She Saves Animal Lives—

VIRGINIA KNOWLES, twelve, who spends most of her time helping in the Miami animal hospital of her father, D. V. Knowles, is believed the world's youngest veterinary student. Her unusual aptitude for the fascinating work of mercy is readily apparent, whether she be "shooting" a pill down a dog's throat (as shown at right), helping Dad treat a four-footed patient for skin trouble (below) or administering anesthetic for a canine surgical operation (pictured in circle). Trained since she was six, Virginia now is a "specialist"—in skin disorders.

Picture Parade

—He Rescues Baby Birds

WAYWARD offspring of the world-famous mission swallows of San Juan Capistrano (Calif.) are the objects of Father Arthur J. Hutchinson's mercy. Faced with the problem of fledglings that fall from their nests in the mission ruins and become injured, the Padre enlisted the help of Mrs. Reyes Yorba, guide, and formed a tiny "hospital" on a shelf near the mission gate. Here the kindly bird doctors maintain a routine as rigid as that of any well-organized infirmary. Several times a day the little feathered patients are fed hamburger from the tip of Mrs. Yorba's finger. This is washed down with water from an eyedropper. Wounded legs and wings are carefully massaged at regular intervals. As a result, the fledglings never fly with their parents to seek food, but stay in the mission gardens, where they are protected from harm.

Perhaps the friendliness of Father Hutchinson (left) is what brings the swallows back by the thousands, on the same day, March 19, of every year.

The little fellow at the right is ruffling his feathers in joyous anticipation of the tasty morsel he is about to receive.

Here is a baby swallow taking a drink of water from an eye-dropper.

Weight of the Brain

The brain attains full weight at from fifteen to eighteen years, except in unusual cases. It remains the same until sixty or thereabouts, when it begins to decrease in weight. At eighty years about six per cent of the weight has been lost.

Severe War Epidemic

Notable among epidemics during a war, was the killing of 21,000 of the 24,000 French troops by typhus, as they laid seige to Naples in 1528.

A First Food Family

Cheese has a right to its claim as one of America's First Food Families. A generous supply of cheese came over on the Mayflower, along with a live cow to provide fresh milk for the children. The ancient bill of sale for the provisioning of the Mayflower is still held by an American cheese company.

Indians Had Canoe Burials

Canoe burials were once practiced among American Indian tribes.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

★★★By VIRGINIA VALE★★★

IT IS a toss up whether Madeleine Carroll or Loretta Young will be the most-exquisitely dressed screen star this winter. Miss Carroll writes from Paris that she is having the time of her life selecting costumes for "The River Is Blue" which she will start making for Walter Wanger when she returns to Hollywood.

Loretta Young was in New York recently buying fur coats, hats, and dresses by the score, just as if she hadn't had any new clothes in ages. Hollywood designers have just about run out of ideas for Loretta for in her last four pictures she has had altogether some 80 changes of costume, and each one was supposed to be a knockout. The more extreme and bizarre clothes are, the better she likes them—so she keeps designers working overtime.

Madeleine Carroll

—★—

You will be hearing a lot from now on about Ilona Massey, who makes her American screen debut in M-G-M's "Rosalie." Officials of the company are so delighted with her performance in a minor role that they are going to give her the title role in "Pompadour," one of the most alluring beauties in history or drama.

—★—

There is one popular radio player who will have to mend her ways if she ever goes into motion pictures—and most of them do sooner or later. Alice Frost of the "Big Sister" cast comes out of rehearsals with her forehead all smudged. She holds a pencil in her hand, and in a moment of dramatic tension invariably draws the point across her forehead.

—★—

The jinx that has dogged the footsteps of all Hollywood players who appeared on the Broadway stage this season has at last been knocked out. Frances Farmer broke the spell. She opened recently in "Golden Boy," a play about a prize fighter, and the critics went into rhapsodies over her deft playing of romantic scenes.

—★—

Radio performers develop some of the strangest hobbies, but for the present Tony Wons, the C. B. S. philosopher, is leading them all. He makes violins. He makes violins with the utmost care out of any old thing he finds lying around the home. Inspired, possibly by Bob Burns and his far famed bazooka, he has made one out of a piece of tin stovepipe and the tone to his surprise is excellent.

—★—

The battle of the two great glamorous stars of the screen, Garbo and Deitrich, turns out to be no battle at all when you see their new pictures, "Conquest" and "Angel." Garbo is so far in the lead that there is just no competition at all. "Conquest" is a lavishly-produced, historically-faithful romance of the time of Napoleon, and Garbo as the lovely Countess Walewska has never been more appealing. "Angel," on the other hand, is just an inconsequential modern triangle story in which the camera lingers on Miss Deitrich to the exclusion of any action.

—★—

Because of her good work in the new Fred Astaire picture, "Damsel in Distress," Joan Fontaine is going to get a strange reward. She is going to be starred in "Curtain Call," which Katherine Hepburn turned down. Don't think she minds taking this hand-me-down, though. It is a grand story.

—★—

Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy will be in the cast of a new comedy that will feature Irene Dunne and as a result she is the envy of all Hollywood as well as the public at large. Her outstanding success as a comedienne in "The Awful Truth" influenced Universal to postpone their biography of Madame Curie and instead of that story to cast her in a comedy. Thus she has established herself as a double threat actress, at home in heavy drama as well as light farce.

Charlie McCarthy

—★—

ODDS AND ENDS—Constance Bennett is the envy of all the pampered stars, because Alfalfa Sweizer of "Our Gang" comedies serenades her in his hilariously uncertain tenor . . . Ken Murray and Edgar Bergen have evidently decided that they are in pictures to stay because they have both bought ranches out near Al Jolson's . . . Ann Sothern's sister, Bonnie Lake, has composed a song and sold it for "Girl of the Golden West" . . . Kate Smith is toying with the idea of trying motion pictures again.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Foreign Bodies Get Into Heart

A variety of foreign bodies have been discovered in the hearts of living persons, among them being pins, needles, toothpicks, fish bones and bullets. After the war, observes a writer in Collier's Weekly, one English physician reported eight cases in which fibrin-covered bullets were found free in the left ventricle.

Where Rubber Plants Grow

Rubber plants grow no farther north or south of the equator than 28 degrees.

AUSTRALIA
The Sheep Continent

Driving Australian Sheep to Pasture.

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

AUSTRALIA is almost as big as the United States, but its vast face presents a striking contrast to the American landscape. This ancient eroded land mass has no extensive mountain ranges, no great river systems. The granite ridge of Mount Kosciusko, 7,330 feet above sea level, in the southeastern corner of New South Wales, is the highest point on the continent.

For 900 miles along the southern coast there flows not a single river. Many other miles are little better served, as existing stream beds are often dry for many months.

The Murray-Darling is the one large river system of the continent. From its source in the Queensland highlands, less than a hundred miles from the coast, to its mouth at the sand reef of the Coorong, southeast of Adelaide, the stream travels 2,310 miles. Except for length, however, it is no Mississippi. Its drainage area is much smaller, and much of the water is lost before it reaches the main channel.

Where American pioneers in their westward march from the Alleghenies progressively found well-watered fertile lands awaiting their plows, Australian pioneers were baffled by sterile inland areas where they could find not even water to drink.

Lakes that were only colossal salt pans; rivers that were dry or stagnant with brine; and vast rocky and sandy wastes—such were the reports that Sturt, Eyre, Stuart, and other Australian explorers brought back from the interior where their parties had suffered untold privations and harrowing hardships. Leichhardt marched inland and vanished. Burke and Wills perished of starvation on Cooper's creek.

Coastal Belts Are Fertile.

But Australia is by no means entirely desiccated. Indeed, along the coastal belts and extending for several hundred miles inland the land is flushed with fertility. A broad band of vegetation extends along the north, east, and southeast edges of the continent, covers a wide triangle in the southwest corner of Western Australia, and blankets most of Tasmania.

Its development is a fascinating story. Here, within the short span of a century, resourceful Australian settlers have carved out farms and pasture lands so big and productive that they help to fix the price of the world's bread and meat and clothing. Here they have reared bustling commercial marts with world-wide interests and growing population—Sydney and Melbourne claim more than a million people each.

Frontiers move farther inland, but even the most conservative authorities estimate that, in already developed lands, the present population could be quadrupled without congestion.

A striking feature of Australia today is the concentration of more than 62 per cent of her entire population in the six capital cities and the urban centers. Yet, paradoxically, beyond the cities and extending to the far horizons of "way out back" are found the commonwealth's chief resources.

Mobs of sheep are grazing across endless plains; cattle are bawling beside water holes and kicking up long banners of dust as they move on muster; seas of golden wheat ripple beneath sunny skies; in eucalypt forests axes ring; and from molelike burrowings in the earth men are bringing up minerals to feed factories and gold to be stacked in the world's treasure vaults.

"An improbable dream of a visionary enthusiast"—such was the libel that Australia's first settlers attached to the idea that the country might become a prosperous sheep land. Some were positive that the flocks could not thrive on Australian grasses, which are dry during the summer months, and, even if they did, the wool would deteriorate to scraggly hair in the hotter climate of the continent.

How It Became a Sheep Land.

But Capt. John MacArthur, one-time of the New South Wales Corps and somewhat of a political firebrand in the infant period of Australia's settlement, thought otherwise. Therein lies the romance of an industry that has few parallels in commercial history.

Wool has been to Australia what cotton has been to the American South. Today a fifth of the country's productive wealth is carried on the backs of her sheep. From the meager flocks with which MacArthur and other pioneers began their systematic breeding, there has grown the amazing total of more than 114 million animals, which supply between a fourth and a third of the world's wool requirements.

The generations of sheep breeders that followed Macarthur's footsteps have taken their flocks over wide areas of the continent. Through increased watering facilities, by means of artesian bores, millions of animals now are ranging in regions once considered useless.

As the world's wool-hungry mills have increased their demands, so station (ranch) owners also have increased the weight and quality of the fleeces.

Today the average clip (including lambs) has risen to eight-and-a-half pounds, twice that of pioneer days; but you see some wrinkle-necked old merino rams that are carrying the equivalent of seven suits of men's clothing on their bodies. In length, fineness, and strength of its fiber Australian wool is unsurpassed.

Life on the Sheep Ranch

A sheep ranch is a complete community in itself. It usually has its own post office, telegraph station, and power plant. Although not on the sumptuous scale of some of the palatial residences of the Argentine pampa, many of these commodious station homes, surrounded by flowering gardens, are perfect in every appointment and convenience. In some respects they are the Australian equivalent of old English manors.

Beyond each central residence is clustered a full complement of barracks and houses for the station hands and families; also stables, blacksmith and machine shops; laundry, butchery, and bakery. And out-lying those are the long corrugated-iron woolsheds and stock pens.

Life is unhurried in these nerve centers of the country's chief industry. The manager seldom assigns more than one task a day to his men. Some days they do little, but they are always ready to work long fatiguing hours when the occasion demands.

By the sweat of their own brows most owners have built and managed their own estates. While there are some absentee owners, by far the majority know the meaning of work. Sons, too, grow up in the business. On many stations one finds these young "jackaroos" working to fit themselves to become station managers.

With perhaps forty men under his direction, a manager's life is a busy one. There are always inspection trips to see the condition of water and grass on the runs, repairs to be maintained, and a multitude of other tasks to keep the station going.

Here in the saddle most of Australia's polo players gain their training. The men also find recreation in hunting or tennis.

Culture Is Not Lacking.

The wives of the managers are cultured and many have traveled widely. In the outback it is rather surprising to find people so conversant with the latest books, music, and, of course, the races.

Before telephones and radios came, station life was more isolated. Motorcars and even airplanes in many places have brought distant towns next door. Gone now to many are the long journeys by horseback and carriage.

One of the most remarkable things, as you travel through the sheep districts, is the comparative absence of sheep on the landscape. When you comment on it up in Queensland, a station man explains that he has traveled a thousand miles through one region where there were a million sheep being pastured, yet on the whole trip he has not seen a single sheep!

At Boonoke, where there are about a hundred thousand animals, the plains seem empty. The flocks are broken up into smaller groups and have their own separate runs, but even on the fertile grasslands of that station there is less than one sheep to the acre. In more arid regions the acreage is considerably greater.

As you speed across the rolling plains of one station in an American truck, you see dozens of kangaroos rise up like posts above the grass and then take to their heels as you approach.

Propelling themselves with only their powerful hind legs, with their tiny undeveloped front legs held high, their running seems uncanny. But as your speedometer touches 45 miles an hour, some old kangaroos keep pace beside the car.

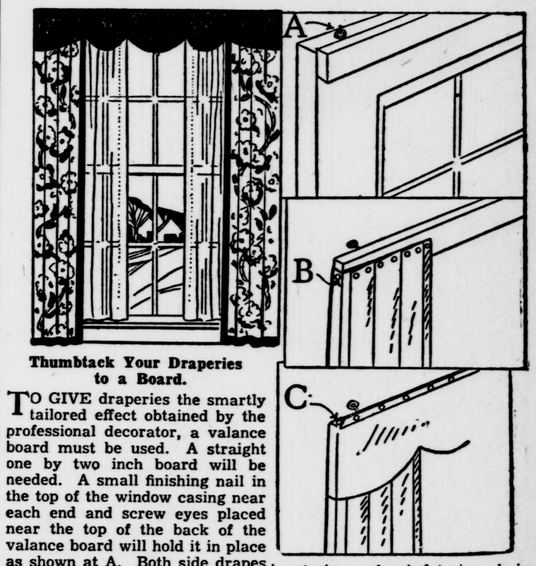
Shearing time is the station's busiest period. Then all the sheep have to be mustered and brought to the sheds. The clocklike precision with which the whole routine is carried out is amazing; it moves with the rhythm of a great factory. A steady flow of sheep must be brought to the shearers, who clip a hundred to two hundred each daily; some have recorded the amazing tally of 245!

If the animals arrive faster than they can be handled, food in local corrals is soon exhausted or trampled underfoot. For that reason the flocks are handled in relays. Imagine the planning required to bring them to the paddock at the right time when some of the mustering camps are 50 to 100 miles from the shearing sheds!

Cartage of wool to market is likewise operated with precision. Railway timetables must be considered; freight cars have to be ordered in advance, and then dispatched on schedule. Delays anywhere along the line may mean appreciable losses at the salesrooms.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Thumbtack Your Draperies to a Board.

TO GIVE draperies the smartly tailored effect obtained by the professional decorator, a valance board must be used. A straight one by two inch board will be needed. A small finishing nail in the top of the window casing near each end and screw eyes placed near the top of the back of the valance board will hold it in place as shown at A. Both side drapes and valance may be thumbtacked to the board and then be quickly hung all at once by hooking the screw eyes over the finishing nails. Think of the advantage on cleaning day! Just lift board and all off the nails and take outside for dusting.

Tack the side drapes to the board first as at B, arranging fullness in flat pleats. In making the valance, allow enough material to fold around the ends of the board as at C; then tack it along the top, stretching it just enough so that it is perfectly smooth.

The valance shown here is made of glazed chintz and matches the glazed chintz border that faces the edges of the side drapes. The glass curtains may be hung just inside the window frame or to the bottom of the valance board.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Illinois.

Uncle Phil Says:

Good Deed Is Never Lost

He who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness, gathers love.

The man whose faults are the kind everyone can talk openly about—and does—is generally beloved.

Nothing much comes of a man preserving his old love letters, but when a woman does, look out.

Everybody deserves some compliments. See that he gets them.

An absorbing "survey" should be a survey of one's own faults. Make a list.

Despite Better Judgment

There is nothing in knowing what not to do, if you bullheadedly go ahead and do it, anyway.

If one hasn't much to lose, one can contemplate his misfortune with quite complacent philosophy.

The kind of charity that appeals to your heart is the kind that can be bestowed without hurting the feelings of the recipient.

Rockefeller had the genius for making money, but he could not impart the secret to anyone else, though he tried to in maxim and precept.

Of Her Own Making

Sometimes when a woman recklessly debunks her husband to his face, she breaks his spirit and finds she is linked to a worthless man.

He who goes with wolves learns to howl.

Human nature doesn't change and ought not to; else we wouldn't know how to handle it.

"Quotations"

—△—

Be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the presence of trouble. Think well of yourself and proclaim this fact to the world—not in loud words, but in great deeds.—*James E. Ament.*

When everything is new and startling, the human mind just ceases to be startled.—*Walter Lippman.*

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.—*Joseph Hall.*

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear; small sands the mountain, moments make the year and trifles life.—*Edward Young.*

Nature Pays No Attention to Motives

NATURE'S penalties for our mistakes are just as severe as her penalties for our sins. The pistol that we "didn't know was loaded" does just as deadly work as the pistol used in murder. The wreck or fire caused by carelessness is just as destructive as the wreck or fire caused by deliberate intent.

The number of disasters in the world due to mistakes is far greater than those due to deliberate sin. Thoughtlessness is sin. Let us think of this the next time we are tempted to excuse ourselves to ourselves on the ground that we "didn't mean to."

To Live Is to Act

To live is not merely to breathe; it is to act; to make use of our organs, senses, faculties—of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of existence.—Rousseau.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

LADIES

LADIES: Send dime to Suzanna Haffie, Office 310, 233 West 42nd St., New York, and receive large sample of Gardenia Sachet and interesting literature.

BOOKS—PAMPHLETS

BOOKS FOR SALE—Western, Adventure, Detective and Love Stories. Regular 75c to $2.50 Novels 3 for $1.00 postpaid. Jackson Book Exchange, Jackson, Tenn.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT — *By Fred Neher*

"Let go, dear . . . . . he saw the peanut first!!"