

# ALL RUSSIANS HUNT MINERALS

Moscow (UP)—The increasing curiosity about their own country, which is stimulating hundreds of thousands of Russians to tour out-of-the-way regions, will be capitalized by the government to aid the nation.

Instead of merely enjoying the scenery and the exercise, these tourists, chiefly young people, will be mobilized to search for untapped natural resources as they go along. Courses in geology, mineralogy and other sciences are being opened by the Proletarian Society of Tourism for this purpose.

The president of the society is a man known throughout the world as a relentless prosecutor in melodramatic counter-revolutionary trial, Nicholas Krikenko. He is a passionate explorer and mountain climber and now has set his society to the task of helping find other natural resources.

Pleasure will thus be combined with business. A pamphlet issued by the tourist society urges the members to look downward for rare metals instead of upward for pleasant scenery. It argues that with a minimal knowledge of sciences the study of the ground they walk on can become even more exciting than observation of the landscape.

Soviet tourists, whose number is growing every year, will be trained to collect likely samples of minerals, chemicals and fossils and with a minimal knowledge of scientific institute, with indications of the localities where they were found.

## Burro Midnight Express Carriers Miners' Mail

Quartzville, Ore. (UP)—An educated burro, the "midnight express" operates over the Quartzville trail connecting miners of this area with the outside world.

The burro travels the road alone, carrying mail and orders for supplies from operators of a placer mine to Roberts station, 12 miles down stream.

This train, like all others, carries its identifying sound—a bray instead of a whistle—and never fails to make its arrival known.

This is the first known case of a burro to operate under its own direction.

## Illinois Farmers Must Carry Own Hitching Posts

Peru, Ill. (UP)—Iron hitching posts which have adorned the business district in Peru were ordered removed recently by the city council.

As a result farmers who come to town in horse and buggy will have to bring their own hitching weights. The council decided the posts were less ornamental than useful.

Precaution was taken, however, for an emergency need of the posts as they were ordered to be held in readiness for re-installation.

## Former Bombay Bishop Tells How to Be a Hero

Ann Arbor, Mich. (UP)—Dr. Frederick B. Fisher, former bishop of the Bombay, India, diocese, told 1,500 Michigan high school students how to be heroes in an address before the 28th annual Old Boys Conference here.

"Every boy," Dr. Fisher said, "can be a hero if he keeps in mind the four main principles of life. They are: Realization life has meaning, growth, responsibility and beauty."

## Biddie Lays Egg With Water Wings

Lancaster, Pa. (UP)—An egg with a double shell, resembling a pair of waterwings, was laid by a Rhode Island Red hen in Mrs. Eugene Fleming's henhouse, near Millersville.

Each of the two "wings" of the egg is slightly smaller than a normal egg, but each apparently has a yoke.

## Customers Are Human

From the Ohio State Journal. A new day appears to be dawning in the public utility field. Many large corporations are readjusting their business customs to conform to the idea that the most valuable asset any company has is customer good will. An educational department has been established in some corporations in which employees are being trained to carry forward the new plan. One corporation in Columbus recently gave all its employees, through training in how to make friends out of customers.

The new plan does not include the premise that the customer always is right, a proposition that never was true, but it gives a new value to human good will and agreeable business relations. The end sought is the elimination of needless friction, caused many times by employees who are entirely loyal but lack tact or authority.

There was a time when large corporations were indifferent. That feeling found its high point in the depression. "The public be damned." Recent competition has brought finer ideas to the fore in many business houses. Better thinking has shown the value of customer good will as an asset which wise financiers value at a high figure.

## PLANS NEGRO BUILDING

Detroit (UP)—The Detroit Young Women's Christian association is planning the immediate erection of a four-story building to provide quarters for Negro women and girls. The building, which is to be constructed of brick and stone, will be U-shaped, surrounded by gardens and terraces. Work on the structure is expected to start in January.

A Dead One. From the Humorist. "After all, my dear, she's only a suicide blond?" "Suicide blond?" "Yes. Drog by her own hand."

## Tales of Real Dogs By Albert Payson Terhune



"The released prisoner caught the dog convulsively in his arms."

Peter L. Cudney was arrested and sent to jail for eight months, in October, 1929, on a petty larceny charge. This was in Goshen, N. Y., one of the loveliest and most picturesque of all towns outside of New England, and once the home of Noah Webster, the dictionary writer.

With Cudney, when he was arrested, was his young police dog, Fox. A speak of Fox as a police dog, because he was probably more police dog than anything else. According to a reporter, the dog had a strain of collie in him, too, and perhaps of one or more other breeds.

Fox and Cudney were sworn pals. They had shared good and bad luck together, perhaps more bad luck than good.

When Cudney was arrested, Fox trotted close at his side to court and then followed him to the front steps of the jail itself.

Up to now, wherever Cudney went, Fox was close alongside. But, to the young dog's indignation, the grim doors of the jail were clanged shut in his face, all but pinching his nose as he sought confidently to follow his loving master into the building.

Hitherto, when Cudney went into some house or store, where Fox was not allowed to follow him, all the dog had to do was to sit down in front of the door and presently his master would come out and rejoin him.

So it was only logical to suppose that Cudney would come out now as soon as his business in this forbidding-looking place was ended. Therefore, Fox lay down on the stone steps and waited for him.

For eight long tedious, unhappy months the devoted dog waited. It is bitterly cold in the winter, at Goshen. Presently, autumn ended and winter set in. Icy gales swept across the jail steps. Drifting snow piled high on them. Chilly rains sluiced over them; and stinging sleet storms.

But Fox would not move away. Sometimes the cold bit him to the bone. Often the rain soaked him to the skin and then froze upon his shaggy coat. The sleet scourged him as with a million whips. The snow drifted over him, while he slept.

But he would not move. Somewhere behind those big doors was the master he loved, the master who would come out presently and take him home. So Fox was well content to wait. Month after month he lay or sat or stood there, while autumn froze into winter. Then at last the long winter melted into the rains of late March and the spring dawned goldenly upon the world.

His master was coming out through that dreary gateway—was coming out to catch Fox' rough head between his hands, to rumple the dog's ears lovingly, to tell him what a splendid pal he was. And then the two would hurry home together to supper—a huge supper—and to the dear old life when each had been the inseparable playmate and comrade of the other.

But the wait was long. Long as it was, Fox' faith did not waver. Fox' eager vigilance did not abate. Perhaps a thousand times he sprang joyfully to his feet as the doors opened and someone came out. Perhaps a thousand times the dog sighed resignedly as the "someone" proved to be a stranger and he settled down again to his unflinching vigil.

Now all this, as I told you, happened in Goshen. And it was a steak of grand good luck for Fox that it did. For Goshen is not just like any other town within a hundred miles in any direction. Perhaps, for its size, it contains more true and white sportsmen than any other community in America.

## Hunter in Hollow Tree Released by Bear

Sundridge, Ont. (UP)—Missing for 36 hours, J. P. Johnston, merchant and hunters' guide, returned to his home here and related the following "bear" facts.

"I was lost," he said. "I climbed into a tree to get my bearings. Then I fell, lodging in the hollow trunk of the tree. In the fall my foot was caught. I struggled for hours to release myself.

"I had given up hope of survival when a big, furry thing descend-

ed into the hole. It was surprised when it backed into me. It bolted, but I grabbed its tail, and was pulled free."

It is a place where grand horses and grand dogs are bred, where horse-and-dog-talk is spoken and understood as almost nowhere else, where at least one loved and honored priest is an ardent horseman and dogman.

To such people as Goshen's citizens, the vigil of Fox carried a swift and mighty appeal. The story was told everywhere. Folk came to the jail entrance, not merely to stare at the loyal dog, but to bring him nourishing food and to keep on bringing it and to try to coax him into going home with them.

Fox accepted the food. But he would not stir away from his self-imposed place of waiting. Perhaps, in his absence, his master might come out and might miss him. There he stayed, and there he was fed and befriended.

Sheriff John McCoach was the first person to notice the dog and his sentry-duty. He was first to make friends with him and to feed him. He did all he could to persuade Fox to come into the warm jail office—and to sleep on a rug there. Fox only wagged his tail and continued to watch the doorway through which his master had vanished.

The newspapers got hold of the story of the faithful dog. From one end of the country to the other it was printed. Offers of good homes poured in. But Fox was interested in nothing except the time when the jail doors should swing and his master should come out to join him.

Meantime, Sheriff McCoach made him as comfortable as he could and saw that there was always plenty of food and water within his reach. The Goshen children, too, made friends with the unhappy dog. They would come to the steps to pet him and to try to make him romp with them and they brought dainties for him to eat.

Then, on a golden June day in 1930, the jail doors opened. Fox glanced up, wearily and with little real hope. Too many hundred times had they opened thus, only to bring him a new tinged of smashed hope. But suddenly he lurched to his feet and sprang forward with a bark that was more like a human cry of rapture.

Coming down the steps was Cudney; the master he had lost eight endless months ago!

The released prisoner caught the dog convulsively as Fox sprang upon him in delirious happiness. The man's eyes were wet, so were more than one pair of eyes in the little group of officials and reporters and townsfolk who had gathered to watch the reunion. Sheriff McCoach cleared his throat and said to the released prisoner:

"Fox has been a swell addition to Goshen, Cudney. We hate to lose him. Here's a medal for him from the 'Tail-Waggers' Club of America.' And here's \$2 that was sent by a woman in New York who read about him and wanted the money spent on dog-biscuits for him. Fox waited months for you. It would be a good idea to reward him by going straight."

Cudney swallowed hard. Then he turned to his ecstatically-dancing dog.

"Fox," he muttered, chokingly, "we're going on a little trip, you and I. I'm going to change both our names. I won't forget what you taught me. We're going to play out a new hand—together."

With Fox capering joyously about him, Cudney went directly to the nearest butcher-shop. Slipping a \$1 bill on the counter, he commanded:

"Give my dog a dollar's worth of the very finest steak you've got here!"

ed into the hole. It was surprised when it backed into me. It bolted, but I grabbed its tail, and was pulled free."

FOUR ECLIPSES FOR 1932 Battle Creek (UP)—Four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon, will occur in 1932, according to Prof. L. W. Underwood, retired Battle Creek high school astronomy instructor. The second eclipse of the sun will be partially visible in portions of North America, as will the second eclipse of the moon on August 31, according to the professor.

## SHOTGUN CHARGE INTO HUNTER'S ARM

Lincoln, Neb.—The entire charge of a 12-gauge shotgun lodged in Edwin Eisenhauer's upper left arm in a hunting accident Sunday morning, and he is in a serious condition at Lincoln General Hospital.

The 19-year-old Fairbury youth, accompanied by Alvin Zimmerman, 25, Tobias, drove 10 miles north of Fairbury and stopped his automobile. Zimmerman had alighted already when Eisenhauer opened the door. The gun slipped out and discharged.

They drove to Western, got a physician and came on to Lincoln.

## RELIEF FUNDS DEMAND HEARD

Farmers from North Nebraska Call on Governor at Lincoln

Lincoln, Neb. (UP)—Shouting a demand for action, 200 farmers and merchants, representing an estimated 100,000 of the state's population, appealed Monday to Gov. Charles W. Bryan to call a special session of the legislature to provide relief funds for the drought stricken region.

Throughout the morning and early afternoon they told tales of destitution, suffering and loss which has followed in the wake of a summer of blistering sun and invasion of fields by hordes of hungry, gnawing grasshoppers.

"Not charity but a chance to stand on our own feet is what we want," the petitioners informed the state's chief executive.

No action had been taken Monday afternoon, but the governor, in an address to the delegation, had indicated a lack of sympathy with the plan for the special session. He stated "interference through attempts to revise plans is apt to reflect to hit contributions, to intensify the situation which is now nearly in hand."

Not content with this view, the farmer delegation asked permission to submit its proposal before the governor continued his address.

R. Ready, Hartington attorney and chairman of the appealing delegation, submitted to Bryan the plan drafted at a meeting Sunday night for making a relief loan fund of \$2,000,000 available.

"Unless there is immediate action to save essential farm animals from starvation, there will be thousands of acres of fertile north Nebraska farm land that will not be tilled, unless with a spade, next spring," F. B. Carroll, of Creighton, predicted. "Livestock is starving in every section of the stricken area. Already carcasses dot the snow blanketed fields. We're at the end of the rope. The average farmer hasn't enough feed to last the week out. North Nebraska is bankrupt, unless means is provided whereby we can secure loans," Carroll said.

OMAHA INDIANS BEING CARED FOR

Tekamah, Neb.—For the last two winters the Omaha Indians north of Tekamah, have suffered much from the cold. This year, however, the government and local authorities began early to formulate aid plans.

Wood cutting on a large scale has been carried on and the heads of families have been paid for their time. Some of this wood has been given to old or disabled Indians who are unable to secure their own fuel. If the men use teams to draw the wood they are paid extra. The government is also issuing serviceable clothing to the men who are working. Later clothing will be issued to women and children.

## CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERY HAS HAD BIG GROWTH

Orleans, Neb. (UP)—During its 14 years of operation, the Farmers Equity Co-Operative Creamery, located here, has increased its production by 2,000 per cent, according to a report compiled by plant manager Ole Hansen.

During its first year of operation the local plant, which now claims to be the largest co-operative creamery in the world, produced 300,000 pounds of butter. In 1931 the plant production reached 6,000,000 pounds. The past year, Hansen's statement shows, was the largest in the history of the concern.

The record production of this year is an increase over production for 1930 of 500,000 pounds.

Since it began operating here the creamery has produced 39,000,000 pounds of butter, churned from cream purchased from Nebraska farmers and sold through an organization in which the stock is owned by the farmer-dairymen.

The parent plant, located here, manufactures more butter than any of its branches, located at Crawford, Lexington and at Denver, Colo.

The annual meeting of stockholders for the co-operative company will be held at McCook on January 19. Heading the list of speakers for that event will be Attorney Gen. C. A. Sorensen, of Lincoln and Federal Farm Board Member Brubaker, of Washington, D. C.

## NO AUTOMOBILES AT THIS FAAM SALE

Aurora, Neb.—There was not an automobile on the Theodore Seitz farm when he held a farm sale Saturday, although the sale was well attended.

They came in bobsleds, spring wagons, with horse teams and mule teams and on horseback. Snow-storms have held Hamilton county practically snowbound since New Year's day. Mr. Seitz lives two miles east and five and one-half miles north of Hampton.

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD



CAPTAIN DANJOU, A FAMOUS FIGHTER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION, WILLED HIS WOODEN HAND TO THE LEGION. THE HAND NOW RESIDES IN THE HALL OF HONOR, AND PRESENT-DAY MEMBERS OF THE LEGION TOUCH IT FOR GOOD LUCK.



MOURNING DOVES FEED THEIR YOUNG ON "MILK" ... A FLUID FOOD BROUGHT UP FROM THE CROP.

DROWNING PERSONS DO NOT ALWAYS COME UP THREE TIMES. THEY MAY RISE MANY TIMES, AND AGAIN, THEY MAY NEVER COME UP AT ALL!

## Franco-American Barriers

Bernard Fay in Harper's Magazine. France and America are two great, proud and complex nations that historical traditions, interests and a craving for novelty will ever draw more and more together, but that mental, ethnic and geographical contrasts will always tend to separate.

At critical moments in the history of the world it is probable and desirable that they should again stand shoulder to shoulder. In ordinary times it would be contrary to human nature and to the normal course of human events if they were to find themselves always in accord. Language, the sea, their daily pre-occupations, are bound to erect between the two nations barriers difficult to surmount.

After all, would a too close accord, resulting in a too great similitude in the masses, be desirable? It is doubtful. The value of white humanity lies in its variety. Every nation needs a different logic and a different discipline in order to solve the problems peculiar to itself and to its position.

All influences, no matter what they are, when they go beyond a certain point are deleterious; if civilization is destined ever to disappear it will vanish because it will have lost its reason to exist, and because diversity—supreme aim of all living beings—will have died out.

## Dawes Floors Shaw

Charles G. Dawes, America's diplomat, banker, financier and musician, has assumed a new role as literary critic and devastating foe of Slavism.

Distinguished Londoners are still gasping over the ambassador's blunt words to George Bernard Shaw, most talkative of British literary lights.

Dawes, Shaw, Aga Kahn, the Indian potentate, and a number of prominent members of the diplomatic set met at a recent reception. They sat down before a fire to smoke and talk.

Shaw, with his usual witty insouciance, began a denunciation of capitalist society. He held his hearers spellbound for a half hour. As Shaw paused for breath to survey his effect, Dawes stirred in his chair. Drawing out his famous underslung pipe, the ambassador pounded it on a nearby table, telling Shaw:

"It's about time you stopped this paradoxical, half-baked, socialistic nonsense of yours. You are misleading youth. You are filling their heads with ideas which I don't think you half mean yourself.

"You are dazzling them with your brilliance which youth is unable to digest and estimate. You are leading them to false and dangerous conclusions."

For 10 minutes Dawes fired words at Shaw vigorously pounding the table with his fist. "Hell-'n'-Maria" manner. Everyone was transfixed. Shaw gazed on with one of those typical Slavian delighted smiles.

When Dawes had finished, Shaw lifted his forefinger to his lips like some one warning a child, admonishing:

"Hush, hush; Aga Kahn may hear you."

His listeners wondered whether Shaw had not for the first time in his life been silenced. Later he confided:

"That was the voice of the Middle West."

Measuring Progress. From Christian Science Monitor. Who takes the measures of progress, must first select his yardstick. Deeply, the year of 1931 has carved its record. Evidences there are of grave economic conditions, of stock markets in decline, of unemployment and of hardship. But the record, as well, is vitalized by lasting accomplishment—contributions which extended beyond the grasp of current difficulty. What, then, is to be the measure of achievement?

Defended. From Sydney Bulletin. Affable Passenger: Your husband is a poor sailor, I believe. Imposing Passenger: Indeed he is not—he's a rich produce merchant.

Now and Then. From Titi-Bits. An American movie actress was applying for a passport. "Single?" asked the clerk. "Occasionally," answered the actress. Twelve offspring of D's Donc, sire of the record-making filly, Top Flight, won 23 races and collected nearly \$200,000 in purses this year.

## hundred rivers are impounded for their treasure of fertility and energy; great projects are completed and greater ones move forward.

Or is the essence of progress to be found in advances in communication? Men ride the skies and cross the earth with greater speed; technical advancements shrink the size of continents and oceans; the spoken word extends its wings; international marine units of new proportions command the seas.

Within the province of the inventor, ingenuity and research bring a thousand products to the service of the world; economic stress lays new premiums upon technical improvement; methods and devices, once limited to laboratory experiment, become the property of commercial application.

Pure research—abstract study which holds the promise of future progress—is this the scale? Physicists bring new elements within their grasp; research lessens the mystery of the atom; astronomers plumb deeper into the vastness of the universe.

Truly, all of these bespeak advancement. Yet they can be but symbols. The full significance lies deeper. One touches it only as he

## Russians Have Beards

A Tyler gentleman asks if we read Philip Wylie's magazine article entitled "The Russians Have Beards." The answer is that we did. Mr. Wylie seems to agree with State Press as to the dominating qualities of a beard, for, although the derides Russia, he says the entire phenomenon of contemporary reverence for Russia is due to one factor: The Russians have beards.

Our Smith county customer deposes on his own account that, while he favors this column's demand for the restoration of the leafy chin and the rescue of man from the dominance of woman, he fears that if the present reverence for Russia is due to Russian beards that it would be better for America to remain beardless. State Press concedes the point. Russian hair has had more to do with the statesmanship of the Bolsheviks than Russian brains. On the other hand, the bearded men of Russia have the women under control, which wouldn't be the case if the safety razor had made any headway in the Soviet domain.

The Russian rulers are almighty, and they have put the Russian women to work as they never worked before. Mamma locks her babies in the family's one room, gives them matches to play with and takes her pick and shovel to the railroad, where she performs in the role of section hand. Sister rises in the before it is yet day, and repairs to the rock pile, where she makes little ones out of big ones, while other women come and take the little ones to have the streets with Grandma, too old for heavy manual toil, gets up at 4 a. m., hastens to the car barn and takes out the 4:30 bus to haul the 5 o'clock passengers to the soup kitchen for breakfast. All the Russian women have to earn, but the government is kind at times. It pays them for having babies, and no questions asked. Russia is the most bewhiskered country in the world, and its women do the roughest work any women do. There can be but one answer to this: Beards are bosses. A smooth-chinned nation is a hen-pecked nation.

## HUGE TURTLE SIGHTED

Chapleau, Ont. (UP)—Fishermen near here have reported sighting a huge turtle, its shell more than three feet wide. Tom Godfrey, a fisherman, said the turtle nearly upset his canoe when it reared its head out of the lake. He said the head resembled that of a snake. Indians in the vicinity claim the turtle is over 75 years old.

Flint, Mich. (UP)—Killing two birds with one shot has become a reality for L. G. Copeman. He reported that he flushed two ruffed grouse. The two birds flew close in the air. He fired, both grouse falling. The unusual shot was witnessed by two other hunters.

## AIR MAIL PICKUP

A new type of aerial pickup was determined at the Washington-Hoover airport recently. It permits an airplane in flight to take up mail sacks without slackening its speed.

## CAT GETS A NAME

Roanoke, Va. (UP)—A man risked his life to rescue a cat from under the wheels of an automobile and when no owner could be found named the cat "Dimit."

American investments abroad total \$25,000,000,000.