

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...
By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK—If a prisoner hadn't jumped out of a two-story window and escaped, 123 years ago, newspapers today wouldn't be front-paging the description of the biggest star in the universe, 3,000 times larger than the sun. They should have named the star Napoleon, instead of Epsilon Aurigae. His was the touch-off of events terrestrial which finally ranged out 3,000 light years and brought news of the giant star. Chronologically, as the astronomers would put it, it was like this:

Freiderich Georg Wilhelm Struve was a studious German youth who wanted to be an astronomer, but lacked opportunity for study. For no apparent reason, a ranging band of Napoleon's scouts seized him and locked him in a prison on the banks of the River Elbe.

He timed his high window-dive to the passing of a queer-looking ship, made a long, hazardous swim and was pulled aboard. The ship was homeward bound to Russia. The czar was a patron of astronomy.

The young man was encouraged and became not only director of the observatory of the University of Dorpat, but one of the founders of modern astronomy, with Herschel and Bessel.

His sons and grandsons became famous astronomers and it is his great-grandson, Dr. Otto Struve, who, with his assistants at Yerkes observatory of the University of Chicago at Williams Bay, Wis., discovers the facts about Epsilon Aurigae.

He is director of the observatory. He arrived here in 1921, after fighting with the white armies in Russia and fleeing to Turkey with their collapse. He became director of Yerkes observatory five years ago at the age of thirty-four.

IN THE new movie, "Hollywood Hotel," Bennie Goodman, trumpeter and swingster, again demonstrates that he gets all the college trade. The boys whinny with excitement at Mr. Goodman's most off-hand toot. Expeditions sent by this department into the far domain of youth say it's that way all over the country, particularly among the collegians. The Dossier says he does it with his "gut-bucket, barrel-house, screw-ball and grunt-iron music."

Be that as it may, it nets him \$100,000 a year. At the age of ten, he was a semi-pro vaudeville musician, earning around \$2 a week in Chicago's Ghetto. He was the eighth of eleven children of a tailor who earned \$20 a week. He bought a mail order clarinet on the installment plan, and, by the time he was thirteen, was a full-fledged journeyman musician, but still in short pants.

He first got out in front in California, running his first band in 1931. He slumped down to \$40 a week in 1934, moved in with Billy Rose, hit his stride again, and, via radio, is a recent arrival in the top-money brackets. He is twenty-seven, tall, dark, athletic, good-looking, with rimless octagonal glasses, and the more savage his music, the more money he makes.

FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER, American minister to Rumania, decorously, and quite unofficially, he says, challenges the new anti-Semitism in Rumania. He is a suave career diplomat who once pulled headlines as big as a Rumania war would get today. That was in 1914, when there was less news.

He was a guest on a yacht anchored in Christiania harbor. The harbor master told him that spot had been saved for Kaiser Wilhelm's yacht.

There was an argument and the harbor master said Mr. Gunther had clipped the cap off his head and wouldn't pick it up. It boiled up into a big international story, but Mr. Gunther came through it nicely to continue representing his country in many foreign ports.

President Coolidge made him minister to Egypt in 1928. He is a native of New York, fifty-two years old, an alumnus of Harvard.

Author of "God Save the King"
The origin of "God Save the King" has been wrapped in mystery for centuries. It was first sung by Harry Carey at a dinner to celebrate the capture of Portobello by Admiral Vernon in 1740, according to Pearson's London Weekly. Carey admitted authorship of the words, but refused to commit himself about the music. The song achieved instant success on the wave of patriotism that followed the declaration of Bonnie Prince Charlie as king. English citizens sang it everywhere as a retort in favor of the legitimate monarch, and it was first sung in the presence of the monarch, at Drury Lane in September, 1745.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"The Unseen Foe"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:
It's Dan O'Donoghue of New York, late sergeant of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, who tells today's tale of mystery and terror. Like one of Kipling's "Soldiers Three," Dan has fought all over India. He has seen the things that Kipling saw, and he's bringing us such a tale as Kipling might have written—the story of a strange and terrifying experience on the Northwest frontier, up near Khyber Pass.

Word had come that the tribes were plundering and raiding up Khyber way, and the Munster Fusiliers was one of the outfits ordered out against them. They left their barracks in Rawalpindi, Punjab, in the summer of 1908, entrained for Peshawar, marched through the pass, and fought their way into Lundi Kotal, the fort on the other side of the Afghan border.

They chased the marauding tribes back into the hills, but that, as Kipling would say, is another story. The one we're concerned with happened on the way back.

No Beer, So They Drank Water.

The regiment passed through Peshawar again and marched on to Shakhadar, twenty miles away. There, for the first time during the expedition the native canteen manager, Hari Chand Khapur, ran out of beer. "No one who hasn't been in India," says Dan, "has any idea how necessary beer is to the fighting forces. Most of the water in India is contaminated and unfit to drink. But that day we had nothing else, so we drank it and liked it. We pitched camp that night, went to bed early, as orders had been issued for an early morning start the next day. But daylight came, and we still hadn't received orders to fall in."

No one in the regiment could understand it. Other regiments were on the move. Two native regiments—the Twenty-second Punjabis and the Fortieth Pathans—marched past the Fusiliers' camp, their drums beating and the men singing. While they were passing, the Fusiliers got an order that only mystified them the more. They were told to fall in WITHOUT their rifles.

The whole regiment was marched off to a corner of the camp. Soon a doctor appeared and began distributing medicine. While the doctor was moving down the line, the man in front of Dan dropped to the ground. Dan picked him up and asked him what was the matter. And he replied: "I don't know, Dan, but I feel very bad."

"The doctor came along," says Dan, "and began asking him questions. I thought it was strange that he didn't come near the sick man."



He screamed one ominous word, "Cholera."

He stood well away, and asked me to take the poor devil to the hospital. I carried him there on my shoulders."

They Were Dying of Cholera.

There were several other men in the hospital, all of them complaining of pains in their stomachs. But that didn't mean anything to Dan at the moment. When he got back to his company they were ordered off to a spot six hundred yards away, where a flag was flying. They were issued beer and rum that evening, and given a supply of green goggles to keep the sun out of their eyes. All the rest of that day they lay in camp, doing nothing, and wondering why they weren't on the march.

When Dan awoke the next morning there was a great commotion outside his tent. "I lifted the tent wall," he says, "and asked the sentry what was the matter. 'Oh, Lord, Donoghue,' he cried, 'we're all dying. There are dozens dead, and by tonight it'll have taken all of us!'"

Dan sat straight up on his cot. "What'll take all of us?" he wanted to know. And the sentry screamed one ominous word. "CHOLERA!"

Dan will never forget the things he saw during the terrible days that followed. "You can get away from an enemy," he says. "You can fight and bluff your way out of tight corners in a battle. But you can't fight or bluff or run away when the cholera germ gets into your system. You suffer terrible cramps in your abdomen, and you get so weak that you can't stand up. During that epidemic it was a common sight to see the fellows visiting one another crawling along on their hands and knees."

Buried the Dead in Quicklime.

"The boys died off like flies, and those who died were buried immediately—buried all together in a long trench, with six inches of quicklime in the bottom. It was not at all common to hear a fellow say, 'Come on over and see who is getting buried.' And on one such occasion I saw the strangest sight of my whole life."

"A new trench had been dug and about fifty were getting buried in it. The bodies were brought over and laid in the ditch side by side. Some were naked, and others were fully clothed, even to the boots and puttees. As soon as each corpse was put in a blanket was thrown over it and another layer of quicklime was placed on top of that. Father Looman, the Catholic chaplain, was standing at the end of the long grave reciting the burial prayers. It was an awful and solemn moment."

"I was there to see a friend buried. Everyone else there had come for the same reason. There wasn't a dry eye in the crowd. I was standing at the edge of the trench, looking down, when suddenly I jumped. Directly below me was a body covered with a blanket, and it seemed to me I had seen that blanket move."

As Dan watched, that blanket moved again. Other men had seen it move, too. The whole crowd stood stunned for a minute, and then Dan and another man hopped into the trench—and helped out a poor devil who was about to be buried alive—in quicklime.

"And as we led him away," says Dan, "he crept crying, 'Say, what's the idea? What's all this crowd around here for?' He didn't even know how narrowly he had escaped a terrible death."

It was the quicklime that had saved him—that and the fact that he had been buried naked. Says Dan: "If he'd been buried with his clothes on he wouldn't have felt the burn of that biting stuff until it was too late. As it was, the sting of the stuff brought him to his senses, and he lived to get wounded twice during the World war."

Battle of Waterloo

The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815, between the French under Napoleon Bonaparte and the combined forces of England, Germany and the Netherlands under the duke of Wellington and resulted in the utter overthrow of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbon kings to the French throne. That battlefield was in Belgium, about two miles from the village of Waterloo, and twelve miles south of Brussels.

Poppy, Blossom of Evil Omen

Poppy, according to mythology, is a blossom of evil omen. They were offered to the dead since they signified sleep. Glaucus, the son of Neptune, once caught a fish. It ate some herbage and jumped into the sea. The Yellow Poppy or Papaver Glauciere Jaune originated from that myth. The cross of the pistil, according to Christian tradition, originated in its color from the holy blood which stained the flower.

Historic Hoaxes

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
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Anti-Brassiere Campaign

WHEN the late Halbert L. Hoard, editor of the Jefferson County Union, approached some of his friends in Fort Atkinson, Wis., with a request that they sign a petition which he had prepared, they didn't hesitate. They knew his paper advocated some very good things and they were willing to help "Bert" along. What they had signed was this:

The undersigned note with alarm the increase in divorces since the nineteenth amendment, the woman suffrage law. We note many more women wearing breeches than before. We can stand that, but this new fad—slab-sided dresses, flat in front—showing women in the fashion pictures as flat-chested as man, we regard with jealous eyes as an infringement.

We ask that the congress of the United States do its utmost to break down these brassieres as an evil that menaces the future well being of society.

They very soon realized that they had been a little hasty. Their workfolk told them they "ought to be ashamed" and that they "should mind their own business." But a welfare league in a city nearby took the matter seriously and passed a resolution supporting the campaign.

Then an official of the state board of health issued a statement saying that brassieres caused rickets in babies. Whereupon Mr. Hoard wrote an editorial in which he said:

There are cow-milk-fed babies right in this city that are gasping for breath, the doctor at his wit's end to nourish them properly. They could live on monkey's milk, because monkeys are related, but there are no monkeys around except with the deadly brassieres and few of those are giving milk.

Lord Kitchener's Body

IN AUGUST, 1926, all of England was thrilled by an announcement which indicated that one of the mysteries of the World War had at last been solved. This was the mystery surrounding the death of Lord Kitchener, first commander of the British forces in France. A signed article by "Frank Power" which appeared in the London Referee declared that his body had been discovered in a graveyard in Norway.

Kitchener had been lost at sea in May, 1916, when the ship, taking him to Russia on a secret mission, had disappeared and there had been all sorts of rumors about the case. An especially ugly one was that the government, which had wanted to get rid of Kitchener but didn't dare remove him from office because of his great popularity with the masses, had been sent on what it knew would be a fatal trip.

"Power" announced that he was bringing the body back to London. When he arrived there with a coffin, it was immediately seized by the police. When it was opened in the presence of high government officials, it was discovered that the coffin was not only empty, but that it had never held a body.

The whole affair was a publicity stunt for a new moving picture on the life of Kitchener in which "Power," whose real name was Arthur Vectis Freeman, and others were interested. Instead of profiting by it as they had hoped, a government investigation which was immediately launched and popular indignation over the hoax, did them considerable damage and discouraged further publicity stunts of that kind.

"Rare Old" Newspapers

IF, WHILE going through an old trunk in the attic, you find a copy of the Ulster County Gazette, published in Kingston, N. Y., in 1800 and containing an account of the death of George Washington, don't get excited and hurry away to tell the local newspaper publisher about your "discovery."

The chances are about 999,999 out of 1,000,000 that it's a "facsimile copy" of the Gazette of that date and thousands of them have been reprinted and distributed as souvenirs. It was first done back in 1826 in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence but most of them were produced for the Philadelphia centennial in 1876.

Naturally, in the course of time the paper becomes aged and yellow and brittle. So in that respect it's "old." But it's neither rare nor valuable, unless you can find someone who is buying "fake antiques." Even then he won't give you much for it.

The only known "genuine" copy of this famous paper is now in the Library of Congress. All of the thousands of others which bob up from time to time are reprints. Another "original" may be found some time. But it's very, very doubtful!

On the Shannon

One of the more enterprising towns in Ireland is Carrick-on-the-Shannon. This town in Leitrim is famous historically itself, and close by are other towns noted for their literary associations: Elphin, in County Roscommon, the birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith, and Keadeu, near which Turlough O'Carolan, the ast of the Irish bards, lies buried.

Stitches in Time



A STITCH in time goes a long way toward making your days brighter and your burdens lighter when the bustling, busy days of Spring roll 'round. No time then for leisure hours with your sewing kit, and fortunate indeed are the early birds who have got on with their Spring wardrobe. The moral?—make your selections now and be off to the races when the season starts!

Practical House Coat.

There is a versatility to this clever pattern which makes it a prime favorite for the style-conscious and the thrifty. Designed in two lengths, it lends itself perfectly to either of two needs—as an apron frock in gingham or seersucker for busy days around the house, or as a full length beach or sports coat in chintz or linen crash. The princess lines are smooth and flattering and there are just seven pieces to the pattern—a cinch to make and a joy to wear.

Slimming Silhouette.

This handsome frock in linen or crepe does wonders for the full figure, sloughing off pounds here and bulges there with the utmost ease. Streamlined from the shoulders and buttoned at the waist with two graceful scallops, this is the sort of frock which answers your need perfectly for almost any social or shopping excursion, a standby to see you through the Summer. There is a choice of long or short sleeves and the simplicity of the design—just eight pieces in all—insures success even for the inexperienced in home sewing.

Attractive Apron.

"Swell" isn't a word the teacher recommends but it is highly appropriate in describing this handy apron frock which goes about the business of being an honest-to-goodness apron, not just a postage stamp model to wear for effect. Appealing in design, easy to wear, extremely serviceable, with two convenient pockets, this perfectly swell apron was designed by a busy housewife who knew her oats! Six pieces to the pattern.

The Patterns

Pattern 1323 is designed for sizes 14 to 46 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch material for short length without nap. Five yards of braid required for trimming. Housecoat length 7 1/4 yards.

Pattern 1448 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 5

yards of 35 or 39 inch material, plus 3/4 yard contrast. Pattern 1439 is designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. Five and one-half yards of bias strips required for finishing. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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2 Steps in Fighting Discomfort of COLDS



All it usually costs to relieve the misery of a cold today—is 3¢ to 5¢—relief for the period of your cold 15¢ to 25¢. Hence no family can neglect even minor head colds. Here is what to do: Take two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on— with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package. Relief comes rapidly. The Bayer method of relief is the way many doctors now approve. You take Bayer Aspirin for relief— then if you are not improved promptly, you call the family doctor.

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS
2 FULL DOZEN 25¢
Virtually 1 cent a tablet

Calotabs Help Nature To Throw Off a Cold

Millions have found in Calotabs a most valuable aid in the treatment of colds. They take one or two tablets the first night and repeat the third or fourth night if needed. How do Calotabs help nature throw off a cold? First, Calotabs are one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminators, thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the virus-laden mucus and toxins. Second, Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, promoting the elimination of cold poisons from the blood. Thus Calotabs serve the double purpose of a purgative and diuretic, both of which are needed in the treatment of colds. Calotabs are quite economical; only twenty-five cents for the family package, ten cents for the trial package.—(adv.)

Tail Still a Tail
Abraham Lincoln once asked a deputation: "How many legs would a sheep have if you called his tail a leg?" The deputation answered promptly: "Five." "No," said Lincoln, "it would not; it would have only four, for calling a tail a leg does not make it one."

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUS

WATCH THE SPECIALS
You can depend on the special sales merchants of our town announce in columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.