

From Indiana—Ernie Pyle

There's Still an Erie Canal, Ernie Finds Out, Which Is Up-to-Date And Handles Plenty of Traffic.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 7.—One of the many dramatic things in our American picture of which I have always had a vast, comprehensive ignorance is the Erie Canal.

Say "Erie Canal" to me and I could say "Erie Canal" back, and that ended the discussion. To bring my ignorance right up to date, I actually thought there wasn't any Erie Canal any more. But that idea was a boner. There is still very much of an Erie Canal. It is as modern as the Lincoln Highway, and proportionately the traffic is about as heavy.

Also, I can now tell where the Erie Canal was, and where it is. It's still the same place. It runs east and west, almost the entire length of New York State.

It is 340 miles long and goes from Albany to Buffalo. Actually, for you fact-strikers, it starts a few miles north of Albany, and ends a few miles north of Buffalo.

The original Erie Canal was opened in 1825, which is 113 years ago by my figures. It was a narrow, rock-lined ditch running right across mountain ranges, and connecting the Great Lakes with the Hudson River and the open sea.

Barges were pulled by horses or mules walking along a towpath. The locks were small, the lock gates were of wood, and were opened and shut by hand.

The horse and mule days of the Old Erie Canal are not so far back. I haven't been able to find just when the last mule-barge was run, but it was somewhere around 1915.

Shortly before the World War, the State modernized its whole canal system. Its present immensity is astounding. Why, New York is practically like Holland—canals everywhere.

Today the State owns and operates 560 miles of canals. In addition to the main cross-state Erie Canal of 340 miles, there are a number of north and south "spurs."

This new canal system was opened in 1918. It is as modern as Panama. The State employs hundreds of men to operate it, and other hundreds make their living on the boats and barges that ply its waters.

The whole thing stands the State approximately \$175,000,000. It costs from \$3,000,000 to \$3,500,000 a year to operate.

Crossing the state, the canal rises to more than 500 feet above sea level. Altogether, there are 57 locks—great concrete basins with huge steel gates operated by electricity.

#### The Toll Question Is Important

The western half of the New Erie Canal is an enlargement of the old canal. They just widened it, deepened it, and built immense new locks for the big ships.

But in the eastern half, the old canal was used hardly at all. The reason being that it paralleled the Mohawk River, while the new canal is the Mohawk River, except for a number of land cuts around crooked or rocky stretches.

It is hard to conceive, in this day of streamlined trains and roaring trucks, of anything actually being dragged across New York State through a canal. Well, there's plenty.

First comes oil. Standard Oil alone has 16 canal ships, carrying loads up to 9,000 barrels. Other oil companies have smaller fleets.

Grain is next. And after that you get loads of package merchandise, scrap iron, old paper, fertilizer, minerals, and all kinds of crazy cargoes that aren't in too big a hurry.

Shipping runs between seven and eight months a year. The canal is frozen in winter. Most of the shipping is now in the hands of big companies.

Unlike Panama, there is no toll charge on the New York canals. Anything from a rowboat to the great tankers goes through absolutely free.

The question of tolls comes up every year in the Legislature. The railroads think a toll charge would be great. The big oil and barge companies think it would be awful.

It is a question with two very definite sides, and it would be mighty poor judgment on my part to get caught in between. So I have no opinion. But I thought I ought to mention it, and cause as much trouble as possible.

(Tomorrow—Start of a Canal Trip.)

## My Diary

By Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

Too Many Students Want to Enroll In the Unusual Madison College.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—In the brief time I spent in Nashville, Tenn., yesterday, one visit stands out in my mind. Secretary Hull had asked me to see Mr. Floyd Bralliar and when I met him I was immediately struck by the fine earnestness of his face. He came to tell me of an educational project in which he is deeply interested. Mr. Bralliar inspired confidence, and anyone who knows Secretary Hull is predisposed to interest in whoever appeals to him. It took only a few words, however, to make me realize that there was no mere question of a personality, but something entirely new from the educational point of view.

I was told of an educational institution, Madison College, which had received contributions for its original investment amounting to 430 acres of land outside the city of Nashville. Thereafter the college was run in a unique way. The faculty earned its own living on the side while making teaching a full-time job. Mr. Bralliar and his wife lived on \$15 a month those first years, now they live with greater comfort on \$35 a month.

The students earn their living while making studying a full-time job. The buildings were put up with student labor, directed by the faculty. They built their own houses. No student receives a degree until he or she has acquired two skills in any line which seems to fit his or her capacity.

Madison College products are selling in a moderate and healthy way, and sales are increasing gradually.

#### Flooded With Applications

Now they suddenly find themselves up against a new difficulty. A magazine wrote an article about their work and they are flooded with applications for entrance.

Mr. Bralliar says they can probably use a hundred more students profitably in their industries, but they have no buildings in which to house them. They have the labor, but materials must be paid for in cash. He says \$14,000 would meet their needs. Mr. Bralliar, looking a little weary, told me how much the other educational institutions in Nashville had helped them when they built their library and how co-operative they always were in giving Madison College all the help they could, but now, in the next few months, he must raise \$14,000 if he is to meet the demands already made by young people throughout the country.

He mentioned that he had made a survey of 1,000 of his graduates and not one among them had been forced to accept help either from the Government or private agencies during these difficult years.

## Bob Burns Says—

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 7.—Anybody who understands human nature at all knows that the kids are harder to fool than the grown folks. The smoothest street faker will turn pale when he sees a couple of sharp-eyed kids in his audience.

When my uncle was teachin' school down home, the superintendent came to him one day and said, "I want to put a 'motto' on your desk that will inspire the pupils." My uncle read the sign and it said, "Knowledge is wealth." He turned to the superintendent and says, "No, if I'm gonna learn these children anything, they've got to have confidence in me and they know what a small salary I get!"

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Second Section

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## Mickey of the Movies

*Yule Alias McGuire is Now Definitely Rooney*



(Second of a Series)

By Norman Siegel  
Times Special Writer

JOE YULE Jr., the little kid who wore long pants to kindergarten and shocked his teachers with wisecracks, is Hollywood's biggest coming star today as the winsome "Andy Hardy" of the screen.

But, when Joe Yule Jr. and his mother arrived in Hollywood 12 years ago the "Promised Land" looked anything but promising.

The movie industry was too engrossed in making pictures and discussing the coming "talkie" revolution to take much cognizance of Mrs. Yule and her little vaudeville offspring.

So Mrs. Yule, who had great screen ambitions for her son, got a job managing one of the small bungalow courts that mushroom the Los Angeles area and Joe went to work at an education.

He had almost worked up to the first grade, when an old vaudeville acquaintance in a New York came to town. He gave Joe an introduction to Will Morrissey, who was staging a revue at the Orange Grove Theatre. An audition was arranged and Joe clicked with his act. So Joe was back in vaudeville again, as far from the movies as when he was a boy.

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## Side Glances—By Clark



"We haven't been to a dance since the baby was born. Harvey's afraid she'll kick her cover off."

## Everyday Movies—By Wortman



"Listen painter, I studied art appreciation in college and I say your orchid in the bedroom is too purple and your idea of char-trouze in here is just plain ordinary green."

## Our Town

By Anton Scherer

The Ghosts Mr. Riley Encountered  
Never Excited Him in the Least.  
Harry New Made You Understand.

HARRY NEW'S stories always left you guessing whether or whether not James Whitcomb Riley was on speaking terms with ghosts.

For example, there was the one about Francis Wilson, the actor who played in "Erminie" for a run of 1256 performances at the Casino Theater, New York. One day Riley got a package from Wilson inclosing a letter and a book. The book was a volume of Eugene Field's poems; the letter, a request for the tribute Riley wrote at the time of Mr. Field's death. (To be written on the fly-leaf of the book, of course). Wilson asked that the inscribed book then be mailed to him at a certain Cincinnati hotel. Riley complied with the request, even to the point of carrying the package to the post office to make sure it had enough stamps.

A year later Riley got a letter from Wilson saying he was leaving Cincinnati and, not having received the book, would Riley please send it to another address. Riley answered explaining he had sent the book, whereupon Wilson got in touch with the Cincinnati hotel again, only to be told that the book was not there, and never had been.

A year later Wilson went into a Chicago bookshop, the whereabouts of which Riley knew nothing. (Senator New always dressed as a ghost). Soon as the bookseller saw Mr. Wilson, he handed him a package addressed to him care of the bookshop. The bookseller said the package had been lying around the shop for goodness knows how long. Wilson opened it, and sure enough there was the lost book with Riley's verse on the fly-leaf. Wilson sat right down and wrote a long letter telling Riley all about it. The incident didn't impress Riley at all. He dismissed it with the remark: "Gene Field did that."

Mr. New used to tell another story just as good about Riley and Robert Louis Stevenson's ghost. When Stevenson died, the publishers of his books wrote to Riley and asked him to write something in appreciation of what he had done. Riley agreed to accept a set of Stevenson's books, provided they would pick a set with a modest binding.

But the books did not arrive, despite the fact that Riley had the publishers' word for it that the set had been sent. Months passed and finally came the day to celebrate Riley's birthday. Bright and early that morning an express wagon entered Lockerbie St. and stopped in front of the poet's home. A moment later the expressman came whistling up the walk and delivered a set of Stevenson's books.

It didn't surprise Riley at all. He said it looked just like Stevenson to delay the delivery of the books until Oct. 7, the anniversary of Riley's birth.

## Jane Jordan—

The Problem of One Girl Who Is Educated but Didn't Go to College.

DEAR JANE JORDAN—School has started and all about me I see many boys and girls busy and happy in their school work and social activities. When I was 18 I had the opportunity to travel abroad, earning my own way with a troupe. At that time dancing was my only ambition; so school meant little to me, and I was the happiest girl alive when we sailed from New York. After three years of travel I wonder if perhaps I have missed much by not having a college education. I speak two foreign languages and can hold my own in all economic and political arguments. Since I have been in so many countries I have learned their views and ideals. My girl friends argue that the traveling I have done, which is never to be forgotten, amounts to more than what they have learned in college. Books have given them only a degree at the end of four years. Then, too, they say that most girls marry and what they have learned in college has not made them into good housewives and cooks. Thus they must begin all over again, this time with the cook book. I can't agree with them for I feel I have missed much. As for my friends, they are everywhere. I visit home and feel lost among the friends I knew in school. Some feel a little superior to me because I left school so early. My travels have fitted me for many things. I can cook, sew and do so forth, but I have no diploma to show. I would like to know your views on this subject.

Answer—I believe that what you actually resent is the loss of three protected, carefree years which you renounced when you left school. You found that dancing was no child's occupation, but a hard task which required constant hard work. Moreover, you found that while you were away from home you had to do everything for yourself, your sewing and even sometimes your cooking.

The result of this experience was that you grew up more rapidly than your girl friends. You're much more mature than those just graduated from college.

You are not uneducated. You speak two foreign languages and have a good knowledge of world affairs. While your friends read about the world you were seeing it in various close-up views. While they learned how to get along with people in a small group, you learned how to get along with strangers in your own and other lands.

You've had a valuable experience, one not within reach of the average college girl. You who should be the superior of any untried and untested college girl mourn because you haven't had an ordinary life and settled down in an ordinary community. You cry for a diploma. You feel you don't belong to the old crowd any more. Yet you have attained more than that. I say you cry to be a child again, free from the burden of yourself. It is a common complaint among adults; so cheer up.

JANE JORDAN.

## New Books Today

Public Library Presents—