

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK... By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK.—Many a good news yarn has been spoiled by the necessity of "getting the story in the lead," as they say in the newspaper shops. This reporter asks indulgence for saving the kick in this one for the end, noting merely that it is a happy ending. In recent years, there have been so many unhappy fade-outs, from Sam Langford to the League of Nations, that anything in the line of an unexpected Garrison finish rates a bit of suspense before the news pay-off.

In Maxwell street, Chicago, long before the fragrance of Bubbly creek ebbed and sank and saddened, there was a book-stall which was the Jewish Algonquin of those parts. The place was overrun with philosophers, some white-bearded and highly venerated, some young and contentious, all stirred by a feverish intellectual zeal. They wolfed new books and started clamorous arguments about them, the way the crowds at the big pool hall down the street grabbed the box scores in the late sporting extras. Sweatshop workers used to throng in after a hard day's work and get in on the seminar.

Wrinkled, merry, mischievous little Abraham Bisno from Russia was the Erasmus of the sweatshop philosophers.

He used to circulate a lot around this and other Maxwell street bookshops, and many times the state of Illinois was saved the expense of calling out the militia because Bisno happened along to referee an argument.

Erasmus of Sweatshops Makes Peace He was a sweatshop worker, a man of amazing erudition, but of salty, colloquial speech, never enmeshed in the tangle of print language around him. He used to tease his friend, Jane Addams, of nearby Hull house, by calling her settlement workers "the paid neighbors of the poor." He liked to deflate the Utopians, boiling things down to Gresham's law of money, the law of diminishing returns, weighted averages or something like that. He was the first of a multitude of sweatshop economists who spread light and learning through Chicago's Ghetto.

Bisno had a bright-eyed, clever little daughter named Beatrice, one of several children. Old sages up and down Maxwell street, used to say the world would hear from Beatrice some day. But the world went to war, regardless of Sir Norman Angell and all the other philosophers, and the Bisnos passed beyond the ken of this writer.

About twelve years ago, I had a visit from Francis Oppenheimer, a New York Journalist. Beatrice Bisno was his wife. She was going to write a book, and did I know of a quiet hide-out where she could write it? I sent them to the old Hotel Helvetia, No. 23 Rue de Tournon, in Paris. She sat in the nearby Luxembourg garden and wrote her book.

They came home and the book made endless round trips to publishers' offices. The smash of 1929 took the last of their savings. Today I had a letter from Francis Oppenheimer.

"We finally threw the book in an old clothes basket," he said. "Then, acting on impulse, we used our dinner money to give it one more ride. Weeks passed. Beatrice fell ill. There came a letter from Live-right, the publisher. I knew it was another rejection and didn't want to show it to Beatrice. But I tore open the envelope and handed it to her. Her eyes were glazed. She could not read the letter. It slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor."

And in the same mail today, there came to this desk a copy of the new book, "Tomorrow's Bread," by Beatrice Bisno, winning the \$2,500 prize award, the judges being Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Fannie Hurst. That was the news that Mr. Oppenheimer picked up from the floor when his wife was too ill to read it.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher says of the book: "A searchingly realistic portrait of an idealist. What an idealist does to the world and what the world does to an idealist is here set down with power and sincerity."

Winsome little Bisno is gone. One wishes he could be carrying the news down to the old Maxwell street book stall, if it's still there.

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Where Yale Is Buried All round the Welsh village of Bryn-Eglwys, writes H. V. Morton in "In Search of Wales," lies property which once belonged to the Yale family, one of whom, Elihu, did so much toward founding Yale university. Elihu lies buried, however, not in the Yale chapel attached to the church of Bryn-Eglwys, but at Wrexham, 10 miles away.

Fun for the Whole Family

THE FEATHERHEADS By Osborne



Thaw(t) Less

Q & QUAK



S'MATTER POP— That's Right, Pop, Take a Look

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

There Seems to Be Something Back of This



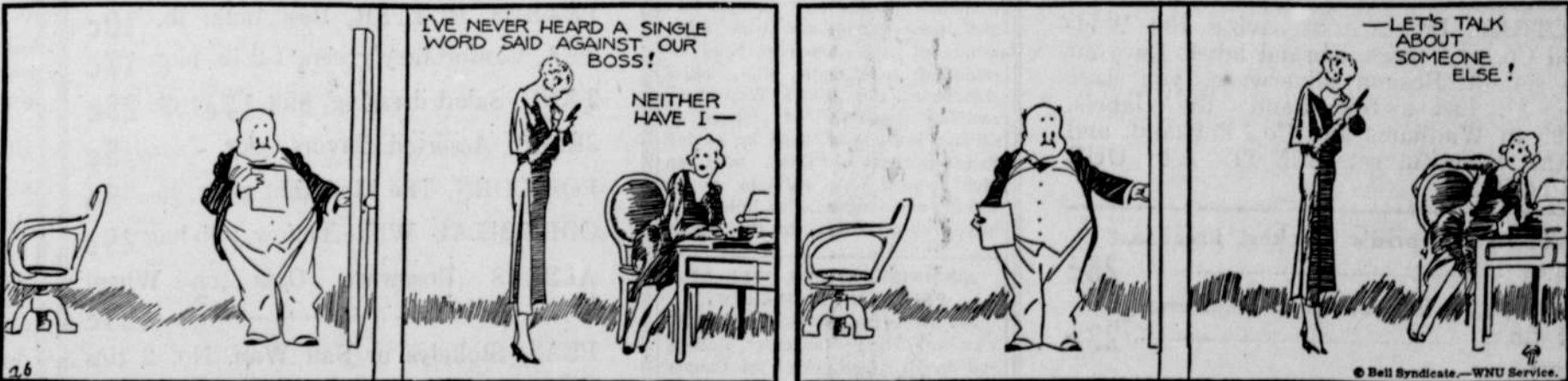
FINNEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Loughlin

Upper Brackets



POP— Office Chatter

By J. MILLAR WATT



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



OBLIGING

"Yes," said the explorer, "I was once so hungry that I dined off my pet parrot."

Small Stuff

Sunday School Teacher—Who defeated the Phillistines? "Aw, I don't know; I don't follow those bush league teams."

HOW STRANGE!

The absent-minded man arrived home late and entered his dark bedroom. Suddenly he stiffened. "Who's under the bed?" he demanded. "Nobody," replied the burglar. "Funny," muttered the man. "I could have sworn I heard a noise."

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