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Monday, December 31, 1934

ECONOMICS ALONE CANNOT END THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

We have a way of talking these days as if all that stood between the human race and complete earthly happiness were a faulty economic system. It is only natural that we should talk that way, because the depression has caused some very tragic things to happen and they aren't quickly forgotten.

But every now and then we get a pathetic little reminder that the quest for happiness isn't going to be solved too easily.

Even after we find a way of banishing hunger and want from the earth forever, there will still be those sad, life-wrecking accidents that people blunder into when they try to solve the personal equations that human society presents.

These things have nothing to do with unemployment or the price of wheat; they happened to people back in the days of the pyramids, and they probably will keep on happening after the last stone has been removed from the bread-winner's path.

That recent case of the aviator and the girl parachute jumper is an illustration.

The aviator was a young man who flew a ship on a commercial line in the east. The girl knew him and his wife—had, in fact, worked at one time as their maid.

The aviator and his wife separated and planned to get a divorce; he and the parachute jumper became sweethearts.

Somehow the course of the romance didn't run so smoothly. The aviator and his estranged wife had two children, and they kept the break from becoming complete. The parachute girl found she had to share her man with the other woman.

Finally, after heaven knows what discouragement, anger, and desperation, she ended the whole tangle by killing herself.

Now here is the sort of tragedy that all the economic readjustments on earth will never touch. The quest for happiness is a strange and perplexing thing, and there will always be pitfalls along the road; because people cannot always be wholly wise and controlled when they grope out for those human contacts which give life its meaning.

All of this, perhaps, is self-evident? Perhaps. And yet we forget it. We talk as if the grim fight for economic security were the only fight we needed to win. After it is all over—after the fear of hunger and poverty has been obliterated—life will still be a mixture of splendor and dark tragedy.

Some of us will be lucky, and find the love and comradeship we must have—and some of us will reach for them, fail miserably, and go down in defeat. And when that happens, we who have been lucky can only try to be understanding.

RIDING FOR A FALL

Senator Huey Long, having been given a great deal of rope, seems to be bent on doing the traditional thing with it.

His latest exploit in striking at the father of one of those Louisiana State University students who was expelled for protesting the senator's censorship of the university paper is just naturally the sort of thing that does not appeal to an American's sense of fair play.

Having the boy kicked out of college for speaking his mind was bad enough. To bar the boy's father from using the New Orleans-Baton Rouge highway with his motor truck service, as Senator Long did, is a great deal worse.

It is a direct blow at the man's livelihood; in simple words, it was a mean, despicable thing to do.

Stunts of that kind will hardly increase the senator's popularity.

Many Causes Possible If You Can't Swallow

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN
Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, and of Hygeia, the Health Magazine

MANY CAUSES POSSIBLE— SISHBEIN.. .. ..

Probably you've come across a person who suddenly found he couldn't swallow his food. It's a distressing experience.

The trouble may be more serious than merely that of hurting.

Difficulty with swallowing may happen to people of any age and may vary from inability to take in large mouthfuls of foods to trouble in swallowing even liquids.

Furthermore, it may be due to a number of causes. Sometimes it is simply that the throat has been scratched by a fish bone or a small meat bone, so that swallowing is difficult until healing occurs.

Sometimes a small portion of a bone will become lodged in the wall of the throat or of the esophagus, the tube that leads from the throat to the stomach. It may be difficult to detect the presence of such a splinter of bone even with the X-ray.

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A clever British doctor worked out a way of finding out about such particles of bone. He had the patient swallow small pieces of cotton soaked in barium emulsion. The little fibers of cotton get caught on the edges of the splinter of bone, and then, when the X-ray picture is taken, the trouble can be located.

Ingenious instruments have been developed which permit the doctor to fish such splinters out of the place in which they may be lodged.

There are other cases in which troubles with swallowing occur because of disturbances of the nervous system. For instance, in lockjaw it is not possible to open the mouth because the infection in the nervous system holds the jaws together. The mouth may be so dry from lack of saliva, that swallowing is difficult because the food is not moistened.

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There may be paralysis of the palate such as occurs in dipthteria, or there may be a cleft palate—failure of the bones of the head to grow together properly at birth. There may be severe swelling of the tonsils, which will cause swallowing to become difficult, and occasionally in older people tumors develop which obstruct the swallowing passages.

Sometimes little pouches are formed off the esophagus. When food is taken, it gets into these pouches with pressure, and there is pain and resulting difficulty in eating.

Obviously, it is necessary to investigate every case and to take care of the condition that is found, realizing at the same time that difficulty in swallowing is just a symptom rather than a disease itself.

These are times when what is done or left undone may make or break our country and our (G. O. P.) party.—Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

The ability to analyze and a good memory are the two important things which make the difference between a good checker player and an expert.—Asa Long, world checker champ.

Today's Almanac:

December 31st

1703 Jefferson resigns from cabinet. Whoopee!
1860 President Buchanan tells South Carolina commissioners Fort Sumter will be defended. Whoopee!
1895 Popocatepetl, Mexican volcano, in special New Year's eruption. Whoopee!

The World At a Glance

By LESLIE EICHEL
Central Press Staff Writer

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Reduction of the maximum interest rates that banks may pay to depositors may drive some idle money into investment. At least, that is a government expectation. How much, nobody knows.

The federal reserve board directed that 2 1-2 per cent shall be the maximum which could be paid on any thrift and time deposits by banks which have insured deposits—which means virtually all banks.

In New York City, thrift interest rates have been much lower than that for some time—and there has been no decrease in deposits.

Belief is expressed in New York that increased spending may result in smaller communities.

Banks, of course, cannot find safe investments for their funds at rates which will earn money. There is a plethora of money for lending purposes—but the normal channels remain frozen.

Wall Street constantly calls for "the opening of the capital securities market"—meaning a less severe capital securities regulation law.

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Passing It On

Some banks, in reducing interest paid on deposits, also have reduced interest exacted on mortgages.

In brief, idle money means lower interest rates all around.

This has been an unusual holiday season in the world of money. Circulation failed to rise to anything like seasonal heights. And check velocity—sometimes called the barometer of prosperity—continued to decline. Yet retail trade increased considerably over last year.

Maybe people and corporations have decided to "law away" or hoard—until personal security or business security becomes more apparent.

The trend is world-wide, except in England—where trade and securities have continued advancing in an orthodox manner.

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Postal Savings Rate

Postal savings banks still pay two per cent—but banks are making a determined effort to force that rate down to one or one and a half per cent.

Bankers say the government cannot afford to pay two per cent.

The government manages to pay two per cent by exacting 2 1-2 per cent from banks where it deposits postal savings money.

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Co-Operative State

A co-operative commonwealth is envisioned by one commentator if President Roosevelt's 20-year plan is carried through. The writer is Thomas W. Phelps, chief of the Wall Street Journal's Washington bureau, who says:

"Foreshadowing legislative recommendations involving regimentation on a broader scale than heretofore publicly avowed by any of the New Dealers, the National Resources Board, including half the cabinet, has unanimously reported to the president a long-range plan for the nation.

"A vision of the United States as a vast co-operative enterprise centrally directed is outlined by the board in its prospectus for conserving and utilizing the natural resources of America as 'the heritage of the whole nation.'

"'Human resources and human values are more significant than the land, water and minerals on which men are independent,' the report asserts. 'It follows that the social directives back of such technical programs should be developed by persons competent by training and point of view to appraise the human values involved.'

"The signers state their belief 'in the great importance of this study and the initiating steps toward the accomplishment of the broad program' outlined.

"The program outlined makes clear the shift from emergency to permanent planning that is now occurring in the minds of administration leaders.

"The proposal to set up a financial balance sheet for the federal government seems to foreshadow a new method of government bookkeeping on the basis of offsetting mounting federal debts by assets acquired through government lending and spending. The old-fashioned income account paid attention only to revenues and expenditures."

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Trade Pact?

In these days of extreme nationalism in virtually all countries, that which is abnormal is likely to be declared patriotic.

Thus, when nations try to resume normal trade relations, to relieve distress among the masses of all countries, prejudice and nationalism sweep aside the efforts.

And treaties that ought to be negotiated in the open are negotiated secretly by frightened and timid politicians who pull the strings of statecraft.

We quote a small piece from a London paper:

"Lieutenant Colonel Colville, secretary of overseas trade, refused to divulge in the house of commons last night whether the government were planning a trade agreement with America.

"'The government, he said, 'must be the judge of which countries they intend to open negotiations with, and it is not in the public interest to make a premature disclosure.'"

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
By George Durno

Barrage—Three factors are giving thoughtful labor leaders the cold shivers as they watch progressive developments in the knock-down, drag-out fight now current in the building trades and metal trades departments of the American Federation of Labor.

First, of course, is the seriousness of the split in the ranks and the effect it will have on the whole organized labor movement.

Armed with the stout spear of 7A of the National Industrial Recovery Act, the unions have been moving forward on all fronts for over a year. Even with unemployment rife and millions of workers unable to pay dues if so minded, the A. F. of L. has been making long strides toward the ultimate goal of speaking for all labor.

And now the labor artillery finds itself throwing a barrage on its own shock troops.

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Civil War—A second consideration is that the family quarrel has reached the point of mayhem just at a time when employers are demanding lower wages in the building trades.

The federal government is striving desperately, through the Federal Housing Administration and the Public Works Administration, to revive the so-called heavy industries by giving impetus to construction work of all kinds. On the rise and fall of heavy industry depends prosperity. The employer has been screaming that the worker must make concessions also to start the ball rolling.

With the bricklayers, carpenters, electricians, teamsters, hodcarriers, hoisting engineers and marble setters lined up against the plumbers, sheet metal workers, painters, elevator constructors, iron workers, boiler makers and asbestos workers—among others—somebody is going to get hurt. Chances are it will be the man with a union card rather than the boss. There are an awful lot of unemployed men in this country who don't, and never did, belong to a union.

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Warned — Which leads to the third and all-important danger in the situation, as viewed by a union man.

In the approaching session of congress there is going to be a well-directed demand for legislation limiting or denying the right of labor to strike on government projects.

When you remember that Uncle Sam is financing directly or indirectly the bulk of construction work now in progress, any such action would be a solar plexus blow to the A. F. of L.

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This legislation many not finally pass but smart labor leaders saw the handwriting on the wall back in the fall of 1933 when the A. F. of L had its annual convention in Washington, D. C. At that time, Ed McGrady, for years the A. F. of L.'s legislative agent, had been made a principal assistant to General Johnson in NRA. He is now Assistant Secretary of Labor.

Delegates to the convention gave a dinner in McGrady's honor. Construction work on several of the big new federal buildings here was tied up by strikes, jurisdictional and otherwise, at the moment.

McGrady, in responding to the toasts of his old colleagues, warned them bluntly that trouble lay ahead if they persisted in tying up government work. This labor veteran may have been speaking solely on a basis of his long experience, but he was then an important member of the New Deal family. He had been sitting in on official councils. It was in the cards he should become Assistant Secretary of Labor.

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Profiteers—If Senator Gerald P. Nye gets a new lease on life from the incoming congress for his war profits investigation he is prepared to startle the nation, according to word from inside the Senate Committee. Newspaper reading about the machinations and huge profits of the munitions manufacturers has been interesting and enlightening, but committee investigators have evidence in other fields on file that will make disclosures to date very tame by comparison.

The shipbuilding industry in particular is due for a strafing if the inquiry continues.

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Committee sleuths have brought in sensational evidence concerning a member of the Roosevelt cabinet. For reasons which seem fairly sound to those who have been let in on this development the committee tentatively has decided to bury and forget about it.

On the other hand investigators have uncovered what looks to them like a trail directly connecting certain shipbuilding interests and one of the president's close lieutenants. This one may be pursued.

In any event, the wartime and postwar profits of the shipbuilders are said to be something for any man to envy. British shipping men set an example which was outpaced here when the chance came.

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Whoopee—Washington, the nation's capital, used to be known as a model city. Panhandlers always marked the town with a special cross-mark. It semed that Washington, of all other cities, was above the depression. Government workers drew relatively large pay despite their (steadily reduced) salary cut.

The old town has a distinctly different flavor now. It is overrun with what used to be known as butter-and-egg men here for a visit to battle with NRA, PWA, TWA, and sundry other alphabetical orders. They either have plenty of laugh-and-play money of their own or they operate on healthy expense accounts.

As a result staid old hotels are now full of whoopee. Smart young women who used to earn an honest dime in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and elsewhere, have moved to Washington.

Such gayety, no one could imagine!

DUBLIN. (AP)— The Free State government has completed arrangements for trading through the medium of barter with Germany and hopes to extend the scheme to other countries, particularly the United States.

'LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT FOR ME, FIRST'

Lovable

By MARY RAYMOND

BEGIN HERE TODAY

ANN HOLLISTER breaks her engagement to TONY MICKLE the same day that PETER KENDALL tells VALERIA BENNETT, his fiancee, that everything is over between them. Ann thinks she still loves Tony and Peter believes he still cares for Valeria, but when chance brings the two together and Peter asks Ann to marry him she agrees.

They go to Florida and are happy there. Then Peter is recalled home. His family snubs Ann and Valeria tries to make trouble between Ann and Peter. She succeeds and Ann goes away, leaving no hint of her whereabouts.

Peter is disconsolate, believing Ann has discovered his love for her and gone because she can not return it. His efforts to find her are fruitless. One day he receives a message to come to a certain address and rushes there, hoping to find Ann.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXII

THE address on Bond street, when Peter arrived there, proved to be an unimpressive brick apartment building. There was something depressing about the exterior and something infinitely more depressing about the interior. But to Peter it appeared as a green oasis in a barren desert. He would find Ann here! He was sure the telephone message had come from her.

He ran up the uncarpeted steps, hearing voices above. The door to one room was open. It must be filled with a great many people, for some of them had spilled out into the hall. Peter recognized them as reporters.

He scowled blackly. If they were giving Ann trouble—

And then he stood for a moment, weak from disappointment, leaning against the door.

An angry young man, with pillows at his back, was sitting up in bed talking very crossly to his visitors, who grinned cheerfully back at him and went on taking notes.

The angry young man was Lawrence, the former chauffeur, but he wore no uniform. Then Peter saw Carol.

"Oh, Peter darling! I'd about given you up—what a time you took to come! Peter, these men know the whole story about my slipping off the train and coming back to marry Larry. How do they find out things like that? Peter, can't you keep them from putting it in the paper?"

Carol had rushed into his arms. Then, by degrees, Peter heard what had happened. His sister had married the young football hero who had been dropped from college last spring for some escapade and whose disappearance had stirred the sport world.

"I had a tip that Ames was in town, working as a chauffeur or taxi driver," one reporter said to Peter. "The same fellow told me when Ames lost his job, tipped me off to where he was staying. I recognized your sister, did some sleuthing until I found out about the marriage and then came here to get the complete story. And what do I find? Reporters from every sheet in town camping on the doorstep. The same fellow must have told everybody else. Gosh, what a tough break when I thought I had it exclusive!"

"Now, if you will just pose with your arm about his shoulder," a camera man was saying persuasively to Carol.

"The idea! I will not."

"I guess they'll have a picture of you in the society files. And I know the files are full of pictures of Ames."

"What does it matter? What difference does it make?" Peter had said later. "All that matters is being happy. The next thing is to get you youngsters home."

Carol followed him to his car. "Peter, something has happened to you. Why didn't Ann come?"

Peter told her. And then he was hearing about Ann's visits, her pledge to secrecy.

No use now to be ashamed of his unjust doubts, when a more terrible doubt was tormenting him.

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THE newspapers apparently thought Carol Kendall was to be congratulated for winning the young man whose football playing had made him an idol. His father had received the news of the marriage over telephone and was coming at once.

It was upon the note of, "I can forgive everything except your not taking me into your confidence," that Mrs. Kendall met the runaways. She had been influenced by the newspapers. To her amazement Lawrence Ames, and not his marriage to Carol, was the dominant theme of all the articles.

Peter went out to break the news to his grandfather and stayed all night. The elder Kendall was genuinely shocked by the change in his grandson.

Peter looked thin and worn. His eyes were stricken. But the greatest change was not physical. He showed a weariness of spirit, a letting down mentally and spiritually. Peter didn't seem to care what happened. The world could go to smash. It already had smashed for Peter.

The labor trouble at the factory had been cleared up. Prices were rising and his grandfather had revised the salary scale, with substantial wage increases. The arbitration committee had become a permanent organization and differences had been ironed out, for the time, at least. Peter's grandfather gave his grandson the credit.

"When he starts something," old Peter said with pride, "he doesn't stop until he finishes it."

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YES, matters had been righted, but the old gentleman thought this only half-heartedly, feeling that things were far from right when young Peter was so unhappy.

"I wish you had never seen that girl, Peter," he said. He had blamed Ann for marrying Peter, but never as he blamed her now for leaving his boy. She must be mad to leave a fine boy like Peter.

Peter went back to town next morning and plunged into work. He had an early dinner and returned to the office. The April day had turned warm, almost summerlike. No night breeze had sprung up to relieve the closeness. The plans he had unrolled lay untouched upon his desk.

The telephone rang. Valeria's pleading voice said, "Peter, I'm lonely. It's deadly here."

Peter was lonely, too. And it was deadly where he was.

"Please. I need to get out. Won't you come?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"Soon?"

"Within the hour."

"I may pull you out on a party—just a few friends."

"I'll be there as soon as I drop by the club and change."

"Oh, thank you, darling."

Valeria's eyes were bright with excitement when she put down the telephone. She had hardly dared hope. Like everybody else, Peter could stand only so much unhappiness. She must make the most of this softened mood. If she could only persuade him to commit himself, to promise to start divorce proceedings!

Peter did not drink. But if he could be persuaded to drink a little now, he would fall in with her plans better.

She handed him a cocktail soon after he came. "Just one, you old teetotaler. Peter, you really need to get off the wagon."

He smiled mirthlessly. Did she think that this small drink could chase his devils, get him in the proper party mood?

A gay party was in progress at Dirk's apartment. Glasses were being filled and re-filled as Peter and Valeria entered. Voices, too shrill, too loud. Girls sitting close to men, their hands boldly clasped. Light talk and glances holding.

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VALERIA had said, "We're going to Dirk's. I just want to show you how harmless a place it really is."

"Hello, Peter! Will wonders never cease?" It was Dirk's voice. "Glad Valeria brought you."

"Peter's having something with me," Valeria said, her glance slanting toward Dirk. "One of your famous drinks, Dirk."

Dirk smiled. Valeria was getting ready to put the screws on, was she? Well, it would be fun to watch the little devil.

Peter took the glass, looking down at it darkly. Valeria wanted him to drink. Well, if it gave her any fun, why not? He drank the mixture and put the glass down.

"Let me fix you another."

"Thanks," said Peter. "If you will."

Dirk took the glass and refilled it. After a while he looked at Peter and registered admiration. The fellow was certainly a cool hand. He knew how to hold his liquor. He had heard that Peter Kendall was not a drinking chap. For an amateur he was certainly good. He was sure that if Peter were outwardly calm, some turmoil was going on inside.

He was right. Peter was watching the frequent inroads on the sandwich plates, glasses being emptied and filled again and again, the loosening of tongues and manners.

He hated Valeria's hot, possessive little hand, clutching at him.

"Peter, darling, get me a sandwich. There, Dirk, Peter's not drinking enough. Look at that perfect balance."

Peter crossed the room to the table where fresh platters of sandwiches had been placed. Dick Randall, very much inebriated, was talking.

"It's the joke of the season. What? Married her for spite and then falls in love with her. Then the girl lights out—doesn't even wait to get well—what the hell?"

Peter said coldly, "I don't like your kind of stories." His fist shot out.

(To Be Continued)

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

Sally's Sallies

When a man has spent a lot on a gal he often names her for her money.