

Vacuum Hoses Save Drillers From Silicosis



Protection for Workers on New York Job

Operators use rock drills equipped with vacuum hoses to carry off rock dust and thereby guard against silicosis, as construction begins on the last link of the West Side elevated highway in New York. The vacuum hoses, which are attached near the bottom of the drills, carry the dust to a machine where it is collected.

The threat of silicosis, which affects the lungs of workers, is a menace in areas where drilling operations are carried on in formations where silica occurs. Precautions against this disease are being taken since the death of workers from silicosis in the Hawk's Nest Power tunnel at Gauley Ridge, W. Va.

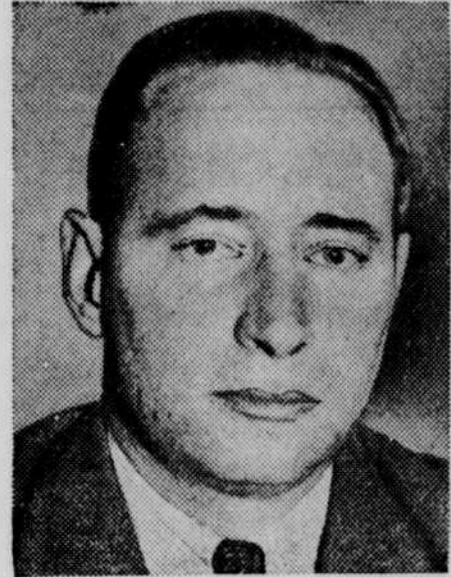
Ice Stops Shipping in the Cape Cod Canal



This photograph, made from a plane over the new vertical type lift railroad bridge spanning the Cape Cod canal, shows just how greatly hampered shipping was in the canal due to huge cakes of ice. Only the largest vessels could pass through.

Chicago Banker Has Treasury Post

Wayne Chatfield Taylor of Chicago, who has been serving as vice president of the export-import banks, has been appointed assistant secretary of the treasury to succeed L. W. Roberts, Jr., resigned.



Mr. Taylor, a Chicago investment banker, was for several years associated with George N. Peek, former head of the export-import banks and acted as their chief following the resignation of Mr. Peek several months ago.

Bridge Widowers Learn Cooking



Some of the students in the cooking class for men only that Mrs. Winifred Steis teaches at a Detroit high school. The culinary art is meant for sportsmen who want to cook their own game, but any married man can think of a number of other occasions when the course will come in handy right at home.

Table D'Hote for Rabbits and Birds



During the unusually snowy winter many persons throughout the country have been putting out food for the animals and birds that find foraging difficult. Corn and carrots on sticks comprise this outdoor banquet hall near Cheltenham, Pa. The corn is for the birds and the carrots form the piece de resistance for the rabbits you see in this picture. Hunger caused them to overcome their natural timidity and they refused to allow the cameraman to interrupt their feast.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



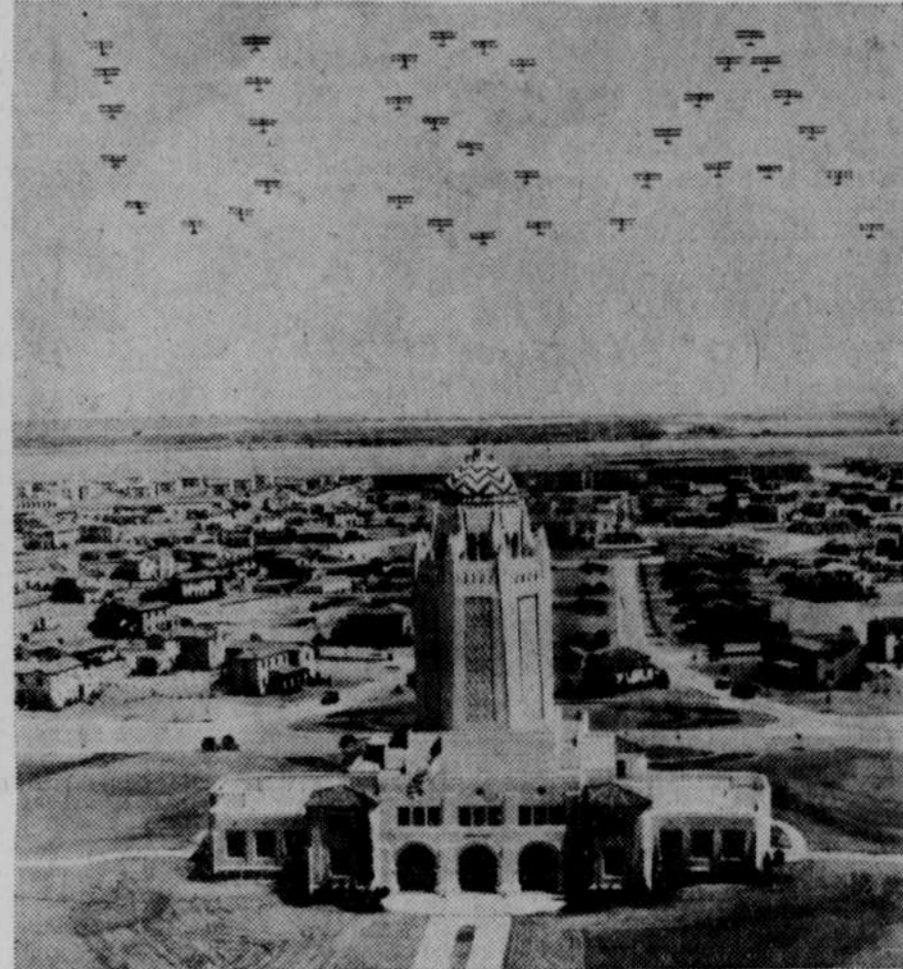
1—New \$10,000,000 palace on the shore of Lake Lemman near Geneva, Switzerland, which has just been occupied by the League of Nations. 2—Alexander V. Dye of Flora, Ill., new director of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce of the Department of Commerce. 3—View in the main street of Monrovia during the military parade that featured the inauguration of Edward Barclay as president of Liberia.

Hostess for G. O. P. Aerial View of "West Point of the Air" '36 Convention Has Big Job

Miss Marian Lang, secretary to the president of the Cleveland convention bureau, will be the most popular—or unpopular—young lady

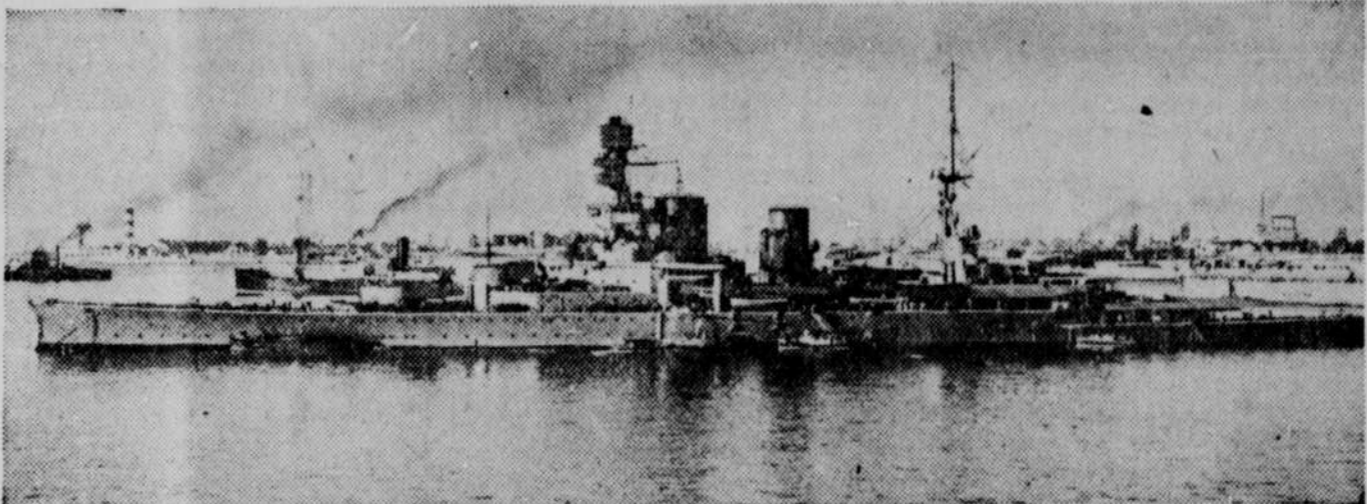


In Cleveland around June 1. She has the job of seeing that delegates are adequately housed during the Republican national convention.



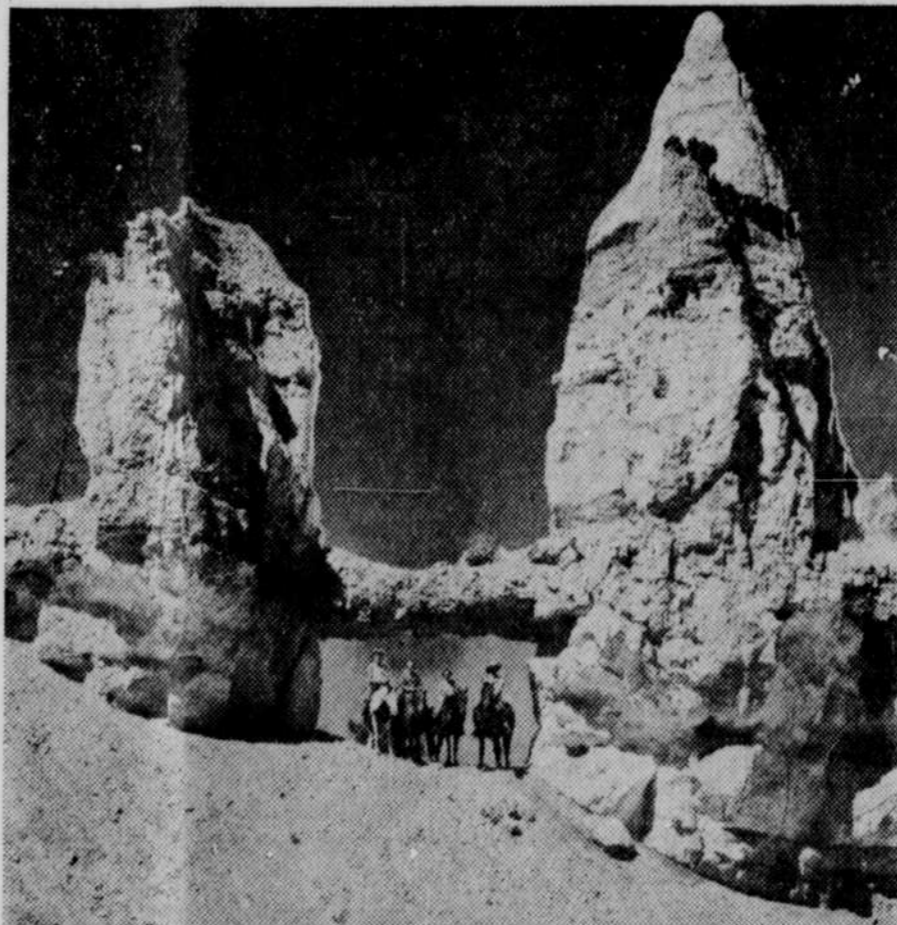
A beautiful aerial view of the model aerial training ground, Randolph field, Texas, called the "West Point of the Air," as three squadrons of airplanes form the letters "U S A" in the sky in the background.

Part of Great British Fleet at Alexandria



Malta being too close to Italy, a large part of the British fleet in the Mediterranean was concentrated at Alexandria, Egypt, and many of the vessels are to be seen in this photograph.

Medieval Architecture in Stone



Millions of years ago nature, in Bryce Canyon, southern Utah's national park, began to make, with rain, wind, sun and frost, this giant Tower bridge. It needs but to have a moat beneath it and knights of old in the armor of the Middle Ages to be almost the perfect counterpart of a scene from the 10th and 11th centuries. Union Pacific railroad photograph.

Fiddle Champ of Maine Is 78 Years Old

Eugene H. Staples, "Happy Gene," seventy-eight years old, of Dixfield, Maine, is the newly crowned fiddle



champion of the state of Maine. He succeeds the late Mellie Dunham of Norway, Maine.

Over 100,000 Americans live in the various countries of Europe the year 'round.

Hard Boiled

By VERA PAYNE ROCKWELL
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WNU Service

"KINDNESS don't pay; I ought to know." Bitterness lurked in Miss Priscilla's usually placid tones. "I've been kind to folks all my life and where do I get it?" She paused to peer inquiringly over her glasses at Lila.

"In the neck?" suggested Lila, softly.

"That's it!" exclaimed Miss Priscilla with satisfaction. "In the neck. I couldn't think of the expression."

Lila laid her hand on Miss Priscilla's knee. "Tell me one instance where kindness did not pay," she begged.

"One instance?" cried the lady of the tating shuttle. "One? I could give you a dozen. There's the time I broke my heart over Mrs. Gordon and her cruel husband. I helped her to leave him and for months congratulated myself on having saved her life and reason. Then, one fine spring day, back she came, broke and repentant. Her fool husband forgave her, took her in, and . . . Oh, boy, do they hate yours truly!"

"What of it? Everybody else loves you," offered Lila.

Miss Priscilla gave her a stern glance and went on. "And Reta Henderson. They wouldn't let her marry young Anson Matthews. What did I do? I nominated and elected my fool self to the position of Cupid and smoother-out of the path of true love. I took Anson in to board for next to nothing and managed so that Reta could meet him at my house from time to time. They were married on her twenty-first birthday and my heart glowed with the consciousness of a glorious deed done." She snorted with contempt.

"I think it was a glorious deed," said Lila stoutly, "to unite two loving young hearts."

"O, yes, you would," sniffed Miss Priscilla. "Well, they married and had six young ones in eight years! They hate me worse than all the rest put together. Folks can solve their own problems and fix their own mistakes from now on for all of me. I'm through. I'm hard-boiled!" She glared at Lila.

"Oh, yeah?" answered Lila, unimpressed. "About as hard-boiled as a one-minute egg. But this is all in the past. You must have had something else happen to make you feel as you do today."

"You know the Simpsons," replied Miss Priscilla, tight-lipped, "all those young ones and him out of work most of the time? A few days ago I went over there and found Hazel, the seven-year-old, humped up near the fire, moaning enough to break your heart."

"For pity's sake, what ails you?" I asked. Mrs. Simpson told me she had fallen and broken her wrist and her father had set it.

"Set it," I said, in surprise, "has he studied surgery?"

"No, he ain't," snapped Mrs. Simpson tartly, "but he's handy." "Well, I couldn't get my night's rest thinking of that poor little girl. Soon's I got my morning work done I hurried over to Simpson's."

"You ought to have a doctor," I told Mrs. Simpson.

"No sech thing," she whined at me. "Pa's handy an' it costs a mint of money to hev a doctor."

"Along about teatime I couldn't stand it any longer. I had talked over the phone with several neighbors and they had agreed with me that something ought to be done. So I called up the district nurse and the head of the Associated Charities. Both passed the buck to me. They thought something ought to be done but they didn't want to be the ones to do it. Then I called the doctor. After quite a while of conversation it was arranged. Yesterday Dr. Drummond and the district nurse came out to see Hazel."

During the pause that followed, Lila's eyes studied Miss Priscilla's face. "Why should that make you feel that kindness does not pay?" she asked Miss Priscilla gently. "I should say it paid richly in the knowledge that you had saved a child from being a cripple."

Miss Priscilla looked grimly over her glasses. Her hands fell idly in her lap. "Doctor Drummond found that the child's wrist was set perfectly," she said. "I'll be the laughing-stock of the neighborhood."

The clock ticked loudly in the silence. The canary stopped singing and preened his feathers. "Never mind," soothed Lila. "Don't take it so to heart. If I ever need advice and consolation I know you'll give it."

"Not even to you," declared Miss Priscilla, her eyes flashing. "I love you, Lila, but I've learned my lesson. It's hands off from now on."

Lila looked up in alarm. This had cut deeper than she had thought. Maybe Miss Priscilla had really become hard-boiled. As she opened her mouth to protest, the telephone rang. Miss Priscilla hurried to pick up the receiver.

"Yes," she said. "Yes? You don't tell me! For pity's sake!"

She listened, intently. "Martha, that's terrible! Well, something's got to be done about it. Tell her I'll be right over . . . I've got a plan in my head . . . I'll fix it up!"