

Census Takers Study Methods Of Area Plan

Bureau Prepares Students To Take Charge of Statistical Research.

WASHINGTON.—The census bureau is teaching a class of 175 men and women in the proper method of asking a question and getting the right answer. Of these 103 will be given jobs as area managers for the big census of 1940.

The school was started because the census bureau, whose business is gathering statistics, decided a statistic is hardly a statistic at all if it lacks precision.

In past censuses, enumerators have free-lanced a bit, officials said, in classifying borderline answers.

For instance, the president of a small manufacturing company spends 45 per cent of his time on administrative duties, 55 per cent on sales work. Is he an administrator or a sales official? The right answer, they decided, is "sales official," because that job takes up the major part of his time. But that wasn't always the answer the bureau received in prior years.

Almost every one of the 172 schedules of questions to be asked in the 1940 census has some of these borderline queries in it. The statisticians feared equivocal reports of 143,000 enumerators asking these questions of more than 120,000,000 people. They decided to get method lest there be madness.

Jobs to Last Nine Months.

So far 60 days 175 persons have been going to school in what was once a department store warehouse. The class looked like a meeting of moderately prosperous proprietors of small businesses. Their jobs, in most cases, will last about nine months and they will be paid about \$300 a month.

The job of area manager is a new one with the 1940 census. Heretofore directors of the 500 census districts have sent their reports directly to Washington. Only from someone in the census bureau or a field representative, who might or might not be present when he was needed, could they get advice on handling the many problems that arose. Next year all this will be handled by the area managers.

Thus, while it was the borderline question that suggested the job, the person who gets it will be responsible for a great deal more than just coaching the enumerators.

The area, in most instances, will be approximately half a state, containing from five to eight census districts. The districts are divided into the 143,000 enumeration districts, which contain an average of about 1,500 persons.

The candidates for area managers have been drilled, not only in census methods, but on details from public relations to geography.

Their instructors have been census bureau officials plus an occasional lecturer from outside. The 11 schedules for the business (distribution) census have been explained in detail, as well as the 148 schedules for manufacturers, the nine regionalized schedules on farms plus the supplement on plantations, and the single schedules on population, housing, mines and quarries, and on irrigation and drainage.

The students sat at semi-circular

Safety Note: Why Not Camouflage It?



When air-raid sirens blare out their warnings to take cover, Londoners will do exactly that. They will grab the new bed comforter and scam for the bomb-proof shelter. The coverlet is shown at left as a comforter. At right, the quilt as it is transformed into a warm, comfortable garment.

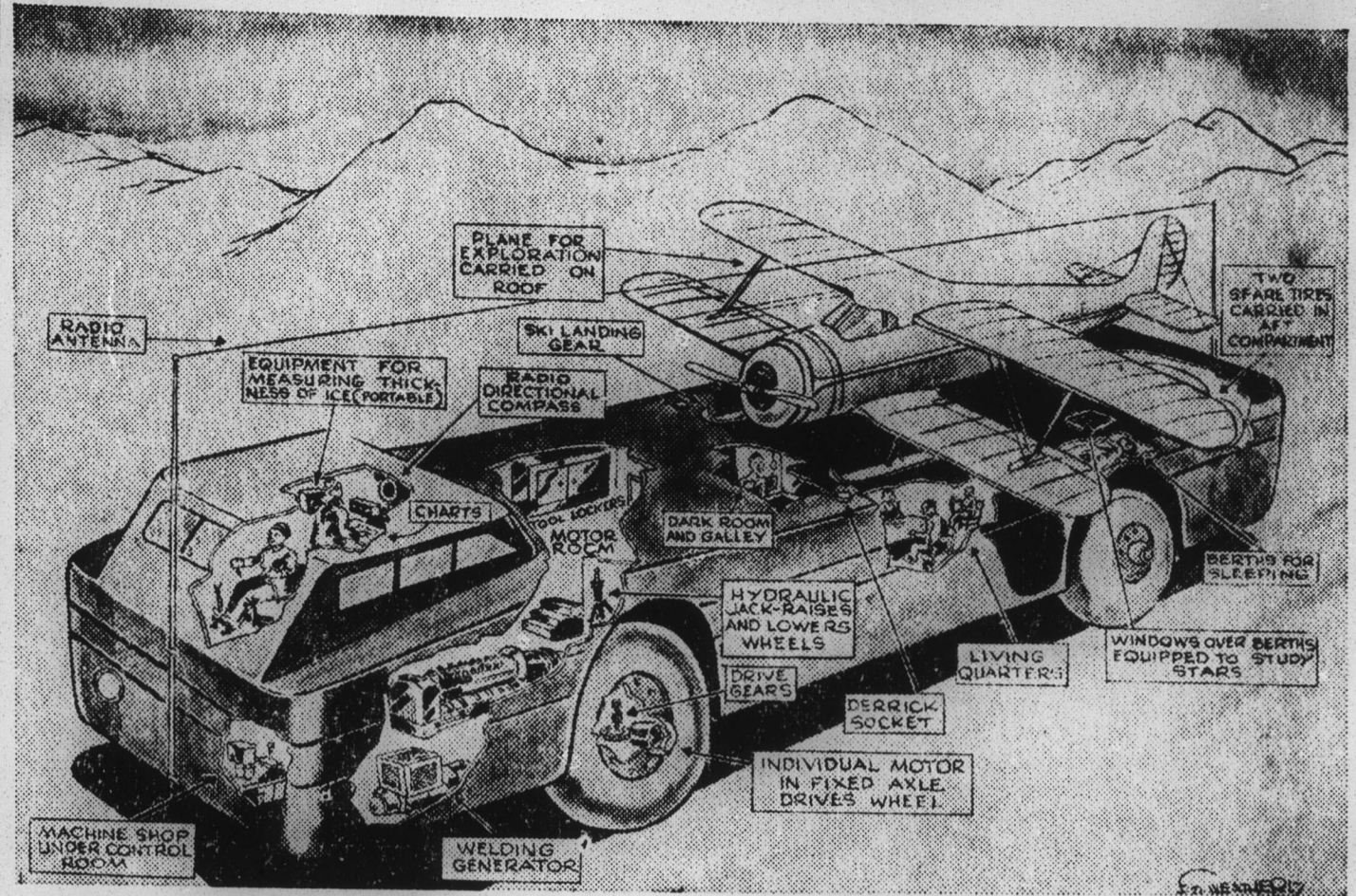
CHARLIE TURPIN, EX-SOLDIER, NOW AN ENGLISH HERMIT

Eccentric Now Lives Peaceful Life in England.

LONDON.—Charlie Turpin, who was once a cowboy in Canada and Texas, and soldier in the World war, now is a hermit.

Eight years ago he established himself in his present home, an

Byrd's 'Penguin Special' to Get Antarctic Workout



Diagrammed here is the \$150,000 snow cruiser designed by Dr. Thomas Poulter at Chicago's Armour Institute for Admiral Richard E. Byrd's exploration trip to the Antarctic. It averages 10 miles an hour, and in its 27-ton body carries enough fuel for a non-stop New York-San Francisco trip and back. It carries a plane on its back. Each wheel has a separate motor and tires are changed by raising the axle internally, letting the body rest on the snow.

Wise Old Granny Fox Pounces On Careless Little Peter Rabbit

By THORNTON BURGESS

Now listen to this little tale That deals somewhat with folly, And shows how sometimes one may be A little bit too jolly.

NO SOONER was old Granny Fox out of sight, running as if she thought that every jump might be her last, than Jimmy Skunk came out from the hole under a big stump where he had been hiding. Peter Rabbit came out of the hollow log from which he had been peeping, and Uncle Billy Possum dropped down from the hemlock trees in which he had so carefully kept out of sight, and all three began to dance around Prickly Porky, laughing as if they were trying to split their sides.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Jimmy Skunk. "I wonder what Reddy Fox would have said if he could have seen old Granny go down that hollow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Peter Rabbit. "Did you see how her eyes popped out?"

"Hee, hee, hee!" squeaked Uncle Billy Possum in his funny, cracked rows of desks in a barnlike classroom, equipped with a loudspeaker system. After each lecture, the students were given written and oral tests, in which they solved hypothetical puzzles.

Although the census-takers will have legal authority to demand accurate replies to all questions, personal or otherwise, the group was warned of the bureau's impulse to fire any enumerator who wasn't equal to getting the information without recourse to that authority.

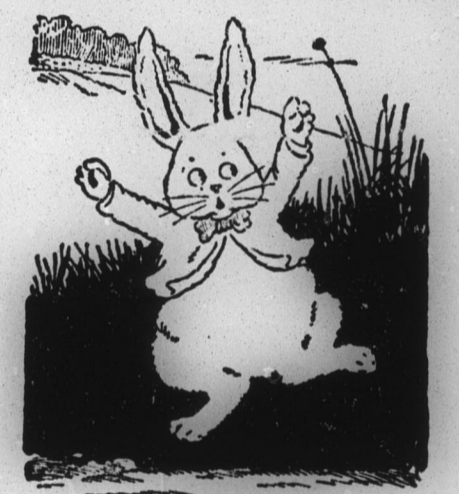
Get the answers, says the bureau, and get the right ones, but don't hold your foot in the door or make threats—be courteous, be clever, be persuasive.

voice. "Ah reckons she am bound to have sore feet if she keeps on running the way she started."

Prickly Porky didn't say a word. He just smiled in a quiet sort of way as he slowly climbed up to the top of the hill.

Now, old Granny Fox had been badly frightened. Who wouldn't have been at seeing a strange creature without head, tail, or legs rolling down hill straight toward them? But Granny was too old and wise to run very far without cause. She was hardly out of sight of the four little scamps who had been watching her when she stopped to see if that strange creature was following her. It didn't take her long to decide that it was not. Then she did some quick thinking.

"I said beforehand that there was some trick, and now I'm sure of it," she muttered. "I have an idea that



"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Peter Rabbit. "Did you see how her eyes popped out?"

that good for nothing old Bill Possum knows something about it, and I'm just going back to find out."

She wasted no time thinking about it, but began to steal back the way she had come. Now, no one is lighter-footed than old Granny Fox, and no one knows better how to keep out of sight. From tree to tree she crawled, sometimes flat on her stomach, until at last she reached the foot of the hill where she had just had such a fright. There was nothing to be seen there, but up at the top of the hill she saw something that made a fierce, angry gleam come into her yellow eyes. Then she smiled grimly. "The last laugh always is the best laugh, and this time I guess it is going to be mine," she said to herself; and very slowly and carefully, so as not to so much as rustle a leaf, she began to crawl around so as to come up on the back of the hill.

Now, what old Granny Fox had seen was Peter Rabbit and Jimmy Skunk and Uncle Billy Possum rolling over and over in the dried leaves, turning somersaults and shouting and laughing, while Prickly Porky sat looking on and smiling. Granny knew well enough what was tickling them so, and she knew, too, that they didn't dream but that she was still running away in fright. At last they were so tired with their good time that they had to stop for a rest.

"Oh, dear, I'm all out of breath," panted Peter as he threw himself flat on the ground. "That

Husband and Wife Should Both Speak To Other's Friends

By PHYLLIS BELMONT



WHEN walking along the street with my husband he will say to me: "Here comes So and So," calling by name persons whom I have never met or seen. When we pass he says "Hello," but I do not speak. He says it is proper for me to speak also. Please advise me which is proper.

A READER. Answer—Certainly in such matters husband and wife should not stand on ceremony. Either should be glad to exchange greetings with an acquaintance of the other. You are wrong not to speak to his acquaintances when he does; and a wife can easily retard the practical success of her husband by creating the impression of being aloof and formal. Presumably the problem can arise only in connection with chance or business acquaintances, for, of course, your husband would not fail to stop and introduce you to any personal friend of his with whom you were not acquainted. Phyllis Belmont.—WNU Service.

Needlework King



Crochet and embroidery champion of Utah's state fair is Frank Mortensen of Midvale, who, when he isn't knocking off a bit of fancy needlework, is a "mucker" in an ore smelter. Crocheting is his hobby.

was the funniest thing I ever saw. I wonder who we—"

Peter didn't finish. No, sir; Peter didn't finish. Instead he gave a frightened shriek as something red flashed out from under a low-growing hemlock tree close behind him, and two black paws pinned him down and sharp teeth caught him by the back of the neck. Old Granny Fox had caught Peter Rabbit at last!

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Temple of Death"

STRIKE up the band, here comes a sailor—and let that band play soft, mysterious music to fit the scene, for that sailor is going to tell us a tale about India, the land where strange things happen.

William Mutch is the sailor's name and he lives in New York city. It was in July, 1925, that Bill stepped off his ship, the S. S. Steel Trader, at Bombay and started out to see the sights of the town. And Bill says he saw the town from all angles—the funny side and the deadly, serious, too.

Right off the bat he had a brush with a native corn doctor—and Bill says the joke was on him. Early that morning when the ship docked dozens of native peddlers swarmed aboard. Among them was a corn doctor, who wanted six rupees to take a corn off Bill's foot. Bill offered him three, but the corn doctor shook his head. Finally they compromised. Bill paid him three rupees and promised to pay him three more that afternoon.

When Bill stepped off the boat there was the corn doctor. He wanted his three rupees, but Bill told him he'd pay him the next day, and he and his buddy got into a gharry to drive away. But he wasn't fooling the corn doctor any. That little Hindu trotted right along behind the carriage yelling, "The Sahib owes me three rupees," until finally Bill stopped him and paid him the dough.

Bill Manages to Square Accounts.

"He smiled and said, 'Thank you, Sahib,'" says Bill. "But I didn't smile because quite a crowd had gathered to see me hand over those coins."

So Mother India had her joke on Bill—but she also had another surprise waiting for him.

The gharry moved on, with a crowd behind it all laughing at Bill's expense, and it didn't stop until Bill saw a curious building and asked his driver what it was. The driver said it was the Pydhoni temple—at



Those white clad Hindus fell on Bill and his pal, hitting, kicking, biting and even spitting.

least that's what the name sounded like to Bill. Bill had a camera along and he wanted to take some pictures of that temple, so he paid off the driver and he and his buddy alighted and went up to the building.

Bill's eye fell on the curious carvings on the pillars of that temple, but his pal was impatient. "I don't like the looks of this place," he said. "Let's go to some place that's lively and where we can get a drink."

But Bill wanted to get some photographs first. He noticed an open door and sauntered over near it to take a look through it. "No one was about," he says, "so I decided to go inside—against the advice of my friend, who refused to go with me."

So Bill went in alone. He took off his hat and passed through that door and up at the far end he saw a large image with a few smaller ones grouped around it. With his hat in one hand and his camera in the other, he moved toward that idol. Then, just as he had reached it, he heard a scream of rage on the other side of the big room.

Bill Is Frightened by Scream of Rage.

Bill dropped his hat and camera. Wheeling around he saw a door open. A short Hindu dressed in white stood in the doorway waving his arms at him. That was enough for Bill. He started running for the doorway. "My friend at the door shouted to me to hurry," says he. "But there was no need for him to yell. I was running as fast as I could then. I had just remembered my hat and my camera on the floor behind me when I saw four more Hindus coming out of the side door. They were trying to head me off by reaching the front door before I did. They didn't mean to let me get out as easily as I had gone in."

"Just by the door one Hindu tried to get me by the throat. But my friend, like a good shipmate, stepped in and started to help me out. He hit the Hindu on the side of the head, knocking him down. But by that time the others were on us and the fight was on in real earnest."

Those white-clad Hindus fell on Bill and his pal, hitting, kicking, biting and even spitting. Bill says, "I didn't take us long," he writes, "to find out they meant business. And we were sure of it when we saw a knife in the hand of one of them. He tried to stab me in the chest, and the only reason he didn't is that he couldn't reach me. Two of his friends were busy right then trying to kick me to pieces and they got in his way."

The Temple Warriors Fight Their Way to Safety.

The man with the knife turned, then, and made a vicious slash at Bill's face. Bill's pal threw up his arm and the knife ripped through the sleeve of his jacket. "The Hindu lost his balance," says Bill, "and fell to the floor, giving us a much needed break. The others gave way a little when he fell—not much, but enough to give us a chance. We smashed our way through them, dashed through the door and out into the street."

Bill left half of his coat behind him in the hands of two of those Hindus. A small crowd, attracted by the noise, had gathered in the street outside, but for some reason they didn't try to stop Bill and his pal as they ran past them and down the street. They had only gone about half a block, though, when the whole mob was after them, yelling and shouting.

"But luck was with us," says Bill, "for just then a vacant taxi came along. We told the driver to take us to the docks as fast as he could. He looked at us curiously—and, no wonder, for we were a sight and a great crowd was after us—but he nodded and got going."

The driver was a Mohammedan, or he wouldn't have been so willing to help them out. He took them to the docks and Bill and his pal went aboard their ship. The ship didn't leave Bombay for four days, but neither one of those lads went ashore again. "We stayed on ship," Bill says, "expecting a visit from the English police or a Hindu knife between our ribs while we slept. But neither one of those things happened and we were glad when the ship sailed for Karachi."

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

21-Gun Salute Has Origin in Mystical Significance

Originally warships fired a salute of seven guns, the number seven being selected because of its mystical significance from antiquity. Although the salute at sea was seven guns, shore batteries were allowed to fire three guns to the ship's one. The reason for this was that sodium nitrate was largely used in the manufacture of powder. This was easily spoiled at sea, but could be very readily kept on land. The multiplier three was selected probably because of its symbolism. With the development of the manufacture of powder, the number of guns for the international naval salute was made to correspond with that of the land forces. On August 18, 1875, a resolution adopted by the United States provided that salutes be returned gun for gun. At this time the British salute was already 21 guns, therefore, this number was accepted by the United States.

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BUSINESS INDEX

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Both aches and raw throat relieved this convenient way. Saves hours of discomfort.

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