

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

NEW YORK, March 23.—The Rev. Pardee Butler was a mighty man in debate and a most skillful propagandist. He wrote the free soil Constitution for the State of Kansas, and in the eyes of some historians he is identified as the actual founder of the Republican Party, which later flowered in that same territory into Alfred M. Landon.

But Pardee Butler was the pioneer. His family treasures an anecdote of his return home after an oratorical foray.



Heywood Brown

"Were there any other speakers?" asked his wife. "Other speakers!" snorted the Rev. Pardee Butler, who was accustomed to open and close meetings himself. But then he was reminded of an incident. "Oh, yes," he said, "when I got done we heard a few words from a young Springfield lawyer named Lincoln."

Pardee Butler preached and propagandized and founded the Republican Party, and in good time he was gathered to his fathers. His grandson, Milo Hastings, has just written a play, "Class of '29," in collaboration with Miss Orrie Lashin, secretary to Mr. Walter Lippmann.

It was seen, then, that the play selected by the WPA for production in the near future comes from a seemingly respectable background of the best Democratic and Republican parties have to offer.

Play Points Out Confusion

BUT after a somewhat hasty examination of the manuscript of "Class of '29" I must admit that there is merit in the contention of those who cry that here is propaganda. Roughly, the play says that there is confusion. It reports that many young people coming out of the colleges are unable to find jobs. "Class of '29" suggests that in addition to material wants unemployment confers upon the youth of America a spiritual unrest.

All this, I suppose, might come under the head of propaganda. I suppose some might call it subversive propaganda. But I am forever puzzled by those who cry out against the plain recital of facts which seem true by every test. Who dares to deny that there is vast unrest among the young men and women of America?

The very fact that Federal projects for painters and playwrights and authors exist is an admission that the river beds and even the dry creeks have dried up. And what are the folk supposed to do when the government steps up with crumbs of comfort for those who would make books or plays or pictures? Is the author of a play for a Federal project to set down nothing but some variation of the theme of "Boy Meets Girl," and must he most carefully fashion each line and incident into a form which can not possibly offend Mr. Hearst, the Herald Tribune or the Federal Theater Veterans League?

Look Into Own Hearts

CAN anybody write anything which might not serve to offend the leaver? I doubt that any recognizable form of play possibly could pass muster with these battle-scarred thespians, since their notion of the drama seems to be a recurrent cue, "Let's sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

My contention is that when this Administration or any other says to the ambitious young playwrights of America, "We will give you a chance to write," the dramatists must look into their own lives and hearts for their material. The fair rewards afforded under Federal projects are not precisely the bread of affluence. But if they were a hundred times as great I would still expect the recipients to say, "I'll still write my own stuff."

Even a man who sings for his supper is generally allowed to pick his own tune, and I have heard nothing more nauseating than the apparent contentment of WPA critics that a Federal theatrical project ought to be an endowment for eggshell walkers.

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Washington Needs Census on Jobless

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

WASHINGTON, March 23.—If you have a problem to solve, what is the first thing you try to do? You try to find out the most important facts about it. For more than three years the Administration has been wrestling with unemployment. Yet it does not know the basic fact of the condition with which it is dealing—the number of unemployed. It does not know what they can do, where they are, how long they have been out of work, how many of them have odd-job incomes, and a dozen other facts which bear upon our most immediate domestic problem. Present figures are guesses.

The reason we do not have those facts is that President Roosevelt, for some mysterious reason, is averse to the idea of an unemployment census. He says it is not practicable, that it is too difficult a task to undertake. This does not sound like the man who dares to harness the tides.

Actually, a periodic unemployment census is practicable. At least the most competent statistical authorities in the Administration say it is. They have plans all worked out for taking such a census. They know how much it would cost—and it wouldn't cost nearly as much as the government is spending to build a second Jefferson memorial around a set of railroad tracks on the Mississippi waterfront.

WE take a general census every 10 years—a census which counts the number of acres in every farm, finds out where every person was born, whether his parents were native or foreign-born, whether the wife works, what all members of the family do, how much every business spends and takes in, and an almost limitless amount of similar information.

A sow in Iowa brings forth her first-born and the event is noted in the statistical records of the government. Our government observers follow the march of the chinch bug across the furrows of Illinois farms. Their advance is plotted on maps at Washington as carefully as if it were the general staff mapping the progress of an invading army.

But we can't stop to count the noses of the unemployed.

The only logical argument against using some of this white-collar labor on an unemployment census, and on periodic rechecks of such a census once it is established, is that there is some hesitation in WPA about using relief workers on doorbell-ringing jobs. One of them was shot one time. No one would wish to subject relief workers to hazardous tasks, but the risk in going from door to door on a census-taking job seems not greater than thousands of other government employees take.

ONE of the greatest difficulties in public service is obtaining competent help. Rep. Wesley Dines (D., Okla.) has introduced a bill proposing a kind of West Point school for civil service training. We maintain government academies to provide specialized training for Army, Navy and Coast Guard officers. J. Edgar Hoover maintains a school to teach his G-men to shoot at gangsters without hitting bystanders. But any one who can read and write and cage a letter of indorsement from a Senator is eligible for a civilian job in the government. The result is shoddy workmanship.

A government training school, carrying prestige equal to that of West Point and Annapolis, might help develop a spirit of ability, distinction and pride in the daily civilian activities of the government.



Clapper

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THE QUINS—TODAY, TOMORROW

Their Baby Days Ended, Dr. Dafoe Speculates on What Lies Ahead

The fascinating story of the development and training of the Dionne quintuplets can be told by only one man—the quins' physician, Dr. Allan R. Dafoe. In a new six-part series, first of the exclusive stories he will write for NEA Service and The Indianapolis Times, he gives the intensely interesting account of their daily lives, how their education is being directed, how their health is being guarded, and what has been learned about the babies in the nearly 22 months he has given them devoted care. This story is the first of the series.

BY ALLAN R. DAFOE,
O.B.E., M.D.
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THEY aren't babies any more, those Dionne quintuplets. They are becoming children now, little girls, young ladies, you might almost say. From now on we must and will recognize this fact.

It seems strange to me to reflect that this is so. Every parent will know what I mean. I have known it, when my own child passed the baby stage.

But in the case of the quintuplets, it seems stranger than in the ordinary case. Their babyhood was so precarious, the fight for their lives so long and so unending, so much attention from all of us was focused on their babyhood, that it seemed as though it would always go on that way.

Now the end of all that has come. For most of two years it has been all "take" on their part. Now they are beginning to "give back" in return.

They are beginning to return to those about them all those little smiles, chuckles, and endearments given by affectionate children to those who love them.

We have not only the physical side to contend with now. Perhaps the most critical battle in that field has been won. We hope so. But now we have no less difficult problems of the mind, the spirit, the soul.

If you could hear the babies! I've always called them the babies, and it's hard to break the habit—prattling and talking among themselves on the nursery floor, you would know what I mean. The mind, the spirit, the soul if you will, is definitely emerging.

AND they do talk. They carry on the peppiest conversations you can imagine, incessantly. Of course, we can't understand much of what they say as yet, but perhaps that's our fault. This second year has seen remarkable progress along this line, and we're sure that by midsummer we'll be better able to understand what's being said in the nursery.

But when they say "a-ver" effort to know that it's an intelligent effort to say "a-ver," and when we hear a distinct "b'you" we know that within a few weeks that will have become "bon jour."

Naturally, these first words they are learning to form are all French. It is their native language, and the only one they hear from the nurses. I speak to them in English, for just between ourselves, my French isn't very good.

I speak enough to get along all right with the fine French-Canadian farmers hereabouts. I understand it and write it, but of course my accent isn't good, and it's probably just as well not to let the children hear it.

We want them to learn their native language in its purest form, and have chosen their nurses and attendants from this point of view. So when I'm in the hospital I speak my own English. It will accustom their ears to the sound of the English speech without really standing in the way of their learning French as their primary language.

The routine instructions of the nurses are all given them in French, and they understand and obey them perfectly.

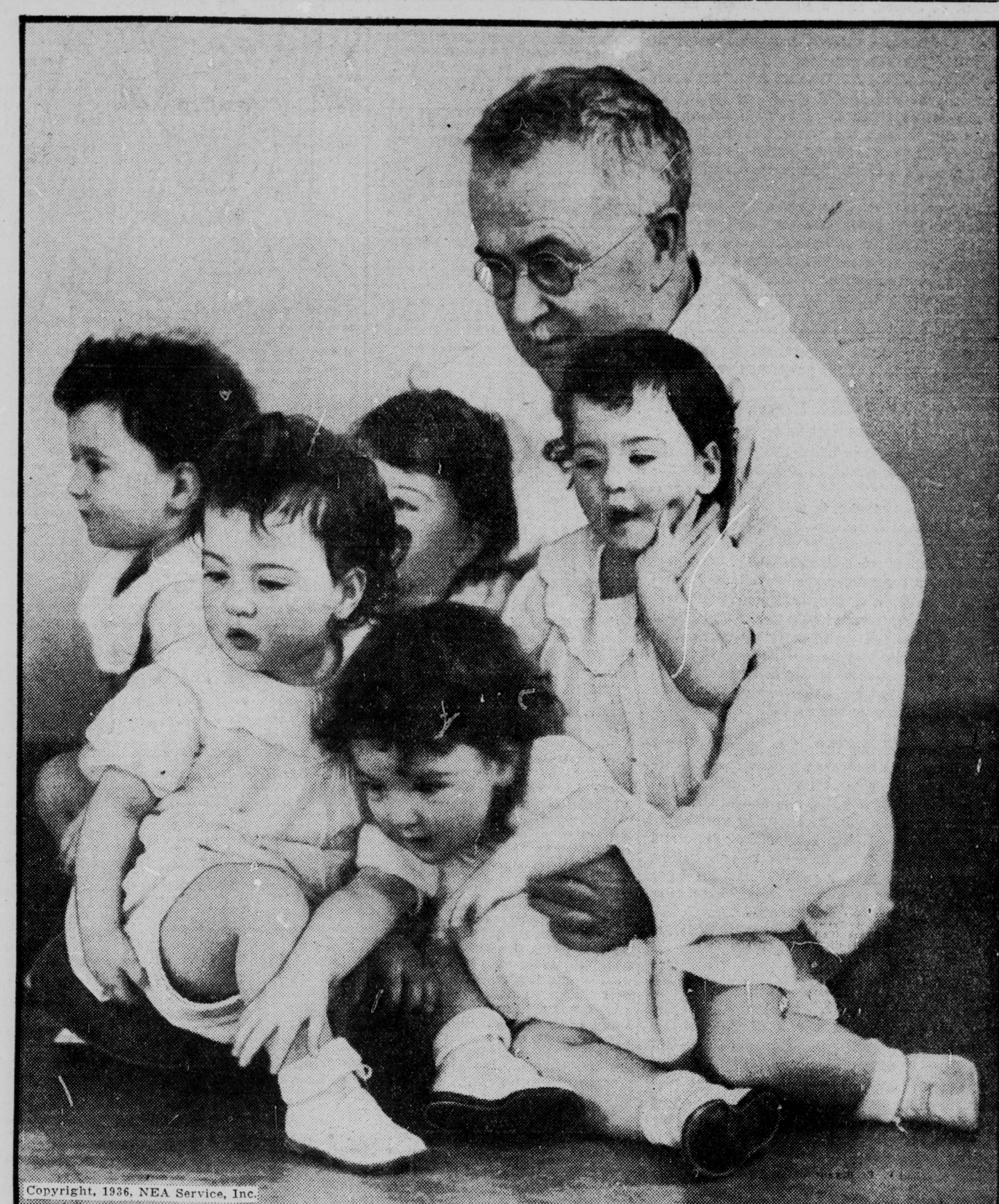
I HAVE been very appreciative, especially since my most recent visit to the United States, of the kindly interest that has been taken in the problems arising out of the fact that the "babies" are now thinking, conscious children, and that their characters and lives, the future of their souls, are being shaped.

Of course these considerations have been in the front of our minds almost from the very start. Recognizing the very special circumstances that surround the quintuplets, any sensible person knows that no matter what might be desirable in theory, the children can never be reared exactly as single children would be.

Even if there were not the slightest public interest in them, the very attitude of neighbors, friends, other children with whom they played, would mark them out as somehow different from the others.

You have only to recall how even ordinary twins are constantly reminded of it. Human nature is what it is, not what it ought to be.

So we accept the fact that there are five little sisters, born together.



Merry comrades all, but far deeper than comradeship is the affection they hold for each other. It's a proud moment for Dr. Allen R. Dafoe, as Marie, Annette, Yvonne, Emilie, and Cecile snuggle up to him as he muses over the happiness they have brought him.

er, and that circumstances make it a fact that millions of people are interested in them. For the present, we believe it is best that they live together, play together, learn together. But that doesn't mean that they are being "regimented" or being developed into the sort of thing you see on the stage as a "sister act."

EVERY possible effort is being made, and has been made, to let them develop their own personalities and characters. And we aren't just shooting in the dark about it.

From the early days, I have had the advantage of the constant advice of men at the University of Toronto, who have given their lives to the study of just such problems. We are not doing any experimenting with the quintuplets and we aren't going to do any.

We have at our service the best knowledge science has been able to bring together on these problems of mental and spiritual development. And we are constantly on the alert, here at the hospital, to see that it works out properly in practice.

For instance, when we first started bathing the babies in the tub, the nurses bathed the larger babies first and then taking them in that order. There wasn't any particular reason for this; it was just one of those things you do without thinking about it.

Pretty soon we found that Marie, the smallest baby, was beginning to be sulky about her bath. She seemed to stray away from it, and, once in the tub, she did not kick and splash like the other babies.

What had happened was that she had noticed that she always was last, and she felt that somehow there was a sort of discrimination against her.

So we quickly changed all that. We made it a point not to bathe the babies in the same order twice in succession. And within a day or two Marie was enjoying her bath just as much as were any of the others.

Naturally we continued the

practice, and extended it to all other relations. We are most careful here at the hospital to avoid anything that appears to favor any of the children in any way.

Yet that doesn't mean regimentation or uniformity, either. For instance, in looking at the pictures of the babies, you have probably noticed that they are always apparently dressed alike. Now that isn't the case at all.

In the first place, newspaper pictures not printed in color do not show how different the colors usually are. And also the girls are often "dressed up" for the pictures in similar dresses because it makes a prettier picture.

But, as a matter of fact, here again we aim for variety without discrimination. Sometimes they dress alike, and again sometimes they dress quite differently.

THE spiritual development of the children has already begun. On this matter the guardians and the Roman Catholic authorities of the district, as represented by Father McNally of Corbeil, are completely agreed.

For instance, the nurses say the regular prayers every morning, and the ears of the children are already attuned to them. They wear their scarves or medals regularly, and on the walls of the hospital are appropriate religious pictures and figures.

This is in accordance with the wishes of the guardians, and especially of the devout Judge Valin. There never has been any question, and can not be any question, that our hospital be conducted in every way as a Catholic home.

I myself baptised the babies in the gray morning of their birth, and later they were officially received into the church.

Not everybody knows that the children pay their regular stipends for the support of the parish. These obligations are met from the children's funds administered by the guardians, and they are in proper proportion to the contributions of other families in the parish.

And so, you see that it must be clearly understood that we are

aware of all the problems that are being so sympathetically discussed. We have been alert to these problems as they have arisen, and have made every possible effort to anticipate them by getting the best scientific and spiritual guidance that is to be had. And the bright, alert, progressive development of the little girls speaks for itself.

NEXT—The quins' play is of highest importance. Extended play space will make it possible to observe them this summer without the babies being aware of the supervision.

MISPLAY GRANTS GAME

Today's Contract Problem

East is playing the contract at four spades, doubled. What card should North play on South's opening lead?

♠ 6 3
♥ 9 8 5 3
♦ 6 5 4 4
♣ Q 5
N Dealer
♠ A 10 7
♥ Q J 4 2
♦ 8 7
♣ J 8 3 2
W S Dealer
♠ K 4
♥ 10 7
♦ A Q 10
♣ A K 9 6 4
All vul. Opener—♠ K.
Solution in next issue. 16

Solution to Previous Contract Problem

BY W. E. M'KENNEY

Secretary American Bridge League

THE sting is painful enough without having somebody gloat over his victory, but still I think there are times when a player is entitled to do this. Take for example today's hand.

Declarer is in four spade contract, doubled and redoubled, which can be defeated. The opponents, however, slipped on the defense and declarer made the contract.

Well, you can not blame him for being elated, and the opponents have no kick coming, as they brought the disaster on themselves.

This is another example of the "defensive suit-directing signal" play.

Against South's optimistic bid of four spades, doubled and re-

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Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

PARIS, March 23.—It has been a big season in Europe, with never a dull moment since October, but the program is coming to a close now, and Americans may turn to the political obscurities of election year without risk of missing anything of importance.

Haile Selassie, the unfortunate African who wanted only his rights, comes through the experience very much the worse for his moral victory. He got an indorsement from the League of Nations, which is worth about as much as an honorable mention in the annual competition in the New Rochelle Garden Club, but attracted a large and critical delegation of trained observers of the Fourth Estate, who came out of Abyssinia wearing cloths on their noses and reading their shirts to ruin his reputation.

Nobody ever claimed that the Italian army was the most military in the world, but even the non-bathing battalions of Il Duce seemed fresh and hygienic by comparison with the scabby lepers and clay-eaters who confronted the inspection of the foreign press in Ethiopia.



Westbrook Pegler

Chance for an Argument

THE political essayists, adhering to the letter of the law and the treaties, still insist that Haile Selassie got a raw deal, but the mule-back journalists who saw and smelled the Abyssinians, including the court circle, brought in a unanimous report that they weren't the sort of people one likes to know, and therefore ought to be exterminated.

The Australians used to tell a story of a billy-goat which walked to leeward of a Turkish soldier and keeled over dead, but it appears that even a thoroughly ripe Turk would do the same in the presence of one of the mildewed warriors of the King of Kings.

Considering all that has been learned about the people and the country since Mussolini set out to defend the gates of Rome, it is reasonable to expect that Abyssinia will be declared to be no nation, but merely a focus of infections and smells, and kicked out of the League as soon as the pressure of business permits consideration of a motion to that effect.

Meanwhile Sir Samuel Hoare, the celebrated eurythmic skater who was serving as foreign secretary to his late majesty, King George V, fell on his face as he flew through the air with the greatest of ease and broke his nose in three places, being relieved of the job by Mr. Anthony Eden, the most beautiful foreign secretary in British history. The gorgeous man had threatened Mussolini with a landing party for his willful conduct toward the Negus in violation of the solemn covenant, but when Adolf Hitler made a much more ominous move toward the French frontier Mr. Eden found reasons to sit down and talk things over in a calm atmosphere.

So Mussolini's army continues its defensive penetration of Abyssinia, introducing new orders to combat the native reek. The army of the Olympic games occupies forbidden territory on the French frontier, and the thrifty innkeepers of Geneva, Switzerland, as a stricken community.

An Unfair Trade Practice

FOR the calm atmosphere selected for the contemplation of the Rhineland occupation is London, not Geneva.

Peace has been the principal industry of the western end of Switzerland for years, and the frugal profiteers of the country will appeal to the League to punish England for unfair practices.

Prophecy is not a weakness of these dispatches, but it seems quite safe to say that for the time being the fire is out, or, anyway, reduced to a low smolder. Mussolini got away with it and Hitler is now getting away with it, thanks to the precedent of the French refusal to help the British against the Duce.

They are having another revolution in Spain, to be sure, but the Communists are burning churches and chopping off heads with all the joyous ferocity so many Nazi Brown Shirts and proving that the Germans and the Italians would be no better off under Moscow.

There is no war, but neither is there peace, but the casualty list of the winter is led by the corps of auditors of the American newspapers, who were crushed by some of the heaviest expense accounts the world has ever known.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson, Robert S. Allen

WASHINGTON, March 23.—The power industry thinks it has suffered some heavy jolts from the New Deal, but it does not know what is yet in store for it.

The Federal Power Commission soon will throw a sensational floodlight on one of the most carefully guarded secrets of the utility interests—the cost of distributing electric current.

For months FPC accountants have been digging into utility cost records in 22 typical cities. They have been under the direct charge of Vice Chairman Basil Manly, once secretary to the elder Senator La Follette.

Results of the survey are being guarded closely, but one significant fact has leaked out—that there are extraordinary and inexplicable variations in distribution costs. This part of the report is so startling that it will even astonish power interests.

Some sections of the report are so hot that the commission has been in a dilemma how to handle them. In the first draft, there were severe comments on the apparently padded costs. It was finally decided to tone these down and publish the report purely as factual matter, letting the public draw its own inferences.

The report not only shows comparative distributing costs in a wide range of cities, but also compares costs in cities where the utilities have a monopoly with costs where they face competition.

The FPC survey is the first of its kind ever made and was sponsored by Colorado's crusading Senator Costigan. He is not saying so publicly, but the report is expected to act as a powerful galvanizer of sentiment for public ownership and wholesale rate reductions.

UNCLE DAN ROPER is one of the New Deal's most irrepressible diners-out. The evenings when the Roper cook must prepare dinner at home are few and far between. The Secretary of Commerce accepts almost every invitation.

The other day, in fact, he accepted too many invitations.

He had accepted one to be the guest of honor at the Belgian embassy. Dinner was set for 8:30. The hour came—no guest of typical cities. Then 8:45, then 9, and still no Secretary Roper.

Count van der Straten-Ponthoz, the ambassador, glanced nervously at his watch, twisted his sparse moustache, looked hopefully toward the door.

Finally, at 9:15, the ambassador could stand it no longer. He telephoned Uncle Dan's home. The Secretary of Commerce, he was informed, was dining with the Japanese ambassador.

WHEN the Senate lobby investigating committee disclosed that George Brobeck, bulky legislative agent for the Veterans of Foreign Wars, had received several hundred dollars from utility interests fighting the Holding Company Bill, he was promptly fired.

The man who dismissed him was James E. Van Zandt, V. F. W. commander in chief, who voiced indignation at Brobeck's secret acceptance of utility money while working for the veterans.

Van Zandt himself does not confine his activities to the Veterans. He has a job as special passenger agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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BENNY

