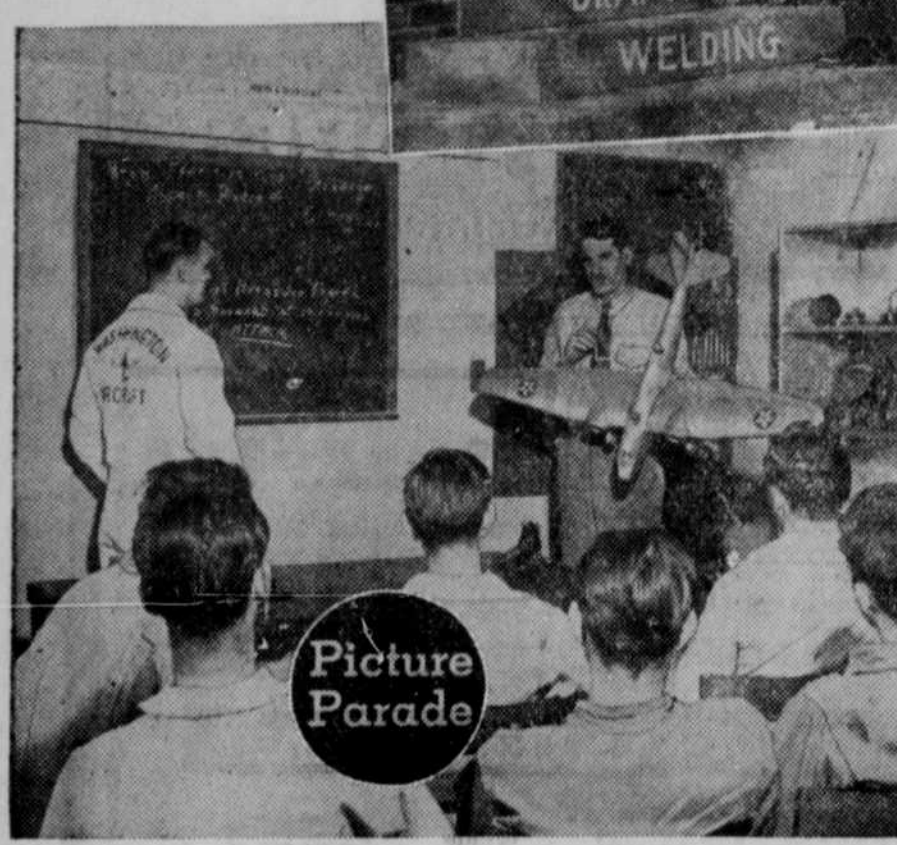


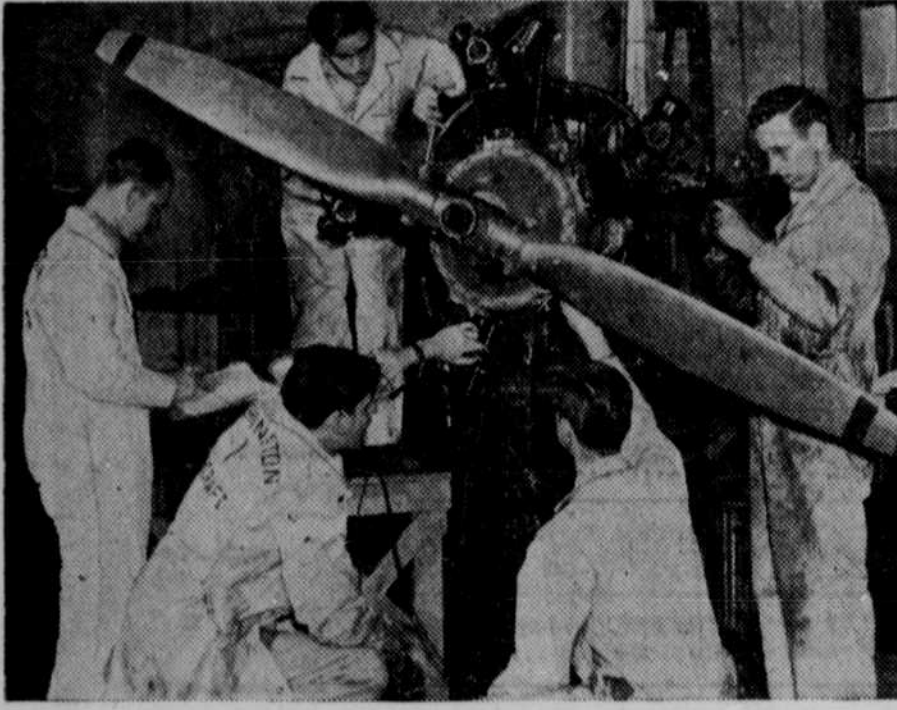
Training Youth for Jobs With U.S.

Thousands of young men and women are enrolling in training courses in vocational and trade schools — courses sponsored by the U. S. Office of Education. With this experience they will secure better jobs, or be qualified to participate in civil service examinations. The U. S. Civil Service Commission allows credit in many of its examinations for training received. These photos show trainee airplane mechanics.

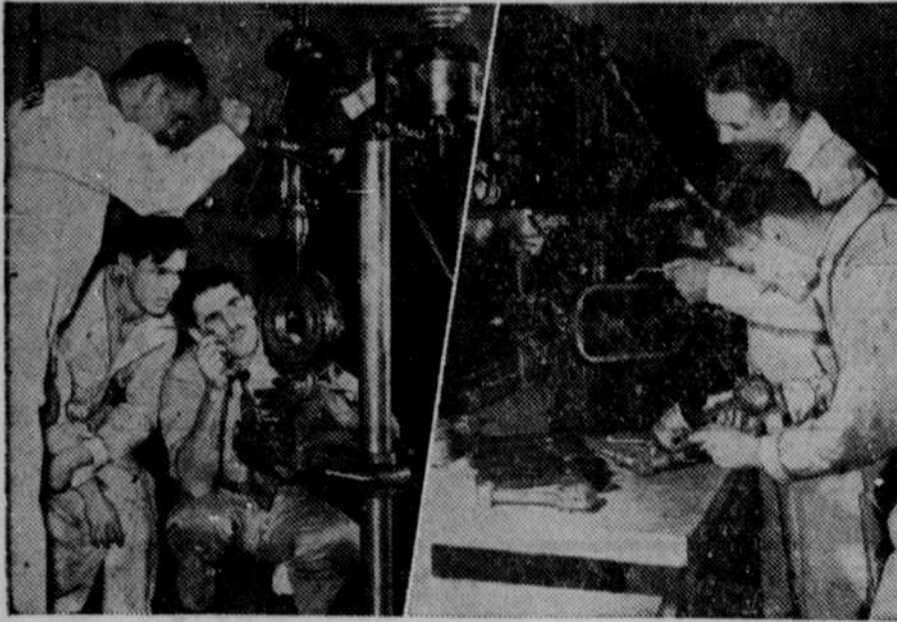


Picture Parade

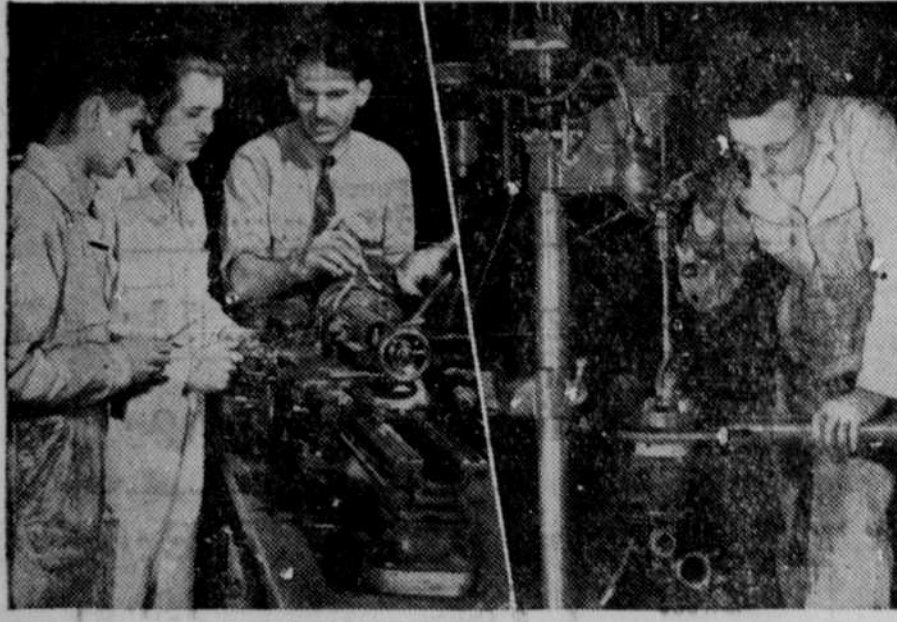
Upper picture illustrates graphically an opportunity to learn by doing. Lower: Basic training in the elementary theory of flight. What makes an airplane fly? (Civil Service Commission photos.)



Their first dis-assembly is shown above. A modern super-charged radial aircraft engine.



Left: Operating a drill press. Machining and checking a cam ring. Right: Assembling a popular opposed-cylinder aircraft engine.



Picture at left shows trainees operating a modern screw-cutting lathe. Right: Honing the bore of a cylinder. Accuracy on one-tenth thousandth of an inch is required.



Applying heat-resisting paint to aircraft cylinders.

STORY OF THE WEEK

How a "Poet" Proved a Point

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

DELLA knew she was going to have difficulty in making Andy understand how she felt, and she did. It was hard putting the thing into words—telling a man that you didn't think he could make you happy because he was unromantic and unpoetic and placed too much value on material things.

"But you do understand what I mean, don't you, Andy?" she pleaded almost desperately.

"No," said Andy, "I don't."

Della rested a hand on his arm and smiled up at him. "Andy, you're big and strong and dependable. You're security personified, and everyone will think me crazy for not marrying you. But it wouldn't be fair to myself."

Andy bit his lip and punched a hole in the soft earth of the terrace with his heel. "Maybe," he said, "you'll get a chance to meet this—poetic guy."

"Now, Andy, what's the use—?"

"I mean it," said Andy gloomily. "There's a guy coming up tomorrow. A classmate of mine. He's a poet. Andy said 'poet' with the same inflection of tone with which he would have said 'rattlesnake.'"

"Andy—not a real poet?"

"Yup," said Andy, striving to conceal his disgust at the ecstatic look in Della's eyes. "I—I was going to warn you against him. He was always queer. And now that he's started writing rhymes he's turned into what I'd call a nut!"

"Oh, Andy!"

Andy stood up. He hesitated a moment, looking down at the girl with an expression of misery. He sighed, and recalled how once dur-

had expected them to be. She was saying:

"But, Horace, we really ought to go back. It's past dinner time and I'm hungry and—"

"Dinner!" Horace's tones cut in with scorn. "How can you speak of dinner at a moment like this? Hunger? My dear, there is no hunger but the hunger of a soul for beauty; the hunger of a man like me for a mate such as you. My darling, look at the mountains. Does not their beauty, their grandeur—"

"Yes. Yes, they're beautiful, Horace, and your poetry is beautiful, only I had an early lunch and not much at that. I really think you'd better take me back."

"Take you back? Never!" There was a pause, and Andy, peering through the bushes, saw the outline of Horace's head as he leaned toward Della; saw Della shrink away from him. Horace's voice was hoarse, passionate, domineering. "You are mine! Mine! Do you understand? You have been in my life always, and today I found you. Never shall I let you go! My soul and yours are interlocked by the bonds of a love deeper than the deepest river and shall never be severed. Come into my arms, my dearest."

At this point it occurred to Andy that since college days his ex-classmate had become a little screwy. And he decided to do something about it. Emerging from his place of concealment, he strolled toward the fish pond, assuming a casual attitude.

There was rustling near the bench where sat Della and her poet had sat. Andy heard a little suppressed cry of relief, and presently a pair of white arms were flung around his neck and a voice was sobbing close to his ear. "Oh, Andy, Andy! I was mistaken. I didn't mean it. He—I—"

Andy stepped back. "What!" he exclaimed in well-feigned astonishment, "you here! Well, well, fancy that!" which he thought was as poetical a speech as anyone could make.

At this point Poet Weatherby appeared out of the gloom and said in strident tones: "Unhand that woman, scum!"

Whereupon Andy loosened one of his arms and smote Mr. Weatherby a very telling blow on the button. Della clung to him and whimpered. Andy said something about a beef-steak, and she nodded in a fashion that gave Andy the impression she would nod thus to any old suggestion he cared to make. So he picked her up and carried her majestically from the scene of the battle.

Later that night Andy made an unobtrusive departure from the hotel and in a deserted section of the driveway came upon a man seated on a rock. The man was Poet Weatherby.

"Hello," said Andy. "Been waiting long?"

"About an hour, you big ape," said Horace. "Say, what's the idea of poking me one on the button? That wasn't in the bargain."

"It wasn't in the bargain either to try to kiss my girl. However, here's your money. Now scam before she sees you hanging around and gets suspicious."

"O.K." Horace thumbed through a wad of bills and grinned. "Nice going, Andy. Say, you sure know how to handle women."

"That," said Andy, "is because I take beefsteak with my rhymes."



"Dinner!" Horace's tones cut in with scorn. "How can you speak of dinner at a moment like this?"

ing the days when he was a football hero in college, he had been fool enough to think he understood women.

Horace Weatherby, the poet, arrived on the following day. The half dozen guests seated on the terrace stared in rather dumfounded fashion. One or two of them tittered, for they thought it was some kind of joke. But Horace was as oblivious to their reaction as he was to his unpressed and worn trousers, his rumpled coat, his black, flowing tie, his battered felt hat. He looked about him, clasped his hands, gazed up at the mountains, and began to babble something about the hills and the rills.

Then Andy came down the walk and with him was Della. "Hello, Horace," said Andy, grasping his hands, "how's the rhyming business?" He paused, took note of the fact that Horace was gazing into Della's eyes in a manner similar to that with which he had seen a frightened child gaze at a snake, cleared his throat noisily, and said, "Horace, meet Della Small. She's—er—interested in poetry."

"Beautiful!" Horace whispered. "Beautiful!" Then he took one of Della's hands in both of his own and kissed it. Della blushed, but there was no doubt in Andy's mind that she was enjoying herself.

Andy discovered before the afternoon was far advanced that, as far as his old classmate and Della Small were concerned he suddenly had ceased to exist. Moodily he watched Della from a distance as Horace led Della to a secluded nook on the wide veranda. It was not hard to guess from the many gestures toward the mountain, hand-clasping and soulful expression that Horace was reciting poetry. Nor was it hard to guess either that Della was thrilled, excited, fascinated, enraptured and, Andy thought dimly, infatuated. The sight sickened him, but he did not relax his vigil.

Toward evening the pair strolled along the trail which led to the fish pond at the foot of the mountains. Andy followed them, then concealed himself in some bushes near by. It was agony watching Della make such a fool of herself over a man who probably didn't earn \$1,000 a year.

As the twilight deepened, Andy drew nearer. The pangs of hunger were gnawing at his vitals, but he told himself grimly that if Della could survive the evening on rhymes instead of beefsteak, so could he.

Presently the voices of the lovers were audible to him, and he realized with a shock that Della's tones were not altogether as rapturous as he

History in the News

by ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

The 'First' Bathtub

THIS year marks the 100th anniversary of what is probably the most famous bath in history. The interesting thing is that the bath was never taken, that Adam Thompson was the man who didn't take it and that he didn't take that famous bath in Cincinnati, Ohio, back in December, 1842, even though you can find plenty of printed "authorities" which solemnly assert that he did. Here's how it all came about:

Back in December, 1817, when Americans were as concerned about



H. L. Mencken

World War I as they are today about World War II, H. L. Mencken, later famous as the editor of the American Mercury, wrote a story which purported to be the history of the first bathtub in America. "My motive was simply to have some harmless fun in war days," says Mr. Mencken. "It never occurred to me that it would be taken seriously because it was packed full of absurdities." But apparently he didn't realize how gullible the public was.

The story, which first appeared in the New York Evening Mail of December 28, 1917, stated that the first American bathtub was displayed by one Adam Thompson, "a wealthy cotton and grain dealer," to a group of his admiring friends in Cincinnati on December 10, 1842. It was at a party "for men only" and all of the guests took baths in the new contraption.

That party, according to Mencken, had an unexpected aftermath. The bathtub was denounced by physicians as a menace to public health and the Boston city fathers passed an ordinance prohibiting its use except upon medical advice. In Virginia a \$30 tax was imposed upon the installation of each bathtub and Hartford, Conn., Wilmington, Del., and Providence, R. I., all charged extra rates for water in which to bathe in bathtubs.

The Philadelphia city council, he solemnly averred, tried to pass an ordinance prohibiting the use of bathtubs between November and May but the measure was defeated by two votes. However, adverse legislation couldn't stop the use of the "new invention" and during Millard Fillmore's administration as President he had a bathtub installed in the White House and thus became the first Chief Executive to take a bath there.

Such were the "facts" which the public accepted in all seriousness. Eight or nine years later Mencken wrote an article which was syndicated to newspapers all over the United States. Reviewing the history of his hoax, he said:

"Pretty soon I began to encounter my preposterous 'facts' in the writings of other men. They began to be used by chiropractors and other such quacks as evidence of the stupidity of medical men. They began to be cited by medical men as proof of the progress of public hygiene. They got into learned journals. They were alluded to on the floor of congress. They crossed the ocean, and were discussed solemnly in England and on the Continent. Finally, I began to find them in standard works of reference."

In one of his books Mencken tells how the story was reprinted in the Boston Herald with a four-column head and a two-column cartoon labeled satirically "The American Public Will Swallow Anything." Says Mencken: "And then, three weeks later, in the same editorial section, but promoted to page one, the same Herald reprinted my 1-year-old fake—soberly and as a piece of news."

Since then the story has been reprinted countless times—some times for the purpose of debunking it but more often as an authentic item of "social history." Despite all of its author's efforts to debunk his own fantasy, it keeps bobbing up regularly and people keep repeating the yarn as though it were the truth. As a final touch of irony it has appeared at least twice in the newspaper with which Mencken's name is closely associated—the Baltimore Sun!

As a matter of fact, the bathtub has a much longer history than a mere 100 years. The cave men left behind them paintings which show that they made a kind of bathtub by conducting water from springs through hollow logs into rock basins in their caverns. The people of Babylon, Mesopotamia, Crete, Egypt and Greece all had ingenious water systems and practiced frequent bathing. The baths of ancient Romans were famous for their luxury and cleanliness. All of which proves that the "inventor" Thompson was anticipated by many centuries.

For you to make



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CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Vocabulary of Stutterers

Persons who stutter, 80 per cent of whom are males, usually have a vocabulary half again as large as those who are free of this nervous affliction, owing to their use of synonyms for words, which, at times, they cannot readily pronounce.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. The Rubicon refers to what?
2. What is the chemical name for laughing gas?
3. What is a machete—a banana, a knife or a musical instrument?
4. Where do the natives speak the Manx language?
5. What was Romeo's family name?
6. Electrum is an alloy of what?
7. Linseed oil is an important component of which—calcimine, linoleum or asphalt?
8. The United States has 93 national cemeteries. How many are located outside of the country?
9. Are midgets "born that way"?

The Answers

1. A river. By leading an army across the river contrary to the prohibition of the civil government of Rome, Caesar precipitated a civil war which made him supreme, hence, "to cross the Rubicon" is to take the irrevocable decisive step.
2. Nitrous oxide.
3. A knife.
4. Isle of Man.
5. Montague.
6. Gold and silver.
7. Linoleum.
8. Ten—six being in France, one in England, one in Mexico City, one in Belgium, and one in Sitka, Alaska.
9. Midgets usually are normal at birth, their growth stopping when they are about five years old.

Long-Distance Broadcast

When a war correspondent broadcasts from Manila to New York city, the number of times his voice is amplified is virtually incalculable, particularly while spanning the 7,164 miles of the Pacific to San Francisco, says Collier's. Even on its 3,000-mile journey by land wire from the West to the East coast, the amplification is about as much as the figure one followed by 90 zeroes.

Do You Bake at Home?

If you do, send for a grand cook book—cramped with recipes for all kinds of yeast-raised breads and cakes. It's absolutely free. Just drop a postcard with your name and address to Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.—Adv.

"I Should Have Known Better"

She knew she was eating too much! Things looked so good she kept right on. And then—GAS! Stomach and intestines inflated like a balloon, and breathing an effort. If a spell of CONSTIPATION caused this, ADLERIKA should have been handy. It is an effective blend of 5 carminatives and 3 laxatives for DOUBLE action. Gas is quickly relieved, and gentle bowel action follows surprisingly fast. Your druggist has ADLERIKA.

The Covetous One
The covetous man is like a camel with a great hunch on his back; heaven's gate must be made higher and broader, or he will hardly get in.—Thomas Adams.

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MENTHOLATUM

Secret Sorrows
Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Longfellow.

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN (38-52) yrs. old
HEED THIS ADVICE!!
If you're cross, restless, nervous—suffer hot flashes, dizziness—caused by this period in a woman's life—try Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Made especially for women. Helps to relieve distress due to this functional disturbance. Thousands upon thousands of women report remarkable benefits. Follow label directions.

Let's go to town —at home!

NO TELLING what tomorrow's weather may be. It fools the best fore-caster. But we do want chintz for the windows. We do need a carpet sweeper, a new percolator, and a new end-table in the living-room. And we don't want to slosh around rainy streets to hunt them. Problem: How to thwart the weather man. Simple enough! Let's sit down by the fireplace and read the advertisements. Here it's comfortable and snug. We'll take the newspaper page by page, compare prices, qualities, brand-names. Tomorrow, rain or shine, we'll head for the store that has what we want, and home again in a jiffy.

● "Buying at Home"—through the advertising columns—gives you wide selection, more time to decide, and satisfaction when you decide.

● MAKE IT ONE OF YOUR PLEASANT HABITS!