

Phrases Ascribed to

Great Men All Wrong

The Detroit News is responsible for this "debunking" of some great men of the past:

Washington did not make use of the phrase "entangling alliances" in any of his speeches. In his farewell address he stated: "It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world." It was Thomas Jefferson who in his inaugural address spoke of "peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none." The saying about "fooling the people" is commonly attributed to Lincoln, but is not mentioned in his biographies; it was probably a common proverb long before Lincoln ever used it, if he did so. Herbert Hoover never used the expression "noble experiment" with regard to prohibition. In a letter to Senator Borah long before the Presidential campaign, Mr. Hoover stated: "Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose." Woodrow Wilson never said this country was too proud to fight. In a speech to newly naturalized citizens in Philadelphia, he said: "Peace is the leading and elevating influence of the world and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."

Back to Primitive Age

Chinese railways, and consequently the farmers, are always the first to suffer when civil war breaks out. The first task for the military chieftain is to seize as much rolling stock as he can for the transportation of his troops. This means that most civil wars are fought along the railroads and passenger and freight traffic is paralyzed. The extent of this can be imagined. No trains have operated along the Lunhai line for weeks except troop trains.

Farmers turn to the peculiarly constructed wheelbarrows to haul their produce into town, coming for miles over the trails. Thirty miles outside the city is a quarry noted for its building sand. For days streams of coolies have been hauling this sand on wheelbarrows along the railroad tracks. Distance, 30 miles.—Washington Star.

Long-Lived Italians

Croveso is reputed to have the largest percentage of long-lived inhabitants of any village in Italy. There are only 180 inhabitants, among whom there are three women of ninety-five. There are 13 nonagenarians, and 20 persons who have reached seventy-five years or more.

Costly Forgetfulness

Loorenzo Salzar, of El Paso, Texas, is suffering from severe burns because his memory failed him. He washed his trousers in alcohol and, while they were yet damp, put them on. He went to smoke a cigarette, struck a match on the seat of his trousers and they burst into flames.

Fitting Mark of Respect

"The proprietor of this restaurant died this morning."

"That so? Then out of respect all the soup ordered should be drunk in silence."

And How!

The most critical book reviewer is the banker. He can tell in a minute whether your writing is any good or not.—Augusta Gazette.

Matter of Time

"How old is your grandfather?"

"I don't know, but we have had him a long time."

Coin Nine-Tenths Pure

A gold twenty-dollar piece weighs 516 grains, of which nine-tenths is pure gold.

Not all the ways of having a good time cost money; but they are the ones most sought.

Why do people go to meetings where they do nothing but vote on the motions made and seconded?

It's a pity that a man can't dispense of his experience at cost.

Death follows flies' foot-steps!



Spray FLIT

Largest Seller in 121 Countries

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 27-1931.

Out Our Way



By Williams

MACHINE MAKES "WAFFLE" OF FARM LAND TO PREVENT SOIL WASHING AWAY AFTER RAINS

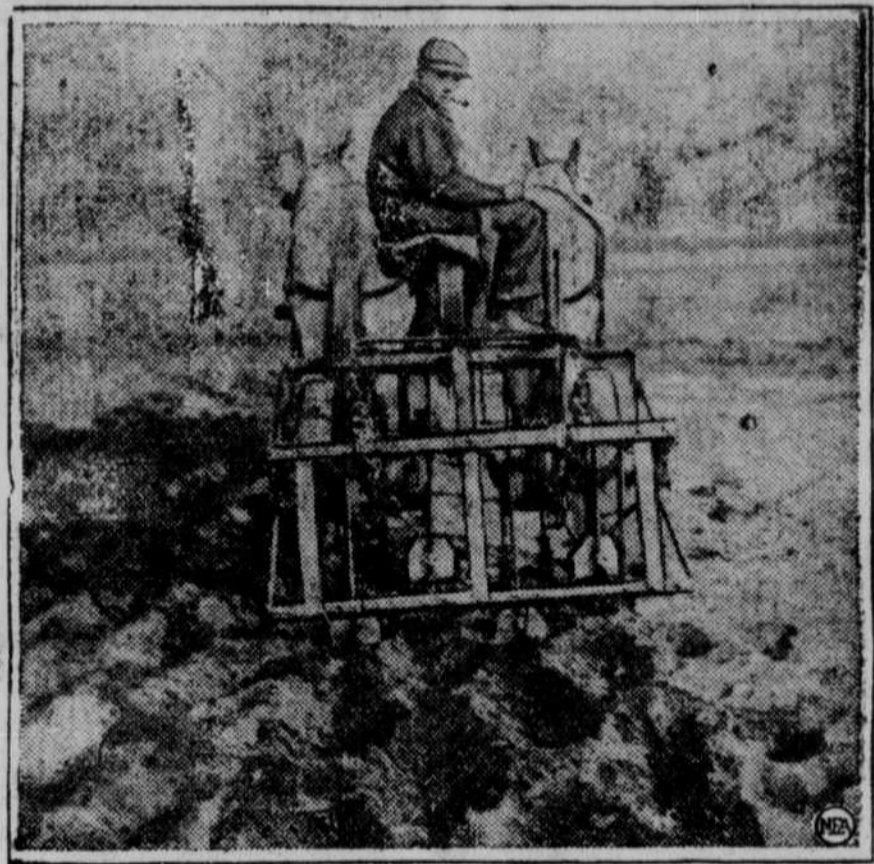
Department of Commerce Fights Waste of Land by Erosion

Washington, D. C.—NEA—Invention of a farm implement which leaves a farmer's field looking much like a gigantic waffle is announced by the United States department of agriculture as its newest contribution to the fight to save surface soil from washing away after heavy rains.

R. H. Davis, soil erosion specialist at the Fort Hays, Kan., agricultural experiment station, is the inventor of the nameless machine. With the help of shopman E. N. Canady, he built the only one in existence so far.

The machine is equipped with a set of cultivator shovels which work up and down as the machine moves forward, scooping out dirt and leaving holes to catch the runoff water.

10,000 to the Acre
The holes alternate with piles of dirt dropped between each hole by the shovels. As now constructed the machine leaves about 10,000 holes to the acre, each hole having a capacity of two or three gallons of water. Although the holes collectively impound a large amount of water, Davis says their greatest value comes from the fact that the water is held still and given a chance to soak into the ground. Furrows, such as would accelerate runoff, are not produced. When the holes are filled with water, the overflow must escape by zig-zagging around piles of dirt. This results in slowing down the rate of flow.



The department of agriculture's latest mechanical armament, used in battling erosion, is shown above preparing a field for heavy rains. . . .

Other Uses of Machine

A set of regular cultivator shovels precedes the digging shovels and can be used in case the latter do not destroy all the weeds. Mr. Davis explains. The digging shovels destroy the furrows of the cultivator shovels. The machine can be used for row crops and as a surface tillage implement when the field is to be left fallow.

This machine is still in the experimental stage, but Mr. Davis expects that improvements will be made from time to time. It will be tested on experimental plots this season in order to compare its efficiency with other tillage tools in preventing loss of surface soil by rain wash.

RALPH WHITNEY IS GREAT LOVER OF FINE SHORTHORN HERD MAINTAINED AT TABOR

BY FRANCIS T. MARTIN
There's no stronger advocate of good Shorthorns in South Dakota than Ralph Whitney of Tabor. Good livestock, the kind that you raise yourself, is his creed, and he practices it 365 days in the year.

Whitney, undoubtedly, was born with a liking for the good Shorthorn. At any rate, he's been with the breed a long while, and he's a success, not only in raising the good kind, but in the selling of the good kind as well. Whitney is cognizant with all the necessary attributes of the business. He is not a pedigree crank, and yet he likes a good pedigree, but that pedigree has got to display its worthiness upon an animal's back or Whitney will have nothing to do with it. Whitney puts pedigree coming through illustrious ancestry on a high plane, and by mixing good care with such blood, he gets results; he gets the results that come to all constructive breeders.

Undemonstrated blood, therefore, has no place in Whitney's scheme, and that's the true index to any cattleman's greatness, the fact that he will not know to a fancy pedigree at the expense of individuality. Whitney has been cattle wise all his life. He was born in an Iowa county that has its name high up on the roster of other great sections of the country in the production of the great breeds of livestock. This county is Shelby, and it is a notorious fact, that Shelby county has done its part nobly in

Glad to Lose the Highway.
From the Daily Oklahoman.
An Arkansas village which has seen better days now is rendering thanks and looking forward in the hope for better days again. And, curiously enough, its renewed hopes are based upon the fact that the straightening of a state highway has taken from the one street of the village the highway it once prized so highly, and left the village several miles removed from the highway of which the village has been a modest mark.
There is a measure of relief and some rejoicing among the people of the village aforesaid. For the peo-

ple found that instead of increasing local trade and enlarging the village's commercial strength and population, the paved road tended to reduce the trade formerly enjoyed and lead part of the population elsewhere. The wide open road was a wide open invitation to prospective purchasers to drive elsewhere to supply their needs. Now the people greet with satisfaction the return of that isolation which was the source of much of their prosperity in the days before the highway came. This is another side of the paved highway picture, and it might be considered by the smaller town, which fight so manfully

that can't be said about a lot of bulls.
Whitney has been especially fortunate in being able to show and sell his calves in sales held in different parts of the country, and these calves have commanded top prices. The Regal Lawn farm herd is facing a bright future. That kind of a herd will force its way to the front. That kind of a herd will win, and hold the public's esteem.

Whitney in addition to his Shorthorns does a lot of general farming. At times, he will feed steers, but right now, his Shorthorns are getting his whole and undivided attention. Whitney is a good farmer. He believes in intensive cultivation. He raises good crops.
Whitney is a horse lover, too. His horses are sleek and fat because he likes to have them that way. The man on a cornbelt farm who likes to have good livestock around him is the farmer of the future. He's the bone and sinew of successful agriculture, and he'll be on top most of the time from a financial point of view.

WING STRESS WARNING
Pittsburg—A new device to warn pilots of dangerous stress on the wings of their planes is being tested in Westinghouse laboratories. The device consists of five tiny robot machines, placed in the wings, which transmit impulses to a flashing red light in the cockpit. Should an undue stress be placed on the wings, these robots flash the danger signal to the pilot.

The Business Getter.
From Pathfinder.
Mary: They've put my picture up in the beauty parlor! What do you think of that?
Kitty: I suppose they put a "before" sign on it!

to have a state highway routed along their single street.

A Bit Thicker.
From Drexler.
Two men who had traveled were comparing ideas about foreign cities.
"London," said one, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world."
"Oh, no, it's not," said the other. "I've been in a place much foggier than London."
"Where was that?" asked his interested friend.
"I don't know where it was," replied the second man, "it was so foggy."

KING GEORGE KNOWS AUTOS

London—(UP)—King George often surprises people by his wide knowledge of subjects about which he would ordinarily be supposed to know only a little.
For instance, the recent visit of Sir Malcolm Campbell, the racing motorist, to Buckingham Palace, to receive his knighthood for establishing the world's land speed record, revealed that the king has a large technical knowledge of automobiles. He conversed with Sir Malcolm about automobile engines, cylinders, "hot spots," and other intricacies.
The king used to drive himself in earlier days, but now he is content to ride behind his head chauffeur.
King George often talks with his chauffeur about his autos. The recent appearance of a new type of stone and flint preventer—a strong wire grating which stops stray stones picked up by the tires from hitting the mud-guards, was the result of one of these chats between the king and his chauffeur.

Patrol Chief Boasts of International Family

New Orleans—(UP)—Miller S. Baker, assistant superintendent of the United States border patrol for New Orleans, has a league of nations family.
Miller, a native of Georgia, married a Russian girl in Edinburgh, Scotland. Mary Ann, his first daughter, was born in Constantinople, in a French hospital. Ruth, the second child, was born in Warsaw, Poland, in an English hospital.

And Mrs. Baker can describe in Russian, Polish, German, French and English the work her husband did with the American Red Cross in Europe during the war.

"UNTO A FAR COUNTRY."

'Twas forty years ago, or more;
'Neath paling, morning stars,
When Dad would hitch the broncos up,
And set out for LeMars.
He'd business which off' took him there,
And when he'd need to go,
He'd load the buckboard with his stuff
And in us kids he'd stow.
The old rig spun along a-pace,
Hub deep in golden rod;
And shoulder high, beside the road
The sunflowers, gay, would nod.
And if the autumn wind blew strong,
Rolled mammoth tumble weeds,
We played that they were mighty herds
Of madly rushing steeds.
The prairie chickens flushed and sailed;
In corn fields ducks would feast;
And geese, black files against the gold,
Were stenciled in the east.
It took four hours to reach the town.
The afternoon was spent
In work and play; then with the dusk,
Our way we homeward bent.
That night time journey, packed
With thrills!
The all enshrouding dark,
The earthy scents, the far, dim sky,
The shrill coyote's bark!
And when I go that way today
In shiny, speeding cars,
A ghost I pass—a buckboard old,
Night curtained, 'neath the stars.
—Sam Page.

GIGOLO YARNS.

A Rhymed Review.
Gay New York—not sidewalks—
Penthouse, haunt of swells;
Here, against its skyline,
"Love O' Women" dwells.
Handsome chap—the Greek type,
Hyacinth for choice;
Town's most snappy dresser,
Drives a sport Rolls-Rayce.
Got from dad no fortune,
Steers away from jobs;
Linked with no profession,
Has it, though—in gobs.
How come? Well, I'll tell you.
Women all he takes;
Throws out silken love lines,
Gets it from the dames.
Wife of wealthy banker,
Haggard Jane and aged,
Typical wild woman—
Should, in fact, be caged—
Madly loves our hero,
Pawns at length her pearls;
He in turn gives kisses,
Also night club whirls.
Daughter of this woman,
Geared in high with booze,
Falls for man's seducer—
Game of which is whose?
Fearless aviatrix
Sights this mangy cur;
Engine knocks and sputters,
Tailspin then for her.
Outraged male relations,
Conclave hold on toff;
Finally, at a masquerade,
Someone bumps him off.
Gigolo pretentious,
Eyesight worse than wastes;
Also, on the palate,
Leaves a dark brown taste.
—Sam Page.

Good Foundation.

From Til-Bits.
Teashop, proprietress: I'm sorry you don't like my buns, but I can assure you that this business has been built up almost entirely on my cookery!
Candid Customer: I don't doubt it. With a few more buns like those you could build a hotel!

Where Would Soviet Be?

From the Los Angeles Times.
If Russia would give each of her people an extra shirt, she would have no cotton to export, says Secretary of Agriculture Hyde. Possibly she would not have any Soviets, either.

This Is Too Much.

From Buen Humor, Madrid.
Bum: Spare a copper for a poor man out of work?
Business man: Here's a half-dollar. Call at my office tomorrow and I'll find you work.
"No, sir, the half-dollar will be enough—I'm not greedy."

Willing to Pay.

From Brooklyn Eagle.
Mrs. (entering hubby's den—Here's my new dress, dear. I bought it for a song.
Mr.—All right, send in the collector and I'll sing to him.

PHANTOM GOLD MINE IS LURE

Phoenix, Ariz.—(UP)—South and east of here in the rugged fastness of Superstition mountains there is a gold mine which has been "found" several times but still remains "lost."
The name of it is the "Lost Dutchman." For more than half a century this mine, whether real or mythical, has claimed the attention of prospectors and desert rats. Interspersed now with phases of Pima Indian superstition, the story has become one of the most colorful of the mining legends.
The legend, however, has a foundation of truth. Back in the years when Arizona was a young territory an aged Dutchman would come from the Superstition range with gold laden bags. Efforts to follow him back into the hills were futile.
Always carrying gold, the Dutchman was in the habit of making several trips each year. Finally he disappeared and then search started in earnest.
A majority of the prospectors were handicapped by lack of knowledge of that mountain range. Indian guides were not available as a Pima will not go into Superstition range, fearing that God of Evil might prevent his return.
Through the years the hope of finding the mine has faded. Men have died while in quest of it. Others, discouraged, have been forced to give up because of age and ill health.
About once a decade waning interest would be revived by rumors of a find.

The Pope Applies Christianity.

From the Kansas City Star.
The head of the Catholic church does not profess to be a political economist. But he is a Christian and his encyclical on labor, while presenting no economic program, is infused with the spirit of Christianity.
A European, familiar with European rather than with American conditions, the pope evidently has in mind the European wealthy class when he criticizes it for deeming it just "that it should receive everything and the laborer nothing." In Europe the wealthy class has been notoriously selfish and inconsiderate of the rights of labor. Its selfishness has been responsible for the radical overturns in Russia and in Austria.
But the admonition of Pius XI needs consideration in America as well as overseas. Essentially this admonition is that no society is safe when any large class has no share in the general well being.
An English writer in the current World's Work defends the British "dole" on the ground that at least it has prevented revolution. The dole is a bad system. But there is this lesson in it to the United States: That it is the duty of the country's business leaders to do everything possible to organize industry as to avoid unemployment with its consequent distress.
Years ago Disraeli wrote that the palace was not safe when the cottage was unhappy. That is the major point of the pope's encyclical. No national life can be healthy when large numbers of people have no opportunity to earn a decent living.

Cities Need to Look Ahead.

From the Detroit News.
A four-year mayor's term in Detroit instead of a two-year term? "Staggered" elections of city councilmen? Instead of a nine-men council elected every two years for two-year terms, say a nine-man council elected in groups of three every year?
The four-year mayor tenure, as shown in prior debates and by events in our very recent past, is risky notwithstanding the presence of the recall in our system. Staggered elections of councilmen have attractions. One or both conceivably could become more or less prominent features of long-range planning and action devoted to the good future of Detroit.
Our point is the need of a comprehensive and long-range plan. There is a vogue in Kansas City, under a city manager, has voted approval of a 10-year plan of city improvement and development. The state of Georgia has a five-year plan, and we could cite more cases adopted or budding in this country.
Detroit financing, public improvements and general city management, in view of pressing necessities, certainly needs a plan and basis which can look farther than the next city election. That plan and basis should be as free as possible from the interruptions of elections and the interferences of political interests and ambitions. Besides the two above-mentioned suggestions which current discussions have thrust up, what is offering as a larger way in which city government might be shaped to serve the good future of Detroit?