# WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Within the exploits of men of achievement may—and often does—lie the favoring element of chance, frequently recognizable. But often, too, it is hidden in a vague background of contributory factors.

In Jascha Heifetz's agreement to appear in a forthcoming motion picture, Samuel Goldwyn's powers of persuasion once again excite the envy of his rivals and the admiration of his friends. The eminent violinist's personal aversion to the screen as a medium of expression has long endured in the face of repeated offers. Mistrust of sound track reproduction of the notes of his beloved violin was joined with his repugnance to the elemental music he believed he would be called upon to play and, above all, was his objection to strutting the screen as an actor. So Goldwyn's success in overcoming the great musician's reluctance is now being proclaimed.

***Way Smoothed For Success of Sam's Exploit***

**Yet, lying back of Heifetz's name on the dotted line of a Hollywood contract are various imponderable factors. His wife, for instance, who was Florence Vidor of screen fame, may have been the influence behind his first appearance on any stage in a histrionic capacity. This was last spring when he took the role of a hill-billy fiddler in the annual show of a sophisticated midtown club, of which he is a member. Garbed in overalls, cotton shirt and red wig topped by a broken down straw hat he played "Turkey in the Straw," violin upon his knees, as the time-honored jig tune has never before been played. And for an encore there was "Danny Boy."**

So who can say that the siren voice of Sam Goldwyn was not merely the fanning of a flame lighted when, with gusto and amid wild acclaim, he sawed a violin lying across his knee?

Born in Vilna in 1901, Heifetz's American debut came in October, 1917. An American citizen now, he lives in Redding, Conn.

**Sam Goldwyn it was who lured Maxine Elliot to the screen back in 1917 and she was but a predecessor to such exalted artists as Geraldine Farrar.**

PAUL ROBESON'S magnificent bass voice will have adequate opportunity for expression in his portrayal of the title role of Sam Byrd's forthcoming production of a play adapted by the author from Roark Bradford's John Henry stories. There will be incidental music by Jacques Wolfe.

***Bishop's Plight Altered Aim of Paul Robeson***

**One often marvels at events, apparently casual at time of occurrence, which are found significantly to have affected human lives and so shaped destinies. When Paul was a senior at Rutgers, where he had won high scholastic honors and gained for himself a national reputation as a football end, he was looking toward the cloth as a profession. His father was a clergyman in a small community in New Jersey and, from boyhood, Robeson's idea had been to follow in the paternal steps.**

Not long before graduation, the elder Robeson died and among the funeral arrangements was a plan to have the presiding bishop of the church conduct the obsequies. Accordingly, the prelate came to the scene of the funeral from his home in a village in the southern part of the state and after the services he addressed the assembled mourners substantially as follows:

"Brothers and sisters, I had to borrow the money to come to this scene of sorrow and unless you all contribute to defray my journey home, I am afraid I shall have to walk."

Whereupon, of course, the necessary traveling fund was raised. After a while the bereaved son met the late Foster Sanford who was his football coach, his guide, mentor and friend.

"You are still headed for the ministry?" Sanford asked.

"Yes sir," was the reply. "I still am, sir."

**"The highest you can ever get to be in your church is a bishop, isn't it?" Sanford asked and when Robeson said that was true, the coach fixed him with his compelling blue eyes. "And so you are going to enter a profession where, even as a bishop, you will have to borrow money to get from north Jersey to south Jersey."**

That was all that was said. But next day Robeson came to his friend, confiding his intention to plump for the law and for voice.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

**Arriving in Ireland**

An Irishman recently found fault with Stevenson's famous line to the effect that "it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive." He says that to arrive in Ireland is better than to travel hopefully, and quoted this couplet: "There's no land anywhere that men love every bit, Except old Ireland and the blue sky over it."

**Boston Subway First**

The first subway in the United States was built in Boston.

# Add to Your List of "Red Letter Days" in July Birthdays of Two Who Deserve Remembrance For Their Gifts to America's "Folk Literature"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

JULY has its full quota of birthdays of American notables so that we might honor half a dozen distinguished personages on every one of its 31 days without exhausting the possibilities. Included in such a list would be Presidents John Quincy Adams and Calvin Coolidge; Vice Presidents George M. Clinton, George M. Dallas and Elbridge Gerry; Henry Knox, first secretary of war, and Gideon Welles, secretary of the navy in Lincoln's cabinet; Gen. George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," and Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, the "Wizard of the Confederacy"; such naval heroes as John Paul Jones and David Farragut and Richmond Pearson Hobson; John Ericsson, Elias Howe and Samuel Colt, inventors; and such men of millions as John Jacob Astor, John Wanamaker, John D. Rockefeller and George Eastman.

My theme, however, is not of the deeds nor achievements of these statesmen, soldiers and merchant princes. I sing of a humbler kind of folk—those who compose the songs and poems which become the favorite "pieces" of the common people. And in particular, I tell of a woman and a man whose names are but little known to their fellow-Americans (compared to those cited above) but who once set pen to paper and wrote lines which will be repeated long after their authors are forgotten.

MRS. ROSE H. THORPE

If you have ever recited "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" at school, you should have given it a thought on July 18. For on July 18, 1850, there was born to William Morris and Mary Louisa (Wight) Hartwick near Mishawaka, Ind., a daughter whom they named Rose Alnora. While Rose Alnora was still a pig-tailed, beribboned little girl, the family moved to a farm near Litchfield, Mich. There one day she was at home, supposedly studying her lessons. But her mother noticed that she was busily engaged in writing something on her slate.

"What are you doing?" the mother demanded.

Startled by the question and with a guilty feeling that she should be busy "doing her sums" instead of writing romantic verses, Rose Alnora started to erase them. But her mother stopped her, read what she had written—and didn't scold her! Instead she sent the poem to the Detroit Commercial Advertiser and after it appeared in that paper it was reprinted in dozens of others.

Years later it was included in a book of her poems called "Ringing Ballads" and a Boston Transcript reviewer wrote: "The name of Rose Hartwick Thorpe (she was married to Edmund Carson Thorpe, a writer of German dialect recitations, in 1871) is familiar to every reader through that wonderfully popular ballad, 'Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight.' It requires peculiar genius to write a genuine ballad—something that flows spontaneously from the heart and goes directly to the heart. This gift Mrs. Thorpe possesses to the fullest degree. No poem written by an American author has been so widely copied, nor has achieved so universal a popularity as the one referred to. She has written others as perfect in a literary sense and as full of that indescribable rhythmic swing which characterizes 'Curfew' and the publisher has brought them together in a form which should make both author and public grateful."

Nor was the reviewer exaggerating when he said that "no poem written by an American author has been so widely copied, nor has achieved so universal a popularity." For "Curfew" has been translated into nearly every language of the world and, in the words of another critic, is "universally recognized as a veritable classic." In 1883 Hillsdale college conferred upon its author an honorary M. A. degree because, as the president of the college wrote at the time, "You have written a poem that will never permit the name of its author to die while the English language is spoken."

After the success of "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" Mrs. Thorpe became a regular contributor of short stories and poems to leading magazines and weeklies and from 1881 to 1904 she published no less than a dozen books of poems and stories for young people. For the last 40 years she has lived in San Diego, Calif., and she is living there today at the age of eighty-eight, still keenly interested in the world and modern conditions, although she has not written any poems for 10 years.

Curiously enough, she does not consider "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" as her best work. Instead she favors her poem "Remember the Alamo" or possibly "The Station Agent's Story." But in the hearts of thousands of Americans who went to the "little red schoolhouse" and who used to "speak pieces" on Friday afternoons, "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" holds a place that is secure.

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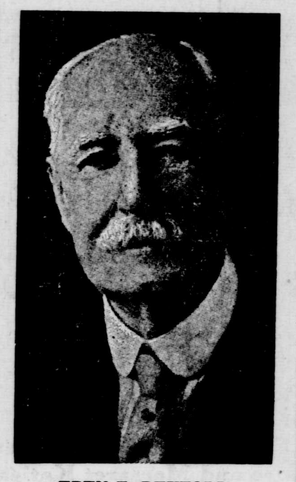
Two days before you put a red circle around July 18 on your calendar in honor of the author of "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," you might have marked July 16 in the same way. For on July 16, 1848, was born at Johnsburg, Warren county, New York, Eben Eugene Rexford, son of Jabez and Rebecca (Wilcox) Rexford, destined for future fame as the man who wrote "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

When Eben was seven years old his parents moved to Ellington, Wis. At the age of fourteen young Rexford's writing ability began to assert itself when one of his poems appeared in the New York Weekly. Three years later he received his first payment for literary work from Publisher Frank Leslie of New York. Then he entered Lawrence college at Appleton, Wis., and paid his way by writing for the magazines.

It was while he was a student at Lawrence that he wrote the poem which was to make him famous. He sold "Silver Threads Among the Gold" to Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner for $3. After keeping a clipping of the verses in his desk for two years, he showed it to a musician named H. P. Danks, who was suddenly inspired to set it to music. That was in 1878 and it immediately became well known. The invention of the phonograph helped make "Silver Threads Among the Gold" one of our best known "popular ballads" and it reached the height of its fame around 1915 when Richard J. Jose, a leading tenor, insisted on featuring it in many of his programs.

After Rexford's school days were over he settled at Shiocton, Wis., to make literature his profession. He became a contributor of prose and verse to all the leading periodicals of the time and since he was also an authority on flowers he was for 10 years floricultural editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. Among his published books were "Home Floriculture," "A Work About Bulbs," "Flowers: How to Grow Them," "Grandmother's Garden," an illustrated poem; "Brother and Lover," a poem of the Civil war; and a collection of miscellaneous poems.

Besides the song which made him most widely known, Rexford also wrote these songs which were once very popular: "Only a Pansy Blossom," "Sing a Song to Me" and a Latin version of "Jesus Lover of My Soul." He



EBEN E. REXFORD

was also a composer of many church hymns. During his lifetime he is said to have written more than 700 poems, many of them for children. Harry Golding, English author, in compiling a collection of what he called the best children's verses in the English language, selected three of Rexford's. The only other American poets thus honored were Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley.

Rexford died of typhoid fever in a hospital in Green Bay, Wis., October 16, 1916. Several years ago a large granite memorial was dedicated on the lawn of the Congregational church in Shiocton which he helped build. A bronze tablet on the memorial gives the outstanding events in his career and concludes with the words "To Everyone God Gives a Share of Work, to Do Some Time, Somewhere"—a quotation from one of his poems.

## CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring tonight!"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset"; and her face grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring tonight!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—and his accents pierced her heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I still must do it: "Curfew, girl, must ring tonight!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,
As in undertone she murmured, "Curfew must not ring tonight."

With quick step she bounded forward sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
As she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
Awful is the gloom beneath her like the pathway down to hell;
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a speck of light below;
She 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and, with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; but the brave deed she had done
Should be told long ages after:—often as the setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty, aged sires, with heads of white
Long should tell the little children, "Curfew did not ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eye with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" said Cromwell: "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

—Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe

On a July day 75 years ago there died in New York city the author of another poem which you may have recited on a Friday afternoon in the little red schoolhouse. Or have you forgotten it? It is:

**WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE**

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earthbound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its graceful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played,
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive my foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

The man who wrote that poem was George P. Morris, who was born in Philadelphia October 10, 1802. Early in his youth, he moved to New York and at the age of fifteen began contributing to the columns of the New York papers.

One of his acquaintances in New York was a man, 17 years his elder, who was already noted as a poet and editor but who was destined for even greater fame in later years—Samuel Woodworth, who wrote the song "The Old Oaken Bucket." In 1823 Morris and Woodworth established a new magazine, the New York Mirror and Ladies Literary Gazette. Later Morris associated with him in this venture another well-known poet, Nathaniel P. Willis, Hiram Fuller, a journalist, and Theodore S. Fay, a novelist, who continued the magazine until 1842.

Meanwhile, he was establishing a reputation as an author, as well as an editor, for he was a graceful writer of both prose and poetry, many of the latter being set to music. One critic dubbed him "The Song Writer of America" and his colleague, Willis, once declared that at any time he could get $50 for one of Morris' songs, unread, when no other song writer could sell one to the same buyer for a shilling. With Willis he also edited a volume of "American Melodies." Among the songs which he wrote that became very popular in Nineteenth century America were "Near the Lake Where Drooped the Willow," "We Were Boys Together," "Land Ho!", "Long Time Ago," "Where Hudson's Wave," "My Mother's Bible," "Whip-poor-Will!" (Remember how teacher let you whistle the chorus when you sang that song in school?)

But his greatest fame rests upon the poem "Woodman, Spare That Tree," which was later set to music and also became a popular song. The incident which inspired this poem was the following: Morris and a friend were walking through the woods in the neighborhood of Bloomingdale, N. Y., when his friend pointed out an old elm tree, under which he had played when a boy.

While the two men were sitting under the tree, enjoying its shade, a woodchopper came up with his ax and was ready to start cutting the tree down, when Morris' friend offered to pay him $10 if he would spare it. The woodman accepted the money and signed a bond that the tree should not be harmed during the lifetime of Morris' friend.

The poem which Morris wrote, based upon this incident, became immediately popular when it was published and it was even more popular when it was set to music.

Morris' long life of literary activity came to an end on July 6, 1864, in New York city. Most of the things which he wrote are forgotten now—all save one, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." It is still remembered and quoted by thousands of Americans who know most of its lines even though they may never have heard of the George P. Morris, the man who wrote it.

* * *

One day Samuel Woodworth was sipping a glass of port wine and declared it the finest beverage he had ever tasted. "No, you are mistaken," said a friend. "There is one thing that far surpasses it—the draught of pure, fresh water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from work in the fields on a hot summer day." Thereupon Woodworth left his friends, went to his office and an hour later returned with his now famous ballad.

# New Method Used to Map Ocean Floor

## Record Soundings Made In Atlantic Near Puerto Rico.

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

The recent discovery of a new and greater depth in the Atlantic ocean, establishing a new record of nearly five and a half miles (28,680 feet), north of Puerto Rico and Hispaniola, has called attention to efforts now being made to make complete contour maps of portions of the bottom of the ocean. The new depression has been named the Milwaukee Deep, from the United States cruiser from which the record sounding was made.

"The oceans have been carefully charted near certain land masses for navigation purposes for centuries, but it has been only in the past 85 years that soundings have been made extensively in efforts to chart the floor of the oceans themselves. Cable-laying advanced the plan, but until recently recordings of depths of more than 6,000 feet numbered but one to every 23,000 square miles.

*No. 2. ACROSS AND UNDER THE SEA. All nations strive to develop the best possible diving aids. Pictured above is an Italian diver testing a new type of diving suit to be used for rescue and salvage work. This particular piece of equipment was developed by an Italian engineer and official tests disclosed many valuable features.*

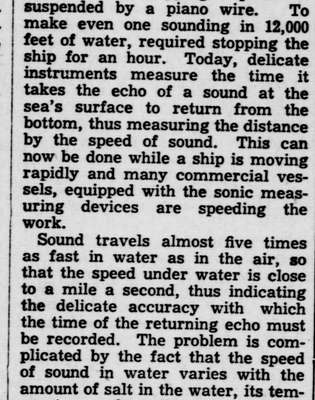
**Ocean Echoes Depth.**

More progress has been made in recent years through new measuring methods. For years measurements had been made by the slow procedure of dropping a plummet suspended by a piano wire. To make even one sounding in 12,000 feet of water, required stopping the ship for an hour. Today, delicate instruments measure the time it takes the echo of a sound at the sea's surface to return from the bottom, thus measuring the distance by the speed of sound. This can now be done while a ship is moving rapidly and many commercial vessels, equipped with the sonic measuring devices are speeding the work.

Sound travels almost five times as fast in water as in the air, so that the speed under water is close to a mile a second, thus indicating the delicate accuracy with which the time of the returning echo must be recorded. The problem is complicated by the fact that the speed of sound in water varies with the amount of salt in the water, its temperature and varying pressure. Air pressure at sea level is about 15 pounds to the square inch; 100 feet below sea level salt water pressure is 60 pounds to the square inch. At 5,000 feet deep, the pressure is 13,500 pounds to the square inch.

**Great Changes Seen.**

The comparative shallowness of the sea in many places has been vividly suggested in the great changes that would be made in the boundaries of countries and continents were the surface of the ocean to sink only 600 feet, a little more than the height of the Washington monument. Ireland would then be joined to England, except for the North channel. England in turn would become part of the mainland of Europe, the water of the English channel having run out. A strip 1,500 miles wide would connect North America with Asia. New Guinea would become part of Australia.



*No. 4. WHEN THERE IS LIFE TO BE SAVED. In the recent Squalus submarine disaster a diving bell similar to the one shown here was used. By means of this kind of equipment the navy was able to rescue 33 men from a depth of 240 feet. This was the first actual life-and-death test of this particular diving bell and it was found to be very satisfactory in such manner of rescue work.*

The broadest ocean surfaces are in the Southern hemisphere, but north of the Equator occur the greatest submarine upheavals, deforming the bottoms of the Caribbean sea, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, in a broad expanse from the latitude of the Panama canal to that of Philadelphia. In these regions, especially in the Pacific, vast plains and plateaus, tall peaks and deep canyons form another world. In the shallower portions ocean currents are the breezes that sway submarine trees, and fish are the variegated birds flitting among the branches, while varied coral formations look like flowering shrubs.

**Atlantic Floor Uneven.**

Down the middle of the Atlantic, extending 8,000 miles south from Iceland, runs a mountainous ridge almost 10,000 feet above the adjoining basins. Soundings already recorded indicate that three-fourths of the Atlantic is at least 6,500 feet deep, and over half is 13,000 feet deep.

The Pacific has more great depths than any other ocean, according to the records of the Hydrographic office of the navy department, which show eight in excess of 30,000 feet. The deepest hole in the Pacific is 35,400 feet, just northeast of Mindanao of the Philippine islands. This is the greatest recorded ocean depth in the world. The record in the South Pacific ocean is 30,930 feet; North Atlantic, the new Milwaukee deep, 28,680 feet; Southern Atlantic, 26,575 feet; Indian ocean, 22,968 feet. A sounding of 17,850 feet is recorded in the Arctic ocean, and one of 14,274 feet near the Antarctic continent (in the South Pacific).

*No. 3. FORTUNE LURKS ON OCEAN FLOOR. Not only do nations seek to develop diving equipment to aid in rescue work but fortune hunters dream of riches on the ocean floor and they too advance the science of diving. The Romano diving bell shown here is built to enable a diver to work a mile below the surface. This is a depth where the ordinary diver could not venture because of the terrific pressure.*

Scientists admit there is still much work to be done but look forward to the time when deep soundings will be sufficient to chart all the mountains and the valleys on the ocean floors—the "epeirogeny" as oceanographers call it. Some visionaries of the Jules Verne type look forward to the time when great window-walled submarines with powerful searchlights will carry photographers and tourists on extended trips into the depths of the ocean to explore the scenic wonders of this vast, unexplored region, more than twice as large as the known world.

## Central Mexican Journey Contains Scenic Wonders

The railroad trip from Mexico City of Vera Cruz is one of the most astounding scenic features in the New world, travelers report.

During the ride from the Valley of Mexico, 7,500 feet above sea level, up to the heights of Acocotla, 8,320 feet, then down again to the tropical coast of Vera Cruz, the traveler sees nearly every type of Mexican scenery.

Adobe villages, vast maguey (century plant) plantations, waving fields of corn, at first flit past like a moving picture. Then through innumerable tunnels and bends, one winds downward to the celebrated valley of Maltrata; past Mount Orizaba, second highest peak on the continent; and finally through banana plantations, fields of sugar cane, forests of palms and lush tropical vegetation.

Within the distance of only 264 miles, passengers experience a difference in altitude of 7,348 feet.