

But It's True ———— !

MAP SHOWING THE ENTIRE 28-MILE COURSE OF THE CARNORRA RIVER, A TRIBUTARY OF THE AMAZON IN BRAZIL...



CARL LIEBER
OF SANTA MONICA,
CALIFORNIA,
WAS MADE A
JUDGE THE DAY
HE WAS ADMITTED
TO THE BAR—
OCTOBER 23, 1934.
HE WAS ONLY 22 YEARS OLD!

The Carnorra's pattern is even almost to the exact foot. Lieber is the city magistrate in Santa Monica, a small community not to be confused with Santa Monica. He succeeded his father, who had died while Lieber was taking his bar examinations.

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—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 me-

tabolisms 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.

Herd animals have a less sensitive starting and stimulating mechanism. Less complex, cold-blooded creatures, like crocodiles, with special defensive armament, 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—Fuehrers, mobs, demagogues, kluxers, messiahs, warmongers, and inflammatory and provocative inciters of world dementia 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.

© Consolidated News Features.
WNU Service.

When There Were No Dukes

Between the years of 1572 and 1623 there were no dukes in our peerage, says London Answers Magazine. In the former year, Queen Elizabeth executed the remaining two, while James I revived the title in the latter year for the benefit of his favorite, George Villiers, who became Duke of Buckingham.

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 snuggled 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.



Irvin S. Cobb

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.

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 waggon 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 Senator Joe Robinson is to supply young blood on the Supreme court bench, he being but a bounding juvenile of around sixty-six.

This creates doubt in the mind of a fellow who, let us say, is quite a few birthdays beyond that engendered wreck, Mr. Braddock, yet still has a considerable number of years to go before he'll be an agile adolescent like the senator. 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.

IRVIN S. COBB.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

Browning Biscuits.—Biscuits can be given rich brown tops by brushing the tops with a pastry brush dipped in milk before placing them in the oven.

Storing Brown Sugar.—Brown sugar will not become lumpy if stored in an airtight jar.

When Drawers Stick.—Black lead or black lead pencil rubbed on the edges of a drawer which has become swollen from heat will enable it to be opened and shut quite easily.

Heating the Oven.—Open the oven door for a minute soon after the gas has been lit and you will find that the oven will get hot much quicker. By doing so you let out the moisture that always collects when the oven is not in use.

Turnips Au Gratin.—For this tasty dish half-cook turnips in boiling salted water, then cut into fairly thin slices and drain well. Arrange in layers in a buttered

fireproof dish, and cover each layer of turnip with grated cheese, a seasoning of pepper, and some little dabs of butter. The last layers should consist of breadcrumbs sprinkled with grated cheese and dotted with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until well browned.

Cooking Cabbage.—Cabbage should be cooked only until tender when tested with a fork. Too much cooking results in changed color and an indigestible product.
WNU Service.

THIRSTY?
KOOL-AID
MAKES 10 BIG GLASSES
5¢ AT GROCERS

ROLLS DEVELOPED
8 prints 2 double weight enlargements, or your choice of 16 prints without enlargements 35c. Reprints 30c ea.
NORTHWEST PHOTO SERVICE
Fargo North Dakota

WHY DOES HARRY SAY MY NEW LIPSTICK IS LIKE A PE-KO JAR RING?

I KNOW! IT GOES ON EASILY AND COMES OFF EASIER.

PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc., Room 608, 1790 Broadway, New York

You Stand Alone

As you start upward in your career you get slaps on the back; at the top, you get none.

Squeezed From Her

Many a girl on receiving a proposal is hard pressed for an answer.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"I always look... there might be an old maid there."