The United States' Unprecedented Growth and Her Economic Position

By CHARLES D. WALCOTT, Smithsonian Institution.

HE UNITED STATES' unprecedented growth and her present commanding economic position have been made possible by abundance of natural resources. Individual and public economic policies have been predicated on this abundance. Minerals, forests, fur and game animals, agricultural soils, range lands, fish, and water resources were all seemingly inexhaustible in supply, and all have been appropriated and exploited recklessly and wastefully. The cream has been skimmed, and, all too often, the milk has been thrown away.

The whole philosophy of exploitation has been based on the theory of making maximum profits for the exploiter, rather than the ideal of greatest service and lasting benefit to the people of the world as a whole. The resources seemed unlimited, and it was assumed that future requirements would adjust themselves automatically and that posterity would take care of itself.

Now the point has been reached where it is evident that the resources have a limit. Expansion cannot continue indefinitely, nor can even the present scale of consumption be maintained as population increases, unless steps are taken to replenish the supply. The pressure of scarcity and increasing costs of exploitation demand the elimination of wastes, the intensive utilization of the resources that are left, and the discovery or creation of new supplies.

"If the Government of Mexico Is Now on Trial Before the World"

By PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES, President of Mexico.

If the government of Mexico, as affirmed, is now on trial before the world, such is the case with the government of the United States as well as all those of other countries; but if it is to be understood that Mexico is on trial in the guise of a defendant, my government absolutely rejects with energy such imputation which, in essence, would only mean an insult.

To conclude, I declare that my government, conscious of the obligations imposed by international law, is determined to comply with them, and, therefore, to extend due protection to the lives and interests of foreigners; that it only accepts and hopes to receive the help and support of all the other countries based on a sincere and loyal co-operation and according to the invariable practice of international friendship.

But in no way it shall admit that a government of any nation may pretend to create a privileged situation for its nationals in the country, nor shall it either accept any foreign interference contrary to the rights of sovereignty of Mexico.

Europe Is Desperately Anxious for Our Moral Support on Any Terms

By W. B. McKINLEY, Senator From Illinois.

Europe has given up all hope of persuading the United States to enter the League of Nations. Talk of a limitation of arms conference is futile until France has been satisfied by some sort of a security pact. The European nations are so anxious to have this country enter the World court that they are willing to have us enter on our own terms.

I have been visiting Europe for seven years and this trip convinces me that Europe has given up all hope of our entering the league. Europe recognizes we are the most powerful and the most prosperous country in the world and it is desperately anxious to have our moral support. Europeans no longer expect a political tieup with this country, but they do want a working understanding in a united effort to keep the world

Two years ago Lord Robert Cecil said to me, "We want the United States on any terms. If your nation objects to the selection of the present court, the machinery is a matter of words, as far as my government and others are concerned. The United States should be a member."

Supreme Court's Decisions Mean That Sherman Act Is Still Effective.

By JOHN G. SARGENT, U. S. Attorney General.

The decisions of the Supreme court in the Maple Flooring and Cement association cases make it plain that the mere collection and dissemination by a trade association of statistics relating to prices on past transactions, production, stocks in hand and sales, is not illegal. The court decided these cases against the government on the ground that the records did not disclose evidence of an agreement between the members to make use of the statistics in fixing prices, curtailing production or otherwise restraining trade. The court did not overrule, but expressly distinguished the former decisions in the hardwood lumber and linseed oil cases, so that the Sherman law remains effective as to associations which may use a statistical service as a mere means of facilitating the fixing of prices, etc., by agreement. The Department of Justice will continue to be alert to able to sit at the table facing her; eatdetect and prosecute associations whose operations go beyond the mere dissemination of knowledge, now sanctioned by the Supreme court, and actually result in combinations, conspiracies and agreements in restraint of trade in violation of the law.

Professional Baseball Can Rise to Height of a Religious Experience.

By HEYWOOD BROUN, in Harper's Magazine.

The bleeding right tackle making a last stand on the goal line is to me a lesser figure than Walter Johnson staving off the attack of the Giants in the final game of the world's series. For, as I look at it, the bleeding tackle is fighting merely for the honor and glory of his college. My mind will not accept him as a satisfactory symbol of any larger issue. But when Johnson pitched I felt that the whole samurai tradition was at stake.

And so Johnson became a demigod, and I am always sad when the gods die. I saw Johnson sicken under torture as the Giants scourged him. I watched him driven to the dugout in defeat.

And then I saw him come back from his cavern revivified with all his old magic. This demigod was alive again and before me was played out a solar myth. So it has been with Buddha and Osiris. There is resiliency in the soul of man and he may lie down to bleed awhile and return refreshed. College football is just a game; professional baseball can rise to the height of a religious experience.

It never was the real Johnson but only the fictional one which captured my imagination. He was the prince of pitchers and the strikeout king. From Montana he came to the big leagues to throw a baseball faster than it had ever been thrown before. And as a boy I read of how the hands of his catcher were bruised and maimed by the ordeal of receiving this mighty delivery.

SOBIG

By EDNA FERBER

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

'Perhaps," eagerly, "you'll dine a four or six of us, or even-

"Would you like the Drake to

"It looks too much like a Roman bath. The pillars scare me. Let's go to the Blackstone

They went to the Blackstone. The head waiter knew him. "Good evening, Mr. DeJong." Dirk was secretly Then, with a shock, realized that the head waiter was grinning at Dallas and Dallas was grinning at the head waiter. "Hello, Andre," said Dallas.

"Good evening, Miss O'Mara." The text of his greeting was correct and befitting the head waiter at the Black stone. But his voice was lyric and his eyes glowed. His manner of seating her at a table was an enthronement.

the look in Dirk's eyes, "I met him in the army," Dallas explained "when I was in France. He's a grand

"Were you in-what did you do in France?

"Oh, odd jobs."

Her dinner gown was very smart, but the pink ribbon strap of an undergarment showed untidily at one sideher silk brassiere, probably. Paula would have-but then, a thing like that was impossible in Paula's perfection of toilette. He loved the way the gown cut sharply away at the shoulder to show her firm white arms. It was dull gold, the color of her hair. This was one Dallas. There were a dozen—a hundred. Yet she was al-ways the same. You never knew whether you were going to meet the gamin of the rumpled smock and the smudged face or the beauty of the little fur jacket. Sometimes Dirk thought she looked like the splendid goddesses you saw in paintings—the kind with high, pointed breasts and gracious gentle pose-holding out a horn of plenty. There was about her something genuine and earthy and elemental. He noticed that her nails were short and not well cared for-not glittering and pointed and cruelly sharp and horridly vermilion, like Paula's. That

"Some oysters?" he suggested. "They are perfectly safe here. Or fruit cock tail? Then breast of guinea hen under glass and an artichoke-

She looked a little worried. "If you suppose you take that. Me, I'd like steak and some potatoes au gratin and a salad with Russian-

"That's fine!" . He was delighted He doubled that order and they con-sumed it with devastating thoroughness. She ate rolls. She ate butter. She made no remarks about the food except to say, once, that it was good and that she had forgotten to eat lunch be All this Dirk found most restful and

Usually, when you dined in a res taurant with a woman she said, "Oh, I'd love to eat some of those crist little rolls!'

You said, "Why not?"

Invariably the answer to this was. Goodness! A half pound at least. I haven't eaten a roll with outter in a year.

Again you said, "Why not?"
"Afraid I'll get fat." "You! Nonsense Automatically, You're just right."

talked about their weight, figure, lines. He thought it in bad taste. Paula was always rigidly refraining from ing his thorough meal while she nibbled fragile curls of Melba toast, lettuce leaf, and half a sugarless grapefruit. It lessened his enjoyment of his own oysters, steak, coffee. He a little avidly, for all her expressed indifference to it. She was looking a little haggard, too.

"The theater's next door," he said. "Just a step. We don't have to leave here until after eight."

"That's nice." She had her cigarette with her coffee in a mellow, sensuous atmosphere of enjoyment. He was talking about himself a good deal. He

"You know I'm an architect-a east, I was one. Perhaps that's why I like to hang around your shop so. I get sort of homesick for the pencils and the drawing board—the thing.

"Why did you give it up, then?" "Nothing in it."

"How do you mean—nothing in it?"
"No money. After the war nobody was building. Oh, I suppose if I'd

"And then you became a banker h'm? Well, there ought to be money enough in a bank." lie was a little nettled. "I wasn't

banker—at first. I was a bond sales Her brows met in a little frown "I'd rather," Dallas said, slowly, "plan one back door of a building that's going to help make this town beautiful and significant than sell all the bonds that ever floated a—whatever it is that bonds are supposed to float."

vay, too. But you see, my mother had given me my education, really. She worked for it. I couldn't go dubbing along, earning just enough to keep me wanted to give her things. I want-

"Did she want those things? Did she want you to give up architecture and go into bonds?" "Well-she-I don't know that she exactly-" He was too decent-still too much the son of Selina De Jong-

to be able to lie about that. "You said you were going to let m meet her."

"Would you let me bring her in? Or perhaps you'd even-would you drive out to the farm with me some day. She'd like that so much." "So would I."

He leaned toward her, suddenly, "Listen, Dallas. What do you think of me, anyway?" He wanted to know. He couldn't stand not knowing any

"I think you're a nice young man." That was terrible. "But I don't want you to think I'm a nice young man. I want you to like me-a lot Tell me, what haven't I got that you think I ought to have? Why do you put me off so many times? I never feel that I'm really near you. What is it I lack?" He was abject.

"Well, if you're asking for it. I do lemand of the people I see often that they possess at least a splash of splendor in their makeup. Some people are nine-tenths splendor and one-tenth tawdriness, like Gene Meran. And some are nine-tenths tawdriness and one tenth splendor, liké Sam Huebch. But some people are all just a nice even pink without a single patch of royal purple.

"And that's me, h'm?" He was horribly disappointed, hurt, retched. But a little angry, too. His pride. Why, he was Dirk DeJong, the successful of Chicago's younger men: the most promising; the most popular. After all, what did she do but paint commercial pictures for fifteen hundred dollars apiece?

"What happens to the men who fall in love with you? What do they do?" Dallas stirred her coffee thoughtfully. "They usually tell me abou

"And then what?" "Then they seem to feel better and e become great friends."

"But don't you ever fall in love with Pretty d-d sure of herself. them?" "Don't you ever fall in love with them?

"I almost always do," said Dallas. He plunged. "I could give you a lot of things you haven't got, purple or no purple.

Paris. "What d'you mean! Paris. What

"Study. I want to do portraits. Oils. He was terrified. "Can't you do them nere?"

"Oh, no. Not what I need. I have been studying here. I've been taking life-work three nights a week at the Art institute, just to keep my hand

"So that's where you are, evenings?" He was strangely relieved. "Let me go with you some time, will you?" Anything. Anything.

She took him with her one evening, steering him successfully past the stern Irishman who guarded the entrance to the basement classrooms; to her locker, got into her smock, grabbed her brushes, went directly to her place, fell to work at once. Dirk blinked in the strong light. He glanced at the dais toward which they were all gazing from time to time as they worked. On it lay a nude woman.

To himself Dirk said, in a sort of panic: "Why, say, she hasn't got any clothes on! My gosh! this is fierce. meanwhile, to look easy, careless critical. Strangely enough, he succee ed, after the first shock, not only in looking at ease, but feeling so. The class was doing the whole figure in

oils. The model was a moron with a skin like velvet and rose petals. She fell into poses that flowed like cream. Her hair was waved in wooden undulaity and her earrings were drug-store pearls in triple strands but her back was probably finer than Helen's and her breasts twin snowdrifts peaked with coral. In twenty minutes Dirk found himself impersonally interested in tone, shadows, colors, line. He listened to the low-voiced instructor and squinted carefully to ascertain whether that shadow on the model's stomach really should be painted blue

or brown. Even Dirk could see that Dallas canvas was almost insultingly superior her. Beneath the flesh on her canvas muscles blood and bone. You felt she had a surgeon's knowledge of anatomy It was after eleven when they emerged from the Art institute doorway and stood a moment together at the top of the broad steps surveying the world that lay before them. Dallas said nothing. Suddenly the beauty

He defended himself. "I felt that I of the night rushed up and overwhelmed Dirk. Gorgeousness and tawdriness; color and gloom. At the right the white tower of the Wrigley ouilding rose wraithlike against a background of purple sky.

Straight shead the but of the Adams street L station in midair was Vene tian bridge, with the black canal of asphalt flowing sluggishly beneath. The reflection of cafeteria and cigarshop windows on either side were slender shafts of light along the canal. An enchanting sight.

She was a part ofall this.

"Yes." He felt an outsider. "Want sandwich? Are you hungry?" "I'm starved."

They had sandwiches and coffee a an all-night one-arm lunch room because Dallas said her face was too dirty for a restaurant and she didn't want to bother to wash it. She was nore than ordinarily companionable that night; a little tired; less buoyant and independent than usual. This gave her a little air of helplessness-of tatigue—that aroused all his tender ness. Her smile gave him a warm rush of pure happiness—until he saw her



They Had Sandwiches and Coffee at an All-Night One-Arm Lunchroom

smile in exactly the same way at the pimply young man who lorded it over the shining nickel coffee container, as she told him that his coffee was

Chapter XV

The things that had mattered s vitally didn't seem to be important somehow, now. The people who had seemed so desirable had become suddenly insignificant. The games he had played appeared silly games. He was seeing things through Dallas O'Mara's wise, beauty-loving eyes. Strangely enough, he did not realize that this girl saw life from much the same angle as that at which his mother regarded it. In the last few years his mother had often offended him by her attitude toward these rich and powerful friends of his-their ways, their games, their way of living in turn offended him On his rare visits to the farm it seemed to him there was always some drab dejected female in the kitchen or living room or on the porch—a woman with broken teeth and comic shoes and tragic eyes—drinking great draughts of coffee and telling her woes to Selina-Sairey Gampish ladies smelling un pleasantly of peppermint and perspira tion and poverty. "And he ain't ha a lick of work since November-

"You don't say! That's terrible!" He wished she wouldn't.

Sometimes old Aug Hempel drove out there and Dirk would come upon the two snickering wickedly together cerned the North Shore crowd.

It had been years since Selina had said, sociably, "What did they have for linner, Dirk? H'm?"

"My! Caviare!"

"Well—soup—"
"Nothing before the soup?" "Oh, yeh. Some kind of a—one of those canape things, you know.

Sometimes Selina giggled like a taken quite seriously. The fox hunts, for example. Lake Forest had taken to fox hunting, and the Tippecano crowd kept kennels. Dirk had learne to ride pretty well. An English certain Captain Stokes-Beatty-had teries of fox hunting. Huntin'. The North Shore learned to say nec's'ry and conservat'ry. Captain Stokes-Beatty was a tall, bow-legged, and

little at the deviled kidneys. The food had been patterned as far as possible English hunt breakfasts and ruined in an atmosphere of lukewarm steam The women were slim and perfectly tailored but wore their hunting clother a trifle uneasily and self-consciously like girls in their first low-cut party dresses. Most of the men had turned stubborn on the subject of pink coats, but Captain Stokes-Beatty wore his handsomely. The Yox—a worried and omewhat dejected-looking animalhad been shipped in a crate from the of sitting sociably in an Illinois corn field instead of leaping fleetly to cover.

guilt, as though you had killed a cock-Dirk had told Selina about it, feeling rather magnificent. A fox hunt.
"A fox hunt! What for?"

At the finish you had a feeling of

Why, what's any fox hunt

"I can't imagine. They used to b for the purpose of ridding a fox-infested country of a nulsance. Have the foxes been bothering 'em out in Lake Forest?"

"Now, mother, don't be funny." He told her about the breakfast.

"Well, but it's so silly, Dirk. It's smart to copy from another country the things that that country does better than we do. England does gardens and woodfires and dogs and tweeds and walking shoes and pipes and leisure better than we do. those luke-warm steamy breakfasts of theirs! It's because they haven't gas most of them. No Kansas or Nebraska farmer's wife would stand for one of their kitchens—not for a minute And the hired man would balk at such

"Oh, well, if you're going to talk

Rut Dallas O'Mara felt much the same about these things. Dallas, it appeared, had been something of a fad with the North Shore society crowd after she had painted Mrs. Robinson Gilman's portrait. She had been in vited to dinners and luncheons and dances, but their doings, she told Dirk,

"They're nice," she said, "but they don't have much fun. They're all trying to be something they're not. And that's such hard work. The women were always explaining that they lived in Chicago because their husband's business was here. They all do things pretty well-dance or paint or ride or write or sing-but not well enough They're professional amateurs, trying to express something they don't feel or that they don't feel strongly enough

to make it worth while expressing. She admitted, though, that they did appreciate the things that other people did well. Visiting and acknowledged writers, painters, lecturers, heroes, they entertained lavishly and hospit ably in their Florentine or English or Spanish or French palaces on the North side of Chicago, Ill. Especially foreign notables of this description.

Since 1918 these had descended upon Chicago (and all America) like a plague of locusts, starting usually in New York and sweeping westward, devouring the pleasant verdure of greenbacks and chirping as they came Returning to Europe, bursting with profits and spleen, they thriftily wrote of what they had seen and the result was more clever than amiable; bear ing, too, the taint of bad taste.

The Telephone

Elizabeth was three years old and, what is more, Elizabeth, like most small girls, was very fond of games of "make believe." Her latest delight in the realm of fancy was "playing telephones," a game of which she never grew tired.

Her grandmother was well aware of Elizabeth's fancy and one night, when the little girl was proving obstinate about going to have her bath, the old lady thought she would try a little strategy.
Grandmother (holding one end of the

toy telephone)—Hello! Is that Eliza-Elizabeth (very delighted)—Yes, grandma!

Grandmother-Well, come along Elizabeth, it's time for your bath. Elizabeth (dropping receiver) Wrong number!

Green Grocer

"Have you any nice fresh eggs to day?" asked the breezy customer. "Madam," answered the man who had just started in the grocery busi-ness, "permit me to remind you that nice eggs are necessarily fresh and I have any I have them today. My possession of eggs yesterday or tomor row does not affect the situation

"Humph!" snorted the woman as she started for the door, "eggs are not the only fresh things in this store. I'll do my trading elsewhere."—Boston Tran-

Battle Already Half Won There is not much difficulty in confining the mind to contemplate what we have a great desire to know.





Not Realistic She—What a gorgeous sunset! He—Not natural. Much too ornate. -Passing Show, London

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