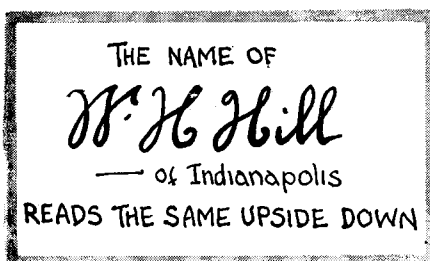
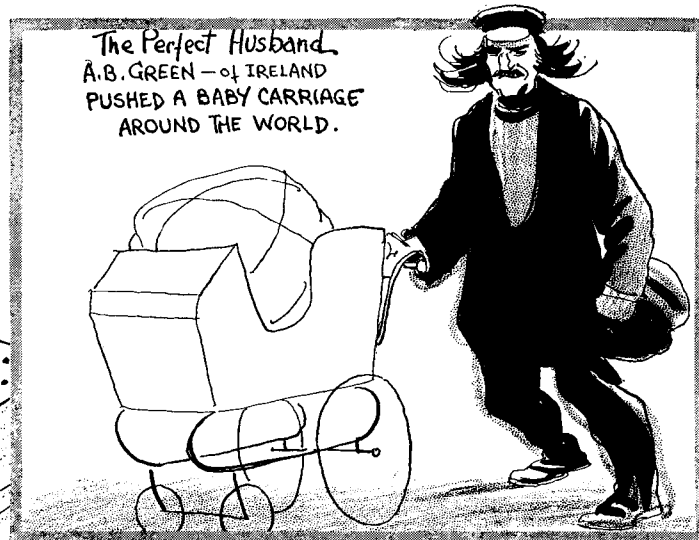
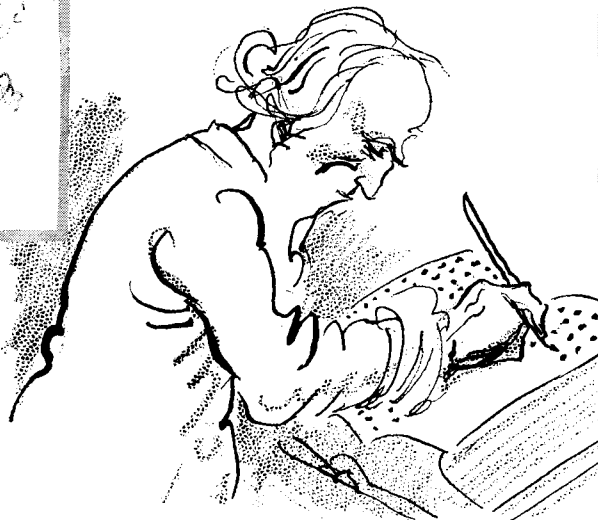
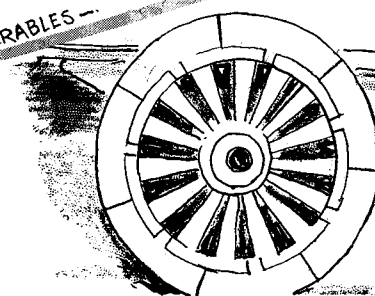
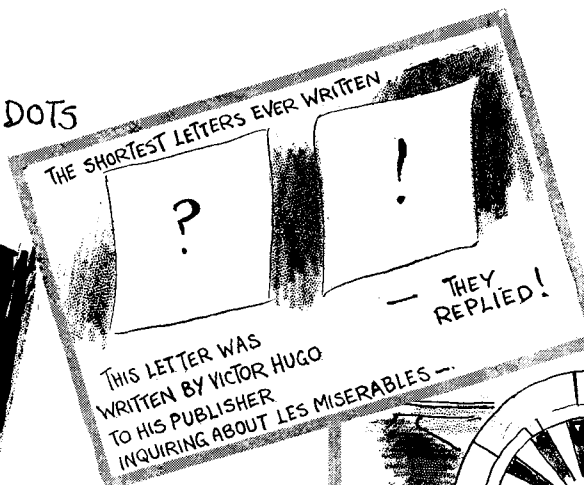


Believe it or Not!

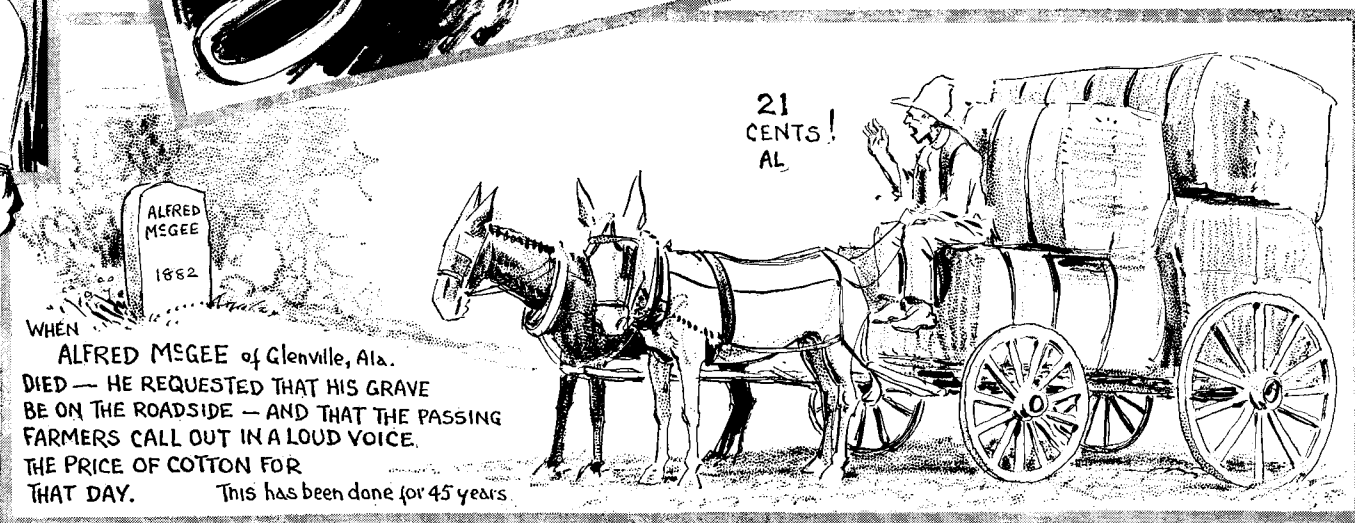
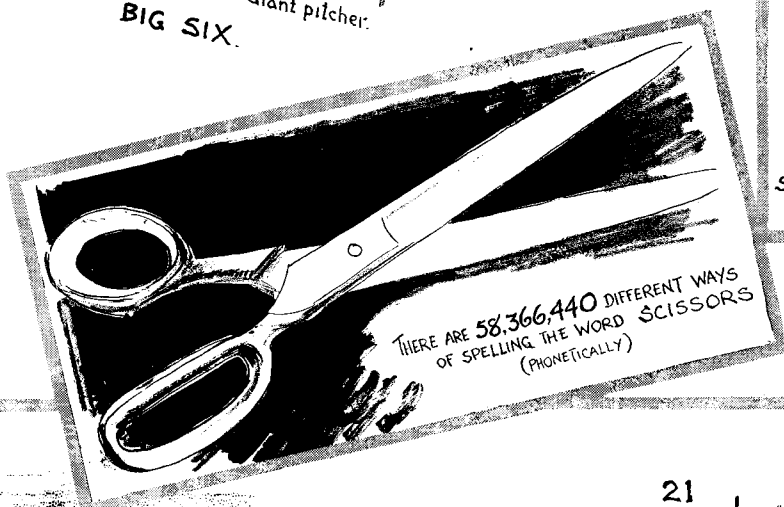
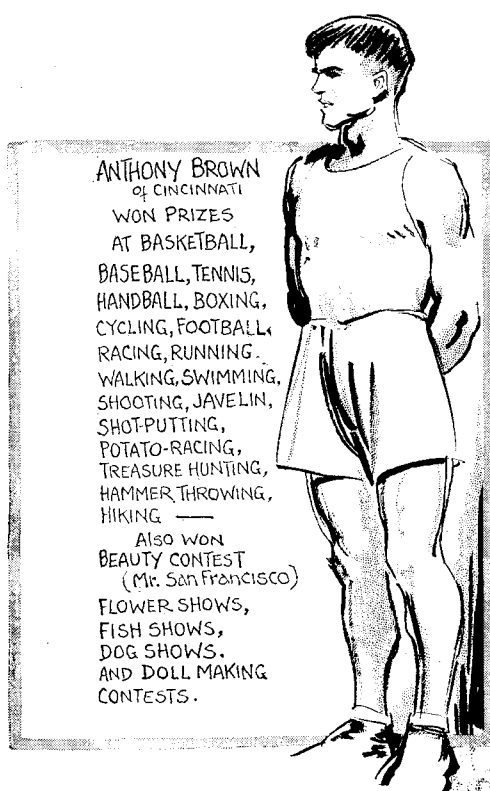
And if you doubt it, drop a line to Robert L. Ripley in care of Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. These drawings were selected from hundreds which he has published. From now on his work will be a feature in Collier's

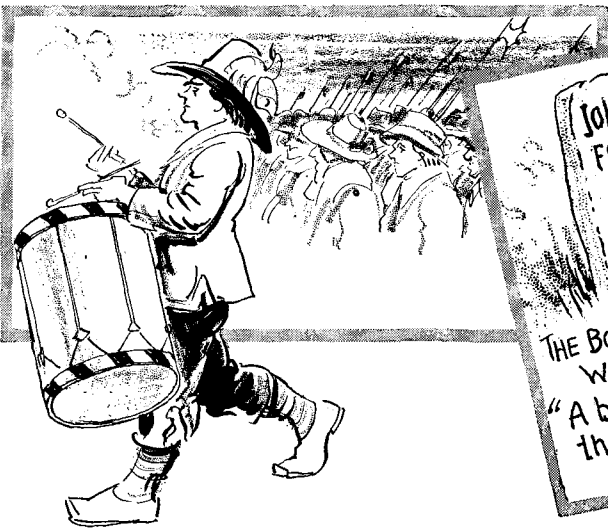


M. METHLEY COMPILED
A BOOK OF DOTS. He covered
500 pages WITH ONE MILLION DOTS

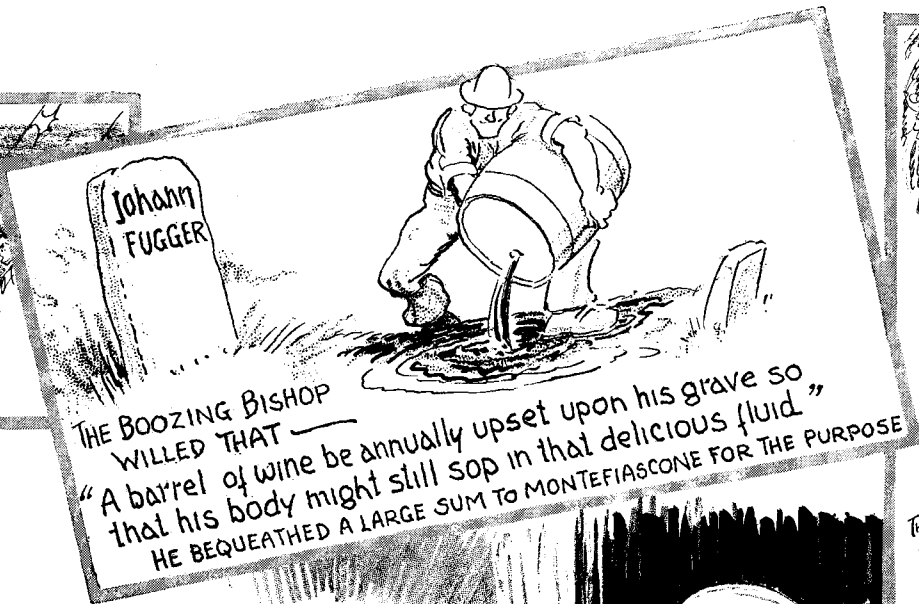


THE WHEEL OF SEVEN SAD SOUNDS
used on the hearse of the late Jap Emperor
SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TO PRODUCE SEVEN
DIFFERENT SQUEAKS AT EACH TURNING

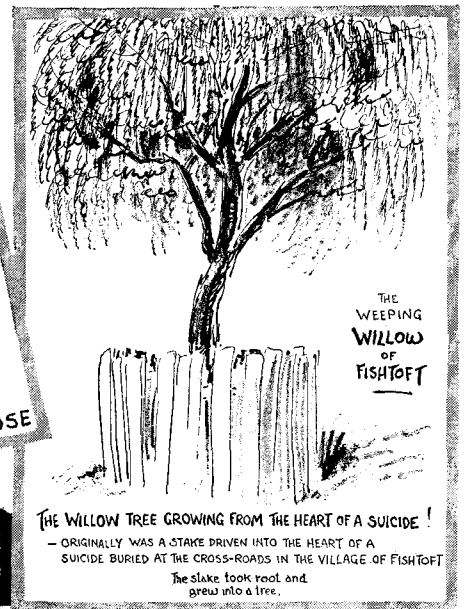




JOHN ZISKA — Bohemian Hero
ORDERED HIS OWN SKIN
TO BE MADE INTO A DRUM
TO LEAD HIS TROOPS
AGAINST THE GERMANS



THE BOOZING BISHOP
WILLED THAT —
"A barrel of wine be annually upset upon his grave so
that his body might still sop in that delicious fluid."
HE BEQUEATHED A LARGE SUM TO MONTEFASONE FOR THE PURPOSE



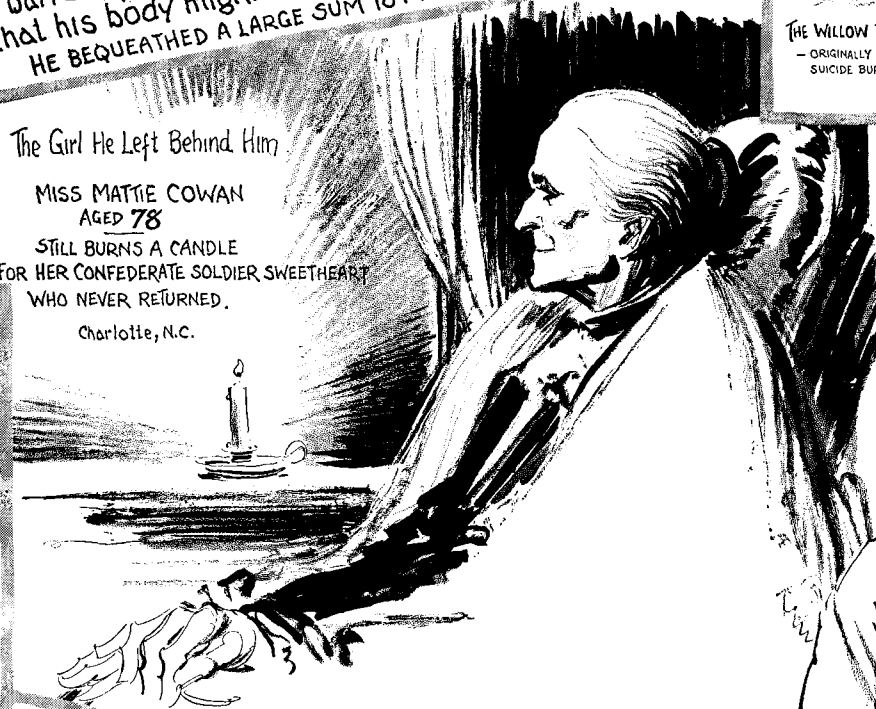
THE
WEeping
WILLOW
OF
FISHTOFT

THE WILLOW TREE GROWING FROM THE HEART OF A SUICIDE!
— ORIGINALLY WAS A STAKE DRIVEN INTO THE HEART OF A
SUICIDE BURIED AT THE CROSS-ROADS IN THE VILLAGE OF FISHTOFT
The stake took root and
grew into a tree.

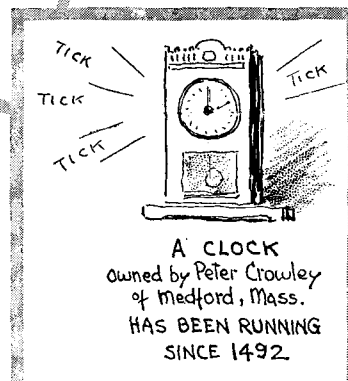
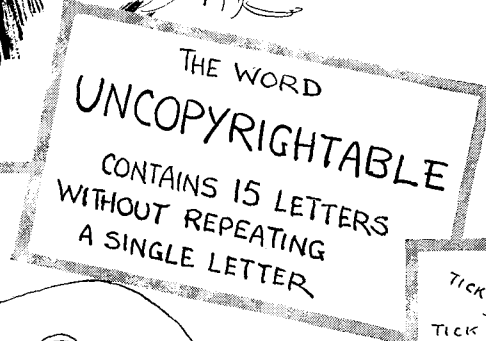
The Girl He Left Behind Him

MISS MATTIE COWAN
AGED 78

STILL BURNS A CANDLE
FOR HER CONFEDERATE SOLDIER SWEETHEART
WHO NEVER RETURNED.
Charlotte, N.C.



Señora
SALOMEA WOLF
HAD THE PORTRAIT OF HER HUSBAND
TATTOOED ON HER TONGUE TO ATONE
FOR NAGGING HIM TO DEATH.
Jerez, Spain, 1927.



A CLOCK
owned by Peter Crowley
of Medford, Mass.
HAS BEEN RUNNING
SINCE 1492.



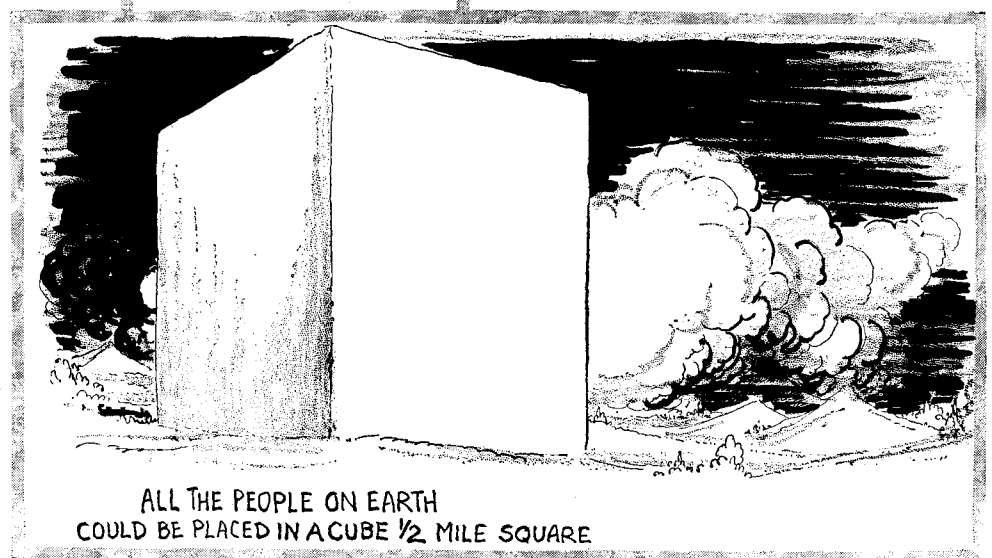
JOHNNIE BASSLER — DETROIT CATCHER
DID NOT MAKE AN ERROR LAST YEAR
He caught 63 Games.



MULAI ISMAIL
(Shah of Persia)
MOSCOW
WAS THE FATHER OF
888
CHILDREN
548 BOYS
340 GIRLS



CLIFF
JORDAN
JUMPED ROPE
WITH A 85 LB.
WEIGHT ON
HIS HEAD
Brooklyn
1927



ALL THE PEOPLE ON EARTH
COULD BE PLACED IN A CUBE 1/2 MILE SQUARE

Illustrated by
Harvé Stein

A
Short
Short Story

(Complete on this page)

By
Viola Paradise

Revolt in the Zodiac

ASTROLOGY had struck The Show. Jim Carey, the astonished playwright, stared first at the glowering producer, Dixon, then at Beatrix Ainsdrecht, the enraged star. Until now—from the moment Beatrix had flung herself in ardent, though impersonal, embrace upon Dixon, declaring The Show “the perfect medium for my genius”—rehearsals had gone without a snag. “Almost too well,” Dixon confided. “I’ve got my fingers crossed. Beatrix hasn’t broken out once.”

And now Dixon himself had thrown the monkey wrench. He consulted an astrologer, and was told his stars would be “unfavorably aspected till the ninth of next month.” And today, with the opening scheduled for this coming Tuesday, he had blandly postponed The Show three whole weeks.

“Not the ninth! I will *not* open on the ninth!” Thus Beatrix. “Nine is unlucky for me. The original plan was right according to my stars. I won’t have it changed.”

“This is a play, not a wagon,” Jim had begun lightly, “you don’t have to hitch it to a star. Besides you don’t really believe that stuff!”

“I believe it two thousand dollars’ worth—that’s what it cost me to postpone it,” growled Dixon.

“It’ll cost you more than that!” blazed Beatrix. “I’ll break my contract! And just you try to put this play over without me!”

“But use your reason!” Jim urged.

Upon which they pooled their hostility in an angry glare. Then they ignored him and resumed recriminations.

Jim slipped miserably away to tell the bad news to Helen. It looked as if the wedding he was hoping The Show would float might have to be postponed.

“Absurd!” Helen laughed. “They’ll cool off tomorrow. Don’t worry.”

“YOU wouldn’t be such a bright little Pollyanna if you’d heard them. They’re actually *religious* about their astrology. She used the same words on both of them, but different dates. ‘Don’t start any important undertakings before the ninth,’ she told Dixon. And she had warned Beatrix ‘never to start any important undertaking on the ninth of October.’ Dixon said The Show wasn’t her undertaking, and she said it was nobody else’s, that she had ‘created the part,’ that producers were ‘only a means to an end, a medium for his trionic genius. It would have been funny—if it hadn’t been otherwise.’”

“I hope you told them it was *your* undertaking. Who wrote that play?” “They’d have agreed on the negligibility of playwrights. Don’t, for heaven’s sake, suggest that I go to an astrologer and get a pet date!”

Instead, Helen suggested a picnic supper in a certain secluded spot they had discovered on Long Island. There was nothing they could do about Dixon and Beatrix. They might as well enjoy the evening.

They did. Replete with sandwiches

and fruit and coffee, they stretched themselves out on the beach and listened to the lapping of the waves, and looked up at the stars.

“We ought to do this oftener,” said Jim. “Somehow I never notice stars—the sky-ey kind—in the city.”

“Mmmm. Gorgeous,” murmured Helen. “Which one do you suppose is Dixon’s and which one Beatrix’s?”

“Beatrix wouldn’t be satisfied with any star smaller than Betelgeuse. But I can’t point it out to you. I remember its name but just can’t recall its face. However, if you want to meet the Big Dipper—”

“Silly! I can go you one better. Mister Carey, shake hands with Orion—those three stars are his belt, see? But seriously, isn’t it flabbergasting that anyone can think himself important enough to be picked out for special attention by a star? Look—billions of them!”

“And lots of them big enough to give the earth an inferiority complex.”

“As if they care whether a play goes on next Tuesday or three weeks later. Once I read, somewhere, that a woman sent her pup’s birthdate to an astrologer. You might send The Show’s.”

“The *very* idea! Helen you’re a whiz!” Jim sat up suddenly. “No, I’m not crazy. Come on, let’s make for a phone—I’ll explain on the way. We may be getting married after all.”

Jim contrived—no mean task!—to corral Beatrix and Dixon. At first they sulked and glowered, but presently they pricked up their ears, for Jim was say-

ing: “a wide assortment of astrologically favorable days. A play is no one person’s undertaking. Even your consummate genius, Beatrix, couldn’t reach the public without a producer. Even your producing genius, Dixon, needs a Beatrix to express it. And both of you would waste your sweetness on the desert air, without an occasional playwright.”

“But our personal stars don’t count. The play’s the thing. Didn’t Shakespeare say so? Now if you count The Show’s birthdate the day I first got the idea for it, that brings the lucky opening the twenty-fourth of this month. If you count the day when you, Dixon, accepted it, and got Beatrix to create the part, that makes the lucky opening come on the twenty-seventh. If you count the day I completed the manuscript, the third of next month will be about right. . . .”

YOU may not remember that The Show opened on the twenty-seventh, but you know it’s still running to capacity houses.

One day, about three months after astrology had struck The Show, and shortly after Helen and Jim returned from their wedding journey, Dixon phoned. “I’m getting ready to put on a new comedy. What’s the address of that astrologer of yours who doped out The Show?”

“Oh, that!” Jim grinned at the mouthpiece. “That was just a little thing I tossed off myself.”