

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

PROGRESS of the Noble Experiment in the heart of the Bible country, as reported by the Samson *Ledger*:

Hard times, coupled with intense competition, are said to be responsible for a decided drop in the price of busthead. According to a man supposed to be well informed, "busthead" can now be procured at 49 cents a pint, instead of the usual dollar. The reduced price is reflected in a considerable increase in public drunkenness, quite a number of cases of this character having been reported lately.

A measly 25% profit is about all the distributors can glean off the bootlegging traffic at present. According to the *Ledger's* information, the distributors pay \$3 a gallon for the rum, which is manufactured, so it is alleged, not far from the town, and selling for 49 cents a pint brings in less than \$4 a gallon. This, most anyone will agree, is a very small margin of profit.

CALIFORNIA

WHY Iowans with rheumatism flock to California, as revealed by the advertising columns of the eminent *Nautilus Magazine*:

CHARLES M. BERKHEIMER, Metaphysician, Hotel Trinity, Los Angeles, Cal. Daily treatments, \$5 month; Special, \$10 month.

J. BENJAMIN HOBBS, Individual Treatments, Advice, Personal Problems. Voluntary offering. 1441 Lake Shore Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Society For Healing The Sick By True Prayer. DELLA MARIE PENCE, Leader. 1941 Fresno St., Fresno, California. Treatments for health and prosperity. Free will offering plan.

GLORY GLADWIN, Heals through Divine Love. Interviews, Correspondence, 330¼

So. Vendome Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Telephone, Dunkirk 5306. Love offering.

EDISON HAND, Metaphysical Practitioner, 1020 Everett Ave., Oakland, California. Treatments. Letter assistance. Write or wire.

Treatments by Prayer. If sick or discouraged. Free Will Offering. ANNA L. STOECKLY, 514 Foothill Blvd., Oakland, California.

PROSPERITY and HAPPINESS treatments. Love offering only. Send 30c in stamps. A. M. ALCORN, 840 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

ELIZABETH CARRICK COOK, D.D., Ph.D. President N. California District I. N. T. A. Practitioner, daily treatments. Free Will Offering, 609 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

HATTIE CHAPMAN GIBBS, Health, Harmony, Prosperity treatments. 1216 Leavenworth, San Francisco, California. Voluntary Offering.

REV. GEO. C. GOLDEN, Metaphysician. Consultation letters, \$10.00. 68 Post St., San Francisco, California.

W. FREDERIC KEELER, Metaphysical Practitioner. Treatment by the Spirit. Twenty-five years in active practice. Wire emergencies, follow by letter. P. O. Box 1546, San Francisco, Calif.

THE AQUARIAN MINISTRY (Desk N), Santa Barbara, Calif., treatments for health, prosperity and adjustment. 25 years' experience. Free will offering. Cooperative treatments daily for two months \$3.00. Details on request.

Let me help you attain health, happiness and your desires. Free will offerings. VORA B. DURAND, Spring Valley, Calif.

THE American Civil Liberties Union on the life of free Americans in Los Angeles:

Wanton destruction of the Coöperative Center in Los Angeles by city policemen will be followed by a damage suit against

the municipality by the Coöperative Consumers' League, which owns the wrecked building. The vandalism by the police occurred on an evening when William Z. Foster, national secretary of the Trade Union Unity League, was scheduled to speak. Foster had intended to speak in Walker Auditorium, but patrolmen came and called off the meeting, arresting eight who had been decorating the hall, on suspicion of criminal syndicalism. Prevented from gathering there, an audience went to the Coöperative Center. Here also they found a large number of policemen, and soon the police began throwing gas bombs, one of which landed in the restaurant of the center, amid 150 people. Shortly afterward the police began a systematic destruction of the Center, which included an auditorium, a folk-school, a workers' sport club, and a library. They broke dishes in the kitchen, chairs, windows and lighting fixtures, and tore down curtains and pictures.

THE Men of Vision of Turlock resort to violent self-criticism:

Rotary and Exchange Club men, on Friday, will egg each other on with a view to reducing the present large surplus of prospective omelettes in this vicinity and stabilizing the poultry industry. Clad in armor and carrying baskets of eggs, the club members will hurl the missiles at each other until about 100 cases of eggs are only a fragrant memory. The winning club will challenge service club teams of Modesto, Merced and other towns. The events will be sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce.

THE Santa Paula *Review* gives its readers a lesson in manners:

HAND-KISSING IS THE BUNK

Without fear of successful contradiction, not even by Lou Baumgartner or Hank Stearns, we assert that hand-kissing, as exemplified in the movies, will never become popular in this country, never. Some sissy Americans affect the European custom, but the big he-man scorns such limp displays of affection.

Kiss 'em on the hand? Not the American. He grabs 'em as he would a pork chop, tickles their noses with his Charlie Chaplin, and sock, the little supple-figured one gets it right on the rubies, and fully realizes that she has been kissed.

And that's the way it should be done. Who wants to kiss a mud-hook? Nobody but a monocle-wearing, corset-lacing slave of Europeanism, who reeks with suavity and polish, would think of it. Can you imagine one of those big, garrulous Bardsdale sheiks, holding the lily white hand of a fair haired Jane (the said hand just out of the dish water), and saying: "I kiss your hand, madame"? And trying to put the French accent on the "madame"?

And then, as a current writer suggests, no pot-bellied American can bow from the hips, and most Americans are pot-bellied. An old friend of ours used to sing a song about how he drove away the blues, and claimed he accomplished it by looking at the donkey in his own mirror. Well, if the American who kisses women's hands wants to see how a donkey looks, let him look in his mirror.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE HON. CYRENUS COLE of Iowa on the sublime process of law-making in Washington:

Thus supported, the bill was reported out by the full committee and was passed by a majority of forty-four in the House, but it was talked to death in the Senate. When it came to a vote in that body, after the vote had been taken, *viva voce*, in the affirmative, which was overwhelming, a Senator from West Virginia got the floor and prevented the vote from being completed. Taking advantage of the fact that at two o'clock another bill would come up, he talked until it was too late to call for the negative votes.

This Senator afterward told Mr. Cummins that he himself had no objection to the bill, but he had promised a ladies' aid society in his district that he would oppose the legislation. Those ladies in the mountains had been influenced solely by a magazine article.

FLORIDA

CULTURAL news item from the great city of Miami:

Frank Voltaire, of New York, who claims direct descent from the famous French satirist, has broken Shipwreck Kelly's flag-pole sitting record of forty-six days. Voltaire says he will stay up for fifty days.

GEORGIA

INCIDENT in the life of Dahlonga, and a philosophical comment thereon by the Hon. W. B. Townsend, editor of the *Nugget*:

Some years ago while a minister was making his rounds visiting the homes of the people here, praying and telling and informing them what the Lord had done and would do, he called in to see an old lady. After prayer he got to talking, and among other things told her that Christ died to save sinners. "Good gracious, is He dead?" enquired the aged lady. It is useless for us to say that she didn't take any newspaper.

ILLINOIS

THE Chicago *Tribune* reports progress in the tone art:

A new artistic record has been set: Salvy Cavicchio, xylophonist for CBS, recently shaved five seconds off the existing speed record for playing Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Flight of the Bumble Bee." Cavicchio played the 964 notes in 60 seconds flat.

IOWA

EDUCATIONAL advertisement in the Coe College *Cosmos*:

MOTOR-BUS TOURS FOR COLLEGE CREDIT

THE WONDERFUL WEST
July 1-August 1 inclusive
Black Hills, Yellowstone,
Teton, Colorado, Mesa Verde
IOWA, BEAUTIFUL LAND
June 10-26 inclusive
August 8-24 inclusive
17 days each

Not limited to students and teachers
COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, DRAKE
UNIVERSITY
Des Moines, Iowa.

MICHIGAN

THE Hoover-Wesley Millennium in Reed City, as broadcast to the nation by the United Press:

Residents of this village have received official notice to stop throwing corn whiskey mash in the sewers. It damages the sewer pipes. In this week's edition of the town weekly, a notice appears signed by the village marshal, cautioning citizens to be careful in this matter.

MINNESOTA

EXERCISE in prose by the Roseland correspondent of the *Willmar Gazette*:

Saturday afternoon was an exciting afternoon for those present and hearing of the accident. As P. G. Husenga and son George came driving from south of Roseland, going north, and driving at a good speed, and seeing there being a number of cars in town, the Bible school just leaving out, the youngster just crossing the road had the misfortune of going just a bit too slow or being exciting, the car driven by George George struck John Bulthuis and threw him to the ground. All those seeing and hearing of same delivered the message to his father, who was attending the annual Shipping Association meeting, got excited as the rest of the people were. The boy was taken to the hospital by his father, Elko Bulthuis, but he also returned home with him as there was no great damage done to the boy.

MISSOURI

BAPTIST church notice in the *Troy Free Press*:

It will not hurt you as much to come to church as it will to stay home, so come on to church and take whatever punishments there is in it for you. We hope you will get more than enough good out of it to compensate for the affliction there is in it to you.

NEW MEXICO

WARNING printed on the front page of the *Santa Fé New Mexican*:

All ladies and especially mothers accompanied by children who attend sessions of

the State Senate are cautioned against remaining during any remarks made by a certain member of the Senate. There is always the risk of being subjected to the ordeal of hearing vulgar, indecent and obscene language or implications, and it is only fair to give this warning to the public, in the interest of public decency and the protection of our women and children.

NEW YORK

SPIRITUAL news from Harlem in the eminent *Pittsburgh Courier*:

Continuing her city-wide revival campaign, the Rev. Josephine Becton opened at the Rush Memorial Church on Tuesday evening, pressed for room to stand by the most eager crowd of worshippers. The crowd that greeted the noted woman evangelist seemed to be bent upon drawing as close to the altar as possible. Little heed was paid to the command of the ushers not to push or shove. It finally developed into a grand rush to be the first to touch the holy sanctum where the Rev. Josephine Becton stood.

It was not all a religious crowd that surged about the doors outside and the pulpit within. There were sinners galore mingling with Christians and curiosity seekers. They all wanted to hear the woman speak about "numbers," Harlem's pet gambling pastime. Word had gone out that the evangelist was going to preach against the "numbers" racket. They wanted to hear what she had to say. By some stretch of the imagination she might give out a "hunch" on a number that would buy some wood or coal these bleak wintry nights.

She said, "I'm not telling you 'don'ts.' But I tell you if you draw close to God, whatever you need and ask for and believe, He will give it to you. Now, you who play the numbers tonight take a chance on God and consecrate on what you want."

Members of the congregation sprang to their feet and loudly proclaimed the blessings received from previous consecrations.

FRANK announcement in the illustrious *Naples Record*:

WANTED—A good, honest woman not over fifty or fifty-five years old and a good

cook, as housekeeper in a good home, and if everything went off pleasantly and agreeably, with the intention of getting married in the near future, providing she could give good reference. As for myself, I can give the best of references if required.

J. C. MEADE,
Middlesex, N. Y.

BUSINESS card of a Manhattanite:

Longacre 5898

VICTOR KRAFT

Antique Dealer
Real Estate Salesman
Evangelist

320 EAST 125TH STREET NEW YORK

NORTH CAROLINA

SCIENTIFIC item in the *Wilkes Journal* of North Wilkesboro:

Professor T. E. Story issued an optimistic statement at the Kiwanis luncheon Friday when he predicted that there would be no more depressions in business until 2029 A.D. According to Prof. Story, "Depressions were experienced in 1903, 1912, 1921 and 1930. The numerals in these years added together make thirteen. Thirteen is an unlucky number which embraced in year figures brings panics. By that line of reasoning we will not have a depression again for the next 98 years, because no other addition of figures will make thirteen until 2029."

THE same great organ of public opinion gets a scoop on the press of the world:

Dr. S. A. Stewart, of Hiroshima, Japan, will be the speaker at the Wednesday night prayer service at the Methodist church. Mr. Stewart has been in Japan so long that he thinks in Japanese. In all probability he will tell of the conversion of the President of Japan, which was a deathblow to Communism in the Orient.

OHIO

WANT ad in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*:

AAA SPECIAL—Age 30, high-school education; following experience: steel mills, construction cost clerk, timekeeper, paymaster, truck driver, automobile salesman,

tobacco salesman, six months bootlegging (not caught), first-class stud poker dealer, poor horse selector, one season front door of a circus; plenty references as to character, ability and industry; refer you to all former employers; prefer sales work; no house to house. Box S 19, care the *Enquirer*.

MORAL document from the grand old town of Sharpsburg:

Hon. Robert J. Bulkley,
U. S. Senate,
Washington, D. C.

Dear and Honorable Sir: It is with the profoundest regret and deepest aversion that we learned of the endeavor of Senator Gillett, of Massachusetts, who introduced a bill permitting the disseminating of literature and information about birth control. We refer to sections 211, 245, 305, and 312 in Senate bill 4582, to amend the tariff act, 1930, and Penal Code.

Fully realizing the bad and disastrous effect, the demoralizing and perverting influence of said bill, we, the members and inhabitants of Sharpsburg, Ohio, raise our voice in severe protest and condemnation of any such bill.

As loyal citizens, clean and honest Americans, as lovers of home and country, as God-fearing people, we protest most vehemently against any such bill, which has for its purpose the prevention of life, leading to the God-forbidden practice of killing innocent life in mother's womb, the most sacred home on earth. We stand for a clean United States, for the honesty and glory of our honorable flag, for a country that lives and lets live, and we utterly defy, abhor, and detest any legislation as contrary to God's own outspoken will: "Thou shalt not kill" that would permit contraception, prevention, or even the killing of an unborn being. We deny the right of the Senate, or any Legislature, to adopt or to approve of any such legislation. We stand by the solid teaching of the Catholic Church, as expressed recently by the Pope, on holy matrimony. Russia is a sad example of what becomes of a country who adopts such pernicious legislation.

Trusting in the fair-mindedness and the

spirit of righteousness and law, hoping in the fulfillment of the oath sworn by our executives, and asking our representatives to represent us fairly and justly, we ask you, honorable sir, to forward this, our most earnest protest, against the aforesaid bill of Mr. Gillett, and in the name of all unborn babes, in the name of all honest fathers and mothers, and of all God-fearing people and citizens we ask that this, our protest, be incorporated in the record of the hearing.

With due respect to you, we sign,

In the name of the whole parish:

Rev. JOSEPH A. AHU, C. PP. S.

In the name of the men sodality:

JOS. TIMMERMAN.

In the name of the mother sodality:

PHILOMENA MEIRING.

In the name of the young people sodality:

FRANK ROBBINS.

SANT ANOLS.

Sharpsburg, O.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE REV. A. S. HUNTER in the *Methodist*, the pride and glory of the Philadelphia Wesleyans:

The many millions now spent annually for sprays, insecticides, etc., to combat the numerous enemies of crops would be unnecessary were people obedient and true to God.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SPORTING news from the great city of Columbia:

Throat cultures will be taken tomorrow to determine if Robert Eldredge has recovered sufficiently from meningitis to be electrocuted Friday. Cultures will be made at the same time to make certain that the other five occupants of the death house at the State Penitentiary still are free from meningitis infection. If the tests of all show clear, they will be removed to other cells Tuesday and the death house fumigated. If they are not clear, a conference will be held Tuesday between Col. J. N. Pearman, superintendent of the prison, and Governor Blackwood, to decide what will be done about the execution. Others in the death house, under sentence to die Friday, are Tillman Poozer, for the murder of C. D.

Mills, Cayce night watchman; and John Ackwright, Ernest Thomas, James Hickman and George Bird, convicted with Eldredge for the murder of B. Wilbur Hendrix, Lexington county merchant.

More than 1,000 applications have been received from persons desiring to witness the wholesale killings, which will require about three hours Friday morning, and many more applications are expected to be received during the week if tests tomorrow show that danger of meningitis infection has been removed.

FROM the Edgefield *Advertiser*:

FOUND—In my garden, one beautiful black rooster, whose stately tread betrays a noble ancestry. Too fine looking to ever enter the ministry, but his present position is precarious. Am unable to find owner. Anyone he recognizes can have him.

THE REV. R. C. GRIFFITH.

TENNESSEE

THE science of Law Enforcement in Memphis, as described by the Chapel Hill (N. C.) *Weekly*:

Henry R. Fuller of Chapel Hill was arrested and thrown into a cell in Memphis, Tenn., Saturday night for no other reason than that he walked into the police station and asked if there was a Communist headquarters in Memphis and, if so, could the police direct him to it?

The inquiry was made because Mr. Fuller was looking for Horace B. Davis, former professor in a Memphis college. Mr. Fuller sells text-books for a publishing house in the North and had done business with Mr. Davis. He had heard of Mr. Davis's having been arrested for supposed Communist activities and therefore thought that he might get information from the police about his present whereabouts.

Mr. Fuller himself is not and has never been a Communist. He is a man of unusually quiet and gentle manners. When he asked where Communist headquarters was a police detective replied:

"Yeah—right here in the station—right back there in one of those cells."

So they took the dumbfounded Chapel Hillian back in a filthy cell. They kept him there Saturday night, and Sunday night, along with thieves, dope-fiends and other criminals. The food was uneatable, and he lived on coffee and cigarettes.

If he had been able to communicate with friends he might have been released promptly, but the police held him incommunicado on what they call "the secret docket."

A. T. Johnson, formerly a member of the University of North Carolina faculty, now living in Memphis, heard about Mr. Fuller's incarceration Sunday and went to the station and asked to see him. But police refused to allow it.

Monday morning Mr. Fuller was released through the efforts of the Scripps-Howard newspaper, the *Press-Scimitar*.

When Mr. Fuller left his cell his first objective was a bath and a shave, and then he had a meal—the first time he had anything fit to eat for nearly forty-eight hours.

The police commissioner of Memphis, Cliff Davis, is one of the city's leaders in church affairs.

WASHINGTON

PUBLIC appeal in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*:

WILL parties who found hat-box with wedding dress, etc., at 9th and James, please return so we can get married. No questions asked. Apartment 106, Taylor Terrace.

WISCONSIN

FROM the *Marquette University Tribune*, official paper of the institution:

At a tea given by the Marquette University Faculty Wives at the Varsity Club on Armistice Day, Prof. Hugh L. Riordan spoke on the topic, "Armistice Day, 1930—'With the Shadows Watching Them There' . . ."

"Take the fun out of war," he pleaded. He begged the American people to think more on subjects vital to our national affairs . . . to take a more intelligent interest in world affairs and to save the United States from the intellectual.

HAIR

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

THIS girl, this Susan Reed, was an orphan. She lived with a family named Burchett, that had some more children, two or three more. Some said that Susan was a niece or a cousin or something; others cast the usual aspersions on the character of Burchett and even of Mrs. Burchett: you know. Women mostly, these were.

She was about five when Hawkshaw first came to town. It was in his first Summer behind that chair in Maxey's barber-shop that Mrs. Burchett brought Susan in for the first time. Maxey told me about how him and the other barbers watched Mrs. Burchett trying for three days to get Susan (she was a thin little girl then, with big scared eyes and this straight, soft hair, not blonde and not brunette) into the shop. And Maxey told me how at last it was Hawkshaw that went out into the street and worked with the girl for about fifteen minutes until he got her into the shop and into his chair—him that hadn't ever said more than Yes or No to any man or woman in town that anybody ever saw. "Be durn if it didn't look like Hawkshaw had been waiting for her to come along," Maxey told me.

That was her first haircut. Hawkshaw gave it to her, and her sitting under the cloth like a little scared rabbit. But six months after that she was coming to the shop by herself and letting Hawkshaw cut her hair, still looking like a little old rabbit, with her scared face and those big eyes

and that hair without any special name showing above the cloth. If Hawkshaw was busy, Maxey said she would come in and sit on the waiting bench close to his chair with her legs sticking straight out in front of her until Hawkshaw got done. Maxey says they considered her Hawkshaw's client the same as if she had been a Saturday night shaving customer. He says that one time the other barber, Matt Fox, offered to wait on her, Hawkshaw being busy, and that Hawkshaw looked up like a flash. "I'll be done in a minute," he says. "I'll tend to her." Maxey told me that Hawkshaw had been working for him for almost a year then, but that was the first time he ever heard him speak positive about anything.

That Fall the girl started to school. She would pass the barber-shop each morning and afternoon. She was still shy, walking fast like little girls do, with that yellow-brown head of hers passing the window level and fast like she was on skates. She was always by herself at first, but pretty soon her head would be one of a clump of other heads, all talking, not looking toward the window at all, and Hawkshaw standing there in the window, looking out. Maxey said him and Matt would not have to look at the clock at all to tell when five minutes to eight and to three o'clock came, because they could tell by Hawkshaw. It was like he would kind of drift up to the window without watching himself doing it, and be looking out about the time for