

# THE SARATOGIAN

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A. J. McDONALD General Manager

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1935.

## FEBRUARY

So here is February but it is of the better class. For here is February for it is not the one to which you did one day more one year in four as the old year saith.

February, like the fat man, is loved by nobody and yet it is a month to which we owe much. Washington, Lincoln and Edison were all sons of February and that's to the month's everlasting credit. January has been crowded out and we willing ally any month that will put January to the shelf of the yesterdays.

The ground hog sees or does not see his shadow, according to the old myth, but it makes no difference whether he does or not. The scientists have discredited the ground hog and we think he is one of the extra hogs that ought to be plowed under according to the present custom of a benevolent government.

Anyway any creature that has the gift of hibernation and would come out to look around in February is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet but just a very foolish animal.

After our annual ground hog flutter, we can live the good old St. Valentine celebration and then, if we do not feel like it, we need send no more mail until March 15 when we can post those come taxes to Uncle Sam.

And that prospect makes us like February more, for as long as February is here we can still postpone the struggle with the tax blanks.

February usually is not as cold as January and is a short month. The biggest part of winter is behind us and we can begin planning on spring gardens in this month.

Winter may irk us, but if we keep a right sense of mind we can get through it much more easily.

## DEMAND COMPETITIVE BIDDING

To the strong protest made by contractors in several cities against inroads of TERA and ERA on the construction industry, equally vigorous complaints by the skilled workers in that industry have now been added.

The contractors contend that all public works should be thrown open to bidding by private men, and skilled workmen given a chance to do regular week's work at the customary rates of pay, established in their trades.

They maintain that such competitive bidding would result in more satisfactory work at lower cost to taxpayers than when unskilled men are employed on construction work, or skilled men only a short time each week to cover a "budget" allowance.

Many of the most skillful workers, it is stated, have kept off relief rolls and contrived to get on as best they could. But both workers and contractors fear their industry is in danger if TERA is to go further and further in handling construction and major repairs.

Since the expectation and aim is, after all, to get men back to regular employment in private industry, it does seem unfair that a large segment of the construction business should be handled by TERA or FERA. Nor does it seem like this industry, even when normally active, can find place for a large, new group of men half trained on TERA construction jobs.

That the quality of workmanship the taxpayers receive will be low under such conditions, as contractors charge, seems highly probable. Increased cost may be due partly to using as many men as possible on the theory that they will be cared for anyway and might as well take hand in any work going forward under TERA action.

But it ought to be possible to find projects on which men can work out their budget and accomplish something useful, without breaking down a regular organization of our building industry.

## NEW DEAL IN CITIES

To avert numerous municipal bankruptcies, Ohio has had to resort to a 3 per cent sales tax upon the most undesirable forms of taxation money to be distributed among the cities. But the situation in Cincinnati offers a striking contrast to the prevailing municipal bankruptcy of the Buckeye State.

After many years of corrupt, inefficient, extravagant city government, Cincinnati staged a radical revolution and installed an effective form of city manager government. A heritage of debt upon the municipality, but it gradually threw off this burden, as it did the tentacles of corrupt administration and practice.

Gradually, it dawned upon America that Cincinnati was setting a mark for highly effective government, not only for economy, but for the satisfaction felt by the citizenry. Gradually, the swing down toward normalcy and kept oppressing through depression years until, the other day, Cincinnati adopted the 1935 rate of 6.86 per \$1,000 of valuation. The new rate means the preceding one by \$4.58 per thousand. While this was going on, other things were happening. A recent survey of 35 American cities showed that crime in Cincinnati was half the prevailing rate, as well as half its own former record.

Credit, of course, belongs to the able men who run the city, under the city manager form of government, toward which American municipalities are swinging. The tax cut and the crime statistics must be very reassuring to proponents of the new order in municipal rule.

In that new order the city manager setup is by an instrument, though a useful one. The one which makes that instrument produce good results is a public interest in good city government which prevents city administration from being a mere offshoot of national politics.

## A Thought for Today

For men verily swear by the greater: and an oath for confirmation is to them an end of all strife.—Hebrews, 6:16.

A great man may be the personification and type of the epoch for which God destined him, but he is never its creator.—D'Aubigne.

## Side Talks

HOW ABOUT OUR LARGER SHOPPING? Did you ever go shopping for one thing and come back with something quite different?

If you didn't, you are a very strong-minded woman (or man). For I think all of us except the ultra strong minded do it every once in awhile. But did you ever sit down afterwards and trace the steps by which you got off the track of your original intention?

### Try It Some Time

Really, it's quite an interesting process. I tried it this winter when I went in for one thing and came home with something utterly different.

I started out with the intention of buying an ensemble suit of a dress, and a coat long enough so that I could wear it with other dresses. It must be warm, it must have fur on it, but it mustn't have beaver, because I once had a beaver that got caught in a rainstorm and never was the same afterwards, and I didn't want to live in fear of rain. I came home finally with a short-coated brown suit with beaver on it.

How in the world did I make the transition?

### This Is The Way It Worked Out

It took me some time to figure it out. Well, in the first place, all the suits that had longer coats I didn't like. Then, suits cost a little less than I had planned to spend, so I thought perhaps I would buy a suit that pleased me even if I couldn't wear the coat with other things, and maybe get a separate coat later. Then I saw a suit that I liked, but it was too expensive and had beaver on it. Then I saw a suit that had been marked down and still had beaver. But the price was within my budgeting (or just that inevitable little bit beyond) and by this time, having looked at heaven knows how many suits and weighed and balanced defects and qualities, I was so confused and worn down that I compromised and bought it. And so there I was finally with something that I had no original intention of buying.

### Not Ten More but Twenty Less

The clever clerks always confuse you in a similar way in the matter of price. You say about what you want to pay; they show you a garment that costs a good many dollars more; you say, "Oh, no, I wouldn't think of paying that much!" but you are caught with its loveliness and the ones you can afford look cheap. Then they show you one at a price in between, and instead of saying to yourself, "This is ten dollars more than I mean to pay," you say, "It's twenty dollars less than that other one." And presently you are paying the ten dollars more than you planned to and thinking you'll take it out of something else. Which proves not to be so easy when the time comes.

It's funny how hard it is to make a good plan and hold to it. And that goes, unfortunately, not only for our shopping for clothes, but for the more important shopping in which we spend our hours and our days and our weeks, our love and our energies, in the making of life. And sometimes "habits we buy for a whole soul's taking." Or, again, we find we have bought something good in itself but not in the least what we meant to have when we started on that tour.

## For Your Bookshelf

"Gay Pagan," by Hugh Talbot, is a colorful romance about those days a century or more ago when it was England, and not America, which suffered from rum runners. About the only thing wrong with the story is that it was taken off the fire just a little bit too soon.

It tells about a girl who lives in a village on the coast of Cornwall. Her father, a retired admiral, is supposed to be in charge of the anti-smuggling forces in that district, but he is a live-and-let-live sort of chap and he never takes his duties so very seriously.

This young lady is a high-strung, and expectant person; and her favorite boy friend, an officer in a company of dragoons which are also supposed to be checking the smugglers, is rather disappointing. She wants to be swept off her feet by a whirlwind of love-making. Instead, he talks poetry to her, puts her up on a pedestal, kisses her with reverence instead of the passion which the situation requires, and altogether behaves in a milk-and-water manner.

She is, consequently, a set-up for the next corner; and the next corner turns out to be a gaunt, intense person who is a Methodist evangelist by day and king of the local smuggling ring by night. She takes up with him, and thereby complicates everything in a way that brings the tale to an exciting climax.

Unfortunately, Mr. Talbot never quite convinces us that this evangelist-smuggler could really make her go for him, and the latter part of the book is rather unreal as a result. That aside, it's a good yarn.

## Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of these test questions? Turn to Classified Page for the answers.

1. What is the name for a severe, blinding storm of fine dry snow, with a freezing wind?
2. What word describes belief in, and worship of one God only?
3. Who wrote the collection of poems under the title "Leaves of Grass"?
4. From what is dynamite made?
5. Name the Baltimore woman who married Jerome Bonaparte.
6. Where is the Juba River?
7. What is the name for that series of trials for treason conducted by Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys in western England after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion in 1685?
8. Name the greatest English satirist.
9. Who discovered and identified the red corpuscles of the blood?
10. Name the fifth President of the U. S.

## Today's Lesson in English

WORDS OFTEN MISUSED: Do not say, "But over and above these facts, let me present some interesting figures." Say, "But in addition to these facts."

OPEN MISPRONOUNCED: Curtail (verb). Accent last syllable.

OFTEN MISPELLED: Arc (a portion of a curved line). Ark (a chest).

SYNONYMS: Love, fondness, affection, devotion, tenderness, infatuation.

WORD STUDY: "Use a word three times and it is yours." Let us increase our vocabulary by mastering one word each day. Today's word: IRONY; a state of affairs or events, the reverse of what was expected. "It was the irony of fate."

## Sentence Sermons

THOSE WHO HAVE SUFFERED—

- Are sometimes the slowest to give sympathy.
- Are all too apt to look for the cause outside themselves.
- Much ought to have stores of wisdom.
- Most are those who have suffered for others.
- Have had a chance to learn some of life's choicest lessons.
- Least are often the ones who do the most complaining.
- Most for a cause have the best right to lead it.

## Words of the Wise

Any attempt to make sterilization compulsory or even alternative to seclusion in an institution would be a violation of the sanctity of human life.—Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, London.

Transatlantic flights have been publicized so much that given the weather reports, anyone could write the full story of a flight before the takeoff.—Mrs. James Mollison, noted English aviatrix.

## Sidelights of New York

By PAUL HARRISON

Miami, Fla.—The pockets of my linen suits and dinner jacket yield all sorts of random notes, unused, as I begin to assemble my belongings for the trek back to Manhattan. Probably mostly trivial, but let's see:

"S. and M. B. Coney." Oh, yes, I meant to say that the south end of Miami Beach is a transplanted Coney Island—corn games, side-shows, refreshment stands. Barkers and concessionaires who follow the sun. Coney in the summer, Florida in the winter, fairs and carnivals in spring and fall. This is the place where tourists arrived in 1926 flippers and their fun, and they seem happier, I'll grant, than the wealthy folk at other beaches who are sated with costly pleasures and obsessed by the surging social urge.

"WKV's Jack," says another note. It means that William K. Vanderbilt sent his masau "Jack" to Don Dickerman's "Pirate's Den" before he sailed for South America. Jack is a beautiful bird, with a honey of a temper. I offered him a tidbit and nearly lost a finger.

### Scotching a Rumor

"My wall." That means that a certain hotel man begged me to write in this column that hotels and apartment buildings hereabout are not overcrowded, and that prices are no higher than last season. He says a lot of false impressions have gone out over the country to the effect that the height of the Florida season is very high indeed.

"Still alarm, Bud May." Seems I had intended to comment on the elaborate precautions taken at Hialeah Park to prevent tampering with race horses. Joseph E. Widener's veteran trainer, Bud May, has invented an alarm system, with red lights and sirens which tell when anybody enters a stable. This and the English saddling stalls where spectators may watch the nags for half an hour before post time, are very reassuring to the bettors.

"Race nude." A memo reminding me to comment on the outlandish and skimpy costumes worn by sun-worshippers. I met a fellow a few days ago who was held up while returning from the race track and robbed of car, money and clothes—everything but a pair of shorts. He walked six miles back to his hotel without attracting any attention. In fact, without being able to attract any attention.

"Ed Leedskalnin—stone." That is a lot on a suburbanite who came here 40 years ago and is still waiting for the sweetheart he left in Sweden. Meanwhile he has hewed a stone house for her, with furniture of all solid stone. Some of the chairs weigh two tons. I think it is time somebody broke the news to Mr. Leedskalnin, as gently as possible, that no woman is going to move into a house where she won't be able to rearrange the furniture every now and then.

### Gambling Dilemma

"Downs killing gam. ban"—a notation on the local gambling situation. With the exception of wagering on horse and dog races, games of chance are not legal pastimes here. Yet in past season gambling has been condoned by Dade County authorities when and if they are convinced that it is to be conducted with reasonable honesty.

At this writing, officials remain unconvinced. Consequently there is no gambling. Entrepreneurs of the hot-spots have been enduring profitless nights and sleepless days. Frequently they stroll into their game rooms and gaze sadly at the covered tables and the empty chairs of the croupiers.

Not until "the word" comes to them by grapevine, however, will they turn a wheel, for it is well known that there are some skilled axmen among the local cracker dealers, and that these fellows, given a little provocation, can whittle a \$50,000 night club into a very good likeness of a shambles.

### Wanted: a Murderer

It's all due to the death by violence of one "Skeets" Downs, former race track bookie who rose to power and popularity in local gambling circles. I am told that Downs was the one who made arrangements whereby Al Capone was permitted to move to Miami a few years ago. Early this winter, Chicago gambling interests served notice on Skeets and his playmates that they intended to take over the industry here. Skeets protested, and Skeets was liquidated forthwith.

Dade County officials were annoyed by this treatment of a home-town boy, and immediately clamped on what is known as "the heat." They said that the heat would remain on until the murderer of Mr. Downs was brought forward for discipline. And apparently they meant it.

## Hints on Contract Bridge

By WILLIAM E. McKENNEY  
Secretary, American Bridge League.

I hope you didn't try to work today's hand out by just taking a pencil and marking the cards off on the paper. If so, I'm afraid you found the hand more difficult than you expected.

Harold Solof of Pittsburgh gave me this hand and said that it was dealt out in a regular rubber game.

### Today's Contract Problem

South is playing the contract at six no trump. West opens the five of clubs. What is the safest way to play the hand, and can you accurately read the cards so as to make the play that will give you your contract?

♠ J 5	♥ 6 5 2
♦ K 10 6 5	♣ Q 3 7 4
♣ K 10 7 6	♠ 4 3
♠ 10 4 3	♥ 7 2
♦ K 10 8 4	♣ Q 3 7 4
♣ J 8 5 2	♠ 4 3
♠ A K 9 7	♥ 7 2
♦ A Q 9 6 3	♣ Q 3 7 4
♣ A J	♠ 4 3

Solution in next issue. 5

at home, and after the hand was played he couldn't understand why six-odd hadn't been made. When he laid the hand out, he found he had a very fine double dummy problem.

The opening lead was the six of diamonds, which East won with the ace. He returned a club. You might be able to defeat the contract by playing the first two tricks some other way, but these first two plays are definitely set. From now on the hand must be made against the best possible defense.

The second trick is won in dummy with the king of clubs. At this point take two rounds of hearts, winning the second round in dummy with the king. West discards a diamond and East a spade. Now lead the ace of clubs. Would you discard a diamond or a small spade? If you do either, you lose your contract.

The only way the hand can be made at this point is for South to discard the top of spades.

Now start the heart suit. Cash the ten, lead the seven, and overtaken with the jack. East will discard a diamond and a spade and West a diamond and a club. Now the queen of hearts is played. West discarding the ten of clubs, dummy the six of spades, East the seven of clubs.

Next the six of hearts. West lets go a spade, dummy the seven of diamonds, and East the queen of spades. Now the five of hearts. West lets go the three of spades and dummy the eight of diamonds.

East begins to feel the squeeze now—he has to discard the jack of clubs. If he discards the spade, dealer makes the hand by cashing the king of diamonds and taking the spade finesse. But, by East's

♠ A 9 6	♥ K 10 7 3
♦ 8 7 4	♣ A K 4
♠ J 4 3 2	♥ 7 2
♦ 6 5 2	♣ A Q J 10
♣ Q 10 9	♠ J 7 5 2
♠ 10 8	♥ A Q J 6 5 4 2
♦ K 9 3	♣ 3

Rubber—None vul.  
South West North East  
Pass Pass 1 ♣ 1 ♣  
2 ♣ Pass 4 ♣ Doubled  
Pass Pass Pass  
Opening lead—♦ 6. 5

discard of a club, declarer is forced to lead the king of diamonds and West finds himself squeezed.

If he lets go the queen of clubs, the dummy's four is good, while if he lets go the four of spades, that will make dummy's ace and nine good.

You will notice that, if the small spade were discarded, instead of the ten spot, declarer would not have been able to take the spade finesse if forced to.

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## Questions and Answers

Q. Where are the headquarters of the American Institute of Accountants?  
A. 135 Cedar Street, New York City.

Q. What does the word Elah mean?  
A. It is a Bible word for oak.

Q. Why is milk white?  
A. The color is due primarily to the suspended particles of casein.

Q. What are the relative railroad and highway distances from Chicago to Denver?  
A. Railroad, 1,034 miles; highway, 1,074 miles.

Q. What does "Et je ne suis qu'une femme" mean?  
A. It is translated, "And I am only a woman."

Q. Why should the clutch of an automobile be thrown out when starting the engine in cold weather?  
A. Cold solidifies the lubricant in the transmission. If the clutch is left in when starting the engine, and gears are in neutral, the trans-

mission counter-shaft gears are directly in this oil and are revolved when cranking. Throwing out the clutch when pressing the starter, eliminates the drag of the transmission gears plowing through the solidified grease, making starting easier and using less current.

Q. Is there any book that gives the locations of buried treasure?  
A. "The Book of Buried Treasure," by Ralph Delahaye Paine, purports to be "a true history of the gold, jewels, and plate of pirates, galleons, etc., which are sought for to this day."

Q. Does the piston of an engine stop at the top of its stroke?  
A. It stops for an infinitesimal fraction of a second at top dead center.

Q. Where and when was Floyd Gibbons born?  
A. Washington, D. C., July 16, 1887.

Please enclose a three-cent stamp in writing to The Saratogian Information Bureau, 1922 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C., for a personal answer to any question.

## Yes—Isn't It?



## SILKEN SPINDLES By Laura Lou Brookman

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
GALE HENDERSON, pretty and 23, works in a silk mill. She and her brother, PHIL, 19, support their invalid father.

STEVE MEYERS, who also works in the mill, asks Gale to marry him. She promises to give him an answer in a few days.

Later that evening Gale goes skating on the river, goes through the ice and is rescued by BRIAN WESTMORE, whose father, now dead, built the mill. Brian asks Gale to wait while he gets his car but when he returns she is gone.

Brian has come home after two years in Paris, convinced he can never be an artist and eager to go to work in the mill. VICKY THATCHER, daughter of ROBERT THATCHER, general manager of the mill, schemes to captivate Brian.

Brian sees Gale in the mill and recognizes her. Next evening he asks her if he can walk home with her. Gale refuses but Steve sees them together and later he and Gale quarrel.

Lonely, Gale goes skating again. She meets Brian and they skate together. He asks her to meet him again next evening and Gale half-promises. That night her father is taken ill.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVII

Dr. Carr folded the stethoscope and slipped it into his pocket. He was a little man with a very round face and bushy gray eyebrows. He wore spectacles set down on his nose, so that he had to peer downward to see through them.

"Well," he said, sitting down in a chair beside the bed, "what have you been doing lately?" He leaned forward, putting his hand on Tom Henderson's wrist.

"I've been feeling pretty good," the man in bed told him. The heavy breathing had stopped but Tom Henderson's voice sounded weak and spent. "I've felt better lately than I have for a long time."

"That's what always happens. As soon as a man begins to feel better he thinks he can get out and do as much as he ever did. Well—he can't. Body's like any other machine; when it's used up it's got to have rest. Now for the next two or three days I want you to stay in bed. Right here in bed, understand?"

He looked up at Gale then. "I'll write a prescription," he went on. "You can have it filled tomorrow. Keep on with the medicine, just as I told you. And see that your father stays off his feet."

"Yes, Doctor."

Doctor Carr rose. "I think you'll sleep now," he said to the man. "Best thing for you, too. And, remember, tomorrow you're to stay in bed all day. I'll drop around again tomorrow or the next day and see how you're feeling. Be on my way now. Good night."

Gale followed the doctor into the outer room. Her eyes held the question she dreaded putting into words.

"Doctor?"

"There's nothing to worry about," he reassured her, "so long as your father does as I've told him. Those walks were too much for him. See that he takes his medicine and stays off his feet. That's the only cure there is—just rest. All anyone can do for him. See that he gets it."

He had taken a pen out and was writing on a sheet of paper. "Here's the prescription," he said. He went on with instructions about the medicine and a moment later was at the door.

"I'll drop around in a day or two," he repeated. "Good night—"

guess it's nearer morning, though." Gale said, "Good night, Doctor," and stood for a moment looking out at the darkness. In an hour or so the sky would be growing light again. She thought of the old phrase, "Always darkest before dawn," and thought that it was certainly true of the night, at least. Was it true of other things?

She closed the door then and locked it and turned to see her brother waiting in the hallway.

"How is he now?" Phil asked.

"Better, I guess. The doctor gave him something to make him sleep. Doctor Carr says there's no danger of another attack so long as he keeps quiet. He'll have to stay in bed for a few days."

"Can he stay here alone?"

"I thought maybe Mrs. O'Connor would be willing to come in and bring him some lunch at noon and perhaps stop in once or twice during the day to see if there's anything he wants. If she can't well have to get someone else. You'd better go to bed, Phil, and get some sleep if you can."

"Aren't you going?"

"I'll wait up for a little while. I'm not sleepy."

She went to the door of her father's bedroom and looked inside. He was lying with his eyes closed. Gale entered quietly and turned out the light. Her father moved on his pillow, murmuring something that was inaudible. Gale said, "Good night," and slipped from the room.

She went back to the living room and sat down in the big chair by the window. It was true that she did not feel sleepy now—merely tired. She wanted to be in her case her father should call. She couldn't feel sure that he was really all right again. Those terrible moments, waiting until the doctor came, still haunted her.

Gale leaned back in her chair and thought that the night seemed endless. Could it possibly have been only the evening before that she had been down on the river, skating with Brian Westmore?

She put the thought from her guilty. She didn't want to think of that now.

The clock on the table ticked monotonously. Gale could not see it from where she sat but she knew it must be 4 o'clock, or later. She heard a train whistle and then there was silence again except for the clock's ticking. Gale closed her eyes.

Bright sunlight, streaming through the window, awakened her. For a moment she did not know where she was. Then she jumped to her feet and hurried to her father's room. He was sleeping quietly. Gale closed the door and went to wake her brother.

"Phil," she said, "Get up. It's late—almost 7 o'clock."

When Phil appeared in the kitchen, sleepy-eyed and with his hair still damp from the wet comb he had used on it, Gale was pouring coffee. There was cereal on the table, a plate of toast and another containing a fried egg.

"Sit down and eat," she told him. "I'm going to run over to see Mrs. O'Connor."

"Aren't you going to have breakfast?"

"I've had mine. Just leave everything on the table where it is. I'll have to do the dishes tonight."