

SLUMP SPEEDS TRAIN SERVICE

Paris —(UP)— Depression, which has cut down the number of voyagers and the amount of freight and airplane competition have resulted in a speeding up of the Britain and the Continent with passengers and freight trains of the result that the world's speed record for trains in daily service was pushed up to 92 miles an hour.

The present record is held by England, the Cheltenham Flyer making a maximum speed of 92 miles and an average speed of 81.6 miles for the 77 1/2 miles from Swindon to Paddinton. On the Continent, where the trains are longer and heavier, the record is expressed which roars towards the Belgian frontier, 148 miles at the average speed of 66 1-6 miles an hour held by the Paris-Liege non-stop hour.

The Cheltenham flier pulls only six coaches for a total weight of 180 tons plus the 120 tons of the engine and tender. The Paris-Liege weighs 290 tons plus the 185 tons of the locomotive. The Paris-Saint Quentin weighs 340 tons plus the engine.

There are 27 French passenger trains running their rails from end to end at better than a mile-a-minute and 129 at better than 56 miles (90 kilometers) an hour compared with 100 last year and 85 in 1929. In its European record run, the Paris-Liege tops 70 miles an hour over half of its course.

Bavarian Farmers Plan "Weather Shooting"

Munich —(UP)— Farmers' organizations in Upper Bavaria have decided to revive a custom which was dropped a century ago as being "old fashioned" even then. They are going to resume "weather shooting."

The custom was widely practiced in the Bavarian as well as the Austrian Alps. Cannon shots were fired into clouds threatening a thunderstorm, in order to precipitate an early burst and prevent much feared hailstorms. In 1817, the Bavarian government prohibited "weather shooting," calling it a superstitious belief worthy of the middle ages.

In the meantime, however, science claims to have established that the Bavarian farmers' notion about weather shooting was not so superstitious after all, and the old custom will be given a new trial this summer.

Blind Boy Traveled Long Distance on Foot

Copenhagen —(UP)— William Peterson, inmate of the home for blind boys here, has accomplished a rare feat. In one night and one day he traveled from Copenhagen to Korsor, a stretch of 114 kilometers, alone and a-foot over a frequented road which led him through four towns, a large number of villages and required the navigation of many dangerous street crossings.

Young Peterson, who has been blind from birth, felt homesick for his mother who lives in Soedding, Island of Fuenen. One evening he decided he could wait no longer, he set out alone.

Great Grandmother Sees Little Change in Young

Fort Worth, Tex. —(UP)— There's no difference between the "younger set" today and her set back in the Civil war days when she shook her pistol at a detachment of Northern soldiers and defied them to drive off her last cow. Mrs. Sallie Hays, 92-year-old great-grandmother, thinks.

"Except for the disappearance of almost any swimming costume at all and the abandonment of the pork pie hats, there's no difference. I've watched three generations go by—all the same," she said. "And I received my social training from that dear old school of Virginia Southern aristocracy and Tennessee colonels."

Mammoth Skeleton Found in White Russia

Moscow —(UP)— The skeleton of a huge mammoth was discovered near the banks of the Osura river, White Russia, by some workmen who were digging an irrigation canal.

The skeleton was unearthed about 12 feet underground and was reported to be in an excellent state of preservation. It will be shipped to the state museum.

The discovery of mammoth bones in European Russia is by no means unusual. Last year the remains of one were discovered near Kazan. In 1910 some mammoth bones were discovered right in the heart of Moscow itself during excavations for a cellar.

Do It Again

From The Humorist

Hubby: Here is \$5, dear. Don't you think I deserve a little applause for giving it to you without being asked for it?

Wife: Applause! Why, darling I think you deserve an encore!

California Frogs Like Honey Bee Diet

Tulare, Cal. —(UP)— Mark Twain's famous jumping frogs of Calaveras, Cal., owed part of their fame to the fact they ate lead pellets.

The frogs of Tulare county recently achieved notoriety, at least by their penchant for honey bees they ate so many of them, apurists reported, that they were forced to open up a drive on the croakers.

Death from the Sky



Flying low to make a landing, this airplane crashed completely through the roof of a house in East End, Cleveland, O., killing an occupant of the building. Strangely enough, the pilot of the plane, though injured, is expected to recover.

A Stolen Ride in a Portantina

From "My Life," by Emma Calve in Christian Science Monitor

One afternoon I went to the theater rather earlier than usual, as I entered, I saw a group of porters and mechanics hovering around a little sedan chair which stood in the wings and which I had noticed before. It had been built for Patti on her last stay in Venice. . . .

As I made my way toward my dressing room, the stage manager, who had been in animated conversation with the group around the sedan chair, approached me.

"Will Mademoiselle be so kind as to tell me how much she weighs?" he asked.

"A hundred and twenty-five pounds," I answered, much surprised by the question.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "Just the thing! Mademoiselle, if she wishes, can use Jatti's sedan chair. The porters will not carry more than a certain weight, but Mademoiselle is exactly right."

I was of course delighted. Every evening I made the journey through the narrow alleys of old Venice, and, as my Portantina was unique, I was known all along the route. The street urchins began cheering as soon as they saw it appear at the end of a street.

"Ecco la prima donna!" they shouted. "Here she comes! E viva E viva!"

My farewell performance at the Fenice was a gala night. The stage was inundated with flowers, the audience wildly enthusiastic. Finally it was time to go home, and my mother sent my maid to call the porters.

This maid, Valerie, was a Parisian, dark, graceful and not unlike me in build and coloring. She loved to imitate my way of walking, my gestures, sometimes even my clothes. She wore a mantilla, and at a distance might easily be mistaken for her mistress.

My mother and I sat waiting in my dressing room for a long time. Valerie seemed to be unaccountably slow. We were beginning to wonder what had happened to her, when she burst into the room.

"Oh, Mademoiselle! Forgive me!" she exclaimed, all out of breath. "I didn't do it on purpose! They carried me off in the portantina! There were serenaders—gentlemen in evening clothes! It was grand! A regular triumph! They thought it was Mademoiselle!"

She stopped for breath, but before we could ask a single question, she was off again.

"When we got to the hotel," she continued excitedly, "the manager opened the door with a deep bow. When he saw me, how he jumped! It's nothing but the maid!" he shouted in a rage. But really it isn't my fault!" Valerie concluded plaintively. "I can't help it if I look like Mademoiselle! The porters brought me back, but the celebration is all over. Every one is gone!"

My mother was very angry and wanted to dismiss the girl on the spot. I could only laugh. It seemed to me so absurd! When we got

back to the hotel, no one was in sight, but the steps were covered with flowers, strewn at the feet of my chambermaid!

In my own room at last I could not sleep. I stood on my balcony looking out over the peaceful lagoon. It was a marvelous night! Venice was still a city of gondolas and midnight serenades. There were no motor boats to spoil the picture, as there are today. My mother was thrilled with joy at my success.

"Never, never have you had such a triumph!" she exclaimed, again and again. She had forgiven Valerie her escapade and only remembered the flowers, the applause, the tributes of appreciation and enthusiasm.

Before we left the hotel the next day, we were presented with a bill. "For carrying off in the portantina—200 francs."

My mother, greatly surprised, called the manager.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

The unhappy man was overcome with embarrassment.

"Patti's manager used to arrange for a triumphal progress of this sort," he explained. "He hired the hallboys and musicians from the hotel. I thought Mademoiselle, too, would like it. I am sorry, if you are displeased."

DIVERSIFIED PHILOSOPHY.

One revolution we could have, "I would be illustrious." A revolution that would turn Those wheels industrious.

What G. O. P's are fearing now, As might McBeth the witch, Is no big stick in any hand, But only the big switch.

Those stories that I used to hear In bar rooms long ago, Once haughty dames, now in salons Are passing to and fro.

If it be true that solid wood Is nearly one third gas, Perhaps a chemist we should hire, To on those platforms pass.

A scientist says butterflies Don't eat; and that's a sign That never in his life has he Invited one to dine.

The only plank republican, That I shall never balk, Is that one on election day, We demos make them walk.

—Sam Page

SLIDING SCALE

From Punch
Hairdresser — A permanent wave would be five guineas, madam; or, of course, you could have a temporary one for a guinea.

Flapper — I say, couldn't you give me just a momentary one for about five shillings?

Giving Her Credit.

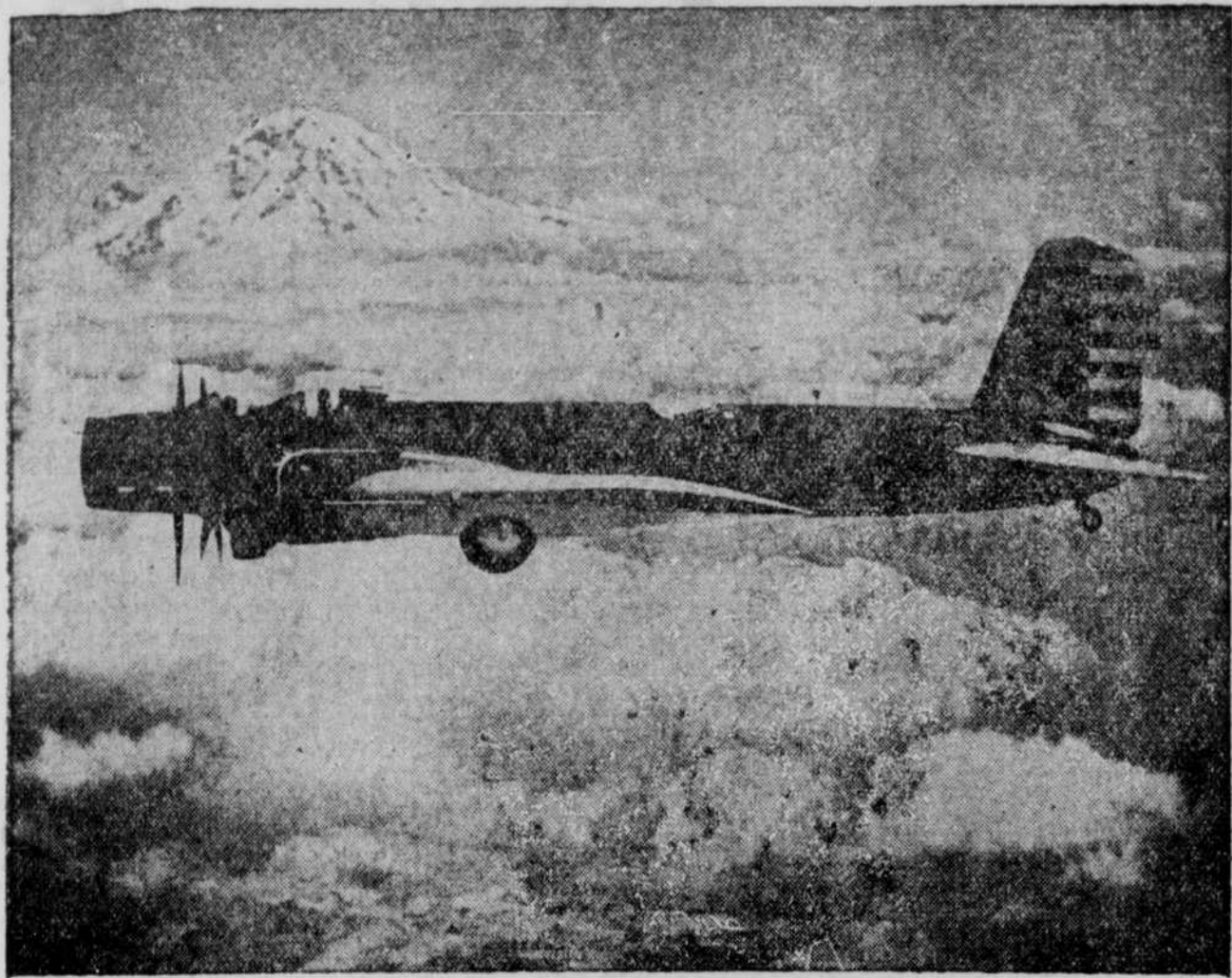
From Tit-Bits.
"Old Fellowes seems to be a remarkably good husband, doesn't he?" Brown remarked. "I mean— he's awfully generous to his wife, eh?"
"Oh, rather," Jones replied. "That man is willing to let his wife have anything that credit can buy."

a fight before he could be dislodged.

JUST THRIFTY

Columbus, Ohio — Postmaster James R. Geren has seen some odd things in his life, but probably the oddest was a letter written to a young lady on North Mill street here. The letter was written on the back of a postage stamp. When read under a magnifying glass, the message was: "Hi there! No, I'm not Scotch, either! This paper is hard to write on. See you Tuesday night. Bye, Ivan."

The Army's Latest War Eagle



This striking picture shows the newest of giant army fighting craft, Uncle Sam's most modern bombing plane, passing Mount Ranier (background) during her final test in and around Seattle, Wash., before being flown East to be turned over to the Army. The huge craft is powered with two 575 Pratt and Whitney motors, is all metal and has a wing span of 115 feet. It is the fastest of its type in the world.

The Seashore Rhumba



Here are two familiar figures in unfamiliar garb—you usually see them in evening clothes. They are Ramon and Rosita, famous society dancing team, shown as they rehearsed a new number on the beach at the Lido Country Club, Long Island. The new dance is their version of the rhumba and, no doubt, you'll be seeing it this Winter.

"Slacks" Comfort



In order to pay her tribute to the spirit of the Olympiad and to keep comfortable while doing so, Dawn thy Layton, film actress, wears the "slacks" outfit of red, white and blue. The trousers and bolero jacket are of red flannel. The blouse is of white satin and the tie deep blue.

In Port of Unhappiness

Little Miss "X"



"Woe is me," wails this little one, "I'm only six months old and here I am on my own. That's not so bad if this funny fellow didn't persist in pointing a camera at me. Wish he'd get me a bottle instead. I'm so darned tired of crying." Yes, this pretty miss is the latest addition to the New York Foundlings' Home.



Seward F. Lang, pharmacist's assistant in the United States Navy, is shown as he made the acquaintance of a proud Chinese father and his baby in the streets of Shanghai. Despite hard times, following the recent conflict with Japan, the scene has a certain look of happiness about it, don't you think?