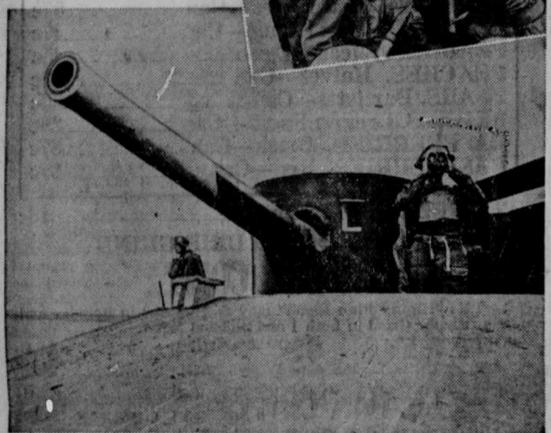


## Britain's Floating Fortresses



Above: Approaching one of Great Britain's formidable forts of the sea. These giant masses of steel and concrete, literally bristling with guns, are a new departure for war, and so far as England is concerned, a good investment. They are planted in "strategic" spots around England.

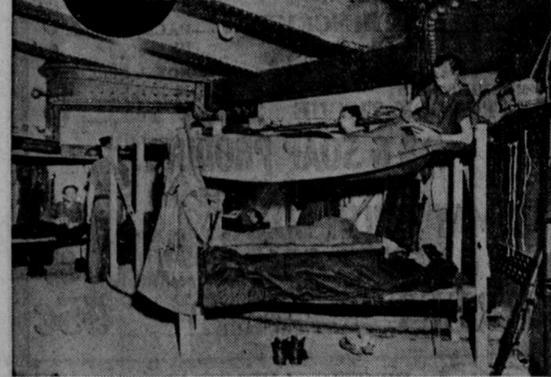
Right: On the gun deck of a floating fortress the crew prepares a 3-inch anti-aircraft gun for firing against enemy planes.



A sentry, a 12-inch cannon, and a lookout pictured on a floating fort somewhere in the southern command. Living quarters are located deep in the bowels of the fort.



Picture Parade



Top: A glimpse into the magazine of a floating fortress. The shells are sent to the guns above on a chain belt. Lower: Sleeping quarters. Men not on duty are shown at ease in double-decker cots.



Looking down into the deep hole that leads to the living and working quarters.

## FIRST ASSIGNMENT

By KARL GRAYSON  
(Associated Newspapers.)  
WNU Service.

AS FATE would have it Ed Stanley's first assignment upon entering the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police service was to investigate a trap-stealing episode in the country north of the Little Silver river. Ed's brother, Paul, accompanied him. Paul had been a Red Rider for five years. He knew the ins and outs of the game and Ed worshiped him. Ed was 22 and Paul was 29. The older man had been and was now everything that was fine. The service which he represented stood for things that were honorable and worth having.

It was winter. The brothers spent two days mushing over the frozen wastes of the northland, and another half day skimming over the surface of the Little Silver.

At noon of the third day they came to a clearing in which stood a cabin. Smoke curled from its chimney.

"That would be it," Paul said. "The description is perfect. Wonder if Eysen is home."

Mark Eysen was the man under suspicion.

Paul swung the dogs off the river and stopped them at the edge of the clearing. He loosened the service pistol in its holster, told Ed to stay with the dogs, and approached the cabin. He had covered less than half the distance when the cabin door flew open. A man appeared in the aperture bearing a rifle. There was a puff of smoke, a sharp report. Paul crumpled in the snow.

Ed cried out and started forward. The rifle spoke again, and a little puff of smoke kicked up two feet



Then it was that Ed knew what had happened. The man was snow-blind!

ahead of the boy. He stopped, and in that instant the training which he had received before entering the service came to check his madness. He returned to the dog sled, secured his own rifle, drove the dogs to the shelter of the river bank, and began to stalk the cabin.

It wasn't until darkness had fallen that Ed was able to reach his brother. Miraculously Paul wasn't dead. Ed carried him back to the dog sled, built a fire, poured hot tea between his lips, dressed his wounds and an hour later had set out on the return trip to the post.

It was a record run, but Paul died before they reached the post. He returned to consciousness once and talked rationally with his younger brother. "Remember the code," he said, smiling wanly. "We Red Riders have a code to go by. Bear it in mind always. And don't feel too bitter about me—it's all in the game, you know."

This was exactly what Ed would have expected Paul to say, but he felt bitter nevertheless. He knew he'd never rest until he had killed the man who'd murdered his brother.

Two days after Paul died, Ed, grim-faced, set out for the Little Silver country in company with three members of the mounted. They were armed with a warrant for the arrest of Mark Eysen.

Ed had anticipated a long trek before they even came upon the trail of the fugitive. He was, therefore, surprised and not a little puzzled upon finding the cabin in the clearing to be occupied. Remembering his previous experience he cautioned his three companions. It was decided to surround the cabin and challenge it before attempting to break in.

The challenge was issued and remained unanswered. One of the mounted stepped into the clearing and began approaching the cabin. Instantly a rifle exploded and the policeman dropped in his tracks. He crawled back to safety under cover of his companions' fire.

The siege on the cabin lasted three days. One of the Riders had been killed, another wounded. Ed Stanley and Constable Norman Lee were the only two able-bodied men remaining, and their supply of ammunition was rapidly diminishing.

The two men held a conference. It was agreed that one of them would have to return to the post bearing their wounded comrade. Ed insisted on remaining on the scene.

Night shut down and Ed returned to camp. He did not build a fire; instead ate a cold meal, and later returned to the edge of the clearing. It was bright and moonlight and the building was sharply outlined. Ed stopped and stared. The cabin door was open!

Heedless of a possible trick the youth unslung his rifle and sped across the open space. Without hesitation he stepped through the open door. Ed groaned. Mark Eysen had fled. During that brief half hour that he had taken time off to eat the killer had departed.

Ed swore softly to himself as he hurried back to camp and made a pack of his scanty belongings.

Eysen was traveling fast and light. He had a good hour's start. There was little hope of overtaking him before morning. Ed based a good deal of hope on the fact that the killer had had to keep a constant vigil during the past three days, while the Riders could relieve each other in bombarding the cabin.

By morning Ed himself was close to exhaustion. The endurance of the man he followed was unbelievable. The mountie had failed to lessen the distance between them.

The youth stopped and brewed himself some tea and rested for 15 minutes. Greatly refreshed he set out again, plodding steadily along with bent head, his eyes, shielded from the blinding glare of the sun, by goggles.

It was close to noon when the thing happened. Ed was on the point of collapsing. He looked up and saw a man coming toward him. The man's actions seemed queer. Ed stopped and stared. Then suddenly he snatched out his service pistol and threw it up. The man who was approaching him was Mark Eysen!

Ed's finger hesitated on the trigger. He didn't know why. Mark Eysen came on. He stopped when within twenty feet of Ed; sensing danger. And then it was that Ed knew what had happened. The man was snowblind!

Ed spoke, at the same instant leaping to one side. Instantly the rifle in Eysen's hand roared. A guttural sound escaped his lips. It was pitiful to see him groping blindly, tossing his head like an angry bull. Again Ed raised his pistol and dropped it. The bitterness and hatred had not lessened. Eysen deserved to die. But there was something in the boy's soul that dominated his desire for vengeance: The code of the Red Riders.

Paul was at his elbow, smiling, talking, reminding him of the code. He returned the pistol to its holster. Unhurried, grim-faced, he circled the fugitive and attacked him from behind.

There was no resistance. Eysen's strength was spent. Ed uttered the customary challenge, the challenge that is part of the code, and as the words fell from his lips he thought of Paul and the bitterness was gone from his heart.

## First U. S. Paper Plant Founded in 17th Century

Two centuries and a half have elapsed since the manufacture of paper in North America was begun with the establishment, in 1690, of a plant on Paper Mill Run at Germantown, Pa., by William Rittenhouse, the first American paper maker.

This first American paper mill was built to meet a growing need; printers in the Colonies had found the lack of paper their greatest handicap, writes Dard Hunter in Technology Review. Rittenhouse hence had as one of his partners in the enterprise William Bradford, the pioneer printer of the Middle Atlantic colonies, who during the early years of the venture took practically the entire output of the mill. In 1705, however, Rittenhouse and his son bought out Bradford and the two other partners. Their first mill building had been destroyed by a flood in 1700 or 1701 and was replaced by a new plant in 1702.

The demand for paper, which kept early printers constantly pestering their readers to save rags as raw material for manufacture—a bundle of rags was a highly acceptable subscription payment in practically all colonial newspaper offices—may be interpreted as a symptom of democracy.

### Village Still Making Clocks

Electric clocks for the new Ostia railroad station here are being made at Pesariis, a village hidden away in the Alps. The workers are also making hundreds of special clocks for the state railways.

The factory started in 1725 as an iron foundry, turning out articles for domestic use. Suddenly the workers started making clocks of all kinds.

In 1931 this most famous of Italian clock factories began the manufacture of the modern electric clocks. The clocks of the new Florence railway station were made at Pesariis as were the clocks of the new post office at Naples.

The clockmakers of Pesariis have always refused to descend from their mountain village.

### Thomas More Beheaded

Sir Thomas More, author of "Utopia," was sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, but the king commuted the sentence to beheading. On July 7, 1535, More was executed in the Tower of London and the head was fixed upon London bridge. Tradition says that it was eventually rescued by his daughter, and that it was buried with her at St. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

## Historical Highlights

by Elmo Scott Watson  
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### 'Aguinaldo Is Captured!'

Forty years ago this month America had a new national hero. He was Frederick Funston, a native of Ohio and a soldier of fortune who had aided the Cubans in their struggle to throw off the yoke of Spain, then organized the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war and arrived in the Philippines with his regiment in time to help Gen. Wesley Merritt capture Manila in November, 1898.

Meanwhile Emilio Aguinaldo had declared himself president of the revolutionary government of the



GEN. FRED FUNSTON

Philippines and started an insurrection against the new rulers of the islands.

There was constant fighting throughout 1899 and 1900 but always Aguinaldo, the leader of the insurgents, eluded capture. During 1900 he apparently gave up the struggle, but in January, 1901, he ordered the insurgent forces in southern Luzon to join him at his rendezvous in the province of Isabela.

However, the messenger to whom he entrusted this order, surrendered to the Americans in February and, upon securing the information as to Aguinaldo's whereabouts, Funston determined upon a daring plan to capture the Filipino leader.

Taking with him Captains H. W. Newton and Russell T. Hazzard, Lieutenants Oliver P. M. Hazzard and Burton J. Mitchell and a company of 80 Macabebes, who spoke the Tagalog languages, he was land-



EMILIO AGUINALDO

ed on a beach south of Casiguran in the province of Principe on March 13, 1901. Aguinaldo's messenger also went with the expedition and he and the Macabebes scouts were to pass themselves off as a detachment of insurgent Tagalogs who had captured the five Americans and were taking them as prisoners to Aguinaldo. After marching seven days and nights, the party reached a point eight miles from Palanan, Aguinaldo's hiding place.

A message, stamped with the seal of General Lacuina, was sent forward to Aguinaldo and a prompt response was received, welcoming the party. The Americans and their fake Tagalogs hastened forward.

Funston entrusted the actual capture to a Spaniard, Jazaro Segovia, and a detachment of the scouts. The story, as Funston told it later, follows:

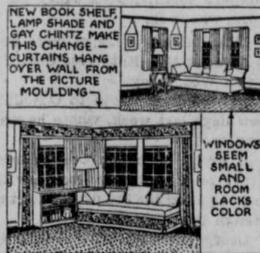
"Running up the bank toward the house, we were met by Segovia, who came running out, his face aglow with exultation and his clothes spattered with the blood of the men he had wounded. He called out in Spanish: 'It is all right; we have him.' 'We hastened into the house and I introduced myself to Aguinaldo, telling him that we were officers of the American army, that the men with us were our troops, and not his, and that he was a prisoner of war. He was given assurance that he need fear no bad treatment.

"He said, in a dazed sort of way: 'Is this not some joke?' I assured him that it was not, though, as a matter of fact, it was a pretty bad one on him."

In after years Aguinaldo was loud in his praise of Funston for the audacity and skill of his plan, saying that only by the stratagem used could he have been captured. The former leader of the Filipino insurgents later took the oath of allegiance to the United States and became reconciled to American rule. He even sent his daughter, Carmen, to this country to be educated and she became a student at the University of Illinois. Aguinaldo is still living at the age of 72.

## NEW IDEAS for Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



NEW BOOK SHELF LAMP SHADE AND GAY CHINTZ MAKE THIS CHANGE - CURTAINS HANG OVER WALL FROM THE PICTURE MOULDING.

HOUSES of glass are realities today and, if you want to give any house a modern air, try to make the windows seem important. One way is to frame them in a group by covering the wall and leaving the glass exposed. A comparison of these two sketches shows that this may be done even though the windows are unevenly spaced. The cream colored walls, glass curtains and window shades

are the same in both and the same two-toned green rug and the same lamp and pictures are used. The couch and cushions are also the same but the covers are new.

An inexpensive chintz with gray-green ground and a flower pattern is used for draperies and to trim the couch cover of heavier gray-green cotton material which is also used for the cushions. The glass curtains are hung on rods suspended from the picture moulding with picture wire and hooks. The side drapes are unlined but the valance is made over buckram. Both are tacked to pine strips and are hung with picture hooks. One end of the book shelves is closed in to make a head for the couch. The outside is painted gray-green and the inside dark green. The parchment lamp shade has green bindings.

NOTE: All types of curtains and draperies are clearly explained with cutting and making directions in Mrs. Spears SEWING Book 1—draw curtains, lined draperies, pinch pleated curtains, cornice boards, valance boards, as well as standard and period type curtains. Directions for modernizing a couch, various types of chairs, and a fascinating assortment of other useful homemaking projects are contained in Book 5. Copies are 10 cents each. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Drawer 10  
Bedford Hills New York  
Enclose 20 cents for Books 1 and 5.  
Name .....  
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## These Cuddle Toys Will Delight Kiddies



Pattern No. Z9034

ALL things padded and preened are Hattie, the hen, and her proud rooster hubby. They've plump-colored wings, tail feathers and combs—and not one ruffled feather on their 13-inch print-material bodies.

Pattern Z9034, 15c, enables you to make both hen and rooster into delightful cuddle toys for the kiddies. Send order to:

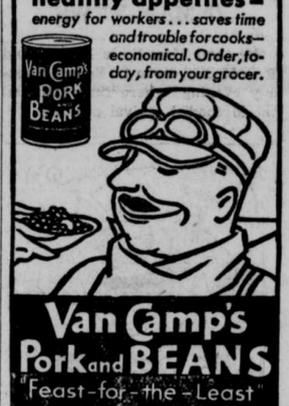
AUNT MARTHA  
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.  
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No. ....  
Name .....  
Address .....

## Chewing to Rhythm

We have all read about drug houses and opium dens, but not many have heard of the "chewing dens of Yemen." When the inhabitants of Yemen, Arabia, have jaded appetites, they don't go along to the doctor for a tonic. They merely go down the street to a chewing den, or mabrazee.

Yemen is full of mabrazees, just as other towns are plentifully sprinkled with cafes or public baths. In these dens, men, women, and children congregate and chew "khat," made from a native shrub known as "the flower of paradise." As concentrated chewing is a tiring business, it is done to the rhythm of soft music in luxurious surroundings, and the tonic effect is rapid.

## Delicious for healthy appetites—energy for workers... saves time and trouble for cooks—economical. Order, today, from your grocer.



WNU-U 13-41

Labor's Power  
Labor has the power to rid us of three great evils—Boredom, Vice and Poverty.—Voltaire.

## A LADY

... doesn't cough in public. Smith Bros. Cough Drops relieve coughs due to colds—pleasantly. Two kinds—Black or Menthol, 5¢. Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.

## A CYCLE OF HUMAN BETTERMENT

ADVERTISING gives you new ideas, and also makes them available to you at economical cost. As these new ideas become more accepted, prices go down. As prices go down, more persons enjoy new ideas. It is a cycle of human betterment, and it starts with the printed words of a newspaper advertisement.

JOIN THE CIRCLE READ THE ADS