

Predicts New Ice Age for America

Savant Says It Will Come in 10,000 Years.

London.—Another ice age, in which the polar cap will creep far down into Europe and North America, is coming in ten thousand years or so, says Dr. G. C. Simpson, director of the British meteorological office.

It will be followed by a warmer, when the semitropical conditions, in which monstrous saurians splashed under giant ferns in what is now the United States, will return.

Deserting the rule which he enforces in his office, that weather forecasts must be limited to the next 48 hours, Doctor Simpson told what it would be like on the earth hundreds of thousands of years ahead.

He based his prophecies on a theory of solar changes which he has lately shown to be confirmed by the story of world weather in the period covered by the last four ice ages.

Sun's Heat Changes.
It is the sun's heat, he says, that changes. A complete cycle of change takes anything from 100,000 to 1,000,000 years, and the difference in radiation represents a range of about 40 per cent.

"We are at present approaching a minimum," he said, "and our climate is cold and dry. All the evidence points to the conclusion that the earth will continue to get colder and drier for a long time yet."

But even after the sun's radiation has begun to increase again, he explained, Europe would have to go through another ice age before we once again got really warm weather, with temperatures from five to ten degrees higher than they are now and, no doubt, another influx of semi-tropical life.

An increase in solar radiation, he said, would mean that there was more difference in temperature between the equator and the poles. There would, therefore, be stronger winds, more cloud, and more rain and snow.

"At first," he explained, "the increased precipitation would result in greater accumulation of snow, and the increased cloud would prevent summer melting. The polar ice caps and the ice fields on mountains would extend, spreading into lower latitudes and down to lower heights."

Warm Period to Follow.
That would bring the next ice age to its maximum, perhaps hundreds of thousands of years hence. Then, as the sun's radiation further increased in strength, the ice would be first checked in its advance and finally melted. There would follow the warmest time of all, "a warm, wet, interglacial period," with half as much cloud again as there is now.

Next, as the sun's radiation be-

"Foolish" Farming Paying Dividends

Marquette, Mich.—The Upper peninsula, agriculturally speaking, has its eye on a downstate farmer, starting in on a new place in Baraga county, who planted some strange seed beans that he had picked up, no one, not even the planter, knows where.

The Upper peninsula was not a bean country; they couldn't be grown successfully, farmers said. But in the fall of 1930 the farmer harvested a good sized crop. An agricultural agent noticed it, and spread the word. This year at least 200 acres of beans have been planted.

The bean, apparently some form of Japanese plant which thrives better here than in Japan, is expected to be raised in paying quantities within a few years as a result of the downstate farmer's "foolishness."

gan to decrease in intensity again, the same set of changes would be reversed, and after another ice age we would drift back to present conditions. We should have had two ice ages in the course of the one solar cycle while in the tropics there would have been a single wet period corresponding with the wet, interglacial period nearest the poles.

When the next ice ages are on, the Atlantic will be a much less healthy place for ships than the Pacific, because Arctic ice has a much greater tendency at this time to drift down by that route than the Pacific.

WEAR JEWELRY

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



If you would be in fashion you must wear more jewelry than you have been wearing during the last several seasons, for Paris so decrees. One of the interesting developments in this present fair for jewelry is the revived interest in pearls. The many-strand pearl necklace is proving itself to be a particular favorite with smart Parisiennes. The off-the-shoulder draped neckline of the pastel pink satin evening dress pictured at the top of this group is enhanced by a four-strand necklace fastened at the side by a rhinestone buckle.

For glamor and gleam there is nothing comparable to sparkling rhinestones with the black evening gown. Centered in the group is a black chiffon dress to which a delicate necklace of rhinestones on a filigree chain, two crescent clips and twin bracelets add infinite charm. Now that the low-front décolletage is with us again necklaces become a smart necessity. Thirdly in this trio a powder blue linen party frock is gaily accented by two red catallin bead necklaces and bracelets which repeat the color of the belt and the poppies in the field-flower bouquet.

Employment in Logging Camps Shows 25,000 Gain

Portland, Ore.—Employment in lumber mills and logging camps of the Pacific Northwest has increased from 30,000 in 1933 to more than 55,000 persons at the present time, and wages have shown an increase as high as 200 per cent in some sections. It was said here recently by W. B. Greeley of Seattle, secretary-manager of the West Coast Lumbermen's association.

U. S. CAN IDENTIFY MOST CRIMINALS

Fingerprints of 4,500,000 in Government Files.

Washington.—On file at the Department of Justice are 4,500,000 fingerprint cards bearing the tell-tale whorls and loops by which almost any criminal in the land can be identified.

To examine all these cards at the rate of one every ten seconds would require five years, working six days a week, eight hours a day.

But—through an elaborate filing system, when prints are received for identification—it requires only 30 seconds to match them up with Department files.

And now J. Edgar Hoover, director of Uncle Sam's agents who wage a relentless war on gangsters, wants to cut that time to five seconds. Even 22 seconds saved might prove a decisive factor in an emergency, he pointed out.

The five-second record can be made by a "robot" searcher. It already has been applied to about 25,000 fingerprint cards and is being rapidly extended to others.

Roughly, this amazing machine works like this:

Each of the ten fingerprints received from a law enforcement agency is analyzed separately and made into a composite diagram, punched into a card.

When a sample fingerprint is received for identification, the machine is "set" according to the type of the sample and the cards fed in. Miraculously, it flips out only a dozen or so of the cards, most likely to correspond with the sample.

To establish an identification, it is necessary only to examine the fingerprint record represented by the selected punch cards.

Finds Oldest Town in U. S. Is Indian Village

Chicago.—The oldest town in the United States, despite the claims of St. Augustine, Fla., settled about 1565, and Santa Fe, N. M., settled about 1537, is the Indian settlement of Oraibi on the Hopi reservation of Arizona. This was the assertion of Dr. Paul S. Martin, assistant curator in charge of North American archeology at Field Museum of Natural History.

The town of Oraibi, according to Doctor Martin, dates back to at least A. D. 1200, and it is thus well over 300 years older than any other town on the continent. These conclusions, Doctor Martin explained, were reached after recent archeological work on the Oraibi site disclosed that the present town is built on the ruins of perhaps a score of earlier towns.

Leipzig Shows Pencils That Will Weigh Mail

Leipzig.—Your fountain pen or pencil, after being used to write a letter, also may be utilized to weigh it and indicate the required postage. A pocket pen or pencil of the ordinary size is equipped with a letter scale with spring attachment. On placing a letter on the end of the pencil, an indicator at once points to the necessary postage, whether for domestic or foreign delivery. The new device, which is cheap and highly practical, has been exhibited at the Leipzig fair.

Man Makes His Dog Earn License Fee

Blytheville, Ark.—Bill Helm's dog paid its own license fee. When the tax notice was received, Bill, who is the town crier for several merchants, decided his dog would have to earn the money. He painted a banner advertising a store and tied it on the dog's side. Later Bill went around and collected the dog's pay and turned it over to the city clerk for the tax.

SEEN and HEARD

around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—Negotiations between this government and France are unofficially under way looking toward one of the new tariff treaties. The problem has been that France was most eager to sell its wares in the United States, but has found what seemed to be insuperable difficulties in the way of making any concessions in return. In fact, some of our more cynical diplomats commented several times during the preliminary overtures that France was so used to getting her own sweet way with this country she could not understand that the idea of this reciprocity treaty business was that both sides had to make concessions.

As it is, France will not be able to make any proposals to this country, which would have a chance in the world of being accepted unless she revises her very definite policy since the war about being practically self-supporting so far as food is concerned.

Actually France could absorb a very considerable amount of American wheat, and a far larger proportion of such fruits as apples, with actual net benefit to her citizens. The point is that the cost of producing sufficient wheat to feed the French people and visitors to France is excessive. It is accomplished only at a very considerable cost to the French housewife and the French taxpayer.

Want Cheaper Bread

So a move is under serious consideration by the existing French government, so Washington has been informed, looking to changing this policy. The thought would be to let American foodstuffs, particularly wheat and fruit, in with a rather moderate duty, and thus at one move reduce the present subsidy burden on the French treasury and reduce the cost of bread to the French consumers.

The move would not have been possible a year ago. But two changes in the situation have come about in that time. One is that there has been some clamor about the rapidly rising cost of living in France. Already, to meet this popular sentiment, the French government has taken such effective means of dealing with the middleman that the price of meat has been sharply reduced to the housewife.

But this is not enough. The people are still clamoring. So the idea of making bread cheaper by reducing the high government subsidy on French-grown wheat, and permitting importation of a sufficient amount of American wheat to make up for the falling off in domestic production which would immediately ensue, is under consideration.

This placation of the populace is second only to the urgent necessity of balancing the budget, so as to keep France on the gold standard, on which the government is determined, if possible. The second reason is that, as the French leaders see the situation, the urgency of the original reason for producing all the wheat France consumes inside her borders is not as compelling as was the case one year ago.

At that time the fear of war in the immediate future was far greater than right now. Hence the necessity of being self-supporting on foodstuffs. But Hitler's gyrations in Germany have driven Italy, until then probably France's most bitter enemy, into France's arms, and the fact is that at the moment Italo-French relations are more pleasant than at any time since the armistice. And what with the French wine and brandy makers, not to mention the perfume men, the jewelry fabricators, and whatnot who are now, due to the high exchange and higher tariffs of America, unable to sell their wares in the world's best market, there is quite a different feeling about the wheat subsidy.

Negotiations have not approached the public stage. In fact, they probably will not for some months.

New Dealers Chuckle

Certain Republican blasts at President Roosevelt, insisting that he tell the American people what he told Upton Sinclair in that two hours, so they would understand what he was planning and where the country was headed, have caused loud chuckles from New Dealers here.

The point is that there has never been much doubt about where the New Deal was headed, except on the part of those—of whom there are a great many—who simply do not believe what they see, much less what they read and hear.

And one of those who believed themselves to be in the dark, New Dealers point out, is none other than Upton Sinclair himself.

Otherwise, they hint, how could he have been surprised at Roosevelt's ideas? How could he have thought so many of his own ideas new, and then learn, as Sinclair said in his National Press club speech, that they were not?

For, of course, Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins has been doing in part just what Sinclair proposes to do in California for some time. Not only that, but since last winter there have been the outraged protests of business interests whose

toes were trampled on. Some of these activities, and the protests of business about them, were chronicled in these dispatches shortly after last Christmas. Particularly the proposed manufacture of mattresses by unemployed, etc.

So far there has been no proposal on the part of the federal government that the farmers could pay their taxes with farm products, which would otherwise rot on the ground. But there is a good reason for this omission. Farmers involved in difficulties of that sort do not pay income taxes, or any other direct taxes to the federal government.

Loans to Farmers

But the federal government has been doing better than that by the farmers. It has been loaning them money to pay their state taxes. It has been loaning them money on their unsold crops, particularly cotton and wheat. It has been loaning them money to buy seed. And all this for a long period prior to the drought, and therefore unconnected with drought relief.

And it has been paying them good American currency for such supplies as it bought to feed the unemployed, not giving them certificates which could be exchanged only for some product produced by the unemployed in state factories, as proposed by Sinclair.

By the same token the federal government laid itself open to the charge of direct competition with industry by this same difference. Had it exchanged furniture and mattresses and whatnot produced by the unemployed for the food products of the farmers to feed those same unemployed, the procedure would have been more nearly that of the EPIC plan of Mr. Sinclair, and the manufacturers would have had a harder time making their case.

For the answer in either case is that the unemployed are not buying now, so the manufacturer is not losing a market when they produce something for themselves. It is only when their product is put on the market that this competition arises and private industry is hurt.

Patronage Worries

With literally hundreds of members of the house and senate fighting either for renomination or reelection, calm judgment is that more of them are in trouble about patronage matters than anything else. Yet this situation is present despite the fact that never, in the entire history of the country, have so many jobs been parceled out by purely political endorsements of these same representatives and senators. For never at any time since the establishment of the civil service system has that system less to do with filling governmental positions than in the last two years.

The destruction of the civil service—for that is what it is if it continues—did not begin with the Roosevelt administration. The evolution has been nonpartisan. It began with what might be called the emergency measures. It came first, so far as volume is concerned, with the farm board, spreading into the Department of Agriculture, with the farmers' seed loans, etc.

Under the direction of Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, the old civil service traditions began to drop into the waste-basket, as far as Washington was concerned. From that time on it has been a debacle, most of the new agencies and administrations and authorities set up being specifically exempted from the civil service.

Getting a Job

It is rather curious that this came on the heels of what had been supposed to be a great civil service reform—applying its methods of promotion and selection to the diplomatic service, except occasionally, of course, for more important ambassadors and ministers. And the "career diplomat" came into his own, to the great annoyance of many senators and representatives, who sneered at the spats and canes and "pink teas" (polite name during prohibition for cocktail parties) of the career men.

Young men and women wanting government jobs today do not bother about taking civil service examinations, however. The procedure is very clear. First one must be "cleared" through his Democratic county committee. Then one must be certified by his Democratic congressman, if there is one. If there is no Democratic congressman, then both senators must endorse the applicant.

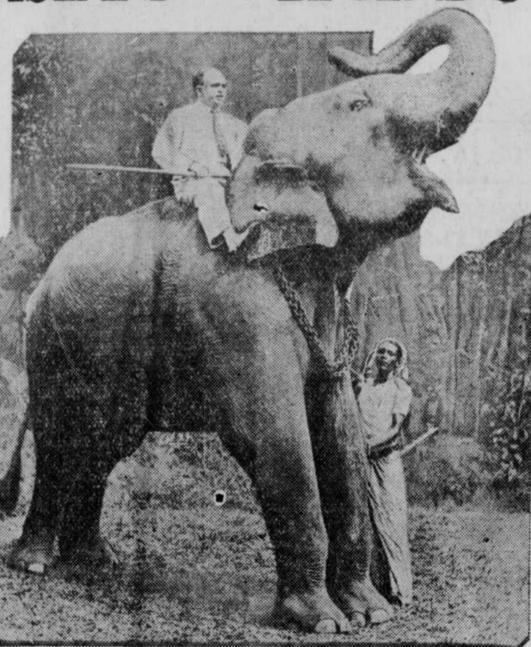
This is the situation in Massachusetts, for instance, where there are more Republican members in the house than Democratic, but both senators happen to be Democrats.

If the applicant runs this gauntlet successfully, the only remaining hurdle is the Democratic national committee, where the eagle-eyed Emil Hurja is the deciding examiner, acting, of course, for National Chairman Farley.

But the curious point about the whole business is that senators and members of the house fight manfully to get more than their share of appointments, if possible, yet nearly every one of them will tell you that he wishes to high heaven that the civil service were airtight, and that everyone knew that a senator or congressman had no influence so far as getting a political appointment was concerned.

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ISLAND of LEGENDS



A Docile Ceylon Temple Elephant.

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

The duke of Gloucester, on his forthcoming visit to Ceylon, will present the island with the throne of its native kings. The last Tamil king of Kandy, Wikrama Raja Sinha, was unpopular with his subjects. Aided by the British, they deposed him in 1815 and sent his throne to England, where ever since it has been preserved in Windsor castle.

Ceylon is known to most of us only for its fragrant tea. Yet aside from producing the leaves of one of the world's most popular beverages, the island contributes many other products to commerce. Coconut fiber for brushes; tortoise shell for combs and eye glasses; graphite, an important component of pencils; citronella oil, applied to ward off mosquitoes; and cardamoms, used to deaden the taste of medicine.

A pear-shaped island half the size of New York state, Ceylon lies in the Indian ocean off the southern tip of India. It is a British possession and has no political connection with India, though separated from it only by 22 miles of water. A Hindu epic relates that this strait was once bridged by a causeway, the handiwork of an army of monkeys.

Legend rises like incense from Ceylon. A huge hollow in a rhododendron-covered hill is revered as the footprint of Buddha. Mohammedans call it Adam's peak. Arabian legend relates that Adam and Eve, driven out of Paradise, were allowed to enter this enchanting island. In many ways it is a second Eden. It is drugged with sweet scents that breezes waft far out over the high seas. Three days before mariners sight Ceylon, they can smell its heavy fragrance, which rises from flower-decked temples, from blossoms trampled on the highway, from blooming lotus, frangipani, gardenia, cinnamon and other spice trees.

Natives Have Idyllic Life.

British modernization of the island has disturbed but little the almost idyllic existence of the natives. Off the palm-fringed shores, where lazy surf rolls on yellow sands, they fish leisurely from outrigger canoes. British automobiles may speed over the island's copper-colored roads, but Ceylon's 34,000 slow-moving bullock carts set the tempo for native life. On any road, arched over with tamarind trees, festooned with pepper vines, one passes cream-colored bullocks, drawing huge thatched-roofed "prairie schooners," bursting with families and their household belongings. The brown-skinned Sinhalese women are slender and delicately featured, often beautiful. The men in their tight skirts, and hair caught up in a bun, appear effeminate. Their mouths are stained from chewing soothing betel nuts.

Ceylon is a land wrested from the jungle. It well deserves its ancient name of Tamraparni, the island of "dusky leaves," for most of its hills and low-lying plains are covered with thick jungles. Glossy jak trees, bamboos, ebony and other rare hardwoods are woven together by wild vines.

Jungle has overgrown Ceylon's ancient cities. The most extensive of these Anuradhapura, 250 miles north of Colombo, was the capital of a highly civilized Ceylon about 200 B. C. A royal residence, with 96,000 Buddhist priests among its inhabitants, it must once have covered an area larger than London. Hindu Tamils reduced it to a heap of granite posts and sculptured friezes. It now is strangled by creepers. The Ceylon archeology department, which erected government offices and bungalows there, cleared gladelike corridors to it, so that visitors may view its fascinating ruins.

Sunshine and Heavy Rains.

Ceylon's climate is fairly good for the tropics. Though moist and scorching with warmth, it is temper-

pered by sea breezes, and is healthful except in the low-lying jungles, where malaria has taken heavy toll. Infant mortality is excessive, due chiefly to malaria. Intensive anti-malaria work and maternal and child welfare work are slowly producing good results.

The island alternates between scorching sunshine and heavy showers. At times the air is very still and hot. Thunder over hills and jungles precedes midsummer rains so torrential that every leaf drips. Clumps of giant bamboo already over 100 feet high shoot up another foot in a single day. Liquid bird calls echo through drenched jungles. The streams leaping from fall to fall down the central uplands to the coast gush in torrents and sometimes flood the land.

Formerly, when scant rain fell, the rivers dried up into parched water-courses, carpeted with grass. Deer from the woods ventured out on them, and wild swine plowed them up at night. The northwest and southeast corners of Ceylon became burning deserts.

To counteract this, irrigation was begun centuries ago. Irrigation is needed because rice is the staple food of its inhabitants. The early Sinhalese kings made a great part of Ceylon cultivable by constructing artificial lakes or "tanks." Modern Ceylon is doing extensive irrigation work, damming up rivers and conserving water in reservoirs for dry times. This has not only converted arid land into agricultural areas, but has checked floods and malaria.

Ceylon's prosperity depends entirely on her agriculture. The soil is extremely fertile, and about one-fourth of the land is under cultivation. The valleys are a patchwork of vivid green rice fields. The hills are striped with rows of tea bushes, and rubber trees. The tea industry, largely in the hands of Europeans, is the mainstay of the island, exporting about 250 million pounds annually.

Aside from tea, and citronella oil, Ceylon exports chiefly raw materials: cacao, cinnamon, coconuts, areca nuts, rubber, and cardamoms.

Island Is a Jewel Box.

Unlike the Tamils, who do most of the unskilled labor, the Sinhalese are skilled workers, being largely jewel grinders, weavers, lacquer makers.

Ceylon is a jewel box of precious stones. In Colombo, the headquarters for jewel grinders and wholesale and retail jewel sellers, one may purchase pearls, glowing rubies, sapphires, amethysts, moonstone, and alexandrites, those weird stones, green by day and sullen red under artificial light. The early Greeks knew Ceylon as "the Land of Rubies."

The island is noted for its pearls. The pearl fisheries are located on the northwestern coast along the Gulf of Mannar. Along this shore, which is sea bottom become land by slow upheaval, for 10 or 12 miles inland, the plow turns up oyster shells everywhere. Here, at the time of pearl fishing, thousands of boats are anchored off shore, temporary villages spring up overnight, complete with snake charmers and magicians to lure the money of the newly rich pearl divers.

Ceylon's fauna would populate a weird zoo. Rose-colored flamingoes mate in its artificial lakes. Man-eating crocodiles bask on the shores. Through shoulder-high grass, wild buffaloes watch tame buffaloes plowing rice fields. The air rings with screams of wild peafowl and white-headed fishing eagles.

The jungles fill the tropic night with uncanny hootings and catcalls. The blood-curdling call of the devil bird makes one's flesh creep and que's hair stand on end. The brown hawk-owl makes a cry like a strangled cat. Above the chattering of monkeys, one hears the trumpeting of wild elephants.

President's Mother Judges a Baby Contest



Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President, acted as judge of a baby contest at the Dutchess County fair at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The photograph shows, left to right, Clay Bridges, second prize winner, with his mother; Mrs. James Roosevelt; Madeleine Pearl Holder, first prize winner, in her mother's arms, and Shirley Ann Bick, third prize winner, and her mother.