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THE FIGHT AGAINST PRORATION

Proration of shipments of the remaining grapefruit crop of the Valley brought the expected storm of protests. Protests which seem to originate from two sources.

The first source and the first motive in back of the protests are the expected source and the expected motive. They come from those who opposed any sort of regulation or control of the Valley's citrus industry.

Those who attack proration from this ground would like to see the work of the control committee go for naught, they have opposed the committee and its work from the very beginning.

They were the ones who led the attack on the shutting off of shipments of unclassified fruit.

They would like to see the shipment of grapefruit left wide open to the sending out of green fruit, unclassified fruit, any and all kinds of fruit, with the consequent demoralization of citrus markets the country over.

On the other hand we have opposition not so much to proration, as to the manner in which this proration is being handled by the control committee in the giving of allowable shipments to shippers.

This opposition has grounds on which to protest.

We believe that the control committee will recognize, on due consideration of these protests, that there is merit in the complaints being made.

We believe the control committee is composed of men who have the welfare of the citrus industry at heart, who are fair minded and who certainly wish no injustice done to any shipper in the Valley.

With that in mind, and recognizing that perhaps an insufficient notice of proration and the method under which allowances would be determined have been given, we suggest and we believe the committee will recognize that the suggestion is made in good faith, that the review asked by independent shippers be granted.

Certainly a delay of a week or so will not work serious injury to the program the committee has in mind, and the good that will come of a united front on this proration business will more than overcome such slight setback as might be experienced by the delay.

NATURE'S WAYS ARE MOST IMPRESSIVE

Dr. Allan R. Dafeo, the Ontario doctor who brought the famous Dionne quintuplets into the world, seems to have had an excellent time on his vacation trip to New

York, but the marvels of the nation's greatest city do not seem to have impressed him overmuch.

Newspaper reporters discovered that, while he was duly shown all the great sights, he found it ever so much more exciting to talk about the five little girls who have been his special care for the last few months. The miracles of Manhattan, in fact, seem to have left him more or less cold; he has a miracle of his own to talk about, infinitely more impressive.

And this, after all, is quite natural. Wealth and invention may combine to rear some surprising wonders—but the miracles Mother Nature can achieve, when she sets her mind to it, make these look small.

What is an Empire State building or a skyscraper sky-line compared with five babies who all arrived at once?

Seal Sale Marks Half Century of War On Tuberculosis

By Dr. MORRIS FISHEIN

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygiene, the Health Magazine

This year the Christmas seal, which indicates a contribution to the battle against tuberculosis, bears a picture of a little red cottage built 50 years ago at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

In 1884 Edward Livingston Trudeau found that he had tuberculosis. He had apparently developed the disease while nursing his brother.

At that time tuberculosis was considered a fatal disorder, so Trudeau left his home and went to the Adirondack Mountains in New York State to spend his last days on his favorite hunting ground.

In a speech delivered just before his death, Trudeau said: "Over the doors of the hospitals 25 years ago might well have been written these words: 'All hope abandon ye that enter here.' While today, in the light of new knowledge, we may justly place at entrance of the modern sanatorium the more hopeful inscription: 'Cure sometimes, relief often, comfort always.'"

Today there are some 660 sanatoriums for the tubercular in the United States. In these sanatoriums, tuberculosis is treated for the most part with the aid of rest, fresh air and good food.

But modern scientific treatment includes also a careful use of drugs and of biological preparations, artificial pneumothorax, to provide rest for the lung, artificial physical therapy in the way of ultraviolet rays, suitable rest and exercise, and similar measures.

So important did the little cottage first built by Dr. Trudeau become in the history of tuberculosis, that it has been given the affectionate name of "Little Red."

When you buy a Christmas seal this year you will see the little cottage surrounded by evergreens outlined in snow. It serves, therefore, as a memorial to a great worker in tuberculosis and at the same time helps to bring increasing comfort, and perhaps increasing years of life, to those who cannot otherwise be provided with proper care.

It has been reported that there are almost 400,000 children with tuberculosis in the United States and possibly 950,000 additional suspected cases. Were these to be cases of infantile paralysis or even of scarlet fever, diphtheria or measles they would be considered a national menace.

Tuberculosis is just as great a menace and, perhaps, from the point of view of its danger to the community, even more serious because of the duration of the disease and the long period of incapacity with which it is associated.

YOU CAN HELP FIGHT WHITE PLAGUE

The National Tuberculosis Association, through its 2,000 affiliated organizations in the United States, is fighting a slowly victorious battle against tuberculosis, one of the country's most persistent diseases. In the month between Thanksgiving and Christmas, the association campaigns for funds, to help defray its expenses, through the sale of Christmas seals at one cent each.

This year the seal commemorates the construction of the first sanatorium or health resort for the tubercular, and the beginning of modern treatment for the white plague.

You can help save the life of many unfortunates, by buying a supply of Christmas Seals and attaching them to your correspondence, your gifts and your Christmas cards.

The accompanying article is the first of four by Dr. Morris Fishbein, in which he describes the severity of this disease called tuberculosis and tells what is being done to combat it.

Today's Almanac

December 18
1856—Lyman Abbott, theologian, author and editor, born.
1861—Edgar MacDowell, American musician, born.
1934—12,368 husbands and wives agree not to get each other anything for Christmas and proceed to buy Christmas presents for each other.

The World At a Glance

By LESLIE EICHEL

Central Press Staff Writer

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—This probably is not a happy Christmas Eve, beneath the surface, in Washington. The European situation adds itself to the national economic difficulties, the capital-labor differences and the Japanese naval situation.

Europe

Briefly, Yugoslavia never would have become so cocky toward Hungary if France had not backed her. And Hungary would not have been so loud in her protests if Italy were not be-whispering confidences.

France is trying to draw a ring around Germany to prevent any changes in post-war treaties.

Post-war treaties have been responsible for much of the tragedy of post-war Europe, but France is insistent upon hemming Germany in. France knows that, in spite of treaties, Germany has military potentialities which eventually could overwhelm France.

But France has joined Russia with itself in a pact, and the British, sitting back to see which way the cock will jump, seem inclined to permit France "to get away with it." The British fear Germany's increasing air force.

The British fear airplanes and submarines more than any other nation—being an island empire and depending upon shipping.

There is much more than that, of course, to the European situation. At basis, however, that is the essential truth. The minor countries of the Balkans never would dare to intimidate and bully if they did not have the backing of large countries.

It is the same old Europe of intrigue and politicians. Think of the bargainers between nations not as statesmen but as politicians dominated by the Big Business of their countries, and you will obtain a true picture.

The brotherhood of man is an ideal which man does not seem eager to obtain. Even as two thousand years ago, the preacher of that ideal is stoned.

Economic Difficulties

In spite of all the shouting that this is a prosperous Christmastide, the New Dealers are not entirely happy.

On the surface, this is the most prosperous season in five years. Beneath the surface lies the sordid fact that no actual basis for continued trade improvement is apparent.

As long as the government "primes the pump," a certain amount of the output will trickle into pockets.

But as long as natural trade remains stagnant, there is no natural flow of wealth.

America's chief sales must be in agricultural products—first and foremost. Next year, however, will be one of "ploughing under" again. The increase in value of exports has been in certain manufactured products. Imports do not rise. Thus international balance of payments are thrown still more out of gear—and the farther out of balance they go, the more in debt other countries go to the United States, the less likely there is of any increasing trade movement.

Added to the American difficulties are increasing local taxes on trade. The sales tax, adopted by cities and states, is tending to decrease consumption where consumption is needed most, and to reduce standards of living where living standards should be raised most.

Upton Sinclair is setting out to tell how he got licked in California—rather, how he got licked in Washington.

The Oklahoma prisoner who was permitted to go hunting over the Thanksgiving holidays returned all the more willing to stay in jail.

Sally's Sallies

Of course Donald Richberg, who now enjoys the job (maybe) of coordinating things for President Roosevelt, and who used to be a boss friend of General Johnson, ex-NRA boss, has not and will not reply to Johnson's recent newspaper crack: "Richberg? Who's he?" Friends of Richberg, however, say he does not know whether to be hurt or amused. Their version of the background is this: When Johnson ruled the Blue Eagle's Nest and Richberg was general counsel they were almost blood brothers. One day Richberg took it upon himself as a close friend to walk into the General's office and warn him he was being too tempestuous in his actions. The friendship curdled beginning with that heart-to-heart talk.

Leaks — President Roosevelt's mighty array of federal press agents are beginning to feel a little competition. Private industry seemingly has taken a cue from the New Deal.

Recently "hot" stories concerning the administration legislation program have broken in a number of spots—all reading as if they came right from an official horse's mouth. Government P. A.'s have been running around busily the last week or so trying to run down the actual sources of those stories. One broke in Cleveland.

News Behind the News

Capital and world gossip, events and personalities, in and out of the news, written by a group of fearless and informed newspapermen of Washington and New York. This column is published by The Herald as a news feature. Opinions expressed are those of the writers as individuals and should not be interpreted as reflecting the editorial policy of this newspaper.

WASHINGTON

Irritation—Now that international "pay-day" has come and gone again with only robust little Finland dropping a farthing into the rusting American tin cup, informed circles are predicting an "educational campaign" will soon be launched to convince the general public that cancellation is inevitable.

This may sound rather silly because cancellation is already a fact—except for Finland.

The only question now is when the government will admit it officially and write all those wartime billions off the books so far as Europe is concerned, leaving the American taxpayer to foot the bill.

With Europe in the midst of another war hysteria and with all the major nations fencing for position on armaments and trade, Secretary of State Morgenthau is expected to admit privately they would just as soon quit writing those dunning notes semi-annually.

A promise of cancellation would be very small change as a trading point for concessions to this country in other lines but a lot of our diplomats are about convinced we might as well face the issue.

Their jobs would be much easier in tackling up-to-date problems in the international field if that old and irritating matter of the war debt weren't constantly thrust in the other fellow's face.

Bag—Officially, our representatives in the field of foreign affairs are still standing on the historic ground that a just debt should be paid. Off the record they are getting more and more talkative about the impossibility of ever cashing in on what they call the "bag."

Any minute now the London naval conference will bust up. The knowing say that soon after Norman Davis, our chief delegate, gets back we will begin hearing progressively stronger talk about the futility of squeezing even water out of a lot of self-declared turkeys.

It probably makes you mad to think about it but after all we've been holding the bag for some time now. We can still think what we like about 'em.

Chips—Another New Deal family row is in the making over the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, that all-important agency of the Department of Commerce which Herbert Hoover built up to gargantuan proportions and then let simmer.

Recently the Bureau of Mines, which comes under the Interior Department, has taken away a portion of the personnel of the Minerals Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Charges since have been lodged with leading officials of the government in behalf of business men that the Bureau of Mines is a scientific agency, not a business agency.

To make matters clearer, the Minerals Division is supposed to help American manufacturers of iron, steel, copper, etc., find profitable markets abroad. The Bureau of Mines is a scientific agency, not a business agency.

Charges have been made that if one division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is allowed to pass to another jurisdiction others will follow. It would be possible under an arbitrary classification, to turn many of the Bureau's existing units over to the Department of Agriculture. If this chipping should be carried to an ultimate conclusion, say the protesters, there would be little left in the Bureau of value to American business either in the "Foreign" or "Domestic" line.

Overly enthusiastic partisan Democrats are held to be the worst of offenders in trying to cripple the Bureau—solely because of the prominent attachment Mr. Hoover's name had to it for so many years.

Those now in the saddle at the Bureau point out that Woodrow Wilson actually conceived the idea of a foreign field service for industry. They claim Mr. Hoover overdeveloped it but that they are carrying on with all of the originally good features.

Ann thought Peter's voice sounded sober and indifferent and unemotional. Of course Peter had taken the drink because he had talked with Valeria and talking with her had made him miserable. Well, she thought wearily, there was one thing he could do. He could have his divorce. Not for one moment would he hold him to his bargain.

And then would he marry Tony? Tony, who loved her intensely, desperately, but who never would be true or loyal to her. Because he couldn't. Didn't most women have to compromise to have love in their lives?

It was too great a problem, thinking things out. Her head was aching. They had reached the apartment. Peter opened the door and lifted Ann's evening wrap from her shoulders. Looking up at him, she was startled by the expression in his eyes. They looked dark and brooding. They reminded her of Tony's eyes.

Peter must be unhappy because he wanted Valeria and was chained to Ann. Oh, he mustn't feel like that! Ann felt that she must talk to him, tell him he could have his freedom. But not tonight when he was so tired, when her head ached so.

Peter, looking down into Ann's white, tired face, thought "She's fearfully unhappy. How she must love that fellow!"

Old Peter Kendall sat looking into the fire which was throwing

the proof of the young wife's pudding is sometimes in the doctor's bill.

Brakes—The country waits for President Roosevelt's fireside radio talk. Until he takes the public more into his confidence there will be hesitation in and out of Congress

THE BIGGEST THING IN THE COUNTRY



because of rumors of staggering programs for "social security" only remotely connected with immediate relief of destitution.

Conflicting statements are given out by New Deal subordinates regarding FDR's program. Publicity methods are used to boost favorite schemes which may not have FDR's approval at all. If all the projects as thus intimated are adopted, total spending for 1935 will run far

beyond \$4,000,000,000. Congressmen and Senators say they rely upon Secretary Morgenthau to put in a final word that will break down ambitious spending proposals.

Notes—Labor leaders ridicule industry's talk of cooperation and declare FDR stands firm for labor's rights under Section 7A. World court vote may come early in Senate session. Private contracts

with foreign governments may also come under Senatorial discussion. Crime conference develops nothing tangible in state treaties for exchange of criminals may be favored. Publicity needed for FDR's program and his radio talk is eagerly awaited. McCormack and O'Connor are campaigning for House leadership. A big slice of relief funds will go to educators and students.

Lovable

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

ANN HOLLISTER, pretty and 26, breaks her engagement to TONY MICKLE, commercial artist, because of his drinking and general irresponsibility. The same day PETER KENDALL, wealthy and prominent, learns how VALERIA BENNETT, his fiancée, has deceived him, and tells her everything is over between them.

Ann and Peter, both heart-sick and disillusioned, meet in a restaurant. When Peter asks her to marry him, Ann agrees.

They are married that night and set out for Florida. They spend several weeks there happily until Peter is called home again because of business. All of the Kendall family except Peter's sister, MILLICENT, snub Ann. Millicent gives a dance to introduce Ann to society. Tony secures one of the invitations and crashes the party. Peter sits out a dance with Valeria and this humiliates Ann. When Peter sees Ann dancing with Tony he is furiously angry.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII

THE rest of the night was like a dream to Ann. Smiling, talking, conscious of curious eyes following her about, listening to light compliments.

At last she was in the car with Peter driving silently beside her. The smell of liquor—of Peter's one cocktail—came to her. Ann hated it. Liquor was associated with so much unhappiness.

Peter asked, "Did you have a good time?"

"Grand," Ann said. It would never do to tell Peter the truth. To say, "It was big and glittery. I felt like Cinderella at the ball, but I didn't have a good time because you only danced a few duty dances with me, Peter, and trailed Valeria almost the first thing. And then Tony came and I had an awful time getting him quieted down."

Ann did not say that. She said "Grand!" quite cheerfully.

"Glad you did."

Ann thought Peter's voice sounded sober and indifferent and unemotional. Of course Peter had taken the drink because he had talked with Valeria and talking with her had made him miserable. Well, she thought wearily, there was one thing he could do. He could have his divorce. Not for one moment would he hold him to his bargain.

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Old Peter Kendall sat looking into the fire which was throwing

ing warm lights over the heavy walnut furniture—part of the furnishings he had given his young bride so long ago. It had been used in their first home and brought to the second because they both had a sentimental attachment for it. This, the second home, had been built after he had become successful but before either of them had dreamed of the great wealth that was to be theirs in later years.

They had lived in this home 30 years before his wife died. Young Peter's father had played here as a boy, and young Peter had toddled around the big room later. Young Peter's mother, an heiress in her own right, had lived here until the home she and his son were building had been completed. She had died when young Peter was only a few months old, leaving the bulk of her fortune to her husband.

It was this fortune which had enabled old Peter Kendall and his son to expand their factory and to lay the foundation for the vast Kendall fortune.

Old Peter had not forgotten that. It was made plain in his will, in the division of wealth. Young Peter would be the chief beneficiary, though all of the grandchildren were to be generously provided for.

They had never been able to persuade old Peter Kendall to leave this home with its immense walnut stairs, its carved French mantels and windows dipping to the floors. He loved every inch of his home. He was happier here with his needs attended to by servants who had been with him for many years. He was happier within sight of his factory. He knew most of his workers by name, knew their problems, and prided himself on the fact that he had been kind and considerate.

He had given the big playground for the children and a community recreation center for the older ones. His employees were well paid. They should love him. He believed they did. But recently there had been difficulties, murmurs of dissatisfaction, some threats of rebellion.

He had attributed this to the times. All over the country, all over the world there was restlessness. It was natural that the feeling should penetrate to his factories. It was in the air.

THERE had been cases of deliberate attempts to foment rebellion. He had dealt summarily with them. It had been necessary to discharge young Eric Oleson, son of his oldest and most valued foreman.

All the trouble had started when plans for the addition and the new equipment became known. They had come to him—a committee of leaders—asking that the million dollars to be expended be given them in wages instead. They could get along with the plant and old machinery, they had said.

"As though the whole thing were not for their benefit," old Peter had said bitterly.

He was particularly unhappy today. There had been another visit from Oscar, who brought rumors of trouble breaking out afresh. Oscar had stood looking at his employer, twirling his battered hat in his hands. There had been bitterness in his eyes, which hurt old Peter.

Somewhere, he had concluded

Oscar's understanding and sympathy. And then his daughter-in-law had come in for a brief visit. They were always upsetting, these visits of Olive's. She had harped upon the subject of young Peter's marriage, knowing it was salt in an open wound.

"Isn't there something you could do, Father Kendall?" she asked. "Some way to bring Peter to his senses?"

"Do you suggest," he had asked, "cutting him off unless he gets rid of this wife?"

Under his bushy brows, he watched the greedy satisfaction leap in her eyes. He had no intention of cutting young Peter off.

Mrs. Kendall was thinking "I'll tell Valeria. She might use this as a weapon. She can tell Peter his grandfather is considering cutting him off."

"Is the girl so impossible?" "How could she be anything else? A strange girl he picked up and married just because he quarreled with Valeria."

"Yes, of course." Old Peter was in complete accord with her on this point. He had old-fashioned notions about marriage. He believed in blood and heritage, in loyalty and devotion between married couples. Outmoded notions, generally, but he believed in them. "I'll have another talk with him," he said.

MRS. KENDALL departed triumphantly. She felt she was doing nothing less than her duty. She resented Ann. Resented her more because, from all she heard, the girl was not cheap and vulgar but beautiful and poised.

Everywhere she went someone spoke about Peter's wife. Flattering comment. The thought that Millicent was living up to her boast—putting Ann across, as she phrased it—ranked also.

Mrs. Kendall couldn't patronize Ann because Ann wasn't inferior. Mrs. Kendall suspected Peter's wife felt superior because she was young—and because she was married to Peter.

Peter arrived in answer to his grandfather's message. He grasped the old man's hand firmly, warmly. There was a bond of deep devotion between these two.

"Sit down, Peter." Peter sat down and waited. "You've been neglecting me, you young scamp."

"I wanted to come and bring Ann."

"I won't see her." "Very well, Grandfather." The older man liked that in his grandson. His coolness. He never would stoop to plead.

"Peter, you must realize that it is foolish for you to keep up this sham. You made a mistake. Now be a man and own up to it. Get rid of the girl. I'll make a stiff settlement."

"No," said Peter. "I suppose you think she wouldn't jump at the chance of a settlement?"

"I know she wouldn't." "You won't give her up?" "No."

Quixotic young fool, his grandfather was thinking. And loved young Peter the more for it. "Not even if I cut you off?" The eyes of the two met. Steel meeting steel. "Of course not."

(To Be Continued)

SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK - - - - - By R. J. Scott

