

OFFICIAL LAUDS WOMAN DRIVERS

PLINT, Mich.—Found: a man who says jokes about women drivers aren't funny!

He's a man in a position to know, too, for he is C. W. Churchill, general sales manager of the Buick Motor company. In Mr. Churchill's opinion, the numerous variations of the yarn, based on a woman's probable intentions, when she puts out her hand while driving, are only so many reflections on the male sex itself—reflections which men themselves should and eventually will resent.

"If men would only stop to analyze the thing," said Mr. Churchill, "they would see that every such joke is a boomerang. If women's indecisiveness when driving is so pronounced as to inspire joking, men themselves are mostly to blame.

"Men have destroyed women's confidence, and loss of confidence, more than any other factor, accounts for hesitant or eccentric manipulation of motor cars. Every time a man attempts to discredit the driving of women as a class, he is taking an even harder wallop at the men folk, whose impatience is largely responsible for whatever faults women drivers exhibit.

"Almost everyone can think of some few women whom he exempts from the category of unskilled drivers. Among my own acquaintances, at least, the thing works out according to a fairly definite rule: The best women drivers I know,—drivers as sure of themselves, and as expert in emergencies, as any man,—are those who have no more to do about. And the next-best are wives who have cars of their own.

"Such a woman never has to wheedle or cajole to get the family car for the afternoon. No dread of a scolding hangs over her, to affect her driving skill. She may even exercise man's prerogative of getting into an occasional friendly crash, if she feels like it, without making explanations to her lord or being upbraided for her presumed carelessness. Driving becomes automatic with her, just as it does with men.

"Almost every community has at least one family in which the situation is reversed. The wife wears the trousers, and the husband is the meek and submissive partner. Such a husband, if permitted to drive at all, is likely to exhibit the very faults of which men complain in women. But his friends don't blame him. They say: 'The poor fellow is afraid to call his soul his own. If he scratched the car his wife would kill him.'

The man really interested in improving his wife's driving should try patience. Mr. Churchill believes. "Most men are somewhat mechanical-minded," he said. "Before they have been driving long, they know exactly what is taking place in their car when gears are shifted or brakes applied. The knowledge makes them better drivers. And it comes so naturally to them that they are inclined to be impatient with persons to whom it does not.

"Women do not as a rule understand mechanical things so readily as men. It is no reflection upon them that they do not. They have had more important responsibilities than driving automobiles. Handling a car in traffic could scarcely be 'second nature' to the average woman, any more than the fine points of housework could be so to the average man."

The First Trip to the Country

Every week-end sees processions of automobiles whizzing off to the country, loaded with jolly, carefree people, their faces expressing their anticipation of two or three hours in the newly green country or woods after a long, hard winter.

Though the ground may be somewhat damp it is forgotten in the joy of eating the first picnic lunch of the year and watching the fire snap and crackle.

The lunch, of course, falls to the women, and so they have planned a meal that could not be served around the family dining table.

The steak is not cooked in a plebian frying pan. No, it is cut into servings, broiled over glowing coals and eaten, with bread and butter. The most elaborate form of kabal, as the girl scouts call this dish, is arranged by alternating pieces of steak, sliced onion and potatoes along the stick.

Camp Fire Girls have also taught us to cook the cheese loaf. Wrap each piece of cheese very carefully in a slice of bacon.

Then the green stick through the bacon in such a way that it will keep it from unwrapping. By the time the bacon is broiled, the cheese is deliciously melted. It is a wise precaution to hold a piece of toast in one hand during the cooking of the bacon when it begins to drop its burden.

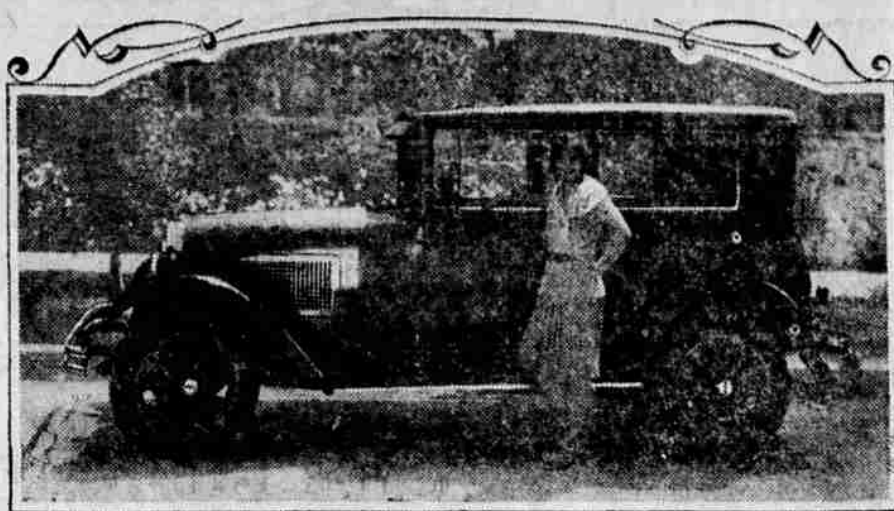
After a meal like this it is not necessary for mother to work very hard or wash many dishes.

N. Y. TIMES EDITOR TO FLY WITH LINDBERGH

PORTLAND, Ore., June 16.—(AP)—Dr. John Huston Finley, editor of the New York Times, who was here today delivering the commencement address at Reed college, said he planned to return to the Pacific northwest next month, flying as passenger with Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, if official duties permit.

Dr. Finley plans to attend the meeting of the American Bar association in Seattle, July 28. He is to leave here this afternoon for Stanford university.

FILM STAR AND HER WHIPPET SIX



Dorothy Gulliver, featured by Universal in the "Collegian" series, and who recently completed the feminine lead in the Jewel production "Honeycomb Flats," takes enough time from her strenuous work in the movie studios to pose with her favorite car, a Whippet Six Coach.

Brilliant Presidential Losers

The history of the presidency and of presidential conventions is read, for the most part, in the lives of those who emerged as victors in the political battles and attained the summit of their ambitions. But behind these loom the shadows of the men before whose eyes the prize was dangled only to be snatched away—a long procession of losers in the national game.

Many of whose very names have been forgotten, but among them were some of the brightest in the history of American statesmanship, men whose brilliant attainments and political prominence lent a glow to the lives of the disappointed. Grouped together in the dim distance of time are three of commanding figure whose names were written large in the early history of the nation and whose magnetic personalities swayed millions of their countrymen—Calhoun, Webster and Clay. For twenty-five years Calhoun dreamed, schemed and planned for the presidential nomination and after being twice shelved in the vice-presidency he locked horns with Andrew Jackson on the nullification issue and was crushed in Jackson's machine.

No man looked more like a president—like a king ought to look, for that matter—than Daniel Webster. Tremendous physically and mentally, he towered above all his contemporaries in personality and intellectual magnetism. The great ambition of his life was the presidency, and it was in furtherance of that ambition that his otherwise untarnished political career was clouded with an action that forever extinguished his hopes and brought down upon his head much bitter and unmerited abuse. Upon the organization of the Whig party in 1834, Webster was looked upon as its greatest leader, yet as a candidate for the presidency in 1836 he received only the electoral vote of Massachusetts. Again a candidate in 1840, he might have attained his ambition by the intervention of chance. The nomination for the vice-presidency was tendered to him and he refused it. Had he accepted it, he, instead of Tyler, would have succeeded General Harrison, who died shortly after his inauguration. In 1843 everything seemed to point to Webster as the Whig nominee before the convention—his friends said that he had earned the right to be named, that Clay had tried twice and failed, and that it was now logically Webster's turn. But when the convention met at Philadelphia June 7, 1848, Webster received only twenty-two votes on the third ballot and Zachary Taylor was nominated on the fourth ballot.

The Lost Leader Two years later he forever extinguished his hopes and shadowed his fame by his famous speech in the senate of March 7, 1850, in which, it was charged later, he sought to further his presidential ambitions by upholding the fugitive slave act and thereby making a bid for southern support. This was the speech that called forth Whittier's bitter poem, "Ichabod," in which the poet expressed his mournful indignation at Webster's "desertion" of the anti-slavery cause and deplored him as a lost leader, "the glory from his gray hairs gone forevermore." Yet, in spite of the northern abuse that was heaped upon him, Webster was again a candidate for the presidency before the Whig convention at Baltimore in 1852, and he headed as the man to whom "all eyes were turned" and a "statesman of greatest public service." Webster never received more than thirty-one votes in a long drawn out contest, in which fifty-three ballots were taken. Statesmanship didn't count against a war record and General Winfield Scott won the prize. A few months later he died, a disappointed man.

But Calhoun and Webster were, after all, only presidential possibilities—neither was ever, in fact, a formidable contender in the lists. Of practical politics they knew little or nothing—both were men of magnificent sentiments and lofty ideals of political courtesy. There was only the justice of long deferred hopes and the fading of insubstantial dreams. The really epic figures that stand out as tragic personifications of forlorn hopes are those of Henry Clay and James G. Blaine, whose careers, separated by a half century of time, were almost duplicate examples of near achievement and ultimate disaster. Both were master politicians and dominated the councils of their parties. Both were magnetic in personality, eloquent in speech and idolized by their followers, and, to complete the parallel, both became victims of a political enemy whose fateful vengeance wrought the long flood of their political woes. Blaine, who was somewhat of a

Brilliant Presidential Losers

fatalist, was obsessed with the idea that his career—at least in its later stages—was to follow in its evolution that of Henry Clay. When the comparatively unknown Grover Cleveland was nominated by the democrats to run against him in 1884, he had a pronouncement of defeat. "I am the Henry Clay of the republican party," he said once to his friend, A. K. McClure. "Clay was defeated in two conventions when he could have been elected president, and he was nominated for president when his competitor was elected, and that competitor was one who had not been publicly discussed as a presidential candidate before the meeting of the Baltimore convention of 1844. I was defeated in two conventions when I could have been elected. I am nominated now with a competitor alike obscure with the competitor of Clay." Then he shook his head and murmured sadly, "1844-1884." His hunch was true. Blaine was defeated in 1884 as Clay was in 1844.

The Clay-Jackson Feud Every four years for a quarter of a century Clay was a prominent contender for the presidency. It was the vengeance of Jackson crystallized into a feud that wrought his downfall. In 1824, before the days of conventions, Jackson and Clay were both candidates for the presidency. William H. Crawford and John Quincy Adams were also candidates. There was a deadlock in the electoral college and the election was thrown into congress. Clay, despairing of success, withdrew and threw his influence to Adams. It was charged by his enemies, and believed by Jackson to his dying day, that Clay had made a deal with Adams by which he was to get the portfolio of state in Adams' cabinet. Adams, in fact, did appoint Clay as secretary of state when he assumed the presidency. Jackson never forgave Clay—he was a good hater and an inveterate political feudist.

Jackson was nominated and beat Adams in 1828, and four years later Clay was nominated by the national republicans to oppose Jackson when there seemed but little chance of his election. Jackson again made the most of the Adams-Clay scandal and after a campaign extraordinary for its bitterness and violence, Clay went down to defeat. Four years later Clay was still nursing his big hope, but the wrath of Achilles was on his trail and he was passed by as an "unavailable candidate." But in 1844, the Whigs united on Clay and nominated him by acclamation and this time the road seemed clear before him. He was expected to be elected, and he was so nominated by the unpopular Van Buren. But the feat of the dark horses, Polk, went over instead and with the laurels of victory almost in his grasp, Clay was badly beaten. It was the finishing stroke to his life-long ambition. The shadow of Jackson had pursued him to the end. Though he left his name attached to a famous aphorism—"I would rather be right than be president"—the latter years of his life were deeply embittered by his shattered hopes and he died a broken-spirited man.

Blaine's political nemesis was Roscoe Conkling, whose hatred was a malevolent influence throughout his political career, and while it was only one of several factors that contributed to his many defeats, it was a powerful one. Despite Burchar's alliterative faux pas, Conkling's aid in New York during the 1884 campaign might

have given Blaine the electoral vote of that state, which decided the election. It went to Cleveland by a plurality of only 1149 in a total vote of 1,125,189. And it is beyond all doubt that it was Conkling's vengeful hand that turned two national conventions against the brilliant, magnetic and popular "plumed knight."

A Speech That Lost a Presidency The feud between Blaine and Conkling originated in a personal oratorical attack made by Blaine against the haughty member from New York when both were young members of the house. It was one of the most scathingly bitter and at the same time one of the most expensive speeches that Blaine ever made. It took only a few minutes to deliver it, but it required a lifetime to escape its echoes. Conkling had long been lording it over the house, and one day he crossed swords with Blaine by remarking with supreme disdain and in his most haughty manner, "If the member from Maine had the least idea how profoundly indifferent I am to his opinion upon the subject under debate, I think he would hardly take the trouble to rise here and express his opinion." This brought from Blaine the most withering explosion of polished classical sarcasm ever uttered on the floor of the house. Facing Conkling he said:

"As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so willing; his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supercilious, overpowering turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the members of the house that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for this. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted and satirical writer, Theodore Tilton of the New York Independent spent some weeks recently in this city. His letters published in that paper embraced with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter



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Davis had fallen upon the member from New York. That gentleman took it seriously and it has given his trust additional pomposity. The resemblance is striking: Hyperion to a satyr; Thersites to Hercules; mud to marble; dunghill to diamond; a singed cat to a royal Bengal tiger; a whining puppy to a roaring lion.

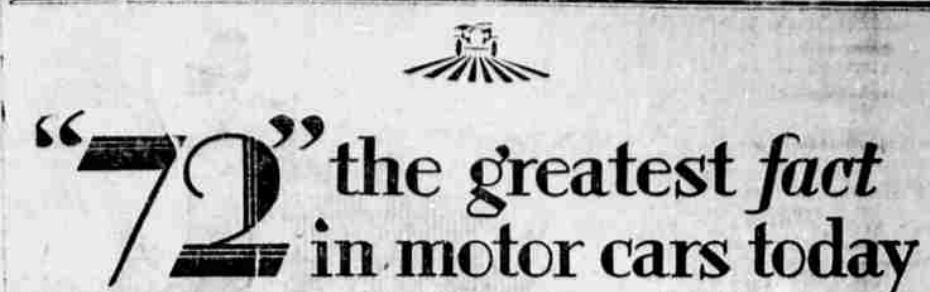
That two-minute talk that completely squelched Conkling and sank deep into the roots of his vanity re-echoed in the national convention halls for twenty years afterward it twice cost Blaine the nomination and once contributed to his defeat at the polls. It was Conkling's hand that maneuvered the "anything to beat Blaine" movement in 1876. It was Conkling's tactics in the convention of 1880 that intensified the bitterness between the Blaine and the Grant delegates and precipitated the unexpected swing to Garfield. It was Conkling's "I am not in the criminal practice," when asked to speak for Blaine in the campaign of 1884, that probably turned enough votes in New York to defeat him. Blaine's last appearance as a candidate for the presidency was his dramatic entry into the fight of 1892 at the last hour, with its pathetic finale. In a few vivid words Ingalls has told the story.

"The fourth day, June 16, Blaine was put in nomination by Senator Wolcott of Colorado. The scene was indescribably pathetic. All knew he was at the threshold of eternity, but at the mention of his name the convention broke into confusion, and volleys of thunders of applause that for twenty-seven minutes seemed to shake the foundations of earth and sky. Like the chorus of an anthem, with measured solemnity, the galleries chanted, 'Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine,' while white plumes and banners waved and women with flags and scarfs filled the air with motion and color and life. It was the passing of Blaine. That gigantic demonstration was at once a salutation and a requiem. The republican party there took leave of their dying leader and bade him an eternal farewell."

The Peerless Leader of Forlorn Hopes

With Blaine an era passed. The old order was making way for the progressive wave. And with it came, on the democratic side, the greatest loser in political history—William Jennings Bryan. Many denied him soundness of judgment, economic knowledge, a capacity either as a thinker or an executive. But as a leader, an organizer, a great crusader, and a magnetic orator, his place is unquestioned. He was his party's greatest general of lost battles, its greatest apostle of defeat, its most uncompromising reorganizer of lost causes. Three times nominated and defeated for the presidency, his control of the party remained unimpaired and, denied the crown himself, it was his hand that placed it upon the

head of Woodrow Wilson in the fateful convention at Baltimore in 1912, as Champ Clark, with the prize almost in his grasp, moved off, a broken man, into the shade of political history.



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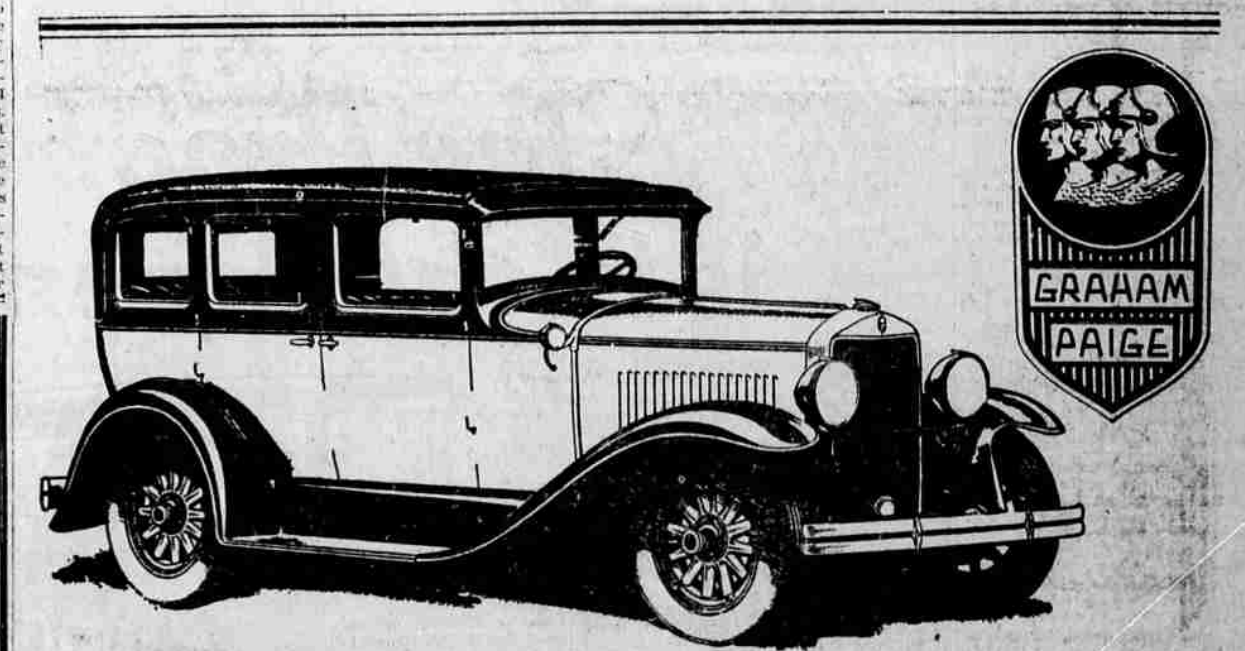
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