

Alley Oomph

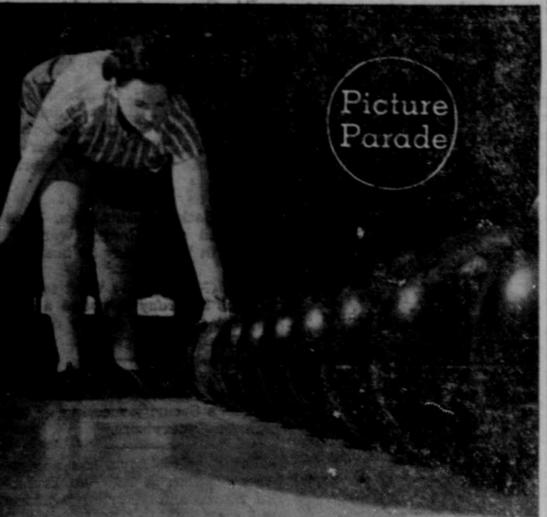
Time was when the bowling alleys of the nation were regarded as select gentlemen's clubs. Today some 3,000,000 women in the United States go in for bowling in a big way. This series of photos shows you some of the gals who bring oomph to the alleys.



The streamlined eyelet at right has the floor in this corner as she tells the quartet about the wonders bowling does for the figure.

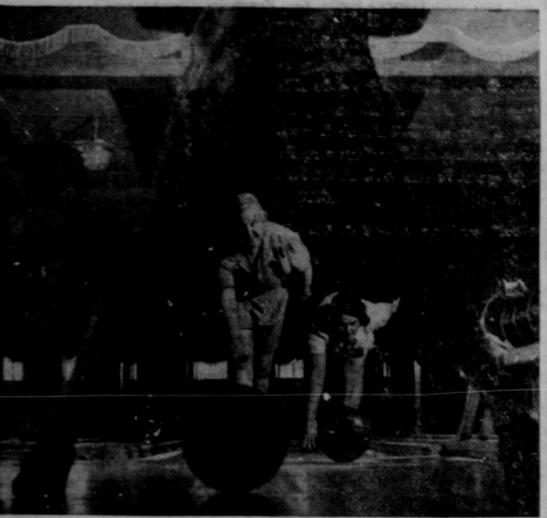


Too much vim behind the ball, and a bit tardy in getting that dainty finger out of the hole. This pretty maid knows that a heavy ball will knock the bark from those darling skin bones.



Picture Parade

This roly-poly has taken up bowling to reduce.



To add a little something different to the game, one lady bowler lends her legs for a frame, while two of the alley sisters roll at once.



Switching on charm for cameraman—easier than making a "strike."



By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

NEW YORK.—We are quite certain that there is a chipping sparrow out our way which didn't stand still long enough to be counted, but at any rate Roger Peterson's national bird count of 5,750,000,000 receives respectful, even admiring attention, and no challenges or quibbles about it.

Concurrently the National Audubon society, of which Mr. Peterson is educational director, begins a drive for the protection of birds and other wild life in defense areas.

At the age of 76, Mr. Peterson proved that bird lore can be made to yield a lot more than mere bird seed. That was in 1934, when he published his book, "Field Guide to the Birds." As bird books go it was a best-seller, warmly praised not only by the somewhat esoteric cult of bird-fanciers, but by a much wider public, which appreciated its clarity and simplicity. There came other editions and then his "Field Guide to Birds of the West," and his "Junior Book of Birds," of 1939. All in all, Mr. Peterson's books and magazine articles were so successful that he has had plenty of time to count birds—even five billions of them.

He not only writes but illustrates his books, having emerged from the New York Art Students' league as a highly qualified decorative artist. He is known as the best American authority on field identification of birds.

Mr. Peterson had an adventure at the convention of the society at Cape May last year, which, so far as we can learn, was not picked up by the news hawks at the time. It seems a group of ornithologists, Peterson included, got up at 4:30 to clock a scheduled hawk migration. It didn't come off and all were downhearted until a rumor got around that a black-necked stilt had been seen near the lighthouse pond. There had been no stilt in this section since 1870.

The party set out for the spot. Finally far across the pond, inaccessible to any dry land approach, the bird was sighted. Mr. Peterson said it would be necessary to approach as near as possible, disturb the bird, and then observe its flight carefully. He and William Fish volunteered to brave the mud and cold. They waded in, and at times were up to their armpits in slimy mud. Finally Peterson waved his arms at the stilt. It didn't move. Approaching nearer, they discovered it was as stiff as a plank.

The convention finally ran down the story. The National Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia had had a housecleaning and heaved out a lot of stuffed birds. Some rival bird fans of the Delaware valley had retrieved the stilt and set it up across the pond.

UP IN Maine, on last summer's holiday, this writer talked with an old road-side philosopher who was concerned with problems arising from the lengthening life-span in New England.

Prof. Perry Boldly Trumpets an 'Old Age Movement'

"They don't do much dyin' up here," he said. "Down at West Newton, they had to shoot an old feller, just to start a graveyard."

Professor Ralph Barton Perry, of the faculty of philosophy of Harvard university, is similarly concerned about old age, but for a different reason. In a brilliant essay in a recent issue of the Princeton Alumni Weekly, he rallies the oldsters against being "hustled around by their juniors in politics; he notes the capitulation of wise old age to bumptious youth, and challenges Rabbi Ben Ezra by insisting that there's no use growing old with him, or anybody else, if old-age is to be merely a tolerated short-ender in the life sweepstakes. "The most striking evidence of the downfall of the aged," writes Professor Perry, "is to be found in the domestic circle."

"The authority of the father was first broken by the mother, and the children poured through the breach. The last remnant of paternal authority was the period in which the father was an ogre, who came home at the end of the day to deal with major offenses. He was no longer magistrate, only executioner.

"But even this role disappeared when domestic criminology was modernized and the child's insubordination was regarded as a personality problem, to be solved by love, hygiene and psychoanalysis."

SHORT STORY

Empty Safe

By RICHARD HILL WILKINSON
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

A YOUNG man, looking frightened and agitated, was waiting at the Robinson residence when the police car, bearing Detective Henry Baker drove up.

"I'm Tom Darcy," the youth explained. "For heaven's sake, let's hurry. Every moment counts."

"Why," asked Detective Baker, when they were in the police car, "didn't you phone us from your uncle's house?"

"The line was dead. Whoever robbed the safe must have cut the wires. I ran over to Robinson's."

"Exactly what happened?"

"Uncle's away for the week-end," Darcy explained. "I was alone upstairs about half an hour ago. I thought I heard a noise and came running down. I had reached the first landing when a man dashed from the library, sprinted for the front door and was but before I could stop him. I paused only long enough to glance into the library, saw that the safe door was swinging wide, then gave chase. As I came down the front walk the thief was just making off in a small gray sedan.



"For heaven's sake, let's hurry. Every moment counts."

My roadster was out front and I leaped into it and followed, but I lost sight of the sedan in the heavy traffic."

"I see," said Baker. "Aren't you in the habit of keeping your uncle's house locked at all times? Especially when he's away?"

"Of course. And today was no exception, either. The burglar gained admission by prying open a cellar window."

They had reached the residential district and presently the detective drew up in front of a brownstone dwelling. "This is your uncle's home isn't it?"

"Yes," Young Darcy raced up the steps, hurried through the front door and disappeared inside. A moment later Detective Baker found him examining the opened safe.

"You were certainly in an all-fired hurry to get inside, especially when you knew the thief had escaped?"

Darcy sank wearily into a chair. "I wanted to make sure just how much was missing. You see, I didn't return here after losing sight of the sedan, but went directly to headquarters."

"I see," Baker nodded toward the safe. "I suppose you discovered the worst."

"Worst is certainly the word. Not only are the bonds gone, but every other scrap of paper besides. The thief must have heard me coming and realizing that haste was necessary, shoved everything into his pocket."

"Likely," Detective Baker stooped over to examine the safe. "Was there anything familiar about the figure you saw rushing from the house?"

"As a matter of fact there was," the officer whirled around. "In heaven's name why didn't you say so? Did you recognize him?"

"I didn't mention it before," Darcy said thoughtfully, "because I didn't want to cast unjust suspicion. But—" Suddenly he thrust out his hand, revealing in its palm a small clasp pen knife. "That knife belongs to Jules Colby, uncle's butler. I've seen him use it a hundred times."

"And how long," asked Baker, his voice hinting of sarcasm, "have you been carrying it around with you?"

"I found it on the floor beneath the safe when I came in a moment ago. It substantiated my first suspicion that the man whom I had seen escape was actually Colby. He must have used it in his attempt to open the safe, and dropped it in his haste to get away."

"Where's Colby now?"

"Goodness knows. He's supposed to be at home resting. Uncle dismissed all the servants while he was away. Sort of a holiday."

"I see. And you think we ought to pick up this Jules Colby and question him."

"If picking up is as easy as you make it sound, I most certainly agree. Look there," Darcy pointed at the safe. Near its outer edges were a number of scratches that had obviously been made by some sharp instrument, quite possibly a pen knife.

"I see," said Baker. "But for the moment let's concentrate on Colby. I have an idea he won't be so difficult to find as you appear to think."

"Possibly," said Darcy, his own tone betraying sarcasm, "the police department in this city is smarter

than I give it credit for."

"Possibly," Baker agreed, "you're right. For example, I think if we take a run over to Mr. Colby's boarding house we'll find him at home—resting."

"If you do it will mean that the man's much smarter than I think. But I doubt if it will occur to him that not trying to escape will make him less a suspicious character."

Detective Baker scratched his chin. "Kid, you seem to have a faculty of giving no one credit for brains but yourself. Let me tell you something: In about a minute you're going to discover that you're not so smart as you're trying to impress me with being."

Young Darcy got to his feet with easy assurance. "Well, well. Are you the gentleman who's going to show me?"

"I am."

"Can that be possible! Shall I prepare to cheer?"

"You'd better prepare to spend a long time in an iron-bound cage thinking things over."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that no one would be damn fool enough to try to open a safe such as this one with a pen knife."

"Which gets us nowhere. The marks of the pen knife are on the safe, and proves that somebody must have been a fool."

"The man who put the marks there was—damn fool enough to think a smart detective would swallow the yarn. Also fool enough to think the same detective would believe a cock and bull story about chasing a guy in a gray sedan."

"Why, blast your hide, I did—"

"Not! Either you didn't chase him or your story is cockeyed. Because if you ran out of the house and down the walk and tore off in your car, how did you know the burglar pried open a cellar window to gain admission. There were no cellar windows open when I came up the walk. I must have been on the rear of the house, but if you went directly to headquarters—"

At which point young Mr. Darcy blurted something about showing who was smart, and reached inside his coat pocket. Whereupon Baker substantiated his own statement about the smartness of a certain detective by socking Mr. Darcy over the head with the reverse end of a pistol, which he'd had his hand on for five minutes.

2,300 Varieties of Rose Blooms in Private Garden

Fifty years ago a small boy spent his time hoeing roses and cutting off withered blossoms on his father's southern estate.

Today he has what is reputed to be the largest private collection of roses in the United States, for in the garden of Clyde R. McGinnes, a Reading, Pa., yarn merchant, there grow thousands of roses of 2,300 varieties.

Although foreign rose commerce has been stopped because of the war, the McGinnes garden is still growing rapidly with specimens he propagates himself and secures from other parts of the country.

"I add about 100 roses every year," he said. "My present garden was started in the spring of 1926 when I moved my collection from the city backyard across the Schuylkill to the hillside. Since then I have had hundreds of visitors from all sections of the United States—even tourists from California."

It takes a lot of time and effort to keep a rose garden, but, like any other enthusiastic hobbyist, McGinnes strives to make every rose a prize. In the library of his home there are 50 volumes devoted to rose gardening. He has made an extensive study of the art and corresponds with many of the country's widely known rose fanciers.

Very often he will receive a letter from some fancier asking whether it is possible to purchase any of his plants, but none of his roses are for sale.

McGinnes derives great pleasure from showing visitors his collection. Included in his garden are 142 varieties of albas, centifolias, damasks, gallicas and moss roses, 1,179 varieties of hybrid tea roses, and 98 varieties of old tea roses.

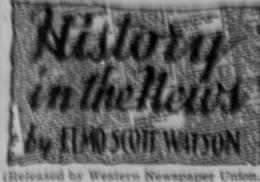
'Largest Volume' Being Written

Dr. Raymond H. Wheeler, psychologist and guest professor at the College of the Pacific at Stockton, is compiling all the known data of human experience and is recording it in what he terms the largest book on scientific fact ever written.

When finished, the book will measure seven feet in length and 1 1/2 feet in width. It will be classified by fields of endeavor and by years, the discoveries, inventions and variations in human behavior occurring since historical time began.

The reader, Dr. Wheeler points out, may at a glance determine what was going on in any subject in any year, and he may trace the history of any certain activity through the years.

Some 650,000 items have been entered in the book during the last five years and an estimated 1,250,000 more items will be added before it is finished within the next five years.



Historic Operation

VIRGINIA is famous as the state which gave America some of her greatest soldiers and explorers as well as statesmen. But on November 11 this year she can take note of the fact that it was just 140 years ago that she gave to the nation a man who was destined to make medical history and whose name future generations of suffering Americans were to call blessed. For he was Ephraim McDowell.

McDowell was born in Rockbridge county November 11, 1771. At the age of 12 he was taken by his father to the frontier town of Danville in Kentucky. After a brief term in a Virginia seminary young McDowell began the study of medicine in a doctor's office in Staunton. Then he went to Scotland but returned to America after two years' study in the University of Edinburgh.

In 1795 he returned to Danville to begin practice. Within 10 years McDowell had become the best-known surgeon on the Kentucky frontier and whenever one of the settlers needed an operation that was beyond the skill of local doctors, word was sent to Danville. Then McDowell hastily crammed his drugs and his instruments into his saddle bags and set out along wilderness trails to the aid of the sufferer.

In 1809 he was called upon to make such a call and the operation which he performed at that

time is the one which made surgical history. The call came from the log cabin of Mrs. Jane Todd Crawford, near Greentown, known today as Greensburg, 60 miles from Danville. In a letter which McDowell wrote to Robert Thompson, a medical student in Philadelphia years later, he gave this account of that operation:

"I was sent for in 1809 to deliver a Mrs. Crawford, living near Greentown, of twins, as the two attending physicians supposed. Upon examination, I soon ascertained that she was not pregnant, but had a large tumor in the abdomen which moved easily from side to side. I told the lady I could do her no good and candidly stated to her her deplorable situation; informed her that John Bell, Hunter, Hey and A. Wood, four of the first and most eminent surgeons in England and Scotland, had uniformly declared in their lectures that such was the temper of the peritoneal inflammation that opening the abdomen to extract the tumor was inevitable death. But, notwithstanding this, if she thought herself prepared to die, I would take the lump from her, if she would come to Danville. She came in a few days after my return home, and in six days I opened her side and extracted one of the ovaries. . . she was perfectly well in 25 days."

The doctor's laconic version of the historic incident leaves out all of the drama. For there was drama in it—the story of how word that McDowell was going to perform an operation which was almost certain to be fatal spread through the town, how one of the preachers devoted a sermon to the proposed "murder," how his fellow-townsmen threatened to lynch him if the operation failed, and how his nephew and partner, Dr. James McDowell, tried to dissuade him from going on with it.

Then there is the story of how he decided to operate on Christmas day when the prayers of all the world would help create a favorable atmosphere for the attempt; how Mrs. Crawford tried to forget the agony of the operation, performed without anesthetics, by singing hymns; how the mob outside the doctor's cabin, hearing her anguished voice, tried to break in the door and stop the operation and how, finally, when they were told that the operation was successful and the patient still lived, their anger turned to admiration for the heroic doctor and his equally heroic patient and "the air was riven by a cheer."

Mrs. Crawford lived for 33 years after the operation. Later she migrated to Indiana and is buried near Graysville. But today in McDowell park in Danville a monument, erected by the Kentucky Medical society and its women's auxiliary, stands near the towering shaft which was erected to the memory of her doctor by the Kentucky Medical society in 1879. The modern highway, bordered with dogwood, between Danville and Greensburg, called the Jane Todd Crawford Memorial Trail, also honors this pioneer heroine.



E. McDowell

Little Girl Will Love A Lovely Bride Doll



Pattern 2945.

MY, OH MY, won't she love this! A real bride—veil and all—to be her very own doll! You can make the dress in a sheer or heavier material and, of course, make it white.

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A good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their soul.—Shakespeare.

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Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.—Montaigne.

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Appreciation
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past.—Cowley.

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DOAN'S PILLS

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