

Alice Still In Wonderland

(Continued from page 18)

She did and here is what she saw:

A "rainbow" off to the right and to the left, in fact she saw "rainbows" where ever she looked. "Perhaps, if I run towards it fast enough I can find the 'pot of gold and the end of the rainbow' that people talk about," she said as she ran first one way and then another.

But upon arriving at the point of beauty toward which she finally ran, Alice found to her delight that it was more than a "pot of gold" that people talked about.

"I'd rather have this any day . . . why I thought it was made of gold pieces, and funny colored things," said the bewildered little girl, "but now I find that it is a phonograph machine."

"Usually you find the "pot of gold" and then you spend all the money, but from what I have seen in these record machines, you just keep the machine, and make more gold." "That's right," I said to Alice, but as she turned around to see who said something, I ducked behind another rainbow.

As Alice listens to this new wonder, she notices that there is no scratching noise coming from within the beautifully decorated chrome and satin finished walnut cabinet. "Alice," I advise, in a somewhat whispering voice, "that is the new pickup arm that the GABEL phonograph machine manufacturers have so aptly named "The Rainbow." But Alice, knowing that I'll only jump behind another rainbow, if she turns around, goes on in the forest of beauty, with that new knowledge in her pretty little head.

Right on the outskirts of the wonderland from which Alice is emerging she is stopped in her tracks by still another modernistic design of phonograph which has that "come-hither" look about it. It is the CAPEHART INC. model ORCHESTROPE. Alice notes that the selector on this impressive machine is at the top, and she says, "Well, this is just what daddie likes . . . he'll probably now say that I can't reach the coin slot, but I'll fool him . . . I can easily get a chair, stand on it, and pronto . . . I'll have whatever song daddie tells me to select, because they're easy to get on this ma-

chine . . . no numbers to remember!" Little Alice is then fooled completely as she tries to take a big bite out of the side of the ORCHESTROPE . . . the poor kid is getting hungry, no doubt, and the eye-attracting maple color, with the rich golden brown walnut, had Alice thinking of that cake that mother has at home.

Now Alice, having had the treat of a lifetime, meanders out of the forest and then stops, turns around, shakes her tossed head and says, "If I hadn't seen it, I'd never believe it." She then turns about and walks slowly home, reluctant to leave this "wonderland of wonderlands" knowing that she'll have to wait for Dad and Mother to take her out to see them again. Alice nods her head up and down just as she does when she is getting sleepy at home and your reporter comes to the conclusion that the child still can't believe the wonders that have been wrought by the manufacturers of the present phonograph machines. She thinks she is dreaming. As the music is getting fainter and softer, she moves farther and farther away. But wait till she finds out that it's all true . . . she's sure to pinch herself.

Stepping Ahead

(Continued from page 74)

chine, Pick-Em—and above all, the Chief, the greatest check machine ever made—one and all available with skill control attachments featuring the ball, the pins and the plunger.

Yes, it's a matter of finding out what you can do with the type of equipment that you can use and then having the manufacturer work with you in supplying what you need and stepping ahead.

WHERE THE PENNIES GO

Although the gum machines and penny merchandise boards have been taken out of the school stores, an investigation will disclose that you cannot keep a child from spending his lunch money for other than lunch if the child does not wish to do so.

Shall we proprietors padlock our candy cases and refuse to sell penny candy unless the child furnishes proof that he has eaten his lunch?

However, we have noticed a great increase in the smaller boys and girls puffing on cigarets, and they do not get these in school stores. Which is the greater evil?—*Tribune Vox Pop.*

Snookerette Streamlines Newest Models

THE first volume shipments of Snookerette tables in the streamlined American mode were made in Saginaw, Michigan, where furniture craftsmen are building what the industry considers America's newest legal amusement sensation. Shortly, in a hundred neighborhoods, men and women, old and young, will be playing this new and highly interesting and intriguing game.

Snookerette is an "immigrant." It started in Europe some six years ago, where hundreds of thousands of people are today playing it on thousands of tables. From the continent, Snookerette migrated to England, then to Canada. Few tables were brought into the United States, where reception was so enthusiastic that the Automatic Billiard Corporation was formed in Chicago to manufacture them on a grand scale.

Snookerette can be played by two, three or four people. It is played on a table three by six feet in size, with cues and seven balls—all from the front of the table. The game is to put the balls off the table, into eight

holes, four of which are guarded by "skittles." Knock over a "skittle" and you lose everything. Drive a ball off the green and you lose your score. You play until you miss.

Snookerette is automatically timed. A clock mechanism which the table owner can adjust for five ten-minute or any other period of time. It operates a gate between the players and the ball-return chutes. You play as long as you have balls, even after the gate has been dropped. A lone last ball must be banked into a hole. High score wins, and many the high score that is obliterated in an endeavor to bank the last ball off the table. A scoring board is part of the table. While a skill game, Snookerette is considered easier to master than either pool or billiards. It appeals to everyone. Snookerette tables for commercial use require no attendants. They are coin operated, automatic. You'll be surprised when the lines start forming outside your door, but so will your banker when you start banking your profits.