

Left-Handedness Is Brain Mystery

Light Thrown on Phenomenon of Ambidexterity.

London.—A former deputy commissioner of London's metropolitan police once half seriously suggested that a police car should be perpetually parked before 45 Hans place—so often did Scotland Yard require the services of the man who lives there. This man, also known as the "unofficial counsel to the C. I. D.," is Sir James Crichton-Browne, author of some novels based on paradoxes of legal medicine and serious works on nervous diseases, and vice president of the Royal Institution.

Just 27 years ago he concluded a lecture on "Dexterity and the Bond Sinister," at the institution with the words:

"We cannot get rid of right-or-left-handedness try how we may. To leave out the written troubles of the brain is no easy matter; to delete its deeply engrained records is a task impossible."

Expert Elucidates.

A representative of the Daily Mail having recently read a report of the lecture through and failing to grasp it entirely called at 45 Hans place, thinking to catch Sir James napping. In one way he did, for Sir James had just been celebrating his ninety-fourth birthday. In another way, he didn't, for when he left he took with him an elucidation of the lecture of 1908 which, in the Daily Mail, reads in part as follows—an epic of its sort:

"Ambidextral culture, useful enough in some specially employed persons, must on the large scale tend to confusion.

"Right-handedness is woven in the brain and so is left-handedness, and to change the pattern you must unravel the tissues. My conviction is that as regards left-handedness it is well to leave well alone.

"I am interested to note, therefore, that our London school doctors who have been investigating the teaching of left-handed children have come to the same conclusion as that at which I arrived so long ago. Their memorandum just presented lays stress on the serious danger that may result from pressure in correcting left-handedness in children when it is either natural or well established.

"There are cases of genuine and permanent ambidexterity, notably that of Lord Baden-Powell, that benefactor of his country, who is accustomed to use both hands interchangeably.

"It has never been suggested that left-handedness or ambidexterity is indicative of any mental defect or incompatible with the highest intellectual power or with genius. Leonardo da Vinci was left-handed.

"Natural left-handedness is merely a transference of power from one side to the other, and acquired am-

bidexterity means the special training of certain groups of muscles and their springs in the brain for certain movements. It is all a matter of cerebral organization.

Mysteries of the Brain.

"The two hemispheres of the brain are not functionally symmetrical. In a vast majority of persons the left hemisphere is the more voluntary, the right the more automatic, but there is an occasional reversal of this arrangement.

"Now the hand and arm centers are adjacent to each other and closely linked with the speech centers in the brain, and it is a significant fact observed by the London school doctors that stammering is among the nervous systems induced by ill-judged efforts to correct left-handedness in young children in whom the evolutions of the brain centers are still going on.

We have right and left-handedness everywhere. In the human subject it is well to accept it as it is, and make the best of it without attempting any futile, perhaps hazardous, transformation."

Sheep Take Place of Cattle in West

Famous Old Trails Now Have Federal Sanction.

Phoenix, Ariz.—The western trail herd have not passed, but today they are sheep and not cattle, with numbers driven regularly exceeding the count of the most famous old trails.

It's a faux pas, of course, to mention sheep and cattle in one breath (to a cattleman), but the former still are featured in big drives—in fact the business of sheep driving has grown, while cattle are moved by rail.

It's largely a matter of very simple business.

Cattle lose weight when driven cross-country. Cows are valued not by the hoof, but by the beefsteak.

IN HIGH-STYLE By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Maid and matron, daughter and mother, silver-haired, blond or brunette, "sweet sixteen" or past forty, it matters not, for everybody's looking young and up-and-going in the brightly printed, shiny straws and colorful bouquets which fashion is giving her followers with this spring and for summer to come. See mother pictured above in her stunning rough straw sailor topped with its pert velvet bow, and her striking print frock, and wearing a corsage of those most elegant

Fireworks Producer Looks for Big Year

Saint John, N. B.—The year 1935 will be a "booming" year, T. W. Hand, Canada's foremost "fireworks man," believes.

Although his efforts have gone up in smoke for 47 years, Hand is an optimist. He manufactures most of the booming crackers and whirring rockets which Canadians let loose at divers national, regional and local celebrations.

"The year 1935 will be one of the biggest celebration years in the last thirty," he predicts. "The king's silver jubilee celebrations in Canada, plus annual fairs and exhibitions, will set a record for illuminated shows this year."

Student Hopes to Hunt Big Game With Arrows

Los Angeles.—An ambition which Don Carson, medical student, hopes soon to fulfill is to hunt big game in Africa with bow and arrow.

With Howard Hill of Los Angeles, nationally known archery expert, he hunted in the Florida Everglades recently with only a bow and quiver full of steel-tipped arrows, bagging alligators, wildcats, opossums and raccoons.

with thick steaks bringing more money.

The money crop of sheep is their wool, which can't be walked away.

So today some 300,000 complaining "woolies" are taking the long trek from northern pastures in and about the Salt river valley to northern Arizona, where they will wait out the summer at high altitudes whose ranges are not withered by the desert sun.

The business of trail driving has become a big industry. The government sets aside regular strips for sheep to follow as they go north and as they return south. Some make a round trip of 400 miles.

Trails followed are as old as the industry. They are picked original because of advantages of feed and water, and once set by custom received governmental sanction. Homesteading or script purchase of land in the sheep "strips" is forbidden.

The oldest of them recently blossomed out with a shiny new suspension bridge, which sheep weekly cross to avoid wetness and possible quacksand of the Salt river below.

Following the drives demands alertness and sacrifice of herders. Mountain lions are not a myth, but are plentiful in parts of the sheep range. Wild dog packs are a menace in the Salt river valley, and may kill scores in a night's bloody orgy. Coyotes are present everywhere, vigilant to take stragglers.

City Has to Fence Self In to Keep Cattle Out

Midland, Texas.—Depredations of cattle that roam the streets of Wink, boom oil town near here, at will have caused the city authorities to resort to the old stand-by of ranch country wire fences.

Mayor Theford of Wink bought cedar posts and the entire corporation of Wink will be fenced off, becoming like the cities of old, which were walled in—except that the wall will be barbed wire in this case.

With the outside cattle fenced out, those who keep cows inside the corporate limits of Wink will be required either to keep them staked out or in the pen, as an ordinance forbids live stock of any kind running at large.

and luxurious of flowers—orchids. Daughter, posing below in the illustration, competes with mother in this matter of wearing orchids. Her new flowered taffeta frock is a "dear." It is trimmed in the Regency manner with bows of bright velvet ribbon. Do not fail to observe the swanky little sailor which climaxes this costume. It is of shiny stitched black oilcloth.

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—The question of new taxes, often hinted, though never given much official notice, is right on top of the heap again as a result of the bonus situation.

Every one on the inside in Washington, providing his vision was not distorted by what he wanted, instead of what cold reason would demonstrate, has known for some time that some form of bonus legislation would pass and that its passage, unless the whole Roosevelt formula was to be set aside, would necessitate additional taxes.

In the President's mind, the bonus is on all fours with the cotton processing tax.

"Where would the money come from?" his question to New England and southern demands for repeal of the cotton tax, applies equally to the drain on the treasury that a bonus compromise would make.

The only change in the situation is that the probability now is the compromise will result in taking several hundred million dollars more out of the treasury than had been figured up to a few weeks ago. For example, it has been known for some time that, despite the President's views about the bonus, he would be glad to compromise for something like \$1,200,000,000.

But the prospect today is that it will take at least \$1,500,000,000 to turn the trick.

Incidentally the President put a powerful lever in the hands of the bonus advocates in insisting on a larger amount when he discussed that idea of \$750 invested now in a government bond amounting to \$1,000 by 1945. If he had used the legal bank rate of interest, 6 per cent, in calculating the "present value" of the bonus certificates, he could have saved \$500. Actually a little less.

Low Interest Rates

It is the first time that the low interest rates the government has been moving heaven and earth to bring about have worked against the federal treasury instead of for it. Over a stretch of ten years a difference of 1 per cent in interest makes a great deal of difference, especially if the difference is compounded, as it is in the illustration the President used. The sixth grade arithmetics used to tell us that money at 5 per cent doubles itself in 12 years, compounded.

It is not definitely known just what the administration will recommend in the way of new taxes. Congress leans heavily to heavy inheritance taxes. This fits in with the Roosevelt policy of whittling away at inherited fortunes. It is in tune with heavy income taxes, reduced interest on investments, smaller profits for business, etc.

In fact, it is almost a necessary part of New Deal philosophy. For granted that the Roosevelt program for small profits, etc., would work, the whole tendency would be to freeze existing conditions, preventing any new fortunes from being created, but by the safety thrown around existing enterprises, tending also to preserve existing fortunes. Assuming they were big enough to stand losses in certain directions—utility earnings, for example.

So it appears likely that heavier inheritance taxes will be one of the surest factors in the new tax program.

Under consideration also, though with no formal blessing as yet from the White House, is the proposed tax on life insurance premiums. This would be 1 per cent, but would be paid by the companies direct. Policy holders of course would really pay it, for their dividends and policy reductions would naturally be less. There is plenty of political dynamite in this one.

Even more protests would be caused by another tax under consideration by the treasury experts. This would reduce the present exemption of 40 cents on movie admission to 10 cents!

Real 'Drive' Possible

If three thousand farmers just happen to decide to pay a visit to Washington, enjoy the sights, tell congress to pass the Agricultural Adjustment administration amendments, and listen to a speech by the President, with no organization to stir them up, no one to pay their expenses—the whole thing just out of a blue sky, so to speak—what may happen when there is really a "drive?"

Washington may see the answer. For sooner or later there is going to be a serious move to reduce, or maybe eliminate, these benefit payments. Already there is a strong conviction—and those who hold it are getting reinforcements all the time—that the whole system of benefits is wrong. Wrong in that in the long run it is not a good thing for the farmers themselves.

Then there is another large group who want to curtail or eliminate the benefits for an entirely different reason. This group does not think the treasury can stand the strain indefinitely. Or, to put it another way, that the taxpayers (for the benefits are paid out of processing taxes) cannot stand the strain.

Put the two groups together and you have a pretty fair nucleus. It

would not take much augmenting, say next year, to have a majority in congress for curtailment if not elimination.

Then there would be a real march on Washington by the embattled farmers.

Those who have considered the whole problem say that is very unlikely prior to election. They say the President would never dare to attempt to cut off the farmers' payments until the re-election is safely achieved.

That, naturally, is just opinion. It is the ordinary mental process of a politician—one who knows that Franklin D. Roosevelt is also a politician, and who cannot conceive his doing anything so unpolitic as kicking a lot of perfectly good voters in the face just on the eve of their going to the polls.

Doubtful Logic

They may be right and they may be wrong. But it was the same sort of logic that led many allegedly astute political minds to assume that the President would not veto the bonus bill. Including Huey Long, including Father Coughlin. Including many others. So that maybe this logic cannot be taken at its face value.

It might be said that the two things are very different. That vetoing a bonus bill never yet has hurt a President. It certainly did not hurt Coolidge. There is grave doubt that it hurt Hoover, although difficult to prove. Most veterans who happen also to be politicians will tell you privately that Hoover was hurt a great deal more by his handling of the bonus marchers than by his veto of the bonus bill.

But the present situation presents the sort of thing that has seldom been tested. It is not a case of refusing to try a scheme about which there is violent difference of opinion, such as the equalization fee idea of the McNary-Haugen bill. It is a case of cutting off money payments, which were already being received by a large class. And that might be difficult!

Different Story

Lots of water has flowed downstream since the good old days when both house and senate rushed through the administration's security and stock exchange regulation bill. That measure, drafted by two of Felix Frankfurter's boys, Cohen and Landis, was put through in the early days—when President Roosevelt's wishes did not have to be expressed by the king himself to become a law. The word of any of his ministers, or his lieutenants, was enough. And everybody knew that Frankfurter's boys were close to the throne.

But what a different story now! Which does not mean the bonus—that always was outside the ordinary orbit of administration program material. Nor the World court. Nor the St. Lawrence seaway if and when it comes up.

No, the difference shows up on just the ordinary run of the mine, so to speak, legislation. And the answer is two fold.

First, the legislators on Capitol Hill have discovered that the king's ministers may be very powerful for a time, but their time is apt to be short. Douglas is gone—lives in outer darkness. Not forgotten—far from it—but just out of the picture. Hugh Johnson is out, still praising the "Chief," but kicking the shins of the king's ministers vigorously. Though of course loyalty always had lain to the king, not the king's ministers. The most loyal subject could always deplore the folly of the king's advisers. That has been true since the dawn of history. It is not a development of the Roosevelt administration.

Now the most powerful minister in Washington is not very frightening to the bad boys on Capitol Hill if they think he is apt to be out of the picture say six months hence. That's the way politics is. There is no use trying to please anybody who won't be around to return the favor later on. Especially if pleasing this person in temporary authority means irritating folks back home who just may remember it on election day. The most imposing figure loses impressiveness if the pedestal is noticed to be wobbly. And the national legislators have come to the conclusion that there is not a single firm foundation under a single one of Roosevelt's present advisers.

May Still Be Around

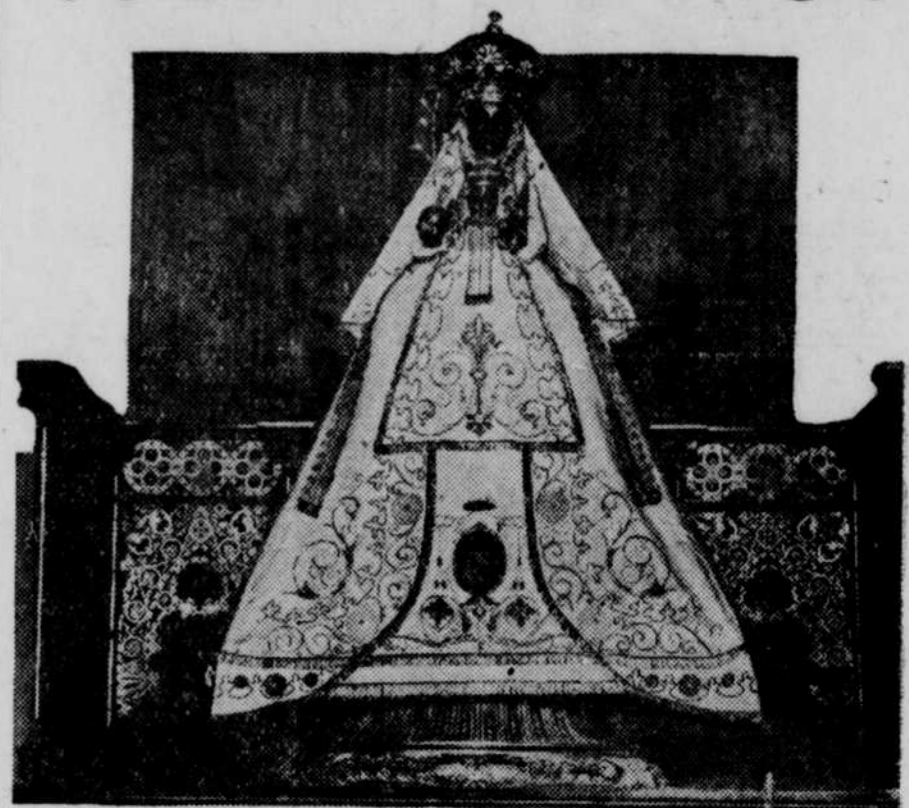
This is probably a very jaundiced view—on their part. It may be that lots of them will be around, and powerful, a year hence. But the fact that so many have slipped prevents any one of them from speaking with the old note of authority, so far as Capitol Hill is concerned.

Congress abolished its lame ducks. After a senator or member of the house is defeated he no longer can either vote or debate. But there is a certain lame duck suspicion attached to all the brain trusters.

Then there is another reason. In the early days of the Roosevelt administration the jobs done in drafting legislation were very workmanlike indeed. As, for example, the aforementioned Cohen and Landis securities and stock exchange regulation bill. Whether one approved the ideas behind the measure or not, there was no discounting the skill with which the precise intent of the framers was spread on the statute books.

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Montserrat



The Black Virgin of Montserrat.

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

HARDLY out of sight of the smoking factory chimneys and scarcely out of hearing of the noise and bustle of Barcelona, busiest and most restless city of Spain, a medieval Benedictine monastery clings to the face of a fantastic stone peak that rises boldly from the brown foothills of Catalonia (Catalonia). It is Montserrat, the nation's holiest shrine, to which thousands of the Spanish faithful make pilgrimage each year to pay homage to what is called the Black Virgin.

Montserrat is the name of the strange mountain, and also of the monastery, which clings like a swallow's nest halfway up its precipitous cliffs. The Black Virgin, a wooden image darkened by age, is not the only reason why it is a place of pilgrimage. Montserrat, in Catalan tradition, is the Monsalvat or Monsalvat of the Middle Ages, site of the castle of the Holy Grail. The Arabs called it Gistau, or the stone watchman. Here Ignatius of Loyola, a wounded soldier, knelt in prayer, and went away to found the Society of Jesus. In more recent years the Montserrat choir school has become celebrated.

"Ah, but señor," a hotel manager asked a traveler, "have you seen Montserrat? It is Spain's most sacred shrine. It is very quaint and old, and the Benedictine monks will let you live with them in the monastery for three days! It is not far from Barcelona. You should see the Black Virgin, and the view from the monastery is magnificent!"

Monserrat is accessible to Barcelona by both railway and road. One way is as picturesque as the other; for, while the highway climbs to the monastery in a series of hairpin turns and horseshoe curves, the last few miles of the 35-mile railway journey may be made on a narrow-gauge rack-and-pinion line or in the hobbling cage of a new aerial cableway.

Trip There Is Interesting.

Many, who are in no hurry, choose the railway and the rack-and-pinion route. Once clear of the spreading suburbs of Barcelona, the main-line railroad strikes boldly out into the beautiful plain of Sardenola. The countryside here resembles southern California! There are green fields with angular irrigation ditches; rocky river bottoms, rising at first gently and then abruptly, into brush-covered foothills; and scraggly and unkempt clumps of eucalyptus and pepper trees around the water holes.

Gradually the scenery changes, as it enters a region of irregular hills and rocky valleys, sparsely covered with vegetation. The line twists and turns, now hurdling a deep ravine on a stone viaduct, now plunging into a short tunnel.

Not until one is very close to Montserrat does the mountain come into view. The train emerges from a tunnel and suddenly a giant mass of rock seems to spring from the foothills, flinging a thousand cathedral pinnacles skyward! As the train swings closer, so that only a deep river valley separates it from the Broddingnagian mass, a fantastic stone forest of smoothly weathered domes, sugar loaves, minarets and organ pipes is silhouetted against the sky.

Of the monastery nothing is visible at first. Then, one catches a glimpse of tiny buildings which seem to be carved from the rocky cliffs themselves. The little buildings are rather extensive; but against the vast bulk of the mountain they seem no larger than wren houses.

The group of buildings snugly fills a notch or narrow ravine cut deep into the mountain side. A thousand feet above it, the topmost pinnacles of the mountains rise menacingly, but the notch is safe enough.

Thousand Years Old.

While most of the present buildings are comparatively new, the monastery itself dates from A. D. 976; and legend reports that a nunnery that preceded it was founded in 850. So faithfully have the monks followed the lines of the older parts of the monastery in making additions that even the new garage, for modern pilgrims who come by

motor, has an age-old air of permanence.

The archway emerges into a sunlit plaza or market place, filled with lowland peasants hawking their wares, and groups of pilgrims of all classes actively and noisily bargaining for food. Among city Spaniards dressed in modern garb, one sees farmers in red caps, or gorros, and sandals; working men in velvet knee breeches and faded scarlet sashes; wives with mantillas and shawls drawn closely over their heads; pairs of somatenes, the typical Catalan state police; monks in sable cloaks and children of all ages. A few pannier-laden donkeys nibble at the grass under the stunted trees. Except that the setting is undoubtedly Spain, it is all very much like a page out of "Canterbury Tales."

A traveler directed to a terraced arcade at the far side of the court, within which is the office, was given somewhat of a surprise. Over the desk of the father in charge of pilgrim registration was a shining electric light, and at his right hand was a telephone! He had not expected such innovations in a Benedictine monastery.

Had he been better acquainted with the rule of St. Benedict he would have known that the manner of life among Benedictine monks has never been austere.

The Black Virgin.

In order to see the sacred image which is shown at the 10 o'clock mass one hurries down to the courtyard. A steady stream of worshippers files through the carved doorway of the basilica. According to legend, La Moreneta, as the Black Virgin is called, was carved by St. Luke himself and brought to Barcelona A. D. 50 by St. Peter. During the Moorish invasion and occupation it was hidden by Christian monks in one of the caves of Montserrat near the site of the present monastery. Years later shepherds discovered it and told stories of strange music heard in the vicinity.

An effort was made to bring it down from the mountain, but, although the statue is not quite life-size, it could not be moved beyond the ledge where the monastery now stands. The basilica, accordingly, was erected to protect it, and the monastery built to care for the throngs of pilgrims who climbed the mountain to worship at the Virgin's shrine. Especially do young couples come to Montserrat, for the blessing of La Moreneta is said to insure a happy union.

The dinginess of the interior of the basilica serves only to accentuate the brilliance of the altar, with its jewels, silver plate and bright vestments. It was on this altar in the sixteenth century that Loyola laid his sword when he abandoned his military life to devote himself to the service of Christ. Above the high altar, surrounded by lighted candles, is a small stage concealed by two velvet curtains. You keep your eye on those curtains for you know the image must be back of them. Presently the chanting of the priests increases in volume, and the curtains are drawn slowly aside.

You gasp! Even though you have been told that the image is blackened from age, you had not expected anything like this. White vestments and a light background make the face and the hands gleam like jet! For a silent moment everyone gazes, and then the curtains drop together. Only so long is the sacred image exposed to view.

Quietly you make your way to a door leading upon a paved terrace. "El Cami dels Dehotalls" (The Road of the Drops), a sign reads. The "drops" do not refer, as they well might, to the breath-taking abysses along the side of the path, but to a kind of grotto, moistened by trickling water, which is reached after a few minutes' walk.

Here is one of the finest panoramas in Montserrat. Almost half of Catalonia is spread below. Surprisingly near is the sparkling blue water of the Mediterranean, while the white peaks of the Pyrenees seem but a good stone's throw away. The river, which was a silver ribbon from the cog railway, is only a thread from this dizzy height. It is a view to stir the imagination and to make the head swim.

Earthquake Shakes Mountain Where Ark Landed



Reports from Turkey tell of a violent earthquake at Erivan which stirred into volcanic activity Mount Ararat, the 17,000-foot peak on which Noah's Ark landed, according to tradition. Many persons were killed or injured by the temblor. The illustration shows Erivan with Mount Ararat in the background.