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"With or without offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."

Why the Federal Dictation?

Just why the federal social security board should dictate the conditions and regulations under which the unemployment benefits of the various states are administered, when the states themselves supply the funds out of which benefits and administrative costs are paid, is another of the unfathomable and inconsistent mysteries growing out of the new deal. Just now there is pending before the national board a petition of the Congress of Industrial Organization asking that "federal assistance" toward the payment of compensation benefits and administrative costs be withdrawn from Oregon. The action is demanded by the disgruntled labor organization because the people of this state recently enacted a law limiting legal labor disputes to actual controversies between an employer and his actual employees over wages, hours or working conditions. As a result, unemployment benefits would hereafter not be paid in Oregon to jobless persons who had refused jobs made vacant by illegal jurisdictional strikes or similar disputes.

What the CIO is actually trying to do is compel the state of Oregon to subsidize what the people of this state have decreed to be illegal strikes out of funds contributed wholly by the employers, who would be injured by such strikes.

Theoretically, 90 per cent of the unemployment benefits and administrative expenses in Oregon are paid by the federal government. Actually, they are paid by the employers of Oregon in state and federal social security taxes.

Since the unemployment compensation act went into effect in 1936, employers of Oregon have paid into the fund a total of \$11,524,448, on which interest of \$122,000 has accumulated. Compensation totaling \$5,646,091 had been disbursed up to December 10 and administrative allotments of \$976,750 have been received for the three years, of which \$25,000 will remain unexpended on January 1.

Oregon's excess of contributions over expenditures in three years amounts to approximately \$5,050,000 and annual contributions have reached a point exceeding the total of annual benefits paid. Yet it is contended that the federal government should dictate how these funds shall be expended and to whom.

The South and The New Deal

In a recent speech before the New York Southern society, Senator James Byrne of South Carolina, hitherto a wheelhorse of the new deal, staged a one-man revolt in replying to the president's repeated assertion that the south is the nation's economic problem No. 1. Mr. Byrne defined the reasons why the per capita income of the south compares with that of the north as about one to two:

The protective tariff, which forces the south to buy from northern industry at a tariff-protected price and sell its farm products at prices fixed by world competition.

The fact that railroad rates in the south for equal mileage are nearly double those of the north, and protect the north from southern competition.

The wage-hour bill, which refuses to grant southern wage differentials despite of these handicaps, yet which are supplied by the WPA, such as \$60.00 monthly relief wages in New York City against \$30.00 in Altkenn, South Carolina.

Senator Byrne denied the claim that the south benefited relatively by relief payments, citing the fact that New York state alone gets nearly as much relief money as 13 southern states, that with 9.6 millions population, against their 33.7 millions, Pennsylvania got \$455 millions against their \$737 millions and that New York, with less population than Virginia, South and North Carolina, and a per capita income twice as great, gets six times as much relief money.

The South Carolinian attacked the lump sum appropriations which permit the nation's revenue to be disbursed at the political whim of individuals and its demoralizing effect, and continued his revolt in the following:

Some people believe that to be liberal means only to be liberal in spending other people's money. If that be the correct definition, then the political leaders of the South are not liberals—the farmer of the south knows what debt means—the small business man of the south knows that no individual can daily spend more than his income without winding up in the bankruptcy courts. They both know that government is but a collection of individuals.

All of which emphasizes the fact that the administration has contributed materially to making the south the "nation's economic problem No. 1" rather than help rectify it.

The Fly in the Ointment

The Roosevelt-Hull "good neighbor" policy, which the American delegation at the Pan-American conference is endeavoring to cement, has hitherto been confined largely to the United States. Unless it becomes also the policy of our sister republics, it may become a menace to the Monroe doctrine and a breeder of war, especially if the Mexican example of expropriation of American investments and repudiation of obligations is followed by the South American countries.

Americans cannot and will not invest or maintain their capital investments in Latin America if the United States tamely submits to expropriation without defense or recourse, as in Mexico. This will force the South Americans to turn to European trade, as Mexico is doing. As the European nations are not good neighbors, but protect the enterprises of their nationals, Latin America will fall into spheres of influence and become economically dependent on them.

Eventually there will be large colonies, honeycombed by subversive populations who will prefer union with Europe and resist the Monroe doctrine and European attacks will be inevitable. That is the objective of both Germany, Italy and Japan.

To prevent this, Latin America must be bound to us economically, and that it is impossible by extending the absurd policy operating in Mexico to the rest of Pan-America. Only by South America reciprocating and practicing good neighborliness can the objective of the conference be achieved.

Honor Mrs. Comstock

Stiveron—Mrs. A. J. McCannel arranged an evening affair in a birthday dinner and party for her mother, Mrs. S. J. Comstock, on her 84th birthday anniversary Saturday night. Present were Mrs. S. J. Comstock, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. McCannel of Cascadia, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Sylvester, Mrs. Chauncey H. Whitman, Miss Jane Graham, Mrs. Ida Neuenburg and Miss Janet Comstock.

The Tip-Off

By Beck



Sips for Supper

By Don Upjohn

Regardless of what the thermometer shows it's the individual opinion of this her column that the cold of the past few mornings has been about the coldest feeling cold this very has had for a number of years. It literally puts ice water in the veins, penetrating to the innermost nooks and crannies of same. The main consolation in the set-up lies in the fact that in less than 10 days now the days will begin getting longer and the nights shorter. Gosh, it seems so close we can almost hear the smack of a softball on the old bat.

Gaston B. Means ran true to name being the meanest of the meanies. However, as is often remarked, a guy never gets so good but what somebody else can gob up to take his place and somewhere in this favored land some mother is raising her boy to be another Gaston.

George Burns and his wife, Gracie, have made a reputation and a fortune as the biggest dopes on the air. But in all his or her radio impersonations they were never such dopes as George made of himself when he took advantage of a smuggling scheme which brings him face to face with the federal pen.

Charley Wilson came back to his Chamber of Commerce yesterday to score a real live triumph. We always knew Charley was good as the plugging Chamber of Commerce secretary who could go out and rustle live wire speakers to keep folks coming back to his luncheons. But Charley in coming to life as a Chamber of Commerce speaker outdid about nine-tenths of those who make a profession of it. Incidentally Charley in his European meanderings didn't attempt to unload a lot of heavy dope about the political situation, which is the fall-out of a lot of these returning travelers. He unlimbered with some little human anecdotes and himself which brought Europe closer to his hearers than a dozen ordinary travel books. A pat on the back to Charley. Incidentally Charley remarked that no matter where you go people are all the same. Whether in Denmark, Germany or Italy. If this could be generally understood it would go a long way toward ironing out a lot of misunderstanding.

Our office was informed that a hook and ladder truck is so named because the ladders on same hook the cars while the vehicle is racing through the streets. It seems a hook and ladder truck is the kind of a truck where two drivers are better than one. In fact, without a back seat driver a hook and ladder truck is a mighty dangerous animal to have scurrying about the downtown streets.

When you're out driving and see a hook and ladder truck coming down the street the first thing to do is to look and see if there is a back seat driver. If there isn't you'd better run your car up over the closest curb and through the nearest store window. You'll be safe there—or will you?

Santa and the Lost Princess

The Story So Far: The witch escapes from Santa's Toyshop in a puff of smoke, after tearing up the dress Princess Hulda made for her.

Chapter Eight
The Mean Queen

The witch thought she was very clever to escape from the Toyshop. She puffed right up the chimney like a tiny gray cloud about the size of a plum, and the minute she was outside she changed herself right back again into a little brown witch and rode off on her broomstick across the sky.

She rushed home to the mean Queen's palace where the Queen was pacing up and down the throne room pushing chairs and kicking up the rugs. When the witch flew in she lit on a crystal chandelier and grinned down at the Queen. She unhooked a crystal and threw it crash! on the floor. She knew she shouldn't break a crystal but the Queen was so mean she rather admired meanness in the witch.

At the crash she looked up. "Get down here, stop that!" she shouted. Then she smiled. "Sweet temper you're in. What happened?"

The witch hopped down onto the Queen's hand and told her what had happened. But she kept one secret: she didn't tell the Queen she had seen the Princess Hulda. She felt grateful for the little dress Hulda had made for her. She wound up her story with: "And if I didn't have the power to change myself into smoke, there I'd be yet in the hamper."

"I'll Get My Army!" "Humph!" said the Queen. "Leave it to you to get out." Then she looked very harsh. "But nobody is going to interfere with my plans. Where is this place? I'll get my army out."

"Well, it's rather far," said the witch.

"Never mind that, we're going there," said the Queen. So she issued orders to her General, and in half an hour the courtyard was bustling with soldiers preparing for a long march. They polished their spears and tied on breastplates and combed out their long hair and their fierce looking moustaches. And then they all passed around a hand mirror to see how fine they looked.

Tomorrow: The trick

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON

Washington, Dec. 13—The world's two greatest short-card players are at it again.

Hitler's Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop has gone back to Berlin after telling the French how deeply embarrassed he was that Mussolini started funny business in Tunisia at a time when Berlin and Paris were extending hands across the Rhine.

They say he even assured the French that Hitler would not assist the nether end of the Berlin-Rome axis in that anti-French adventure. If the French believed him, they are more easily fooled than they used to be. No one here does. It is obvious to all insiders the dictators are still working in union in a pre-arranged program. While this latest phase of their short card game is a bit puzzling on the surface, there are authorities here who believe they see through it.

Ukraine Next

Hitler's next move is expected to be made against Russia. It will probably develop in the Ukraine.

If Mussolini's present gesture in Tunisia can create a military diversion of French troops into Africa, Hitler would be left free to handle Russia alone without fear of French military pressure. The way Benito is throwing sand in the French face seems certain to draw French troops in quantities into Africa. The new Franco-German harmony pact, guaranteeing the existing border, will make the French feel safer to make the diversion.

Thus the puzzling opposing moves of the dictators at least dovetail into a purpose. Thus does it appear the short card boys may win again.

Meaningless Pact

That Franco-German agreement is as meaningless as Munich as far as guaranteeing future peace is concerned.

If our diplomats know what is going on, Hitler did not sacrifice a single one of his announced aggressive purposes, but may have furthered them, by this agreement. Basically all it does is to establish the impregnability of the Maginot line, a fact which is already clear to all the world.

Hitler is not interested in western expansion, certainly not as long as that line is so completely and soundly fortified with every known device.

His eyes are on the east. This agreement will help him move in that direction, to whatever extent it makes the French less alert.

Expropriation

Most delicate point at issue within the Lima conference is the troublesome question of expropriation.

It may now be related the American delegation decided before leaving here that it would try to get an expropriation policy resolution adopted as near unanimously as possible. This resolution would declare that hereafter expropriation must be accompanied by compensation for foreign property seized. No reference was planned to property expropriated by a state from its own citizens.

But our people expected they might

Sundown Stories

By Mary Graham Bonner

The First Rider

The little gnome-like man, Willy Nilly, had handed his animal friends the alphas of papers to see which would be the first one to ride with him to the home of Santa Claus at the North Pole.

The one drawing the shortest piece of paper was to be the first rider, and the one who drew it was Rip, the dog.

"Wow-wow-wow," barked Rip, "I'll certainly be glad to see Santa's dog, Boy of the North, or Great Boy, as Santa also calls him."

Willy Nilly wrapped himself up in his warmest things and Rip was as bundled as ever a dog could be with a sweater and a little woolen hood on his head. He did indeed look a funny sight but no one minded—least of all Rip himself. And no one made fun of his appearance. It was necessary to be warm on such a cold trip.

They got into the sleigh which was ready for them and at once the reindeer leaped off. They knew the way, for Santa had given Willy Nilly his old-time reindeer. The ones he had recently added to his herd he had kept for himself so he could show them the direction.

"I'm riding in the Reindeer Express," shouted Rip to Willy Nilly, and his voice sounded clear and far-reaching in the cold air, and the deserted country over which they hurried.

"I wonder how long it will take us to get there," he barked, but he did not wonder for long. In a very short time, owing to the amazing speed of the reindeer they had gone over roofs of houses, forests, snowy meadows and had reached Santa's workshop.

Tomorrow—"Great Boy's Greeting"

have to compromise to some extent with the Argentine and probably the Mexican delegates. They were ready to go as far as accepting the principle that the local courts shall have the right to appraise the value of such expropriated property.

The U. S. crowd apparently believes such an agreement would be a long step toward clearing up the whole ticklish matter.

Morrow's Efforts

Sharp shouts of disapproval will be heard here. Latin American courts are not what ours are. Too often they are merely arms of whatever local government happens to be in power, rather than nonpartisan, dispassionate wielders of justice.

To understand this, you need only to recall the old inside story of what happened when Dwight Morrow and Ruben Clark went down to Mexico to mediate with President Calles in the Coolidge administration. Calles had succeeded in getting an amendment to the constitution expropriating all oil (on the ground that oil is a mineral and thus belongs to the state) with disastrous results for Americans.

The issue had been settled in the Mexican supreme court which upheld the amendment and ruled that all past and future leases could be expropriated at the will of the administration.

Morrow was sufficiently astute to make friends with the Calles crowd. He succeeded in winning them over. The result was that Calles instituted another test case, sent it to the supreme court, and had the original decision reversed.

This kind of a compromise would hardly promote much U. S. trade with South America or arouse much neighborly confidence in the stability of U. S. investment already made there.

Novelties In the News

(By Associated Press)

—They Sued for Divorce

Los Angeles—Mona Gled filed complaint that on several occasions she was forced to leave home for fear of physical violence because she had expressed doubt of her husband's ability as a singer.

The breaking point came, she added, when their eight-year-old son observed "Daddy's singing off key again."

Leonard, her husband, upset the breakfast table at that remark, she stated.

She sued for divorce.

Remote Control

Altoona, Pa.—The congregation of St. Paul's Lutheran church heard the customary Sunday sermon by the pastor, the Rev. John L. Barnes—but he wasn't there.

Ill abed and unable to find a

substitute, he had a microphone placed in his room and connected with a public address system installed in the church.

So—

Salt Lake City—Ray Shoemaker, according to complaint of his wife, Myrtle, hated the sight of eggs so much he'd smash them on the kitchen floor if he found any in the icebox.

On the other hand, she added, he was very fond of cake.

Keeping cake in the house and

eggs out proved a problem for the cake-mixer—in fact, too great a problem.

She sued for divorce.

Seasonal Job

Pittsburgh—Paul Claus, a roly-poly, 240-pound machine repairman, is out of a job this December for the first time in years.

He carried his plight to the state employment service. Recognizing his advantages of figure and name, officials promised to try to land him a berth as Santa Claus.

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