GRASSROOTS

by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

SHOULD BE DIRECT, NOT INDIRECT TAX

WHEN WE TAX business we tax production and distribution. When we tax production and distribution, we tax the consumer. This is the hidden tax we hear about.

Taxes are a part of the cost of production and distribution. They are a part of the cost of a product. That additional cost is added to the selling price of the product, or prevents a lowering of the price if economies of production would otherwise lower it.

If business—production and distribution—did not pass on to the consumer the increased cost occasioned by taxes, business would soon be bankrupt and the consumer would lose by a loss of jobs.

We are all a part of American business and all are dependent on its continued operation. All of us are concerned directly or indirectly with production and distribution. When the politicians tax business directly, they tax all of us indirectly as much, or more, than any direct tax would have amounted to.

Politicians looking to their personal future—a continuance of their jobs—attempt to mislead the mass of Americans by boasting of their intention to take from business the money needed to pay for the extravagances of government, and they succeed in putting over such a misleading idea.

Men well versed in finance and industry, well qualified to speak on the subject, tell us that before we are through with the present world holocaust the federal government will be facing an indebtedness of $150,000,000,000, a sum so great that it is impossible to conceive what it means. In the face of such a prospect, congress does not attempt any economies in the normal operations of the government.

Despite the fact that more than a million men are now in the armed forces of the nation, that industries engaged in providing implements of preparedness for ourselves and war materials for England are providing work at high wages for millions of men, and seeking more help, our relief costs do not come down. We are still spending billions for relief.

The politician is not willing to say to those who prefer the meager living a government dole provides to working for a better living that they must either work or starve. The receivers of relief vote, and the politician will not jeopardize that vote.

We must prepare for defense. We must have battleships, airplanes, tanks, merchant ships, all the implements needed for war. But we must also prepare for the future and it will be a dark future if we are to face a national indebtedness of $150,000,000,000.

Congress should economize in every practical and possible way, and it should levy an honest tax and collect it in an honest way so each individual may know what he pays—a direct instead of an indirect tax.

• • •

PIONEER SPIRIT STILL ALIVE

ORANGE, CALIF., is a little city of 8,000 people, typical of the Golden state. It was founded by pioneers who stopped there when it was but a crossing place of trails. Many of its first generation of settlers are still living. They knew it when the spot on which the city stands and all the surrounding country was a sandy desert. Their children see it today as a modern small American city, enjoying all the advantages America offers and surrounded by well-kept, prosperous farms, ranches and orange groves.

But the younger element is not permitted to forget its pioneer origin. I witnessed the parade that is a part of each annual harvest festival. The outstanding features of that parade were the covered wagons of the pioneers, the prospector and his burro, the cart of the pioneer peddler and handyman—every possible display of the hardships and simple pleasures of the pioneer as the foundation on which the city was built. Interspersed with these were the brightly uniformed bands, many of them from the various county high schools, each led by high-stepping girl majorettes, and with modern floats representative of city industries and institutions.

But it was the evidences of the pioneer days that appealed to the people and caught and held the crowds. These displays represented the spirit that is back, not of Orange only, but of all the towns and small cities of the West. That pioneer spirit is not dead, and will not die. It is the American spirit.

• • •

OUR DEBT

THEY TELL US that to maintain a democracy it is essential that the citizens be informed. One of the things we should like to be accurately informed about is what we owe nationally, including the liabilities of the numerous corporations and administrations we have financed and whose debts we have guaranteed.

• • •

HOW MUCH would a real growl from the Russian bear frighten the Nazi wolf?

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—In his book, "Man the Unknown," published in 1935, Dr. Alexis Carrel revealed profound misgivings as to whether any existing patterns of political organization ever could meet the requirements of a stable and humane civilization. He urged collective and concentrated scientific inquiry into the nature of the "whole man," and possibly of the organic quality of human society. The particularized knowledge of physiology and medicine he found inadequate to supply this understanding.

Dr. Carrel Charts Human Behavior Amid Nazi Misery

When he went to France recently he found a clinic and laboratory for his continued studies with the "whole man" caught in totalitarian misery, and in a wide context of spiritual and emotional stress—a zone of social pathology no doubt revealing to Dr. Carrel's deeply searching and penetrating eye.

Just why the Nazi overlords of France should want to keep him there, as reported in dispatches, is a mystery. There is no evidence that the Nazis admire him. He has been no apologist for their flagrantly unscientific and inhumane doings, and if they expect to commandeer his profound knowledge of nutrition, medicine and surgery, it is difficult to understand how they may expect co-operation.

Dr. Carrel, a keen, compact, round-headed little Frenchman, will be 68 years old next month. The world knows of his 34 years with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the marvels he has wrought, including his 29-year-old living chicken heart, his distinguished contributions to medical science during the World war, and his fashioning of the mechanical heart, with the co-operation of Charles A. Lindbergh.

In the last few years he has been preoccupied with the range of human behavior lying outside and beyond medical knowledge. He visions some kind of government by a scientific elite. On August 14, 1939, just before the guns blazed, he said that civilized men must "pool their brains," or come to ultimate failure and then added: "Our America, with its democratic ideal, is based on ideologies of the Eighteenth century. If we used scientific concepts instead of ideologies, we might discover a new way of life."

HARRY WINSTON started subdividing real estate, but now sub-divides diamonds and finds it more profitable. He and his expert assistants nick a $30,000 chip off the famous Vargas diamond of Brazil, and when they get rid of roughage like this they expect to shape up a $2,000,000 central core in the stone.

Slicing Up Gems Pays Better Than Subdividing Land

It is one of the most jittery jobs of diamond manicuring ever attempted, but so far is going nicely. It took them a month and seven days to make this small, but lucrative beginning, working on the third largest diamond in the world. It will take 15 months to finish the cutting, with a phosphorous-bronze blade .0035 of an inch in thickness.

Reared in Los Angeles, Mr. Winston learned the jewelry business with his father. Returning to New York, after a stretch in the AEF in the World war, he decided the war and its aftermath would imperil all values except those of durable old Mother Earth herself.

Land—that was the thing, in days of threatened inflation and social maladjustment. So he went into the real estate business in New York. The more he worked at it, the more safe, sound and conservative seemed the glitter of a diamond—even if traditionally baleful. He opened a wholesale jewelry business in New York and soon was gathering in some of the biggest and showiest diamonds in the world. He paid $900,000 for the Jonkers diamond of 425 carats and $700,000 for the Vargas stone.

DR. TOYOHIKO KAGAWA, Japan's frail little Mahatma Gandhi, evangelist of world brotherhood and leader of the Christians in Japan, is in New York, in furtherance of the newly organized Church of Japan, which he helped to establish. He expresses surprise at talk of war with Japan and sees ahead a world church union which will end all wars. A tubercular little man, Dr. Kagawa has suffered jail, persecution, poverty and illness. He preaches a merger of Christianity and capitalistic economics.

Sportlight

by GRANTLAND RICE

NANA WNU SERVICE

MOST mysteries are usually solved. They are always solved in murder and mystery novels, no matter how gnarled the tangle is. But there is one sporting mystery that still remains unsolved. This concerns the matter of scoring points and rounds in almost any ring fight that goes the limit.

Grantland Rice

The recent Soose-Overlin fol-de-rol was only one of many such unsolved problems.

Arthur Donovan, the referee, and both judges, pinned the sprig of Jimson weed on Soose. Over 95 per cent of the fight writers and the crowd thought Overlin won. Most of them thought Overlin won a moth-eaten contest by half a dozen laps.

The general indignation would have been much greater if both men hadn't been so far below the championship middleweight standard.

"As I came out of the Garden," one smart, old-time fight writer told me, "I saw this sign—'Mickey Walker, The Toy Bulldog.' Thinking about Mickey I started to go back and have both Soose and Overlin arrested. Mickey could have stopped both together in two rounds."

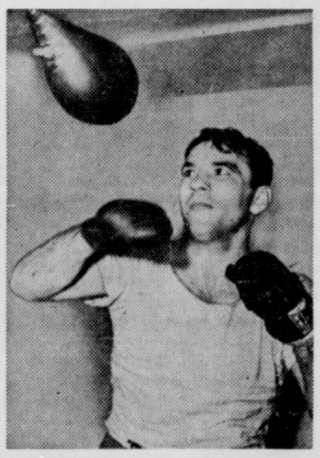
Back to the Mystery

For over 30 years in fairly close fights I've seen well-qualified experts disagree on 10 out of 15 rounds.

I've seen the referee and the two judges disagree on almost every round in sending in their autopsies or their verdicts. I've seen the referee and the two judges fail to agree on any one round.

Suppose we had this condition in baseball? At the end of the game one scorer would have Cleveland winning by 6 to 2 and another would have New York winning by 5 to 1.

Suppose it happened in football? At the end of the game one official



KEN OVERLIN

would report that Notre Dame had beaten Navy by 22 to 0, while another would announce that Navy had won, 19 to 7.

If the same thing happened in a golf tournament we would have five or six different winners. In a horse race we'd have about the same, especially where they were head and head to the wire.

A Search for Sense

Of course, all this doesn't make enough sense to increase the cranium capacity of a tadpole.

I'm not referring to any occasion when experts sat on different sides of the ring. I've seen the same thing happen when they sat side by side, and yet finished their count as far apart as the outposts of a Siberian frontier.

On the Soose-Overlin matter the final count was almost 99 per cent against the verdict of the referee and the officials. The squawk would have been blasting if both men hadn't been so far down the championship scale.

When you look back and think of Stan Ketchel, Harry Greb and Mickey Walker—among others in the same division—you begin to get the main idea of what took place. I doubt that either Soose or Overlin could have gone two full rounds against either of this trio, if they turned loose. Neither Soose nor Overlin belong on the same continent with these old-timers, much less in the same ring.

They may be both willing young men. The trouble is that neither can fight a lick. Comparatively speaking, they are 92 scorers on the links playing against Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson or Gene Sarazen.

Judging a Fight

Apparently there is no way to judge a fairly close fight where both men finish standing up.

It is easy enough to see how those sitting away from the ring can be fooled by punches that seem to land, but only hit a glove or shoulder.

The same thing happens to the referee on top of the fight—to the two judges sitting in close—to the fight writers who can reach out and grab one of the ropes.

The divergence at times is unbelievable.

Saves on Candy to Buy U. S. Sub

Girl Mails $1 to President; Donations Are Pouring Into Treasury.

WASHINGTON.—There are a lot of Americans who are doing something besides worrying over the high cost of defense and as a result there is an unprecedented flow of cash donations into the treasury.

Brooklyn scrubwomen, Texas cowpunchers and serious little children all contributed.

A small girl in Los Angeles sent President Roosevelt $1 she saved from her weekly candy allowances. With the money was a note scrawled in pencil on a school tablet:

"I have saved one dollar from candy and I have started another for a submarine. And as soon as I get another I shall send it immediately. For dear president I hope you will get enough men and ships to wipe out a certain Nazi leader named Hitler. Well sir that's all I wanted to say."

Prescribes Licking.

As the government deficit for the current fiscal year tarried at the $4,000,000,000 mark, the growing volume of mail and voluntary cash indicated that America is becoming increasingly aware of the critical international situation.

Among the letters pouring into the White House and the treasury was one from a retired railroad worker in Alliance, Ohio. He told Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau: "Herewith $25 to be used for the best purpose to lick Hitler and Mussolini."

A letter to the President from a New Jersey town said:

"I am an American of Italian descent and have been in the Democratic party since I am a citizen of the United States. Small earner don't pay no tax. I am enclose twenty dollars money order. Contribution for American defense. God blessed America."

'Old Cook' Sends $10.

A woman describing herself as an "ordinary old cook" in New York mailed $10 "to help be prepared against war." She explained to the treasury that because she only worked six months last year, she was not subject to income taxation.

A little New York girl sent in 25 cents "to build up your army," a former Italian army officer sent in $5 and suggested that other people follow his example every month. From Pennsylvania came a telegraphic money order for $150 with the message "for defense" and an Arizona cowboy mailed in a dollar with the promise to send more.

Looking at them from a cold financial viewpoint, the contributions did not add up to very much—less than $15,000 to date. But government officials regarded the letters and their small cash gifts as an indication that the new defense savings campaign would succeed.

Possible Solution for Housing Shortage

In an effort to relieve acute housing shortages in defense production areas, this prefabricated house of radical design has been developed and submitted for inspection by government officials. The interior of the steel house is 20 feet in diameter, 12 feet high and is divided into four rooms by canvas partitions. Manufacturers state they can turn out 1,000 units per day for about $750 per unit.

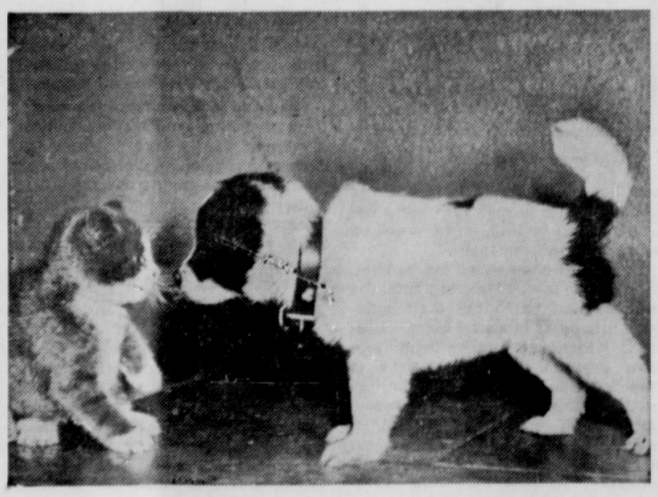
Chester the Pup

By GEORGE O'HALLORAN

PULP-SKULL took MacTavish and me along duck hunting this morning and I can't figure out where it's any fun. We had to get up in the middle of the night and drive 40 miles in the rain to reach the lake. It looked like a big swamp full of quack grass, and I guess everybody in the state who owned a gun was there. Old Pulp-skull started pulling up weeds and covering the boat, and pretty soon all three of us were covered with wet weeds and shivering like a stowaway on an iceberg. About six o'clock four ducks flew over the blind and everybody started shooting. It sounded like the battle of the Marne. The air was so full of buck shot I thought it was hailing, and when one of the ducks glided down to the lake 22 boats rowed out to pick him up. We were in the lead, but just as we reached him he took off. The darn duck wasn't shot at all, he just came down to take a drink.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Dog's 'Blitzkrieg' Backfires



Tubby the dog tried to pull a blitz on Timmie the cat after he had cornered her in a New York pet show. Timmie was just about to lash out with a clawed left hook when peace-loving officers stepped in. Despite the armistice a mutual distrust hung over their two exhibits at the show.

Peter Rabbit

by Thornton W. Burgess

WHY PETER RABBIT STOPPED WORKING, AND BEGAN AGAIN

Never be discouraged; never lose your nerve.
Make whatever happens some good purpose serve.

PETER RABBIT did, and he is the last one in the world you would have expected to. It surprised his friends so that from that day on they had a great deal more respect for him than ever before. You know, it sometimes takes unexpected difficulties to bring out the best in some people. It was so with Peter. You see, it was this way; Peter had been driven into the heart of the old bramble-tangle by Reddy Fox, and a sad time he had had getting there. Indeed, he had had such a sad time getting there that he had made up his mind that he would cut his way out and had set to work at once cutting a little path to the edge of the old bramble-tangle. He had worked and worked and worked until he was almost to the edge, and right then he had seen something that had made him stop short. It was the red coat of Reddy Fox. Reddy was lying flat in the grass there, waiting for him to come out. That is the reason that Peter stopped working.

Now, Peter wasn't particularly frightened when he saw Reddy. He knew perfectly that Reddy had had all that he wanted of the old bramble-tangle and wouldn't venture to crawl in again. All that he, Peter, had to do was to stay where he was and be patient. He made a face in the direction of Reddy and then turned about in the little path he had made, and went back to the middle of the old bramble-tangle. He would make himself comfortable there and wait until Reddy grew tired and went away.

"It's a good path," said Peter, talking to himself as he looked along the little path through the vines and brambles. "It's a pity I didn't have it finished before, and then I would not have torn my clothes getting away from that bothersome Reddy. My goodness! If I go home looking like this Mrs. Peter will make such a fuss that I won't dare to go away again."

He began to smooth out as best he could the ragged piece in his coat where the thorns and briers had torn it, and as he worked his thoughts were very busy. What a splendid place the old bramble-tangle would be if only it had paths all through it. It would be a regular castle. He had known it for a long time, but never had he realized it as he did now. The path he had cut almost out to the edge, and which he could finish in a few minutes when Reddy Fox was out of the way, was a good beginning, but it was only a beginning. There should be a path this way, and a path that way, and a path the other way, and a lot more paths, all joined together so that if any enemy like Shadow the Weasel should fol-

Day after day he came back to the bramble-tangle when the way was clear.

low him into the old bramble-tangle he would have a chance to dodge and perhaps fool him.

Snip, snap, snip snap, snip snap! Almost without knowing it Peter had begun work again. He was starting a new path. Why not He couldn't leave the bramble-tangle with Reddy Fox watching, and he might as well make some more paths while he was waiting. Of course that was the thing to do. It was the very best kind of wisdom, but it was the last thing in the world that was to be expected of happy-go-lucky, careless Peter Rabbit. He was actually learning to work, really to work. No wonder that Unc' Billy Possum and Bobby Coon, watching from a tree on the edge of the Green Forest, chuckled.

"Br'er Rabbit done learn his lesson," remarked Unc' Billy. "Now that he's started he's gwine to keep right on until he's made that bramble-tangle as safe a place as the Ol' Brier Patch."

And Peter did. Day after day he came back to the old bramble-tangle when the way was clear and cut new paths until the old bramble-tangle was almost as safe a place as the dear Old Brier Patch, just as Unc' Billy had said. And this is how it was that Peter Rabbit learned to work.

Alas! As soon as his job was finished he became as lazy and happy-go-lucky as ever. It was habit, you know.

(Associated Newspapers.) WNU Service.

Sunday School Thief Partly Salves Conscience

ASHLAND, KY.—Mrs. Clarence Reynolds, who had reported that a thief rifled her purse of $260 while she was teaching a Sunday school class, told patrolmen she received a letter containing $241 and this request:

"If you receive this please advertise it."

The writer didn't give his name and didn't explain about the missing $19, Mrs. Reynolds added.

Corporal Six Hours Late; Alibi Airtight

CAMP BLANDING, FLA.—"Well, sir, I was in Jackson, Miss., ready to catch the train to camp," explained Corp. Virgil W. Thomas, on the carpet for being six hours late, "just before I boarded a band began playing the national anthem. I came to attention and stood there. Meanwhile the train pulled out."

Smugglers Ply Cosmetic Trade in North Ireland

BELFAST.—Girl "beauty" smugglers, operating on the Ulster-Eireann border, are smuggling contraband cosmetics into Northern Ireland where the limitations of the supply order has made beauty aids precious products.

One thousand powder puffs recently were seized by the antismuggling police after an exciting car chase across the Ulster boarder at dawn. The powder puffs formed part of the largest haul of contraband beauty accessories seized in Ireland since war began.

Among the goods confiscated were hundreds of bottles of perfume, 3,234 hair nets, 900 combs, 63 dozen handkerchiefs, 9,000 pairs of long bootlaces, 4,000 pairs of shoelaces, and 17 pocketknives.

The Northern Ireland police are co-operating with the Eire customs police in an effort to track down the organization. They believe the "brains" behind the gang are women—many of them girls who would not consider crime in peacetime, but are now working on the principle that beauty is above the law.

Minute Make-Ups

By V. V.

WORKING around in a garden is simply grand fun. But, oh, what it does to your hands! Before you even touch a trowel make it a point to put on your garden gloves. Not little fabric numbers. Wear good, sturdy earth-proof leather ones. This protection does help keep hands soft and white.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Pilots Sent to Britain To Learn Air War Lesson

WASHINGTON.—Both the army and navy have sent an undisclosed number of younger pilots to Great Britain to act as observers in the Battle of Britain and learn the lessons taught by aerial fighting there.

From authoritative army sources came word that many pilots of the grade of lieutenant had been assigned to this study, having been selected on the basis of youth and aptitude.

Secretary Knox said that the navy was following the same procedure and had sent "quite a bunch."

The observers are expected to act as observers only and not indulge in risks incident to combat.

LONDON'S REFUGEE CHILDREN LIVE IN HISTORIC HOME

MANGOTSFIELD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND. — Little children from London who have never seen daylight until the roofs over their heads are bombed off and they are "blitzed" out of London into the country, are learning to talk about birds instead of bombers at Syston court.

There they sleep in the same rooms which Henry VIII used 400 years ago. They were built in his father's reign for the entertainment of princes and nobles—now they house babies and toddlers from the worst of the capital's dockside slums.

Another historic home for the children is to be acquired and will be called the Sir Archibald Wavell nursery, while Duncey park in Wiltshire, where most of Queen Anne's ill-fated children were born is to be a maternity home.

In all these houses, which are part of a scheme that may be kept going after the war, underprivileged people will find health as they are now.

Here are some of the children who, at Syston court, are benefiting from the work of the sponsors of the scheme, the Anglo-American Relief Fund for London Children and Mothers:

Elsie and Annie, twins of five months, who never saw sunlight before they came to the mansion.

Six-month-old Brian who had spent the whole of his short life in the cellar of a public house. Iris, two, who had remained below ground for six weeks.

The older children there have seen terrible sights for their young eyes.

The children are cared for by nursery school teachers and uniformed nurses.