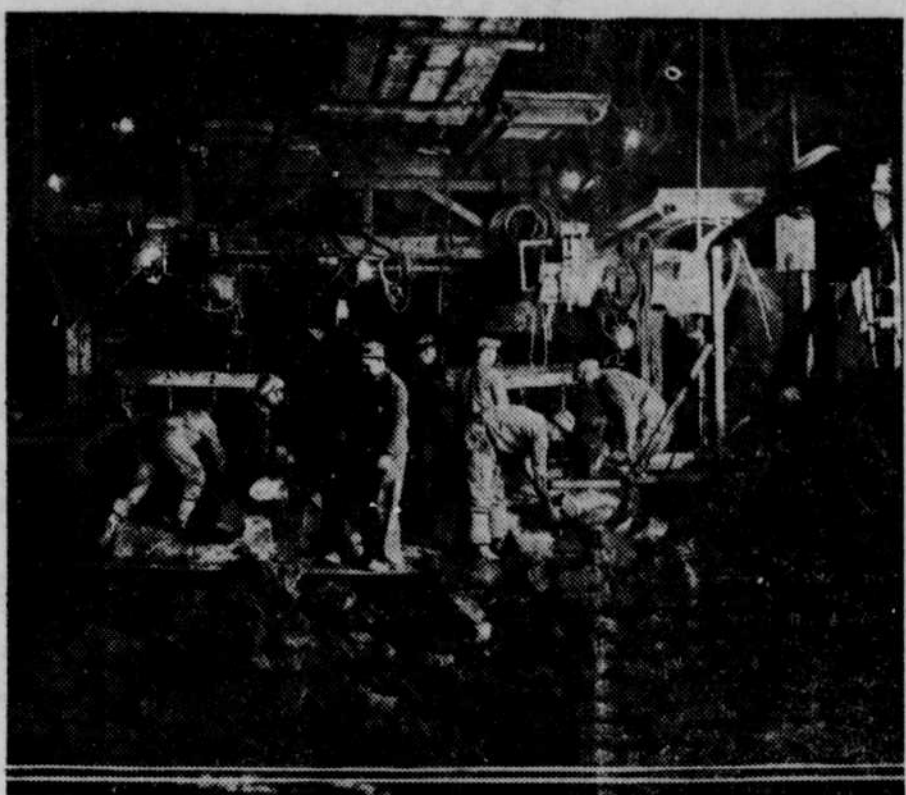


# Sandhogs Drive Giant Tunnel Forward



## Workers Thrust Motor Traffic Tube Ahead

Here is a scene 30 feet below the bottom of the Hudson river, and 170 feet out from the Weehawken shore line, as engineers and sandhogs, working under 13 pounds of air pressure, thrust the giant tunnel toward Manhattan, at a rate of 30 inches at a time. This tunnel is meant for interstate motor traffic and will aid in solving the metropolis' increasingly serious traffic puzzles.

New York city alone in 1933 had 643,534 cars, more than 108,000 trucks and 27,801 taxis and buses registered. The increasing problem of handling the vast volume of traffic between the city and the New Jersey side prompted the construction of the tunnel shown above.

## Performs Operation on Heart

### Cleveland Doctor Makes History

Medical history was made at Lakeside hospital, Cleveland, with the performance of the first operation in the history of the world for the relief of angina pectoris, a heart ailment which in the past has been regarded as incurable and eventually fatal. The operation was performed by Dr. Claude S. Beck, a surgeon at Lakeside hospital. It may mean as much to the world as the discovery of a cure for cancer.

Other physicians have refuted the statement that Beck was the first to perform an operation of this kind.



DR. CLAUDE S. BECK

claiming that such a case was reported by Dr. Jonnesco, a French surgeon, in 1920. Jonnesco is reported to have relieved the pain of angina pectoris by resecting the cervical sympathetic nerve chain and the first thoracic ganglion.

Nevertheless, Doctor Beck is receiving the plaudits of medical men all over the country for his brilliant success.

### READING BY RADIO!

New York.—"Micro-wave facsimile transmission," in other words, the flashing of entire pages of copy by radio, was mentioned as a future possibility in the annual report of the Radio Corporation of America.

An experimental circuit will be placed in the service this year between New York and Philadelphia.

One of the greatest difficulties is that these ultra-short radio waves which are measured in inches carry only as far as the eye can see.

It is planned to have relay stations, shunting the signals on.

## Sudden Riches Bring Tragedy

Frank Grigoris, the sixty-seven-year-old sandwich man who became a minor hero because he turned over to the police \$42,000 in negotiable securities after he found the wallet in which they had been lost, is shown being taken to a New York psychopathic hospital. Doctors explained that the man's mental illness was caused by the new excitement, the flow of unimagined wealth, and the patient's poor physical condition.

A messenger lost the wallet containing the securities and Grigoris, plodding along through the snow, picked it up and turned it over to the police. The news of his honesty became known to the press, radio and motion picture newsreels two days later and he was made much of. As a result Grigoris found himself affluent with a gift of \$25 from another brokerage house, a job as a messenger from the owners of the securities, and gifts of all sorts.

A few days later Grigoris aroused the occupants of the Bowery hotel where he was staying with shouts that he was God and had the power to kill a man by simply looking at him. A man who had been standing in the lobby heard the shouts and followed the hotel clerk up the stairs. There they found the sandwich man writhing on the floor. The onlooker stared for a moment at Grigoris and suddenly slumped to the floor dead.

"Probably it would have been better for him to remain a sandwich man, and certainly it would have been better if he had never found that money," said Dr. C. N. Colbert. "His diet before he became famous might not have suited the ordinary human being, but to an old man suffering all the priva-



tions he had suffered for years and years and with an acute arteriosclerotic condition, very little food probably was better for him than the comparative richness of his meals since he became a man of means.

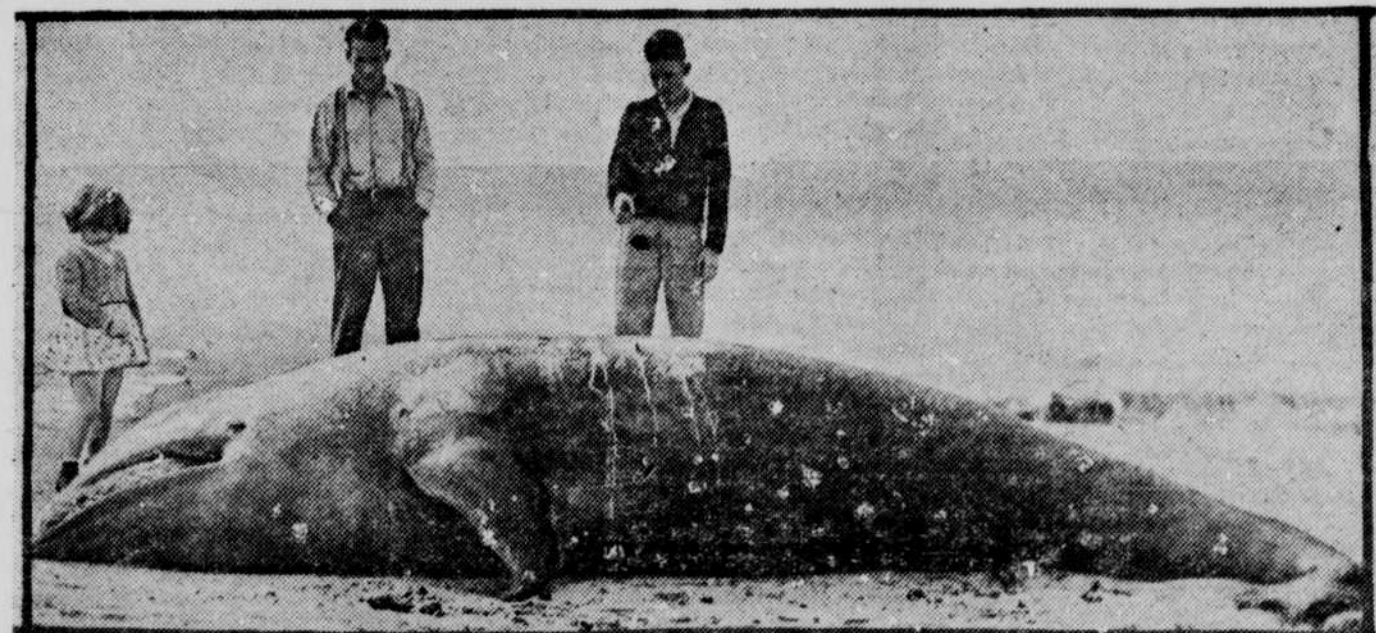
"It is possible that he will clear up his own condition. This happens sometimes. It may have been too much for him all at once. In the meantime we are trying to keep him as quiet as possible, for overmuch excitement might kill him now."

## Must Be Getting Along in Years



That's what neighbors said about "Aunt Mary" Asay as she celebrated her 112th birthday at the Burlington County Home for the Aged at New Lisbon, N. J. This opinion was reached because in former years she celebrated the occasion with a jig. This year, however, she contented herself by eating a large slice of her birthday cake and singing some thirty odd songs.

## Sea Serpent Mystery at Last Solved



Apparently solving the mystery of last summer's sea serpent scare, this huge "manatee," or sea elephant as it is commonly called, about 18 feet in length and weighing about a ton and a half, was washed ashore near Newport Beach, Calif. The spectators pictured viewing the carcass soon spread the word and in a short time all were agreed that the sea serpent was no doubt what they had mistaken for a sea serpent.

## YOU AMERICANS

By R. H. WILKINSON

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IT WAS mid-afternoon when Gayle Alvin dropped off the train at Juan.

He was a day earlier than Don Jose Gomez expected him; hence there was no one at the station to meet the train.

The place was deserted, save for a girl.

And because the station agent was busy with the train's mail clerk, Gayle approached her with a question.

She was a pretty girl, dark and olive-skinned, having many of the characteristics, save for her exquisite beauty, that all Mexican girls possess.

"I wonder," said Gayle, "if you could direct me to the hotel? There is a hotel, I presume?"

Gayle had spoken in English, habitually, and he wondered whether or not the girl would understand.

He was, therefore, a little taken back at her remarkably precise use of the language.

"Indeed, senior, there is a hotel in Juan. And a very excellent hotel, you may be sure."

Her voice was deliciously sweet, reminding Gayle of the strumming of a guitar.

"Come, I will take you there." Gayle picked up his bag and followed her across the dusty street and along the narrow pathway between the two rows of false-fronted buildings.

He felt a little uneasy. He wasn't used to having girls guide him about, especially pretty girls such as the beautiful seniorita, whose heels he dogged.

"It's lovely here, isn't it?" she said by way of making conversation.

She turned on him almost abruptly. "Ah, senior, you Americans do not know the real beauty of Mexico, the culture, the civilization that is here."

Gayle realized his mistake. He saw that she had misunderstood his meaning, and was looking at him defiantly.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I didn't intend—"

"You think we are crude," she cut in. "Crude and uncultured, savages. Oh, I know. I was educated at one of your American colleges. I am glad that you are here to see."

"But, really, I didn't mean to be rude. I'm sure the American idea is wrong. Positive, after meeting—you."

Her white teeth flashed. "You think me beautiful, senior? But, of course. All the foolish men think me beautiful. Their love-making is most amusing."

Her frankness was startling. "One day I shall marry," she went on, sadly it seemed. "And then all my fun will be over."

"I suppose," said Gayle, with equal frankness, "you have had many opportunities?"

"Oh, many! But these men are so stupid."

"I will one day marry an American and he will come here to live and learn to appreciate our wonderful country. But here, senior, is the hotel. I must hurry along. Adios."

"But, say. May I not see you again? This is rather abrupt, you know. Leaving me like this. May I not see you home?"

She shook her head. "Ah, no, senior. My father would be angry with me. He does not approve of me talking to strangers."

"But how do you know I will not follow you and introduce myself to your father and ask if I may not call upon his charming daughter?"

"Because," said the girl, "I ask you not to. And you Americans are so gallant. You would not break a trust."

There was no answer to this, and Gayle stood a little awkwardly and watched the slim, young figure vanish up a side street.

Gayle was thinking deeply as he entered the hotel and engaged a room.

The town wasn't so big but what he'd probably see the girl again, and he had every intention of knowing her better.

The sight of the papers lying in the bottom of his traveling bag recalled the purpose of his visit.

He glanced at his watch. It was still only three in the afternoon.

If he hurried he could call on Don Jose before dinner, perhaps begin negotiations for the purchase of the Don Jose Gomez's rancho.

The place was, he discovered, the largest and most palatial that he had seen since entering Mexico. Mere words could not describe its exquisite beauty.

Gayle dismissed his driver and strode up on the porch.

He was admitted by a pretty Mexican girl, dressed in the gay attire of the country, and ushered into the great living room.

A moment later Don Jose himself stood in the doorway.

"Ah, Mr. Alvin. A thousand pardons for not meeting your train. We understood it was tomorrow."

Gayle acknowledged the greeting with the merest of nods.

He was staring over the Don's shoulder at the slim figure in the hallway.

Don Jose saw the look and turned.

"Carlota! What are you doing there! But come in and meet our guest, Mr. Alvin, my daughter, Carlota."

By neither word nor sign did Gayle indicate that he had had the pleasure of meeting Carlota before. He bowed graciously, conscious of a curious feeling of guilt.

She would never believe that he had not intentionally followed her. Her opinion of Americans must assuredly have suffered.

Dinner was a rite. Gayle, had his conscience been clear, would have enjoyed the ceremony immensely. But he felt Carlota's eyes on him, vaguely accusing, he thought.

The dim light provided by candles only served to enhance her beauty.

It was not until late in the evening, after Gayle had been persuaded by Don Jose to remain at the rancho during his stay in Mexico, that he had an opportunity to speak to the girl alone.

They were standing on the moonlit veranda, with the great snow-capped mountain peaks dimly visible beyond the sweep of lawn.

"I suppose," said Gayle, "you'll never believe I didn't follow you. I assure you it was most unintentional."

Carlota looked at him sidewise. "You are forgiven, senior. It is I who should ask your pardon."

Gayle looked at her askance. "I don't believe I understand—"

She hung her head, as if faintly ashamed. "Senior, I knew who you were from the moment you stepped from the train; knew you were to be our guest. And I talked so . . ."

Gayle's pulse quickened. "But, I say, that was quite all right. About—marrying an American—I mean. That is—"

Gayle turned abruptly to face her. But the girl looked at him once, smiling, and then turned and fled into the house.

Gayle looked up at the moon and breathed deeply. Life, he told himself, was strange and sweet.

## Michigan "Wolves" Not Really of That Family

A peculiar understanding seems to exist about wolves that claim Michigan as their habitat, says the Detroit News. Every four-footed animal that bears any resemblance to the timber wolf is called a wolf, even though it may be a stray police dog or a western coyote. The record of kills made in the last few years proves that four-fifths of the "wolves" taken in Michigan are coyotes. Of recent years an eastern drift of the plains coyote into Michigan has been recorded, while at the same time timber wolves are gradually growing fewer. This is natural, for the timber wolf is a creature of the heavily forested country, while the coyote would naturally follow lumbering on cut-over lands. It is an animal of the brush country and has found the Michigan cover much to its liking.

### Statues Discarded

Statues of Napoleon III and Louis Philippe, Charles X and Louis XVIII, once proudly surveying their passing subjects from pedestals in Paris streets, now stand together, discarded, gazing at a gray wall in an ancient garden. Latter-day heroes stand in their places receiving tourist attention. In a corner, half hidden by bushes, stands the Emperor Napoleon III, arrayed in a weather-beaten dress uniform, holding the sword of power in his hand. Louis Philippe, in a Roman toga, and Louis Philippe in marshal's regalia, stand side by side, their bases deep in ivy. Louis XVIII has lost an arm and Charles X stands next to the Empress Eugenie, gazing into her eyes.—Montreal Herald.

### Medical Plants in England

London, England, is the great center for trade in medicinal roots, barks and herbs. Canada is the sole supplier of one important medicinal plant, senega root. Cascaira bark is almost of equal importance and this comes from the Pacific coast, both Canada and the United States figuring as important sources of supply. The bark increases in value with age, but most of the importing firms prefer to import the new bark and age it themselves. Other medicinal plants supplied by Canada are snake root, hemlock, grindelia and hydrastis or golden seal root.—Montreal Herald.

### Nugget Site Marked

A commemorative stone marks the spot where the famous Welcome Nugget was found, erected by the Ballarat Historical society in Ballarat, Australia. The inscription reads: "In this place was found on June 9, 1858, the Welcome Nugget. It weighed 2,217 ounces and was sold for 18,500 pounds."

### "Snake Fumes" Kill Six

Scientists believe that "snake fumes" caused the death of six men and the blinding of a seventh near Kapurthala, India, recently. The men had set fire to a bush to rout a giant cobra and were overcome by the fumes. It is believed they inhaled poison from the burning reptile.

### Official Call

The somewhat flamboyant applicant asked if he didn't want a girl with personality. "Nope, merely to type letters. And we don't use any photographs on the letterheads."

## BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

What Is Ahead? Muscles Soon Old The Moon Pulls Us To Toughen Your Legs

In 1914, as the world gradually moved toward war, no one in Europe realized what was happening or going to happen.

In 1935, as this country moves toward the result of various theories, experiments and efforts, nobody has the vaguest idea of what is really about to happen.

Almost anything might happen. It is possible, and fortunately probable, that what has happened before will happen again, that business and industry will gradually find their way back to normal, and with officially shortened hours making labor scarce, the slogan may change from "Let the government support me" to "Give me a chance to work and climb to the top."

That may come, and something very different may come.

Once in so often it is necessary for nations and individuals to learn wisdom through first-class failure. That may be on the program for this country at this moment. The wise man will make his arrangements.

Time passes quickly; age comes soon if you depend for success on muscles, legs, arms or eyes. Fifteen years ago Babe Ruth, "home run king," was bought by "the Yankees" for \$125,000, highest price ever paid up to that time for a baseball player. Now, only forty-one years old, he is released and goes to the "Boston Braves," who are not asked to pay even a penny for the man that has drawn millions of men and dollars to the club that "owned" him.

As we go around the sun, with the moon circling round our little earth, and our sun doubtless revolving around some other great central star unknown to us, the moon is always pulling at the earth, as a child pulls at its mother's skirt. That pull gradually causes the earth to "slow down" in speed, turning on its axis.

Doctor Nicholson, astronomer at Wilson observatory, says this constant pull of the moon will eventually make the earth turn so slowly that its day will be 47 days long instead of 24 hours.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings."

Jack Dempsey, who really seemed to like fighting, apart from the profit, in his championship days, discussing other fighters in his "sere and yellow leaf" at forty, says men that refuse to do "road work" should know that "you can't toughen your legs in a chair or posing for pictures."

Legs are not important, but brains are. Young gentlemen should know that you cannot toughen your brains, or make them work better, without thinking.

Chancellor Hitler orders every man in Germany, young or old, to take physical training and be ready to fight. The Spartans trained men early, even taught the young to murder working slaves for practice. They did not last long.

In New York a boy of fifteen, his father "on relief," leaves home and a message saying: "I am going to get a job of my own and help myself."

That expresses the feeling of millions of Americans compelled to be on the dole or relief against their will. It is to be hoped that depression, relief and dole will end before too many Americans lose the habit of work and the desire for it.

Senator Carter Glass, who takes money seriously, says, "We are on a flat money basis." Possibly, but we seem to be doing better than when we were on a gold basis.

Do you notice much difference? Is money more plentiful, are prices lower? Is not money scarce, is not everything dearer, on the contrary? Who knows anything about money? Nobody.

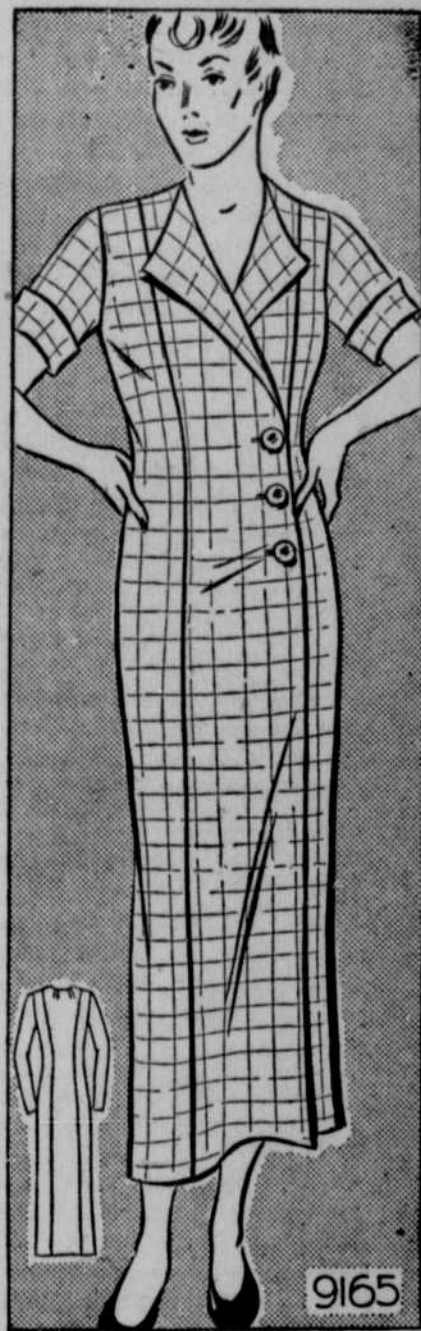
Senator Thomas of Oklahoma, for instance, says the United States is still "on the gold basis." Former President Hoover wants to go back to the gold basis, even if we have to be content with a 50-cent dollar, based on the new kind of "expensive gold."

Wiley Post failed in his effort to fly the continent in eight hours because of a mechanical accident. His plan was to travel 40,000 feet up in the stratosphere, where slight atmospheric resistance makes high speed possible. He will try it again. American flyers fortunately are not easily discouraged. If they were, the flying machine would not have been invented here.

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## House Frock on Coat-Like Lines

PATTERN 9165



Here's a house frock that's not only slenderizing and trim because of its coat-like lines—but essentially practical at the same time. For it's the sort of smart affair that you can slip into quickly—just three buttons to fasten—and be sure of looking your housewifely best! As every figure-conscious woman knows, long panels sweeping from hem to shoulder, back and front, create an illusion of slenderness—and those pert revers add a nice clean-cut look to the whole frock. Of course, one of the best points about this model is that it may be spread out and ironed flat. Choose printed percale, broadcloth or gingham for it!

Pattern 9165 may be ordered only in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards 36 inch fabric.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for EACH pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE of each pattern.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included. Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth street, New York.

## Smiles

AFFABLE BROKER

"What kind of money do you prefer?" "I'm not fastidious," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "What kind have you?"

**Animal Superstition** "Do your farm constituents object to killing their hogs?" "Very much," answered Senator Sorghum. "There is apparently a sort of animal superstition among them. They seem to regard the hog as the sacred symbol of the political pork barrel."

**Deathless** Banker—This is the tenth time you have had this note renewed, Mr. Van Meters. "Poet—Yes, sir; I fear that note is the only immortal thing I shall ever write."

WNU—U 10—35

## THE SWEET FLAVORED GUM

