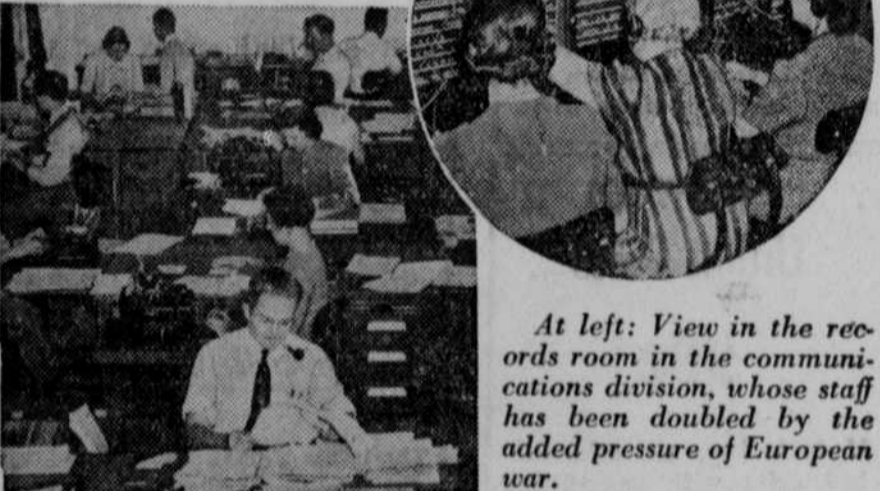


CALLING PARIS!
U. S. Keeps Its Eye on World Through Vast 'News' Network



Behind scenes in the U. S. state department is a pulsing communications machine which keeps official Washington informed instantaneously of diplomatic maneuvers throughout the world. Before Secretary of State Cordell Hull gives his news to Washington correspondents (above), a hundred hands have kept flowing the constant stream of information from American diplomats abroad. Here is made the news that determines U. S. Foreign policy, an all-important function now that Europe is at war. At right: The state department switchboard in the communications division.

Picture Parade



At left: View in the records room in the communications division, whose staff has been doubled by the added pressure of European war.

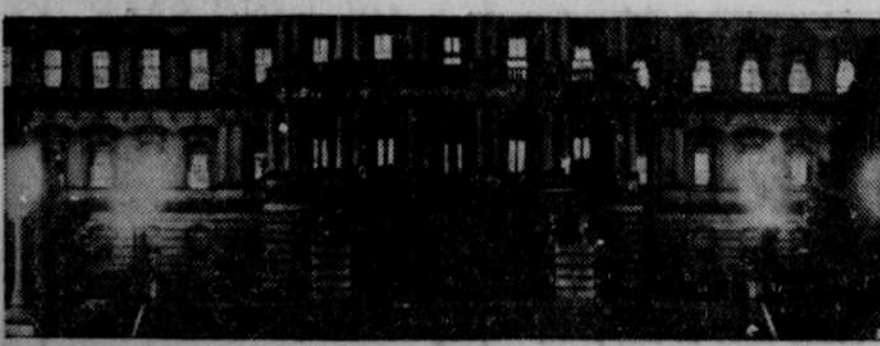


The division's cable room on the top floor of the state department building. Here there are two teletype machines operating on a direct circuit from the U. S. embassy in London!

A close up of printer messages being pasted on blanks for the files. Other messages come coded.



A worker passing messages through the grill opening into the coding room. Only employees of the coding department are admitted to the room, where experts "unscramble" vital messages.



Entrance to the state building, home of U. S. foreign policy.

SUCCESS SAGA

By THAYER WALDO
(McClure Syndicate-WNU Service.)

DOWN through a vale of verdure-studded hills the flawless highway wound. Along its edge walked a boy, satchel in hand. Occasionally he glanced behind, but no disappointment showed at constant sight of a road without cars. It was, after all, still early morning, and three days of this informal traveling had taught him not to expect bounty before nine.

As it neared level once more, the road did a near-right-angle bend. Rounding this, the boy saw, just off the pavement a hundred yards ahead, a coupe of familiar make but questionable vintage. Upon its road-side running board sat a girl in sports skirt and gay-hued sweater.

Approaching, he crossed the concrete diagonally toward her. When she looked up, he smiled and called: "Having some trouble?"

"Well, I'm not just taking a rest cure."

The tone's banter forestalled any hint of sarcasm.

She gazed at him with frank appraisal and asked:

"Are you hitch-hiking?"

He reached her side and put the bag down.

"Uh-huh—with emphasis on the 'hike' just now. This is the first car I've seen today, and it doesn't look very promising. What's the matter?"

"Well, it might be one of several things, but I'm afraid it's all."

With a chuckle the boy creaked up the battered engine hood.

"Looks pretty bad, all right," he admitted after a moment's inspection. "You've got two cracked spark plugs and a blown head gasket, to start with. How far'd you say you were going?"

"Hollywood, I hope."

He spun quickly around, displaying new bright-eyed interest.

"No!—honest? Say, that's funny; I am too!"

"Oh, really? Do you live there?"

"No, but I'm going to—for a while, anyway. Perhaps later I'll move to Beverly Hills."

"Why, that's just what I planned, as soon as I get my contract."

He perched on the sagging front fender and grinned down at her.

"So that's it! Well, this sure is a coincidence. Here we meet up in the middle of Oregon, both going to the same place for the same thing. What studio will you be with?"

The girl patted her hair and shrugged archly.

"I'm not sure yet. Whichever one offers me the best opportunity. You see, I have letters of introduction to several influential people."

He nodded judicious approval and said:

"That's fine. All anyone with your looks needs in Hollywood is a little pull."

"Thank you; but I don't expect to depend on either. I want to make my way quite independently, and by talent rather than mere beauty."

"Oh, sure; it's merit that counts, all right. I just meant that a nice start helps. Take me: everyone up in Seattle said I ought to go in the movies after I won three first prizes on amateur nights at the Bijou. But do you think I'd be trying it if the way wasn't greased? Not much. My uncle's an assistant director at Zenith. That'll make a cinch for me."

"I should say so. You're very fortunate. I just finished at Portland Junior college. We did 'Twelfth Night' for the senior play; I was 'Viola.' A great many people thought my performance quite fine, so now I'm driving—"

She broke off, a sudden small frown appearing, and added ruefully: "I mean, I was driving. Gee, only 85 miles from home, and stranded already."

The boy looked thoughtfully for an instant. Then he slid down the fender to a seat beside her, exclaiming:

"I know what! You come with me."

"You mean," she asked, gazing at him in astonishment, "flagging rides?"

He affirmed it and went on to embellish the picture.

A little urging won her over; it was agreed that they should hitch-hike on together.

From the driver's rear deck the boy took her two grips and stood them beside his own.

Then both sat down again, and now two faces were turned northward to watch for the cars which he assured her would soon be coming.

They chatted of this and that, exchanging confident predictions for the Hollywood future. At last he questioned:

"Who's your favorite star?"

"Homer Austin," she told him without hesitation. "He does dramatic parts so wonderfully. Did you see him with Sonya Ruskin in 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

Enthusiastically the boy responded:

"I'll say! Sat through it twice and went back again the next week. Now there's a man who sure worked his way up without any soft breaks. Just an extra five years ago, and now look at him. Why, nobody in pictures has as big a following. He'll be popular for years."

"By the way, did you know he's

up here somewhere on location right now? I was dying to find out just where, but they keep those things terribly secret."

"Sure—they have to, especially when it's somebody like Austin." Looking at his wrist watch, he added: "Well, just about time for the traffic to begin."

Her hand touched his sleeve. "Look! You're a good guesser."

Around the curve above them had shot a big, high-powered phaeton. Its driver was a man and alone.

Bounding up, the boy signalled vigorously.

The car was almost abreast before the man at the wheel noticed him. There came a screech of rubber on pavement and it halted a hundred feet beyond.

"Quick!" the boy cried, seizing the luggage: "come on—our luck's starting already!"

"Wait—did you see that man?"

"Yeah; what's wrong with him?"

"Why, nothing, only—it's Homer Austin!"

He stopped dead, eyes wide; then: "Aw—you must be mistaken."

"All right; look now."

He did. The driver had alighted and was strolling toward them. Groggishly large goggles masked his upper face, but there was no mistaking its identity; she had been right.

"Golly!" the boy whispered. "Is this a thrill!"

Austin approached, asking: "Need some help?"

"Why—why, no, sir—nothing but a lift, that is. The car's a wreck; we're leaving it."

"Oh, I see." The actor laughed. "Well, pile in, then. I'll be glad for the company."

In eager silence the pair obeyed. A moment more and they were spinning southward.

"Just where are you nomads going?" Austin queried after a little.

It was the girl who answered: "To Hollywood, Mr. Austin. Are you?"

He gave her an odd glance and said: "So I'm still recognized, anyway. . . . Yes, I'm driving straight through."

"We're going down to work in pictures," the boy stated in a tone meant to be casual. "Are they finished with the one you came up to make?"

"Nope," the actor told him tersely; "but I am."

"Oh. You mean they took all your scenes first?"

The famous star smiled a smile that was wholly lacking in humor.

"Not exactly. They just decided to put another actor in the part. My fan mail fell off about 2,000 letters last week; his gained twice that much. So now I'm going back to hunt a new job. That, my boy, is Hollywood."

Astronomical Almanac Published to Aid Flyers

The first astronomical almanac compiled in Great Britain for the use of airmen, has been published under the title "The Air Almanac." It was prepared by H. M. Nautical Almanac office on behalf of the Air Ministry, says the London Sunday Observer.

Astronomical observation are constantly used by airmen and the first-class air navigator's license is issued for proficiency in this department among other subjects. Instruction in astronomical navigation is also given in the air force.

In an airplane, however, conditions for making elaborate calculations are unfavorable, while the speed impairs the value of calculations, which take many minutes to complete.

In simplifying the procedure, the compilers of the air almanac have succeeded admirably. Accuracy within 10 miles, and more usually within five miles, is secured, provided a normal sight has been taken.

In place of declination and right ascension (the celestial equivalents of latitude and longitude) declination and the Greenwich hour angle are used. The tables are for sun, moon, the four brighter planets and 50 fixed stars.

The almanac is in two portions. Each leaf covers two days only, and as the leaves are detachable a pilot need only take with him such pages as will be needed on any particular journey. Calculations from the observations made are merely a matter of simple arithmetic.

"Dead reckoning" in air navigation cannot be relied upon, for a very short period during which no landmark is visible often results in serious deviation from the right course. Changes of direction and strength of the wind cannot be detected without reference to actual position in relation to landmarks, and there may be unnoticed variations in the air speed of the machine, and errors in the compass bearing.

Directional wireless has done much to remedy this handicap, and it is used increasingly, not only in air, but in marine navigation. But directional wireless service is not always and everywhere available, and is, moreover, subject to errors.

Co-operation in a Coop

When Gilbert Kamm, Illinois farmer, went to his hen house to gather eggs, he put his hand under a hen which had been wanting to set and felt something soft and furry. Shooing Biddy off the nest, he found four tiny yellow kittens. Mr. Kamm put the self-appointed nursemaid into a coop and awaited developments. Alex, a feline owned by a neighbor, padded over to the chicken house and fed the babies. Alex was hastily rechristened "Alex-andria."

Star Dust

★ Picturing Thomas Edison
★ Great Picture to See
★ O'Brien Rates Contract
By Virginia Vale

THERE are two new books that should greatly interest you, one if you like the movies, the other if you are interested in radio serials in general and two in particular, "Pepper Young's Family" and "When a Girl Marries."

The book for movie fans is by an ex-motion picture actress, Patsy Ruth Miller; its title is "That Flanagan Girl." Patsy Ruth made a name for herself on the screen in the days of silent movies, although she's very young to be a veteran of that era. Some of you old-timers may remember her as the girl in the Lon Chaney version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

She gave up the movies for the stage, after a while—she's one of these girls who want to take a shot at everything. Simultaneously, and very successfully, she tried her hand at writing short stories. Then she went back to Hollywood and wrote scripts for the movies, also successfully.

"That Flanagan Girl" is that rare thing, a novel about Hollywood which doesn't try to get even with the place and its people by slamming it.

As for the other book, it's Elaine Sterne Carrington's "All Things Considered," a collection of short stories that have appeared in some of our best magazines. Mrs. Carrington made her name as a story writer and a playwright before she ever thought of writing for radio.

The life of Thomas Edison is now being turned into motion picture history. Two pictures based on it are being made—"Young Tom Edison," with Mickey Rooney, and "Edison



SPENCER TRACY

the Man" with Spencer Tracy. Tracy took a trip East to familiarize himself with the famous inventor's background—he visited the Edison laboratory at Menlo Park, N. J., and then went to Washington to talk with Charles Edison, son of Thomas.

At last we have "Drums Along the Mohawk," a swell picture it is, too. Plenty of thrills, plenty of Indians, lots of romance and humor. Maybe you read the book—if you did you won't be disappointed in the film version, which was ably directed by John Ford. It deals with an aspect of the Revolutionary war that is unfamiliar to many of us, showing settlers in the backwoods region of New York fighting a war without really knowing what they were fighting for.

The cast couldn't be better—Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda, Edna May Oliver, Ward Bond, John Carradine.

After five years Freddie Bartholomew is off the Metro payroll. Remember when he came to these shores to play "David Copperfield" as a young boy? His last picture on the home lot was "Listen Darling," and at present he's working for RKO in "Swiss Family Robinson."

When you see the new "Hunchback of Notre Dame" pay some attention to Edmund O'Brien, if you want to see the kind of performance that picks up a contract for an actor. RKO just gave O'Brien one, which permits him to switch from screen to the stage and back again.

When the "Pretty Kitty Kelly" cast assembled recently they found a large sign on the studio wall. "This is NOT the Floyd Bennett Air Port!" it sternly announced. Seems that the boys and girls had been amusing themselves at rehearsals by making paper airplanes, flying them all over the place and then leaving them—also all over the place.

ODDS AND ENDS—Bob Hope and Bing Crosby livened up the luncheon hour on the Paramount lot the other day by riding around on bicycles, in black-face, and wearing turbans and baggy pantaloons. . . . Mark Warnow, conductor on the Hit Parade, used to play the violin in a street corner band. . . . And by the way, his pet bat was whittled from a bat used by Babe Ruth in the 1932 world series. . . . Irene Dunne and Cary Grant will appear together again, this time in "Passport to Life!" (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

FARM TOPICS

HORSE SHORTAGE EVIDENT IN U. S.

Would Be Unable to Meet Wartime Demand.

Additional warfare in Europe would find America unable to supply the enormous number of horses for cavalry and transport which she did in the last World War, according to a report by the American Foundation for Animal Health.

"Our horse population has suffered a marked decline in the last decade and is growing smaller year by year," the foundation says. "Last year there were 323,000 fewer horses than the year before and 61,000 fewer colts were foaled last year than the year before. Despite this fact the value of these farm animals is exceeded only by that of dairy cattle. This means that if European armies come to America for their horses as they did during the last war, good horses will be harder to obtain and prices will rise more rapidly."

"Because horses are today more scarce and more valuable than they have been for a number of years, they should be given the best care possible."

"Most farmers are on their guard against the current wave of sleeping sickness, but any horses which have not been immunized should be protected immediately. When one realizes that the horse population is decreasing steadily and that it takes nearly two years to produce a new colt, the importance of safeguarding those horses which we do have is increasingly clear."

Electric Lights Fail To Fool 'Old Biddy'

At the usual current cost, using electric lights in the chicken house to stimulate egg production is a paying proposition, but it definitely does not put anything over on the birds, says Cora Cooke, extension poultry specialist, University farm, St. Paul. It will not raise the total year's egg production, but, if used on well-matured pullets, will advance the production to the fall and winter months when egg prices are highest.

If a flock lays very well in the winter, they are not likely to lay quite as well in the spring. However, it is a mistake to assume that a flock that produces very few eggs in the winter will make up for it in April and May.

Miss Cooke corrects the idea that the lengthened day causes the chickens to eat more, which, in turn, produces more eggs. In fact, she says, it is the assimilation of light that stimulates production and makes the hens eat more feed.

For farm flock use, the 12 to 14-hour day is generally preferred over all-night lighting, but it doesn't make any difference to the hen whether the day is lengthened in the morning, evening, or both. The important factor is that the person in charge of the flock should adopt a regular procedure and stick to it, cautions Miss Cooke. The most popular practice is to use morning light with an automatic time switch to turn the lights on at the required time. Morning light does away with the need for a dimming system, which is necessary for night lighting, and calls for less actual attention on the part of the operator. When lights are used at night they must be dimmed before being turned off. This helps the chickens find the roosts.

Cattle 'Ear-Tagging' Aids Herd Improvement

Equivalent to finger-printing in humans, is the "ear-tagging" system for dairy cows.

Many states co-operate with the bureau of dairy industry in permanently identifying all animals in dairy herd improvement associations.

The purpose of the identification and permanent records is not only to apprehend the dairy criminals, he says, but to eliminate the unfavorable influences in breeding future dairy cattle. Every cow is put on her own production record and farmers get a complete analysis of breeding efficiency which reveals the value of every bull in every dairy-herd improvement breed.

The system locates and identifies outstanding brood cows for selection of breeding stock and provides a means of tracing family strains.

Radio Fails Farmer

Reading that a Japanese farmer had increased the milk yield of his cows by playing the radio to them, a farmer in Udry, Scotland, followed the example by placing a new radio set in an empty stall in the cowshed.

When jazz began one bossy after another kicked her heels in the air and protested loudly. One kicked the bottom out of the milk pail and another sent the milkmaid flying from the stall.

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All but Dead One's life is what he is alive to; to be alive only to appetite, pleasure, pride, money-making, and not to goodness and kindness, purity and love, history, poetry, flowers, stars, God and eternal hopes, is to be all but dead.—Babcock.



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