# GRASSROOTS

by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

**NATIONAL HOLIDAY FOR U. S. FARMERS**

LABOR, the work of hand and brain of we Americans, is a fundamental on which our national wealth and prosperity, our standard of living and freedom are builded. It is a fundamental of democracy and of our way of life.

But labor is only one of our two great fundamentals. An even greater one is the farm. Without the farm and its products, there would be no place for labor, nothing to keep it alive. Nothing for labor to work with or to work for. The farm was and is our first fundamental. It is the foundation on which the nation was builded and on which it expanded from ocean to ocean.

As a nation, we should pay honor and tribute to the farm and those who sow and reap for us, just as we now do to labor. There should be a national farm day each year. It would be a day especially appropriate to rural America, a day to be observed and celebrated in every town and hamlet as Labor day is now observed in our population and industrial centers.

Until we have such a day we are overlooking the first of our two fundamentals. We can have that special day if we demand it, as we should. Congress should name some fixed day of each year as Farm day. Congress would do that if we, as a people, asked it. I propose we ask for a national Farm day for each year.

• • •

**'AMERICAN SYSTEM' IS A SACRED TRUST**

WHEN WE AS A PEOPLE compute our national wealth and realize our farm values have multiplied many times within the past 100 years, we should bow in reverence to those who made that increase possible.

When grandfather cleared another 40 acres and put it to raising crops, he contributed to the living standards of the present generation—to all of us, not merely his own descendants. He added to the national wealth. When he passed away, he did not take that increased value with him, but left it for posterity to enjoy.

Men who build factories, who create more jobs, who provide a new product that makes life easier or more enjoyable, benefit all of us now and in the future. They do not and cannot take away what they have created. They have added to the national wealth, which all of future generations may enjoy. They have been but custodians for their lifetime. When they pass away should those to whom the custodianship is entrusted fail, the wealth that was created is not destroyed.

That, briefly, is the American system, which we must preserve.

• • •

**AN AVERAGE AMERICAN CHANGES HIS OPINIONS**

AS AN EVIDENCE of how opinions change, I cite my own as an average American. In 1919-20 I was strongly in favor of our joining the League of Nations and assuming our place as a world power. In 1930 I would have built a tariff wall around America so high that the squabbling nations of Europe could not climb over it. In 1939 I was strictly isolationist, but favored selling Europe any war supplies she might want to buy and for which she had the money to pay. Today I am an ardent supporter of our war effort and demanding complete and utter defeat for all our enemies. As a typical American, I do not believe in catering to any minority group. I do believe in, and want to see preserved our American way of life, with equal opportunity for all. I believe I am a good citizen and that other good citizens may not believe as I do.

• • •

**WHEREIN A 'FEMALE' FAILED AT BEING A 'LADY'**

SHE WAS A FEMALE, but no lady.

She kicked my favorite dog for no reason other than that he was passing her on the sidewalk and she did not like dogs.

He is a gentlemanly little "pooch," who meets you with a happy smile on his dog face and a "glad-to-see-you" wag of his bushy tail. He is not my dog, but I like him.

"Why?" I asked that female.

"I do not want any dog on a sidewalk on which I am walking. I kick all dogs I do not think will bite me. I do not like them," she said.

To me that demonstrated that though a skirt-wearing female, she is no lady. I would much prefer that friendly "pooch" as a companion.

• • •

BECAUSE WAR NECESSITIES had stopped the manufacture of their product and they had nothing to sell, a sewing machine salesroom was closed. But it was more than that. It was the workroom of a church sewing circle. Each week the women of the church gathered there and from materials they had bought, made garments for the women and children of suffering England. Stopping the manufacture of sewing machines in America deprived women and children of England of winter clothing

# Rural Romeo

By BARBARA BENEDICT

IT WAS while she was on the boat coming back from Europe that Fanchon gave some serious thought to Craig. This was queer, because an ordinary girl who was engaged to marry a man and was returning to his arms after a half-year spent abroad, would likely have been all-a-twitter. Fanchon wasn't.

Fanchon rather dreaded the prospect that lay ahead. Craig she knew, would be a problem. She sighed. How could she ever make him understand that she had changed? That a year on the continent does things to one, gives one a new and more sophisticated slant on life.

**She would, of course, have to tell Craig the whole thing, including the facts about Darrel Urban, who was following her to America on the next boat. Craig probably would be difficult to handle. That was what living in a small town all of one's life did to one. It made one difficult—stubborn and narrow.**

Fanchon sighed a second time. How lucky she was to have escaped the influence of the small town where she and Craig had been reared. Six months on the continent had taught her many things about life. They had taught her among other things, she hoped, to be cruel, unfeeling and merciless. These were the measures she would have to adopt with Craig. It was the only way. It was the price one paid for escape from the sordid.

Craig was not at the station to meet her when she reached Hopedale. She was annoyed, but her annoyance was unreasonable, for she had given him no indication as to the date of her arrival. She expected he would call that afternoon or evening. When he didn't she decided she'd better get in touch with him and get the business over with.

She called his house. Craig answered. "Hel-lo," she said in her best affected continental accent.

**"Hel-lo," said Craig. "Oh, is that you, honey? You're back, eh? Fine. Look, I have to run up to Chicago tonight on business. Catching the 11 o'clock plane. Suppose we get together tomorrow?"**

"Tomorrow," said Fanchon icily, "I'm going to be busy."

"O.K. Make it the next day then. Be better for me, anyhow. I'm rushed to death."

Fanchon was furious. The impudence of him! In the next minute, however, she was glad. This would give her an opening, an excuse to be cruel. However, first she'd teach him a lesson. She wouldn't see him when he returned from Chicago the day after tomorrow.

She didn't either. She didn't get the chance. For Craig didn't return from Chicago for a week. Or at least that's what she thought. When he told her he'd been back three days, but had been too busy to contact her, she practically choked with rage.

**"Craig Wilbur, you don't seem at all glad to have me back!"**

**"Why, honey, sure I am. We're going to be married, aren't we? Just as soon as I can get a week off from business."**

If Fanchon had had a gun she probably would have pulled the trigger nine times. Never had she felt so humiliated. No telling what would have happened if Darrel Urban hadn't popped in. Now, she thought triumphantly, I'll give Mr. Craig Wilbur something to think about!

But Craig, apparently, didn't have the capacity for thought. He was dumb. Any man who didn't get annoyed when his girl friend went out repeatedly with a greaseball from Europe was dumb. Craig was even worse than that. The next time he saw Fanchon he laughed heartily.

"Met that little greaseball you became acquainted with in Europe. Nice chap, but silly. Lucky thing he came over. He can take you around while I'm getting my affairs in shape for the wedding."

"Oh, you wretch!" howled Fanchon. "You unspeakable wretch!"

**It was two hours later that Darrell proposed.**

Fanchon hadn't cooled off from her last meeting with Craig, and she almost accepted, just for spite. If Darrell hadn't eaten garlic for dinner she would have.

Two days later Darrell left for Europe, a heart-broken and much-chagrined greaseball. An hour after his departure, Fanchon packed a bag and hopped on a Chicago-bound train.

She couldn't stay here. It was unbearable. She'd go to Chicago and visit Lita Quintsey for a few days. She'd try to regain her pride and self-respect. Then she'd return to Hopedale and tell Craig Wilbur just what she thought of him. After that—well, after that, she would consider the future gravely and rationally and probably do something that would make Craig feel like a cad.

**Fanchon wore out three handkerchiefs during the ride to Chicago. They lay in her bag, heaps. She wished she had a fourth, but she didn't so she tried hard not to weep, but bit her lip instead. When she disembarked in Chicago her eyes were swollen and red.)**

"Hel-lo," said a voice. Her heart stopped beating.

"Craig Wilbur, w-w-what are you doing here?"

"Why, honey, have you forgotten? This is our wedding day . . ."

"Oh, you beast! I hate you!"

**"Now, honey, listen. It was all a gag. I knew that when you got back from Europe you'd be different and have a lot of screwy ideas and maybe be interested in a European greaseball and perhaps think I was a sort of back number. So I decided to be different, too. A sort of defense. I did the best I could under the circumstances, but every minute I was nearly wild for fear that it might not work. Darling, forgive and marry me today."**

Fanchon opened and closed her mouth. A curious ecstatic sensation surged from her toes to her reddened eyelids. Two big tears welled up into her eyes. She hunted for a handkerchief. Craig grinned and produced one big enough to last an hour or more. By that time they had reached the J.P.'s office and there was no further need for handkerchiefs.

Associated Newspapers—WNU Features.

# Victory!

By R. H. WILKINSON

THEY had quarreled since they were children. Not because they hated each other, but because they were fond of each other.

**They continued to quarrel after they were grown, but now things were different. They were in love.**

After Paul graduated from college he gave the matter some thought. At first it had been annoying to find that Laura was so much in his mind. He had missed her while away at school. Some settlement would have to be made if he were to have any peace. And because he was a man, and society therefore demanded that he take the initiative,

So Paul proposed in quite a gentlemanly and sincere fashion. And Laura accepted.

**"We'll live the first couple of years in town, so I can be near my work."**

**"We'll do no such thing!" Laura said, lifting her head from his shoulder.**

Paul had the advantage of being prepared. "Darling," he said gently, "please let's not argue. After all, I am the male, and unless the male asserts himself by at least one victory before marriage, there's bound to be unhappiness afterward."

"Of all the silly theories ever invented by man! Now, let me tell you something, Paul Osbourne—"

**And so began another quarrel.**

A week passed. Paul rigidly adhered to his decision not to make the first gesture of peace.

The middle of the next week he learned through friends that she had been going out with one Jacob Monroe.

**The news stunned him. Monroe was a young politician, smooth, dashing, known to be a party to more than one shady deal. Paul thought it over. He decided it was his duty to warn the little idiot. Without giving himself a chance to change his mind he called her home.**

"She went out this afternoon with that awful Jacob Monroe. She promised to be home at five. They were going to the White Swan—"

Paul glanced at his watch. It was 8:30. A sort of panic seized him.

The White Swan was beginning to fill with its usual nightly crowd of flamboyants when Paul arrived. Adopting an attitude, he asked a bartender if Jacob Monroe had been in. The bartender darted a quick look toward the rear of the room.

**Paul started for the door at the rear. A pock-faced individual followed him. At the door, the pock-faced man placed a hand on his arm. Paul turned, decided that speech would be silly, and picked up a chair.**

Paul put his shoulder to the door. Then the lock snapped and he was inside. A girl screamed, and he recognized Laura's voice. Then he saw her, flattened against an opposite wall, with Jacob Monroe standing in front of her.

Paul's fist caught Jacob under the chin and lifted his heels off the floor. Laura shrieked and fled into his arms. He grabbed her wrist, dragged her toward a window. The window opened onto a fire escape. He lifted her through it . . .

Five miles from the White Swan, Paul stopped his coupe.

**"You little idiot!"**

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry. I—I—oh, Paul, we'll live in a city apartment. I—I—"

"We will not! We'll live in the country where you'll be satisfied. I'm not going to take any chances of you doing this again!"

"And I'm not taking any chances of having you act the way you have been acting for more than a month. We'll live in the city!"

"We'll live in the country—"

"Paul Osbourne, we'll live in the city or—"

**"Shut up!"**

She did.

Associated Newspapers—WNU Features.

# Speaking of Sports

By Bob McShane

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

THE Big Minds of college football have plenty to worry about as the 1942 season reaches the half-way point. Transportation problems have plagued more than one college. Schedule changes have caused quite a few disappointments and decreased attendance figures are responsible for considerable grief.

**The latter problem looms exceedingly large at the moment. Not that the others aren't important, but gate receipts—or lack of them—cause no more concern to the average college than would an onslaught of the black plague.**

A comparatively early analysis of college football attendance revealed some discouraging information. In the first 127 games played by 44 major colleges this year, attendance was about 25 per cent lower than in 1941.

The decrease was general. In the Big Nine, only Purdue showed an increase in its first three games. Attendance throughout the conference was off almost 50 per cent.

## *The Big Drop*

**In their first 127 games, the 44 colleges played before a total of 2,296,797 spectators. A year ago the same number of home games for the same teams brought a turnout of 3,028,955.**

While these early-season figures are subject to decided change, it must be taken for granted that they indicate a trend. Football has proved more exciting than ever this year. Upsets are more numerous. Nevertheless, attendance slumps are the rule rather than the exception. The sharpest drop was reported by Cornell, where attendance was slashed from 49,070 for last year's first three games to 19,587 this year. Cornell places much of the blame on inaccessibility, the rest on poor performance.

**Ohio State dropped from 246,831 to 173,161. Buckeye officials figure that it will take all 10 games on this year's schedule to equal the eight-game 1941 total of 486,468. They're not too sure the extra two games will make up the difference. Last year scores of school busses from all sections of the state brought students to take advantage of reduced admissions. Today such use of busses is forbidden.**

## *Major Problem*

While the importance of paying customers cannot be overemphasized, colleges are faced with a still bigger problem—the future of football. It's none too rosy. In fact, you may be looking at your last college games for some time.

James B. Conant, president of Harvard, recently told the incoming freshman class they had but a "relatively few months of college life" ahead of them.

**"I say 'few months,'" Dr. Conant said, "for I believe the draft age soon will be lowered and I feel sure none of you wish to be left behind in college as your contemporaries march off to war." Subsequent draft legislation regarding 18 and 19-year-olds proved the truth of the educator's remarks.**

His statements left little doubt about the future of football at Harvard if the war continues. And the factors influencing Harvard will have as profound a bearing upon all other colleges of the nation.

## *Effect of War*

It is obvious, of course, that war already is having its effect on football. Freshmen and sophomores are seeing more action all the time. Most of the conferences allowing freshmen to play are doing so for the first time. The many startling upsets of the present season are due in part to the more widespread use of youngsters. They are not as consistent as the juniors and seniors, and are more likely to turn in an excellent performance one game, a ragged showing the next.

In almost every college, football practically supports the entire athletic program. The present lack of cash customers is likely to result in a curtailment of minor sports—especially those which are consistent drains on the athletic department treasury. Some schools have attempted to overcome the transportation problem by shifting their games to centers where the transportation problem is less of a hazard. But a large proportion of schools find this solution geographically impractical.

**When a Washington sports writer asked Stephen Early, secretary to the President, what the chances were for the continuance of sports, he said: "I frankly don't know whether sports will be able to continue or not—but I certainly hope they do."**

He voiced the hope of millions.

## SPORT SHORTS

¶ Al Ettore, retired heavyweight, and Young Terry, middleweight, are new members of the marine corps.

¶ A Memphis golfer made an even-par score for nine holes without parring a single hole. He made three birdies, one eagle and five bogies.

¶ The usual tenure for head coaches of the Detroit Lions is one year.

¶ The football used in the Michigan-Northwestern game went to a spectator who bid $15,000 in war bonds for it.

# ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THE illustration shows what became of a mirror and piano stool. To the mirror and stool were added two wooden boxes from the grocery. These were placed on end about 18 inches apart and a shelf of half-inch plywood was screwed to the top. A frame was then screwed to the back of the boxes as shown. A curtain rod was placed across the top and the mirror hung lengthwise under it. An arm was then hinged to the front of each box. Paint was next. White, because white furniture is smart and because it matched the woodwork.

The dressing table skirt was made with a one-inch heading at the top and tacked along the ends of the table and the hinged arms with thumbtacks through a double strip of the plain material.

• • •

NOTE: Readers interested in making or remodeling home furnishings should send for copy of BOOK 8 which contains sketches and directions for 32 useful items as well as descriptions of the series of booklets which Mrs. Spears has prepared for readers. Booklets are 10 cents each. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10

Enclose 10 cents for Book 8.

Name. .....

Address..... .....

# Household Hints

**Cocoa tastes best** when the cocoa, sugar and salt are mixed well with the water, and then boiled for from 5 to 10 minutes before adding the scalded milk, and all heated together.

• • •

**Ivy will grow** in water in the house. It requires light but no sun.

• • •

**When mending sonny's sweater** or woolen scarf, use a bodkin instead of a needle. It will weave in and out much easier and do much more satisfactory work than the sharp-pointed needle.

• • •

**Shoes that are old** and do not polish satisfactorily should be well rubbed with methylated spirit or petrol. Allow to dry thoroughly out of doors, apply paste, and polish in the usual way.

• • •

**The trick in ironing sheets** and pillowcases is to keep the hems straight and even, and pillowcases should be ironed away from the closed corners.

## Equipment From Britain

Since Pearl Harbor, Great Britain has sent a substantial quantity of war equipment to the United States, including the balloon barrages for the West coast, a number of antiaircraft guns for the Panama canal and many corvettes and trawlers for patrol duty off the Atlantic seaboard.

**Can You Win Freedom From Constipation?**

Too many folks go on suffering from constipation *when there's no need in the world for them to do so!* Why? Simply because one of the commonest causes of constipation is lack of "bulk food" in the diet. In such cases, cathartics and purges can give only temporary relief!

If this is your trouble, you can expect *lasting* relief from constipation — simply by eating KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN daily. This crisp, delicious cereal supplies the "bulk" you may need—gets at the *cause* of your trouble and *corrects* it. Start eating KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN today and drink plenty of water. See what a wonderful difference it makes when you *correct the cause* instead of trying to "remedy" the result! ALL-BRAN is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is not helped by this simple treatment, it's wise to see a doctor.

CLABBER GIRL
Baking Powder

• A NEW DISCOVERY... of perfection in baking results is being made by the hundreds of women who are turning, every day, to the baking powder that has been the baking day favorite of millions, for years and years.

HULMAN & CO. – TERRE HAUTE, IND.
Founded in 1848

LOST

Lost, a cough due to a cold—thanks to the soothing action of Smith Brothers Cough Drops. Smith Bros. Cough Drops contain a special blend of medicinal ingredients, blended with prescription care. And they still cost only 5¢ a box. *Yes, a nickel checks that tickle.*

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢
TRADE MARK

A CYCLE OF HUMAN BETTERMENT

ADVERTISING gives you new ideas, and also makes them available to you at economical cost. As these new ideas become more accepted, prices go down. As prices go down, more persons enjoy new ideas. It is a cycle of human betterment, and it starts with the printed words of a newspaper advertisement.

JOIN THE CIRCLE READ THE ADS