

Prophets of Doom Seen in All Ages

Wrote Pessimistically of the Tendency of Times.

London.—Taking issue with those who see the world as proceeding in a continuous downward direction and with "prophets of doom" in general, a correspondent of the London Times sends to that paper an anthology of pessimism compiled by himself.

It commences, he says, with an early Babylonian tablet lamenting the growth of irreligion, of disregard for law and disrespect for parents. It proceeds inexorably through Egyptian papyri and the inspired lamentations of the Hebrew prophets, through the melancholy forebodings of Greek writers to the ample records of the great Latin authors of the Augustan age.

Livy, who died three years after Augustus, observes in the preface to his first book that "to most readers the earliest origins and the period immediately succeeding them will give little pleasure, for they will be in haste to reach these modern times, in which the might of a people which has long been very powerful is working its own undoing."

Tacitus Laments.

Tacitus ("De Oratore"), a few years later, was loud in his denunciation of the characteristic vices of the age.

The gravest of historians in each successive age have spoken of their own times and of the immediate future in terms of almost unrelieved gloom. Claudian alone was optimistic in his prophesies of the future greatness of Rome ("De Cons. Stil.", III, 150):

"Tis she alone who has received the conquered into her bosom and protected the human race with a common name, summoning those whom she has defeated to share her citizenship and drawing together distant races with bonds of affection. . . . There will never be a limit to the empire of Rome."

Within five years the jealous Honorius had murdered Stilicho, who alone might have saved Rome from destruction a few months later at the hands of Alaric.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicles, the graffiti of despairing men scratched

on the walls of the church tower of Asherell in Hertfordshire at the time of the Black Death, the passionate outbursts of Piers Plowman, the measured wisdom of Bacon and innumerable passages in Shakespeare, Spenser and Raleigh, culminating in Milton's exuberant prose—all alike show how keenly good men in every age are aware of "how many are the perils through which we have to go."

Just State of Mind.

The correspondent concludes: "Passing over Sir William Petty in 1685, and Rev. John Brown and his contemporaries, I have space only to refer to Sir Robert Giffen's evidence before the Royal Commission on Trade Depression in 1886. Almost every witness testified to the impending collapse or rapid decay of England. None could see anything but disaster ahead. Sir Robert Giffen alone stood firm. He said:

"Depression was to him a state of mind of those in business; the result very often of too much talk

New Life Formula May Be Aid to Man

Los Angeles.—The world of science was stirred by the fear of Dr. Ralph Willard, youthful research chemist, in bringing back to life a pig after it had been dead three days.

Doctor Willard announced his experiment will prove revolutionary in disease treatment.

In bringing the animal back to life Doctor Willard applied heat until the body temperature was normal. Then a blood transfusion brought the first faint heart action and adrenaline-epinephrine injections quickened it.

De Soto Indian Massacre Site Is Believed Found

New Orleans.—Maurice Ries of the Department of Middle American Research, Tulane, believed that the site of one of Hernando de Soto's massacres of coastal Indians had been found.

This theory arose with the finding of a large number of skeletons

and too little hard work. . . . It would pass.
"It did pass. All the middle-aged witnesses proved wrong. By 1895 we had risen to fresh heights, which we have long ago over-topped. The age of gold is with us, provided free initiative remains to the individual."

NEW SANTA CLAUS



Oscar Phillips, forty years of age, has been appointed postmaster of the town of Santa Claus, Ind. He succeeds the late James F. Martin,

on the farm of H. P. Deere at Mangham, La. More than two score skulls have been dug up.

From the condition of the bones it was estimated they had been in the ground about 400 years, Mr. Ries said.

"This appears to be an important discovery," he said. "Condition of the bones and their location indicates a small war party encountered De Soto's expedition and paid with its lives."

Maps compiled by De Soto's band of adventurers in their travels through Louisiana and Arkansas showed they traveled a route passing right through Deere's farm, Ries explained.

Quadruplets Born to One Ewe on Iowa Farm

Davenport, Iowa.—Roger Van Evera, Scott county farmer, casually went to his barn, all in the day's work. When he saw his favorite ewe, his eyes bulged. She had given birth to four lambs. Van Evera explained that the birth of sheep in fours was about as rare as the birth of quintuplets among humans.

"QUOTES"

COMMENTS ON CURRENT TOPICS BY NATIONAL CHARACTERS

UTILITIES REGULATION

By JOUETT SHOUSE
President American Liberty League

I HOLD no brief for utilities and particularly I do not attempt to defend some holding companies that have been organized in this country. In their basic organization and in their operations, I think they are properly subject to the most severe criticism, but this bill, if placed in law in its present form, will wipe out incidentally every holding company every utility holding company, in America, and the net effect will be necessarily to destroy the investments amounting into hundreds of millions, even billions, of dollars in the securities of those companies, because if they are compelled to dissolve, as this bill requires, there will be no earthly market where the securities that comprise their assets can possibly be sold and you will have dumped upon an unwilling and an unbuying public a mass of securities which it will neither accept nor which could it digest. Regulation, yes.

TRANSITION

By JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL
President of Yale University

IN OUR own country, the transition from the old to the new is still in active process. We have been passing from a nominally individualistic and competitive economic system, increasingly in fact controlled by great aggregations of capital, to a system of controlled finance, commerce and industry, with governmental agencies furnishing the framework for such control.

Whether a nominally Jeffersonian democracy, with its traditional creed that government must govern as little as possible, can accomplish this miracle, remains to be seen. But if it fails, something far more drastic may well succeed it, for men will not indefinitely tolerate the continuation, much less the repetition, of the hopeless mess our earlier economic and political systems have landed us in.

BUYING TODAY

By MICHAEL SCHAAP
Noted New York Merchant.

BUYING for distribution today is no longer the satisfying simple thing for which the main equipment was native shrewdness and ability to haggle and bargain; it calls for a knowledge of consumer demand, industrial conditions and consumer purchasing power.

It sounds almost absurd to say that the law of supply and demand has been repealed or modified and yet that is literally the effect of the numerous regulations of today which limit or control output, fix or control prices and wages, discounts and advertising allowances, limit working hours and limit the amount of machinery that may be added.

A NOTE OF FAITH

By CHARLES M. SCHWAB
Steel Industry Magnate.

FIVE years ago I made the statement that there were no more rich men—a statement that went around the world. I did say it, and I want to point out that it was practically right.

Things will come right in the long run and times will be prosperous in the day to come. We may have cut our profits, lost vast sums of money, but we retain good fellowship and comradeship in our relations.

Keep a cheerful, stiff upper lip. This depression has struck industry and all those in industry very hard, but I'm not going to lose my faith.

THE CURRENT CONTROVERSY

By MARK SULLIVAN
Noted Journalist.

THERE is much commotion in the world, but I suspect the commotion has only just begun. We are, I think, in one of those historic controversies which arise once in so many centuries. The controversy, is between two conceptions of society, one which puts emphasis on a man as an individual, another which puts emphasis on the hive and regards the individual as merely a servant of the hive; on the one side, maximum liberty for the individual, on the other side maximum power for the state; on the one side freedom, on the other side compulsion; on the one side individualism, on the other side collectivism.

ENGLAND FOR PEACE

By STANLEY BALDWIN
British Statesman.

THE nations are not walking in the ways of peace, but the dangerous roads leading to war. I would not call myself a pessimist, but I feel at times that I am living in a madhouse. This country does not want war, and if war can only be prevented by letting the aggressor know war will not be permitted in Europe, this country will play her part, I am convinced, with the rest of Europe in saying that no aggression shall take place.

HERE'S AMERICAN OF THE FUTURE

As Depicted by Prominent
Anthropologist.

Those of us who might be interested in science's quest to determine the exact nature of the typical American so far as his physical makeup is concerned, probably will find some small comfort in the theory of Professor Albert E. Jenks, a noted anthropologist of the University of Minnesota. The gist of Professor Jenks' opinion is that whatever the number of conflicting conceptions might exist at the moment as to the physical identity of the American, the time is not too far distant when he will have a definite and recognizable racial classification.

The typical American, according to Professor Jenks, will not be a tall blond person, as some might have supposed. He will be only "fairly tall," dark eyed, dark-haired and darker skinned than the present average. This, he asserts, will be the ultimate outcome of the interbreeding among the early and late arrivals on this continent. Upon the whole, if Professor Jenks' theory is well founded, the typical American will not be an unattractive person, assuming of course, that he incorporates a portion of the better physical qualities of each of the racial strain, that make him.

Man's concern over the question of what he is, as well as what he does, is not motivated solely by considerations of vanity. Curiosity also plays its part. In seeking the Helene of the classicist and the Roman of the Etruscan line he finds them not in the Greek and Italian of today. He becomes giddy, striving to follow the ancient medley of races that swarmed and intermingled on the Spanish peninsula. In striving to trace his family lineage he is dismayed by the multitude of his own ancestors, enough to populate a small city within a surprisingly few generations.

In any event, and whatever we of America might eventually become, there is comfort in the thought that we shall be a definite something. Since we are a nation, there is little reason why we should not also be a race; and I must be acknowledged that there is some excellent material here.—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

BEAT THE DRUMS

HERE IT COMES

CRISP AND BROWN

BEST IN TOWN

CLAP A HAND THE FLAVOR'S GRAND

GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

ONCE you taste Grape-Nuts Flakes, you'll cheer too! It has a delicious flavor plus real nourishment...one dishful, with milk or cream, contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. Try it—your grocer has it! Product of General Foods.

Lights of New York By L. L. STEVENSON

It was one of those rare evenings at home. May, Dick, Bill and I were playing contract. The house was quiet since the hour was near midnight. The street was quiet also except for occasional bursts of traffic or the clatter of that trolley that runs up and down Central Park West all day and all night. Suddenly there were screams, screams of a woman caught in a nightmare horror, screams that sent chills through the blood. So we rushed to the windows. Across the street a woman was writhing on the sidewalk, and as she writhed, a red pool grew larger. Up the street a man was running. He wasn't going fast because his movements were impeded by an overcoat. But no one was pursuing him.

Park apartments grew light. Faces appeared at windows, first floor windows, and so on higher and higher. Deserted One Hundred Fourth street suddenly became populated. Men and women came out with coats thrown over sleeping garments—or fully clothed. They gathered about the woman on the sidewalk. Men picked her up and carried her into a hallway. A man in pajamas went up to the police box, opened it and sent in a call. Apparently no one gave a thought to that man running up the street. It was just as well—by the time assistance reached the woman

he had disappeared.

What had happened was soon learned. The woman had come home alone after spending the evening at a neighbor's. She had only a few doors to go and many times had turned from Central Park West into One Hundred Fourth street with nothing happening. But hidden in the shadows of a boarded-up entrance to the subway, lurked a man. In his hand, he held an iron-covered stick. When the woman was opposite him, he struck—struck with such force that the weapon broke. But instead of dropping silently to the pavement and giving him a chance to grab her purse, the woman screamed as she fell.

By and by an ambulance arrived. A brisk interne leaped from the rear. There were no fractures—only a scalp wound. So with a hallway as an operating room, he went to work. The case history disclosed the fact that the woman is fifty years old. Alone in the world, she had been unemployed for months. In the purse for which a highwayman might have taken her life, there wasn't a cent!

Thus an incident in the City of the Seven Million—an incident that didn't even draw a line or two in the newspapers. But I wonder what

was in the mind of that man as he ran up the street? And what had been in his mind when he had wielded that bludgeon on the one who evidently was the first passer-by?

Boys playing baseball on grass and shrubbery—healthful recreation or quiet and eye-resting vistas? Seems as if that question is always coming up in crowded New York. It is under debate again in connection with Central park. The park department wants to take away the baseball diamonds and turn the space into park. Proponents of the diamonds are fighting the move. They hold that the park is for all the people and that kids playing baseball aren't getting into trouble.

The other side is taken largely by those who live near the park. Sand lot baseball is not quiet. Noise admittedly is disturbing. The park dwellers declare that as they pay high prices for the privilege of living near the park, they should have the quiet.

Burns Mantle recalls that in all the years the late Richard Berry Harrison played the part of "De Lawd" in "The Green Pastures," he objected to only one bit of business. Instructions in the original script directed that when he accepted a ten-cent cigar from Gabriel he was to smoke it. Harrison objected to smoking and said so. It wasn't dignified for "de Lawd" and it wasn't pleasant for him. His objection stood.

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Site of Germany's New Naval Base



Scene on the island of Sylt in the North sea, where it is alleged Germany is constructing a powerful naval and airplane base, having camouflaged fortresses with five-foot thick walls and underground hangars for planes.

George repairs his Disposition

WELL... I JUST THOUGHT PERHAPS I COULD HAVE THE CAR TOMORROW, THAT'S ALL.

AW, LET HIM WAIT! HE'S ALWAYS IN A HURRY—WHEN SOMEONE ELSE IS DOING THE WORK!

WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM—A MAGICIAN? I CAN'T WORK MIRACLES!

MR. COFFEE NERVES

GEORGE—THERE GOES ANOTHER CUSTOMER MAD AS A WET HEN! YOUR BAD DISPOSITION IS LOSING US BUSINESS EVERY DAY!

YEAH? WELL, IT'S EASY FOR YOU TO BE CHEERFUL... YOU'RE NOT HAVING HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION!

WHAT IF HE IS YOUR PARTNER—TELL HIM TO PULL IN HIS NECK. BEFORE YOU WRAP A MONKEY WRENCH AROUND IT!

MR. COFFEE NERVES

DON'T EXPECT ANY SYMPATHY FROM ME, GEORGE—YOU KNOW WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU—YOU'RE DRINKING TOO MUCH COFFEE!

OH, BUNK! COFFEE NEVER HURT ANYONE!

ASK HIM WHAT HIS JOB IS, ANYWAY... REPAIRING CARS OR GIVING HEALTH LECTURES!

MR. COFFEE NERVES

YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT COFFEE-NERVES—SWITCH TO POSTUM FOR 30 DAYS LIKE THE DOCTOR SAID!

OH, ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT! IF YOU'LL JUST QUIT NAGGING AT ME!

CURSES! THAT KNOCKS MY PLANS FOR A LOOP! NOW I'LL HAVE TO SCRAM!

MR. COFFEE NERVES

30 DAYS LATER

SURE—BRING THE CAR RIGHT OVER! I CAN HAVE IT FOR YOU BY NOON!

GEORGE CERTAINLY HAS CHANGED! LATELY HE'S THE MOST ACCOMMODATING MAN IN TOWN!

I CAN TELL YOU WHY, TOO! SINCE HE SWITCHED TO POSTUM HE'S FELT LIKE A NEW MAN!

"Sure—coffee's bad for children—but I never dreamed it could be bad for me!"

"There are grown-ups who find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. It can upset their nerves, cause indigestion or sleepless nights!"

If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you... try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It's easy to make, and costs less than half a cent a cup. Postum is a delicious drink... and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE! Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail the coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W. N. U.—5-30-35
Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address
This offer expires December 31, 1935