

School for Baseball Umpires Shuns Bottle-Ducking Course



When baseball teams head south for spring practice the umpires enter training, too, preparing for a summer of virtual isolation and desolation. During the season they must travel alone, live alone (and like it), endure stinging insults from audience and player alike—and still keep their tempers. They must even learn to duck pop bottles, for the big league fans and players seem to have a standing credo that most errors must be blamed on the umpire.



Picture Parade

When calling a player out, McGowan says you hold the head and thumb just so, possibly affecting a disdainful demeanor. To call a man safe: "You bend the knees and hold the hands like this." Walter Fry, a student, learns how to welcome a successful base-runner who's just scampered home from third base.



Umpires are trained by Bill McGowan, American league arbiter shown here giving lessons. Above, McGowan plays the erring diamond warrior as one of his students executes the correct (and effective) way of telling a player to get off the field. Right: Umpires must duck not only pop bottles, but foul balls as well.



RULES, TOO—McGowan's students in the classroom.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

St. Lawrence seaway treaty still faces almost solid opposition in the senate . . . Elimination of tax-exempt bonds won't open up a great new source of revenue . . . Not beef, but linseed oil, it was that killed the trade agreement with Argentina.

WASHINGTON. — The obvious fact, to any newspaper man conscientiously canvassing the senate, that no treaty providing for a St. Lawrence seaway can possibly win the two-thirds majority necessary for ratification, creates continued speculation among those familiar with the senate situation as to why President Roosevelt is pushing negotiations looking to such a treaty now.

The President was asked forthright and avoided an answer. Replying to an inquiry by Mrs. Elizabeth May Craig, who represents a string of newspapers in Maine, the President first thought it was a left-handed effort to gain some light as to his plans for a third term. Then he assumed that Mrs. Craig wanted to know why he had not started the fight sooner.

What most of the correspondents, not to mention nearly all the senators, would like to know is why he is pushing a fight which he must know will wind up—if it ever reaches the senate at all—in a crushing defeat.

Last time, in March, 1934, the treaty had just three favorable votes from Atlantic coast states. These were those of Senators Ellison D. Smith and James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, and Senator Fred H. Brown of New Hampshire. Brown was defeated in 1933 by Senator Charles W. Tobey, a Republican, who is far more interested in what might happen to Portsmouth by traffic being diverted to the St. Lawrence than in the power plans of the President.

In 1934, when that other vote was had, Senator Byrnes was regarded as one of the closest men personally to the President in the entire senate. This is still true. But his colleague, Cotton Ed Smith, was one of those whom the President tried to purge.

Grain Producers Exert Pressure in Northwest

There has not been a President elected since the St. Lawrence seaway idea began to appeal to the Northwest who has not announced during his campaign that he favored it. The first pressure came from the grain producers who were promised that the seaway would save them a substantial freight charge on shipments to Liverpool, the world's wheat market.

No one ever claimed seriously that the seaway was economically sound—that is that it would be able to charge enough tolls on shipping, plus the production of electricity, to pay for itself. That is, no economist or cost accounting expert ever did. But it was not necessary to prove anything to farmers except an obvious advance in wheat prices if the cost of moving the wheat to Liverpool could be cut.

This argument can still be made, though the fact is that the seaway is further from being economically sound today than ever, due to the heavy falling off in grain exports. On the other hand, a curious fear of another of the seaway's effects has grown up in the very section of the country which a few years ago was so strong for it. This is fear of manufacturers in the Great Lakes territory that the seaway would bring cheap European competition right to their doors. This, of course, is not worrying the farmers. But whatever the Northwest may want, the Atlantic coast senators are not going to vote for the St. Lawrence seaway.

Dropping Tax-Exempt Bonds Won't Open Up Great Revenue

Against the New Deal objective of eliminating tax-exempt bonds there is very little that can be said. Every President for many years has wished that it could be done, but until Franklin D. Roosevelt, all have thought it impossible.

It still looks pretty tough, but high New Dealers, including the President and Attorney General Robert H. Jackson, are insisting now that it will be accomplished.

But its accomplishment will by no means achieve the results which are generally claimed in political speeches. It will not, for instance, open up the tremendous new source of revenue, both for the federal government and the states and cities, that most speakers claim. Most of the difference after tax exempts have passed into history will be a bookkeeping change rather than a real increase in revenue.

For example, a man now holds \$100,000 of City of Baltimore three

per cent bonds, for which he paid something in excess of par, so that he is actually getting a return of about 2½ per cent on his money. He does not have to pay any federal income tax on this annual income from the bonds, and he does not have to pay any local tax to the state of Maryland.

Let's imagine that those bonds, under the new dispensation, are no longer tax-exempt. In order to market them, the city would have to sell them on at least a 4 per cent basis. The man's income would jump up, on paper, and he would pay just about the difference between his new income and his old income in additional taxes.

Based on Value to Investor Of the Tax-Exempt Element

This is true—on the average—because the price at which tax-exempt bonds can be sold, or more accurately the interest return on money put into tax-exempt bonds, is figured absolutely on the value to the investor of this tax-exempt element.

So the federal government and states or smaller taxing units would have to pay higher interest rates on their borrowings, and then would collect the money back in higher tax returns, on the average making very little difference.

Why then all the opposition to outlawing tax exempts?

For the simple reason contained in that word "average." In the first place, individual states, cities and counties think they get the best of the deal as compared with the federal government. They think that men and women with very large incomes buy their securities in order to dodge the top brackets of federal income taxes. And they are right. They do not worry about their own resulting tax losses because they see only the big investment in their local bonds by rich men and women in cities outside their own taxing power. They do not see tabulations of their own residents who own federal bonds, partly to escape federal taxation, but also local taxation.

Not Beef, Linseed Oil, Killed Argentine Trade Pact

The actual rock on which the recent negotiations between the United States and the Argentine republic split was not beef, canned or otherwise, as commonly supposed, but linseed oil. When the U. S. negotiators made it clear that they would not cut the tariff on linseed oil in half if under the new rate Argentina could export all the linseed oil she could sell to this country, but would insist on a quota, the Argentines threw up their hands. There has been not even a hint since of reopening the discussion for a reciprocal trade agreement.

In fact, it began to look as though, regardless of what action congress may take about extending the power of the President to make these agreements, the program has about bogged down. This is far from meaning that it has failed so far as the hopes of its friends are concerned. Actually much more progress has been made than the most optimistic of Cordell Hull's lieutenants dreamed when the first negotiations started.

It must be remembered that the tremendous list of agreements now in effect will run on until their various expiration dates whether congress renews the power to make new agreements or not.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that it is the present fight on the treaties on Capitol Hill which has tied the hands of the state department in making new agreements.

Copper Producing States Ganged on State Department

It will be remembered that senators from all the copper producing states ganged up on the state department when they heard that the duty on copper might be cut in half by the agreement under negotiation at the time with Chile. So formidable was this opposition that Secretary Hull promptly announced that copper would not be included.

This was certain to stir up activity on the part of other interests which might be frightened by pending reciprocal trade agreements. The prompt development concerned linseed oil, which is crushed from flaxseed.

Now the amazing part of this linseed oil story is that flax is not an important agricultural product in this country. We actually import linseed oil in quantities, always have, and, so far as one may judge the future, always will. During the depth of the farm depression the department of agriculture called attention to the farmers of the country to the fact that there was an overproduction of every single farm product in this country except flax.

Nevertheless, there has been no great turning of our farmers to the production of flax. Which is curious because representatives from the few states which produce flax were able to get the duty on linseed oil boosted in the last tariff bill. Yet there has been no important increase in the acres put into flax as a result of this greater measure of protection.

The same political forces which forced the tariff boost have now been able to scare the state department into refusing to consider letting the Argentines sell us more linseed oil.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

THE RETURN OF PATRICIA

By ALICE NORRIS LEWIS
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WILLA VAUGHN was watching for the Empress to round the bend in the river. As soon as she saw it, she would run to the house, snatch her traveling case and leave the note for Ken. Then she would get back in time to signal the boat to stop, and get on board.

When Willa had first come to Baie St. Anne she had not expected to run away from it.

The beauty of the river, the mountains and the forest had gripped her heart-strings.

To know that she and Ken and a half dozen other human beings were on the very edge of civilization did not frighten her, it thrilled her. But Ken had warned her:

"You'll like it for a little. Then the loneliness may get you. When it does, don't stick, Willa. Don't tell me you're going, but some day when I'm away at work, leave a note saying you've gone, and beat it. I won't blame you."

It was three years before the solitude "got" her.

At the beginning of the fourth, she couldn't keep her mind off home. She wanted to walk down the city streets—to look into the shop windows—to dine—to dance.

Even the radio that Ken installed made her uneasy. It only broadcast those things she had most longed to do, and couldn't.

She had not decided to go, though, until the night Ken came home and said, gloomily: "The Empress makes her last trip down river tomorrow. And I'm no nearer the end of the job than I was last year. If we could only find that confounded stone bound, we could finish the survey in jig time. Well, we're in for this winter, anyway."

All at once the horror of another winter in the great north woods beat down upon her.

The river, frozen to a glare; the snow drifting higher than she had ever dreamed it could drift; the bitter, biting cold and the solitude! She couldn't stand it. She wouldn't. She'd go down river when the Empress went tomorrow.

Now she heard a whistle up stream. A moment later the boat nosed around the bend.

She ran to the cabin, stepped in—and stopped, abruptly. Somebody was in the front room. Could it be Ken? Had he—suspected?

She tiptoed farther in, and now she saw the occupant.

In the middle of the floor sat a big, brown bear. It squatted upon its haunches and, holding a bottle human-wise in its paws, it quaffed from it long and ardently.

Willa had never before known a bear to enter the clearing.

Yet she knew considerable about bears, because of Patricia. Ken had found her, a little cub, whimpering like a baby beside her mother, dead in a trap.

He had brought her home, and Willa had "raised" her on condensed milk. Until he was half grown, she was as playful and as harmless as a puppy.

But one day, when Willa took away a jar of jam she had stolen from the pantry, she had made a swipe at her with an angry paw. This made Willa angry, too. She picked up a broom and gave Patricia a smart whack on the rump with it.

"Take that, you ungrateful beast," she said. "The idea of you doing that after the way I've humored you! You've got to learn I'm boss!"

Patricia did not take the chastisement in any spirit of contrition. Instead, she backed towards the door, growling. Willa, brandishing the broom, ejected her into the open with haste. Instead of going to her paddock, Patricia disappeared into the woods and was never seen again.

"Just as well," said Ken. "If she hadn't skedaddled, I'd have made bear meat out of her. She couldn't stay around here acting so randy, of course."

Now, as Willa looked at the creature in the room, she wondered if it could be Patricia, returned. Then she saw something that almost made her laugh out loud. Two pointed noses appeared in the doorway, and two pocket editions of the big bear came swaggering into the room. Cubs! The creature's babies, of course. It was Patricia back again, with her whole family!

A shrill whistle sounded. It was the boat near the clearing. Willa heard it with a start. So did the bear. She dropped on all fours and growled. The cubs scooted for cover under the couch.

Willa knew now that she could never make the trip down river to Quebec and Boston.

She must stay and keep the brown bear and her cubs away from the store room, where Ken had the winter supplies for the whole surveying party hoarded. If ever the creature should get at them, the whole crowd might starve to death, for now there was no chance to get to the city for more.

Even bolting the door of the store room wouldn't help much, for it was a flimsy thing, and could easily be broken down. Tantalizing odors of hams and bacon, coffee, onions and spices scented the air some yards from it. Even as she thought of it, Willa saw the bear sniff inquiringly. She would have to run and find Ken, somewhere up river, and get

him back before any mischief was done.

A moment later she was racing up the trail that led along the river bank. In midstream the Empress moved majestically on—without her. Some of the crew saw her and whistled a farewell salute. Willa waved, and one or two late excursionists, leaning over the rail, waved back.

Willa's eyes were blinded with tears. The winter—the awful, awful winter! How the wind swayed the trees in a storm! How the northern lights danced all night long in the sky! Why had she ever thought it wonderful to see them? And the stillness everywhere! Only the melancholy sound of the Angelus ringing from the little church far up the river, as the sun went down, ever broke the solitude from one day to another.

She came to the top of a little rise, and there, with his eyes fixed on the boat on the river, was her husband. So intent was he upon it that he did not hear her when she said "Ken."

When she spoke a second time, he turned towards her. There was so much of longing in his eyes that she ran to him and hugged his arm in sudden dismay.

For the first time it struck her that he, too, wanted to run away; wanted to leave his work and go back to an easier life in the city. Hitherto, she had imagined he never dreamed of such a thing because he had never said as much.

"Willa!" he cried. "Willa, is it really you?" He looked at her, blinking. "Oh, my dear, I thought I saw you on board the Empress. I had the feeling you intended to go down river today. If you had, I wouldn't have blamed you, but—I don't know how I could have borne it without you."

"Nonsense!" whispered Willa, huskily.

Ken went on: "It will be the last winter, Willa. We just found the old boundary line. We'll finish in the spring. Long before the Empress makes her last trip next fall we'll be back in Boston."

"You'll starve to death before spring comes if you don't listen to me," interrupted Willa. "There's a bear and two cubs in the house, with all eyes on the storehouse door. If you don't hurry and, Ken, I think it is that good-for-nothing Patricia back home for the winter."

Ken had turned down the trail in haste. As Willa followed him, she tore a sheet of paper into bits and threw them into the bushes.

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him," she thought. "There goes my farewell note! He'll never notice the suitcase, he's so unobnoxious. He must not make bear meat of Patricia. We'll drive her into her paddock and let her dig in for the winter, babies and all. Maybe she'll forgive me for thumping her, anyway. I'll stand a lot from her from now on.—She's kept me from playing the coward today."

Beauty Treatment For an Old Chair

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

HERE is proof of what a beauty treatment and a new costume will do for an out-of-date chair. Its new dress is very chic. The material is a soft old red cotton crash with seam cordings and binding for the scalloped skirt in dove gray.

An inch was cut from the back legs to tilt the chair for greater comfort. The carving at the top



and the upholstery on the back and arms were left in place, but the lines of the chair were completely changed by padding with cotton batting. Unbleached muslin was then stretched over the padding to make all perfectly smooth.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears has prepared four booklets for our readers containing a total of 128 thrifty homemaking ideas; with step-by-step illustrated directions. Each book contains an assortment of curtains; slip-covers; household furnishings; rag rugs; toys; gifts and novelties for bazaars. Books may be ordered one at a time at 10 cents each; but if you enclose 40 cents with your order for four books (No. 1, 2, 3 and 4) you will receive a FREE set of three quilt block patterns of Mrs. Spears' Favorite Early American designs. Address: Mrs. Spears, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, New York.

Evidently Young Man Had But a Peep for the Ring

The young man had just proposed to the most beautiful girl in the world. She had accepted him, and now he stepped into a jeweler's to buy an engagement ring. He examined various rings, and finally picked up a beautiful diamond.

"What's the price of this?" he inquired.

"That," replied the assistant, "is \$250."

The young man's eyes popped. He whistled loudly and long—then pointed to a second ring.

"And this one?" he asked.

"This one, sir," said the assistant, eyeing the price-tag, "is two whistles!"

Contagious Laughter

While there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.—Charles Dickens.

Clear Gain

Whatever happens beyond expectation should be counted clear gain.—Terence.

Motorist Should Study Auto Operation Costs

Well aware of the competition for his money, today's automobile owner realizes that the question of how far he can go with his car in the course of a year's motoring is dependent on how far he can go with a dollar. Many a proposed trip is given the curtailment process because dollar mileage has been doing the shrinkage act.

Some of the car manufacturers who used to offer service insurance policies have not been able to continue with the plan for the simple reason that if a customer applied for the service his car actually needed, they would be in the red. Unfortunately the industry is geared to annual offering of new cars, which means that no owner has an opportunity to keep his property up to anything near original value, even if he keeps everything in perfect running order. Model depreciation still is the most expensive item in the ownership of a car.

The best any owner can do is to make his dollar buy the greatest amount of service that will spare him the most expensive in operation and the most mechanical trouble. It resolves itself into a selection of what the service trade has to offer, everything being offered today can be demonstrated to save money in the operation of the car or in reduction in repairs. The order in which service is bought is the most important feature of the process of making the dollar go further when making service selections.

Putting the cart before the horse often runs close to ignoring service altogether. Service has to be timed. This also applies to the selection of lubricating oils and gasoline.

For example, if the ignition timing is well advanced and the engine does not ping sharply upon acceleration in traffic, there is no point in paying for premium fuel when driving around town. On the open road, where performance is not only exhilarating but a matter of safety, it is important to switch to premium anti-knock fuel. Actual damage is done the engine if allowed to knock when hill climbing.

Around town, there is a greater amount of crankcase dilution due to choking and short runs. Oil should be changed more frequently here. On the open road diluent burns off. Some of the oil works up past the piston and is burned off, requiring additions to the crankcase. This is the same as refilling, except that it is a continuous process. The dollar is being unnecessarily squeezed if the owner changes the oil after or during a long trip when he has been changing it in installments en route.

SANDPAPER

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LUDEN'S 5¢
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Clear Gain

Whatever happens beyond expectation should be counted clear gain.—Terence.

OLD FOLKS

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