

Henry M. Stanley and party, on the platform of their private car at Monterey, California; Mrs. Stanley sitting on the guard-rail.
[Photograph by Taber, of San Francisco.]



"Snap our negro friend," said Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, and the camera took them all while at the station at Marshall, Texas.



Mr. George W. Cable and Mr. James M. Barrie; Mr. Cable seated.
[Photograph by Schillars, of Northampton.]



"Now, then, shoot away," said Mr. Beecher. "Here's an American thorn between two English roses."—Taken in the gallery of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, in London, in 1886, the two English young ladies being the Misses Drake.



Sir Edwin Arnold, and his daughter in Japanese costume, under the tree where he wrote "The Light of Asia."



Mrs. George W. Cable and Mrs. James M. Barrie; Mrs. Cable seated.
[Photograph by Schillars, of Northampton.]



"Ian Maclaren" (Dr. Watson) with Mrs. Watson, writing out a lecture program in the West Hotel at Minneapolis.



Mr. F. Marion Crawford, with Bishop Brondel, of Montana, and Father Day returning from a visit to the Convent at Helena, Montana; Mr. Crawford with magazine in hand.



S. R. Crockett playing golf on the celebrated links at St. Andrews, Scotland.



Anthony Hope in his hotel room at Indianapolis, with James Whitecomb Riley, and Dr. Hays, Mr. Riley's friend and physician; Mr. Hope in centre and Mr. Riley to his right.



Mr. William Dean Howells, with his daughter, Miss Mildred Howells, and his son, John Howells, at their Rockaway Beach summer cottage.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—One of the latest to break out in a righteous rash of indignation at the effeminization of man in New York is the rugged historian Theodore Dreiser. He has watched with his customary sulking indifference the change then exploded.

New York, he grows, has become a city of "pretty men." While his conclusion is overdone slightly, there is some truth to his lament. Every Fifth Avenue stroller has been accustomed to those pathological horrors who powder and rouge their faces and walk "that way."

And it has become a matter of police record that a certain chain of restaurants cater shamefully to a collection of male beauties. New York has reached the same state of indifference to those lollipops as Paris and Vienna. They are often accepted in higher circles of society.

People discuss them as casually as the ordinary topic of current events and every musical comedy has its "Whoops" comedian who essays his insinuating smirks with mincing steps. Several beauty parlors have a steady male patronage and one caters only to men.

In smart tea places there is always a sprinkling of marceled hybrids wearing slave bracelets. Thousands of other men, not of this ilk, in New York attempt a fastidiousness never known before. They spend hours brushing their hair back in classic waves.

Their coats have a waspish flair. And they achieve delicate tintings in sartorial ensemble—neckties, shirts and Sox blending into an aesthetic wholeness. Cosmetic parlors sell them all sorts of cleansing creams and complexion beautifiers.

Barber shops are equipped with electrical contrivances to aid the vanity of man. Women write to newspapers complaining they can never adjust their toilet before slot machine mirrors in subway stations. They are always occupied by men.

"Chiseler" is a newly minted slang term for brash boys who horn in on the other fellow's party and never pay a check.

Theater programs grow more fascinating with the seasons. This year they offer a short story and a travel article along with other hodge-podge. Indeed the program is exceeding many plays in interest.

This cigaret aiding the voice foolishness reaches its apex in the recently formed The Tobacco Society for Voice Culture—a ridiculous burlesque organization. It has even been incorporated. Every smoker knows that his throat and general health are better off without smoking. As a smoker I have proved it many times by stopping the habit. So has every other smoker.

In concentrating so earnestly on the harmless effects of cigarets on the throat, tobacco manufacturers are making the sensible think more damage is being done by smoking than they realize. Smoking is a pleasant habit and with some does little harm, but with others the damage is great and lasting.

Such amusing propaganda as this put out by The Tobacco Society for Voice Culture will help give the whole idea the laugh it needs. I quote from its letter-head:

Our Aim—"So to improve the chords of the throat through cigaret smoking that the public will be able to express itself in songs of praise or more easily to swallow anything."

Our Ultimate Goal: "A smoking teacher for every singer."

She was driving and had violated several traffic rules. A traffic Mussolini waved her to the curb and let her have both barrels. As they drove away she turned to her timid husband and said: "Why didn't you say something?" He replied: "He told you what I have been wanting to tell you for 20 years but never had the nerve."

O. O. McINTYRE

Oscar Odd McIntyre, 54, whose column *New York Day by Day* was syndicated to 380 newspapers, died in his New York home February 14 following a heart attack. Born in Plattsburg, Mo., McIntyre never lost the small-town touch which made his Manhattan column popular with an estimated 25,000,000 readers. Starting out as cub reporter on *The Gallipolis (O.) News*, he stayed in newspaper work until 1911, when he became assistant to Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan* magazine. For a while he turned dramatic critic on the old *Evening Mail*. During an illness he began writing a "New York letter," syndicated it to small-town newspapers and doing press agency on the side. Altho McIntyre's most direct connection with show business was as press agent for such notables as Al Shean, Gene Buck and Florenz Ziegfeld, he became a well-known character on Broadway thru descriptions of theatrical life in his column. Surviving is his widow. Funeral services and burial were held in Gallipolis, O., February 17, 1938.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—Thoughts while strolling: Battery Park and vagrant ships tugging at anchors. The scream of gulls darting out to liners. Dolorous boom of bell buoys. Spic and span private yachts. Knots of immigrants huddled like sheep in a rain.

The serpentine path of the elevated. Cottage refuges for aliens. Bungalow homes atop sky-scrapers facing the sea. Sandwich men with passport photo signs. Seamen who puff pipes. Voyage baskets brightly pyramided with fruit.

The lower Broadway roar. And the thin spire of Trinity. With ivy clad serenity and graveyard strollers. Scarred tombstones and the heavy smell of earth. Rows of magazines and newspapers stretched on the sidewalk. And the old men who carry banners.

The abrupt gulch known as Wall Street. With bloated brokers and clack of tape. Speedy messengers. The taut air of expectancy. And jowled, bloodless faces. Still the bomb scars on the Morgan Bank Building. The acres of soft drink and quick bite parlors.

The cow-path lane of Nassau Street. With luggage shops, stationery stores and overflowing sidewalks. Jangling cafeterias with lunch hour jazz orchestras. Mechanical window taffy pullers. Curb hawkers who make their spiels in tired sing-song monotone.

Park Row's hustle. Billiard parlors. Movies and chain cigar stores with gaudy fronts. One flight shoe shops. Huge nickel coffee urns. The stacks of mail on the old postoffice platforms. A row of watch repairers with glasses screwed in their eyes—like so many gargoyles.

Only the World remains along Newspaper Row. The gloom and echoing booms under Brooklyn Bridge. Women who sell apples and huge pretzels hung on spiked sticks. The long line of shoeshiners. Now for a walk up the Bowery.

Many famous stage beauties have struggled along with physical handicaps. A certain beauty of the stage and screen really became passe when short skirts served to emphasize her thick ankles and bulky calves. One of the stage Circes had three front teeth knocked out when she was an obscure telephone girl and false ones bridge the gap. A noted brunette star was afflicted with a skin rash that forced her into weeks of periodical seclusion. The most celebrated, perhaps, of the show girls has a stiff wrist that prevents her using her left hand. A movie queen of enormous popularity has upper and lower false teeth.

An international gold-digger came to Broadway nine years ago with a blue serge suit, a tam o'shanter to match, and extra suit of undies and exactly \$14. It is said of her that she never indulged the casual flirtations among those Broadway calls the hotel lobby guys. She never drank in public and her eyes were always cast demurely down. She was shooting for important money and bagged it. But those who know her say she is about the unhappiest of all the girls who frequent that street.

An odd night clubber is a stooped old gentleman with a single and protruding myopic eye, who taps his way to ringside tables and sits alone. He comes late and remains until closing.

A foolish organization, known as the Order of Bananas, with all sorts of larkish rituals, was started by a solemn New York undertaker.

And one of the most consistent psalm-singers at a Bowery mission is a man who was until recently press agent for music and leg shows of an extremely salacious nature.

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New York Day by Day

By O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—Thoughts while strolling: Brass sign on Fifty-seventh Street heralds "Eyelash Parlor." The coach dog that follows his master on a bus. Mannikins. And those spatted elegantes who sell gowns to ladies. A block—hooray!—that is not torn up.

Fannie Hurst's husband reading a Carnegie Hall poster. Tea rooms with esthetic names. And amber colored windows. A new apartment building is to have a garage on its roof. And another bars babies and dogs. But will likely permit loose husbands under other names.

Ditch diggers wear bicycle pants guards. Lecture announcement: "Are writers people?" What's the idea in bringing that up? A high powered car just missed an old pretzel woman. Probably got its quota for the day. A cabbie feeding his nag a loaf of sugar.

Those elderly beaux with a flair for dancing ladies. A magic shop with a window demonstrator. Wonder if anyone builds ships in glass bottles anymore? Joseph Urban and his Buddha look. Baby faced Broadway girls with spit curls. And hearts of gail.

Whatever became of Kathryn MacDonald of the movies? A spitting of snow. And the swarm of umbrella sellers from nowhere. The human driftwood snagged on every white way corner. Content with the husks. While brawny steel workers scissor the sky in a network of squares. And ride home in limousines.

Burns Mantle, the critic. I used to be his assistant. Assisting myself to his theater tickets. Lace jabots are coming back. Nathan Burkan, the theatrical lawyer. Hallelujah girls with tambourines. And the clinkety-clack of a tap dancing class.

The innocent appearing blind pigs that set out a near beer bottle with a glass of real beer. Tin Pan Alley moving eastward. The loafers who nap in "For Hire" automobiles. The mincing steps of Times Square throngs.

It is a true story of how a beautiful girl with no stage experience got a job in the chorus and later a small speaking part. She had made the rounds of agencies and producers without getting farther than the outer gate. There was a photographer's studio near a certain producer's office. The impresario passed it several times a day. The girl had herself photographed in a dozen different poses and prevailed upon the photographer to feature the poses in his display cabinet outside. The producer was attracted, found out her name and sent for her.

A friend shows the card of his bootlegger. His name and telephone number are engraved upon it and down in the corner is the word "Bootician."

The other evening in a drive through Central Park I counted six lamp posts either badly bent or flat on the ground. A mounted patrolman said each one represented a tragedy either through reckless driving or midnight joy rides.

On a frequently joy ridden road in Westchester County is a grim sign at a sharp turn, reading: "This may be your last drive. Think it over."

That sign may be all right for the leisurely driver, but a joy rider would never notice it. He is too busy hurrying to his rendezvous with death.

In one of the well known restaurants is a middle-aged fellow who acts as a bus boy. He was once maitre de hotel. His ear drums were burst in the Argonne during the war.

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LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

DAN SMITH'S from Philadelphia,
He always likes to tell.
Believe me, Philadelphia
Is something pretty swell.
He talks about the Bellevue,
About the city hall,
About the parks and boulevards,
Its history and all.
But, when I hear them brag about
Their home town far away,
"Whatever made you leave it then?"
I always want to say.

HANK LUEDER'S from Missouri, and
Missouri's quite a state;
St. Louis makes a little town
Look mighty out-of-date.
There's Kelly from Kentucky, where
His folks are living at;
There's no one from Los Angeles,
I thank the Lord for that.
But, when I hear them brag about
A thousand miles away,
"Whatever made you leave it then?"
I always want to ask.

NOW, I was born in Pickensville,
Where Dad and Mother met;
Yes, I was born in Pickensville,
And here I'm living yet.
And so I cannot talk about
Some city east or west;
I've always stuck to Pickensville
Because I like it best.
For, when you've got a good town,
Why wander far away?
"Whatever made you leave it then?"
I always want to say.

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Washington Market in many ways is as interesting as Les Halles in Paris. There is color, life and flamboyant confusion. Outside of New Orleans I know of no place where oyster customers can have oysters shucked while they wait—before their eyes. If you have never seen a professional oyster shucker's hands you have never seen human wreckage. They are stained, calloused, cracked open and usually swollen. Yet somehow the oyster shucker with his knife thrills to his job. Each oyster—like Oscar Wilde's egg—seems an adventure. In the most unexpected one perhaps may be a coveted pearl. At any rate, it is surprising how many oyster hungry flock to the oyster stalls. One offers music with oysters. A quartet suddenly arises and bursts forth into some old refrain such as "Maggie" or "Put on the Old Gray Bonnet."

New York Day by Day

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, July 23.—Thoughts while strolling: Five a. m. at Grand Central. Why do people take early morning trains? Manhattan's dawn comes early, flashing fire from windows of lofty minarets. Slumping figures on park benches, stirring to another day of self pity.

Youths with university blazers and wide biscuit-colored pants swinging off to tennis courts. Milk wagons rumbling home. Their day is over. Sign polishers whistling at their tasks. Whatever became of air-holes in derbies? The medley of rattling ash cans.

Early Victorias with their plug-hatted jehus. Shops begin to open. Strawberry short cake—short a few berries. A miniature Taj Mahal in white soap. Winking trays in the jewelry windows. An exchange shop—filled with flutes, saxophones and radios.

Breakfast sign: "Knobby waffles!" No odor so tantalizing as that of frying bacon. Bellboys promenading with dogs. The timid pigeons that flutter from Broadway eaves. The outrush of humanity from subway kiosks, with heads buried in newspapers.

The Rialto poise, sangfroid and other theatrical virtues. Skirts even shorter. The human race is about done for, I guess. Glad I'm nearsighted. That is, partly glad. Wonder if Abe Erlanger gets to his office this early every morning.

Why do Oriental rug sellers travel in pairs? Cafes with kitchens in the window. Cinnamon rolls—there's a dish. A Bide-a-wee Home dog ambulance. The Ninth Avenue employment agency where decrepit old men go to carry banners and pass advertising bills.

A butcher shop heralds "meat for the cat free." Like the good old days. Who remembers when the kerosene can had potato stoppers? And with 25 coffee signatures you got a collapsible silver toothpick? Women jabbering from upstairs windows when they should be dusting the parlor.

A man of evident education writes to a New York newspaper this advice after two years futile search for a job: "Get out of New York if you are more than 40—and jobless."

And this strikes me as a rather sweeping assertion from my home town paper: "Boiled onions are fine for toning up the stomach and sweeping out the colon. You can, however, get the same effect from spinach, which has been called the broom of the stomach!"

There are three men who seem essential to every public dinner in New York—Mayor Walker, ex-Ambassador Moore and Otto Kahn.

The three best after-dinner speakers New York has had in my time, I believe, are Irvin Cobb, the late Rennold Wolf and Wilton Lackaye.

Rennold Wolf left a deep gap in Broadway life. He was an accomplished critic as well as playwright and speaker. He was usually seen at first nights—generally with his gray-haired mother. Tortured by a physical affliction, he became almost a recluse during his last year. Broadway saw little of him, but he continued to work until the final few days. Next to Alan Dale, he had seen more plays bloom and wither than any of his fellows. He was a brilliant wit, but his barbs were velvet-sheathed, and everybody was his friend. His collection of first editions was among the finest in town.

A band of gypsies came to the upper reaches of Riverside Drive recently and camped for several days. None of them had ever been in New York and not one would venture into its hubbub. Wise people, the gypsies.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR MACHINE

OLD MAN, you can't buck nature successfully.

That old machine of yours needs greater care and more attention as you go along.

It has been a great piece of mechanism, human mechanism.

You have subjected it to many abuses and it has kept running.

You had begun to think it far superior to the majority.

It has been your boast that your machine is as good as ever and it is unnecessary for you to conserve strength.

You have subjected yourself to greater nervous strain than wiser men would force upon their systems.

Now you may be a little alarmed because your recuperative powers are not as rapid after illness as they have been heretofore.

Friends of yours who some years ago became more careful now seem to have ability to recover from illness quicker than you can.

They have husbanded their strength while you merely expended.

Why not use more common sense in your treatment of self?

You are not so strong as you were, so why try to fool yourself?

Don't allow your mind to set you in the old men's class, but just be sensible and let nature be your guide.

New York Day by Day

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, July 20.—Shopping is always an adventure in New York—whether you buy or not. I've returned from an exploration to carol the wonders although I didn't make a purchase. I beheld many things—from a cork monkey that climbs up a string to a \$90,000 pearl necklace.

There was, for instance, a rubber night dress for mustaches which fits around the mustache, is attached to the ears and keeps the mustache in meticulous shape over night. There were sizes, ranging from the Ray Long to the Over-Niagara of Laurence D'Orsay.

For those who play "African golf" there was a tube of glycerine containing dice. Inverted, they strike prongs and roll over and over so that one may make his point. It is obvious they are made so devotees may play with strangers.

Everything appears monogrammed this year, and for a small sum one may purchase monograms in steel for hat bands, luggage, handbags, walking sticks and even shoes. There are also gold bands for wrist watches, fashioned with links of one's monogram.

Handkerchiefs have taken on unusual novelty effects. There are for the ladies those with tiny pockets containing a miniature powder puff. And for the men are those about four times the average size and of such soft texture they may be tucked in a watch pocket.

And a powder compact, fitting into the palm of the hand, that will hold a lipstick, mirror, puff, eyebrow pencil, cigaret lighter and on the reverse side a secret pocket for a cute miniature flask to hold perfume or something or other.

Also an automatic pencil with a perpetual calendar, barometer, collar buttoner, nail file and hidden scissors—retailing modestly at \$47. And the inventor forgot the rubber eraser, goody! goody! For that price they ought to throw in a kiddie car.

I find unusual courtesy among sales folk. Even the clerk with the Burlington Arcade accent who showed me the \$90,000 necklace looked me over and didn't roll on the floor in a gale of laughter. He told me they required only \$40,000 down. I worshiped that "only." I wish I knew a good trade last for him, too.

It seems to me that despite snippishness found here and there the New York clerks are the most alert in the world. They are as quick, if the simile is pardonable, as a nanny goat's tail. Rarely does a customer idle around before being waited upon. When a customer opens the door, clerks seem to leap at him.

And many are diplomatists. They have a finesse in calming the ruffled. I was recently sold a pair of shoes entirely too small. I said so at the time. But I was talked out of it and after a torturous evening I found next morning my feet had swollen so I could not get them on. My bath was devoted to a rehearsal of cutting things I intended to say to him. After breakfast in high rage I visited the store. He disarmed me at once with a complimentary remark and was so gracious that after a few moments I apologized for having such big feet and departed.

Down in the stores in Chinatown a sale is never forced. In the largest store there you may wander about for hours without a clerk making a single suggestion. Everything is displayed. If you want an article you buy it. It may be a good system, but on notices that business down there is seldom rushing. In Division Street, not so far away, the process is entirely different. Salesmen will often follow you for a block to make a sale, and what is more they usually make it. Or pull off your coat sleeve as a souvenir.

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New York Day by Day

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, July 21.—Perhaps no character in Manhattan proves so puzzling as Waldo Pierce, a silk-stockinged aristocrat who elects to travel rather unconventional paths. He has wealth, but he might be taken at times for a carrier of the banner.

From his enormous 250-pound bulk issues an oddly modulated voice. His face is adorned with a shaggy beard, his shoes run out at heel, his shirt held together with a safety pin, tieless and his hat ready to adorn a refuse can.

His epigrams are reminiscent of the brilliant mots of Oscar Wilde. He is a painter—having exhibited on Fifth Avenue—a writer and a globe trotter of note. During the war he was among the first of the American ambulance drivers and was a distinguished Harvard football star before that.

He once decided on a steamer a few miles out he didn't really care to go to Europe, so he jumped off and swam ashore. He is not a publicity seeker, and for years has led reporters a merry chase. He merely likes to live as the impulses seize him.

In Paris he is almost as well known as the Trocadero. One night, the story goes, he was complaining in a cafe that he had to pay 10 centimes more than most folk for butter. A sympathetic waiter told him where he could go for better treatment. So he promptly bought the cafe and gave it to the astonished garcon.

His father is an indulgent lumberman in Maine whose purse is always open for any outlandish whim of adventure that may start his son off overnight to a far-flung spot on the outer rim of the world. One Summer day he is reported walking up the avenue with his feet clad only in rubbers. "They're comfortable," he explained.

People may smile at Pierce, but when they meet him they are astounded at his knowledge of almost every topic. Just now he is reported on his way to a tiny Arab fishing village of Tunis with his wife, Ivy Trotuman, a former distinguished actress, who adores him.

Pierce somehow reminds me of a writer of gypsy stories who several years back was swept into a sudden success. He had before that been a \$25-a-week fiddler in an East Side cafe. He bought a home on Riverside Drive and with his wife and children moved in. The home was luxuriously furnished, but during most of their occupancy they lived in the basement where they also entertained friends. "We find we are more comfortable there," was the simple explanation of the writer.

I've always been afraid of those elegant mansions for a somewhat similar reason. I don't believe I could keep out of the kitchen. Cholly Knickerbocker, my favorite society spy, tells me the super rich never go near the kitchen.

I've wondered if—Otto Kahn, for instance—hedged about by butlers, pantrymen, second pantrymen and such, ever goes pirooting into the icebox after all the help has gone to the servants' hall. If there's any delicacy that beats the boiled cold potato out of the icebox late at night I've never run across it. Somehow one must be dressed—or rather undressed—for the event. Either in pajamas or the long-tailed nightshirt.

A New York salesman writes this: "Before a mirror in Grand Central I saw what passes for a man powder his face, take a lipstick from his pocket and rouge his lips. Several others saw it. And nobody did a thing."

There is doubtless too much of this live and let live spirit in New York.

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Why Thin People Live Longer

EVERY time you put on a pound of flesh above your proper, normal weight, you become one point less desirable as an insurance risk. The idea that you have a license to get plump because you are getting middle-aged is all wrong, and will shorten your life if you persist in it.

That is the sense of an absorbing article by Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk in a recent issue of the American Insurance Union Magazine.

Dr. Fisk says that a person's ideal weight at thirty is still the ideal weight for that person at 50, and that a gain in weight after 30 is not normal merely because it is usual. So far from being physiological—nature taking its course—the putting on of fat after 30 is a sign of disease-producing and life-shortening influences. The middle-aged or elderly person who is a little under-weight is far healthier than the one who is overweight.

The man or woman overweight is, as a rule, overfed, Dr. Fisk declares, and the idea that the only sure remedy for surplus flesh is exercise won't stand up. He points out that one must walk eight miles to burn off four ounces of fat. Plump persons can't undergo the exercise needed to make them trim without danger. The only safe remedy is diet. Cut down on fat-forming foods, counsels the doctor. Don't stop eating them altogether. Balance your rations, and eat more celery, tomatoes, carrots, spinach and fruits. They are nutritious, and they satisfy the hunger craving.

Then, having established a well-balanced ration, don't spoil it all by eating candy, sundaes and nuts at all hours of the day and night. They are full of fats, and will undo all the good work.

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New York Day by Day

By O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—I am told there is a man who makes a living furnishing "evidence girls" for shady New York divorces. There is only one ground for severing marital ties here and evidence in many instances is staged.

The girl goes to a room, slips a negligee over her ordinary dress, the man removes his coat and a raiding party enters. The girl is given \$20 and becomes "Miss X, a blonde" in the subsequent suit. Her identity is never revealed.

Her silence is assured, for should she reveal her part in the conspiracy she faces arrest for collusion. Thus blackmail is eliminated. New York looks lightly upon divorce, but for those who fear a social stigma there is always Paris.

Divorce does not always end in hateful recriminations. A movie director recently said: "I lost two of my best friends by marrying them" and since his divorces he is often seen with one or the other at lunch or dinner.

In some instances a celebration becomes a prelude to divorce. There is a dinner with close friends just to prove the wife and husband are not moved by violent dislike for each other. They merely want freedom.

It seems to me the stage has played a part in tagging divorce in the same jocular category with the mother-in-law. There have been a half-hundred dramas in which divorce was well nigh glorified as something casual and to be expected in best families.

My own opinion is that if a couple make an earnest effort to live happily and fail they are better off divorced or separated. But it does strike me marriage is a bit too sacred and divorce a bit too tragic to become the topic of commonplace jokes.

Harlem's Black Belt has its exclusive residential area just as down-town New York has its Murray Hill and Sutton Place. It is a block of light tan brick houses on West 139 Street known as "The Row." It is lined on either side with sidewalk trees and many limousines are at the curb.

Harry Wills lives there. So does Florence Mills and Fletcher Henderson, the bandman. Bert Williams had planned to buy one of the houses before he died. It is the home of several negroes who have prospered—lawyers, writers, physicians and cabaret singers from the lust hot cellars.

Once upon a time this section of Harlem was an opulent block for rich Germans. The homes had been designed by the late Stanford White and there is a luxury quite surprising.

The Black Belt has its odd lingo just as Broadway. A white person is an "ofay." A gambler is a "slick." A loafer is a "pave pup." Cocaine is "happy dust." A coal black person is an "ink spot." A light colored girl is a "punkin seed."

Lenox Avenue, the main stem of the Dark Continent, is one of the widest thoroughfares in the metropolis. It was believed that real estate values would slump to almost nothing when the colored invasion began but instead they have doubled and trebled and many fortunes have been made in speculation. The negro population there is larger than the population of Rome.

They tell of an actor whose wife is a nagging sort. After a night out he came home and left the radio turned on. At 6:30 he was awakened by a radio voice saying "Good morning everybody." He landed in the middle of the floor and called back: "I didn't bring any of 'em; they just came along."

There used to be a club in New York that held an annual dinner to show their contempt for popular superstitions. I recall they walked under ladders, split salt, sat 13 at a table, broke mirrors and the like. I have not heard of it lately and I'm afraid to ask for fear something terrible has happened to the whole crowd.

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New York Day by Day

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, July 24.—The \$3,000,000 hotel that opened on Delancey Street in the heart of the East Side Ghetto is the largest strictly Kosher inn in the world and was built by a former immigrant in memory of his mother.

The hotel houses 1,000 patrons, and among its features are a big pipe organ and a shift of balalaika orchestras. No street in New York offers a greater variety of interest than Delancey. Old World customs peep through the glitter of the new.

Venerable orthodox women with ancient wigs sit in shop doorways. Patriarchal beards, unprofaned by the razor, are plentiful. Wondering old men wearing black straw hats stroll along with hands folded behind them. Their language is still the language of Abraham.

Little sidewalk table stands offer pumpkin seeds, parboiled in salt water—a Ghetto delicacy. The Kosher shop windows display pastrami, corned beef, salami, dill pickles, duck and stuffed goose. Children prefer huge pretzels to candies. Celery beer is the favorite drink.

Old fashioned carriages with canopied tops are for hire along the curbs at 50 cents an hour. The fortissimo of life on Delancey Street is reached on Sunday when most of the stores, shops and cafes are open all day and young and old are at leisure.

The pavements bulge with the flowing promenade and the street is filled with shouting children. Baby carriages are in profusion. Pushcart peddlers offer all the edibles so dear to the quarter. Every window is open and heads sticking out.

On hot Summer evenings street hydrants spray children in odd makeshift bathing costumes. At the eastern end of Delancey Street is the old Williamsburg bridge, underneath which is the market where Ghetto housewives go to fill the family larder.

Newport, long considered the most fashionable watering place in America, has become a trifle worried over its future. It has by no means become passe nor do peanut shells of the bourgeoisie litter Bailey Beach, but this season revealed a lack of New York social stars. A perplexed Chamber of Commerce has been flooding the land with press screeds—something never needed before to preserve its aristocratic creme de la creme. It is said Newport sighs for a Ward McAllister to preserve the ancient traditions. There was no titular head to hold the reins and crack the whip. Yachts were moored at the Rhode Island spa with passengers who have never, as Kip Rhineland has, graced the Social Register. Indeed, there was a rumor a Ziegfeld girl or two were seen on the beach. Newport does not exactly fear a debacle, but it does not want its social crown to slip even a trifle. And that, my dears, seems to be what has happened.

The heartlessness of hired thugs in Gotham curdles the blood. Several years ago a list of prices fell into the hands of the District Attorney. Murder was listed at \$100. Gouging out an eye, \$10. Breaking an arm, \$3—both arms, \$7. I was told the other day of an incident that forms an epic in their brutality. They had been hired to "get" a gambler in a gambling war. When the victim stepped from a taxi in front of his apartment a revolver blazed in the darkness across the street and he sagged to the sidewalk with a bullet in his stomach. A half hour later this laconic message was delivered to the leader in an East Side bath-house: "We got him—plinked him through the guts."

New Yorkers often criticize the police for clubbing gangsters. They are merely beating the gangster at his own game. Unless they use their clubs the gangster will use his gun—and in a hurry.

A Viennese artist declares the most beautiful view he found of New York was that of Trinity spire at dusk from the corner of Broad and Wall.

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New York Day by Day

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, July 22.—One of the gloomiest piles of ancient masonry in New York is the Jefferson Market jail for women. It has stood for more than half a century, and for seven years has echoed with screams of miserable outcast women.

All the petty female offenders, bagged during the 24-hour day, are trundled there in the Black Maria to await inevitable legal retribution. They come with bloody faces pearly in sweat from street brawls. They come twitching with drugs.

There are drunken old hags screeching guttery tirades. Young girls who beckon from doorways, impudently rouged and drenched with cheap perfume. Shoplifters, pickpockets and wrapped creatures of the redlight bagnios.

Decadent women are usually stoics in a crisis. They accept sentence with a slight sneer. Only first offenders are led off in hysterical wails. Old timers have come to know hysteria gets them nowhere. And they assume an air of jaunty bravado.

The uniformed prison matrons are women whose sympathies seem never to have calloused. They are human ballasts, cool and nerveless—steady soul-sick emotions with a pat here and a soft word there. They have gazed at vice in its most hideous form and kept a balance.

In those moments of cataclysmic upheaval when first offenders are reft of self control and led away to detention rooms, it is on the matrons' shoulders they sob out their grief. They soothe the mother ache that comes to every straying daughter facing prison.

The site of the tumble-down prison is at Ninth Street and Sixth Avenue. The surroundings seem to reflect the gloom of the prison. There are drab store-rooms, prowling cats, muffled men, shawled women and other evidences of depressing squalor.

Up along the Westchester countryside an abandoned old farm house has been made over into one of those gaudy roadside taverns and bears the name of "The Creep Inn." It is to be hoped patrons do not leap out.

The Flatiron Building—actually named the Fuller Building—corner has long held a nationwide reputation for being the windiest corner in Manhattan. In other days, when skirts were not as today, a bantering crowd could be found there on a windy day and employes of office buildings in the neighborhood often concealed binoculars in their desks. Those days are gone, and anyway, the corner is no longer considered the breeziest place in town. The windiest spot is the archway under the Municipal Building near Brooklyn Bridge. One pedestrian recently reported that a zephyr acquired such cyclonic proportions there that it actually blew a tie pin out of his scarf.

A Spanish restaurant on Columbus Avenue offers "squid" on its menu. Nor did I know what it was until I looked it up in the dictionary, and that doesn't help much. Here it is: "Squid: Any 10-armed cephalopod having a long taper body, and a caudal fin on each side."

The Congo note in jewelry grows more pronounced even at bathing beaches, where ponderous gold bracelets, anklets and chains around the neck fairly clank. One lady weighed 127 with her Wild-man-from-Borneo chains, and 122 without.

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New York Day By Day

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—New York is filled with lonely old men. Nowhere is age so pathetic. In the public parks in the Summer you see them sitting for countless hours as motionless as statues. Along the streets they mumble to themselves—pining for the sound of a voice.

They shuffle along streets seemingly staring at nothing. In my block lives a neat withered old man. He has, I imagine, a small income. There are days when he never leaves the rooming house where he lives but sits at the window and slowly rocks and clasps and unclasps his hands.

In a city of six million he hasn't a neighbor and perhaps very few friends. Youth in New York is frivolous toward its elders. They call them "old parties"—and go on their merry way—leaving them to solitude.

In a boarding house where I once lived on West Fifty-Seventh Street there were a number of old men—installment house collectors, night lunch cashiers and bookkeepers. They had passed the peaks of their lives and seemed merely to be drifting. Heaven knows where.

Passing along the halls you could see them through the open doors night after night—sitting alone and looking blankly into space. Other boarders had company but no one ever came to see them. How they stood for this endless tedium is a mystery.

This isolation is not confined entirely to the aged failures. It is the same among the elderly in the big clubs. From the street you can see rows of them in club windows oddly detached from the roar and confusion about them.

They have money for creature comforts but they can not buy the one big thing missing in their lives—companionship.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, July 14.—The East Side spends \$5,000,000 a year in the push cart market. Here amid a confusing rabble may be purchased everything eatable, wearable or smellable. No cross section of Manhattan life is so colorful and interesting.

The East Side bubbles before sun up and ends in a banjo torched glare after midnight. There is an enchanting joyousness about push cart marketing—an infectious merriment despite haggling and purse pinching. Bargaining in the Ghetto is not labor but a pastime.

Crowds drift by stalls in endless, snail-like procession. In each stall is a sort of old world chrono. There is the bearded old patriarch with parchment skin who grinds horse radish behind protecting smoked glasses. He seems completely mummified.

Then there are the wigged orthodox women who sit patiently all day in silence beside their men. Sons and daughters belong to the new generation but they have not learned to speak the new language. Each stall seems to have a domestic pet—a dog, cat or bird.

There is something of gloomy fatalism about the venerable women of the market stalls. They have come across the seas to the promised land to rear big families, but somehow they can not take root in a new soil. They seem frozen in the ice of a foreign tongue, mute and staring.

The experienced push cart marketer never accepts the first price. He merely laughs and starts to move on. This is a prelude to bickering for he is always stopped and the sale battle begins. The stranger might think a personal encounter is near but it invariably ends good humoredly.

In doorways are tiny stands selling pumpkin seeds—parboiled in salt water, a Ghetto delicacy. Also celery beer, the favorite beverage. Male and female may be habited from head to foot from push carts and a flat almost completely outfitted.

The Ghetto lives in a world of superstition. Love philters are hawked openly on Grand Street. During high winds passersby can hear anguished wails of many East Side mothers for to them the cry of the elements is the voice of unbaptized children. Residents of Essex Street and East Broadway believe in Lilith, legendary first wife of Adam who is supposed to harm the new born child. Others have faith in the blood of a basilisk, the right eye of a serpent and a tick taken from the left ear of a cat. In the Italian quarter in Mulberry Bend many balk "the evil eye" by pointing two fingers to the ground and reciting a certain incantation.

Today came news of a heartening bit of sentiment displayed by "dumb act" in vaudeville. He is a wire walker, opening and closing the bill. His wife and mother of his five children acts as a sort of helper—handing him hoops to climb through, ladders to mount and such. Before the climax of his act she is "spotted" in an amateurish bit of dancing. And in the act she is billed first in larger type than her husband.

It strikes many that vaudeville audiences should show more sportsmanship than to walk out on these "dumb acts" who risk necks so cheerfully in desperate effort to entertain under such discouraging conditions. To remain 10 minutes longer in seats, will not mean much to the average audience but will mean more than they can ever understand to people doing their reckless best to please.

Speaking of vaudeville, my favorite harlequin of the season is Will Mahoney.

His amusing aside to the orchestra leader, who gets ahead of him in a clownish wooden shoe dance, "Wait for the artist, please!" is almost as hilarious as the expression on his face when he suddenly realizes he is falling down. And when doing one fall he hurriedly takes off his coat to use as a shock cushion when he lands, this hysterical correspondent had to be led out for air.

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—That slight curving sweep of East Side Street known as Mulberry Bend is in many ways one of the most colorful sections in the city. There is nothing gaudy about it. Indeed it is as glowering as the gray tower of the Tombs in the background.

The buildings are smudged and scabrous and there is the feeling of a grim inertia which is liable to flare out any moment. It is the old rendezvous of the Five Points gang and the thump of the walloping fist is still heard.

There are cellar dives and proprietors with scars and stubby pompadours. Young girls often have the hardness of early worldly wisdom. The Bend seems sluggish to uptown curiosity. The arrival of a patrol wagon or ambulance does not stir it.

The sidewalk—the inner arc is a slight park—is narrow and rather jostling for the timid. Blood has been spilled on the walk many times. Sallow, tired women wrangle with their children from upper windows and almost every corner has its knot of gangsters.

The eating places are numerous and are mostly like the dirty spoon lunchrooms of the Bowery. Many of them dispense jiggers of anisette with the thick cupped coffee. The patronage seems a blur of hooked noses, cunning eyes and loosely parted lips.

The distinct impression of Mulberry Bend is that it is itself with none of the tourist sham of Chinatown, the Bowery or a gaudier Broadway. It is about the only section of Manhattan remaining not exactly tough—but rough and primitive.

Some of the drug stores even have a lone green and red bottle in the windows. At night it is rather dingy and there is a far-away jangle of electric pianos and a medley of harsh voices. One day it will be gobbled up in the maw of progress—and that will be a pity.

And around South Ferry the old clam sellers of another day sit in their stalls serving galloping commuters from their steaming array. The clam seller flourished in the early days of the original Astors.

The briskest type of youth in all Manhattan is the bond salesman from Wall Street. He is given to shooting his cuffs, furling back his hair, tapping cigaret ends on his thumbnail and yanking his cravat forward into a semi-loop. His sophistication is utterly suffocating and he is at home everywhere in the breezy, familiar and rather patronizing manner of one who feels he is at the top of the world. Schwab to him is "Charlie," and anyone who hasn't a spry ear cocked for a glit-edge proposition is a hopeless sap.

The name that occupies the greatest number of pages in the New York telephone directory is Cohen. And the next name to that is Smith. Most of the Cohens live in the Bronx. The Smiths are not particular.

The open air hardware market along West Broadway on pleasant days brings out the old-fashioned hatless and aproned housewives, who come to replenish their kitchen utensils. They are types rarely seen elsewhere around the town.

A meticulous gentleman who inspects the supplies of his bootlegger was shocked the other day to see that a waggish printer had made the whisky labels read: "Bottled in Barn."

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Thoughts while strolling: Still a few hatless men. Why do they call a million cool? The pudgy watchmen who sit around building construction. Max Steur, the rival lawyer. And Foxhall Keene with a French bulldog.

That sullen, leaden gray in Manhattan skies. And the town seems aloof and lonely. Like a stranger dressed up with no place to go. Clubmen gather around the crackle of fire in the hearth. Listless ladies go crawling by in limousines. And a thin fog blows up from the sea.

A cellar cobbler dozing with spectacles on his aproned knees. Cafeteria sign: "Cold slaw." It's "Cole," Mister! The calendar artist with frizzed hair like orange phosphate. Whatever became of "ready-to-wear" ties? And "transfer pictures" for children?

A picket fence—a half mile from Broadway. Children who drag rag dolls along the sidewalk and stare. The odor of gas tanks. And the chug of boats in the river. Tobacconists who wear skull caps. And people who eat silently at kitchen tables.

Just a few blocks away the district called "The Gold Coast." Where servants are problems. And husbands bores. A humpty-dumpty world. Wonder why cats arch their backs before crossing a street? A milk and liver pony drawing a street carousel.

The incessant hubbub around Grand Central. Commuters who snatch newspapers. Porters who snatch grips. Gate-men who snatch tickets. And passengers who snatch kisses. A group of Arabs. Fat women stepping quickly from penny weighing machines.

The gaudy lackeys at the Biltmore entrances. A beggar who wheels himself lying flat on a stretcher. The most dangerous corner in town for pedestrians—42nd Street and Madison Avenue. Store with arcade-like window displays. And there's my hotel.

Few are without a touch of snobbery. I frequently patronize one or the other of a chain of white tiled food emporiums. They are lean, well conducted places serving plain but excellent food. And yet I find myself walking up to them nonchalantly and suddenly darting in the door and pulling my hat over my eyes coming out. There is no possible reason save that a few actors, who eat at the Automat, often refer to these cafes in a jesting manner from the stage.

Then there are those mildewed cellar dives reached through dark hallways with unovered tables moist and ringed from glasses where pickpockets, gunmen and touts gather. People go there in evening clothes, because it is considered "smart."

Speaking of snobbery, I am old of a man who came up from the East Side gutters to affluence and wealth. He married into a world he knew only vaguely. He recently notified relatives they were not to visit him without two days' notice. In that time he is able to have his wife away. She, it seems, makes fun of them.

The Park Avenue Baptist Church has 53 chime bells, the largest of which weighs 10 tons. A Belgian was imported to ring the chimes just as he had for years in peaceful Flanders. He kept to his task for several Sundays and then, disturbed by the roar of the city, even on Sunday, decided this town was no place for his talents and went back to Flanders.

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DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

DIGESTIVE ORGANS WORK LIKE FACTORY.

HOW MUCH do you know about your insides, or your "innards," as the oldtimers say? It is probable you regard the stomach as the chief of the digestive organs. But it isn't.



ROYAL S. COPELAND

You couldn't get along without the small intestine. It is that part of your body where the digestive processes of Nature do their most important work.

We speak of the small intestine and the large intestine. One is "small" and the other "large," because one tube is much thicker than the other. The small intestine is small in diameter, but it is extensive in its length, being more than 25 feet long.

This important passageway is a canal into which enters practically all the food taken into the stomach. It is a tube which doubles upon itself so many times that it is packed into a space less than a cubic foot in capacity.

The stomach is a sort of grinding-mill or breaker. Here the food is mixed and dissolved. When it is liquefied it is discharged from that container into the small intestine.

For the sake of convenience of description and because each part of the intestine has a particular work to do, the scientists have given names to the different divisions of the small intestine. It must be admitted, however, that these divisions are more or less arbitrary in their boundaries. It is almost as difficult to define the limits of one of them as it is to tell where Greenwich Village begins in New York City and where it ends.

The first part of the canal is called the "duodenum." This is the part of the intestine which is attached to the stomach. Into it is discharged the fluid or semi-fluid mass prepared by the stomach. When the food enters the intestines it is called "chyme."

The duodenum is less than a foot long and is shaped like the letter C. In the concavity of the C-shaped duodenum is the "pancreas." To the layman this organ is better known as the "sweetbread." It is six inches long, an inch and a half wide, half an inch thick, and weighs about three ounces.

In it is manufactured the pancreatic juice, about half a pint daily. This fluid and the bile combine with the chyme in the duodenum. The resulting mixture is a milky fluid, called the "chyle."

The bile helps to digest the fats. The pancreatic fluid converts the remaining starches into sugar. By the time the chyle leaves the duodenum it is ready for absorption into the blood.

The process of absorption takes place, to a great extent certainly, in the next portion of the intestine—the "jejunum," a stretch of the canal ten or a dozen feet long. Below this is the "ileum," extending another dozen feet. The lining membrane of the jejunum and ileum is thickly studded with tiny projections, called "villi."

You can see the value of this arrangement. It greatly increases the surface and gives the blood vessels a larger territory in which to work. It permits the blood to absorb the highly nourishing chyle and send it on its way round the body to feed every cell and fiber of the system.

We must wonder at the perfection of this creation of Nature. If we take the proper food in correct quantities, drink plenty of water, have an abundance of rest and sleep, our digestive processes will go on like clockwork. It is by neglecting to care for the digestive organs, that we invite trouble. By decent care we may expect the digestive system to work perfectly for a century.

DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

REGULARITY IN EATING IS A GOOD HABIT.

SO much has been written concerning constipation and so much advice given that I almost hesitate to write another article on this subject. But it is so important a subject that too much can not be said regarding it.



ROYAL S. COPELAND

And as a civilized nation we will always be confronted with the problem of constipation. Constipation is the result of bad habits. The only way to cure it is to teach the bowel new habit, a good habit.

Relief is promoted by eating at the same time each day, and having daily bowel movements, at regular times. The use of drugs, particularly drastic cathartic, will never cure constipation. It will increase constipation, for the bowels will soon learn to depend entirely upon the drug for its action. After the long continued use of drugs, their effect is entirely lost.

Avoid Drugs.

Bowel movement should take place at a definite time each day. If there is but one, preferably this should be before the day's work has begun. Time and patience are required to teach the bowels to move regularly. This desirable habit is more difficult for an adult to acquire if for years he has depended entirely upon drugs.

In the training of children the importance of regularity of bowel movement can not be over-emphasized. This good habit acquired in youth will be a blessing in later years.

Food and exercise are additional factors in promoting normal bowel movements. All fried foods should be avoided. Salted, smoked or pickled foods should be excluded from the diet.

A normal digestion will handle them, but if constipation is present avoid hot or fresh white bread. If it is not irritating, take instead whole wheat or bran bread.

All fruits are advisable. Avoid entirely the heavy and rich varieties of cheese, nuts, pastry, rich desserts, cakes and candy. Tea, alcoholic drinks, sweet or boiled whole milk and chocolate should be entirely excluded from the diet.

Diet and Exercise.

Eat a good breakfast, including a large portion of coarse cereal without white sugar, or with a reasonable quantity of brown sugar. Before going to bed it is advisable to eat either figs, a dish of prunes or an apple. Always include a good assortment of fresh fruits and vegetables with your meals.

Most persons suffering from constipation do not get sufficient exercise. If the muscles of the body are weak, it follows that the muscles of the intestines will be weak. For this reason artificial exercise in the form of abdominal massage may be very helpful. This is particularly indicated in elderly people who can not resort to physical exercise.

General exercise in the open is most beneficial for the relief of constipation. Such forms of sport as golf, tennis, horseback riding and swimming are all strongly recommended. The most economical and often most beneficial form of exercise is walking. Walking helps the circulation, stimulates the appetite, improves digestion and aids intestinal action.

Never eat unless you are really hungry. It is best to leave the table still a bit hungry. Chew your foods slowly and well. Let your food be essentially wholesome but always of good materials with plenty of vegetables and fresh fruits.

Drink plenty of water. I am more and more impressed with the thought that many of us fail to get sufficient liquids. It can not be expected that the intestinal tract can function without fluids.

DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

PHLEBITIS IS A DISEASE OF VEINS.

WITHIN recent years a great deal of attention has been given to what the doctors call "peripheral vascular disease." This sounds like something terrible. The term is really used to describe disorders of the blood vessels found in the extremities of the body.



ROYAL S. COPELAND

Today I want to tell you about one of the most common forms of peripheral vascular disease. I refer to "phlebitis."

As its name indicates, this word is applied to an inflammation of a vein. Any vein, anywhere in the body, may be affected. But the condition is usually found in the lower extremities. The veins of the thigh or leg are the ones most commonly involved.

This affliction is sometimes associated with obesity—overweight—and is met in those whose occupations demand prolonged standing or walking. It is often found in women after childbirth. Rarely it occurs after an abdominal operation. Persons who suffer from varicose veins may have phlebitis as an unpleasant complication.

The victim of phlebitis complains of sharp, shooting pains in the involved region. This discomfort is naturally increased with walking or standing. Neglect of early attention results in marked swelling and increased tenderness of the parts involved.

In severe cases, fever, chills and pronounced sweating may occur. I have seen cases in which the pain is so marked that sedatives, opiates, must be given in order to obtain relief. As a rule, the pain and other symptoms subside with rest in bed and elevation of the inflamed leg.

I am sure it is good advice to say there should be no local or general medication unless it has been prescribed by your doctor. Too many sufferers resort to liniments and salves which may do harm rather than good. Once the pain has disappeared, it is important to make every effort to improve the general health of the patient.

Phlebitis has been traced to diseased tonsils, infected teeth and nasal sinuses, and to other pus centers, perhaps far removed from the inflamed vein. These pus-generating areas must be properly treated. It is well to avoid any tendency toward constipation.

DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

TAKE STOCK OF DISTRESS SYMPTOMS AFTER EATING.

THERE are certain complaints which are common to most of the human race. We give advice, but constant repetition is necessary. Time and time again society must be impressed with the importance of overcoming these conditions, in order that good health may be enjoyed.



ROYAL S. COPELAND

Constipation is one such condition. More symptoms are the result of this trouble than perhaps of any other disease. In addition, the symptoms are often so obscure they hardly seem traceable to this cause.

Poor intestinal elimination, if permitted to go on, results eventually in general poisoning, "auto-intoxication." There will be headache, bad breath, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general discomfort. There are many other symptoms equally disagreeable.

The first thing to do about constipation is to sit down and take stock of all the symptoms from which you suffer. Nine times out of 10 it will be found that there is acidity after eating, bad taste in the mouth, feeling of fullness after eating and poor elimination. There may be pains in the joints, backache, dark spots before the eyes, lack of energy, and so fourth.

In the treatment of constipation the diet is most important. Avoid all fried foods, as well as excessive quantities of starch and sugar.

Add to the diet bran, coarse cereals and breads, roughage such as celery, raw cabbage and salads. Stewed fruits, well-cooked vegetables, plenty of water to drink—all these will help a lot.

Exercise is important in correcting constipation. I do not mean simply an occasional lackadaisical walk, but exercise that will give the blood circulation. Swimming, rowing, brisk walking, gymnasium exercises, "health" exercises are all beneficial.

To hasten and increase elimination the use of mineral oil is wise. This may be taken plain or with agar-agar.

This use of the oil is not to produce the effects of castor oil. It merely acts by its presence, lubricating the intestinal wall and in this way encouraging the discharge of waste.

At first I only squirmed and replied w...
"Is that so's?" But after a time I found myself...
hot under the collar and stewing in my own juice. They...
letting me have both barrels," but dudling...
... incident...
... Café...
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... those curlion...
... have one...

DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

CHEWING HARD FOOD ALWAYS HELPFUL
THERE was a convention of dentists in Chicago not long ago. One of the delegates made a powerful attack on the eating habits of modern man. He said, "Americans are becoming a race of goats, eating out of cans like a goat."



This doctor thinks we should eat less of the prepared dishes and more of the old-fashioned foods. "Delicatessen stores are giving undertakers more jobs than all the doctors combined," he declared.

Mid you—I am giving you what was said in Chicago, not what I believe. But there is much worth reflecting upon in what the doctor said, especially this: "Soft foods make bad teeth and bad teeth mean bad health. Half the major ills of man can be traced, directly or indirectly, to the teeth."

When asked what foods we are neglecting, this was his reply: "Whole wheat bread, crusty bread, raw vegetables, sorghum molasses and unsweetened butter. We ought to eat our lettuce just as it grows. Instead we cut it up first into tiny bits so that we won't have to chew it. This Nation today is consuming sugar at the rate of 100 pounds a person as against 30 pounds before the Revolutionary War. That's another failing on our part—our national tooth is too sweet."

It really is a pity we do not use our teeth more for chewing hard things. It was intended that we should do so. There would be less need of having the teeth "cleaned" by the dentist if we used them to crush and cut bread crusts and other hard substances. Celery, radishes, cabbage, cucumbers, onions and other vegetables, more or less firm in fiber, should be eaten more commonly.

It is interesting to observe that many of the articles recommended by our dental friends are foods containing minerals essential to the repair and rebuilding of bones and teeth. They are foods, too, which counteract acidity and thus help protect the teeth.

Nobody can afford to neglect the dentist. His watchful care and early treatment of the teeth will do much to prevent decay and pus infection.

Bad teeth do, indeed, mean bad health. It is of the greatest concern to every person that there shall be no neglect of these vital parts. Much of the illness of middle and advanced life can be traced to bad teeth.

DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

SCRUB FACE FOR A GOOD COMPLEXION.
NOT LONG AGO I talked with the owner of a "beauty parlor." She is an unusually intelligent person and I was much impressed by her commonsense views regarding the skin.



I want my readers to have the benefit of what this good woman told me. If all or some of these suggestions are followed, they can not be otherwise than helpful to the sufferer from a bad skin.

I had spoken of the remarkable output of one American soapmaker. This firm produced and sold last year 96,000 tons of soap. That is an amazing thing—192,000,000 pounds of toilet soap, perhaps a billion bars!

"Oh! I am so glad to hear that," said the lady. "Too little soap and water are used by the people. Cleanliness, the cleanliness that comes from scrubbing the skin with soap, water and a rough washrag, are essential to a good complexion."

Then we talked about the skin eruptions, particularly the acne and blackheads so many boys and girls have. "If only these children would scrub their faces and then leave on the surface to dry in a lot of the lather of common yellow laundry soap," she said, "they are on the way to a speedy recovery of normal skin."

"After the soap has dried, yellow vaseline should be applied, right on top of the dried soap. This is left on all night and scrubbed off by vigorous washing in the morning." That, the lady said, will soon end the acne.

Then we talked about "alopecia," that peculiar form of localized baldness from which some persons suffer. There is just a patch of scalp disease that causes a loss of hair from a spot the size of a silver dollar or larger. The doctors call it "alopecia areata."

"If this area is soaked night and morning with a 2 per cent formaldehyde solution, dried, painted with iodine and then smeared with yellow vaseline twice a day, the trouble will disappear in two weeks." Thus said the lady.

Certainly these remedies are simple enough and absolutely harmless. They are worth trying. The thorough cleansing, if nothing else helps, will go far toward a cure.

If you try these sensible measures and are greatly benefited, I wish you would write me about it. If we can help even a few of the people who have been embarrassed by marred skin, it will add to the sum total of human happiness.

Needless to say, your good friend, the family doctor, must not be overlooked. He will advise you about the diet and any internal medication you may need. I am sure he will disapprove local measures so plainly set as are here outlined.

DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

GUARDING THE HEALTH WHEN PAST FIFTY.

IT is important for everybody past fifty to watch the kidneys and make sure they are performing their functions as they should. In a sense, the kidneys are filters. It is their business to extract from the body certain poisons which will do great harm if permitted to stay in the blood.



ROYAL S. COPELAND

In the digestion of protein food, such as lean meat, eggs and similar articles of diet, there is produced chemical waste which must be removed from the system. This differs from material waste which escapes through the intestines.

The chemical waste carried off by the kidneys is capable of being dissolved in water or other fluid. On this account, it is important for health's sake to drink plenty of water in order that these end products of digestion may be disposed of without delay.

It used to be believed that excessive meat eating is so trying to the kidneys that inflammation, or Bright's disease, as it is called, is likely to follow. Of course, excess in the use of any kind of food is bad for the body. To eat too much meat is unwise.

But today it is thought that kidney disease is the result of infection. Poison generated anywhere in the body may set up inflammatory action in the kidneys and end in serious Bright's disease.

I cannot bear to see anybody neglect the teeth. The gums become pussy, the structure is broken by decay, and abscesses form at the roots. Nobody is safe who has teeth like this. Bright's disease, rheumatism, heart disease and joint diseases are among the ailments which may result.

Chronic constipation, with the excessive acidity and production of intestinal poison, is another factor in the development of kidney trouble. This is one of the preventable and remediable difficulties which can be overcome.

The infectious or contagious diseases, etc., like scarlet fever, measles, etc., may have secondary involvement of the kidneys. These ailments must not be regarded lightly. It is important to watch every organ during and after an attack of one of these maladies.

The best and easiest way to escape kidney disease is to live a regular and simple life. The simple forms of hygiene, the eating of plain food in simple quantities, the drinking of plenty of water, frequent baths and lots of sleep—in these are the secret of long life and the avoidance of disease. Safety for the kidneys lies in this program.

FOR THINKERS

—BY BRUNO LESSING—

LIFE'S ROSES.

FRANK L. STANTON died the other day. Of the 116,000,000 people in the United States, it is doubtful if five million ever heard of him. He was a charming, modest soul. He wrote verse that appealed to simple people. Perhaps some day, when simplicity takes its proper place in our lives, his verse will appeal to more sophisticated people.

Four lines that he wrote deserve to be remembered:

"This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
"You get a thorn in every rose—
"But ain't the roses sweet?"

There, in crude form, you have the whole philosophy of optimism. There you have sufficient material to keep your mind busy for many an hour. It is a sentiment that appeals to normal, natural people. Fanatics and bigots will not be affected by it. Such people prefer to think of the thorn rather than of the rose.

Our lives are made happy or unhappy by our thoughts, more than by any outside influence. "There's nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so!"

It is true that roses have thorns. Sharp, prickly things that frequently draw blood. But roses are sweet, aren't they? And if you concentrate upon their beauty of form and coloring and inhale their fragrance, do you not get a pleasurable thrill which enables you to forget the thorns for a while?

Here is a funny thing about optimism. If your mind dwells constantly on the bright side of life, it contributes to your physical welfare. Cheerful thoughts and mental happiness seem to stimulate the physical organs to a higher efficiency. And then, when your whole body is hitting on eight cylinders, you find that your thoughts are more cheerful. A sort of internal round robin.

Of course we were not put into the world for the mere sake of having a good time. There is much work to be done, there is suffering to be relieved and there is appalling ignorance to be enlightened. Some people worry because they have not been able to satisfy their curiosity as to why they were really put into this world. Well, there may be no explanation that will satisfy everybody but there is an instinct in us all to lend a helping hand to those worse off than we and to improve whatever talents the good Lord gave us. And, until Gabriel blows his trumpet and we learn what it's all about, that instinct is a pretty safe guide to follow.

But that instinct will lead you into roads that are dark and rough and uphill. There are times when you will grow weary and, perhaps, despondent. At such times the memory of Frank Stanton may help you. Forget about the thorns, if only for a moment.

"Ain't the roses sweet?"

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DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

TAKING COLD IN SUMMER AN EVIDENCE OF WEAKNESS.

"TAKING COLD" in hot Summer weather is disgusting to us and to our friends. It seems an evidence of weakness, and it is really an indication of weakness. It shows that the system is out of gear. When you lose sleep, eat meals at all hours, spend hours and hours at hard work in dusty, smoke-laden rooms, you are sure to get an unfavorable reaction. The first thing you know you are sneezing and coughing, and maybe you have started the most obstinate kind of a cold.

You are liable to colds if you neglect to bathe regularly. In the hot weather, when the body wastes are thrown off by the skin in the perspiration, daily bathing is imperative if the skin is to be kept in good condition.

Cleanliness of the mouth and teeth is essential. The germs of colds, influenza and tuberculosis are ever present to make inroads in the body by way of the nose and mouth. The nostrils and mouth should be kept clean because they are the hiding places of many kinds of germs.

With a reasonable care of our bodies we do not need to fear these germs. But when we are tired out or run down from bad habits of living and eating then it is that the resistance of disease is low and we are easy prey for the germs.

As a matter of fact, we are terribly careless of these bodies of ours. Haven't you seen boys and girls throw themselves, overheated, on the grass after a strenuous game of tennis, or even go in bathing when they are overheated? Then comes a chill, and they may be made ill by the quick chilling of the body.

The condition called a "cold" is almost always accompanied by constipation. One of the causes of constipation is eating too rapidly. Eat slowly. Don't bolt your food. Chew it thoroughly. Do this because the processes of digestion begin in the mouth.

The time to deal with a cold is in its first stages. When you have sneeziness, chilliness, running of the nose, a smarting or burning of the throat, you may know trouble is on the way.

The best thing to do is to get into a tub of water hot as you can bear it. Add hot water as it cools. Keep this up for some time. Then go to bed between blankets and drink a lot of hot water or hot lemonade after you get into bed. This will bring on a perspiration, and in this way the poisons are more quickly thrown off from the body. After the sweating is over, sponge off with cool water and get into a dry bed for a good sleep. You probably will feel much better in the morning on waking.

Every moment that can be spent out of doors in the Summer time is a distinct asset for the coming Winter months indoors. Without plenty of sunshine and fresh air, at least moderate exercise every day, and a proper amount of rest and sleep, and well-balanced and regular meals good health can not be maintained. Live rightly and the Summer cold will be a thing of the past.

YE CAN NOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON.

The six weeks period in the Wilderness about Joplin is now at an end and the tabernacle will be razed, and will disappear, as do all things in the present temporary church world. Rev. Jones is \$3,000 richer than when he came to Joplin—pretty good offering for six weeks' work from a people whom he vilified and condemned on several occasions while here.

Some time, in a sober moment, the Christian people will awaken from their dream and cast out of the temple the money-changer as did Jesus of Nazareth.

Shades of the martyred Christians burned on the cross by the Caesars—the martyred, stoned, condemned faithful Apostles of Christ—the many heroic souls fed to the lions by Roman brutality!—is it for this Christ suffered and died on the cross of Calvary that his name may be used as a means of making money—Mammon the most despicable thing in the eye of God Almighty?

When such proceedings are exalted and made a part of a Christian nation's customs, the making of infidels, unbelievers, and scoffers can always be expected.

Three thousand dollars for six weeks' work, and hungry children and penniless parents on either hand! O Charity! O Truth! Where art thou?—Joplin Labor Tribune.

What A Dollar Will Do

- \$1 spent for lunch, lasts five hours.
- \$1 spent for a necktie, lasts five weeks.
- \$1 spent for a cap, lasts five months.
- \$1 spent for an automobile, lasts five years.
- \$1 spent for waterpower or a railroad grade, lasts five generations.
- \$1 spent in the service of God, lasts for eternity.

—Roger W. Babson

Man of Manhattan

By George Tucker

NEW YORK.—From time to time this correspondent has detailed the activities of Billy Rose in his ceaseless quest for new ideas in entertainment. We have drawn chiding letters from others by setting this lad up as perhaps the most ingenious and certainly the most unpredictable of the Manhattan producers. And there was no dearth of fact to build these stories on. For Billy not only sat up nights thinking . . . he got real ideas.

Take "Crazy Quilt" . . . No musical ever made the money "the quilt" drew at the box offices in tank towns and in major cities all over this country . . . Then he came back to New York, started the French Casino form of entertainment, that is, the cabaret-restaurant, where you dine at tables while the actors do their stuff . . . This was known as the Casino de Paree . . . and later came Billy Rose's Music Hall.

Well, there were imitators, as there naturally would be, for nothing is new and nothing is wholly original . . . But things can be different, and when somebody asked him what he would do next he said: "I'll do a musical comedy of circus life," which he did, with animals and clowns, and it was called "Jumbo."

After that one came along I was talking to him and, not knowing what to expect, I inquired, "What next, Billy?"

"I'm going to do a musical comedy on water," was the astonishing reply . . . Well, he did just that, at Cleveland . . . It was the Aquacade, the hit of the Cleveland exposition.

Meanwhile, down in Texas, he was handling the Fort Worth Frontier Centennial . . . They asked Billy back the second year to put on his Fiesta.

And about that time all the New York producers were going "Billy Rose" . . . The night clubs, I mean . . . They were striving for the unusual, the bizarre . . . They wanted to startle people . . . The French Casino was a great hit . . . Then came the International Casino . . . There were all sorts of innovations and new twists to after-dark entertainment until, finally, everybody wondered where the thing would end and, in particular, what Billy Rose would try next.

Did he fox 'em! Yes, honey, he did. A trail-blazer in new-fangled ideas, with his Jumbos and Fiestas and Casa Mananas, Billy took one look at the streamlined entertainment with a through-a-looking-glass complex, and pulled the neatest trick of his career. He did the very last thing anybody ever thought he would do. He simply dipped back 30 years and put on a straight vaudeville show.

Net result: box office take, \$120,000 in two weeks. All the old three-a-day names when vaudeville was in blossom and the Palace was heaven are trouping on his stage . . . It is, to me, something of a phenomenon, having never fancied vaudeville very much myself . . . At least I thought I didn't fancy it.

And what next, Mr. Rose? . . . He probably doesn't know himself . . . But whatever it is, two dollars will get you five that it's the last thing in the world you expect!

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE

THE EX-BARKEEPER.

They don't call me "George" any more;

And I don't ask them, "What'll it be?"

They send their orders to my door
For today they think highly of me.

They all call me up on the 'phone
When they have any orders to place
And I sell them my store of nice fresh
made pre-war

At two hundred dollars a case.

No longer a jacket of white
And a long linen apron I wear,
No longer I'm suave and polite
But chill and aloof is my air.
I gaze at my customers now
With a proud and superior glance
And my accents are rough when I
say, "For that stuff
My terms will be cash in advance."

I don't have to listen at all
To gags that I heard when a kid,
Or to hear dotting fathers recall
The stunts that their little boys did.
Men take me today by the hand,
Give my shoulder a nice friendly
pat,
And say, "I am shy on my bourbon
and rye;
Could you send some around to my
flat?"

I am living in elegant style,
I have three or four cars and a
yacht,
I have plenty of orders on file
And they all will bring cash on the
dot.

I serve the same people today
That I waited on blandly before,
But I have, as it were, quite a touch
of hauteur
And they don't call me "George"
any more.

If Investing, Investigate

WHAT chance has the average reader of these lines to know the true facts about the standing of a company whose stock is offered him by a peddler or by mail?

Usually, not a chance in the world. Is the company doing any business at all, or are its earnings purely in the future and its assets nothing but hopes?

If it is paying dividends, are you sure that those dividends are from earnings, and not dividends paid from stock sales—like the stock sale they want to make to you?

How much commission is being paid that slick-tongued salesman for his work? In other words, how much of your \$100 or \$1,000 will actually get into the treasury of the company?

Can you investigate the men listed as officers and directors of the company? Can you find out whether these men are actually connected with the company?

Is this company organized as a corporation, partnership, common-law corporation, or is it an individual venture?

If it is organized as a common-law corporation (declaration of trust), do you know why? The undesirability of these trusts is that the trustees have practically unlimited and arbitrary power and if you put your money in their hands, you have no protection.

If you are honest with yourself, you will know that you are not capable of answering these questions. Cut out the following three rules and carry them around in your pocket to be taken out and inspected when the next stock peddler "gets you going":

1. Don't invest without checking up on what the salesman tells you.

2. Don't let the salesman give you the "rush" act.

3. Safety of principal is the first consideration. You earn and save by constant effort. Don't let a glib tongue with its rosy pictures of easy wealth take away from you in a moment, what took you so long to accumulate.

My Name Is—Work.

(BY A TOILER.)

I am the foundation of all business.
I am the fount of all prosperity.
I am the parent, most times, of genius.

I am the salt that gives life its savor.

I am the sole support of the poor.
The rich who try to do without me deteriorate, languish and usually fill premature graves.

I am the primeval curse, yet a blessing that no healthy man or woman can be happy without.

Nations that woo me ardently rise; nations that neglect me die.

It is I who have made the United States what it is today. I have built her matchless industries, opened up her rich materials, laid her incomparable railways, reared her cities, built her skyscrapers.

I have laid the foundation of every fortune, from Rockefeller's down.

I alone have raised men up from the ranks and maintained them in positions of eminence.

I am the friend and guide of every worthy youth. If he sticks close to me, no prize or place is beyond his reach. If he slight me he can have no enviable end.

I am the sole ladder that leads to the land of success.

Sometimes men curse me, seeing in me an arch enemy, but when they try to do without me life turns bitter and meaningless and goalless.

I must be loved before I can bestow my greatest blessing and achieve my greatest ends. Loved, I make life sweet and purposeful and fruitful.

Fools hate me; wise men love me.

Savages, some rich men and many rich women shun me—to their undoing.

The giants who fill the presidential chairs of our railroad systems, our great industrial organizations, and our institutions of learning almost without exception owe their places to me.

I can do more to advance a youth than his own parents, be they ever so rich.

I am the support of the millions; indirectly, the support of all.

I am the creator of all capital. Wealth is me stored up.

I am represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every train that crosses the continent, in every ship that steams over the ocean, in every newspaper that comes from the press.

I am more zealously cultivated in America than in most other countries, especially by men of wealth.

I am sometimes overdone—voluntarily by the ambitious, involuntarily by the oppressed and the very young.

My followers among the masses are becoming more and more powerful every year. They are beginning to dominate governments, to overthrow anachronistic dynasties.

I am the mother of democracy.

All progress springs from me.

The man who is bad friends with me can never get very far and stay there.

The man who is good friends with me, who is not afraid of me, can go—

who can tell how far?
Who am I?
What am I?
I AM WORK!

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McINTYRE

BY O. O. McINTYRE.

NEW YORK, March 23—The passing of Barney Fagan this Winter removed the last of the old time minstrels. Many of us thatching gray at



McINTYRE

the temples would give much to hear one of the old blackface ensembles doing a red bandanna number again. With levee back-drop and a George Primrose slithering a light soft shoe.

There was, too, the Uncle Tom with a chin fringe of gray, a bandanna swinging from his hip, leaning on a stick and peering through steel spectacles as he sung "Old Black Joe." Then the interlocutor stepping gingerly forward in his white-satin-lined red coat.

The hush and his announcement of something like this: "Mr. Billy Benson will now render The Moonlight, the Rose and You." Whereupon the silver tenor would ride some sentimental high notes. Every boy almost wanted to join the minstrel troupe and double in brass.

How fine to recapture one of those October dusks when the minstrel band circled under the carbon lights to render "Double Eagle" with variations. George Ade once wrote: "I don't know whether we are going forward or sideways, but if youngsters think nothing happened before their time they are in error."

Add remembrances: Poking the broom straw in the cake to see how nearly it was done.

UNCOMMON SENSE

BY JOHN
BLAKE

YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM
LIFE.

You can't give your share of the country back to the Indians, no matter if you think you're not getting a square deal from the palefaces.

Neither can you run away from life.

Here you are, and here you must remain, in spite of anything you do.

But why try to run away from life, even if you get sick of it now and again? Perhaps you are not making as much money as did the Wall Street gentlemen who recently testified in Washington before a senatorial committee.

But do you think you would be any happier if you had to worry all the time about your assets and liabilities?

Probably not.

Why not take things as they come? Better them a little now and then and try to get as much out of the game as possible.

If you can get, honestly, three good meals a day, have a good comfortable bed in which to sleep, and don't owe anybody anything that you can not pay, what more do you want?

I have known rich men and poor men in my time, and the rich men did not seem to be in any better case than were the poor men. As a matter of fact, the poor men had a little edge, for they didn't have to be afraid every day that something would happen to impoverish them.

I have lived in big houses, and I have lived in small houses. But I was not any more happy, or any more unhappy, in one as in the other.

The most unhappy man I ever knew was one who was constantly moaning because he had lost some chance to fatten his pocketbook. You would think, to hear him wail, that he was only two or three jumps ahead of the wolf, when as a matter of fact he had resources to keep him well fed and well clothed till the end of his days.

The important thing for you is your happiness. Don't jeopardize it by hunting for trouble, which is always around the corner. Do your work as well as you can and determine to improve on it day by day.

Live in peace with other people. Concentrate on your own affairs. Keep your promises at par.

Sickness and trouble you can not always avoid. But you can lessen their rigors.

Above all, keep your health. You can not be happy in a hospital. Here you must stay till death releases you.

And it will not be a bad existence unless you foolishly make a hash of it.

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DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

DON'T INVITE CANCER BY EXCESS IN FOOD.

EVERY eighth man who dies between the ages of 45 and 70 is the victim of cancer. This is the statement of the American Society for Control of Cancer. And, the society adds, every fifth woman who dies between 45 and 65 is claimed by the same dread disease.



It is said there are 300,000 cases of cancer in the United States. In New York City alone are 21,000 cases.

From the statistics gathered by this organization it is concluded that 38 per cent, considerably over one-third of the deaths, are due to stomach cancer. This is the most common and most serious form.

The stomach is the most abused of the organs of the body. Men and women make a plaything of it, or perhaps I should say a playhouse. They toss into it all sorts of food and drink. They are as careless of it as a tiny baby is of its mouth.

You watch a baby a little while and you will decide that the center of gravity lies right there. Everything within reach goes to the infant's mouth. If nothing else is found, the hands go into it.

Nibble, nibble, nibble; guzzle, guzzle—the poor stomach does not have an hour to rest. Candy, cake, crackers, sandwiches, nuts; soda water, lemonade, soda pop—you know the story.

Not one of the things I have mentioned is bad for you. But, why make the poor, tired stomach work every minute? Give it a chance!

The stomach is the chief portion of an odd shaped tube running from the lips to the exit of the intestine. This tube is lined with delicate membrane. It is supplied with muscles, nerves and many blood vessels.

There are particular names given to the different portions, but in reality it is one continuous passage-way. The stomach sympathizes with and is affected by disturbances in all parts of the route. The stomach can not be healthy unless the whole digestive tract is healthy.

Slow progress of the waste material through the lower bowel permit the material to ferment. Under such conditions germ life flourishes, gases form and poisons are absorbed by the system. You have no more reason for thinking your stomach can remain normal with this stagnation than you can expect a house to be sanitary if the basement is filled with filthy and fermenting material.

The muscles, nerves and circulation of the stomach can not be up to par, unless by exercise, fresh air and sunlight you keep your whole body up to par. Your stomach is a part of your anatomy and linked up with all its other parts.

If you fail to chew your food, bolting it in huge chunks, the rough and irritating materials pass into the stomach to damage its walls and overwork its machinery. You chew splinters of wood and all sorts of indigestible things. What will they do to your stomach walls if you swallow them?

How can you expect the stomach to do otherwise than rebel against excessively hot drinks or deluges of ice water?

Think over these suggestions and see if you can not bring yourself to reform some of your habits. By so doing you may spare yourself the agonies of indigestion and guard against something worse.

Answers to Health Questions.

J. K.—Q. What can I do to stop a child of 4 from biting the finger nails?

2. What causes a child's teeth to decay easily? Does candy do this?

A. Try painting the fingers with tincture of asafoetida.

2. This condition is due to the lack of lime in the system. She should eat plenty of green vegetables, fruits, eggs and milk. Too much candy is not good for the teeth or the general health.

MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1927.

DR. COPELAND

HEALTH TALK

SOME WAYS TO AVERT STOMACH TROUBLE.

A LADY living far away asked me to write about "nervous stomach trouble." The victim, her husband, is a barber, who tires easily and suffers from belching and gas. There is pain in the stomach and great unhappiness, of course.



These symptoms, given at long range, mean little to a doctor. Why?

They may be of little importance, being merely that the sufferer does not select his food as he should. They may indicate chronic constipation, with intestinal fermentation, or they may be caused by a mouthful of bad teeth. They may mean gallstones, ulcer of the stomach, or other even more serious diseases.

Of course, the last sentence **ROYAL S. COPELAND** is disturbing. It may cause a few sleepless nights. I don't want it to mean anything except to serve as a warning to see your doctor.

If such symptoms as these described persist in spite of the ordinary measures of healing, it is time to find out what really is the matter. Whatever that may be, it is probable the right treatment will bring complete relief.

I hate to see anybody suffer from persistent stomach trouble. Heartburn, belching, bloating, distress in the stomach, vomiting and all the rest of the annoying symptoms, are enough to make a wreck of the strongest man.

"Nervous dyspepsia" is the common name for most of the cases of chronic indigestion. If the condition lasts long enough, anybody having it will be a nervous wreck.

But, of course, indigestion of this type is very unlikely to have a nervous origin. The "nervousness" is secondary.

Let me make a few comments on what to do in a case like this:

First of all, see to it that the constipation is overcome. A diet of fruit, vegetables and salads will help a lot. Drink plenty of water and reduce the intake of fats and sugar.

Never eat a second meal until the stomach is fully emptied of its contents. To this end it is just as well to eat two meals a day instead of three or four. This is important and, in itself, may be sufficient to start the victim toward recovery.

A tablespoon of mineral oil, on rising in the morning and just before retiring, will help to keep the bowels free by hastening the fecal stream. Never take cathartics or salts without medical advice.

But the best suggestion I can make is to send you to your doctor for a personal examination. Then he can outline the foods and other treatment essential to your complete recovery.

As UNCLE PANTHER Sees It

By JOHN SORRELLS.

THIS is the last column I shall write as editor of The Press. And it is at once the easiest and the hardest of the lot.

It is hard because one brings himself reluctantly to write it on his work. And since it is the last, it must of necessity, be in the nature of a farewell to those who have been patient enough and kindly enough to linger here with me each day.

It is easy because I am aware that this is the last one—that tomorrow I shall not face this chore . . . neither tomorrow nor ever after.

Ideas come easily. A multitude of things I have wanted to say—things I should have said—tumble about me. And so it is not a task—not a chore—but a thing that comes easily.

THREE years I have been here, and almost three years I have been writing a daily article appearing in this column.

They have been eventful years. And to whack it off now leaves me slightly stunned . . . a bit bewildered.

But change is the salt of life. It is the essence of life. I leave with the regret that I must end associations with persons and things which have become a part of my life—yet I would not be entirely honest if I did not acknowledge that I go to my new duties with zest . . . with lust to tackle new problems, eager to come to grips with new issues.

TO leave has its melancholy aspect in more ways than one. For when I look backward—when I cast up accounts and strike a balance—I am conscious of my own shortcomings. All is not black on the ledger.

There are my neighbors . . . whom I have resolved to visit, and didn't. There are many things left undone . . . good resolutions gone the way of so many good resolutions.

I might have given more of myself in civic enterprises. I might have taken a more active part in all phases of city building.

I have been harsh sometimes, and curt sometimes, and impatient many times. Maybe I have been a little fussy sometimes; and I have been wrong many times.

Yet I do not despair or go forth gloomy. For patient as you have been with me while I was here, I am sure you will be generous in your estimate of me when I leave.

THE Press has grown since I have been here. For that I take no credit. I have simply grown with it . . . have been swept along on the crest of a wave of growth which was inevitable.

For Fort Worth has grown and prospered, and The Press has grown and prospered with it.

I do not think I cherish any illusions about myself, or about my part in the general scheme of things. Yet it is with difficulty that one can look at these things impersonally.

And that's why, sometimes, change is good. We come to realize that the part we play is, after all, a small part.

The Press is an institution. It is a thing that will endure. And so it will be good for me to stand on the sidelines a few days and realize how perfectly this organization functions without me.

STILL, there must be a guiding hand. And I turn the wheel over to a competent, skilful pilot.

I don't know whether Ed Minter is going to talk to you as regularly as I have done, but when he has something to say to you, it will be worth hearing.

He may not talk to you in the same manner I have, but whatever your contacts with him may be, you will find him human . . . keen, enthusiastic, able.

You will come to like him. But whether you like him or not—whether you have liked me or not—you will continue to like The Press.

For we have built here with sound principles. Our house rests on solid ground.

Whether the editor's name is Smith or Jones, the ideals that editor represents remain the same.

The ideals of tolerance, of justice, of fairness, of humaneness are bigger than any one man.

The Press will improve in the future as it has in the past. For The Press is not a man, but an organization.

AND so we come to the end of the row. The plow handles have calloused my palms, and the toil has irked me many times.

Yet, looking back where I have plowed, I see a pleasant vista. It has not all been toil. There are the shade trees where I have paused to rest with good friends, the wells where I have stood and drunk of friendship.

And this vista will go with me always . . . a tender and a permanent memory of three of the best years of my life.

EVILS OF IDLENESS.

No matter what one's station in life may be, if he is habitually idle from choice his character in every direction undergoes disintegration. If he is not dependent on daily toil as a means of support he is likely to become a criminal and prey on his fellow men. If he is able to live without work he will, in all probability, become morally feeble or dangerous. Idleness is far more potent in its influence upon character than is earlier training or environment. The first a man who works may rise above; to the second he may be superior. American character is derived from ancestors who were so busy with hands and brains building a great nation that few of the corrupting and enfeebling vices of the old-world idle classes found lodgment here. As a consequence, our forefathers were a sturdy race of men and women. They may have been narrow and Puritanical, but they worked to achieve for us a country rich in resources and in safety. If idleness refines wealth it will be transmitted rapidly to those who are not wealthy, and sensuous ease or vicious crime will sap the life of the American nation.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

GLADSTONE VS. CLEVELAND.

A writer in Gunton's Magazine for May makes a remarkable contrast between two remarkable men and more remarkable conditions. Says the writer:

"Poor Mr. Gladstone, after inheriting a fortune supposed to be ample for all the needs of a gentleman, and living prudently, is obliged to signalize his retirement from the longest career as a party leader ever known by selling his library and works of art to reduce his expenses. On the contrary, our American President, after the most sudden and brief participation in party leadership which has ever crowned personal mediocrity with national disaster, reviews his short period of office-holding, to find that it has lifted him from a bachelor's flat in Buffalo into the honor of being the first to retire from the Presidency a millionaire.

Texas Finds Strange Snake.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Oct. 9.—Dr. John J. O'Reilly, temperate in habit and speech, says that while traveling the White Settlement road, he came

upon and captured an eight-inch pink snake, with sharp tail, flat head and reversed "spectacles." Its body is marked with diamond spots, it puffs like some varieties of poisoned reptiles but apparently has no fangs.

Tribute to Man's Best Friend

Editor's Note: No finer tribute was ever paid Man's Best Friend, the Dog, than Senator Vest's moving plea to a Missouri jury. In honor of National Dog Week, Sept. 18-24, The Star-Telegram reprints the tribute and the story of how it came to be delivered.

George Vest graduated from law school and left his home in Lexington, Ky., on horseback and on his way westward stopped in Sedalia, Mo., to spend a few days with relatives. Vest was asked to act as attorney for a man whose pet dog had been killed by a neighbor. His client was suing for \$250. The defendant claimed that he had shot the dog in self-defense. His lawyer put up such a good argument that it looked as though the owner of the dog would lose his case. Then Vest arose and addressed the jury as follows:

THE best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow



drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches takes wings and reputations falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without any gesture. When he had finished, judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$500. The extra \$250 was for punitive damages. This case caused George Vest to settle in Missouri. Not long afterward he was elected United States Senator and served for over 32 years.

Listen, World!

By Elsie Robinson

THEY'VE GONE SISSY.

IF IT'S the last thing I write—and the chances are fine that it will be—I'm going to say it—I BELIEVE AMERICAN MALES HAVE GONE SISSY.

This isn't a snap judgment; nor am I blowing off steam from a temporary peeve. I've spent 50 years forming this conclusion. During those 50 years I've seen plenty of males. Been daughter, sister, wife, mother to an assorted bunch of them; farmed with them, mined with them, cooked for them, written about 'em; listened to their boasts and bewailin's. And I'm still strong for the sex.

But believe me, world, it has certainly deteriorated. Strong, weather-beaten old Amazon that I am, I weep big, wet tears when I compare some of the old livery-stable and drug-store gangs of the nineties with the Luncheon Tenors of 1933!

And right here, as well I know, I'm about to lose several thousand Nice Boy Friends. All right; let 'em go. Nice Boys never were any comfort to me, anyhow.

AND I STILL INSIST THE SISSIEST SIGHT ON EARTH IS A TWO-FISTED MALE HUMAN SINGING LYRICS AT A WEEKLY LUNCHEON.

Does that include Important Citizens like Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions, etc.?

Yes, dearie, it does. It also includes Presidents, Senators, Captains of Industry—if they ever happen to get that way.

For why—with the air full of a thousand good, fighting topics, and a dozen regular heating places on every block—should anything calling itself a male herd around a bunch of fruit salad and warble ditties at high noon?

In the first place, most of them can't sing anyway. And in the second place, why in heck should they want to?

Yes, I know; they sing "America." And a hot lot of good that does America! As a matter of fact, that sort of fruit-salad patriotism is largely what ails America.

Too many tenors—that's what has us down. If our patriotic proletariat would lay off of the national anthem and wise up, instead, on Wall Street and the International Bankers, we might, maybe, see once more the America which our fathers knew.

But not a chance! All that fruit salad has gone to their heads. Why bust a banker in the eye when you can strut your stuff quite as heroically over a couple of ounces of fried chicken?

Well—I bet some day we'll be sorry. And if you think I'm kidding, you're foolish. Any nation that turns tenor as we have is headed for the cosmic dumps, pronto!

And I wonder what History will say when it surveys the remnants. Nero fiddled when Rome burned—and that was a bad day for Rome. But, at that, the old town didn't reach the lowest depths of ignominy. Nero may have fiddled—but at least the rest of the males weren't playing "musical chairs" and singing "Sweet Adeline!"

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OUR KINSHIP TO THE ANIMALS.

THE theory that man is simply a kind of animal endowed with reason and a soul has much to be said for it.

We have the same organs as animals. We have eyes and ears and a nose, like the cat and dog, and some of these faculties are much more acute in the lower animals than in ourselves. We can not see as well as the cat nor hear as well as the dog, and our sense of smell is decidedly inferior.

Our hands are manifestly a modification of the fore limbs of animals, our feet are not unlike those of a bear, and the internal organs of a man are so like those of an animal that scientists experiment upon animals to find what is good or noxious for man.

NOT only have we similar organs, but our organs function similarly to those of animals.

We have the same feelings of hunger and thirst that animals have. We fear as they do. We howl with pain, and so do they. The antics of a little child at play are very much like the actions of a kitten.

Taking the whole gamut of human exercises, our bodies function very much as do the animals'. We are not a different sort of machine placed in the world, but the same kind of an organism as we find in other forms of life about us.

ABOUT all that differentiates man from the animal is that which can not be seen. It is his soul.

As far as we know, few animals are so depressed by their mental workings that they commit suicide. And there are other distinct effects upon the physical organism by the mental status which might be mentioned.

IT seems as though the Creator selected one form of animal life and endowed it with spirit. The influence of the body upon the spirit is considerable, but it is hardly enough to account for the appearance of spirit in the first place.

At any rate, the body of man was not made from a new mold and it is distinctly akin to the rest of nature. While life exists we are always in the presence of the body to remind us that we are brothers of the other creatures who inhabit this world.

JUST how the man creature came to differ from others and how he developed a soul or spirit in the first place is unknown, but whether this spirit was evolved by natural processes or whether it was directly created by our Maker does not affect the fact that we are closely related to the rest of nature.

Man does not seem to be a different sort of being put here to dwell upon earth, but the most perfect kind of animal, and if there is any special creation about him it is his brain, or reasoning power.

He is an animal that makes fire, uses tools and engages in speech. He is also an animal that reasons. Otherwise he is a beast.

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Strange that a windshield which will magnify a tack will make a pedestrian seem even smaller.—Wall Street Journal.

"Always" doesn't seem long at all on a beautiful moonlit night.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

Bing 'Em on the Nose

BY CONGRESSMAN FRITZ G. LANHAM
(After the Poem, "Bingen on the Rhine.")

A batter of a bush league lay sighing and in tears. There was lack of fandom's shouting, there was dearth of fandom's cheers;

But a comrade stood beside him who had seen his better day, And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say. The sighing batter faltered as he took that comrade's hand And he said, "I once could soak 'em with the best ones in the land, And they used to sing my praises and my health in toasts propose; For I was born to bing 'em—to bing 'em on the nose."

"Tell my modern brother athletes when they meet to have their plays How I used to charm the cities; there were giants in those days, And we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done It was oftentimes my willow that had brought the winning run. And mid opposing pitchers were some, grown old in wars, My clouting streaks have banished to the fields of fallen stars; And some were young and suddenly beheld their league life close, For I had come to bing 'em—to bing 'em on the nose."

"Tell my mother to take comfort from some old newspaper's page Which recounts my heroism when my name was all the rage; For my father was a swatter, and even as a child My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild. And when he died and left us to divide his this and that, I let them take whatever they would, but kept my father's bat; And with boyish pride I put it in the limelight to repose Until I should grow to bing 'em—to bing 'em on the nose."

"Tell my sister not to weep for me nor sob with drooping head When the boys come trooping home again when baseball days have fled.

But to look upon them kindly and be calm and murmur not, For her brother was a player, too, and not afraid to swat. And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame, And to put the old bat in its place that conquered father's foes And with which I learned to bing 'em—to bing 'em on the nose."

"My trembling limbs grew faint and weak; my grasp seemed to relax; My eyes grew dim; I couldn't see to hit to clear the sacks. My comrades tried to hold me with the big ones, but instead I'm a batter in a bush league, and to all my loved ones dead. My sun is swiftly sinking and my day is nearly spent; My star is barely twinkling in the sporting firmament; But I have one consolation in my wailing and my woes; I once knew how to bing 'em—to bing 'em on the nose."

Man of Manhattan

By George Tucker

NEW YORK.—Have to go now. I'm leaving for New Orleans in just a few minutes, just as soon as these bags are packed . . . I'm pretty excited . . . It's been a long time since I walked down Canal Street. Almost 11 years, and that's too long.

For days now I've been thinking about crayfish, and the old French Market, and the river . . . And there are 50 things I want to do, and 50 people I want to see . . . I want to see Marguerite Clark, and Roark Bradford, and Herman Deutsch, and Lyle Saxon. I want to stroll along the old street of the dueling academies, and look in on that prize fighters' museum, and visit the Absinth House, and look at those rooms where Lafcadio Hearn wrote so movingly of New Orleans.

I want to get on a Dauphin Street car and ride to the end of the line . . . I want to see the old Napoleon House, and tiptoe through the Cathedral of St. Louis. And drink coffee in any of the 27,000 cafes and restaurants there, virginal coffee that looks like sacramental wine.

I want to see the statue of Jackson—not Andrew Jackson, but Stonewall Jackson, the one where that priest came and said those words that sad Tuesday when the statue was unveiled. You know that story, don't you? You want to hear it? They say on that day an unknown priest shuffled out of the crowd and asked permission to say a few words. And this is what he said:

"O Lord, when Thou decreed that the Confederacy should fail, it first became necessary for Thee to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson."

Those were words that Lincoln could have been proud of. I want to see that statue. I want to stand where that priest stood and say a Protestant prayer for his Catholic soul.

I want to go down to the docks at night, and smell the fruit wharves, and listen to the song of the lonesome bayous. I want to feel Spanish moss, and see cypress knees, and eat pompano with Seymour Weiss at Antoine's . . . I want to taste mayhaw jelly again . . . I'd give a dollar for one spoonful of mayhaw jelly right now . . . I want to eat muscadines and wild fox grapes and hide in a hand-made pirogue.

I want to stand in some ruined garden and smell the cape jessamines . . . And scratch my name on a magnolia leaf and watch it turn black . . . I want to eat ripe persimmons and cut myself a palmetto fan. I want to listen to a mocking bird again.

I want to visit the site of that old underground jail where the Spanish fathers practiced the Inquisition, as described by Saxon so eloquently in "Fabulous New Orleans" . . . I want to visit that part of New Orleans where Jean LaFitte held sway, as described by Hervey Allen in "Anthony Adverse."

My friends tell me I'm silly for going to New Orleans this time of year. They think I ought to wait till Fall or Winter, "because it's so hot down there."

Well, let's see how it is around here. The little agate lines on the front page of the newspapers say it is 92 today. And people here no longer breathe—they pant.

So I guess I'll be going anyway. And if it isn't hot down there I'll be mighty disappointed. I like it hot. When Summer comes I want it to be Summer.

At first I only squirmed and replied with "Is that so?" But after a time I found my own sweat-soaked prom-ises. But I was glamorous years. And I'm grate-ful I am not entitled to senile to forget them. I have both barrels, but duding them we have both barrels.

THE FAMOUS DOG SPEECH.

IN THE YEAR 1869, in the State of Missouri, a beautiful dog was shot for trespassing. His owner brought suit against the killer; the case went to five different trials, and at the last a lawyer named George Graham Vest, 38 years old, agreed to assist the dog owner's lawyer. Mr. Vest examined no witnesses and called for none on his own side; but when the pleas of the lawyers were called for, Mr. Vest rose and delivered the following impromptu speech. The members of the jury burst into tears and immediately brought in a verdict for the dog owner.



WM. LYON PHELPS

Mr. Vest afterwards became a Senator from Missouri. I saw him sitting in the Senate at Washington. He was a distinguished member of that body. He made many speeches and wrote many articles. But he will be remembered by generations yet to come because of this little speech on the dog. So many have asked for it that I reprint it here:

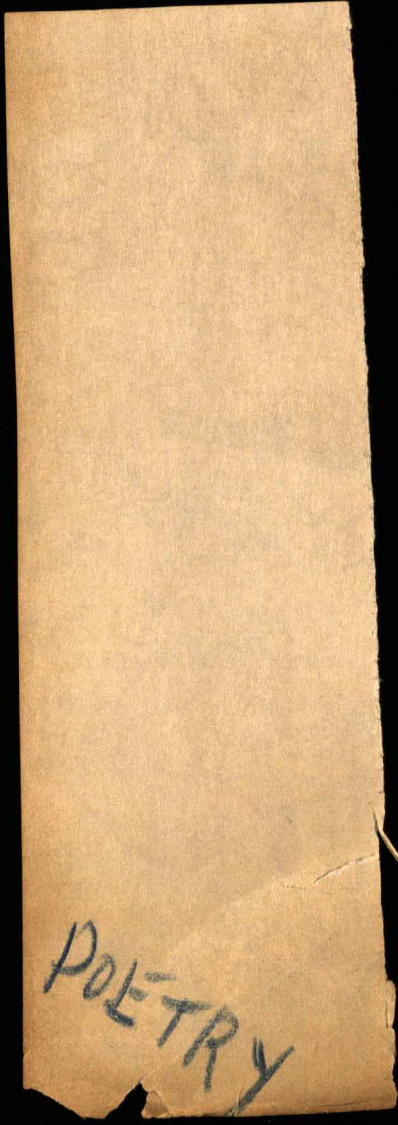
The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become an enemy. His son and daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and sickness.

He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun is in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

Those who wish to preserve it in a more substantial form may be glad to know that Edwin C. M. French of Worcester, Mass., has produced a little book called "Senator Vest: Champion of the Dog," published by the Meador Publishing Company, 27 Beach Street, Boston, Mass. It gives a brief biography of Mr. Vest, describing his 24 years of service in the U. S. Senate, and then follows the dog speech.

Tomorrow I shall give some more details about this speech, one of the most famous ever delivered in America, which is about the same length as one even more famous that everyone will remember, delivered six years earlier, in 1863.



By Elsie Robinson

DEMORALIZATION OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY.

A DRUNKEN WOMAN is the most abominable sight on earth.

A drunken child is the most pitiful. And yet, in this country, whose proudest boast is the gallantry shown its women—the wise and tender care given its children—the health of its protected homes—

In America today, family life is endangered as it is in no other civilized country.

In no other civilized country is womanhood being so debauched—or childhood so demoralized!

And this frightful condition is the work of one single agency—the Eighteenth Amendment to our Constitution.

These are terrible statements. It would be outrageous to make them if the proof were not available. But the proof is available to anyone who has the honesty and courage to face it—the columns and files of every leading American newspaper and magazine—in the surveys of all social vice agencies—in the original Wickersham report as presented to ex-President Hoover—in the police records of every hamlet and city of the United States.

In all its awful record, the old saloon never caused one tithe of the destruction of family life that has been caused by the prohibition law and our revolt against it.

That law was the most vicious thing which was ever done to America by Americans—vicious, because it was based on a fundamental disregard for American laws and guarantees.

The motive behind the Eighteenth Amendment was admirable. There was a righteous determination to smash a shameful situation. But the method chosen was not admirable.

We needed temperance in America, and we knew that we needed it. There was a growing body of opinion which would, inevitably, have enforced temperance—for we are fundamentally a decent people. But we did not need a Prohibiting Law which substituted Coercion for Conscience. And we would not have that law! So we rebelled.

And wets and dries were equally responsible for the debacle of the last 15 years.

As dries, we were responsible because we forced through a law which violated human rights.

As wets, we were responsible because we raised a riot which violated human decency.

Between us, we did things to this country which made the devils of the pre-war rowdies, hoodlums and bad men look like kindergarten games.

And of all the wreckage which we wrought, none was more tragic than our demoralization of the American Home.

But why should a political fight invade the family life?

Because that political fight put a challenge in every angry heart and a cocktail in every reaching hand.

This is an Equal Rights country. Our men and women have battled shoulder to shoulder, on every cause since the first Pilgrim mothers helped the first Pilgrim fathers fight the common Indian foe. If Dad, down at the office or the shop, "takes sides" on any question, Mom takes sides with him, and so do the kids. That is our American way of doing things, and a grand way it has been.

But that very custom brought tragedy and heartbreak upon us when Dad took sides on the Prohibition question. For Dad, facing fanaticism, became fanatical himself. Instead of trying to settle this Prohibition problem in an orderly manner, as we are trying to settle it today through an appeal to State vote, Dad fought lawlessness with lawlessness, intolerance with intolerance—and Mom fought with him.

For the first time in our history, booze became entrenched in our American homes.

The old saloon was a bad place. But, save in the slums, women and children were never permitted in the old saloons. There were "family entrances," drunken women; but the saloon itself, did not move into the family living room, and a drunken woman was a rare and terrible sight.

But when Prohibition became a national controversy—

When a cocktail became a symbol of revolution—

When it seemed actually a patriotic act to flaunt liquor in the face of fanaticism—

Then our homes went wet; our women went wanton; our children went wild.

Cockeyed reasoning? Of course it was. Uncivilized actions? Of course they were. But cockeyed intolerance and uncivilized tyranny started it. You can't sow thistles and reap violets. You can't sow lawlessness—even in the name of God—and reap lawfulness.

Wet or dry, we all ran amuck—and our homes paid for our madness.

Prohibition came at a particularly bad time, when American family life had entered upon a crucial stage. Machines had taken out of the home tasks which had kept women busy and proud; had emptied women's hands. Suffrage had placed in those empty hands new and potentially dangerous freedom and opportunities.

As a consequence, women who had to stay at home were bored and bitter. Those who took outside jobs were strained and anxious. Men were discontented.

Children were openly rebellious. The Machine Age had changed their lives, too; given them new temptations and distractions—automobiles, movies, a thousand amusements to draw them away from the home.

The War was just over, but the hysteria and license of the war were still raising Cain. Things were all at raw edges.

Then along came Prohibition, and brought all this restlessness and rebellion to a focus! Forthwith, we started on a 15 years' jag! We were bound we'd show 'em!

So we learned how to drink; how to get up stills; how to make home brew; where to find a bootlegger—a lot of bootleggers.

We were showing 'em! And where better than at Home-Sweet-Home?

What could an unhappy wife do to drown her sorrows, or a restless wife to lighten her boredom?

"Take a lil' drink!"

What could a willful girl do to prove she was a Live One?

"Take a lil' drink!"

What could a wayward boy do to prove he was a Wise One?

"Take a lil' drink!"

What could the swarms of rum runners, bootleggers, dope peddlers, white slavers, gamblers, gigolos, do to line their pockets and sustain their parasitic lives?

Give a lil' drink to the millions of restless, rebellious, booze-dazed creatures who had suddenly decided it was smart and patriotic to be sots!

So, from the intolerance of the fanatic—from the intemperance of the foolish—destruction was loosed on the American family.

By the end of 1919, the cocktail hour had replaced the children's hour—and nightly, in millions of "respectable homes," such orgies were staged by "nice" American women and American men as would have shamed the Boverly or Barbary Coast in their most degenerate days!

Wives swapping husbands—husbands swapping wives—"strip poker" parties—drinking bouts lasting till everyone "went out cold"—

While, outside, the young people went wild.

And so the utterly shameless, the incredible thing happened—we, who had crossed the ocean to rescue the war-torn little children of other lands, saw our girls coarsened and cheapened, our boys turned into criminals, because we, who were older and wiser, could not settle our differences as civilized and controlled human beings should.

Nor will the terrible consequences of this outrage be removed if we repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and regain our normal, decent American attitude toward intemperance. The blight of those 15 years will last till death—on shamed women who can not retrace their foolish steps; on desperate men who lost more than they ever can regain; on pitifully wronged children who were thrust into the gutter in our insane riot.

"Whosoever offendeth one of these, My little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the depths of the sea!"

May He who thundered those words beside Galilee forgive us for our crime against this generation, whom we led astray!

And may He hasten the return of all of us—foolish Wets or fanatical Dries—back to a common concept of a united fight for American Decency!

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By Elsie Robinson

BREAKDOWN OF RESPECT FOR LAW.

REMEMBER WHEN FOLKS used to say,

"Don't monkey with Uncle Sam!"

Sounds funny now, doesn't it? Like the old "Boogie Man" threat with which nurses once scared naughty children.

If you're under 20, you'll find it hard to believe that Americans ever felt that way about their country; that they lived in wonder and awe of their Federal Government. Yet they did!

Uncle Sam wasn't just a name then—a silly old name that you and your bootlegger outsmarted with every snickering cocktail. Fifty years ago; 30, even 20, Uncle Sam was a power.

As terrible as thunder in his wrath—

As swift as lightning in his pursuit—

As sure as death in his punishment!

You might fool your mother and dad; kid the village cop; even be slick enough to outwit the state officials. But you couldn't monkey with your Uncle Sam! God help you if you tried!

"Don't monkey with Uncle Sam!"

When did you first hear that? Was it the time old Si Smith tried to pass that bad dollar bill—and the quiet stranger dropped into town and began asking questions?

You wondered what it was all about. Why was old Si in trouble? Wasn't one dollar bill as good as another?

Then the folks told you about Washington, about counterfeiting, about federal laws and federal officers.

It was all so new and amazing! You had never heard of counterfeiting, or federal laws or officers. You'd hardly heard of Washington. But swiftly it took form before your little mind—

That great, protecting "big father"

Force, so wise, so powerful, so terrible if defied!

And suddenly you realized America! Felt vaguely—with wonder and terror, with delight and young, strutting pride—what it meant to be an American! And all life seemed changed. Everything looked different.

The stamps in your stamp album looked different. Those stamps belonged to your Uncle Sam.

(Don't monkey with Uncle Sam!)

The school flag looked different. Everyday you had saluted that flag; made meaningless mumbles—

"Ipledglejenctomflgntocontrefrwhichtstands."

But now that mumble meant something. Now it meant that that flag—that you, yourself—belonged to Uncle Sam.

"Don't monkey with your Uncle Sam!" It was a threat—a song—a boast!

Deep in your heart, in that warm niche where you kept the realization of your Mother and Dad and God, a fourth deity now appeared—a looming wonder that was America!

Now you understand why Mother's eyes were wet when the First Grade sang "Oh, say, can you see?—Why Dad's eyes shone when the bugles called—

And when that strange and terrible word "War!" went waiving over the world in 1898, you understood also why your Cousin Jim sailed so willingly to die.

"My country 'tis of thee
"Sweet land of liberty—"

Now you knew what "country" meant; what liberty meant—the joy of it, the pride of it, the terror of it. Listening at your mother's knee to the tale of old Si Smith and his bad dollar bill—

You met America. You became an American!

Are your eyes wet as you read this? Mine are, as I write it. And I'm not ashamed. If I could not weep over the sweetness and sincerity of those old days, and over the shame of these new days, I would feel myself indeed lost.

But you, who have only known America within these last 20 years, can not understand those tears, can you?

"What's all the fuss about?" you ask. "Why the Whoopee over Uncle Sam? Federal Government? It's a flat tire! Yes, it can catch up with counterfeiter. Nobody loves a counterfeiter, anyway. But what could it do about prohibition? When we wanted to drink, we drank, didn't we? 'You can't monkey with Uncle Sam?' Don't make me laugh!"

That's what you, in your young cynicism, are saying, isn't it?

And you're right!

This shameful, tragic thing you are saying is the truth!

And may God forgive us older ones for ever letting it become the truth!

For we should have handed this country on to you as we received it, consecrated by the blood of our fighting fathers, hallowed by the prayers of our loyal mothers, still glorious with the radiance of that first dream of liberty and equality, terrible with that first righteous anger against all injustice and indecency.

"Don't monkey with Uncle Sam!"

That wasn't a "blues-song" when we first heard it.

It was a covenant!

It was a creed!

It was a curse!

It was the noblest guarantee, the fiercest threat in our American code.

And we have made a snickering sneer of it; a drooling toast for every speakeasy sot!

In the last 15 years we have broken down that respect for federal authority which it took nearly 150 years—and the struggles and sacrifices of millions of heroic men and women—to build.

The youngster of today has more respect and admiration for the current crooner, tennis champ or movie comedian than he has for Uncle Sam—more faith in the power of the leading racketeers, kidnapers and gangsters than he has for the Federal Government!

And it is our fault, yours and mine!

We did this thing when we tacked the Eighteenth Amendment on to the Constitution of the United States, and then proceeded to make a mockery of that amendment by breaking it—and dasting Uncle Sam to stop us.

Wets and Dries were equally to blame for this demoralization. Both camps were utterly lawless.

It was utterly lawless to force through a law which violated human rights.

It was utterly lawless to raise a revolt which violated human decency.

We made a monkey of Uncle Sam!

We made a law no government could possibly have enforced upon a people of our character. We raised a riot no government could have controlled. That law outraged our most private principles. That riot invaded our most private homes.

And today our demoralized homes, our wayward children, our hell of organized vice, reflect that breakdown of federal authority which the Dries started in the name of God—and the Wets finished in the name of liberty!

Every evil condition in America today is directly traceable to this outrageous law and our equally outrageous rebellion against it.

But there never yet was a hole deep enough to keep America down!

We have always managed to climb out some how. We can. We will. We are climbing out now. We are now doing the thing we should have done 15 years ago. We are doing away with the law which started the whole debacle. One by one the States are voting down the Eighteenth Amendment.

And then what? Will we once more respect ourselves and the country which we have made? Will there once more be teeth in that warning: "Don't monkey with Uncle Sam?"

We will—and there will be.

For one does not undo, even in 15 years of warring and wallowing, a national character so dearly bought, so firmly established.

We are a decent people. We have built a great country. We love that country. We are proud of its might. We rejoice in that pride—in that might.

We have forgotten those simple truths for 15 frantic years—but we have not destroyed them. Now we are coming back—bringing our children back and driving our derelicts back—to that noble vision of Power and Righteousness which was our heritage.

We have monkeyed too long with Uncle Sam! Once more, we will restore America's glory and power!

Can it be restored?

The man who doubts it is a fool!

The State that refuses to help is a renegade!

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THINK IT OVER

BY H. C. STANSIFER

IT seems that nature built us to keep our eyes open and our mouths shut.

HEALTH ADVICE

BY DR. LOUIS BISCH

Causes for Not Making Friends.

Boys and girls crave companionship. So do men and women.

An instinctive urge drives us to live where others live, to see them and be near them even if we do not actually associate with them.

Therefore, our cities are growing larger and larger while our country districts are left sparsely settled.

Yet there are hundreds of people who crave companionship and in fact could have it for the asking, but who remain miserably lonely for all that.

These are the timid, seclusive types that one finds even in the great centers of population. They are driven to where others congregate, but they lack that "something" to break the ice and make friends.

Self-consciousness is one of the causes.

Especially among women is it to be found and, when present, it may amount to actual mental torture.

Such people blush and feel nervous when anyone approaches them even in a friendly manner. They harbor ideas that they are not wanted or that others invite them out merely to take pity on them.

Usually a considerable degree of self-depreciation goes with self-consciousness.

Those harassed by it are forever calling themselves names, are accusing themselves of not being good looking, or knowing how to dress or how to behave in company.

Usually they blame it on lack of personality—as if personality were not an asset which anyone can develop if only he tries and puts his mind to it.

Feelings of "not belonging" or of not being as good as the other fellow are also frequent reasons for not making friends.

All of which, of course, is only a variant of that familiar "inferiority complex" we hear so much about.

Persons who do not readily win friends will tell you that they think too much, that they introspect too much.

The trouble is not that these unfortunates analyze their own character, but rather that they do not know how to do it.

The right kind of self-analysis never did anyone any harm. In fact, it is the greatest character and personality builder in existence.

But the truth is that the kinds of individuals I am writing about stop short at a certain place in their study and probing of the inner self. They stop when the probe hurts!

This is because, mixed up with all inferiority ideas of whatever variety, there goes a certain amount of self-pity.

They say, in effect, "Yes, it is true that I am this and that, deficient in this and that—but!" And the but carries with it excuses aplenty, letting them down easy.

If we actually would face facts about ourselves fearlessly and unflinchingly we would also take the next step—that is, the step toward correction of the fault.

But halfway measures will not do.

Anybody can make friends if he wants to, for every human being possesses desirable and lovable qualities which appeal to somebody at least.

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A Cure for Love.

Take 12 ounces of dislike, one pound of resolution, two grains of common sense, two ounces of experience, a large spring time and three quarts of the cooling water of consideration, set them over the gentle fire of love, sweeten it with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim with the spoon of melancholy, put in the bottom of your heart, cork with cork of clear conscience, let it remain, and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses. Again, these things can be had of the apothecary, at the House of Understanding, next door to Reason, on Prudence street, in the village of Contentment. Love has no middle term; it will either save or destroy. This prescription can be easily filled by any one whose love is great.—N. D. Johnson in Columbia (Miss.) New Light.

—The coffee bean in its original state is almost as hard as the stone of a cherry.

BAER FACTS

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

IT DOESN'T MAKE CENSUS.

SOME of the questions you will be asked by the census grabber:

Name, if any? Are you related to your family? How old do you think you should be under favorable circumstances? Can you read or write, or both?

If you are married what is your native language when you are listening? If you are a gainful worker, who's got your job?

Who supports you since you decided that you knew more than your old man?

Is there a radio set in your home? Is there a stopper in your bathtub or do you use your big toe?

Did you vote wet or dry in the poll of the Literary Digest? And what of it?

Were you disappointed in a hero when Grover Whalen didn't wear his high hat in the Union Square riots? Is your husband's insurance made out in your name or do you love him?

At the time you were born what was your business? If Cal Coolidge is no longer President why doesn't he pull in his neck?

Why do our diplomats go to London when Coney Island is so much closer? Were you in the Army during the war, or did you know a Congressman?

If you got a political job in Albany could you poison a pigeon? Did you ever have a Morris chair that lasted longer than the instalments?

What was your sex on your last birthday? Color? Married, single, divorced, optimistic, or do you live on a farm?

Can you speak enough English to get out of the subway at Grand Central? Were you actually at work yesterday or do you belong to so many benefit lodges that you bruise very easily?

Do you save string? Did a revenue agent ever strike oil in your cellar?

Are you a veteran of the Army or the Navy or did you run between them? How many times did you vote before you learned to read and write? Who is the Vice President of the United States and what has become of him?

Can you see America and watch a taximeter without getting cross-eyed? Who talked you out of taking your paper profits?

Who is your nearest living relative when you are making home brew? What do you do with your knees in a rumble seat?

If you studied music who earns your living?

Will the Einstein theory stop a run in a stocking?

These are but a few of the most important questions in the census. You must fill them all out. But that doesn't mean anything, because the Census Bureau is liable to turn down your application.

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BAER FACTS

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

THE BUG ATTENDS THE OPERA.

The first performance of the Metropolitan Opera Works indicates that the styles in singers have not changed.

The coloratura sopranos are still balloon tires of the musical world. We have always thought that Marion Talley went back to the farm to fatten up.

We do not know why a diva of the prima donna sex must weigh 200 pounds in her high-heeled stockings. Unless she requires the extra poundage to out-sing her press agent.

The bassos are also the same old 1903 model with eyebrows like the hanging gardens of Babylonia.

There has been no radical switch in the baritones whose Adam's Apples still continue to run the scale of vertical harmony.

Wall Street and opera was merged by Otto Kahn, the sweet singing banker. We do not know whether Otto has an ear for music or an eye for wholesale television.

The most impressive feature of grand opera is the opening kick-off.

It is then that you hear 100 trick violinists banging away on musical saws while the chorus escorts the prima donna to the footlights.

When the chorus pulls the leading lady downstage she looks like a Zepp with her ground crew.

She gargles a few arias in nothing flat. There are my lyrics in grand opera.

The whole thing is sung in cipher.

We would rather hear Franklin Bauer or Rudy Vallee on the radio than look on and wonder which one of the prima donna's chins has the musical education.

The only reason we attended the opera was that we had decided to become a social upstart this Winter and start life all over again in the Spring.

Still, it is educational as well as noisy. We don't understand French, German or Italian. And the only thing we know about the language of flowers is that bouquets cost six dollars.

Society didn't tumble to our presence among their midst. Snubbing reached some new low levels.

Now we know what it feels like to be a nail in the Diamond Horseshoe.

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BAER FACTS

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

POLISHING THE OLD BRASS RAIL.

THE LAW not only splits a hair but it gives each half a permanent wave.

The revenue posse tracked the uncertain and staggering footprints of a franchised citizen of Staten Island and deposited him neatly and correctly in a government detention camp.

His mouthpiece prepared to defend him to the last drop. The D. A. insisted that the free and unequal citizen ran a speakeasy, a place where the language of flowers is divided into whispering petals.

"It was a speakeasy," said the D. A. "It had a bar."

"Nope, not a bar," replied the mouthpiece, "a counter."

"Was there a brass rail before the counter?" asked the presiding judge, whose mind up to this time had been gathering wool for a Santa Claus beard.

He was saturated with negatives. There was no brass rail before the counter.

"Then we will call it a counter," said the Judge, whose reminiscences were authoritative and concise. "I fine the prisoner \$150 for possessing intoxicating liquors."

Without the sounding of brass rails, the clashing of pint cymbals, no fleabag or deadfall can hope to attain the illicit dignity of a bar in the Fifth Congressional District.

Yet, we remember many oldtime glittering and polished webs which did not have brass rails to guide the faltering brogans and round heels of patrons errant.

If the Judge had cared to pursue his technical studies a little deeper and wetter, he could have insisted on mirror landscaping painted with stale beer and Epsom salts.

Also a richly framed lithograph that could have been the Aurora Borealis in the moulting season or a soap manufacturer's idea of Custer's Last Fight.

In order to make it an official bar there should have been a tapestry of interwoven sawdust. In the real, old bars the sawdust was so thick that customers had to use snow shovels to rescue a bum at the free lunch counter.

Nothing was said about the free lunch. If there were no pickles, no herring, no red beets, no onions and no bologna, then it was not a bar. If there was no towel swinging at half mast for the barflies to polish up their celluloid cuffs and no demitasse of cloves to sweeten up a swamped breath, then the very essentials of neat and careful housekeeping were lacking.

Also a framed manuscript testifying that this was the first dollar bill taken in over the mahogany. And a barkeep with rheumatic wrists gleaned from spasmodic plungings into the trough. An old-time barkeep was a male laundress who was an artist in washing a glass without cleaning it.

There were many things essential to bardom that the judge overlooked in his hasty treatise. Some day we hope to meet the judge and compare diplomas.

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HEALTH ADVICE

BY DR. LOUIS BISCH

How to Choose in Marriage.

The marriage problem! And what a problem!

The problem of a correct choice in marriage is second to none that either man or woman has to face.

Select the right life partner and half your battles are already won!

Pick out the wrong person for a husband or wife and you start with a handicap that hampers every move you make.

Does such a thing as a happily married couple really exist these days?

Listen to those unfortunately mated and you'll say no!

But ask those who are happy, who love their homes, their children and each other! Ten to one they will recommend marriage so loudly that it will "split your ears!"

When you marry you are taking upon yourself a responsibility that is second to none. Be careful lest your feelings or your sentiment run away with you. Reason things out, consider all pros and cons. Think of every side of the question.

The person you have fallen in love with may not necessarily make a good wife and mother, or husband and father.

In other words, watch yourself and your reactions!

Be sure, for one thing, that you have thought carefully of all your favored one's shortcomings.

Never marry until you know your partner-to-be as thoroughly as possible. Slight acquaintance and short engagements have led to many disasters.

Don't let wealth, social standing, even culture and refinement influence your choice.

All these are fine, of and by themselves, but to have them without love will never counter-balance the tortures of being forced to live intimately with what amounts to a stranger.

Try always to make your love be pure, free and ennobling!

It is love you feel when your heart is so entwined with another that you believe you can not conceive of life without that other.

It is real, genuine love when mutual attraction merges into admiration and companionship—mutual helpfulness—mutual bliss to be united in sorrow as well as in gladness!

Then, as a final test, ask yourself whether you feel for your beloved the same depth of adoration and idealism that you feel for your mother and father.

And note what Elizabeth B. Browning has written:

"I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears, of all my life—and if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death!"

This is one of the finest and truest and most beautifully expressed of all the self-analyses of love.

It is really easy to fall in love. But such love often means but a passing infatuation built upon the shifting sands.

If you find yourself easily attracted to various members of the opposite sex—whether you be man or woman—better wait before you marry until your fickleness has subsided.

It may be easy to obtain a divorce these days but no divorce leaves the parties concerned entirely unscathed. Marriage changes one. Divorce does too.

Never, never, jump quickly into marriage.

McIntyre's New York Day by Day

NEW YORK—More and more are established writers in New York seeking adventures in serenity elsewhere. Greenwich Village, once a haven for scribblers, has few illustrious left on its roster. Gramercy Park, another rendezvous, is almost desolate of literati.

All sorts of writing colonies are burgeoning along the Connecticut countryside, where so many are finding residential escape from the extraordinary burdensome state income tax laws of New York. Recently Frederic F. Van de Water, long city-bound, burst from his cocoon.

He, like Faith Baldwin and hundreds of others, went back to the land, bought an old Colonial house to refurbish, and thrilled to fixing it up. He happened to like a strip of land near Brattleboro, Vermont, and in taking it over struck "pay dirt" with the first swing of the pick.

That is, he found material for a magazine piece on the feud between Rudyard Kipling and his brother-in-law that made a big payment on the house. And then he sat down and wrote an excellent book on his experience in finding a home in the country.

Newspapermen who journey to Washington, as well as those stationed there, have a genuine affection for Vice President John Garner. He is a rare combination of garrulity and tact. He will talk on any subject at length, but afterward the reporters find that on important questions he has told them nothing. He likes a good story, even a ribald one, and has plenty on tap himself of the sort that crackle with the drawling wit of the Texas pampas.

Will Rogers, who should know, used to say that one of the keenest wits in America was Bassett Blakely, of Houston, a rancher. Blakely, wiry, leather tanned, saddle bowed and with a prairie squint, has a sense of humor as dry as the native alkali, and his stories always convulsed Irvin Cobb and Paul Whiteman on their visits to Houston. A college man and sharp trader, he professed to be unable to read or write and talked in the idiom of the ranch house. But

when necessary he could discuss any topic intelligently.

A group of the Palace Sunday night vaudeville fans eddied into the back-waters of one of those boring teas the other afternoon and to stifle the ennui began to formulate the ideal two-a-day program out of the haloed past. Finished, it ran somewhat like this: Opening March, "Caesar's Triumphal." Overture: Victor Herbert's "Al Fresco." Act 1: Long Tack Sam and company, Chinese acrobats. Act 2: Bert Fitzgibbons, the original daffodil. Act 3: Harry Fox and Yanci Dolly. Act 4: Herb Williams, "Hark, hark hark!" Act 5: Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. Act 6: Melville and Higgins, Rube comedy-duo. Act 7: Sarah Padden in "The Clod." Act 8: George Whiting and Sadie Burt. Act 9: James Barton. And for the closing, the Zonelli Indian Club Swingers. Yet in skimming over the lineup we have left out many favorites. For instance: Chap Chip and Mary Marble, Nat Wills, tramp comedian, Julius Tucker, Mabel Hite, Collins and Hart, comedy acrobats, Eddie Leonard, the minstrel, Blossom Seeley and Benny Field and, Oh, yes, almost forgot, Marshall P. Wilder, and Marshal Montgomery.

Many interior decorators took in depression slack by decorating bars. In new order of decoration every bar must be distinctive to attract trade. El Morocco hit a high note with its zebra striped divans and the Stork Club with its pink and black tones. The artist who has decorated most of the fancy bars is Vernon MacFarlane. A survey shows that lighting effects which have been the most flattering to women have resulted in the greatest success. Bars used to strive for appeal solely to masculinity—but things change. Mercy Sakes Alive, how they change!

A button-nosed nipper in the park, manning one of those spurt up drinking fountains along a meander of the park today gave the dog and me a peach of a spraying as we passed. I went on, madder than the proverbial went hen, but I'd like to turn back the years and have my turn at the spraying. At heart, always the squirt!

"THE AGE OF YOUTH AND THE YOUTH OF AGE"

The twenties are the molding years of the life when the young man forms those habits that shall direct his career. Then he finishes his school work and looks the world in the eye.

The thirties are the years of discouragement. It is a hard and trying time, it is the time of battle without the poetry and dream of youth.

The forties are the years of vision, when a man finds himself, finishes his castles in the air and knows the value of his dreams.

Life comes to its ripening in the fifties. These should be the years of jubilee and best works.

At sixty a man has committed enough mistakes to make him wise far above his juniors. He should live better and do better work than in any decade of his life. No man has a right to retire in the sixties; the world has need of his wisdom.

Some of the best work in the world is done in the seventies. No man has a right to retire at any age unless he wishes to die.

1 1 1
"Robert George."

W'EN A FELLER IS OUT OF A JOB

All nature is sick from her heels to her hair

W'en a feller is out of a job;

She is all out of kilter an' out of repair

W'en a feller is out of a job.

Ain't no juice in the earth an' no salt in the sea,

Ain't no ginger in life in this land of the free,

An' the universe ain't what it's cracked up to be,

W'en a feller is out of a job.

W'at's the good of blue skies an' blossomin' trees

W'en a feller is out of a job;

W'en yer boy hez large patches on both of his knees,

An' a feller is out of a job?

Them patches, I say, look so big to yer eye

That they shet out the lan'scape an' cover the sky,

An' the sun can't shine thru 'em the best it can try,

W'en a feller is out of a job.

W'en a man has no part in the work of the earth,

W'en a feller is out of a job,

He feels the whole blunderin' mistake of his birth

W'en a feller is out of a job.

He feels he's no share in the whole of the plan,

That he's got the mitten from Natur's own hand,

That he's got the mitten from Natur's own hand,

A CITY OF STRANGERS.

A CLERGYMAN, taking the customary weekly slam at New York, refers to it as a city of strangers. It is an intriguing title. It suggests many interesting thoughts. The first is: Is New York worse than other cities in this respect?

There is unquestionably a difference between a metropolis and a small town in their attitude toward strangers. In the average small town everyone knows that a stranger has arrived and speculates upon his or her business. This is always irritating to a sensitive stranger. It reflects the vulgar curiosity of idle minds.

The bigger the city, the less attention is paid to strangers. The average dweller in New York, London or Paris does not even know that two or three hundred thousand strangers have arrived.

TO be sure, a stranger may feel very lonely in a big city. Surrounded, as Byron says, by "the hum, the crowd, the shock of life," he may still feel himself out of all sympathetic touch with his neighbors. But is this not frequently true of life in even the smallest town? And when it is true, is not the sensation more bitter and depressing?

After all, if you are lonesome in a big city, you can go to many places where, at least, you will see humanity and enjoy the same spectacles of plays and pictures and sports which the crowd enjoys. But in a small place with nothing but a little moving picture theater, one dance hall, and a couple of churches with uninspiring ministers, what resource has a stranger?

In such a place, to be without friends and to possess none of those resources of the mind which lift one above one's surroundings, comes close to being torture.

YET—who is the stranger? What is he? Wherein does he differ from the acquaintance or, even, the friend?

There are many people of the middle-class mind who, when they have slapped each other on the back and called each other by their first names, consider themselves friends. On the other hand, here is a woman in New York who lived with her husband for 12 years and mingled with many people who looked upon her as a friend. It now turns out that, for two years, she had a cheap lover and that, together, they killed her husband in the most brutal, fiendish and unbelievable way in which a poor husband was ever destroyed.

Was not this woman a stranger even to her husband?

WE can not peer into the heart of man. We can not judge the soul by the face. Even protestations of friendship and affection may be insincere.

Why not have more respect for the stranger? Why should not a city of strangers be a rather nice place to live in?

All decent people like a decent reserve in others. Those who wear their hearts upon their sleeves, as the phrase goes, usually have weak hearts. Real love and real friendship are wonderful things in life. But, until they come to one, why not be content with kindness and courtesy and sympathy? If you approach people, in large cities or small, with those qualities within yourself, you will nearly always behold the same qualities in those people.

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As Others View It

BACK TO ADAM.

WE'RE headed back toward Father Adam. We've climbed just about as far as nature intended; we're pausing with feet on the top-most rung of the ladder, and there isn't any way to go now but backward, back to where we started from. It has been a long, devious road, that road leading from the Garden of Eden to here, and we've been a good long time negotiating it. But now that the end of the trail has been reached and there is nothing to do but turn around and go back the going ought to be much easier. It is always easier going down hill. The evolution of man has been halted by his own civilization. We are at a standstill.

If you are inclined to disagree, and if you are optimistic enough to believe there is no end to the road over which the human race has traveled since its first members received notice to dispossess the premises that had been so generously allotted them, take up your argument with Edwin Grant Conklin, head of the department of biology of Princeton University. He is responsible for the statement that we are going back to Adam. "Since the beginning of recorded history," he states, "there have been few and wholly minor changes in the body of man, and those changes have been mainly degenerative."

He points out that the little toe has grown smaller, and that the great toe has grown larger; that teeth have decreased in size and in strength, and that there has been a general lowering of the perfection of sense organs. Under conditions of civilization, he contends, there has been a less rigid elimination of physical imperfections than in a state of barbarism or savagery. He declares there has been no noticeable progress in the intellectual capacity of man in the last 2,000 or 3,000 years. "Even in the most distant future," asserts the man of learning, "there may never appear greater geniuses than Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Newton and Darwin."

Like all who happen along to alarm their fellows, this man offers no relief. He apparently doesn't feel that eugenics can accomplish anything in the way of leading once more to progressive evolution. He merely says we are as far as we can go, and that we are now headed back toward Adam and Eve. But isn't it possible the professor has been burning midnight oil over a modern fashion magazine instead of a textbook on biology?—The Dayton News.

EXERCISE.

HERE is something really worth thinking about. Dr. Charles M. Wharton, who is in charge of health and physical education in the University of Pennsylvania, and who supervises sports and gymnasium work and all that sort of thing, and who has trained men for 30 years, makes the following statements:

"Reducing and starvation diets are assaults on health. The latest fad in the name of physical culture is the early morning exercise by radio, as it selects the worst time of the day for heavy exercise."

"Some one should cry a halt against this wild scramble for health by unnatural means. The indiscriminate adoption of severe physical training destroys the health of more people than it improves."

"I know I am presenting an unpopular viewpoint, and it may sound strange, coming from a physical director."

Yes, Doctor, such a viewpoint is unpopular. The country has gone crazy on the subject of sports, athletics and exercise. But your views will sound strange only to those who do not think.

It is the highest duty of all men and women to look carefully after their health. Without health life is a pretty dreary affair, dreary not only for the sufferer but also for those around him. The preservation of health depends upon the care which is taken of the body. The body needs exercise as a supplement to good food, good drink, good air and good habits. Omit any of these four ingredients and all the exercise in the world can not accomplish any good.

By avoiding fried meats and fish, soggy breads and puddings, ice cream, ice water, cold milk or any other drink that chills the lining of the stomach, you show respect for your stomach—your best friend. By breathing as much outdoor air as you can, you show respect for your lungs and heart. And by going to bed early and rising early and enjoying as much of sunlight as is possible, you show respect for your body and your Maker.

In addition to all this it is good if the body bestirs itself. Some form of exercise is essential. Many are beneficial. The best exercise in all the world is to walk idly along a country road for two or three hours a day. If you can not do that, a city park or a city street afford the best alternative.

The unconscious exercises of horseback riding, of driving a car or even of riding and bouncing up and down in a car, are beneficial. Mowing a lawn, weeding a garden—anything you do on a farm—rowing, skating, playing croquet or golf, all those afford exercise which does good and exacts no after payment for damage.

To attempt to develop every muscle of the body is foolish. No intelligent person who has the faintest idea how many muscles the body has and what their uses are has ever attempted such folly. Still, you find many fools who feel that a flabby muscle is a sign of weakness or ill-health.

We have innumerable muscles in our toes. These same muscles in a monkey are wonderfully developed. Even Jack Dempsey couldn't hold on to a branch of a tree by his toes. But there is the Armless Wonder in the circus who can sign his name with his toes.

Those lads who go in for hundred-yard dashes or hurdle races are merely hurting their health. Their exercise strains their heart. Remember always that your heart keeps books and knows just how much you have overdrawn.

The elderly fat men who flock to the dusty, sweat-laden air of a gymnasium and swing Indian clubs and raise dumb-bells until they drip with perspiration, are merely profligates drawing checks on their account with Nature. Some day they may overdraw.

Mechanical exercise of any kind does little good. Exercise should be gentle, natural, easy-going and devoid of exertion or struggle.

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The SPECTATOR

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

THE BEST SAUCE.

HAVE you no appetite? Would you like to have your food allure you?

Do you want to come to your meals with a keen relish and enjoy the flavor of what you eat?

I can recommend to you just the thing that will do it. It is not some sauce, it is not some Dr. Somebody's pill, nor is it a certain regimen. It is the simplest thing in the world. It is simply to go without meals and to get hungry.

You need not fear that your health will be endangered. Few people starve to death.

STARVATION or fasting is not only a spiritual remedy of some repute, but its physical advantages are too often overlooked.

I was taken to the hospital some years ago, threatened with blood poisoning in my foot. The doctors decided to cut off my right leg. Afterward they thought that perhaps by cutting off only my foot my life could be saved. The final opinion prevailed that they would just let the foot alone and see what would happen.

All they did to me was to make me stop eating. For 10 days I lived upon water and black coffee. At the end of that time they began feeding me a little lettuce and spinach. The foot got well. They simply tried the experiment of cutting off all my intake of food, and the human machine righted itself.

YVONNE D'ARLE, for five years with the Metropolitan Opera Company, says she has discovered a use for hunger.

She believes in eating for flavor as well as for nourishment, and that an epicurean taste is possible only when we forego a meal occasionally and allow ourselves to get really hungry. Thus a meal becomes a pleasure rather than a mere habit. She frequently cuts herself down to two meals a day and sometimes to one.

Miss d'Arle's recipe is one to be recommended. At least it is not dangerous.

"Perhaps the most glorious page of American military history in this war" is the way the Associated Press correspondent at the battle front describes the baptism of fire of the Texas and Oklahoma boys of the Thirty-sixth Division in the Champagne battle.

That is high and enthusiastic praise, but the sober words of the commander of the Twenty-first French Army Corps, General Naul, validate it. "Although being under fire the first time," he said, in publicly recognizing their gallantry, "the young soldiers of General Smith, rivaling in their combative spirit and tenacity the old and valiant regiments of General Lejuene, accomplished all the tasks set for them."

All over Texas and Oklahoma this news was received with the exclamation: "We knew they would do it." And we did know, of course, that they would do their full duty. But we should not detract from their present glory by saying that we knew that they would be cited in orders the first time they went under fire. We knew our boys would measure up with the best of them once they got the hang of how things were done in France. But we did not expect to have a French general publicly declare after their first time in action that they conducted themselves like valiant French veterans who have met the Huns on dozens of battlefields and vanquished them. It is splendid. It is the kind of thing that one expects to happen only in novels.

There is hardly a town in Texas and Oklahoma that is not represented in the Thirty-sixth Division. Before America entered the war these boys were our National Guardsmen—our tin soldiers, if you please. When the order came to increase the Texas and Oklahoma guard to war strength, men who had never had any thought of becoming soldiers were commissioned by the Governors of the two States to recruit new men. New companies were formed of young fellows, most of whom could not salute an officer properly—clerks, grocery delivery boys, young fellows from the various trade, farmer boys, book-keepers—in fact, young men from every walk of life. They were just ordinary young fellows when they joined, but every one of them wanted to do what he could to help destroy the Prussian menace.

We folks here in Fort Worth saw these boys arrive in camp, the bulk of them little better than raw recruits. They lived with us for many months. And we got to know them pretty well. We saw them develop under General Greble's leadership from raw recruits to mighty good looking soldiers. Finally the day came for a general review of the division through the streets of Fort Worth. That was a great day in our town, and we shall never forget it. The boys' folks came from every corner of the two States to watch them march by. It was the finest sight any of us had ever seen. We all thought so then, and we know it now. The verdict was that the Thirty-Sixth Division—the Panthers—would do. "The world will hear from those boys when they get into action," we said. And, of course, we meant it. But really we didn't mean then that they would set the wires humming the very first time they went into action. We did not expect that the conservative Associated Press would refer to their first battle as "the most glorious page of American military history in this war."

Many of us will recall the impatience of the men as week after week and month after month passed, and still they received no orders to move. News came from France of men of the National Army going under fire, and here was a body of men who were in camp before the draft law was passed still without orders. If ever men "itched to get at the Germans" surely the men of the Thirty-sixth were such men. To speak the plain truth a lot of them were good and mad. They began to ask whether or not they were getting a square deal.

But finally the order came and they left us. And now comes the first real news about them. Well, they've more than made good. The whole world knows about the Thirty-sixth Division today, for the news of their exploit and the public recognition given it by General Naul has been sent broadcast.

Will the folks back home—the people of Texas and Oklahoma—back up boys like that? You can bet they will. The success of the Fourth Liberty Loan proves it, and between now and the end of the year they are going to prove it again by putting over the War Savings drive in a fashion that will leave no doubt as to how they feel about those boys.

Like Our Thoughts

Every day we are becoming more like our thoughts. If they are mean and selfish, we cannot prevent ourselves from becoming so. If they are unclean and evil, our character and conduct will inevitably be shaped by them. It is true that as a man "thinketh in his heart, so he is."

As Charles Kingsley says: "Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose, on earth or in heaven either."

And on the other hand, loving thoughts will produce loving acts, and a generous, kindly way of regarding others in our own minds will bring us to a generous, kindly treatment of them in daily life.—Pentecost Herald.

TRACY SAYS—

Like every other movement for personal purification by law, prohibition is opposed to the principles of democracy.

By M. E. TRACY

NEW YORK, March 11.—Hope of the dry has been reduced to the possibility that 13 states can be depended on to block any change in the 18th Amendment. It is a thin hope.

Sentiment for repeal has become so strong as to make it doubtful whether the dries can depend on more than half a dozen states three or four years hence.

Meanwhile, Congress possesses ample power to liberalize the Volstead Act.

The fact that dries still control Congress should not be taken too seriously.

Eventually Congress will be brought into line with public opinion for the very simple reason that public opinion can bring it into line.

Afraid of Vote

THE 13-state idea reveals prohibition in its true light.

It rests, and always has rested on the stubborn attitude of an organized minority. It is, and always has been, afraid of popular votes. It operates, and always has operated, on the rule or ruin theory.

Like every other movement for personal purification by law, prohibition is opposed to the principles of democracy. It cares nothing about majorities as long as it can retain the statutes, nothing about failure as long as it can keep up the pretense, nothing about drunkenness as long as the votes are dry.

A Nullified Law

NO one but a fanatic can observe what is going on in this country and not realize that the public has scrapped prohibition.

The 18th Amendment is being not only nullified, but openly nullified from Maine to California.

Even those who do not patronize it have come to regard the speakeasy as a fixed institution.

Whether on Broadway, in the mountains of Virginia, or on the "lone prairie," the stranger can get liquor as easily as he could in 1916.

The only difference is that the hundreds of millions of dollars which the government was then getting now goes to organized crime.

Gang Finance

PROHIBITION has financed gang rule and racketeering.

It has promoted disrespect for all laws by forcing disrespect for one.

It has killed off about every phase of the temperance movement.

It has put liquor within easy reach of children and young people.

It has driven the public to deal with criminals and thugs.

It has reduced our most important tribunals of justice to the level of police courts.

It has filled our jails with men and women who were guilty of no offense except that they would not agree with a narrow stupid attempt to regulate personal conduct.

No Moral Reform

PROHIBITION has not stopped or diminished crime, particularly that sort of crime which its advocates blamed on the liquor traffic.

It has not prevented the increase of divorce.

It has not saved the home from being broken.

It has not lessened the number of delinquent children.

It has not decreased the amount of insanity.

It has not increased the number of home owners as compared to that of tenants.

It has not protected the country against depression and unemployment.

Prohibition has ceased to be a sincere effort at moral reform, if, indeed, it ever was.

All it stands for now is a pig-headed determination to retain political power by virtue of an organized minority large enough to keep control of one-fourth of the states and thus prevent a change in the constitution.

That is not the kind of government, the kind of law, the kind of moral code, our fathers had in mind when they founded this republic.

ASK THE PRESS

You can get an answer to any answerable question of fact or information by writing to Frederick M. Kerby, Question Editor, The Fort Worth Press Washington Bureau, 1322 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C., enclosing two cents in stamps for reply.—EDITOR.

Q. What two countries of the world produce the largest amount of poultry?

A. The United States first, and China second.

Q. What is gambling?

A. Playing a game, especially a game of chance, for stakes; risking money or other possession on an event, chance, or contingency.

Q. Were the parents of Mitzie Green on the stage?

A. Her parents, Joe Keno and Rosie Green, were in vaudeville for many years.

Q. How old is Ignace Paderewski?

A. Seventy-one.

Q. What is the average height and weight for boys 15 years old?

A. The average height is 62.3 inches and the average weight is 107.1 pounds.

MARK TWAIN'S RESIDENCE IN GOTHAM

By GILBERT SWAN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—Here's your daily irony:

Near the foot of Fifth Avenue is the old Mark Twain residence, as every good rubber-neck wagonite knows. It has long since been split into two-room apartments that are rented out at prices exceedingly reasonable considering the historic nature of the building. I am told that the taxes of property at that particular point are so steep that the old mansion will be torn down one of these days to make room for another 20-story apartment hotel, altho frequent efforts have been made to preserve the building.

The other day a young woman who grinds out stories for the fiction mills went apartment hunting. She heard of a vacancy in the Mark Twain house. The agent took her to one of the high-ceilinged rooms and explained: "Now this is the room in which Twain wrote."

THE young woman grabbed it up. Today the clatter of her typewriter may be heard hour upon hour, tearing off the tales that enjoy popular demand at present.

"I find the room very inspirational," she told me the other day as she finished a chapter with the following words: 'Flora found herself melting in his arms. Her lips burned to meet his, trembling like rose petals in the wind. For a moment he hesitated, then, with the suddenness of storm his passion broke. . . .'

Whereupon, I have no doubt, the late M. Twain turned over thrice in his grave murmuring: "Thank God, it's to be continued."

SPEAKING of things literary: The New York Public Library has a room devoted to financial information. Here potential speculators in Wall Street may come and find anything they wish concerning the rating of stocks, the standing of concerns, the histories of the companies and such like.

A squad of clerks are kept busy from morning till night handing out information and volumes to the scores of men and women who then sit with scratch pad and paper figuring out the percentages, much as race track followers pore over form charts.

Frequently one may be seen to rise and rush out—probably to hasten an order to his broker.

While down upon the first floor throngs gather in the newspaper room to await the coming of the home town papers, scanning the columns for a familiar name; chuckling over some item about an old friend. Then, one by one, they go lonesomely back into the streets.

A Figure Trick.

Get some one to put down a row of figures, to add them up and subtract the total, thus:

63,214

These figures added together make 16. Subtract this 16 from the original number and you get 63,198.

Now ask them to cross out any one figure, total them up again and tell you the total. Thus, say, they cross out the 6, the total becomes 21. They tell you this, and without looking at the sum you can say the value of the figure which has been crossed out.

You do this trick by subtracting the total from the next multiple of 9. "The total," says your friend, "is 21." The nearest multiple of 9 above 21 is 27. You subtract 21 from 27, and that leaves 6. To your friend you say in a dignified tone, "The figure you crossed out was 6." And your wondering friend believes you to be possessed of occult powers.

It doesn't matter what figures are originally put down, the answer always comes correct.

Dog's Coat Protects Him Even During Summer

BY HUGH COWDIN.

A recent bulletin from the American Kennel Club contains a warning from Dr. Edwin R. Blamey, official veterinarian of the club, that clipping the coat of a long haired dog does not necessarily increase his comfort.

"It is odd, but true," says Dr. Blamey, "that men who wear woolen socks, and dogs that keep their natural coats of hair in the Summer, are cooler, by far, than men who change to silk hose and dogs that are clipped down to the skin. The answer is simple. The woolen socks are poor conductors of heat waves emanating from the hot pavements, and the coat of the dog serves to diffuse the rays of the sun rather than to carry them to the body of the dog."

In most breeds of dogs, the Winter coat is shed naturally, but many ill-informed owners make the mistake of removing most of the Summer coat as well. In fact, during the past week the writer ran across a case where a collie was sheared to the skin and a few days later developed a cold that in turn ran into distemper. It is well to aid the dog in shedding his coat by combing out the dead hair, but enough should be left to protect him from sun, flies and other pests.

A dog perspires principally through the pores of the tongue and it is far more important that a dog can have his mouth open than that he be sheared, for the swift passage of air over the extended tongue tends to cool the system very rapidly. Tight muzzles so often forced on city dogs should be avoided.

Proper diet can do much for your dog during warm weather, and no dog, regardless of breed, should be deprived of protein in Summer. Meat is digested in the gastro-intestinal tract of the dog. Select his diet from raw or cooked beef, cooked lamb and fresh fish. Canned salmon makes a good substitute for meat in Summer.

Vegetables provide the best form of roughage. Also, when variety is deemed advisable, a mixture of raw, fresh vegetables may be chopped finely and mixed with the meat. This type of feeding may sound foolish to the persons who toss Fido a bone and call it a meal, but both breeding and boarding kennels now follow this system of feeding.

The only vegetables which should

be avoided are peas, lima beans, corn and potatoes. Dogs need plenty of fresh water but not immediately after eating, as it dilutes the gastric juices and retards digestion.

The Judy Publishing Company, Chicago, has announced a forthcoming book on wirehaired terriers, written by F. N. Hall, Dallas, Hall, owner of the nationally famous Hallwyre Kennels and a member of the Texas Kennel Club at Dallas, has been a familiar figure at Southwestern dog shows for the past 15 years. An acquaintance with the breed over a long period and as breeder and owner of a number of the country's top notch wires, Hall should be well equipped to write on the breed.

The sport of showing pure-bred dogs ranks as No. 1 from the standpoint of the number of competitors taking part in each event. In fact, it is not seriously pressed for its place at the top. Where championship events in other sports may deal in hundreds of competitors, the leading dog shows count their competitors in the thousands. The smallest dog show may have 100 people exhibiting dogs, but the Morris and Essex had more than 3,000 this year. Westminster drew some 2,500 exhibitors.

The average dog show, according to a rough estimate made at the New York offices of The American Kennel Club, has about 350 exhibitors.

Curiously, there are more large dog shows than there are small ones. There are only 20 exhibitions that draw from 100 to 150 exhibitors; but 40 in the 200 to 250 bracket; 40 in the 300 to 350 class; 30 in the 400 to 450 section; 30 in the 500 to 550 division; 15 in the 600 to 700 area; 5 in the 700 ranks; and 5 that range from 800 to better than 3,000.

The figures on exhibitors are not to be confused with the number of dogs. As a general rule, a show will have 15 per cent to 25 per cent more dogs than exhibitors. The percentage is variable, because as the event becomes larger the number of exhibitors showing more than one dog increases at a faster rate.

America's first bench show for dogs, at Philadelphia, in 1877 had approximately 350 exhibitors.

Myri ad glasses and straws
In a jar

A kind young man
All dressed in white
Are my recollections
Of last night
A sidewalk narrow
And far too long
A sloppy gutter
A policeman strong
A door slammed too
Of a jolting hack
Forms no memory
Of coming back
An awkward latch key
A misplaced chair
Let the household know
That I was there
And cocktails fizzes
And whiskey galore
All emptied on
My bedroom floor
And in the morning
Those blocks of ice
So needful in this world
Of Vice
And when the ice
Had eased my pain
Did I swear off
No, Got Drunk Again

Because the verses are so often distorted by adaptation I send a copy from a clipping I have had for some years.

IF

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take me bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleetier,
If any little lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother.

—C. Farnan, Albany, N. Y.

and when turned sharply, and replied with
At first I only squirmed, and counted the pressed prom-
"Is that so?" But after a time I found myself getting
Drive. Congratulations and counting the pressed prom-
and counting the pressed prom-

MANHATTAN

By George Tucker

NEW YORK.—I am a little weary of the sob stories about Babe Ruth. Every time some major league club decides to hire a new manager the New York sports writers burst into tears and say: "Poor Babe—jilted again!" I admit he was the game's greatest individual, but I still think a business man should have the privilege of hiring his own hands without being called a villain and an ingrate.

Babe Ruth probably contributed more to baseball than any player of his time. He took out of baseball more money than any player of all time. Through the years he was celebrated for his ability to knock a round white ball over a fence with greater frequency than anybody else. He is a celebrity. He is a hero. He is rich.

I think the Babe deserves all of these material and worldly things. But in my book it does not follow that the fellow with the biggest bat necessarily makes the cagiest manager.

The New York writers, who idolize Babe, and justly, too, have been crusading for him ever since he and the Yankees parted company. Frequently they picture him as a forlorn orphan, abandoned by the ones he served best.

That orphan legend is funny. It grew out of the fact that Ruth spent a part of his youth in a Baltimore orphanage. But Ruth was no orphan when he entered baseball. His father lived to see him become a star pitcher, one of the best left-handers the American League ever had. His dad was the stoutest rooter the Babe ever had.

Then Babe came to the Yankees and from 1920 to 1934 he never earned less than \$20,000 a year. For two consecutive years he earned \$80,000. From 1927 to 1929 he earned \$70,000 a year. There was, previous to this, a five-year stretch during which Ruth's salary was \$52,000 a year. In all, his earnings as a player totalled \$872,900. This does not include the gravy from innumerable World Series, ghost writing, personal indorsements and other sources of revenue.

People in a position to know report that his extracurricular earnings have totalled a half million dollars. Today he has a princely income from annuities and shrewdly invested holdings. All this money came from baseball. Baseball has been good to Babe.

But he can not get a job as a big league manager and many of his friends think he is being given an unjust freeze-out. It is my opinion that the Babe has himself to blame for this unhappy state of affairs. When he was a dominant figure with the Yankees he went to Col. Ruppert and tried to get Joe McCarthy's job as manager. The colonel expressed himself as being entirely satisfied with McCarthy's services. Shortly thereafter Ruth left the Yankees. No manager can do business with a man who is after his job.

I think Henry Ford is a genius, but I wouldn't vote for him for President. Frank Carideo was the greatest quarterback the late Knute Rockne ever developed, but Carideo never became a winning coach. The Babe could certainly powder the ball, but I am not angry with Branch Rickey for naming Ray Blades boss of the St. Louis Cardinals, as he did recently.

As a player I would like to have 23 guys like Ruth on my team. When he had it there wasn't another player good enough to sit on the same bench with him. But if I were a magnate with \$1,000,000 invested in a club I could think of 20 managerial names that might belong ahead of Ruth. Baseball, after all, is big business. Sentiment belongs with moonlight and Valentines.

THE THREE WISE MONKEYS.

See no evil—Hear no evil—Speak no evil.

One little monkey, grave and wise,
Keeps both his hands upon his eyes;
The reason of it is, because
He keeps the first of these three laws;
"No evil shall thine eyes behold"—
Do so, and win friends, young and old.

A second monkey next we see,
As wise as e'er the first can be;
Upon his ears he holds his hands—
He keeps the next of these commands:
"To evil sayings, close thine ears"—
To do the same will save thee tears.

The third wise monkey, still more wise
Than those who hold their ears and eyes,
His hands upon his lips does lay—
The third command he does obey:
"No evil must thy lips e'er speak"—
Do so if thou would'st wisdom seek.

If thou will obey these monkeys three,
Good luck and friends will come to thee
So let them e'er it is too late!
These monkeys bring a happy fate—
thee;

—Old Scrapbook.

HEALTH ADVICE BY DR. LOUIS BISCH

How to Cure Abnormal Cravings.

It takes all sorts of people to make a world, they say, but the sort that exhibit abnormal cravings would make a far better world were they different from what they are—not to mention the suffering that such behavior brings upon the victims themselves together with their families, friends and associates.

Alcoholism is such a condition. Science now believes that chronic alcoholism is a disease and that the craving for alcohol is not the disease itself, but rather a symptom of a deeper, underlying cause.

The same is true of drug addiction. Persons who are continually harassed by the craving for morphine, cocaine, heroin—or whatever the habit-forming drug may be—are also ill. Here again, the taking of the drug is not the disease itself. The drug desire is merely an indication of some other force that impels the victim to continue the habit whether he will or not.

These disguised, but relentlessly obsessing causes, may be physical or mental. Often they are both.

Malfunctioning of any organ of the body may have something to do with it. The endocrine glands—such as thyroid, adrenals, etc.—may be out of balance and to blame. There are many other possible physical reasons.

But more important still is the mental side.

Analysis of the minds of alcohol and drug addicts reveal various types of mental disturbances.

A person may take to alcohol or drugs because he feels chronically downhearted and inferior. Beginning doses give him courage and rout his depression. The artificial stimulation makes him feel superior. In short order a definite and fixed habit is born.

Other persons feel mentally and physically sluggish. Again stimulation is demanded. Again addiction of some kind results.

It is because there still remains some underneath propelling motive that alcoholics sometimes appear cured of drink but promptly turn to narcotics. The reverse also occurs. Sometimes they begin with one type of habit and quickly add several others.

No case of abnormal alcohol or drug craving can hope to be cured unless the deeper causes are studied and removed.

Even then it is a difficult job!

Especially in cases of alcoholism of the "spree" variety—where the individual is a total abstainer for weeks and months at a time, then all of a sudden drinks himself into insensibility for days—is the matter of the mind of the utmost importance. There are surely cases of this kind which are purely neurotic manifestations, in other words, symptoms of a functional nervous disease.

It is astonishing how readily an individual can become addicted to alcohol or a narcotic.

This is because we are all more or less neurotic and most people harbor cravings which may be unconscious to them but which, nevertheless, are seeking expression.

Always be wary of alcohol but be especially wary of all habit-forming drugs!

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How to Keep Young

BY "T. F. M."

Most people grow old in mind sooner than in body. The mental state, of course, reacts on the body, especially on the face, and for that reason one sees a settled look of age creep into the faces of men and women who are still physically young—and in women this means the loss of comeliness.

One sometimes hears a woman say with pride that she has lived in the same house for ten years or more, or that she has gone to the same holiday resort every summer. A man perhaps boasts that he has risen at the same hour every morning, breakfasted at the same hour, traveled to and from business by the same train, lunched at the same restaurant. Such people will generally be seen to look set and old for their years.

Regular habits, no doubt, form an important factor in a successful life, but they have this unquestionable drawback.

Women grow mentally old even earlier than men. Their lives are more monotonous, and it is this which ages their minds and blemishes their looks.

The best recipe for preserving youthfulness of mind and body is to secure variety. Change your house when you feel you are growing stagnant. Go to live in a new district. See new people. Strive to acquire new ideas. Vary the hour of rising. If you take luncheon out never go always to the same place. If you travel do not always use the same method of conveyance.

Do not go out at fixed hours, but sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon, again in the evening. I know a man and his wife who have always worn an expression of boredom and weariness. One night on calling late I was surprised by the look of animation in their faces.

"We've been out for a walk in the moonlight," she said. "It was delightful. The first time I have been for a walk after nightfall for ten years."

It was the novelty that brought back the sparkle and life to their faces. If you want to remain young in mind and keep such comeliness as was given you, secure variety. Try any simple change rather than remain stagnant. Move the furniture from place to place and from room to room, change the curtains, the pictures, and the wallpaper.

Try new diets. Throw yourself zestfully into fresh pursuits. The simple secret of health and beauty is just variety!

"A PRINTER WITHOUT ANY WORK."

(The Globe-Democrat relates the story of a tramp, a printer, name unknown, who leaped into the Mississippi to rescue a drowning lad and was himself engulfed and drowned. The Globe-Democrat calls upon members of the craft to write a tribute to "the printer out of work" who died in his efforts to save another. Lon Hodging of the Mirror staff writes the following:)

So a tramp proved a hero they tell us,
By plunging right into the tide
To rescue a child; those fellows
Have frequently manhood and pride.
And when they recovered his body
And viewed it as dragged from the murk,
No name; but a verdict, soon ready,
Said, "Printer without any work."

Ah, since Mergenthaler completed
A nightmare no dream could excel,
And then, with his reason unseated,
Was thrown in a dark padded cell.
Each great metropolitan journal
Puts in a machine to save cost
And hasten the labor diurnal
At expense of experience lost.

And all through the land of invention
Are printers now tramping the road—
With baggage scarce worthy of mention,
But each with a heart-heavy load;
And often away from the city
The plowman, as tanned as a Turk,
Will say, with a semblance of pity,
"He's a printer without any work."

Although he has been in a "college"
That teaches all branches on earth,
His fund of diversified knowledge
Against the machine is not worth
The knowledge of sowing and mowing,
Although he be never a shirk,
And hence he is going and going,
"The printer without any work."

A sigh for the one—he's a brother,
Though tramping a city, unknown—
Who, saving the life of another,
Was brave unto losing his own!
Let this be the carving above him,
Without ostentation or smirk—
Tho' many have known him to love him—
"A Printer Without Any Work."

—Wichita (Kan.) Mirror.

JIMMY: THE TOUGH GIRL'S STORY.

Sam Hardy was a workin'
But I'd no use for him;
I know'd what I was doin'
When I took up wid Jim.
For he's got a heart, he has,
A feelin' for a gal,
And when yer low he just speaks up:
"Come off, what ails yer, Sal?"
He ain't got no fancy togs,
He's lost his job, hez Jim,
An' he can't show up on Sunday
In a dicer wid a brim,
But, say! dat felly's got a heart,
Lays over all I see;
Yer'd orter bin de oder night,
A corner of Avertern B.
Dere was a woman walkin'
Wid sticks across her back,
A pickin' of 'em up she was,
Along de railway track;
Well, jest about de toughest,
Good for nothin' ole bag,
Yer'd ever want to look at;
Besides, she had a jag.
Dunno where she got it;
'Twas wid her jest de same,
An' de boys was bent on havin'
A naggin' kind of game.
Dey hollers out: "Say, Granny,
Let's divvy on de load."
An' jumps in front an' back agen,
A blockin' up de road,
When all at onct my Jim comes up
An' gives a hully sweep
Of bote his arms togedder;
De ducks fell in a heap.
Sez he: "Ah! quit yer foolin',
She ain't a bodderin' you;"
Yer'd orter seen dem gillies sneak
When Jimmy come in view.
"Come off; she ain't your mudder,"
Sez Sam, a sneaky chap.
D'yer know I tink dat rooster,
Was achin' for a scrap.
"Yer may be wrong," sez Jimmy,
As he winked de oder eye.



"Fer I never knew me mudder,
An' dad was pretty fly."
When dey left me in de alley,
Dey wrote de ole man's name;
He said t'was a lie,
But he kep' me jes de same.
So, when I pikes an' old un
As hasn't any show,
I allers sez, "Say, Jimmy,
Yer wants ter jes go slow;
Be easy on de wimmen,
Fer de reason—don't yer see?
She may be some duck's mudder,
And dat duck may be me."
Now, dat's why I like Jimmy,
An' I don't mind sayin' so;
An when he sez "How is it?"
I sez, "Jimmy, it's a go."
For he hez got a heart,
An' you kin bet yer life
I couldn't struck a better snap
Than bin' Jimmy's wife.

PEARL EYTINGE.

Fasting

dog was observed for nine months and a half after the fast. The increase in the metabolic rate was as high as 19.3 per cent immediately after the fast, and at the end of the test it was 4 per cent higher. The second dog gained 20.4 per cent, and at the end of five and a half months the rate was 6.5 per cent higher. The third dog was an average female, and made an average gain of over 13 per cent.

And this indicates the answer to a question that has been repeated to me many times: Is it safe for old people to fast? I have known people of eighty or ninety years of age to fast; I have also known children fast, with good results. I have never known anyone to die of fasting, unless they were already dying so quickly that the fast could not stop them.

I know only one serious difficulty about fasting, and that is, it makes nervous people more nervous, and they find it difficult to sleep. Here comes in our friend Coue again; anybody can put himself to sleep with the Coue formula. I have never tried it with a fast, but I have tried it when I am working hard, and it is a secret worth passing on.

Say to yourself, over and over again in your mind: "I am going to sleep." Keep everything else out of your mind, but that thought; and you will say it about a dozen times—and the next thing you know, it will be morning!

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"Here Is Detailed and Positive Proof That Organism" Is a Cause of Rejuvenation to the Human

of Washington has made an elaborate set of studies of the effects of fasting, both upon normal people and sick people.

Another report of a most important experiment has just been published in a technical publication, *The Journal of Metabolic Research*, published at Morristown, N. J. This is entitled, "The After Effects of Prolonged Fasting on the Basal Metabolic Rate."

Here are fifty pages of detailed and positive proof that fasting is a cause of rejuvenation to the human organism.

Let me explain that your food which you assimilate is converted into carbon, and this carbon is burned in the cells of the body—that is, each molecule of carbon is combined with two molecules of oxygen.

The amount of oxygen consumed by your body while you are lying quiescent and in a uniform temperature is your metabolic rate. This rate will vary in health and disease, and also it will vary with your age. It is high when you are young, and slows up all through life.

A Striking Experiment

If a method can be found to increase your metabolic rate, and make it stay increased over a considerable period of time, that process is entitled to be described as a rejuvenation of your body.

Miss Margaret M. Kunde, who made these experiments at the Hull Physiological Laboratory of the University of Chicago, more startling results. The first

that the animals have it, without reading any magazine articles. A sick dog will not eat—at least, not unless he is over-civilized, like most of us humans.

I know of a man who made a specialty of effecting miraculous cures on the high-priced pets of the idle rich in New York. He would take these pampered darlings, and shut them up in a compartment of an old brick kiln; he would put in the pen a plentiful supply of water, a crust of dry bread, a piece of bacon rind, and the sole of an old shoe. Every day he would visit the dog, and when the dog had eaten the crust of bread, he would write the owner that the dog was certain to get well.

When the piece of bacon rind had been eaten, he would write that the dog was on the high road to recovery. And when the old shoe was eaten, he would write the owner that the dog was now entirely cured, and to come and get it.

Fasting as a Cure

My first article on fasting was published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and it brought me many hundreds of letters from people who had tried the plan. Nearly all reported success.

I tabulated the results and made a book, "The Fasting Cure." I sent it to a number of physicians, and some of them said I was crazy, but others began trying it. Now the greatest practitioners have discovered that fasting is the standard cure for diabetes, and the Carnegie Institute

troubles may be afflicting your body. You lose weight, a pound or so a day, and the first time you try it you are apt to feel very weak and want to lie down most of the time.

After you have got used to fasting you can go about your ordinary affairs, though you cannot do hard physical work or make sudden exertions.

They Stopped Dying

When you break the fast you must begin with very small quantities of liquid food, and you have to be extremely careful not to overeat, because your appetite comes back with a rush and you want everything in sight. You will gain back your weight in a week or ten days and you will feel so much better that it is beyond belief until you try it.

If I were to list all the diseases which I have seen cured by fasting, it would sound like the long lists on patent medicine bottles—almost everything there is!

I have known people who were dying, and who, when they stopped eating, immediately stopped dying. I have stated, and I state again, that I think surgeons and doctors who give people food while they are seriously ill, are greatly handicapping the recovery of the patient.

For myself, I have one rule when there is anything the matter with me: I STOP EATING. It took me a long time to acquire that wisdom, but I observe

ods at the same time, and the really wise practitioners do just that. Coue will send you to a surgeon if you need one, and many a wise surgeon is making use of the help of the psycho-therapist and the hypnotist.

The other day I was reading a book about India, where the people suffer from elephantiasis, a dreadful disease in which portions of the body swell up to enormous size. It has been found impossible to operate upon such cases by the ordinary surgical means; but it has been discovered that under hypnosis the operation can be performed without pain, and with much greater chances of success.

It is nearly fifteen years ago since I first published an article about the fasting cure. Some friends of mine had fasted, and I tried it; I have fasted twelve days on two occasions, and a week or ten days on perhaps six or eight other occasions.

How Fasting Works

By fasting I mean abstaining from food of every sort—except only that you drink all the water you want. I do not call it "fasting" if you drink fruit juice, or if you eat "just crackers and milk," as one lady proposed to me.

If you go without food entirely you lose all appetite after the first two or three days; your whole digestive tract seems to go out of business, and all the energies of your body can be devoted to the cleaning out of whatever

By UPTON SINCLAIR.

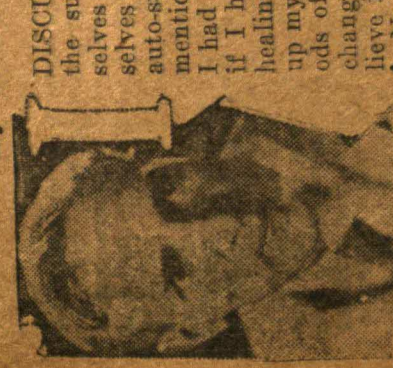
DISCUSSED in these columns recently the subject of people thinking themselves sick, and then thinking themselves well again. I referred to the auto-suggestion technique of Coue, and mentioned some of the remarkable cures I had seen. Some readers assume that if I have come to believe in "mental healing," of course I must have given up my belief in fasting and other methods of cure. They scold me because I change my mind too quickly—and believe in too many things!

Now each of us has a mind and a body. We don't know where we got either of them, and we are only at the beginning of finding out how to work them. The wise physiologists who study the body, and the wise psychologists who study the mind, would both be willing to repeat the statement of Sir Isaac Newton, who said that after a lifetime spent in seeking knowledge, he felt himself "like a little child picking up sea-shells on the shore of an infinite ocean of truth."

One of the things we least understand is the relationship between the mind and the body, and the way each affects the other. Your heart begins to beat faster if you take a minute quantity of strychnine; also your heart begins to beat faster if you meet a pretty girl on the street. So, you see, you produce the same effect by

physical or by a mental stimulus. You can make yourself ill by inoculating yourself with the germs of some deadly disease; you can also make yourself ill by excessive fear of those same germs. Thus the problem of health is a problem of both mind and body, and it is possible to believe both in auto-suggestion and in fasting as remedies for both physical and mental ailments.

It is possible to use both methods



With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone; He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on, He signalled to the pitcher and again the dun sphere flew, But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud," cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered, "Fraud." But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed; They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain, And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is fled from Casey's lip, his teeth are clinched in hate; He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate; And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go, And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright; The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light, And somewhere men are laughing and little children shout, But there is no joy in Mudville, great Casey has struck out.

By William Lyon Phelps

CASEY AT THE BAT.

HERE is the true version, as sent to me by the secretary of Mr. Thayer's class of 1885 at Harvard. Mr. H. M. Williams, to whom I express my grateful appreciation:

CASEY AT THE BAT. (A ballad of the Republic.) Written in May, 1888. (Printed in the San Francisco Examiner, June 3, 1888.)



BY E. L. THAYER, '85. The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day, The score stood 4 to 2, with but one inning more to play.

And so when Cooney died at first and Barrows did the same, A pall-like silence fell upon the patrons of the game. A straggling few got up to go in grim despair, the rest With that hope which springs eternal in every human breast, Stayed, thinking, "if great Casey could but get a whack at that, We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat."

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake; The former was a hoodoo, while the latter was a cake. So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat, For there seemed but little chance of Casey getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all, And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball; And when the dust had lifted and men saw what had occurred, There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell; It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell, It pounded on the mountain and recoiled upon the flat, For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place, There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile lit Casey's face, And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat, No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat. Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands in dirt; Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt; Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip, Defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air, And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there; Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped, "Dat ain't my style," quoth Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches black with people there went up a muffled roar, Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern but distant shore. "Kill him, kill de umpire!" shouted someone on the stand, And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone; He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on, He signalled to the pitcher and again the dun sphere flew, But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

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Mother's Day—A Son's Prayer

By Unknown Author.

For the body you gave me, the bones and sinew, the heart and brains that are yours, my mother, I thank you.

I thank you for the light in my eyes, the blood in my veins, for my speech, for my life, for my being.

All that I am is by you that bare me.

For all the love you gave me, unmeasured from the beginning, Mother, I thank you.

I thank you for the hand that led me, the breast that nestled me, the arm that shielded me, the lap that rested me.

All that I am is by you who nursed me.

For your smiles in the morning, and your kisses at night, my mother, I thank you.

I thank you for the tears you shed over me, the song that you sang to me, the prayers that you said to me, for your vigils, and ministerings.

All I am is by you who reared me.

For the faith you had in me, the hope you had in me, for your trust, and your pride, my mother, I thank you.

I thank you for your praise, and your chiding, for the justice you bred into me, and the honor you had, mine; all that I am you taught me.

For the sore travail that I caused you, for the visions and despairs, my mother, forgive me.

Forgive me the peril I brought you to, the sobs and moans I wrung from you, and the strength I took from you, Mother, forgive me.

For the fear I gave you, for the alarms, and dreads, my mother, forgive me.

Forgive me the joys I deprived you, the toils I made for you, for the hours, the days, and the years I claimed from you, Mother, forgive me.

For the times that I hurt you, the times I had no smiles for you, the caress I did not give you, my mother, forgive me.

Forgive me for my angers and revolts, for my deceits and evasions, for all the pangs and sorrows I brought you, Mother, forgive me.

For your lessons I did not learn, for your wishes I did not heed, for the counsel I did not obey, my mother, forgive me.

Forgive me my neglect, my selfishness, all the great debts of your love that I have not paid, sweet mother, forgive me. And may the peace and joy that passeth all understanding be yours, my mother, forever and ever. Good night, Mother, good night!

Salt Has Many Uses in Home

Salt is one of the most useful household agents that we have, doing other tasks besides that of seasoning our food. It is useful as an emergency cleaner for the carpet. Spread the salt lightly over the carpet surface and sweep with a stiff brush. Not only will it clean the carpet, but it will freshen it up considerably.

Salt added to the water in which bottles and china are to be washed will help to clean them, and stains inside glass bottles or vases will disappear if salt and vinegar are placed inside and left for a few hours. To clean marks from a sink or bath, a paraffin rag dipped in salt will be found most effective. A burned saucepan can be cleaned by filling with water and plenty of salt and then placing it on the flame for a short time until the burned matter is boiled off.

When a white straw hat is dirty, sponge it with lemon juice in which a little salt has been dissolved. Dry in the sun, then sponge with clear water and dry again. For ink stains on a white tablecloth sprinkle with salt, pour on a little milk, rub gently and then rinse in clear water. If salt is sprinkled on freshly made fruit stains the stains should entirely disappear when the cloth is laundered in the usual way.

Heat some salt in an old pan, pack into a linen, calico or muslin bag and apply to the affected part. Relief should be felt almost immediately. And of course, salt will harden the gums and help keep the teeth white.

The New Money.

THE long watched for new money has arrived.

It is all that was expected of it. It is smaller in size, but it seems larger because of the scenic effects. The word "ornate" is used copiously in the authorized descriptive matter that goes with the issue. A valuable addition is the name under the picture on each denomination. Those of us with thrifty natures may be able to acquire much valuable American history while filling the ancient and honorable depository for "rainy days."

The one dollar bill is a democratic looking piece of spending money. It has our favorite picture of George on the face of it. The "1" and "One" are a trifle larger than seem necessary. It used to be that sizes of bills were indistinguishable at a little distance. We presume, however, that we shall get used to it in time—with a little dexterity in the handling. For a mere dollar bill, it would seem to be wholly adequate in architecture and color scheme.

The two dollar bill has returned. It was out of circulation for a long time. It brought Tom Jefferson and Monticello with it this time. One wonders why they didn't think of the scene of Tom dismounting from his horse to be sworn in as President. We have seen Monticello once before. Tom and his surroundings will be getting into an illustrative rut if something isn't done to pep up his historicals. The two dollar bill, we would say, is about twice as dignified as the plebeian ones.

We get some real architecture with the fives. The Lincoln Memorial makes it classy. Honest Abe's picture gives the whole a rugged charm—if you get what we mean. The general impression, at first glance, is that the clerk who is giving us five ones for a five is long changing us. The relativity among the less important money smacks of Einstein—not necessarily the professor—any one of the family who specializes in small profits and quick turnovers.

We like the picture of Aleck Hamilton on the tens. Alexander was a money wizard but a poor shot with a flint lock pistol. He was the Andy Mellon of his day and was fortunate in not having any extraneous amendments to clutter up his Treasury. We are glad to see Aleck in the "spot." Many will have fleeting glimpses of his picture now who hardly knew there was such a man.

"Old Hickory" on the 20's and Grant on the 50's are nice recognitions of two fighters. If we had been doing it we would have put New Orleans and "Hardscrabble Farm" on for backgrounds instead of the White House and the Capitol. We easily could connect them with the latter—which are frequently seen in other circumstances. But let it pass. It is too late now.

The 100's, 500's and 1,000's are a bit flat, if you ask us. Franklin, McKinley and Cleveland are the portraiture exhibits and there is no scenery. Some great opportunities seem to have been lost there. Kites, Spanish-American War and fishing would have gingered them up appreciably. Frankly, we like those three less than any of the collection.

The 5,000 one is a little better—probably because the "5" seems to swell the ensemble. It belongs to the "ornate" class also—but not 1,000 times more so than the "5" without the "000's." We don't feel that we shall make a teacher's pet of the one featuring Jim Madison. It seems a bit inconsequential—considering the position it hopes to fill.

"Big Boy," however, is somewhat better. It is minus all background, but it has the picture of Salmon P. Chase on it. Salmon is about the best looking chap of the aggregation of artist's models used. Another thing—we had to go and look him up. No, you are wrong. He is not the man for whom whole shelves filled with canned goods are named. You'll be surprised. The last half of his name fits money better than any other surname we ever have heard. Being on the largest bill made accents the appropriateness of it nicely. Hardly can there be a more fitting superlative.

With these few mild criticisms we are prepared to O. K. the new medium of exchange. As soon as our eyes become accustomed to the glare and the wad begins to feel natural in our pockets, we dare say we shall find it as hard to get and as slippery to keep as the old species.

Life and Literature

By William Lyon Phelps

THE OPERA ROBIN HOOD.

I AM grateful to Mr. Willis Maxwell Goodhue, of Hollywood, Cal., for some highly interesting information on the famous light opera "Robin Hood," and also for correcting an error of mine. In commenting on the death of the librettist Harry B. Smith, I spoke of his having written the words to the song "Oh, Promise Me," and I was mistaken. As I shall never forget the pleasure I had in hearing over and over again "Robin Hood," with the original cast, and with Jessie Bartlett Davis singing that famous song, fresh information about it is of great interest to me. Mr. Goodhue, after describing the Boston Ideal Opera



WM. LYON PHELPS

Company, which was so successful in the eighties, and the reorganization of the company under the name The Bostonians, informs me that in addition to well known operas, the company secured Mr. Smith and Reginald De Koven to write something new. The first piece was not successful; but in the second year, the two men wrote "Robin Hood," which was an enormous success. The new company had been financed by Mr. R. H. Hubbard, of the great jewelry firm of Cleveland, the Cowell & Hubbard Company. Mr. Goodhue writes:

"As a compliment to Mr. Hubbard, they decided to have the initial performance in Cleveland. On Thanksgiving Day, 1890, at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, "Robin Hood" was sung for the first time. I was present, a stripling boy, and will never forget the tremendous reception which was accorded it. I will give you the original cast:

Robin Hood, Tom Karl; Little John, W. H. Macdonald; Alan a Dale, Jessie Bartlett Davis; Will Scarlett, Eugene Cowles; Sheriff of Nottingham, Henry Clay Barnabee; Friar Tuck, George Frothingham; Sir Guy of Gisborne, Peter Lang; Maid Marian, Marie Stone; Annabel, Mena Cleary; Dame Durden, Josephine Bartlett.

The musical director was the late Samuel H. Studley. But on the opening night the orchestra was directed by the composer. The company carried its own orchestra, something one never sees nowadays."

(Now this is exactly the cast that I heard in Boston, except that Camille D'Aville took the part of Maid Marian).

Mr. Goodhue continues: "A very interesting thing in connection with the premiere was the fact that "Oh, Promise Me," the greatest hit of the opera, was not in the original score. Jessie Bartlett Davis was very indignant that she had no solo, and bitterly protested this during the rehearsals. Two days before the opening Mr. De Koven came to her with the manuscript of a song. 'Jessie, I've dashed off this little thing for you to sing. I think it will prove to be it.' And later history proved that it unquestionably was."

Literature and Life

By William Lyon Phelps

VERSIFIED KINGS.

IT IS A GOOD THING to be able to repeat the names of the English sovereigns in order. Here are two out of many specimen rhymed versions:

William the Conqueror long
did he reign,

William his son by an ar-
row was slain.

Henry the First was a
scholar bright,
Stephen was king without
any right.

Henry the Second, Plan-
tagenets' scion,

Richard the First was as
bold as a lion.

John, though a tyrant, the
Charter signed,

Henry the Third had a
weakly mind.

Edward the First con-
quered Cambrian dales,

Edward the Second was first Prince of Wales.
Edward the Third humbled France in its pride,
Richard the Second in prison died.

Henry the Fourth for himself took the crown,
Henry the Fifth pulled the French king down.

Henry the Sixth lost his father's gains,
Edward of York took hold of the reins.

Edward the Fifth was killed with his brother,
Richard the Third soon made way for another.

Henry the Seventh was frugal of means,
Henry the Eighth had a great many queens.

Edward the Sixth Reformation began,
Mary the First prevented the plan.

Elizabeth shattered the navy of Spain,
James from Scotland was called to reign.

Charles found the people a cruel corrector,
Oliver Cromwell was called Lord Protector.

Charles the Second was hid in an oak,
James the Second took on Popery's yoke.

William and Mary were offered the throne,
Anne succeeded and reigned alone.

George the First from Hanover came,
George the Second kept up the name.

George the Third was loved in the land,
George the Fourth was polite and grand.

William the Fourth had no heir of his own.
Victoria then ascended the throne.

To which I myself add the following four lines:

In Nineteen One came Edward her son,
A statesman and gentleman, full of fun.
And now in a year all dark with fate,
We all have trust in King Edward VIII.

Here is an example of condensation in verse:

Willie, Willie, Harry, Ste,
Harry, Dick, John, Harry III.
One, Two, Three Neds, Richard II,
Henry IV, V, VI, then who?
Edward IV, V, Dick the Bad,
Harries twain, and Ned the Lad.
Mary, Bessie, James the Vain,
Charlie, Charlie, James again.
William and Mary, Anna Gloria,
Four Georges, William and Victoria.

To which I add:

Followed Edward, King George Five,
Edward Eighth is now alive.
Tomorrow—Senator Allison.

Gracie Mansion, the Newest of Manhattan's Museums

By GILBERT SWAN

NEW YORK, March 30.—Most of Manhattan's historic spots are hemmed about by those newcomers from an old world who have drifted into the older sections of the city and, only thru their children, come to learn of the traditions of the neighborhood in which they live.

Thus, down in the vicinity of the Battery, with its Bowling Green, Fraunce's Tavern and other landmarks of revolutionary times, the colonies of the Turk, the Armenian and the Greek cluster close.

THE newest of Manhattan's museums, just opened to the public, is the old Gracie Mansion, where Washington Irving retired to write that he might breathe the mists from the East River and gain inspiration from atmospheric surroundings.

It is a spacious mansion built upon the leveled remains of an old fort at the foot of 88th Street. To reach it one passes ancient brownstones long since turned into tenements where the dark hair and flashing eyes of the Hungarian are seen at every turn. In the basements are Bavarian and Hungarian coffee houses and cafes and the flavor of the old world is everywhere, except in the architecture.

Fruit and vegetable stands, vivid with color, jut out upon the sidewalk; windows are cluttered with the faces of children and women; dark, brooding faces that follow you until the street plunges suddenly

into the river and the light of Welfare Island beckons.

THE Gracie mansion has been preserved intact, an unspoiled slice of another century. Here dwelt one Archibald Gracie, merchant prince of his time, whose flag was to be found flying in every sea. Outside the preservation of the house itself, the one suggestion of a museum is to be found in a theatrical collection.

AS the street slips off into the river there are indications of another change. From an aristocracy the street grew old and threadbare, gradually becoming a foreign quarter and a belt of tenements. Now there are signs of a social return. This happened in Sutton Place, where a single block has become ultra-exclusive, made into homes by prosperous writers, artists, actors and such.

The same is soon to happen to the neighborhood of the Gracie Mansion. Michael Strange, wife of John Barrymore, was among the first to take place. Here she writes her verses and her plays. The Duchess de Richelieu has rebuilt a corner and several actors have reconstructed old places. They have given it the flavor of old England and have called it Henderson Place.

ONCE it was a little settlement, known as Yorkville, and for a time the heart of the city's German settlement. They moved on and others came.

It's one of the new places to visit when in New York. Just go to Eighty-eighth Street and walk eastward.

Where to Go In New York City

Hotels to Suit All Types Are Suggested By Writer; Rates Range From \$2 Up

By HELEN WORDEN

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—Several Fort Worth people have written recently, asking for detailed information about New York. They want to know the names of good hotels, leading shows, places to dine and dance, interesting spots to visit and to shop.

I'm starting off with the hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza, the Lincoln and the Seymour are centrally located and not too high-priced. I also recommend the Iroquois Hotel.

The Barbizon-Plaza at 6th Ave. and 58th St., is dashing, modern and bustling. It overlooks Central Park South. Breakfasts are served, Continental fashion, in the bedrooms. There is a dazzling chromium-trimmed restaurant. The cocktail lounge suggests the futuristic bar of a cruise ship. Rates run from \$3 to \$5 a day or \$17 to \$25 a week. This includes breakfasts.

The Lincoln at Eighth Ave. and 44th St., is also very modern and lively. It is one block West of Broadway. Times Square, the heart of the White Light district, is only a couple of blocks south. Rooms with bath run from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a day.

The Seymour, a smaller hotel at 50 West 45th St., caters more to the residential classes, but it occasionally has very comfortable rooms for transients. A great many Southern people live at the Seymour. The star boarder is quiet, gentle, Margaret Wilson, the eldest daughter of President Woodrow Wilson.

Rates at the Iroquois are \$2 to \$3 a day with bath, or \$12.50 to \$18 a week. The average rates at the very large transient hotels—the Ritz, the Commodore, the Biltmore, the Roosevelt and the Vanderbilt, are included in the group—run about \$5 to \$6 a day.

For those who prefer the Park Ave., to the down-town shopping and theatrical center, there are the Waldorf, the Ambassador, the Savoy-Plaza, the Sherry-Netherland, the Plaza, Pierre's and Delmonico's in the high-hat group. Rates at these hotels average from \$6 to \$10 a day.

The Waldorf, however, has some rooms at \$3 a day.

In another class are the small residential hotels on the East Side which are very nice if you intend to be in New York for several weeks.

The Weylin, the Gladstone, the Lombardy, the Elysee, the Madison, the Westbury, the Carlyle, the Blackstone are smart little hotels with single rooms averaging from \$3.50 to \$6 a day. Suites range from \$135 to \$250 a month.

For those who are more interested in seeing the city rather than the theaters and shops, I suggest the unique little hotels in out-of-the-way sections of town.

If you want to know O. Henry's New York, try the Caledonia at 28 West 26th St. (he lived there) or the Madison Square Hotel at 37 Madison Ave.

The Parkside at 18 Gramercy Park South is another delightful

small hotel in a picturesque neighborhood.

The Brevoort at Fifth Ave. and Eighth St. and the Lafayette at University Place and Ninth St. are on the road that winds through Greenwich Village.

Rates average from \$2 to \$3 a day in these altogether delightful and little-known hotels.

To get the rates I have quoted, it is wise to write and reserve rooms.

Near roaring West Street on Fulton is one of New York's oldest restaurants, called Sweets. It was established in 1845 and has occupied its present second flight location for 90 years. Near the fish market, it specializes in sea food and while patronage is largely dock and market workers, it has a following among many established New Yorkers whose grandfathers drove there behind spanking bays. Many gourmets have compared some of its dishes to Prunier's. Gage's, on Bridge Street, opened as Davidson's, is 99 years old and still flourishing, too.

Another old-timer on Fulton Street is Whyte's, darkly mellow with tradition. A corner table years ago was the incubating ground of a long and happy friendship. I had gone there in lean pocket and over-ordered, being shy of the amount by 35 cents. My frantic search was noticed by a wavy-haired Adonis at an adjoining table. He came to my rescue gallantly. The good Samaritan proved to be John McCormack, the singer.

Personal nomination for the serene city strip for a contemplative walk—Gramercy Park at dusk. Edwin Booth knocked his head against the stars there, too.

The cheapest and most potent method of acquiring a jag among human flotsam that eddy to the pier ends for a night's sprawl is a nickel's worth of paregoric mixed into a bottle of 3-cent soda pop. It is said to create a dynamic wallop for about an hour, then comes fatigue that produces a few hours of exhaustive slumber. The headache and stomach cramps afterward are terrific. I was told about the combination by a James Cagney looking cop, helping a derelict out of the gutter. "He's an 8-center," he explained.

Memories: Shirt waist dances. Lowney's chocolate with the tin prongs. Rubber-tired runabouts with an undercut so you could turn on a dime. The freshly whitewashed back fence. Red plush album with a mirror inset in the cover. Onyx table with gilt legs. Fringed napkins folded in goblets. The grape arbor over the brick walk in the back yard. Five-cent sodas. The wash basin bench on the back porch. Editor Sibley's barbershop cup with the gilt pen and scroll. Dad's napkin ring upon which the children teethed. Those nickel jiggers for detachable cuffs.

Second Successful Westward Crossing

NEW YORK, June 25.—The landing of the monoplane Southern Cross at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on her flight from Ireland, marks the second successful westward crossing of the North Atlantic by airplane although a number of planes have successfully made the eastward flight.

However, neither the Southern Cross nor the Bremen, the only other plane to make the westward crossing, were successful in reaching their destinations, both being compelled to make forced landings.

The Bremen, which, like the Southern Cross, had New York as her goal, was forced to land at Greenley Island, near Labrador, in her flight from Ireland in 1928. Her crew, Baron von Huenefeld, Capt. Herman Koehl and Col. James Fitzmaurice, were forced to abandon their plane which had been wrecked in landing and come on to New York in relief planes.

In other attempts to span the Atlantic from Europe to America in nonstop flights, 10 persons lost their lives.

The first to attempt the crossing which is made hazardous by headwinds and fogs off the Newfoundland Banks, were Capt. Charles Nungesser and Francois Coli. The two Frenchmen took off from Paris in May, 1927, and never were heard from again once their plane headed out over the Atlantic.

A few months later, in August, three others gave their lives in a vain attempt to fly from Upaven, England, to Ottawa, Ont. The three, the Princess Lowenstein-Wirtheimer, Capt. Leslie Hamilton and Col. E. F. Minchin, also disappeared on the voyage over the Atlantic.

The following March Capt. H. G. Hinchliffe and Hon. Elsie Mackay attempted a flight from Cranwell, England, to New York, and also lost their lives somewhere on their flight over the ocean.

It was not until July 1, 1929, that another attempt was made and in that flight Maj. Leon Idzikowski, a Pole, was killed when his plane made a forced landing in the Azores. He had taken off from Paris for New York. His companion on the flight, Mjr. Kasimir Kubala, was seriously injured.

The list of successful west to east nonstop transatlantic flights reads like a Who's Who of Aviation.

The first successful crossing was made in June, 1919, by Capt. John Alcock and Lieut. Arthur W. Brown, who flew from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Clifden, Ireland.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh made his famous flight from Roosevelt Field, New York, to Paris, in May, 1927.

Clarence D. Chamberlin with Charles A. Levine as a passenger flew from Roosevelt Field, New York, to Mansfield, Germany, in June, 1927.

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd and three companions also in June, 1927, flew from Roosevelt Field to Ver-sur-France.

In August, 1927, Edward F. Schlee and William Brock made a flight from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, to Plymouth, England.

In June, 1928, Miss Amelia Earhart achieved the distinction of being the first woman to fly across the Atlantic when a plane piloted by Wilber Stultz flew from Trepassey, Newfoundland, to Wales.

One year later three Frenchmen, Armeno Lotti Jr., Rene Lefevre and Jean Assolant, together with Arthur Schreiber, a stowaway, made a flight from Old Orchard, Maine, to Spain.

A month later, in July, 1929, Roger Williams and Lewis Yancey landed at Santander, Spain, from Old Orchard, Maine.

A number of the west to east flights over the North Atlantic also ended in disaster, causing a death toll of nine.

In September, 1927, Lloyd Bertaud, James D. Hill and Phillip A. Payne lost their lives in an attempted flight from Old Orchard, Maine, to Rome.

In September, 1927, Capt. Terry Kelly and Lieut. James Metcalf were lost in an attempted flight from Harbor Grace to Croydon, England.

Brice Goldsborough, Lieut. Oskar Lindal and Mrs. Frances Grayson lost their lives flying from Roosevelt Field, New York, to Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, in December, 1927, for a flight to Denmark.

H. C. MacDonald was lost in October, 1928, while attempting a lone flight from St. John's, N. F., to London.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

On the Actors' Affiliation With Labor

During the strike Walter Prichard Eaton made in the The New York Tribune some sensible and highly edifying observations on the common cause of artistry and labor, which should not be allowed to be forgotten now that the struggle is over.

Among other things, he said:

"The actors' strike, viewed from afar and consequently freed from the passions which have no doubt clouded it, has seemed rather a simple and natural (if unexpected) thing. For that reason it is a little difficult for one who is now an outsider, tho once intimately connected with the theater and still numbering many actors as his best friends, to understand, not the refusal to stand by the strike, perhaps, but the evidently honest belief of some players that their art and the labor of, let us say, the maker of shoes or steel rails have nothing in common; that their art is lowered in dignity by co-operation with union labor."

"The theaters of America today are concentrated in a very few hands, and, furthermore, for other reasons we can not go into here, it has come about that the theaters in a few cities, and chiefly New York, are essential to success. Without appearing in these theaters first there is small hope of successful appearance in theaters elsewhere. The few men, therefore, who control these (as well as most of the other) theaters, are quite analogous to the factory owners who control the machinery, without the use of which the shoemaker can not make shoes. The actor is quite analogous to the 'wage slave,' not quite, perhaps—but not because his acts are more dignified; only because there is a more striking difference in value between two actors than between two shoemakers."

"The man who owns the factory, the man who owns the theater (the physical plant), is the master. The actors have united, and united with labor, in strict obedience to an iron law. Those of them who can not see this and go on prattling of the dignity of their art (as if there were no dignity in labor) are mere survivals of the early nineteenth century.

"I have no idea how the strike is coming out. It may have been settled before this reaches print, or the League of Nations may have taken it up, or Cohan may have decided to run for President. But, however it results, if it shows the actors that so long as the physical playhouse is held by real estate speculators and not by artists of the theater, they, the artists, are mere wage slaves (however high their wages run), and that as far as the true art of the theater is concerned most managers are as useless as mosquitoes or garter snakes, their whole pontifical importance coming from sheer economic control. Some of us have been laughed at for years because we persisted in scoring the 'commercial' theater. The present situation is the logical development of the 'commercial' theater. The actors' strike is, in reality, in line with the worldwide revolt against the system of private exploitation thru concentrated economic control. If there is no dignity in the Actors' Equity, then there is no dignity in any revolt of the human spirit against bondage. Perhaps Mr. Cohan, wrapping himself in the folds of 'the grand old rag' he loves so well, and which was born of a certain revolution some years since, will affirm that there isn't."

There is lots of ammunition in the above for use against the Fidos. The war against this cabal must go on. It must be annihilated—root and branch. There is only room for one organization, and that is Equity.

Organized Labor and It's History

BY ED. G. SHAW.

Almost from the beginning of time there has been a tendency among individuals to create a unity of relation between themselves on the one hand and their employers on the other hand, in order that a better understanding and better conditions should exist among those thrown together in their daily toil. It has been the observation of those who have watched the labor movement for any length of time that most labor troubles have their origin from a lack of the perfect understanding of conditions surrounding labor, primarily caused by the fact that in the majority of cases the man selected to preside over the destiny of a corporation is given the one big idea—there must be dividends, no matter how they come. Laboring under this great handicap, he is compelled to use every means in his power to that end, and while he perhaps knows well the trouble, owing to the fact that the dominating factor of the corporation that he represents—the stockholders—are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land and have no intimate knowledge of the affairs of the corporation, he, the head of the corporation more often assumes an air of disregard for the employees' interests in an attempt to serve the interests of the stockholders, and naturally there soon grows up an undercurrent of discontent, which bubbles to the top ere long in some grievance. It has been noted that there is always a better comity existing between an individual employer and the men he employs than that existing between employees of a corporation, which is due to a more intimate understanding between the employe and employer.

First Disturbance.

The first great labor disturbance that is recorded is that of the laborers on the Tower of Babel. And if we were to apply the latter-day causes, perhaps it might be assumed that there was a bunch that wanted better pay, or another that wanted shorter hours, or perhaps another that didn't like the working conditions, and so the whole bunch of workmen, after holding a mass meeting and not coming to a mutual understanding on the questions decided that as the flood was over they did not need the tower anyway, and so with one accord took their tools and went out on one big strike. So the first great strike resulted in a shutting down of the works, and the job was never finished.

Ancient history records that the next great strike was a huge success and resulted in the strikers gaining every demand and starting a new era for a struggling mass of humanity. It was in Egypt that this strike was pulled off, and the Jews were the strikers. Pharaoh had long ignored their complaints and turned a deaf ear to their protests, and in order to show how autocratic he could be, he ordered that the laborers should make brick without straw. Moses, their leader, or business agent, tried to reason with the autocrat, but to no purpose, and so taking his organized band of workers, he started toward the Red Sea, determined to go to a better land and better conditions.

In pagan days, in Egypt, there existed roving bands of artisans, who were expert in architecture, and who were employed in the erection of structures of stone, and to this day their handiwork stands out unduplicated by modern man. The pyramids have been a puzzle to modern science, in the fact that in the building of them there are used stones that no known agency could have moved, and yet it is an established fact that those stones were moved across large bodies of water and then placed into the pyramids.

Each band had a designated leader, who was the arbiter in questions arising among the members of the clan, and whose word was law.

Perhaps it will astonish many to learn that the greatest fraternal order known to man had its origin from organized labor. But it is a fact. In the days beyond the Byzantine era, there existed a cult known as Masons, so named because they were wielders of a mace or hammer, or starting maul. Like their brothers in Egypt, they were also a roving band, having no set place of abode, independent of prince or potentate, and having set rules for their guidance within their own ranks and their relations with the rest of the world. Their creed was that they would not wrong a fellow member "or see him wronged if within their power to prevent," and strange to say the majority of present day labor organizations have that rule in their by-laws. Some think that the labor organizations of today are autocratic in their relation with the employer, but in the days of Constantine and Byzantium, when it was necessary to employ a lodge of Masons to erect a temple or other structure, it was necessary that the king or potentate should select a courier and load him down with presents, that he might persuade the band

of workers to come and reside among them and take up the desired work. And when they condescended to do so, it was well understood that the populace should do the heavy drudgery, such as providing the water and those things that did not require artisan skill. They, too, as in this day, had rules for indenturing apprentices, and making of finished artisans.

The crowning work of organized labor was in the completion of Solomon's Temple, when in appreciation of the just rules that governed the various artisan bands there was dedicated and created the most perfect fraternal organization that has reached out its hand and thrust the light of justice into every dark nook and corner and has made it worth while for man to live and enjoy society and civilization.

In Roman Days.

In the days of the Roman Empire, as in this day, organized labor was hated and feared by autocrats and politicians, as can be seen when Emperor Trajan in a letter to the Philosopher Pliny, forbade the creation of secret societies among workmen for fear that they "would hold meetings that might be used for political purposes." And yet there was an organized labor band attached to each Legion of the Roman army, that was independent in its own action, and which had for its mission the rebuilding of the damaged structures that fell under the domination of the Romans.

After the defeat of the Knights of Labor in 1886 there came into existence the American Federation of Labor, which was run on conservative lines and conciliation, and under the leadership of Samuel Gompers it has spread out until now it has under its folds more than 90 per cent of all labor organizations in this country, as well as in the territories under the American flag. Through the efforts of the American Federation of Labor it has been possible to place laws on the statute books that have bettered mankind, notably laws governing the hours of labor, the child labor law, employers' liability law, compulsory education, and many other laws that were designed to create good citizens and make a happy people. And incidentally the influence of organized labor was thrown behind equal suffrage, as it was her belief in equal pay for both sexes.

Perhaps the most far reaching movement in labor organizations has been that of the organization of seamen which started as a Coasters' Union and finally developed into a deep sea organization and now is recognized on nearly every ship that floats on the high seas, and that transformed the followers of the mast from a nondescript bunch of derelicts into a class of respectable men. It banished the belaying pin and the bully and the necessity for "shanghaiing" which existed in the days of old.

It was against the protest of organized labor that great hordes of foreign-born were brought into this country by selfish interests, and it was organized labor that got behind the public school system and evolved free text books, that the ignorant should receive enlightenment. It is interesting to note that where there are no labor organizations, it is a fact that gross ignorance exists, for instance in the rural districts of Louisiana, Mississippi and

the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky.

Organized labor has removed the workers, and through her ability to establish a standard of living conditions and wages has bettered the condition of thousands of unorganized workers.

And now, with her back against the wall, and confronted with a fight for her very existence, a last word.

At the critical time of this country, when every man had the acid test put to his patriotism, organized labor refused to start anything that would injure the chances of winning the war. Members of organized labor by hundreds of thousands donned the khaki and universally bought bonds and paid par while some money sharks branded every bond as a lie by refusing to do the same thing.

Organized labor has nothing to be ashamed of, but stands proud of her accomplishments.

THE "SCAB."

Of all the monstrous, degraded lickspittles, with the exception of the paid slugger, the scab is the lowest.

This vampire is so low that a snake's stomach is a thousand miles above him. The most horrible, revolting thing to contemplate is that he is born of woman—woman, the pure, the noble, the gentle—woman, the peacemaker—woman, the loving, the tender, the beautiful—the mother of a scab—Great God!

The scab, who will sell his putrid, festering carcass for a pittance, has all the revolting qualities of the vulgure, but none of his virtues. He robs the dead, the living and the unborn.

He would sell his mother for a drink of cheap booze. He would traffic in a sister's shame. He would drink the blood of babies, curse the gray hairs of age, and turn the world into a desolate waste—all for a few pieces of dirty silver.

He is the bulwark of the present system of exploitation. Even his master loathes him because of his low and loathsome life. He is the arch traitor of the ages—freedom's worst foe, hope's worst enemy, love's wormwood and the builder of despair.

The scab has no God but himself, no father but passion, no brother but his belly, and no friend but the cesspool from which he sprang.

His very presence is enough to pollute the air and turn the sun into blood. He is responsible for the death of every striker. On his shoulders rests the responsibility for the fall of every maiden who has parted with her virtue.

The scab has bartered his soul for a mess of pottage, his manhood for a drink of poison, and his honor for a pile of squirming maggots.

There isn't even room for the scab in hell. The devil would flee from him in terror. The devil is now white compared with the modern American scab.

The scab has evolved from the womb of the most damnable system of exploitation that has cursed the old world since the dawn of ages.

The scab opens the tear glands of mothers, the mouths of hungry babes who are wailing for food. He puts the sardonic grin of the maniac on the drunkard; he guides thousands of maidens into their paths of ruin; he is the father of the disease of death.

The scab contributes to society nothing but red ruin and darkness. He takes from the workers their chance of bettering their conditions, and by so doing is responsible for the many thousands killed, and for the deaths of millions of babes caused by preventable diseases every year, and for the two million children toiling in the factories of the nation, the six million prostitutes and all other great evils of the age.

Oh, scab, I loathe you—I hate you—damnable, con-

temptible wretch that you are!—W. H. Lewis, in Spring field (O.), Tribune.

(Cut this out and send it to one of these despicable unmentionable creatures.)

By RIPLEY

1	x 9 + 2 = 11
12	x 9 + 3 = 111
123	x 9 + 4 = 1111
1234	x 9 + 5 = 11111
12345	x 9 + 6 = 111111
123456	x 9 + 7 = 1111111
1234567	x 9 + 8 = 11111111
12345678	x 9 + 9 = 111111111
123456789	x 8 + 9 = 987654321
12345678	x 8 + 8 = 98765432
1234567	x 8 + 7 = 9876543
123456	x 8 + 6 = 987654
12345	x 8 + 5 = 98765
1234	x 8 + 4 = 9876
123	x 8 + 3 = 987
12	x 8 + 2 = 98
1	x 8 + 1 = 9

FIGURE
PHENOMENON

THE SENTENCE

WILLIAM J. LEX QUICKLY CAUGHT FIVE DOZEN REPUBLICANS

CONTAINS ALL THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET

UNCOMMON SENSE

By JOHN BLAKE

NONESSENTIALS.

The word "essentials" has come to mean almost anything and everything.

A man with the essentials of an education may be ranked as a post-graduate in learning.

A man possessing the essentials of bodily health is as nearly the perfect man we can find.

After the essentials come the "limbs and outward flourishes."

But it is cheering to know that we can get considerable fun out of the nonessentials.

Under that head comes sport, reading for pleasure, outdoor exercise, motoring and dozens of things which we do not actually need but which we extremely enjoy.

Man can not live by bread alone, nor can he live by work alone.

Without regular amusement this life would be very dreary.

Plan yours so as to include fun, and quite a bit of it.

Fish, hunt, go to ball games and races.

If you are athletic, engage in athletic contests. If you are not, go to see them.

Cultivate friendships with people who enjoy the same things that you do.

Read light fiction as well as serious books.

Hunt for congenial friends, and when you find them, "grapple them to your soul with hoops of steel."

Ambition is a fine thing until it reaches the point of dogged selfishness, then it must be moderated, or you will become sour and utterly self-seeking.

Don't ever entirely "grow up."

Drop down the path to old age and be a boy—or a girl—again. Keep your youth as long as you can. Some people retain it to their dying day, and they are the happiest of all the human race.

I never go to one of the great modern amusement parks that I do not feel how much happier life must be today than in the old time when only a circus or some outdoor entertainment provided the happiness that people really need.

You don't want to grow grouchy and crabbed in your old age.

You want your last years to be as pleasant as your earlier days.

You can do that if you demand of the increasing years that they let you gambol a little now and then.

You will have cares enough, no matter what your worldly situation may be.

Lighten them as much as possible.

No life is well spent unless there is a good measure of light-heartedness in it.

Keep your heart young, and you will discover that life is well worth the living.

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EAT MORE SUGAR CANE SYRUP.

Everyone knows that syrup and molasses are delicious on hot waffles, cakes or biscuits; but few have ever thought that by enjoying their delightful sweetness one gets more value in heat and energy for the body than can be purchased for the same amount of money in fresh beef, bacon, eggs or other costly foods commonly used in excessive quantities.

Figures, based on Bulletin No. 23 of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, show that one can purchase, with an equal amount of money, eight and a quarter times as much heat and energy in syrup and molasses as is contained in fresh beef; two and two-thirds times as much as in butter; two and three-quarter times as much as in bacon; ten and one-third times as much as in eggs; five times as much as in ham, and one and eight-tenths times as much as in breakfast food and cream.

This should at once suggest to mothers a means of reducing the cost of living by permitting their children to eat as much cane syrup as they want.

PONTIFF CONDEMNS NEW NATURALISM TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS

JANUARY 12, 1930.

In a Long, Formal Encyclical Pope Pius Also Declares Coeducation Pernicious.

DEPLORES SEX EDUCATION

Scores Bad Films and Radio Programs and Gymnastic Displays by Young Women.

REAFFIRMS CHURCH'S RIGHT

Holds It Comes Before the Family and the State in the Matter of Educating the Young.

By ARNALDO CORTESI.

Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

VATICAN CITY, Jan. 11.—In an encyclical filling two and a half pages of the *Osservatore Romano*, the official Vatican organ, the Pope reverts to his favorite subject of the education of youth.

In today's encyclical, which is very general in scope and is addressed to the episcopacy of the world, the Pontiff again asserts that the education of youth belongs primarily to the Church and to the family, while the State has only a complementary function for those branches of instruction which cannot properly be taken care of by the Church or the family.

The Pope attacks some of principles of modern education as applied in certain countries. He expresses unqualified disapproval of "the pedagogic naturalism" which denies "the supernatural Christian agency" in the education of youth, and he holds as erroneous all those methods of education which are founded on the negation or forgetfulness of original sin and therefore are based only on the forces of human nature.

Condemns Coeducation.

The Pontiff also condemns sexual education as based on the fallacy that young people can be forearmed against the dangers of the senses through purely natural means. Nor does he approve of coeducation, which he declares "erroneous and pernicious" because it is also based on the naturalism which denies original sin.

The encyclical, contrary to the usual practice, is published in Italian instead of Latin, probably with the intention of rendering its text more easily comprehensible to the laymen. At the end of the encyclical the *Osservatore Romano* publishes a note to the effect that textual translations of the encyclical in other languages will be available at the Vatican printing house next week. This also is a new departure, and testifies to the importance which the Pope attaches to the encyclical and his desire that it be available throughout the world.

The encyclical begins by emphasizing the importance of education and especially of Christian education.

"The supreme importance of Christian education," it says, "is manifest not only for individuals but also for families and society because the perfection of the latter can only be achieved through the perfection of the elements which compose it. To avoid mistakes in this work of supreme importance it is necessary to have a clear idea of Christian education in its essential parts.

"It is necessary, in other words, to understand to whom the mission of education belongs, who are the subjects to be educated, what are the necessary and concomitant circumstances of education and what are the aims of Christian education according to the order established by God."

Cites Three Essential Agencies.

"Education," the encyclical continues, "is necessarily the work of

the community, not of the individual. There are three agencies necessary for education. Two are of the natural order—namely, the family and civil society. The third is supernatural in character—namely, the Church. The Church is a society into which a man is born through baptism to divine life of grace; a society of supernatural, universal character; a perfect society, because it contains all the means necessary to its end, which is the eternal salvation of men."

The Church, therefore, the encyclical holds, takes precedence over both the family and the State. Besides, it sets forth, education belongs pre-eminently to the Church in consequence of a divine mandate given by Christ himself, who ordered the apostles to teach the whole world. But the Church "in its maternal prudence" conducts schools for laymen which obey in each nation the legitimate regulations of the civil authorities, and is in all cases ready to come to an understanding with the civil authorities if difficulties should arise.

This part of the encyclical concludes by saying:

"It is evident that both by right and in fact the educative mission belongs pre-eminently to the Church. It is also evident that no intellect not clouded by prejudice can conceive of any reason to oppose or supplant the Church in this mission, of which the world is now reaping the benefits."

After the Church the duty of education belongs to the family, says the encyclical. The family has from the Creator, it holds, the inalienable right to educate the offspring.

"On this point," the Pontiff says, "the opinion of the whole world is so unanimous as to place in evident contradiction those who maintain that the children belong to the State before they belong to the family or that the State has absolute rights in education. Baseless is the reasoning of those who hold that man is born a citizen and therefore belongs primarily to the State, not noting that before being a citizen a man must exist and that he received his existence not from the State but from his parents."

In support of his view the Pope quotes the American Supreme Court decision in the Oregon school cases of June 1, 1925, to the effect that the State cannot lay down a uniform type of education for youths obliging them to attend only public schools and also that a child is not a mere creature of the State, but that those who bring him up have the right and duty to educate and prepare him to perform his duties as a citizen.

As for the State, the encyclical says it has the function of protecting and promoting the educative action of the church and the family, but not of absorbing the family and individuals or of replacing them. The State, the Pope asserts, also has the duty of providing education for children who have no parents or whose parents are delinquent. He also says it is the State's duty to protect the moral and religious education of youth and to complete the educational facilities of the church and the family with schools of its own in cases where the other agencies are insufficient.

The State has the right to demand of and therefore to impart to all citizens the necessary knowledge of their civil and national duties and that degree of intellectual, moral and physical culture which is required for the common good, the encyclical says, but in these cases the State must respect the rights of the Church and the family.

Science, the encyclical continues, has nothing to fear from the instruction imparted by the Church and the rule of scientific liberty must be accompanied by the rule of the freedom of teaching, provided it is rightly interpreted. It is evident, in fact, that every teacher, both public and private, has not absolute, but only relative educational rights, the Pontiff says, adding that every Christian child has the right to be taught in conformity with the doctrines of the Church, "the pillar and foundation of all truth."

It must not be forgotten, the Pope continues, that education must be imparted to men fallen from the original state but redeemed by Jesus Christ. Therefore, these remain in his nature effects of original sin, particularly a weakened will and disordered tendencies, the encyclical says. All those systems of education are therefore false which are based on pedagogic naturalism, which includes all those systems which give to a child unbounded liberty by diminishing or suppressing the authority of education and attributing to a child exclusive primacy of initiative independent of all supernatural laws.

"An extremely dangerous thing," the Pontiff holds, "is that naturalism which invades the field of education in such delicate subjects as moral purity. Very widespread is the error of those who with dangerous presumptuousness and with ugly words promote so-called sexual education, falsely believing that they can forearm youths against the dangers of the senses with purely natural means, such as foolhardy inaction and preventive instruction or, worse still, by exposing them early in life to temptations in order to accustom them, as they say, and harden their hearts against those dangers.

"They err gravely in not recognizing the innate frailty of human nature and also in neglecting the experience which warns us that sins against morality are not so much the result of intellectual unpreparedness as of a weak will exposed to temptation and unsupported by grace."

The Pontiff said coeducation was injurious, because it also was based either on that naturalism which denies original sin or on "the lamentable confusion of ideas which mistakes legitimate living together with promiscuity." "The Creator ordered the perfect living together of the two sexes only in the union of matrimony," the encyclical says. "There is nothing in nature itself which can be used as an argument in favor of promiscuity or equality in the education of the two sexes.

"The sexes were made distinct by the Creator. They complement each other reciprocally owing to their diversity, which must therefore be maintained in education, with the necessary separation proportional to the various ages and circumstances. These principles must be applied in all schools, especially during the most delicate and decisive period of growth, namely, adolescence, and especially, also, in gymnastic exercises and sports for girls with due regard for their Christian modesty."

"From the considerations enumerated above," the encyclical says, "it follows that it is contrary to the fundamental principles of Christian education to send youths to lay or neutral schools from which Christian education is excluded. Such schools, indeed, are impossible in practice because they soon degenerate into anti-religious schools. We, therefore, confirm our previous declarations and sacred canons forbidding Catholic children to attend anti-Catholic, neutral or mixed schools, by the latter being meant those schools open equally to Catholics and non-Catholics."

Such practices can only be tolerated at the discretion of a bishop in special circumstances and with certain safeguards, the encyclical says. But in no circumstances can those schools be tolerated for Catholics if they are compulsory.

"It must be loudly proclaimed," says the Pope, "and properly understood and recognized by all that by founding Catholic schools Catholics of all the nations of the world are not performing a political action but a religious action indispensable to their consciences. They do not intend to separate their children from the body and spirit of the nation but to educate them in the most perfect way; in a way most conducive to the prosperity of a nation, because a good Catholic as a result of Catholic doctrine is for that very reason the best citizen. He loves his country, is loyally subject to the civil authority constituted in any form of legitimate government."

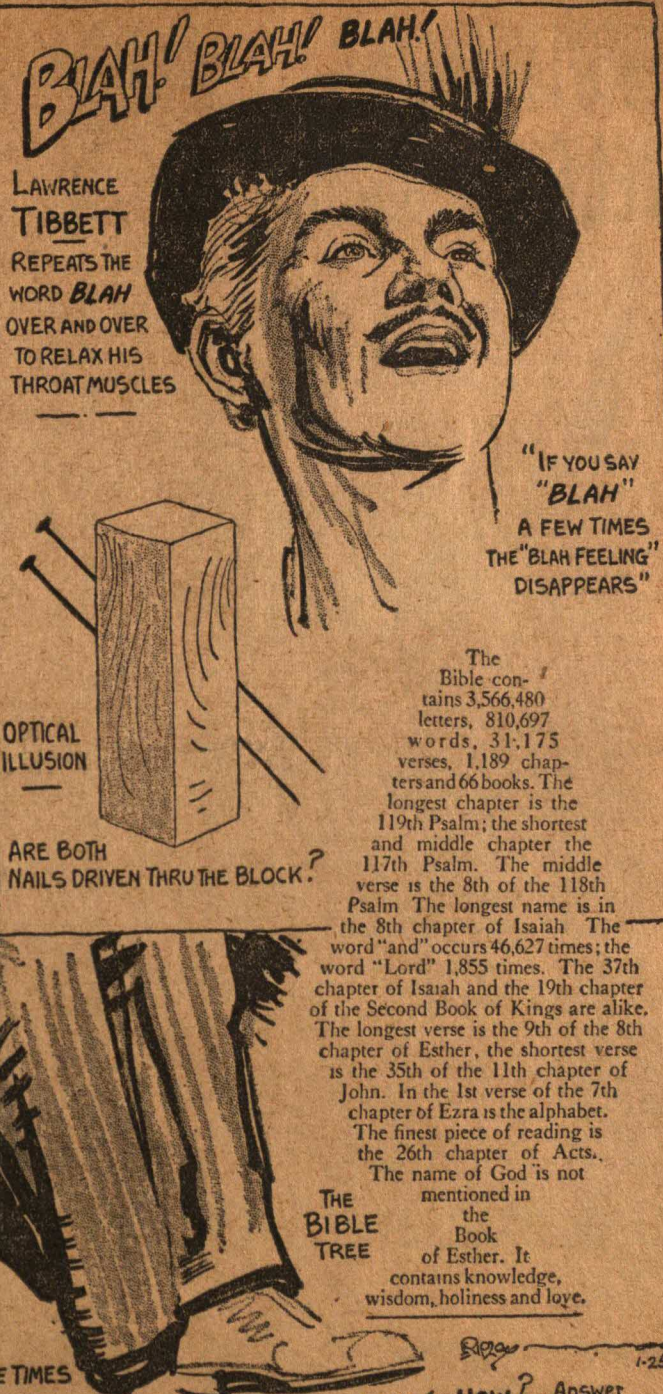
"Never was the need for Catholic schools greater than it is now, the Pontiff says, asserting that the "occasions for the moral and religious shipwreck of youths have increased, especially owing to impious and licentious books, many of which diabolically are distributed at low prices, to moving picture shows and now also to the radio. These powerful means for reaching enormous numbers of persons, which governed by healthy principles could be of the greatest utility to education and instruction are, alas, only too often subordinated to the incentive of evil passions and the avidity of gain," the Pope says.

As to the aim of Catholic instruction, the Pontiff says it is to "co-operate with divine grace to form a true and perfect Christian, or in other words to form Christ in those generated by baptism, according to the injunction of the apostle.

"The true Christian is a product of Christian education, a supernatural man who thinks and acts constantly and coherently according to a straight intellect illuminated by the supernatural light of the example and doctrine of Christ," the encyclical continues. "He is, in the phraseology now in use, a true man of character. The true Christian, instead of giving up the work of life on earth or of reducing them with the supernatural life in such a way as to enoble his natural life not only in the spiritual and eternal sense but also in the material and temporal one."

The encyclical concludes with a request to the episcopacy of the world to raise their hearts and hands in prayer to God that these splendid fruits of Christian education may be realized and be multiplied in the whole world to benefit all the individuals of all nations.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT - - - By Ripley



LAWRENCE TIBBETT REPEATS THE WORD BLAH OVER AND OVER TO RELAX HIS THROAT MUSCLES

"IF YOU SAY 'BLAH' A FEW TIMES THE 'BLAH FEELING' DISAPPEARS"

OPTICAL ILLUSION

ARE BOTH NAILS DRIVEN THRU THE BLOCK?

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,175 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm; the shortest and middle chapter the 117th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm. The longest name is in the 8th chapter of Isaiah. The word "and" occurs 46,627 times; the word "Lord" 1,855 times. The 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of the Second Book of Kings are alike. The longest verse is the 9th of the 8th chapter of Esther, the shortest verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of John. In the 1st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra is the alphabet. The finest piece of reading is the 26th chapter of Acts. The name of God is not mentioned in the Book of Esther. It contains knowledge, wisdom, holiness and love.

THE BIBLE TREE

HOW NATIONS DECLARE WAR

AMSTERDAM, via London, May 24, 2:05 a. m.—A dispatch from Vienna says the Italian ambassador to Austria, the duke of Avarna, this afternoon presented to Baron Von Burian, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, the following declaration of war: "Vienna, May 23, 1915. "Conformably with the orders of his majesty, the king, his august sovereign, the undersigned ambassador has the honor to deliver to his excellency, the foreign minister of Austria-Hungary, the following communication: "Declaration has been made as from the fourth of this month to the imperial and royal government of grave motives for which Italy, confident in her good right, proclaimed annulled and henceforth without effect her treaty of alliance with Austria-Hungary, which was violated by the imperial and royal government, and assumed her liberty of action in this respect. "The government of the king, firmly resolved to provide by all means at its disposal for safeguarding Italian rights and interests cannot fail in its duty to take against every existing and future menace measures which events impose upon it for the fulfillment of national aspirations. "His majesty, the king, declares that he considers himself from tomorrow in a state of war with Austria-Hungary. "The undersigned has the honor to make known at the same time to his excellency, the foreign minister, that passports will be placed this very day at the disposal of the imperial and royal ambassador at Rome, and he will be obliged to his excellency if he will kindly have his passports handed to him. (Signed) "AVARNA."

Germany's Counter Declaration. LONDON, May 24, 2:10 a. m.—A Berlin official dispatch received by Reuters by way of Amsterdam and dated May 23 says: "The Italian government today caused to be delivered through the ambassador to the Austro-Hungarian government, the duke of Avarna, that Italy considers herself in a state of war with Austria-Hungary. "The Italian government, by this inexcusable attack against the dual monarchy, has also broken without right or without ground her alliance with Germany. "The loyal relationship existing conformably with the treaty between Austria-Hungary and the German empire, and still more firmly welded by the comradeship of arms, has remained unimpaired by the defection of the enemy and his desertion to the enemies' camp. The German ambassador, therefore, has received instructions to leave Rome conjointly with the Austro-Hungarian ambassador."

EVER DIVORCED AND ALL MARRIAGES WERE LEGAL! HOW? Answer Monday

It Seems To Me by Heywood Broun

(Copyright, 1934, for The Fort Worth Press). NEW YORK.—To me it has always seemed not only illogical but improper that police or national guardsmen should be employed to protect the functioning of strike breakers in any industry.



In theory, at least, the police and the guard are supposed to be the servants of the majority of the citizens. Governors and mayors are elected by the masses. Why, then, should public forces be turned over to private individuals for their personal advantage, particularly when that advantage happens to be disadvantageous to the common weal?

Palpably the strike breaker is an anti-social member of the community. As a rule he has no political or economic philosophy whatsoever. Certainly whenever a strike is broken the city or town, as a whole, is worse off than it was before. There will be an inevitable tendency to worse wages and working conditions all along the line.

In Toledo the head of a merchandise house told me that the strike in the Auto-Lite plant was costing his store a loss of 20 per cent of average business every week.

I said to him, "That doesn't surprise me, but the thing which I can't understand is why the business men in this town or any other should oppose the unions and get together at meetings to denounce 'outside agitators.' The success of your store depends on the purchasing power of the people. You can't afford to see the men lose."

I think the same theory holds good in San Francisco. The guardsmen and the police are supported by the taxpayers, who will be assessed in order to win a victory for the owners of steamship lines and thereby lower the general standard of living.

Not So Very Rugged

I HAVE heard a few ill-informed and sentimental folk picture the strike breaker as a rugged American who was fighting for the cause of individual liberty and the freedom of every man to work at whatever craft he may choose for his own.

The strike breaker is not like that. He sells his birthright for a few meager and immediate pieces of silver and heightens his own chances to be back on some breadline a few weeks or months after the event.

It seems to me that the average American is not very quick to realize the enormous benefits which even non-union workers have gained thru the force of organization.

If there were no possible threat of organization all wages would drop to the intolerable levels established by the law of supply and demand. One does not need to be a complete technocrat to realize that with our present surplus of unemployed, wages would be next to nothing save in the case of a very small number of highly skilled individuals.

Much has been said about the American standard of living and the necessity of its preservation. That standard has been rather rudely battered about in the last few years, but where it still exists the credit must go to the unions, which have kept wages up and hours down.

The non-union man is a person who reaps where he has not sown. He comes at the 11th hour and receives his penny. Worse than that, he stands ready to stab in the back the very people who have made it possible for him to command a competence.

And so I say that he is an anti-social force who decidedly does not deserve protection at public expense. I would not have him torn limb from limb by angry mobs. I think both the police and the guard have a proper function in strikes.

I feel that they should in emergencies be called out by Mayors or Governors under the order, "It is your job to see that not a single strike breaker enters this plant or so much as one wheel turns until the employers have made a fair settlement with their men."

HIS RULES OF CONDUCT.

- Stephen Allen, one mayor of New York City, carried these maxims in his pocketbook:
1. Keep good company or none.
 2. Never be idle.
 3. If your hands can not be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
 4. Always speak the truth.
 5. Make few promises.
 6. Live up to your engagements.
 7. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
 8. When you speak to a person look him in the face.
 9. Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.
 10. Good character is above all things else.
 11. Your character can not be essentially injured except by your own acts.
 12. If any one speaks evil of you let your life be such that none will believe him.
 13. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
 14. Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.
 15. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.
 16. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.
 17. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.
 18. Never play at any kind of game of chance.
 19. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.
 20. Earn money before you spend it.
 21. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.
 22. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.
 23. Never speak evil of any one.
 24. Be just before you are generous.
 25. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.
 26. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.
 27. Read these rules at least once a week.—Rehoboth Herald.

THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR.

'Twas a balmy summer evening and a goodly crowd was there, Which well nigh filled Joe's barroom, on the corner of the square; And as songs and witty stories came through the open door, A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said; "The wind has blown it in." "What does it want?" another cried; "some whiskey, beer or gin?" "Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work— I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This bandinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace— In fact, he smiled as if he thought he'd struck the proper place; "Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd— to be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds you know; When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow; What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou. I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks, that braced me nicely, God bless you, one and all. Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call; Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past. My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.

"Say, give me another whiskey, and I'll tell you what I'll do— I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too; That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think, But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give us another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame— Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame; Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too, Well, here's luck, boys, and landlord, my best regards to you

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now; As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, fame and health, And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood, But an artist, and for my age, was rated pretty good; I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise, For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame,' It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name; And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part— With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me; But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smile was freely given, And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give, With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live; With eyes that would beat the Kohinoor, and a wealth of chestnut hair? If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May, Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way; And Madeline admired it, and, much to my surprise, Said she's like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown, My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone; And ere a year of misery had passed above my head, The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile, I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while; Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye, Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me another whiskey, I'll be glad, And I'll draw, right here, a picture of the face that drove me mad; Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score— You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began. To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man; Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

—William D'Arcy.

A Sucker Defined

MUCH of the sting of gullibility usually suffered by the man who falls prey to a promoter's "get-rich-quick" scheme was softened by U. S. Judge T. W. Davidson's definition of a "sucker."

Judge Davidson was delivering his charge to the new federal grand jury. "You must remember," the jurist

said, "that the sucker is a person who has not lost faith in humanity."

The jurors were preparing to decide the fate of numerous persons accused of mail fraud, persons who use the Government mails to bring in "sucker" money on their fake promotions. Educated, as well as ignorant and so-called gullible folk, often are victimized, the judge pointed out.

His statement not only emphasizes the necessity of bringing the fake promoter to justice, but is a reminder that life would be a rather drab affair if there were nothing left in which you or I could pin our faith.

Human emotions are such that we must have something in which to trust, whether it be a religion, a business, or an individual. There is the dyed-in-the-wool cynic on the one hand and the trusting soul who believes everything and anybody on the other. So why not try to strike a happy medium with a challenging analysis that can distinguish truth from misrepresentations?

'Round Home

BY CHARLES S. KINISON

'DUST THOU ART.'

THE thought of Death should tell us all, That man, indeed, is very small. It makes no difference who we are, When we are dead, we're all at par. And though some fill a place that's high, It counts for naught the day we die. However great they felt they were, The world moves on, without a stir.

Not many folks will even know Our name—or care the day we go. A little group will grieve a while, And even they, again, will smile. And of this group, but three or four Will suffer grief that leaves them sore. Since these are facts we all must meet, How dare we ever show conceit? (Copyright, 1929, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

A Massachusetts professor says women are feminizing the thought of the Nation. There must be some reason why men smoke cigarets, at that.—The Adrian Daily Telegram.

President Hoover's naval yardstick seems to be doing its most effective work applied vigorously to the seat of certain jingo propagandists pants.—The Beloit Daily News.

No, "speakeasy" doesn't describe the effect of the stuff on the drinker.—The San Antonio Evening News.

At the diplomatic card table one of the first steps toward a naval cut will be the cut for deal.—The Lowell Evening Leader.

GEMS.

JANUARY—GARNET.
Where it is, there sweet Constancy abides,
And Faithfulness its face in horror hides.

FEBRUARY—AMETHYST AND PEARL.
As Charity itself these stones are kind,
And where they go, there follows peace of mind.

MARCH—BLOODSTONE AND HYACINTH.
The courage of a Caesar comes with these,
And Cowardice falls fowling on its knees.

APRIL—DIAMOND.
When the angel dropped that tear, to wash away
That famous oath, the diamond came—to stay.

MAY—EMERALD.
This stone will sift the false friend from the true,
And make coquettish Love come live with you.

JUNE—AGATE.
Long life comes with the Agate—health and strength;
Good heart, good friends, and paradise, at length.

JULY—RUBY.
The jewel of the world! and finer far
Than anything except the Northern Star!

AUGUST—MOONSTONE AND SARDONYX.
If you are married, and not mated, wear
These stones, to make your stormy life more fair.

SEPTEMBER—SAPPHIRE.
Free from passions base and grief of mind;
It makes Dame Fortune see and Bad Luck blind.

OCTOBER—OPAL.
Hope laughs and sings and dances in the heart,
And Death itself defies, where e'er thou art.

NOVEMBER—TOPAZ.
With this will come good dreams, which will come true,
If you will bravely strive and dare and do.

DECEMBER—TURQUOISE.
This stone will every wearer ever bless;
It keeps off ills, and woos friends and Success.

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

Life

"There is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

A man's bigness or littleness is shown by the way prosperity affects him.

If well poised, he continues the even tenor of his way, even though advanced in position until financing millions and having thousands of men under his control; while one of "22-caliber" character placed in a situation of prominence, will be afflicted with what is denominated the "big head" (a species of water-on-the-brain occupying the place of a more valuable filling), thus advertising the small percentage of his intrinsic value, even though, by the turn of Fortune's wheel, he has been elevated above his fellows.

Shakespeare has drawn a word-portrait of the latter, as follows:

"Man, proud man, clothed with a little brief authority * * * plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as makes the angels weep."

Yet, why should this self-laudation be manifested?

"What is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

The rich man and the poor, the upright and the evil-doer alike enact their part on life's stage, appearing and disappearing as the fog which is dissipated by the morning sun.

Even one of prominence, civic or national, passing to "that bourne from which no traveler returns" is soon forgotten except by his family and a few others who knew him intimately.

Whatever his position and power may have been, he fades from sight even as the beautiful flowers laid upon his coffin and banked over his grave—and the world goes on.

No wonder the poet exclaimed: "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

Instead of becoming arrogant over the possession of wealth or influence in any direction, one who appreciates what such things mean will use all as a means of greater usefulness.

Many are doing this, regarding themselves as stewards of the Most High, remembering that while earthly riches cannot be carried over the line between mortality and immortality, the result of their wise distribution can be taken across the Great Divide, to serve as an asset in the life eternal.

"We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone.
A trust, O Lord, from Thee."

—Anonymus.

ROME'S REPRESENTATIVES RIDE FREE

Who is there among us that don't witness every day—those of us who travel—from two, four, six and eight "Sisters of Charity" on the railroads, and see this everywhere we go? The public doesn't know that it's in the Statutes of State of Texas that these "Sisters of Charity" are exempt from the Anti-Pass Law, and can ride free and do ride free. No reflection is meant by putting this order in quotation marks, but quotation marks are used because it is quoted from the Statutes. In the volume entitled "Complete Texas Statutes," under the division the "Penal Code" on page 245, chapter 16, entitled "Railroads: Prohibiting issuance of free passes," and in Article 1533, the exceptions to the law are mentioned. The exceptions include Railroad employees, Railroad officials, and in this list of exceptions is specifically mentioned "Sisters of Charity."

Buckner's Orphans' Home, the greatest christian orphanage in this country has a number of representative workers, but not one of them can ride free. No representative of any orphanage or hospital or eleemosynary institution of any Protestant denomination can ride free. But Rome got in her work at Austin, Texas, in this Protestant State, and sends these collectors in the garb and robe of "Sisters of Charity," and the rest of us pay the bills.

The Greatest Birthday in All History

The Whole World Celebrates It Regardless of Religious Belief.
(Copyright, 1923, by Star Company).

By ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-three years ago a beautiful young Jewish woman, forgetting her poverty, not seeing the animals about her in the stable, seeing nothing but the tiny face of the baby in her arms, was made eternally blessed by that child.

And blessed have been the world's mothers since that day, by the work that the child of Mary has done in the hearts of men through the long centuries.

Christmas is a blessed birthday, it is the birthday of a HUMAN KINDNESS.

Christ preached, lived and DIED for the poor, for those that had no friend but Himself.

For the sake of the poor, He died a condemned criminal and despised. And He lived among the poor as one of them.

"THE FOXES HAVE HOLES AND THE BIRDS OF THE AIR HAVE NESTS; BUT THE SON OF MAN HATH NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD."—Matthew, viii:20.

Many lessons that Christ taught are still to be learned. The world WILL learn them and live eventually according to His teachings.

With war and murder waging, we KNOW that in the end this earth will have peace, perpetual, and that the holy Sermon on the Mount will rule the human race.

The earth is filled with hatred, intolerance.

Low superstition among so-called Christians, here as well as in Europe, hates and persecutes the Jews.

But the day will come when this injustice will disappear and men will realize that to the Jewish race we owe the mother of Jesus, the care she gave to her child, and that the Jewish religion was the basis of Christ's religious teachings.

Vicious, ignorant hate has sought to perpetuate race and religious bitterness by representing the crucifixion as a Jewish punishment inflicted by Jews on the founder of Christianity.

Crucifixion was a Roman punishment, unknown to the Jews, detested by them, inflicted by Romans upon criminals, inflicted by a Roman government and a Roman governor in Jerusalem upon Christ as upon the thieves crucified on either side of him.

It was not a Jew, but Caesar, the great Roman, who exultantly testified that he had caught and crucified pirates that once held him prisoner on their ship.

That should be taught to the children, that crucifixion was a punishment of Roman pagans, unknown to the Jews, and one historic lie will die.

The historical lie that the Jews crucified Christ will die with other lies, including "the divine right of kings" lie, and many another.

Among the Jews a few of the privileged, powerful and dishonest hated Christ, as with us the most powerful hate any man that defends the poor and attacks selfish privilege.

Those for whom Christ lived and died loved Him, among the Jews in His lifetime, and since then throughout the world. "And the common people (Jews) heard Him gladly."—Mark, xii:37.

Until hatred dies out between nations, individuals, religions and classes, Christ's work will not be complete.

"If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. If a man say, I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

"And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."—John, I Epistle, Chap. 4.

That is the teaching and the law, about all there is of the law—and no man can dodge it whatever his color, race, religion. The only exception is the man whose God is MONEY.

To all our readers we wish a happy day and a happy, prosperous, and useful New Year.

Make good resolutions today, and KEEP them. He who WILL succeed, CAN succeed.

BOTTLED IN BOND.

	4 Full Quarts	6 Full Quarts	12 Full Quarts
JOEL B. FRAZIER	\$5.00	\$7.00	\$12.00
Blue Ribbon	5.00	7.00	12.00
Bond & Lillard	5.00	7.00	12.00
O. F. C. (8 years old)	5.00	7.00	12.00
Cedar Brook	5.00	7.00	12.00
OLD TOM TURNER	5.00	7.00	12.00
Old Ripy	5.00	7.00	12.00
Spring Hill	5.00	7.00	12.00
Old Saxon	5.00	7.00	12.00
Guckenheimer Rye	5.00	7.00	12.00
Dripping Springs	4.40	6.25	11.00
Jersey Cream	4.40	6.25	11.00
Sunny Brook	4.40	6.25	11.00
Old Barbee	4.40	6.25	11.00
Hill & Hill	4.40	6.25	11.00
Kentucky Tavern	4.40	6.25	11.00
Big Springs	4.40	6.25	11.00
D. L. Moore	4.40	6.25	11.00
Some and Then Some More	4.00	5.50	10.00
Old Jefferson	4.00	5.50	10.00
Old Crow (W. A. Gaines)	6.00	8.50	16.00
YELLOWSTONE	6.00	8.50	16.00
Apple Brandy	5.00	7.00	12.00

BARREL GOODS

	\$4.00	\$5.50	\$10.00
JOEL B. FRAZIER	\$4.00	\$5.50	\$10.00
Gaines' Old Crow (8 years old)	5.00	7.00	12.00
Gaines' Hermitage (8 years old)	5.00	7.00	12.00
Blue Ribbon	4.00	5.50	10.00
OLD TOM TURNER	4.00	5.50	10.00
Guckenheimer Rye	4.00	5.50	10.00
J. P. Hartnett's Standard	4.00	5.50	10.00
Old Barbee	4.00	5.50	10.00
Dalworth	3.75	5.40	10.00
Jockey Club	3.50	5.25	9.50
Choice Grain	3.25	5.00	9.00
Acme Martin	3.00	4.75	8.50
Brookside	2.75	4.25	7.50
Very Best Corn (2-stamp)	3.25	4.50	8.00
Good Corn	2.75	4.25	7.50
Yellow Corn	3.00	4.40	7.75

DISTILLERS' BOTTLING.

	4 Full Quarts	6 Full Quarts	12 Full Quarts
BONNIE RYE	\$4.00	\$5.50	\$10.00
L. W. Harper	5.00	7.00	12.00
Paul Jones	4.00	5.50	10.00
Kentucky Taylor	4.00	5.50	10.00
Puritan Rye	4.00	5.50	10.00
Three Flowers	4.40	6.25	11.00
Yellowstone	5.00	7.00	12.00
Creme de La Creme	5.00	7.00	12.00
Cascade (Tennessee)	5.00	7.00	12.00
Monticello	5.00	7.00	12.00
JOEL B. FRAZIER (Squats)	5.00	7.00	12.00
Lewis 66	5.00	7.00	12.00
Gaines' Old Crow (7 years old)	5.50	7.50	14.00
Old Forester	5.50	7.50	14.00
Jack Daniel No. 7 (Tenn.)	5.50	7.50	14.00
Four Roses	6.75	9.00	16.50
JOEL B. FRAZIER (13 years old)	7.00	9.75	18.50
Canadian Club (5 shorts)	4.00	5.50	10.50
Shaw's	5.00	7.00	12.00
Duffy's (5 short quarts)	5.00	7.00	12.00

GIN, WINES, BRANDIES, ETC.

	3.00	4.40	7.00
Scuppernong or Va. Dare	3.00	4.40	7.00
California Port, Sherry or Angelica	2.50	4.00	7.00
Claret or Reising, (5 short quarts)	2.50	4.00	6.00
Apple Brandy, bottled in bond	5.00	7.00	12.00
Apple Brandy, 100 proof	4.00	5.50	10.00
Best Gin, 2-stamp	4.00	5.50	10.00
Holland Type Gin	3.50	5.25	10.00
Apricot Cordial X	3.00	4.50	8.50
Apricot Cordial XXX	3.50	5.00	9.00
Blackberry Cordial	3.00	4.25	8.50
Banana Cordial	3.00	4.25	8.50

ALCOHOL

Standard Grain, 188	4.00	5.75	10.00
Alcohol Grain, 165	3.50	5.50	10.00

Townsend Threatens Congress.

DR. TOWNSEND of the Plan has set up headquarters in Washington and has announced that the Townsend Plan constitutes a direct threat to the Congress personnel—and, by implication, the entire Government. He has names signed to petitions which, he says, run into so many thousands of votes in each of the 435 congressional districts as to menace not only the members of the lower house but those of the Senate. He is perfectly frank about it. The Townsend Clubs purpose "clubbing" the Congress into submission and passing the bill which will pay each and every person over 60 years of age the sum of \$200 a month for the remainder of their lives.

Whenever a cause is just the only need for a club is against tyranny. The word, however, scarcely applies to a cross-section of Americans who are demanding that they be supported by the remainder. There can be no justice in any proposition which purposes to "pension" a person with an amount of money greater than any earning capacity they ever knew in their more active years. Nor is it any degree of justice to permit an arrangement whereby those who should be happy to care for the declining years of their parents are eagerly signing the Townsend Plan petitions with the frank avowal that the entire family of the two past-60-beneficiaries can live without work and with more creature comforts than they have been able to earn. The great majority of the signatures on the petitions which are "clubs" to be used on members of Congress are of one classification or the other. The third classification is the producer group which has stood steadfastly through the depression and which refuses to stampee on "isms" of any sort or degree.

There is just as much money in circulation now as there will be if the Townsend Plan puts a 2-cent "transaction tax" on every dollar that is expended. The producers merely will be forced to pay \$1.02 instead of a dollar. The money changing feature of the proposal is a play on figures very much as a pun is a play on words. The only way that those alleged 8,000,000 or 20,000,000 Townsend Plan beneficiaries can be worth anything to the American industrial system is to earn the 2 cents purposed to be added to every dollar every time it changes hands. It would be just as sensible economics to have the government printing presses turning out a \$200 bill and mail it, franked postage, to each name and address on the Townsend Plan membership rolls—including a specially coined 25-cent piece to reimburse them for the "two bits" membership fee. If there are 8,000,000, 200,000,000 has been paid in.

But the author of the Millinismistic is facing a "dud."

I wonder if I could have another helping of ice cream? I afterword learned that what he intended to inquire another café incident. This time in front of the Café de la Paix in Paris. My wife and I were sitting there and then turned sharply, bewilderingly, and then I only squirmed and replied with a few meek "Is that so's?" But after a time I found myself getting them. But those were glamorous years. And I'm grateful.

HOME—at Last—

by

O. O. McINTYRE

Most of my life has been spent in hotels. My father was a small-town hotel keeper. During migratory days of newspapering there were few types of boarding houses or hotels that I missed.

I have slept on corn-husk mattresses in shabby shakedown along the railroad track. I graced the star boarder's table in a theatrical tavern, was a "paying guest" in an outmoded brownstone front-family hotels, sinister side-street hotels, deluxe hotels, I tried them all.

Indeed, I spent thirty of my forty-odd years in hotels and boarding houses. I lived in hotels where I knew the name and history of every guest. I put up at one hotel for ten years where I knew no one save a few attachés. I've been thrown out of several honeys.

My world was a whirl of push buttons, rushing page boys, flunkies caparisoned in gold braid, pandrums in frock coats, white-capped maids with Swedish and cockney accents, arriving patrons with bright blond baggage who often departed through coal-trolleys, great actresses, merchant princes, international flyers and derbied house detectives.

It was all kaleidoscopic and vastly fascinating—a constant flux of human life. There is a tempo to hotel living that grips. On the very few occasions I visited the peaceful homes of relatives I was like a jockey longing for his saddle to go nowhere save around and around.

After marriage most people go to the cozy apartment or to the little cottage out where the pavement ends. But I took my bride to a hotel—the DuCasse, high up on one of Cincinnati's hills, fourteen dollars the week for our room and board and a front porch to rock upon.

We, too, journeyed the circuitous path of the "hotel hounds." We flitted from one hotel to another, birds of passage and always on the wing. "Home, Sweet Home" was a nice sentimental song but it had little place in our daily drama of excitement. Any morning we might awaken to headlines that the mysterious lady next door was another Madame X.

Often we have stepped into the elevator to find a fellow passenger was none other than Geraldine Farrar, Charles M. Schwab, Harold Lloyd or Mayor Jimmy Walker. That terrific roar outside our window was a motor-cycle escort bringing a visiting ambassador from an incoming liner.

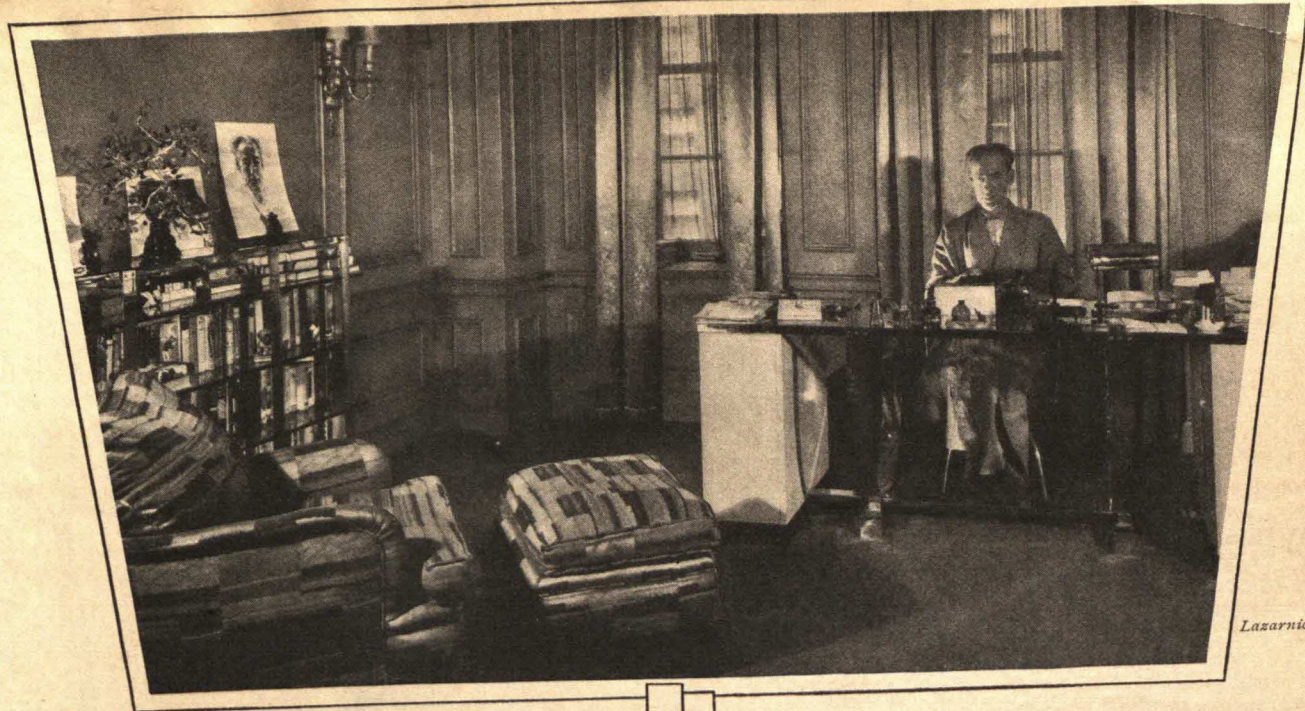
And then, all of a sudden we decided to launch upon an adventure in housekeeping. It was somewhat like yanking a couple of fish out of water and heading them across the desert.

Constant dripping wore away the stone. Too many of our friends had looked at us pityingly and wondered how we could possibly endure existence in a hotel. "You are ticketed and numbered like so much baggage, you know!" With "baggage" in italics.

Our decision was not one of those whims of the



After 20 Years of Hotel Life



it didn't to us. During our absence one of those eighty-odd-storied catercornered hotels had decided to go up.

On this especial day they seemed to be holding a riveting contest—the one who did the most beams won the mandolin or something—and it was so hot all our windows had to stay up. That probably gives you an idea. If not, it doesn't matter. It's Our Home, anyway.

If you know anything about telephoning for house furnishings that are late there is no sense of my going into details. Anyway, you will find it in the dictionary under the F's. Look for "futility." After a week or so they began to arrive in dribbles, a drib here and a drib there, as it were. The dining table would arrive, but with the usual quaintness of newly arrived house furnishings there would be but one chair, and that a foot-stool.

When the made-to-order bookcase arrived the only book that fitted it was a pocket edition of "Happiness" by—just a second—William Lyon Phelps. The writing desk was fine and dandy except the drawers. There weren't any.

It went on in this way but we finally got everything in place by Thanksgiving. Or maybe it was the Ides of March. It was all so upsetting that I began to have some of my spells again, with accompanying mental lapses.

Then came

the problem of staffing the servant quarters—do you mind if I run through that again? It sounds so elegant, staffing the servant quarters—and they certainly sent us some beafts from the employment agency. First there came Hilda and Hulda, and they can't beat that in a vaudeville billing—Hilda & Hulda, Songs and Funny Sayings.

Hilda was to cook and Hulda was to tidy up the house. Nobody has ever fooled me about home cooking. It is one of the grandest of American bunks. The worst meals I have ever eaten were of the home-cooked variety in carefully run households.

For a well-seasoned, delectable meal I'll take the high-class restaurant every time. But I didn't expect home cooking to degenerate into the Hilda & Hulda version.

Suffice it to say in twenty-four hours we sent Hilda and Hulda on their way and we hope everything is lovely in Scandinavia and share these skoals among

moment. For several years we made up our minds, and then changed them. But after we made the plunge there was no turning back, for we bought an eight-room apartment in a cooperative building.

Then we went shopping for household furnishings. It was a slack summer season and everything we ordered was promised in exactly six weeks—properly installed and all that. So gayly we went holidaying to Europe and, to give the dear souls plenty of time, we remained seven weeks instead of six.

Walking through the leafy Bois, idling along the canals of Holland, driving along the Rhine and through the peasant country, we discussed nothing but our rose-ate dream—a home at last. In Berlin we stepped off our cloud and sailed for home. Our home!

Even the New York taxi—and you know how they go!—seemed to crawl from the pier to our new address. We raced through the foyer, shot up in the elevator and threw open the door.

Here it was, the new home, our home! And if you had been there at the moment you would have been entirely welcome to it, with a pair of my best ice skates tossed in.

The furnishings

consisted of one piano stool, two window drapes, hung cockeyed, a hand-painted stepladder, the left number of a set of twin beds and a drunken painter asleep in the kitchen.

Home, sweet home! And the back of my hand to you, sir!

We made the best of it for the night, but it was all so miserable that for the first time in his unusually mute life the dog sat in the middle of the uncarpeted living room and howled his canine litany of despair. Morning usually brings hope to resolute hearts, but

you, with love and kisses. Next came Ling, a Chinese. Ling scorned an assistant. He smiled blandly and declared with the Chinese equivalent of a disdainful finger snap—I forget what it was—that he not only could do it all but would give the dogs two extra airings daily and keep his master posted about any good peeping through neighboring windows.

He started off like a whirlwind. By one o'clock in the afternoon he not only had done all his kitchen work, made the beds, washed the windows, used the vacuum cleaner and aired the dogs but was all dressed up and ready to take a walk. He seemed a treasure.

But at

dinner-time, and with company, too, Ling suddenly began to cry. All through the dinner tears would course down his cheeks and from the pantry we could hear him boohooing.

After dinner I tried to console him, but it was useless. He just wouldn't stop. Nor would he tell what it was all about.

I made up my mind if housekeeping consisted of sitting up every night with a crying Chinaman, t'ell with it! So Ling went (you'll die at this!) sailing.

For several weeks they came in sets, remaining a few days and departing, taking along as souvenirs sundry bed sheets, hand-embroidered towels, perfume, and even a pair of my Tuxedo pantaloons.

Our housekeeping friends told us hopefully that it was the natural adjustment that accompanied every new experiment in housekeeping. "Just be patient," they trilled.

Otherwise, I like housekeeping fine, and isn't "Grand Hotel" a swell play—especially that scene with the dancer at the telephone? One thing is certain: no man should wait until after forty to have a home all his own.

Heaven save me from bromides, but I must slip over this one: It is difficult to teach an old dog new tricks. Yet I must confess that there is a thrill about home-owning and home-making. All about me is the pride of possession—my piano, my lounging chair, my rugs, my bric-a-brac, my book ends and oh, yes, your aunt Ida's tippet, you big bums!

I could go on raving about the joys of housekeeping for pages and pages. But it is now five-thirty o'clock, and I always go over to the Ritz at this time and sit around in the lobby for a couple of hours. It is so homelike.

I've always had a Ringside Seat

HAVING JUST finished twenty years of newspaper columning, I feel privileged to reminisce in a discursive fashion. Consequently, this is a preface to nothing. The babbling of a hardy rememberer!

Crossing to Europe shortly after the market went into its dizzy tall spin, I was one of a group on the promenade deck discussing at sundown the low estate of civilization. All were much dispirited.

Edna Ferber, swinging around the deck, pert in white tweeds, stopped, listened a moment and observed: "If we all go back to rags and primeval ooze, one thing is certain. Those who have lived through the past two decades have seen twenty of the most glamorous years."

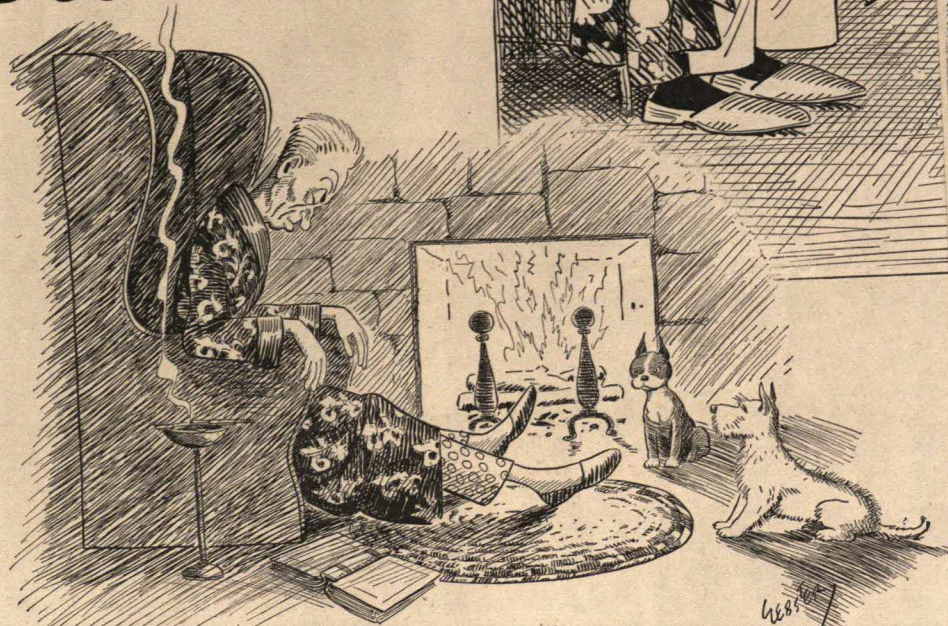
During this epoch of magnificence I was fortunate enough to spend twenty years in a city which seems to me the most fascinating in the world—New York. And in an occupation that is equally intriguing. So I subscribe heartily to Miss Ferber's credo.

Solely because of a careless open-sesame journalism bestows, I have met every celebrity whom I cared to meet, been at the ringside of almost every event of importance, and otherwise enjoyed privileges I never fancied a second I, as an individual, deserved.

This little essay is to deal, not chronologically but rather haphazardly, with people, coincidences, personal experiences, opinions, and all the minutiae observed from side lines. I should like to give it the ticking variety of unrelated incidents of topical events at the cinema.

If I were asked to name the person who interested me more than any other in casual contact, I think it would be young Clyde Beatty, the wild-animal trainer. Not because of his whipcord courage among forty mixed and ferocious beasts but because, dining with me one night, he suddenly blurted, "I wonder—!" Then stopped and blushed a flaming red.

I afterward learned that what he intended to inquire "I wonder if I could have another helping of ice cream." I have one of those curious, thoughtless minds,



Many of my friends are gone. The chimney corner is in the offing. But those were glamorous years!

keenly attuned to such trivia. A dare-devil confused in such a simplicity was somehow "tops" with me in annotating the complexities of human behavior.

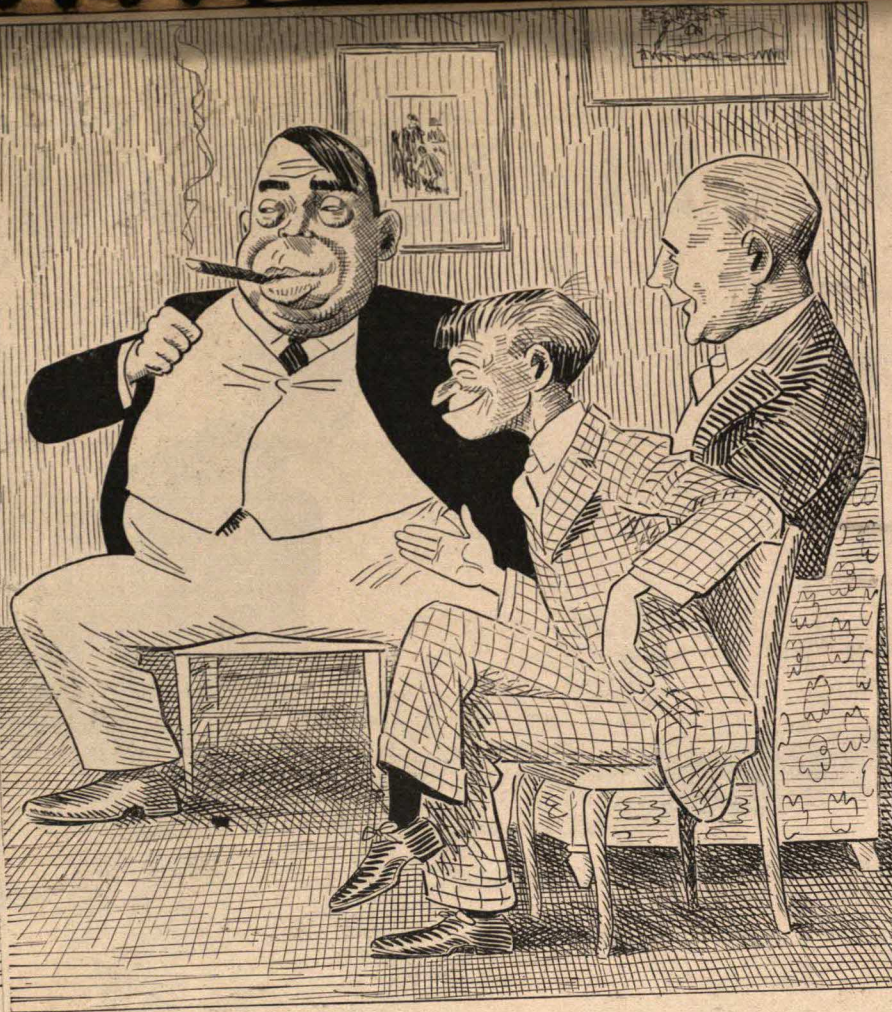
I shall always remember Michael Arlen, not as a fashioner of something new in literary modes, but as the first wearer of evening-dress shirt, vest and tie of the same white material. Things like that, which few notice, notch my pulse several degrees.

The most distinct remembrance I had of Arnold Bennett was his skillful way of skirting around words beginning with the letter c. He had a pronounced impediment that balked at such words, but could supply a substitute with an ease that was astounding.

There was an evening in a Greenwich Village restaurant when a gentleman in our party, a seasoned bachelor of fifty-two, noticed a beautiful brunette entering with an escort. He halted in the middle of a sentence to stare.

Then, quite calmly, he announced: "I am going to marry her." Before the evening was over, he jockeyed into an introduction. Exactly five days later, I attended their wedding.

Another café incident. This time in front of the Café de la Paix in Paris. My wife and I were siesta-ing there with cups of *chocolat chaud*. I remarked that while at



O. O. McIntyre has been everywhere, seen everybody, and remembered everything! Here he selects for you the cream of his experiences

by **O. O. McINTYRE**

Illustrations by H. T. Webster

such a yokel rendezvous we should send post cards home. I bought a batch from a hawker.

I heard someone call out: "Don't forget to send me one!" I looked up into the face of Jerome Beatty, a fellow scribbler, drifting with the pavement current. I showed him the uncompleted name on the post card I had been addressing. It read: "Jerome Bea—!"

For some reason that night I peeked under the bed before retiring. The incident was a little too spooky for "second-company" nerves.

IT HAS NOT always been heigh-ho during the Elegant Era. I have had my trying moments. There was that day when Irvin Cobb, Will Rogers and Amon G. Carter dropped around after lunch.

They had arranged to make me the target for the gentle art of what, for the want of better name, is known as "ribbing." They were taking me for a ride. It began with a few slighting references to my work, and then turned sharply, bewilderingly personal.

At first I only squirmed and replied with a few meek "Is that so's?" But after a time I found myself getting hot under the collar and stewing in my own juice. They were letting me have both barrels, but during

Irvin Cobb, Will Rogers and Amon Carter had arranged to make me the target for the gentle art of "ribbing." They were taking me for a ride.

it up with many poisonously tipped javelins.

Just about the time I was preparing to ask them unceremoniously to go to a certain place, the phone rang. It was Bob Davis. "Did they get it?" he asked. "Get what?" I replied, and I might add my voice was trembling falsetto. "Your goat," he said. Then it came over me what it was about, but I was so jittery I could only gulp another "Is that so?"

Only New York could produce such an incredible human paradox as the roadside photographer, E. A. Jacobs. For thirty years he has stood on a lonely peak of Riverside Drive, making an excellent living salvaging customers out of the motor flow.

Or Lindy's, that clattery café of song writers, booking agents, two-a-day "piff-awmers" and radio artists. Or Crying Mary who has control of her tear ducts. Or that hilarious chronic lay-off Frisco and his "heater." Or the "paddock" at Dinty Moore's where Al Smith relaxes.

To my notion the most auspicious of all metropolitan first nights was that marking the opening of the Ziegfeld Theater with a typical Ziegfeld exploitation of girls melting into beautiful scenes and vice versa. Everybody was there.

Jimmy Walker, riding the crest of his popularity, came sauntering down the aisle in the middle of the second act with his usual bantam bravado. Ellin Mackay Berlin, a fragile and beautiful bride, was there with her talented Tin Pan Alley king—once Izzy Baline, who tickled ivories for pitched nickels at Nigger Mike Salter's in Chinatown. A figure only Broadway spawns.

The dynamic red-haired Herbert Bayard Swope. Colonel Mayer, the

shy little corset manufacturer who occupied seat A-1 for a thousand-and-one first nights. The five-and-ten heiress, Barbara Hutton. The millionaire ex-play boy Phil Plant. They were all there this night of nights.

In the flood of night clubs the town has sponsored only one struck me as having the slightest personality—such as Ciro's in Paris or Romano's in London. This was the black-and-white Domino Room of uptown Bus-tanoby's. Here indeed was a spot.

The sport-shirted Vernon Castle would drop in to take the trap drummer's place. Diamond Jim Brady, too, with a Dolly Sister on each arm. Then, of course, there was Jack's for breakfast—Irish bacon and eggs.

It was at Jack's I met Wilson Mizner, the wisest cracker the Big Stem ever knew. Also Ben De Casseres. Beloved "Tad," who missed a thousand trains to Great Neck, to hear Hype Igoe sing just one more verse of "Frankie and Johnny." And, too, Frank Ward O'Malley, greatest reporter of them all.

If I loved any place, I loved Jack's. But it is gone. Many friends are gone. The chimney corner is in the offing. Today, vesperal-hour strolls along Riverside Drive. Contemplation and counting the blessed promises. But those were glamorous years. And I'm grateful I am not entirely too senile to forget them!



Clinging Vine? Ha!

By O. O. McIntyre

(That once sturdy oak)

I AM be inning to knit a wrinkle or so about us men-folks. Something terrible has happened.

Not only do we not amount to much any more but we seem to be growing more helpless every day. Sometimes I don't think we will last for another generation.

Women are living longer and doing bigger things than ever before. They are blithely swimming channels out of which limp men are dredged, beseeching someone to get a doctor. They are flying our oceans.

They are showing more endurance and beating men at golf and tennis. They are heading our banks, becoming governors of our states and mayors of our cities. And share this among you, they are even raiding our speak-easies.

Only recently the president of a New Jersey medical society spoke right out and said the women had become the stronger sex. I had a notion to telegraph him bicycles were no longer a craze either.

Any man not entirely purlblind long ago has realized that in an important business deal these days the feminine decision is a werful, if not a deciding, factor.

No longer is woman's place in the industrial world encompassed in: "Miss Timmins, please take this letter!" Pallid men with polished nails are now taking the dictation.

Woman has her place on the boards of directors and she may be called upon overnight to swing up the gang-plank to buy a mine in South Africa. Why, even those who want a bootleg are instructed to "knock three times and ask for Violet." I can trot you around in a six-block area outside my workshop and point out a dozen highly successful commercial enterprises—selling automobiles to flowerers—that are owned and capably directed by women. Young and good-looking, too.

Visit any of the smart luncheon places in New York and you will see more modestly dressed women closing up big deals than butantes flowered in orchids just trying to show off.

Women have usurped man's place as desk pounders. They talk straight from the shoulder and with the voice of authority. They won't be bluffed. And come to think of it, how long has it been since you saw a lady faint?

Try to approach any of the high-powered female executives these days with a little of the old taffy and see where you get—other than out.

I can remember that when women were just creeping mouselike

into the business world it was considered cute to send the Brummell of the staff to deal with them. He was the Romeo to charm the Juliet at her desk, and he often

did. But today he receives something that has all the earmarks of the raspberry.

And in the meantime what has been happening to the men who have suffered the invasion—the lollypops! From where I sit they seem to be hanging to the ropes and whining for aspirin. I for one expect them to be counted out at any moment. In fact you may find them under the table in almost any drinking-bout with the ladies—completely out.

Those lads who used to shake the rafters with their booming voices now come into the office soaping their hands and whinnying to Miss Soandso, the general manager, for their day's orders.

I've heard all about women's rights, the feminine movement and other tosh but they do not explain this phenomenon which is relegating man to second place in almost every field of endeavor.

THE unvarnished truth is, and shoot if you must this old gray head, that real red-corpusc'ed manliness is becoming a lost quality. I for one am not able, ha, ha, entirely to laugh off the fact that "the Nance" and "the Pansy" have become a part of our every-day conversation.

Just this morning at breakfast I saw a man leaving the dining-room in his mincing *mignon* way, and as he passed, Eddie Cantor observed: "He must have come out of the woodwork!" But to me it wasn't so funny, for I recognized in this diluted milksop the last of a gallant strain. His forefathers had blazed trails across the continent and gone around the Horn in wind-jammers. And there he was—just a Willie off the pickle boat.

So we have it coming to us. We can't go on this way forever, painting lamp-shades and wearing handkerchiefs in our cuffs. The fact is, it is no longer the fashion for a man to be robust and virile. The idea is to be pale and interesting and perhaps lisp a little.

Almost all of us have at some time or other witnessed the depressing spectacle of some beefy, overgrown lummox coming into a well-filled room only to sneak off into a corner and spend the evening fumbling with his hands and blushing. And we find out the big sap has a "mother fixation."

What he needs is a swift, well-placed kick and a twelve-hour-a-day job.

95

WHEN YOUR TIME HAS COME.

(By Pitchfork Smith.)

Every man reaches an age when he has no desire to sit out in the night air on a park bench and try to swallow some good looking girl. Mistaking his dotage for a quickened moral sense, he proceeds to get all stirred up over the "social evil" and concludes that every mirth-making couple in town is saturated with sin.

After a man has burnt two or three very large holes and four or five small holes in his stomach with red licker he generally climbs up on the tail end of the water wagon, leans back against his petrified liver, rolls his jaundiced eyes piously toward the pearly gates and lets out a howl against the Rum Demon that jars the gates of hell off their hinges.

After you have grown and harvested many bumper crops of "wild oats", why is it that, in the dusk of Life's evening, your sit under your vine and fig tree and cuss "wild oats" and advise the young bucks to plant the tame variety?

Why is it, bub, that when you are no longer physically able to buck the game you want to dismiss the umpire, take down the score board, and rule all the rest of the players off the diamond?

How much sweeter you would be if you could get into your nut that the game of Life goes on forever, that each player plays through his little day, then plays out.

Don't think that you are any better than you used to be. You have just flunked that's all. You had to. It was only natural. So be sweet.

The simple fact of the matter is that YOUR TIME HAS COME. There is no earthly reason why you should make a nuisance of yourself.

Don't Judge Too Hard

Pray don't find fault with the man
who limps
Or stumbles along the road,
Unless you have worn the shoes he
wears,
Or struggled beneath his load.

There may be tacks in his shoes that
hurt,
Though hidden away from view
Or the burden he bears placed on
your back
Might cause you to stumble, too.

Don't sneer at the man who's down
today,
Unless you have felt the blow
That caused his, or felt the shame
That only the fallen know.

You may be strong, but still the
blows
That were his, if dealt to you
In the self-same way at the self-same
time
Might cause you to stagger, too.

Don't be too harsh with the man who
sins,
Or pelt him with words of stone,
Unless you are sure, yea, doubly sure
That you have no sins of your own,
For you know, perhaps, if the tempt-
er's voice
Should whisper as soft to you
As it did to him when he went astray,
'Twould cause you to falter, too.

—Anonymous.

Mother's Day—A Son's Prayer

By Unknown Author.

For the body you gave me, the bones and sinew, the heart and brains that are yours, my mother, I thank you.

I thank you for the light in my eyes, the blood in my veins, for my speech, for my life, for my being.

All that I am is by you that bare me.

For all the love you gave me, unmeasured from the beginning, Mother, I thank you.

I thank you for the hand that led me, the breast that nestled me, the arm that shielded me, the lap that rested me.

All that I am is by you who nursed me.

For your smiles in the morning, and your kisses at night, my mother, I thank you.

I thank you for the tears you shed over me, the song that you sang to me, the prayers that you said to me, for your vigils, and ministerings.

All I am is by you who reared me.

For the faith you had in me, the hope you had in me, for your trust, and your pride, my mother, I thank you.

I thank you for your praise, and your chiding, for the justice you bred into me, and the honor you had, mine; all that I am you taught me.

For the sore travail that I caused you, for the visions and despairs, my mother, forgive me.

Forgive me the peril I brought you to, the sobs and moans I wrung from you, and the strength I took from you, Mother, forgive me.

For the fear I gave you, for the alarms, and dreads, my mother, forgive me.

Forgive me the joys I deprived you, the toils I made for you, for the hours, the days, and the years I claimed from you, Mother, forgive me.

For the times that I hurt you, the times I had no smiles for you, the caress I did not give you, my mother, forgive me.

Forgive me for my angers and revolts, for my deceits and evasions, for all the pangs and sorrows I brought you, Mother, forgive me.

For your lessons I did not learn, for your wishes I did not heed, for the counsel I did not obey, my mother, forgive me.

Forgive me my neglect, my selfishness, all the great debts of your love that I have not paid, sweet mother, forgive me. And may the peace and joy that passeth all understanding be yours, my mother, forever and ever. Good night, Mother, good night!



DO YOUR BIT.

JULIAN

F a c t s
W o r t h
K n o w i n g

DO YOU KNOW

That in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, in the land of Mesopotamia, where the British and the Turks are now fighting, is the cradle of civilization?

That the greatest cities of antiquity, Babylon and Ninevah, were there situated?

That Babylon was encircled with walls 300 feet high, built broad enough for the passing of chariots abreast and that these massive walls were re-built in replica for the filming of D. W. Griffith's night spectacle, "INTOLERANCE," or Love's Struggle Throughout the Ages?

That recent excavations have brought to light the sun-baked cylinders of Nabonidus and of Cyrus, which describe the treachery of the priests of Bel?

That through this, the greatest treason of all history, a civilization of countless ages was destroyed and a universal written language (the cuneiform) soon became an unknown cipher on the face of the earth?

That one set in "INTOLERANCE," that of the banquet hall of Belshazzar, in the last act, cost a quarter of a million dollars; that the cups used in the banquet were of solid silver, set with real stones?

That Babylon was the mother of astronomy, arithmetic, the arts, the alphabet, and that the Chaldean priests divided the hour into sixty minutes?

That Babylon, the Magnificent, maintained post roads, a regular postal delivery, sewerage systems, banking houses, loan brokers, a system of mortgages, and gave to her people the best of protection through her laws?

That the use of electricity was probably known to the Babylonians?

That to model one of the gigantic elephants seen in the last act took a mound of clay 60 feet in height and 30 feet in diameter at the base. This is said to be the largest mound of clay ever used by a sculptor for one statue.

DO YOU KNOW

That throughout all ages love has ever been as now, and that in Babylon Ishtar was the Goddess of love?

That with the Babylonians the art of love and laughter was practiced as a philosophy and a religion?

That the religious belief of the Babylonians was much the same as ours today?

That a clear comparison would be to call Bel a denomination, similar to that of the Baptists of the present day. By this same far comparison the worshippers of Ishtar might be compared to the Methodists?

That the battles in the play between Ishtar and Bel is merely a religious war on the same plane as those of more modern times, such as have harassed, tortured and destroyed many millions of human beings?

That 145 ostrich plumes, each dyed by hand, in the variegated tints of the Orient, was worn in the Princess costume in the play "INTOLERANCE," or Love's Struggle Throughout the Ages?

That ropes of exquisite imitation pearls, sapphires, rubies and emeralds, were on the costume, and in order to get the proper effect from the bracelets, wristlets, anklets, necklaces, head-pieces, they were plated with gold, in some places solid silver?

That there were over 5,000 of these jewels on this costume. The total cost of the costume being over \$7,000?

That in the siege of Babylon by Cyrus enormous towers were built as high as the city walls, against which they were moved by elephants and men, and that from the tops of those towers the besiegers fought against the defenders of the city? Scores of these towers are seen in action in the play "INTOLERANCE."

That the soldiers of those days made use of liquid fire, battering rams, bows and arrows and huge catapults or stone throwers?

DO YOU KNOW

That the Babylonians used a mighty instrument of destruction very much like the land war boats of the present European conflict?

That their horses were harnessed to chariots without traces, working from a yoke?

That the god Bel, worshipped in the time of the Babylon story told in "INTOLERANCE," was that Bel Marduk who destroyed the chief of the rebellious angels?

That in the great banquet hall of Belshazzar, which is a mile in length, the design between the two eagle-headed figures is the emblem of the tree of life, which corresponds in its significance to the tree of life spoken of in the Scriptures?

That the feasts, as shown in "INTOLERANCE" often lasted for weeks and months, and that dainties and delicacies were gathered from the ends of the earth?

That Babylonian historians claim an existence for their people of some 300,000 years?

That more people worked or took part in this picture than are in the united armies of Mexico and the United States combined?

That as there was not enough armor in the world to supply the armies used in this picture, Mr. Griffith was forced to have them made to order. These were made from ancient tablets, of copper, the material used by the warriors of those days, there were 470,000 copper clips used in the making of the jackets alone, each clip being bevelled, carved and stamped. Some of this armor was full length, and when complete weighed 95 pounds. The scenes in "INTOLERANCE" scintillate with these flashing costumes?

That the orthodox held the science of medicine under the ban for many hundreds of years during the Christian era?

That it was considered a sin for any one to attempt to be cured by any other means than the laying on of hands or faith?

DO YOU KNOW

That only in the last few centuries has medicine escaped the opposition of orthodox Christianity?

That many laws of the Babylonian code are used this very day in your home town, when we in our law condemn a murderer to death for committing murder? An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth—a murder for a murder? You and I are following out the ancient barbaric code of 5,000 years ago.

That "INTOLERANCE" attempts to prove that the ideals of all mankind, from the past to the present, should be linked in one great brotherhood?—Breeding Universal love and sympathy.

That the Demonologists were very common in ancient times? They believed everyone was beset with demons except themselves. They raved and sang, exhorted over their supposed victims to relieve them of their demons of sin.

That you may see in the modern revivalist a descendant of this priestcraft?

That this descent into animalism has been decried by the prophets and thinkers of all ages.

That the gigantic figure of Ishtar, in the banquet hall in the last act has a baby at her breast; you get some idea of the size of the figure when you learn that the figure of the suckling baby is nine and one-half feet in height. You see this great image in "INTOLERANCE."

That every mode of transportation known to the world is used in the play. Many different kinds of chariots, from the chariots of state of Belshazzar and Cyrus, to the flower-wreathed one which the Mountain Girl rides at the head of Cyrus' army in attempting to save Belshazzar.

That in the distance are seen the sheepskin boats and barges on the river Euphrates? In the Judean scenes Mary of Magdala and a friend of Caesar's are borne in palaquins on the necks of men.

DO YOU KNOW

That in the French Period is seen a palaquin similar to the older ones, but in this case strapped to a horse, one before and one behind, in which rides the Princess Margot, betrothed to Henry of Navarre.

That in the modern period we have in the last act a locomotive pursued by an automobile, in which rides the Dear One, attempting to overtake the governor to secure a hearing for new evidence.

That a great fleet of Zeppelins is seen in the last act?

That the gate of Imgur Bel, as used in the picture "INTOLERANCE," needed the weight of 24 men, with the aid of levers, to open?

That the figures on this gate wrought out of bronze in fac-simile of tablets of ancient Babylonian recently excavated? Each of these panels tells a story in itself, representing hunting scenes or triumphs of various ancient kings.

That the lions on each side of the gate are an imitation of alabaster ornaments that once were used in Babylon and have five legs?

That the actual cost of the production of "INTOLERANCE" was over \$1,900,000?

That the winged bulls and lions were placed on each side of entrance gates to Babylon as symbols of power, thereby keeping out evil? Exact replicas appear in the picture "INTOLERANCE."

That with the Hebrews wine was deemed a fit offering to God; the drinking of it a part of the Jewish religion?

That wine is spoken of in the highest terms all through the Old Testament, but that all through the Bible drunkenness and intemperance is spoken against in the strongest terms?

That the Jewish people have been wine drinkers for thousands of years and yet are the most sober and temperate people in the world?

Opportunity Is Knocking, Governor, And Before You Lies the Open Road

ARY 17, 1918.

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.

—Gilpin.

The above lines appeared in display at the head of a column on the editorial page of Saturday's Dallas News. On the first page appeared Governor Hobby's statement as to his recommendation of the fifth called session of this legislature. Whether or not the quotation reproduced was especially selected as apropos of the governor's position matters not—it was pertinent enough and timed correctly to hit the nail on the head.

This is war time. It is no time for dilly-dallying. It is no time for peanut politics. It is no time for straddling. It is no time for evasion. It is no time to attempt to manage two horses going in opposite directions.

Read it again: "I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone."

This is the direct way, the forceful way, the manly way, the American way. Woodrow Wilson never evades an issue. He never shifts responsibility. He isn't janus-faced. When a crisis confronts him, he faces the crisis and does his best to master it. He accepts all responsibility and he lets the future care for the future, or rather take care of itself.

Now why the ten-mile zone? Why not a fifty-mile zone, or a hundred-mile zone, or a zone statewide?

If whisky is poison for the soldier, isn't it poison for the civilian? If it demoralizes the soldier, it necessarily follows that it demoralizes and renders inefficient his civilian brother.

If intemperance is a curse to the soldier, why not a curse to the civilian? If liquor is a destroyer of the morale of the army of fighting men, why isn't it a destroyer of the morale of the army of working men—the producers, the creators, the builders, the thinkers, the burden-bearers who must get in behind the soldier in the prosecution to a successful finish of the world war?

Again the words of Gilpin, "I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong leave it undone." Every brave man should subscribe to the sentiment. Every patriotic American should make the declaration his declaration. Every citizen who loves his country and his home, should indorse the slogan. "If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone."

Governor Hobby is a young man, an ambitious man, a native Texan and opportunity is knocking at his door. He has behind him the national administration. Secretary Baker has demanded drastic legislation for the protection of the soldiers of the republic. Texas has been favored by the government with almost one-third of the total American military forces in training and Texas has been told to clean up. Why attempt to do a thing by halves? Why not a bold recommendation to the lawmakers of the commonwealth for the enactment of a law which shall place intoxicants beyond the reach of all and stripes for the man who defies the mandate of the state?

Why not play the game in the open? Why not throw the cards face uppermost on the table? Why not say to the lawmakers the hour has come for the outlawry of the saloon under Texas skies for the protection of soldier and civilian alike, the uplift of society and the advancement of the race?

Why zone legislation, which will make dry spots and wet spots? Why fish for some, fowl for others and flesh for the few? This is war time.

A man cannot serve two masters any more than he can ride two horses.

All the world loves a fighter. All the world loves a bold player. Most of the world has little use for the straddler and no use for the quitter.

Governor Hobby is an intelligent man. He must realize that before him lies the open road. He is one of the army against the kaiser. He should take that road regardless of personal consequences.

Three hundred thousand Texas Democrats demand statutory prohibition and practically every Texan would vote to sustain the request of the national government. Again the words of the philosopher Gilpin come uppermost. Like Banquo's ghost, they will not down. "I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone."

Texas lawmakers have a duty to perform. The state has been warned by the government that there must be drastic action if the state of Texas is to be favored by a continuance of the training of the American army within its borders. Secretary Baker has made the demand. The government deemed it to be right and makes the demand boldly. The legislators have been told by their governor that the soldiers of the nation must be protected and that strong drink and vice conditions must be stamped out within ten miles of a military camp. They should hate to see a thing done by halves. If it be right, this legislation recommended, it is for them to take decisive action and do their work boldly.

They should not evade or sidestep. They should not play politics or look about for stepping stones to higher office except by right. "If it be wrong, leave it undone." If it be right, then blaze the way and write into the statute books of Texas the reform laws demanded by the American government and that a large majority of the people demand and expect from their lawmaking servants.

Send Us Your Mail Orders—Prompt

An Enviably Assured of Spring Style

—with that characteristic "smartness" able in "Jackson" garments pervading stock, and that subtle style touch which stamps garments we sell with that look of "quality" demanded by a critical, style-conscious buyer. These Coats, Suits and Dresses take first place in Worth.

Dresses!

—Brimful of the
Springtime Charm

The graceful lines and artistic originality of these Dresses stamp them indelibly upon the minds of women who require something "different" or "individual" in an afternoon, street or utility town dress. Plain tailored models in bolero and straight line effects for street and utility wear, while graceful draped designs are features of afternoon gowns. Materials most shown will be Foulards, Georgette, Taffeta, Jersey, (silk and wool), Etamine, Tricotine, French Serges; these materials frequently appear in combination effects quite striking and original. New beaded, embroidered and braided designs produce the smart effects in trimmings. The colorings vary greatly from the light soft shades to the deeper and solid blues and blacks.

\$15.00 to \$49.75

Suits

—That Inspire

A showing of which is a fine example. Aside from the fact that this is a collection of smart suits, they are just what you need for "quality" and "different" and "exclusive" models from New York, and other cities. We are the sole representatives for this popular market. We pride in their present scale as we are no ordinary, semi-tailored, suits featured in polo cloth, serge, tricot silks, silvertone, et blues, rookie, navy,

\$25.00

ANNOUNCING the arrival of many new and exclusive models in theater and dinner gowns, direct importations and smart models. Edward L. Mayer and George C. Hennerdinger Co. of New York

Smart Coats!

New Suits

The new Spring Coats for dress, street and motor wear are extremely smart and good looking, straight line, high waist and empire styles, featuring new pleated and belted effects, bright shades, rookie, tan, blue and blacks in all popular fabrics handsomely lined.

\$14.75 to \$99.50

More thought and designing of these suits than in former season. Variety and pocket designs notable points in new materials are wool, jersey, plaid, crepe de chine

\$5.95

See the
New
Blouses

QUALITY
Jackson
ORIGINALITY

Have You Seen Those Sleeveless Gowns

BOYS AT BASE HOSPITAL ENJOY Y. M. C. A. PROGRAM

On Wednesday night the convalescent patients at the base hospital were given a musical treat by the Y. M. C. A., under the direction of Thomas Holt Hubbard, the Y. M. C. A. division song leader. The performers represented several countries, but they made good the old adage that "music is the one universal language which all understand." The concert was given in the laundry room of the hospital and every bit of available space was filled by an interested soldier, even the rafters furnishing support for several of the men who are near recovery.

A delegation of nearly forty nurses was present with the boys and they enjoyed the music to the fullest extent. The countries represented by the musicians were England, Ireland, Scotland and the United States.

The following numbers were given: Ensemble, "Musical Gems." First Sergeant Hawkes, Sergeant Bell, Corporal Laing, Messrs. Murray and Freeburn, R. F. C. Wheechter solo, "Scenes That Are Brightest" Wallace Sergeant David Bell, R. F. C. Banjo and mandolin, "Over There" Cohan Corporal Laing and Mr. Freeburn, R. F. C. Song, "I Hear You Calling Me" Marshall Mr. Fred Pedlar, R. F. C.

POPULAR MILLINER OPENS NEW STORE



Miss Evelyn C. Weldon, for the past year in the millinery department of Stripling's, has opened a new millinery shop of her own at 811½ Houston street.

Miss Weldon is a specialist in the art of millinery, and has a host of friends in Fort Worth, a large number of whom claim themselves as a member of her clientele.

FORT WORTH RECORD

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DAILY AND SUNDAY.

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5050X.....Editorial Department
5051X.....Advertising and Circulation Department
5052X.....Composing Room
5053X.....Mailing and Press Room
5054X.....Long Distance Connection

Why You Should Buy a Liberty Bond.

Frederick J. Haskin is an American newspaper man, an American thinker, an American orator, an American patriot and an American who carries the punch. Frederick J. Haskin made a four-minute speech at Keith's theater in the city of Washington in the hearing of President and Mrs. Wilson during the second Liberty loan campaign. It is a classic, a model of its kind and should be read by all the readers of The Record:

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN.

When the United States government was founded there were grave doubts as to its success.

The older nations called it "the great American experiment."

But the 142 years that have passed since this nation was established have been the most wonderful ever known by any government.

The three million people then are a hundred and five million now.

The original thirteen states are now forty-eight—and many of them are more rich and powerful than most of the European kingdoms.

This government, the product of five generations of Americans, is undoubtedly the richest inheritance ever handed down to any people.

Do you think you really appreciate how much your government actually means to you?

Have you ever stopped to think that during every moment of your life, waking or sleeping, the vigilant eye of Uncle Sam is always watching over you?

He is the master of the biggest business in the world—and it is your business.

He has more might and majesty than all the kingdoms of history—and all this might and majesty is yours.

He is your faithful guardian; your tireless servitor.

He makes safe the ocean lanes for the way of the mariner.

He speeds the sure, swift flight of the 2-cent letter.

He safeguards the perilous task of the miner.

He smites the rock and the dead waste of the desert teems with life.

He makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

He measures the heat of the stars.

He makes your money—and he regulates your time.

He is conqueror of disease.

He fixes the standards of weight and measure.

He is the great record keeper and the world's master builder.

He is teacher and law-giver and judge.

He does a thousand things in a thousand ways, and he does them all for you.

And now he has turned warrior. For your protection he has grappled with the mad power that has transgressed the rights of mankind and upset the peace of the world.

He wants to borrow your money, and you should lend it to him.

Your duty to your country is as fixed as your obligation to your family.

This is literally true, because if you do not maintain the integrity of your government your wife is no longer secure in your home nor your children safe in their school.

Mind you, Uncle Sam does not ask you to give this money, he merely wants you to lend it.

Every penny you can afford to advance is that much saved for your own use in the tranquil days when humanity shall have emerged from this agony of blood and carnage.

You may respond as freely as you will in the assurance that your money will not be used for the hateful and ghastly business of conquest.

It will be spent to soothe the hurts of those who are maimed, to feed those who are hungry, to clothe those who are not clad, to shelter those who are homeless, and to gird liberty's defending hosts for their mighty task of crushing the brutal, blaspheming plunderer who has so shamelessly violated the peace and honor of the world and all but made it captive.

"Hasten the day when the Texas school teacher can hope for justice in the matter of compensation," is the prayer of the Waco Tribune, "and the charge is made that the Texas school teacher is, of all public servants, the poorest paid and renders the greatest value for the compensation received." Texas school teachers should organize and they should potshot some of the peanut politicians who are running the state.

"Kill the bull," roars a South Texas exchange. Why not kill the bull-throver, the political bull-throver, the oratorical bull-throver? This would be doing something for humanity.

Australia offers America 150,000,000 bushels of wheat if America will send the ships for it. As well offer the moon to Major Pat O'Keefe of Dallas.

England's Debt to America.

England owes America an everlasting debt of gratitude. America gave Englishmen the liberty they enjoy today. The Minneapolis Journal is a staunch champion of democracy and the war policies of this country. This editorial from the Journal is to the point:

The American revolution democratized England. Since then no British sovereign has ventured to veto any bills passed by parliament. The Georges were German kings. Neither the first nor second could speak English, and George III spoke it with a heavy German accent. At that time America was fighting the German idea of autocracy as truly as she is today. King George could not command the full force of England against the colonies. Her leading statesmen—Pitt, Burke and Fox—were opposed to him. He could not raise a volunteer army, nor conscript an expeditionary force. He was, therefore, driven to hiring mercenaries from Hesse in Germany. But King George's program failed, and no occupant of the British throne since his time has dared to attempt the role of an autocrat. At the time of the revolution, only 200,000 Englishmen out of a population of 8,000,000 could vote, but England has since then seen a wonderful expansion of democracy, and America deserves her full share of credit for this result. The revolution resulted in a declaration of independence for England as well as for America.

American patriots won the war of the revolution with the assistance of the patriots of France and lovers of liberty who came from other monarch-ridden lands. Those who won independence for the colonies won freedom for the people of England. They tamed the Georges of Britain, royal rulers of German blood, and removed their fangs. The Journal also scores in making this declaration:

England owes a debt to America, too, in the matter of colonization. The revolution taught her a lesson that has put her at the head of nations as a colonizing power, and the loyalty of her colonies and dependencies today is the result of the generous and democratic treatment they have received at the hands of the British government. But the chief debt of England to America is the fact that America had so much to do with changing her from an autocracy to a democracy.

This is true. Great Britain cannot conscript soldiers in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa or other colonial possessions where the people are white and free. Canadians ordered conscription to fill the gaps in Canadian regiments in France and Flanders. New Zealand refused to conscript. Australians voted a conscription measure down by a very large majority. This is why the Irish leaders are opposed to conscription. If given a parliament of their own, that parliament would be justified, they say, in conscripting soldiers for the British army.

But back to the issue.

America is the great republic of history. Here genuine democracy first obtained a foothold. America democratized England. Americans spread the seeds of liberty in France. And the Russians who came to America are responsible for the final downfall of the Romanoff oppressors of the Slav.

Buy a Liberty bond.

It is a patriotic duty as well as a sound investment. A Liberty bond is good as gold and it pays a higher rate of interest than money invested in business houses or Texas farms.

Some day the government may be compelled to draft the wealth of this nation.

If forced to draft the wealth to win the war patriotic Americans will bow to the decree and face the future with stout hearts and willing hands.

No mercy should be shown the kaiser, the central empires, their field marshals or their soldiers, until they have been beaten to their knees and are scattered to the four quarters of the globe.

They have murdered defenseless women and children.

They have destroyed cities and towns and looted or robbed all the peoples of conquered provinces.

They have fired upon Red Cross hospitals and ships carrying wounded soldiers to places of refuge or safety.

They have assassinated mothers and their babies on the high seas and terrorized the free waters of the globe.

They have enslaved women and children.

They have respected neither age, nor sex, nor condition.

All the furies of hell appear to have been let loose by these kaisers of the central empires in lands devastated by their merciless soldiers.

George III sent his Hessian mercenaries to the shores of America to butcher the families of colonists who were fighting for liberty and bribed the fierce Indian warriors of Israel Brandt to go upon the warpath for the scalps of the wives and babies of the settlers.

This was in the long ago, and George the idiot, and his hated Hessians have been forgotten. Democracy is virile today the wide world over and democracy will be triumphant at the close of this war of wars.

All the world will owe an everlasting debt to the American democracy when the menace of autocracy has been removed and the black night of barbarism has vanished.

There is a statute which prohibits deputy game warden from carrying firearms except when in the actual discharge of duties, and the same statute prohibits special officers who receive remuneration of less than \$40 monthly from carrying firearms. War is certainly hell.

Milam county has three women candidates for county jobs. Dallas has a woman candidate. She wishes to hold down the office of county treasurer. Charles S. McFarland of Parker county sounded the keynote when he advised that women should be given the political offices and the men sent to the country to produce food crops. Hurry 'em along.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be
Constipated
and Happy

Small Pill
Small Dose
Small Price



A Remedy That
Makes Life
Worth Living

Genuine bears signature

Brentwood

ABSENCE of Iron in the
Blood is the reason for
many colorless faces but

CARTER'S IRON PILLS
will greatly help most pale-faced people

University Campus Be Gaily Decked For Great Fete of Nations Festival Held Saturday Evening, April 20

AUSTIN, April 14.—With flags flying and khaki-clad men wandering along and around its wake, the University of Texas campus will be the scene of a great Fete of Nations on the afternoon and evening of April 20. The fete is to be an absolutely all-university affair and the proceeds will be devoted entirely to the Red Cross. Every organization and club in the university will enter enthusiastically into the same so as to insure its full success.

The aviators from the School of Military Aeronautics will be the guests of honor, and it is hoped that the fete may be opened by a review of this body and the lowering of the flag.

The literary societies composed of Ashbel, Sidney Lanier, Reagan, Pierian, Present Day and Pennybacker, will give a circus on the campus. The fraternities, sororities, social clubs and Glee club may stage a large Majestic in the court of the woman's gymnasium, but this has not yet been finally decided. It is hoped that the German club will give their weekly german in the woman's gymnasium from 10 until 12 o'clock on that night and devote the proceeds also to the Red Cross. The Texan staff and the Pen and Type Journalistic club are taking care of the advertising end of the entertainment. The Home Economics club will

do all the buying necessary for the fete, and it is assured that it will be carried out in an entirely Hooveristic manner.

The Junior High school will co-operate with the university in order to make the affair a grand success. The girls will give old-fashioned dances on the green. Among these will be the May-pole dance and the flag dance. The Camp Fire girls, dressed in their costumes, are to pick blue-bonnets for the blue-bonnet chain which the juniors will present to the seniors.

Just at dusk the seniors will march in a lantern parade, afterward presenting every freshman with a lantern to light up their college career.

It is expected that the University band will co-operate by giving a band concert, but in this instance, as in many others, plans have not yet been fully developed.

The ladies of the faculty are planning to perform a stunt, probably in the nature of a baby buggy parade.

The dominant note of the whole will be military and everything will be done to emphasize this effect. There will be buglers blowing their bugles, and the Boy Scouts will guard the campus.

The Fete of Nations is under the direction of Miss Gladys Walsh of San Angelo, who has every organization in school behind her whole-heartedly.

Rules to Be Observed Carefully In Feeding and Care of Small Chicks

(By F. W. Kazmeier, Poultry Husbandman, Extension Service, Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas.)

One of the greatest wastes in the poultry business is the tremendous mortality in chicks of all ages each year. It is very conservative to say that not more than one chicken out of every two hatched ever reach the frying pan. Millions die each year because of mismanagement and improper feeding.

In this critical time of our national existence and when every ounce of food should be considered as important, it behooves us to study thoroughly this question of wasted food in the shape of chick mortality.

It certainly is true that weak breeding stock will produce weak chicks that are hard to rear and unprofitable.

Incubation Is Important.

Improper incubation may weaken the vitality of chicks to a very great extent. Improper handling of eggs before incubation may seriously impair the vitality of the chicks. There is no question but that a large percentage of the chick mortality can be traced back to the time before the chick was hatched. We have not the space to discuss this here.

The last thing a chick does before it

emerges from the shell is to absorb or assimilate the yolk. This is nature's provision to nourish the chick for the first ten days. Overheating the eggs or chicks, chilling the eggs or chicks, rough handling of chicks, overfeeding too soon, feeding moldy or spoiled feeds and improper feeds and feeding has a tendency to check the normal digestion of this yolk followed by bowel trouble and eventually death.

Be Careful in Feeding.

Don't feed the chicks until they are very hungry, and at least sixty hours old.

Do not feed too much. Do not feed quite as much as they will pick up clean. Keep them hungry all the time. The only time they should have plenty is at night.

Place water, charcoal, sour milk and chick-size grit before the chickens as soon as they are moved from the incubator or hen.

Examine the litter. Do not use moldy litter.

The first few days the chicks need heat and sleep more than anything else.

Keep their surroundings clean, dry and well ventilated.

Do not crowd the chicks. Watch them very closely. Kill all weak and ailing chicks and burn them.

Feed in low rim pie tins, boards, shingles, card board or newspaper the first few days.

Provide Plenty of Water.

Provide plenty of drinking vessels so that they do not have to crowd around them. Never permit them to go dry.

Raise your chicks on fresh and uncontaminated ground each year if possible. This is very important.

A good starting feed is common corn bread of Johnny cake, thoroughly baked and dried, run through a food chopper and mixed with 10 per cent rolled oats. Bread crumbs and crackers are good, but needed more by our boys across the water.

One hard-bolled egg may be fed once a day to 100 chicks the first week, by mixing with corn bread, wheat bread or rolled oats.

The starting food is fed five times a day the first week. After that, fine cracked corn and rice alternated with the corn bread. A dish full of dry wheat bran is also placed before the chicks. When the chicks are fourteen days old, 5 per cent of pure, wholesome beef scrap is added to the dry wheat bran. When they are four weeks old, 10 per cent of beef scrap and 5 per cent of fine bone meal may be added to the dry wheat bran.

Change Feed Gradually.

When the chicks are two weeks old the number of feedings may be reduced from five to three a day. The grain mixture may be changed to a coarser mixture, and the corn bread gradually discontinued and the dry mash mixture of wheat bran, and beef scrap fed instead.

Provide green food from the start. The grains may be fed in a litter to induce exercise.

The dry mash mixture should be kept before the chicks all the time.

Feed at regular intervals.

Do not make radical changes in ration.

Watch for lice, mites, hawks, snakes, cats and stray dogs.

Disinfect the premises thoroughly and regularly.

Never overfeed the chicks, because it invariably causes bowel trouble. Keep them working, hungry and warm.

CONDITION OF WRECK VICTIM IS CRITICAL

Archie Albert and Ben F. McWhirter, who were injured Friday night when the machine in which they were riding crashed into the embankment near the Nine-Mile bridge, were reported unimproved Sunday.

Albert, the most seriously injured, gained consciousness Sunday at St. Joseph's hospital where his condition is regarded as grave. Little hope was held for his recovery. He is suffering from internal injuries and concussion of the brain.

McWhirter is suffering from a broken collar bone, a torn ear and internal injuries.

At the time of the accident the men with four companions were returning from the Shriners' conclave at Lake Worth. The lights on the machine failed them about two miles this side of the Nine-Mile bridge and they crashed into the embankment.

FOUR SAMMIES DIE OF PNEUMONIA

Four soldiers succumbed to pneumonia at the base hospital at Camp Bowie during the last twenty-four hours. This is the largest number of deaths for one day in several months which is attributed partly to the inclement weather.

Thomas A. Donnelly, 28, of Company A, 111th Field Signal battalion, died at the base hospital early Sunday afternoon.

A. C. Beaver, 23, of Company H, 143rd Infantry, died Sunday morning of pneumonia.

Walker Stuggins, 32, of Company E, 142nd Infantry, died Sunday morning of pneumonia at the base hospital. His widow, Mrs. Annie Stuggins of Oklahoma was at his bedside at the time of his death.

Sydney A. Johnson, 19, of Battery A, Field Artillery, succumbed to pneumonia late Saturday night at the camp.

All four bodies are at the Fort Worth undertaking parlors. Funeral announcements will be made later.

One hundred and fifty people at a moving picture show in Bromley, near London, were overcome during a performance a few nights ago by tear-gas which was liberated by three soldiers as a practical joke. The first ones to be overcome were the operators of the moving picture machine, so that the show was closed immediately and most of the audience got away before they had inhaled enough of the gas to suffer seriously. In the more aggravated cases, however, the effects did not entirely pass off for nearly a week.

KINKY HAIR

Do you want your hair to grow long, soft and silky? Look at the picture here of Mary Harris, and see what beautiful hair she has. You, too, can have long, straight hair by using

EXELENTO QUININE POMADE

Do not be fooled by using some fake preparation. Exelento is guaranteed to do as we say or you get your money back.

Price 25c by mail. Stamps or coin.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Write for particulars

EXELENTO MEDICINE CO. ATLANTA, GA.

The Matinee Girl is learning to bike. More of this anon, as "Gawain" says. But skimming through the Park one morning last week—I prefer to say skimming—skinning would be more appropriate, so far as I am concerned—I came upon a rival of mine. She was such a nice little thing that I dropped into poetry on the subject. I dropped off the wheel, also; but then that's nothing new. But this is:

THE KNICKERBOCKER GIRL.

There are haughty girls by Gibson, and naughty ones by Gunn,
Poster girls, and then—the swagger tailor maid;
But, believe me, there are others, and especially there's one
Who puts all these howling beauties in the shade.
Her costume might seem shocking to a maiden old and prim,
And her hair may be a trifle out of curl,
But ask any man who sees her and he'll say her style suits him—
I'm referring to the Knickerbocker Girl!

On her bicycle each morning she flashes through the Park,
For she dallies with a typewriter at ten;
Knickers glancing in the sunshine like a glow-worm after dark—
A tantalizing mockery to men.
You can see she has a dimple and eyes of lovely blue,
When she looks back with a challenge in her smile;
If you want to keep those knickerbockers anywhere in view
You'll find you'll have to hustle for a mile!

Oh, those naughty knickerbockers, they will fill your waking dreams—
A bifurcated ghost will haunt your life—
A phantom made of velveteen with heavy tailor seams,
That will make you want to leave your home and wife.
But do not be deluded by those orbs of azure hue
That set your heart a-tingle and a-whirl,
For she's advertising bicycles, and has no use for you—
She's a foxy little Knickerbocker Girl!

By JACK MAXWELL

HOW DO YOU like this one?
"Pray find no fault with the man who limps or stumbles along the road, unless you have worn the SHOES he wears, or struggled beneath HIS LOAD. There may be tacks in his shoes that HURT . . . tho hidden from view . . . or the burden he bears, placed on your back, might cause you to stumble, too.

"Don't sneer at the man who's down today, unless you have felt the BLOW that caused his fall, or felt the same that . . . only the FALLEN KNOW. You may be strong, but still the blows that were his, if dealt to you in the self-same way, at the self-same time, might cause you to STAGGER, too.

"Don't be too harsh with the ONE who SINS, or pelt him with words or stone, unless you are SURE, yes, DOUBLY SURE, that you have not SINS of YOUR OWN. For you know, perhaps, if the tempter's voice should whisper as soft to YOU, as it did to HIM when he went ASTRAY, it would cause YOU to FALTER, too."

Unquote: Can anyone tell me the name of the author? I would like very much to have it. I copied it from a plaque hanging on the wall in a guy's room in hospital; but author's name omitted.

By JACK MAXWELL

THE following definition of friend, I salvaged from the radio: "A person who COMES IN . . . when the whole world has GONE OUT."

Now and then I am criticised when I say, "I only claim to have five friends, in all the world." People seem to think I am a misfit, or something out of tune with the scheme of life. But, on the other hand, if there lives a fellow who is in tune with the world, I claim to be that fellow; and I say it with no pretense at bigotry.

The world may think I am an individual sorely in need of friends. But, I count myself as being very rich in friendship; for wealthy is the man or woman who has FIVE FRIENDS . . . real people who 'come in, when the whole world walks out.' I once had that experience, and my 'five friends' pulled me out of a mighty deep hole; and today I thank God for my FRIENDS.

A Carol Is Born

BY CLINT BONNER

AUTHOR OF THE BOOK, "A HYMN IS BORN"



Blind Composer Published Many Books of Hymns

In one hand the youth carried a small bundle of clothes. In the other hand he clutched a small roll of paper on which he had written poetry.

James Montgomery was born in Scotland in 1771. When he was six his missionary father and mother placed him in a boarding school operated by the Moravian Brethren and went to the West Indies. They died there shortly afterwards without ever seeing their son again.

At 10, James Montgomery was writing verse. At 12 he failed his studies in school. At 14 he was working in a bakery shop. At 16 he was roaming the streets of English cities trying to find a publisher for his poems. There were no takers.

Wandering to Sheffield, the self-styled poet landed a job on a weekly newspaper called "The Sheffield Register." But the verse-maker's hands were hardly soiled with printer's ink when the publisher became involved in political difficulties and fled to America. And young James Montgomery fell heir to "The Sheffield Register."

THUS, ORPHAN James Montgomery had a publisher for his verse—himself. Growing into manhood, the publisher-poet changed the name of his newspaper to "The Iris" and became Sheffield's leading citizen. His poetry circulated from one end of the Empire to the other and "The Iris" became a respected organ throughout England. Respected, that is, by all but government officials who twice threw him into jail because of his outspoken political views.

But James Montgomery continued writing poetry in jail. And because of his boyhood training at the Moravian boarding school and early influence of his parents, his life and verse often concern religion.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1816, he published in "The Iris" a hymn-poem under the title "Navity." Nine years later, in one of three hymn books he published, he changed the short title to the quite lengthy line "Good Tidings Of Great Joy For All People." Of James Montgomery's volum-



JAMES MONTGOMERY . . . a blind composer dictates a tune.

inous poetical works, 400 were hymns. While few are regarded as outstanding, all are of high quality and upwards of 100 are still found in hymnals of various denominations. All of Montgomery's poems except his surviving hymns have been long forgotten.

On the night of April 30, 1854, a worthy and respected citizen, the once roaming orphan led his family in prayer at his palatial mansion at Sheffield. Retiring, he died peacefully in his sleep.

FOR HALF a century "Good Tidings of Great Joy For All People" was sung with only mediocre enthusiasm to various tunes, none of which seemed quite fitting to the words and the number was destined to join lesser poems by Montgomery in oblivion. Then, in 1867, thirteen years after James Montgomery's death, one of England's greatest composers sat at his organ in London.

As James Montgomery had grown up in an atmosphere of music at his father's organ-building business. An accomplished

musician and composer, at the early age of 22 Henry Smart did two things that were to influence his entire life . . . he composed the tune "Lancashire" which won for him national fame (to which the hymns "Lead On, O King Eternal" and "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" are sung) and he impaired his eyesight by overwork.

At 50, Henry Smart was holding three jobs as professional organist, had written no less than 250 secular compositions, edited two complete church hymnals and had finished ruining his eyes.

TOTALLY BLIND at 52, Henry Smart sat at his organ in London and composed a tune called "Regent Square" while his daughter put the composition on paper.

Blind Henry Smart's "Regent Square" has salvaged many a hymn-poem. For "Good Tidings Of Great Joy For All People" it did more. Under its new title "Angels, From The Realms Of Glory" Smart's music has placed Montgomery's poem among the foremost of Christmas carol.

Angels, From The Realms Of Glory

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints in humble prayer are bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

A Carol Is Born

BY CLINT BONNER

AUTHOR OF THE BOOK, "A HYMN IS BORN"



An Organ Breaks Down in Austria, A Carol Is Born

Father Joseph Mohr was just 26. For three years he had been priest at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Nicholas in the little Austrian town of Oberndorf.

Franz Gruber was a few years older than Father Mohr. Gruber was 31. Besides being village schoolmaster at Oberndorf, Gruber played the organ at Father Mohr's church. Gruber played the organ, that is, when the antiquated instrument was in playing condition.

As theatrical entertainers and concert artists, the Strasser Sisters were known throughout Europe. Little else is known about them except that their fame rested largely on their specialty of rendering mountain folk songs.

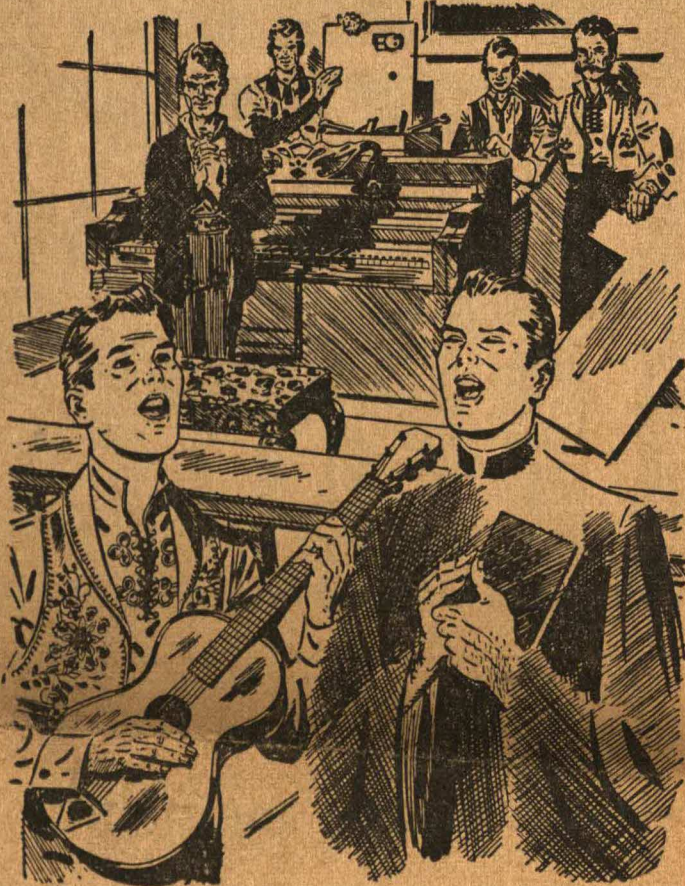
About all that is known today of an itinerant organ mechanic who made his headquarters at the city of Salzburg is that he didn't always fix organs when he promised.

The ancient city of Salzburg lies in a valley in Austria between towering slopes of the Salzburg Alps. A few miles north is the tiny village of Oberndorf, with its single winding street and quaint little houses with flower pots in overhanging windows.

DURING THE WEEK before Christmas in 1818, a group of wandering amateur actors stopped at Oberndorf. Their mission was to put on a play based on the birth of Christ. But on the night the actors would give their Christmas play, Father Mohr had scheduled a Christmas service at his church. But it was just as well. The church organ was broken down and the mechanic from Salzburg had parts strewn all over the floor.

So Father Mohr postponed his service until Christmas Eve night. And everybody, including the young priest, went to see the play at the home of a local ship-builder.

The simplicity of the play, and the sincerity of the actors, moved Father Mohr. Inspired by the reverence of the occasion, after the performance he strolled alone to a foothill of the Salzburg Alps that overlooks the tiny village. It was a clear night . . . a still night . . . a holy night. And the



FRANZ GRUBER AND FATHER MOHR . . . 'Silent Night' with a guitar.

same stars shone in the heavens that had shone on the night the Christ Child was born 18 centuries before.

So far as is known, Joseph Mohr had never written a poem. He lived 30 years after that Christmas in 1818 but, so far as is known, he never wrote another poem. But sitting there alone on the hillside that night, Father Joseph Mohr formed lines of a poem in his mind that were destined to live as long as Christmas is observed by mankind.

Reaching home near midnight, the young priest put the poem on paper. It began: "Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht! . . ."

NEXT MORNING Mohr called at the home of Schoolmaster Franz Gruber. He gave his musician friend the poem he had written as a Christmas present . . . and shyly suggested that he might try setting it to music.

Came Christmas Eve night. The organ mechanic still had not completed his job. But organ or no organ, next day was Christmas and Father Mohr met his flock at the church for services.

The organ mechanic was there

. . . with apologies for not having finished his job. Franz Gruber was there. He had brought along his guitar . . . and a bit of music he had written for the poem Father Mohr had written.

GRUBER plunked his guitar strings. He called his priest friend to his side. And there in the tiny Catholic Church at Oberndorf, Austria, the two young men sang for the first time what is, to this writer at least, the most beautiful of all the Christmas carols . . . "Silent Night, Holy Night . . ."

So moved was the organ mechanic that he memorized both words and music. Back in Salzburg he sought out the Strasser Sisters, who were playing the Christmas season there at the time. The concert singers added the number to their list of folk songs and sang it all over Europe. Thus, from stages of European theaters, "Silent Night" spread around the world to become synonymous with Christmas. But it might never have gotten out of the Salzburg Alps had not an organ broken down in a little Catholic Church in Austria.

Silent Night

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Darkness flies, all is light,
Shepherds hear the angels sing,
"Alleluia! hail the King!
Christ the Savior is born.
Christ the Savior is born."

Silent night, holy night,
Guiding star, lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King.
Christ the Savior is born.
Christ the Savior is born.

Silent night, holy night,
Wondrous star, lend thy light;
With the angels let us sing
"Alleluia to our King!
Christ the Savior is born.
Christ the Savior is born."

PITCHING HORSESHOES

by Billy Rose

NEW YORK—I guess I'm getting old. I must be—I find myself saying things I used to resent hearing 20 years ago. I thought the fellows who said them were fuddy-duddies.

Like, for instance, the other night we got to talking about Al Jolson. Jackie Gleason, a young comedian, said he was fed up with the Jolson legend. He had never seen Al work, but he doubted whether the Singing Fool on his best day could fracture an audience like Frank Sinatra. I took the floor, and told this talented tot that Jolson coming down the runway at the old Winter Garden was like the Twentieth Century making up time on a level stretch of track. And then I caught myself—"Rose, you're getting old. You're talking like the whiskerinos who used to rave about Harry Lauder and Honey Boy Evans. Order up a nice hot cup of tea—it'll rest you."

But I guess when you're up around the halfway mark, you cling to an old favorite like you do to an old easy chair. Last night I went to the Music Hall and saw "The Jolson Story." Al doesn't even appear. He's portrayed by a charming kid named Larry Parks, but whenever Parks goes into a song it's Jolson's voice on the sound track. It's the slickest dubbing job ever done by the movie magicians. Al, by proxy, sings some of the great songs of the past 20 years. And for my money, Al by proxy, is 10 times as exciting as Crosby, Sinatra and Como in person. I guess I'm getting old.

Maybe I'd feel different if today's singers had a crack at yesterday's songs. With few exceptions, I don't get much of a lift out of the current crop of ditties. I don't think there's been a knock-'em-down, kick-'em-in-the-subconscious song written in years. "Over There," "Smiles," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "Down by the Old Mill Stream"—I've seen crowds get drunk with the sound of them. I've seen them stop dancing, sing together, laugh together,

cry together. Tin Pan Alley these days writes for the dance band rather than the song-singer.

I feel the same way about today's producers. There are a dozen good craftsmen, but name me a single great showman on the street. I don't think the Cautious Nellies of 1946 (me included) measure up to Ziegfeld, Dillingham, Gest, Belasco, Roxy, and Thompson and Dundy of the old Hippodrome. These were impresarios in the grand sense, wild, extravagant, touched-in-the-head. Their shows didn't succeed or fail. They exploded above the clouds or went down like the Titanic.

I'm writing this piece in Ziggy's old theater. I'm here because I bought it—not because I rate it. What piece of madness can I look back to that compares with the story of Ziegfeld and the petticoats?

In one of his shows, the Glorified Girls wore petticoats of fine Irish lace that cost \$600 apiece—about 2,000 modern dollars. The audience never got to see these hand-tatted petticoats—they were hidden by huge bouffant skirts. When one of the backers—I think it was J. Leonard Repogle—beefed about squandering that kind of money for an item the audience never saw, Flo smiled and said, "My girls know they're wearing Irish lace, and it does something to the way they walk."

I've got another beef. There isn't a matinee idol on Broadway. The gals around here could use a couple of one-chin, original teeth-and-hair actors. As soon as a guy with that certain thing shows up, a movie scout hits him over the head with a sock full of gold and mails him out to Louis M. Mayer.

It isn't that the theater faces a manpower shortage. There are plenty of boys around, but no Barrymores; plenty of actors who can make the girls applaud, but none who can make them whistle.

OK. OK. I'll go quietly. Where does a fellow apply for social security? Getting old.

CONTENTS 12 FLUID OZ. INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID

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A Carol Is Born

BY CLINT BONNER

AUTHOR OF THE BOOK, "A HYMN IS BORN"



A Famous Carol Lies Unprinted For Four Years

Berkshire County is in western Massachusetts. Stretching along the Hoosic River in Berkshire County is a range of mountains known as the Berkshire Hills. On the lower edge of the Berkshire Hills is the village of Sandisfield. Only a handful of people live in Sandisfield. For Sandisfield is hardly more than a wide place in a seldom-beaten path.

Across Massachusetts, not far from Boston, lies the small town of Weston. Less than 700 people live in Weston.

Seven miles from Weston is the town of Wayland. Only 1,000 people live in Wayland.

Few people outside their immediate vicinities have ever heard of Sandisfield or Weston or Wayland. And few people living in these small towns today have ever heard of a modest Unitarian minister named Edmund Hamilton Sears who, during his lifetime of 66 years, lived in all three.

Rev. Dr. Sears was born in Sandisfield a century and a half ago. He spent most of his life serving a small church at Wayland. He died and was buried at Weston three quarters of a century ago. Few have heard his name. But for a single poem he wrote 100 years ago, he would be entirely forgotten to the world.

WITH A DOCTOR'S DEGREE from Harvard, Edmund Hamilton Sears was equipped to fill a metropolitan pulpit. But he had grown up in the Berkshire Hills and he loved the simple life of a small town. That's why he took the pulpit at the little church at Wayland. For there, removed from distractions of the city, he could meditate and think and write books. He could contribute articles to the "Monthly Religious Magazine" of which he was associate editor, and he could write poems and hymns for the church.

While a young minister of only 24, Sears wrote a Christmas hymn titled "Calm on the Listening Ears of Night." That was in 1834. Though it is found in some hymnals today and is occasionally sung at Christmas, the number was never exceptionally popular



DR. EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

... His was one of finest carols ever written.

and most hymnals have dropped it entirely.

TWELVE YEARS LATER, at the age of 36, the scholarly minister wrote another Christmas poem. Because his "Calm on the Listening Ears of Night" had met with only mild success, he was not overly enthusiastic about his new hymn-poem. In fact, he thought so little of it that he didn't even bother to send it to a publisher. He just put it into his desk drawer and it lay there undisturbed for three years.

Then, just before Christmas in 1849, Sears took the poem from his desk, wrote over it the title "Peace on Earth" and sent it to the editor of Boston's "The Christian Register."

Apparently, the Christian Register editor didn't think too highly of the poem either. He read it, and put it into his desk drawer. There it lay for another year. It might have lain there forever but, needing material for his Christmas edition the following year,

the editor sent the poem to press ... four years after Dr. Sears had written it.

SANDSFIELD, Wayland and Weston ... three small towns in Massachusetts. They represent respectively the birthplace, parish and passing of a modest Unitarian minister who lived simply and died simply. All told, he wrote five books. But they are all forgotten. He wrote hundreds of articles, poems and hymns. All of his poems are forgotten as are most of his hymns. All of his articles have long since faded into oblivion.

But no sooner had "Peace on Earth" been published than it was set to music written that same year by Composer Richard S. Willis. And, though the author and an editor friend thought so little of it that it wasn't even printed for four years, it is found in nearly every Christian hymnal in the world and is regarded by critics as "one of the finest Christmas carols ever written."

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing:
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall cover all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world gives back the song
Which now the angels sing.

A Carol Is Born

BY CLINT BONNER
AUTHOR OF THE BOOK, "A HYMN IS BORN"



Charles Wesley Hymn Is Widely Sung as Carol

Two centuries ago a London typesetter went about his task of setting type for the Church of England's "Book of Common Prayer." But in preparing the pages for the press the craftsman became confronted with a problem often encountered by all typesetters. His copy wasn't adequate to properly fill out the space. So, scanning a little book entitled "Hymns and Sacred Poems" by one Charles Wesley, he selected a hymn-poem that began "Hark! how all the welkin rings . . ." and his space problem was solved.

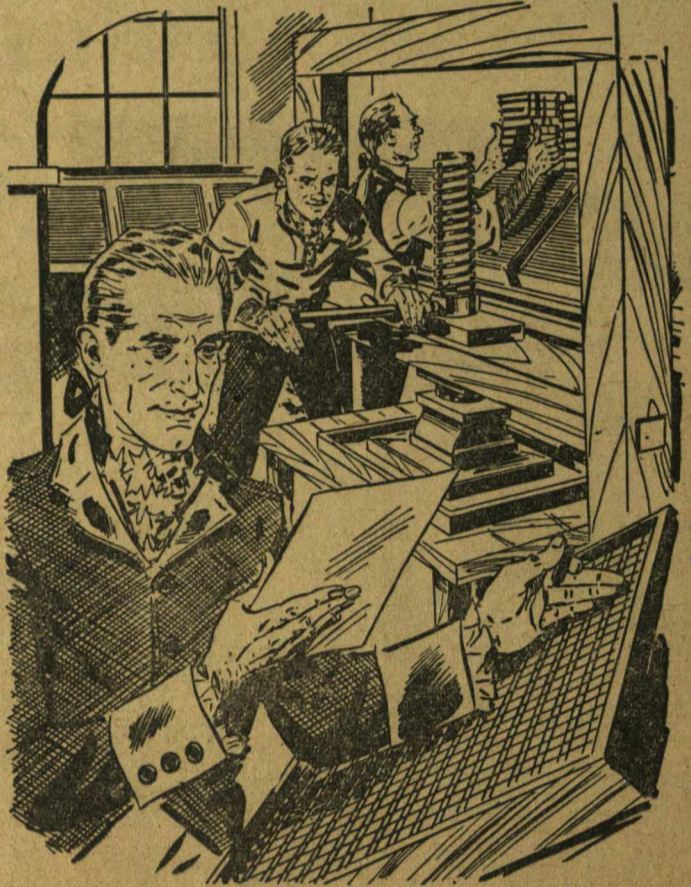
Thus, unwittingly, was admitted to the Church of England's "Book of Common Prayer" the only hymn from the pen of Charles Wesley, though Wesley was the greatest and the most prolific hymn writer ever produced by the established church.

LIKE THEIR FATHER, John and Charles Wesley were both clergymen in the Church of England. And they remained so as long as they lived. More than two centuries ago when the Wesley brothers launched their far-reaching religious revival, they had merely intended to inspire an awakening within the established church. Neither had intended that their efforts were to result in the founding of a new and separate denomination.

Fiery, dynamic and zealous, John Wesley rode a quarter of a million miles up and down England and crossed the Atlantic to preach 40,000 sermons. An indefatigable worker, he installed a bookcase and writing board in his buggy and wrote 233 books. At 83 he shyly complained that writing 15 hours daily tired his eyes. At 86 he reluctantly reduced his preaching commitments to two sermons a day. But he was still writing and preaching when he "wore out" completely just short of 90.

MILD-MANNERED Charles Wesley composed hymns in his study. He wrote hymns on his honeymoon. He wrote hymns on horseback and at wayside inns. Once when he fell from his horse while riding to a mission, his greatest concern was that an injured arm delayed his hymn-writing for a whole day.

After the established church



A typesetter runs short of copy.

closed its doors to Methodists, Charles Wesley preached and sang his hymns on street corners, in barns, mining camps, prisons and cow pastures. It has been said that under the guiding genius of John Wesley, the hymns of Charles Wesley became the most powerful evangelizing influence England has ever known. In 50 years he wrote 6,500 hymns. At age 81, on his death bed and too weak to write, he whispered a hymn while his wife wrote it down.

SUCH WAS the fiber of the brothers who preached and sang the doctrine of "Free Grace." And whose preaching and singing was the beginning of the Methodist denomination . . . reputedly the largest present-day body of Protestants in the world.

Like many another poet, Charles Wesley produced his finest work early in his career. Also, like many another poet, the works which he himself adjudged as having little merit, have survived to become crowning masterpieces from his pen.

Wesley wrote his first hymn at 29. At 31 he penned his immortal "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." But both he and John thought so lightly of the hymn

that it wasn't even included in a Methodist hymnal until nine years after Charles died. Yet, editors and critics adjudge it as being so perfect that it is sung today without a single alteration from the original.

Wesley wrote "Hark! how all the welkin rings . . ." in his first year of hymn writing. While he included it in his collection "Hymns and Sacred Poems" in 1739, he didn't think highly enough of it to even give it a title. He just wrote over the verses "A Hymn for Christmas Day" and let it go at that. The editorial alterations, including the first line and present title, were made by a contemporary evangelist, George Whitefield.

It is said that efforts were made to remove Wesley's "Hymn for Christmas Day" from the Church of England's "Book of Common Prayer." But, because of its popularity, it was allowed to remain. In 1855 it was set to music by Composer Felix Mendelssohn to celebrate the anniversary of printing. Wedded to Mendelssohn's music, "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" is today the most widely sung hymn ever written. But it might have been lost had not a typesetter used the verses to fill in a blank page.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the God-head see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings:
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us Thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head;
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Stories of Famous Hymns

by HORACE B. POWELL

Throw Out the Life Line

Throw out the Life Line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save;
Somebody's brother! Oh who, then, will dare
To throw out the Life Line, his peril to share?

Throw out the Life Line with hand quick and strong;
Why do you tarry, why linger, so long?
See! He is sinking; oh, hasten today
And out with the Life Boat! Away, then, away!

Throw out the Life Line to danger-fraught men,
Sinking in anguish where you've never been;
Winds of temptation and billows of wo
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.

Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;
Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the Life Line and save them today.



"Throw out the Life-line!
Throw out the Life-line!
Some one is drifting away!
Throw out the Life-line!
Throw out the Life-line!
Someone is sinking today!"

"Almost any night, in gospel missions from Maine to Florida and from New York to California, one is apt to hear the chapel rafters echoing with this old hymn. It was written in 1888 by Rev. Edward S. Ufford, a Baptist minister.

Rev. Mr. Ufford, who lived on the

If you would like to know the story of some famous hymn, write The Star-Telegram and an effort will be made to have it published. Another in the series of "Stories of Famous Hymns" will appear next week.

Massachusetts coast, went one day to visit the life-saving station at

Point Allerton, Nantasket Beach. While he was there the station crew went through a rescue practice and some of the men told the pastor-poet about a recent shipwreck near the beach in which the life-saving apparatus had been used to bring many passengers to shore and safety.

Rev. Mr. Ufford was fascinated by the drill and by the rescue story. He heard the command given again and again to "throw out the life line!" and watched the line go out to imaginary victims in the sea. The scene inspired him to write the famous hymn.

LOTS OF SELLING--TRADING--

HOUSE AWAITS PENSION PLANS

WASHINGTON, June 3 (AP).—Proposals to broaden the scope and increase the amount of social security benefits appear likely to come before the House next Tuesday or Wednesday.

The Ways and Means Committee completed its work on the proposed changes Friday night by increasing the maximum federal contribution toward old age assistance payments from \$15 to \$20 a month. These contributions must be matched dollar for dollar with state funds. Thus, in States providing as much as \$20 a month for needy old persons, they would make possible total payments of \$40 a person.

The old age assistance grants are distinct from old age pension payments financed by taxes on employers and employees.

Among the committee-approved proposals is one to freeze the old age pension tax at 1 per cent on both employers and employees for the next three years. As the law now stands, the rate will advance to 1½ per cent on Jan. 1. The committee recommended extending the pension system coverage to 200,000 employes of banks which are members of the Federal Reserve System and to 150,000 to 165,000 maritime workers.

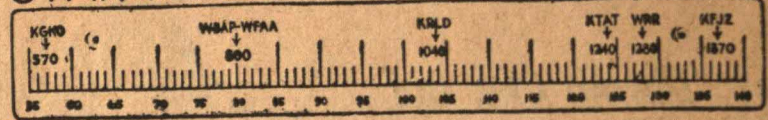
Rescued Airmen Are Hospitalized

DETROIT, June 3 (AP).—Three naval reserve airmen who clung to floating cushions more than two hours after their amphibian sank in Lake Erie were brought to Marine Hospital here early Saturday.

The three, Aviation Cadet Gordon Cady of Port Huron, Lieut. D. O. Coffman, a physician, of Wichita, and Ensign H. B. Richards of Detroit, suffered only from exposure.

Comm. M. E. Arnold of the Grosse Ile naval reserve base said the plane, piloted by Cady, sank at 3:30 p. m. (C. S. T.) Friday when forced down by motor failure between Toledo and the Toledo Light. The fliers, who had left the base at 1 p. m. for a radio check flight over Lake Erie, pulled out seat cushions as their craft sank and clung to them until sighted and picked up by the tug Barkhamstead of Cleveland.

STAR-TELEGRAM RADIO CLOCK



- 4.00—KGKO, El Chico, NBC; WFAA, Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten, NBC; KRLD, Press News, CBS; KFJZ, News, Arte Shaw's Orchestra; KTAT-WRR, Jack Teagarden's Orchestra, MBS.
- 4.15—KGKO, Associated Press News, NBC; WFAA, News Report; KRLD, This Week in Washington, CBS; KFJZ, Marjeane Hicks.
- 4.30—KGKO, Renfrew of the Mounted, NBC; WFAA, Religion in the News, NBC; KRLD, All Hands on Deck, CBS; KFJZ-KTAT, Gene Irwin's Orchestra, MBS; WRR, Who's Who in Radio.
- 4.45—WFAA, Blue Barron's Orchestra, NBC.
- 5.00—KGKO, Message of Israel, NBC; WFAA, Ennie Bolognini's Orchestra, NBC; KRLD, Americans at Work, CBS; KFJZ-KTAT, Joe Reichman's Orchestra, MBS.
- 5.30—WBAP, Lives of Great Men, NBC; KGKO, Rita Rio's, NBC; KRLD, To Be Announced; KFJZ, Bower's March Revue, MBS; KTAT-WRR, Joe Frassetto's Orchestra, MBS.
- 5.45—WBAP, What Happened Today, Sports; KGKO, Today's Baseball; KRLD, News; KFJZ-KTAT, Highlights in the World's News; WRR, Sportlights of the Day.
- 6.00—WBAP, Dick Tracy, NBC; KGKO, Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, NBC; KRLD, Musical Brevities; KFJZ, Wiley and Gene; WRR, Business Builders; KTAT, Electric Music.
- 6.15—KRLD, To Be Announced; KFJZ-KTAT, Sports Spotlights, News with Eddie Lyon.
- 6.30—KGKO, Brent House, NBC; WFAA, Avalon Time, NBC; KRLD, Prof. Quiz, CBS; KFJZ, Studio Party, ET; WRR, Press News; KTAT, The Passing Show.
- 6.45—WRR, Fiesta Time, MBS; KTAT, Timely Tempos, ST.
- 7.00—WBAP, Variety Show, ET; KGKO, Melodic Gems, WBS; KRLD, Honolulu Bound, CBS; KFJZ-KTAT-WRR, Hollywood Whispers, MBS.
- 7.15—KGKO, Sisters Three; KFJZ-KTAT-WRR, Sons of the Pioneers, MBS.
- 7.30—WBAP, From Hollywood Today, NBC; KGKO, Echoes of Stage and Screen; KRLD, Saturday Night Serenade, CBS; KFJZ, On With the Dance, ET; WRR, Highlights in the World News; KTAT, Symphonic Strings, MBS.
- 7.45—KFJZ, Rhythm Makers, Eye Care, News, ET; WRR, Symphonic Strings, MBS.
- 8.00—WBAP, Arch Oboler's Plays, NBC; KGKO, Al Roth's Orchestra, NBC; KRLD, Your Hit Parade, CBS; KFJZ, News, Ball Game, Fort Worth at Beaumont; WRR, Baseball, Dallas at San Antonio; KTAT, Herb Buteau's Orchestra, MBS.
- 8.30—WBAP, Sonny Jones' Orchestra, NBC; KTAT, Alan Courtney's Gloomchasers, MBS; KGKO, Al Donohue's.
- 8.45—KRLD, Barry Wood's Music, CBS.
- 9.00—WBAP, National Barn Dance, NBC; KGKO, News, Baseball; KRLD, Van Alexander's Orchestra, CBS; KTAT, Jack Teagarden's Orchestra, MBS.
- 9.15—KGKO, Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra, NBC; WFAA, News Report; KTAT, It's Dance Time, STS.
- 9.30—KGKO, Vincent Lopez' Orchestra, NBC; KRLD, Johnny Presents, CBS; KTAT, Frank Trumbauer's Orchestra, MBS.
- 10.00—KGKO, Rudy Vallee's Orchestra, NBC; WFAA, Sports by Hal Thompson; KRLD, News, Sports; WRR, Baseball Scores; KTAT, Sammy Kaye's Orchestra, MBS.
- 10.15—WFAA, Marimba Magic; KRLD, Dance Time; KFJZ, Baseball Scores and Blue Barron's Orchestra, WRR, Sammy Kaye's Orchestra, MBS.
- 10.30—KGKO, Blue Barron's Orchestra, NBC; WFAA, Leighton Noble's Orchestra; KRLD, Bill Bardo's Orchestra; KFJZ-WRR, Glen Gray's Orchestra, MBS; KTAT, Everett Hoagland's Orchestra, MBS.
- 11.00—KGKO, Ray Herbert's Orchestra, NBC; WFAA, Louis Armstrong's Orchestra, NBC; KRLD, Dance Parade; KFJZ-WRR, News, Skinny Ennis's Orchestra, MBS.
- 11.30—KGKO, Gene Beecher's Orchestra, NBC; WFAA, Midnight Revels; KFJZ-WRR, Orrin Tucker's Orchestra, MBS.
- 12.00—KRLD, News.

LOTS OF SELLING--TRADING--

HOUSE AWAITS PENSION PLANS

WASHINGTON, June 3 (AP).—Proposals to broaden the scope and increase the amount of social security benefits appear likely to come before the House next Tuesday or Wednesday.

The Ways and Means Committee completed its work on the proposed changes Friday night by increasing the maximum federal contribution toward old age assistance payments from \$15 to \$20 a month. These contributions must be matched dollar for dollar with state funds. Thus, in States providing as much as \$20 a month for needy old persons, they would make possible total payments of \$40 a person.

The old age assistance grants are distinct from old age pension payments financed by taxes on employers and employees.

Among the committee-approved proposals is one to freeze the old age pension tax at 1 per cent on both employers and employees for the next three years. As the law now stands, the rate will advance to 1½ per cent on Jan. 1. The committee recommended extending the pension system coverage to 200,000 employes of banks which are members of the Federal Reserve System and to 150,000 to 165,000 maritime workers.

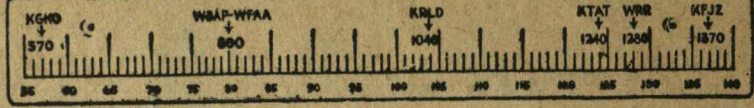
Rescued Airmen Are Hospitalized

DETROIT, June 3 (AP).—Three naval reserve airmen who clung to floating cushions more than two hours after their amphibian sank in Lake Erie were brought to Marine Hospital here early Saturday.

The three, Aviation Cadet Gordon Cady of Port Huron, Lieut. D. O. Coffman, a physician, of Wichita, and Ensign H. B. Richards of Detroit, suffered only from exposure.

Comm. M. E. Arnold of the Grosse Ile naval reserve base said the plane, piloted by Cady, sank at 3:30 p. m. (C. S. T.) Friday when forced down by motor failure between Toledo and the Toledo Light. The fliers, who had left the base at 1 p. m. for a radio check flight over Lake Erie, pulled out seat cushions as their craft sank and clung to them until sighted and picked up by the tug Barkhamstead of Cleveland.

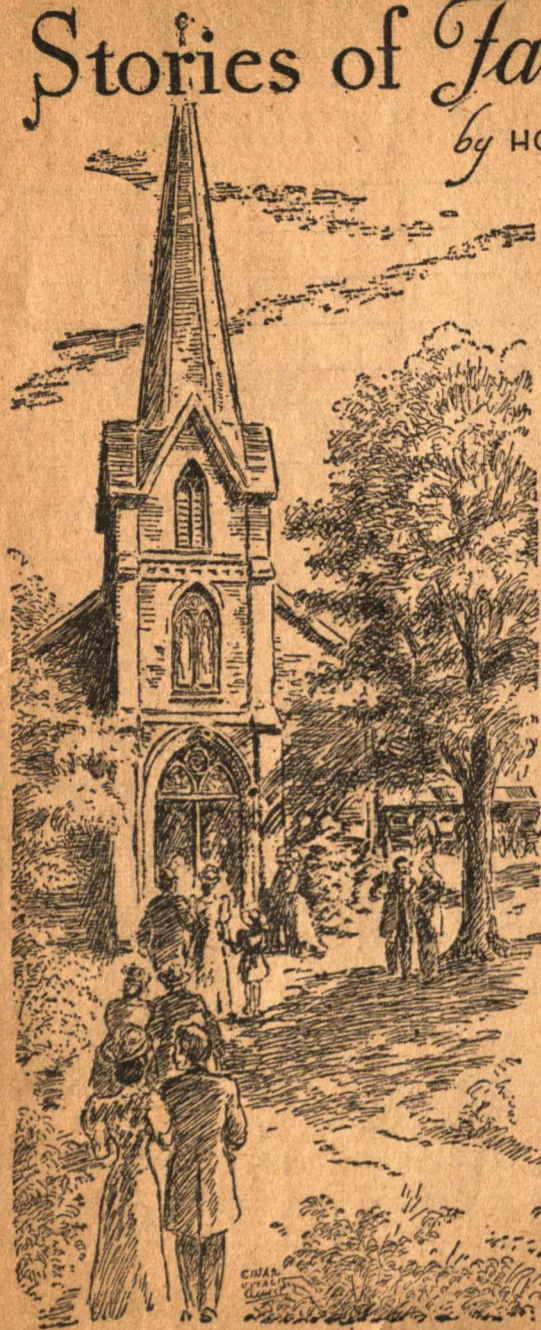
STAR-TELEGRAM RADIO CLOCK



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- 7.30**—WBAP, From Hollywood Today, NBC; KGKO, Echoes of Stage and Screen; KRLD, Saturday Night Serenade, CBS; KFJZ, On With the Dance, ET; WRR, Highlights in the World News; KTAT, Symphonic Strings, MBS.
- 7.45**—KFJZ, Rhythm Makers, Eye Care, News, ET; WRR, Symphonic Strings, MBS.
- 8.00**—WBAP, Arch Oboler's Plays, NBC; KGKO, Al Roth's Orchestra, NBC; KRLD, Your Hit Parade, CBS; KFJZ, News, Ball Game, Fort Worth at Beaumont; WRR, Baseball, Dallas at San Antonio; KTAT, Herb Buteau's Orchestra, MBS.
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- 9.30**—KGKO, Vincent Lopez' Orchestra, NBC; KRLD, Johnny Presents, CBS; KTAT, Frank Trumbauer's Orchestra, MBS.
- 10.00**—KGKO, Rudy Vallee's Orchestra, NBC; WFAA, Sports by Hal Thompson; KRLD, News, Sports; WRR, Baseball Scores; KTAT, Sammy Kaye's Orchestra, MBS.
- 10.15**—WFAA, Marimba Magic; KRLD, Dance Time; KFJZ, Baseball Scores and Blue Barron's Orchestra; WRR, Sammy Kaye's Orchestra, MBS.
- 10.30**—KGKO, Blue Barron's Orchestra, NBC; WFAA, Leighton Noble's Orchestra; KRLD, Bill Bardo's Orchestra; KFJZ-WRR, Glen Gray's Orchestra, MBS; KTAT, Everett Hoagland's Orchestra, MBS.
- 11.00**—KGKO, Ray Herbert's Orchestra, NBC; WFAA, Louis Armstrong's Orchestra, NBC; KRLD, Dance Parade; KFJZ-WRR, News, Skinny Ennis' Orchestra, MBS.
- 11.30**—KGKO, Gene Beecher's Orchestra, NBC; WFAA, Midnight Revels; KFJZ-WRR, Orrin Tucker's Orchestra, MBS.
- 12.00**—KRLD, News.

Stories of Famous Hymns

by HORACE B. POWELL



He Leadeth Me!

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort
fraught!

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in
mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's
won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not
flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth
me.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Pastor Who Wrote 'He Leadeth Me' Quickly Forgot It

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall
not want,
He maketh me to lie down in green
pastures;
He leadeth me . . ."

One night, in Philadelphia, a little band of worshipers met for a mid-week prayer service in the First Baptist Church. The Twenty-third Psalm was the prayer theme and the meeting centered about a devotional address given by Rev. J. H. Gilmore.

After the service there was another conference in "Deacon Watson's parlor," where the pastor and several others continued the discussion.

If you would like to know the story of some famous hymn, write The Star-Telegram and an effort will be made to have it published. Another in the series of "Stories of Famous Hymns" will appear next week.

It was in that cottage meeting that the hymn, "He Leadeth Me," was born. Rev. Mr. Gilmore himself described the composition as follows:

"During the conversation the blessedness of God's leadership so grew upon me that I took out my pencil, wrote the hymn just as it stands today, handed it to my wife, and thought no more about it. She sent it, without my knowledge, to the Watchman and Reflector. Three years later I went to Rochester to preach for the second Baptist Church. Entering the chapel, I picked up a hymn book, thinking, 'I wonder what they sing over here.' The book opened to 'He Leadeth Me.' That was the first time I knew that my hymn had found a place among the songs of the church."

'TAKE IN' SUNDAY'S WANT AD

THE STAR-TELEGRAM
MORNING EVENING SUNDAY
DAILY CIRCULATION OVER

175,000

Texas' Greatest Want Ad Bargain

WANT AD RATES

(IN SUBSCRIBER TERRITORY)

THE BARGAIN RATES for four and seven days apply to consecutive insertions. Odd days take one-day rate.

INSTANT CALCULATOR

LINES	ONE DAY	FOUR DAYS	SEVEN DAYS
3	\$.90	\$2.16	\$ 3.15
4	\$1.20	\$2.88	\$ 4.20
5	\$1.50	\$3.60	\$ 5.25
6	\$1.80	\$4.32	\$ 6.30
7	\$2.10	\$5.04	\$ 7.35
8	\$2.40	\$5.76	\$ 8.40
9	\$2.70	\$6.48	\$ 9.45
10	\$3.00	\$7.20	\$10.50
11	\$3.30	\$7.92	\$11.55
12	\$3.60	\$8.64	\$12.60

Commercial rates for local advertisers quoted upon application. Open national rate, 33c per line.

INFORMATION

DAILY Want Ads appear first in the Morning paper then in the Evening paper same day — All editions, both papers—one cost.

CLOSING TIME for Daily Want Ads, 5:30 p. m. preceding publication date.

SUNDAY Want Ads close, 4 p. m. Saturday. Classified Display Ads must be in 24 hours earlier than Want Ads.

REMITTANCE must accompany all ads received by mail.

BOX NUMBER address in an ad counts four words.

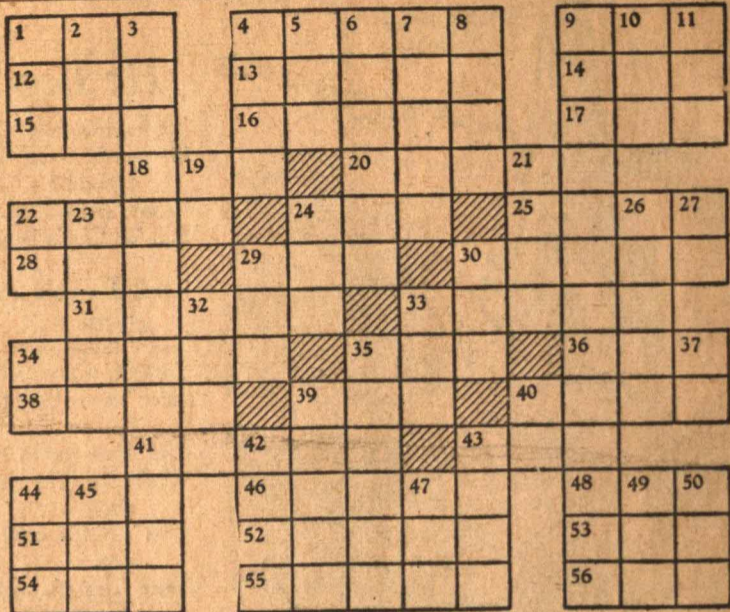
105. BIDS WANTED

BID OPEN
For plumbing and wiring
AT 3005 ODESSA STREET.

107 LEGAL NOTICES

LEGAL NOTICE—Fort Worth, Texas, April 10, 1939. Notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Fort Worth and Denver City Railway Company will be held at the general offices of the company in Fort Worth, Texas, at 10:00 o'clock A. M., Thursday, May 11, 1939, for the purpose of electing a new Board of Di-

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



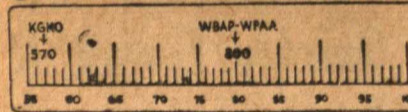
HORIZONTAL

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Novelty | 24 Couch | 40 Experiment |
| 4 S. A. Indian | 25 Mohammedan priest | 41 Eagle's claw |
| 9 Soft food | 28 Tree | 43 Explosive sound |
| 12 Native metallic compound | 29 Evil | 44 Assam silk worm |
| 13 Old womanish | 30 To censure | 46 The poplar |
| 14 To hasten | 31 Wild animal | 48 Man's name |
| 15 Hitting implement | 33 Housefly genus | 51 River (Sp.) |
| 16 Asian fiber plant | 34 Pertaining to punishment | 52 Part of shoe (pl.) |
| 17 Wine cup | 35 Corpulent | 53 Electrified particle |
| 18 Bitter vetch | 36 Chemical suffix | 54 Spanish saint |
| 20 Estate | 38 Spoken | 55 River in England |
| 22 Rabbit | 39 Spanish hero | 56 Beard of grain |

VERTICAL

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1 Watch pocket | 19 Note of scale | 35 Termination |
| 2 Constellation | 21 Lubricates | 37 French: and |
| 3 Resolution | 22 Pronoun | 39 Hue |
| 4 Vehicles | 23 To change | 40 Toward |
| 5 Collection of sayings | 24 Forbid | 42 Final |
| 6 Edged | 26 Collect | 43 To mail |
| 7 Poem by Homer | 27 Pronoun | 44 Bitter vetch |
| 8 Form of "to be" | 29 Babylonian god | 45 Narrow inlet |
| 9 Standard book on drugs | 30 However | 47 Males |
| 10 Objective | 32 Festive | |
| 11 Edible tuber | 33 Insane | |
| | 34 River in Ita | |

STAR-TELEGRAM



- 4.00**—KGKO, El Chico. Spanish Music; WFAA, Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten; On With the Dance, CBS; KTAT, News; WRR, Baseball.
- 4.15**—KRLD, Kentucky Derby, CBS.
- 4.30**—KGKO, Renfrew of the Mount; News, NBC; KTAT-KFJZ, General.
- 4.45**—WFAA, Blue Barron's Dance Piece, CBS.
- 5.00**—KGKO, Al Roth's Orch.; WFAA, KRLD, Americans at Work, CBS; Band, MBS.
- 5.30**—WBAP, Sterling Grabin, Organ; KRLD, Music, Sports; KTAT, Ya Bower's March Band, ET.
- 5.45**—WBAP, What Happened Today; Today's Baseball; KRLD, News; World News, TSN; WRR, Sportl.
- 6.00**—WBAP, Tommy Riggs and Betman's Band, NBC; KTAT, Electr.
- 6.30**—KGKO, The Brent House, NBC; KRLD, Professor Quiz, CBS; Sport Spotlights, Business Build.
- 7.00**—WBAP, National Barn Dance; KRLD, Honolulu Bound, CBS; Whispers, MBS.
- 7.15**—KGKO, The Sisters Three, T; Pioneers, MBS.
- 7.30**—KGKO, Hall of Fun, NBC; CBS; KTAT-WRR, Symphonic; Dance; WRR, Highlights in the.
- 8.00**—WBAP, Arch Oboler's Plays, NBC; KRLD, Your Hit Parade, Orchestra, MBS; KFJZ, Baseball.
- 8.30**—WBAP, Dick Tracy, NBC; KTAT, chasers, MBS.
- 9.00**—WBAP, Supper Club, ET; KGKO, Bee, CBS; KTAT-WRR, Bob Cr.
- 9.15**—KGKO, Dance Music; WFAA, Time.
- 9.30**—WBAP, Dance Time; KGKO, Presents, CBS; KTAT-WRR, Re.
- 10.00**—KGKO, Gene Krupa's Dance; Thompson; KRLD, Bill Ware, M; Kemp's Band, MBS.
- 10.15**—WFAA, Marimba Magic; KRLD, Blue Barron's Band, MBS; WR.
- 10.30**—KGKO, Johnny Messner's O; NBC; KRLD, Everett Hoagland.

A Nation of Panhandlers

Are the people of this nation becoming plain, ordinary panhandlers—beggars from government? Individuals, towns, cities and states have their hands out for Federal alms.

By accepting these alms, they are gradually giving up individual, civic and states rights and building a Federal overlordship that will make mere pawns of government.

We like to talk about our democracy and pity the people of countries where liberty has been crushed, when we ourselves are giving up our freedom for a mess of Federal "handouts" that are mortgaging our future for generations to come.

Civic organizations have become beggars, great industries have become beggars, cities and states have become beggars at the public trough. Then after accepting public charity and injecting government into their local and personal affairs, they cry because government in business is being so rapidly extended that it is wiping out free enterprise.

Don't blame anybody but yourself when you feel the jaws of officialism close on you, if you have countenanced or accepted Federal alms for projects which would have been handled by courageous, intelligent and self-respecting citizens in the past.

This country hasn't changed fundamentally in spite of all the theoretical prattle to the contrary; opportunities are still countless for young and old.

What has changed is our backbone and our pride. We are becoming a nation of "sissies" who cry for help at the slightest provocation and want to be coddled as incompetents.

By our actions we are admitting that we are no longer capable of self government or private management of our own affairs. We are asking for political dictatorship and we will have no one but ourselves to blame if we get it.

Every time there is some tough nut to crack, we now beg for Federal funds to care for the problems or losses involved, which, in most cases, are due to our own laziness, greed or neglect. We want the Federal government to do our irrigating; we want the government to control our crops; we want the government to build our dams; we want the government to build our houses; we want the government to carry our insurance; we want the government to loan us money! we want the government to build our schools, bridges, parks, etc., and do everything that we as free men and women used to take pride in doing ourselves. And then we cry our eyes out about taxes and new laws, regulations and restrictions.

Anyone with a thimbleful of brains knows that when you borrow money, the lender gets in the driver's seat. When you become a beggar, the giver controls your actions. When you beg or borrow from the government, you give up your birthright as a free citizen—you begin to exist for the government, rather than the government existing for you.

This is the position of the people of the United States today. They have begged and borrowed themselves well on the road toward national bankruptcy and political dictatorship.

There can be no compromise with the totalitarian philosophy—you either accept it and become public wards, or you kick out the totalitarian philosophy and remain free.

If you think the end toward which we are racing is exaggerated, just look around your own community and see how much Federal charity it has accepted. Government can hand out no money which it does not take from the citizens. Money taken in taxes means that much less for the man or woman who has to sweat and earn and save and pay the taxes.

Don't kid yourself with the idea that the fundamental virtues of working and saving have changed for either government or individuals. You can't spend yourself prosperous.

for him to make the most of his abilities was in Jefferson's mind.

With an ocean that required weeks for a crossing on the East, and a thousand leagues of wilderness to the West, we could be care-free respecting what happened in Europe. Now the air-clippers cross the Atlantic in a day and the wilderness has become a populous family of States; so both foreign and domestic questions influence Democracy.

With every generation the picture changes, and the States have to register their will as to what they want in Government every four years. Obviously the only way they can function is by some primary system directly for individuals, but actually for policies. Sometimes they put up a favorite son, even though they know, and he knows, that they are merely complying a custom and have no idea of his getting a convention nomination. Sometimes they delegate the decision to the men and women they send to the convention "uninstructed," but for the most part they choose the person who most nearly represents their ideas and desires.

It is the State's right and privilege, and the very essence of Democracy, to select any citizen of the United States who has the constitutional qualifications for the Presidency. If sentiment is united, the State has only one primary ticket; if sentiment is divided, there may be half a dozen and the choice is made through the ballot box or by the State convention.

So when Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Illinois and other States enter the name of the President, either as their sole candidate or accompanied by other tickets, Garner in Wisconsin and Illinois, Farley in Massachusetts, for example, those States are merely exercising a regular and ordinary function—and there is involved no obligation on the favored one to run or not to run; that is his privilege.

And, so far as I know, there is no time limit on when he makes his decision. Naturally this point of view does not coincide with the ideas of the minority party, and does not suit the convenience of those publicists who editorially insist that the President must speak. Some of these told us that the word would be issued on the anniversary of his second inauguration, in January. When that date passed, they conveyed that the chosen time was March 4, the day of his original advent to the White House. Now that March 4 has gone by, they are guessing anew.

So far as I know, the President has told nobody that he will or will not accept a nomination. If he ever has made such a disclosure,



PYLE

O. O. McIntyre's Home Town Was a Dream, Like All the Rest

By ERNIE PYLE

GALLIPOLIS, O., July 11. — This is O. O. McIntyre's home town. I came here to visit because, since McIntyre's death in February, I've talked with hardly a person who hasn't mentioned his name and expressed some admiration for his writings.

McIntyre made Gallipolis famous. He made it the ideal among America's "home towns," which mature men look back upon longingly through small boys' eyes.

But I am afraid that, as the years pass, we all increasingly exaggerate the memories of our boyhood places, just as we do the perfection of our first love and the charm of the "good old days."



Mr. Pyle

Few of us would be comfortable now living in the manner of the "good old days." Few of us who have gone away could ever be happy again in our old home town. For these things are not, in truth, what we thought they were. I'm sure Gallipolis isn't.

Gallipolis is all right. It's like a thousand other small cities—no better, no worse. I would not want to live here, even though it was O. O. McIntyre's dream town. And I guess that down in his heart he didn't want to either.

For Gallipolis is only one day's hard drive from New York City. You could make it overnight on the train. Yet McIntyre never visited his home town, not even once, from the day he left here as a young man. He came back only in death. He is buried here.

* * *

GALLIPOLIS is bigger than I had imagined. It is more than 7000. There are several blocks of stores. Nothing looks very modern.

The town lies right smack on the bank of the Ohio River. It must stretch for easily a mile. It is all on flat land. The hills that McIntyre wrote about are back of town. The town itself is as flat as Kansas.

The two-story frame house where McIntyre lived with his grandmother is only a block and a half from the business square, back from the river.

It is a double-house, painted gray, and sits flush with the sidewalk. The street is heavily shaded. The house appears in good condition and is occupied.

I didn't find out who lives there. Both sides are rented out. The Chamber of Commerce says tenants change so often it can't keep track.

In front of the house, between the curb and sidewalk, is a bronze plaque hung on a rod from a wooden pole. It says: "This is the boyhood home of O. O. McIntyre, famous newspaperman and author of New York Day-by-Day."

It gives the dates of his birth and death.

The plaque was ordered last winter, but McIntyre died before it was delivered. So they wired the factory, and had the date of his death added.

Above the plaque is a silhouette in bronze, showing McIntyre at a typewriter, with his dog behind him. The typewriter is a full-sized one, whereas I've always read that he wrote on a portable. The dog is a big one, nearly as high as the table. The dogs which formed such an intimate part of McIntyre's life, I always understood, were small bull terriers.

* * *

JUST a block away is the home McIntyre bought for his wife two years ago. Gallipolis is her home town, too, you know. It is a beautiful large brick house—not new, but certainly modern, spacious and lovely. McIntyre never saw it. Mrs. McIntyre will spend two months in it this summer. There is no marker in front of it.

McIntyre is buried in Mound Hill Cemetery, less than a mile from town. Here is the beauty spot of Gallipolis. The gravel road winds and winds as it climbs to the top of a high wooded hill. From up there you stand and look down on the silver sweep of the Ohio.

The cemetery is a big one. McIntyre's grave is not yet marked. Among all the others, I couldn't even find it. There was no attendant up there to ask.

Sooner or later Gallipolis will do something permanent about McIntyre. A McIntyre Memorial Committee has been formed. Right now they're trying to get a McIntyre stamp issued in 1939.

Al Segal, the facile columnist-sage of the Cincinnati Post, spoke of it in his column the other day. He feels that McIntyre would resent being memorialized on a stamp. He wouldn't be churlish about it, Segal feels; rather, he would just laugh it off in these words:

"Was informed today that my poor lineaments are to be perpetuated on a stamp. I think I know better ways of being honored than being licked by everybody."

PRISON UTOPIA IN ZAMBOANGA WITHOUT RIVAL

Convicts Are Permitted to Have Family Life at San Roman Colony

By United Press.

ZAMBOANGA, P. I., July 11.—Imprisonment no longer is a major social problem in the southern Philippine Islands, where one of the world's finest penal colonies provides a Utopia for convicts.

Zamboanga wonders why other places do not imitate its San Roman prison and penal farm, where family life, music and education make escape hardly worth the trouble and risk.

Established by the Spanish army in 1870 and reorganized by Gen. John J. Pershing in 1912, the 3000-acre farm turns in an annual profit to the insular government and keeps prisoners so contented they sometimes ask not to be released.

No Escapes in Four Years

There have been no escapes in the past four years, although between 1000 and 2000 prisoners have been placed in the care of a few guards. Sixteen of the inmates spend the first half of each year, unguarded, fishing from an isolated five miles off shore. Fifteen others spend their time unguarded cutting trees from a nearby forest.

Several of the prisoners are permitted to bring their wives and children to the farm, living in native style houses. One inmate was imprisoned seven years ago when he had two children. Now he has five.

The prisoners include three-time Moro murderers, Filipino embezzlers and a few American and European convicts.

The farm produces rice, corn, cassava, potatoes, fruits and vegetables. The inmates care for 600 cattle, 300 pigs and maintain a large poultry farm. They learn blacksmithing, barbering, soap making, photography, bakery and carpentry. They produce copra from 75,000 coconut trees.

Prison Has Brass Band

Movies, a library, a brass band, stringed orchestra and athletics help keep the prisoners contented. Illiterate prisoners attend night classes.

There is a hospital for men and another for women. The farm has electric lights, running water, a few radios and 30 miles of macadamized road.

Some of the more skillful prisoners are encouraged to spend their leisure time at wood carving and other handwork. Their articles are sold to visitors and 90 per cent of the proceeds is placed on deposit in the names of the owners for use when they are released.

The prisoners find it comparatively easy to earn a livelihood when they are released. Many of them become pioneer colonists in the wilds of Mindanao, the richest and least developed of the Philippine Islands.

This Declarer Won By 'Bowling to the Dummy'

By WILLIAM E. M'KENNEY

Secretary, American Bridge League.

NATURALLY a bridge player does not like to accept a force with four trumps in one hand and three in the other. However, when the only chance to make your contract is to trump early and often in the long hand, and rely on a three-three break in

the dummy, it must be done. It was

		♠ A Q 8		
		♥ 9 6 4 3		
		♦ Q J 8		
		♣ 10 4 3		
♠ 7 6 5				♠ 4 3 2
♥ K Q 10 8				♥ A J 5
7				♦ 7 6 5
♦ 4 3 2				♣ K 9 7 6
♣ Q 8				
		♠ K J 10 9		
		♥ 2		
		♦ A K 10 9		
		♣ A J 5 2		

Duplicate—Neither vul.

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
3 ♦	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opener—♥ K. 11

by bowing to the inevitable that George Goff of Cleveland, one of the members of the winning team-of-four in the recent Ohio state tournament, made five spades and won a match for his team which helped to decide the championship in that event.

The heart king held the first trick, and West continued with a low heart. South was forced at once. He saw that his one chance was to continue to ruff with his own hand, so he led a diamond to the dummy and returned a heart, ruffing once again.



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June 2 and sugar stamp No. 36
will be good until Aug. 31.

given emergency treatment at St. Joseph's Hospital and released. A 32-year-old man was arrested.

message in which he guarantees the unconditional surrender of Germany to the United States and Great Britain. The govern-

Whether the road to Rangoon will be relatively open was expected to be determined by the strength of the stand the Japanese may put up at Pegu.

and Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels still were in the doomed city as late as Wednesday and would remain there, dead or alive. All escape from Berlin had been cut off.

this year, District Traffic Manager Carrol Hinners said today. The new reduction will make round-trip fares approximately four cents per mile. American's first cut was made March 10.

join the conference was rejected by the steering committee without a vote. Stettinius, backed by a big majority of the 46 delegations, opposed Molotov. The American Secretary of State subsequently informed a press conference that unless the Yalta agreement for democratic reorganization of the Lublin government was carried out, Poland would not come to this conference. Those were President Truman's orders and the Russians today are reported to con-

Pyle's Last Column -- On "Unnatural Terror Of Dying In Battle"

Editor's Note: This is Ernie Pyle's last column. It is a beautiful tribute to Fred Painton, war correspondent who died of natural causes on Guam a few weeks ago. Ernie was on Okinawa when he was informed of Mr. Painton's death. Ernie took time out from covering the war to write this touching story about his friend. Only a few days later Ernie was killed. We know he would have wanted us to publish this article.

'So Long'

(An Editorial)

HE squatted at his typewriter, struggling again to array a troop of sturdy words that would serve his mood.

There were many words in his mind; but the ones he wanted had to come from his heart. And his heart was brooding, for another of his friends was dead. As man to man, he wanted to call out, "so long," in an hour when so many were dying, so many that anything less than death was beginning to seem incredible.

The words came from his typewriter, slowly, but firmly and sincerely. They spoke of the terror of death and the way it can grip a man; and at the end they said: "I know that he, like myself, had come to feel that terror."

Ernie Pyle snapped shut the lid on his typewriter. His story was done. It was to be his last. Ernie had said: "So Long."



Ernie Pyle

to America when he died. He had grown pretty weary of war. He was anxious to get home to have some time with his family.

But I'm sure he had no inkling of death, for he told me in Guam of his postwar plans to take his family and start on an ideal and easy life of six months in Europe, six in America. He had reached the point where life was nice.

FRED PAINTON was one of the modest people; I mean real down-deep modest. He had no side whatever, no ax to grind, no coy ambition.

He loved to talk and his words bore the authority of sound common sense. He had no intellectualisms. His philosophy was the practical kind. He was too old and experienced and too wise in the ways of human nature to belittle his fellow man for the failures that go with trying hard.

Fred didn't pretend to literary genius, but he did pride himself on a facility for production. He

MRS. PYLE SPEAKS

The following statement to Ernie Pyle's readers is published at the request of Mrs. Pyle:

"To all of you who have tried to find words to express the grief in your hearts for the deeply personal loss you feel because Ernie has gone from us, I want to say I am one of you. Our loss is a common loss. Your letters and messages made me feel you had come to me for comfort — the comfort that Ernie had given you each day.

"That he will live in your hearts forever will be his reward — his monument."

MRS. JERRY PYLE

could get a thousand dollars apiece for his articles and he wrote a score of them a year. And his

pieces, like himself, were always honest. I've known him to decline to do an assignment when he felt the subject prohibited his doing it with complete honesty.

Fred's balding head and crooked nose, his loud and friendly nasal voice, his British army trousers and short leggings were familiar in every campaign in Europe.

He took rough life as it came and complained about nothing, except for an occasional bout with the censors. And even there he made no enemies for he was always sincere.

There were a lot of people Fred didn't like, and being no introvert everybody within earshot knew whom he didn't like and why. And I have never known him to dislike anyone who wasn't a phony.

FRED and I have traveled through lots of war together. We did those bitter cold days,

(Turn to Pyle, Page 8)

COOK SUFFERS BURNS

Albert Penrod, 52, Route 8, cook at the Jenny Lind Club on Highway 80 (to Weatherford), received first and second degree burns about the face and body today when a gas stove he was lighting exploded.

BASEBALL

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New York 0 000
Brooklyn 0 000
Mungo and Lombardi; Chapman and Owen.	
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Chicago 1 000
Butcher and Salkeld; Wyse and Livingston.	

April 20 - 45 -

On
lan

Pyle

(Starts on Page 1)

early in Tunisia and we were the last stragglers out of Sicily.

We both came home for short furloughs after Sicily. The army provided me with a powerful No. 2 air priority, while Fred had only the routine No. 3.

We left the airport at Algiers within four hours of each other on the same morning. I promised Fred I would call his wife and tell her he would be home within a week.

When I got to New York I called the Painton home at Westport, Conn. Fred answered the phone himself. He beat me home by three days on his measly little priority! He never got over kidding me about that.

As the war years rolled by we have become so indoctrinated into sudden and artificially imposed death that natural death in a combat zone seems incongruous, and almost as though the one who died had been cheated.

Fred had been through the mill. His ship was torpedoed out from under him in the Mediterranean. Anti-aircraft fire killed a man beside him in a plane over Morocco.

He had gone on many invasions. He was in Cassino. He was ashore at Iwo Jima. He was certainly living on borrowed time. To many it seems unfair for him to die prosaically. And yet...

The wear and the weariness of war is cumulative. To many a man in the line today fear is not so much of death itself, but fear of the terror and anguish and utter horror that precedes death in battle.

I have no idea how Fred Painton would have liked to die. But somehow I'm glad he didn't have to go through the unnatural terror of dying on the battlefield. For he was one of my dear friends and I know that he, like myself, had come to feel that terror.

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Wednesday 9 to 5—Sundays and Holidays 2 to 5

THIRD CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, and READING ROOM—
823 North Riverside Dr. These Churches hold services Sunday 11 a. m.
and Wednesday 8 p. m. First Church also holds services Sunday 8 p. m.

BOOK OF REVELATION

SERMON SERIES
ONE WEEK ONLY

Evangelist

ZELMA ARGUE
of Winnipeg, Canada

10:50—
"Glory of Christ"

7:45—
"Armageddon"

Every Night Except
Monday, 8 p. m.

Deeper Life Sermons
Tues.-Fri—10:30 a. m.

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REV. GEORGE L. NORRIS, Pastor

REV. FRED V. BREWER, U. S. A., Asst. Pastor
G. B. MILLER, U. S. M. C., Supt.

SUNDAY SCHOOL 10:00 A. M.

Classes for those 1-14, Church House, 1905 Carlton

Young People, Steve's Place

Adults: Mr. C. B. Clayton, Masonic Lodge

Mrs. O. A. Richey, Church House

PREACHING SERVICES 11:00 A. M.—8 P. M.

REV. GEORGE NORRIS PREACHES

Sunday Morning:

"My God Will Hear Me"

Sunday Night:

"Love's Logic"

Rev. Fred Brewer, assisting at both services

"If God Be For Us, Who Can Be Against Us"

End of War and a Per-
manent Peace from the
San Francisco Con-
ference?"



Jesus declared, Matthew 24:7:

"For nation shall rise against nation, and
kingdom against kingdom: . . ."

Paul declared, 2 Thes. 2:11-12:

"And for this cause God shall send them
strong delusion, that they should believe
a lie:

"That they all might be damned who be-
lieve not the truth, but had pleasure in
unrighteousness."

10:00 A. M.—Auditorium Class—Dr. J. Frank
Norris.

11:00 A. M.—Dr. Norris preaches.

10:15—Every Week Day—Dr. Norris

10:15-12:00 Midnight Sunday—World Conditions in the
Light of Prophecy—Dr. Norris.

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Paul B. Cawthon, Pastor

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5 ROOMS, screened in back porch. Will trade for small out of town property. 3-1354.

FOR SALE—711 Perkins street, 6 room house, garage apartment. All good condition. Out of town owner at house Saturday 3 p. m. through Sunday 1 p. m.

NEW 4-ROOM frame, well constructed, \$1575. 2700 Norwood, behind Big Ace Welding Co.

CRESTWOOD ADD'N

Located at 1004 Northwood Dr., lovely 5 room frame home with tile bath and drain, plenty closet space, hardwood floors. Lot 60x130, 2 blks. from bus. Owner leaving town.

MRS. DORNES, 2-8345

McDonald & Co., Realtors

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Immediate Possession

One of the best built and arranged homes in this section; about 5 years old, perfect condition, large rooms, lots of closets, venetian blinds, fireplace, fenced back yard, garden and fruit trees, beautifully landscaped, \$2000, balance easy. 4-4936.

NORTH FORT WORTH

New, 5 room frame \$2450. Immediate possession.

Call Mimi Whitty, 2-8097

NORTH SIDE—Two 5-room frame houses and garage apartment on corner lot, good location, all rented, good revenue. Priced right.

2-1711 **W. S. Collie 6-7020**

COLORED HOMES FOR SALE

- 64 Maryland, sold.
- 616 Maryland, \$1,500, \$300 cash.
- 618 Maryland, sold.
- 620 Maryland, sold.

Look at these and see McBrayer, with **GEO. BEGGS, Realtor**

38 Years at 7th and Houston Streets

WAR WORKERS HOMES

We are authorized by the WPB to begin construction of twenty houses for eligible war workers, to be completed in April. These will be five and six room, well built homes, on paved streets with all conveniences, close to stores, schools and churches, and will be available to war workers who can meet reasonable credit and financial requirements. We can provide convenient monthly terms and low interest rates for those who can qualify. The number being limited, we suggest early application.

TAYLOR & TODD COMPANY

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COOL SHORES OF LAKE WORTH

Dandy good 6 room frame house, double garage, servants room, good condition, with asbestos shingle siding, composition roof, beautiful location, 150 ft. of water front, lots of pretty trees and shrubbery, city lights, city telephone, butane gas and artesian water. Fishing pier, a real summer and winter home. Owner leaving city. Priced right.

2-1711 **W. S. COLLIE 6-7020**

28 HOUSES

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Beautiful on win large r of attac for ser or game also an perfect consists refriger and oth Shown.

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ERNIE PYLE



Ernie Pyle

In Africa

Americans Under Fire First Time Are Brave But Lack Experience

NORTHERN TUNISIA—(By Wireless)—I was away from the front lines for a while this spring, living with other troops, and considerable fighting took place while I was gone. When I got ready to return to my old friends at the front I wondered if I would sense any change in them.

I did, and definitely. The most vivid change is the casual and workshop manner in which they now talk about killing. They have made the psychological transition from the normal belief that taking human life is sinful, over to a new professional outlook where killing is a craft. To them now there is nothing morally wrong about killing. In fact it is an admirable thing.

I think I am so impressed by this new attitude because it hasn't been necessary for me to make this change along with them. As a noncombatant, my own life is in danger only by occasional chance or circumstance. Consequently I need not think of killing in personal terms, and killing to me is still murder.

Even after a winter of living with wholesale death and vile destruction, it is only spasmodically that I seem capable of realizing how real and how awful this war is. My emotions seem dead and crusty when presented with the tangibles of war. I find I can look on rows of fresh graves without a lump in my throat. Somehow I can look on mutilated bodies without flinching or feeling deeply.

It is only when I sit alone away from it all, or lie at night in my bedroll re-creating with closed eyes what I have seen, thinking and thinking, that at last the enormity of all these newly dead strikes like a living nightmare. And there are times when I feel that I can't stand it and will have to leave.

* * *

BUT the fighting soldier that phase of the war is behind. It was left behind after his first battle. His blood is up. He is fighting for his life, and killing now for him is as much a profession as writing is for me.

He wants to kill individually or in vast numbers. He wants to see the Germans overrun, mangled, butchered in the Tunisian trap. He speaks excitedly of seeing great heaps of dead, of our bombers sinking whole shiploads of fleeing men, of Germans by the thousands dying miserably in a final Tunisian holocaust of his own creation.

In this one respect the front-line soldier differs from all the rest of us. All the rest of us—you and me and even the thousands of soldiers behind the lines in Africa—we want terribly yet only academically for the war to get over. The front-line soldier gets it to be got over by the physical process of his destroying enough Germans to end it. He is truly at war. The rest of us, no matter how hard we work, are not.

* * *

SAY what you will, nothing can make a complete soldier except battle experience.

In the semifinals of this campaign—the cleaning out of Central Tunisia—we had large units in battle for the first time. Frankly, they didn't all excel. Their own commanders admit it, and admirably they don't try to alibi. The British had to help us out a few times, but neither American nor British commanders are worried about that, for there was no lack of bravery. There was only lack of experience. They all know we will do better next time.

The First Infantry Division is an example of what our American units can be after they have gone through the mill of experience. Those boys did themselves proud in the semi-finals. Everybody speaks about it. Our casualties included few taken prisoners. All the other casualties were wounded or died fighting.

"They never gave an inch," a general says. "They died right in their foxholes."

I heard of a high British officer who went over this battlefield just after the action was over. American boys were still lying dead in their foxholes, their rifles still grasped in firing position in their dead hands. And the veteran English soldier remarked time and again, in a sort of hushed eulogy spoken only to himself: "Brave men. Brave men!"

Fort Worth Private Is Prisoner of Italians

Pvt. Gayle McKinney is an Italian prisoner of war, his sister, Mrs. L. M. Hailey, 1729 Carleton, learned in a letter received from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George B. McKinney, of Jefferson City, Mo.

Word was received by the prisoner's parents through Vatican City and the apostolic delegate in Washington. Private McKinney has been in the service since 1940. He went to Africa with the invasion force.

The private made his home with his sister and was a member of Connell Memorial Baptist Church.

Maj. Gen. Yount Speaks At Dallas Air Session

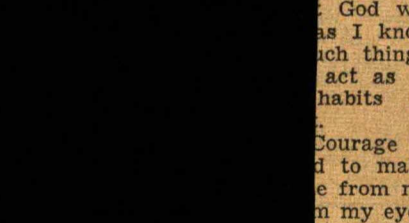
Maj. Gen. Barton commanding general of the Air Forces Flying School here, was in Dallas for a Texas conference on the flying school operation.

The operation as Hicks Field training—flying. Maj. Gen. Yount, commander of the Training Center, told the group that the area is rapidly producing 100 planes a year.

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PEGLER

Liquidation Of The Middle Class Progressing Nicely

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is a rich man who inherited in 1941, in addition to his previously inherited wealth, the estate of his mother amounting to more than a million dollars.

Henry Morgenthau, his secretary of the treasury and his neighbor in the rich country of the landed gentry up the Hudson River, also is a man of vast wealth, likewise inherited. Neither man earned his own fortune, neither ever has had to earn even his own living and both have so



Mr. Pegler

much money that they could pay their income taxes for 1942 and 1943 in the current year by dipping slightly into their inherited capital and still ride the cushions the rest of their way through life. They could convert a portion of their assets into currency and live to the end as what they are, millionaires, without ever receiving another dollar of income.

Although it is the duty of Congress to levy taxes, the President, through Morgenthau, who is not an originator but an obedient and dogged servant of Mr. Roosevelt, has been the actual taxing authority of the nation ever since 1933. The Administration taxing policies have been the policies of the President, derived from the influence of confidants, hostile to that way of life which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Morgenthau have enjoyed from birth and which neither has ever renounced by actual sacrifice of personal wealth.

Even the most radical plans for the economic obliteration of those who have earned their own possessions are so devised that they will not destroy the heirs of established fortunes. Nor has the President any reason to worry over the economic future of his family.

HE can leave them substantial bequests out of his inheritances and, moreover, they have been prodigious money-makers since the day he was first inaugurated in 1933. That day the market price of the family's writings went up and the exploitation of the highest office in the American republic for personal profit on the air and otherwise became standard practice in a violent break with tradition and accepted ethics.

The situation of most of the 17 million veteran income taxpayers is quite different. Those who are without inherited fortunes must pay their taxes out of current earnings and the present indications are that this year's toll in many cases will take almost all of the 1943 income. Indeed, in some brackets the total of federal and state income taxes will be much more than 100 per cent of the 1943 income so that the effect of the taxing policy will be that of confiscation of capital after the manner of Mussolini and Hitler.

Most of the victims whose sons, of course, are not denied the right to fight for the preservation of the American way, will have some savings, possibly in war bonds, but this money will have to go to Mr. Morgenthau whose agents will have authority to search it out and the end of the year should find them thoroughly liquidated in vindication of the old dictum: that the power to tax is the power to destroy.

These taxpayers, as an economic group, can hardly be charged with creating their own fix by improvidence in the past. You can't arrange a budget to anticipate this year's taxes when you don't know how much the bill will be, and Congress didn't get around to that until October last year and will not finish the job for 1943 until the year is almost half gone.

MOREOVER, from the beginning of the income tax the system has been retroactive and nobody ever suspected that a time would come when it would take not only a year's entire earnings but a portion or all of the victim's savings, or leave him in debt at the substantial rate of 6 per cent, and the fact remains, although it is now forgotten, that many citizens took seriously and complied liberally with urgings of the New Deal in the panic days to renounce the homely old American virtue of thrift and squander money to stimulate trade, revive prosperity and re-employ the jobless.

The Ruml plan seems to be out the window not only because it would save a group of citizens from bankruptcy who are almost unanimously anti-Roosevelt in their domestic politics and held in a class designated as Tories and reactionaries, but also because anything of this sort would be cried up as a special favor to the dirty rich so it is just as well to relax and see what happens.

The argument that Mr. Morgenthau is against the Ruml plan only because the Treasury didn't think of it first is thoroughly unconvincing because he would never have proposed it even if he had thought of it first. This is the end of the long campaign to wipe out gross inequities in the social and economic system of the United States and it is wrong to accuse Mr. Morgenthau of latent defeatism, in the hour of his party's triumph over the middle class.

There should be some wonderful bargains for heirs to millions in the way of depreciated stocks and real estate when the liquidation really gets under way.

IT'S SPRING

I love to be out in the glory
Of a sunny afternoon,
And to listen to the beauty
Of a lovely bluebird's tune.

I wouldn't trade a jeweled crown
Upon a golden throne,
For all the beauty Nature gives,
Around my happy home.

—Nancy Parrish, age 13,
800 Penn St.

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Make and Keep Friends by Hard Work and Skill

BY DOROTHY DIX.

A correspondent asks: "How can I make and keep friends?" Well, making



DIX.

friends is like making a success in business. It is the result of years of hard work, of effort and self-denial and prudence and tact and making our wares seem desirable to others. We have to "sell" ourselves to those we meet. For there is nothing in a casual glance that would cause anyone to break his neck to have us for a friend. Those

who complain that they have no friends are practically always of the standoffish kind. The sort that expect others to do all the running and make all the advances. They have to be courted and flattered and feted and dragged out of their shells, and they never stop to ask themselves what is so wonderful about them that anyone would take the trouble to thaw them out of the glacial crust of ice in which they have encased themselves.

So, if you want friends you have to be friendly. You have to show your heart to your fellow creatures. You have to go after their friendship with as much enthusiasm and determination to win it as you would over a prospective customer with whom you were trying to put over a deal.

Then, if you would have friends, you must realize that friendship is a give-and-take proposition. A lot of men and women go through life without ever doing a single thing to bind the heart of any other human being to them. They are utterly and entirely absorbed in their own affairs. They avoid the sick and afflicted as they would a leper. Their pockets have Yale locks on them that no appeal of the needy can open. They never bother to write a letter of congratulations or send a wire of condolence and then they wail out, when they are old or in trouble themselves, that they have no friends.

Of course, they haven't. Why should they? They haven't earned any friendship. As we sow we reap, and those who have sowed the little seeds of kindness and sympathy for others reap harvests of friends who rejoice with them in their triumphs and weep with them in their sorrows.

To keep a friend avoid too great intimacy. No friendship in the world could stand what is called "back-door neighboring." People who pop in your house in season and out of season, who are continually under foot, who know the things they should not know and see the things they should not see and get on your nerves and make you hate them by invading your privacy. Short lived is the friendship that does not respect a decent formality.

Nor can friendship long survive too many confidences. Millions of friendships between women have been broken because they told each other, some night when they put up their hair in curl papers together, secrets about themselves and family scandals that they repented telling the next day and hated the other for knowing.

Another thing that kills friendship is that too many people regard it as a graft. They consider the sacred name of friendship a cloak to cover up their holding you up. Because it is harder for you to refuse them than it would be a stranger, they borrow money and never pay it back because you won't dun them for it. They preempt the use of your car. They take your books and never bring them back. They make you do their entertaining for them by bringing along friends when you invite them to dinner.

They send people you never heard of to you with letters of introduction and ask you to get them jobs or entertain them. They expect you to take care of their children and their dogs and parrots when they go off on a pleasure jaunt and put a thousand strains upon your affection for them until, at last, they wear it out.

People lose their friends by plain speaking. "Because I am your friend I feel it my duty to tell you that your husband is running around with a flapper or that your wife is being gossiped about or that your child looks tubercular or that your new frock makes you look like a feather bed or that so-and-so said that you were a tiresome windbag and that you could clear out the club at any time by beginning one of your funny stories."

Who has not had a friend who was ever the bearer of unwelcome news and who has used friendship as a defense from which to pour out the hot shots that riddled one's vanity and slew one's content with life?

And still another thing that kills friendship is bossiness. Especially among women. The average woman believes that she has a perfect right to run her friend's home and manage her husband and children, supervise her market basket and make her go to her own doctor and dentist and dressmaker.

A little boy once gave us a definition of friendship: A person who knows us and still likes us. He might have added: and who lets us alone and doesn't interfere in our private affairs and doesn't come to see us too often.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Chickens

Jews Run Poultry Market In Gotham; Here's How

By WESTBROOK PEGLER
 NEW YORK.—The live poultry industry of New York, whose three invalid biddies ganged and annihilated the Blue Eagle of the NRA, being martyred themselves in the cruel strife, is conducted almost exclusively by and for Jews.

The two million Jews of the greater city account for the consumption of about 95 per cent of the fresh - killed poultry, and most of the handlers, commission men and proprietors of slaughter houses are Jews.



Pegler

The actual slaughtering is performed by a staff of certified rabbis who belong to a labor union affiliated with the International Association of Meat Cutters and the American Federation of Labor. They kill chickens from 7 a. m. until noon six days a week, using a deft, practiced stroke to slit the neck and extract the windpipe so that the chicken may bleed according to the Kosher law.

For this they receive 1/2 cent per pound killed, and earn on the average of \$60 a week. The late code authority of the industry reckoned that on a consumption of 175 million pounds of kosher poultry a year the rabbis, or schochtim, received \$875,000.

THE schochtim are certified and supervised by another association of rabbis of apparently superior degree known as the Kasruth Association. The Kasruth Association having approved a Schochet then oversee his work.

The Kasruth insists that each chicken which has been kosher killed shall bear upon one leg a small metal tag which costs the Kasruth \$1.45 per thousand but which is sold to the slaughter house keepers for \$10 per thousand. The tag toll levied on fifty million chickens kosher killed in New York every year would amount to \$500,000, minus, of course, the \$32,500 spent for the tags themselves.

Inasmuch as the rite is Jewish and most of those concerned in the chicken's career after it reaches town are Jewish, too, the tolls of the Kasruth and the pay of the schochtim are a domestic affair of the Jews.

THE Kosher poultry business for many years has been beset and bedeviled by racketeers and many of the firms involved in the trade were glad in the beginning that the Government was taking general charge, through the code, to suppress hoodlums.

But, like all code enforcement, the policing of the poultry business was impossible in the present stage of the human race.

The gyping and chiseling began before the patriots of the trade had done cooling their blisters after the great NRA parade of 1933 and grew more unconfined from that hour on. In no time at all code enforcement was seen to be a random matter, and the code could not even protect the honest members from those who saw fit to chisel, much less from the gunmen.

Now, however, the idealistic foolishness is past. The records and furniture of the poultry code are in storage, and there is a sign, "for rent," on the door.

But it fell to the Kosher poultry trade to provide a striking new trademark to a great political party, the three sick chickens, successors to old Bolivar the elephant.

PEGLER

Willie Bioff's Immoral Record Doesn't Keep Him From Ruling Amusement Labor Unions

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—Willie Bioff, convicted of pandering in 1922, and who became the labor dictator of the entire amusement industry, arrived at his position of power in the guise of bodyguard for George E. Browne, also of Chicago, who is president of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Motion Picture Operators of the United States and Canada.



Mr. Pegler

This enormous union of the manual and mechanical crafts of the stage, the screen and the night clubs is an important unit of the American Federation of Labor. Like many strictly local Chicago unions, it is ruled by strong-arm methods enforced by racketeers who never have been identified with toil or with the labor movement in the honest sense of the term.

Browne was appointed receiver of the Motion Picture Operators' Union of Chicago, a union legitimate in form but conducted as a racket, when Tommy Maloy, the business agent, was killed or "pushed" several years ago. Maloy was shot dead by persons unknown who overhauled his car with another as he was driving on a Chicago boulevard. The job had paid Maloy enormous but incalculable sums.

The union was notorious as a racket, and in view of the fate that befell Maloy it was not strange that Browne felt the need of a bodyguard.

Browne's nominal rule in the presidency of the I.A.T.S.E. and M.P.O., commonly known as the stagehands' union, was attended by a great increase in membership and power.

BROWNE named Bioff personal representative in the rich field of the Hollywood movie industry, where the Chicago panderer, with all but eight days to serve of a six months' sentence, soon became boss. Bioff also cast covetous eyes on the brisk but somewhat amateurish union of the motion picture actors, and, after several threatening gestures, he and Browne last summer made an audacious attempt to kidnap into their organization all the unions of the performers of the screen, night clubs and radio. The details are too intricate for review here, but the crisis in the affairs of all the performers occurred in the reopening in New York after a lay-off of the musical show "Leave It To Me."

Incidentally, this show is now playing in Chicago. The controversy reached a point in which Browne and Bioff threatened to tie up the American amusement industry and all its branches if the performers refused to come in. The actors realized that under Bioff they would be reduced to the status of contributors to the union funds and subject to his whims and financial wants. Therefore, they determined to strike for their jurisdiction, and in this situation Browne, at the last moment, backed down.

The motion picture actors, who had been denouncing Bioff as a hoodlum without actually knowing the facts of his criminal background in Chicago, then betrayed principle by lauding Bioff for his efforts in bringing about the settlement.

When their own selfish ends were gained, the actors ceased to agitate the moral questions which lately they had been urging for public consideration. They had been afraid that Bioff would lay a gross income tax on their huge salaries, and his character and his acts toward those who belonged to the various branches of the stagehands union ceased to interest them the minute they were safe.

IN California, Carey McWilliams, author of "Factories in the Fields," the more or less objective and more or less factual story of the farm-labor problem, was interested in an attempt to form a C.I.O. union of the mechanical and technical trades in the movie industry. McWilliams, a member of the cabinet of Governor Olson, is a radical laborite. He, too, had heard that Bioff had a criminal record but, like the actors and the bulldozed studio workers and others already subjugated by Bioff, lacked exact information.

Bioff received \$100,000 from a moving picture magnate in 1937, and when this transaction was disclosed in an inquiry at Sacramento, it was explained the money was a loan, not a gift. The impropriety of the acceptance of such a loan from an employer by a representative of the workers was not emphasized for long. However, Bioff's income tax has been under investigation, and the administration of the union which he dominates also has attracted the official attention of the Department of Justice.

Bioff never was a worker in any of the theatrical or moving picture trades of professions and never was elected to high office in the regular manner. He got there as Browne's bodyguard and personal representative, and it is only now disclosed nationally to the members of the union which he rules that he still owes time on a sentence imposed in 1922 on proof that, in a specific instance, he accepted from a woman \$29 which she had earned that day by entertaining 13 men as a prostitute in a West Side dive.

Staten coverings for cotton bales

PEGLER

Czar of Labor Unions of the Amusement Field Doesn't Want His Record Made Public

By WESTBROOK PEGLER
 PATRIOTISM has been called the last refuge of a scoundrel, and it may be added that in the case of Willie Bioff, the Chicago vicemonger, the labor movement is the last refuge of one who was convicted of being a parasite on a harlot working the back room of a Halsted St. brothel. One day last week, during certain negotiations between Bioff and the Hollywood movie industry, he was confronted with his own record, which shows that he was either an employe or a proprietor of this dive and that in a specific case he received \$29 which a prostitute named Rose had earned that day by entertaining



Mr. Pegler

13 customers. Bioff immediately raised a cry that his past had been raked up for no other purpose than to discredit him as representative of the so-called stage hands' union and thus to deprive the underpaid rank and file of an increase in wages. The fact is that the rank and file never elected Bioff to represent them. He muscled into the job as bodyguard and personal representative of George E. Browne, also of Chicago, the union president, who knew his record and who two years ago personally requested that nothing more be said about it in print. Browne's reasons for this request are apparent now.

BIOFF then owed, and still owes, all but eight days of a sentence of six months in the Chicago Bridewell for preying on a prostitute. I knew then that Bioff was a Chicago underworld character with a record of numerous arrests, but did not have proof of the conviction for pandering, and Browne explained that Willie, like many other neighborhood boys in Chicago, had merely been picked up by the police now and again and let go. That is not the case, however. Bioff was not a boy, but was 24 years old when he was convicted of pandering, and pandering is no such amiable mischief as soaping windows on Hallowe'en or throwing snowballs.

Bioff further says that Joseph Schenck, president of the Producers' Assn., and his associates on the employers' side of the wage dispute, were responsible for the expose, and accuses me of "running interference" for my "plutocratic friends in Hollywood," who are attacking him because he is "fighting for the little fellows in the studios, the workmen who are fortunate to average \$900 a year."

I met Schenck once, about two years ago, when I called at his office to discuss Bioff. Schenck refused to talk about him. I met Sam Goldwyn once about the same time, but did not discuss the labor problem of the studios. I met another producer named Harry Cohen, who made me an offer. He said that if I would write some scenarios he would read them. Then, if he liked them, he would buy them. We did no business. I met Walt Disney then, and met him again two weeks ago. He is a personal friend. On this last trip I met no producers, but did see Gene Fowler, James K. McGuinness, Whitney Bolton and John McLain, writers; Bill Fields, the great tragedian, and Greg La Cava and Leo McCarey, directors.

I own no stock in any movie company, never have sold a scenario, never have worked for any movie company except one four-weeks' term as publicity writer about 1921 for a promoter who was producing a Babe Ruth film called "Headin' Home," and, on this recent trip, discussed Bioff only with Buron Fitts, the prosecutor of Los Angeles County, who had no information to offer.

NONE of the individuals here mentioned asked me to run interference against Bioff, and the initiative and responsibility were all my own. Carey McWilliams, a radical laborite, did have a few words to say about Bioff and his union, but McWilliams is C.I.O., and the C.I.O. in California is dominated by its Communist minorities, so it is not likely that I would feel any desire to run interference for him.

"Pegler might turn his truculent pen to better advantage by presenting the cause of the Hollywood workingmen, who, employed in an industry of fabulous wealth, are barely able to make a livelihood," says Bioff's statement.

And I would suggest that Bioff himself has found fabulous wealth in the labor racket representing those men who are barely able to make a livelihood. So much has been said about an item of \$100,000 cash which Bioff received from a representative of the employers after he had negotiated a contract with them in 1937 that the nobly altruistic Chicago vicemonger owes a duty to himself and to the "little fellows" for whom he speaks so touchingly, to explain all and explain well. Later it was called a loan. Now I'll tell one.

Labor, the "little fellows," suffers from racketeering in the unions, from exploitation and sellouts by muscle men of the Chicago type as well as from the stupidity and greed of employers.

Bioff's own union, for example, in one local, had the effrontery to demand of American citizens applying for membership an initiation fee of \$3000, plus an income tax.

me It Left the Schools

Ray Clapper

FROM North Africa last July Raymond Clapper began a dispatch with this sentence:

"What appalls me about war is the unbelievable waste of life and effort and nature's riches."

To us, who were Ray Clapper's co-workers for so many years, who knew so well his warmth and decency, his unsparing search for truth, his tolerance of others' honest opinions, his intolerance of demagoguery, stupidity and greed—to us, Ray's death in action brings home, more than anything else that has happened, the awful human waste of war. For he was not a man to be spared in a world so much in need

of common-sense, plain-language reporting, so much in need of statesmanlike journalism.

We think that because we were so proud of Ray, so fond of him. But we know Ray wouldn't agree. He would write one of his famous dissenting opinions—keen and fair. For he didn't value his life over that of other and younger Americans. He asked only the reporter's privilege to share their privations and perils—asked only to be with them where, as he wrote in his dispatch published today—

"You live only minute by minute through the routine that carries you smoothly, as if drifting down a river, toward the day of battle."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following dispatch from Mr. Clapper, written on the eve of the Marshall Islands battle in which he lost his life, was received by our Washington bureau a few hours after the word of his death.

By **RAYMOND CLAPPER**

Scripps-Howard War Correspondent

A BOARD AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER, SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC.—(By Wireless.)—On the night before a battle everybody gets a big holiday dinner. For breakfast on the morning of a battle, beefsteak is served.

Everybody aboard knows when the time of battle is approaching. You begin to count the days as "D minus four," "D minus three," meaning four days or three days before the action is to begin. Sometimes, instead of calling it "D Day," they call it "Dog Day." And for some time after a battle begins the days are known as "D plus one day," or "D plus two days," instead of by the days of the week or the month. The calendar is forgotten, and all time is counted as before or after the beginning of the battle.



Mr. Clapper

A slow, almost imperceptible rise of tension takes place as D Day approaches. But it is nothing very marked. Men begin to think more about their steel helmets, and to place them where they can be picked up quickly. At night you begin to have your red, waterproof flashlight always within reach, and always in your pocket when you are moving about the ship. Some men keep heavy leather gloves in their pockets, because these are good to put on if you have to slide down a rope going overboard.

You are always studying the location of ladders, hatches and bulkheads, and making mental notes of little landmarks around the ship, so that you can find your way in a hurry in the dark, with only a dim red flash to guide you. It is surprising how different ship passageways seem when you try to find your way around them with the lights out, and when many of the openings are closed.

SOME 3000 men are aboard this ship, and when the call to battle stations is sounded they must get to their places within seconds, or minutes at the most. Some of them must go the whole length of the ship, which is as far as a golf ball is ordinarily driven. Men are rushing both up and down narrow ladders. Hatches are being slammed. There is intense activity everywhere, with the general-quarters gong clanging its unmistakable warning of approaching danger.

Formerly ships would throw huge quantities of things overboard before going into action—all the mattresses, bedding, and other inflammable material. Now, with the vast improvement in fire-proofing materials, and with greater fireproof construction and fire-fighting equipment, seldom is anything thrown overboard. There is very little around to burn.

Before I left Washington, one of the survivors of the Carrier Wasp, Lt. Com. William C. Chambless, gave me a copy of his article, "Recipe for Survival,"

which has been issued by the training division of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics. I find that many of his suggestions are being commonly adopted aboard this carrier, such as waterproof flashlights, heavy gloves, a large steel knife in a scabbard hitched to the belt—which is useful, as Chambless says, in cutting yourself clear of lines or other impediments with which you may become involved in the water, and also for discouraging sharks or for opening emergency ration cans.

Those are the kind of normal little preparations everyone makes, although very little is said about it, and the conversation seldom touches on the possibilities of action. The laughing and joking on as usual at mess and around the ship, with boys scuffling on the flight deck and the hangar deck, or playing cards, or sleeping under the planes, during slack times.

You always snatch a nap if you can, because in a combat area you are up long before dawn and until late at night, and there is considerable tension—at least subconsciously.

During battle, when the men are held at their stations for long hours, mess attendants carry sandwiches and coffee to them frequently; also hot soup, lemonade, fruit cakes, and various small items they can put into their pockets and nibble at while beside their guns.

FOR several days before an action, the pilots spend hours listening to briefing lectures concerning the impending battle. They are told what they need to know in order to carry out their part of the battle. Especially they are given lectures about the territory they are to bomb or strafe. They are told about the history of the locality, the characteristics of the natives, the estimated strength of the enemy, and they make a careful study of aerial photographs and maps to mark the location of enemy airfields and other installations that may be targets.

But there is not the high tension that you might expect. Sometimes, when a report of exceptionally heavy enemy strength is given, there will be raucous shouts of "Wow!" Once when the briefing showed our own forces to be far in excess of what the enemy would have, somebody shouted from the rear of the room, "Let's go on to Tokyo while we're at it!"

But mostly the pilots are slouched down in their chairs, their favorite position being with both feet up on top of the high back of the chair in front. They act much like a bored classroom taking in a lecture with as little effort as possible, instead of fighting men, some of whom will not come back from the missions under discussion.

You have a sense of living in a world apart from what you knew at home, and there is almost no talk of life back in the States now. You live only minute by minute, through the routine that carries you smoothly, as if drifting down a river, toward the day of battle.

1892 - CLAPPER - 1944

One of the last columns written by Raymond Clapper, distinguished newspaper columnist, who was killed in an airplane crash in the Marshall Islands invasion:

By **RAYMOND CLAPPER**

Scripps-Howard War Correspondent

AN ADVANCED FIGHTER BASE, SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA.—(By Wireless.)—Up here, within 20 minutes of the Japs, I have been interested in what some of the men around this fighter base think the war is all about.

I have heard many people at home, and some officers out here, say that American soldiers will become rabid isolationists after the war. Perhaps they will. But I was contradicted about that by the men at this base.



Mr. Clapper

A dozen or so of them gathered around as we signed short-snorter bills, that universal ceremonial of autograph collecting among American soldiers all over the world. The conversation turned to politics and post-war discussion. I said I had been told at some places along the line that our men were strongly isolationist, and I wondered if that was correct.

"THERE'S been too much isolation already," said Sgt. Samuel Brown, of Philadelphia.

I had just signed the back of a snapshot of Sam and his girl. I said:

"If you give me her address I'll get in touch with her when I get home."

"You don't get my girl's address out of me!" said Sam, who is redheaded and knows his own mind.

When he made his remark against isolation I thought he would have some plans for saving the world. But he didn't.

"I don't believe isolation is practical," said Sgt. John Fekete, of the Bronx. "We tried it once. I think we have to crush Germany and Japan so they will never rise again, and then police them."

AT that, a general melee of conversation followed, which I couldn't get down on paper. Some said we should police, some said we should let the Chinese do it, to which someone else shot back:

"You can't trust others to do your policing."

They argued, whether Japan and Germany should be allowed to grow strong again, but all were agreed that those two should never become world powers again.

Some of those in this free-for-all debate as we sat around under the control tower were Cpl. Leonard H. Cornell of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who said he favored Roosevelt for President as long as the war continued, but after that Dewey; and Sgt. Samuel Halpern of Brooklyn, who, when I asked him whom he favored for President, said: "Is there any other candidate but Roosevelt?"

Sgt. Welden Umphress of Dallas asked if I had come all the way out here to find a Republican.

ALL the while, 50 feet away, a lean fellow in dungarees and a Texas sombrero, was throwing a lasso at a post. I found that he was Sgt. Carlton C. Middleton of Stamford, Tex., a former radio cowboy, who is keeping in practice with his rope while in the Air Forces—even to wearing his cowboy hat. He looked like Will Rogers, and it made me homesick.

Some of the boys said that if Germany is licked in the spring, Japan can be beaten in six months. That is far more optimistic than any of the higher officers put it, but that's the way it looks to some of the men, such as Walter Keily, Minneapolis, and John W. Cook, Pascagoula, Miss.

Well, that's the way they talk up at the fighter front here.

PEGLER

Concerning the Deadly Cigaret and Maniacs Who Smoke Them

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

NEW YORK, Sept. 2. — Since Gene Tunney, some time ago, wrote a magazine article against the cigaret and, I believe, against the use of tobacco generally, quite a brisk agitation has blown up against the dirty weed, in which I am glad to raise my voice as one who has suffered much, not that the clamor will do any good. The smoking habit is a damned nuisance, and if you want to call it a plague that will be all right with me, too. Certainly nothing good can be said in favor of



Mr. Pegler

the cigaret, because, obviously, the human system was not intended to breathe the smoke of burning leaves and paper, and all decent medical testimony condemns the habit, but still the sales grow and total abolition by law, if it could be accomplished, would cause great economic commotion, so important to our well-being is our most popular vice. The growers, the farmhands, the factory workers and machinists, countless thousands of men and women in the sales department of the business, and advertising men, would suffer; property owners would lose rents and federal and state governments and some municipalities would take a deep cut in their tax revenues.

Some people, Harold Ickes among them, have suggested that our press has been unwilling to tell the truth about the poisons that people put into themselves by smoking, because we would sacrifice some degree of the public health for the money we get from cigaret advertisements. I don't believe this is true, although goodness knows the money is a help at the box office.

I THINK people would continue to smoke anyway, even if we did dig out and print horribly all the old propaganda of the Anti-Cigaret League. To most of us the cigaret has become as much a part of our diet as bread, and youngsters seem to take to it just naturally, even though their elders tell them from early childhood that smoking is bad for them and that the habit, once formed, is very hard to break.

I can't say that I ever got any pleasure out of smoking except two or three cigarets after two or three heroic but futile attempts to swear off, the longest of which lasted about three months when I was in high school. It is a nuisance, because the victim must always be sure to keep cigarets and matches or a lighter in his pockets and feels something like alarm or fear if he finds himself fresh out and unable to get any.

Once, around dawn in Newton, Kan., many years ago, I had to change trains and was in a mild panic when the fellow in the lunchroom or newsstand told me he couldn't sell me any cigarets because there was a law against them. He then took pity and said that if I would walk to the end of the platform and come back he would slip me a package rolled up in a newspaper. After that I would have voted for him for king.

THIS business about tobacco soothing the nerves or stimulating thought is just nonsense, because a non-smoker is much less likely to need soothing in the first place, and there is no testimony that the great thinkers of the world were smokers or that smoking had anything to do with the cerebration of those who did smoke.

My personal experience is that smoking irritates the nerves, but my trouble, and I believe the trouble most smokers have, when they try to quit, is that the doing without after long and steady usage also causes irritation. For a few days you go nuts and kick the cat and slam things around and then you give in and irritate your nerves in another way.

Tunney is one of the very few men I have ever known who doesn't smoke, which is a way of commenting that the non-smoker these days is a member of a very small minority. He got that way as a young kid with ambitions to be an athlete and never started, but, on the other hand, I have known hundreds of star athletes who smoked as soon as they broke training and others who smoked somewhat in training. They all recognized that smoking is bad for an athlete and if that is so it certainly doesn't do a non-athletic person any good, but you just try to stop it by law and you will have a nation of maniacs in 24 hours. Furthermore, people would start smoking all kinds of hay and weeds and probably stumble onto marijuana in the back yard and develop into leapers.

I am sorry cigarets have got such a hold on us, but I don't blame it on the papers or the companies or anyone but the smokers themselves. They take to tobacco in spite of all warnings and all the proof that it is going to harm them. But I am not going to crusade to save the people from the cigaret. I can't even save myself.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Thou shalt not avange, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. — Leviticus 19:18.

What thou doest humbly I seek to do, And live obedient to the law, in trust That thou shalt come, and must come, shall come well. —Edwin Arnold.



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Ernie Pyle

How Various People React To A World War

By ERNIE PYLE

LOS ANGELES, March 11.—The local people say they can't notice it, but I will swear that auto traffic in Los Angeles is not quite as thick now as it used to be. Surely some people have laid up their cars.



Mr. Pyle

The laying-up process is likely to snowball rapidly from now on. Tires are wearing out. I have one friend who is almost frantic. His tires are just hanging on from day to day, and he has to drive a long way to work. He's in defense work, too.

Apparently there is a little boot-legging of tires, but my friend hasn't even been able to get in touch with a good "tirelegger." He's had two or three up-the-alley tips, but they all turned into nothing at the last minute.

One thing that worries me is whether any plans are being made for mass transportation when the private tires give their last pop. Out here it is especially bad, because in these sprawled-out Southern California areas many people are driving 40 and 50 miles each way to work.

Somebody had better be thinking of something mighty quick, for if these masses can't move back and forth to the factories the planes won't stream out the front doors.

And speaking of airplane factories, they apparently aren't as wonderful to work in as you might believe. They've simply got so big they're soulless, like institutions.

The main complaint seems to be that there's too much straw-bossing and suspicion. I know one man who just couldn't stomach it, and quit. He says it was, "Don't stand here! Don't look there! Where you going now? What's that bulge in your hip-pocket?" all day long. There was just too much "system" and too little humanity.

ON the other hand, he wasn't all praise for the workers. He says there's an appalling amount of clock-watching and of standing-around-doing-nothing.

He says that, on the morning after Pearl Harbor, he thought when he went to work that people would be working a little faster or a little more grimly or something. But he says he could see no change at all in anybody's attitude.

Despite sub-shelling and "air raids" and much defense work, I can't sense that the war has changed the people themselves in this area. Los Angeles seems just the same as ever.

People talk about their own apathy, and don't know what to ascribe it to, other than asking, "Well, what can I do to help?" In other words, there won't be full-fledged war feeling until everybody has something pretty vital taken away from him, or is given something pretty vital to do.

Of course that takes time. And also, Government action may lag behind the people's willingness. That was true in England. The people were way ahead of the British government in their desire, even eagerness, to cut down on food more sharply, to be assigned things to do, to get in there and pitch. The government was always afraid to go too far for fear the people wouldn't stand it, when what the people wanted was for the government to move boldly.

How did I get off on this subject, anyway? I don't know anything about running a war.

THE other night I happened to stumble upon a lecture by Captain Harold Sweet, who is just back from China on a vacation. Captain Sweet is one of the Pan-air pilots who helped evacuate Hong Kong. He has been flying in China for five years, and is soon going back.

Sweet is gravely worried about America's inability to grasp the tightness of the spot we're in. It's supposed to be unpatriotic even to imagine that we could possibly lose this war, but Sweet intimates we'd be better off if more of us realized it IS possible.

He has had five years of experience with the Japanese, and his opinion of their character isn't high. Somebody in the audience asked him how he thought the Japs were treating American prisoners. The details of his answer were interesting. He said:

"So far, I think they're treating them exceptionally well. There are several reasons.

"First, Japan is proud and flattered to be at war with us. It puts her in the big leagues. Second, she's as startled over her successes as we are. And third, she's trying to act like a first class nation, and part of that imitation is to treat prisoners decently.

"But, just let her get a few lickings, and the Japs will revert to type and start their torture, and then our prisoners will suffer."

And then he went on to tell of the butchery he saw in Nanking, when the conquering Japs simply killed and tortured and maimed until they were exhausted, and left three-quarters of a million needlessly dead Chinese stacked up in the streets.

I wish everybody could hear Captain Sweet talk. He's a great flier, but I believe he could do more good in America with his tongue than in China with his airplane.

Westbrook Pegler Is On Vacation

Second Section

Features—Comics—
Classified—Markets

VOI

12-Year Plan

Educators Note Fewer Failures In First Grade

Same Effect May Be Felt Later In Junior High

Public school administrators today viewed with satisfaction the workings of the 12-year plan which went into effect, in Fort Worth schools just one year ago. Though it will be at least five years before there can be any conclusive evidence as to the plan's success, officials said it is "progressing smoothly."

David K. Sellars, co-ordinator of curriculum, said the school children already are receiving greater benefits under the 12-year instruction program.

One reason the plan was adopted was because Fort Worth had too many failures in the first grade and in junior high schools, Mr. Sellars asserted.

"The number of failures in the first grade already has decreased," he said, explaining that it will be three or four years before any effect can be felt in junior high school. However, prospects for a decrease there are good, he asserted.

"It simply means children will have three years of junior high school work instead of two, and it stands to reason that they will be better prepared for high school work," Mr. Sellars said.

Because no children were enrolled in the first grade at mid-term last year, the schools expect the largest first grade registration in the history of the schools this fall.

Mid-term enrollment of first graders was abandoned under the 12-year plan, and mid-term graduation no longer will be held for high school seniors.

Students finishing their high school work at mid-term this year who want to go on to college will be given transcripts of their high school credits, but no formal graduation exercises will be held until year-end.

Senior high school classes will be normal for the next three years, but the eighth and ninth grades in junior high schools will be unusually small. It was in these classes that the biggest "spread" occurred in inaugurating the 12-year plan.

Students finishing high school the next three years will be classified as 12th graders their last year, but they actually will be completing only 11 years of work.

"Those in senior high school just jumped a number when the 12-year plan went into effect," Mr. Sellars said.

A part of the adjustment in studies was a change in beginners' reading in the first grade.

Formerly first graders started reading after the first six weeks of school. Under the new system, teachers begin the first graders on an analysis of skills involved in reading. The teachers spend the first half of the year checking the children's possession of skills.

The majority of them now start reading about mid-term. This gives them a chance to drill in reading skills, which involve sight and hearing, Mr. Sellars explained.

Advanced children, who have no difficulty in exercising the skills involved in reading, such as determining differences in lettering on first sight, start reading sooner.

Mr. Sellars said that the new plan does not hold back any children who are capable of reading early, but that it does not rush the other children as in former years.

Fort Worth teachers are pioneers in this new method of teaching reading. Since it started, the schools have received inquiries from many parts of the nation.

"We've sold about 200 teacher bulletins that we had printed up for our own use," Mr. Sellars said.

Arlington Cemetery Employe's Rites Today

Special to The Press.

ARLINGTON, Sept. 2.—James Charles Stout, 50, will be buried in Parkdale Cemetery, where he was employed, after funeral services at 10 a. m. tomorrow at Moore Funeral Home. Rev. R. C. Edwards will lead funeral rites.

Mr. Stout collapsed from a stroke yesterday afternoon as he was returning to his home from the cemetery.

Survivors are four brothers, W. F. Stout, Arlington; George Stout, Merkel; Jesse Stout, Denton, and Arthur Stout, Los Angeles, and two sisters, Mrs. Guy Peters, Hollister, Okla., and Mrs. Mary Keener, Merkel.

Midland Man Treated

Clarence Scharbauer, Midland hotel operator and rancher, was reported in satisfactory condition today at St. Joseph's Hospital where he is under treatment for a stomach disorder. Mr. Scharbauer, who has extensive ranch holdings in West Texas and New Mexico, was accompanied to Fort Worth yesterday by his wife,



David K.

Groce Dismissed May Be Proposed

State Association Of Court Reporters Considers

An appeal to the Reporters Assn. was made today to save the dismissal of Groce, reporter for at-Law No. 1, who has held 15 years

W. R. Swaim, reporter who left Court in 1927 and was in health, now wants to return to Fort Worth, and Judge McGee says that he will wait when he can

stretching the station on that project. E. B. Kinsey, Court reporter and the state association Groce wishes, I'll before the association it's pretty much of

Mr. Groce, 45, has and cares for two children of Mrs. Groce.

Work On Gain Health Center

Instructions to a health center were issued to construction by Boone Powell regional director of Works Agency.

Joe Steinberg awarded the contract the project on a construction is started not later

Keep



Know WHERE fighting forces strange and far Dutch Harbor, Why are they s

You'll find the vital questions this Rand McNally map is possible to an readers of the supply lasts for c

Women of Defense Unit In Rebellion

By United Press.

LOS ANGELES, March 11. — Rebellious members of the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps of America, protesting "totalitarian rule" by men, meet tonight to form a secessionist organization governed strictly by women.

The rebellion followed demotion of Dorothy Hewes Bell, commander of the Los Angeles unit, to the rank of private. Mrs. Bell resigned and announced that her entire staff had resigned with her.

Col. John W. Colbert, national commander of the organization, which has approximately 40,000 members in 15 states, said Mrs. Bell had been demoted for failure to exercise "proper authority."

"Her Los Angeles unit," he said, "has less discipline than any other unit."

Colbert said the organization had been spending too much time in "tea party discussions and fraternizing with movie stars."

The Los Angeles unit has 750 members.

Reform Ticket Leads Kansas City Voting

By United Press.

KANSAS CITY, March 11. — Voters gave Mayor John B. Gage, Reform ticket candidate, a sizeable majority over two opponents, including John M. Linger of the Pendergast-Shannon organization, incomplete returns from yesterday's primary election showed today.

Gage apparently had a majority of about 7000 votes, making him a strong contender for the run-off election March 31. Linger was more than 20,000 votes behind Gage on the basis of unofficial and incomplete tabulations this morning.

YOUR VISION

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1942

S. A. Chief at Dinner

BY PIERRE J. HUSS.

International News Service Staff
Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—I never could look at the Nazis around Hitler without feeling that they must have an iron constitution and be somewhat awry in the head. Otherwise, they wouldn't want to be around him or be able to stand the pace and strain. I suppose in the last analysis all of the higher Nazi keymen are abnormal, sustained by drink or swell-headed with self-importance. I don't know of a single Nazi in Hitler's set-up who hasn't got some peculiar quirk of mind or body, just enough to make you wonder what makes him tick.

With this curiosity still in my mind after nearly seven years around them, I went to particular pains in February of 1941 to get along for an evening with Victor Lutze, successor to the liquidated Roehm of the 1934 blood-purge as chief of Hitler's brownshirted S. A. The word around Berlin has been that Lutze is a nincompoop, picked by Hitler as a safeguard against further trouble from ambitious men like Roehm.

Be that as it may, Lutze came as requested to a dinner at Boemer's political club in Leipziger Platz, chest sticking out and eager to prove himself a good fellow to these foreign correspondents. I sat alongside of him through dinner and drew him out on political questions.

Questioned on War Outlook.

"Is it true, Herr Lutze, that you have circulated instructions to the S. A. that war with America is inevitable and that they must get

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1942.

New York Day by Day

—Charles B. Driscoll

NEW YORK.—Almost exactly 10 years ago, Odd McIntyre wrote this:

Recently I told of a New York photographer who refused to take pictures of Chinese and Japanese. His reason was not racial, but due to the skin coloring for his type of photography. Not a Chinese has written me, but a flood of viciously insulting letters come from Japanese. Typical of all is this—which, incidentally, has been turned over to Uncle Sam: "Tell that stupid photographer that he will soon be taking photographs of us Japanese by Imperial orders. The supremacy of the so-called Yellow Race is around the corner. America will be taking orders from Tokio in 10 years. We who are valets, house servants, and the like occupy our posts but we are finding out things that will aid our country when The Great Day Comes. We have brought China to her knees and America is next. We have only contempt for America!"

I am indebted to Mrs. Nellie Clarety for the clipping. She cut it from the Portland, Maine, Press-Herald when it was published, and laid it away in a book of treasured things.

Mrs. Clarety isn't sure why she saved the clipping so carefully, but thinks it may have been because of a list of favorite books which O. O. M. published in the same column. Odd speaks of them as the books he remembered best, and they include:

"Black Beauty," "Vanity Fair," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Of Human Bondage," and Tarkington's "The Gentleman From Indiana."

BRIGHT SIDE

by Damon Runyon

"ALL HORSE PLAYERS DIE BROKE."

I
For forty years he's follered the track
And played them horses to Helenback
And there isn't a thing
That he doesn't know—that bloke.
So I sez to him: "I want advice.
On beating this dodge at a decent price,
And what do you think you've got to say
To a guy like me, ol' soak?"

Sez he: "Well, son, I've bet and won
And I've bet and lost and when all
is done,
I'm sure of one thing and only
one—
All horse players die broke!"

II

Sez I: "But I see a-many a chump
With plenty of sugar around this dump—"
Sez I: "What system do they employ
Or what is the brand they smoke?"
Sez I: "You're always dopping the dope
And you're doing all right or so I hope."
Sez I: "I want you to give me a tip
On how I can fill my poke."

Sez he: "Well, son, this racket's
tough
And I try to learn as I do my stuff,
And I haven't learned much
But I've learned enough—
All horse players die broke!"

III

Sez he: "Some live to be very old,
Til their hair turns gray and their blood
runs cold,
And some of them almost fall apart
Before they up and croak."
Sez he: "I've seen them, these noble men,
High in the dough and out again,
In fact, I've been there a-many a time
myself
And that's no joke."

Sez he: "I've seen 'em in limousines
With rocks on their dukes
And dough in their jeans
But they're all alike when they
quit these scenes—
All horse players die broke!"

I reprint this deathless doggerel that I
composed years ago because lately I have
been infesting the local race courses and
I notice that a new generation has sprung
up that evidently has not heard of my
words and I feel that it should be tipped
off, even though I am sure that it will not
take what I have to say to heart.

I was at Jamaica last Saturday and I
saw mobs of the new generation of horse
players rushing here and there, and up
and down and back and fourth, and around
and about; and I thought some of stopping
them and telling them where they are
headed, perhaps reciting my verse to them
as the convincer.

Then I realized that I would probably
be knocked down and stomped out flatter
than a Persian rug if the post bugle sounded
while I was addressing them and they
remembered they had not wagered. So I
withdrew to the sidelines and watched the
old familiar show.

The nice looking, dapper young Mr.
Jule Fink invited me to sit in his box, a
kind offer indeed as space was at a
premium all over the gaff. I observed that
a number of the private boxes labelled
with names of some of our first citizens
were empty and that others were not fully
occupied, which strengthened my determina-
tion to one day launch a campaign to
eliminate all private reservations of this
nature in all public enterprises and make
the space available to the people.

This is in line with my idea that the
vast infields of the race courses in New
York should be made free to the people,
with pari-mutuel booths and refreshment
stands set up out there as in England. I
mean we ought to let the largest number
of horse players possible ready themselves
up to die broke.

Mr. Jule Fink is the chief of a small
coterie of Johnny-come-latelys to the race
courses known as "The Speed Boys" be-
cause they are supposed to work out their
operation by the speed charts on the
horses, making an exact science of the
business. They won so many races and so
much money for awhile as to create a
great sensation and to attract investigation
from the racing authorities which I under-
stand disclosed nothing except that they
were placing their horses right, and were
having a lot of luck.

But any time strangers (especially
young 'uns) come around winning races,
the authorities get suspicious. It is as if
they believe races can not be won
by young strangers unless they employ
chicanery. They give no thought to
the possibility of new methods by young
blood. As a young fellow, Hirsch Jacobs,
the greatest living horse trainer, had to
endure whispering and innuendo until he
had demonstrated even to the racing au-
thorities that his success was due simply
to hard work and common sense.

Young Mr. Fink was surrounded by his
collaborators and by racing journals and
record books over which he pored intently,
making many marginal notes. But I noticed
that when the last heat of the day came
up, a race for horses that had never won,
he rooted vigorously for a lizard that
finished second, and I said to myself: Run-
yon, when a horse owner waits for the
last race to bet on a maiden belonging
to someone else, you ought to send him
a copy of your old verse at once.

It could be that "The Speed Boys,"
who were fairly smoking for a spell, have
cooled off a bit. That happens to the hot-
test of mortals. But there is one great ad-
vantage in a recess from success, as the
personal young Mr. Fink and his associates
will discover. No one gossips about a
loser.

FORCE OF HABIT.

A medical writer is asked: "I reach for
things that aren't there. Why is that?"
Probably a reflex, acquired while shopping
in the days of abundance.—Omaha World-
Herald.

Surely by winning a game for the un-
familiar role of pitcher, Jimmy Foxx rates
a third x.—Detroit News.

BRIGHT SIDE

by Damon Runyon

THE RACE TRACK BUBBLE.

Well, public, here is old Runyon sound-
ing another tocsin of warning. Dear me,
what a life the guy must lead, always
pointing with alarm and hollering wolf,
wolf, when there is no wolf but only some
harmless critter, as for instance in this
case an armadillo disguised as a race
horse.

I think there is too much horse racing
in the United States, too many tracks,
too many horses, too much breeding. I
am of the opinion that the time is not
far distant when there must be a general
re-adjustment of this situation.

I do not expect it to come through
the exercise of common sense on the part
of the operators of racing in consolida-
tions and eliminations. I expect to see
reform take a hand, I say it is just not
in the cards that some of the communities
in which racing exists can forever with-
stand the interminable grind against them
of the racing take.

Under present semi-inflationary condi-
tions, the millions of dollars that are jugged
daily by the pari-mutuels make no
great difference in the life of Evander Z.
Public. But the day is coming when money
will not be so plentiful and the wage-
earning communities are going to wonder
what became of it, hot or cold, the
race tracks will be blamed.

There are two states right now that
are enjoying great prosperity in racing
that I would not bet on having the horses
two years from now. There are half a
dozen states in which, as a patron of what
we call the sport of kings, I would not
like to see the question of racing put to
a vote. I think it would be voted out.

The executives of the racing states like
to see racing just now because the states'
end enables them to keep their budgets
up, but they will be the first to quit on
the game when it starts going bad or
there is a public outcry of any volume.
It is my guess that if racing was a keen
issue in the next election in New York
State, Governor Dewey would oppose
it. He does not look like a racing man
to me.

However, I think New York is about
the only state that can stand and really
needs a new track and maybe two of them
because it is still racing under enormously
expanded conditions on little better than
its old time level. New Jersey needs three
tracks about as much as you need another
hole in the head. Florida got a third track
that seems to have thrown the game off
balance, especially as far as the horsemen
are concerned.

Too many horses were shipped there
when Gulfstream, the newest of the tracks,
opened ahead of Hialeah and Tropical
Parks. The tracks could not put on enough
races to accommodate them with the re-
sult that the steeds have remained in their
stalls most of the time eating their heads
off and the owners who are also eating
their heads off could not make a dime.
It is said that very few of them broke even
to the season and they are not apt to re-
turn next year.

I think purses everywhere are too
small against the earnings of the tracks.
It is true they have been steadily in-
creased and the big stakes are impressive
but the average could be upped still fur-
ther without impoverishing the operators.
They seem to forget that the horse own-
er's expenses have increased even more
than their own.

It is no secret that quite a number
of black marketeers are now among our
horse owners, just as many of our prom-
inent bootleggers displayed their colors
on the turf in the Prohibition era and af-
terwards and even now, if you want to make
a point of it. The ownership of a horse
is one thing that does not seem to bother
the racing authorities especially if it in-
volves looking behind the front man and
I have not heard that a horse cares one
way or another.

I mean as far as I know, a horse does
not give a cuss if it is owned by Alf
Vanderbilt or Tony the Stinger, although
if I were a horse I would much prefer
Alfy. His oats may look the same as
Tony's to you or me but I am told there
is apt to be a vast difference. Tony has
been known to adulterate his oats with
rye.

The New York turf writers have paid
a well merited compliment to L. B. Mayer,
the movie magnate, by awarding him a
plaque as the top breeder of the land.
Mr. Mayer has a breeding farm in south-
ern California and there he has gathered
some good stallions and the best brood
mares that money can buy and he should
be honored if only for effort. But he is
one of the few breeders in California,
once the seat of great breeding, who
knows what he is doing.

Others out there are breeding to cater-
pillars, bedbugs and roaches thinking they
are going to get race horses. They are
breeding to stallions that ran as \$1,000
claimers around the big time and to mares
that should be pulling lawn mowers, not
to assign them more arduous tasks, and
it is that kind of breeding of which I say
there is too much. When you breed to
bad horses, do you know what you get?
Why, you get bad horses, sonny boy.

JINGLING THE NEWS

by Stan Arnold

BRIGHT SIDE

by Damon Runyon

HORSE RACE BETTING.

I hope and trust you will not divulge
what I am about to tell you to our race
track magnates because many of them are
elderly gentlemen who have weak hearts
that might not stand the shock, or beaten-
up stomachs susceptible to ulcers.

Well, then, I hear that Congress is to
be asked to scrutinize betting on horse
racing in the United States with a view to
government supervision and control, and
probably greater participation in the enor-
mous profits of the pari-mutuels which
now go to the limited number of stock-
holders in the tracks and in the ownership
of the machines.

It is possible that this will involve the
elimination of the machines and the in-
stallation of a system of licensed bookmak-
ing which is said to be contemplated in
England by the British Labor Party as a
means of decommercializing the racing
game and as "a human and superior meth-
od of betting."

As to the superiority I can not say
as my only observation of bookmaking was
the half-outlaw and cut-throat system that
finally turned public sentiment in favor
of the mutuels. But I can tell you one
thing—it has long been my contention
that legalized betting on races in this coun-
try is too much the profitable privilege of
the few and that something ought to be
done about it.

I like the British Labor Party's idea
that all licensed raceways must provide
free fields with the same public comforts
and amenities enjoyed in the Royal En-
closure and the Special Enclosure which
I suppose correspond to the Turf and Field
corral at Belmont and to those fenced-in
spaces in other racing arbors where the
social sheep are still separated from the
non-social goats even in this year A. D.
1945.

Oh, yes, I am fully aware that the boys
will be whispering behind my back along
Broadway that old Runyon must be getting
baldy to think the public is going to get
any kind of a square rattle from racing,
but maybe times have changed. Maybe the
square rattle for one and all may become
popular, even in racing. But of course in
racing there is a rub. A rub-a-dub-rub, in
fact.

The big argument that was used every-
where in support of legalized betting on
racing was the revenue that would be real-
ized by the state treasury in taxes. The im-
plication usually was that other taxes would
be reduced. The promise was fulfilled in
the first instance but not in the second. I
do not believe that there has been the
slightest reduction of taxes in any state that
has racing as a result of the racing revenue.

Most of the racing states have piled up
big surpluses from the mutuels especially
the past few years when the black market
bums have been throwing the fruits of their
thievery into the machines in gobs, and the
participating states will probably want to
hold onto their share of the swag. They
would probably fight to the last gasp to
keep the machines.

However, if the government steps in,
the revenue that is now collected by about
half the total number of states in the
union will be spread among the total which
I think is fair because some states could
not support racing if they had it, and un-
doubtedly much of the money that is bet
into the machines in the racing states
comes from residents of non-racing states.
Besides, in certain racing states that mutual
surplus is commencing to be used politically.

According to John R. Stingo's quaintly
titled and highly informative column "Yea
Verily" in the New York Enquirer, there
are 47 race tracks in the United States and
Canada owned by corporations and 23 of
them use the betting machines of a com-
bination which the colonel speaks of as
the pari-mutuel trust.

He alleges that this combination made
an estimated \$7,715,000 after taxation re-
quirements in 1944 which was divided
among 17 stockholders. He explains that
the pari-mutuel combination usually installs
the machines at a race track on a rental
basis of 1½ per cent of the gross mutuel
take paid out of the race track's daily end.

I do not know that it was the same
combination the colonel has in mind but I
commented some time ago on the profits
of a mutuel outfit and got a disclaimer of
the riches I suggested from one of the
officials couched in a tone of such pathos
that for days afterwards I was dropping
quarters in every extended hand figuring
that any one of them might belong to a
member of the apparently impoverished
group.

Every time I felt like crying, I would
read the letter again to accelerate the
tears. Gee, I felt sorry for those poor
blokes!

TODAY'S HOROSCOPE

BRIGHT SIDE

by Damon Runyon

DR. JULIUS LEMPERT.

I went around to 119 East 74th Street,
in New York City, recently to say hello to
my friend, Dr. Julius Lempert, the man
who makes deaf people hear.

I have read articles on his technique and
listened to learned expositions of same, but
the terms only befuddled me and I am cer-
tainly not going to try to explain the thing
to my readers.

All I know is that shoals of men and
women enter No. 119 as deaf as posts and
come out able to hear the fall of a \$2 bill
and that my friend, Dr. Julius Lempert—
one of the kindest men I have ever known
—is world famous in consequence and
highly honored by his profession.

I suppose you will say that I am just
playing the red board when I tell you that
I always had a feeling that he was a great
man, but let me point out in proof that
nearly 14 years ago I permitted him to re-
move my tonsils and you know I would
not have stood for anyone less than a po-
tentially great man monkeying with my ton-
sils.

It was in that same No. 119, a six-story
building of red brick set back from the
property lines on either side, with weather-
beaten sandstone griffins squatting on the
sidewalk in front, and next to the Episcopal
Church of the Resurrection. It is a classy
neighborhood. No. 119 is Dr. Lempert's
private hospital to which he moved in 1931
from a building on Central Park South. I
had a nice front room and he would visit
me officially every morning.

I think Dr. Lempert was greatly annoy-
ed by my tonsils. He was noted even then
for his surgery, particularly a mastoid oper-
ation, and it seems he had removed maybe
90,000 tonsils without the slightest kickback
until he came to mine. Naturally mine
caused trouble. I am one of those fellows
whose disturbances always present the
worst possible aspects, never anything sim-
ple.

Dr. Lempert used to enter my room
wearing a long white coat with an electric
light bulb clamped to his forehead. He had
a shock of very dark brown silky hair that
was always flouncing around every which
way on his head. Usually he was smoking
one of those long dollar-a-smash cigars that
are characteristic of him to this day. He
would have an assistant on either side of
him, also in long white coats.

Dr. Lempert would direct his search-
light down my gullet and peer into the
cavern. One assistant would peek over his
right shoulder, the other over his left. Thus
six eyes would be staring down my throat
all at the same time which made me feel
pretty much the center of attention and
very important, though, of course, it was
only what Dr. Lempert saw that counted
in the score.

One day I noticed that his entrance
lacked in dramatic force and that he seem-
ed less brisk than usual. I asked Dr. Sidney
Silver, who has been with him over 25
years, what was wrong with Dr. Lempert.
"He doesn't feel well. His tonsils are
bothering him," said Dr. Silver.

"Why doesn't he have them out?" I
asked.

"He should," said Dr. Silver, "but he's
afraid."

"A fine thing," I said, with some heat.
"But he isn't afraid to have mine out."

"Well, that's different," said Dr. Silver,
and I suppose it was. But I must ask Dr.
Lempert one of these days what, if any-
thing, he ever did about his tonsils.

Dr. Lempert's office is on the second
floor of No. 119 on which there are five
or six fairly large rooms, the walls crowded
with oil paintings including some rather
startling nudes. I think these may be re-
minders of Dr. Lempert's more youthful,
and certainly more flamboyant, days when
he was something of a Broadway figure, a
patron of the theater and associated with
its following; in short, a fellow who got
around. Then again they may be just Art
(with a capital "A," Monsieur Printer) of
which Dr. Lempert is fond.

About 25 years ago he began buying
paintings by Leon Kroll, the great American
painter, then just coming to fame, and he
now has upward of 40 Krolls, many of them
at No. 119 and all worth much more than
he paid for them. Dr. Lempert says he
bought them simply because he liked
Kroll's work.

All the rooms on the second floor were
crowded with patients waiting to see Dr.
Lempert the day I was there. It is said he
sees 20 new patients every day besides some
of his old ones, and that he has operated
on upward of 1,800 deaf persons with 80 per
cent success. Many other doctors are follow-
ing his method and, it is reported, with
similar success.

They come from all over the country to
observe his work. In a room on the ground
floor, which Dr. Lempert said he was
having fitted up as a sort of school room,
were four or five gray-haired men in white
coats standing around examining little tools.
(I guess I mean instruments).

"Who are those old gees?" I asked.

Dr. Lempert looked shocked at my ex-
pression but he explained that one was a
professor from the University of Minnesota,
another a professor from Oxford in Eng-
land, and the other two professors from
other places that he could not remember
offhand, Dr. Lempert's memory for names
being nothing to write home about.

"What is Miss Scheider's first name?" I
asked, referring to his secretary, a pleasant
and efficient lady who has been with him
20 years.

"Why, it's—let me see now," reflected
Dr. Lempert. "Just a minute and I'll think
of it."

But in the end he slipped away from me
and consulted a nurse.

"Alice!" he said, triumphantly, when he
returned.

RIGHT TO THE POINT

Only a Boy.

Though now I am old, gray-headed and infirm of step, my mind fondly travels back to the happy days when I was only a boy. With a vivid remembrance, I can picture the many episodes that marked my childhood days. How my wild outbreaks of mischief would frighten the whole neighborhood into a state of confusion and panic. My playful pranks would startle nervous women into a panic of alarm. Even the domestic watch dog suffered from my idle pranks. I thought it such fun to tie broken cans and pots to his tail. Golly, how he ran and barked, while the old folks would sound the alarm of mad dog.

And I just loved to scare old maids because they said I was a pesky nuisance, a disturber who would never amount to a row of pins. Bicycles, much less bloomers, were not thought of in those days, and I'm sure had I seen a woman in bloomers then I would have made it my special business to torment her. I remember once having killed a little mouse at the request of a nervous lady who was greatly afraid of it. But had that woman been dressed in bloomers I would have politely refused to do her bidding. Indeed I would have told her to kill the mouse like any other man. Now times have changed and so have I till the fateful past is only a remembrance.

KITTY.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

Underneath a shady tree
Chanced a youth a maid to see.
To this cool, sequestered nook,
She had wandered with a book;
But the heather senses dulled,
Insects drone to slumber lulled.
And the author was so deep,
She had fallen fast asleep.

Spying her thus slumbering there,
Sweetly innocent and fair,
He stole softly up behind,
Gently o'er the girl inclined,
And, half fearing breath to take,
Lest, perchance, she might awake,
As the bee the sweet honey sips,
Boldly kissed her pouting lips.

Wakened thus, in shy surprise,
The maid cast down her lovely eyes,
And the youth began to try
His rash act to justify.

"I know," said he, "that I did wrong,
But the temptation was too strong;
Such a melting mouth as this
Surely was but made to kiss."

Deeper still, the maiden blushed,
Rosier yet her sweet face flushed;
Lower down she dropped her head,
And with modest air she said:
"It was wrong, most certainly,
Thus to steal a kiss from me;
I was sound asleep, and you—
Might just as well have taken two."

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your most humble servant.
Read regularly and alternately.

Secrets that Every Single and Married Man and Woman Should Know.

CERTAIN CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Take of Sulphate of Iron 5 grain; Magnesia, 10 grains; Peppermint Water, 11 drams; Spirits of Nutmeg, 1 dram. Administer this twice a day. It acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

TO PREVENT HAIR FALLING OUT.—Apply a little of the following lotion to the roots of the hair two or three times a week: Spirits of turpentine, rottet oil, of each one ounce, with the addition of thirty drops acetic solution of cantharides.

HOW TO KISS DELICIOUSLY.

Ladies Should See that These Rules are Strictly Observed.

The gentleman must be taller than the lady he intends to kiss. Take her right hand in yours and draw her gently to you; pass your left hand over her right shoulder, diagonally down across her back, under her left arm, press her to your bosom; at the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and then the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it as if you were shooting crackers nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove; but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without smashing her standing collar or spoiling her spitties, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth revel in the blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips upon it as you would after imbibing the Bacchanalian draught, but like Venus sipping honey from the lips of—Oh! Shoo Fly.

her dissection completed she plunged under cover,
Like a lath that might into the rivulet drop,
Then tenderly asked of her motionless lover,
"My darling, how long do you intend to sit up?"

"My dear, I am quite undecided," he said,
"What course would be proper and fair,
To follow the fraction that got into bed,
Or stay up with the part that is piled on the chair."



THE TICKLER.

There was a young man as I've heard say,
Who tickled everything that came in his way
He tickled his father, he tickled his mother,
He tickled his sister, he tickled his brother,
And not content with tickling them,
He went to the barnyard and tickled the hen,
With his hi, ho, tickle um dee.

He tickled the lion, he tickled the lamb,
He tickled the goat and he tickled the ram,
He tickled the horse and he tickled the mare,
He tickled the girls at the country fair;
He tickled the cat and he tickled the maid,
He tickled the pig until he was afraid,
With his hi, ho, tickle um dee.

He tickled the turkey, he tickled the goose,
He tickled everything he found running loose,
He tickled the parrot, he tickled the wren
He tickled himself every now and then;
There never was known such a tickling job,
For when he got through he got tickling a snob,
With his hi, ho, tickle um dee.

This young man was so on tickling bent,
That he tickled the landlord out of his rent.
He went out a tickling without a coat,
And he caught a sad tickling in his throat;
But the worst of all tickling was done by death,
For it tickled this tickler right out of his breath.
This ended his hi, ho, tickle um dee.

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MAN.

A Night in a Moorish Harem.

It would be impossible for me even to attempt to compute all the events that go to make up the affairs of a man's life. Occurrences crop up, in the general nature of things, thus a vacancy is filled, a void is made productive of good. A man born to excitement and the maddening, pressing activities of life cannot remain restful. If a worker, he seeks employment, if on pleasure bent, he wants recreation of one class or another. And so it came to pass that I spent a night in a Moorish Harem.

Beyond the experience being decidedly strange and novel, nothing remarkable happened that would make the occasion memorable in the annals of recollection. True, I was a stranger amongst a people whose ancient and time-worn customs would indicate that they are not in the advanced ranks of the nineteenth century civilization. Their peculiar dress and loose habits belong to an era whose identity is almost obscured in the musty data of ancient history.

I must say that the luxurious surroundings of the harem were such as would inspire the gifted poet to tuneful music and rhythmic verse. The air was fragrant from the many odors of delicate perfumes and rich incense. And such homage as the women paid me, flowers were strewn at my feet; wines, luscious fruits and strange dishes with smoking viands were daintily placed before me. Through politeness I tasted of everything, fearing that I might offend the queenly women who aimed to make me familiar with their ways.

Their singing, but especially their dancing, was highly entertaining. Such dreamy grace as marked their fantastic motion suffused my whole being with an indescribable spell of new delight. "Why was I not born in their midst?" I asked myself, "and why not adapt myself to their ways?" But when morning dawned I was glad to go forth into civilization again.

The Bride's Confession

DEAREST MAUD:

Confidentially let me tell you, marriage is the best opportunity, the golden privilege which reaches the reach of every lover.

Jack and I get along splendidly; our continued reality of blissful love. All in all, serenity in our little home. And our dear sweet and pretty little darling, the very existence.

Before marriage I was wild, foolish with no assurance of a future. Now, honestly, Maud, marriage is the nearest thing that mutually binds two loving hearts, that a moral lesson of mutual affection and confidence in me.

When baby was born we had many a noisy time, but now it is so quiet that one would think there was a child in the house. Indeed, doing first rate, and there is every prospect of an increase to the family.

You know, before our marriage, poor company with Jack one night, and which I myself wrote about it:

There was a little girl who had a
And she flirted on the beach with
When her papa found her, Jack
'round her,
While her golden hair was hanging

There now, Maud, you see I'm a poor
present, so good bye.

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Handkerchief Flirtations.



DRAWING across the lips—
Desiring a flirtation. Twisting
in left hand—I wish to be rid
of you. Winding around third
finger—I am married. Wind-
ing round forefinger—I am en-
gaged. Placing on right ear—
How you have changed. Tak-
ing by the center—You are too
willing. Drawing across the
forehead—We are watched.
Putting in the pocket—No more at present.
Letting it remain on the eyes—You are cruel.
Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.
Twisting in the right hand—I love another.
Drawing it through the hands—I hate you. Let-
ting it rest on the right cheek—Yes. Letting it
rest on the left cheek—No. Twirling in both
hands—Indifference. Drawing across the eyes
I am sorry. Drawing across the cheek—I love
you. Folding it—I wish to speak with you.
Dropping—We will be friends. Over the shoul-
der—Follow me.

A Model Love Letter.

The love I have expressed for you
is false, and my indifference to you
increases. The more I see you, the more
you seem an object of contempt.
I feel myself every way determined
to hate you. I had no intention
to marry. Our last interview has
left an incipidity, and by no means
given an exalted idea of your character.
Your temper would make me unhappy,
and if we marry, I should experience
daily discord, added to everlasting dis-
pleasure in living with you have a heart
to bestow, but I do not imagine it
your own. I could not give it to one more
capricious than yourself, and less
of honor to my choice and my family.
Adieu: Adieu! believe me,

The Nuptial Night.

John had just married and brought home a bride,
A graceful and buxom and beautiful miss;
And when at the altar he stood by her side,
It seemed the last drop in the cupful of bliss.

Indeed she was one of the fairest of creatures,
Her lips were like rubies, her teeth were as pearls,
The rose might have borrowed its hues from her features
The sunlight was mocked by her bright golden curls.

With feasting and music the bright moments flew,
Till midnight approached, and the bride and her
groom,
After bidding her friends and companions adieu,
Retired together, of course, to their room.

There her beautiful wreath and gossamer veil,
On the top of the bureau she carefully laid,
Then placed her dress with her long silk trail,
O'er the back of a chair by the side of the bed.

And then one by one, but I can't tell the name,
Of the various garments, embroidered and white,
Nor the feelings that over the young husband came,
'As he sat and observed her disrobe for the night.

But many a brilliant illusion I ween,
The position of such a position dispels,
To a man that has heard, but never seen
That wonderful process, the peeling of belles.

So John on seeing those beautiful curls,
Those glorious masses of bright golden hair,
And the teeth he admired—they were whiter than pearls,
All laid in a box that she placed on a chair.

Meantime in that box something more caught his eye,
To show how the Artist Dame Nature can mock—
A full and judicious chosen supply
Of cosmetic ad lib—rouge, enamel and chalk.

From her cheeks came her plumpers, which, lest she
should lose 'em,
She placed in her toilet box, too, with the rest,
Then swiftly attached the full palpitant bosom,
Her lover so fondly, so blindly had pressed.

Then placed on a chair the huge cushion she wore,
When the husband was still more than ever nonplussed
To see what he never had witnessed before,
A fair woman's bustle abreast of her bust.

Then touching a spring that was hidden somewhere,
Her lower limbs parted precisely in halves,
And she laid on the altar—I mean on the chair,
Her last sacrifice—a pair of fat calves.

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SPARKING IN THE DARK.

"THE above caption might mean a great deal, but it is used here in the plainest sense, just what it means—Sparking in the Dark.

That society would be far better morally, if calls upon led in by gentlemen were made in daylight, or if in the evening, would end at bedtime, there can't be a doubt. How often, how very often, does the ruin of the girl date back to the time she "kept company" with gentlemen after the hour for retiring—after the family had retired? What good can come of midnight courting? Surely none. What harm may not come? It offers temptation where virtue is weak; no benefit where it is strong. While it may and does cause lots of young and innocent girls to fall, never redeems one that has gone astray. There are very good young ladies who keep late hours and still remain chaste. But what have they gained socially or morally? Nothing whatsoever. To the contrary, they are very much talked about, and, maybe much suspicioned. Suppose a man courts a lady regularly for a considerable time, then forsakes her, or is discarded at her will, other men who might be delighted at her culture and admire her beauty, would not care to marry her, for the jealousy that is found in mankind can be much ruffled with the news that some "other fellow" courted his wife a year or two "every Sunday night." Girls that would be far above the suspicion of a husband, and most fully have his entire respect, had better save their kisses and keep their caresses until after marriage lest they "waste their sweetness on the desert air."

The seducer asks no better chance than midnight courting with the girl of 16. What safety has a girl of that age with the unprincipled man of 30? But when she falls society lays all the blame on her without scarcely causing a frown on him. She is driven from home to the streets then the alms-house, or to the house of shame. He is invited into the parlor and given the chief seat at the feast. She is recognized only by the lowliest denizen in town, he rents the first pew at a fashionable church. She may die in poverty and be buried by charity, not even being respected by a funeral sermon, because she was a poor outcast that loved not wisely, but too well." Though fallen, she was not vile; though persecuted here is not condemned there. Of all the hands that gather flowers of paradise, none are purer than her's who was wronged, cast out and heartbroken on earth, but received, blessed and made happy in heaven. When he dies his virtues are lauded to the skies, and church bells toll him to rest.

Not one good word can be said of the seducer. There is not an excuse that human benevolence can offer for him. The house-breaker, the highwayman, the midnight assassin, are each and all far better than he—the vampire of society, the personification of villainy, the embodiment of lust and pollution, a moving, walking, breathing lie, with a soul blacker than the smutted walls of the infernal regions. His thoughts by day should be thoughts of woe, his dreams by night dreams of despair. The wrongs he has inflicted on others should rise up out of the grave of his victims and haunt his every step and continually whisper in his ears death and judgment they should gather about his couch and, with the torch of hell around his bed until his affrighted spirit would cry aloud for mercy, to be forgiven, and then for death. Had I a girl of 16 and a man of 30 should gain her love, seduce her, his life should pay the debt of his crime; and when death came to me in the last moments, I would not say with trembling, faltering lips: "God forgive me, for I have taken human life" and shuddering over the cold waters that roll between the shores of time and eternity, cross the dark river hopeless with fear. No, I would say in the firmer, calmer voice: "Lord, bless me; I have killed the wretch that ruined my child;" then I would kiss the lips of that wronged child, drawing my breath with a conscious pride of doing my duty, and calmly launch out on the swelling flood, and sweep through the gloom of death, its wrongs to the bursting refuge of eternity and its justice, to risk my case. Methinks I would hear, "Well done, thou good, faithful servant thou hast been faithful over a few things, wait here for the coming of thy child."

I Couldn't Help Laugh

From morning till night
I've always been so from
I grin like a maltese cat
And never feel right un
My infantile actions wer
All folks said I was a m
And when first short-co
I couldn't help laughin
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho!
I couldn't help laughin

And when by degrees,
I then looked around
My eyes soon set on a
And begged that my he
And while so persistent
She gave her consent, a
But, when in the mornin
I couldn't help laughing
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho!
I couldn't help laughin

I'm fond of a game, I
At all kinds of mischief
I oft play a lark on some
Nor care though the laugh
I once, walking out, saw
To make him come aroun
And when he jumped up
I couldn't help laughing
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho!
I couldn't help laughing

You Can Do

I was once deep in love
And when in her society
I mustered up my cheer
She blushed and hesita

You can do it
For I really can
You are such a
To refuse you i

As time passed on I found
I asked her if she'd like t
Her answer was yes, so to
As I'd money in plenty, w

Bashful Man's Experience on His Wedding Night.

SENATOR Sebastian, of Arkansas, was a native of Hickman county, Tenn. On one occasion a member of Congress was lamenting his bashfulness and awkwardness. "Why," said the senator from Bedford, "you don't know what bashfulness is. Let me tell you a story, and when I get through I will treat the crowd if you don't agree you never knew what bashfulness is and its effects."

"I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghenies. Would'nt look at girls, much less speak to them, but for all that I fell madly in love with a sweet neighbor girl. It was a desirable match both sides, the old folks saw the drift and fixed it up. I thought I should die thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward, country jake about 19 years old. She was intelligent, refined and fairly well educated girl, and at a time when the girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far as I could put it off. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time drew near, and shivered with agony thinking of the terrible ordeal. The dreaded day came; I went through the program somehow in a dazed, confused way, like an automaton booby through a supper where I eat nothing, and through such games as 'Sister Phoebe' and all that sort. The guests one by one departed, and my hair began to stand on end. Beyond the awful curtain of expectation lay the terrible unknown. My blood boiled and chilled in turns. I felt like flying away, to spend the night in the barn, or leave for the West, never to return. I was deeply devoted to Ballis, loving her harder than a mule can kick; but the dreaded ordeal, I dared not stand it. Finally, when all had gone, Ballis-retired, also the family, and I left alone—horror upon horrors—alone with the old man. 'John,' said he, 'you can take a candle, you will find your room just over this. Good-night, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.' and with a merry twinkle of his fine gray eye, the old man left the room. I mentally said 'Amen,' to his blessing, and when I heard him close a door, I staggered to my feet and seized the penny dip nervously. I stood for several minutes contemplating my terrible fate, and the inevitable and speedy doom about to overwhelm me. I knew it was not to be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man, I stood so long that three love letters had grown on the wick of the dip, and a winding sheet was decorating the side of the candlestick. A happy idea struck me. I quickly climbed the stairs, marked the position of the landing and door of the bridal chamber, where awaited a blushing maiden 'clothed' with her own beauty and modesty, and her snowy robe de nuit. I would make the usual preparations without, blow out the light, open the door and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty or bashfulness, and grateful darkness at least mitigate the horrible situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in character in Hickman, altogether consisting of disrobing. Owing to scarcity of cloth in those days, man was near the Adamic state when he was prepared to woo sweet sleep. The dreadful hour had come; I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door-knob with deathly grip and nervy clutch one moment—and it wasn't over by a d—n sight. I leaped within, and there around a glowing hickory fire, with candles burning on the mantle and bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by six lovely bridesmaids."

HOW A MARRIED WOMAN GOES TO BED.

There is an article going the rounds entitled, "How Girls go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to the article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking what she should have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterwards. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says:

"James, did you lock the door?"

"Which door?" says James.

"The cellar-door," says she.

"No," says James.

"Well, you better go down and lock it, for I heard some one in the back yard last night."

Accordingly James paddles down stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to bed, she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," says James.

"Well, if it is not shut, the cat will get up into the bedroom."

"Let her come, then," says James, ill-naturally.

"My goodness, no!" returns his wife; she'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down the stairs again and steps on a tack and closes the stair-door and curses the cat and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch, his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And so James, with a muttered curse, goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rasps all the tin-ware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair door open and howls:

"Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him minute directions where to get the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the neighborhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, comes up stairs and prepares himself once more to retire. Before accomplishing this feat, his wife suddenly remembers that she forgot to chain the dog. A trip to the kennel follows, and he once more plunges into bed.

Presently his wife says:

"James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now, next week I've got to pay

PEGLER

It's About Time Someone Told the Truth About Theatrical Union Rackets

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

WILLIE BIOFF, the Chicago panderer who muscled into control of the moving picture projectors throughout the United States, and of the studio trades and crafts in Hollywood, answers the disclosure of his true character with some irrelevant remarks. He can't deny that he is a panderer or that he still owes all but eight days of a six-month sentence and a \$300 fine for pandering, because these facts are of record. He can't plead any technicality, because the record proves that he received \$29 in a specific instance, the earnings of a prostitute inmate of a brothel in which he admitted that he was a bartender and in which the state contended he was a partner. No two ways about it; Bioff was a panderer by trade and by deliberate choice.



Mr. Pegler

Bioff attempts to create a belief that the disclosure of this record at this particular time was part of a plot to embarrass pending negotiations on behalf of the union which he represents, the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employes and Moving Picture Operators. He says it is an attempt to discredit him. In the latter contention, Bioff is incorrect. However, if his own record discredits him that is another matter.

"He is known as an associate of well-known gangsters," says a report written by Lieut. James Egan of the Chicago police, assigned to the state's attorney's office and detailed in the investigation of rackets. "He has been known to members of the Chicago police department for the last 20 years. He is a thoroughly vicious hoodlum and has always been with gangsters."

LIEUTENANT EGAN reports that Bioff has been known also as Harry Martin, Harry Morton and Morris Bioff, and the papers in his appeal from the pandering conviction reveal that his name has been spelled as Bihoff and Bauff.

As to the opportune or inopportune timing of the disclosure, these are the facts: Tom Courtney, state's attorney of Cook County, including Chicago, has no initiative in the matter. I gauged the facts out of the official records and laid them before Courtney complete. Up to that moment Courtney had no suspicion that Bioff still owed time, but under the circumstances Courtney had no choice but to proceed to extradite Bioff from California and compel him to finish his sentence for one of the foulest offenses, if not the vilest offense, of all.

How did I happen to select this time to expose Bioff? For three years I had been receiving communications and hearing casual remarks that Bioff was a panderer. Two years ago an inquiry brought the information that he had a record of several arrests, but no data on a conviction. Last summer, when Bioff and George Browne, the president of the union, were attempting to kidnap the rich unions of stage, movie and radio actors, the rumors were revived, but still nobody would take responsibility for a flat accusation. And only a month ago, in San Francisco, Carey McWilliams, a member of the administration of Governor Olsen of California, said he, too, believed Bioff was a panderer, but had no proof. McWilliams represents a C.I.O. group opposing Bioff's union in Hollywood.

THEREFORE, the next time I was in Chicago, which was last week, I determined to run down the truth. The inquiry, step by step, proved that Bioff was convicted in a specific case of taking \$29 which a woman had earned by prostitution with 13 men in one day. It further proved — and surprisingly — that he had not served his sentence. He had been allowed to resume his career in association with well-known Chicago gangsters, the sentence being conveniently forgotten. As to why it was forgotten or whether other equally vicious felons are at large owing time on sentences that were not enforced, an official inquiry is in order.

Meanwhile I have received many letters, unfortunately anonymous, from persons purporting to be members of various Bioff unions, pleading for publicity regarding the union's treatment of its own members. Meanwhile, also, individual members of the newsreel photographers' union have told me that they were compelled to pay an initiation fee of \$1000 and an income tax of 10 per cent of their gross salary to work at their own trade. They have been afraid to permit their names to be used in criticism of Bioff or Browne lest they be thrown out of the union and thus barred from their occupation or beaten up or killed.

(To be Continued)

PEGLER

William Green of A. F. of L. Had Better Clean House

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

THE problems of an honest, legitimate leader of organized labor bespeak the most tolerant consideration, but there are some issues on which a man so placed must take a stand or accuse himself of incompetence or civic immorality. There are union problems which cease to be private affairs of private organizations and become matters of public interest.



Mr. Pegler

William Green was confronted last summer with an attempt of the so-called stage hands' union, officially known as the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employes and Moving Picture Operators, to kidnap the actors' unions. Green stalled when honest leadership called for a thorough investigation and a decision. So the fight went to a showdown, in which the actors won.

They won, but only by a show of force and threats to publicize the methods of the stage hands' union and the vicious character of its powerful, Hollywood boss, Willie Bioff, the Chicago vicemonger. They did not have positive proof of Bioff's conviction, nor is it likely that they even suspected that he still owed all but eight days of a sentence of six months for pandering.

But they had heard that he had been so accused, and Bioff himself knew that the facts were such that a careful investigation would expose him. Therefore, at the last minute, when it was certain that the actors would strike rather than submit to an Anschluss under the rule of a racketeer, Bioff used his influence to call off the raid. And the movie actors, who had been circulating rumors about him, having won their selfish ends, now thanked him for his statesmanship. They had resorted to refined blackmail.

THIS fight began in a small dispute in that section of the big, all-embracing union of actors known as the night club group. There was disagreement over the propriety of certain expenditures. It was strictly a family row which could have been settled absolutely by simple arithmetic and reference to the laws of the union. Instead, it developed into a wild political and emotional brawl in the course of which the actors' parent group suspended the night club section. The stage hands then promptly attempted to absorb the suspended body by granting it a charter. This raid violated the rules of the American Federation of Labor, but still Green took no action. The leaders of the stage hands were attempting to grab off whole unions of workers without the slightest pretense that the dues-paying rank and file had expressed a desire to be taken off. On the contrary, they voted against an Anschluss.

The stage hands — meaning the union officials, not the rank and file of that great mixed group of crafts — nevertheless went far back into the archives to discover that a phrase of their original charter, a provision long forgotten and never used, gave them jurisdiction over all employes of the theater. They said that included the actors, and now they were going to force all the performers into their union and fatten their treasury with dues and income taxes by a threat to call out projectors and backstage employes wherever an actor appeared who refused to submit to absorption.

THERE may be a popular impression that the amusement industry is unimportant by comparison with steel, garments or motors. On the contrary, however, this is a major industry, involving vast numbers of workers and vast amounts of wages and capital. The opportunities for racketeering, including extortion and stink-bomb coercion, are many and rich, and have not been neglected. The very fact that such a creature as Bioff could become a labor power in the amusement industry throughout the United States proves that the higher executives of the American Federation of Labor neglected their responsibility not only to the public but to the workers in the trade.

The process by which he drifted from pandering in a brothel to authority over a big industry with power to impose taxes, assessments and enormous license fees on workmen who were afraid to protest, proves that the A. F. of L. executives had neglected the rights of their own people and the higher interests of the federation itself in their fights for office and jurisdiction.

Even Frank Gillmore, the president of the four A's, the parent group of all the actors' unions, has refused to say a word for publication against Bioff after it has been shown that he was guilty of an offense which is not condoned even in prison society. That would be unseemly as between one union official and another.

The moral questions which challenged the leadership of the A. F. of L., the actions and facts which have injured its reputation, have been ignored for the sake of expediency. In the long run, however, this conduct in responsible office will prove not to have been expedient.

PEGLER

Some Members of Hollywood Unions Question The Appropriateness of Their Leaders From Chicago

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

A FEW critical individuals in the mechanical and unskilled lines of work in the moving picture business in Hollywood are waging a fight against the leadership of George T. Browne, president of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employes, and Willie Bioff, his personal representative on the coast. The alliance is very powerful in the movie industry, as it controls, among other operations, the projection of the movies onto the theater screens.

It is undemocratic toward its rank-and-file members, and in one department its initiation fee of \$1000 is believed to be the highest in the country. The newsreel photographers are required to pay \$1000 to join the union and an income tax of 10 per cent of their earnings. Members of the union with whom I am personally acquainted have an understandable reluctance to criticize the leadership or management of the organization or demand changes in rules or practice.

The alliance has cast covetous glances at the Moving Picture Actors' Union, which would yield rich returns to the treasury if the actors were taxed on their income at the same rate. The actors, however, are aware of this interest and have threatened to go to the floor and fight for their autonomy if the alliance should make such a move.



Mr. Pegler

BROWNE became head of the Chicago Moving Picture Machine Operators' Union after the elimination of Thomas E. Maloy, a racketeer who was removed from office by a sawed-off shotgun, locally known as a blast furnace, on Feb. 5, 1935. Maloy was a prosperous labor leader who had just stopped in at a stable to look over his saddle horses when he was killed. He was driving his own car along the outer drive on the South Side when a small sedan came alongside and both barrels of the blast furnace were fired at him. The range was so close that the parliamentarians effecting Mr. Maloy's removal shoved the barrels down his throat, but even after this emphatic repudiation of his leadership

he received pistol bullets by way of lagniappe.

Five months later Two-Gun Louie Alteri was removed from the leadership of the Theatrical Janitors' Union with similar abrupt emphasis. Mr. Alteri was leaving his duplex studio apartment to go to his office and was about to enter his car when 12 slugs from a blast furnace and a carbine interrupted his labors on behalf of the humble janitors. He died promptly, and the police discovered the guns on a bed in a rented room across the street, where the committee had sat waiting. The men apparently went down a back stairway in leaving, for they were not seen afterwards.

The Chicago police expressed a belief that both Maloy and Alteri were removed by the same opposition.

Bioff, a former associate of Jack Zuta, "Dago" Lawrence Mangana and other influential leaders in the social and cultural life of Chicago's West Side, had been serving as Browne's escort or companion after Browne's accession to the leadership of Maloy's union.

BIOFF is well known to the Chicago police by reason of several official interviews, and certain members of the theatrical trades in Hollywood have a feeling that his Chicago background makes him unacceptable as the personal representative of Mr. Browne in charge of their affairs. They may be too fastidious, but that is the way they feel about the matter, and they have been trying to rally the rank and file to stand up in meeting and elect officers out of the working membership.

Although Mr. Alteri was the first Chicago gangster to wear a bullet-proof vest, he appears to have dressed hurriedly or carelessly on the day of his removal from office, for he did not have it on at the time. However, that is merely a sartorial note. It would have made no difference, because the committee, doubtless knowing of this little affectation, shot him only in the head.

Although Mr. Browne is the supreme boss of the alliance, the opposition for the time being is concentrated on Mr. Bioff, with his delegated powers as personal representative. There is a feeling that, somehow, Mr. Bioff is not the type and that a more suitable man easily could be found to administer the affairs of thousands of workers in a very wealthy union.

MY STAR.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.



IN these verses, which were written in the first period of Browning's poetical development, he aims to express the exalted opinion with which he regarded his wife. The relations between Browning and his wife are, perhaps, the most delightful domestic relations in all literature. Both were poets and both lived in perfect union. The girl, who could read Homer in Greek at 10, was also athletic, until a fall from a horse caused an injury to her spine. She died in 1861. He died 28 years later. They had one child, who is still living. Browning was very sensitive about his wife's literary reputation. When, therefore, he read some harmless, careless remark made about her by Omar Khayyam Fitzgerald, he expressed his wrath in indecorous lines, which added nothing to his fame.

ALL that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower,
hangs furled:
They must solace themselves with the
Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a
world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; there-
fore I love it.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

This poem is one of a collection written as memorials of a tour in Scotland made by Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge in 1803. The poem was first published in 1807. The second line of the second stanza was originally written "So sweetly to reposing bands." The poet made the change in 1827. The fifth line of the same stanza was originally "No sweeter voice was ever heard," and the edition of 1827 had "Such thrilling voice was never heard." The fifth line of the last stanza as originally published read, "I listened till I had my fill." The sixth line once began "and when," instead of "and as." The Hebrides (pronounced Hebrides, accent on the first) are islands on the west coast of Scotland.



BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

THE MEN OF OLD.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.



BY many, this poem is considered Lord Houghton's best. Some prefer "The Brookside," which has already been printed in this series. Lord Houghton, before he was raised to the peerage, was known as Richard Monckton Milnes.

I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow;
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over-true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since forgone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed as far as known,
With will by no reverse unmanned,
With pulse of even tone,
They from to-day, and from to-night,
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope,
They little cared to know,
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem
Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to
them,
Like instincts unawares;
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

And what if nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet;
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

Yet, brothers, who up reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer—
Oh, loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

THE COLISEUM AND THE GLADIATOR.

BY LORD BYRON.

This extract is from Canto IV of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The famous gladiator statue referred to in this extract is now supposed to be that of a dying Gaul.



ARCHES on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light that streams here, to illumine
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

O Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World—the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

BY WHITTIER.



IN these verses the poet deals with John Brown, who was born of Pilgrim ancestry in Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800. He was hanged at Charlestown, Va., December 2, 1859. He was a tanner, land surveyor, shepherd and farmer in Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York. He was twice married and had twenty children. In 1854, during the fight between pro-slavery and abolitionist crowds in Kansas, Brown shouldered a musket, to fight in favor of having Kansas come into the Union with laws against slavery. His house at Ossawatimie, Kas., was burned in 1856 and one of his sons killed. He next began to drill men in Iowa. His last scheme was forcibly to free Virginia slaves in order to arouse enthusiasm for his cause. He attacked the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry in Virginia. He had a force of about twenty men with him. He took several prisoners. Colonel Robert E. Lee, afterwards the famous General Lee, arriving from Washington with a company of marines, Brown was wounded, captured, and two of his sons killed. He was tried by a Virginia court. Four of his men were hanged with him. His portrait and autograph accompany this poem. The reader will take notice that in the following lines Whittier does not approve of Brown's invasion of Virginia.

The incident of the negro child, which is also the subject of a painting, is said by some to be purely imaginary.

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatimie spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay;
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatimie, they led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh;
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart,
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart;
That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
And round the grizzly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's spear;
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and justice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with clay!
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm the dove;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love!

John Brown

THE FAMOUS SONNET OF ARVERS.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

Felix Arvers was born in Paris in 1806 and died in 1851. He received a careful training from his father, who was a lawyer. At 30 he published a volume of poems called "Mes Heures Perdues," "My Lost Hours." The principal pieces are "La Mort de Francois I." "The Death of Francis I," and a comedy, "Plus de Peur que Mal," "More Frightened Than Hurt." The adverse criticism the book received so preyed upon Arvers's mind that he contracted a fever. He was taken to the hospital of St. Louis, and, according to one account, fell in love with the beautiful nun who nursed him back to life and health. According to another account the nun episode is a myth. Arvers kept his secret honorably and upon his death a sonnet was found among his private papers, which, says M. Jules Janin, has made him immortal. It is called "Le fameux sonnet d'Arvers," and was published in "Mes Heures Perdues," in the edition of 1876. According to a writer in Figaro the heroine of the sonnet was the daughter of Charles Nodier, the poet. She became Mme. Mennessier.

The following is a literal prose translation of the sonnet as Arvers wrote it: "My soul has its secret, my life has its mystery, an eternal love begotten in an instant; my trouble is hopeless, moreover I must conceal it, and she who caused it never knew it.

"Alas! I shall pass by her unnoticed, and though forever by her side I shall be alone and shall come to the end of my journey upon earth, daring to ask nothing and receiving nothing. As for her, she whom God made sweet and tender, she shall go her way unaware and without hearing the murmur of my love rising above the sound of her footfall.

"Piously faithful to austere duty she will say, when she reads these verses full of her, 'Who can this woman be?' and she will not understand."

The translator, Mary Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, was born in London July 26, 1822. She lives in Baltimore, Md. Her father was Rear Admiral Wormeley of the British Navy; her mother was Caroline Preble of Boston. She passed her childhood in Boston and in England. She lived in Boston in 1842 and in Paris during the revolution of 1848. She afterward lived in Boston and in Newport. In 1852 she became the wife of Randolph E. Latimer. She is known in literature as Mrs. E. W. Latimer and socially as Mrs. Randolph B. Latimer.



MY soul has its own secret, life is care,
A hopeless love that in one moment drew
The breath of life. Silent its pain, I bear,
Which she who caused it knows not, never
knew.

Alas! by her unmarked my passion grew
As by her side I walked—most lonely there,
And long as life shall last I am aware
I shall win nothing, for I dare not sue.

While she, whom God has made so kind and
sweet,
Goes heedless on her way with steadfast
feet,

Unconscious of love's whisper murmured
low;
To duty faithful as a saint, some day,
Reading these lines all filled with her, she'll
say:

"Who was this woman?" and will never
know.

LOST YOUTH.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Stevenson's father had charge of the lighthouse on the coast of Scotland, and Robert Louis often rode in the lighthouse tender. He wrote these verses on one of these trips. "Mull," "Egg" and "Rum" are the names of islands lying to the south of the Island of Skye, on the west coast of Scotland. Mention is made of them in Boswell's famous book about Doctor Johnson and himself, entitled "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides."



SING me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Egg on the port,
Rum on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul;
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billows and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

NATURE.

BY JONES VERY.

Jones Very was born at Salem, Mass., August 23, 1813. He died there May 8, 1880. He was graduated from Harvard in 1836 and was an instructor in Greek there for a year or two. He was "approbated" by the Unitarian association in 1843, but rarely preached, never took a charge, and never had a call. He was at one time mentally afflicted and nearly all his life lived in practical seclusion.



HE bubbling brook doth leap when I
come by.

Because my feet find measure with its
call;

The birds know when the friend they
love is nigh.

For I am known to them, both great and
small.

The flowers that on the lonely hillside
grow

Expect me there when spring its bloom
has given;

And many a tree and bush my wander-
ings know,

And e'en the clouds and silent stars of
heaven;

For he who with his Maker walks aright
Shall be their lord as Adam was before;

His ear shall catch each sound with new
delight,

Each object wear the dress that then it
wore;

And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is
good.

Jones Very

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sir William Jones was born in London September 28, 1746; died at Calcutta April 27, 1829. He was graduated at Oxford, was tutor to the Earl of Spencer, was called to the bar, published a Persian grammar and translation, and was Judge of the Supreme Court in Bengal.

Lesbos, now called Candia, is an island in the Mediterranean. Crete, now Mitylene, is an island in the Aegean Sea.



WHAT constitutes a State?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No—men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued

In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and Erables rude—

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;

These constitute a State;

And sovereign law, that State's collected will,

O'er thrones and globes elate

Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

Smit by her sacred frown,

The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;

And e'en the all-dazzling Crown

Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,

Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!

No more shall freedom smile?

Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?

Since all must life resign,

Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave

'Tis folly to decline,

And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

RIVALRY IN LOVE.

BY WILLIAM WALSH.



THE author of these verses is said to be William Walsh, born in England in 1663 and died in 1707. The biographical dictionaries do not even mention him. The poem which he has left to posterity is best known by its last two lines. The opening lines have a familiar ring about them. Sylvia was a favorite name with the poets of the olden time. The first poet probably used it as meaning some imaginary woodland nymph. It was afterwards used as a woman's name. Few collections of poems omit "Rivalry in Love," but none give any facts concerning the poet's life. If in less than 200 years after his death the facts in his life are forgotten by the world, after another 200 years his poem may pass into the category of anonymous.

OF all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure, rivals are the worst!
By partners of each other kind,
Afflictions easter grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are laboring in my breast;
I beg not you would favor me,
Would you but slight the rest.
How great so'er your rigors are,
With them alone I'll cope:
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

MILKING THE COW.

BY TENNYSON.

This song is from Tennyson's unsuccessful drama, "Queen Mary," founded on the incidents of the reign of Edward VI, who was the son of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, and also on incidents in the reign of Queen Mary, who was the daughter of Henry VIII and his first wife, Catherine.

SHAME upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me, would you, with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kissed me milking
the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kissed me, well, I vow;
Cuff him, could I? With my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kissed me milking
the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it, can I? With my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again,
Come behind and kiss me milking the
cow!

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.



HERE we have one of the simple things in which Stoddard was especially successful. To be sure, it does not show any great imagination, but its music is sweet and the story tender and attractive. It is not certain what ballad the child held in her hand. The poet may refer to Campbell's "O'Connor's Child," or, "The Flower of Love Lies Bleeding." Once while walking in his gardens at Sydenham, England, Campbell was attracted to a flower, called "love lies bleeding." It suggested to him the motive of "O'Connor's Child." Richard Henry Stoddard died May 12, 1903.

I MET a little maid one day,
All in the bright May weather;
She danced, and brushed the dew away,
As lightly as a feather.
She had a ballad in her hand
That she had just been reading,
But was too young to understand
That ditty of a distant land,
"The flower of love lies bleeding."

She tripped across the meadow grass,
To where a brook was flowing,
Across the brook like wind did pass,
Wherever flowers were growing;
Like some bewildered child she flew,
Whom fairies were misleading,
"Whose butterfly," I said, "are you?
And what sweet thing do you pursue?"
"The flower of love lies bleeding—"

"I've found the wild rose in the hedge,
And found the tiger lily,
The blue flag by the water's edge,
The dancing daffodilly,
Kingcups and pansies, every flower
Except the one I'm needing;
Perhaps it grows in some dark bower,
And opens at a later hour,
"This flower of love lies bleeding."

"I wouldn't look for it," I said,
"For you can do without it.
There's no such flower." She shook
her head.
"But I have read about it!"
I talked to her of bee and bird,
But she was all unheeding;
Her tender heart was strangely stirred;
She harped on that unhappy word,
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"My child," I sighed, and dropped a tear,
"I would no longer mind it;
You'll find it some day, never fear,
For all of us must find it.
I found it many a year ago
With one of gentle breeding;
You and the little lad you know,
I see why you are weeping so;
Your flower of love lies bleeding!"

A PARABLE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



LOWELL frequently manifested his deep ethical spirit. His religious opinions, never very dogmatic, were sometimes echoed in poetry that showed fine spiritual insight. Usually, however, it is the moral alone that interests him. The spirit rather than the letter was the purpose of his moralizing. Probably his most successful parable is contained in "The Vision of Sir Launfal," which has already been printed in this series. The following parable, though inferior to the other in artistic shape, is no less pointed and inspiring.

S AID Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare
They lodged him, and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,
And from under the heavy foundation-stones,
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?"
And think ye that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images, how they stand
Sovereign and sole, through all our land.

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame
To hold thine earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,
"The images ye have made of me!"

DICKENS IN CAMP.

BY BRET HARTE.

The following poem is founded on a simple incident in a California mining camp where rough miners once listened, spellbound, to the reading of Dickens's story of the death and burial of Little Nell. The Kentish hills are in Kent, England. The Sierras are the Sierra Nevada Mountains, so called by the Spaniards. The word sierra means a "saw" and also a ridge of mountains.



BOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.
The roaring camp fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race of wealth.
Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was the youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell?
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And the laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of western pine.

SEPTEMBER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

George Arnold was born in New York City, June 24, 1834. His early life was passed in Alton, Ill., where his parents lived until 1849, when they removed to New Jersey to join a Socialistic community. George studied drawing, wrote humorous articles, enlisted in the Union Army, served in one of the forts on Staten Island and died at Strawberry Farms, N. J., November 3, 1885.



WEET is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In meadows where the downy seeds are
flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go
In faded gardens where the rose is
dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drum in hidden
places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream,
Where busy spiders spin their filmy
laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple
turning;

And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest-moon is redly
burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The wind shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks
together,

To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmy weather.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts
browning;

The wild fowl fly afar
Above the foamy bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are
frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar trees,
And round about my temples fondly
lingers,

In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving
fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly
pleasant,

In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



HIS oft quoted poem was written by Lowell in middle life. It was written for an autograph album. It would be difficult to calculate in how many autograph albums it has since appeared. The line marked in black letters was a favorite quotation of the late Governor Russell of Massachusetts. The whole poem is written cheerfully and cheerfully. It has a very inspiring moral. The line "'Tis his at last who says it best," has as the poet declares, been often said before, but never more felicitously than in this poem. It has now become a classic sentence, and is probably destined to survive as long as interest in the English language lasts.

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'Tis his at last who says it best—
I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,
"To write an epic!" so we try
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold,
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold,
Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah, with what lofty hope we came!
But we forget it, dream of fame,
And scrawl, as I do here, a name.

VENI CREATOR.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN.



THE Latin hymn from which this translation was made by Dryden is called "Veni Creator Spiritus," the words of its first line, which mean "Come Creator Spirit." The authorship of the Latin original has been attributed to Emperor Charlemagne. Pope Gregory I, called The Great, who lived in the Sixth Century, was probably the author. "Paraclete" is Greek and means "comforter or intercessor." It is a term applied to the Holy Ghost.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,

Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O, source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our defense,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down,
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.
Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name!
The Savior Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

CUDDLE DOON.

ANONYMOUS.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
"O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a frown,
But aye I hap them up and cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly head—
He aye sleeps next the wa—
Bangs up and cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin and fetch them pieces, drink,
They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanie, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out fra' 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie o'er at once,
He's kittin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An' as he stukes the door
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Ha a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oursel
We look at our wee lambs;
Tam has his arm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his arm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I stralk each croon
I whisper till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's care an' care
Will quafen doon their glee;
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May he who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their paws be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

BY LONGFELLOW.



TARS of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon Western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
My lady sleeps!
She sleeps!
Sleep!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!



UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.



IN this inscription, Homer the Greek, Virgil the Italian, and Milton the Englishman are the three poets referred to. Dryden's lines once were considered critically just, perhaps, because they flattered British vanity. But a greater than Milton is not mentioned in the inscription, namely, Dante, Italy, therefore, should be represented by two poets of the first rank. Whatever may be Milton's rank no one would now seriously contend that in him were combined the surpassing qualities of Homer and Virgil.

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was not a poet, yet could turn a clever verse now and then. There is an artificial flavor to nearly all the English poetry of this period. Most of it is addressed to the weaker sentiments. Its attitude toward woman is outwardly deferential. At heart, however, it is hollow and lacks the vigorous sincerity of Wordsworth's verse, for instance. Sheridan's art both in prose and in rhyme partakes of the weakness of the time in which his compositions were written.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could in jure you;
For though your tongue no promise
claimed,
Your charms would make me true;
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

RUTH.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The suggestions for this poem may be found in the book of "Ruth": "And Ruth, the Moabitess, said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter. "And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers; and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."



HE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN GODFREY SAXE



My days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn nor weep.
My foes are impotent and shy;
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper, in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless of my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes,
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;
I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing heir.
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah, me! My very laurels breathe
The tale 'n my reluctant ears,
And every boon the hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the years.
E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would vain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings—
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

ONE, TWO, THREE.

BY HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

Henry Cuyler Bunner was born in Oswego, N. Y., August 3, 1855. He died at Nutley, N. J., May 11, 1896. He worked for a business firm at one time, afterwards became a reporter, and when he died was chief editor of Puck.



It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow twilight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game they played I'll tell to you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide and seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it
to be—

With an old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses one, two, three!

"You are up in papa's bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and
warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—

So it must be the clothespress, gran'ma!"
And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fin-
gers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was
hiding,
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their
places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

H. C. Bunner

TO A BUTTERFLY.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

This poem was written April 20, 1802, in the orchard at Town-End, Grasmere, England. It was first published in 1807.



'VE watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower,
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed,
How motionless—not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out, among the trees
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

AUGUST.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

There were four apples on the bough,
Half gold, half red, that one might know
The blood was ripe inside the core;
The color of the leaves was more
Like stems of yellow corn that grow
Through all the gold June meadow's floor.

The warm smell of the fruit was good—
To feed on, and the split green wood,
With all its bearded lips and stains
Of mosses in the clover veins,
Most pleasant, if one lay or stood
In sunshine or in happy rains.

There were four apples on the tree,
Red stained through gold that all might see
The sun went warm from core to rind;
The green leaves made the summer blind
In that soft place they kept for me
With golden apples shut behind.

The leaves caught gold across the sun,
And where the bluest air begun,
Thirsted for song to help the heat;
As I to feel my lady's feet
Draw close before the day was done;
Both lips grew dry with dreams of it.

In the mute August afternoon
They trembled to some undertone
Of music in the silver air;
Great pleasure was it to be there
Till green turned duskiest, and the moon
Colored the corn sheaves like gold hair.

That August time it was delight
To watch the red moon's wane to white
'Twixt gray seamed stems of apple trees;
A sense of heavy harmonies
Grew on the growth of patient night,
More sweet than shapen music is.

But, some three hours before the moon,
The air, still eager from the noon,
Flagged after heat not wholly dead;
Against the stem I leant my head;
The color soothed me like a tune,
Green leaves all round the gold and red.

I lay there till the warm smell grew
More sharp, when flecks of yellow dew
Between the round ripe leaves had blurred
The rind with stain and wet I heard
A wind that blew and breathed and blew,
Too weak to alter its one word.

The wet leaves next the gentle fruit
Felt smoother, and the brown tree root
Felt the mold warmer; I, too, felt
(As water feels, the slow gold melt,
Right through it when the day burns mute)
The peace of time wherein love dwelt.

There were four apples on the tree,
Gold stained on red that all might see
The sweet blood filled them to the core;
The color of her hair is more
Like stems of fair faint gold, that be
Mown from the harvest's middle floor.

THE KEY-BEARD.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

The following poem about the piano is from "Collected Poems of William Watson" (John Lane, New York and London).



IVE-AND-THIRTY black slaves,
Half a hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
For their Queen's delight;
Now with throats of thunder,
Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace,
All the slaves are dumb—
Dumb with dolour till the Queen
Back to court is come:
Dumb the throats of thunder,
Dumb the dulcet lips,
Lacking all the sovereignty
Of her finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,
Ebon slaves and white,
When the Queen was on her throne,
How you sang to-night!
Ah, the throats of thunder!
Ah, the dulcet lips!
Ah, the gracious tyrannies
Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent,
All your voices now;
Was it then her life alone
Did your life endow?
Waken, throats of thunder!
Waken, dulcet lips!
Touched to immortality
By her finger-tips.

TRIPPING DOWN THE FIELD-PATH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.



RIPPING down the field-path,
Early in the morn,
There I met my own love
'Midst the golden corn;
Autumn winds were blowing,
As in frolic chase,
All her silken ringlets
Backward from her face;
Little time for speaking
Had she, for the wind,
Bonnet, scarf, or ribbon,
Ever swept behind.

Still some sweet improvement
In her beauty shone;
Every graceful movement
Won me—one by one!
As the breath of Venus
Seemed the breeze of morn,
Blowing thus between us,
'Midst the golden corn,
Little time for wooing
Had we, for the wind
Still kept on undoing
What we sought to bind.

Oh! that autumn morning
In my heart it beams,
Love's last look adorning
With its dreams of dreams!
Still, like water flowing
In the ocean shell,
Sounds of breezes blowing
In my spirits dwell;
Still I see the field-path—
Would that I could see
Her whose graceful beauty
Lost is now to me!

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.



SUCKLING had a short life, but not a merry one. His fame rests on this and a few other ballads. A spark of his reckless life seems to have flashed through these lines, which are tinged with a sort of mock sympathy and gentle cynicism. The conclusion would for a modern poem be considered coarse. In Suckling's day, however, it was considered in harmony with the age, and, being in the nature of a surprise, was regarded as legitimately humorous. Time has not yet robbed it of its funny savor.

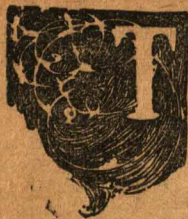
WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move
her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner,
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

AT SCHOOL.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.



HE bees are in the meadow,
And the swallows in the sky;
The cattle in the shadow
Watch the river running by.
The wheat is hardly stirring;
The heavy ox-team lags;
The dragon-fly is whirring
Through the yellow-blossomed flags.

And down beside the river,
Where the trees lean o'er the pool,
Where the shadows reach and quiver,
A boy has come to school.
His teachers are the swallows
And the river and the trees;
His lessons are the shallows
And the flowers and the bees.

He sees the fly-wave on the stream,
The otter steal along,
The red-gilled, slow, deep-sided bream,
He knows the mating-song.
The chirping green-fly on the grass
Accepts his comrade meet;
The small gray rabbits fearless pass:
The birds light at his feet.

He knows not he is learning;
He thinks nor writes a word;
But in the soul discerning
A living spring is stirred.
In after years—O, weary years!
The river's lesson, he
Will try to speak to heedless ears
In faltering minstrelsy!



great deal of the unhappiness of women is a story of lost health. Women wonder how it is that little by little the form loses plumpness, the cheeks grow hol-

low and sallow, and they feel tired and worn-out all the time. In a large proportion of cases when women are weak, run-down and falling off in flesh and looks, the root of the trouble can be traced to womanly diseases which undermine the general health. The proof of this is that women who have been cured of painful womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have recovered their general health, gained in flesh and in appearance.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the womanly diseases which sap the general health. It establishes regularity, cures weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I suffered for three years with ovarian trouble," writes Mrs. Anna Quinn (Treasurer Woman's Athletic Club), of 602 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis. "The treatment I took did not do me a particle of good, until a good neighbor who had been using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription advised me to give it a trial. The next day took my first dose, and it was my first step toward recovery. In nine weeks I was a different woman; my flesh which had been flabby became firm, complexion clear and my eyes bright. It was simply an indication of the great change within from pain and suffering to health and happiness."

The leave granted Major Thomas R. Adams, Artillery Corps, Department of Texas, is extended ten days.

First Lieutenant Charles F. Martin, Fifth Cavalry, will proceed to West Point and report to the Superintendent of the United States Military Academy for duty.

Contract Surgeon Fred T. Coyle is relieved from further duty in the Philippines, and will, upon the expiration of his present leave, proceed to Fort Clark, Texas, for duty.

The following transfers are made in the Coast Artillery:

Captain T. Bartlett, from the Thirty-fifth Company to the unassigned list; Captain Wm. Chamberlaine, from the unassigned list to the Thirty-fifth company.

Leave for four months is granted Captain R. J. Burt, Ninth Infantry.

China Wants to Suppress Critics.

Shanghai, Sept. 8.—The Pekin Government proposes to insert an article in the American commercial treaty instructing the United States Consul General at Shanghai to promptly suppress any newspaper published in the foreign settlement containing seditious or offensive articles. The Supao affair is still deadlocked between the consular and diplomatic bodies, each leaving the decision in the matter to the other.

Mines Open Under Military Guard.

Cripple Creek, Colo., Sept. 8.—With military protection the Findley, Strong and C. K. & N. mines were reopened to-day, giving employment to eighty men. The managers of these properties say they can obtain all the miners they need and will employ a large number to-morrow. The military to-day rounded up some strikers who jeered at soldiers and miners returning to work, and General Chase read them a lecture, after which he released them.

TREASURE



POETRY

SCRAP BOOK