

Honey Bee Is Domesticated To Aid Crops

Russian Farmers Experiment With Special Insect 'Diets.'

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

Putting the honey bee to work on the farm like other domesticated live stock is a new development in Russia. It has been learned that bees can increase the yield of a crop by carrying pollen from one flower to another on their day-long honey hunt. Singling out a crop which does not ordinarily tempt bee appetites. Soviet scientists extracted syrup from the flowers and fed it to the insects. As a result, the bees, addicted to their new diet, now seek it in the fields, and reports from the U. S. S. R. hint of crop increases.

The honey bee chooses flowers more carefully than do humans, for she refuses to mix her flavors. When she starts sipping from one variety of blossom, she will fly for miles if necessary seeking others of the same variety, so that the honey will be pure. This strict selectiveness of insect diet gives the world some distinctive honey, such as the



BEE MAN of Lake George, N. Y., is Foster A. Lockhart pictured here with both hands covered with the insects. He has lived with bees for 52 years, has been stung about 10,000 times and has shipped his bees to China, New Zealand and every corner of the globe.

clover for their bees to drink. Iowa and New York are also chiefly clover states, but their hives produce such variations as raspberry and buckwheat honey. Texas turns its bees out to feast on cotton blossoms and mesquite, with results that place the state among the half dozen largest honey producers.

The bee is a tidy little European immigrant that has made good in the United States. Her secret formula for making sugar from flowers is ages older than man's way of extracting it from cane or beets. Egyptians are supposed to have domesticated the insect. During Old Testament times the bee was well established in the business of making honey. European settlers, finding no native honeybees in America, brought bee colonies to the New World. Indians marveled ceaselessly at the hard-working "white man's fly."

Bee-Colonizing Industry.

Bee-colonizing now is a larger industry in the United States than in colonial days. A hive of bees in the long winters of the northern states devours about 50 pounds of honey and produces none. Keepers therefore find it less expensive to buy a southern queen to start a new colony in the spring than to feed the old one through the winter. Alabama leads the nation as a bee-employment bureau for northern bee keepers. This year's shipments carried an estimated 70,000 Alabamian queens.

The regal coach in which Her Insect Majesty travels is a wire and wood box no larger than a deck of cards. Her royal tour takes place by mail.

In her new hive, she produces eggs at the rate of 1,500 a day. Three weeks elapse between egg and fluffy young bee, too young to fly, but capable of helping out with odd jobs around the hive, such as cleaning the nursery cells or packing the pantries with bee-bread or flower pollen brought in by adults.

In 10 days the youngsters work their way down to the portals of the hive, where they join the wing fanners of the air-conditioning brigade or the police squads of doormen. Here they test their wings on brief flights and trial flights of a yard or two.

Tibet Picks Five-Year-Old Boy To Rule as New 'Living Buddha'

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

A living "baby" Buddha now accepting homage from the 2,000,000 people he will rule till death, and believed by his followers to have the same soul possessed by the ruler who preceded him, is the subject of a strange story being unfolded in fragmentary news from Tibet.

The small boy in knee-boots and yellow robes, recently installed in Lhasa's hilltop palace, is Tibet's fourteenth Dalai Lama, now identified after more than five years of search for the thirteenth Lama's successor.

Tibet, secluded between the world's highest mountain barriers and the gloomiest windswept desert of Asia, is one of the last theocracies (lands ruled by priests) surviving in the modern world. The Dalai Lama, head of both church and state, is acclaimed as a living embodiment of Buddha. His succession is determined by no commonplace father-and-son hereditary arrangement, but by the principle of reincarnation. When a Dalai Lama dies, oracles go into trances for guidance, and priests search the country for a boy born at the instant of the ruler's death. The spirit of the former Dalai Lama is accepted as having entered the baby, who thereupon becomes ruler of a land one-sixth as large as the United States, and head of a priesthood numbering between one-fifth and one-seventh of the entire population.

Land Above Clouds. This Himalayan land literally above the clouds, where such mystical colors politics, is the highest



ISOLATED AND MYSTERIOUS Tibet is secluded between the world's highest mountain barriers and the gloomiest windswept desert of Asia. One-sixth as large as the United States, Tibet has long been a goal of the adventure seeker.

Mountain freshets wash gold into Tibet's valleys, which have supplied China's luxury trade for centuries. What other minerals Tibet holds more precious than the traditional commerce in musk and yak tails, wool, deer horns, and salt, is as yet only suspected.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Senator Wheeler seen bidding for Roosevelt support if F. D. R. doesn't want third term... South demands way to ship cotton to England... Indiana's state pride makes Republicans favor McNutt's candidacy.

WASHINGTON.—Senator Burton K. Wheeler's statement that no candidate could win the Democratic nomination without the approval of President Roosevelt, or at least that the nomination would be worthless without active support for the candidate by F. D. R., is regarded by most political observers here as a final bid by the Montana statesman for Roosevelt's support in the eventuality that the President does not seek renomination.

The point is that virtually all observers agree that President Roosevelt would never lift a finger to help Burt Wheeler get the Democratic nomination, even assuming that the President did not want the nomination himself. Wheeler had been waving olive branches at the White House for some time, and the President has been sending for him a great deal, thus giving the impression that the feud between the two had been healed.

But no one outside the Wheeler entourage has taken this peace-making very seriously. It is pointed out that the President has never forgiven any one who proved his enemy on any important issue, and the thought is that the defeat the White House took on the Supreme court packing bill left too many bitter scars for any olive-branch waving to overcome it.

The theory is that the President may smile at Wheeler, and use him, on the notion that there is no use biting off one's nose to spite one's face, but that the cordiality is all on the surface.

Wheeler, however, has apparently taken the President's constant consultations with him during the last session of congress at their face value, assuming, of course, that the outside gossip is right about the President's really not having forgiven him.

Roosevelt Strongly Opposed To Nomination of Garner

There is also very general agreement that the President would never stand for the nomination of John Nance Garner. The President believes that Garner is utterly out of sympathy with many of the New Deal policies.

Most of the left wingers around the White House, the men who have the most ready access to the President, feel sure that they would have positions very long after Garner's inauguration. So they take pains to keep the home fires burning so far as the President's distrust of his "second in command" is concerned.

Incidentally these left wingers have had no hesitancy in private conversations with other officials, and with outsiders as well, in expressing their conviction that the President would never approve Garner's nomination. While they contend that it would be impossible to nominate Garner without Roosevelt's sanction, when pressed as to what the President would do if Garner should be nominated, they insist he would "take a walk."

Congress May Take Hand In Transfer of Ship Flags

There may be an entirely different picture of this business of transferring United States line ships to the flag of Panama by the time congress convenes. The first obvious indignation was at the obvious duplicity—as critics saw it—of the scheme. Especially starting to put it through after congress had gone home, satisfied that it had passed a law which would keep the United States out of a certain type of danger which might involve this country in the war.

It is perfectly true that the chief reasons actuating President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull in approving the idea was to enable American industry to market its wares abroad.

But the big pressure is not coming from the airplane manufacturers, or the toolmakers, or even the oil men. They know that the belligerents will find some way of getting enough ships over here to bring those particular products. The real outcry is coming from the cotton men.

Cotton has been piling up in New Orleans, for instance, because the ships that normally would be carrying it to England have been barred from that trade by the "cash and carry" provisions of the neutrality act. Now, of course, eventually Britain must have that cotton. She would have to provide ships for it some way or other. But this is not as clear to the cotton factors, and

even the cotton farmers, as it is to the makers of airplanes.

So the cotton people have already begun bombarding Washington with demands that the government do something to get this cotton moved.

South Demands Way Be Found To Ship Cotton to England

A little thing like the neutrality act provision barring United States ships from trading with the belligerents—or going into war zones near them—bothers the cotton folks no more than the law of supply and demand did last year, or the year before that.

They have been educated by their politicians for years to believe that by voting for the right people at primary time, they could be sure to have men in Washington who would crack down on the wicked individuals in New York, or elsewhere, who were keeping the price of cotton down. Thus—though naturally their mode of correction had not been notably successful until Triple A benefits began to pour in—they have come to look to Washington for everything. And they are looking right now.

"Get this cotton to England," they demand.

Some of the people who were shouting loudest of all to keep the arms embargo on—it was "murder to sell munitions to belligerents"—are now just as vociferous in their demands that the United States government must get around this "cash and carry" thing somehow, and get that cotton abroad.

It was always this way. When Britain was interfering with cotton shipments to Holland—on the theory that the cotton was really going to Germany, back in 1915—much of the cotton country wanted to break off diplomatic relations with England.

All of which is just human nature, and politics. But look out for repercussions. A lot of senators who are openly sneering now at the idea of hoisting the Panamanian flag over United States line ships will be singing a very different tune in January. Especially Southern senators.

The White House knows all about this, and is much less concerned about the criticism of the Panama deal than one might think. Some way will be found. That cotton MUST get to England—to please New Orleans if not Manchester.

Indiana's State Pride Makes Republicans Favor McNutt

There may be no way of proving it, but certain neutral observers who have been watching the political mill for many years believe that Indiana has more state pride than any other subdivision of these United States.

What makes this of interest right now is the general talk about Paul V. McNutt, former governor of Indiana, and the favorite son of the Democratic Hoosiers for President next year. One might well expect the Indiana Democrats to speak well of McNutt. After all he is still the head of the Democratic organization there, and it is about as solid and efficient an organization as there is in the country. So an Indiana Democrat speaking unkindly of McNutt's presidential qualifications had better take care who hears him. It might interfere with his own political future.

But the Indiana Republicans also speak well of McNutt. Not that they actually want to see him in the White House. They want a Republican, naturally, but if there has to be a Democrat they would like it to be McNutt, and even if a Republican is going to win the presidency they would like to see McNutt have the honor of the Democratic nomination.

Moreover, they will talk at length, will these Indiana Republicans, of the charm of the man, his good looks, his political appeal, and his oratorical ability. Not to mention his political astuteness, which they all profess to admire, some of them even to the extent of saying he is the one man in the country who is probably a better politician even than Franklin D. Roosevelt!

McNutt's Nomination Would Help All Local Candidates

This being true, the outlanders go on, it would seem obvious that McNutt's candidacy for the presidency, assuming he gets the nomination, would help every local Democratic candidate for office in Indiana, and by the same token hurt every local Republican candidate.

That is the way the favorite son business is viewed in other states, and it would seem to any one not born and raised in Indiana that the more state pride there is in Indiana, the more true this effect on the local tickets of nominating a Hoosier for President would be. Actually the favorite son thing has not worked out that way in some other states. In fact in some states it has almost seemed at times as though the voters did not care whether a man from their state was President or not. For instance, when Kansas voted for Roosevelt against its own governor. For instance, the two times that Nebraska cast its electoral vote against William Jennings Bryan. For instance, when West Virginia went for Coolidge against its native son John W. Davis.

But perhaps no one outside the state can understand Indiana or its people. It has always been this way, apparently. No one could get the late John W. Kern or Benjamin F. Shively, when they were in the senate, to say one word against Republicans James E. Watson and Harry S. New, who not only wanted to but eventually did succeed them. (Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"A Ride With the Reaper"

WELL—one way to have an adventure is to go on an automobile ride with Jeannette E. Lowitt of Arverne, N. Y. Jeannette's driving would thrill you. It might even paralyze you. Like the old patent medicine ads used to say, it invigorates the healthy, cures the lame and the halt, and brings the dying back to life.

Jeannette started out on her adventure without any automobile at all. As a matter of fact, she wasn't even properly equipped for walking. She didn't have any shoes on. It was a stifling August day in 1930. Even Rockaway Beach was without the slightest sign of a breeze. Jeannette was lying down in her room when suddenly the hot, muggy air was torn by the most piercing, agonizing scream she had ever heard. And from then on, things happened thick and fast.

Jeannette jumped out of bed and ran to the door. In front of her house was a crowd of people. In the midst of them was Mrs. Levin—a summer visitor—holding a tiny infant in her arms. "My baby! He's dead!" she was crying. And as Jeannette sprang down the steps she heard the frantic, white-faced mother explaining that while she had left the child alone for a minute it had picked up a bottle of camphorated oil and drank it.

Jeannette Starts Trip to Hospital.

The baby lay in the woman's arms motionless—stiff. His little eyes bulged and his lips were blue. Without a word Jeannette grabbed him and started running—running toward the doctor's office, two blocks away. She was still barefooted. The burning sun made her head throb. Perspiration drenched her body. But she sprinted the whole way and burst into the doctor's office, her heart pounding madly.

The doctor was in his back office, operating on a man's foot. Blood soaked cotton was strewn over the operating table and more blood was dripping into a pail that hung beneath the patient. "I can't stop," he said. "This man has a hemorrhage. What's the trouble?"

At that point the child's mother, who had followed closely behind Jeannette, came bursting into the office. "My baby! She wailed. "He's dead! He's dead!" The doctor dropped the needle he was holding, snatched the child from Jeannette's arms and ran into the bathroom.



Without a word Jeannette grabbed him and started running.

Opening the hot water faucet in the bathtub he held the baby under it. A minute passed. There was no sign of life. "Jeannette," he whispered. "He's gone. Look—he's foaming at the mouth. Rush him to the hospital. Take my car—it's outside. The key is in the ignition. My patient will bleed to death if I leave him."

Jeannette picked up the child again. She dashed out into the hall and stumbled over the prostrate body of Mrs. Levin, who had fainted. She couldn't even hold the child while Jeannette drove to the hospital. How could she manage alone? She rushed to the street—lost a few precious seconds trying to get the baby's stiff, outstretched arms through the narrow door. With the child on her lap she lost more valuable time trying to find the starter. She found the starter at last. The motor roared. The car started. She was off—turning the corner and putting on speed—racing down the boulevard toward the hospital, at Beach Eighty-fourth street, just over the tracks of the Long Island railroad.

There was traffic on the streets, but Jeannette made good time. She did, that is, until she came to the railroad crossing near Hammel station. As she was about to cross, the gateman blew his whistle and held up his hand. The crossing gate began to lower. Jeannette screamed. "Wait! Let me through!" But the gates kept right on falling.

Jeannette gripped the steering wheel and stepped on the gas. The car shot forward. It bumped onto the crossover just under the gates—got into the middle of the tracks—and stalled!

The gateman cursed. Jeannette jammed her foot viciously down on the starter—but the car didn't start. Then, for the first time, Jeannette lost her head. They made cars then, with two kinds of gear shifts, and suddenly she had forgotten which type this was. She sat fumbling with the gear lever while, down the tracks, a train was rapidly narrowing the distance between it and the car.

Agony of the Moment Lives With Jane.

The gateman yelled. "Get the h— off these tracks." Jeannette paid no attention. He ran over and screamed in her ear. A crowd was gathering. Frantically, Jeannette kept trying to start the car. Her teeth were chattering—and she says she'll never forget the agony of that moment.

The gateman had raised the gates half-way. The crowd was screaming to her to get out of the car and run. Then, suddenly, the motor caught. Jeannette jerked the shift lever into what she thought was first speed.

It wasn't. It was reverse. The car shot backward with a force that made the baby's head strike the steering wheel. It hit with a resounding thud and it looked like a catastrophe, but it was just what the doctor ordered.

The car shot back off the track, and at the same time, something happened to the child. I guess the doctor would have called it regurgitation or some other swell sounding word, but in plain English—well—the baby just chucked up. An avalanche of half digested string beans and potatoes landed in Jeannette's lap. And along with it came the CAMPHORATED OIL.

A few minutes later in the hospital, Jeannette lay on the floor and cried hysterically while doctors worked over the baby with a stomach pump. If the doctors even noticed Jeannette, they didn't give any sign of it. The baby was the important one. Jeannette was only the one who saved his life.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Rigid Air Safety Code Beneficial to U. S. Aviation

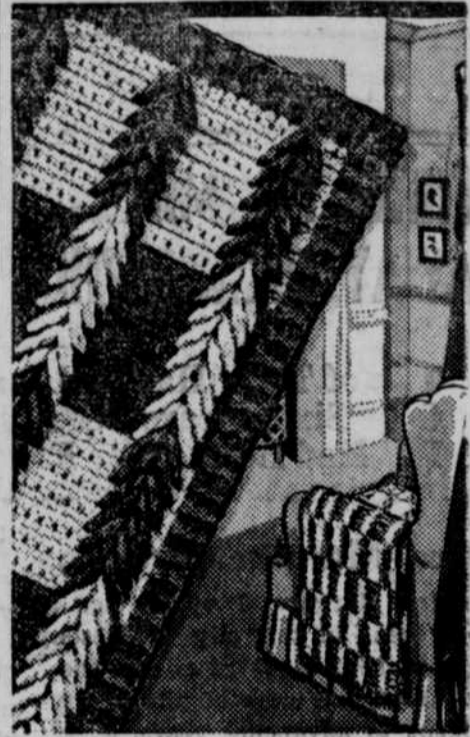
One reason for the supremacy of American aviation over foreign rivals is supplied by estimates that this country's commercial air transport companies spend 500 per cent more each year on research, maintenance and inspection than all the rest of the world's airlines.

Rigid safety standards are applied to even seemingly minor items of air equipment by aviation inspection crews. An example of their unusual requirements is found in a report on the development of a new type of plane refueling hose now in use by major oil companies having refueling contracts at airports from coast to coast.

Five years of research by scientists of the B. F. Goodrich laboratories went into the perfecting of

Easy Afghan Smart Done in Two Shades

An afghan for a beginner! In two shades of a color, it's worked in single crochet, with rib stitch forming a herringbone design. Pattern 6505 contains directions



Pattern 6505

for making afghan; illustration of it and stitches; materials required; color schemes; photograph of section of afghan.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Confetti Popcorn

2 quarts pop corn 1/2 cup water
2 cups sugar Vegetable coloring
2 tablespoons butter 1 teaspoon flavoring

Divide pop corn into three equal portions. Combine sugar, butter, water, and coloring; bring to boil and cook until the syrup spins a thread (about 15 minutes). Add the flavoring. Pour over popped corn and stir until kernels are sugar coated and separated. Repeat process three times, using a different color and flavor each time; mix batches.

We Go Together!

We all of us tend to rise or fall together. If any set of us goes down, the whole nation sags a little. If any of us raise ourselves a little, then by just so much the nation as a whole is raised.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Constipation Relief That Also Pepsin-izes Stomach

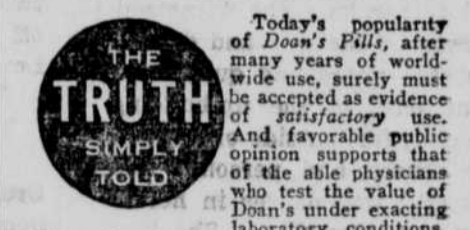
When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste, and bad breath, your stomach is probably loaded up with certain undigested food and your bowels don't move. So you need both Pepsin to help break up fast that rich undigested food in your stomach and Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels. So be sure your laxative also contains Pepsin. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative, because its Syrup Pepsin helps you gain that wonderful stomach relief, while the Laxative Senna moves your bowels. Tests prove the power of Pepsin to dissolve those lumps of undigested protein food which may linger in your stomach, to cause belching, gastric acidity and nausea. This is how pepsinizing your stomach helps relieve it of such distress. At the same time this medicine wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your bowels to relieve your constipation. So see how much better you feel by taking the laxative that also puts Pepsin to work on that stomach discomfort, too. Even finicky children love to taste this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative—Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your drugist today!

Up Again! Our greatest glory consists not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

WEARY DESPONDENT GIRLS: Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

WNU-U 2-40

No, No, No Never volunteer for nothing under no circumstances.—Wirkus.



Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of its satisfactory use. And, favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions. These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for disorder of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. Buying scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warn of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS