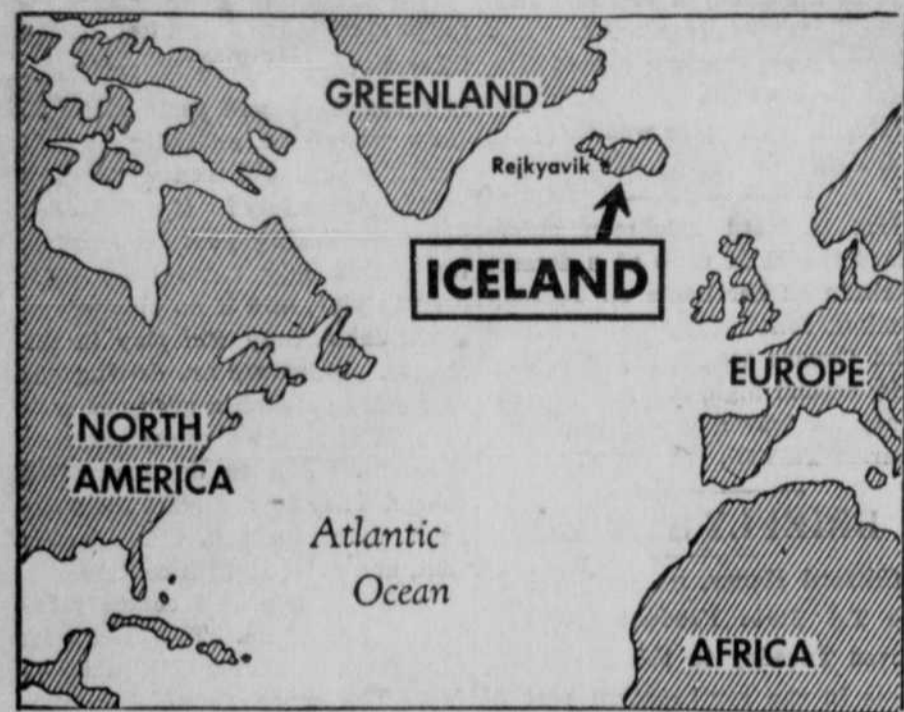


## Iceland's Democratic Tradition Started by Vikings in 930 A. D.



### Tiny Northern Country Is Model for Others; No Army, No Debt.

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

Iceland is a country which has never had a war; and apparently it would like to retain that record. In the island, regret was expressed recently because Iceland was not included with 31 countries in an adjoining Europe listed by the President of the United States as those to which a pledge of non-aggression be given.

Although Iceland celebrated her twentieth birthday only last December, this nation has had 1,008 years of democratic history behind it. Settled in the Ninth century by such varied groups as Irish monks and Vikings, it established as early as 930 an elected assembly, called the "Althing."

Losing its independence several centuries later, the island fell under the influence of Norway, and later under the rule of Denmark. It was not until 1918, that Iceland again became an independent state—joined with Denmark only by having the same king—and received the new constitution that made it a young nation with a long past.

**Country of Contradictions.** Nearly 40,000 square miles in area, shaped like a giant flounder floating 200 miles off the coast of Greenland, Iceland is a country of contradictions. Its climate, tempered by the warm, north-flowing Gulf stream, denies its Arctic location. Little colder than many parts of the United States, its farms and comfortable villages belie its forbidding name.

In the island fire and ice meet when snow-capped volcanoes erupt, sending tons of water and blocks of ice down the mountainsides. Glaciers and lava beds, between them, divide one-fourth of the island's soil.

## Lowly Mule Holds Own in Machine Age

### Value in Modern Warfare Shown During Italy's Ethiopian Conquest.

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

Is the mule going to the dogs? The answer is "no," even in the machine age.

Both in numbers and in the no less tangible evidence of human appreciation, the mule is holding its own. One proof is found in a new statue in one of the chief parks of Rome—a minor result of the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. Erected in 1937, this monument is dedicated to the mule in honor both of its work with the Italian forces at the Alpine front in the World war, and for its later service in the parched and sun-scorched hills and valleys of Ethiopia.

Like millions of men in the world today, Rome's mule hero—slightly bigger than life—also carries arms. The 65-millimeter mountain artillery piece which it bears on its back is a symbol of the mule's usefulness in war. For its strength, endurance, and sure-footedness are proverbial in the hard work of transporting supplies and ammunition under the most difficult conditions.

**Helped in Civil War.** The Civil war, says one United States general, pointing out the Union army's use of the animal to haul wagons over rough roads, could not have been carried to a conclusion without the faithful army mule.

In the South African Boer war, the British forces made good use of the mule's special qualities, when horses were unable to stand up under the strain. Dependable under fire, the mule did heavy duty for the Allies during the World war, packing artillery and supplies all the way to the front. In the mountains, these beasts often acted as "portable hospitals," carrying such necessities as surgical dressings,

In the Fifteenth century the Black Death destroyed two-thirds of Iceland's population; 300 years later smallpox took another 10,000 victims. A bad famine followed, and in 1783 occurred the worst volcanic eruption of its history, wiping out farm houses and live stock, and sending ashes as far as Norway.

**Country Without a Jail.** In spite of disaster, however, and the ever-present economic problems of meager soil and poor mineral deposits, hard-working Icelanders boast considerable modern progress.

Roads and telegraph and telephone lines have been built. Electricity has been widely installed; trucks and automobiles introduced. Last summer Iceland, after using German planes and German pilots, opened her own local airline and is now flying planes on regular routes between the capital, Reykjavik, and northern towns.

Proud of its famous literature and culture (Iceland knew the bright light of learning when much of Europe was still in darkness), this small nation of less than 120,000 people claims today literacy for all normal adults.

Returned travelers report that this island has no beggars and no jail—that all its crimes are "little ones."

**Follow Copperfield's Philosophy.** With no army and navy, Iceland has a balanced budget. Its estimated income for 1938 is 17,464,280 kronur (about three and a half million dollars); outgo, 16,322,141 kronur. Iceland, in fact, recalls Mr. Micawber's philosophy in Dickens' "David Copperfield": "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness."

Although handicapped by lack of many raw materials, plus a soil usually producing only such crops as hay, potatoes and turnips, the island in recent years has been making the most of other natural resources at hand. Its numerous and swift rivers, useless for navigation, are valuable as sources of hydro-electric power; its hot springs for modern heating.

The big, red-headed hero of the hog and hominy commonwealth has been having quite a deal of hard luck in the aftermath of his fame. Debt, cinch-bugs, boll weevils and five-cent cotton are no such shining marks as mere Germans. He is busy gunning for the mortgage on his 395-acre farm, near Pall Mall, Tenn., trying to build a silo and hoping for the best.

He is a modest hero and deserves a cheer from all hands. This being a pleasant and unique deviation from that rather bitter monologue of Lou Angler, old-time German dialect comedian. The generals and the orators were throwing out their chests, celebrating their victory in war, "Verre iss der soldier?" was the plaintive refrain of the piece. And then the answer:

"He iss over in de woods, cutting down a tree to make himself a wooden leg."

**GEN. EVANGELINE BOOTH,** here from London on official business, says she's coming "home" to live next October. A Cooper union audience hissed her when she came here from Canada in 1904, but cheered before she finished. She remained 30 years, running the army from her quaint old house in Hartsdale, N. Y.

She will be 74 next Christmas, relinquishing command of the international army. The daughter of Gen. William Booth, founder of the army, she was reared in London. At 17, the tall, vigorous, red-headed girl swung into the army ranks, singing their warrior hymns in the slums of London. Hoodlums had a standing offer of \$50 for anyone who would knock off her coal-scuttle bonnet. Nobody ever did, then or since, although she was once severely injured. She was put in command of the Canadian army in 1896.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

medicines, and blankets to the wounded.

Italians say that mules were invaluable during the 1911-12 war against Turkey for possession of Libya in North Africa. Some of the animals were even decorated for valor, and the story is told of one faithful beast which escaped from the Turks after capture and returned to its Italian masters, wounded but still bearing its artillery pack.

From time immemorial mules have been bred and worked in Europe, especially in the mountain regions of France, Spain, and Italy. Sometimes, instead of serving in the lowly occupations of farm and trade, they were used by royalty to pull the royal coaches. Decked out in brilliantly colored trappings, the mule in Ethiopia was considered the proper mount for the upper classes. By the decoration of his mule, the rank of the rider often could be determined.

In 1905 the United States had more than two and a half million mules. By 1926, the peak of mule production was reached with nearly 6,000,000 mules and mule colts. Since then, due to the invasion of the farm by tractors, trucks, automobiles, and other farm machinery, Uncle Sam's mule population has declined to a little less than four and a half millions. However, the decline is expected to be halted within a few years, as a result of increasing colt production and other factors.

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## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

**NEW YORK.**—While it is only 36 years since the first feeble crow-hop of the Wright brothers, aviation already has the equivalent of the cauliflower veterans of prizefighting. **Air Vets Soar After 30; Some Gave Leg to Fly**—veterans, incidentally, who keep right on going after 30. Ben O. Howard, who skips the Douglas DC-4, the largest land plane in the world, across the country, left his right leg behind him, on his way on and up; as did Alexander P. de Seversky, a marvelous stunt flier with a wooden leg. And Wiley Post was served adequately by one eye in his breathtaking hazards. They carry on far beyond the one score and ten which weighted Max Baer helplessly against Lou Nova.

**Ben Howard was flying his self-made plane in the Bendix Transcontinental Trophy race in September, 1936, when he crashed in New Mexico. He and his wife, Mrs. Olive Howard, also a flier, were critically injured. He was unconscious 36 days and his leg was amputated.**

"Research pilot," which is now Mr. Howard's rating with the United Air lines, appears to be a bit upgrade from the test pilot job, and implies engineering and technical skill as well as coolness and courage. All this Mr. Howard gained in designing, building and racing planes for many years as the "ride-em cowboy" of many racing meets.

**In 1930, he was flying the night mail, between Omaha and St. Louis. Losing daytime sleep at times, he built a slick little 100-horsepower racer which made him the star of the National Air races at Chicago in 1930. His small-engined planes kept on snatching prizes from ships with twice as much power. After his accident, he was out for 15 months, and then back with United Air lines in experimental work.**

He is dark, slender, reserved, mastering the air leviathan with the sensitive and intuitive fingers of a concert pianist.

**TENNESSEE** made a super-grand splash when it brought Sergeant Alvin York to the World of Tomorrow, with a special train and a guard of honor and what-not. **Super Soldier Finds Home Hardest to Hit** Just as a balance brought forward from the world of yesterday, it was the sergeant who, armed only with a service revolver and a rifle, killed 25 Germans and captured 132, including two officers, and herded them into his home dugout.

He is a modest hero and deserves a cheer from all hands. This being a pleasant and unique deviation from that rather bitter monologue of Lou Angler, old-time German dialect comedian. The generals and the orators were throwing out their chests, celebrating their victory in war, "Verre iss der soldier?" was the plaintive refrain of the piece. And then the answer:

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## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

**No longer any doubt that Garner is a real candidate for the Democratic nomination for President... Democratic leaders are doing their utmost to prevent further opening up of the general tax situation... I. C. C. hearings disclose that Canadians have grabbed the shipment of the bulk of American-grown wheat.**

**WASHINGTON.**—It is now obvious that John Nance Garner is a real candidate for the Democratic nomination for President next year whether President Roosevelt chooses to run for a third term or not. Incidentally, there is one mystery about Garner which ought to be cleared up right now. He is far from being a sphinx, just as Calvin Coolidge was far from being a sphinx. But Garner is and Coolidge was protected from quotation by a simple rule governing his relations with newspaper men. Coolidge would talk to them, and let his views be stated, but under no circumstances could quotation marks be used.

It was to get around this difficulty that the newspaper men, while Coolidge was President, invented the mythical "White House Spokesman." Lots of people throughout the country assumed that there really was a "Spokesman." They were right. It was Calvin Coolidge.

Just so, in the present instance, when newspaper men hear that Garner is advocating something, or doing something, and ask him about it, they cannot put quotation marks around what Garner says in reply. But they can print the answers, and they can say that Garner said them. In fact sometimes they stretch it a bit, for Garner very obviously has another political rule in addition to avoiding direct quotations, which is that he denies nothing.

There was a slip-up on this, incidentally, a few days ago in connection with the Hatch bill to outlaw participation in the election of government workers in the elections of delegates to national conventions (as well). A young reporter assumed because Garner did not say he could not be quoted as saying this bill would be "law before we quit" that it was all right to quote him. So he did.

### Never Any Difficulty in Finding How Garner Stands

But while the old New York World attacked Coolidge bitterly for putting out propaganda under quotation marks assigned to the "White House Spokesman" present critics of Garner, in magazine articles and elsewhere, are attacking the vice president on the other flank. They are assuming that he really never says anything. Naturally Garner's other rule, about no denials, protects them in this inaccuracy. A denial would sound sort of silly anyhow.

But the truth is that any reputable newspaper man in Washington has very little difficulty in finding out where Garner stands on anything, though he will come home without the bacon if his editor insists on quotation marks.

Another type of comment from New Deal sources which Garner has had to take, or break his rule by denying, is that he is really in full sympathy with the New Deal, and that all the newspaper stories about his being the brains behind some of the anti-New Deal strategy on Capitol Hill are the bunk.

This has about ended, however, for the simple reason that it has been so obvious what Garner did in the court fight, his attitude about "letting the cattle get a little fat on them," referring to business, (this was said to the President face to face by Garner more than a year ago and was quoted to newspaper men by others present) and his known views and activities in other controversies, that to write any more about his being a 100 per cent New Dealer would merely make the writer absurd.

### Try to Prevent Opening Up Of General Tax Situation

Democratic leaders in congress are doing their utmost to prevent any further opening up of the general tax situation. For instance, Chairman Robert Doughton of the house ways and means committee has been flooded with requests for a brief hearing from various industries which are being subjected to special taxation, just as radios (5 per cent), Doughton has crisply told one and all that there is no desire to hear testimony on this, and has refused requests even for as brief a period as 10 minutes. (This happens to be the time the radio industry requested.)

The average person who buys a radio, of course, does not realize that he or she is paying a tax at all. The radio people would like to have a partial exemption. They claim that they find a certain competition in other house furnishings and appliances. Thus, they con-

tend, they would like to have the cabinet containing the radio exempted, because as an article of furniture it is, in a sort of way, competing in the housewife's mind with a fancy table to occupy a particular corner.

They also complain of another type of competition. The family budget may be such that it is a question of whether to buy a radio or a washing machine. Of course, the latter is not taxed, while the radio is taxed 5 per cent.

"Now what's the use of taking up the committee's time with an argument like that?" an old member said to a young radio man. "You know perfectly well you could not get anywhere. All we could do would be to decide that as between the purchase of an article to save the good wife's back and a radio the government had no choice but to encourage the washing machine."

### Business Interests Hold Their Fire for the Senate

As a matter of fact, however, most business interests having an idea that they might get somewhere in the tax changes are not figuring on the house at all. They are holding their fire for the senate. There are two reasons for this. One is that the house is determined to rush some sort of tax bill through. Until that is done the business interests won't know exactly what they have to fight against, and what to fight for.

For example, if their proposition is contained in the house bill as it is passed, then all they have to do is to watch to see that the senate does not strike it out. Anyway, they would have a chance in conference when the drafts of the bills as passed by the house and senate are adjusted by the conferees.

If their proposition is not contained in the house draft, then they will have more time, and more opportunity, to work for a change by the senators. Almost any industry can count on active support from a few senators—if from no one else than from the senators from the states in which their industries are active. Besides, one senator can often force changes in any bill. For one thing he can discuss the matter on the floor, taking up the senate's time, until the cows come home, a privilege which the individual member of the house does not have. The representative's time is doled out to him in very small doses and with even the subject matter restricted.

### Important Facts Gleaned At I. C. C. Freight Hearing

Nobody paid much attention to hearings conducted by the interstate commerce commission in which the operators on the old Erie canal—the New York Barge canal to be exact—protested against the cut in freight rates on grain by the railroads from New York to Buffalo.

Actually the hearings brought out some facts which are not only highly important to everybody in this country who pays taxes, but have a very definite bearing on several major proposals in the offing, including the St. Lawrence seaway, TVA, river development all over the country, public power, etc.

What the railroads did was to reduce the rate per bushel on grain from Buffalo to New York from 6.7 cents to 5 cents flat. The canal operators claimed that this would ruin them—that they had to have a differential under the railroad rates because of the longer time required, higher insurance, etc.

The funny part of the whole business is that the railroads didn't make that cut in grain rates this summer in order to take business from the Barge canal. They did it to get some of the business back which the Canadians have been taking from them, and taking, incidentally, without the aid of a St. Lawrence seaway, for which Uncle Sam would pay half the cost.

### Canadians Grab Shipment Of American-Grown Wheat

Last year, it was testified, 77,000,000 bushels of American wheat were shipped abroad through Canadian ports, as against only 30,000,000 bushels shipped via United States ports. The percentage of wheat which moved through the United States ports to export in 1932 was 76. In 1938 this had shrunk to 28 per cent. Bear in mind that in all instances these quantities and percentages of wheat refer exclusively to wheat grown in the United States. Canadian wheat moved, of course, almost exclusively through Canadian ports.

The American city most interested in all this, of course, is Buffalo. The big idea of the Barge canal was to make commerce through Buffalo. New York state has spent untold millions with this objective, first to build the original Erie canal, before it was realized that the railroads were to become the big freight movers of the country, and before trucks were conceived, and then later to make the waterway a big modern development, when it was rechristened the Barge canal.

Like so many other waterways, however, the results have never justified the expectations. It is not fair to criticize the original concept, because that was before anyone realized what the railroads would become. It seemed then that wheat and other goods from the Great Lakes region and westward, moving by water to Buffalo, and then trans-shipped to barges for New York, would provide a growing tide of commerce ample to justify the expenditure.

## Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "Her Husband's Funeral Pyre"

**HELLO EVERYBODY:** India! Land of mystery and—"Suttee!" Suttee, as you know, is the quaint little Indian custom of burning the widow on the funeral pyre of her dead husband. It is a Hindu practice of long standing and from this gruesome sacrifice the soul of the immolated widow is supposed to receive a special blessing and follow her husband's spirit into that land of greater mystery—the hereafter!

The British government has prohibited Suttee for many years but it is suspected that many secret cremations still claim their living victims.

Mrs. Miriam Richardson of Caldwell, N. J., makes the page today with a tale of Suttee and she knows her stuff.

Miriam's parents were missionaries in India for a great many years. Their grass and mud bungalow was situated in a no-man's-land of trees, underbrush and jungle grass in the Central Provinces, which was in the heart of a vast jungle district. The jungles were infested with wild animals. For 20 years of her life she was lulled to sleep by the gruff, coughing roars of man-eating tigers, the weird yowling of cowardly jackals and the insane laughs of hyenas!

Late one night, Miriam says, there came a frantic knocking on the bungalow door with calls of "Memsahib, Memsahib!" Her mother hastily opened the door, thinking that perhaps one of the Christian natives had



His hand was to light the fire! The fire that would consume his living mother and dead father!

been fatally mauled by a tiger. An old native woman stood there wringing her hands. Her daughter—whose husband had just died—was about to commit Suttee and the woman wanted the help of Miriam's father and mother to save her.

### Miriam's Mother Starts on Mercy Errand.

They started at once, a chokadar—night watchman—being left to guard over Miriam. Her father grabbed a lantern and the distracted native woman led the way through a wild jungle path. Soon the beating of tom-toms throbbed all around them and they came to a clearing lit by hand torches.

In the center of the clearing, Miriam says, was a funeral pyre—a prepared bonfire of dried wood on which reposed the body of the dead man. Around it, at respectful distances, thronged the native crowd. Through the crowd and near the pyre wandered Hindu priests, their faces bearing the painted ghastly gray ash marks of their calling.

"The native woman pulled my mother to the women's quarters," Miriam writes, "here no man was allowed. My father remained with the men in an effort to dissuade them. In the center of a walling group of women sat the young widow. She swayed to and fro, moaning and beating her breast with her fists. From the dull gleam of her eyes, mother knew that she had been drugged and hardly realized the frightful fate that was in store for her.

"Mother went straight to her and putting an arm around the girl started a fight against time. She wanted to delay matters long enough for the effects of the drug to wear off so that she could reason with the distracted girl. Once a little boy—his naked body covered with ashes and paint—interrupted her. The boy was the widow's son. He carried a lighted torch in his little hands and he had been sent, he said, by the priests to get his mother. His hand was to light the fire!—the fire that would consume his living mother and dead father!"

Can you imagine how that kind of a proposition would appeal to an American mother? An innocent youngster being hoodwinked into thinking he was performing a holy act by actually burning his mother alive! WITH HIS OWN HAND!

### Responsibility Shifted to a Child.

It looks to me as if the Hindu priests wished to shift the responsibility of the whole fanatical sacrifice to a child.

Well, anyway, the sight of the little child with the torch made Miriam's mother redouble her efforts to stop the whole thing. She switched the conversation to the mystical side of Christianity. She sang hymns translated into the native tongue and the widow showed some signs of losing the effects of the drug. A painted priest appeared in the doorway. His eyes flashed in fanatical anger. "Come, it is time," he said.

But the determined American mother drove him away, too. She knew that priests are forbidden the sanctity of the women's quarters. He left muttering threats as she spoke to his victim of the God he hated. The widow was crying quietly now and listening.

Meanwhile, Miriam's father was doing his part. He was going from group to group—pleading with some—threatening others. A few native Christians appeared and helped him. The priests raged but all feared the heavy hand of British law and soon the missionary had his way. The torch was applied to the funeral pyre WITHOUT ITS LIVING VICTIM.

### Body of Husband Burned Alone.

The fire crackled and roared, Miriam says. Scorched human flesh smelt heavy on the oppressive jungle air—priests sulked—but the body burned alone.

It was not until the last ember had fallen and the last tom-tom had ceased its savage strain that her mother and father started back through the jungle over which the first signs of dawn were creeping. The native mother and daughter went with them and cried out their gratitude at every step. They promised to become converts to a faith that could win against the power of the Hindu priests.

"But," Mrs. Richardson ends, "the arm of the Hindu priests in that superstition-ridden land, is long. Thwarted once, it clutched at its victims again. The women were spirited away later and when last heard of were living as 'temple women' in the power of the priest whom they feared more than the God of the Christians!"

Mrs. Richardson lives in New Jersey now—far from the sounds of the jungle of India—but I'll bet she still hears in her sleep the mysterious throbbing of the Hindu tom-toms. Don't you?

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### 'Back Drop' Aids Television Transmitting

A black "back drop" for the screens of television transmitting tubes results in more sharply focused and detailed television image according to a patent (No. 2,156,391) issued to Willard Hickok of Bloomfield, N. J.

The "back drop" is a film of graphite at the back of the transparent mica support on which are mounted the photo-electric elements that convert the scene being televised into an electric image and which is broadcast through the ether.

It is explained that when the scene is focused on the ordinary photo-electric screen of the "teletube" tube, light from the image is reflected, bounces off the walls of the tube back on to the screen so that a double image may be formed. At the same time the photo-electric elements scatter the light. All this, it is indicated, blurs and makes hazy the image to be broadcast. The black "back drop," which is the subject of the patent, on the other hand, absorbs the light which would thus ordinarily be reflected. The result is a sharper, more detailed image.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)