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American Cotton

The area available for cotton production in the United States is so large that American farmers will be able to satisfy the increasing world demand for cotton for many years to come, in the opinion of Dr. W. J. Spillman, economic analyst of the bureau of agricultural economics, United States department of agriculture.

"There is a possible extension of cotton area amounting to ten million acres in Texas alone," he says, "and there are other large areas that may yet be devoted to cotton in New Mexico, Arizona and California, to say nothing of possible extension of cotton northward. The extension northward now includes about three-fifths of the state of Tennessee, a considerable area in western Kentucky, four counties in southern Illinois, and there are possibilities of material expansion in southern Missouri and Virginia, possibly also in southern Kansas."

The question of competition in cotton production, according to Dr. Spillman, "is not as between American cotton growers and possible foreign producers, but as among American growers. The developers of foreign producing areas, apart from local cotton growing and marketing limitations, will be confronted with violently fluctuating cotton prices. An increasingly large proportion of the American cotton area lies in a territory subject either to occasional prolonged droughts or to early fall frosts or both, with consequent years of low and high prices. The drop in prices in 1920 and 1921 did much to lessen the feverish activities for the extension of cotton acreage in Japan, China, Argentina, Brazil, and a dozen places in Africa, to say nothing of the wild speculations about the possibilities of a 2,000,000 or 40,000,000-acre crop of cotton in Australia."

Discussing the vast shift in American cotton production westward and northward since 1909, Dr. Spillman points out that in 1909 cotton did not extend to the western border of Texas, though there was one county in southeastern New Mexico which had one per cent of its area in cotton. At that time there were three great centers of cotton production in which the cotton crop occupied more than half of the crop area. West of Louisiana and Arkansas there was a 62 per cent increase in the area of cotton between 1919 and 1924. Most of this occurred in Oklahoma and Texas, but there were notable increases in New Mexico, Arizona and California. Along the northern border of the cotton belt from Arkansas to Virginia, including Tennessee, North Carolina, and states to the north, there was a 30 per cent increase in cotton acres, these increases being due to the high prices for cotton that prevailed at times during this period.

In Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama the cotton area remained fairly steady, though there was some shifting about within each of these states. On the average, however, they increased their cotton acreage 7 per cent between 1919 and 1924. In South Carolina, Georgia and Florida there was a large decrease in acreage, amounting for the three states taken together to 22 per cent.

Farm Relief to Houston

Will farm relief overshadow prohibition at Houston?
Farmers of the Northwest, defeated at Kansas City, have announced they will appeal to the democratic national convention to pledge the party to the equalization fee program of the McNary-Haugen bill.

Frank W. Murphy of Houston, a delegate in the republican convention, informed that body that the farmers of the Middle West will carry their fight to Houston in an effort to obtain the brand of relief denied them at Kansas City.

"I am speaking for the farmers," he said, "when I say they must accept the vote on the farm relief plank as notice to them that the republican party is not big enough to take them into the protective system and that their vote is not regarded as necessary to party success."

There are rumors that a coalition with the dry leaders of the Southern states will be sought in the event the Eastern supporters of Smith indicate that the equalization fee program will meet the same fate as at Kansas City, but the Southern leaders, though unquestionably anxious to secure allies in their effort to inject the prohibition question into the campaign, will probably evince considerable hesitancy before accepting the farm relief program of the Northwest as a party policy.

While some of the democratic senators and congressmen from the South supported the McNary-Haugen bill, they were not particularly enthusiastic over the equalization fee clause, and they realize that for the party to accept the agricultural program, sponsored by republicans who have failed to incorporate it into the platform of their own party, would be the height of folly. They still retain a vivid recollection of "free silver," forced upon the party in 1896 by a similar coalition.

selves, and that can be accomplished only through organization.
The equalization fee plan of the McNary-Haugen bill is designed for one purpose—to compel the nation to pay for the failure of the farmers to organize. It is true that under the present tariff the farmers would be seriously handicapped, but with adjustment of the tariff schedules upon a basis equitable as between agriculture and industry, that obstacle would be eliminated and through co-operation and organization agriculture could be established upon the same profitable basis as industry is today.

Other Papers

TRAFFIC CONGESTION
What the economic loss in time wasted by traffic congestion in city streets amounts to cannot be resolved into dollars and cents, despite the efforts of the traffic experts to approximate a figure. That it runs into vast sums can easily be appreciated by those who observe the tedious delays which motorists encounter in wending their way through city streets, while parked vehicles along either curb shut off always one and sometimes two potential added lanes of traffic.

For a motorcoach to consume forty minutes in covering half a dozen city blocks on a rainy day cuts down the profits of the operating company, wastes the time of the passengers and reduces the number of customers who otherwise could travel rapidly from one store to another on a street devoted to shopping. What is gained by permitting a privileged few motorists to park in front of shops undoubtedly is lost by the inability of many more customers to reach the stores because of the traffic congestion occasioned by parked cars.

The problem is as acute in one city as another, varying only as to the proximity of the more popular stores. New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia—all great cities of the United States—are confronted by this situation in increasingly acute form. Chicago endeavored to solve it by forbidding parking within the Loop, but the strenuous objections of merchants who faced a temporary recession in sales militated against the effectiveness of this means of expediting traffic. Numerous solutions have been studied in different cities, ranging from the construction of vast underground public garages to the elimination of private cars from the center of the city during prescribed hours. Undoubtedly the motorcoach, the street car and the taxicab can best take care of the needs of the public as a whole, catering as they do to the great majority of persons visiting the busy part of each city, and either the elimination of parking or the exclusion of the private car from busy sections will come in time, as cities realize the inordinate waste occasioned by the presence of more vehicles than a street can accommodate.

The World and All

By Charles P. Driscoll

JURISPRUDENCE AND OTHER PRUDENCE
In all sobriety, now that some of the indignation about important recent trials has died down, I offer the opinion that we ought to do a little tinkering with our machinery of justice. I don't believe in wiping anything out or reforming anything, in the common sense of the term. But I think we ought to begin to think and discuss, and that within the next fifty years we ought to make certain slight changes.

There is a fairly provocative article entitled "Twelve Men in a Box" in the current issue of the Forum. It opens up the question of the jury system, and whether some other system would be more desirable.

I think the jury system needs repairing here and there. It isn't the only feature of the judicial structure that needs attention, however.

Here is my suggestion for improving the jury system. First, reduce the jury from twelve to six persons. That might be done in a few states in a few years, after due deliberation and plenty of talk.

Then, along about the next decade, require intelligence tests for jurors. No person incapable of forming a rational judgment should be permitted to sit on a jury to decide the most important matters concerning the life or rights of another person.

Nothing revolutionary so far.

Well, in another century I believe it might be possible to provide in some states for three professional jurors to sit with three amateurs on every jury case. The three professionals would be required to know something about the basic principles of law, and a good deal about logic and philosophy.

Some progress toward increasing the chances for justice would have been made by this time.

Along about this time, we should have an amendment to the constitution, making confessions to policemen inadmissible as evidence. Policemen are not proper persons to use as judicial adjuncts or assistants. Their third degree methods are notorious. Every newspaper man who knows anything knows that most confessions are beaten out of unwilling victims, and that many innocent persons confess to crimes they know nothing about, under the strain of police brutality.

I believe that altogether too many criminals escape, even after arrest and trial. I believe in life sentences for habitual offenders. I believe in using murderers for medical experimentation during their life sentences. I do not believe in coddling criminals. But I know that persons who are not criminals sometimes get in the way of the confession extorters, to their notable bad fortune.

Timely Views

A RELIGION "TO SAVE US" URGED

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

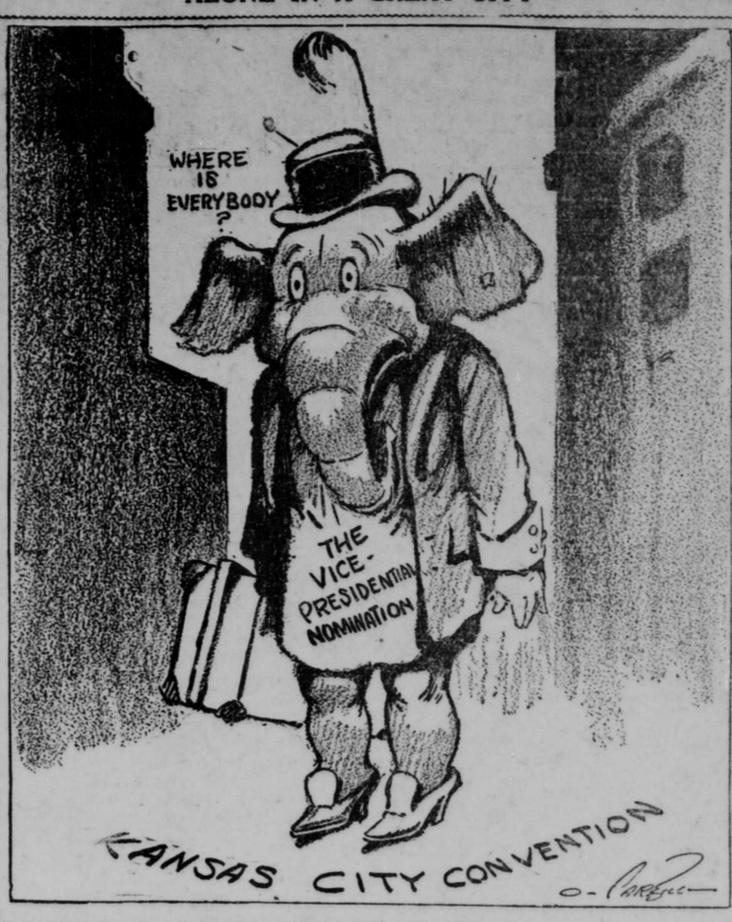
Pastor, Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.
(Harry Emerson Fosdick was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1878. He was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1903 and in the following year became pastor of a church at Montclair, N. J., serving there until 1915. He now is pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist church, New York City. From 1908 to 1915 Dr. Fosdick was instructor in homiletics at the Union Theological seminary, becoming professor of practical theology at the seminary in 1915. He has written many books on theological subjects.)

I call to your attention a conspicuous aspect of American religious life. Multitudes of people are trying to save religion. Sometimes they are trying to save their own religion; they feel it slipping; they have not much left of the original capital, with which their childhood homes endowed them; they are somewhat desperately clinging to as much religion as they have left and hope that they can save it.

Many other folk are sure about their own religion, but they are trying to save the religion of the churches. They go about staidly the ark; they are deeply in earnest, often militant, sometimes hysterical. They are sure that religion somehow must be saved.

For my part, I am through trying to save religion. That seems to me a fallacious method of approach. The proposition upon which we are to put our minds this morning is that the only successful way to save religion is to get a religion that will save us. That distinction is profoundly important. If we are trying to save our religion we are on the wrong track; the right track is the discovery of a religion that will save us.

ALONE IN A GREAT CITY



RESTLESS LOVE

By Samuel Merwin 1928

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RESTLESS LOVE
Auckland Center, a little old town in New England, is proud of its beauty and traditions. But the modern world crowds in on its peace and quiet. Finally a notorious roadhouse, Jazland, is opened by a gang of bootleggers. Liquor flows. Girls of the town are lured there. The editor of the "Weekly Age" is murdered for his editorial attacks. His brother, Homer Pew, takes up the fight. Linger there, Stella, one of the home-town girls who has made good as a writer in New York. Stella comes to write a story, and remains to fight Jazland. Homer is beaten in a mysterious midnight attack. Stella takes charge of the paper and writes sizzling editorials. She also tries to trace a telephone call, believing it to come from the murderer. Stella finds her little sister, Martha, has been out on a lark to Jazland, and has been drinking. She gives her a lecture and Martha complains that she is kept at home while Stella has been allowed to go to college and later take up her own life in New York. Stella retires to her room, and leaves a note pinned on her door, telling her mother to awaken her early the next morning.

Stella has made an appointment to phone Ernie Hallam, a New York admirer, who is staying at Boston. Ernie complains that Stella has forgotten him, but she makes a date to meet him in a little town nearby that night at six-thirty. Ernie is very much in love with Stella. Stella finds out Joe Harmer, Auckland's leading citizen and political boss, has had a hand in leasing Jazland to the gang. Stella convinces Homer to keep quiet about Joe Harmer until they can get more evidence. Stella tells Homer about her sister Martha's escapades. Stella is beginning to fall in love with Homer, the fighting young editor. Homer is notified that the bank of which Joe Harmer is the head, has called his loan. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 25
Miss Curry blew her nose. Stella saw that she was crying. "It's such a dirty trick. I don't doubt Homer could take care of it, under normal conditions. Ham had a way of juggling his outside investments and using the profits here and there in the business. Ham was shrewd. He carried every detail of the property and the estate in his head. The old man meant everything to him, you see. He figured that he could carry it along and gradually build it up again. But I'm afraid Homer hasn't even looked over the investments yet. How could he, in all this trouble? And of course everything is tied up now. The will isn't even probated. All that takes time. They've caught him at the meanest possible moment." "It's a trick to get hold of the paper."

"I suppose so. But the worst of it is, it's a perfectly reasonable thing to do. A lot of people would say it's what they ought to do. Protect themselves. They know that we've been running behind. And they know that Homer is hardly more than a boy, staggering under all that has happened. Things don't look any too bright, and these notes have run quite a while. Ham said one off in the spring. He was planning to pay another in September. What do you think I ought to do? What was he thinking?" "Let's see. 'Let's dance.' Merely being active was something of a relief. Better, at least, than sitting there. Ernest danced well. He did everything well. He was mature, strong, determined."

Back at the table, over the soup, she said: "Ernie, I want something to drink." "Didn't bring my flask?" "The waiter'll be back in a minute. See if he won't bring in something. But the waiter, after a quick scrutiny, shook his head. "No," he said. "Oh, no." "Ask the headwaiter to come here," said Hallam.

"His name is Albert," Stella put in, eagerly, when the man had gone. "A tall, handsome Greek appeared. 'Albert,' said Hallam, 'can't you get me a little whiskey?' Again that sense of being under

pulse had quickened, and was besting uncomfortably in her temples. She sat motionless until the other passengers had filed out of the bus. She had to go then, or be carried on. She deliberately walked across the street. He didn't speak; merely started up his motor. She walked around behind the car and got in. Then they were in motion. Plainly, she was going to be difficult. She found herself a little afraid of him. In a sense, he had some right to feel annoyed with her. She'd kept him guessing. "You said there was some place you wanted me to take you, Stella." "Yes, we're going to Jazland. Near Auckland." "Oh! The scene of the murder." "Yes. Her tongue was released now. Nervously, she told him. About the case and the attack on Homer; and then about the problem of Martha. It was a relief to talk about Martha. About anything which might appear to explain her preoccupation of mind. He let her run on, merely asking a road direction now and then. Jazland, set back under the tall pines, wood, attractive. Many cars were parked outside. The rows of tables on the glassed-in and screened verandas were lighted by candles in yellow shades. Stella, in a flash of fancy, currently regarded as masculine, blared out into the twilight. "We're going to try a little detective work," she remarked, as they crossed the road. He said nothing. They were shown to a table; and went through the process of ordering dinner casually. Rather like a settled couple, she thought. His eyes darted at her. They took her in, weighing her, judging her. So she brought up the Martha topic again. Something like that. The couple chatted about the case. She couldn't think of anything else. "The thing to do, of course," said Hallam, quietly, authoritatively, "is to get her out of the home. It's no place for a youngster with any vitality." "She knew, as he uttered the words, that her own thoughts had been groping for that conclusion. Jazland, speaking quietly but firmly, he said: "What they're trying to do is to smother the fire that's in her. Pinch back her rudding facilities. They won't succeed. The human individual must be helped along. Encouraged to grow. You can't kill life. If you try you'll just turn it sour. Can't you rescue her?" "I don't know. It's pretty difficult. They fell silent. She wished her feet would slip off her. She looked out at the dancing floor. The lights were dim. The couples circling about impressed her as odd-looking people; the men mostly young and of a rougher sort than you saw about Auckland, the girls pretty, but rather over-dressed and over-painted. The party at the next table was pouring gin into ginger ale from a flask. And a number of couples on the floor clung together, unsteadily. The negro orchestra waved about and jiggled in their chairs as they crashed out the jazz dissonances. The drummer sang in a voice of deep timbre, tossing his sticks in the air. Stella drummed lightly on the table. If only Ernest would take those eyes off her! What was he thinking? "Let's dance." Merely being active was something of a relief. Better, at least, than sitting there. Ernest danced well. He did everything well. He was mature, strong, determined. Back at the table, over the soup, she said: "Ernie, I want something to drink." "Didn't bring my flask?" "The waiter'll be back in a minute. See if he won't bring in something. But the waiter, after a quick scrutiny, shook his head. "No," he said. "Oh, no." "Ask the headwaiter to come here," said Hallam.

Kellygrams

By FRIZ C. KELLY

DOES YOUR DOG REASON?
If you think your dog has reasoning power, then try this experiment: Roll a ball along the floor toward a wall, at an angle. Hold your dog where he can observe that the ball will come back to within a few feet of the starting point. He desires the ball and really has reasoning power, then maybe he will not chase the ball but will remain right where he is and grab it after it has rolled back.

But the chances are that instead of doing this he will chase the ball clear to the wall and back again in a futile effort to overtake it. Dr. John B. Watson made this experiment hundreds of times on different dogs. He always covering one that could figure out the short, easy way. He believes that the research for reasoning in animals will forever remain futile. Why? "Because," he points out, "the big gap between mankind and brutes is made by the lack of language habits in the lower animals. Just stop and think what you would be able to do if you were able to talk or communicate with one another. Imagine yourself as small as a dog, unable to talk, lacking hands with which to gesture, and then speculate upon how much you might learn even if spared to a ripe old age. Ask yourself how far you could go in your thinking processes if you had no language or no words to apply to the items about you as aids to memory. How much reasoning power would we develop?"

It is worth thinking about, too, that, aside from inherent instincts, a dog, unlike us humans, learns nothing from experiences of previous generations. From birth we humans are told of different schemes and practices which have long been proved worthless, but the dog has to learn everything he does learn through his own senses. Considering that, it is surely it must be conceded that perhaps a ten-year-old dog knows more than an old man would have learned under similar circumstances.

Another handicap of the dog is that, because unable to follow abstract thought, he cannot be forewarned of danger or danger of loss. Think of the hours your dog must suffer lest his master will not return for many days, when perhaps the master has gone only to the nearest grocery!

NEW YORK—Zooloos efforts of Earl Carroll to wipe out memories of his recent stay in Atlanta prison, with a musical revue exceeding in gorgeousness anything ever done on Broadway, has met the heavy market shooting up and started a war among producers. Carroll has been raiding other shows for publicity, winning girls with record salary offers.

Despite exaggerated reports to the contrary, Flo Ziegfeld has been paying his prize beauties \$65 a week, with most of the girls getting less. Other producers have lower salary scales. Carroll is offering from \$125 to \$300 a week for the best looking, among them Gladys Glad, Kathryn Burke and Dolores Grant. These are "show girls" as distinct from chorus girls. They need not have singing or dancing talent; all they have to do is look pretty.

The "champagne bath" man intends to charge \$11 nightly for first floor seats. No Broadway revue has ever obtained so much, except for openings.

Beauties of the class mentioned above sometimes earn more outside a show than they do in—as long as they are in. Being a member of the chorus of a famous hit gives them added value as models for artists, advertising illustrations, etc., and as after-dinner performers in night clubs. They are also much sought as mannequins for style shows and as movie extras. Girls who draw \$500 a week dividends from beauty are not exceptional.

Despite the demand for statuesque beauties, Broadway is thronged with jobless choruses. Girls from road shows. Girls from burlesque. Girls from movie revues. Girls from shows that aren't so particular about face and figure. Conditions always are made worse at this season of the year by the influx of newcomers; every college and every town contributes its quota. The attractive ones get vacation jobs in stores, or go to resorts as waitresses or hostesses. When autumn suggests itself, all flock back to what is to them the only street in the world, frequently quitting good jobs to gamble for poorer ones. Show business never releases its hold upon the affections of those it captures.

I am pleased to report that the demand for college boy jazz players has fallen off. Cafe and restaurant men and resort operators, noting a return to favor of slower music and sweeter pieces, are reducing their orchestras and changing programs to conform to the new trend. Radio is making it unnecessary for many small acts to have musicians.

There is, however, a larger call for college boys who qualify as bridge experts. Resort employment agencies report a demand for boys who can instruct in the game or act as partners for lone wives.

Today's Horoscope
Persons born under this sign seldom rise to full knowledge of their real worth. They are inclined to doubt themselves, and are critical. On the whole, they are contented, although easily weighed down under reverses.

A Daily Thought
"A man first should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart."—Addison.

Answers to Foregoing Questions
1. Thea Rache; aviatrix; German.
2. Asta.
3. Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian navigator.
4. In those steps.
5. St. Luke, vi, 57.

Dinner Stories
HELPFUL ABRAHAM
They had just purchased a brand new second-hand car which was supposed to be very fast. So Ike, with his little boy, Abraham, went out to the big highway to try out the new purchase.

"Abraham," said Ike, "I'm going to show you how fast this boat'll go; you keep a lookout in back, and if you see a man on a motorcycle with a blue suit and a silver badge, you let me know."

So Ike stepped on the gas and Abraham turned around. Ike kept going faster and faster; finally, as the speedometer pulled up alongside, Abraham pops up:

"Poppa, do me what you iss waitin' for iss here."

STORK COMES 25TH TIME
AMSTERDAM.—Her twenty-fifth child, a boy, has been born to Mrs. Elizabeth Theunilt.

Today's Radio Features

Monday, June 18

[Central Standard Time]

5:30—Roxy and His Gang: Gypsy Rose, Sootier—WJZ KDKA KTW

6:00—Shining Hour, Melody Music—WEAF WRC WGM WJW

7:00—General Motors Party, Original Music—WEAF WRC WGM WJW

7:30—General Motors Party, Original Music—WEAF WRC WGM WJW

8:00—Time to Retire Boys; Peppy Music—WEAF WRC WGM WJW

8:30—On the Front Lines; Young Mixed Voices—WOP WADG WAU

9:00—9:30 p. m.—Musical program.

KHMC—Harlingen Music Co.

1270 kc—25.1 meters

7:00—8:00 a. m.—Cal with The Edinburg Review.

9:00—11:00—Specialties.

1:00 p. m.—Market report and weather forecast.

3:00—6:00—Newsball results and radio donors program.

6:45-10:00—News dispatches from The Brownsville Herald.

10:00-11:00—Harlingen Chamber of Commerce program.