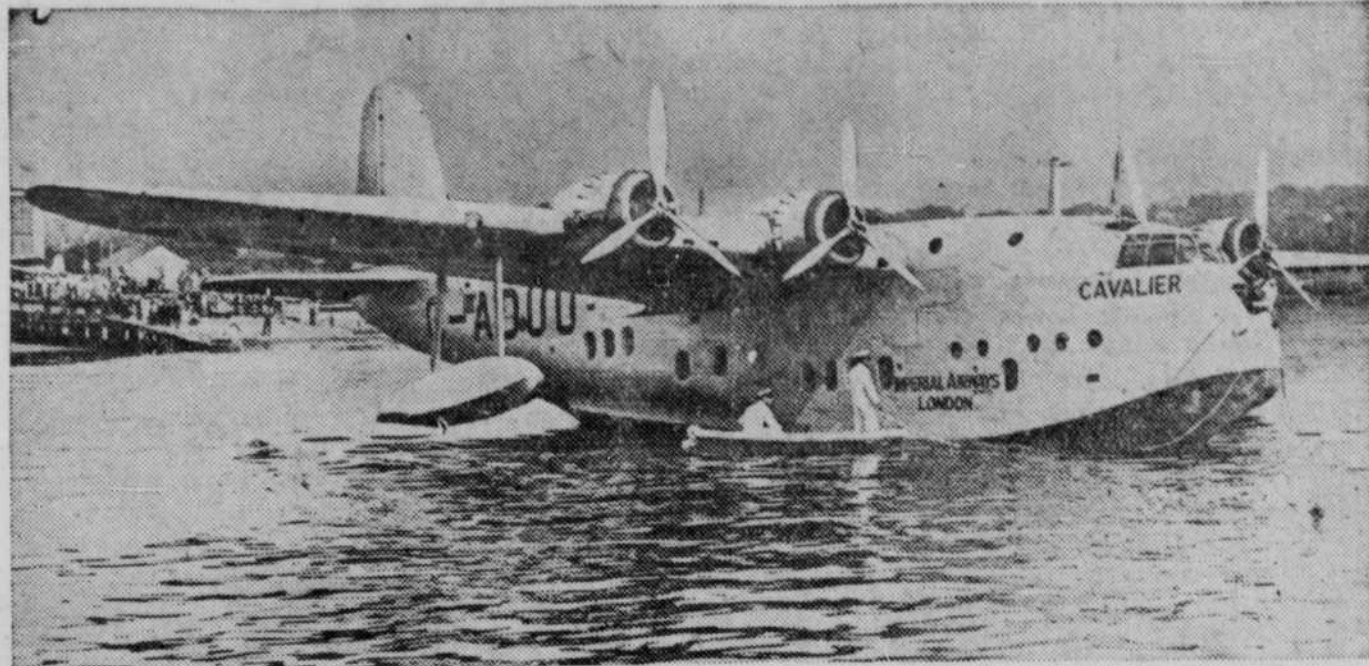


British Plane Blazes Trail for Overseas Line



Pictured at the airways base at Port Washington, L. I., is the British 15-passenger flying boat "Cavalier" after completing the first east-west survey flight from Bermuda. These survey flights are in preparation for the eventual trans-Atlantic passenger service which will be jointly operated by the Imperial Airways and Pan-American Airways. Simultaneously with the Cavalier's flight, a Pan-American Sikorsky clipper made the west-east flight to Bermuda.

Ohio Will Have a "Little Ruhr"



A new "little Ruhr" is rising seven miles up the Cuyahoga river from Cleveland, Ohio, which will mark it as America's meeting grounds for iron ore and coal. The development is part of the Republic Steel corporation's program of expansion. A \$15,000,000 plant, shown above, is under construction, which, when completed, will be the world's most continuous strip mill.

BREAKS NARCOTIC RING



Miss Joyce McAllister, twenty-seven-year-old former Santa Barbara, Calif., college student, whose under-cover detective work is credited with leading to the arrest of seven Chinese and a veteran federal agent in raids on night clubs in the Chinese quarter of Reno, Nev. The sheriff's office and the federal narcotics bureau provided her with \$1,000 with which she bought narcotics, thus obtaining information leading to the arrests.

BLIND LECTURER



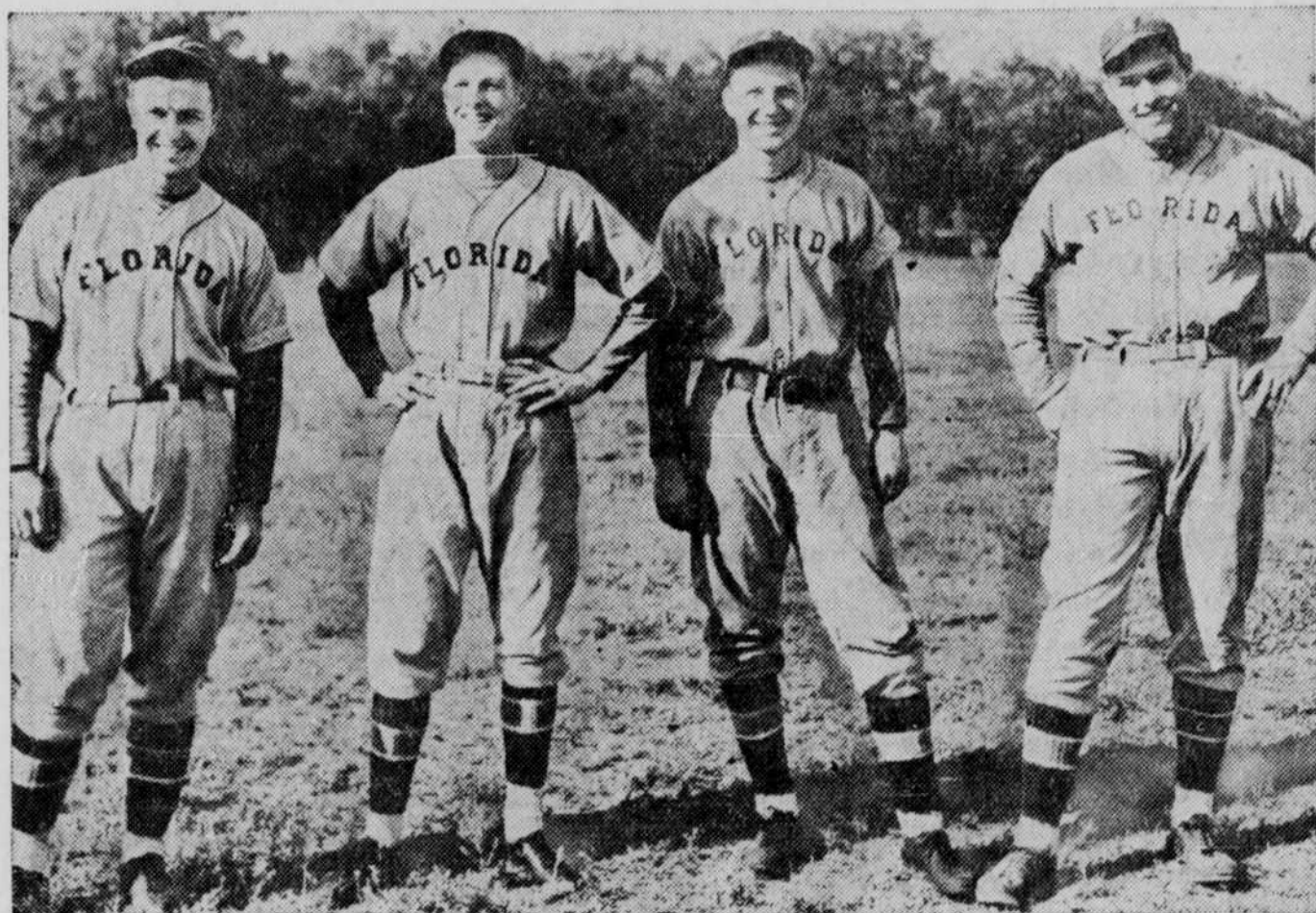
Miss Hazel Hurst, blind lecturer, shown being led up the gangplank of an Atlantic liner by her "seeing eye" companion, "Babe." Miss Hurst, with the aid of "Babe," was en route to France.

Mariner Plans Sea Cruise in Tub



Ernest Biegajski of Buffalo, N. Y., evidently believes in safety first, for he has put on a life preserver before hoisting sail and moving out into Lake Erie in his remodeled pickle barrel schooner in which he plans to go to Europe this summer if present experiments prove successful. This is the second such boat he has built with his soldier's bonus money. The 1936 model leaked so badly that only the timely arrival of the coast guard prevented its maiden voyage from turning into a tragedy.

Sons of Diamond Daddies Good at Baseball



These four stalwarts of the University of Florida baseball team ought to be pretty good at the national pastime—if there is anything in the theory of heredity. All are sons of famous major league fathers, whose names were household words a few years ago. Left to right are Ed Manning, twenty, son of Ed Manning, former pitcher for the St. Louis Browns; Lee Meadows, Jr., nineteen, son of Lee Meadows, old Pittsburgh Pirates mound ace; Jimmy Shotton, seventeen, son of Bert Shotton, a former St. Louis Cardinal, and Wilbur White, nineteen, whose father once played third for the Chicago White Sox.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Scene in the Queen Anne room of St. James palace, London, as premiers of the various dominions and other delegates attending the Imperial conference following the coronation conferred on problems of the British empire. 2—Employees of the Jones & Laughlin Steel corporation, whose vote adopted a C. I. O. union for representation in collective bargaining. 3—President Roosevelt, who has asked congress to enact legislation establishing wage and hour standards for labor.

Sir Harry Lauder on World Tour



Famed Scotch singer, Sir Harry Lauder is pictured as he arrived in Los Angeles from Australia aboard the liner Monterey, accompanied by his niece, Miss Greta Lauder. Sir Harry, who has retired from concert work, plans no stage appearances on this round-the-world trip.

STICKS TO HIS LAST



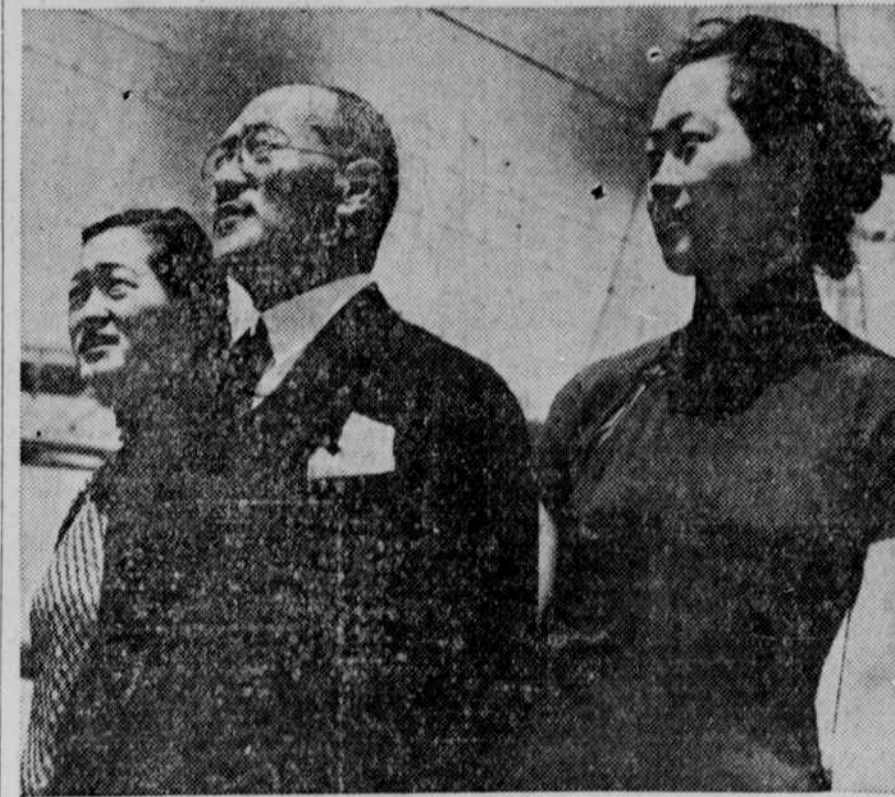
Bubbling over with joy, Salvatore Branchiella is pictured in his shop at Mamaroneck, N. Y., as he soles a pair of shoes for a customer. Salvatore's joy comes from his receipt of the news that President Roosevelt had just signed a special bill granting him the right to live in the United States. He was to have been deported on a charge of allegedly stealing \$15 from an employer in Italy 10 years ago. The charges were proved false and Branchiella was exonerated.

LOYALIST STRONG MAN



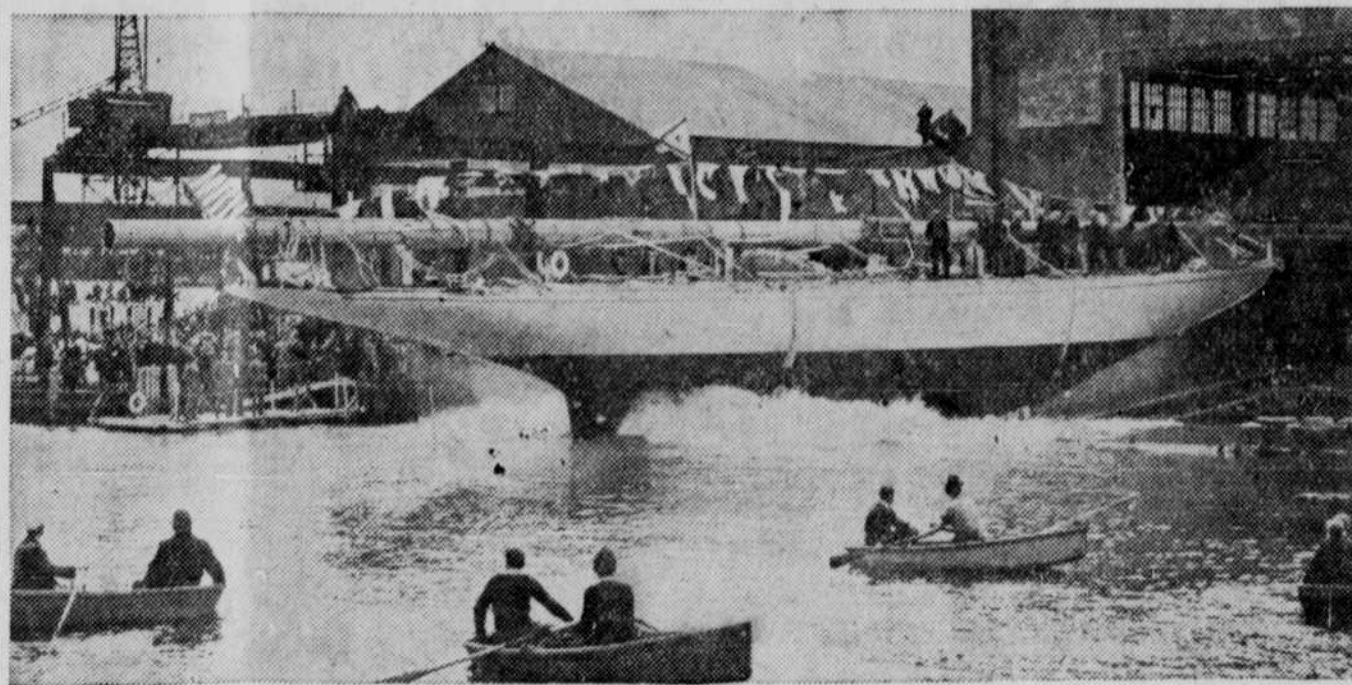
Indalecio Prieto, dynamo of the loyalist cause who has become key man of the civil war in the new Spanish republican cabinet organized by Premier Juan Negrin. He plans to revamp the fighting forces.

Dr. Wang New Chinese Envoy to U. S.



Dr. C. T. Wang, newly appointed Chinese ambassador to the United States, shown soon after his arrival in this country. With him are his daughters, Yeeh on the left and An-Fu on the right.

Ranger Is Crippled on First Test Cruise



Soon after being launched at Bath, Me., the Ranger, Commodore Harold S. Vanderbilt's America's cup contender met with disaster on her first test run and lost her mast. Towed to port it had to undergo repairs to fit it for competition with other American ships for the honor of meeting the British challenger, Endeavor II. Scene above shows the Ranger at the time of her launching.

Talking Skeleton

By NANCY RHODES
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WNU Service.

FOUL, bloody murder had been done, for there on the boards lay a skeleton, bone-white and grinning horribly. The Great Detective gazed on it reflectively, picking burrs off his trousers meanwhile. "For sale," said an oily voice at his elbow.

The Great Detective's meditative eye traveled up the bulging form of old Lewis, who owned the pawn shop.

"For sale," repeated the old man, "and you'll go a long way before you'll find a niftier skeleton for seven dollars and ninety-five cents."

He rubbed his hands and cackled. Reggie McWhortle sighed, and the murder he was about to reconstruct for his own pleasure dissolved in the mellow October Sunshine. Dragged back to reality and Lewis' little pawn shop on Main street, he continued to speculate idly about the skeleton in the window. It was not the first time that it had sprawled there, mute testimonial that Doc Ellis was broke; but never before had it lain in the window for so long a period. Usually Doc redeemed it before old Lewis had held it a week.

Reggie decided to grow up to be a rich relative like Aunt Hortense. But he wouldn't sit in a dark room like she did with her bony fingers on a table top calling: "Henry, Henry, where are you? Are you happy? Can't you answer me, Henry?"

That was surely a dumb thing to do with Uncle Henry dead more than a year. Papa thought it was dumb, too. He had told mamma that if Henry had jumped from the frying pan to the fire he wasn't very anxious to get in touch with the pan again.

The skeleton was still on the Great Detective's mind as he sat at the dinner table eating his crackers and milk. Across from him Aunt Hortense munched heavily and played her toady eyes around the table. It was too bad to waste good skeleton money buying presents for people like Aunt Hortense.

"Shall we try to get in touch with Henry tonight?" asked Aunt Hortense with her hand on the switch. Papa made a little moaning noise in his throat as the lights went out, and Jane grabbed her coat and started downtown. The Great Detective left the three grown-ups in the darkened sitting room and went upstairs to his bedroom.

He counted the money in his bank again. Eight dollars. Doc Ellis would buy the skeleton back any time. Surely Doc Ellis would get eight dollars together before Christmas. Mamma need never know there was a skeleton in the house. No one would ever know. He would be careful. A fellow wasn't a detective for nothing. He crept downstairs and made a dash for the street with the eight dollars clutched in his hand.

The house was still in darkness, except for the faint light in the upstairs hall, when the Great Detective crept stealthily up the garden path an hour later with something white and faintly gleaming under his arm. Old Lewis had wrapped the skeleton in brown paper, having first tried unsuccessfully to do it up in a suit box. As he neared home, Reggie unwrapped his treasure gleefully. There was a spring in the middle that made it bend and unbend frightfully.

On the piazza he held it at arm's length, admiring its horrid gleaming length against the blackness of the house. What couldn't a fellow do with a classy skeleton like this? Why . . . A scream cut thinly through the night. Then he heard Aunt Hortense' voice calling, "Henry! Henry!"

"He's on the piazza," she moaned. "I see him! I see him! Oh, Henry, speak to me! Is it you? Are you all right?"

Henry wavered. Then: "It's me," he said faintly. "I ain't complainin'."

"Have you any message for me, Henry?" came Aunt Hortense' voice through the half-opened living room window.

This apparently gave Henry time to think. He moved nervously back and forth in the darkness.

"You better go home," he said at last. "Go home and stay home." Then he bent sharply double and disappeared.

A jumble of things happened the next morning. Aunt Hortense left on the 7 o'clock train. Mamma went to bed with a nervous headache. Papa sat scratching his chin in a puzzled way. Just before school time, Doc Ellis appeared on the piazza.

Reggie rushed out, but Papa got there at the same time.

"Well Doc," he said cordially, "how are you?" "I'm lookin' for my skeleton," said Doc. "Old Lewis told me he sold it to Reggie last night. I'll buy it back from him for \$10. That'll pay him for his bother of lugging it up here, won't it?"

The Great Detective brightened, then wilted. Ten dollars was not to be sniffed at, but to part with a classy skeleton after he had just bought it . . . But Papa was looking queerly at him.

"Go get Henry," he said meaningfully. "And here's another dollar for dragging him across the piazza last night."