

# Historical Highlights

by Elmo Scott Watson  
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Peacetime Hero

THE recent petition of the American Humane association to President Roosevelt and Postmaster General Frank Walker to issue a special stamp this year in honor of Henry Bergh has made many Americans aware, for the first time, of the services of one of those "peacetime heroes" who are all-too-often unhonored and unsung. For Henry Bergh was the founder of two great agencies for relieving distress—the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—both of which were pioneers in their fields.

Bergh was born in New York city in 1823, the son of a ship-builder who died in 1843, leaving the fortune which he had made in the service of the government to his three children. Young Henry Bergh entered Columbia college but before finishing his education there went to Europe where he remained for five years.

In 1862 President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward appointed him secretary of the legation at St. Petersburg and acting vice-consul. But the severity of the climate forced him to resign in 1864 and he spent the next two years traveling on the continent and in the Orient. The cruel treatment of their livestock by the peasants of many of the countries which Bergh visited



*Henry Bergh*

sickened him and he resolved to devote his life to the interests of dumb animals.

When he returned to his native land, he discovered that there was plenty of cruelty to animals here, too, so he began his crusade—in the streets, in the court room and before the New York state legislature. He encountered great difficulty in rallying the public to his cause but, alone and in the face of ridicule and even active opposition from men who loudly asserted their "right to treat their property any way they chose," he persisted on his course.

Finally the legislature passed a law, governing the treatment of animals, which he had prepared, and on April 10, 1866, Bergh organized and became the first president of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to carry on his humanitarian work on a nation-wide scale. In 1871 Louis Bonard, a wealthy Frenchman, who lived in great simplicity in New York, died and left \$150,000 to the society which facilitated its work. Soon afterwards the attorney general authorized Bergh to represent him in all cases pertaining to cruelty to animals and with this official indorsement of his society, Bergh started out on a lecture tour in the West which resulted in the organization of similar societies in other states.

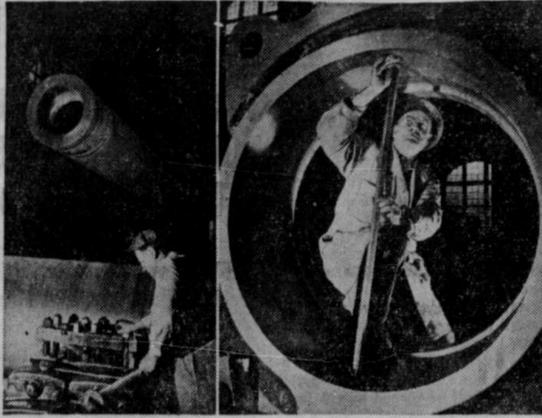
In 1874 Bergh's attention was drawn to the case of a little girl who had been inhumanely treated by her parents and this resulted in the founding, with the aid of Elbridge T. Gerry and others, of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This was the first organization of its kind in the world and it was the forerunner of an international movement to protect unfortunate children.

From his crusades have grown the modern licensing system for pets which requires owners to care for them, and dispose of them mercifully and at the same time provide revenue for cities and towns having such a system. He encouraged the education of children in kindness to animals and the building of animal shelters and hospitals, such as are found in thousands of cities throughout the country.

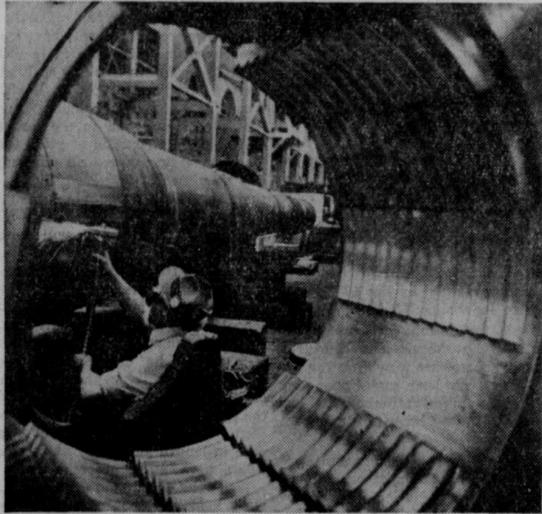
Bergh's work also had far-reaching results in matters of health. He was responsible for the first fight for clean milk, and the society which he founded still has something to say about the purity of milk. It also looks after the transportation of cattle intended for market and it fixes the time and manner of slaughtering animals for food. In the matter of contribution to the health of our nation alone, it is difficult to estimate the importance of the pioneer work of this "peacetime hero."

## Arsenal of Democracy

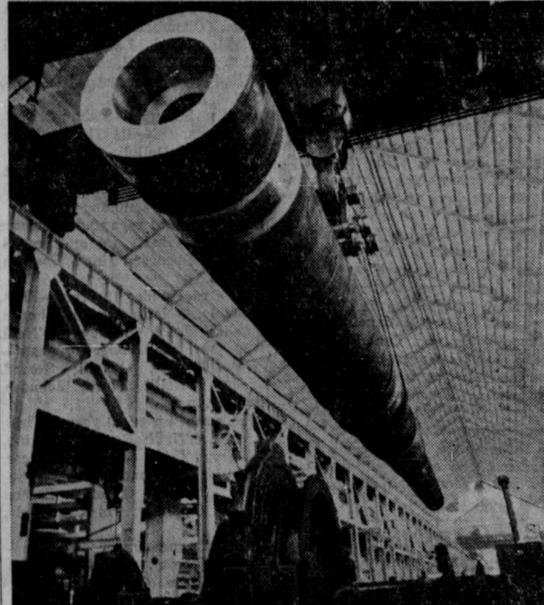
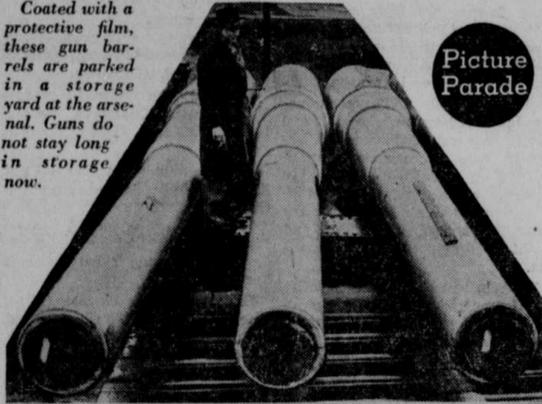
Of course the entire nation is serving as the "arsenal of democracy" in the current struggle against the totalitarian powers. But the activities of the federal arsenal at Watervliet, N. Y., are typical of those going on in plants throughout the land. This series of photos takes you to the arsenal.



At the left a worker is finish-turning a major caliber gun. Another big barrel hangs from the crane over his head. Right: This man is inside a major caliber gun hoop, measuring the bore before the hoop is shrunk on to the gun barrel.



Through the breechlock seat of a major caliber gun you are looking at a skilled worker using a flexible shaft grinding tool on another rifle barrel of major caliber.



TAKE IT AWAY! This giant gun barrel is partly assembled. It is going for a little trip, swinging from a powerful overhead crane, to where the next touch will be given.



## CURRENT FICTION

### The Last Battle

By MEREDITH SCHOLL

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

IT HAPPENED during the so-called "Mexican" war—that period of time during which the United States government sent a flock of troops over the border to protect honor, life, property and to catch Villa.

Garfield Nichols, who was then considered one of the foremost newspaper correspondents in the East, despite his lack of consideration for expense accounts, his humorous viewpoint on things that newspaper editors regarded as vitally important (including the Mexican war), and his frankly admitted weakness for intoxicating beverages of any description—despite all these things Garfield was dispatched posthaste for Mexico as representative of the Boston Express to serve in the capacity of war correspondent.

Old Man Upton, the Express' managing editor, knew what he was about. He knew that Garfield, because of his various weaknesses, couldn't be depended upon to stay sober for more than four or five hours at a time, but he knew also, that Garfield had the gift of setting words down on paper in such a way as to attract and hold the attention of New England's news-thirsty public. Personally Upton wasn't so sold on the "war" himself, but he knew that Garfield Nichols would send back dispatches that would fairly seethe and boil with war news of a convincing nature.

And so Garfield departed for the Mexican border with a pocket full of expense money, passports, letters of identity and a head full of old man Upton's detailed instructions.



He lived in the saloon, alternating his time between dodging bullets and writing.

Two weeks later the Express' managing editor received an urgent request from its war correspondent for additional funds amounting to \$100. Accompanying the wire was another, several paragraphs in length, in which Garfield had set down the latest developments in the war.

Upton checked the story with the leased wire dispatches, found that they tallied in minor details only, and was a trifle puzzled. Garfield's story was glamorous and this was what the public wanted. Hence, the story was published, under Garfield's by-line, and the \$100 expense money forwarded.

From that point forward stories from Garfield concerning the war began to arrive at the rate of one every two days. They were exceptionally fine yarns, and would have substantiated old man Upton's rashness in engaging the famous Garfield in every respect, had it not been for one thing. Each story in the order of its receipt was found to be a little further removed from other stories that were flashed over the country by the various news services which had also dispatched correspondents to Mexico. But to offset this, Garfield's yarns were, in point of literature, new and interesting reading, far ahead of any other dispatches that came in daily on the Express' leased wire service.

Fortunately, the American public is gullible; they were eager and willing to believe that the developments in Mexico as published by the Express were correct. They liked the sound of Garfield's stuff, hence circulation figures soared during the first few weeks of Garfield's sojourn.

It wasn't until almost a month had elapsed that old man Upton really began to get worried. During the past four weeks Garfield had asked for and received three hundred extra dollars for expenses. And during the past seven days his stories had not tallied in a single instance with leased wire dispatches.

In order to satisfy a growing suspicion, old man Upton got together every wire that had come from Garfield, dug out a map of Mexico, brought to hand certain established facts concerning the war, and set to work. At the end of an hour he had discovered that his war correspondent had been at one time within 100 miles of the war zone, and this was as near as he ever got. Putting two and six together Managing Editor Upton arrived at the conclusion that Correspondent Nichols had been on one big bust since the day he entered Mexico. Employing his imagination, augmented by fragmentary bits of information, Garfield had doubtlessly set down on

paper a story concerning the war of a nature that he knew would appeal to Upton and the American public, but which had little if any regard for actual developments in the war.

Five hours later Garfield Nichols received a telegram of dismissal in his room at Majorca, Mexico, and promptly went out to drown his sorrows in the village's only saloon.

At dawn the next day Garfield was seated beneath a table in the same saloon singing all four verses of "America." His sorrows had been very completely drowned; he was in an especially jovial mood.

At the exact moment that the last word of the last stanza died on Garfield's lips, a cannon boomed on the outskirts of the town, shattering every window in the saloon.

Garfield crawled from his hide-out and stood erect. Another cannon boomed, and the building shook. Garfield looked around. The place was deserted. He looked into the street, and found it empty, too. But as he watched he saw little puffs of smoke emerge from the windows of buildings close by, and heard the sharp reports of rifle fire.

Partly sobered, entirely disconcerted, Garfield scurried into the saloon's back-room and found there a dozen fierce looking Mexicans, lined up at barricaded windows and doors.

After some difficulty the correspondent learned that a sudden turn of events had carried the fighting out of the hills and into the desert country. The deciding battle of the fracas was being fought then and there in the little town of Majorca.

Garfield groaned and sat down. For more than a month he had attempted, and with no little success to escape the war, and now it had come to him. As far as he knew he was the only white man in the place, to be sure the only newspaper correspondent.

The battle lasted three days. And, strangely enough, Garfield remained sober during that time. He remained sober in the midst of hundreds of bottles of every kind of liquor he had ever tasted, at hand for the taking. He lived in the saloon, alternating his time between dodging bullets and writing the story of the most famous battle of the war.

As fate would have it he survived without a scratch. Hardly had the last shot been fired when he was riding hell bent to the nearest town and an intact telegraph wire. The manuscript that he carried was long and beautifully done. Every fact was accurate; every word gospel truth. It was, thought Garfield, about the best war story ever written for a newspaper, simply because its author had been on hand during the fighting, had written down detailed descriptions of every charge and sally and retreat as it actually happened. Moreover, it was a scoop!

Back in Boston old man Upton read over the long and carefully worded wire that had come to him, charges collect, from his correspondent in Majorca, Mexico, and sadly shook his head.

"Hal," he called, addressing a copy boy. "Hal, what's on the wire service about the Mexican scrap?"

Hal wrinkled his nose to indicate that news from Mexico was nil. "Nothin', Boss. Same old stuff. And if you ask me, that can't be much of a war. What we oughter do is run some more of Nichols' stuff. That's what folks like to read. Good live news!"

But old man Upton only shook his head and picked up a copy of the wire he had just sent Garfield. It read: "Just received your last 'Fiction' story. And I mean last. You're fired. Suggest you sell your imaginary 'news' to a magazine."

Wood as Livestock Feed  
In Many Foreign Lands

Judging from reports received over a number of months in the Office of Foreign Agricultural Relations, wood as a source of livestock feed is gradually passing from an experimental stage into that of practical utilization in some European countries.

It is interesting to note that in this development—the result of many years of research and experimental work—wood is the basic material not only for a new type of carbohydrate feed, but also for protein feed. The former is the so-called feed cellulose produced from wood; the latter is feed yeast obtained from wood sugar and nitrogenous materials by biological processes.

Feed cellulose as a pure carbohydrate fodder is being produced on a fairly extensive scale in Sweden, Norway and Finland. It is estimated that upward of 100,000 metric tons of feed cellulose will actually be fed in Norway during the current year and that the quantity produced and fed in Sweden will be even larger. In Finland the output of feed cellulose per day is estimated at 700 metric tons, which on an annual basis would be around 200,000 metric tons. Yet, in spite of this large output, the new feed is popular enough to have called forth a demand on the part of feeders that cannot be fully satisfied.

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## Famous Romance

The romance of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini in Thirteenth-century Italy has been the subject of more famous music, literature and paintings than any other true love story, says Collier's. Operas include one by Debussy; symphonic poems include one by Tchaikovsky; poems include those by Dante and Leigh Hunt; paintings include those by Dore, Watts, Rossetti and Cabanel; and plays include those by d'Annunzio, Pellico, Echegaray and Maeterlinck.

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