through the house, through a courtyard and into the converted stable.

There they found themselves in a tiny theater, complete to the last detail. Dr. Hooker excused himself and the curtain went up on him, his "impossibilities" and an imitation bear head that was to become famous around the world as "Miltiades III."

A borrowed pack of cards was placed in a glass houlelette that stood on a skeleton table. Any card the magician called for rose slowly out of the houlelette, settled back at his command.

Any card the audience called for rose similarly. Any number of cards demanded would rise simultaneously.

THE Queen of Hearts leaped into the air. The magician took it from the air and stood it on end without visible support. The other queens leaped out and were placed in a row, standing on edge.

Perhaps it was done with threads. No, the magician placed a cylindrical glass cover over the houlelette. Under glass, the cards continued to dance weirdly.

Perhaps it was done by some mechanism in the skin of the cards. No, the magician attached ribbons to the little glass houlelette, which could contain no conceivable mechanism, and swung it in the air.

The cards continued to rise at command, perform the same evolutions. They would rise swiftly, slowly, jerkily, according to the movement of any spectator's hand.

Then the magician turned to Miltiades III, resting on another table. The imitation bear head came alive. It turned its head right and left, rolled its eyes.

It answered questions, yes or no, by opening and shutting its mouth. Name any card in any pack, and Miltiades would tell the card's exact location.

Take any number of cards from any pack and conceal them in your pocket. Miltiades would tell the exact number.

Finally, to the amazement of the visitors, Miltiades without warning arose in the air, and remained perched there without visible support, several feet above the table. Perched thus in mid air he continued to roll his eyes, turn his head and answer questions.

WELL, it wasn't long until the news of this had spread everywhere among magicians. A steady trek set in for the house on Remsen street. Dr. Hooker had to give three shows a week to accommodate the demand. That lasted three or four weeks.

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Professor Shirley M. Quimby of Columbia, who has brought to magic the invaluable aid of the scientist's laboratory. With John Mulholland, he is joint custodian of the impenetrable secrets of Dr. Hooker, the master magician.

in the land, Harry Kellar, Harry Houdini, Howard Thurston, Fred Keating, Al Baker, Servais Le Roy, Theo Hardeen, Mme. Hermann, widow of Hermann the Great, etc.

All came away mystified. There was nothing in the secret lore of magic to explain Dr. Hooker's illusions.

When all the American magicians had witnessed his miracles the Brooklyn amateur closed his theater. It remained dark for twelve years, except for several special exhibitions requested by noted conjurers from abroad.

HAVING "bewildered" all the magicians of the world, the elderly scientist was satisfied. He retired to his books, which forms one of the most scientific libraries in the country.

There was no more magic, except that Dr. Hooker continued to collect magical "gimmicks." A "gimmick" is any piece of secret apparatus, never seen by the audience, which a magician uses to perform a trick. To see the "gimmick" is usually to understand how the trick is done.

The Brooklyn amateur is said to have the finest collection of such gadgets in America, including every type used for centuries in a dozen lands, Chinese "gimmicks," Hindoo "gimmicks," Egyptian gimmicks, etc.

In 1929 it was suggested to Dr. Hooker that a new crop of magicians had grown up in America during the years of his "impossibilities" were gathering dust.

HE summoned to his Remsen street home Dr. Shirley M. Quimby, the Columbia professor in physics, and John Mulholland, young professor. He said to them, in effect, that he was, setting older (he was now 69) and that the time had come to pass his knowledge of magic on to other hands.

He pledged them they would reveal to no one else what he revealed to them until the time came when they were old, too, and must pass the knowledge on. At such a time they must exact a similar pledge.

So the tin theater came to life again, in June, 1929, during the New York national convention of the Society of American Magicians.

John Mulholland took the stage in place of Dr. Hooker. Professor Quimby was his invisible assistant, behind the scenes.

Apparently there was work to do behind the scenes, which required the skill of a scientist and physicist. No cleft can be gotten from

dog. It yelped and retreated. Gene reached for the rose.

With a wild bark, Myra V. hurled her body between the boy's hand and the red rose. Her teeth sank into the neck of a rattlesnake coiled about the stem of the rose bush just below the flower.

The serpent's fangs sank into the dog's body and for long minutes the pair battled in a death struggle. It ended with the snake lifeless and the victor lying exhausted beside it.

Gene's mother had heard the boy's scream, had seen the end of the fight. She rushed the dog to a hospital.

Doctors said today that Myra V. will live.

\$78 IN CLOTHING LOOT

City Man Fires Shotgun Charge at Prowler in Bedroom.

Clothing valued at \$78 was taken from the home of Fred Tucker, 948 West Thirty-fifth street, Thursday night, while the family was absent, police were told. Entry was made through an unlocked basement window, Tucker said.

Pharmacy of D. H. Darrah, 2210 East Washington street, was entered Thursday night by breaking glass from a rear window, and two watches worth \$15 were stolen, Darrah reported to police today.

One charge from a shotgun was fired early this morning at a maddened man by F. F. McDermott, 728 North East street, Apt. 5, awoke and found the man in his bedroom. The man fled through the unlocked window by which he had entered

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Mulholland or Quimby, of course—except this, that it took them three nights a week for a number of months to master the mechanism.

The 1929 revival was even a bigger success than the original presentation in 1918. Again noted magicians sat in the little theater and were bewildered.

Dr. Hooker had created something which defied magicians themselves, which, it might be added, is a feat almost without parallel in the history of magic. To this day, no one has solved his illusions; no one has duplicated them.

THE scientific appeal of such a physicist like Professor Quimby is apparent. Perhaps behind the scenes of Dr. Hooker's tiny

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