

## Feline Mrs. Dionne Didn't Like the "Hospital"



"Mrs. Tailspin," mascot of the Newark airport, was mighty proud of her newly born quintuplets, but like Mrs. Dionne of Canada, she didn't seem to care for the neat little hospital provided for them.

## Reach Middle Mark Cooling Giant Lens

Process Automatically Controlled at Every Step.

Corning, N. Y.—The halfway mark in perfecting a gigantic 200-inch telescopic eye—man's greatest effort to solve the mysteries of the universe—has been reached without mishap.

The temperature of molten glass, slowly cooling in specially constructed annealing ovens, has been reduced to 785 degrees Fahrenheit from a high of 2,015 degrees Fahrenheit, Dr. George V. McCauley, physicist in charge of the casting of the mirror, disclosed.

"All is well at this point and we expect it to continue," Doctor McCauley said. The telescope is being made for California Institute of Technology and will be set up on Palomar mountain.

### First Cooling Is Rapid.

After casting the glass December 2, 1934, the temperature was reduced with comparative speed to 842 degrees, Doctor McCauley revealed. It was then raised to 932 degrees and kept there until January 21. Since then the temperature of the largest single piece of glass in the world has been lowered 1.4 degrees daily to prevent defects in cooling.

The intricate and varied precautions taken by scientists and engineers in charge of the cooling of the mirror to prevent a faulty product were related by Dr. J. C. Hostetter, director of research and development for the glass company.

"The entire regulation of the present treatment of the disc, which is perhaps the most important phase of the construction, is directed from a control room 50 feet from the annealing oven or kiln," Doctor Hostetter explained.

### Ten Automatic Controllers.

"Ten automatic temperature controllers, electrically operated, keep the disc at the required temperature. Inside the annealer is a squad of electrical 'detectives' called thermocouples scattered about the oven. Each of these ingenious devices knows every second of the day and night the exact tem-

## 30-Year-Old Woman Is Already a Grandmother

San Jose.—A grandmother at thirty—and the mother-in-law of Jose Santa, one of the world's largest fighters—is the distinction claimed by Mrs. Frank Olivera of San Jose.

Mrs. Olivera became a grandmother when her daughter, Mrs. Jose Santa, eighteen, became the mother of an infant son on Easter Sunday in Lisbon, Portugal, where the Santas now reside.

Mrs. Olivera, when only eleven, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Ennes of Newark, married Frank Olivera, who is now in his early forties. Marie was her first child, born when Mrs. Olivera was not yet thirteen. She has three other children, Frank, sixteen; Alvena, fourteen, and Alvin, seven.

Marie, wife of Santa, was only sixteen when she married the fighter in September, 1932.

## Ohio River Catfish Ate Officer's Watch

Louisville, Ky.—A watch that spent several weeks in the stomach of a six-pound catfish has been returned to its owner, Patrolman William J. Lowman of the Louisville police department.

Lowman said that he lost the watch while fishing some weeks ago.

The watch was found in the fish by Arthur G. Weiser, who recently caught it on a fishing expedition.

## Not Posed

By MOSES SCHERE  
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WNU Service.

HE COULDN'T face her, looking so pitifully weary as she held out the crumpled hundred-dollar bill.

"Listen, Daisy," he said finally, "don't ask me to take it. Please, please, go back to England. Go back to your folks. I'm no good. I married you five years ago, and for four of those years you haven't even had enough to eat. Go back there, sweetheart. I can't, can't take the last of your rainy-day money and sink it in this shop, and watch it go the way the rest of it went."

She stood and looked at him for a long time. Then she went slowly, dreadingly back to the two little rooms.

She said, "You arranged everything, Tommy?"

"Yes. The Caribbee—sails at noon." He tried to smile. "Pay them at the pier. There'll be just enough left to get you home after you land on the other side. . . ."

She said, "I love you," with her lips, not making any sound. Then she walked out of the door.

When he realized that he was standing and looking at the sharp edge of his pocket knife, he recoiled. Not that—ever. He looked around wildly.

There was the tricky little camera with which you snapped people as they walked down the streets. You gave them a coupon with a number, and one in a hundred would send it back with a quarter for you to develop the negative. The gadget had cost him plenty—cost him Daisy, perhaps. But he locked the store and ran out with it.

Ten o'clock. She'd be gone in two hours, and gone, he knew, for good.

"Just send in the coupon, madam. The picture will be perfectly natural—not posed, you see."

That one's the kind who wouldn't want a natural-looking photograph. I'll have to be careful about types. Eleven-ten. Twenty. Thirty. Daisy's still here—she's on the ship, and the captain is looking at his watch. She still loves me; if I didn't know that I'd walk out in front of that trolley car . . . there's a man, there's a good type.

Why, it's his honor, the mayor. His honor wouldn't send him a quarter, but he'd just watch that slow, heavy walk in his fender. Ah, he's stopped—some men have come out of a car marked "Press" and are talking to him, very respectfully. And the mayor is denying something; he's turned his back on the men and is walking on, a little faster.

What's this? Some one else is in the fender. Some one who's picture had been in the papers as much as the mayor's—Big Dan Murphy, the opposition boss, the sworn enemy of his honor. Snap! Got them glaring at each other. Snap! Got both their arms waving. Snap! Big Dan's fist is in the mayor's face! Snap! The mayor is on the sidewalk with blood running of his fat chin and Big Dan is turning on some one else! It's the men from the Press car; they've suspected something and had their camera ready—they were behind the two. Maybe they were in time and maybe they weren't. Big Dan's two hundred pounds is moving toward that camera like a charging elephant. Snap! Got him! Got him as he lifted the instrument and got him as he slammed it down and the creamy-white film spilled out and spooled.

The newspaper reporter who had been smart enough to scent the trouble but too much in a hurry to take two cameras, opened his mouth to swear. Then he saw something that caused his mouth to remain open—a man with a dinky little picture-taker who was calmly taking shot after shot of the mayor's battered bewildered face.

When the newsman descended upon him he was dazed. They grabbed him.

"Did you get it—get the whole fight?"

Slowly his eyes opened wide as he realized what he had done.

"I got it!"

"He got it! He got it!" There was a happy chorus. Then strict business.

"Here. Hop into the car. It's worth five hundred to us. Get in, get in."

Tommy suddenly looked around wildly. Where was that clock?

The official pulled his hand down. "All right, I'll make it seven hundred; but it's near press time, hurry up."

Tommy stared. It sank into his mind. He looked up for the clock again—there it was, an electric clock in the window of a telegraph office.

There was time!

"Eleven thirty-five!" he cried aloud.

The official stepped back, looked at him, looked at his camera, looked at a rival car marked "Press" which was speeding toward them.

"All right. Eleven hundred and thirty-five. It's robbery, but come on—get in."

"Wait—just a minute." Tommy was back in the world now. "The pictures are yours at that price. But lend me a dollar first, will you? I've got to send a telegram to the Caribbee."

## Dog Sleds Still Popular for Transport in North

Edmonton, Alta.—Airlines may be revolutionizing development of the Far North, but the old-fashioned dog sled still is mighty popular.

John Matheson, veteran Edmonton ship builder, will testify to that. Every winter, when the demand for boats isn't so hot, Captain Matheson turns his plant to constructing sleds.

Ordinarily, Matheson's plant turns out 200 to 300 orders. This winter, 600 were built—an all-time record.

## London Tower Moat to Be Children's Playground

London.—The old moat of the tower of London will be converted into a playground for children, according to present plans. A pagoda dramatizing the great fire of London and the theft of the crown jewels by Colonel Blood in 1671 will be given from May 25 to June 8, and the funds raised will be used to make over the area.

## Lights of New York By L. L. STEVENSON

Something appealing about seventy-eight-year-old James E. Washburne's flight to come back. Six years ago, he had 15 candy stores and a large factory. Today, he is selling candy in Times Square with a sign dangling from his neck. But instead of mourning about what the depression did to him, he is looking to the future. The candy he sells is his own invention and only his wife and he know the secret. It is made from vegetables and is non-fattening. The public likes it well enough for his wife and him to live—and to hope. In the future, he sees advertising and the extension of his business from Times Square to the nation. He got the idea for the candy late last year and began selling it at Christmas time. Not until a family friend happened to run into him did his wife know that he was peddling the product of their home kitchen on the street. He was ashamed to tell her. But with the knowledge, she turned in and helped him more than ever.

Eighteen years ago, Mr. Washburne went into the candy business. He had ideas both as to candy and merchandising. That both were sound was proved by the fact that the one downtown store, in which the start was made, grew to 15 and a factory. One of the stores was on Fifth avenue. It occupied a 9 by 18 foot space but the rent was \$18,000 a year. The receipts, however, averaged \$1,000 a day. The Washburnes, besides a big town apartment with an annual rental of \$4,700, had two New Jersey shore summer homes and a farm. Three

months each year they took a Florida vacation. With an income of \$50,000 a year such things did not make much difference. But hard times came. Candy business dropped off at an alarming rate. One by one, the stores closed. Finally, there was one left on Sixth avenue. Then that joined the others, and there was no more income.

To meet obligations and to live, Mr. Washburne sold all his possessions except the farm which is heavily mortgaged. His wife's jewels, sold to have been worth \$100,000, were also sold. Now they are living in a one-room apartment which is also the candy factory. Mr. Washburne is sure he can come back. He has the candy formula and though seventy-eight, can still dance a jig.

## NEW GREEK ENVOY



Dimitrios L. Scillianos is the new minister from Greece to the United States.

Libel laws haunt authors and playwrights. Careful as they may be in creating a scene or a character there may be some resemblance to an actual happening or a living person and then comes a case in court. Mark Twain's Col. Mulberry Sellers in his "Gilded Age" kept bobbing up here and there after the book was published. That the writer coined the name is no defense. Playwrights have lost suits because they named some villainous character and a righteous person by that same name, unheard of previously, has brought them into court. Ring Lardner solved the problem by naming characters after his friends. In England, the laws are even more severe than in this country. Despite that fact, John van Bruyten, English playwright and novelist, who plans to spend the summer here finishing a new novel, seemingly invites disaster by obtaining names for his characters from telephone books and directories of the section where the scenes in the book are laid.

Not long ago, Van Bruyten, who wrote "Flowers of the Forest" in which Katharine Cornell is appearing, did get into trouble. In "Behold We Live," there was a woman who never appeared on the stage but who throughout the play was talked about as a disagreeable, bridge-playing person. Nothing happened during the London run of the play but when it appeared in print it came to the attention of a woman of the same name. Alleging that she had been ridiculed and slandered, she threatened suit, demanding damages and the destruction of the edition of the play. Eventually a compromise was effected, an account equivalent to the cost of reissuing the volume with the name of the character changed, being paid to her favorite charity. But Van Bruyten still uses the same method.

## Celebrate Birthday of Oldest Sunday School

The world's oldest—and largest—Sunday school has just celebrated its one hundredth and fiftieth anniversary.

This is Stockport Sunday school, which has been carried on continuously since the seventeenth-eighties, and in the same building since 1805. It was founded by the Methodists, but was nonsectarian, and hundreds of thousands of youngsters have been taught in it. At one time its membership was over 6,000; even today it is over 3,000.

But Stockport, though it may claim to possess the oldest Sunday school still functioning today, wasn't quite the first in the field. That honor belongs to Gloucester, where, three or four years before the Stockport venture was launched, the first modern Sunday school was inaugurated by Robert Raikes, a printer, and Rev. Thomas Stock. Reading and writing were taught along with the Bible in the early years of the

scheme, and the first teachers were paid.

Before that both Luther and John Knox had made experiments with Sunday schools, but the real beginning of the great movement which we know today was the Gloucester experiment of Raikes and Stock.—London Answers.

## New Window Glass Bars Heat Rays From Room

Window glass has been developed which takes the heat out of sunlight but permits the light to pass. The heat-absorbing glass contains iron and objects viewed through it have a greenish-blue color because some of the red rays of sunlight have been removed. Small amounts of iron in glass absorb ultra-violet and infra-red, the heat rays of sunlight. The visible part of sunlight contains only one-third of the heat in the sun's rays and the new glass cuts out the invisible rays but permits most of the visible rays to pass. While the heated glass might be expected to raise the temperature of

a room as a whole, the effect on a person in the direct sunlight is much less than for ordinary glass. The glass is particularly suited to offices and factories.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## Morning... Headaches



FOR YEARS I've suffered sick headaches in the morning. I didn't realize until the doctor told me how many women are bothered with too much acid, and he recommended Milnesia Wafers. Since I've been using Milnesia I've felt like a new person. Haven't had a cold either, because when you get rid of the acids you don't get colds.

MILNESIA Wafers neutralize the excess acids that cause indigestion, heartburn and sick headaches. Each wafer is a full adult dose, children—one-quarter to one-half. Pleasant to take. Recommended by thousands of physicians. Buy a package today—at all good druggists.

## MILNESIA WAFERS

The Original MILK OF MAGNESIA WAFERS

### LAND FOR SALE

Bank receivership offers for immediate sale 9 farms, nearly all in Taylor county, Iowa. These farms range from 80 to 240 acres. All are bargainable. Some are well improved. Write P. O. Box 5870, Bedford, Ia.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Sells for 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

## FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

## DIZZY DEAN is benched



## Boys! Girls!... Get Valuable Prizes Free!

Join Dizzy Dean Winners—carry Dizzy's Lucky Piece! Send the top from one full-size Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and copy of club manual, containing list of 37 nifty free prizes. And to have loads of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts right away. It has a winning flavor all its own—crisp, nut-like, delicious. Economical to serve, too, for two tablespoons, with whole milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935.)

