

LIFE WITH SALT ON THE SIDE

By E. V. DURLING

Venus—like you seem to me; Every charm is crystal clear. Rarely does a mortal see One as fair as you, my dear. Now I know the secret of Idealism in a name. Can't you see I'm in love, And will always be the same?

Warren Worth Bailey.

(Above is in answer to a challenge to write an acrostic for a girl named Veronica. Mr. Bailey did very well. I hope all subscribers named Veronica like it.)

WHEN a dog is sick how pathetic it is to see him feebly wag his tail when you approach him. The first newspaper to hit the street in Rome after that city was taken by the United Nations was a Communist newspaper. That is something to keep in mind for future reference. Vegetarians vigorously deny Hitler is one of them. They say Der Fuehrer is fond of liver extract.

LITTLE CAFE.

Have always enjoyed going to "little cafe" type French restaurants in this country but when the proprietor and the waiters start putting on that "m'sieur and madame" line of conversation it can be very annoying. At one little French restaurant the proprietor profusely thanks the departing guests and kisses the hand of the female members of the party. Why don't they have the lady cashier or the hatcheck girl kiss the male customers goodnight? There's an idea for a little cafe owner. It might build quite an added attraction. That reminds me. What became of Fifi D'Or-

say? Whenever she saw a newspaperman she said: "Allo, beeg boy!" and promptly kissed him.

PASSING BY.

Doris Kenyon, erstwhile film star. She continues to be a smart looker. Doris has only been married three times. To Milton Sills, Arthur Hopkins and Albert Lasker, in the order named. She is a clever writer of both prose and poetry. She keeps promising to send me a poem but I never get it.

FLAMING YOUTH.

Don't let your grandma get away with referring to juvenile delinquency as a recent development due to current conditions and carelessness of modern parents. Don't know about your town but as a student of Brooklyn history I know juvenile delinquency was widespread in that city 40 or more years ago. At that time the younger set of Brooklyn's Bedford section went in for some very wild living. What was going on was brought forcibly to public attention when some high school students became involved in a murder case. This was the celebrated Florence Burns and Walter Brooks case. Florence was accused of shooting Walter in a hotel room. She was acquitted but the court proceedings ripped the lid off the state of affairs in Brooklyn as to juvenile delinquency.

PREDICTIONS.

As for predictions of astrologers, Evangeline Adams is acknowledged to have been the best of the modern astrologers, Myra Kingsley is considered Evangeline's successor. Yet Evangeline predicted there would be a civil war in the United States in 1943

Pathetic Sight

and Myra agreed with her. The best record for predictions is held by the prophet known as Cherio. Cherio was not an astrologer but a palmist.

PLEASE NOTE.

What is the advantage of being a waitress rather than a waitress? Certainly not the financial angle. Waitresses make two or three times as much as hostesses. That, of course, is as it should be. It takes stamina, patience, intelligence and a sense of humor to be a waitress. All a hostess needs is to be slightly statuesque, have a permanent toothy smile and be able to carry menu cards gracefully.

BRIEFLY.

Our theme song right now should be "Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There"... Just to keep the record straight, it was Benjamin Franklin who first said: "In this world nothing is sure but death and taxes."

BRIDES

Gags about the bewildered brides in the kitchen continue. Fact is most brides know their way about the kitchen. It is interesting to note girls who have been in business before marriage usually make the most intelligent cooks and housekeepers. Home-trained girls are too much influenced by their mother's ideas on cooking. The business girls who have lived alone understand diet and efficient kitchen management. How was your bride in the kitchen the first year? What are your memories of her first dinner? How about the first dinner when you had guests?

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PRIVATE BUCK



"Don't know what became of my regiment, sir. We were on a hike and they all seem to have become lost!"

One Word Led to Another

By ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER

I'm for More and Bigger Medals

THERE'S some loose buzzing about too many citations being handed forth in this war. They tell the story of a general with 16 medals on one side of his chest and one medal on the other lapel.

He had been awarded the 16 because he had been given the



lonely one on the other side of his chest. And he had forgotten what that had been donated for.

That makes neat barroom conversation but it's all wrong like garlic in fruit salad. One of the 1918 gags was about the hero who got a medal for busting windows in Paris.

Folks, the first American soldier to break a window in Paris this year will get so many medals they will have to take his blouse off with a derrick.

He will be given so many medals they will have to give him a pint transfusion of rust-paint. Then they will crack a bottle of champagne over his head and launch him down a coal chute.

And he will deserve every citation he gets. The most important item connected with a medal for valor is to see that it doesn't wind up in a pawnshop window. That happened many a time in 1930 when heroes were selling apples on street corners.

I'm a fellow who believes in handing out medals and ribbons with a lavish wrist. Napoleon knew the value of a certificate of honor and the button in the lapel. When Abou ben Adhem's name led all the rest it was because of love for his fellow man. By the way, Abou ben Adhem came darn near getting there alphabetically, too. That's my best chance.

Abou ben was cited by the Angel of the Lord. I claim if you do any good or perform a deed of valor in this world you are entitled to recognition.

Yesterday I saw a sailor with so many campaign ribbons on his chest he looked like somebody had sliced the rainbow up into Venetian blinds. Folks, he strutted like his uncle was a rooster.

I want to admit that I envied the lad. He had been places and done things. They're the kind of ribbons you have to go to Guadalcanal to match.

It's pretty fine to get a medal for performances over and above the line of duty. But I would give every man a medal just for being there.

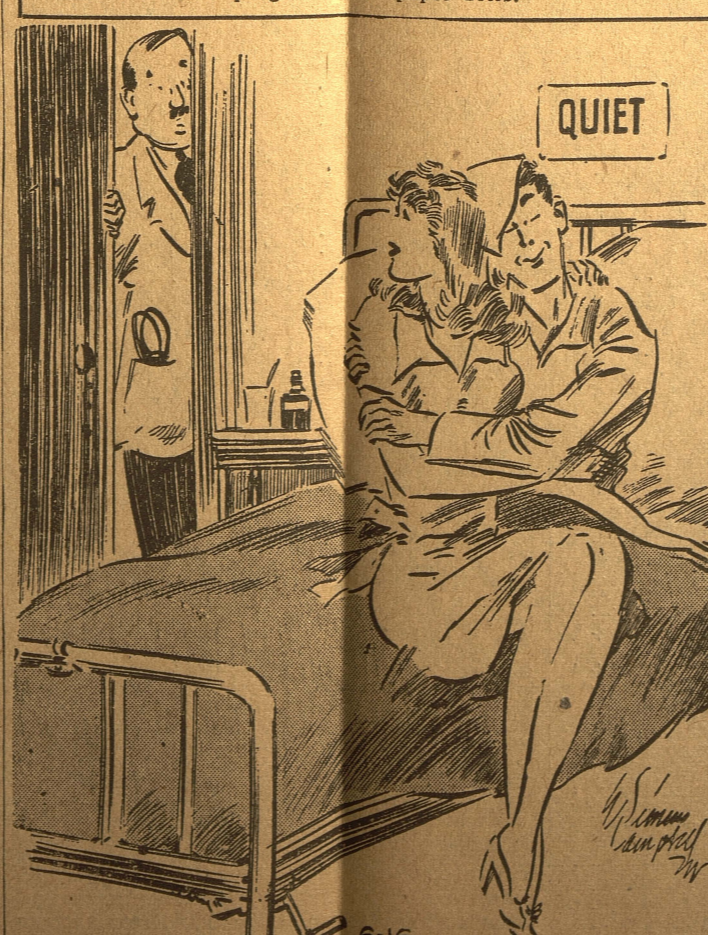
In the meantime I don't want to hear any wisecracks about medals from muggs who are never going to earn one.

Baering Down On the News

The resurgence of the French peasant, the Italian farmer and the Greek and Balkan guerillas proves something I wrote many years ago.

I wrote, "You can defeat an army but you cannot defeat a people." And that's as true as a concert piano.

Here's another prognostication I will make. The aroused French population will show Shickelgruber something new in reprisals. Read the history of the French revolutions and you will shudder like an awning in a hurricane.



"He's feeling much stronger this morning, doctor!"

NEW YORK CAVALCADE

By LOUIS SOBOL

Short Shorts!

LUIZ QUINTANILLA, the distinguished Spanish artist, is painting the portraits of many leading Americans—but they will be unusual impressions. For he is interpreting each subject as he thinks he sees himself. Thus Sinclair Lewis will be portrayed as a hortatory preacher a la Elmer Gantry; Ernest Hemingway as a Spanish grandee; Carl Van Doren as a sculptor chipping bits off Benjamin Franklin; George Jean Nathan as Hamlet holding the skull of Yorick with a rose in it. The paintings will be exhibited in the U. S. and South America and then will be reproduced in a book edited by Whit Burnett with a chapter written by each of the subjects.

John Ringling North, the retired circus man, reveals another facet to his versatile genius. He has written two songs in collaboration with J. Fred Coots—composed the music and helped in the writing of the lyrics. One song is entitled "After September"; the other, moodily romantic, "Paris," and somehow the lines in it might convince you he is still torching for his ex-bride, Germaine.

Lt. Nison (Nicky) Tregor, the sculptor whose Army function is to help in the plastic work for the restoration of mutilated faces, has completed his latest work—a bust of Stalin—which has been shipped to the Red dictator. This completes a set which included Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Gen. George C. Marshall, Paul V. McNutt and others. All but Stalin posed for

him in person. But Tregor may get to see his latest subject in person—for he, too, has been shipped overseas—to Russia.

War Correspondent Larry Allen brought back encouraging news to Mrs. Amon Carter with whose son he was a prisoner in a German concentration camp. Young Carter, who at first had lost considerable weight, has regained part of the lost poundage and has been permitted with some other prisoners to take care of a little vegetable garden. During his last days in the prison camp—which was in Poland—Allen and the other prisoners found a few of the drastic restrictions lifted—thus once a week they were all taken to the nearby Polish town to see a Polish moving picture. Lately, too, the news of how badly the Germans were faring in the war had seeped into the camp so that the spirits of the prisoners had been given a lift.

Reading the recent Will Lengel story in this department reminds Random House that one of its pet authors Elliott Paul, has become an amateur handwriting analyst. The publishing house insists that recently a letter was brought to the attention of Paul who analyzed the writer as a "born leader, audacious, ambitious, and a bear with the ladies. I wouldn't have trusted him as far as I could throw a six-story building." Adds the Random House release solemnly: "The letter had been written by Benedict Arnold."

Another Mike Romanoff story to add to the growing list. Be-

A Bit of This and That

fore he came into his fortune as a restaurateur, in the days when he was the well dressed man of poverty, a few pals, among them Nick the Greek, Mark Hellinger and Mack Gordon, took him along with them on their rounds. In one place they ran up a colossal check. Nick leaned over to Mike, who had dipped deep into the flowing bowl by this time, and whispered: "Mike, here is a \$1,000 bill. When the check comes—you pay it. These fellows will die when they see you paying with a \$1,000 bill."

Mike shoved the G-note into his pocket and a second later one of those in the crowd picked his pocket. When Mike, shouting imperiously for the bill, reached in to pay, he discovered to his consternation that the money was gone. Never has one man manifested so much visible consternation. He searched through all pockets—he looked appealingly at Nick who stared back with a suspicious look. Finally, Nick, with a great air of scorn, paid the bill. They went to another place. Nick insisted that Mike must look for the banknote. Mike stuck his hand in a pocket—and there it was! Now he felt more uncomfortable than ever. He won't know until he reads this that the whole thing was a plant.

A year ago Loren Tindall was graduated from Columbia University. Shortly after, he made his debut as a classical pianist on the radio. The network—Columbia Broadcasting. Recently Tindall was signed to a film contract. The studio? Columbia Pictures. Tindall's favorite song? "Hail Columbia."

LISTEN, WORLD!

By ELSIE ROBINSON

WE have been dumb in the past about Germany's Fifth Column but we're certainly making up for lost time now. Overnight we've gone Bloodhound, rolling a suspicious eye at any unidentified stranger, ready to bay him to his subversive lair. Which is fine and dandy, and the sooner we mop up these subsidized snoopers the better for us.

But let's not kid ourselves that the Fifth Column is our main menace. It isn't. We have an outfit right in the good old U. S. A. which has it all over Herr Hitler's imported meanies when it comes to dispensing discouragement and general demoralization. Meaning what? Meaning that our own GROUCH COLUMN of chronic glooms is as poisonous to American morale as any invasion of enemy aliens could possibly be. And maybe more so!

No need to describe these lads and lassies; they're as ubiquitous and as obnoxious as the common wood tick, with an identical line of attack—i. e., constant belittling. According to them, nothing's ever right with the U. S. A., nowhere, no how.

Beware the Vicious 'Grouch Column'!

By ELSIE ROBINSON

All of which may contain several grains of truth. Far be it from me to protest our perfection... or deny that we need a swift kick on our collective shin. But it's one thing to admit our weaknesses and get busy doing a job on them... and quite another to make a steady racket of crepe hanging. And, to my notion, people who do the latter are as traitorous as the most vicious enemy alien.

The foreign saboteur who drops emery dust into a ship's oil tank... the spy who steals government papers... the agitator who spreads hatred among our ignorant and unassimilated citizens—they are all a bad lot. But for downright devilry and long-range destructiveness they can't hold a candle to the GROUCH COLUMN—"patriots" who go around undermining the faith and courage of our fellow Americans.

Why do they do it? For exactly the same reason that little Willie lies on the floor and chews the table leg when he can't get enough attention to satisfy his ego otherwise—they want to achieve publicity and a sense of power. Despite their wails, the GROUCH COLUMN

has very little interest in America's record—past, present or future. But they are vitally interested in grabbing the spotlight for themselves, and there is no surer way of doing it than by constant crabbings.

Constructive service is a slow and tedious business and rarely lands you on the front page. But destructive criticism will collect a crowd in nothing flat and make most of your erstwhile enthusiastic audience feel like drooling infants.

For fear lies coiled in the hearts of all of us... fear of the unseen... worse yet, fear of our own weakness and immaturity. It takes great tact and patience to lift a man above that fear and bring out the best in him. But any egotistical grouch can frighten us into the Screaming Meanies without half trying.

Remember that when next you meet a member of the GROUCH COLUMN. Don't be impressed by his seeming poise and insight. He's simply trying to build up his own value by selling you and his country short.

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THE REVIEWING STAND

By MRS. HENRY McLEMORE

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla.—It is the inalienable right of every American citizen to "go to town on Saturday night" whether actually or actively. I doubt if this has ever been written into any of the by-laws of the Constitution but certainly Saturday night is SATURDAY NIGHT in the minds of most Americans.

So last Saturday night I got together with a bunch of other wallflowers and we went up to the Bath and Tennis Club to have a good old-fashioned wallflower fling. (I just consulted Danny Webster as to the exact definition of "wallflower." He says, "a

woman or man who remains by the wall as a spectator at a dance, either by choice or because not chosen as a partner.")

Goodness knows I wouldn't think of criticizing Mr. Webster but I really think he slipped up when he put that "by choice" in there. By choice you go to a dance and sit glued to the wall all evening, do you? Why not stay at home, at less expense and stay glued to your own wall? Nuh-uh, Mr. W. Nuh-uh.

There we all sat in a line by the dance floor, readily available if anyone should take the notion to

ask us to dance. May I repeat and say that—there we sat?

About 11 o'clock, when we all got to talking about how contagious yawning was, a nice-looking young Navy lieutenant headed for our group and stopped in front of me. I almost got up and curtsied, remembering my dancing school manners.

"Mrs. McLemore, I want to thank you for that hot bath," he said.

Then I remembered. In 1936, just after the Olympic games in Germany, Henry and I went to Venice. In those days Hen had to write a daily sports column. Venice is full of Doges Palaces and Bridges of Sighs and pigeons but the city seems to be sadly lacking in baseball games or tennis matches or any other of the necessities of life.

"What in heaven (I would reverse that if I were an ACCURATE reporter) am I going to write a column about today?"

Henry moaned as we sipped some coffee in the Square of St. Marks. At that moment I looked up and saw the Washington State crew, who had just won the Olympic title, rounding the corner by St. Mark's Cathedral.

We waved them down and Henry arranged a boat race between the members of the crew and some ancient gondoliers. First one to get their gondolas there would win a prize. Our hotel was the goal.

The old Italian gondoliers won so handily that we were embarrassed. Henry paid them off and asked the boys what they would like to do.

"Take a hot bath," the ex-swain told us. "We're seeing Europe on a shoestring and we just don't have rooms with baths."

Henry and I cleared out for the rest of the day and the boys used our room and bath.

It was nice of the lieutenant to thank me for his hot bath. How I wish he had asked me to dance though. Think of how bug-eyed my wallflower friends "by choice" would have been.

Oh well, I like to WATCH people have fun, is what I always say.



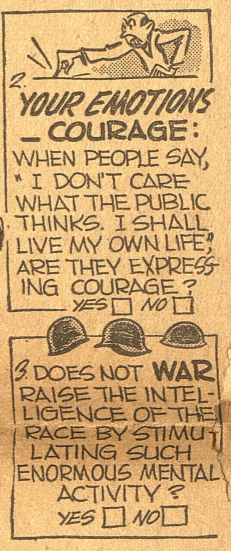
"Her husband's the umpire. It's the only chance she gets to yell at him!"

LET'S EXPLORE YOUR MIND

By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM, D.Sc.



Answer to Question No. 1. I cannot dismiss this statement made by Dr. C. J. Joad, eminent English scholar, either with a joke or some off-hand expression of indignation. We may feel like doing both but we must reflect that the last war left two million more women in England than men and this war will leave still more. United States and



Canada must face the same problem. Therefore, with millions of fine potential wives and mothers, with no possibility of fulfilling their natural mission and passions, it will be a problem of high importance. It will increase illicit sex relations enormously and loosen social morals if we do nothing about it. What to do I don't know.

Postwar Polygamy for Men Allowable?

Answer to Question No. 2. They are expressing fear. It shows they are afraid of what the public thinks. If one is absorbed in a great cause he may not care what the public thinks because the nobility of the crusade inspires him. But when an individual says he intends to defy convention he means he is going to try to satisfy his personal ideas and passions—usually his passions without regard for the opinion of others. He always finds he pays more than it is worth.

Answer to Question No. 3. War lowers race intelligence because it kills off much of the best brains and blood of any nation or race. We use every device known to science to select our healthiest, most stable men and send them to the battlefield. Of course many fine men are left who have only some slight physical handicap but the ones sent out are of high quality. If we sacrificed as many women as men the loss would be doubled. It will take the warring nations a thousand years to replace the splendid heredity lost by this war.

ON KEEPING HEALTHY

By DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, President, Chicago Board of Health

CHEMISTS know that the fundamentals of analysis deal with acids and alkalies. The human body has developed very sensitive methods for regulating the acid-alkali balance in the body. However, in the infant this acid-alkali balance is easily upset, particularly if the baby is born before the normal time.

Attention to this fact, according to Drs. Robert B. Lawson and William L. Venning, Jr., of North Carolina, may do much to reduce the death rate in newborn babies. Acidosis is the condition in which the amount of alkali in the blood and tissues is reduced and such acidosis is most frequent in the premature baby or in the one who is immature; that is, not well developed.

These physicians state the depositing of minerals in the baby's body takes place most rapidly in the last two months before the birth of the infant. For this reason the baby who is born before the normal time may lack minerals and in order to bring the quantity of minerals up to normal the baby must be given a relatively greater quantity of milk. On the other hand, the premature baby cannot nurse well. Furthermore, the mechanism connected with swallowing does not always function as it should so that the baby does not take very much food.

In itself acidosis may interfere with the appetite so that even if the baby is offered enough food he may not take it. In so far as normal babies are concerned, the amount of alkali in the body may be reduced, while the infant shows only a failure to gain weight or loses slightly in weight. This condition may easily be corrected by adding some alkali to the diet, or more quickly by giving an injection of an alkaline solution, such as sodium lactate, under the skin.

If the acidosis is severe it should be treated by giving injections of sodium bicarbonate or baking soda or sodium lactate solution. One-third to one-half of the solution may be given by injection

Acidosis in Infants

into a vein and the remainder by injection under the skin. If too much alkali gets into the blood and tissues it may cause alkalosis with convulsions. For this reason too rapid injection of the alkaline solution must be avoided. The convulsions are especially likely to occur when there is a lack of calcium or lime in the body, which often is the case in premature infants. Hence, before the alkali is injected into a vein it is suggested that a solution of calcium gluconate be given. This will help protect the infant against the development of the convulsions.

Further study of the acid and alkali balance in premature babies would seem to be worth while. Perhaps with the proper use of alkaline solutions, the lives of many premature infants may be saved.



"No, dear, not that! Not our marriage license!"

