

MANY PEOPLE PURLOIN BOOKS BECAUSE THEY LOVE THEM, NO REALLY SORDID MOTIVE

(New York Sun)
What makes people steal books? There are two answers, one of which was exemplified in New York a few days ago when a Fourth avenue bookseller was arrested for receiving and marketing stolen volumes. In the cases where "fences" are involved, the motive is likely to be purely commercial because books are often valuable property. But there is another kind of a book-thief and another reason for stealing.

No doubt about it, bibliophily can and does become a vice that warps the moral sense just as surely as any other vice. A year or so ago a druggist in Queens was arrested for stealing a book from a Manhattan bookstore. It was "Nihongi," a volume with a retail value of \$15.

The druggist's story came out at the trial. For years he had been a lover and collector of books. He accumulated a library that cost him \$25,000. Perhaps he gave more thought and attention to his books than to his business — such things have been known before — but at any rate his business went into decline and finally bankruptcy. To his extreme sorrow he had to sell his \$25,000 library to satisfy his creditors.

Bookless, he was indeed destitute. What caused him to lust after "Nihongi" was not told at his trial, but whatever it was, it was strong enough to cause him, a solid business man, to tuck a book under his coat and try to slip out of a bookstore unnoticed like any common pilferer.

The magistrate who heard the case wisely decided that this was not an ordinary incident of shoplifting, and, although he imposed a three months' sentence, he stayed it on a promise of good behavior. There is nothing to show that the bibliophile-druggist did not walk a strictly straight path after that; perhaps by this time rehabilitated his library.

But the other kind of book burglary is commoner. Harold B. Clarke, who was arrested in Revere, Mass., last summer, is said to have pilfered New England libraries of \$50,000 worth of books, at the most conservative esti-

mate. He had customers in the large foreign capitals and all over the U. S. who were eager to buy his stolen rarities at bargain prices, without inquiring too closely into their provenance. The Widener Library at Harvard lost \$40,000 worth of books in the course of five years. Clarke knew a good deal about these losses. In fact some time ago he wrote a letter to the library offering his expert services in recovering some of the stolen books. That was the library's first intimation that they had been stolen.

The New York Public Library rarely loses a book by theft, largely because such close watch is kept over its great rarities. Manuscripts and precious books are in a special department, to which admittance can be gained only by card, and it is difficult to see how any book of importance could be stolen — although a very few have been.

Chicago booksellers analyzed their losses at one time and found, strangely enough, that Bibles were in greatest demand by bookthieves. Next came works of Plato, then the better class of non-fiction, the classics and dictionaries. That selection, of course, was made in bookstores where the really rare and valuable books were not available. The choice would indicate that students—impecunious students, one hopes—were guilty. Fiction, the best sellers, were rarely taken.

One Chicago bookseller caught a thief by a simple device that contains a suggestion for libraries elsewhere. He had on his shelves a four-volume edition of Burton's "Arabian Nights Entertainments." Over a period of a few weeks he noticed that the volumes were disappearing one by one. Finally only one was left.

So the bookseller tied a string around its pages and at the other end of the string he tied a little bell. There came a day when his assistants heard a faint tinkling back in the shelves, and they investigated to find an embezzled thief trying to look innocent while he struggled to get the last volume of Burton's under his coat, below the tails of which dangled a little bell!

A NEW GAMBLING DEVICE HAS STRUCK NEW YORK CITY AND IS DOING A BIG BUSINESS

(New York Sun)
A brand-new gambling device has struck the town and it has proved a life-saver for what otherwise would have been, in this depression period, a losing venture for a great many persons in business.

The device is in the force of an elaborate affair that resembles, at first glance, a portable chess board, such as travelers put in their satchels if they are optimistic enough to believe they'll run up against another chess enthusiast on their travels.

When closed, the device resembles a richly bound book in red morocco. When the front cover of the "book" is raised it proves to be the lid of a veritable box which latter holds innumerable pinholes. There are 6,000 of these pinholes, sixty squares of 100 each, and a small piece of hard wire, attached to a string, provides the means of puncturing the tiny holes.

As one of the pinholes is pierced from above, a tiny scroll is pushed outward, underneath the quasi-book, and when this scroll is unrolled a number is revealed. It may, or may not, be a winning number. It all depends how lucky you are. You pay 10 cents for the privilege of finding out. On the inside of the device's cover is announced: "Sales 10 Cents Each."

Of the 6,000 holes to be punched exactly forty-nine represent prizes. Twenty of these are \$1 each, sixteen are good for \$2.50 each, six of them \$5 each and another half-dozen represent a \$10 prize each. Then there is the "grand prize" of \$50. (Number 2,500 must be drawn in order to get that fifty bucks.)

All the forty-nine winning scrolls are numbered with 00. All the "duds" have a non-decimal ending. At 10 cents a sale, the 6,000 pinholes are good for a total of \$300. The total of the forty-nine prizes is \$200, which leaves \$400 to be divided, on a 50-50 basis between the "lessee" of the "book" and the owners and makers of the device. Should, by some strange freak of fate, the forty-nine prizes be drawn first, the owners of the device (not the lessee) would be the losers, of course, for they would have received nothing

for the board when letting it out and, by the terms of the agreement between the backers of the game and the "lessees," the latter get one-half of everything they take in. So that if the forty-nine prizes should come out at once, one after the other, the lessee would get \$2.45 and the backers would have to pay \$200 in prizes, less their 50 per cent. share of the \$4.90 taken in for the forty-nine pinholes sold.

The board that was being worked when a reporter for The Sun saw it had exactly 1,200 pinholes punctured with a total of \$19 paid out in prizes—two of \$5 each, two of \$2.50 each and four of \$1 each. Eight prizes in 1,200 attempts at winning! The lessee, so far, had cleared \$50.50 net! As, of course, also had the backers and owners of the new game. The lessee told the reporter that no further sales are made on a board after the forty-nine prizes have come out.

"Guys who wouldn't spend a dollar for a three-dollar shirt or fifty cents for a two-dollar necktie spend five dollars to stick holes in the board," he said. "It's paying my rent, light and heat and turning another rotten season into something worthwhile. Not only that, it's attracting trade to the counter. What tickles me pink is that the cheap guys who have been reading my magazines free by inspecting them leisurely at the rack now spend their time helping me pay my rent through these little pinholes."

One customer, on spending fifty cents for five chances and drawing a \$2.50 prize was so elated that he has spent \$15.00 without winning anything. There is a great fascination to the game, which is distributed all over town and a crowd eagerly gathers around to see what luck the "plungers" are having, which makes for still more business for the device, for it is a human failing to think you're going to be luckier than your predecessor.

The little scrolls are numbered on forgery-proof bank paper, showing that the backers have gone to unusual expense in perfecting their idea. Each "lessee" can get into immediate touch with the backers by telephone in the event of the \$50 prize being drawn, and a messenger delivers the \$50 within thirty minutes.

HOLLYWOOD FILM TOPICS

Hollywood, Jan. 9—They make New Year's resolutions right here in Hollywood, along with miles of celluloid and assorted sound effects. And it being resolution time again, the film folk are announcing a few of their own.

Bill Powell comes through with a resolution to learn the jack-knife dives even if he gets all cut up and breaks his neck. "And I probably will," he adds.

Jimmy Cagney resolved to swear off hitting nice blondes in the face with grapefruit and cantaloupes. "Such a reputation it gets you!" says the hard James.

As for Joe E. Brown, he opines: "I will keep my eyes open and my mouth shut—and will Eddie Cantor be sore!" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will not break into polite French at parties any more, or play the piano. "When you don't play the piano," he explains, "your friends can't laugh at you."

After two aviation pictures in a row, Richard Barthelmess resolved to stay away from planes even when they repose calmly on the ground.

Dick "Poker" Powell: "Never lead away from a queen. And furthermore, never lead at one."

Joan Blondell said she solemnly vowed not to worry, but then began worrying about whether she should have made it at all.

Looking over the current crop of European actress importations, Lyle Talbot resolves for more domestic blondes.

Loretta Young avers she will take up disguises if people don't quit reporting her engaged to every boy who sues her about.

And Ruth Chatterton summarily dismisses the whole matter with a resolve that she will pay no attention to such trivial things as resolutions!

Some Hot Biscuits Today

Make a dozen delicious biscuits this way. Sift together twice, 2 cups Purity Flour, 2 tspns baking powder, 1 tspn salt. Cream 1 tbspn each of lard and butter and mix with the dry ingredients, using the tips of your fingers. Add ½ cup each of milk and of water, mixing with knife until you have a very soft dough. Pat out lightly on mixing board until ¼-inch thick. Cut out and bake in hot oven for 15 minutes.

These biscuits—made with Purity Flour—will keep moist for several days, and may be re-heated without getting dry.

DELICIOUS SAUSAGE ROLLS—can be made from the above dough, but use half the shortening. Roll to about ¼-in. thick, cover sausages and bake 25 minutes, or until brown, in hot oven (450°).

MEAT PIE COVERINGS using same dough are extra tasty.

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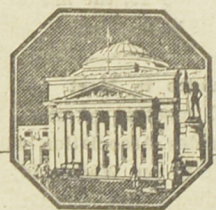
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