

Gold Hunters Rush to Mojave Desert

Rich Strikes Recall Glamorous Days of '49.

Mojave, Calif.—Following one of the most amazing and sensational gold strikes in all history, California is witnessing a new gold rush which recalls her glamorous days of '49.

The first huge strike—the Silver Queen—already has been optioned to a South African syndicate for \$3,250,000.

Scarcely had the first rush of adventurers filled this small desert town to overflowing, when dusty miners came with news of two more rich strikes, only a few miles distant.

Gold mining experts from all parts of the world hastened to Mojave. For months the news was kept secret. Then it leaked out—and the rush was on.

Located in 1933. The Silver Queen was first located in September, 1933, by George Holmes, thirty-two-year-old former student of the University of Southern California.

Holmes, who had prospected the Mojave area for fourteen years, found a fragment of gold-bearing ore broken off a ledge while scouring a hillside about seven miles from Mojave.

Holmes gave a friend, Bruce Minnard, twenty-eight-year-old practical miner, to help him find the ledge. By a thousand-to-one shot, they dug a trench and discovered the mother-ledge—only six feet below the surface.

Holmes gave Minnard a 20 per cent share. They then drew in Virgil Dew. For his digging under a blistering sun he, too, was given a 20 per cent share.

Minnard and Dew furnish the first tragedy of the new gold rush. As months slipped by they lost confidence.

Eventually Minnard sold his holdings to Cy Townsend for \$500. Shortly afterward Dew sold his share for \$1,000. Townsend and his associates bought him out.

Option for Three Million. Finally a syndicate offered Holmes and his father, who own 60 per cent of the claim, \$10,000 for the ledge. They refused it. Succeeding offers of \$75,000, \$250,500, \$300,000 and \$750,900 likewise were rejected.

Then the world's most noted gold-mining experts began to arrive. Among the first were the old Goldfield crowd—Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, George Wingfield and Walter Trent. Also came former Senator Tasker L. Oddie of Nevada, who, with Jim Butler, discovered the rich Tonopah field, and Al Myers.

In all, gold fields of South Africa sent fifteen men to Mojave. And not long afterward the South African company took an option on Holmes' Silver Queen for \$3,250,000!

It was when news of the big option price leaked out recently that the world at large first became apprised of California's new amazing gold strike. And the rush was on!

The highway leading to Mojave is jammed with automobiles, busses,

heavy trucks hauling lumber and mining machinery, and thousands of cars of tourists and sightseers.

Early in the rush, however, announcement was made that the new strike would prove of little value to the casual prospector. Hunt for the precious metal around Mojave is no game for the inexperienced, experts warned.

Philadelphia Once Favored Lotteries

Churches Used Public Gambling to Raise Funds.

Philadelphia.—Lotteries now under ban by federal law once flourished in Philadelphia, "cradle of American liberty."

Dating as far back as 1753, churches used "public gambling" as a means to raise money for a new steeple, clock tower or whatever was needed.

Probably the first sanctioned public lottery was the one inaugurated by Benjamin Franklin and his friends to build an "Association Battery" as protection against feared attacks during the early British-French clashes. Tickets were sold for 40 shillings each.

Popularity of the "gambling" became so great that by 1760 lotteries were being held in all sections throughout the Philadelphia area.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war the thirteen states, sorely in need of money to finance their armies and fight for independence, sanctioned lotteries, and congress authorized printing of 100,000 tickets.

Some of the more important lotteries before and during the Revolution were: For 3,000 pieces of eight to finish St. Paul's Episcopal church; to raise 500 pounds to fin-

Columbus Brought Oranges to America

New York.—Christopher Columbus, it has just been discovered, was the hitherto unknown planter who first brought orange seeds to America.

According to researches made in the course of a food survey carried out by the New York city department of markets, Columbus imported orange seeds on his second voyage in 1493, and planted America's first orange orchard at Isabella, on what is now the island of Haiti, San Domingo.

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—A great deal of peering into the future as to effects in the years between 1936 and 1940 of the present heavy spending by the federal government is being done by President Roosevelt and his advisers. Incidentally, the recent message to congress and the budget message which followed gave an inkling of this to one who reads between the lines.

What is bothering the President is that unless there is a very sharp and fairly speedy curtailment of the so-called extraordinary budget expenditures, such as public works and relief, it will not be possible to avoid putting on very much heavier taxes. The additional impositions, or at least any very burdensome additions, may be postponed for a few years. But they cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be postponed until after the end of the second Roosevelt administration.

Which is not to say that Mr. Roosevelt is looking at the situation with a purely political eye. There is some politics in the lens, of course, but there is a good deal more. Roughly, the continued spending of amounts far in excess of revenues can quite easily turn on and wreck all the social reforms the President is very desirous of bringing about.

Imagine, for example, an electorate in 1940, which is sick and tired of high taxes—so annoyed that every time one of the reforms the New Deal has brought about is mentioned the taxpayers want to scream. Which, far from being a figment of some comedian's imagination is a very real danger in the mind of none other than Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The result of such a state of mind might easily be that some demagogue might be nominated on an opposition ticket who would promise to sweep the whole Roosevelt program off the books and out of the window. Or from the Roosevelt standpoint, to turn the clock back for twenty years. True, from the radical standpoint this sort of thing would bring on the revolution, and would actually get us ahead faster than if the Roosevelt program had stayed on the books.

But neither is acceptable to Roosevelt. He neither wants the clock turned back nor the revolution.

But how is he to curtail emergency spending rapidly enough to prevent the danger of excessive taxation in the years just before 1940?

For it is imperative, in his view, to keep on spending fast enough to prime the business pump. Mr. Roosevelt believes that government emergency spending in various ways is directly and almost solely responsible for the revival in business that is now generally conceded.

He hopes that if this priming is continued just a little while business will get going on its own momentum, and that would mean such an increase in taxes without increasing the rates or the imports.

And it is also imperative to prevent starvation and freezing, whether or not the states and local communities take over the "unemployables" from the federal government. Or rather whether they are able to take care of them after they have been forced off the federal rolls.

In the meantime the mental attitude on Capitol Hill is not at all sympathetic with Presidential fears. Congress is positively drunk with the success of past and promised government spending, as demonstrated at the November election. Its fundamental attitude toward appropriations is way out of line with Roosevelt's viewpoint. It is not worrying about the place in history of the New Deal reforms. Roosevelt is.

New Liquor Order

A "boon to bootleggers" is what high officials in Federal Alcohol Control administration, and in various liquor code authorities, say of the new order of the treasury requiring liquor to be sold only in bottles with blown in words forbidding their illegal use.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau imposed this ruling over the protests of the liquor code authorities and of the best judgment in FACA. The bottle making interests sold him the idea—which was that a very good check could be obtained, which would thwart the bootleggers if the government would license all plants producing bottles for the alcoholic beverage trade. Of course the thought was to deprive bootleggers of a source for their bottles.

"Of course," one high officer of a code authority said to the writer, holding up one of the new bottles, "when the bootlegger sees the words blown in the bottle forbidding him to use it, he is just going to drop dead! He wouldn't think of violating the law."

"What has already happened is that it puts a premium on the reuse of legal bottles. If there were any way of providing it, I would wager a fair sum that the very people who put this over with Morgenthau, the bottle makers, are going to suffer in the long run."

"Naturally they are coining money right now. Distillers assert that it will cost them something like \$3,500,000 to discard bottles already

purchased and substitute the legal bottles. But what is going to happen when there is a full supply out? The bottle makers will make no more profit on the new ones than on the old. Also, they will begin to be irked pretty quickly by the government licensing system they requested to have put on themselves.

What Will Happen?

"But aside from that, what will happen to these legal bottles? Your ordinary hotel bar will have a case of some special gin, say, in the new legal bottles. Will the fact that the bottles have these words blown into their glass stop that barkeep from refilling them when they run low? We know they are doing it now. What will be the difference?"

"The bootlegger who refills the empties he obtains from trash collectors, etc., will have an additional point to convince his patrons that he is giving them genuine stuff. Bottles are very cheap. Most bootleggers would rather buy their bottles in quantities. But the glass bottle plants being licensed now, they cannot. So they will turn to the trashmen. Bottles will be used over and over again, not only by the bootleggers, but by all the bars willing to make a dishonest penny. Also by bartenders whose employers may be honest, but who wish to graft a little."

"So in the long run I think the bottle makers will sell less bottles, and the amount of bootlegging will not be decreased one iota."

"Of course, what the government ought to do, what it ought to have done long ago, is to put the taxes down to such a low point, for a time, and make the restrictions so mild, that the bootleggers and moonshiners would be driven out of business. Then taxes could be raised gradually."

Ready for Hatching

Looking ahead to possible work relief and construction activities this year, the recovery program has established several agencies, which might be called "breeder units." These are now sitting on a string of goose eggs in the form of plans which can be rapidly hatched if a figure and dollar mark is placed in front of them.

Federal Emergency Relief administration has rural-industrial housing plans on a potential scale beyond the federal housing which has gone before. Soil erosion service not only has been developing extensive plans but has trained 1,000 college men how to handle the work in the event the government goes into soil protection on a big scale. These men were trained last summer and fall, showing that certain New Dealers were looking further ahead and planning more practically than the brain trust is usually given credit for doing.

Citizen Concentration camps, tying in with the forest service, park service, War department and others has a framework, which can be expanded by hundreds of thousands of workers virtually overnight.

Almost any of several overlapping agencies is willing to spread its wings over any sort of nest-egg the new program provides—from humming-birds to ostriches. Much of the guesswork which has been going on about what the government would do, had what those talking it thought was authentic information behind it. The only thing left out before the story had been told many times, in each instance, was that the scheme, though made by high officials of the administration, had not yet been approved by the President.

Some Surprises

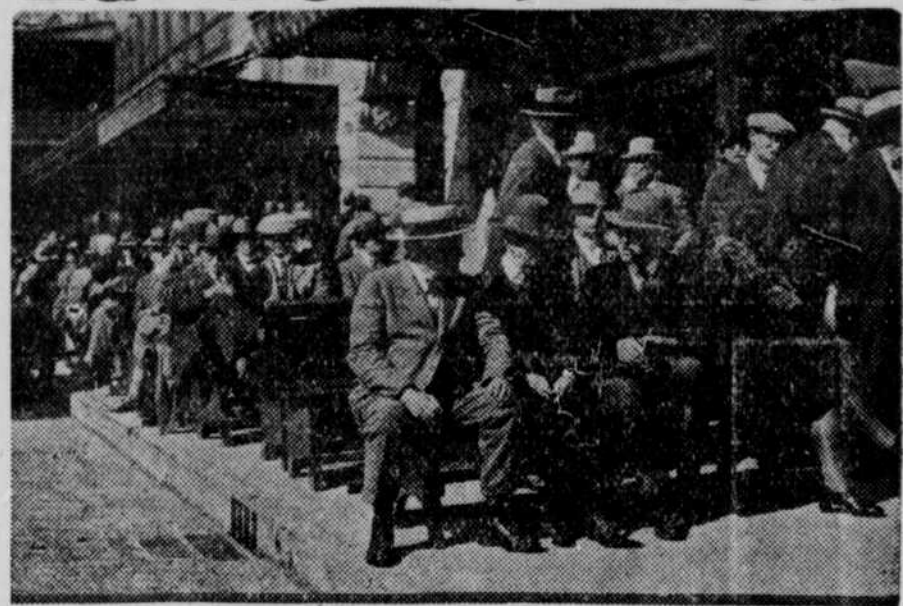
And the President has been springing a lot of surprises. To cite a converse example, he cut the ground under a group of admirals who had been working very quietly but effectively drumming up congressional sentiment to increase the navy by 5,000 men. They had begged for this addition back in the early fall. The President and the budget bureau had turned them down. They thought they could use the resentment based on Japan's denunciation of the naval treaty to put it over. Then suddenly the President decided that they could have 5,500 men—500 more than they had originally hoped for!

Old Hoover admirers—yes there are a few of them left around—are getting a big chuckle out of Secretary of Commerce Roper's plan to ask congress for a big increase in personnel so as to take care of foreign trade service, trade treaties, and the newly authorized free port zones. The Hoover men are laughing because right after the Roosevelt administration came in it fairly tore the clothes off the old bureau of foreign and domestic commerce.

But Jim Farley is not laughing. Nor Emil Hurja. Nor any one of the patronage hounds. Because Roper has not been playing ball with them on appointments at all. In fact, they are saying around in certain quarters that Roper must go. If he does, whoever puts it over will know he has been in a fight. Roper is an old hand at such things. He has weathered many storms. And he generally emerges with most of his feathers, though there has been no loud squawking to attract attention to the battle.

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Lord of Flowers



Sidewalk Solarium at St. Petersburg.

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

THE southern trek of winter vacationists of eastern America to Florida is on. As northern resorts close their portals, tourist agencies are besieged with queries about Florida resorts; and railroads, and steamship lines spend their annual advertising appropriations, boasting the merits of cities on their routes.

North Florida is as different from south Florida as lower Alabama is from Cuba. Colonists had settled and developed an ante-bellum cotton and tobacco aristocracy at Tallahassee and thereabout when lower Florida was still a howling wilderness. Even today, we are told, one-fifth of all Florida's population was born in Georgia and Alabama; but that will not be true a decade hence.

Long ago, when bears fattened on crabs and turtles' eggs where Miami Beach and Palm Beach now blossom, Spaniards built St. Augustine and Pensacola and connected them with a 400-mile military highway. You motor over much of this same old line now when you drive from Jacksonville west to Mobile and New Orleans. In the Cathedral at St. Augustine are to be seen crumbling, parchment-bound records of marriages and baptisms among Spaniards and Indians dating back to 1600. Yet Florida—but for that settled strip along her upper edge—stood still for generations, while the rest of America was in the making.

The reason, of course, was the trend of migration to the Great West. Till recent years, when better communication came and America's food habits began to change intensive distribution methods, refrigerator cars, and high-power advertising, there was no great consumer market for the golden winter fruits and green vegetables which the state today grows.

Also, years ago, there was yellow fever. In epidemic days it paralyzed Pensacola, New Orleans, and Havana. Then came Reed, Carroll, Gorgas, and other great men of medicine, and through science life was made safe for whites in mosquito lands. "When I came to Miami, after the Spanish-American war, it had 300 people," said a leading banker. "Unless yellow fever and mosquitoes had been conquered, Florida could never have grown as she has."

"Flagler's Folly."

As science whipped mosquitoes, so bold builders conquered swamps and jungles, and humanized coral-born keys, tying to the nation's railroads a new world of strange sights and smells. Down to Tampa the steel was thrust, annexing a quaint, Spanish-speaking city. And down this line in '98 roared boys in uniform, "average Americans," seeing Florida first on their way to help in a war of independence.

Far down the then empty east coast pushed yet another spearhead of twin steel, a "seagoing" railway. "Flagler's Folly," critics said of the one man with vision who built and paid for it. "A railroad and a string of railroad-owned, millionaire hotels way down in that empty wilderness! There's no freight to haul, no passengers, no customers for all those palatial hotels."

But Flagler looked across at Cuba; he looked up, saw the sun, and felt the trade wind's kiss. Then, in his mind's eye, he probably saw what critics with sensory eyes alone could not see—he saw the earth tracking in space, tilting first one end and then the other, making the play of seasons, but leaving Florida more sun than any other place in the eastern United States!

On down the coast he went with his horse and buggy. Back in New York, where many calamity howlers lived, it was below zero; yet all about the warm sunshine bathed this Land of Flowers that lured Ponce de Leon centuries before. "The people will come," Flagler said. And they came. Hotels built decades ago—and flocks of newer hotels—at times turn real dollars away in droves, so great is the mass demand for bed and board.

They Go by Plane, Too.

Then freight came—an amazing traffic with Cuba—even as Flagler dreamed. Cuba is our second best customer in all Latin-America, trade statisticians tell us. Sliding down the sunbeams, like giant roller coasters of the sky, come now the planes. Into greater Miami, with its many airports, fly-

ing fields, and seaplane docks, from Cuba, Haiti, Puerto Rico, Nassau, Panama, and South America come and go the big three-motored cabin ships. Customs men are at the airports to inspect bags and ask for duties, while immigration officials examine passports.

Restless, absorbing America! Land of magic economic change that fathered Florida! You sense its fine aggressive spirit when, riding in from sea, you watch Miami and Miami Beach silhouette their towering architectural masses against a sunset sky. Amazing they are, in their effect of stark simplicity and power, lifted by puny men from the sand pits and mangrove swamps of yesterday.

Always the contrast persists. Ten miles west, the Everglades; a crane wading down a wriggling snake; a gator pulling under a wild duck; a homing Seminole, silent, watchful, in his dugout; abysmal waste, solitude, fascinating to the naturalist.

Yet, if you think in time and not space alone, you can vision what Florida's population must some day be. It is the way of subtropical lands, where living is easy, as in the West Indies.

Life here has a different tempo, a sort of tropic rhythm. Sun, sand, the blue sparkling waters of the Gulf Stream, blossoms of every hue, and waving palms bring a sense of luxury even to the masses. They are among the state's intangible assets and quicken man's interest in cosmic things.

Tobacco and Tourists.

West of Tallahassee one rides past many tobacco fields where plants are grown under "shades." These shades are made by stretching thin cotton cloth over frames of poles and wire, for farmers have found they may best grow certain vegetables under the same properly tempered conditions in all seasons. Tobacco seed, for planting in Virginia and elsewhere, is often grown in Florida, since better seed develops where plants enjoy the longest periods of daily sunshine.

Of course, sharp clashes of ideas, to make conversation an adventure, are rare among tourist groups here. They have too much in common.

One intellectual oasis, however, is the "open forum" at St. Petersburg. In a park there, after the band concerts, crowds of many hundreds remain for organized debate and good-natured harangue. Argument is rife on any theme from egg-laying contests to whether the influence of Ibsen is permanent or evanescent.

Socially speaking, in Florida the whole is not equal to the sum of the parts. You cannot add St. Petersburg, for example, to Palm Beach or Miami, because you cannot add unlike things.

Life among the idle well-to-do at east coast resorts, as pictured in Sunday rotogravures, is a familiar theme. Sunburned beauties sprawling under beach umbrellas; self-anointed social queens in raiment that would discount Joseph's coat of many colors, being trundled along under the palms in an "afro-mobility"; fleets of private yachts and comfortable houseboats at anchor; gay race crowds or dancing groups under moonlit palms—all these are well-advertised aspects of Florida winter-visitor life among those who, with many servants and mountains of baggage, move leisurely north each year, following the march of spring from resort to resort, up and down the Atlantic coast. Just the same, one finds at the principal resort centers like Miami and Palm Beach the finest sort of concerts and lecture series made up of world-famous artists and cultural speakers, and there is an overwhelming attendance.

But in all America there is probably no group just like the 150,000 or 200,000 fine type of farmers and small-town folk who visit St. Petersburg. It is an amazing sociological phenomenon, peculiar to this unusual state. It is worth contemplating.

Here flourish 31 different clubs and societies, formed among tourists from various cities and states. There are even clubs of Canadians and Scandinavians, half a world away from their homes. There are dance, dramatic, and sunshine card clubs; clubs of roque, croquet, and shuffleboard players and a Three-Quarter Century club, all of whose members are more than seventy-five years of age.

LAME AND VELVET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Bruyere of Paris creates this delightful evening ensemble in terms of metal cloth and velvet. The dress features the silhouette which adopts the simple lines of a monk's garb. The cord and tassel girdle is in keeping with the idea and is such as designers are widely featuring this season. The call for glitter and gleam in the evening mode is answered in the sparkling gold and red lame which fashions the dress and the youthful evening hat. The cape is of velvet in a golden tone to blend in with the general color scheme. A square gold buckle closes it at the throat.

Cash, Not Angels, Calls Preacher From Old Post

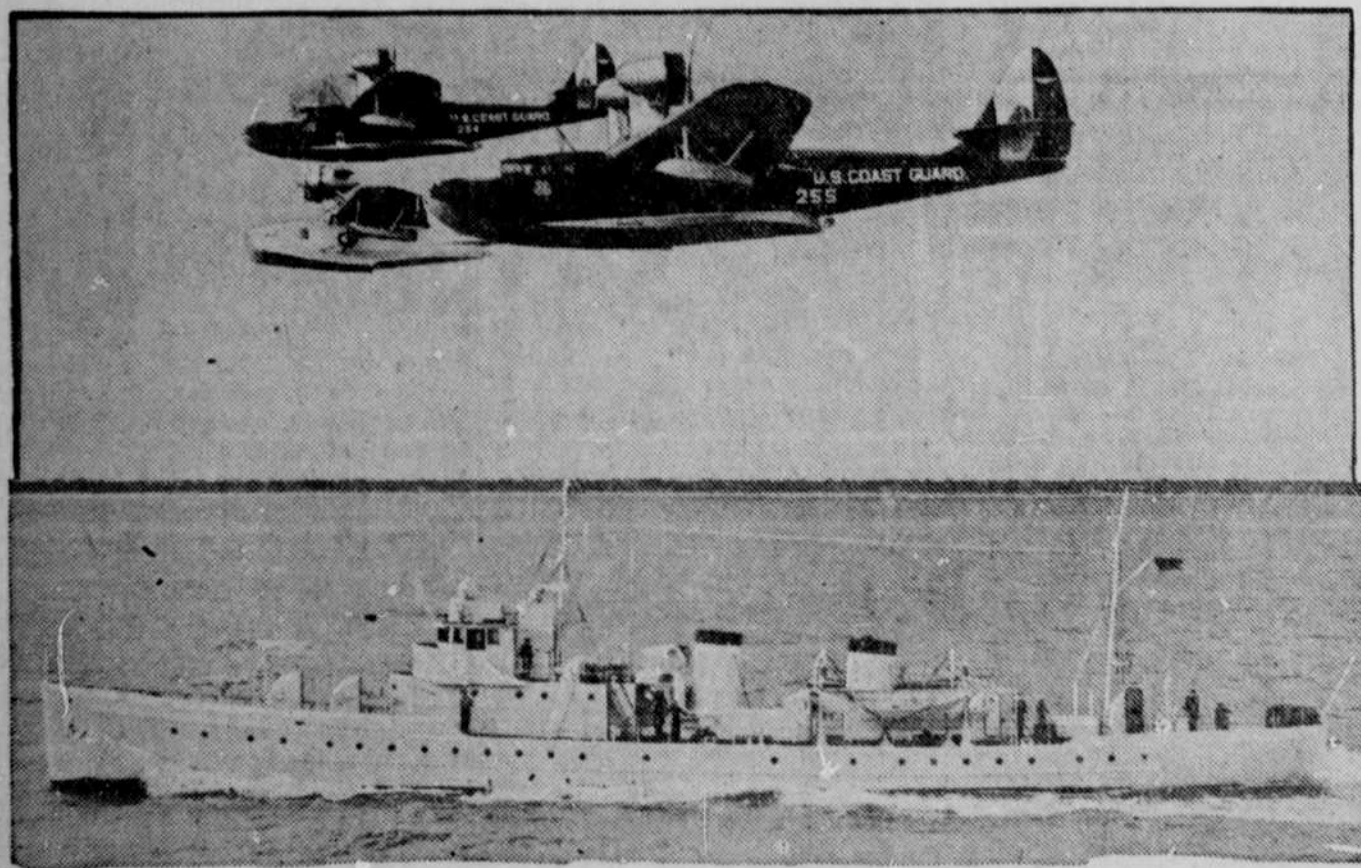
Oklahoma City.—Rev. Homer Lewis Sheffer interpreted for his congregation the meaning of a call which had come to him.

Rev. Mr. Sheffer said he would have to leave the church here, where he has preached during the past seven years, and go to Spokane, Wash., to revive a church there.

"I assure you there have been no pious conversations with the Almighty," Sheffer said. "The reason for my resignation will be apparent to all who know the financial condition of the church."

"Money is speaking in tones of thunder and I am answering its call."

Miami Coast Guard Planes Salute the Pandora



Three of the Miami coast guard planes, the Arcturus, Acanar and Sirius, saluting the Pandora, newest of the government's coast guard patrol boats, as she nears Miami, Fla., where she will make her permanent base.