

Chesterton Finds America Place Where Interviewers Work With Lightning Speed

By G. K. CHESTERTON.
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(SECOND ARTICLE—A DEFENSE OF INTERVIEWERS.)

Among my impressions of America I have deliberately put first the figure of the Irish-American interviewer, standing on the shore more symbolic than the Statue of Liberty.

The Irish interviewer's importance for the English lay in the fact of his being an Irishman, but there was also considerable interest in the circumstance of his being an interviewer.

And as certain wild birds sometimes wing their way far out to sea and are the first signal of the shore, so the first Americans the traveler meets are generally birds of a feather, and they certainly flock together. In this respect there is a slight difference in the etiquette of the craft in the two countries which I was delighted to discuss with my fellow craftsmen.

If I could at this moment fly back to Fleet street (I wish I could) I am happy to reflect that nobody in the world would in the least wish to interview me. I should attract no more attention than the stone griffin opposite the law courts; both monsters being grotesque, but also familiar.

But supposing for the sake of argument that any body did want to interview me, it is fairly certain that the fact of one paper publishing such an interview would rather prevent the other papers from doing so. The repetition of the same views of the same individual in two places would be considered rather bad journalism; it would have an air of stolen thunder, not to say stage thunder.

But in America the fact of my landing and lecturing was evidently regarded in the same light as a murder or a great fire, or any other terrible but incurable catastrophe, a matter of interest to all pressmen concerned with practical events.

Cause of Crime Wave.

One of the first questions I was asked was how I should be disposed to explain the wave of crime in New York. Naturally I replied that it might possibly be due to the number of English lecturers who had recently landed. In the mood of the moment it seemed possible that if they had all been interviewed regrettable incidents might possibly have taken place.

But this was only the mood of the moment, and even as a mood did not last more than a few minutes. And since it has reference to a rather common and a rather unjust conception of American journalism, I think it well to take it first as a fallacy to be refuted, though the refutation may require a rather longer approach.

I have generally found that the traveler fails to understand a foreign country, through treating it as a tendency and not as a balance. But if a thing were always tending in one direction it would soon tend to destruction. Everything that merely progresses finally perishes.

Exists on Compromise. Every nation, like every family, exists upon a compromise, and commonly a rather eccentric compromise, using the word eccentric in the sense of something that is somehow at once crazy and healthy. Now the foreigner commonly sees some feature that he thinks fantastic without seeing the feature that balances it.

The ordinary examples are obvious enough. An Englishman dining inside a hotel on the boulevard thinks the French eccentric in refusing to open a window. But he does not think the English eccentric in refusing to carry their chairs and tables into the pavement in Ludgate Circus.

An Englishman will go poking about in little Swiss or Italian villages, in wild mountains, or in remote islands, demanding tea; and never reflects that he is like a Chitaman who should enter all the wayside public houses in Kent and Sussex and demand opium.

But the point is not merely that he demands what he cannot expect to enjoy; it is that he ignores even what he does enjoy. He does not realize the sublime and starchy paradox of the phrase "vin ordinaire," which to him should be a glorious jest, like the phrase "common gold" or "daily diamonds."

Simple Cases. These are the simple and self-evident cases; but there are many more subtle cases of the same thing; of the tendency to see that the nation fills up its own gap with its own substitute, or corrects its own extravagance with its own precaution.

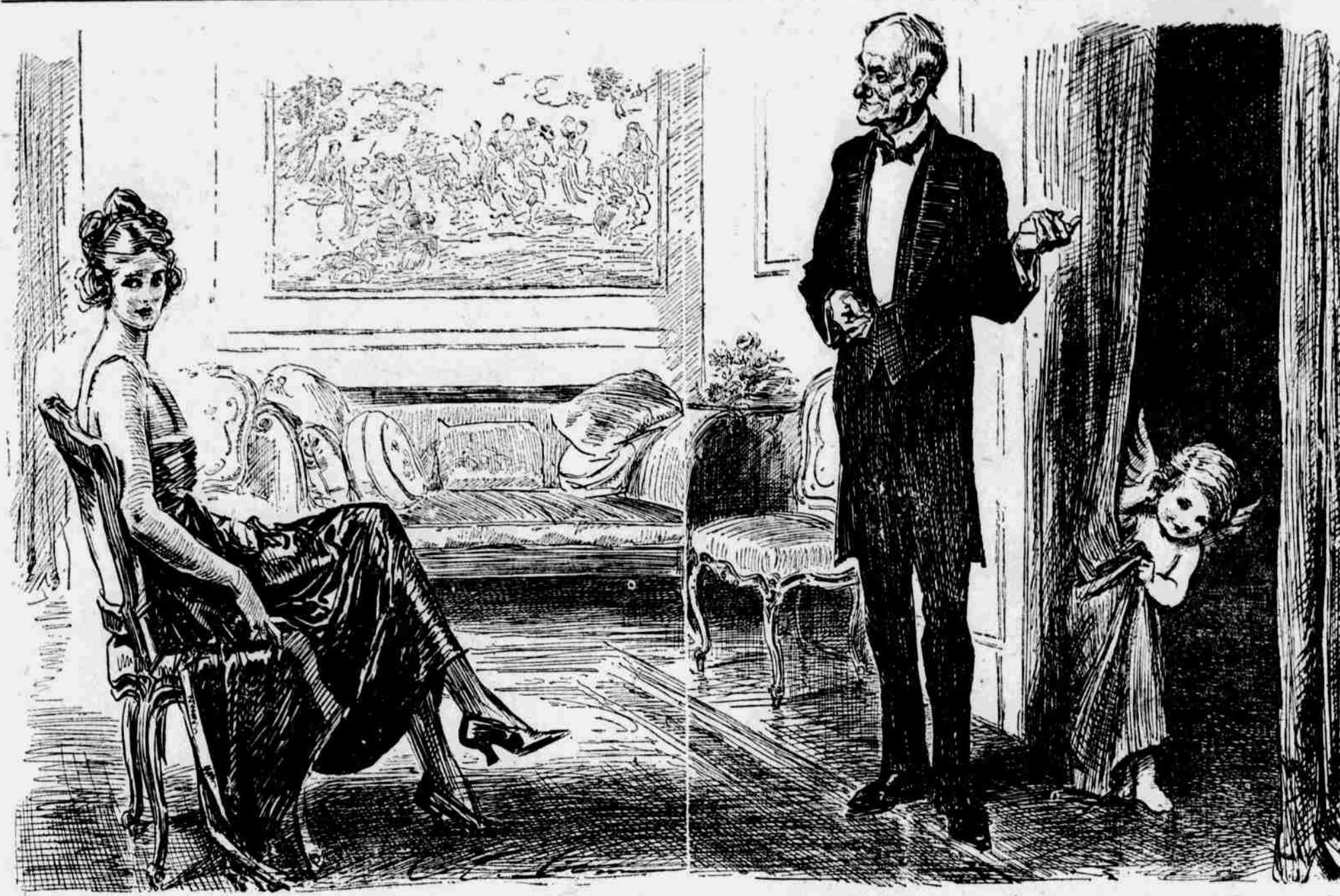
The national antidote generally grows wild in the woods side by side with the national poison. If it did not all the natives would be dead. For it is so, as I have said, that nations necessarily die of the uncultured poison called "progress."

Voliva Deposes He'd Sew Cussed Husbands In Bed Quilt and Beat 'Em With a Broom



Chicago, April 2.—Comes again before us Mrs. Wilbur Glenn Voliva, overseer of Zion City, and informs the hemispheres on "The Cussedness of Modern Husbands to Their Wives," to wit:
"A man goes into a home and courts a beautiful girl. She has a lovely father and mother, and the most charming surroundings."
"He sits there with oil on his hair, a perfumed handkerchief in his pocket and buckwheat batter on his head."
"He says:
"Now, darling humpty-dumpty, you will never have to put your hands in dishwater and I will dress you in silks and satin."
"The infernal liar
"She has her hands in dishwater two-thirds of the time after she marries him. They have four sweet little children. He is an Odd Fellow on Monday night, playing the dunce, an Elk on Tuesday night, a Buffalo on Wednesday night, a Maccabee on Thursday night and a Bumblebee on Friday night."
"He leaves his wife at home with the children while he is out tooling around, wearing a little apron in a secret lodge room."
"If I were in her place I would sew him up in a bed quilt, beat him with a broom, and put a kitchen apron on him and make him wash the dishes."
Further than this, deponent saith not.

"A Gentleman to See You, Miss"



The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Helen's Outraged Hospitality Goads Her to a Caustic Retaliation.
"Well, she won't get any medals for the way she strings beans," grumped Warren, adding to the shreds on the side of his plate. "I know, dear, she's careless about everything," worried Helen. "Her one thought is to hurry and get through. She cleaned the silver today—and look at that, holding up an egg-tarnished fork."

Here the pantry door swung open, and the new maid entered to bring the vegetables a second time. "Cor, you didn't string these beans very well," Helen ventured. "Them beans ain't fresh. They're hard to string when they're wilted." "She always has some excuse," when the door closed after her. "But I want to keep her for a while—it's so hard to get anybody just now. Never mind, dear, I'll go," as the telephone shrilled out.

"If it's anything for tonight—say I'm too tired," Warren called after her. "Been driven all day." "Is this Mrs. Curtis?" came an affected feminine voice. "Oh, good evening, this is Mrs. Bates. I'm so sorry, but I'm afraid after all we won't be able to come the 26th. Mr. Bates finds he'll have to be out of town all next week. We're both so disappointed. We were looking forward to it so much!"

"And we were, too. We'll make it some other time," suggested Helen. "Yes, do ask us again soon. We'd both enjoy it so much," effusively. "Who was it?" demanded Warren when she returned to the table. "Mrs. Bates. They can't come next Thursday—he'll be out of town. She's awfully sorry—wants us to invite them again soon."

"Let's have some more oil for this dressing—too much vinegar. Yes, we'll have 'em soon, I like Bates—and I liked the way he handled that Stovell case." "I don't care so much for her," admitted Helen. "She never lets you forget that it's her money. And she's so artificial. Dear, isn't she much older than he?"

"Search me," shrugged Warren. "You can't tell how old they are these days. They all dress like flappers." "Did you ever notice her hands? They show her age—she can't make them up as she does, her face. I suppose he married her for her money."

"See here, what're you knocking her for? Tapioca pudding again?" as the dessert appeared. "Had that last night." "I know, dear, but there was so much left over—" "Well, next time throw it out. I'm not keen on warmed-over desserts. Get some of that Stilton cheese."

Dinner over, they returned to the library, where Warren promptly settled down at the desk. "Dear, you're not going to work tonight? You just said you were tired."

"I've got to balance this 'bank book,' musing a package of canceled checks. Clearing the desk, he took up a conspicuously-covered novel, "The Lure Eternal." "Hello, where'd this come from?" "Oh, Mrs. Stevens lent that here today."

"Looks like one of those rotten sex novels. She reads more trash!" "No, it's psychic," Helen took the volume and drew up her favorite chair. "It's about a woman who's unconsciously a clairvoyant."

Before reading a book, Helen always turned instinctively to the most dramatic situation, somewhere near the center, then to the last few paragraphs, and back again to chapter one.

Following this method now, a letter fluttered out. As she picked it up to replace it, she saw the signature—Marge E. Bates. Unconsciously her glance swept upward, catching the words "invitation" and "Thursday the 26th."

The next moment, a leaping suspicion surmounting her scruples, she was hastily scanning the letter, which was dated yesterday.

Dear Mrs. Stevens: After all, I think we can accept your very kind invitation for dinner and the theatre on Thursday the 26th. As I told you, we have another engagement for that evening, but I've decided to break that, as it is just one of Fred's business friends and his tiresome, social-climbing wife. I know I would be bored stiff, and I particularly want to be with you.

Looking forward to the 26th, Hastily, Madge E. Bates.

Whatever my many failings may be, I would not be guilty of such contemptible duplicity. I trust you will not be "bored stiff" at Mrs. Stevens' dinner and that the other guests will be duly impressed with your gracious, scintillating presence. Very truly yours, Helen L. Curtis.

Having carefully rechecked it, she turned to the desk for an envelope. "Get away from here!" scowled Warren. "What the Sam Hill do you want?"

"Just an envelope—and I won't bother you again." "Here, take these checks and call 'em off. I can't account for \$50. Gone over the blamed thing twice."

"In just a minute, dear I want to give this to the elevator boy." "I'm going to write some letters. I'll take them all out. Mrs. Bates' glancing over her shoulder as she addressed the envelope, "What're you writing her about? You're not inviting them so soon?"

"Oh, no, I—I—" She paused in helpless confusion. "Oh! What's wrong?" with quick suspicion. "Let's see that letter."

"No, you mustn't! Warren that's mine," trying to snatch it from him. "You've no right to—" Ignoring her excited protests, he held her away as he read the letter. "What in blazes does all this mean?"

"Oh, I didn't want you to know! Here's the letter I found in the book. She's too contemptible for words—and the way she lied over the phone!"

"When he had read Mrs. Bates' letter in grim silence he tore Helen's not, into shreds. "I'll write it again!" she flared. "You'll do nothing of the sort, sternerly. Think I'll let you send a letter like that? Sounds like a school girl. Haven't you any dignity?"

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By Charles Dana Gibson
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'Murder King' Says He's Hardest Man In World's History

Killed 1,500 Men, Women and Children in Month—Slew All Men in Town, Took Women for Harem.

By FRANK E. MASON.
International News Service Correspondent.

Berlin, March 24.—Ossip Lietnyi, of Astrachan, is hard. He claims to be the hardest man of the ages. Bring on Nero, Ghengis Khan, Attila, Pancho Villa and Jack's Giant, who sang about the blood of an Englishman. Their combined hardness is as puffy compared with friend Ossip.

Within three months Ossip, with the assistance of a few hard comrades, managed to commit about 1,500 murders. More than one-half of these victims were women and children.

Ossip Lietnyi was for a while the chairman of the soviet of Zaram. The business of running a soviet soon palled upon Ossip who required new fields of conquer after he had milked Zaram of everything movable. He appointed himself czar of Astrachan and with his newly organized royal guards started out to collect the taxes of his new czardom.

In the town of Jenotajewsk he murdered all the men. After this detail was attended to he kidnaped all the women and took them aboard his fleet of river boats which he had stolen on the Volga.

He found the upkeep of his new royal harem too expensive, so after about three days he cut the throats of half the women and threw them overboard.

After systematic plundering and incidental murdering of the villages along the river, "Czar Ossip the Hard" burned his ships in historic manner and disappeared into the Caucasus with 300 wagonloads of booty.

The soviet authorities of Astrachan have placed a reward of ten million rubles (in peace time \$5,000,000) upon the capture of Comrade Ossip, dead or alive, according to the Pravda, of Petrograd, which recounts the exploits of the world's hardest man.

Fortune Teller Fails to Locate Lost Sweetheart

Detroit, Mich., April 1.—Now that the fortune teller has failed him, Joseph Raslowski, of No. 1328 Lyman place, has turned to the police to help him find his vanished sweetheart.

She is Wanda Borowski, recently of No. 1382 Chene street, and Raslowski says she has \$950 which he entrusted to her, at her request, and an engagement ring worth \$250. He obtained a warrant for her arrest.

A fortune teller proved worthless to him, besides almost costing him another \$100. The seeress told him she could find his girl easily if he could place a \$100 bill on the table between them. The hundred was placed properly. Then it disappeared. Raslowski called the police, and as they entered the bill appeared again.

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