

Between an Editor And His Columnist

Newspaper reporters who interviewed Col. Frank Knox, Chicago Daily News publisher, in Houston, Texas, recently, were interested in the publisher's "inside story" of how Howard Vincent O'Brien, Daily News columnist, had written in his column that his boss, Col. Knox, did not have a "Chinaman's chance" to be nominated by the Republican party.

Col. Knox laughed heartily when told that columnists and writers all over the country have lauded him and the columnist too, for the good sportsmanship and courage displayed by both parties. Col. Knox's version of the incident was published recently in the Houston Chronicle as follows:

"I want to tell you about that bird Knox went on. His name is Howard Vincent O'Brien. I brought him over to the News about three years ago to run my book page, and he did a very good job too. But after about a year, his health was not so good and he came in to me one day and said he'd like to go to Europe. (The Daily News has 11 men permanently abroad.)

"I said, 'All right, Howard — you can go on one condition. You must send us some interesting little stories off the beaten track — different kind of stuff.'

"Well, Howard spent that Summer roaming about Europe, and he wrote us some wonderful little stories all Summer — sprightly, written stuff — clever and brilliant. I enjoyed them hugely.

"When he came back, I said to him: 'Howard that was fine. Since you can write so well about Europe, why don't you write in the same way about our own country? I give you carte blanche and you can go all over America — wherever you want to — but you must write interesting stuff.'

"Well, he's been doing this in his column for some time and writing some wonderful stuff, too.

"Like all columnists, we carried for some time an editor's note over his column saying he was free to write his own views but they did not reflect the policy of the paper.

"The other day Howard got all humped up. A woman wrote him: 'How in the world you can pretend to be free and independent when you work for a man like Colonel Knox, an avowed candidate for President! Boy, Howard got mad at this!' He took his whole column that day to answer her.

"He said he was free and independent, regardless of what she thought. Then he went on to tell her, in a column, 'the sort of bird I work for.'

"But he would not make a good President, he went on, and then told why — Howard is very much on the left, a quasi Socialist, but one of the most likeable fellows you ever saw."

"Then he wound up his column with this remark:

"The boss won't like this, but he hasn't a Chinaman's chance to be nominated for President."

"Well, later that day, one of my editors, who handles our features, gave me the copy Howard had just handed in and exclaimed: 'What do you think of all this?'

"I began reading it, smiling and chuckling, and then roaring with laughter at the walloping in the last line. I told the editor: 'Don't dot an "i" or cross a "t" — let her go.' — Frank Editor and Publisher, of New York.

Search Ends In Country Store

Where are the red flannels of yesterday? Legions of metropolitan papers and scribes of the rural press joined the quest for colorful specimens from the olden fleece.

Reporters slipped up and down the sidewalks of New York from Fifth Avenue in the Beverly quizzing shopkeepers and peddlers. Yes, we have no red flannels, they said. Wire the country correspondents, advised the city reporters as they returned to their office cubicles and hunched to their editors.

So the country was combed for news. Other cities were queried. The crossroads stores were visited. Yes, they had occasional calls for "reds" this winter, but none in stock. No, they didn't know what had become of the remembered red flannels that were the joy of husky townsmen and lumberjacks but the bane of tender-skinned schoolboys back in the horse and buggy era. Anyhow, the old red flannels "ain't" where they used to be!

But hold! A flash! The Associated Press has news for the shivering world. They've found 'em! And whence came the news? From Galipolis, Ohio. Cecil Bradley, a local travelling salesman, reported he had found red flannels, plenty of them, in a country store, "a stack two feet thick, and what's more, they're selling them."

The East may be edify. But not the Middle West. Glorious Gallipolis. The hardihood of the pioneers still lives. They can still "take it" — even red flannel underwear. — Christian Science Monitor.

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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Rainbow Gold

by

E. C. BULEY

SYNOPSIS

Dan Prescott and Gordon Westerby find gold in the arid bush of Australia. They strike their claim and start the long journey to the coast.

Westerby has a fiancée, Gladys Clements in England, but when they arrive in Sydney he marries a pretty blonde, Gordon's fiancée, Eve Gilchrist, a London girl.

Gordon forwards a photo of Dan to his former fiancée, Gladys Clements, in London and when Dan arrives she believes he is Gordon. Eve Gilchrist, a typist, obtains work in Medford's office, the broker who is handling the mine. Eve and Dan fall in love but when Eve is confronted by Gladys she believes in Dan's duplicity.

Dan charts a plane back to Australia to check up on Westerby.

"You are getting out too lightly," Slade said with a touch of severity. "Of course," Westerby agreed. "Dan's a good chap, Slade. No man ever had a better mate than Dan Prescott."

Meanwhile Dan had sought the quiet little hotel where he had stayed before he left Sydney on his trip to England. He contrived to persuade the landlady to make no fuss, and went straight to bed, having arranged for some clothes to be purchased for his use. He slept for nearly twenty-four hours, and rose a new man.

He encountered the penalties of fame when he ventured out to keep his appointment with Westerby at Slade's office. A small crowd had gathered in the street, cameras whirred and clicked as he appeared and jumped into a cab, and he was dogged about the streets of the city by a small band of newspaper men. He took the bull by the horns and invited these sleuths into Slade's inner room for a talk.

"Now boys," Dan began, "I can't have you trailing me like this, and it's got to stop. I didn't come hurdling up to Australia for fun, or to make work for you. I've got urgent business of a private nature. So you'd better lay off. If you don't I'll take a crack at the first one of you that I see snooping around in my tracks."

"I'm off to the mine," Dan said. "I'll want somebody to look after my interests in order down here."

"And what about me?" Westerby asked. "You'll want somebody in Sydney I reckon when you and Slade are away at the mine."

"The place I thought for you was coal," Dan said, dispassionately. "What do you think Slade?"

"I don't know," Slade said carelessly. "He's a director, and owner of twenty per cent. of the shares. It would give us a bad name, I think, if he went to chuks."

"When I left England," Dan went on, "I had an idea that I'd kill you; but I don't know. Is it right that you are not married to the Lorna girl?"

"I've said so, haven't I?" Westerby asked, reproachfully. "Do you doubt my word, Dan?"

"Yes," Dan answered. "You haven't got a wife of any kind knocking around, then?"

Westerby shook his head, and his jaw fell. He knew Dan pretty well, and was cute enough to see what was coming.

"Then you are catching the next boat to England? Dan said cheerfully. "And as soon as you get there, you are going to marry little Gladys. If she will have you that is. And you'll send a cable at once, telling her that you are on the way."

"Just as you say, Dan," Westerby agreed.

"Then go and send that cable," Dan ordered.

Westerby had gone, Dan turned to Slade with the first cheerful smile he had worn since arriving in Australia.

"Cripes! He's going to spend the rest of his life wondering how his stick got on his clean pocket handkerchief."

"He doesn't know, Slade," he confided.

When the news of Dan's safe arrival in Sydney was published, it was the talk of the town.

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Issue No. 17 — 36

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Insects Will Never Rule Mankind

Which is fittest to survive, insects or man? "Insects," say the misanthropes. "Man," said Barton Eddy, naturalist, at a recent meeting of the Executives' Club at the Sherman hotel in Chicago.

With all the advantages insects have over man, physiologically speaking, they will never be able to gain supremacy upon this earth, he assured those who have nightmares of insect hordes winning in the titanic struggle some see going on between man and insects for the possession of the earth.

Among the advantages insects have over man, Mr. Eddy mentioned were "no lungs with which to get T.B., no arteries to harden, no appendix to rupture, no teeth to decay. They can digest more rapidly than man, some of them digesting four times their own weight in a single day. Their smelling organs are keener than a setter's and their nervous system is less capable of being out of order."

"Insects have an outside skeleton, which acts as a coat of mail to protect the vital organs," he said. "Man has most of his organs unprotected. They have a tremendous power to multiply. Some of them lay but one egg, from which sixty-five result. The common plant louse, if it were allowed to live and breed throughout a single season, and if all were to survive, over 500 quadrillion descendants. Prof. Glen Sterick of Cornell university claims that the combined weight of all the people upon the earth."

Among the disadvantages of the insects which give man supremacy is the fact that the outside skeleton, or coat of mail, is dead and incapable of expansion as the creature grows. While shedding its skeleton it is absolutely at the mercy of its foes. While their digestion is better than man's, insects are specialists and if their diet specially is not available they starve.

Man also can invent machines which excel the smelling organs of the insects, and has a more sensitive if less stable nervous system. Besides insects are cold-blooded, and become involuntarily inactive at temperatures of forty degrees Fahrenheit or less, and are at the mercy of their enemies.

There is also marked dissension within the ranks of the insects. They are their own worst enemies. By presenting a united front against the insects man will retain his supremacy.—The Chicago Daily News.

Publicity "Out"

NICE.—One of the cases when it does not pay to advertise is when publicity concerns a reigning monarch. Hotel keepers, restaurant owners, and casino managements on the Riviera are having this fact brought home to them by the authorities.

Two Kings are regular patrons of the Riviera—King Gustav of Sweden and King Christian of Denmark. Other royalties pay frequent visits to the Cote d'Azur also. Their presence swells the revenue of the various resorts by millions of francs.

Recently it was made known that King Gustav was annoyed by the fact that his presence at a private dinner was advertised in advance. The King asked his host to change the venue of the entertainment. He is said to have threatened to leave the Riviera if this sort of publicity is resorted to again.

There will be considerable restriction on advertising the presence of Royalty after the event, such announcements as "King X dined at the Restaurant" being frowned on. This will be a blow, but a far bigger blow would be the departure of Royalty.

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"The intellectual function of trouble is to make men think." — John Dewey.

"When the peace army is larger than the war army, war will fade away like the dew before the morning." — Carrie Chapman Catt.



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Issue No. 17 — 36

A Real Mystery

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to..."

"Let me give you a little more of this stew, Mr. Smith," interrupted the landlady.