

# REPUBLICANS STAY IN THE BACKGROUND

## But They'll Vote With Democrats Opposing Roosevelt Court Plan

By CHARLES P. STEWART  
Central Press Columnist

Washington, Feb. 13.—Republicans in Congress (the old-liners rather than the so-called progressives) are showing a good bit of political intelligence in shaping their attitude toward President Roosevelt's plan for Federal court reorganization.

They express opposition to it, but not with much bitterness.

The fiercest denunciations of the presidential program have come from old-fashioned Democrats.

G. O. P. strategists evidently foresaw that, if their partisanship burst into an immediate chorus of invective the popular verdict would be, "Oh, well, that's to be expected; those folk are certain to fight whatever the present White House incumbent proposes, anyway."

However, it also was easy to prophesy that plenty of Democrats would be horrified by such a suggestion.

**GOOD G. O. P. STRATEGY**

It obviously was sound policy for the Republicans to let Democrats start the anti-administration uproar, and then say, "These Democrats are on the opposite side of the party fence from us, but this is one of the times when we must agree with them."

To this "tick-tack" they have adhered with surprising unanimity.

And if the Democrats (especially in the Senate) divide on anything approaching a 50-50 basis, the Republicans, small as their minority is, may very well be able to cast the deciding vote.

It is excellent reasoning; the surprising thing is that so many Republicans are capable of reasoning reasonably alike. But that is the advantage of a minority. For self-preservation's sake it must stick together. A huge majority thinks itself strong enough to afford to split, and overdoes it frequently.

### NOT SENSATIONAL

The President's message was not intrinsically so sensational; not necessarily.

Its sensationality was partly a matter of interpretation.

If the country had been looking for it, it might have been considered comparatively mild.

But it came like a bolt from a blue sky. No president in American past history ever so abruptly "cracked down."

The questions arise:

Had "F. D." this scheme in mind during his last re-election campaign? If he had, and didn't mention it, it was an omission which verges closely upon a policy of doubtful faith. If not, what stirred him up so recently? It would seem that something suddenly must have aroused him to a fit of temper.

Well, the Federal Supreme Court has handed out some anti-administrationist decisions which may have rankled—but they ante-dated the last campaign.

Some newspapermen, described by their editors (perhaps unjustifiably) as "in close touch with the White House," have written magazine "stories" more recently, which conceivably the President did not like—"stories" which I have had occasion to refer to hitherto, by Dr. Stanley High, George Creel and Prof. Raymond Moley. Stories by others, too, perhaps not so well known.

These articles perhaps were aggravating at the executive mansion. They have a cumulative effect.

### Accused of Kidnaping



William J. Anderson (above), radio dealer of Elizabeth City, N. C., has been placed under \$2,000 bond pending trial on charges that he kidnaped Mrs. Louise Cohoon, wife of his brother-in-law. Mrs. Cohoon, who brought the charges in Chapel Hill, testified Anderson held her captive in this automobile for three days and nights, insisting she get a divorce and marry him. (Associated Press Photo).

### Wife Preservers



Have you ever tried a combination of applesauce and cranberries to serve with roast pork instead of the usual apple sauce?

# The Day That I Forget

The rose leaves of December, the frosts of June shall fret;  
The day that you remember, the day that I forget—Swinburne

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**READ THIS FIRST:**

In Hollywood following an ingenious maneuver on the part of his young wife, Janet, Joel Paynter, second-rate Broadway actor, begins work under a short term contract. Meanwhile Janet makes a point of cultivating the right people, joins a tennis club and meets Vernon Chester, an important director. Chester asks her to play tennis and have lunch with him. Chester likes Janet and learns inadvertently that she and Joel have been reading a best-seller about to be screened by Chester. Chester selects Joel for an important character role in his new picture and Janet virtually dictates the terms of an attractive new contract and option. Joel makes screen history in "The Dance Was Long" and the Paynters find fame and fortune at their feet within eight months. Janet has everything that money can buy yet happiness eludes her because she finds she has nothing more to do. Janet longs for a baby but the studio says "no" frowning on any domestic notes for Joel, now the popular American lover.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:**

### CHAPTER 19

**MR. AND MRS. JOEL PAYNTER** were free, white and over 21. For them also, supposedly, there was the right of the pursuit of life, love and happiness.

There was a big world about and beyond them. There were the means of seeing it. They had no illnesses and no poverty. There was no one dependent upon them. They were under 30 and there were hundreds upon hundreds of young people the world over who envied them the star that favored them.

Janet Paynter reflected bitterly upon these things. They were healthy and they had plenty of money. They had love, but since they were not free what did these things mean?

They were only as free as Joel's contract permitted them to be. It permitted them to buy anything they wanted. Witness the white house in the hills, the cars in the garage, the clothes in the scented closets. They were free to make friends and to be with them. Weren't they at parties almost every night? And when they were at home, wasn't their house filled with laughter and pleasure and friends who were only as free as they were?

They could see the world—some day—when Joel had a vacation. And, in the meantime, they could have an occasional week-end and some day, when Joel could get away, they could fly east for an opening and they could have one week away from their golden bars. They could do exactly as they pleased. Except that they had to stay at a fashionable hotel and be "in" to reporters and photographers and if they had something to do between press parties and public openings, they were free to do it. They could make any arrangements in the east they wished to with the provision that they were to drop everything and fly back to California when the studio wired for them.

But it was not these things that ranked the sick disappointment in Janet's breast to a fiercer emotion of fury.

Mr. Wertless, Joel's producer, said they couldn't have a baby because the studio was building Joel up to becoming America's First Lover!

That was the one and only time

that Janet ever staged a scene and when it was over, and Joel patted her as though she were a child and he himself a rather helpless little boy, Janet forgave Joel for not recognizing her point and locked away her forlorn hope.

It was not because Joel wanted to be the lover type but because Joel wanted them to have a fortune laid away against the tomorrows, when the average short-lived career of a star was over, that she began to see his point. The studio owned him but it paid well for the privilege.

Janet began to think of those tomorrows and she lived by them. Some day they would be away from Hollywood. The picture of Joel was not quite clear then but there was another picture that had supplanted the one of the little white house. It was another kind of a house somewhere in the country. There would be children then. And there would be money in the bank to take care of Joel and herself when they were old. Money enough to take them around the world on the cruise they had talked about in the short week that had been the time of their strange courtship.

They had talked of Istanbul and Egypt, of Venice and the Rhine. They crowded streets of Shanghai and the wastes of the Sahara where the footprints of the camels left violet heart-shaped shadows on the sands. They had thrilled at the mention of temple bells and iron grille gates with the magic of the East over an impenetrable mystery back of them.

Hand-in-hand they had walked on Fifth avenue during that week looking into the windows of the travel agencies or staring enrapt at the posters of the Cote d'Azur, at the incredible blue of the Mediterranean. The pictures of the big ships had beckoned them and shyly they had confessed their mutual longing to travel the enchanted waterways of the world. They hadn't used the words "tomorrow" or "together" then because they hadn't known that they would marry. And they had both believed there never would be a tomorrow because the pot of gold was at the other end of a remote rainbow.

Those were the days when Janet had had a dream of one day walking in the streets of Glasgow, the city that she knew by legend before she had ever left the little town of Chester. Those were the days when Joel had thought of a walking tour in New England between Broadway engagements as the mark of his ambitions.

And then when they were first married and Janet was weighing the caloric value of a small steak against the pittance of her daily budget, she had satisfied her longings with the magic of printed words. Reading through her long evenings, she traveled the ports of the world with Joel at her side and the promise of "some day" in her heart.

But all that was yesterday and today, when the dream should have been nearer, it was a greater distance away than ever before.

So Joel bought the theater and forgot about it. Janet never did.

(To Be Continued)

words like Nippon and Fountainbleau before them. Today it was San Bernardino and Palm Springs or Ensenada or Callente. Or possibly New York. Even their world of conversation had narrower boundaries.

And when Janet tried to talk to Joel as she had once, stirring him up with enthusiasm for the things they wanted to do, she had been met with a yawn or, "Did I tell you what Hickson tried to pull on me when we were taking a shot on the balcony?"

So Janet had learned to put another dream aside with a reservation that the time would come in a future that was more secure and less enchanting. She had learned to listen with her mind if not with her heart. And always to give the right answer wisely and softly.

There was another reason that tugged at her conscience and made the travel hope less concrete. They had plenty of money but they were not saving it.

Joel and Janet refused to live in credit though credit was offered them in astounding proportions. Joel paid for the white house in the hills. He paid for the town car and later for the roadster he said was really a necessity since he could not deprive Janet of the car when he had to go away on location. Naturally, the roadster was no kin to that first little car of their earlier days. It was a long, sleek thing that cost \$6,000.

Money had a way of melting when there were high wages to pay for servants. Janet had a cook, an upstairs girl and a house-boy. She had two gardeners and a chauffeur. She had enormous bills for food and parties, for flowers and garages.

Joel's bills for his clothes—and there was constantly the need for more—were staggering. So were Janet's. Joel insisted that she have the most expensive. Her lingerie was imported. Her stockings cost \$5 a pair and her gowns averaged \$200 for the simplest sports things.

There were very logical reasons why \$3,000 a week melted.

Janet tried and tried to find a way out, proposing that they save money, invest it. But Joel always said there would be more.

Little did she know when she persuaded Joel to buy out Lon Hutchin's interest in a group theater at Grannis, a small summer colony town on Cape Cod, that she made the one most important move of her life. Or that the day was coming when it was to prove the key piece in the jig-saw puzzle of their lives and to make the picture solve itself forever.

Lon Hutchin was going to England to act in a series of pictures and he offered the theater to Joel for \$5,000.

"Buy it, darling," Janet had said. "Those little theaters in the east are getting to be very popular and you can always sell again if you want to. You'll get a bigger kick out of making a few hundred a season than you do here in a week."

So Joel bought the theater and forgot about it. Janet never did.

(To Be Continued)

# The Day That I Forget

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**READ THIS FIRST:**

In Hollywood following an ingenious maneuver on the part of his young wife, Janet, Joel Paynter, second-rate Broadway actor, makes screen history in the course of eight months. Fame and fortune are theirs following one outstanding picture in which Joel plays an important character part. He obtained the role because Janet cultivated the right people and Vernon Chester, a leading director, denied a baby because the studio frowns on domestic notes in building up Joel as the popular American lover. Janet finds happiness eluding her, despite everything money can buy, because she has nothing more to do. Janet discovers that \$3,000 a week melts rapidly living as they now do. After buying a small group theater in Cape Cod as a lark, Joel promptly forgets about it.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:**

### CHAPTER 20

**ONCE JOEL** had written his check for Lon Hutchin's theater in Grannis, he forgot about it. It was no more than writing a check for the station wagon. Oh, yes, there was another car in the garage now because guests and servants had to be transported here and there.

Janet didn't protest at the expenditure. She was learning, however, not to accept the fact that they "have to have this, dearest, because in the end it will save us money."

If Joel had forgotten it, Janet hadn't. She played with the idea and learned as much as she could about it. She had so little else to do.

Joel was working hard at being America's First Lover. His box office returns were tremendous and the studio's demands in response to the public's demands to know more and more about him left little time for his wife.

A New York newspaper and 1,400 other daily newspapers all over the country were running his life story. Janet marveled at the items the writers dug up. She thought it was rather a strange way for a wife to learn about her husband.

Joel had been the son of a river boat gambler and an aristocratic mother. At least that was what the newspapers said. They also said that he had a private tutor in the mansion that had been his childhood home. Another paper said that he was the son of a wealthy ranch owner and had run away from home when he was a child because he wanted to be a portrait painter. Another paper flatly denied it, saying that he had worked as a waiter in an effort to earn enough money to study medicine.

There were pictures of Joel at every conceivable place. His diet was a matter of public concern. The cut of his lounging suits was copied by every movie-going youth in the country. Breathless school girls began to look with disapproval at the neat, slicked hair of their boy friends. Joel Paynter's hair was always softly tousled.

Just look at the billboards. If you don't see a picture of him there bigger than life, you're sure to see it on at least two of the fan magazines on every newsstand. And if you'll open those magazines you'll read the most intimate details about him. You'll learn that he likes luxuries because he never has had them. Or, if you read another, you'll find that he prefers the simple life.

There will surely be an article telling you that, quite frankly, he says he enjoys the company of women—that they stimulate him. Well, we can't help it if a rival fan magazine says that he prefers the company of men and that his favorite sport is skeet shooting in company of his cronies, Tony Menone, the famous comic, or Larry Kelton who plays detective roles.

You will not find a single article that says that he prefers his wife or that he has an adorable habit of pretending that he is sitting in her lap when he has troubles.

You will find very little about Mrs. Paynter.

The studio takes care of that



"Don't get in any mischief, dear."

little matter. But in spite of all the studio could do, Joel Paynter refused to go to an opening, to a party without Mrs. Paynter or to go with any other woman star. Mr. Paynter was adamant on that subject. Janet didn't even know that.

Janet knew that the romantic buildup of Joel was inevitable and inescapable. It was "box office" and had nothing personal or dangerous in it. Let the school girls write their heart secrets to him. Let the shameless wives bear their passion for him on paper. Some of the letters came written illegibly on lined paper and some of them came on heavy white linen. The buildup had worked. Women were mad about Joel Paynter. He was a he-man with wistfulness, an unbeatable combination. He made screen history. No matinee idol of another day had ever touched his heights.

Janet took it with a grain of salt. She read the magazines and press scrapbooks that Joel tossed toward her. But she read them only when he was there. It sickened her a little to read that her man belonged to the public. It wasn't really her man who did it, it was a shadow man on a screen. Let the public have that man.

Her man was still the same one who had always needed her. Needed her long before she came into his lonely life.

It was funny when you think of it that a man who could bring the hearts of the world of women to his feet could need plain, little Janet.

But Janet wasn't the plain little girl she thought herself. She didn't have glamor, even after she had bought the expensive clothes and become a regular client of the most famed beautician in Hollywood. All that these things did for her was to bring out the small proportioned perfection of her figure and to groom her beautifully.

Janet developed a beauty within herself. It began with what was in her heart. It softened her maturing in her late twenties. It gave her a repose that shone in her eyes. Her humor and understanding gave a sweetness to her generous mouth. Because her role was a secondary one, she had learned quiet and poise. Combined, these qualities took her far from

the position and classification of a plain girl.

It was indicative of everything about Janet Paynter that she would have believed none of these things had you told her about them.

There is a repose in women that comes, not only from security, but from trust and faith. Janet had both faith and trust in Joel. Adulation could not change him or his love for her. Success could not turn his head or affect his feeling for her.

She recognized the ever-present possibility in every marriage that Joel could tire of her and for that reason she bent her efforts to be necessary to him. But for no other reason.

And so, when Joel proposed that she go east without him that summer, she was glad to go. She thought the vacation would be good for both of them.

She would have preferred that Joel could go with her but he was working on one picture immediately he finished his last one and he had little time.

She protested faintly when he pointed out that she had been long away and Martha Colby had written that she longed to see Janet. He also pointed out that Janet and Martha could take a trip up to the Cape and look over the little theater at Grannis.

The little theater had been a great joke. The manager had written glowingly of the season. The first week the net proceeds had exceeded \$165! That day Joel had paid \$200 for a tweed suit. He thought it was very funny.

"It might be a very good idea for me to see our property," Janet responded and sent a wire to Martha to meet her train in New York and be prepared to go on to Cape Cod immediately.

When she packed, she was torn between anticipation such as she had not remembered, and regret at leaving Joel.

"Don't get into any mischief, dear," she begged and couldn't see him for the blur in front of her eyes when the train pulled out.

"Just remember you're my best girl and I'll count the days until you're back," Joel called after her.

Janet knew that but, before her train was half way across the country, the newspapers had a different story.

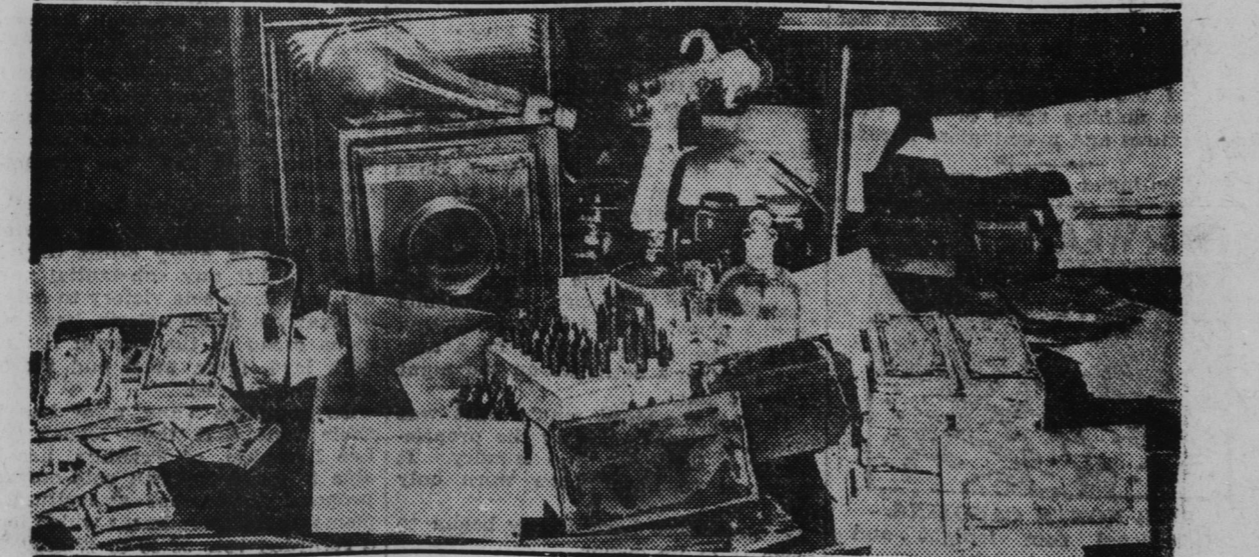
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## Three Spectators at the Dog Show



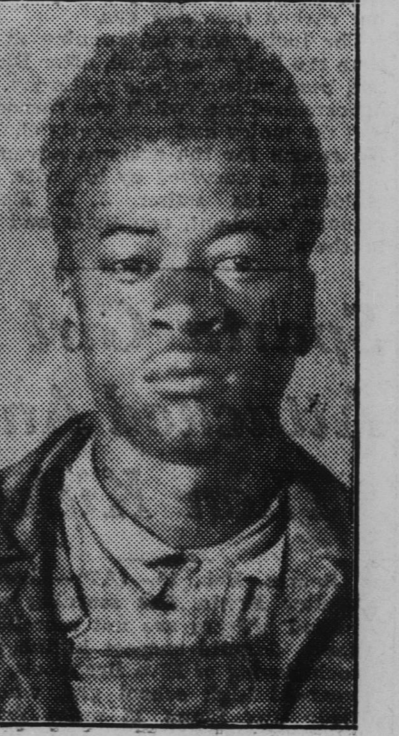
These aristocrats of the canine world viewed the passing throng at the Westminster Kennel Club dog show in New York and apparently find as much amusement in looking at humans as humans find in looking at them. Owned by Mrs. Victor Weil of New York, they are, from left to right, Puglistrian Pride, Fair City Duchess, and Fair City Victoria. Victoria, by the way, seems to be indulging her feminine curiosity, judging by the way she holds her head. (Central Press)

## Here's a Private Mint and a Phony Fortune



There is nearly fifty thousand dollars in handsome but worthless ten-dollar bills in this cache which, together with a private mint was seized by Secret Service agents at Brooklyn, N. Y. They had trailed three suspects for more than three months, and arrested them when they made this seizure. (Central Press)

## Escapes Lynching



Arrested on a charge of putting poison in flour which resulted in the death of Mrs. Andrew Cox at her home near Lumberton, N. C., Leroy McNeill (above), negro, was saved from a threatened lynching by his secret removal to an unannounced jail.

Anticipating trouble, Sheriff Mark Page of Robeson county spirited the prisoner away before an angry crowd gathered in Lumberton.

## Rescued in Coal Cave-In



Henry Harris, of Cambridge, Mass., was buried under twenty tons of coal for more than an hour while police and firemen dug feverishly to free him. A priest stood by to administer the last rites, but when he was pulled from the coal he was found to be uninjured. Here his rescuers, after digging frantically, haul him from the cave-in.