

The Evening Herald

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Saturday, June 14, 1930

Romance Of The Mails

ADVENTURE sometimes comes closer to you than you imagine. Recently, for example, Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan Magazine, opened a manila envelope mailed a few days previously in San Francisco by Peter B. Kyne, containing the manuscripts of two stories. When Long drew them out he found them slightly damaged by fire. Noticing that the envelope, also somewhat burned, bore an air mail stamp, he wired National Air Transport for information. Soon he got this reply:

"Accident occurred at 3 a. m. April 26 near Curwensville, Pa. Pilot Henry J. Brown carrying 1421 pounds mail and express, leaving Cleveland 1:10 a. m. Motor failed to pick up quickly after switching from one gas tank to the other, causing descent into clouds and fog. Pilot jumped at altitude below 1000 feet over Clearfield mountains, landing safely, but plane burned. Postal Inspector McWin, Williamsport, supervised removal of eight pounds of salvaged mail and ashes."

Those Depraved Chinese

ANOTHER Chinese killing—the third in two days—marks New York's newest Tong war, and once again we are beginning to wonder if the Chinese are not a sinister, lawless and bloodthirsty race. These Tong wars are always disturbing, even if they are very picturesque.

But before we ascribe any unusual bloodthirstiness to the Chinese, let's consider the fact that their Tong conflicts aren't a tenth as violent or deadly as an ordinary trade disagreement between two 100-percent American beer gangs. The Chicago underworld lays its victims out three and four at a time; the Tongs' killers can only manage three in two days.

A Tong war is a bad thing, of course, but there's no sense in pretending that it marks the Chinese as an inferior, undesirable race.

A Canadian paper complains that too many magazines are imported from the United States. Probably is a strain on the government's transportation facilities toting Saturday Evening Posts to the provinces.

In London a "dining theater" will soon open at which meals will be served during the show. Chances are that among the choices not to be found on the menu will be soup and celery.

Of good cheer to drifters who search street waste-paper containers is the prediction of a London editor that newspapers will be published hourly by 1970.

Now that more than a score of middies at the Naval Academy have obtained marriage licenses, the Navy Department need not worry about first mates.

An actor says that stage jokes are more refined than they were 40 years ago. There's a good joke.

EDITORIALS FROM OVER THE NATION

CONTACTING

Indianapolis News: "I would like," said the visitor, as he opened an office door, bowed and smiled, "to contact the man who buys the supplies for this department." He was referred to an executive, and presumably the incident was closed, but the visitor was not certain about the authenticity of the information that he had been given him. "I contacted that gentleman yesterday," he explained, "and he advised me to contact somebody else, but the name he gave me has slipped my mind. I prefer to do my contacting direct because it saves time and I thought perhaps you could tell me the person to contact in this particular instance."

Thus does "contacting" pursue its overworked and illiterate way. Seemingly it is industry's newest word, although it is as old as the language. Without any warning it has pushed "outstanding," "colorful," "proposition" and others into the background. It appears in direct mail appeals, in sales conversations and in advertising matter.

It is, perhaps, a part of the plan of using a noun as a verb whenever possible, whether the use is correct or not, as it never is in the case referred to.

An executive asks one of his subordinates if he has "propositioned" a prospect, and seems to feel that this is a more direct inquiry than to ask if a proposal or proposition has been made. So it is with contact. They do not come in contact with their prospects any more. They contact.

BIBLICAL BACKING
Kansas City Star: When William Jennings Bryan buttonholed John Baird, to talk to him about marry-

DAILY LETTER ON AFFAIRS AT U. S. CAPITAL

This Purse About the Mythical Hugo N. Frye Has Senator Boomboom McWhorter All Worried—He Won't believe So Good a Republican Never Really Existed

BY RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON, June 14. (A P)—Things look pretty tight right now, says Senator J. Boomboom McWhorter, and if the Republican party hopes to do any business in the fall elections and to get itself into position for 1932 it had better call in the services of that distinguished pioneer Republican and patriot, Hugo N. Frye.

Probably there never was a time when the aid of such a man as Frye was so sorely needed, the senator says. And inasmuch as Vice President Curtis, Secretary of Labor Davis, Senator Joe Grundy, National Chairman, Claudius Huston and other eminent U. S. P. leaders have lavished their tributes on Frye, McWhorter expects his suggestion to receive prompt and favorable attention.

Yes, They Praised Him
It will be recalled that Curtis, Huston, Davis and the others were invited to a "sequelent dinner" in Hugo's honor the other night. Hugo was described as a veteran of the Mexican War who had settled in Elmira and established the Republican "protection of property" and "freedom in the land of the free." Well, the party bigwig reported their immense regret that they couldn't attend, but they sent fulsome eulogies of Frye to be read at the banquet.

Jim Davis said it was "a pleasure to testify to the career of that sturdy patriot who first planted the ideals of our party in this region of the country." And, "if he were living today he would be the first to rejoice in evidence everywhere present that our government is still safe in the hands of the people."

Senator McWhorter scouts reports from Elmira that Hugo N. Frye has only lived in the imagination of some Cornell students. There can be little doubt, he says, that Hugo was a real person and a genuine Republican pioneer.

"Do you think that Curtis and Huston, these monumental minds would ever have praised a mythical person so highly and have let it be thought that they knew all about Hugo N. Frye when they really never had heard of him?" demands Senator McWhorter.

"Why, such a thing would tend to make people think that they were not altogether sincere and that they didn't know much about the history of our great and glorious party. Abundant!"

Senator McWhorter possibly has more interest than anyone else in proving the actuality of Mr. Frye. He couldn't get away to the dinner, either, but he contributed several anecdotes about Frye to be read aloud and even recalled fondly how he had learned the first tenets of Republicanism while being dandied on Mr. Frye's knee.

When it was suggested to the senator that there might be some trouble getting Mr. Frye to come and save the party because Mr. Frye was supposed to be dead, McWhorter replied that it was no easier to prove that he was dead than to prove that he was alive.

"There are all kinds of jobs in the party which Frye could do for us now," the senator explained. "Anyone who enjoys such unstinted confidence and respect from our leaders as he does could do anything."

"He might even be able to persuade Mr. Huston to resign, which is more than all the rest of the party has been able to do."

"Then let him bring some ashine and happiness into the White House, where there hasn't been any for a long time."

He Could Fix the Tariff
"He was always a grand old protectionist and I am convinced that he could make suggestions about the tariff act which would make it acceptable to somebody, somewhere, sometime."

"If he couldn't another wet and dry issue completely he could at least tell us how to beat wet Democrats with dry Republicans in wet states."

"Some day in spare moments he could go over and wipe out the Democratic publicity bureau. The Democrats never dared pull any of that stuff when Hugo was in his prime."

"And by that time he will have earned a presidential nomination for himself."

Hugo, heed your party's call!"

Grants Pass to Have Elks Lodge
Grants Pass is to have a brand new Elks lodge. Major C. H. Underwood, deputy grand exalted ruler for Oregon south, will go to Grants Pass Monday and on Tuesday will be present while Medford lodge puts on the initiatory work for 40 new members, after which he will institute the new lodge and install all the officers.

He will be assisted by Perry DeLap, president of the Oregon Elks State association. Medford will take her band and it will be a gala occasion for Grants Pass.

On Thursday Mr. Underwood will leave Portland for Atlantic City to attend the Elks grand lodge. On the way he will stop in Chicago and attend the silver anniversary of Rotary, June 24 to 27. He will return the fore part of July.

LONDON—Peter Freeman, a member of hard-hearted Parliament, complains about the inhuman killing of lobsters when they are prepared for food. He says that he has heard lobsters groan after being thrust into boiling water in restaurant kitchens. He advocates a more merciful killing of these edibles.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO IN KLAMATH

Four big reels, "The Star of the Side Show," "The Maid and the Man," "An Unwelcome Santa Claus," and "The Strength of the Weak," featuring Marion Leonard, the greatest of all moving picture actresses, will be shown at the Majestic tonight.

Society in The Village
Klamath weather? Oh, dear, no. These are but April showers, caught unaware in June, bringing little drins of water to all the thirsty trees and grass, and vegetables and grain. So why should society lament that it must lay aside its dainty white for so rich a promise of fulfillment. These gray skies have but accentuated the greatest cheer found in the homes of this week's hostesses.

On Tuesday evening the White Pelican hotel gave the first of its semi-monthly dances. In spite of the rain a goodly crowd gathered to do justice to the music and the floor, and the initial dance was but the forerunner of many pleasant ones to come.

On Tuesday afternoon, June 4, our most youthful members of society took their outing from 2 until 5 at the home of Mrs. Leslie Rogers. Just three years ago that day, Miss Zepha Rogers first opened her eyes to this

bright world, and little did she think at that tender age that when the world had traveled only three times 52 weeks, that it would find her on the lawn singing "Ring-Around a Rosy," and "Marching Under London Heids," or asking her tiny neighbor, "Who has the Thimble," and yet this is exactly what happened. Mrs. Rogers, and her sister, Mrs. Cofer, assisted in these charming games, and later when all the party clothes were snugly tucked into napkins, every body had ice cream and candy and dear little cakes, and such other good things as are craved by baby appetites.

There is no organization in any city with a broader scope for uplift and cultivation than a library club, with its doors open alike to the high and the low, the rich and the poor. Over the threshold lie the poets and historians, the wonders of science and the joys of travel, long list of periodicals and current fiction. That we would have this little library in our midst, speaks well for our community, and as it grows, so surely, we likewise have taken something better into ourselves.

This evening in the library hall the club will entertain in honor of its annual guest night. There will be a library program, followed by refreshments.

Question on Digestion

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