

A Run in Your Hose?



Picture Parade

Cheer up, Miss and Mrs. America! Science is working day and night to find why stockings wear out, and what to do about it. Staff members of the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, who test everything from hosiery to steel, know more about it than most women.



"Test walkers" recently worked for the laboratory. In the morning they were dispatched by A. R. Ellis, laboratory president. Each night their shoes were removed and the stockings examined. Experts washed each pair in its own private beaker every night, then examined them for the first sign of wear.

Some startling facts were discovered about the wearing qualities of various kinds of stockings. Housewives, clerks and stenographers get more runs in their hose than waitresses. But waitresses wear more holes in their stockings than stenographers. More hosiery failures appear first on the legs than in any other part of the stocking.



The "test walkers" came from every "walk" of life. They wore hundreds of pairs of hose, purchased in 50 different cities. Much interest was shown in wear by women in various occupations.



Stenos meet their Waterloo against rough edges of desks. And since their office work is light, they may dance at night.



Contrasted to the stenographer, the waitress is thoroughly tired when evening comes. She's more apt to flop wearily on the bed and leave dancing for Saturday night.



Officials of the laboratory claim that savings of 30 per cent are possible through development of improved products. This means, they say, that American women who now spend approximately \$350,000,000 for hosiery every year might tuck \$118,000,000 back in their purses by purchasing the right kind of stockings.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Two or three years ago, I was one of a group of newspaper men arguing about who was the best reporter who ever worked a round here. One old-timer was holding out for Roy Burton, whom he had known on the Brooklyn Eagle in the nineties. Burton, he said, was the best leg-man and digger, the most fearless, and the most gifted in fanning up a story out of nothing at all. He knew make-up, too, said the oldest.

The diligent reporter has been duly rewarded. He is the Sir Pomeroy Burton whose magnificent French chateau the duke and duchess of Windsor were looking over recently.

With the Northcliffe papers in London, he became a multi-millionaire, as he transformed British journalism with daring American techniques. He became a British citizen in 1914 and was knighted in 1923. In addition to his vast newspaper interests, he is a magnate of electric power and utilities.

He was a printer's devil on his father's newspaper in Youngstown, Ohio, and, at the age of twelve, was knocking about country printshops in Ohio on the same job. He became a compositor on the Brooklyn Eagle. Hearing of a vacancy on the news staff, he persuaded the city editor to give him a try at reporting.

He hired evening clothes to cover a society function. There, Colonel Hester, owner of the Eagle, was tremendously impressed with the personable young man with whom he was talking, and thought he had met him somewhere. Young Burton did not remind the colonel that he had seen the young man in a printer's apron a few days before.

He became city editor and managing editor of the Eagle, held important executive positions with the World and the New York Journal and was taken to England by Lord Northcliffe in 1904. Ten years later, he owned all but a few of the Daily Mail shares not owned by Lord Northcliffe.

In the World war, he virtually headed the organization of British propaganda, and many of the most damaging anti-German stories were attributed to him. His enemies charged that he had "debauched British journalism with degrading American sensationalism."

His friends insisted he had enlivened and regenerated it. He makes an occasional trip to America with a staff of valets and secretaries, suave, dressy and still fit and impressive at seventy-two, with more than a touch of British accent.

Over here, he always hated the name Pomeroy and shortened it to Roy, but picked it up again in England. He had been named for "Brick" Pomeroy, the cyclonic journalistic disturber of the latter half of the last century, and he held Mr. Pomeroy in low esteem. Pomeroy was almost, but not quite, a winner.

From a Wisconsin crossroads, he rammed around the country in newspaper and financial brawls, and, in his old age, just through sheer animal spirits, started plugging a tunnel through the Rocky mountains, at Georgetown, Colo.

He was flattened by the '93 depression and died soon after, with nothing to show for his life's work but a hole in the ground. Then it was discovered that the tunnel had gouged into fabulous mineral wealth in Kelso mountain. Eight years ago, the tunnel went on through the mountain, as the Moffatt tunnel.

REPORTING the return of Poulney Bigelow from a visit to his friend, the former kaiser, and his fervent approval of dictators, has become a matter of annual routine. It is an old story, but the freshness and vehemence of Mr. Bigelow's disgust with democracy and enthusiasm for fuhrers always makes it interesting.

He is the patriarch of Malden-on-the-Hudson, with relatives and descendants, down to great-grandchildren, all up and down the river. He will be eighty-three years old on September 10. His father, John Bigelow, was American minister to France under Abraham Lincoln.

He hunted birds eggs with the kaiser, forming a lifetime friendship, broken only by the war, which he charged the kaiser with having started. He recanted afterward and the two old men meet annually to salute "Der Tag" when only the all-wise and all-just shall rule again.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Gov. Philip LaFollette, announcing the formation of a new third party, the "National Progressive Party of America," is campaigning to organize the Middle West. 2—Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler of Germany and Premier Mussolini who met in Rome on the occasion of Hitler's triumphal visit to Italy. 3—Brig. Gen. Barton K. Yount, named assistant to the chief of the United States air corps for a term of four years by President Roosevelt.

Irish Wit vs. Yank Diplomacy



George Bernard Shaw, left, chatting with Joseph P. Kennedy, American ambassador to London, following a ceremony which took place at Kensington, London, recently in which the famous Irish dramatist received the deeds of the national theater on behalf of the executive committee.

URGES DEFENSE



With war scares bobbing up all over the world, the United States must be assured a plentiful supply of "strategic minerals," Dr. John W. Finch, director of the bureau of mines, announced in a memorandum to the press. He urges a tariff protection and stock-piling program to solve defense problems with respect to manganese (No. 1 "strategic mineral"), nickel, chromium, aluminum and other metals.

"Baby" Senator Reduces Weight

In deference to his waistline, Sen. Rush Holt of West Virginia, "baby" member of the United States senate,



keeps a ping pong table in his office, where he indulges in this exercise between sessions. Here you see the senator in a bit of fast play.

Ball Players Advertise Fair



Members of the University of California baseball team will help advertise the 1939 San Francisco World's fair on its barnstorming trip throughout the United States. On the sleeve of each player will be sewed an emblem featuring the exposition. Lois Sherman is seen sewing the emblem on Sam Chapman's sleeve. The trip takes the team to the campuses of 22 leading universities and colleges.

Ireland's New President at Home



Dr. Douglas Hyde, new president of Eire (Irish Free State), shown seated among his grandchildren at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. Sealy, at Donnybrook, Ireland. Dr. Hyde, a noted Irish scholar, is a Protestant and the son of a Protestant clergyman.