

Hottest of Stars Found by Science

Shows 180,000 Degrees; Sun Cool by Contrast.

Cambridge, Mass.—An unnamed far-off star, whose surface temperature is 180,000 degrees Fahrenheit, the highest heat ever measured anywhere, was described to the conference on spectroscopy at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The sun's surface is barely 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The hottest temperatures previously reported, all on stars, were 35,000 to 40,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

A blue rainbow—the distant star's ultra-violet light—revealed the inferno. This star is a peculiar object. It is a sun surrounded by a nebula, which in the telescope looks like a halo—a star surrounded by something like the ring around the moon.

Use New Instruments.

It was this ring or nebula which made it possible to read the temperature with new instruments and new methods. These were described by Dr. I. S. Bowen of the California Institute of Technology. The temperature reading, he said, was made by Zanstra, a Dutch astronomer.

The thermopiles widely used to read the heat rays of distant stars fall at excessive temperatures, because the heat rays are so weak that they would show practically no difference between 100,000 and 200,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

The new method calculates the heat in a fashion analogous to studying a fire hidden under a tent, but hot enough so that some of its light might be dimly seen through thin spots in the enveloping fabric. The star tent is the nebula around it. This nebula is believed to be a cloud of gas.

Only the invisible rays from this gas cloud are used to calculate temperatures. They are ultra-violet and the new instrument which makes this clear detection possible is an aluminum coated mirror, a device perfected at Cornell university.

Aluminum catches ultra-violet rays better than anything previously used. Some of the ultra-violet rays caught in the aluminum mirror are exceptionally strong.

Shows Hidden Energy.

This means that there is something behind them which pours out

energy that they absorb and translate into an extra glow—"emission lines"—in astronomical language.

Calculations show that the source behind this hidden energy is ultra-violet rays streaming off the surface of the star. These driving rays are exceedingly energetic—they are the radiations some astronomers have called the "death rays."

They are so named because if the earth's atmosphere did not completely screen them out they would be lethal to some small forms of life. They might even give man a bad time.

Though unseen, these rays are quite accurately calculated by the aid of the star tent. It is the calculation of their energy which reveals the enormous heat of the star's surface.

Doctor Bowen said that Mr. Zanstra has observed what he thinks are still higher temperatures running up to 270,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

Egyptologists Find Home of Boy Moses

Ruins of Palace of the Pharaohs Unearthed.

London.—Ruins of the palace of Rameses, where Moses spent most of his early life with the daughter of Pharaoh, who found him in the rushes, have been discovered by Egyptologists.

Machpelah, the cave in which

IT'S KNITTED!

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



To look at the picture you wouldn't think that it is knitted, but it actually is. Which goes to show what wonders are being performed in machine-wrought fashions. There's nothing smarter than to wear modish knits, and the knitted vogue is growing more important each season, which it should since it excels both in comfort and swank. This versatile costume is knitted of nonluster, natural tan color linen with deep brown stripes, running horizontally for the waist and diagonally for the skirt. It is a dress useful for visits to town, for informal afternoon teas and for both spectator and active sports wear. Freedom of action for the latter purpose may be secured by opening the bottom buttons of the skirt. The fitted, rib-knit waistline molds and controls the skirt so that it does not hang straight from the shoulders. Natural wood buttons are used and the belt is of dull leather. A patch pocket appears at the left, below the tailored V-collar.

No. 1 Wall Street Is Workshop of "Rich" Felon

Jefferson City, Mo.—The financial wizard of the nation and the astute business man of the Missouri state prison may be found at a similar address—No. 1 Wall street.

Backed against the stone walls in the southeast corner of the penitentiary lot, is an attractive story and a half stone house. On the door is tacked the address, "No. 1 Wall street."

Inside lives C. L. Simpson, watch repairer for the prison and half the town, cabinet maker and one inmate in no hurry for a parole.

Serving a life sentence from Holden, Mo., "Simmie," as he is known to his numerous customers, is reputed to rate financially so well that the No. 1 Wall street business is no joke. His \$5,000 invested in tools and household furnishings backs up the claim.

2-Ton Grapevine

Oregon City, Ore.—A grapevine planted in 1853 by Joseph Blanchard now measures 78 inches in circumference at the base and has branches extending 60 feet from the roots. As many as two tons of grapes have been taken from the single vine in a season.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By **Carter Field**

Washington.—Down in South Carolina, where cotton benefit payments abound and which is so regular in its Democracy that even the Bishop Cannon movement did not affect it in 1928, there are said to be rumblings against the New Deal.

There are enough rumblings to decide Col. William C. Harlee, retired, of the Marine corps, to throw his hat in the ring for the senate. And against none other than Senator James F. Byrnes, generally regarded as the closest follower President Roosevelt has in the senate, if not in congress. So close, in fact, that until Joe Robinson simply turned himself into a White House rubber stamp there was very serious talk of making Byrnes leader in his place.

Colonel Harlee, who is a graduate of West Point but chose the marines instead of the army and has seen service in nearly every martial theater in which the devil dogs burned powder, thinks Byrnes is too New Dealish to suit the South Carolina folks. And judging from some newspaper clippings which have come to Washington there are at least a few editors in the Palmetto state who agree.

Professor Tugwell seems to be the colonel's chief target, but he insists that he is not a John Raskob Democrat either—just a plain, old-fashioned, Jeffersonian, nullificationist, pro-Calhoun and anti-Jackson, states' rights, low tariff, Democrat.

In fact, he is not for any tariff at all, sticking strongly by the old nullification doctrine, when South Carolina held that the federal government at Washington had no right to rear tariff barriers which would keep foreign goods out of her ports.

Some very shrewd observers think that Colonel Harlee just might make a lot of trouble for the administration's fair-haired senator. They say that the people who put the money up for Byrnes' campaigns in the past are very disappointed in him. Particularly on his sticking by the administration on the processing taxes, and on his fight for the death sentence in the public utility holding bill.

Now They Doubt

It just so happens that many of the interests that supported Byrnes in his several races were of the conservative variety. They liked Byrnes, all right, but what they were really anxious to do was to defeat Cole Blaise. Now some of them are wondering if Blaise would not have voted more often in their interests, as they see them.

"What do you think of Senators Byrd and Glass of Virginia?" the writer asked Colonel Harlee. "Especially of the way they have opposed the administration on a number of important measures?"

"I wish you would tell your readers that I will out-Byrd Harry and out-Glass Carter," grinned the colonel.

"A great many of our people are getting tired of this relief thing. They want to get people to work, and find them on relief, buying cheap new cars on time with the relief money, and just stepping on the gas. I think Washington is going to be surprised at some of the primaries and elections to come, if the feeling in South Carolina is any indication."

It promises to be rather warm in South Carolina next spring and summer!

The Ethiopian Mess

Italy will have no difficulty in defeating the Abyssinians in whatever battles may occur in the approaching war, in the opinion of high military experts both in our own War department and in various embassies here. The trouble will come after that, they believe, as they fully expect there will be a constant guerrilla warfare for years during Italian efforts at colonization.

Hence it is expected that the Ethiopian mess, which the rest of the world is so anxious to avert, but Italy is so determined to push, will prove highly costly to the Italian treasury for many a long day to come. Experts here figure that Italy will have to garrison the country, so to speak, with strong forces at strategic points, and this, of course, will prove expensive.

Confidentially, for no officer dares speak on such a situation for publication, our army officers are comparing the situation to that which existed for a time after the Spanish-American war in the Philippines. They expect Italy to have more trouble than the United States did for several reasons.

For example, some of them say, it is not likely that any Abyssinian leader would walk into any such trap as clamped Aguinaldo in American custody. Incidentally, there is no great pride, even to this day, in our army over that episode. It

smacked a little too much of bad faith. Of treachery.

Then, too, our military experts do not believe that any one man in Abyssinia means as much to the fighters of that land as Aguinaldo did to the Filipinos.

Are Good Fighters

But the most important distinction of all, no army officer would dare, whisper, save on the deepest pledge of secrecy. But the truth is that our army officers do not believe the Filipinos are in the same class with the Abyssinians as fighters, either physically, morally or mentally. Opinion here is that the followers of the King of Kings are pretty fine specimens, capable of great hardships and valor, and that in addition they are, at least, approaching the fanatic class. Which makes them very difficult to handle. And which promises little in the direction of their submitting to the inevitable after a few spectacular Italian victories.

That there will be these spectacular Italian victories no one here doubts very much. Opinion is that no such force as that of the Abyssinians, no matter how brave or how well directed, could possibly be a match for the well drilled, well equipped army the Italians will send against them. Especially as Mussolini is apparently taking no chances. He is not sending out the forlorn hope type of expedition. He is pouring men to the vicinity of the Abyssinian border in numbers that have amazed the military experts of the remainder of the world.

Meanwhile the answer to why nothing happens is simply one thing—water. The Italians are waiting for the rainy season.

Shaves Hoary Legend

Just when the public, for the first time in a generation, had a chance to get a liberal education on the value of seniority in congress—just why the multi-stripped boys always run the machine—Cactus Jack Garner comes along and shaves the hoary whiskered legend!

He is appointing conferees on important controversies between the house and senate to suit himself! Or more accurately, to reflect what he regards as the majority view of the senate. There has been no particular protest about this, for in every instance his appointees represented the majority view. Had it been otherwise, in any instance, a mere motion would have resulted in the senate's naming the conferees by vote. Which explains why the senate takes this upsetting of an old tradition lying down.

Seldom before has the country had such a vivid picture of how legislation is really settled—not on the floors of the house or senate—not even in the house or senate committees prior to bringing the measure on the floor—but in the conference between the two houses. After the conferees get through, assuming they ever agree (and the probability is that conferees will agree on all bills this time) there is nothing much for the mere memberships of the house and senate to do except take it or leave it. And generally, it has always been take it. Will be this time.

Normally in the past no discretion has been exercised by the presiding officers in making the selections. Appointments have almost invariably been made of the ranking members of the committee that handled the bill.

Absurd Rule

Vice President Garner had an early illustration of the absurdities this rule sometimes effects. For instance, when he was naming conferees on the pink slip income tax publically repeal bill, he named the three ranking Democrats of the senate finance committee, Harrison, King and George. Also the two ranking Republicans, Couzens and Keyes. So far strictly according to Hoyle.

But Couzens didn't like the senate's position—and was not in sympathy with the repeal, as a matter of fact. So he announced his resignation from the floor. Garner at once appointed the next ranking Republican, La Follette. The Wisconsin man shared Couzens' views—also resigned. So Garner appointed the next ranking Republican, Metcalf.

Still according to Hoyle. But there was the idea, and Garner announced he would exercise his own discretion in future. Contrary to some newspaper accounts, he has not tried to use this power to impose White House will. It seemed so in the death sentence of the public utility holding company bill. But the senate had voted for the death sentence, even if only by a majority of one. So Garner threw seniority to the winds. He appointed Wheeler, the chairman, skipped Smith of South Carolina and Wagner of New York, to pick administration wheel horse Barkley, and then skipped Neely, Dieterich, Lonergan and Long, to pick Brown of New Hampshire.

On the minority side he skipped ranking members Couzens, Metcalf and Hastings, and picked White. Then he ignored Davis and picked Shipstead, who is not a Republican at all.

On the TVA bill Garner took the list of conferees from George Norris, daddy of Muscle Shoals. But on the banking bill he permitted Carter Glass to name the conferees.

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A WALLED PARADISE



The Ideal Life in Halawa.

TRAVELER, novelist, naturalist, poet and philosopher have dreamed consistently of a "lost land."

They haven't wanted to find it because it would then no longer be "lost." They merely wanted proof of its existence. There would be the setting for flights of fiction and fancy. There would be the locale of romance supreme and undiluted by fact. It would be peopled by the fabled "lost tribe."

It may be the valley of Halawa, on the island of Molokai, right within the boundaries of the United States.

Few have ever seen it but it is known to be there, a walled Paradise, almost as virgin in primitive peace and plenty as if it were the Garden of Eden rediscovered.

What is known as civilization has not yet dawned there. Steps have been taken to prevent it from dawn.

Even the birds have not learned the almost universal lesson of animate life—that the struggle for existence leads to natural enmity, pitting one species and one tribe in a conflict against another.

An Isolated Eden.

The people are in the same blissful state of isolation. They want nothing from outside and no one yet has shown a desire to get what they have. Impassable walls of rock shut them out from the land. A rift gives them an outlook upon the calm Pacific. Ships pass but do not stop. Occasionally an airplane blots the blue sky but never lands.

Buffalo and deer are the only strangers that have ever invaded this quiet valley since its known history first began. The people, so far as they can tell, came with Nuu, the Hawaiian Noah. Nuu brought very few animals except song birds. The buffalo and deer have been introduced since Captain Cook discovered the islands.

The hunter has not followed them into Halawa. It has been too difficult.



Spearing Fish.

cult and deer have been so abundant in the open parts of Molokai that there has been no inducement.

Halawa wears the purple robes of a royal domain. Sheer walls, rich in varied tones, that extend from blue to orange, rise abruptly from the floor, festooned richly with loops of swinging vine and plumed with arboreal verdure. Over a vertical precipice at the head of the walled two streams pour their crystal waters, the treble melody of the singing birds supported by the diapason harmony of thundering falls.

Purchased for Preservation.

The few families of Polynesians dwelling here have maintained the simple customs and habits of their ancestors. They are as unconcerned with the world outside as they are practically unaware that they have been "discovered."

The pineapple and sugar planter passed them by in the general invasion of the islands. Their own little Eden supplies all their wants. All that is necessary to their happiness is that they be left alone.

Civilization, however, like nature, abhors a vacuum and even a lost land had to have protection from being found. Some weak spot in the Halawa walls might have developed but for their recent reinforcement.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul I. Fagan, of California and Hawaii, decided that the valley of Halawa must be left, if possible, as a legacy to the future. They have purchased the 9,000 acres for the purpose of maintaining it in its primitive state with-

out exploitation. In the tablelands above the territory has erected another barrier against invasion by creating a forest reserve of thousands of acres.

No Money Used There.

One of the remarkable customs that is being preserved by the tribe in the Halawa valley is to live without money. There was no currency among the native Hawaiians before they were discovered. The cynic if not the economist may see in this fact alone a sufficient reason for preserving even a small part of the strange domain in its original state.

Peace, plenty and contentment are the unique characteristics of Halawa, almost mythical in its contrast to even the remotest parts of the known world. There are no picnic grounds in these Elysian fields. It is a place to be spoken of with awe and wonder, not to be visited.

The title may change hands but possession has so far remained with the little hand of aborigines who still vaguely believe that the heavens and the waters and the earth were created for the sustenance of mankind, without benefit of deed or abstract of title.

Italian City Designed for Aviation "Center"

Italy is building a new city—Guidonia. Recently, Litoria, Sabaudia, Pontinia and Mussolinia, new towns which were built as rural centers, appeared in the news headlines. Now Guidonia, named in honor of Alessandro Guidoni, one of Italy's most famous pilots, who was killed in an airplane disaster in 1928, basks in the spotlight of Italy's city-building program.

Guidonia is only 16 miles from Rome, says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society. Aviation caused its construction, and according to plan, aviation will dominate its industries. It will, in fact, be a giant aviation laboratory manned by scientists and laymen whose first interest is research and experimentation in aviation.

No airplanes or airplane motors will be built there, but in its laboratories will be found the most modern equipment for making all sorts of experiments on model airplanes. One part of the "laboratory" will be devoted entirely to research on flying in the stratosphere.

When the city is completed, officials and employees will live in comfortable homes and work in a carefully planned building. There will be churches, a city hall, schools, and construction and other shops. Most interesting, perhaps, of the completed buildings are the mysterious looking towers in which model airplanes already are being tested.

In the Radio pavilion, scientists now experiment with the use of radio in aviation. In the three-story building of the Superior Board of Studies and Experiments, intensive study is being made of air photography and of the many instruments used in airplanes. In other building tests are made on motors, and the speed of hydroplanes. The Aerodynamical galleries are equipped with ventilators worked by 450 horsepower motors that cause winds of strong velocity to test the strength of model airplanes.

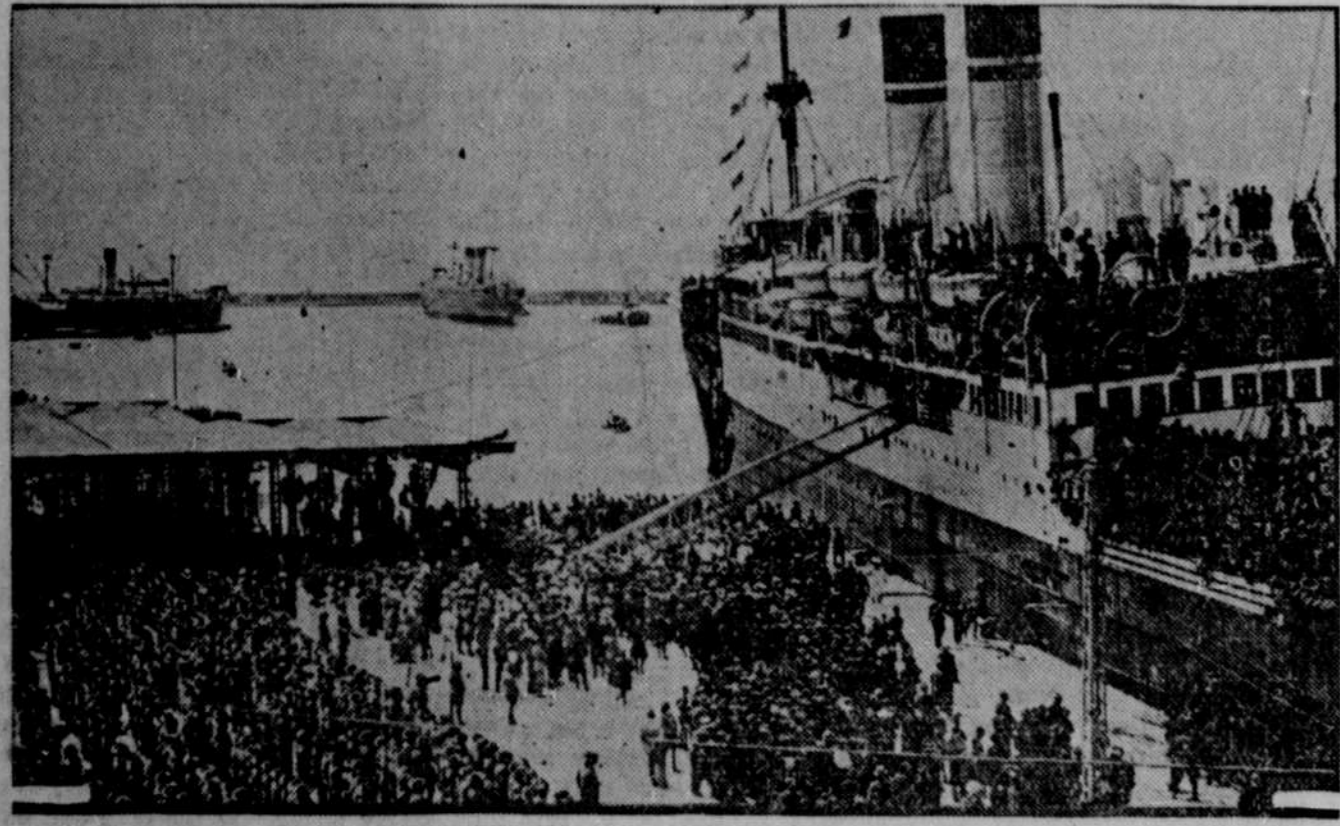
Smugglers at Heart

Most of us are potential smugglers at heart. Smuggling is our blood inheritance. Our own ancestors condoned it when resisting the right of the British parliament to tax the American colonies. Women, they say, invariably have the smuggling instinct. There are probably few returning tourists, male or female, who do not at least feel the impulse to put something over on the customs. This widespread spirit, often shared even by judges on the bench, adds to the difficulties of the customs bureau in securing convictions and stiff penalties.

—Forrest Wilson in Cosmopolitan.

Work
Do your work—not just your work and no more, but a little more for the lavishing's sake! That little more which is worth all the rest. And if you suffer as you must, and if you doubt as you must, do your work. Put your heart into it and the sky will clear. Then out of your very doubt and suffering will be born the supreme joy of life.—Dean Briggs.

Leaving Italy for the Ethiopian Front



Members of the 30th Italian infantry departing from Naples on a transport for the colonies in East Africa and for service in the war against Ethiopia if that contest comes to a head.