

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Third Term Ballyhoo.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—After a president has been re-elected it's certain that some inspired patriot who is smuggled close to the throne will burst from his cell with a terrible yell to proclaim that unless the adored incumbent consents again to succeed himself this nation is doomed.

Incidentally, the said patriot's present job and perquisites also would be doomed, so he couldn't be blamed for privately brooding on the distressful thought. You wouldn't call him selfish, but you could call him hopeful, especially since there's a chance his ballyhoo may direct attention upon him as a suitable candidate when his idol says no to the proposition. He might ride in on the backwash, which would be even nicer than steering a tidal wave for somebody else.

Political observers have a name for this. They call it "sending up a balloon." It's an apt simile, a balloon being a flimsy thing, full of hot air, and when it soars aloft nobody knows where it will come down—if at all. It lacks both steering gears and terminal facilities.

There have been cases when the same comparison might have been applied not alone to the balloon but to the gentleman who launched it.

So let's remain calm. It's traditional in our history that no president ever had to go ballooning in order to find out how the wind blew and that no volunteer third-term boomer ever succeeded in taking the trip himself.

Modern Prairie Schooners.

WE'RE certainly returning — with modern improvements — to prairie schooner days when restless Americans are living on wheels and housekeeping on wheels and having babies on wheels. Only the other day twins were born aboard a trailer. And—who knows?—perhaps right now the stork, with a future president in her beak, is flapping fast, trying to catch up with somebody's perambulating bungalow.

So it's a fitting moment to revive the story of early Montana when some settlers were discussing the relative merits of various makes of those canvas-covered arks which bore such hosts of emigrants westward. They named over the Conestoga, the South Bend, the Murphy, the Studebaker and various others.

From under her battered sunbonnet there spoke up a weather-beaten old lady who, with her husband and her growing brood, had spent the long years bumping along behind an ox team from one frontier camp to another.

"Boys," she said, shifting her snuff-stick, "I always did claim the old hickory waggin wuz the best one there is fur raisin' a family in."

Pugs Versus Statesmen.

IT'S confusing to read that poor decrepit Jim Braddock, having reached the advanced age of thirty-four or thereabouts, is all washed up, and, then, in another column, to discover that the leading candidates to supply young blood on the Supreme court bench are but bounding juveniles of around sixty-six.

This creates doubt in the mind of a fellow who, let us say, is quite a few birthdays beyond that endangered wreck, Mr. Braddock, yet still has a considerable number of years to go before he'll be an agile adolescent like some senators. He can't decide whether he ought to join the former at the old men's home or enlist with the latter in the Boy Scouts.

Quiescent Major Generals.

SOMETHING has gone out of life. For months now no general of the regular army, whether retired or detailed to a civilian job, has talked himself into a jam—a raspberry jam, if you want to make a cheap pun of it.

Maybe it's being officially gagged for so long while on active service that makes such a conversational Tessie out of the average brigadier when he goes into private pursuits and lets his hair down. It's as though he took off his tact along with his epaulettes. And when he subsides there's always another to take his place.

You see, under modern warfare the commanding officer is spared. He may lead the retreat, but never the charge. When the boys go over the top he is out in front waving a sword? Not so you'd notice it. By the new rules he's signing papers in a bombproof nine miles behind the lines and about the only peril he runs is from lack of exercise in the fresh air.

May be, in view of what so often happens when peace ensues, we should save on privates instead of generals.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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FARM TOPICS

CITES RULES FOR TRUCK OPERATION

Full Loads, Backhauls, Are Important Points.

By R. C. Ashby, Associate Chief in Live Stock Marketing, University of Illinois.—WNU Service.

Full loads, steady use, high percentage of backhauls and careful handling are four essentials in successful operation of motor trucks.

These facts are pointed out in a study which the department of agricultural economics, University of Illinois, college of agriculture, has completed in co-operation with 15 truck operators who kept records of their activities in hauling farm products over a one-year period.

Three general laws of business are demonstrated by the data obtained, even in the small number of trucks on which records were kept. In the first place, costs decrease with the volume of output, in this case miles covered. Second, lower costs tend to result in lower prices or charges for hauling, and, third, total earnings increase as volume increases.

The greater the number of miles driven, the less the operating cost a mile and hour because the fixed costs are distributed over more units. Cost of operation a mile for trucks with 25,000 miles or more of use was 38 per cent lower than for the group with 15,000 miles or less.

Return loads mean more profits. Trucks which brought back a high percentage of return loads consistently were among the group having the lowest operating costs. Although there was not much correlation between costs a mile and average weight hauled, it was found that a fully loaded truck reduces the ton-mile costs considerably. In the cost of hauling live stock, the mileage required to pick up a full load is an important item.

For the 15 trucks the average cost including operating labor was 7.2 cents a mile. Omitting operating labor, driver and helper, the average cost was 4.78 cents a mile. The trucks averaged 9.1 miles a gallon of gasoline, 519.6 miles a gallon of oil, 27.3 ton-miles a gallon of gasoline and 15.2 miles an hour of operation.

Rations Protect Birds'

Health, Expert Explains

In spite of high feed prices and low returns for eggs, experienced poultrymen are using well-balanced rations instead of cheaper feeds that lack essential nutrients, says Dr. H. S. Wilgus, Jr., poultryman for Colorado State College Experiment station.

These poultrymen have learned that many of the cheaper rations do not provide necessary vitamins and proteins which protect the health of the birds and of the chicks and poults.

Poults require a higher percentage of protein, vitamins and minerals than chicks. The needs of chicks or poults for these nourishing elements in certain feeds are highest during the first week of life, and gradually decline until the birds approach sexual maturity.

More of certain vitamins are needed in breeder rations than in laying rations in order to insure high hatchability and vigorous chicks or poults. It therefore is more economical and desirable to use rations adapted to these specific purposes.

Calf Feeding

Creep-fed calves started on grain before they go on grass will continue to go into the "creep" to eat, even though they run with the cows in the pasture, according to the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois. Equal parts by measure of shelled corn and whole oats make a good feed for calves. About 20 bushels of grain and 200 pounds of hay may be eaten by a calf up to weaning time in the fall, when they are usually sold at weights of about 700 pounds at nine or ten months of age.

Young Turkey Ration

The Missouri College of Agriculture reports good results from this economical ration for growing poults: For the first 8 to 10 weeks, supply a mixture of 210 pounds of yellow corn meal, 75 pounds of bran, 50 pounds shorts, 25 pounds alfalfa leaf meal, 50 pounds meat scrap, 50 pounds soy bean meal, 25 pounds dried milk, 5 pounds salt and 10 pounds cod liver oil. This ration is kept before them all the time, with water and granite grit.

Oats for Hay

In cases where oats are to be used for hay this season, the Missouri experiment station recommends cutting with a grain binder rather than a mower. Oats cut with a mower lose color under the sun's rays and considerable trash may be raked up with them. If a binder is used, adjust the mechanism so that loose bundles are made. When shocking, set up not more than three bundles in a place. Small shocks make for rapid curing.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

Foe of Demonic Forces.

NEW YORK.—Anatole France concluded his "Revolt of the Angels" with the observation that man's only hope lay in "The Conquest of the Demons of Anger and Fear in His Own Soul." The quotation may be a bit awry, since the book is not at hand, but it is pertinent to today's news of the expedition to the arctic in the interest of demon slaying—the first of its kind, barring Siegfried's hunting trip in the land of the ice queen.

The above allusion suggests no over-simplification of the purposes of Dr. George W. Crile, famous surgeon and bio-chemist, who is heading a voyage to the Arctic. Specifically, he fights the demonic forces of anger and fear which now range the world and which any newspaper reader can recognize on sight. At seventy-three, he hopes to find in the Far North knowledge which will strengthen his arm and temper his sword, supplementing knowledge which he previously gleaned in the African jungles.

Seals and walrus, neither of them particularly angry or scared, will be studied by Dr. Crile—not as examples of dignity and complacency, but as the owners and proprietors of certain unique energy-releasing mechanisms that seem to work better than the human carburetor, the suprarenal gland system. Dr. Crile has dissected and studied about 800 jungle animals in the interest of civilized human behavior, and now, to piece out his mosaic of life energy, he goes North on an expedition—not to the ant but the sea lion.

These researches have enabled him in certain instances to cure chronic anger and fear. He finds that in this day of newspapers, radio and press agents there are high-voltage stimuli loose everywhere which make high blood-pressure the curse of the age. The name "John L. Lewis" will make one citizen apoplectic, while "Tom Girdler" will induce a similar embolism in another.

For aggravated cases of this kind, Dr. Crile has a simple "Denervation" operation, in which he throttles down the too rampant adrenal glands. Judging from the past, he could operate on the opposed principals in a labor dispute and have them falling over each other to sign an agreement.

A resident of Cleveland, he is the founder and head of the Cleveland Clinic, which is carrying through profound studies of the adrenal and thyroid glands, and of bodily metabolisms generally. His researches in the world war vastly widened and deepened the knowledge of the mechanized functioning of the endocrine glands.

These discoveries led him to describe the human body as an automobile, in which the brain is the battery, the suprarenal gland system the carburetor, the liver the gasoline tank, the muscles the motor, and the thyroid gland the gearbox.

In Africa, Dr. Crile shot and dissected hundreds of animals, from the smallest up to lions and rhinoceros. He finds that lions have a sympathetic gland reinforcing system which enables the adrenals to deal action hormones with a tremendous kick. That's what makes the lion such a good self-starter and the sure winner of any jungle track meet. Lions, tigers and ferocious lone workers in general have this hair-trigger starter.

Herding animals have a less sensitive starting and stimulating mechanism. Less complex, cold-blooded creatures, like crocodiles, have an even slower takeoff, but Dr. Crile's main point is that they all have an ignition system which perfectly serves their survival needs.

As Dr. Crile sees it, the maladjustment or malfunctioning of our energy apparatus releases uncontrolled emotions, precipitated in body poisons, and helps put the world even more out of plumb than it naturally seems to be. An artificially changed environment—with all the new problems of urban living and an unstable and complex economy—makes people keep on getting mad about things which they can't possibly affect or control, unlike the animals, and renders latterday man a signal failure in the main business of life, which is "continuous adaptation."

At home in the wider generalizations of his subject, Dr. Crile sees here the collective elements of social instability—Fuhrers, mobs, demagogues, kluxers, messiahs, warmongers, and inflammatory and provocative inciters of world demencia in general. He thinks a general all-around job of scientific human reconditioning is possibly the only answer.

He is a native of Chilo, Ohio, taking several academic degrees before completing his medical education in a number of foreign universities.

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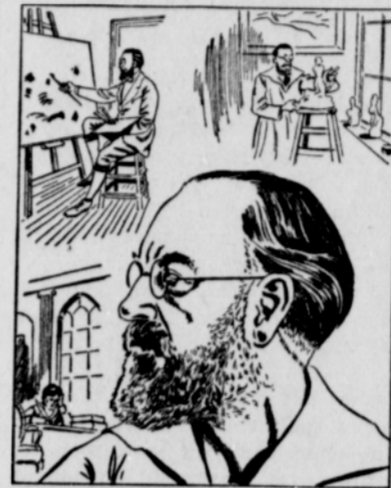
Way Back When

By JEANNE

ARTIST WAS A LAWYER'S APPRENTICE

HENRI MATISSE, one of the greatest of modern French artists, whose works now sell for hundreds of thousands of francs, might have been a commonplace lawyer had not Fate stepped in when she did. He was born in a small town in Picardy in 1869, son of a wheat dealer. His childhood was uneventful and he became a lawyer's apprentice. Then, Fate came along with an attack of appendicitis which left him an invalid for many months. In order to keep occupied while convalescing, he took up painting; and it proved so fascinating that he never opened another law book.

Matisse's first paintings, in the early 1890s, brought but a few francs. He and the group with which he associated himself, all famous now, were called "the wild beasts" because of their mad style. Their paintings outraged conservatives of the art world. Matisse was accused of willful eccentricity, senseless disregard of nature, and a deliberate intent to advertise himself. His paintings were refused exhibition space in many galleries, but slowly he built recognition for his work. In 1927, his "Fruits and Flowers" won first prize in the Carnegie International exhibition. In 1928, the Luxembourg galleries bid 300,000 francs for his picture, "Sideboard," but the man who once could hardly buy enough bread with the few francs his work brought could now afford to donate the picture to them, accepting only one franc in order to make the transaction legal.



Through many years residents of Washington and visitors to the capital of the nation have gloried in a greensward that borders the Potomac river within the District of Columbia. It is a justly famous park, made more beautiful by such stately structures as the monument to George Washington and the great citadel of beauty erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. And, to add to this beauty is the vista across the river where stands in grandeur the beautiful home that was the residence of Robert E. Lee—maintaining throughout the years the respect that a nation has for a great military leader. It reposes, or seems to repose, in peace and quiet as do the thousands of men who rest in the hillsides of Arlington National cemetery.

SINGER WAS A BISCUIT PACKER

USUALLY we are inclined to give too much credit to chance or luck in analyzing the success of prominent people, forgetting that without their talent to take advantage of an unexpected opportunity they could not have risen. Helen Morgan's sudden rise to fame is an example.

Born in Danville, Illinois, her father died when she was very young, leaving Helen Morgan and her mother practically penniless. When she was five years old, paint thrown by another child partially blinded her, and she had to spend a full year in a dark room. She sang to herself to pass the long dark hours and later she sang in a church choir in Chicago. There, she worked as a manicurist, a waitress, a computer operator, and a model. She was a ribbon clerk at Marshall Field's department store and a biscuit packer for the National Biscuit



company. None of her jobs lasted long, for her eyes were always on the stage. She sang occasionally in cabarets and finally got a job through Ziegfeld in the chorus of "Sally." Dissatisfied, she quit, and Billy Rose hired her to sing in his Backstage club.

That was Helen Morgan's lucky chance. The Backstage club was so small that she was forced to sit on the piano! Most of us would consider it a disadvantage, and perhaps she did, too. But the public was interested; she became a sensation, and speedily rose to fame. Musical comedies and motion pictures starred her, and soon she was singing in a night club named for her, at a salary of \$1,500 per week. Today she is known the world over.

Perhaps, if Helen Morgan had not had to sit on the piano in the Backstage club, she would never have risen to stardom. Perhaps, she would have sung comparatively unknown for a couple of years, and gone back to manicuring or biscuit packing. But, remember, she had something worth delivering when she sat on the piano.

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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart

National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington. — This article shall be devoted not to politics nor to affairs of the government of the nation exclusively but to the future—

Future Leaders

the future leaders. It shall be, to that extent, a discussion of fundamentals about which I think there can be no controversy.

First, let us take a quick survey. In the Capitol building of our own nation there is raging a bitter debate between two schools of political thought. The question is whether there shall be a law passed that will give to the President of the United States the power to appoint additional justices to the bench of the Supreme court when and if present sitting members reach the age of seventy-five and refuse to retire from active work.

In Spain, a bitter political warfare moves on apace. It is over the question whether Communism of the Russian sort or Fascism of the Italian brand should be the dominant influence in the government of that nation.

In the Far East, along the Russian border, troops of the Japanese emperor and of the Russian dictator, Stalin, glared at each other. Their controversy also involves political bases. That controversy also is complicated by economic conditions. It is a powder keg.

Back in Europe, we find a dictator, Hitler by name, persecuting citizens of Germany almost without end. A political question there is involved and it is complicated deeply by religion and race. Hitler and his minions seek to destroy, first, the Catholic church and, second, the Jews.

Somewhat set off by the great Alps, although woven intricately into the whole picture, is another distorted and disturbing condition. In Italy, Mussolini, having most of his people under his steel boot, is now preparing for new crusades. He has ordered all steel producing units in Italy to increase their production to the maximum so that war material will be available. Mussolini wants more territory; he wants to expand the influence of Fascism and he wants to build a gigantic world power in a military way with Rome as the center and with him as the head.

Through many years residents of Washington and visitors to the capital of the nation have gloried in a greensward that borders the Potomac river within the District of Columbia. It is a justly famous park, made more beautiful by such stately structures as the monument to George Washington and the great citadel of beauty erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. And, to add to this beauty is the vista across the river where stands in grandeur the beautiful home that was the residence of Robert E. Lee—maintaining throughout the years the respect that a nation has for a great military leader. It reposes, or seems to repose, in peace and quiet as do the thousands of men who rest in the hillsides of Arlington National cemetery.

In this peaceful setting for ten days, more than twenty-six thousand boys—the leaders of the future—were congregated in a National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America. Tents were everywhere. Uncounted boys in the khaki shorts, which is their uniform, flitted about the city or held various maneuvers or staged dramas of the ages in a great arena. Among them was a sprinkling, and the number was not more than a sprinkling compared to the boys, of the scoutmasters and mature men who constitute the leadership of this great army of youth.

I hope I may be forgiven for interjecting here an expression of my personal feelings. It has been my lot to work hard from the time I put off swaddling clothes. The work I have done and the experiences I have met had a tendency to make me callous, somewhat cynical. But I must confess that on half a dozen occasions as I wandered through this tented city, I gave thought to my own boyhood and to two boys for whom I am responsible, I felt a swelling of pride, a satisfaction of heart, that I live in a nation which has given me the right to liberty and progress.

Moreover, there came to me the thoughts of the future of my own two boys and the millions of others just like them—future leaders of a nation that holds forth such possibilities as are best evidenced by the encampment of those twenty-six thousand then within the range of my vision.

Then, no tribute to these future leaders of our nation and to the nation which bred them can or will be complete without mention of Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive. Dr. West was an orphan boy. Worse, he was a cripple. And to add to these handicaps, there was a period in his early life when

the keenest medical minds said he could not live and if he did live would be a hopeless invalid. But Dr. West was made out of the same mold from which came the founders of our nation and from whom, as founders, the traditions and the methods known now as the American way have grown.

It was Dr. West who devoted, indeed, dedicated his life to the organization and development of the Boy Scouts of America. It is now an organization of more than two million boys and there are some six million who can be called alumni because they have grown too old to remain in the ranks of active Boy Scouts.

I mentioned earlier that this was an army of peace, an army devoted to the maintenance of American traditions. No better proof of this need be given, if any were needed, than the notorious fact that representatives from the three totalitarian states—Italy, Germany and Russia—are missing from the encampment. In two of those states the Boy Scout movement has been superseded by a dictator's decree which forces regimentation and militarizing of the youth. They are being trained for war. Happily most countries still pin their faith to the virtues summarized in the Scout law—the boys promise not to die but to live, not to cringe but to blossom, by holding themselves ever trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, clean, and last but not least to maintain a reverence for God.

So, I think I can be pardoned for the feeling I have that in this encampment lie the seeds of a continued free America, waiting the time to take root and bloom into manhood. It is from these and from these alone that we can hope to maintain in our beloved nation a political system which warrants neither Communism nor Fascism; which desires liberty and peace and which challenges the cockeyed theories that government must care for the people rather than the people care for their government.

It seemed to me, therefore, to be something of a sour note that the National Youth administration which set up a hideous looking, box-like structure near the center of the capital city from which literature could be distributed to the Boy Scouts. This structure looked at all the world like a soft drink stand at a cheap carnival and I, personally, resented the action of National Youth administration officials who ordered its construction. I felt this way because the National Youth administration is predicated upon the very theory that I have just condemned—a theory that government must serve as a father for everybody and that it must lay down rules to which all must subscribe. It is the nearest thing to the regimentation that is going on in nations under dictators that exists in our government today.

Cabled dispatches from Russia indicate again that the dictator, Stalin, is determined to rid the Soviet of anyone and everyone who may be opposed to him. The official announcements of the so-called Soviet government tell of the "liquidation" of numerous individuals who have objected to Stalin's tactics or who are seeking to revise the Soviet system. "Liquidation" in Russia means that those individuals were executed by a firing squad. A dead man can cause no harm to the aspirations of a dictator.

The Stalin administration arranges for the "liquidation" of its opponents by coercion of confessions and this is followed up by what the Soviet calls a trial in a court of justice. The courts of justice are owned and controlled by Stalin; they decide as they are told to decide and there is no such thing as an impartial court in Russia because the government owns the courts and names the judges who are to do the government's bidding.

Private advices from abroad seem to show that there is a very serious uprising underneath the surface in Russia. Thousands of Russians have grown tired of having one man determine whether they shall live or die and they yearn again for a system of courts which will determine their guilt or innocence in accordance with honest evidence presented and not in accordance with the way the governing clique wants justice administered.

As the Russian judiciary is constructed under the mailed fist of Stalin, courts are a farce. Without such a court structure, however, a dictator could not perpetuate his own power. He must have control of the courts in order to carry out under the guise of law all of the whims and fancies and hatreds that he possesses. A nation of free people does not long remain free after its courts become subjected to the direction and control of one man. Judges who can administer justice without fear or favor are the first requisite to liberty.

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