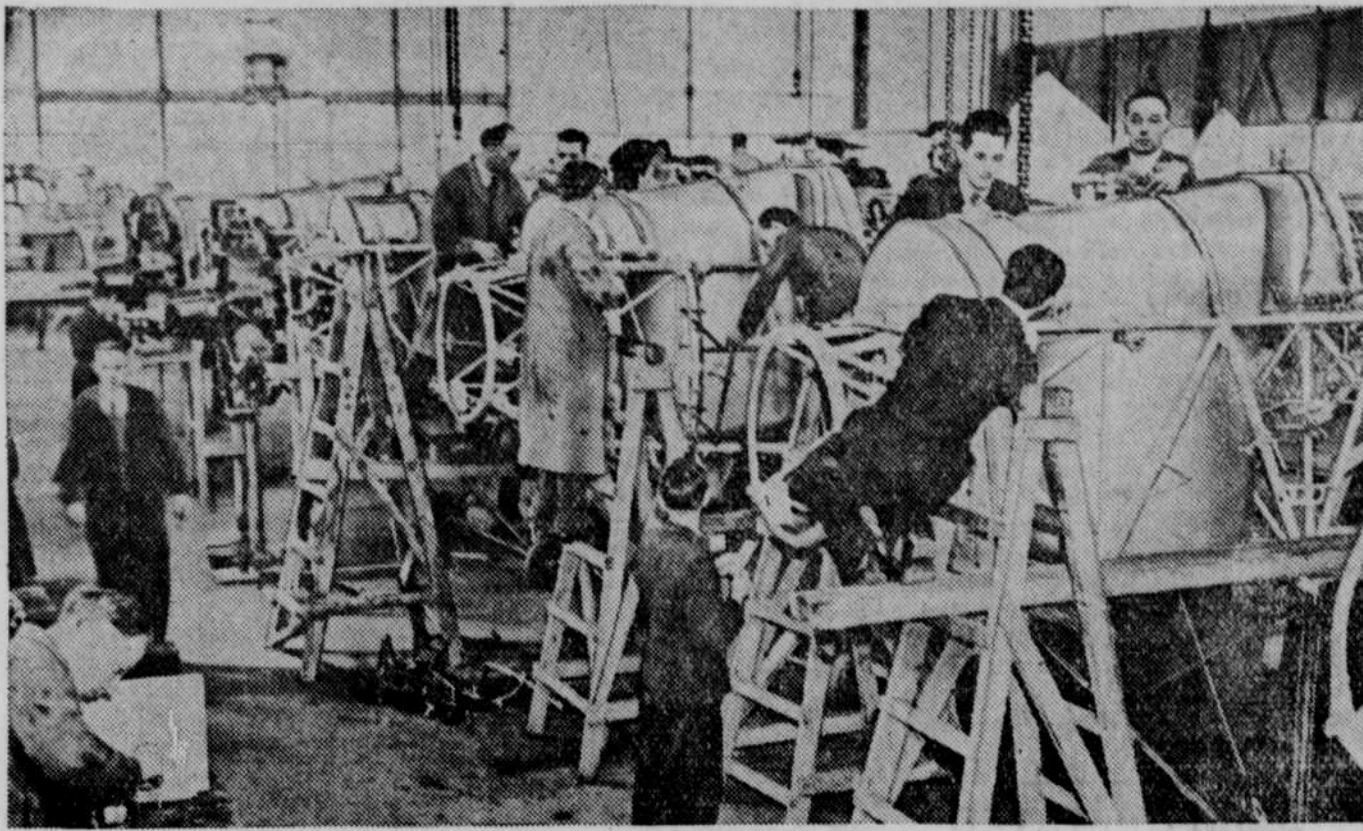
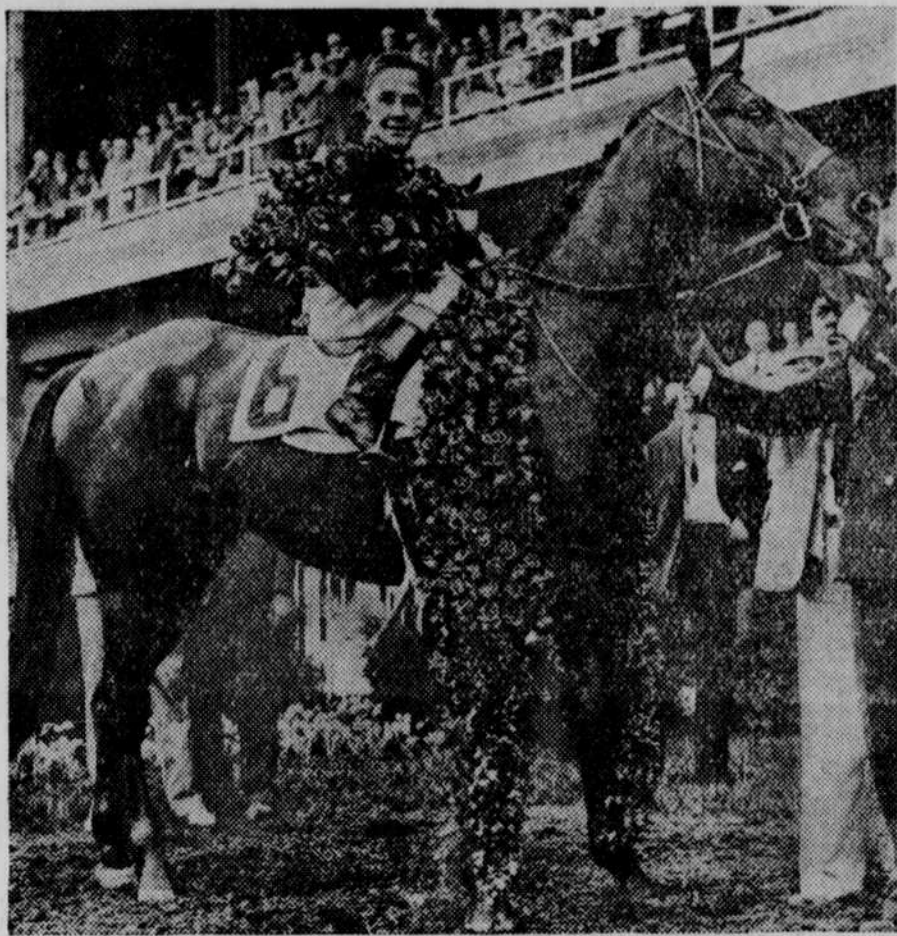


## British Airplane Plants Are Very Busy



A scene in one of the British airplane manufacturing plants which are operating at full speed to bring the first line strength of the R. A. F. up to 2,000 planes by the end of March, 1937.

## Bold Venture Wins Sixty-Second Kentucky Derby



### Long Shot Horse Triumphs Over Favorite Brevity

Bold Venture, owned by M. L. Schwartz, winner of the sixty-second Kentucky Derby, with Jockey I. Hanford up. He was a long shot, paying \$33 in the mutuels. He beat Brevity, the favorite, by less than a nose in one of the closest and most hotly contested races in the history of the Kentucky Derby.

### Don Lash Sets New U. S. Record in Half Mile Run

Don Lash of Indiana university at the Drake relays in Des Moines



setting a new American record of 9 minutes, 10.6 seconds for the half mile run.

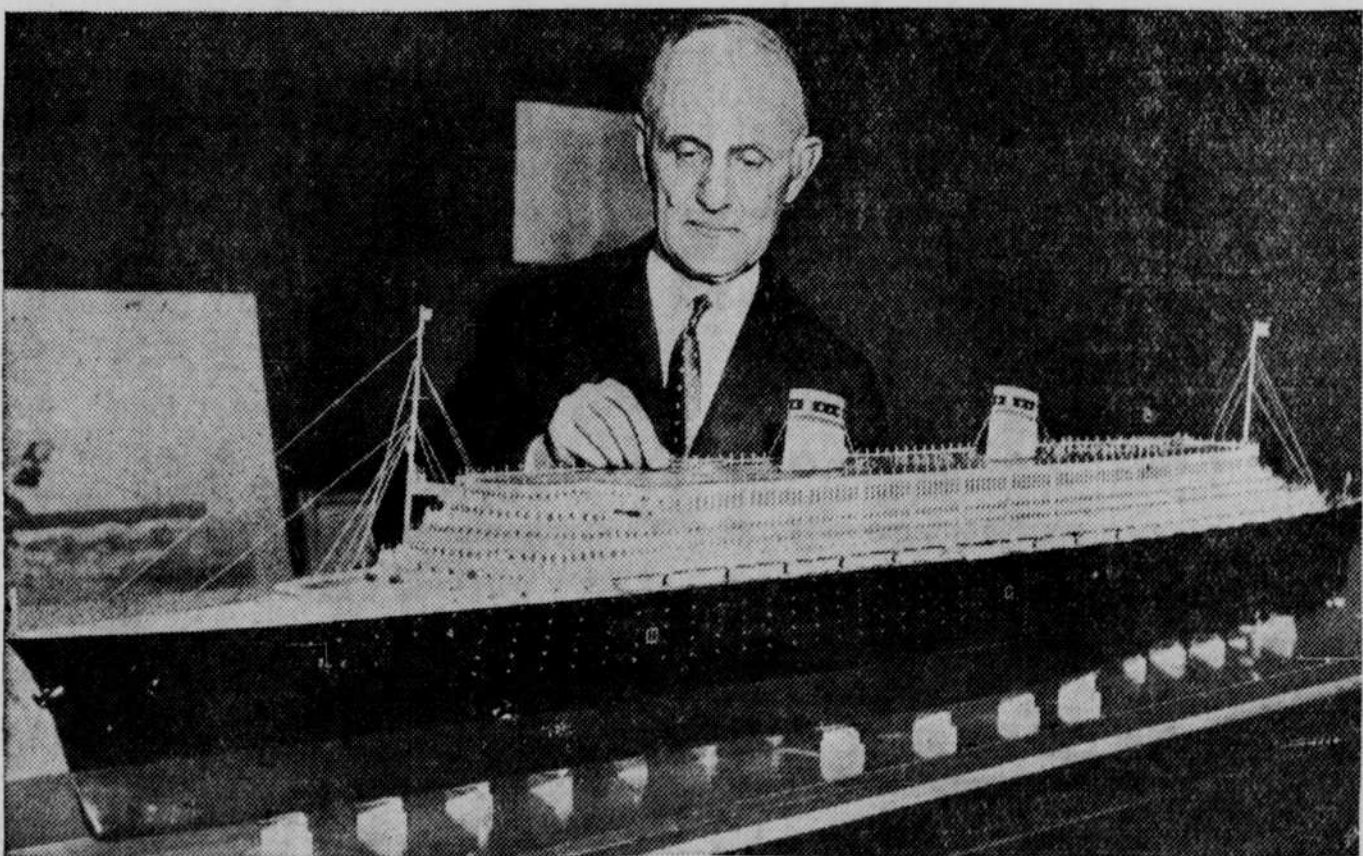
### Mint in New Brunswick

About six species of wild mint are native to New Brunswick and all have purple flowers. Spearmint, *Mentha spicata*, is one of the most common and may be distinguished by its slim interrupted spike of flowers and its smooth, sessile, narrowly ovate leaves.



M. Monden, a Hawaiian wood carver, shown fashioning novel cigar boxes at Honolulu from the husks of coconuts. Popularity of the receptacles indicates their manufacture may become another minor American industry of the territory.

## He Wants America to Be Supreme on the Sea



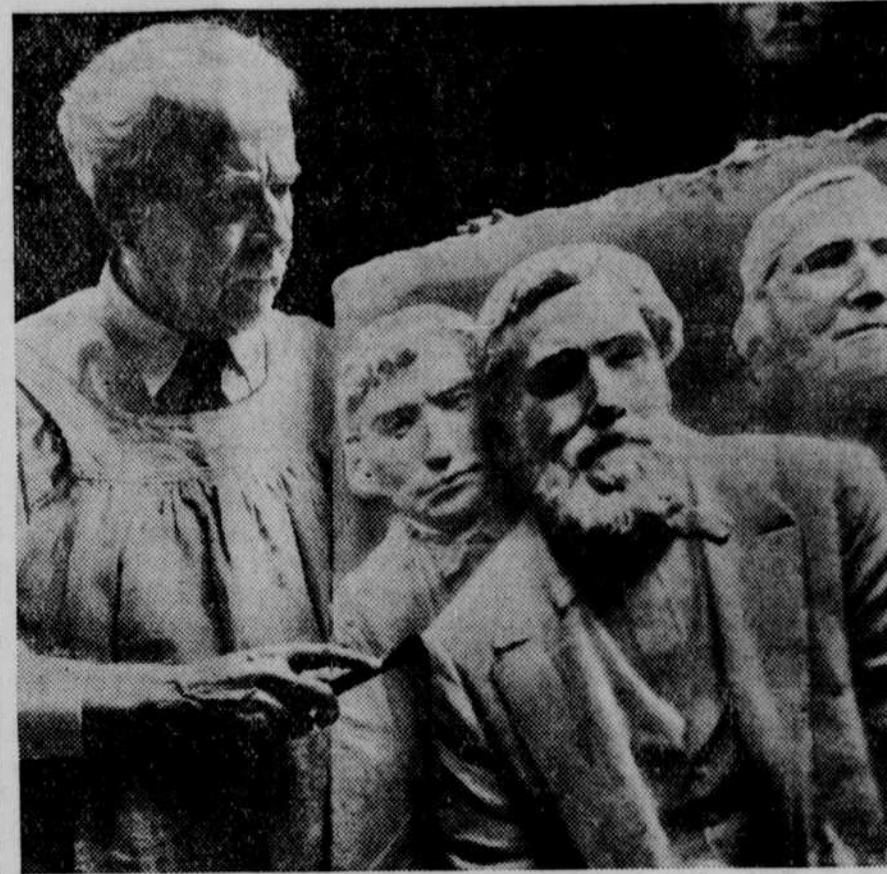
Paul W. Chapman, banker and former operator of the United States lines, is pictured with a model of a super-liner that, he believes, would wrest the speed supremacy of the north Atlantic from the foreign mercantile nations which now hold it. The vessel, and a sister-ship, each of 100,000 tons displacement gross, 1,250 feet long, and with a guaranteed speed of 34 knots, would be built within three years by the United States government, if Chapman were successful in winning the support of congress and the administration.

## Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—View in Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia, which was looted and burned by natives after the flight of Emperor Haile Selassie. 2—Senator J. G. Townsend, Jr., crowning Miss Cornelia Ann Larus queen of the thirtieth annual Apple Blossom festival at Winchester, Va. 3—Alvin Karpis, in shirtsleeves, "public enemy No. 1," arriving in St. Paul, Minn., from New Orleans, where he was captured by federal agents.

## Lorado Taft Reaches 76th Birthday



The seventy-sixth birthday of Lorado Taft of Chicago, the famous sculptor, was marked by increased activity on his own part as he was found busily at work on his new group of figures depicting the Lincoln-Douglas debate of October 13, 1858, which took place at Quincy, Ill. The group, in bronze, will be placed in the city square of Quincy.

## Socialist-Labor Candidate Seeks Presidency of U. S.

John W. Aiken, forty-year-old hardwood finisher of Chelsea, Mass., who has been nominated for the



Presidency by the Socialist-Labor party. A convention attended by representatives of the party selected Aiken.

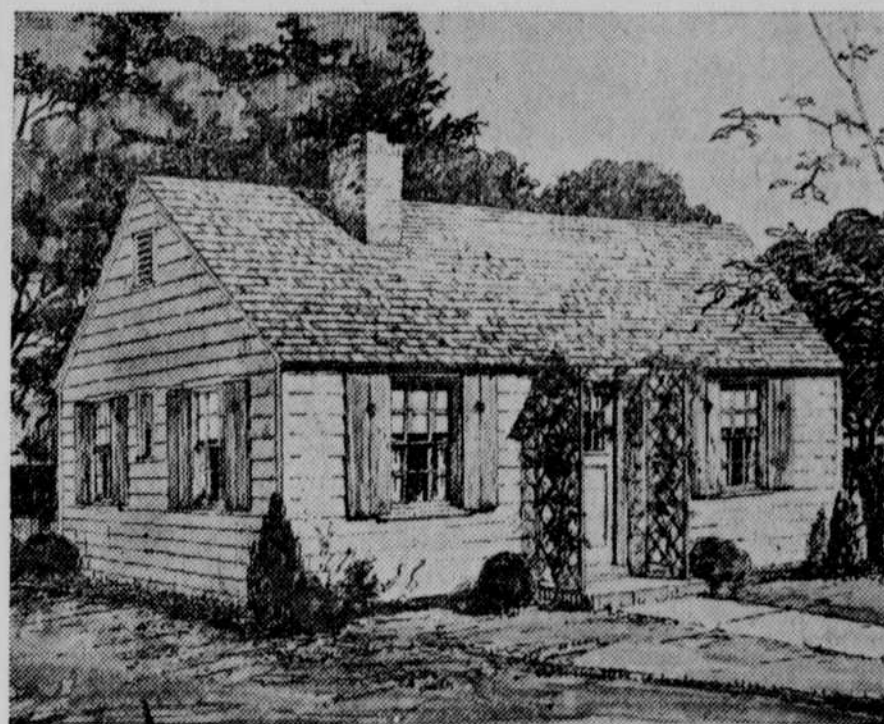
## Missionary's Wife Addis Ababa Victim

Mrs. A. R. Stadin, American wife of an Adventist missionary, who was



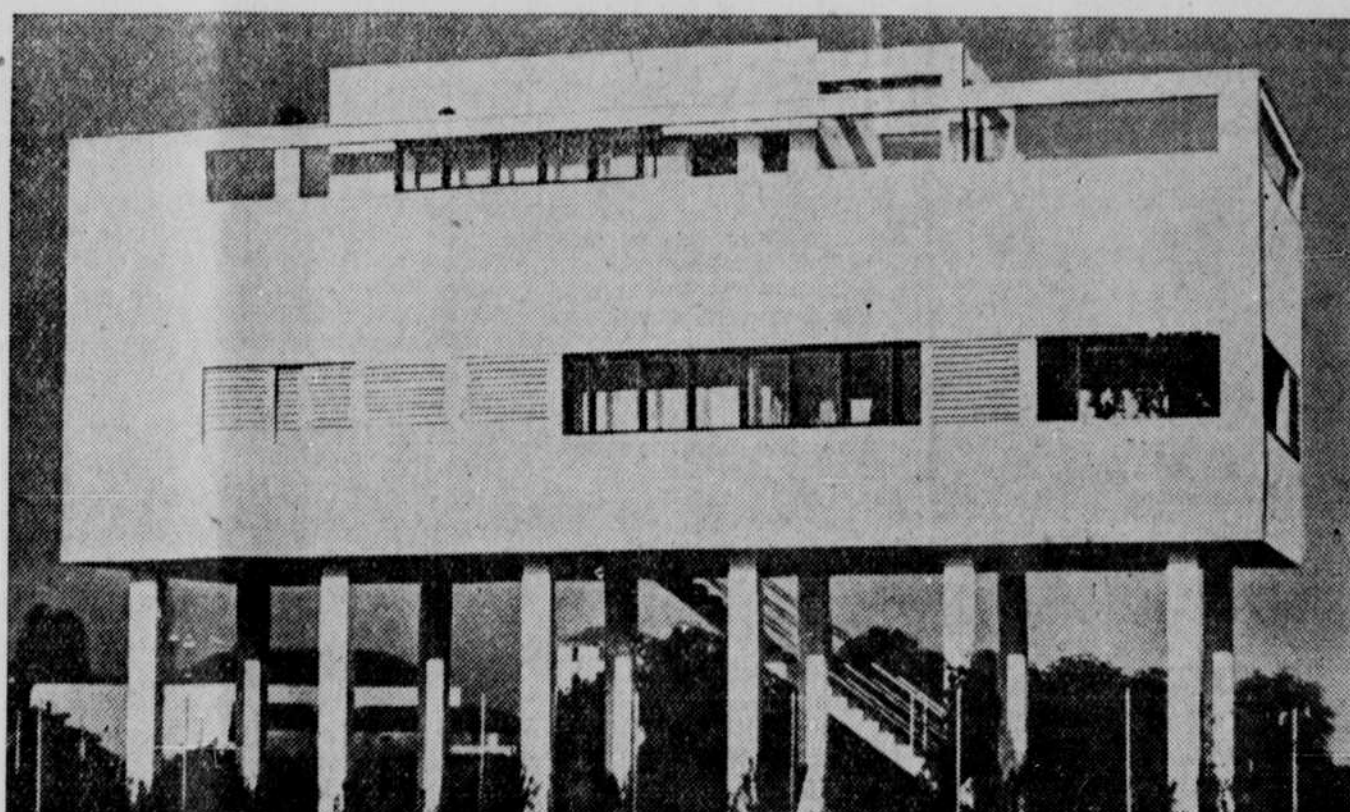
killed by a stray bullet during the looting and burning of Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia.

## House for the Low Salaried Man



This is an illustration of one of the house plans developed by the technical division of the Federal Housing administration, published in a new bulletin entitled "Principles of Planning Small Houses." The bulletin does not contain working drawings or specifications, the illustrations shown being used primarily to demonstrate the principles outlined. It is estimated that the house shown here can be built on a concrete slab foundation at a cost ranging between \$1,200 and \$1,500.

## In an Italian Village for Journalists



Here is one of the modern houses of the Journalists' Village, now being built near Milan, Italy. The maximum of quiet for the occupants is insured by a system of ground insulation, and a roof garden with trees completes the decoration of the exterior.

## An "Ant"—I Climax

By MARGARET BLOOMER  
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WNU Service.

MR. KARNOT, the insurance agent, laughed as Tony, the ant-killer, stood up arms akimbo, spraddle-legged. A cutlass at his side and bandanna about his sleek black head would have completed the picture of a swash-buckling pirate—whose only victims now were ants.

"They all die, he keel!" Tony grinned.

Mr. Karnot almost expected to see Tony lift his great boot, pirate-wise, to crush the little mounded ant city. Just so Tony's forebears had probably ground the conquering heel into the torsos of fallen foes. Tony's eyes were mere slits as he watched the mound where an industrious army of ants carried the poison away.

"They all feed the ba-bee," he grinned broadly "get-a-da beeg stomach ache."

"Aren't you ashamed, going 'round giving ants ptomaine?" asked Mr. Karnot.

"I like-a my job, Mr. Karnot," laughed Tony, carelessly tossing cans onto the seat of his car, as he prepared to leave.

Two days later the insurance agent telephoned Tony's boss, Mr. Faunce was angry. Tony hadn't been to work for two days. As Mr. Karnot still sat at his desk the telephone rang. "Where the devil have you been, Tony?" he asked.

"I been taking care, Mr. Karnot," Tony answered.

"Taking care of what, your ant-hills?" Mr. Karnot was decidedly exasperated.

"Oh, no," answered Tony with complete lack of concern for the ant business. "About my insurance, you know. I have to take care!"

"Well, if you don't 'take care' of it before midnight tonight it'll lapse," said Mr. Karnot caustically. "No use pay now," sighed Tony, "my wife she died, no need insurance."

"When did that happen, Tony? I'm sorry! Why didn't you tell me she was sick?"

"It's no happen yet," answered Tony.

"Say, what do you mean? Is your wife ill?"

"No sick! but no use pay now," replied Tony. "My wife she die tomorrow, no need insurance."

Visions of Tony distributing deadly ant food flashed across Mr. Karnot's mind and he started across town with record speed. Then he remembered Tony's childlike grin and slowed down. But if Tony's wife wasn't even sick, why did he think she was going to die tomorrow? he cogitated, and stepped on the accelerator again.

As he walked up the steps Mr. Karnot saw a slip from one of his choicest rosebushes. "Aw, Tony's all right, the guy loves flowers." His heart jumped with relief as a handsome Portuguese girl came to the door. Her cheerful smile showed that she was in complete and happy ignorance of her impending demise.

"Er-is Tony home?" Mr. Karnot stammered. Her earrings danced as she shook her head.

"Do you feel all right?" he asked solicitously.

Tony's wife looked surprised. "Sure I'm fine!"

The telephone was ringing as Mr. Karnot entered his office. It was Tony. They duplicated the conversation of the morning. But before Tony could hang up Mr. Karnot demanded, "Tony, does your wife know she's going to die?"

Tony lowered his voice. "Mr. Karnot, you think I'm crazy that I tell my wife? That was too much for public-spirited Mr. Karnot. He called the police. He hated doing it but Tony had left him no choice.

The desk sergeant took down Tony's name, address and occupation. "Ant killer—handled poisons, huh? Might bear watching—might bring him in on some technical charge," the sergeant thought. Mr. Karnot was glad he had passed the information on. At least it was off his conscience. That was Saturday.

On Monday the sergeant asked Mr. Karnot to stop in at the station. Tony was seated in the middle of an iron contraption that looked like a huge bird cage. He was a deplorable sight. Vacancy overspread his usually grinning countenance.

"A hard case," said the sergeant. "Admits his wife is marked for death; that's all we have been able to get out of him."

Relief leaped into Tony's eyes at sight of Mr. Karnot. The sergeant repeated the questions he had been asking Tony at intervals for twenty-four hours. Between them they goaded and prodded and probed till at last Tony broke.

"Mr. Karnot can tell. What's use pay insurance then call police?" Tony grabbed a worn piece of paper from his shirt pocket. "Damn insurance company!" he yelled. "See, they say my wife, she die!"

As Tony waved it under the sergeant's nose, Mr. Karnot recognized the final notice from the home office. Not until then did Mr. Karnot remember that Tony's wife, the beneficiary of his policy, was called Grace. The notice read, "Grace expires June 23."