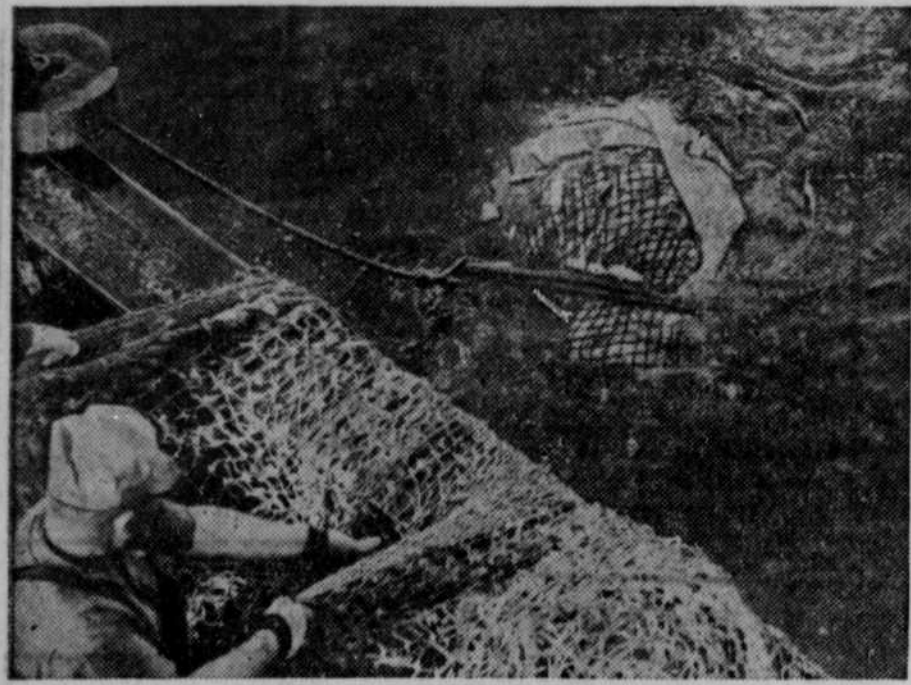


## Mechanized Fishing

The fishing industry, oldest of American industries, and one of the largest, has finally accepted a place in the machine column. Where smoky-sailed schooners put out from New England fishing ports almost since the coming of the Pilgrims, trim Diesel-engined trawlers now go forth. Operating from Massachusetts ports is the Forty Fathom Fleet. Come aboard one of the trawlers and let's go.



Here is a big trout—a net shaped like a big bag. As much as 5,000 pounds of fish can be hauled in at one lick in this bag.

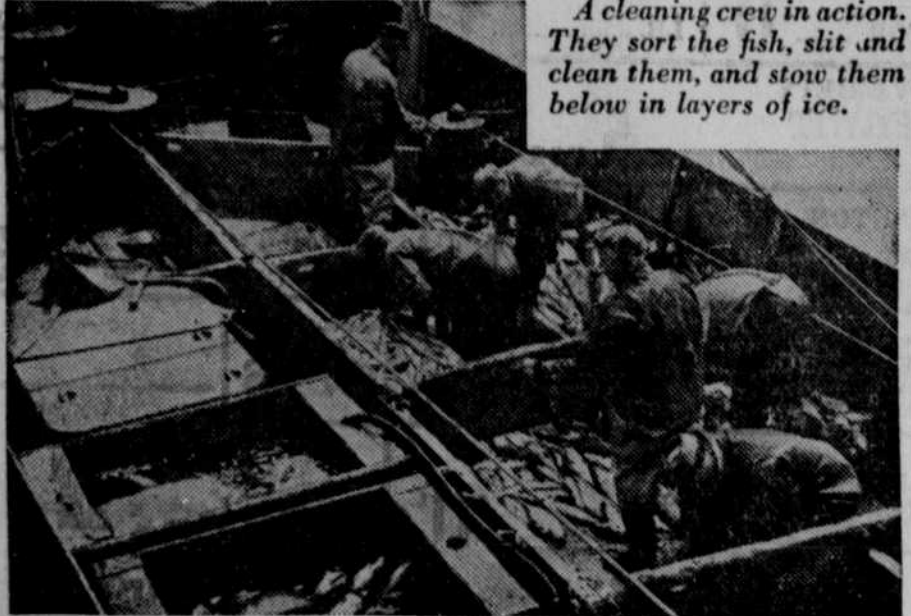


Above: After sword-play, sharks are not the worst offenders. The repair crew had to mend a big hole in the net after a swordfish had been rough with it.

Occasionally a trawler brings in something the fishermen hadn't bargained for. The shark at the right, for instance. This is a 7 ft. blue shark. The liver is valuable.



In the fishing grounds they still heave the lead, as shown at the left above, to bring up a sample of the sea bottom. Right: One of the "ships that pass."



A cleaning crew in action. They sort the fish, slit and clean them, and stow them below in layers of ice.



## PERFECT RACKET

By R. WILKINSON  
(Associated Newspapers.)  
WNU Service.

"WANTED: Young man with \$500 to invest to manage motion picture business."

The young man with the glasses, who said his name was Melvin Byers looked up questioningly into Mr. Rance Ackert's eyes.

Mr. Ackert nodded impatiently. "Yes, yes. That's the advertisement I inserted in the newspaper. But, as I've already told you, I've decided upon one of the fifty odd men who applied earlier in the week. You can't expect to answer an ad in a week-old newspaper and find the job still vacant, young man."

"But I didn't have the money a week ago, Mr. Ackert. I've just succeeded in raising it. Moreover, I'm sure I'm the man you want. All I ask is a trial. I'll prove my worth to you."

Melvin Byers let his eyes wander about the room, his gaze resting fondly upon the battery of cameras that lined the wall, the sections of scenery stacked neatly in a corner, the large gaudily colored portraits of famous stars that hung from the ceiling.

Mr. Ackert drummed on his desk and thought rapidly. After all, he told himself, \$500 was \$500. And this youth acted like a push-over, a much easier push-over than any of the other twenty motion picture managers he had hired during the past six days.

Mr. Ackert reflected momentarily on his week's receipts. There had been twenty-five applicants as the result of his advertisement. Ten of them had been completely taken in—had plunked down their \$500 and promised to come to work on the fol-



Bald-headed, short, fat Mr. Ackert chuckled happily as he fingered the five \$100 bills.

lowing Monday. Five more were hooked for \$300 each, with promises of raising the remaining \$200 within another week's time. Five more had come through with amounts varying from \$250 to as low as \$75. The remaining five had merely promised to raise the necessary funds if given a little time.

These latter—the non-paying five—were worthless as far as Mr. Ackert was concerned. For on Sunday preceding the Monday when all twenty "managers" were scheduled to report for duty, Mr. Ackert expected to be winging his way to Mexico, carrying with him the \$7,500 which the racket had netted. His total overhead had amounted to less than \$500. Which wasn't bad, but was downright poor compared to the old days.

Melvin Byers was watching Mr. Ackert earnestly. "I'm the man you want, Mr. Ackert. Just let me prove it."

Mr. Ackert sat suddenly forward, as if he had reached an abrupt though perhaps too hasty decision. "Very well, young man, you shall have your chance. I'll briefly outline the plan and you can make your own decision. As you may know, I am the eastern representative of the Acme Films of Hollywood. Recently we decided to establish studios in New England, with Boston as our headquarters, and I was invested with the job of attending to details. I immediately made a survey of conditions, found them to be entirely satisfactory to our requirements and went ahead with plans.

"A month ago the Acme Film people met with reverses and wired me to postpone the opening of the Boston office until further orders were received. However, my plans here had developed to such an extent and conditions were so indicative of the success of the venture, that I decided to go ahead on my own initiative. I needed \$500 in cash, and a general manager. Whoever cared to invest that amount of money, providing he qualified as a general manager, would, of course, be assured of a most remunerative income and lifetime position. Besides this, his initial investment would be returned within six months time by the Acme Film people, who, I happen to know, are rapidly overcoming their difficulties."

Mr. Ackert paused and watched the eager face across his desk. Melvin Byers' eyes were shining. "Why, that's a splendid opportunity, Mr. Ackert! Just the sort of opening I've always wanted. I'd appreciate it immensely if you'd give me a chance."

Inwardly Mr. Ackert smiled. It would take a shrewd man to put over a fast one on one of these Bos-

ton Yankees, he'd heard. Mr. Ackert almost chuckled. Why, it wasn't three years since he'd worked an entirely different racket right here in this city of Boston. Hooked a youth quite like this Melvin Byers chap for five grand. Some sort of a mining racket, as he remembered it. And they said you couldn't hook a Yankee!

Mr. Ackert smiled inwardly. "Very well, Mr. Byers. You may pay in your \$500 now and report for duty Monday morning. Your salary to start will be \$75 per week, and expenses. Is that satisfactory?"

"You bet it is!" Melvin Byers reached into an inside pocket and produced an envelope which contained five \$100 bills. Mr. Ackert glanced at the money with a plegmatism born of long practice, drew a large book from his desk and scratched off a receipt. Next he produced a contract, filled in the blank spaces, signed it and handed it over to the youth to read. Melvin Byers glanced over the agreement, signed it with his own fountain pen and returned the sheet to Mr. Ackert. Mr. Ackert had meanwhile filled out and signed a second contract which he gave the young man to keep.

The two then shook hands. Mr. Ackert explained that they could go over the details of the work on Monday, and Mr. Byers departed.

Bald-headed, short, fat Mr. Ackert chuckled happily as he fingered the five \$100 bills. Well, there was the overhead money. Everything that was in the bank could now be considered net profit.

Perhaps it would be better to leave tonight rather than to wait until Sunday. There was a plane scheduled to take off for Chicago at six. Mr. Ackert picked up his telephone, but hesitated as a knock sounded at the door. The expression on his face changed to one of surprise, and as Mr. Melvin Byers stepped into the room, followed by a uniformed police officer.

"There he is, officer," said Mr. Byers. "If you don't believe me, search him!"

The officer advanced across the floor and Mr. Ackert stood up.

"Did you," said the officer, "just purchase a fountain pen from this young man?"

Mr. Ackert's mouth sagged open. Before he could reply, Mr. Melvin Byers picked up a pen that was lying on Mr. Ackert's desk. It was the pen with which the youth had signed the contract.

"Here it is, officer, the very pen. Look, it's brand new!"

The officer looked, and scowled at Mr. Ackert. Mr. Byers was speaking again. "There's some money on the desk now! Take a look at it, officer."

The officer forthwith stretched forth a hand and plucked from under Mr. Ackert's nose the five \$100 bills. He examined them, holding each up to the light. Presently he turned.

"Counterfeit. Get your hat, mister. We're going to the station. Now I understand the money isn't yours. Of course not. But you can explain that to the sergeant. Maybe you can talk yourself out of it in a day or two. According to this young chap, you'll have plenty of talking to do."

Mr. Melvin Byers nodded agreeably and grinned. "A day or two will be plenty. Just keep him until Monday morning. I have an idea there'll be quite a gathering up here Monday morning, and everyone who gathers will want to have a word with Mr. Ackert." He grinned, removing his glasses. "Remember three years ago, Mr. Ackert, and the mining stock racket? You got the jump on us that time, but we knew you'd be back."

## Huge Spider in Brazil Catches Birds in Web

In some tropical forests, spiders spin webs of such size that it is hard, or at least unpleasant, for a traveler to pass. No spider webs, however, are strong enough to entrap a human being, whether young or old.

Flies, mosquitoes, and other insects are the victims usually caught by spiders. Their webs are spun with the special purpose of obtaining a food supply.

In the abdomen of a spider are openings known as "spinnerets." Usually there are four or six of them, close together. A liquid is pressed from each opening, and it at once hardens into a silken strand. The strands combine into a single thread.

Dozens of kinds of webs are made by spiders. Among these the web of the common garden spider is noted for its fine pattern.

A framework is made first, the lines being fastened to objects such as branches of a plant. Later the garden spider spins thread to make a spiral figure. The framework may make a person think of the spokes of a wheel.

Although insects are the usual victims, some spiders go after larger game. I am thinking chiefly of "bird-catching spiders."

Bird-catching spiders are found in Brazil and certain other lands in the torrid zone. They grow to great size, the body being about two inches long and the legs spreading out two or three inches on each side of the body.

Bird-catching spiders have large, strong fangs. Some natives of the tropics are said to use the fangs as toothpicks. Of course that does not take place until the fangs and the spider have been separated!

Bird-catching spiders spin heavy webs, and there are times when small birds, such as humming birds, are trapped in them.



## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON  
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—Maj. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, chief of the army air corps who has just arrived in England to serve as an official observer

of the war, is about the only officer remaining in active service who learned to fly under the personal supervision of Wilbur and Orville Wright at their school in Dayton, Ohio. Just two years previously the war department had accepted delivery of its first batch of airplanes and so his experience as a flier pretty nearly spans the complete period of army aviation.

Anyone who can recall the status of flying in 1911 will appreciate "Hap" Arnold's exploits in his first year of training as a young lieutenant, assigned to flight duty from the infantry, with a record of 140 flights, 29 hours in the air. In his second year of training he achieved honor as the first winner of the Mackay trophy awarded for excellence as a military pilot. In a day so blustery and cold as to keep all but 2 of 12 entrants out of the race he completed a 40-mile flight, originating at College Park, Md., at an average speed of 52 miles an hour.

Twenty-two years later he again won the trophy as leader of a flight of 10 twin-engined bombers from Washington, D. C., to Alaska and return. As early as 1911 he practiced aerial bombardment and war department records credit him with being the pioneer in the successful use of the radio for military purposes in an airplane.

Quite at variance with the outward semblance of this slightly built, silver-haired soldier with his diffident smile, is his forthright utterances and writings concerning the airplane as a war machine.

"The only way to prevent air invasion is to attack the invader with superior numbers and knock him out of the air." He has been preaching this for years, his concern having ever been for the constant procurement of thousands of new, improved combat craft, training of thousands of new pilots, enlistment of tens of thousands of ground crew men, swelling of aircraft plants and acquisition of vital raw material for future aircraft production.

Still an active pilot, mounting administrative duties have cut down his time in the air and restricted his activity in two hobbies—cooking and writing fiction. Boys who remember his "Bill Bruce" books, including "Bill Bruce at West Point," "Bill Bruce at Flying School," and other breath-taking juvenile works, will regret the recent idleness of his pen.

## PRONOUNCED feeling of good-will toward a nation where she has been most hospitably received, sentiment born of local pride and a high sense of honorable patriotism.

Brazilian Senhora Christens Ship in Spirit of Good-Will

It is rather interesting at the moment for a larger reason. President Roosevelt is about to ask congress for another reorganization bill. It will be recalled that the President resents the notion that there are so many administrative boards and bodies in the government over which he has no direct control. Of course, in virtually all instances, he appoints the members in the first place, but that is not enough, in his opinion, for an integrated administration. He would prefer to have all these boards and commissions made a part of existing departments, so that their work would head up to him for final approval in important cases.

When the President lost his first reorganization bill fight the handwriting was very clear so far as congressional intentions were concerned. There never was a time when there was any chance that congress would pass the bill without listing some exceptions. One of these was always the Interstate Commerce commission. Another was the army engineers.

This time, under the guise of war emergency, there will be much less opposition to the President's wish for more power over these independent agencies, but it is thought that the ICC will be left free, as at present, even in the original request.

So far as moving the commission's headquarters to Chicago is concerned there will be plenty of wails from the personnel. Most of the ICC clerks have been on the job for years. They have their roots deep in Washington and will not like the idea of pulling them up.

But there is much to be said for the proposal, and if the transfer could be made gradually, it probably could be done with little hardship.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by  
CARTER FIELD

Increased U. S. aid to Britain likely in near future . . . Washington considers moving Interstate Commerce Commission to Chicago.  
(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—How soon will we be "in the war"? That is the big question now in Washington. No longer "if," but "when." All this, of course, is unofficial. Officially the administration still keeps up the old pretense that it can keep out of it.

A certainty for the near future is the shipment of supplies across the Pacific and beyond, either via the Red sea and Suez or to Euphrates ports. This will take a lot of ships. It's a long round trip, and so takes a lot of bottoms to handle any quantity of cargo as compared with transatlantic service.

Very soon now we will be releasing more small naval craft to Britain. As one looks back at the hue and cry raised on Capitol Hill about those small torpedo craft, which resulted in an order that they should not be turned over to the British, there is a serio-comic touch. It will be remembered that these little vessels were built on British blueprints. There never was any intention to use them for the U. S. navy until congress raised a fog about it.

Incidentally the boats were equipped with 18-inch torpedo tubes. Our naval experts don't like 18-inch torpedoes. We use 21-inch projectiles. We didn't have any torpedoes to fit these boats, and did not intend to have any.

## SMALL CRAFT VALUABLE

So now that the smoke has cleared away these boats will probably be turned over to the British, and this time there may be some speeches by such senators as David I. Walsh of Massachusetts and Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, but it won't mean very much.

Britain obviously needs these small craft, ideal for chasing submarines, very badly. So she will get them and others besides this batch, which was actually intended for her all the time.

Obviously little boats which can destroy submarines are ideal for convoys, a few of them being much better than a battleship. This is especially true because a battleship is such an important item in war that too much pains has to be taken to protect it. What Britain lacks are destroyers and other small craft to protect convoys.

The greatest need of all is bottoms to get the supplies through. Every time a little submarine chaser succeeds in eliminating one of these Nazi menaces it saves freighters from that moment on until the end of the war. Not only that, but every time a submarine fails to return to its base it has a certain effect on the morale of other U-boat crews.

## Consider Moving I. C. C. to Chicago

There is serious talk of moving the Interstate Commerce commission, lock, stock and barrel, from Washington to Chicago. The argument for the change is the real railroad center of the country—that individuals would find Chicago much more convenient, as far as time and expense are concerned. And finally, that there is no particular reason why the I.C.C. should be in Washington anyhow.

This is rather interesting at the moment for a larger reason. President Roosevelt is about to ask congress for another reorganization bill. It will be recalled that the President resents the notion that there are so many administrative boards and bodies in the government over which he has no direct control. Of course, in virtually all instances, he appoints the members in the first place, but that is not enough, in his opinion, for an integrated administration. He would prefer to have all these boards and commissions made a part of existing departments, so that their work would head up to him for final approval in important cases.

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## TIPS to Gardeners

BULB SUBSTITUTES

WITH the supply of many popular spring-flowering bulbs cut off because of the war in Europe, gardeners are seeking certain substitutes.

The color and form of many annual flowers makes them excellent choices for replacing the bulb favorites. As in the case of bulbs, the seed of these annuals may be planted in the early fall, for blossoming early the following summer.

The fresh yellow color of Daffodils, for instance, may be captured nearly as well in the petals of Sunshine Calendula, or in the rich hues of California Poppy (Extra Golden). The shape of the California Poppy and the Shirley Poppy closely approaches the typical Tulip shape.

The soft colors associated with the Tulip may be replaced best by Larkspur, with its tints of white, blue, pink, rose, lilac, and carmine. The newer, tall-growing Super Majestic Larkspurs are most desirable.

The blossom-crowded spikes of Snapdragons are likened by many to the Hyacinth. It is best to grow the dwarf rust-resistant strains of Snapdragons, with attractive varieties such as Compact Bedding Bronze, and Salmon Pink adaptable also because of their suitability for massed bedding, as Tulips are so often used.

## Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

### The Questions

1. What are obiter dicta?
2. In Roman numerals, what is the meaning of "M" with a line over it?
3. Where are the sunniest spots in the United States?
4. Is the ghost shrimp transparent?
5. Are all roses fragrant?
6. Could Mount Everest be submerged in the Pacific ocean?
7. What is the highest church in the world?

### The Answers

1. Incidental remarks.
2. One million.
3. The sunniest spots in the United States are in southwestern Arizona and southeastern California.
4. The ghost shrimp is so transparent that the beating of its heart may be seen through its shell.
5. Of the thousands of varieties of wild and cultivated roses growing throughout the world, not more than 50 are fragrant.
6. If Mount Everest (29,002 feet) were located on the Pacific ocean floor in the Philippines, its summit would be covered by 6,000 feet of water.
7. The highest church in the world is the Protestant cathedral in Ulm, Germany. The spire extends 528 feet above the street, or a height equivalent to that of a 44-story building.

IS THERE A MILD  
ROLL-YOUR-OWN  
TOBACCO THAT ROLLS  
QUICK, EASY WITHOUT  
WASTE?

(By  
A. Arthur Clark  
BELOW)



MY REGARDS TO  
PRINCE ALBERT'S  
CRIMP CUT  
FOR FAST,  
SMOOTH ROLLING  
WITHOUT BUNCHING,  
KINKING,  
SPILLING OUT.  
AND THAT'S MILD  
SMOKING, TOO. NOT  
A BIT OF BITE IN  
P.A.'S RICH TASTE

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE  
R. T. Barnold Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.