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THE DAILY NEWS-JOURNAL

A Republican newspaper consolidating the Clinton Republican, established 1838, the Wilmington Journal and the Wilmington Daily News.

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THE RED CROSS ROLL CALL

It seems hardly necessary to remind Clinton Countians that the annual American Red Cross roll call is now on, for our people always are fully aware of their responsiblity of "doing their bit" in keeping alive and in proper funds this great humanitarian institution.

So many, many times the American Red Cross has been called on for quick service, and it has never been found wanting. It would be a serious mistake to in anyway cripple its service, by lack of sufficient funds to finance its operations.

We were glad to note in yesterday's News-Journal that Chairman Matt Fife is greatly encouraged by the responses already made and that in some of the townships additional buttons have already been asked for. The time is short for completely covering the county, as the drive proper lasts only from Armistice Day, November 11, to Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 26th, and in this time the volunteer workers are endeavoring to call on every home in the county, a great task.

So that if you should be missed, do not fail to send your contribution to your district worker or to county headquarters that you may not fail to do your part.

Tornadoes, floods and fires are the three greatest disaster hazards in the United States. Studies by the Red Cross Disaster Service show that only one state in the union has been immune to severe catastrophe—Delaware. The spring months shows the greatest frequency of disasters. Accidental deaths increased in 1934 exactly eleven per cent. over 1933, the year 1934 showing 101,139 fatalities; 1933 showing 91,807. Of these in 1934, just 34,101 deaths were due to motor vehicle accidents. The Red Cross has always been quick to answer the call of distress.

Clinton County has always accepted its responsibility, our citizens fully realizing the great need and the splendid use to which the money is put by the American Red Cross. Now that conditions are better may the local fund be substantially larger.

WHISKERS

A new claimant for fame has been found in the death of Mrs. Grace Bedell Billings at the age of 88 years in Delphos, Kans. We had never heard of her previously, but it seems she really altered the face of American history. She induced Abraham Lincoln to grow a beard.

As a girl of 11 in Westfield, N. Y., she had noticed the election posters of Lincoln with a smooth face and she wrote him a letter saying she thought he would look better with whiskers, that she might get two of her Democratic brothers to vote for him. Four days later she received a reply in which Lincoln wrote: "Speaking of whiskers, don't you think people would call it silly affectation if I should begin wearing whiskers?"

But after that Lincoln did grow a beard and in February following his election he stopped in Westfield, asked for her, said: "Gracie, look at my whiskers, I have been growing them for you."

That is more influence than most of us have on history—to decorate the face of a man of destiny. Today a bearded chin would not serve the chances of a presidential or other candidate. Whiskers are out of date. Back in Lincoln's time they were the custom, they denoted age and dignity and eminence. Without them Lincoln looked like a boy, and hardly able to shoulder such heavy burdens of state. In time those whiskers helped cover a face seamed and lined with care. Lincoln's beard did have a part in the American scene and American history.

The Daily Grist

Ground Out By "Dusty" Miller

BIG FOURING Clevelandward, a young lady smiles at me from the Columbus Dispatch—my friend, Miss Esther Townsend ("Ess") introduced as the newly-elected president of the Girl Reserves. Quoting the Dispatch: "Miss Townsend, president of the Girl Reserve club of North High School, lives at 128 Crestview Road. The Girl Reserves is city-wide, and Miss Townsend heads all the clubs in senior high schools." Adding data that will interest her Clinton County friends: Esther is the daughter of "Judge" and Mrs. H. R. Townsend. She graduates this year from North high school, Columbus, and will enter Wilmington College next fall, where her father and mother were graduated in the class of 1909, and which her distinguished father now serves as a member of the board of trustees. Congratulations, my girl friend, Esther . . . but I expected it. This is a banner year with the Townsends in educational enterprises. Esther completes her course in North Hi; her older and very brilliant sister, Elizabeth, will be graduated from Ohio State, and Horace, Jr., ("Bus") finishes grade school. It was ("Ess") who told me she suspected it would be a big year for every one of them, adding: "Except Dad!"

AS I THINK OF IT: Consider the situation of the stone industry of Indiana, the Bedford area; with a decided country-wide spurt in building, little or no part of the building is being done with stone. Look at all the new store fronts; they are black glass, or tile, and few, if any, of stone; I was in Bloomington and Bedford a short time ago; they are blue—bluer than the new ornamental buildings that are dotting the streets of all the cities . . . I went to Wheeling, and didn't take with me the name of the lady who was president of the prominent woman's club who had invited me to come to the dinner. What would you do in such a case? Dunt esk! I didn't puzzle a minute. I knew how to solve the problem. Where did I go? Guess! To the society editor of the Intelligencer, the newspaper. Would she know? She sure did, and I saved her oodles of trouble, reciprocally; she didn't even have to go to the meeting—I wrote out for her what I was going to say; and I hope I remembered to say some of it, at least . . . The cooks in the kitchen of the McLure hotel, Wheeling, are women; all the coffee-shop cooking is done where you can see it. Smell it? No. The odors, like the smoke, "goes up the chimney just the same."

FLOWERS AT HER FEET

By MARIE BLIZARD

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CHAPTER 42

"HE'S DOING nicely but there's something mysterious about it . . . you know what plane crashes are . . . he's doing nicely but there's something mysterious about . . ."

The phrases ran together crazily and came out nowhere in Alix's mind. They wouldn't say John was doing nicely if he were gravely ill, would they? What could be mysterious about it? Why would he be moved to another hospital without naming the hospital? You know what plane crashes are. Terrible injuries . . . legs, arms.

Alix said, "Excuse me," to a man with an armful of packages when she nearly knocked him down. She said, "I'm sorry," to the policeman who pulled her back from the wheels of an automobile. She found herself pushed about by a milling mass of office workers discharged from their buildings in the five o'clock rush. She went along with them, having no destination.

She hadn't thought of the newspapers. Surely they would give her news of John. He was an important business man in New York. The accident couldn't have faded from the papers so soon. She bought all the late afternoon papers and tried to read them standing at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Lexington avenue.

It was hard to do so. She went to a nearby restaurant. She ordered toast and coffee and spread her papers. Carefully and then frantically she searched page after page and at last came on a small note.

"Miss Carola Cushing," she read, "who was injured in the crash of the private plane of William O'Leary, noted sportsman, in the Catskill mountains on Wednesday, was discharged from the Harbor hospital today and has returned to her home in Park avenue. In a statement to the press, she admitted today that she will fly back to the coast to fulfill motion picture contracts within a fortnight. Rafael Cordoba, Spanish film actor, states that he plans to fly with her."

Nothing about John.

And Carola was going to leave him.

Alix left the papers in the restaurant. She had things to do before the night was over. She had to find a place to live. She had to return to the railway station for her luggage. She had to sleep because on the morrow she had to find a job and start her life all over again.

How many more times in her life, she wondered wearily, was she to make a fresh start.

She wandered back the way she had come on Lexington avenue and came to the Y. W. C. A. This was where she had first met Kathleen. It was from this very place that she had began the happiest year of her life.

"Come in," the posters said. "Join Our Swimming Classes." "Learn to Weave." "Tennis Classes Begin Nov. 1." "Saturday Night Dances for Members and Friends."

"Weaving, eh? Or how about a Saturday night dance for you and your friends?" Alix wasn't aware that she had said the words aloud. She found two girls staring at her interestedly. To cover her embarrassment she went in and straight to the desk.

"May I have a room?" she said and as easily as that she found a home.

It was a very modest home but it was reasonable. There was room in the metal hautboy for her things and if there was only one lamp in the room, the room wasn't big enough to need more.

The next morning she was dressed and had breakfasted by nine o'clock. She scanned the papers for news of John Sayre. There was none.

That morning she paid her first call at the office of the Warner company. She had been gone a year. Her successor had been married and was gone, she was told, and there was a Miss Halloway in charge. Could she see Mr. Sammis?

"Excuse me."

"Hello," he said. "You look wonderful." She didn't; she looked tired, worn and older.

"I'm glad you think so," she said. "I got tired of the west. So now I'm back to get a job. I'm a good advertising woman. What's going on, do you know?"

"Gosh, I wish there was something here," he said, beginning to squirm as she had expected.

"Oh, I'd rather get into advertising," she said quickly.

"Have you tried Sayre? You used to be a mainstay over there."

"No, no I haven't," she said, and didn't add that she wouldn't.

"Tough luck Sayre had, wasn't it. Something funny about it."

"What's funny about it?"

"Hushing it up that way. I was reading in the Star-Mirror that he was taken from the Doctors' hospital at midnight but he wasn't taken home."

"I don't know what's so peculiar about that. They probably took him to another hospital."

Oh, don't stop talking about it. I have to know!

"It's my impression that he was pretty badly cracked up and for business reasons the company doesn't want the news to get out."

"Oh!" Alix got a grip on herself. "Well, it's been nice to see you, Mr. Sammis. If you hear of anything I wish you'd let me know. I'm staying at the Y on Lexington avenue."

There was a book of copy in Alix's trunk. She got it out and began making the rounds of the advertising agencies.

"I've had a great deal of experience but I've been away for the past year. Would you like to look at this copy."

"Thank you very much Miss Carey for stopping in to see me. I like what you have here and I'll keep you in mind. We haven't any openings at present, but I'll be glad to let you know if anything turns up here or if I hear of anything. Have I your address and telephone number?"

"There may be something here along about the spring, but right now we're retrenching."

"Too bad you didn't come in last month. We were looking for a copy writer who does this kind of stuff but the job's filled now."

For three weeks that was the disturbing tenor of the things that Alix heard and at last, she exhausted the list of agencies. Then she put away her copy book and began the rounds of the interior decorating shops and departments.

She thought of the success she had made of Mae Alexander's shop in Bairdsvale when she was turned away, sick at heart, from the endless polite conversations she had with superior sales people in these places.

At least, there was always her stenography. She practiced in that small Y room at night and spent the days going from employment agency to employment agency, registering at all of them, and came home at night to stare at the ceiling in bewilderment. The papers were full of advertisements for secretaries, yet there seemingly wasn't one job in all New York for her.

Oh, there was one, but Alix couldn't take it. She felt unclean when she escaped from the greasy clutch of the self-styled press agent in his grimy Broadway office.

She was grateful for her reserve funds and pitied the girls who were in her position without any funds. She wouldn't have known what to do.

Then the day came when she had spent nearly all the $10 she allotted herself for the week.

She opened the secret compartment in her pocketbook with the blind zipper and found that her money was gone!

Stolen . . . but how or where she was never to know.

She only knew that she had her rent paid for a week, $3 and no job.

It was nearly Christmas. The shops were bright, cheerful, noisy with Christmas shoppers. This offered her a solution.

"I've been a saleswoman for the last three years," she said at the employment desk. "Oh, yes, certainly I've sold gloves."

She had a job! She was to start the following day at the glove counter in Reyburn and Goode's Department store on Fifth avenue.

That night, to celebrate, she took 50 cents of her small capital and sat down to copy the names and telephone numbers of 10 hospitals in New York.

She called each of them in turn and said, "May I speak to Mr. John Sayre's nurse, please?"

Ten times she waited with her heart in her throat. Ten times a cold impassioned voice said, "There is no Mr. Sayre here."

(To Be Continued)

Diet and Health

Helium Gas Found Aid In Treatment of Asthma

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

HELIUM is a gas which is much lighter than the gases we breathe. Nitrogen, which constitutes about 80 per cent of the air, is seven times heavier than helium.

Dr. Clendening

Some years ago, an ingenious physician thought there might be some advantage in this property to patients who had a hard time getting the breath. In asthma, for instance, there is a continuous difficulty in breathing, probably due to a partial obstruction of the smaller bronchial tubes. The patient is constantly under the painful necessity of using all the accessory muscles of respiration to get any air into the lungs, and even more to get it out.

"Wouldn't a thinner and lighter gas go through the narrowed air tube easier?" he asked. And then he tried it out.

Making a mixture of 79 per cent helium and 21 per cent oxygen, it was found that the pressure required for the movement of this mixture through the air passages is about one-half that required for air. Air is a mixture of about 79 per cent nitrogen and about 21 per cent oxygen at sea level. Hydrogen and carbon dioxide exist only in fractional amounts.

In asthma, this mixture has been found very useful. Some patients who appear to be just about at the end of their rope, and who can get no relief from the drug, adrenalin, are made quite comfortable in a helium-oxygen atmosphere.

This atmosphere may be obtained by building a special room in the hospital, and pumping the artificial air into it at one corner and drawing it out at another. Or it can be obtained by a small tent which fits over the patient's head in bed. Or by having the patient suck it in and out of a can, which has a movable inside—spirometer.

The asthmatic patient in this atmosphere is relieved somewhat within a few minutes. In two to eight hours the spasm is very much relieved, and the breathing becomes easier and stays so for some time. Curiously, the relief of the spasm overcomes the patient's refractoriness to adrenalin. Adrenalin is, in most instances, the most reliable drug we have for cases of intractable asthma. It relieves by relaxing the spasms of the bronchial tubes. But the doses have to be made larger and larger for relief, and sometimes a patient loses all sensitivity to the drug and gets no relief, no matter what dose given. So it is a help of the first grade to get this sensitivity back.

The mixture has been found useful in other conditions—shortness of breath from heart disease, chronic bronchitis.

So man, in his ingenuity, has created an improved air.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Seven pamphlets by Dr. Clendening can now be obtained by sending 10 cents in coin, for each, and a self-addressed envelope stamped with a three-cent stamp, to Dr. Logan Clendening, in care of this paper. The pamphlets are: "Three Weeks' Reducing Diet", "Indigestion and Constipation", "Reducing and Gaining", "Infant Feeding", "Instructions for the Treatment of Diabetes", "Feminine Hygiene" and "The Care of the Hair and Skin."

What's What at a Glance

WASHINGTON — WORLD

By CHARLES P. STEWART
Central Press Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Forecasts of a government reorganization, calculated materially to reduce the number of workers on Uncle Sam's payroll, are disturbing to Washington.

It is to be considered that approximately one-third of the capitol's population, exceeding half a million, is dependent upon salaries drawn from the federal treasury. Not that 30 per cent of Washington's inhabitants draw these salaries directly. The total is inclusive of the members of families of those who do.

But Uncle Samuel does support approximately that proportion of the residents of the District of Columbia.

And of course local business is supported largely by the spending of these folk.

* * *

A "ONE INDUSTRY TOWN"

Nowhere else in the country is there a more conspicuous example of a "one industry town".

Naturally, when there is talk of a drastic cut in that one industry's personnel, the entire city is hot and bothered. Businessmen are not so much perturbed, to be sure. They have been here long enough to know that, however much governmental economies may be predicted, they never are effected; anyway they never have been. However, the workers are worried. Any man and his family are worried when the job of the head of the household is threatened, whether the threat is seriously made or not.

Government employes on a civil service merit basis have a certain amount of protection and are not so badly upset as political appointees in the emergency organizations, created under the New Deal.

Still, there are ways of getting rid of civil servants, even.

Besides, the emergency workers, with no protection at all, are quite an army in numerical strength. And they have political strength, too.

* * *

NO SAFETY IN CIVIL SERVICE

It isn't quite correct, either, to say that a political appointee is less formidably intrenched than an appointee under the merit system. The merit appointee perhaps has been here a long time; has outlived his political influence, if he ever had any, in his home community. And demerits easily can be chalked up against him to eliminate him, with no influence to fall back on. Presumably he has a civil servants' federation to appeal to, but his federation's voice is doubtful one against a national administration's.

A political appointee, on the other hand, is pretty secure, merits or demerits (unless he does something perfectly awful), while his political influence lasts.

Maybe, indeed, his job actually is abolished; well, he gets something else.

You're Telling Me!

By WILLIAM RITT
Central Press Writer

THE WISE MAN has another reason to keep his mouth shut now that candid cameras are everywhere.

* * *

Another old-fashioned item that the human race has scratched off its list is red woolen underwear.

* * *

A Cleveland, O., night watchman shot and wounded himself. That's carrying a rehearsal too far.

* * *

You can always tell when prosperity is here. No one falls for some silly, costly gag such as chain letters.

* * *

The office cynic says less than 10 per cent of the cheese programs on the radio actually advertise cheese.

* * *

The flatest thing in the world, we read, is a disk in the United States bureau of standards. That's news. We thought it was the boss' sense of humor.

* * *

The piano was first imported to America in 1784. The radio, just like a native weed, just grew.

New York Day By Day --- —By— O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Nov. 17—Few celebrities of the New York parade have so completely withdrawn from the spotlight as Alexander Woollcott. Conspicuous for years as a dramatic critic, quondam actor and a streak in the Algonquin's literary pastrami, he is now seen but seldom. A radio talk now and then and that is all.

Over night he chucked his page in The New Yorker and got out of reach of the frantic editors. He withdrew from regular radio broadcasting when he could avail himself of a number of choice offers. Magazine editors find him vague in their overtures. Also book publishers.

He disposed of his East Side apartment, "Wit's End." And the haunts he used to grace now and then see him no more. Naturally, there are flocks of rumors as to the why of his evanishment — and, like most, such rumors are likely bunkered in mere guesses.

Some say he is intent on conquering the obesity that besets him. Others say he plans to make the most of a college trusteeship and lead the cloistered life of a savant. Still others say it's a mere Garbo shrink from the furore—he wants to be alone!

One of the old newsstand girls at the old Waldorf, Mary Doyle, has unleashed her memoirs in a book describing that mirrored, red plush and lump gilt period. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is described as the social queen, a bright feral figture with no visible eye-brows who wore at all times, on her ample bosom, a young haystack of orchids or lilies of the valley. Then there was Benjamin Duke, the millionaire, who seemed loneliest of all the Peacock Alley wanderers. He loved old hymns, collected and hummed them as he strolled about. The Waldorf hived many rich eccentrics.

No hotel today has the spacious public rooms of the old Waldorf. Space has become too precious. There were a dozen nooks as large as the foyer of, say the Ritz Carlton of today. The out-of-town newspaper room always attracted me. Here I could peruse the Kansas City Star, Louisville Courier Journal, Manchester Guardian and other favorites. I remember one day looking up to observe that my neighboring peruser was William Jennings Bryan, wide hat, black shoestring tie, boiled shirt and all. His awareness somehow pinged me into a panic. I ground out my cigaret, having read that he abhorred them, and tip-toed out.

Filling station lingo: A certain type of motorist is known as an I. W. W. to attendants — Information, Wind and Water.

Aftermath: I visited the other evening in a home of gentle folk, a watchmaker and his white-haired wife. They had a Belgian-born maid — the substantially built, high cheek boned Flemish type of the Rembrandt prints. She had gone through the war and saw her entire family massacred and her home in smoking ruins as she fled in her night dress. A reflex from the horror is an uncontrollable blinking of the eyes. An indefatigable worker, she cannot stand a sudden noise. It causes her to stand in her tracks and tremble as though in seizure of an ague, and is followed by a freshet of tears.

The snack bar business has become one of the surprise commercial mushrooms — like the Tom Thumb golf craze. And so tempting are the displays of tid-bits that restaurateurs are yowling they are killing off their dinner trade. The idea is making New York a 5 to 7 P. M. town. With the snack snafflers so packed with yum yums and drink by dinner time, they go home to sleep it off. The intimacy of the places is welcomed by the attitude strikers. The outfittings of the snack bar consist of a wise cracking bar man, a dozen revolving bar chairs and a strolling guitar or accordionist. Plus the rumor that Tallulah Bankhead or a visiting Robert Taylor may pop in any moment.

I stopped in one of the plush haberdasheries today fixed to let go to the hilt for an ash gray tie with salmon pink spots like I saw Ham Fisher sporting. And I landed knee deep in the confusion of a millionaire's scion buying a few nicknacks. The entire force was on the jump. He was ordering ties by the gross, pajamas, shirts and lounging robes by the dozen. When they finally got around to me I thought of that one tie purchase and pip-squeaked I was only waiting for a friend. And went whistling off down the street.

15 DIE IN BLAST

MARSEILLE, Nov. 17 — (AP) — Powder storehouses in a government factory at Saint Chamas exploded Monday, killing at least 15 persons and injuring more than a hundred. Saint Chamas is 24 miles northwest of Marseille.

Ohio History

From the Galbraith Collection

SAVED BY HIS NIMBLE LEGS.

Among the stories of remarkable leaps is a feat by William Kannan, a member of a Kentucky corps of rangers making a foray upon the Indians of northwest Ohio.

Kannan discovered two or three Indians approaching and opened fire. He felt sure that the rest of the rangers on a scouting tour would stand with him. But the others left him.

Kannan had a reputation as a runner and a jumper. He soon distanced all his pursuers but one. Watching the Indian pursuing him, he did not see that his path was blocked by the top of a fallen tree.

The Indian gave a whoop of triumph as he thought he saw his victim trapped, but Kannan leaped into the air over the bushy top and cleared it nicely. He soon was back with the army and the Indians never saw him again.

SUSPECT ADMITS HE ENTICED SMALL GIRL

CHICAGO, Nov. 17 — (AP) —Police Captain John Stege said today that Andrew Capoldi, 28, a suspect in the knife slaying of five-year-old Antionette Tiritilli, had admitted enticing the girl into the schoolyard where she was found bleeding to death. Captain Stege said Capoldi denied he had killed the child.

MOTHER AND FOUR CHILDREN PERISH

Firemen Recover Bodies From Fire Ruins

IRWIN, Pa., Nov. 17 — (AP) — Firemen dug the burned bodies of four children and their 21-year-old brother from ruins of their home in Hahntown, a little mining town, early Monday.

None could be recognized.

They died last night after flames swept through the two-story frame home of Michael Gubanic, a miner.

Fire Chief Ward Peters of Irwin led firemen from three communities in an unsuccessful effort to halt the flames.

BROWN APPOINTED TO FILL COUZENS' TERM

LANSING, Mich., Nov. 17—(AP)—Governor Frank D. Fitzgerald of Michigan Monday appointed Prentiss M. Brown, Democratic senator-elect, to fill the unexpired term of the late Republican Senator James Couzens.

Brown, now representative from Michigan's Eleventh Congressional District, was named to the Senate in the recent general election, defeating former Governor Wilber M. Brucker, Republican.

BUY IN WILMINGTON

Today's Best Editorial

DO IT EARLY
(Ohio State Journal)

So fast does time fly we hardly appreciate the fact that the days for holiday buying have arrived. Christmas is a month and a half off. Already the buyers are shopping around, and, if not making many purchases yet, are at least doing their planning and beginning to consider their gift lists.

The merchants are expecting a big trade, and they ought to have it but it certainly is to be hoped t' at there may be a bit of change this year, in that buyers will do their purchasing earlier than on the average, and thus cut down the great holiday rush.

It seems but a few days since we were mopping our brows because of moisture engendered by summer heat, but the hard and stubborn fact is that it is time to begin our Christmas shopping early.

STEEL PRICE ADVANCES STUDIED BY INDUSTRY

CLEVELAND, Nov. 17—(AP)—Increases in automobile production, rail awards and structural shape contracts with resultant heavier demands for steel raised the national operating rate one point to 74 per cent of capacity last week, the magazine Steel said Monday.

Structural shape contracts increased by about 5,000 tons, and rail awards aggreated 118,560 tns, topped by Pennsylvania Railroad's order for 100,00 tons of rails, the largest in three years, which in expected to be followed by a good size inquiry from New York Central and orders from western carriers," Steel said.

argest in three years,

MOTORSHIP REFLOATED

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., Nov. 17— (AP) —The Motorship Empire State, aground near Traverse City since Saturday night with a cargo of 5,000 barrels of whisky and several hundred cases of preserved cherries, was refloated Monday. Undamaged, the vessel resumed its trip to New York.

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