Hitler Enters Fourth Year of Rule

Camera portrayal of Adolf Hitler, who now enters the fourth year of his absolute dictatorship in Germany: Upper left: Firing Nazi youth with the doctrines of National Socialism. Lower left: Chatting with two friends, while on vacation. Upper right: Addressing subordinates above the clouds. Lower right: Hitler's historic meeting with Mussolini.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

"ALL that I am, I am through you; all that you are, you are through me. Never has there been a closer bond between a leader and his followers than between you and me."

So spoke Adolf Hitler, the Reichsfuehrer, to the German people, personified by an audience of 25,000 picked Brown Shirt Storm troops on the third anniversary of his appointment as chancellor January 30.

For three years now the Reichsfuehrer's will has been the iron-clad law of the land. And it's all right with him. John Gunther, the distinguished foreign correspondent of American newspapers, in his new book about dictators, says that when the throngs raise their right arms in the Nazi salute and cry, "Heil, Hitler!" Adolf Hitler replies, "Heil, Hitler!"

It was on March 27, 1933, that the Reichstag gave the Hitler cabinet the right to govern the nation by decree. So, late this month the Nazi dictator begins his fourth year under that delegation of authority, an authority he has used to the fullest extent of its boundaries, if, indeed, such authority may be said to have limits. And the Reichstag has been swallowed up by the shadows of oblivion. It has gone for a year without meeting.

Going into its fourth year, the Hitler regime faces many difficulties of economy and currency, but few of a political nature. No matter what happens, the National Socialist party is in no danger of a downfall. It speaks with the mouth of the German people, for a vast majority of them are satisfied that it is what they want. Propaganda machines enormous in their influence are building its doctrines as part and parcel of the generation to come.

People Lose Political Freedom.

Freedom is not a privilege that Nazi-ism has earned for the Germans, unless it is freedom from hunger and freedom from moral and military subjugation to the nations which "won the war." Freedom of political expression does not exist, for the law says that there can be but one political party—the National Socialist party. Freedom of the press died completely with the press laws of October 5, 1933; now any journalist who violates the rigid censorship or, indeed, even fails to interpret the news as the government wants it interpreted, is deprived of his means of livelihood. Freedom of worship is hardly more than a memory.

But national leaders who asked for four years in which to return Germany to prosperity have much to point to with pride. When Hitler became chancellor there were 6,013,612 workers unemployed, and at the end of 1935 there were only 2,506,806. This change has been brought about by schemes of the state in creating labor.

Most of these schemes operate on only the most precarious footing, however. There has been much juggling with finance. Industries have been forced to return workers to employment, whether they were needed or not, until the burden is nearly back-breaking. Banks have been forced to subscribe to great loans, one after the other, and these loans have been used to prime business on the theory that in the normal production cycle the money would find its way back into the banks; one good scare to frighten the public into hoarding its money even for a short time would collapse the whole system, with the German treasury in the position which it is. The money being spent is money which does not exist.

Refugees Aid Solution.

In addition, millions have been returned to work by the German plan of rearmament which, after a few years, will be completed; for these millions the employment problem is not being solved, but postponed. Another 200,000 have been taken by conscription into the army, and still another 200,000 are serving in the government-maintained labor corps.

Some 100,000 refugees from the hard Nazi racial policy, most of them Jews, have lightened the unemployment burden. By decree of November 15, 1935, Jews were denied the right to work for the state, as well as the political rights of citizenship. They have been denied the right to intermarry with Aryan-Germans or to employ Aryan-German maids under the age of forty-five. In 1933 there were about half a million Jews in Germany; most of those still remaining would like to move out, but cannot unless they leave about four-fifths of their money behind them.

The National Socialist aim is to raise solid families of pure Aryan stock. The party believes that woman's place is in the home, and has removed thousands of women from employment, replacing them with men.

It was the idea of the Hitler government that the pump-priming of industry with federal funds would encourage the organs of private business to increase their function until they should get along without aid, but this objective is about as far as ever from attainment. The government has merely succeeded in creating huge state credits which this generation's children and children's children will have to make good. To make matters worse the vast sums spent for armaments will produce nothing that can be consumed, and so will not add to the nation's real wealth in any way. Democratic countries, too, could bring temporary relief to unemployment were they to resort to the defiant militarism of the new Germany.

One of the country's chief economic difficulties is the export trade, mighty important in a manufacturing nation. Foreign credit was ruined when the government was forced to cancel all its foreign obligations, and with the depleted reserves of the treasury the obtainment of raw materials, most of which must be imported, is hard. What can be obtained is costly and the state, in order to facilitate prices that would allow its exports to compete, has exacted back-breaking sums from the exporting industries for subsidies. Indications are that even greater sums are to be bled from the same industries in a few months.

Farmer Was National Hero.

Much importance was placed upon the farmer by the Nazi propaganda mill during the first two years of the Hitler regime, for it was expedient to make the nation as self-supporting as possible. The farmer was a hero for a while, but the high prices of his products in the cities are fast reducing his status.

German currency has hung on for dear life during Hitler's three years. There have been many times when the mark was in danger of falling with a loud and resounding crash, but to date these capitulations have been avoided, largely through the genius of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the dictatorial minister of the Reichsbank. He and his assistants repeatedly announced themselves to be opposed to any manner of inflation, but some economists insist that there is already present a certain amount of it, and that this will have to be admitted soon by the treasury. What will happen then is problematical. There is a floating national debt of $15,000,000,000, which will have to be funded by further borrowing, by repudiation of obligations or by inflation. At the end of 1935 it was reported that the mark was a little stronger, with better gold and foreign exchange holdings, and with exports showing a surplus.

Although the National Socialist party has accomplished many of the objectives outlined for these four years, the unification of the state has not yet been completed, since the old dynastic boundaries of the German states still obtain. Preparation for remapping into 20 states of more natural physical and economic boundaries within the next three months are well under way.

The state has emerged supreme over party during the last two years. The purge of June 30, 1934, demonstrated the power of the army over the National Socialist semi-military organizations, when Capt. Ernest Roehm and his radical associates were wiped out. The bombshell which broke when Germany on March 16, 1935, announced its program of military conscription, organized as expertly and impartially as in the days of the old-time "Prussian militarism," further demonstrated the supremacy of the state. The party has become merely the "bearer of the state's political will." Army leaders have wisely left all internal politics to the party.

Conscription Well Received.

Propaganda has been cleverly directed to the emotions of young Germany and its inherited love of the military, with the result that conscription has been well received. The young recruit is inspired by the thrill of knowing that he's getting into a darned good army. The food is good, the quartering excellent and the discipline the kind to arouse German admiration.

Conscription, of course, affected the nation's foreign relations, as well as those of every other European nation, for it made of international disarmament an impossible thing. The effect was intensified by the naval agreement with England. Hitler's first pact with another nation was the ten-year treaty of non-aggression with Poland, in January, 1934. In March, 1935, the Saar plebiscite returned that valuable mining territory to the Reich, and legally eliminated a point of dangerous friction with France. Germany and Italy almost reached a friendly agreement but fell out over the future of Austria; now with Mussolini very busy waging war in East Africa, der Fuehrer is contented to pursue a patient course of strict neutrality.

Perhaps the most spectacular evidence of the iron hand of Hitler has been shown in the dealings of the state with the church, particularly the Roman Catholic church, although the Protestant church has also felt its weight. In the effort of the Reich to stamp out what it is pleased to call "Political Roman Catholicism," the church press has been stifled, and priests and nuns have been condemned for violations of the state's rules on foreign exchange.

State Differs With Church.

The concordat of June 30, 1933, was supposed to have cleared up all relations with the Pope, but it was later discovered that some subjects were left unclarified. Most important of these to the state was the education of its youth, for the life of National Socialism in future years lies largely in the planting of the seed with coming generations. The Roman Catholic Youth organization holds out for the right to pursue its own methods.

On September 23, 1934, the government named Dr. Ludwig Mueller reichsbishop in charge of Protestant church affairs, and a year later named Dr. Hans Kerrl to administer the affairs of the German Evangelical church.

Doctor Kerrl approached the problem from the other angle, holding ecclesiastical meetings (always being careful to see that they were presided over by members of the National Socialist party who would uphold the state's stand against the Jews). He got little further than did Mueller and Jaeger, and finally gave up his conciliation policy as a failure. When subsequent threats of force and state interference still got nowhere, he went back again to his plan of trying to effect a mutual agreement, and is still struggling along that line. Despite the comparative futility of his efforts, it is admitted that the influence of the church over German life has greatly depreciated.

The tragedy of Hitler's first three years is, of course, the Jews. Held up as "propagators of bolshevism, the destroyers of German cultural and national values and responsible for the inflation of 1923," they have been thrown out of German national life and persecuted in many ways.

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Canine Grace and Speed Displayed by Greyhound

Through many important eras the greyhound has been cherished for his graceful appearance, strength and agility. His antiquity dates back over 7,000 years, in which time he has remained almost unchanged in conformity to his early progenitors. He has lost the heavy feathered tail and silken fringed ears, that likened him to the Arabian Saluki, but the lithe, delicate outline, intelligence and good disposition that endeared him to the Egyptians, Pharaohs, Arabs, kings and emperors alike, remain unchanged, asserts a writer in the Los Angeles Times.

King Solomon, in his appreciation of the smooth, clean, symmetrical muscular conformation of the dog records the fact in his mention of four things that "go well, yet, are comely in their going. A lion, which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away from any. A greyhound; an he goat, also; and a king against whom there is no rising up." (Proverbs 30:31). Evidences of his existence are portrayed in ancient Egyptian writings and sculpture; in coins and gems, as well as mural decorations, pottery and other handicraft bearing effigy of the greyhound.

Brought to England the dog was employed solely in the sport of coursing, which was instituted there in 1776.

Licorice Long in Use

Licorice has long been used to mask the taste of nauseous medicines.

Fish Poles Utilized by Police for Radio Cars

Santa Barbara.—Santa Barbara police who patrol the Riviera and other outlying residential districts in swift cars soon will be talking to headquarters through steel fish poles.

With Mayor Hanson and most of the councilmen fighting against recall action, the police despaired getting favorable action on funds for radio equipment. They called on City Fireman H. W. Brittain to build them an outfit and offered an assortment of accumulated electrical odds and ends. The inventive fireman fastened a trunk on the rear of Chief Wilson's car, filled it with copper wires, inserted the fish pole and installed a nickel-plated microphone.

Tests were entirely satisfactory.

Tells Tall Tale of Doe Putting Bobcat Up Tree

Los Angeles.—Deputy Game Warden Max Silvernale came down from the mountains with a tale. And it was a dandy, too.

"I saw a doe looking for a shady spot among some trees," Silvernale said. "When she entered the clump of trees she discovered a large bobcat occupying the best location.

"The doe stopped. Both animals eyed each other intensely for about a minute. Then the doe dashed forward with feet flashing.

"The big cat leaped to his feet and scurried to a nearby tree, climbing to the topmost limb."

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Getting Even

If somebody has done you what in common parlance is called "a dirty trick," you will, if you are human, resent it, and you may make up your mind to get even at the earliest opportunity.

But by making such a resolution, and following it out, you will bring on yourself a weight of bitterness that will take the joy out of life until you wake up some day and discover how futile it is.

You do not get "mad" at a stone on the road which turns your ankle, or at a gust of wind which blows your hat off.

You do not fall into a fit of fury at a sidewalk on which you slip and hurt yourself.

Why, then, should you trouble yourself about slights or injustices from other people?

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As soon as you get angry, you lose your power to think.

If your grievance is caused by somebody else it will not be lightened by punching him on the nose the first time you see him.

Here you are in a world filled with all manner of people.

Some of them will be friendly, some quite the reverse.

It is easy enough to keep away from those who are not friendly.

Just avoid them, and you will destroy their ability to do you any further damage.

• • •

But if you sit up nights to dislike them, and plan how you are going to revenge yourselves on them, you are going to have a pretty disagreeable time until you learn better.

As soon as you learn not to be bothered with annoyances, big or little, the sooner you will find that this world can be made an extremely pleasant place in which to live and move and have your being.

• • •

I remember when I was a young man seeing two belligerent men pummeling each other with their fists—both of them getting hurt in the process.

When the battle was over I asked a bystander what it was about, and was told that the row started over an argument regarding the price of flour.

Probably neither of them cared very much about the price of flour, but the dispute they had engaged in embittered them both, and after they had begun calling each other ignoramuses and fatheads, they sought to settle the dispute with blows, and as a result became permanent enemies.

• • •

Make up your mind that some people are so gaited that they cannot be friendly or agreeable. Then keep away from them.

Trying to get even for old grudges has just lately brought on a great and highly destructive war.

Nobody with hatred in his heart can be happy.

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Crime waves are due to lack of imagination on the part of the people.

Criminals Cowards

There is no crook, no matter how clever—and very few crooks are clever—who could last for a week if the public once made up its mind to put him out of business.

The reason that they continue to "gang up" on the populace, is that the populace merely reads of their raids and their killings, observes "how dreadful" and turns to something else.

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Any man who is afraid to make an honest living is a coward.

The men who have terrorized the country for the past eight or ten years are usually "hopped up" when they go out to rob and kill or plunder.

They are just keen enough to keep in a hideout until they see a good chance for a hold up, or for the robbery of valuable goods. Then, with their stock of machine guns, their knowledge of the whereabouts of the officers of the law, and their seemingly reckless disregard of capture, they rob a bank, run away with a truckload of treasure, and then go into a hide-out until the public has forgotten all about them—and that never takes very long.

• • •

Sometime or other the inhabitants of this country will become sufficiently terrified to do something, as did the Vigilantes in the gold days in the West.

Sometime they will begin to understand that such people, if sufficient force is used by an adequate number of law enforcement officers, can't possibly win.

• • •

I was a reporter in Portland, Ore., when two men of the highwayman type fought and shot their way out of a penitentiary. They succeeded in getting as far as Puget Sound, killing many people as they went.

But one of them, Tracy, became suspicious of his pal Merril, and shot him.

Tracy went on alone, traveled in a boat from near Olympia to Seattle, where he shot three more people, and then made his way to eastern Washington.

There he was run down and shot.

He was an ignorant man and might easily have been captured had he been really hunted. But few people understood what a menace he was.

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When the public really wakes up, crooks of the highwayman stripe will find the country too hot to hold them.

"Trust God, Keep Powder Dry"

The phrase, "Put your trust in God, but mind to keep your powder dry," is traced to Oliver Cromwell in an address of advice which he gave to his troops previous to their crossing a river to attack the Royalist force, in which they were successful. He also incited his troops on many occasions to prayer and was in the habit of visiting certain detachments and kneeling with them to invoke the blessing of Almighty God before proceeding to battle.

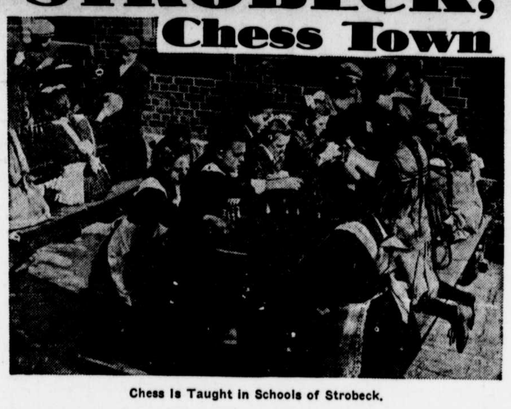
Rats Live Three Years

The white rat, which is an albino mutation from the ordinary Norway rat, has a life span of about three years, and this corresponds to the human life span of ninety years, comparative physiological studies of the rat and man show. The longest life span observed in the rat is the equivalent of 113 years in man.

California, Golden State

California is called the Golden state and El Dorado and its flower is the golden poppy.

STROBECK, Chess Town



Chess Is Taught in Schools of Strobeck.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

"STROBECK, the chess town, is in the Harz mountains, near Halberstadt, only a step off your route from Berlin to Weimar," says the German guide.

At dusk, four hours after you leave Leipzig, you are deposited, somewhat bewildered, at a little brick station surrounded by yellow stubble fields and a few old elms. Not a sign of a town can be seen.

"Where's Strobeck?" you ask the agent with some concern, as the train disappears around a bend and leaves you in the shadows.

"Over yonder, where you see the gray church spire among the green trees. It's only a half hour away by foot," he replies with a quizzical smile.

With no taxis or other means of transportation in sight, you leave your bags at the station and start off toward the town.

Finally you land breathless in front of the village inn, the Gasthof Schattenberg, on the edge of a public square. You are in Strobeck, the only place in all Germany, if not all Europe, where the royal art of chess is taught year after year in the school.

Adjoining your simple quarters in the inn is the huge entertainment hall devoted to chess, the best room in the house. The walls are decorated with paintings and mottos. On the tables are the chessboards, ivory pieces and pawns and other precious sets, hand-carved and charcoaled by local artists.

You may be shown one old-fashioned chessboard, not exhibited to everybody. It illustrates the character of the village and on it is the inscription that it was given to Strobeck by the Elector of Brandenburg on May 13, 1661.

"Strobeck must be a quiet place in which to sleep, after the seething capitals of Europe," you dare to hope, as you retire between feather beds to roast in August.

False hope! Across the cobblestone way is a tiny bakery shop with a bell on the door. Every time a child is sent for a loaf of bread or a cookie the bell tinkles merrily. Strobeck's innumerable dog population barks most of the night.

Ramble Through the Town.

At 5 a. m. the wagons clatter over the cobblestones to the fields; for Strobeck's 1,400 inhabitants are not only chess-minded but agriculturally minded as well. Every driver entertains himself by cracking his whip over the brawny backs of his oxen. The geese begin to gabble, gabble here and gabble, gabble there, and the hens begin to cluck, cluck to the chicks, and the cows low all over the town. Strobeck is up and doing.

You breakfast on bread, chocolate, and a dash of golden marmalade. Then a guide takes you in tow for a sight-seeing ramble.

Many of the red-tiled houses of the medieval village remind you of the picturesque cottages of old England. On some of them are black and white targets, and others suggest the influence of chess in their style of architecture.

On the fringe of the village are found men and women in a cloud of dust threshing rye, from which the everyday bread of Strosbeck is made. The fertile fields surrounding the village have been swept clean and the crops of rye, oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, and beets are being stored.

Finally you arrive at school, where your guide introduces you and explains your mission to the master. He, in turn, introduces you to his flock of boys and girls ranging in age from ten to fourteen. These children carry their chessboards to school as naturally as American school children carry their books.

"This is the only grade in which we teach the children how to play chess," says the master. "Here we teach the game every week during the last three months of the school year—January, February, and March. The children attend school, however, every month in the year—from 7 to noon in summer and 8 to noon and 1 to 3 p. m. in winter."

In summer everybody works in the fields, for Strobeck's only business is agriculture.

Chess in the School Room.

Like the royal children ofthe Kingdom of Cyrus, who had to learn the laws of chess "almost with their mothers' milk," so the children of Strobeck learn early, with their ABC's, to master the rules and regulations of the game.

"How many rooms have you here?" you ask of the master.

"We live in 12 and all 12 are in the schoolhouse," he replies.

Returning to the classroom, you find the children ready with 16 chessboards. Soon you are forgotten, as the master explains the laws of the game and the functions of the chessmen. The children set up their black and white pieces in formal array on the checkered battlefields.

"Players with the white pieces make the first move," announces the schoolmaster.

Slowly and carefully the young enthusiasts make their moves, and it is with keen interest that you watch the uniform courtesy that they display to their opponents, their quiet and undemonstrative behavior in times of defeat or victory. The fast thinkers win their games in five to ten moves, while the slow thinkers look long at their men and move slowly. The average player wins or loses his game in 40 to 50 moves. Some are badly beaten and some soon resign and start all over again. While the games are being won or lost, there is no talking or whispering.

"Strobeck is the home of chess," the master reminds you, as he sends the children back to their lessons. "Don't fail to see the historical chess tower or castle, where the chess champions of the town held their first contests a half century before William the Conqueror landed in England."

Regretfully you leave the kindly schoolmaster and proceed to the tower of class, in the heart of the village.

"You see the balcony," says the guide, when he succeeds in cajoling the key from the keeper and opens the heavy door. "The tower since the year 1011 has entertained two groups of players, one on the balcony and one on the ground floor."

Story of the Chess Tower.

That this tower should have played a part in the legendary origin of the royal game in Strobeck is most natural. When Henry the Second of Germany decreed that the Wendish Count of Gungelin be delivered to the Bishop of Strobeck, to be kept in solitary confinement, the prisoner was straightway whisked off to this stronghold.

The royal captive soon learned how to beguile the lonely hours by playing chess, a game in which he was passionately interested. He chalked out a chessboard on his dungeon floor and carved two sets of chessmen out of wood. Then, being doomed to play alone, this ingenious prisoner made his right hand the opponent of his left, and the game went on.

In due time the Strobeck peasants who took turns in guarding the door of his cell became interested in the count's silent maneuvers on the checkered floor and were initiated into the mysteries of the game. They, in turn, taught the rules to their wives and children.

This legend of the origin of chess in Strobeck was perpetuated on the town's chess-inspired paper money.

Even gambling on chess once knocked at the door of Strobeck, but only for a brief interval, after which the game was never again played for money. The story goes that one day Silberschmidt, a student of human nature as well as a master at chess, gave Strobeck a lesson which it never forgot. He played for the high stakes which the villagers proposed and won from their champion.

The villagers were willing to pay for their losses, but they were most unwilling to grant Silberschmidt a certificate of defeat. "Take the gold," they implored, "but leave us our glory."

"Good people of Strobeck," returned the stranger, "the money I have won from you I give to your poor and to your school, but on one condition: you must swear that henceforth you will never play for money. The noble science of chess carries its interest in itself; a single game won is a treasure of satisfaction.

The villagers took the oath, gave Silberschmidt his certificate, distributed his money as directed, and, so far as records show, never again did they play for aught but honor.

Yearly Tournament Held.

In this atmosphere of legendary chess Strobeck enjoys a quiet, bucolic life. Once a year a chess tournament is held in the village school, usually with 48 contestants taking active part in the tourney. The victors carry off the trophies, which are always new chessboards, and are escorted home in honor. Then the village is alive with gay banners and badges, and living chessmen, kings and queens, bishops and knights, and pawns parade the streets. Visitors interested in chess flock into Strobeck from many points.

While a village merchant waits for customers, he entertains himself with the exciting problems of chess, and when business knocks he lays his chessboard aside only while the purchaser is served. So his father has done before him. So his son will do after he is gone.

Wherever people go in Strobeck for entertainment and refreshment, they find chessboards and chessmen provided for their amusement. The game is part and parcel not only of the town's educational and recreational hours, but of its business hours. The entire village breathes chess morning, noon, and night, generation after generation.

When a Strobeck maiden marries a man from the outside world, she must play a game of chess with the chief magistrate of the village before she leaves her native heath, in order to prove that she carries with her the knowledge of the traditions of the community.

To Tell Squirrels Apart

A sure way to tell gray and fox squirrels apart, not generally known, is by counting the teeth of the upper jaw. Fox squirrels have four grinding teeth. Gray and black squirrels have a very small additional tooth placed at the front end of the row of four. The incisor teeth and the teeth of the lower jaw are alike in number for both species.

Wool Is Unique Fabric in Perfect Elasticity

Wool is a perfectly elastic material, writes Carleton M. Allen in the Boston Transcript. It is unique in this characteristic. No matter how much it is stretched without breaking it will, under ordinary circumstances, return to its original length. A single wool fiber, if kept wet and stretched slowly, can be extended by 70 per cent of its original length without breaking and when the stretching force is released it will return exactly to its former length.

The heat-retaining power of clothing is a factor of great importance in every climate. Wool has the lowest conductivity of any fabric, and therefore will retain heat in a warm body which it covers for the longest time. Wool is a bad conductor of heat. As wool prevents the body warmth from escaping, it obviously will not allow the cold to penetrate the body. Wool is twice as slow as cotton in increasing its conductivity due to moisture and will retain heat better when wet.

Bath, England, City of Buns, Springs, Duels, Roman Ruins

Ancient Buildings Underlie Foundations of Once Fashionable Spa.

Bath, England, home of the Bath bun and of medicinal springs used since pre-Roman days, is also the place where charming Sally Lunn first baked the famous sweetened tea cakes that bear her name. Reopening of her original bow-windowed shop in Lilliput Alley reawakens interest in this quaint city, once the most fashionable watering place in England.

"Situated on the Avon, about 12 miles south of Bristol, Bath's gray stone houses climb in parallel terraces up the encircling green hills. Famous as the town where England's Eighteenth century life and culture came into flower, Bath is noted also because it contains more Roman ruins than any other English city," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "Roman relics unearthed during recent excavations, although extensive, form only a meager part of the original Roman buildings which underlie practically the entire foundations of Bath.

Romans First to Make It a Resort.

"Bath's turbulent history began about 44 A. D. Roman legions storming westward through the Avon valley found Britons bathing in the medicinal Springs of Sul. Rededicating the springs to Minerva, Romans surrounded them with elaborate mosaic baths, temples and villas. Here swarmed gouty magistrates and wounded warriors to recuperate.

"Ruined by the Saxons, again by the Normans, Bath became a desolate city, its hot springs flooding broken corridors. When Queen Elizabeth visited the city she found it unsanitary, its inhabitants disorderly. In spite of dirt and discomfort, however, Bath's healing springs drew a steady influx of visitors. The baths presented a curious sight with motley mobs of loose-robed men and women wading up to their necks in the steaming water.

"Made fashionable finally by the visit of Queen Anne, Bath became England's most popular spa. Invalid nobility, nouveaux riches, doctors, demi-mondes, and gamblers flocked to the resort. Most famous among the latter was the dandy, Beau Nash, whose dazzling arrival marked the beginning of Bath's era of refinement and greatest prosperity. Until then, although king's sometimes held their courts there, Bath was still a maze of squalid houses crowded together on sordid streets, where pedestrians were attacked by footpads and taunted by owners of Bath chairs. Women were frequently insulted, and men danced in muddy boots, wearing swords, which they drew at the slightest provocation.

Beau Nash, Genial Despot.

"Beau Nash, upon being made master of ceremonies at Bath, made rules forbidding dueling and wearing of swords while dancing. He had the mean streets paved and lighted, a handsome assembly room built for gaming, and engaged a band for dancing. Under his genial despotism, frivolous life at Bath proceeded daily with many quaint customs.

"After Bath's heyday as a fashion resort passed, it still drew artists and writers, as Greenwich Village does today, to describe its unique life. Most Eighteenth century novels contain references to it. Frequenters of Bath were Dickens, Scott, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Sheridan, Lord Nelson, Lord Chesterfield, Fielding, Doctor Johnson, and James Boswell. It was in Bath that Sally Fairfax, beloved of George Washington, died. Bath inspired Gainsborough's most beautiful landscapes.

Healing Springs Contain Radium.

"Bath today resembles an ancient 'grande dame,' dreaming over past balls; somewhat faded, but still keeping up appearances. Though no longer England's most fashionable resort, carriages bearing crests still drive through the streets of Bath to discharge well dressed people at expensive shops.

"Many people are still attracted to Bath, as have visitors for over 2,000 years, by its medicinal waters. Its three hot springs yield half a million gallons daily. The healing property of the waters, odorless and not unpleasant to taste, is ascribed to radium, the presence of which stains the drinking glasses yellow."

Adorable Pantie Frock That Is Easy to Make

PATTERN 2556

Here's an adorable frock for a two-to-ten-year-old, and one very easy for mother to make, too. It wears a young round-collared neckline, puffed sleeves for irresistible little girl charm, and roomy pleats for agile youngsters who want "free action." Printed percale would be ever so appealing and practical.

Pattern 2556 is available in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 takes 2⅜ yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

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SMILES

Statesmanship

"A statesman should know how to advise the masses."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "and the masses are very much like individuals. In order to keep their friendship, you must find out what they prefer, and then advise it."—Washington Evening Star.

Fixed!

Lady (in store)—How do your envelopes run?

Bright Boy—They don't run ma'am; they're stationery.

A Sharp Lot, Down Maine

"Gimme an all-day sucker," the lad demanded of the candy man.

He was handed one.

"Looks kind of small," remarked the youth looking at it doubtfully.

"Yeah, the days are shorter."—Portland Express

Find Out

From Your Doctor if the "Pain" Remedy You Take Is Safe.

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your *doctor* what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice.

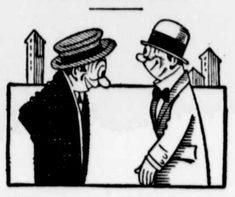
Countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin year in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

Remember this: Genuine Bayer Aspirin is rated *among the fastest methods yet discovered* for the relief of headaches and all common pains . . . and *safe* for the average person to take regularly.

You can get real Bayer Aspirin at *any* drug store—simply by never asking for it by the name "aspirin" alone, but always saying BAYER ASPIRIN when you buy.

Bayer Aspirin

METHOD IN THAT



"Why do you always buy your clothes on the installment plan?"

"They try to give me stuff that will last until the installments are all paid."

Mutual

Judge—Have you any fixed abode?

Defendant—No; I'm on circuit like yourself.—Punch.