WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

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

NEW YORK.—For four or five years now, Dr. J. Enrique Zanetti, professor of chemistry in Columbia university, has been poohpoohing high explosive bombs and gas, and putting the finger on the incendiary bomb as the head devil of the hosts of destruction. Just out is his book, "The ABC of Incendiaries," in which he insists that current European bombing forays are pretty clumsy business, since the high explosives constitute a defense against the spread of fire started by the incendiaries. Remembering how they blew up buildings to check the spread of the big San Francisco fire, one finds the professor's idea plausible.

Lists Fire Bomb As Head Devil of Destructive Might

Dr. Zanetti was a lieutenant colonel of the chemical warfare service in World war No. 1, and from 1922 to 1926 was a consulting expert of the League of Nations in studies of chemical warfare. Supplementing this experience with academic and industrial studies of many years, he has become a world authority on bombs and what to do about them if anything.

His main idea is that gas dissipates and fire proliferates—therefore look out for incendiary bombs. In January, 1936, he wrote in a university publication that fire bombs would be the worst peril of the next big war. Two-pound fire bombs could be sprayed over a city and one effective hit out of 200 dropped might start 200 fires in widely separated places. He cries down alarmists about gas. He thinks it would be just as well to do away with slums, as a defense measure because of their vulnerability to fire.

Dr. Zanetti was born in Santo Domingo in 1885, came to the U.S.A. in 1900, was naturalized in 1906 and in 1907 took his doctorate from Harvard university. He joined the Columbia university faculty in 1913, and has held a full professorship since 1929.

A PLEASANT change of subject, from fire bombs, is Tom Smith, a ball of fire in his way, but one everybody likes. Seabiscuit day was recently celebrated at the Santa Anita track in California, to honor the greatest money-winning horse of all time. His trainer, the silver-haired Tom Smith, probably was inconspicuous, as usual, but without him there would have been no Seabiscuit saga of speed, dollars and romance.

Seabiscuit Owes All to This Horse Psycho-Analyst

"Silent Tom," as they call him around the tracks, was a rodeo rider, cowhand, prospector and blacksmith in Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana. About four years ago, Charles S. Howard, later owner of Seabiscuit, hired him to train the Howard stable, then unknown to fame. The new trainer discovered Seabiscuit on an out-of-the-way New England track and persuaded Mr. Howard to buy him for $8,000. The horse has earned $437,730.

Mr. Smith is probably the only horse psycho-analyst in the world. He was about three years old when he started being a horse-wrangler and learned things about horses that nobody else ever suspected. Naturally, he became an amateur veterinarian, but psychology helped a lot in bringing through Seabiscuit. The nag was fussy and given to brooding. Long before, Tom had learned that pleasant companionship is necessary for horse well-being. After a few experiments, he picked for Seabiscuit's stablemate an amiable old swaybacked roan named Pete. They nickered and muzzled each other happily and Seabiscuit began to pick off purses. Of course what happened was that Seabiscuit's ego was bucked up by having somebody around he knew he could beat.

"Silent Tom" is 50 years old. Among other winners he has trained for the Howard stable are Mioland and the wild-eyed Kayak II, brought from the Argentine by Mr. Smith's son, Lin. He has about 200 horses to handle and study.

HERE'S a clever Russian, scientifically educated, who took a different tack than most before the revolutionary gale. He is Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, who came here in 1919 to make distinguished contributions to American science—notably the development of the electron microscope. With his colleagues of the Radio Corporation of America, he now unveils the super-eye, from 20 to 50 times more powerful than the ordinary microscope. It is said to reveal far horizons of microscopic research.

• OUR COMIC SECTION •

Events in the Lives of Little Men

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

POP

By J. Millar Watt

Uncomfortable for Both

And speaking of department stores, there was the exhausted woman shopper—a stout matron in a print dress—who found herself pushed to the rear corner of a crowded elevator and who, glancing back over her shoulder, was delighted to perceive a small round brown seat in the corner. She sank down onto it thankfully—but it emitted an immediate roar, and it seemed that it was a small boy in a brown beret.

PERFECT DIAMOND

First Bug—Come on fellows! Here is just the thing for our baseball games.

Movie Fan

Full of enthusiasm as a collector for the local hospital, the pretty girl tackled the film star who was visiting the town. She returned to the office, flourishing a check. "Look what he gave me," she cried. "It's for $10." "Fine," replied the secretary, looking at the check. "but there's no signature here." "I know," said the girl brightly. "I cut it off for my autograph collection."

BIG CITY BLACKOUT

The move for a blackout test of New York continues, but this department is against it. More people would get hurt by the blackout than by any enemy attack. New Yorkers, as Elmer Twitchell pointed out today, can't even get around safely with all the lights on.

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And then, too, there's the question of morale. What would a New Yorker do if he couldn't be seen by anybody?

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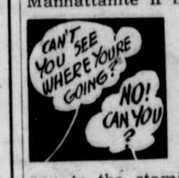
What would happen to a genuine Manhattanite if he suddenly found there wasn't a light on him or near him? "No sir, it would never work in a city like New York," Mr. Twitchell insisted. "Think of what would happen to the stamina of those thousands of New Yorkers who live in night clubs if this blackout comes! If they couldn't find the night clubs, they'd be in a bad way. And what would be even worse, suppose they got into a night club and then couldn't be seen in 'em by the columnists!'



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Mr. Twitchell was terribly worked up. "Take the matter of photographs," he continued. "Pictures can't be taken during a complete blackout. There must be a coupla million New Yorkers who lose weight and go into a decline if they ain't photographed wherever they go.

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"If they have to leave their apartments without being seen, travel to the theater without being seen, and even enter it and leave it without being noticed or photographed, can you imagine what would happen to their morale!

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"I tell you there are tens of thousands of New Yorkers who can't even sit at a dinner table and have a cocktail in complete happiness unless a snapshot is taken. Ask all these classes to go a night in complete oblivion, and what will they do? Revolt, that's what. And there's no telling how far a revolt in New York by people who demand the spotlight might go. It might spread all over America.

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"And there's the matter of some of our big personalities. What would be the reactions of Elsa Maxwell, Billy Rose, Jimmy Walker, Dot Parker, Tom Dewey or Mayor LaGuardia in a blackout? They'd curl right up and expire.

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"The same thing goes for the rank and file. What do New Yorkers live on? Delicatessen products. Where do they get 'em? Delicatessen and drug stores. How would they find these stores without all those red, green and yellow lights on 'em? Why, they'd starve to death in 48 hours. Blackout of New York! It's a crazy idea. Why, the enemy could locate the city by the loud squawks, wails, protests and letters to the editor."

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OUT OF WORK

Silken frills and all their glory
Have changed their former category,
For now milady's lingerie
Is made of fiber from a tree.

Her stockings, too, from top to toe,
Are coal and air and H2O;
Alas, the erstwhile busy worm
Has nothing left to do but squirm.
—Kathryn Walter.

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"WANTED—Musician, teacher, arranger. I compose songs daily. Popular, patriotic, sentimental, sweet, hot, sad, glad, comedy, unlimited variety. Offer small part home, meals, for spare time. Beautiful private estate exchange arranging my music. Male, female or couple may form band, opportunity, near Brooklyn. 6001 Neck Road."—Advertisement in Down Beat Magazine.

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Would you mind running over it again on the zither?

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SUBWAY HATES

I'd turn the heat
Upon the guy
Who keeps his seat
But gives the eye.
—Evelyn Bligh.

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Ima Dodo thinks that "Random House" is a story of a five and ten cent store.

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THESE CHANGING TIMES

Mussolini now feels so small that he stands on a table in order to whisper in King Victor Emmanuel's ear.

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A rabbit was found scampering around London in an air raid the other day. That's easy to understand. All the underground room was occupied.

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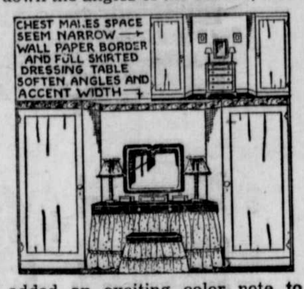
Mussolini is reported thinking of undergoing an operation to have his strut removed.

That Space Between The Built-In Closets

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

WHAT could be a greater luxury than two extra closets in your bedroom! That is exactly what a young friend of mine thought. But, when they were built in, she was painfully conscious of their angles and the room seemed much narrower. This sketch shows you how the feeling of width was restored and the angles were made to melt away.

A wallpaper border all the way around the room helped to soften down the angles of the closets, also



added an exciting color note to the plain painted walls. The chest of drawers in the upper sketch was moved to another part of the room, and the long spacious dressing table was built into the space between the closets. The top of the table and stool and the frame of the mirror were enameled porcelain blue which was one of the colors in the wallpaper border. Dotted swiss skirts were fastened on the inside of the finishing boards across the front of the table and around the stool with snap fastener tape—one side tacked to the wood and the other sewn to the skirt tops.

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NOTE: Directions for making three types of dressing tables are illustrated in booklet No. 1 of the series which Mrs. Spears has prepared for our readers. Details for making the frilled lamp shades illustrated today are in No. 5, which also contains a description of the series. Each booklet illustrates 32 home-making projects and may be ordered direct from Mrs. Spears by sending her your name and address with 10c in coin for each number requested. Send order to:

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A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment.—Jeremy Collier.

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BY YOUR LAXATIVE—RELIEVE CONSTIPATION THIS MODERN WAY

• When you feel gassy, headachy, logy due to clogged-up bowels, do as *millions* do—take Feen-A-Mint at bedtime. Next morning—thorough, comfortable relief, helping you start the day full of your normal energy and pep, feeling like a million! Feen-A-Mint doesn't disturb your night's rest or interfere with work the next day. Try Feen-A-Mint, the chewing gum laxative, *yourself*. It tastes good, it's handy and economical . . . a family supply costs only

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Join in Hand

Then join in hand, brave Americans all!
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.
—John Dickinson.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF **COLDS** quickly use **666** LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

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Unite We Must

We must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately.—Benjamin Franklin.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use *Doan's Pills*. *Doan's* have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. *Ask your neighbor!*

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