

LUNACY MARCHES ON!

OUR distinguished contemporary, the New York *Daily Worker* (June 19) has announced to its readers in a bold headline that "Roosevelt Gets Ready to Attack South America." Part of the pellucid reasoning of that recondite journal follows:

No honest person can escape the conclusion: the Roosevelt monopoly domination of South America is a piece of gigantic aggression, economic and MILITARY. It is a war plan. The people down there will be told what to grow, how much to grow, and what price to sell. They will have to be FORCED by bayonets to agree to the Wall Street quotas and the Wall Street prices.

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Social Justice, organ of that patriotic divine, Father Coughlin, prays in its issue of June 10 for Hitler's victory over "the Anglo-Saxon powers" — a designation that includes the USA:

The greatest injustice in the world today is the monetary system upheld mainly by the Anglo-Saxon powers — a system which permits money to be created by private corporations for private profit and which holds in subjugation millions of persons by the power of gold and debt money. For this reason, it would be better for the world that Germany should win the

war rather than the Allies, even though the Allies pretend to protect Christianity. . . .

Moreover, by manipulating tenses a bit to make a 127-year-old episode sound contemporary, the good shepherd's weekly proves that, unlike the Nazis, the Britishers *are* committing atrocities in America. The episode exhumed by *Social Justice* alleges pillage and rape by British soldiers at Hampton, Virginia, in 1813 and draws this moral:

Although Germany is not guiltless of atrocities, nevertheless she has not perpetrated them upon American men, women and children. The same cannot be said for Great Britain. . . . Again the kettle calls the pot black. Why should we Americans become agitated over atrocities abroad when there are plenty of them to be considered here at home?

* * *

The Germans have no designs on South America — except to sweep out the Spaniards, Portuguese, Indians and people of mixed blood. This is explained modestly in a letter to the liberal New York *Neue Volkszeitung* (June 15), protesting against that paper's harshness toward Nazi Fifth Columnists in Latin America:

Having returned to New York from an anthropological survey, in Central and South America, I can report to you the following about the "German intrigues" in these countries. There are about two million Germans and in addition Spaniards, Portuguese, Negroes, Indians, and especially all kinds of mixed breeds. The bearers of culture and the civilizing element are the Germans exclusively. In their hands alone is the growing industry and export commerce. They desire now to contribute to the political formation of their adopted countries, entirely in the sense of order, peace and constructive activities. They do not want these countries to become German colonies, but they do desire to sweep out the perpetually rebellious elements of Spanish, Portuguese, Indian and mixed blood origin.

* * *

When Russia, of all nations, objects to meddling in Spain, of all places, that's news. From the Moscow *Pravda* (March 23):

The imperialist countries England and France are meddling in the internal affairs of Spain and attempt by threats to force it to change its foreign policy. France and England are trying to spread the conflagration of war to Spain, in order to advance their bloody aspirations against the interests of the Spanish people.

* * *

Il Duce's erudite colleague, Signor Farinacci, in the Cremona *Regime Fascista*, reveals that the Vatican is run by the Jews. Says Farinacci, in attacking the Vatican's official organ:

(Compiled by Stephen Naft.)

I will never stop attacking those who, instead of defending the universality of the Church, follow, as does *Osservatore Romano*, the politics of the synagogues.

* * *

They knew what they wanted. The Danish writer, Thorvald Knudsen, in the Berlin *Europäische Hefte*, April 9:

The attitude of Denmark to the world powers of 1940 points with unmistakable clearness to the absolute necessity for the success of Germany's attempt to realize equal rights for all European peoples, by pledging all its powers for the right of nations.

And Knut Hamsun, author of *Hunger*, writing in an Oslo newspaper shortly before the Nazi invasion:

We do not want to fall under the domination of a foreign power. More and more we turn our hope toward Germany.

* * *

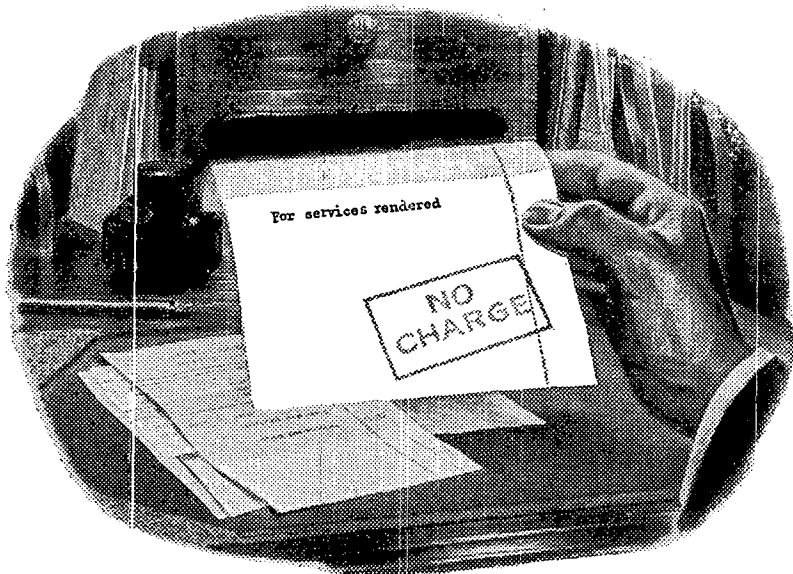
"Life in Oslo follows its normal course," the German radio station Zeesen announced on April 18. Normalcy, Hitler style, is illustrated by this proclamation, then on the walls of Oslo:

DEATH WILL BE THE PUNISHMENT FOR ANYONE DESTROYING MEANS OF COMMUNICATION.

DEATH WILL BE THE PUNISHMENT FOR OBEYING THE ORDER OF MOBILIZATION.

DEATH WILL BE THE PUNISHMENT FOR ANYONE WHO BY REMARKS DIRECTED AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT MAY DO HARM TO THE COUNTRY.

Something



YOUR LIFE INSURANCE POLICY is a contract between the Company and you. The Company wishes not only to fulfill the terms of that contract, but to perform every reasonable service that may increase your policy's value to you and your family.

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you don't have to pay for

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Explaining Retroactive Benefits on Liberalized Policies.

Metropolitan, in common with other companies, has made liberalizing improvements through the years, particularly in Industrial policies. Each improvement has been of advantage to the policyholder. Wherever possible, these additional benefits have been made retroactive, so that if you own an old policy, you may be entitled to certain benefits which this old policy does not contain in writing.

If you have an old policy on which you no longer pay premiums, you may wonder if it has any value. Such old policies often do have value. And, through voluntary action by the Company, many Weekly Premium policies have become eligible for cash surrender value if premiums on them were paid for at least three years,

even though the policy terms require a longer premium-paying period.

Of course, nothing in this advertisement is intended to suggest that either you or your beneficiaries should refrain from consulting a trusted family advisor, or a competent and reputable attorney-at-law in case you, or your beneficiaries, feel the need of doing so.

One thing more. Even though you may have read your life insurance policy thoroughly, do so again . . . at once. Read it from beginning to end. Be certain that both you and your beneficiaries are familiar with its provisions. If there is anything that you, or they, do not understand, your Company's agent will be glad to explain—or, if you prefer, communicate with the Home office.

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*Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the
New York World's Fair and at the
Golden Gate International Exposition
in San Francisco.*

MAJOR ENGAGEMENT IN PARIS

A Story

By KAY BOYLE

IT was Mrs. Hodges' American dentist who introduced her to the toothpicks. They were called Hav-a-Picks, the name bearing an obvious double meaning, and they came in flat cardboard packets, like the matches they give you in hotels. Mrs. Hodges took a liking to them at once. The dentist gave her the first package around three o'clock one afternoon, and at five she took them out to tea with her, a grimlipped, imperious old lady sitting upright in the elegant tea-shop with the packet of toothpicks laid out in preparation on the table and her gas mask in its case slung over her shoulder. She was wearing one of the new small hats, a black one with a crisp white flower on it, set firmly forward on her brow, and her hawk-thin, aquiline nose arched regally beneath it. She told the girl who came for her order that she was waiting for Mrs. Peterson, and that she would order her ice-cream soda when Mrs. Peterson came, the ringing accent which thirty years

of Paris had not yet worn into French stating:

"Mon am-ee, Madame Pee-tair-song, doit vanir." She had put her black bag on one chair and her umbrella on the other, and she told the girl rather tartly that in the last war no one had bothered to hang up curtains like that or gum strips of paper on the plate glass. "Last war Big Bertha's range moved right down our street," she said. "One day it got the house at one corner and the gentleman who had been dining with us got his bedroom shot away. He came back, very apologetically, of course, and spent the night on the divan in our sitting room." Because there were only three or four other ladies taking tea in this place where American girls in their sheer silk stockings and American matrons had swarmed before, the girl had time to stand and listen to it. "The next day it got the house at the other corner," Mrs. Hodges was saying, loud and clear. "That's why I