

GRASSROOTS

by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

SENATOR ALDRICH—AND THE NATIONAL WEALTH

SOME YEARS AGO the then Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island said to me in his office in Washington:

"People would be best served if all the wealth of the nation might be controlled by, say, a dozen men. These men would realize their responsibility and see to it that no one might go hungry or cold."

"Yes, Senator," I replied, "that possibly might prove true if you picked the right 12 men. I presume you believe you should be one of them? I believe I should be, and the man who is sweeping Pennsylvania avenue will agree with your premise if he, too, is to be one of the 12."

With a smile spreading over his usually dignified countenance, he said:

"My statement was a foolish one, let's forget it."

That it was foolish is evidenced by the constantly increasing amount of national wealth and its ever-increasing equalization among people of the nation.

When that statement was made, only a limited few could own an automobile. Today there is a car for every four people in America.

THE SO-CALLED RICH MAN is merely the custodian of wealth. He cannot take his accumulation with him either to heaven or to hell. He must leave it to be divided among posterity. The old adage of three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves still works.

ONE OF THE ROLES OF A KING

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE told me an interesting story in London in the fall of 1918. I had offered congratulations on his having settled the Welsh miners' strike and getting the men to go back to work, with their grievances to be settled when the war ended.

"But I did not do that job," said Lloyd George. "I thought I could, for those miners are my people, but I tried and failed. It was His Majesty who accomplished what I could not. He went alone to Wales. He went to the miners' meetings, called on many of them in their homes, pled with them as one Englishman to another to forget their grievances until the war was won. They went back to the mines for the king, not for me."

It gave me a new idea as to what King George meant to the English people, and his influence with them.

VON LUCKNER

IT IS REPORTED that Count Felix von Luckner is in command of a German sea raider operating in the Pacific. In the first World War, Count Von Luckner commanded the Seeadler. I knew him in this country after the war. He was proud of what he had accomplished for his native country, but especially proud of not having caused the death of a single individual during all of his operations. He said he did not believe the killing of non-combatants helped in any way in winning a war. If I had to be captured by a German raider, I should hope it might be commanded by Count Felix von Luckner.

WHEN PROSPECTORS MADE FORTUNES AND CAREERS

IN THE EARLY YEARS of this century Jack Hamill and Percy Robbins were partners prospecting in the Canadian northland for gold. Later Robbins, a trained mining engineer, became the managing director of one of the big gold mines at Timmins, Ontario. When we entered the first World War, he as an American citizen, returned to Chicago and joined the army. After the war he went to South Africa as the managing director of the De Beers diamond mines. At the time of his death some two years ago, Robbins was operating big dredges on a placer gold field at Candle, Alaska, on the shores of the Arctic ocean.

Jack Hamill has been in the millionaire class a dozen times, and has been broke equally as many times. Today he controls big copper mines in the northwest Canadian territories, and is mining pitch blend and extracting radium at Great Bear lake, beyond the Arctic circle in Canada.

This represents a couple of intensely interesting careers of men who have done things in the wide-open spaces, men who have added to the wealth of the world. They are, and were, of a type that is worth knowing.

FRIENDLY AMERICA

STRANGER. There is no such individual in any small city or town of rural America. In these places all are friends.

On my first day in a town I had never visited before, each person I passed gave me a cheerful, friendly greeting. The little children told me their names and their parents' names. I was not a stranger in a strange place. I was surrounded by friends in a place strange to me. It was the friendliness of rural America.

Historical Highlights

by Elmo Scott Watson

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Shared Washington's Birthday

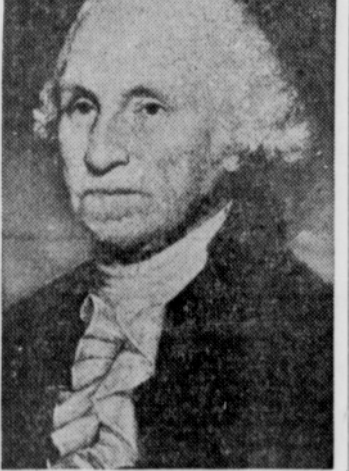
THE fame of two American artists rests largely upon their association with George Washington and their portraits of him. They were Charles Willson Peale and his son, Rembrandt Peale, and coincidence also plays a part in their relationship with the Father of His Country. For Rembrandt Peale was born on Washington's birthday—February 22, 1778—and his father died on Washington's birthday—February 22, 1827.

Being the son of an artist, it was only natural perhaps that Rembrandt Peale should become a painter. So it is not surprising to learn that he began to draw at the age of eight and by the time he was 13 he had painted a portrait of himself.

Charles Willson Peale had made the first known portrait of Washington (painted in 1772 and depicting him as an officer in the Virginia militia) and had served as a captain of volunteers under him at the Battle of Trenton. When Washington became President, he was constantly importuned to sit for his portrait. Some of these requests he denied, but he could not refuse his old friend, when in 1795 Charles Willson Peale asked him to pose for his talented young son, Rembrandt. In fact, he granted the boy three sittings in his father's studio in Philadelphia and the portrait reproduced below was the result.

This portrait of Washington was the only one which Rembrandt Peale made from life, but another of his pictures of the First American, not drawn from life, is even more famous. Known as the "Equestrian Portrait" it is entitled "Washington Before Yorktown" and it was not made until 1823. But when Chief Justice John Marshall, who had served under Washington in the Revolution, saw it, he exclaimed "It is more like Washington himself than any portrait I have ever seen."

In 1796 Charles Willson Peale decided to give up portrait painting and recommended his talented son,



Portrait of Washington, made by Rembrandt Peale when he was only 17 years old.

Rembrandt, to the public as his successor. But the son was not immediately successful and went to Charleston, S. C., where he had his studio for several years. In 1801 he went to England to continue his studies under his father's instructor, the famous Benjamin West, but after a short time there his health failed and he returned to his home in Philadelphia. He intended to abandon art for agriculture but, after painting a few portraits, he was surprised to find himself hailed as a worthy successor to his famous father.

In 1804 he advertised himself as "Rembrandt, portrait painter in large and small, head of Mulberry court, leading from Sixth, three doors above Market street" and explained that he desired to be known by his first name alone, "the adjunct Peale serving only to show of whom descended." Three years later he visited Paris to paint the most distinguished men of the day and was successful in this enterprise. After a second trip to Paris in 1809, he came back to America the following year and from that time, until his death in 1860, his fame as a portraitist, a painter of historic scenes and a lithographer (one of the first to practice the art in America) was undiminished.

Although Washington sat for his portrait by the 17-year-old Rembrandt Peale in 1795, it was not until 1823 that the artist finally finished it. He spent those 28 years in working on it to make it suit his ideal of a true likeness of the great man. He took it with him when he went abroad and exhibited it in Italy and England where it attracted a great deal of attention. After his return to America, the portrait was bought by the United States senate and it now hangs in the vice president's room in the senate wing of the Capitol.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—For four or five years now, Dr. J. Enrique Zanetti, professor of chemistry in Columbia university, has been pooh-poohing high explosive bombs and destructive might.

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

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

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

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

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

Seabiscuit Owes All to This Horse Psycho-Analyst

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

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

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

Walter Winchell

Notes of a Reporter to His Editors

When "Old Acquaintance" troupe played command performance at White House, understand Peggy Wood left FDR practically speechless when she burst forth with: "Please, Mr. Roosevelt, dear Mr. President, don't send our dear boys over there to fight. I have two arms, I have two legs, take me—but not our dear boys!" etc. . . . Leon Henderson may ease out of defense board—tired, ill . . . I hear Nelson (Sears-Roebuck exec on same board) will eventually inherit Knudsen's post.

Intimates of Camacho believe he would follow any war policy adopted by U. S. within 24 hours . . . Jolson not stalling, really ill . . . Peem's short-wave story about new British superplane (The Tornado) as reported by BBC from London appeared in last "Things I Never Knew 'Til Now" col'm month before BBC confirmation.

Appeasers who claim England can't win should read what Hitler wrote on that subject in Chapter XII of his book, viz: "The British nation can be counted upon to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary, or whatever the means that have to be employed; and all this even though the actual military equipment at hand may be utterly inadequate when compared with that of other nations." Long-winded soandso, isn't he?

Hear an afternoon N. Y. paper is reading a new columnist, not a professional writer "but a famous personality" as a circ builder. Starts in March. Understand it is not D. Thompson, who starts same time.

Radio key men have been conferring secretly in Washington on the part radio will play in maintaining public contact—in case we are actively involved in a war. Even during possible bombardments . . . The Nazis have a neat method of trying to win favor with U. S. radio commentators abroad. They classify them as heavy laborers—for ration card reasons. This entitles them to two pounds of meat instead of one. P. S. It doesn't work.

There is talk of increasing the draft period to two years. . . . Ye ed salutes Homer Price for this form of criticism . . . People, he says, who claim the home town paper doesn't print all the news should be glad it doesn't!—W. W.

Notes of an Innocent Bystander

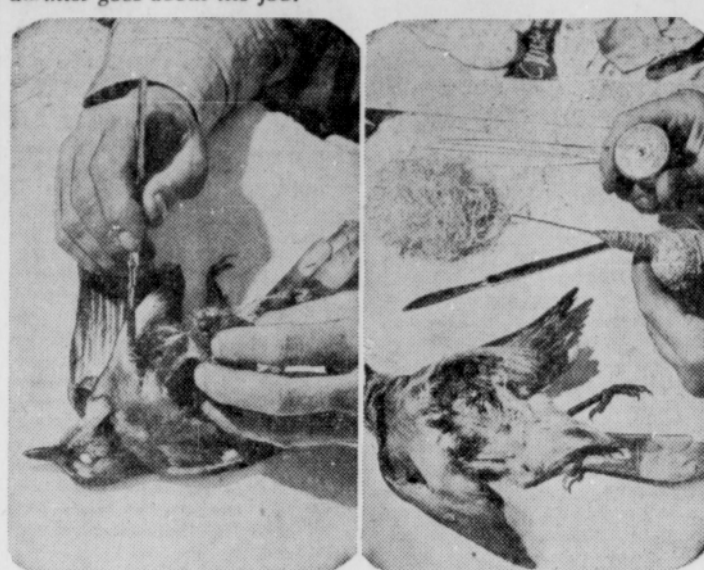
The Wireless: Praps they don't settle many problems on the American Forum, but they get them out in the air and provide a lot of listenable bawling. The back alley tangle between Morris Ernst and Cong. Starnes a recent Sunday could be a sell-out at the Garden. The way to handle 5th Columnists was the temper trigger . . . Raymond G. Swing asked why, if Hitler has 36,000 planes, he didn't pour them at Britain when the conditions for it were good. We are, he hints, eating too many Nazi figures without salt . . . It was hard to get worked up over "Rebecca," even with R. Colman, I. Lupino and Judith Anderson in excellent jobs. England has taken too much lately for anybody to care about one man's love storms. The tear jerks were too pro-blitz . . . Jas. Thurber makes a discovery about quizzes. They reveal how much the contestants don't know, which is colossal.

The Front Pages: Lots of the anti-FDR dailies are making it tough for future historians. The same journals that exalted Willkie up to Nov. 5 are calling him A Thing now. Because he doesn't care if licking Hitler is a party matter or a matter for humanity . . . The Berlin journals are easier on him than some of his old supporters . . . Ray Clapper says events are not consistent, "therefore why should I be consistent? Some people once they adopt an idea, bury it in the ground and go on the rest of their lives defending it, without ever re-examining it to see whether time and the elements have caused it to decay into a worthless handful of dust. In that way you can always be consistent—and often wrong." . . . A columnist in Hawaii observed: "I have written many lines that have been stolen. By numerous radio gag writers solems. But then, it is comforting to know. That somebody really reads this column."

The Story Tellers: Sen. Sheridan Downey found himself labeled "Morton Downey" in New Horizons. His squawk ought to convince the editors he's no tenor . . . Leland Stowe, by lining "I Saw Mussolini Humbled" (in Look), said: "The Greeks have very little respect for the Fascists' fighting qualities because the Fascists almost never fight hard when the terms are even" . . . "The Reader's Digest Reader" is must reading. It is a collection of that miniature mag's choice selections over an 18-year period.

From Blue Jays to Dinosaurs

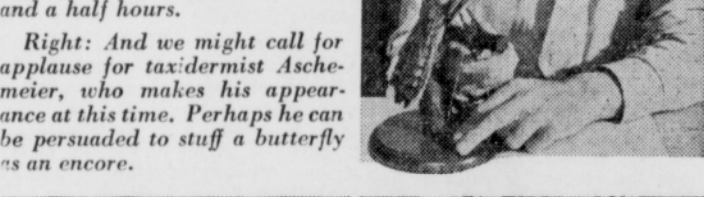
Whether it's a bluejay, a dinosaur or a Paleozoic fossil, the National Museum at Washington, D. C., is glad to get it. Specimens last year numbered 368,082. These photos show how the taxidermist goes about his job.



First the skin and coat of feathers are separated from the rest of the body.



Stout cord is wrapped around excelsior. The artificial body and neck must be made fit perfectly.



Above: The bluejay's new artificial body is inserted in the feather cloak and sewed inside. The entire operation takes two and a half hours.



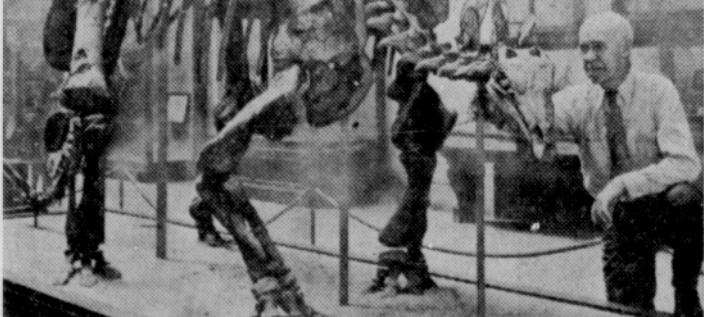
Right: And we might call for applause for taxidermist Asche-meier, who makes his appearance at this time. Perhaps he can be persuaded to stuff a butterfly as an encore.



Here is the assembly line. Repairers Moran and Boss continue their work on a screen which can be turned easily.



Say ah! This particular dinosaur had terrible teeth. Could have used at least a dozen fillings and some inlays.



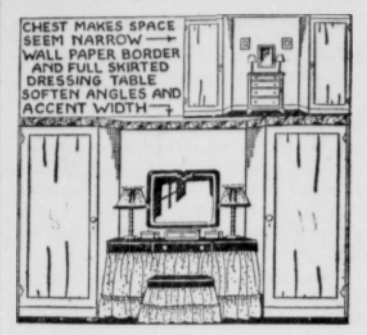
WINNAH . . . Dr. Charles W. Gilmore, curator, examines the finished dinosaur. The framework is of steel. Years of work are required to put this animal together in proper relation to all its parts.



That Space Between The Built-In Closets

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

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



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

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

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Enclose 20 cents for Books 1 and 5.
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Man Is Affected

Historians make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—Bacon.

Do Your Meals Talk Back?

This is often a symptom of acid indigestion. Sour stomach and heartburn frequently follow unwise eating and drinking. ADLA Tablets relieve quickly. Get ADLA from your druggist.

As Is Enough

Those who seek for much are left in want of much. Happy is he to whom God has given, with sparing hand, as much as is enough.—Horace.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

One Science a Genius
One science only will one genius fit, so vast is art, so narrow human wit.—Pope.

Georgian Hotel
A SUPERB LOCATION
Only a few steps from every important point in Seattle. Stores, offices, bus and railroad terminals—all are just "next door". Car lines to all parts of Seattle are only a block away. A fine hotel, ideally situated, affording the utmost in comfort and convenience.
SPLENDID ROOMS \$1.25 to \$3
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH
SEATTLE