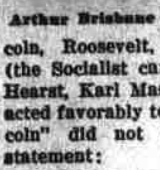


Scenes and Persons in the Current News

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Propaganda To Influence Men Very Cheap Empire Good Airplane News

The learned Doctor Lorge of Teachers' college, Columbia university, has been studying laws governing propaganda that influence human minds, experimenting on 99 "educated" adults from the list of unemployed, from twenty to sixty-nine years old. These were asked to express their views of "some opinions" uttered by Lincoln, Roosevelt, Hoover, Thomas (the Socialist candidate), Coolidge, Hearst, Karl Marx. Many that reacted favorably to the name of "Lincoln" did not approve Lincoln's statement:



Arthur Brisbane uttered by Lincoln, Roosevelt, Hoover, Thomas (the Socialist candidate), Coolidge, Hearst, Karl Marx. Many that reacted favorably to the name of "Lincoln" did not approve Lincoln's statement:

"Capital is the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not existed." Those that "objected" had sound reason on their side. Capital is not the fruit of labor any more than labor is the fruit of capital. Capital and labor are both the fruit of human intelligence.

The intelligence of Thomas A. Edison supplied labor, jobs employing millions of men and paying billions in wages, and that Edison intelligence alone supplied capital to those that knew how to use Edison's ideas on a big scale.

The great element in "propaganda," "persuasion," in advertising, is repetition. Say a thing often enough and the average man believes it, not asking why. Of all human convictions, none is more firmly fixed, immovable, than those based on superstition, ignorance, falsehood and preposterous credulity.

Encouraging news: "An aviation program of more than 1,000 new planes to cost approximately \$60,000,000 has been mapped by the Army, Navy and Marine corps for 1933."

If we can afford five thousand million dollars to prevent the depression killing too many Americans we may well spend sixty million dollars to keep foreigners from shooting at all of us.

The Van Sweringen brothers had railroad properties that financial writers called a "three billion dollar empire."

Perhaps "three billion" referred to bonds, watered stocks and other "securities" of the "empire." In any case, the Van Sweringens borrowed forty-eight million dollars on that "empire," largely from J. P. Morgan & Co. They did not pay the forty-eight million dollars, the whole thing was put up at auction, the Van Sweringens bought back control of the "three-billion-dollar empire" for three million dollars, one-tenth of 1 per cent of the three billions and forty-five million dollars less than the amount borrowed on it.

William J. Cameron, broadcasting from Detroit, able to interpret Henry Ford's views better than anybody else, finds economic signs "already changed for the better." More important, the "American mind has made a remarkable recovery of equilibrium."

Ethiopia's king has "about" 2,000,000 men massed on three fronts, all facing Italians, and ready for anything to happen. Under these conditions something probably will happen. Whatever starts must go to the end. It is not likely, with Hitler preparing for revenge, that France will sever her present relations with Italy for the sake of distressed Ethiopia.

If dear old England should sally forth and find herself all alone, she would probably "sally" back again without firing that first deciding shot. Mussolini knows that.

In Nebraska President Roosevelt addressed his first speech of the campaign of 1932 to 15,000 farmers gathered around the rear end of his car and 20,000,000 other farmers by radio. He talked earnestly, with jesting; he understands the silence of farmers who applaud little while expressing no disapproval.

The farmer, who lives and thinks by himself, is not a demonstrative being.

Explaining and defending the AAA, an administration device that tells farmers what, where, how much they may plant, what animals they may raise, what prices they must charge, the President chose this convincing statement:

"Three years ago I visited farms in this state and saw farmers threshing 90-cent wheat and shelling 20-cent corn."

With farmers, facts count. There is no 20-cent wheat or 20-cent corn now.



1—View of the Rock of Gibraltar, where Great Britain assembled a powerful fleet of warships. 2—Lieut. Felix Walkus of Chicago, who started from New York on a solo nonstop flight to Kaunas, Lithuania, and made a forced landing in Ireland. 3—Big vessels of the French war fleet on their way from Toulon to Djibouti, French Somaliland.

Temperance Champion Heads Alcohol Board

Franklin Chase Hoyt of New York city, who has been appointed head



of the alcohol control unit of the Treasury department by President Roosevelt.

A descendant of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase and winner of the Hearst temperance award in 1929.

Hands Across the Northern Border



L. D. Seward (right), in charge of new border inspection station at Highgate, Vt., greeting his Canadian colleague across border line.

Amelia Tells the Children All About It



While aiding a pilot friend to repair a cylinder of his plane, Amelia Earhart, America's foremost aviatrix, became the center of interest in Santa Ana, Calif., when a group of children gathered around to witness the repair.

Two Record Breakers of the Air



Howard Hughes, left, photographed just before he set a new land plane speed record of 263 miles an hour. Maj. Alexander P. De Seversky, at right, set a new mark for amphibians, 230.32 miles an hour.

Sir Bolton's at the Helm of British Navy

Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, first lord of the admiralty, who ordered



Great Britain's Mediterranean fleet to be concentrated at "key" points themselves along the standards.

SEEN HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field

Washington.—Typical of the sort of thing that has made the Republican party in New York state, impotent since the passing of Bill Barnes from its leadership is the proposal of Charles Dewey Hillis to throw the Empire state delegation to Bertrand H. Snell.

Most Republicans agree that Snell would make an excellent President. He has force, character, and ability. He stays put. He takes advice, but without ever yielding one inch on deep convictions, or yielding to temporary expediency. Never a back-slapper, never a user of weasel words, he nevertheless fought his way up through the house of representatives, and won the G. O. P. nomination for speaker of that body against the whole strength of the Hoover administration. And his rather thin following since 1932 has never regretted its choice.

But the whole point is that no one, least of all Mr. Hillis, who proposes to commit the New York delegation to Snell, has the slightest idea that the Republican convention will nominate the able New York representative. The whole purpose of giving this big delegation to Snell is to hold it away from Senator Borah—even to hold it away from Colonel Knox—for the purpose of permitting another smoke-filled room nomination reminiscent of 1920.

It is good old Republican tradition—Democratic tradition, too, for that matter, that a group of old party wheel-horses can sit around in a room and do much better in picking a candidate than can either the voters in primaries or delegates in an untrammelled convention. In fact, there is so much history to back it up that there seems to be some logic in the contention.

But it is a tradition which would not have a chance this time if it were not for one thing—fear that Herbert Hoover will win the nomination by pure force of lethargy. Hillis also wants to head off Borah. He was distinctly annoyed at the recent poll of the country and other leaders by Robert H. Lucas, which showed such surprising strength for the Idaho senator.

It's an Old Feud

This feud goes back to the days when William Howard Taft was President, and Hillis was his secretary. Borah had frequently remarked that Taft and Hillis wrecked the party. He still thinks so and Hillis knows it. Hillis would not be consulted much if Borah were in the White House. He knows that, too.

Another phase of the situation is that a great many New York Republicans would prefer the nomination of former Senator James W. Wadsworth, now a member of the house. Wadsworth, like Snell, has never equivocated about the New Deal. When it looked as though opposing Roosevelt's program was little short of political suicide, Wadsworth always backed Snell in opposing it, not just by his vote, but by vigorous denunciation—in sharp contrast with the number of other Republicans who gracefully yielded to the storm.

It so happens that neither one of these outstanding New Yorkers is of the boss type. Else the story of the New York Republican fiasco in the last 15 years might be very different.

After the passing of Barnes, when New York had a Republican governor, Whitman, and two Republican senators, Calder and Wadsworth, there was a considerable G. O. P. faction which wanted Wadsworth to be boss in Barnes' place. Another faction backed Calder. Calder wanted the job, Wadsworth didn't. He didn't want to be bothered with it. But while Calder went after it the stronger group, including Snell, backed Wadsworth. Which resulted in there being no Republican boss in New York at all.

Woman suffrage and prohibition divided the leaderless party. Calder was defeated for re-election by Doctor Copeland, and in 1925 Rob Wagner defeated Wadsworth. Then along came Roosevelt and Farley to build up the upstate Democratic organization in the country sections, as Al Smith had already built it up in the cities.

And now there is a new complication. It looks as though a new schism was about to divide the New York Republicans.

Puzzling Problem

What substitute for AAA—farm benefits and processing taxes—can the opposition to the New Deal offer?

That problem is causing furrowed brows among would-be candidates on the Republican ticket against Franklin D. Roosevelt next year. It is also worrying the wheel-horses of the party—those that are left—the ones who know they can never themselves carry the standards.

who like tremendously to feel that they are powers behind the throne. Such men, for example, as J. Henry Rauhback of Connecticut—the last of the old bosses. Such men as Dave Mulvane of Kansas used to be.

Hullaba reports from the farm belt indicate that the Republicans must have some substitute—something that will satisfy the farmers—if they are to have a chance in that part of the country. The reports are interesting for another reason. They indicate that it will not be difficult to enlist the farmers against the New Deal if they are convinced they will fare just as well without it.

Apparently the farmers are not at all satisfied with the system, which is now paying them handsome benefits in return for their crop restrictions, is sound.

What most of the farmers would really like would be to have all restrictions on production removed, and then have prices for all crops guaranteed by the government—prices that would yield them what they regard a decent return for their labor and the use of their land.

Appeal to Farmers

This sounds more uneconomic than even the present scheme. But it would appeal infinitely more to the farmers, and curiously enough, it is almost precisely what was offered as a farm plank by former Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, and which was so flatly rejected by Coolidge, Hoover and Mellon. In short it amounts to the export debenture, with its equalization fee provision. The only difference is that the equalization fee part of the scheme does not appeal much to the farmers. If any particular crop were very large, so that a heavy percentage of it had to be sacrificed at a sharp loss on export sales, then the equalization fee might easily deprive the farmer of that fair-price he craves.

But the farmer is a natural gambler. He has to be. He gambles on every crop he plants—against nature. And up to now on the market price. The farm benefits for not raising crops are virtually the first such thing the farmers of the world have ever had.

Perhaps because of the trace of gambling which seems to be in every human being, this is not the phase of AAA which appeals most to him. Or at least reports from all over the country indicate that it is not. He wants to gamble against nature—against surpluses of his crop from other countries competing in the world market. He wants the chance of an occasional killing with fat prices on a big crop on his land, even though that big price can be occasioned only by crop failures elsewhere.

But while this is what he wants, he is not going to give up the security he now has for the first time in the history of mankind for the mere privilege of gambling. And he will not vote that way.

Want Longer Hours

"Why doesn't the government work us sixty hours a week and give us enough to live on?"

That is the complaint of worker after worker on the famous Passamaquoddy tidal project, just outside Eastport, Maine, and close to beautiful Campobello, where President Roosevelt loved to vacation years ago.

"I work eight hours a day, five days a week," one worker told the writer. "For that the government gives me \$11 a week. I have to pay \$10 a week for my board and room, so you see I have to be pretty careful with that other dollar."

"It's just crazy," said a garage worker, who was intently listening. "The government ought to work these fellows ten hours a day, and six days a week. Then they would make some money. They could buy things. Isn't that what we are supposed to be needing?"

"Don't talk to me about the men needing the time for recreation. What do they do with their time off? Two days—they have—and they lay around the ends of the wharves and bum cigarettes from us natives. You see, they can't afford to buy their own."

"But modern thought is that a man ought not to work as long as sixty hours a week," suggested the writer.

"Say, mister, we used to work sixty hours a week all the time, and we got along just fine," retorted the garage worker.

"But the government wants to take care of as many men needing work as it can with the money it can afford to spend," persisted the writer. "Isn't that the best way to do it?"

"Well, maybe it would be better not to work them sixty hours," conceded the garage man, "but certainly they ought to get \$25 a week. Why, mister, lots of these chaps have wives. I know a lot of them who have three children. What do you think a man can do for a wife and three children on \$11 a week?"

"Cold weather is coming on, and these fellows will have to buy a lot of warm clothes. That dollar a week over board money, for the single ones, won't go very far then." Eastport looks like a boom mining town save for one thing—the money isn't jingling. Men walk around the streets in mackinaws, high laced boots, sweaters and heavy fur caps give an Alaskan note to the picture. But there are no gambling halls. Cheap lunch rooms abound. They have to be cheap.

SPRINGBOK KILLS COW

Springboks, which appear in motion pictures and to most people of Africa seem to be very demure animals, have their likes and dislikes. This was demonstrated by one during a stock sale in Niger, South Africa, recently. As soon as it sighted a new cow the springbok broke away from its owner and drove its horns into the side of the bossy until the domestic animal was dead.



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Like Gangsters Bad luck comes all in a bunch, which is also true of laziness and dumbness.

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