

Beauty on Production Line Helps 'Keep 'Em Flying'



Women are playing a vital role in the war effort, principally in the great aircraft factories. Some of these attractive women might easily be carving out a career for themselves in the movies, but they are content to star on the production line. The pretty worker at the Curtiss-Wright propeller plant shown above stands at the apex of a V formed by two lines of propellers.

Picture Parade



These girls wear various types of protective headgear while they produce the tools to whittle down the Axis. The girl at the right provides the touch of the eternal feminine with a flower in her hair. (Photos approved by war department.)



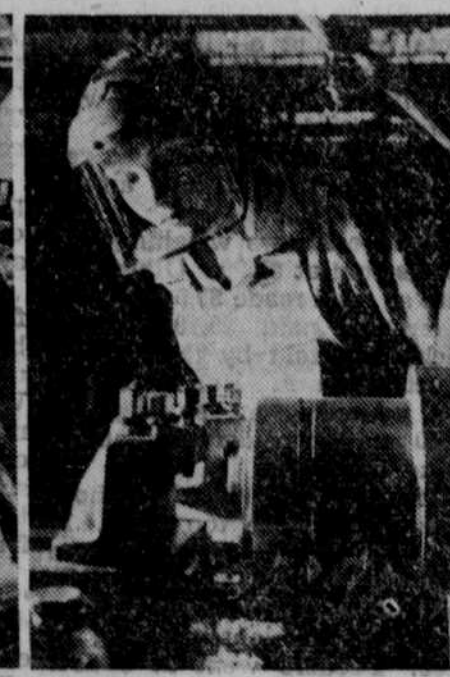
Marge has her luncheon on the job in a big aircraft plant, where she is one of hundreds of women who are keeping 'em flying.



An office worker before the war, this girl now works a milling machine on a bronze nut-line in the Curtiss-Wright propeller plant.



And here is an ex-laundry girl doing an important bit to help wash up the Axis. She is proud to be helping Uncle Sam.



This plastic-masked worker now operates a lathe on a nut-line as expertly as any male machinist. She was once a stenographer.

History in the News by ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

'The People's Choice'

FIFTY years ago this month occurred an event unique in American political history. For on July 5, 1892, a convention of the Populist, or People's, party nominated Gen. James B. Weaver of Iowa for President. Weaver has the distinction of being the only man who was ever the leader of two different "third parties" and as the head of one of them he received the fourth highest number of electoral votes ever given such a candidate.

Born in Ohio in 1833, Weaver was graduated from the law school of the Ohio university at Cincinnati at the age of 22 and migrated to Iowa to practice his profession. At the outbreak of the Civil war he enlisted in the Union army and came out of it a brigadier general.

After the war Weaver returned to Iowa to resume his law practice but was soon called to public office—first as a district attorney and later as assessor of internal revenue.

Dissatisfaction of the farmers with the financial policies of the President Grant resulted in the forma-



tion, by inflationists who wanted to issue a large amount of paper money without regard to specie payment, of the National Greenback party in which Weaver was a leader. In the campaign of 1876 the Greenbackers nominated Peter Cooper of New York for President but he polled only 80,000 popular votes and failed to receive a single electoral vote.

In the congressional elections of 1878 the Greenbackers did much better. They polled more than a million votes and elected a number of congressmen, among them General Weaver, who served until 1881. In the meantime he was a delegate to the 1880 national convention of his party in Chicago and there became its nominee for President. Because of Weaver's popularity in the West, the Republican party was greatly alarmed over the possibility of his taking away enough votes from them to assure a Democratic victory. But their fears proved groundless for the Greenbackers were able to muster only 350,000 votes and not a single one in the electoral college.

In 1884 Weaver was elected to congress by the Democratic and Greenback-Labor parties, was re-elected in 1886 but defeated for a third term in 1888. Meanwhile, a new "third party" had sprung up to champion the cause of the farmer and the working man and rapidly gained adherents. In the state and congressional elections of 1890 this Populist, or People's, party carried the legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska, elected nine members of congress and forced 34 others, Republicans and Democrats, to pledge themselves to carry out Populist ideas about free coinage of silver, issue of paper money to be loaned directly to farmers on the security of their crops, abolition of national banks, government ownership of public utilities, establishment of a postal savings bank, and a graduated income tax and prohibition of alien land ownership.

Most of these ideas were incorporated in a book, "A Call to Action," which Weaver, the former Greenbacker, had published in 1892 and when the Populists held their nominating convention in Chicago that year he became their candidate for President. This time he did better than he had done as the standard-bearer of the Greenbackers. He corralled 1,041,028 popular votes and received 22 electoral college votes. In his own state Weaver received only 20,095 votes but he did much better in Kansas, where Populism was rampant. There he was given 162,845 votes.

This was the climax of Weaver's political career. He never again aspired to high political office although he served as mayor of the city of Colfax, Iowa, from 1904 to 1906 and died there in 1912.

During its short career the Populist party gave to American political history more picturesque characters, perhaps, than any party before or since. One of them was Mary Ellen Lease of Kansas who as a campaigner for the Populists rejoiced in a variety of sobriquets—"Mary Yellin," "the Patrick Henry in Petticoats," and "the Lady Orator of the West." But she is best remembered for the advice which she roared at the delegates to the Chicago convention 50 years ago—"What you farmers need to do is to raise less corn and more hell!"

Proof of Love

By BARBARA ANN BENEDICT
Released by Western Newspaper Union

"It's only a matter of time, Malcolm Goss told the girl, before you'll love me. I'm sure of it."

There was nothing of conceit in his manner, and Angela shook her head. "Time hasn't anything to do with it. I'm—we're not the same kind of people."

Malcolm frowned. "You've hardly given me a chance to plead my cause. Stay a little longer anyway," he urged. "Wait until the first snow. It's beautiful on the mountains. You'll like it."

Angela gazed up toward the high-flung peaks of the Lockton range. Mentally she pictured their snow-laden slopes beneath a wintry sun. "Yes," she said. "They must be. Everything is beautiful up here." She turned to him, smiling brightly. "All right. Until the first snowfall, then."

It came sooner than they expected. Two weeks later the sun dropped into a bank of clouds at mid-afternoon. It began to snow shortly after dark, lightly at first, developing by morning into a raging blizzard. Angela was delighted, thrilled. But by the second day she began to doubt. And on the third day with the storm still raging, she sought



"Oh, I hate you for this!" she said, out the clerk in the tiny mountain hotel.

"When," she asked, will the stage leave for the railroad?" He looked at her curiously and smiled. "Next April. Possibly May."

"There's no way of getting out before then?"

"None. Ridge Peak is always snowbound from October to April." "But—but the Pass? Aren't there dogs?"

The clerk shook his head. "It's been done, once or twice. And attempted a half dozen times."

"You mean the others failed?" He nodded. "Mighty dangerous business. Only a fool would try it."

The door behind them opened. Malcolm Goss was standing there, watching her. Furious, she confronted him.

"You knew! You knew all the time! You thought if I had to stay I—you—!" She left the sentence unfinished. Her eyes blazed.

He regarded her solemnly. "You really mean that?" "Of course I do. What else am I to think? Oh—I hate you for this!" She turned away, but his hand gripped her shoulder, swung her back.

"Listen. The storm's about over. It hasn't been as bad as it seemed. Mostly wind. We could make it—over the pass—if you care to try."

His voice was a challenge. For a moment their eyes clashed. Angela tossed her head. "When can we start?"

"In an hour. Get your things. Leave as much as you can behind. Dress warmly. I'll arrange for the dogs."

He left her. She went to her room, sorted over her things, made up a bundle of the bare necessities. Waiting for Malcolm, she wondered whether the new feeling that assailed her was renewed anger—or fear.

In an hour she went downstairs again. Malcolm was waiting, talking to the clerk. The latter looked worried.

"All right. We'd better get going." Malcolm came across the floor, glanced at her bundle approvingly and nodded toward the door. There were furs in the sleigh and he tucked them around her. The snow had stopped. There were rifts in the clouds. She lifted her eyes to the peaks of Lockton range. They were white, a whiteness that was sinister and mocking. A little tremor ran through her body.

Toward sunset she dozed; when she awoke they had stopped. A fire was burning and she could smell coffee. A full moon was riding high above the hemlocks in a sky free of clouds.

Malcolm arose from his squatting position before the fire. "You'd better get out and exercise a bit. Coffee and bacon ready in five minutes."

Angela climbed out of the sleigh, a conscious of cramped limbs. "Do we camp here?" Her tone was matter of fact.

"No. We'll not camp at all. The moon's bright, and the wind may rise any moment." He tried and failed to keep anxiety from his voice. Angela looked at him and then glanced up through the trees. Already their crowns were beginning to sway gently.

She had no way of knowing what a rising wind might mean—not until they reached the height-o'-land. A gale was blowing. It was as though another blizzard had come up, so thick were the swirling particles of snow.

Angela burrowed down in the robes. She tried not to think of what the clerk had said. Hours later they stopped. Malcolm Goss appeared beside the sleigh, a blur of white.

"Cold?" She heard his voice above the roar of wind.

"Not a bit," she flung back gayly. "I like it."

He hesitated a moment, then returned to the gee pole. Angela was secretly pleased with herself.

Angela never knew how close to death they came that night. But she guessed at least half of it. She remembered dropping off to sleep again. When she awoke it was daylight. The wind had died. Men on snowshoes were milling about the sleigh. She saw another dog team—and then she saw that they were transferring something from behind her to another sleigh.

She heard a man say: "Oh, I guess he'll live. . . . Wonder why the crazy fool tried it? . . . Who's that dame?" The voice died. Angela struggled to get out, but the sleigh was in motion again, and the other team had gone.

Later they stopped at a cabin. Someone came and helped her inside. She was surprised at her own helplessness. Looking around, she saw Malcolm stretched out on a bunk, and she flew to him.

He was conscious, but she knew enough about frostbite to realize the danger. Turning, she ordered the men to bring her cold water and cloths.

Hours later Malcolm returned to wakefulness. He looked at her and grinned. Angela felt a twinge of pain, as though pricked with a knife, though she knew it was nothing more than conscience. She had been thinking about her gayety up there on the pass. Now it seemed like levity.

"I knew if you gave me time I'd make you love me."

She looked at him, suddenly realizing what a fool she'd been. She put her thoughts into words, and he grinned.

"We're both fools," he said. "Only a fool would attempt the pass—Glad we did though—otherwise—you might never have known!"

Suddenly she was on her knees, her arms about his head. "Oh, Malcolm, you are a fool. A great big, lovable fool. That's—that's why I love you so."

He nodded. "Sure. Every man has to make a fool of himself over a woman sometime in his life. I—I just chose a way that was different." His eyes closed. She left him sleeping. Outside, she looked up at the pass. It was no longer sinister and mocking. It seemed to smile. And she smiled back.

Psychology Found in Greeting Cards Noted

A recent nation-wide survey conducted by expert psychologists reveals the importance to the public of greeting cards. It was learned that:

Greeting cards are a means by which people who find difficulty in expressing themselves may easily and gracefully convey their greetings and good wishes to others.

Greeting cards help to celebrate holidays and occasions of special significance. Thus, in providing rallying points for the closer unification of our people, they help to preserve, in our social structures, values which otherwise might be lost.

Greeting cards, at a time when many separations are occasioned, and many disruptions of family life take place, help to overcome the anxieties of loneliness, and make people better able to cope with the difficulties confronting them.

The emotional impact of the greeting card on the recipient is best demonstrated by the fact that most people who receive greeting cards preserve them for at least a little while before disposing of them. When discarded, greeting cards go on to serve a further purpose by yielding their raw materials for re-processing.

The survey further discloses that any restriction in the distribution of greeting cards would result in the use of some substitute for the exchange of greetings and good wishes—and that this substitute would require the use of paper in equal or greater amounts than now used in the production of greeting cards.

Thus, the greeting card serves the public interest, providing emotional outlets and social gratifications on a desirable non-wasteful basis.

Remarkable

Man is the only meat-eating primate. Goldfish can survive freezing of the water they swim in. A single housefly, if all its descendants lived and bred, would be an ancestor of 2,000,000 flies at the end of one summer. A male swan is called a cob; a female, a pen; a young swan, a cygnet. Natives of Burma believe the slow loris doesn't eat but lives on the rays of the moon.

NEW IDEAS for Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

A SMARTLY flounced blanket chest with contrasting cushion is a useful addition to any bedroom. It serves as a convenient seat; and extra covers are right at hand on chilly nights. A pair of these, covered to match spreads, would go well with twin beds.

Plan the size of your chest to fill your needs and space. It may



be made of one-inch pine and should be about 15 inches high without the cushion. Make the flounce with double fullness—that is, twice as long as the space it is to fill after it is gathered. The cushion may be filled with cotton padding, feathers or down.

NOTE: Book No. 8 of the series of booklets offered with these articles gives directions for flowered blanket protectors and a bedside bag for books and magazines. Also many other things to make for almost nothing from odds and ends to be found in almost every home. To get a copy of Book No. 8 send your order to:

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CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

HELP WANTED

Cardinal Construction Co., General Building Contractors, have a contract at Sioux Ordinance Depot near Sidney, Neb., where a large number of carpenters, laborers & other skilled mechanics will be employed during the next four months. Work is getting under way & workmen are not requested to start coming in on their own accord. It is, however, suggested that skilled building mechanics or laborers desiring employment write Cardinal Construction Co., Box 99, Sidney, Neb., at once.

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Tiny pearl onions make tempting garnishes for vegetable salads or canapes.

Equal amounts of coffee and heated milk, sweetened to taste, make an appetizing drink.

If you perspire too freely, throw a handful of salt into your bath water.

When ironing no matter what the article, the important thing is to continue to iron it until it is absolutely dry.

Apply several coats of boiled linseed oil to the soles of your shoes and let dry thoroughly to conserve them.



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Are Women Better Shoppers than Men?

GRANTING a woman's reputation for wise buying, let's trace the methods by which she has earned it. Where does she find out about the advantages and details of electrical refrigeration? What tells her how to keep the whole household clean—rugs, floors, bathroom tiling—and have energy left over for golf and parties? How does she learn about new and delicious entrees and desserts that surprise and delight her family? Where does she discover those subtleties of dress and make-up that a man appreciates but never understands?

Why, she reads the advertisements. She is a consistent, thoughtful reader of advertisements, because she has found that she can believe them—and profit thereby. Overlooking the advertisements would be depriving herself of data continuously useful in her job of Purchasing Agent to the Family.

For that matter, watch a wise man buy a car or a suit or an insurance policy. Not a bad shopper himself! He reads advertisements, too!