

Ancient Temple-Fortress Near Mosul

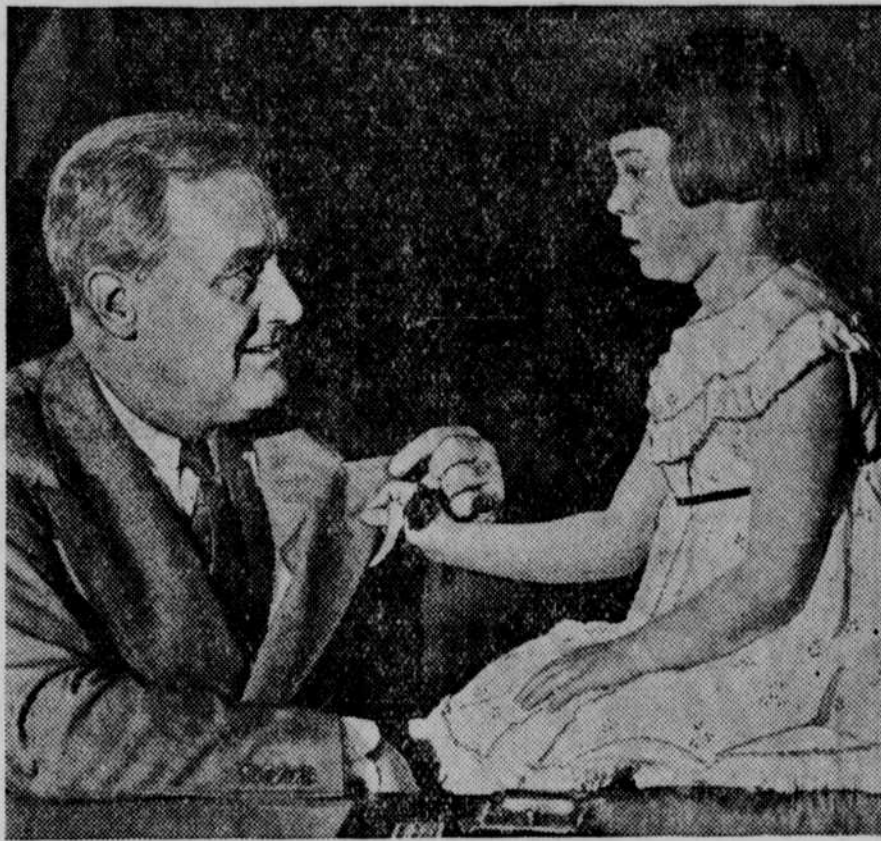


Part of the circular prehistoric temple-fortress which archaeologists of the joint expedition of the University of Pennsylvania museum and the American School of Oriental Research recently uncovered 15 miles northeast of Mosul. The find climaxed the seventh season of work at the "great mound." The temple-fort is believed to have been built by a people antedating the Sumerians, who lived in this area about 3000 B. C., by 500 years.

Roosevelt Starts Annual Memorial Poppy Drive

President Gets First Poppy From Michigan Orphan

The annual sale of the buddy poppies by the Veterans of Foreign Wars was officially started when President Roosevelt received the first poppy from little Miss Iria Arlene Hildebrandt of Eaton Rapids, Mich. She came from the home for widows and orphans of ex-service men.



Can Keep Age Secret

Berkeley, Calif.—As an inducement to universal voluntary fingerprinting of the city's entire population, Police Chief J. A. Greening has ruled that no woman will be obliged to tell her age.

Hindu Belief

In Vedic mythology, the Hiranyagarbha was the golden egg or germ whence the universe came.

Twenty Pound Lobster Is Caught



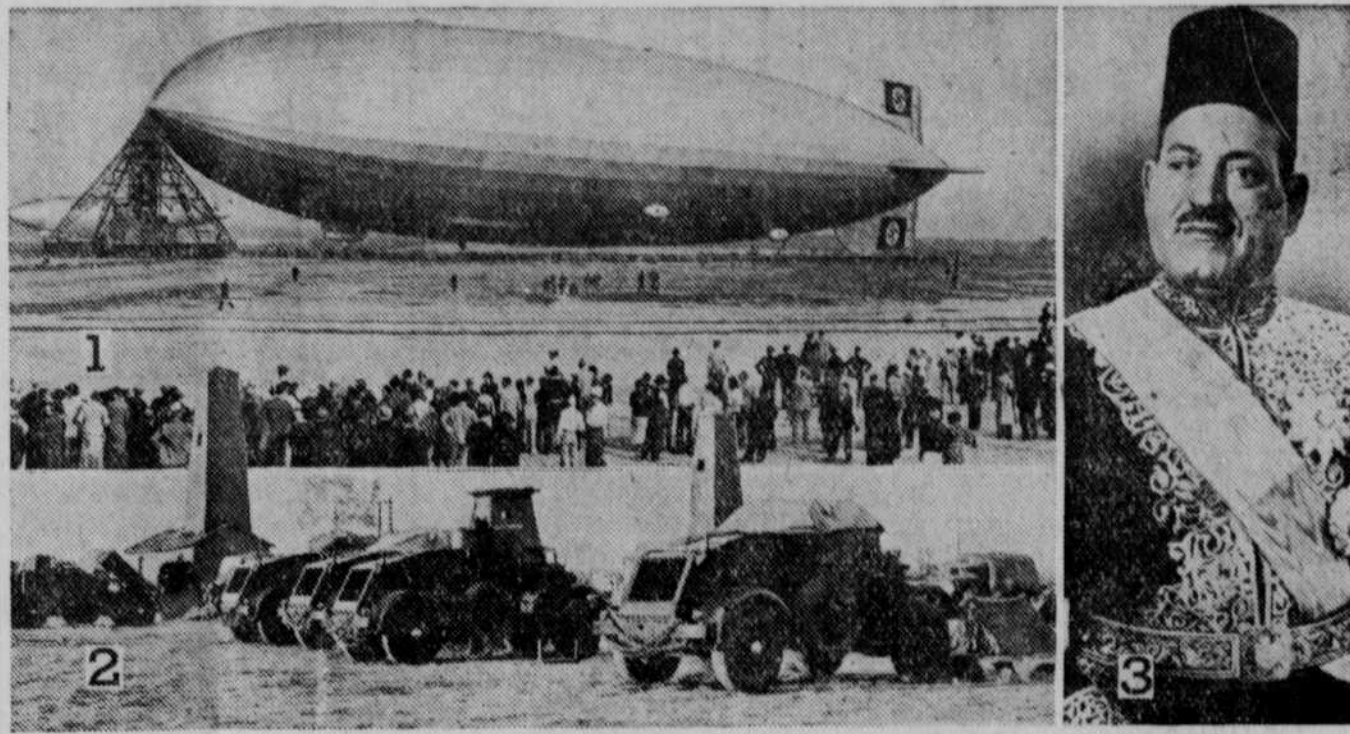
Little Ralph Fagin of East Boston shown with his mother, Mrs. Anna Fagin, as they look over the giant 20-pound lobster caught by Ralph's daddy, a fisherman, off Cape Cod.

World's Apple Capital Celebrates 1936 Blooms



Wenatchee, Wash., which claims to be the apple capital of the world, celebrates the spring blooming of the apple trees elaborately. Here is Queen Jean II with the ladies of her court aboard the royal boat.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Scene at Lakehurst, N. J., when the great German dirigible Hindenburg arrived. 2—Armored cars of Troop A, First armored car squadron, United States army, taking part in "cavalry" maneuvers at Fort Russell, Texas. 3—Mustafa Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafd party, who is the new premier of Egypt.

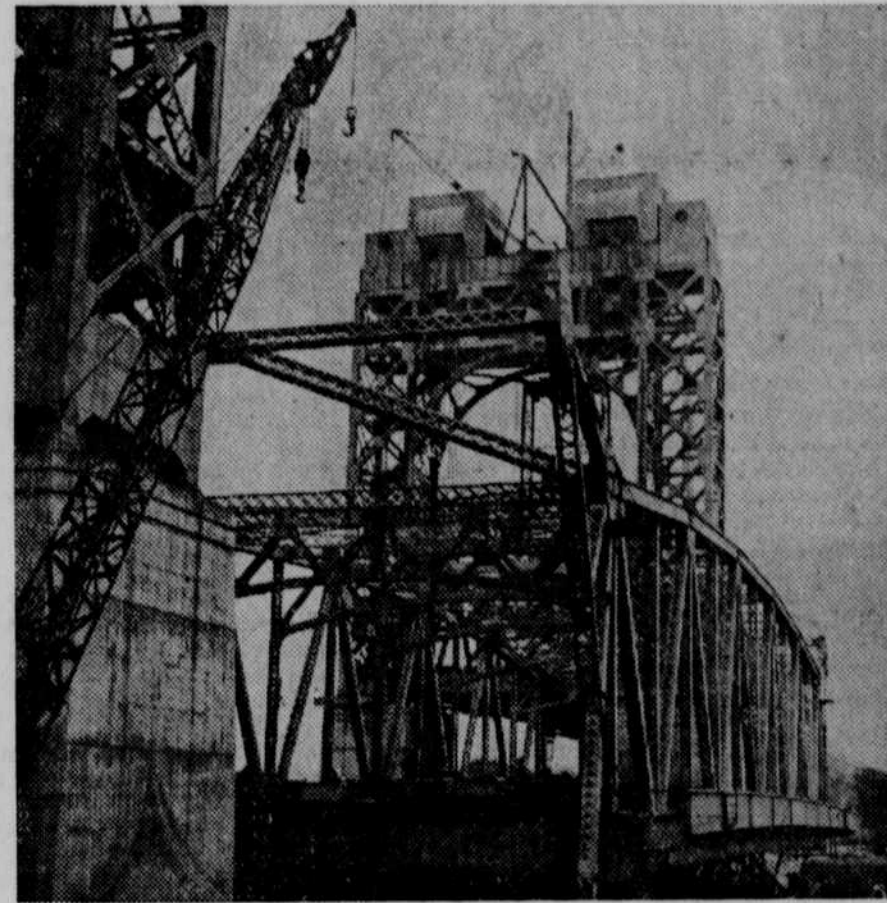
Naval Air Chief Will Improve U. S. Flying Force

Capt. Arthur B. Cook, commander of the aircraft carrier Lexington, who was selected by President Roosevelt to direct the navy's drive to lift its air force on a par with



any naval armada in the world. He will advance to the rank of rear admiral when he assumes his new post. Expanding the flying force is one of the steps in the program to insure Uncle Sam a completely adequate navy.

Four Million Pound Span Hoisted



Balanced by counter-weights, the four million pound center span of the Tri-Boro bridge over the Harlem river in New York was hoisted into position to link Randall's island with Manhattan at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. This bridge is one of the units in the gigantic Tri-Boro bridge project which will link Manhattan, the Bronx and Queens. The span was floated into position on a barge.

Rulers of the Cotton Carnival



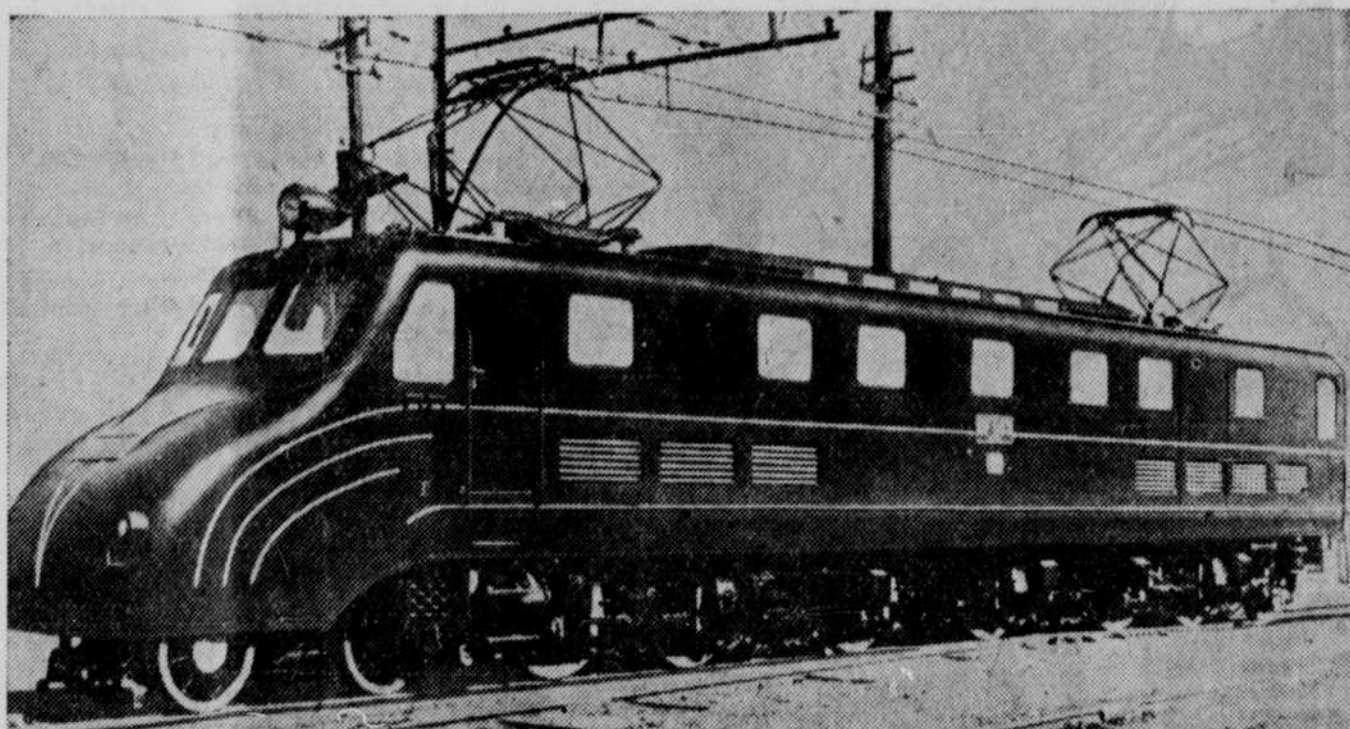
John Sneed Williams, prominent cotton factor, and Mary Ann Poston, debutante, as king and queen of the Memphis Cotton carnival which attracted about 100,000 visitors to the Tennessee city.

HOUSEWIFE'S MASK



The newest safeguard to the health of a busy housewife is this respiration outfit which slips over the mouth and nose and prevents dust from entering the throat. It was demonstrated at the Midwest Safety conference in Chicago.

Stream-Lining Is Taken Up by Japan



This is the recently completed stream-lined electric locomotive of the Japanese government railway which will run on the Tokaido line from Tokyo to Numazu. It is the first of such locomotives built in that country.

The Umbrella

By **ETTA ROGERS ROLLINGS**
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WNU Service.

"YES, Sarah, it has been an exhausting morning. Never in the thirty-nine years of my lifetime has so much occurred in the space of a few hours. No, Sarah, I said thirty-nine, not forty-nine."

"In the first place, I was almost late for church. Just as I was about to start, one of the wings dropped off the bird on the front of my hat. It took me quite a while to decide whether to sew the wing on again or let the bird have only one wing. I finally let it alone."

"I made up my mind that I had better take my umbrella. You know, Sarah, the weather was kind of threatening this morning, although it didn't really rain. As things turned out, it was fortunate that I took the umbrella with me."

"Although I've played the organ in our church for twenty years, until this morning I had never forgotten my glasses. No, Sarah, I said twenty, not thirty."

"When I opened my hand-bag to take out my spectacles, to my astonishment, the sugar spoon lay there in the top. I knew in a minute that I must have placed my glasses in the sugar bowl. I could see things at a distance pretty well, but to see the notes of the music, I had to sit way back on the organ stool and throw my head back."

"Well, Sarah, trouble started right away. Jimmie Smith was there to pump the organ, but he was so interested in smiling at the Perkins girl that he forgot to pump. I started to play, or try to play, a prelude, but no sound came. I had to reverse my umbrella and hook Jimmie's head around with the curved handle. He began to pump immediately and it occurred to me then, Sarah, it was a mighty good thing the umbrella was right there beside me."

"When the anthem started, old Mr. Stebbins, our only bass singer, didn't get up at all. He was sound asleep. Playing the introduction with one hand, I took my umbrella in the other and jabbed at his feet. He jumped up wildly, yelling, 'Yes, Mirandy, I'll be downstairs in a minute.'"

"The first part of the anthem wasn't bad at all, but toward the last nobody came in at just the right time."

"By this time I was so flustered that I didn't know what the sermon was about. When it was half-way through, I suddenly saw a note pinned to the back of the minister's coat. It was just the right distance from me so that I could read it. It said: 'I can't press no more pants and coats for you till you pay me something on account. I, Isravitz.'"

"Well, Sarah, I considered it my bounden duty to get that tell-tale note off Mr. Pritchard's back. It was pinned on with only one pin so I took the handle of my umbrella and tried to knock the pin up and make it drop out. Mr. Pritchard kept looking around at me queerly so I suppose he felt some bumps from the umbrella; I kept right on until, finally, the note dropped off his back."

"I had planned to play Rubenstein's Melody in F for a postlude. You know, Sarah, I often play that, as I memorized it years ago, soon after I memorized The Merry Widow Waltz. It didn't occur to me at all that I wasn't playing The Melody in F until someone said to me after service, 'What was that pretty piece in waltz time that you just played?' Then I knew I had played The Merry Widow Waltz through twice with a real waltz swing."

"Well, I felt quite calmed down when I reached my yard and I opened the door and walked into the house very quietly."

"And there, Sarah, I could see a burglar bent over a bag into which he was stuffing all my best silver that used to belong to Grandma Griffin. He plainly hadn't heard me enter, so after silently reaching up and unscrewing the electric light bulb, I threw it at him with all my strength. Never did I think, Sarah, that I would ever throw an electric light bulb at the seat of a man's trousers."

"There was a loud explosion; the burglar dropped the bag, and yelling 'I'm shot,' ran out of the front door at top speed. I picked up my skirts and ran right after him, calling 'Stop thief!' He raced down the street until he stumbled over Thompson's cat which was sunning itself on the sidewalk. Then the robber fell flat on his stomach and, seating myself astride his back, facing his feet, I whacked his legs as hard as I could with my umbrella. A crowd collected in just a few minutes."

"Take that hell-cat off me," the man roared.

"Young man," I said firmly, with a whack, "I'm a respectable woman and you can't call me names. Now apologize." And he did!

"Well, Sarah, I have all my silver back and that misguided young man will be put where he can't steal any more. As I said, it has been anything but a quiet Sunday morning; I must lie down a while if I expect to be able to play in church tonight. I must say, though, that while I was bothered when I found I had left my spectacles in the sugar bowl, I'm so glad now it wasn't my umbrella."