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No Longer a Bridegroom

THE other day we remarked upon the fact that the honeymoon was about over for President Roosevelt. The Congressional Record for May 25th, just received, certainly bears out this prediction.

In the senate three of President Roosevelt's favorites, all occupying important positions in the government at the present time, were given a terrific panning.

FIRST came Secretary of the Treasury Woodin, held up to scorn as the "dear friend of J. P. Morgan" who got in on the ground floor with a \$20,000 stock purchase.

Next, Norman H. Davis, Roosevelt's ambassador-at-large in Europe, who was a similar beneficiary, and who, the senate was informed, without proper authority or official standing, had hooked up the United States with the hated League of Nations.

Thirdly, Miss Frances Perkins, secretary of labor, an intimate friend of both President and Mrs. Roosevelt, who it seems made a very unfortunate speech before the Welfare Council of New York city when she referred to the "barefoot south" and declared "a revolution will take place if you put shoes on the people of the South."

ALL three members of Roosevelt's official family were most bitterly assailed, largely by senators of the president's own party.

Senator Wheeler of Montana led the attack on Woodin, claiming that the administration had made the House of Morgan fiscal agents of this country as well as Great Britain.

Senator Robinson (Rep.) of Indiana led the attack on Davis, but his attack was based upon articles written by that prominent Democrat and until recently ardent Roosevelt supporter, William Randolph Hearst.

Miss Perkins was held up to ridicule and condemnation by practically every democratic senator in the south, including Carter Glass, and even Copeland of New York, put in his oar, for good measure.

Senator Russell of Georgia expressed himself as follows:

I hope the secretary of labor will see fit to visit the South. I assure her that a crowd will not gather on the streets to view her leather-clad feet as anything out of the ordinary or as any rare phenomena. She will not find, in any of the rural sections, the citizens all shamelessly wiggling their bare toes in the soil; and she will further find that in the cities our people do not expose the soles of their bare feet to the hot pavements.

Whereupon Senator Bailey of North Carolina declared even the mules in the South wear shoes, and Senator Glass taking another tack, defended the shoeless South, declaring that "when I grew up as a boy we did not care a tinker's damn about a boy who wore shoes. We regarded him as a sissy and would not associate with him."

Following which this colloquy took place:

Mr. Long. Mr. President, is this lady who has informed us about the shoeless South the person who is to be given jurisdiction under the so-called "industrial legislation"?

Mr. Bailey. I would not be able to say what is going to happen along that line.

Mr. Long. It looks to me as if the lady had better be sent to school. Somebody should teach her about something except manuring sets, or something. Somebody ought to show her how to get in out of the rain before we turn her loose on the whole country.

Fortunately President Roosevelt has, what his predecessor lacked, a sense of humor, and he will no doubt treat this Perkins incident as it should be treated, with a smile.

But the attacks on Woodin and Davis, are different—these attacks involve policies which the president takes seriously, and which he will defend.

But here undoubtedly Roosevelt's political shrewdness will come into play. Woodin has never liked his job, and unlike Mellon will be glad to take another one. In due time he will.

As for Davis, he was inherited from the Hoover administration. We have an idea he has been retained, to act more or less as a stalking horse, and when he has drawn the enemies' fire, he can be transferred, without any embarrassment to the administration or loss in its prestige.

But one phase of the situation President Roosevelt can't deny. The orange blossoms have started to fade. The honeymoon is over.

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Looking Forward With F. R.

AS A matter of fact the sooner President Roosevelt succeeds in his job of returning the country to something approaching normal prosperity, the sooner his troubles will begin.

For his freedom from trouble, the amazing popular support he has enjoyed both in and out of congress, has been due solely to the depression. The sense of a common peril, has united all factions behind him, allowed him unhindered to secure the revolutionary legislation he desired, given him the greatest powers ever accorded a chief executive in the history of this—or any other—country.

Once remove that sense of peril, return the American people to a feeling of security and well being, and the stress and strain, that has beset every occupant of the White House in this generation will undoubtedly begin.

Then—and not until then,—will the president's real mettle be shown. From the standpoint of political history, that period will be far more interesting, and important, than the present period.

Then and not now, will it be determined whether Roosevelt's "new deal" is merely a vote-catching phrase, or a fundamental principle, marking the creation of a new political party.

FOR, AS we see it, there is to be no middle ground for Franklin D.—no half-way station where he can alight. Whether he succeeds or fails, it is going to be sensational success or complete and dismal failure.

Only time can tell. But this much is certain. President Roosevelt can't hold his own party, on the course he must take, and obviously he can't become leader of the opposing party.

He must, to win, form a new party of his own, supported by an amalgamation of both major parties—both Democrats and Republicans. He must fight the money power, he must fight the Tory wing of Big Business, he must fight the die hard isolationists, and the high tariff beneficiaries—and when any individual fights a crowd like that he has some fight on his hands.

Well, here's wishing him luck and hoping he wins. It's up to him and him alone. The hand of history has placed Franklin D. Roosevelt at the spot.

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Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

PATIENTS DO NOT DIE OF APPENDICITIS IN ENGLAND.

A motion "That in every case of acute appendicitis immediate operation is indicated" was recently debated by the Royal Society of Medicine and later by Fellowship of Medicine and Postgraduate Association, and both representative English medical bodies appear to have disagreed, after the traditional manner of the profession.

The weight of opinion appears to be evenly divided upon the question of immediate operation in all cases. In some cases it is good judgment on the part of the surgeon to wait a bit, these representative English doctors think. These cases, where some of the best doctors deem it wise to wait, constitute perhaps 2 or 3 percent of all the acute cases of appendicitis—so don't bank on cheating the surgeon out of his opportunity if you come down with an all-wool yard-wide bellyache tomorrow.

All the English surgeons and physicians seem to be in accord about the wisdom of immediate operation in every case of acute appendicitis in a young child. With older persons it may be a fair gamble to wait a few hours or even a few days; with a child it is not fair to take such a chance. For the changes that happen in such illness in the very young are too sudden and the effect too disastrous. I know something of the pain a parent suffers when a child is in this plight; I know, too, that good, prompt American surgery assuages that pain as nothing else can.

Lord Moynihan, famous English surgeon, pulled off one of his aphorisms—wisecracks, as we call 'em here. Patients never die of appendicitis, he said; they die of its treatment.

Now wait a moment. It is vitally important for you to get the drift of this Dr. Robert T. Morris of English medicine. He isn't throwing any bricks at the bungling works. Not he. Moynihan is one of them. What he means is that aperients are fatal, in acute appendicitis.

Aperients? Oh, you know the English have their aperients. Aperients are laxative or cathartic agents—medicines, mineral waters, foods.

So that's what Mr. Moynihan—his-

case me, his lordship means. Indeed he went right on to say that he had never seen a gangrenous perforated appendix, (which, I assure you, children, is far worse than it sounds) where an aperient was not the cause (of the perforation or rupture or of the dire consequences of this eventuality.) No danger would ensue from expectant treatment (that means watchful waiting) if aperients were withheld and if nothing whatever—particularly water—was given by mouth. A single drop of water, averaged Lord Moynihan, causes intestine activity of the alimentary tract in the appendix region.

And that's a pretty good thing to remember: Where there is even a suspicion of acute appendicitis let nothing be given by mouth. External heat, preferably moist heat as from a large poultice or flannels wrung out of hot water, applied externally for relief, patient kept as quiet as possible, no physical, no food, no water, at least till the doctor comes.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Nature Is Kind.
 I am 22 years old. Eight months ago I had mumps, and there was a complicating epididymitis, the doctor called at... What effect this will have... (J. L. E.)

Answer—No effect. As long as the opposite gland remains intact there is no appreciable impairment of any kind, now or later.

Equalizing Circulation.
 I find that your advice of a daily walk of about two hours, or several miles, is excellent. For me it has proved a remedy for restless nerves. It has equalized the circulation and induced restful sleep. A priceless boon. (C. W. D.)

Answer—For those who can't afford to walk, a daily bicycle ride is the next best thing.

Dang.
 Your article "Crack in the Back" interested me greatly (three pages of history of a case)... your opinion of the case... (R. H. A.)

Answer—I am sorry now I wrote the article. It brought a great number of letters from gullible folk who are ever ready to believe that when a physician unwittingly describes some of their present symptoms, he can also divine by long distance second-sight what all them and what they should do about it. In other words they think the doctor must be a quack.

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Business Will Get Better.
 Business will get better, here in our own community, just as soon as we begin to get more money into circulation, and NOT BEFORE.

AND when will that happen?
 Well, not right away. Two things, broadly speaking, bring money into this country—sales of lumber at fair prices and sales of agricultural produce at fair prices.

These things bring money INTO THE COMMUNITY. We send money out of the community for those things we use but do not ourselves produce.

For some time past, due to low prices of agricultural produce and low prices of lumber and resulting inactivity in the lumber industry, we have been sending more money out than we have been getting back.

Before business can get definitely better with us, we must have time to re-establish the normal balance between what goes out and what comes in.

WHEN will that time come?
 It can't come very much before fall. It is in the fall, you know, that agricultural products are sold. And before lumber markets can improve materially the condition of those who buy lumber must improve, so that they will have the money with which to buy.

BUT at least it can be said, with increasing confidence, that a few things are getting better, whereas for more than three years in the past they have been getting steadily worse.

That helps a lot.

Editorial Comment

We called attention the other day to what seemed to be very evident instances of perjury in the Banks trial. Apparently the same idea occurred to the district attorney for the dispatches announce that the matter is to be brought before the Lane county grand jury. That's good. Perjury has become the fashion in law suits rather than the exception and seldom is anything done about it.—(Corvallis "Astorian Times").

For the first time in its history, the University of Missouri has a fencing team.

The National Blue started the 1933 season with four left handers on their hurling staff.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 31.—Many mannikins have graduated from Manhattan dress-making shops to real social distinction abroad the past few years. Most notable perhaps is the former Josephine Armstrong. She was selected by Jean Patou several years ago to grace his baroque salon in the rue Florentin.

Her marriage to Erskine Gwynn blond playboy of the American colony, was followed by the red-haired "Foxy," as she is known around Place Vendome, did not step out of the social picture. She is a constant guest at homes, denuded to climbers, in London, Paris, the Riviera and St. Moritz.

Her firm friendships include the Prince of Wales and Mountbatten. Edwina Price, also a mannikin with Miss Armstrong, is the former Maybelle Manning's in the wife of Leo d'Elanger, member of the celebrated banking family in London, and attends court functions. Bijl Martin is a countess.

Dolores, best known perhaps as the statuesque show girl of the Midnight Frolic, began as a mannikin in New York. Now grey-haired, but still retaining the beauty that filled first row tables, she is the wife of Richard Wilkinson, noted artist bracketed high in Parisian swank.

Swift changes, incidentally, have come to the lineup of Paris courtiers the past few months. Topping the heap is the Chicago-born Marjorie, breathless in extreme Gallicism as "Mine-heshay". He was once Main R. Borcher, in plastic days a chorus boy, concert accompanist and scribbler on a New York fashion magazine.

The happy truth is designers for the movie studios are making Hollywood the style capital of the world. There's no longer that weasel phrase with a significant shrug: "It looks Hollywood." In a recent symposium in Harper's Bazaar, the talented Carmel Snow, I think it was, frankly warned: "Today a mere child knows that if you want Garbo results, you better look Garbo."

The designer who transformed the gawky and dowdy Garbo into the swaying and sinuous sylvia she is today is Adrian, yanked out of the Connecticut brush to spark lustre at a Hollywood exquisite. His creations are curiously periodless and startlingly simple and American. He holds down the western fashion front while Peggy Hoyt adds a chic to the eastern decor. And Paris winks artistic hands.

Cinema Circes who lead the pack in influencing styles, aside from Garbo, are Dietrich, Bennett, Davies, Crawford, Francis, Tashman and Shearer. I understand the most extravagant gown buyers for personal wear are Joan Crawford and Lilyan Tashman. They buy 50 or so at a crack. Or did.

Nobody so flogged the masculine imagination sartorially as Jack Buchanan six years ago. He gave such panache to the double breasted dinner coat that the shawl collared single breasted jackets of the day looked overnight like a hoot-nanny on the hickey. And his single large stud dress shirt made the three stud dickey as passé as a gold ear spoon.

The other afternoon with a real estate agent, I visited an aristocratic old mansion soon to fall under the pick. Next to the Wendell home on the avenue, it is the most depressing pile in town. It was built in the days of the hackney coach with great stables and wide-walced court yard. Our feet echoed noisily on the banistered stairs. Nothing inspires hushed caution like a deserted house. One feels the intruder. If there were spirits about—perhaps a queer doubt to express in this day—I wondered if they were not arching tut-tutting brows at the newly erected sign out front: "On this site will be erected the largest dance hall, combination beer garden and automat in the world."

Another excursion recently was a lightning flash through the chauffeurs' paradise, Holland Tunnel. It is the one place drivers can "step on it" without being on the business end of a thumb-jerk and "Pull in to the curb!" Ray Long once likened the jump to a greased pig going through Child's.

Sitting in the front seat of an open car in the tunnel I unbuckoned my mouth for an observation. In the rush of breezes it was a faint "Galuph Melodramatic." On top of that I went through a cloud of gnats, including (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)



O. O. McIntyre by divorce, but the red-haired "Foxy," as she is known around Place Vendome, did not step out of the social picture.

Warden Kirk Prather, who leaves office today, and two guards were released last night in the hill country of northeastern Oklahoma by six of the fleeing prisoners, and returned here at 7:15 a. m. Three women, whose car was commandeered by the other five, reported they were safe at Pleasanton, Kas., about 100 miles south of Lansing near the Kansas-Missouri border.

Watchman Killed
 Otto L. Durkee, 42, night watchman at Chetopa, Kas., was shot and fatally injured by an unidentified assailant. Chetopa is about 15 miles across the Kansas border from Welch, Okla., where a group of the convicts liberated Prather and the guards. Officers were investigating the possibility that Durkee was killed in an encounter with one of the two groups of fugitive convicts.

The watchman's body was found in an alley. He had been shot through the heart with a 25-20 caliber rifle, investigators said.

Durkee's revolver was empty, having been fired six times. Mangled cartridges in the street nearby indicated a gun fight, but no witnesses to the shooting had been discovered.

Telephone of Safety
 A telephone call from Miss Louise Wood, 17, to her father, M. J. Wood, who had waited anxiously for word since he was informed by a girl chum since he was thrust from his car about noon Tuesday, was the first news from the three women. Mrs. M. J. Wood is an invalid. The girl chum was Miss Clovis Wears, 17, whose home is in Higgins, Tex., but who attend high school in Kansas City.

Miss Wood said the men did not harm them and drove on after releasing them last night near the farm home of George New, near Pleasanton. They were in custody of a convict in Oklahoma.

Warden Prather credited his safety, and that of his companions, L. A. Laws and John Sherman, to a bottle of whiskey the convicts drank after crossing the state line into Oklahoma after a six-day journey through eastern Kansas. They drank molasses, he said, the warden, but he feared for his life even up to the time the three hostages were ejected from the car near Welch, Okla.

Rob Station Operator
 At Miami, Okla., a filling station operator said the leader of four men who robbed the station today of a few dollars and gasoline resembled Wilbur Underhill, leader of the fugitives.

After a day of hard driving, during which they commandeered several motor cars, the six with their hostages crossed the southern border and returned to Oklahoma. The old stamping ground of Wilbur Underhill, 30-year-old gunman and murderer. Underhill is the supposed leader of the fleeing convicts who yesterday selected a thrilling part of a Memorial day baseball game to make the break.

One of the six, Harvey Bailey, known as the "golf course" bandit, was suffering from a broken right leg, the result of a shot from the prison wall while the escape was in progress. Officers believed the next objective of the convicts would be medical attention for their comrade.

Molasses for Drink
 The warden gave a detailed account of the wild ride and credited his release to a bottle of whiskey the men had obtained. The drinks put the prisoners in a jovial mood and let them believe today of the methods they used in smuggling weapons into the twin plant. They also disclaimed any connection with the other five prisoners in the plot. Warden Prather said Underhill, serving a sentence for the murder of a Wichita policeman, frequently had a reputation for harm during the six-day zig-zag flight through eastern Kansas.

The unformed guards several times caused pursuing officers to withhold their fire in fear of wounding the prisoners. As one point in the flight, south of Ottawa, the guards, at the command of the prisoners, waved back three Douglas county deputies who were searching for the convicts.

HOSTAGES FREED, CONVICTS ELUDE PRISON OFFICERS

(Continued from Page One)

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Warden Prather credited his safety, and that of his companions, L. A. Laws and John Sherman, to a bottle of whiskey the convicts drank after crossing the state line into Oklahoma after a six-day journey through eastern Kansas. They drank molasses, he said, the warden, but he feared for his life even up to the time the three hostages were ejected from the car near Welch, Okla.

Rob Station Operator
 At Miami, Okla., a filling station operator said the leader of four men who robbed the station today of a few dollars and gasoline resembled Wilbur Underhill, leader of the fugitives.

After a day of hard driving, during which they commandeered several motor cars, the six with their hostages crossed the southern border and returned to Oklahoma. The old stamping ground of Wilbur Underhill, 30-year-old gunman and murderer. Underhill is the supposed leader of the fleeing convicts who yesterday selected a thrilling part of a Memorial day baseball game to make the break.

One of the six, Harvey Bailey, known as the "golf course" bandit, was suffering from a broken right leg, the result of a shot from the prison wall while the escape was in progress. Officers believed the next objective of the convicts would be medical attention for their comrade.

Molasses for Drink
 The warden gave a detailed account of the wild ride and credited his release to a bottle of whiskey the men had obtained. The drinks put the prisoners in a jovial mood and let them believe today of the methods they used in smuggling weapons into the twin plant. They also disclaimed any connection with the other five prisoners in the plot. Warden Prather said Underhill, serving a sentence for the murder of a Wichita policeman, frequently had a reputation for harm during the six-day zig-zag flight through eastern Kansas.

The unformed guards several times caused pursuing officers to withhold their fire in fear of wounding the prisoners. As one point in the flight, south of Ottawa, the guards, at the command of the prisoners, waved back three Douglas county deputies who were searching for the convicts.

Warden Kirk Prather, who leaves office today, and two guards were released last night in the hill country of northeastern Oklahoma by six of the fleeing prisoners, and returned here at 7:15 a. m. Three women, whose car was commandeered by the other five, reported they were safe at Pleasanton, Kas., about 100 miles south of Lansing near the Kansas-Missouri border.

Watchman Killed
 Otto L. Durkee, 42, night watchman at Chetopa, Kas., was shot and fatally injured by an unidentified assailant. Chetopa is about 15 miles across the Kansas border from Welch, Okla., where a group of the convicts liberated Prather and the guards. Officers were investigating the possibility that Durkee was killed in an encounter with one of the two groups of fugitive convicts.

The watchman's body was found in an alley. He had been shot through the heart with a 25-20 caliber rifle, investigators said.

Durkee's revolver was empty, having been fired six times. Mangled cartridges in the street nearby indicated a gun fight, but no witnesses to the shooting had been discovered.

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