

NEW YORK, July 18.—Holding a Bible in his right hand, the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith told the Townsends, "It is the Russian primer or the Holy Bible. It is the red flag or the Stars and Stripes. It is Lenin or Lincoln—Stalin or Jefferson."

Let me see. How did that other Smith's Liberty League oration wind up? Don't prompt me. Of course, the name is Al, and he told the Du Ponts that they must choose "The Star-Spangled Banner," or "The International—Washington or Moscow."

Back in 1928 Mr. Smith was out in the red clay parishes of Louisiana telling the boys about the tunnel which would be built under the ocean from the Vatican to the White House if Gov. Alfred E. Smith were elected to the presidency, and now one finds him making practically the same anti-Roosevelt speech. In all honor to Al he made it before Gerald picked it up. But it is curious to find Mr. Sloan of General Motors and Dr. Townsend of the Revolving Plan both cheering the same phrases.

And yet I must admit that my head swims a little when I read that Dr. Townsend, the revolving physician, has bitterly attacked President Roosevelt for "this crazy cry of spending." I am more than a little startled to learn that he has hailed the dead dictator of the South as "that gentleman who drove feudalism from the State of Louisiana." I am puzzled to hear Father Coughlin hailed as a champion of the common man and wonder whether any blusher mounted to the cheeks of the Rev. Gerald Smith when Dr. Townsend said that his forces were driving toward "justice and security for all our citizens regardless of age, color, sex or creed." Why, the stain of Gene Talmadge's Negro-baiting chaste Rook Convention in Georgia is not yet off the boots of Gerald Smith.

Mr. Smith Bears Watching

GERALD is the tough guy of the Townsend movement. In fact, I think that the old gentleman had better look into his vest pocket to see if he still has a movement. Indeed, it is about time for the California currency expert to begin remarking, "What big eyes you have, Reverend, and what sharp teeth!" If I seem to assail a gentleman of the cloth too severely it may be partly because of the fact that every time his name comes up I am reminded what a rotten newspaper reporter I am. Back at the turn of the year in New Orleans the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith sought me out and offered to put on a special performance for my benefit. His fortunes were then at a low ebb, and a possible scrap of publicity was a straw to which he was willing to cling. If I would go up to Baton Rouge with him he would put on his address, "Who Killed Huey Long." Newspaper men had told me he was really a first-class rabble rouser and that I ought to hear him. But if I went to Baton Rouge I would have to hear him at the race track. And I rationalized my indecision by saying to myself, "He's all washed up by now, anyway. Why waste the time? I'd rather go out and play Stevenson's mounts."

Clergyman Too Truculent

STEVENS was a sensational apprentice who was booting home three or four winners a day. At the moment he seemed potentially more important newspaper copy. Besides, the clergyman was too inconsistent and too truculent. He had called me away from a New Year's Eve party, and every time I said, "I've got to get back to my party," he laid a detaining hand on my arm. A perambulating nest drew up to us and tried to break into the conversation. "What do you boys do," he wanted to know. "I'm a preacher," I told him, "and Smith here is a newspaper man." "You're a preacher, all right," said the drunk, "but he's no newspaper man. He's a middleweight prize fighter. I saw him fight in Corpus Christi." "Look," said the drunk suddenly, "they've pulled all my upper teeth."

"Hang around here a little longer and I'll knock out your lower ones," said the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith.

My Day

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

HYDE PARK, N. Y., Friday.—What a world of contrasts this is. Hot, dirty, busy cities; crowded trains; and just two hours later green grass, a quiet home with only three people in it and a drop in the temperature which makes you want to put on a coat. There is something exciting about our sudden changes in temperature and the way storms come up out of apparent calm. It accounts for the temperament of our people, their energy and general quickness of action. I woke early this morning and felt positively cold. At 7:30 I was over at the stable, found the setters and our big pointer and went out on a morning ride. The male setter and the male pointer dog can't always be trusted to agree, but on the whole they know their various duties and privileges and keep to them very well.

When I got back to the cottage three of us had breakfast on the porch. Then the mail, which follows us even into peace and quiet, made us sit at our desks for an hour or so. Today I had my first intimation that any one in Poughkeepsie would be interested in me. It was quite a shock. I have always taken it for granted that I was so well known no one would take any interest in my coming and going.

Today I parked my car and did my shopping. When I returned to it with my arms full of bundles I found a young reporter hanging around. Somewhat apologetically he said: "Mrs. Roosevelt, is there any particular story about what you are doing?" I think I looked at him with great annoyance. I know I said with firmness: "I'm off the record, and I never do anything up here of interest to the papers."

As I drove away I realized I had been a little hard on him, so I murmured that I would be joining my husband in Maine next week.

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New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

JULIE CLOSSON KENLY, author of that fascinating book "The Astonishing Ant," has again in "CITIES OF WAX" (Appleton; \$3.50) written an interesting and exciting story of that very delicate and helpful insect—the bee. In many ways the bee is the most amazing creature in the world and through this informative as well as entertaining record you see her world as she herself sees it. Answers to a thousand and one questions are woven into the story—what the bee eats and where she gets material to make honey; questions about the queen bee, the workers, the bees hives and their quite varied habits; why the rulers and robbers of the hive are; and why and when bees swarm.

The subtle comparisons of bee mannerisms with human customs, and the not easily forgotten black and white illustrations make this a most remarkable and clever record of work and adventure in the cities of wax with their millions of winged inhabitants.

VICTORIA REGINA by Laurence Housman (Scribner; \$3.50) will interest a large reading public partly because of its great popularity on Broadway this season where its leading role has been superbly played by Helen Hayes. Housman has constructed a convincing picture of Queen Victoria. The play is composed of a series of chronologically arranged episodes, all of which are historically correct. The conversations are never out of character. Although very long, 470 pages with 30 episodes, the play never lacks interest. Walter Pritchard Reilly, also author of a play about Victoria, in comparing his own work with that of Housman says, "His paints a richer, brighter canvas—a vital portrait."

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LISTENING TO THE INDUSTRIAL EAST

Ballot Struggle Forecast in Pennsylvania; New Jersey Doubtful

(Fourth of a Series)

BY FRAZIER HUNT
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FOR two hours at luncheon in an exclusive Newark (N. J.) club I talked with what used to be called "the upper crust."

Around the table were a banker, two big business men, and a political correspondent. All were for Landon, except my host, who was trying his best to be neutral.

The banker said: "Of course I am a Republican, but Republican state politics here in New Jersey is so twisted and crooked and tied in with certain equally crooked Democratic elements that you can't be very passionate about anything."

"Naturally, I don't care for the way Federal money has been thrown about, nor for the powerful machine that Jim Farley has built up on taxpayers' money."

"I think Landon is a good, sound man and would stop a lot of this extravagance. When it comes to the national election, I would say that it will be mighty close in New Jersey—with the odds a little in favor of Landon."

The business men said practically the same thing, although one of them was bitter and outspoken against Roosevelt personally.

My host, the political correspondent, analyzed the local situation as follows: "The shadow of the unfortunate Lindbergh baby is cast over this whole political mess in New Jersey. It is equal in importance only by the shadow of tens of thousands of WPA workers leaning on their shovels. I'd say that one just about counter-balances the other."

"Hoffman took a big chance and figured that he could become a national figure if he solved the Lindbergh case. Out of the mess popped Wendell Kidnaping—which New Jersey was very happy to dump into the lap of New York."

"Hoffman lost, the Lindbergh mystery is still only partly solved—and the WPA's are still leaning on their shovels. As far as the national election is concerned, New Jersey is still anybody's state—with Roosevelt having the edge here at the end of June."

NOW in 1932 Roosevelt carried New Jersey by 30,888 votes, although Barbour, a Republican, won over the Democratic nominee for the United States Senate by 16,223 votes. In 1934 the former Democratic Governor, Harry Moore, was elected Senator, and Harold G. Hoffman was elected Republican Governor, and the fantasy that is New Jersey politics and justice went into its dance.

Joining forces with some of Frank Hague's Democratic clique that controls Newark, Governor Hoffman faces the last year of his three-year term with the knowledge that things have never been in such a magnificent mud-die in his state as they are at this moment.

Golf played the banker and the business men away from the luncheon table, and my host, in turn, was forced to leave the club for half an hour. I wandered out to the deserted hall to call in a long distance telephone call at the office desk. It was toward mid-afternoon, and three or four of the club staff were lounging about, chatting among themselves. I broke in, and soon we were discussing politics. A waiter or two joined us, and one of the elevator boys drifted over. No banker or prominent business man was in sight.

LET'S EXPLORE YOUR MIND

BY DR. ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM



IF EVERYBODY took this attitude we would still be cave dwellers. Everything of importance has been done by one man or one woman. These are the men and women whose lives make up nearly all history—certainly all dictionaries of national biography. One woman founded the Red Cross, one woman built Hull House, one man discovered that microbes produce disease, one man discovered anesthesia, and so on infinitely. Just look around your home town and see that one man or one woman who is getting things done—still better try being that man or woman yourself.

3 A NUMBER of studies of the differences in the sexes as to radical and conservative tendencies have been made, summed up in a monograph by Dr. Catharine Cox Miles. Most tests show women to be more conservative, more desirous to follow approved social standards and more desirous of being like their own social group or class. One investigator found women more conservative on political questions such as labor and changes in government, religion and moral matters. My impression is if women should run the country we would have fewer violent changes and probably never have a revolution.

2 IT IS very unwise. As one writer on choosing a vacation says, these are the timid souls who want their lives all mapped out for the next 20 years. While young people should concentrate on a particular type of work yet they should grab



Workers in a Paterson (N. J.) silk mill pause for a little discussion . . . they, with many other industrial plant employees, will be a big factor in the fate of doubtful New Jersey in this fall's election.

lian majority was close to a quarter million.

But returning to the state for a moment. In 1934 Joseph Guiffoey was elected United States Senator by 112,000—the first Democratic Senator since the Civil War. That same year Earle was elected Governor by 68,000—the first Democratic Governor in 40 years. Meanwhile, Philadelphia politics was being scrambled so that even a far-famed Philadelphia lawyer could hardly unscramble it. In 1935 a picturesque, high-powered, and somewhat politically unident-

tified firebrand, named S. Davis Wilson, ran on the Republican ticket for Mayor. Against him was put up Jack Kelly, an attractive and internationally known sportsman.

In the hot campaign that followed, Wilson, ex-Democrat, incidental-Republican—who is not at present even registered as a Republican—carried Philadelphia by 42,000. Wilson promptly got busy with the Roosevelt Administration and found plenty of money for relief work. And at the same time, he sold

the name of Mr. Moses was made monumental by its absence. NOW this is small-time and short-sighted stuff. It does not do Mr. Moses the slightest harm. Not only in the Triboro bridge, but all over the topography of New York City and its surroundings, Mr. Moses is writing his name in civic beauty and improvement so conspicuously and indelibly that it will remain legible for generations.

Long after his genius for controversy, his astonishing self-dramatization, his searing tongue, and the synthetic and dilute acidity of his opponent, Mr. Ickes, have been forgotten, his work will remain. He has relieved squalor, ugliness and meanness in city streets, multiplied avenues of communication, made the town a better place for the poor to live in, turned waste places into perfect parks, and made harmless pleasures permanently available to millions.

You can't belittle that by ignoring it or taking from Mr. Moses the credit for even so large a part of it as the Triboro bridge. Much less can you transfer that credit to a political party or to Mr. Ickes who tried to obstruct it by attempting to remove Mr. Moses.

It is no virtue in Mr. Ickes that he did not—in spite of obvious spite— withhold Federal funds to make this bridge possible. It is a "self-liquidating" project of the most approved type. Mr. Ickes' part in this great accomplishment was only that of a sort of sour and

them and the oysters replaced in the sea water.

The acid treatment, state the inventors, does not injure the meat part of the oyster, nor impair its taste or food value.

Before being put under the anesthetic, the oysters are given a "shock" treatment. This may be a good shaking up, an electrical shock, dropping them on a hard floor, or spinning them around in a centrifuge. Stupefied by such rough handling, the stunned oysters are now put into the "anesthetizing" solution which may be nothing more than water containing a small amount of acetic acid, well-known ingredient present in ordinary vinegar.

Other, chloroform, alcohol, and salts of many kinds may be also used for the purpose, however. Ten minutes to a half-hour in such a bath is sufficient to cause the oyster to open up automatically.

There is no breaking, puncturing or prying open of the shell with knives as in the usual method of shucking oysters. The inventors solve the problem by making the oyster relax the powerful muscles which keep the shells closed and make it so hard to shuck oysters in the usual way. Shock and bathing in the anesthetizing bath are the muscle relaxers.

When the muscles relax, the shell opens. It is held open by the hinge cushion, which, like a spring wedge, exerts considerable pressure on the shells, forcing them apart.

While open, the meat can be removed from the oyster. Or where the oysters are used in pearl culture, "seeds" can be planted in

himself up to the hilt to the common people of the city. At least part of his Republican tag was lost in the busy days of the last year.

EXCEPTING possibly only New York City, I would say that relief and class feeling run higher in Philadelphia than in any other big city of the East. Although a rock-ribbed Republican city in the past, party labels seem strangely to have gone out of fashion among the working class of people here.

"The Democratic Party in Philadelphia was for years a sub-rosa branch of the Penrose and Vane-Republican city machine," an old-timer explained to me. "There simply wasn't any genuine Democratic city party at all."

"It's even milder up now, because Mayor Wilson, with his Republican label, really is only a phoney when it comes to the national ticket."

"Our city charter declares that no city employee can mix in politics. It's a swell 'out' for the Mayor. And just one thing more: Holding the Democratic convention here will swing a good many thousands of Philadelphia votes to Roosevelt."

SO it is that in November Philadelphia, dominating eastern Pennsylvania, faces the first real national political battle in its history.

It is certainly correct to write that Roosevelt has a fair chance of carrying Philadelphia.

If he does that, it appears that he has even a little better than a fair chance of carrying the 38 electoral college votes of the state.

And if he does that, he will be doing something that no Democratic presidential nominee has done since James Buchanan, a Pennsylvanian, was elected Democratic President in 1856—when the newly organized Republican Party made its first national bid with Fremont.

Apparently Pennsylvania will this autumn furnish another Gettysburg for one of the great political battles of the century. I'm only a war correspondent covering this campaign.

THE END

shaven Santa Claus, filling the empty stockings of Uncle Sam's children from the public treasury.

IT was the great Will Rogers who relaxed the bleary-eyed Democratic delegates in Chicago in 1932. The best theatrical talent was available to put sparkle into a few dull moments of a sparkling fight. But with Jim Farley and the boys at Philadelphia desperately stalling to keep up a show of life through the long days, when all but the gin and scotch had failed, it didn't work that way.

Jim went out hurry calls for the headlines of the air but Mr. Rogers in case after case, was: "Delighted—I'm for you, but my contract requires that I consult my sponsor." Twelve hours later, in every case save that of Lily Pons, the message came: "My sponsor will not consent to my appearance at a Democratic convention." Those sponsors were all what the President calls "economic royalists."

Just more moral political pettiness; a man whose stores control more than 20 per cent of one department of retail trade in the whole country, thus kept one of our most popular singers from adding first-class amusement to the Philadelphia attempt to make America safe for Democracy.

He was not the only one. That reaction was universal from that part of big business which relies on radio advertising, and which seems to have exclusively dedicated America's art and minstrelsy to such sentiments as:

"Hark, the herald angels sing, 'Besenham's pills are just the thing!'"

Peace on earth and mercy mild, Two for man and one for child." While this was going on a distinguished statesman took a walk because a colored brother was permitted to pray for him and the rest fell on the platform.

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GRIN AND BEAR IT

by Lichty



"And if you're a good boy you might grow up and maybe shoot a president!"

Fair Enough

by
WESTBROOK PEGLER

NEW YORK, July 18.—Willie Upshaw, the old Georgia prohibitionist and hell-fire preacher, has been in our town and we have been having words. He was annoyed about an essay your correspondent wrote. That made it mutual, for your correspondent had been annoyed at Mr. Upshaw for years and years because he was Willie Upshaw, the prohibitionist.

The experience goes to show that there is no wisdom in meeting a man and finding out what makes him tick if you enjoy a dislike for him. We were sore then, but now we aren't, and it may not be as much fun that way.

Here was an old-style, down-South, camp-meeting hallelujah-shouter who did his worst to keep prohibition on the books through all these years, and here was a true-believing, practical, sitting-down-to-drink tap-water with him and coming away tolerant.

Your correspondent never thought the day would come when he would give up on old Willie. For years there, when people would sit around hotel rooms on the road, nominating their favorite political aversions for the all-time, all-America team, your correspondent always put Will in for captain and often made him stick in the face of such competition as Tom Heflin, William G. McAdoo and Bishop Cannon. He seemed to have everything, a tower of strength as we say in the football rosters, but now your correspondent would not guarantee to put him on the scrub.

Successor to Bryan

OLD WILL was telling about those crutches of his and why he has to wear them. It seems that because he is such an expert crutch-walker, touching them lightly and nimbly to the ground, some people have thought the crutches were part of a costume. He had a row in Washington once when he was in Congress because a man said he ran lightly up the aisle ignoring the crutches. It turned out to be a case of ignoring the crutches merely because he had mastered the trick of getting the most out of them with the least effort.

That fact is that Will fell into a wagon box one day when he was working on the farm at the age of 18 and injured his spinal cord so badly that he spent the next seven years on his back. He was just rising to go to college at the time and the upshot of it was that he couldn't enter college until he was 31 years old. However, that put him into the same class with the late Josiah W. Hoar, who was something, because Will thinks the late Josiah was a great American and he regards the association as a great privilege. He does for a fact, but then you have to understand that he believes in prohibition, too, even now. Some one once remarked that Mr. Upshaw was the ultimate successor to William Jennings Bryan, not necessarily as to political leadership but as to prohibition and religion, and Willie has accepted the nomination. That is why he is still treading, crippled and poor at the age of 69.

Can't Go Atheism

HE got a little better as the years went by. Gradually, from a wheel-chair to the crutches and a smaller cast, made of what he calls "the crutches of this day." In this condition, Mr. Upshaw goes slithering around the United States, hollering at communism, whiskey and cigarettes wherever his booking takes him. He thinks of communism as atheism. He feels so tolerant on tap-water and sitting there on pleasant terms with the man who used to be his all-time, all-America captain, that he doesn't ask Mr. Upshaw why, as long as he was in town, he didn't go down and call on Earl Browder, the Communist candidate for President. It was only a few minutes away and he might want to meet the devil and get his angle there.

But tap-water doesn't affect him, Upshaw that way. "Oh, no," he said, slowly. "Not a Communist. I can't go that atheism."

Merry-Go-Round

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

WASHINGTON, July 18.—Perhaps it's the hot weather, but the whiskey campaign is going full blast again. One whisper is that Roosevelt is turning his mother \$3600 monthly out of government funds for rental of her Hyde Park estate. Another is that the Republicans are grooming a charming-voiced double for Landon to substitute for him on the radio, since Landon's voice is too high. Both of these, of course, are bunk. . . . Donald Richberg stands as high in the good graces of the President these days as he did before becoming the much-maligned dictator of a very wobbly Blue Eagle. Talk is that he is very much a candidate for a Supreme Court job, when and if such a vacancy occurs. . . . Speaking of Supreme Court vacancies, the most likely is not in the reactionary ranks, where Roosevelt would appreciate it, but among the liberals. Justice Cardozo has a bad leg, and because of this takes no exercise. It was doubtful last summer whether he would come back for the fall term.

One ambassador who wants to keep his job is Alexander Weddell, envoy to Argentina. His wife, wealthy St. Louis widow, has just contributed \$5000 to the Democratic campaign fund. . . . Here's one to cheer up Frank Knox, written by James M. Langley, editor of the Concord (N. H.) Monitor, who used to work for Knox. He says: "Knox is too much like Roosevelt." . . . So much material was collected by Harry Hopkins' boys for the American Guide that several collateral volumes will be published, one on national parks, another on American geology and another on Indian history. . . . The American Guide itself will consist of six volumes, covering six different areas of the country. It will cost \$1.25 a volume.

THE temperature isn't the only thing that has been going up lately. Industrial production and sales are zooming to new high levels. June sales of new automobiles topped 385,000, the third time in the history of the industry that June sales have exceeded 300,000. Lumber production for the first six months this year ran 42 per cent ahead of 1935, while the purchase of new equipment by railroads exceeds in volume any period since 1920. So far this year, only six months along, the carriers have bought 122 locomotives against 81 for all of 1935; 26,560 freight cars against 18,699 last year; 149 passenger cars against 63 in 1935; and 470,485 tons of rails against 499,948 in the previous full year. . . . Banks are rapidly bailing themselves out of the RFC. The agency's holdings in 6088 banks have been reduced from a peak of \$1,066,018,033 to \$754,912,356.

President Roosevelt and Secretary Dan Roper do not see eye to eye on national income estimates for 1936. In his address before the National Democratic Club in New York, the President put this year's national income at 65 billions. Now Roper issues figures saying the figure "may" go to 58 billions. . . . Louis Ward, short, barrel-waisted ex-lobbyist for Father Coughlin, has entered the Michigan lists against Senator Jim Couzens. Ward is running for the Democratic senatorial nomination, but with little chance of winning.

Rep. Sam Rayburn, chairman of the Democratic Campaign Speakers Bureau, is organizing an army of 10,000 stump orators, divided about equally between men and women. Rayburn plans to have the "message of the New Deal" spilled in every county in the country.

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