

WISCONSIN

By air around the state whose sturdy pioneers planned their future well

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

There are some things that everybody knows about Wisconsin. The mere mention of the name brings thoughts of cheese and politics, woods-holidays and lakes. But what do its long shores look like? Why is it famous for the arts of government? What is the character of its many cities?

First, for a comprehensive view, why not a swift air journey around its borders?

The natural starting point for this breezy excursion will be Kenosha. Halfway between Chicago and Milwaukee, this city is squarely in the state's most accessible corner. Besides, it was the first community in Wisconsin to establish a free public school, and so is an appropriate place in which to begin our learning.

Taking off from Kenosha, then, we go skimming like an inquisitive sea gull up the shore of Lake Michigan. It is a long, straightish, sandy shore. The beautiful patchwork of green fields ends at a dark woodland fringe—then a streak of pale gold—then green water. Now and again a river winds out from the hinterland and empties into the lake. In many cases the river mouth has been made into a harbor, and at each harbor is a city.

These cities follow one another along the lake shore like a row of buttons up the front of a green overcoat: Kenosha, Racine, Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Manitowoc.

Now we must make a long hairpin bend to follow the finger of Door peninsula. What luck! The cherry orchards are in blossom, white as popcorn. And right through them runs the glistening streak of the Sturgeon bay and Lake Michigan



A front view of Wisconsin's imposing state capitol building at Madison, also the home of the University of Wisconsin.

which vast quantities of Minnesota's Cuyuna iron ores are shipped to the east. Superior is especially noteworthy, too, as a busy receiving point for water shipments of eastern coal. And to its docks and towering elevators, from west to south, curve the railway tracks that bring the grains and produce of mid-America.

Now inland again, half the journey done. Almost at once we catch a glimpse of Manitowish, highest in the state, draping their long white fringes down the pine-shaggy rocks of Pattison state park. And crossing the Jack-pine highlands that here divide the Great Lakes and Mississippi basins, we swoop down over the St. Croix.

Scenic Beauty

This famously beautiful river, at St. Croix Falls, sinks into its most famous reach, the Dalles, where the water swirls in potholes in the ruddy basaltic rock. The white squares of picnic cloths spread on the grass are a reminder that Minnesota and Wisconsin, some 40 years ago, here established Interstate park.

Below Hudson the deep valley of the St. Croix sweeps into the deep valley of the Mississippi, and soon

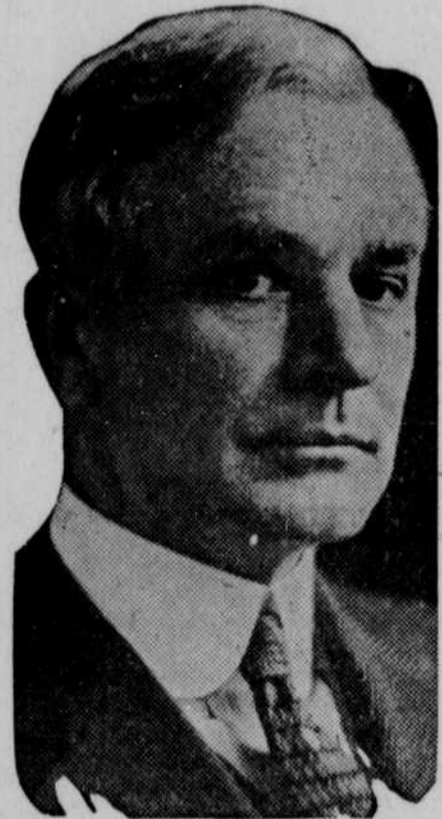
NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

German interests in this country fight for reciprocal trade agreement with Germany... Congress expected to approve of greatly increased appropriations for preparedness... It seems the agricultural problem is likely to be with us for many years to come... the cotton problem also presents its difficulties.

WASHINGTON.—Desperate efforts are being made by important German interests in this country, and some not interested through national ties but because of economic ideas, to have this country enter into a reciprocal trade agreement with Germany.

Because of the bitter feeling among so large a part of the population of this country against Hitler, and because of the disinclination of Secretary of State Cordell Hull, daddy of the reciprocal trade treaty



CORDELL HULL

formula for maintaining world peace, there is plenty of tenseness in the situation. All sorts of wires are being pulled by both sides, and the outcome is shrouded in doubt.

Those arguing for the German treaty all use the same contentions, though the two groups are motivated by entirely different springs. Most vociferous of course, are the Germans who actually sympathize with Hitler. There are a lot of them, little as the casual newspaper reader might suspect it. Because they do not wish to penalize themselves by running publicly counter to the anger of Jewish and Catholic haters of Der Fuehrer, most of them are not making much noise about it. But they are very active, as every official in the State department has good cause to know.

There is a considerable number of business men who believe in making a profit through trade, even if they trade with the devil, which is not surprising but merely what has been happening since the beginning of time. Then there is a very small group of important persons who sincerely believe that the path to world peace and permanence of freedom from war depends chiefly on trade—and not just bilateral trade either, but world-wide trade.

Lower Trade Barriers As Preventive of War

The arguments of this little group are used by both the larger ones—those who desire to see Germany made stronger and who glory in Hitler's "redemption" of the Fatherland from the "strait-jacket" of the Versailles treaty, and those who hope for a personal profit.

Naturally, because Cordell Hull has been preaching the lowering of trade barriers as the best preventative of war for low these many years, both the larger groups realize the arguments of the little group of intellectuals are the ones most likely to be potent. Incidentally, also, both the larger groups are perfectly sincere in agreeing with these arguments.

Those who want to make a profit themselves by trading more with Germany naturally are convinced that the whole world will be more prosperous as a result. There is no hypocrisy in this. Nearly every business man in the world over is convinced that if something were done to improve his particular line of business everybody in the entire world would be better off.

It's a fight, and it's going to be worth watching, though unfortunately for the audience most of the moves are not going to be played in the open.

Increased Appropriations For Preparedness Assured

Tremendously increased appropriations are assured from the next congress for all kinds of preparedness—army ordnance, airplanes, cargo ships, fighting ships, tanks, motorized equipment—everything conceivable that would be needed in wartime.

There is an extraordinary unanimity of sentiment about this on Capitol Hill. President Roosevelt will have no trouble getting all the money he may ask for the army, navy, marine corps, cargo ship construction, and for readying private plants so that they could turn out war equipment at short notice. For instance, the little matter of educational orders is indicative of the general line of thought.

For years Britain has followed this practice of educational orders. The underlying idea is to have as many factories and plants as possible ready to turn to government work in time of emergency with no delay. Getting ready to produce many types of military equipment is a long, tedious process. It involves getting the proper jigs and dies. It involves training men to do an entirely new job.

In an ordinary government contract, given to a private manufacturer, the government of course calls for bids and gives the work to the bidder offering to produce at the lowest price, assuming of course that the bidder is demonstrably reliable.

But in educational orders the plan is exactly the reverse. The object is different. If what is wanted immediately is 1,000 machine guns, for instance, normally the manufacturer offering to produce them at the lowest price would get the contract. But under the educational order system the government's purpose would best be served by giving 20 different manufacturers each a contract for 50 machine guns.

Expansion Not Difficult Where Needs Are Known

Then, if war or an emergency should develop three months later, there would be 20 manufacturers who had found out how to make the type of machine guns desired. Expansion is not difficult where the exact needs are familiar, and the workers know how to do the job. Each worker, for example, can be put to training others.

But despite the obvious military advantage of this system of educational orders, not until right now has the United States government ever employed it. And this although the plan has been advocated for 10 years and its good results in Britain have been well known.

Agricultural Problem Stumps Would-Be Solvers

A very shrewd Kansan recently in Washington remarked that the farm problem would be with us, unsolved, 40 years hence. About a week later, in a speech at Hutchinson, Kan., Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace said that one who had been watching the wheat market over a period of years would not be surprised at the fact that the price had gone down. It was sure to come, he said, with a return of "normal weather."

But a couple of days later the report of the Great Plains committee was made, predicting that continuing of grain growing in the Dakotas, eastern Montana and northern Nebraska is futile, and that the farmers are doomed to defeat and despair if they keep on trying. And meantime comes a report from North Carolina that there is too much hay, due to the soil erosion policy of the department of agriculture. Which means, of course, that in the next few years North Carolina's production of cattle is going to leap skyward, as it is impractical to use the hay in any other way. There will be no turning from hay, either, for the soil-erosion payments by the government to farmers guarantee its continuance.

All of which, put together, gives an idea of what the would-be solvers of the agricultural problem are up against. For obviously this present surplus of wheat was produced without much help from the section studied by the Great Plains committee. And just as obviously, without much help from North Carolina. Now if the Dakotas and other parts of this

Great Plains area turn to grass, and hence to cattle, it would seem as, though by the time both the Northwest and the Carolina sections got down to cattle production in a big way there will be an overproduction of cattle as well as a surplus of wheat.

Cotton Problem Also Is Full of Difficulties

Then there is the cotton problem. It is the settled conviction of many shrewd observers that the Old South, east of the Mississippi, will not remain very much longer in the cotton growing game. It simply will not pay, unless the government is willing to pay a perfectly enormous subsidy in addition to the already huge farm subsidies being paid.

And this, observers agree, is because the government held up the price of cotton artificially in the first few years of the Roosevelt administration. For many decades the whole world has been looking for another cotton-growing area, or else a substitute for cotton, in order to avoid paying the hundreds of millions of dollars sent to the South.

Until just recently the rest of the world had no luck. Often a new area was discovered which would grow cotton, but always either the cotton was of an inferior quality or else was too expensive for economic production.

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HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Turpentine and a Brick"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Everybody has his own recipe for Adventure. Here's the favorite one of Mary Doner of 247 Park Ave., New York City. Take one brick and a cupful of turpentine. Cook the brick over a hot fire for twenty minutes. Pour the turpentine over it and serve.

Does that sound appetizing? Well stick around a few minutes while old Francois Gibbons, the Franco-Fenian maestro of the skillet and the soup ladle, juggles the pans around a bit and dishes you out a plateful hot from the kitchen of Old Lady Adventure's hash house. And before we go any farther I want to tell you that the very aroma of this delectable dish is enough to make a horse go crazy.

I don't know what it will do to you—but here's the tale of how it affected Mary Doner.

About 10 years ago, Mary and her husband lived in Maplewood, N. J., and horseback riding is a popular sport out in that neck of the woods. They kept a bunch of saddle horses for their own amusement, and since experienced groomers were impossible to get at the salary they could afford to pay, they were forced to employ green hands in the stable.

Rex Was a High-Strung Thoroughbred.

That worked out pretty well, though, for what the green stable hands lacked in knowledge and experience, Mary made up with her own. Mary was born on a ranch in California and had grown up with horses.



Rex went crazy as the flames shot up.

Horses were her favorite brand of animal, and she spent a great deal of her time in the stable seeing that they were well taken care of and not neglected in any way.

Among the other horses was one, Rex, who was the apple of Mary's eye. He was a high-strung thoroughbred, but as gentle as a kitten.

"It always gave me a thrill," says Mary, "to hear Rex's greeting every time he saw me. I gave him twice the care and attention that I gave any of the other horses. He was clever—almost human in his intelligence."

And Rex's cleverness is to take an important part in our story. He was kept in a large box stall, and before long he learned to put his head over the top of the door and push back the bolt with his nose. Mary had to have the bolt put down at the bottom of the door to keep him from getting out, wandering into the feed room, and probably founding himself. Remember that bolt. Remember that it's way down at the bottom of the door, out of reach of anyone inside. That low-set bolt caused a lot of trouble.

Stableman Bolted the Door.

But of course that hot brick with the turpentine sauce was the principal cause of it all.

This is the place where the brick and the turpentine come into the story. Rex had a cold and, try as she would, Mary couldn't seem to check it. She called in a veterinary and he gave her some medicine for Rex. "And another thing you might try," he said, "is this. Heat a brick, pour some turpentine over it, and let the vapor get up his nostrils."

Mary told the stableman to heat a brick. He did a good job of it. He brought the brick out to her red hot. And Mary put that brick on a shovel and went into Rex's stall.

As she went in she closed the door and the stableman bolted it. The stableman had a bucket of turpentine and, from the outside of the stall he poured it on the brick. He poured it on with a lavish hand. It was a case of too much of everything. The brick had been heated too hot in the first place. There was too much turpentine in the second. The result was startling. The turpentine sizzled and filled the stall with a choking vapor. Rex began to get restive. Then, suddenly, the turpentine burst into flame, and Rex went crazy.

The flames shot up in the stall—and so did Rex. He reared up on his hind legs and began pawing at the air.

"And I," says Mary, "was in that stall. Up to that time it had seemed like a large stall to me. With this fear-maddened horse, 16 hands high, rearing and plunging about me, it seemed no bigger than a telephone booth.

"The vapor started to rise in a thick cloud and I couldn't see the horse. I would catch glimpses of his pawing hoofs raised high in the air and would dodge away to keep out of his reach. But I couldn't move far, and the minute I got in one corner, the plunging, frantic horse would be coming my way again."

Afraid to Drop Red-Hot Brick.

All that time, Mary was holding the shovel. She didn't dare set it down, for the brick was red hot and the floor of the stall was covered with dry straw. Once the shovel with its blazing contents touched that straw the whole stable would go up in flames.

And why didn't Mary just duck out the stall door? Well, there you have the bolt again. As soon as the flames started shooting up, the stableman had run away in panic. The door, remember, was bolted low down on the outside, and Mary, who is only five feet in height, couldn't reach down to it. All she could do was hang onto that blazing shovel, keep it away from the straw—and wait. If she was lucky, the flames would die down eventually and Rex could be quieted.

And if she wasn't lucky, she might get in the way of one of Rex's flying hoofs. Then she would go down. The shovel would go with her. The straw would ignite, and that stable would become a funeral pyre for some fine horses—and for Mary!

It was the toughest spot Mary ever was in, but all Adventures come to an end eventually. After what seemed an eternity, the stableman came back and opened the door. Mary was out of the stall like a streak. "We repeated the treatment later," she says, "but this time the brick was not red hot, and I stayed outside the stall while the turpentine was being applied."

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Mustard Grows Everywhere

No spice or condiment has a longer history than the mustard seed. Probably in ancient days next to salt it was used more than any other seasoning. The reason for this lies in the fact that it is a cosmopolitan plant and grows in many places. The tiny seeds, which may be brown or yellow, are used in their own form for spicing pickles and fruits and for a few other purposes. The ground mustard flour which we know as dry mustard is one of our staple condiments. Then we have a large variety of mixed mustards which vary in flavor, both on account of the kind of mustard which is their base and because of the liquids which are used to blend them. This is often vinegar and sometimes wine.

Largest Orthodox Monastery

In Lake Ladoga, at the Russian-Finnish frontier, is a quiet, lonely island called Valamo—God's Isle. It is high, steep and covered with trees. On this island is located the largest orthodox monastery of modern times. It is a huge building which has been greatly enlarged because of the thousands of pilgrims and tourists which visit it every summer. The monastery was founded in 922 by a monk named Segej, who went to Valamo from Russia. The monastery was destroyed several times in wars between Russia and Sweden, but was always restored and its work continued. After the Russian revolution many monks fled to the peace and quiet of Valamo. They and their fellow-monks work hard.

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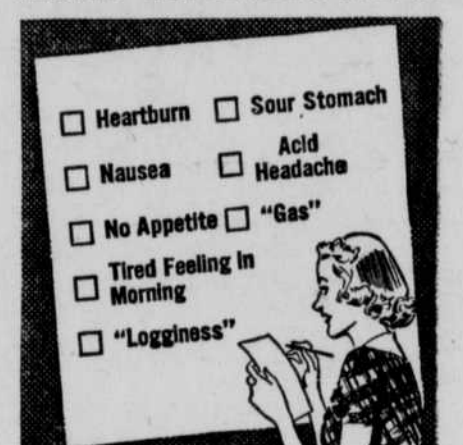
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