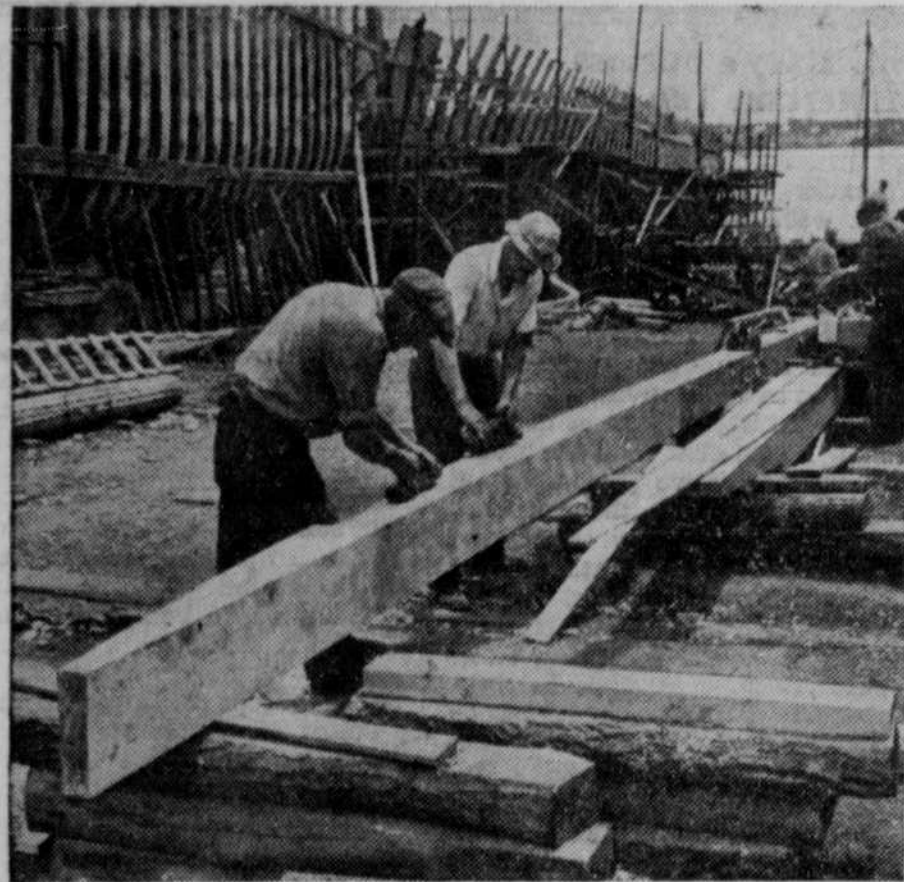


Wooden Ships for Men of Iron

Away out of the focus of the spotlight men are doing a job which, though not spectacular, is vital to the security of this nation. These are the men who are building the little wooden ships that have the hazardous job of keeping our waters clear of mine-trawlers that are manned by men of iron. At the Snow shipyards in Rockland, Me., things are humming. These pictures, made at the Snow yards, show what goes into a wooden ship.



Two shipwrights work on a keel here. In the background are two hulls in various stages of construction.



Old-timer Howard Gordon, who has been a ship's carpenter since 1898. He is honing his ax to a razor edge here.



Two workers "dubbing" on the outside of the hull for the exterior planking. They work to a chalkline snapped on the ribs.



Old-timer Ray Rubshaw is working inside the framework of a hull under construction. He is dubbing or smoothing out and lining up the ribs for planking, using an adz.



Greasing the skids before launching a completed wooden ship. Pounds and pounds of grease are smeared on the skid to make the slide of the new craft easy and to counteract friction.



Trim and clean as a hound's tooth, a new wooden ship for the navy takes to the water without fanfare. No time for ceremony.

STORY OF THE WEEK

Nothing Overlooked

By JAMES FREEMAN

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

INSPECTOR Stephen Amsden laughed when I told him I'd been sent to get a story of his life for my paper.

"Story of my life, eh? Well, that makes me feel important. Where'll I begin?" He spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"At the beginning," I replied.

"Where were you born and when? And when did you become interested in police work? And what do you consider your most important case, and your most thrilling?"

He grinned and answered my questions readily enough, though with a certain amount of reserve and modesty. He is quite a famous man, having solved some of the country's greatest crime problems. He is now the oldest active member on the Holcomb police force, but you know, looking into his clear gray eyes, that his mind is as keen as ever.

"And now," I said, when the things he told me were carefully set down, "to what do you attribute your success, Inspector?" And I warned: "This is important. There'll be a lot of young chaps read it and heed whatever you say."

The old man sobered at this and was silent for some time. Presently he said: "Why, I guess nothing the little things is what helped most."

"The little things?"

"That's right." He eyed me keenly. "Doesn't sound important to you, eh? Well, it's what every detective ought to pay the greatest attention to. It's the little things that count in this work, son." He was silent again and when I vouchsafed no reply, he continued:

"I'd better demonstrate what I mean. I wouldn't want you to go

"What more do you want to know? I caught him red-handed, and that's enough."

Inspector Amsden smiled. "You're not a very sympathetic man."

"You bet I ain't. Trouble with this country today is that the crooks don't get what's coming to 'em."

"They do if we can prove they're crooks. Nolte says he heard a woman calling for help and came to her assistance. He claims he's not guilty."

"I know what he claims, but he's a liar! I caught him with some of our silver in his hands."

Inspector Amsden nodded indifferently and looked about the room. "Was that the door Nolte came through?" he asked, pointing to one through which we had just entered.

Oscar Rounds snarled his reply. "That guy never come in through no door. He jimmed a window. The door was locked."

The Inspector looked at me. "Well," he asked, "have you noticed?"

"Noticed what?" I asked blankly.

And Inspector Amsden smiled. "Why, the little thing. The minor detail in Nolte's tale that will practically convict him."

I thought back over Nolte's story and shook my head. The thing had me completely bewildered.

Inspector Amsden turned to the farmer. "Have you a telephone here?"

"Sure. In there." He jerked a thumb toward an open door.

Amsden nodded and disappeared into the other room. I heard him calling headquarters and heard him give instructions to hold Nolte.

But it wasn't until we were on our way back to town that he explained about the little detail.

"Remember," he said, "when Nolte told about knocking and no one replied. He declared he unintentionally pushed against the door. I pulled it outward. Get it?"

He grinned at my amazement. "Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" I exclaimed. "Say, that's a fact, isn't it? How the dickens did you happen to notice?"

"I always notice," Amsden replied, "such things as details. A detective has to. That's his job." He chuckled. "Now when you write that story, don't neglect to mention the importance of paying heed to the little things."

"Don't worry," I promised, shaking my head. "I won't."



Makes Dinosaurs 'Work' for Him; Farm 'Products'

Carlton S. Nash of South Hadley, Mass., is known in scientific circles throughout the world. Visitors from 39 states and many foreign countries have made pilgrimages to his home to see the unusual products of his "farm" for he has the world's most bountiful crop of dinosaur tracks.

Deeply imbedded in layers of shale on his two acres are the imprints of hundreds of dinosaurs of all sizes, from little fellows no larger than a chicken to mammoth 30 and 40 tonners who roamed through the Connecticut valley in prehistoric times.

There is even an imprint of the tail of one weary old dinosaur who sat down to rest, a prehistoric item authenticated by the late Professor Loomis of Amherst college. Nash values this particular track at \$6,000.

Formerly available only to museums and educational institutions, the dinosaur tracks on Nash's "farm" are so numerous and varied that he now sells them to individuals throughout the world who use them for stepping stones, doorsteps, novel book ends and fireplace decorations.

He does not know how deep the ledge of shale imprints extends although to date 16 layers of imprints have been uncovered, the shale containing each track varying in thickness from a half to five inches.

"The tracks were made by dinosaurs in mud millions of years ago," Nash explains. "They were petrified due to the clayish iron cement texture of the mud and compaction of the earth's weight. They are found in outcroppings of sandstone which seldom project above the surface of the earth. These layers of sandstone were originally mud flats which later were covered with glacial deposits from the North, slowly hardened into stone and eventually, from the earth's warping, volcanic action and erosion, were exposed."

Undoubtedly many people have wandered over what is now the "Nash Dinosaur Footprint Quarry" for years without paying much attention to the queer imprints in the shale.

Oldest School in Maryland

St. John's college at Annapolis, the oldest educational institution in Maryland and one of the oldest colleges in the United States, was established in 1696 as King William's school; it became a college in 1784. This private non-sectarian institution requires each of its students to read the 100 books which have been selected as classics. It is noted in history for the visit of Lafayette in 1824.

A Near-President

AFTER years of neglect, tardy honors at last have been paid to a great American—a man who served his country as United States senator, minister to France, secretary of war and secretary of the treasury, a statesman who just missed being President! From Atlanta, Ga., recently came word that the restoration of the burial place of William Harris Crawford had been completed.

Crawford was a native of Amherst county, Va., where he was born February 24, 1772. His parents moved to Georgia and there the father died in 1768, leaving his 16-year-old son to become the principal support of the family by teaching school.

Meanwhile he was studying law and in 1798 he was admitted to the bar. From the law to politics was a logical step and in 1803 Crawford was elected to the state legislature where he served until 1807. Elected to the United States senate in 1809, he made an even more brilliant record as a legislator there and from March, 1812, to 1813 he was president pro tem of the upper house.

At the end of Crawford's term in the senate, President Madison offered him the post of secretary of war, but he declined. However, he did accept an appointment as minister to France and in Paris he received a warm reception. When Napoleon was overthrown in 1815, Crawford returned to the United States where Madison again offered him the post of secretary of war. This time he accepted and held the position until 1816 when he became secretary of the treasury.

During that period in our history Presidents were nominated by con-

gressional caucus and as Madison's term drew to a close his secretary of the treasury was the favorite to succeed him. However, when the vote was finally taken, James Monroe received 65 votes to Crawford's 54. The new President asked his rival to continue as secretary of the treasury and Crawford consented. He served until 1825.

When it came time to select a presidential nominee in 1824, Crawford's name was again prominently mentioned. In fact, he was the congressional caucus nominee, although there were only 66 out of 216 members of his party present when the vote was taken. By this time the caucus method of choosing a President had fallen into disrepute and three other candidates entered the contest. They were John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay.

When the electoral votes were counted it was found that Jackson had received 91 votes, Adams 84, Crawford 41 and Clay 37. Since none of the candidates had a majority of all the votes cast, the election was thrown into the house of representatives, which was to ballot on the three high men. There Henry Clay threw his strength to Adams and the New Englander was elected President.

After Adams was inaugurated, he asked Crawford to continue as secretary of the treasury, but the Georgian pleading ill health—he had suffered a stroke of paralysis in 1824—declined the honor and returned to his home in Georgia.

However, by 1827 is health was good enough so that he was able to take on the duties of a circuit judge and he continued in this office until he died at Elberton, Ga., on September 15, 1834. His death was a fitting conclusion to his active life for he literally "died in the harness." He was away from home on the circuit, fulfilling his judicial duties, when the end came.

Few men have ever filled the post of secretary of treasury more capably than Crawford. As a member of the senate he had done much to bring about the reincorporation of the Bank of the United States and because of this Madison first offered him the treasury portfolio. This proved to be a wise choice, for Crawford, taking over the tangled financial affairs of the nation at the close of the War of 1812, handled the situation with extraordinary skill and was able to turn the treasury over to his successor with its finances on a sound basis.



(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

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Education a Debt

Education—a debt due from present to future generations.—George Peabody.

Westminster Abbey

Only three Americans have been honored by the British with a memorial in Westminster Abbey—James Russell Lowell with a stained-glass window, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow with a bust and Walter Hines Page with a marble tablet.



MAD

When a cough due to a cold drives you mad, look to Smith Brothers Cough Drops for s-o-o-t-h-i-n-g, pleasant relief. Two kinds... both delicious... Black or Menthol. Still cost only a nickel. Why pay more?

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