Canned Lobsters Come Out Fighting

Because rich epicures all over America are clamoring for New England deep-sea lobsters, Joseph R. MacDonald has spent $150,000 and ten years trying to perfect a method of packing them so that they arrive fit and fighting after travelling thousands of miles. He now cans them alive.

Lobsters resent air travel. They are subject to altitude "bends" and frequently die in tansit. A dead lobster is a total loss to an epicure. They have to be killed immediately before cooking if the full fiin flavour is to be retained. The high travelling mortality rate pushed up the cost of New England lobsters to exorbitant limits.

Mr. MacDonald got to grips with the problem in 1939 by fitting up a laboratory and staffing it with marine biologists: 32,000 lobsters were used in experiments before success was achieved. He won't tell the secret, but says that "a pinch of powdery substance in the can of fresh water does the trick."

This substance contains six elements highly beneficial to lobsters. So beneficial are they that the big claws have to be pinioned before canning:

Mr. MacDonald's firm guarantees that their lobsters will remain alive for six days after processing. Some have popped out of their cans in highly belligerent mood after spending sixteen days in hermetic confinement. It's a wonder they don't open their own tins!

Just What Is "The Milky Way"?

"What is the Milky Way, and why is it unapprochable by man?" There are two questions here, and I shall deal with the first one first: "What is the Milky Way?" said Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal, in a recent broadcast.

This is a question that was much discussed until the observations of William Herschel, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, answered it beyond doubt.

When William Herschel first developed an interest in astronomy, he bought a copy of Ferguson's Astronomy, the best textbook of the day which passed through many editions The almost complete ignorance of that time is reflected in Ferguson's book, in which twenty-one chapters are devoted to the solar system and only one to the stars.

The then current knowledge about the Milky Way is summed up in one brief paragraph. It says: 'There is a remarkable tract round the Heavens, called the Milky Way from its peculiar whiteness, which was formerly thought to be owing to a vast number of very small stars therein; but the telescope shows it to be quite otherwise; and therefore its whiteness must be due to some other cause.'

Roger Bacon had asserted that the Milky Way in the sky is 'a meeting, or knot, of a number of small stars, not seen asunder but giving light together.' Ferguson believed that the telescope had proved his view to be incoorrect, but he was unable to suggest any other explanation of its appearance.

His negative conclusion was not much more informative than the view of the old Greek mythology that the Milky Way arose from a few drops of milk which the infant Hercules let fall from the bosom of Juno.

When William Herschel was seized with a passion for astronomy, he decided to make a telescope for himself, because he was too poor to buy one. He was undeterred by his early failures, and persever- until he was able to make telescopes which far surpassed, in optical quality, any that had been made previously. Having made a good telescope, he turned it on the Milky Way, and he has recorded how 'the glorious multitude of stars of all possible sizes that presented themselves here to my view was truly astonishing.'

So the nature of the Milky Way was settled beyond doubt. The stars of which it is composed are so far away that they are individually invisible to the naked eye, but their number is so great that we can see their integrated effect.

Imagine a candle being moved to such a distance that our eyes are just unable to detect it, and that, when 100 candles are put in its place, we should then be able to see a bright patch of light.

Herschel explained also, why the Milky Way appears as a narrow belt stretching right around the heavens. It is because our stellar universe is in the form of a flattened disk, like a millstons. The radial extension of the system is much greater than its thickness. So in any direction in the Milky Way, we are looking through the system to its most distant limits; in any other direction, we look through a much smaller depth.

The stars in the Milky Way are very far away. Remember that our sun is a star, and not a particularly bright one. But we should have to push it to a very great distance before it became invisible.

The distances of the stars in the Milky Way have been measured. If we take as our unit of distance the light-year, that is the distance which light light—travelling at 186,000 miles every second—would travel in a year, which is about six million-million miles, the distances of the stars in the Milky Way are of the order of 10,000 light-years upwards.

That answers the second part of the question: Why is the Milky Way unapproachable by man? If we could travel with the speed of light towards the Milky Way (assuming that some suitable mode of travel had been devised) it would take us several thousand years to arrive. The journey would take so much longer than the span of human life that it is, obviously, quite impractible.

A WHITE SPITZ dog and a Persian cat owned by Bob and Judy Nesmith of Dalton, eat from the same dish. The dog always waits politely until the cat has finished her half of the food before starting.

Clear the Tracks for Springtime—with a mighty "swoosh," a big rotary snow plow bucks its way in the yearly spring chore of opening the Yellowstone branch line. Here, Old Man Winter's last stand is a solid one. Twelve feet of snow were moved to clear the 56-mile rail route for the rush for summer vacationers.

New Theory About Migraine Headache

A migraine headache is what most of us call a "sick headache." Sometimes headache powders and rest bring relief; more often they do not.

What causes a migraine or sick-ache has been the subject of medical discussion for decades. Not one of the hypotheses advanced in the past has been worth a headache powedr. Now comes Dr. Murray M. Braaf in the New York State Journal of Medicine with a new explanation, one which he believes he has proved to be right in numerous cases.

Instead of finding the cause of migraine headache in the head, as most of his predecessors have done, Dr. Braaf finds it in the neck. In the majority of cases of migraine headache that came under his observation, tenderness to the touch and X-ray pictures indicated a condition much like that which prevails when disks are dislocated in the spine. He inferred that an injury to the neck (a fall on the head, on the back, on outstretched arms) was the cause. The fall may have occurred years before there was a migraine attack. When the neck was injured, ligaments were apt to give way, so that a disk between two vertebrae protruded. The displaced disk compressed the surrounding nerves and thus set up a neuritis, of which one symptom was a sick headache.

If this eplanation was correct, the obvious remedy was to get the protruding disk back into place by strengthening the ligaments and putting them to work. This is exactly what Dr. Braaf did. He stretched the neck with a pulley apparatus applied at the back of the head and under the chin for a few minutes. There was no pain. Large doses of vitamin B-1 were also injected to counteract the neuritis. Of patients whose neck were stretched at least three times a week for one to two months, 85 per cent reported relief that lasted. The results were evaluated on the basis of the frequency, intensity and duration of the attacks before and after treatment.

THRIFT

"Two cents of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time of night," cried the infuriated druggist, who had been aroused at 2 a.m., "when a glass of hot water would have done just as well!"

"Weel, weel," returned McDougal, "I thank ye for the advice, and I'll no bother ye after all. Good night!"

PSYCHOLOGISTS, studying gorillas at the Bronx Zoo, found them suffering from melancholia and recommended that keepers should force themselves to act jolly and so deceive the apes into a state of happiness.

New and Useful .. Too ..

Brush Handles

Handles of new paint brushes won't cake, roughen or blister fingers, is claim. Of plastic, handles have chisel tips to remove pits, blisters, holes for stringing.

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Mows Edges

New gasoline-power "Sensation" mower which runs along fences, foundations for close cutting, eliminating hand work, says maker. This made possible by switching wheels to forward position. Front of chassis also folds to expose blades for weed, brush cutting. Has 20-inch blade, uses 1.9-h.p. engine, or larger.

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Ring Clothespins

New circular clothespins fasten clothes to line by finger pressure on "trigger" inside pin. Ring design enables housewife to clip several pins on fingers for easy carrying, say smaker. Of celanese plastic. * * *

Swinging Girl Clock

New clocks have girl on swing for pendulum forward and back rather than sideways. Set in recess with colored garden. Said to fit into most room interiors; self-starting electric movement; indirect lighting. Mantel, wall models.

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Scientific Boomerang

New plastic boomerang can be thrown by anyone strong enough to throw ball, claims manufacturer. Leading edges beveled to work like ailerons of airplane; flies out almost horizontally, veers left, returns, does a spiral like autogyro while landing. Measures 24 inches, goes up to 100 yards, is bright red for finding if lost; special reversed aileron models for southpaws.

King Took Actress To Supper, Then Couldn't Pay Bill

How would the famous beauties, the most celebrated actresses of the past, strike us if we could meet them to-day? Would Mrs. Siddons after some coaching in modern technique, make the same vivid impression on us that she did on her contemporaries?

One who would be, if anything, more of a success to-day than she was in her own time is Nell Gwyn. For she was a cockney of cockneys, and the true cockney does not change. Her verve and vitality, quick tongue, devastating honesty, generosity, even her extravagances, would win London's heart to-day as completely as in Restoration times. writes Charles Solomon in 'TitBits'

Did She Sell Oarnges

Next to nothing is known of her early life. Even the story that she sold oranges at Drury Lane is probably untrue. Her father may have been a tradesman in Hereford or a soldier in Wales. The first hard fact comes from Nell herself, who admitted in the course of a quarrel with another actress that she had first made her living in somewhat questionable surroundings. Nell was contrasting her own faithfulness to one man with her rival's collection of three or four—"though I was brought up to fill strong water to the gentlemen and you, a Presbyter's praying daughter."

Nell never pulled her punches, even in the presence of Royalty. She was once enjoying a busman's holiday, watching a play with an admirer, when they discovered that King Charles himself was in the next box. Charles had already seen Nell on the stage. This closer view so enchated him that he insisted on taking the couple to supper, bringing with him his brother James, Duke of York (afterwards James II). When the bill for the supper had to be paid, neither Charles or James had any money and Nell's unhappy admirer had to settle. "Odsfish," cried Nell, "but this is the poorest company that ever I was in before at a tavern."

It may have ben her gift for repartee that so endeared her to Charles—himself a very pretty wit who did not object to being the source of wit in others. Certainly he enjoyed the duels between Nell and her chief rivel, Lauise de Kerouaille, the Duchess of Portsmouth. At one time, when it seemed as if the lovely Duchess of Mazarin might carry off Charles under Louise's nose Nell went into mourning for, as she explained, at the top of her voice, the Duchess of Portsmouth's ruined hopes.

Another of her japes at her rival's expense, which also concerned the wearing of mourning is quoted by Kenelm Foss in his book "Unwedded Bliss"—a vivid and entertaining collection of short biographies of people who did not marry.

It was when Lady Portsmouth, thinking to add to her social stature, put on deep mourning for the death of a princely personage in France to whom she was in no way related. Nell lost no time in exhibiting herself in public in unrelieved black, burlesquely weeping, explaining to enquirers that she was inconsolable over the passing of the Cham of Tartary.

Best of a Queer Bunch

Nell was generally a winner in a contest of this sort. But she was no match for Louise in getting what she wanted out of Charles—probably because she was not very interested in money for its own sake. She was extravagant but almost recklessly generous. And of all the harpies who surrounded the King she seems to have been the only one who was genuinely fond of him.

Stopped the Show

Nell's reputation as an actress rests chiefly on the diary of Pepys, an enthusiastic and highly critical playgoer. He adored her as a woman and as a comedienne, but was very definite that she could not tackle tragedy. He speaks of "a great and serious part which she does most basely" in the "Indian Emperor." But in "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," he says: "There is a comical part done by Nell that I can never hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman." In this play Nell had a dance in boy's clothing that "stopped the show" and set a new fashion—all the Court ladies took to wearing male attire.

Found Food for Convicts

Even if there is no truth in the tradition that Nell was largely responsible for the founding of Chelsea Hospital, there can be little doubt of her many charities. Highly practical they were, too.

Among her other activities, she specialized in providing convicts with food. And very necessary this was, in an age when jailers were responsible only for seeing that their prisoners did not escape and not for keeping them fed.

Charles must have worried over his Nell's lack of money sense. For as he lay dying he said to his brother: "Let not poor Nelly starve." The request was loyally carried out: but Nell survived him by only two years more.

Even allowing for those rollicking days of laxer morals, Nell Gwyn cannot but be called a good woman. But she was a warm-hearted, generous creature, as beloved by her public as by her Royal master.

Self-control—The facial expression of "Tiger," is that of a cat who didn't eat a canary Tiger exercises almost perfect will power as three pet canaries stroll by under his nose. He wouldn't touch one of them for the world, but can't quite resist licking his chops.

New Mosquito Boats on the way—Those hard-hitting, fastdodging PT boats of World War II are growing up. Here is a sketch of the new all-metal torpedo boats to join the fleet late this year Much larger than current PTs, the new boats will have greater operating range, more fire-power and bet ter stability in rough seas.

HOW TO FIX IT — By Harold Arnett