THE DIM LANTERN

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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THE STORY SO FAR

Young, pretty Jane Barnes, who lived with her brother, Baldwin, in Sherwood Park, near Washington, was not particularly impressed when she read that rich, attractive Edith Towne had been left at the altar by Delafield Simms, wealthy New Yorker. However, she still mused over it when she met Evans Follette, a young neighbor, whom the war had left completely discouraged and despondent. Evans had always loved Jane. That morning Baldwin Barnes, on his way to work in Washington, offered assistance to a tall, lovely girl in distress. Later he found a bag she had left in the car, containing a diamond ring on which was inscribed "Del to Edith—Forever." He knew then that his passenger had been Edith Towne. Already he was half way in love with her. That night he discussed the matter with Jane, and they called her uncle, worldly, sophisticated Frederick Towne. He visited them at their home, delighted with Jane's simplicity.

CHAPTER III

—4—

Edith Towne had lived with her Uncle Frederick nearly four years when she became engaged to Delafield Simms. Her mother was dead, as was her father. Frederick was her father's only brother, and had a big house to himself, after his mother's death. It seemed the only haven for his niece, so he asked her, and asked also his father's cousin, Annabel Towne, to keep house for him, and chaperone Edith.

Annabel was over sixty, and rather indefinite, but she served to play propriety, and there was nothing else demanded of her in Frederick's household of six servants. She was a dried-up and desiccated person, with fixed ideas of what one owed to society. Frederick's mother had been like that, so he did not mind. He rather liked to think that the woman of his family kept to old ideals. It gave to things an air of dignity.

Edith, when she came, was different. So different that Frederick was glad that she had three more years at college before she would spend the winters with him. The summers were not hard to arrange. Edith and Annabel adjourned to the Towne cottage on an island in Maine—and Frederick went up for weekends and for the month of August. Edith spent much time out-of-doors with her young friends. She was rather fond of her Uncle Fred, but he did not loom large on the horizon of her youthful occupations.

Then came her winter at home, and her consequent engagement to Delafield Simms. It was because of Uncle Fred that she became engaged. She simply didn't want to live with him any more. She felt that Uncle Fred would be glad to have her go, and the feeling was mutual. She was an elephant on his hands. Naturally. He was a great old dear, but he was a Turk. He didn't know it, of course. But his ideas of being master of his own house were perfectly archaic. Cousin Annabel and the servants, and everybody in his office simply hung on his words, and Edith wouldn't hang. She came into his bachelor Paradise like a rather troublesome Eve, and demanded her share of the universe. He didn't like it, and there you were.

It was really Uncle Fred who wanted her to marry Delafield Simms. He talked about it a lot. At first Edith wouldn't listen. But Delafield was persistent and patient. He came gradually to be as much of a part of her everyday life as the meals she ate or the car she drove. Uncle Fred was always inviting him. He was forever on hand, and when he wasn't she missed him.

They felt for each other, she decided, the thing called "love." It was not, perhaps, the romance which one found in books. But she had been taught carefully at college to distrust romance. The emphasis had been laid on the transient quality of adolescent emotion. One married for the sake of the race, and one chose, quite logically, with one's head instead, as in the old days, with the heart.

So there you had it. Delafield was eligible. He was healthy, had brains enough, an acceptable code of morals—and was willing to let her have her own way. If there were moments when Edith wondered if this program was adequate to wedded bliss, she put the thought aside. She and Delafield liked each other no end. Why worry?

And really at times Uncle Fred was impossible. His mother had lived until he was thirty-five, she had adored him, and had passed on to Cousin Annabel and to the old servants in the house the formula by which she had made her son happy. Her one fear had been that he might marry. He was extremely popular, much sought after. But he had kept his heart at home. His sweetheart, he had often said, was silver-haired and over sixty. He basked in her approbation; was soothed and sustained by it.

Then she had died, and Edith had come, and things had been different.

The difference had been demonstrated in a dozen ways. Edith was pleasantly affectionate, but she didn't yield an inch. "Dear Uncle Fred," she would ask, when they disagreed on matters of manners or morals, or art or athletics, or religion or the lack of it, "isn't my opinion as good as yours?"

"Apparently my opinion isn't worth anything."

"Oh, yes it is—but you must let me have mine."

Yet, as time went on, he learned that Edith's faults were tempered by her fastidiousness. She did not confuse liberty and license. She neither smoked nor drank. There was about her dancing a fine and stately quality which saved it from sensuousness. Yet when he told her things, there was always that irritating shrug of the shoulders. "Oh, well, I'm not a rowdy—you know that. But I like to play around."

His pride in her grew—in her burnished hair, the burning blue of her eyes, her great beauty, the fineness of her spirit, the integrity of her character.

Yet he sighed with relief when she told him of her engagement to Delafield Simms. He loved her, but none the less he felt the strain of her presence in his establishment. It would be like sinking back into the luxury of a feather bed, to take up the old life where she had entered it.

And Edith, too, welcomed her emancipation. "When I marry you," she told Delafield, "I am going to break all the rules. In Uncle Fred's house everything runs by clockwork, and it is he who winds the clock."

Their engagement was one of mutual freedom. Edith did as she pleased, Delafield did as he pleased. They rarely clashed. And as the wedding day approached, they were pleasantly complacent.

Delafield, dictating a letter one day to Frederick Towne's stenographer, spoke of his complacency. He was writing to Bob Sterling, who was to be his best man, and who shared his apartment in New York. Delafield was an orphan, and had big money interests. He felt that Washington was tame compared to the metropolis. He and Edith were to live one block east of Fifth Avenue, in a house that he had bought for her.

When he was in Washington he occupied a desk in Frederick's office. Lucy Logan took his dictation. She had been for several years with Towne. She was twenty-three, well-groomed, and self-possessed. She

"Bob is utterly at sea."

had slender, flexible fingers, and Delafield liked to look at them. She had soft brown hair, and her profile, as she bent over her book, was clear-cut and composed.

"Edith and I are great pals," he dictated. "I rather think we are going to hit it off famously. I'd hate to have a woman hang around my neck. And I want you for my best man. I know it is asking a lot, but it's just once in a lifetime, old chap."

Lucy wrote that and waited with her pencil poised.

"That's about all," said Delafield.

Lucy shut up her book and rose.

"Wait a minute," Delafield decided. "I want to add a postscript."

Lucy sat down.

"By the way," Delafield dictated, "I wish you'd order the flowers at Tolley's. White orchids for Edith of course. He'll know the right thing for the bridesmaids—I'll get Edith to send him the color scheme—"

Lucy's pencil dashed and dotted. She looked up, hesitated. "Miss Towne doesn't care for orchids."

"How do you know?" he demanded.

She fluttered the leaves of her notebook and found an order from Towne to a local florist. "He says here, 'Anything but orchids—she doesn't like them.'"

"But I've been sending her orchids every week."

"Perhaps she didn't want to tell you—"

"And you think I should have something else for the wedding bouquet?"

"I think she might like it better." There was a faint flush on her cheek.

"What would you suggest?"

"I can't be sure what Miss Towne would like."

"What would you like?" intently.

She considered it seriously—her slender fingers clasped on her book. "I think," she told him, finally, "that if I were going to marry a man I should want what he wanted."

He laughed and leaned forward. "Good heavens, are there any women like that left in the world?"

Her flush deepened, she rose and went towards the door. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said anything."

His voice changed. "Indeed, I am glad you did." He had risen and now held the door open for her. "We men are stupid creatures. I should never have found it out for myself."

She went away, and he sat there thinking about her. Her impersonal manner had always been perfect, and he had found her little flush charming.

It was because of Lucy Logan, therefore, that Edith had white violets instead of orchids in her wedding bouquet. And it was because, too, of Lucy Logan, that other things happened. Three of Edith's bridesmaids were house-guests. Their names were Rosalind, Helen and Margaret. They had, of course, last names, but these have nothing to do with the story. They had been Edith's classmates at college, and she had been somewhat democratic in her selection of them.

"They are perfect dears, Uncle Fred. I'll have three cave-dwellers to balance them. Socially, I suppose, it will be a case of sheep and goats, but the goats are—darling."

They were, however, the six of them, what Delafield called a bunch of beauties. Their bridesmaid gowns were exquisite — but unobtrusive. The color scheme was blue and silver—and the flowers, forget-me-nots and sweet peas. "It's a bit old-fashioned," Edith said, "but I hate sensational effects."

Neither the sheep nor the goats agreed with her. Their ideas were different—the goats holding out for something impressionistic, the sheep for ceremonial splendor.

There was to be a wedding breakfast at the house. Things were therefore given over early to the decorators and caterers, and coffee and rolls were served in everybody's room.

When the wedding bouquet arrived Edith sought out her uncle in his study on the second floor.

"Look at this," she said; "how in the world did it happen that he sent white violets? Did you tell him, Uncle Fred?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Cross my heart."

They had had their joke about Del's orchids. "If he knew how I hated them," Edith would say, and Uncle Fred would answer, "Why don't you tell him?"

But she had never told, because after all it didn't much matter, and if Delafield felt that orchids were the proper thing, why muddle up his mind with her preferences?

The wedding party was assembled in one of the side rooms. Belated guests trickled in a thin stream towards the great doors that opened and shut to admit them to the main auditorium. A group of servants, laden with wraps, stood at the foot of the stairs. As soon as the procession started they would go up into the gallery to view the ceremony.

In the small room was almost overpowering fragrance. The bridesmaids, in the filtered light, were a blur of rose and blue and white. There was much laughter, the sound of the organ through the thick walls.

Then the ushers came in.

"Where's Del?"

The bridegroom was, it seemed, delayed. They waited.

"Shall we telephone, Mr. Towne?" someone asked at last.

Frederick nodded. He and his niece stood apart from the rest. Edith was smiling but had little to say. She seemed separated from the others by the fact of the approaching mystery.

The laughter had ceased; above the whispers came the tremulous echo of the organ.

The usher who had gone to the telephone returned and drew Towne aside.

"There's something queer about it. I can't get Del or Bob. They may be on the way. But the clerk seemed reticent."

"I'll go to the 'phone myself," said Frederick. "Where is it?"

But he was saved the effort, for someone, watching at the door, said, "Here they come," and the room seemed to sigh with relief as Bob Sterling entered.

No one was with him, and he wore a worried frown.

"May I speak to you, Mr. Towne?" he asked.

Edith was standing by the window looking out at the old churchyard. The uneasiness which had infected the others had not touched her. Slender and white she stood waiting. In a few minutes Del would walk up the aisle with her and they would be married. In her mind that program was as fixed as the stars.

And now her uncle approached and said something. "Edith, Del isn't coming—"

"Is he ill?"

"I wish to heaven he were dead."

"What do you mean, Uncle Fred?"

"I'll tell you—presently. But we must get away from this—"

His glance took in the changed scene. A blight had swept over those high young heads. Two of the bridesmaids were crying. The ushers had withdrawn into a huddled group. The servants were staring—uncertain what to do.

Somebody got Briggs and the big car to the door.

Shut into it, Towne told Edith:

"He's backed out of it. He left—this." He had a note in his hand. "It was written to Bob Sterling. Bob was with him at breakfast time, and when he came back, this was on Del's dresser."

She read it, her blue eyes hot:

"I can't go through with it, Bob. I know it's a rotten trick, but time will prove that I am right. And Edith will thank me.

"Del."

She crushed it in her hand. "Where has he gone?"

"South, probably, on his yacht."

"Wasn't there any word for me?"

"No."

"Is there any other—woman?"

"It looks like it. Bob is utterly at sea. So is everybody else."

All of her but her eyes seemed frozen. The great bouquet lay at her feet where she had dropped it. Her hands were clenched.

Towne laid his hand on hers. "My dear—it's dreadful."

"Don't—"

"Don't what?"

"Be sorry."

"But he's a cur—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tot's Shyness May Result in Backwardness

● *WISE HANDLING NECessary to eliminate handicap of constant embarrassment. Parents should assist youngsters to rise above ever-present timidity and to enjoy social life with friends.*

By MARGARET CONN RHOADS

WE ALL realize that the child who is shy and constantly embarrassed by bashfulness has a handicap that needs very wise handling. Many times a parent can help a child to rise above this timidity and become happily sociable, delighting in personal contacts.

"June started out to be one of those little children who hide behind their mother's skirts at the approach of a stranger; her lips quivered if she were singled out for attention and she evaded the mailman and the milkman when they came on their daily rounds," related a mother before a group of parent students. "I determined that she should never hear any of the family comment on her shyness. I also made up my mind to think of ways of helping the baby to overcome this handicap. I knew I should have to go very carefully along the way or I might make matters worse, but today June is such an unusually responsive child and meets people so easily that I feel my carefully laid plans were well worth while.

"I began with the mailman as he came each day. I allowed June to stick the stamp on my letter. This seemed such a big thing to her! Then, with the letter in her hand to give the mailman, she forgot her fear and ran out to meet him. He helped me by not getting too friendly with her all at once. And in much this same simple way I acquainted June with the milkman and the grocery boy. I let her put the tickets in the milk bottles and let her set the bottles out. That gave her an interest in the man who delivered the milk. I would empty the grocery boy's basket and hand her the empty container to give to him.

Get Acquainted Gradually.

"When guests came to the house I would ask her to open the door. She soon learned to ask them to be seated especially if their manner when they greeted her was not too familiar. Most little boys and girls like to get acquainted with a strange person gradually, but many older people are apt to gush over children, the moment they meet them. When June started for nursery school she was somewhat afraid of the experience. But each morning I let her take some small gift to the teacher and her joy in carrying the flower or the red apple or the cutout she had made lessened her consciousness of self and the problem was solved happily.

"Shyness or backwardness is often regarded by parents as a trait the child will outgrow and so they feel it need not be given special concern. I like to think that in our home we are always helping the children to develop the traits that will benefit them. They should be able to meet people happily, be sufficiently self-possessed to enter into child activities and reap the joy of personal contacts. They should have the assurance within themselves that they are capable of joining in a conversation with a group of their age or of playing games with as much vim as the other children.

"Shyness induces an inferiority complex in the child that later makes the grownup cheat himself of much advancement and many pleasures that are rightly his. Today June at five can meet the guests in our home pleasantly, totally unconscious of herself. What picture would she have presented had we ignored her baby tendency or constantly commented on it? She would have been timid still, and little by little would have become more certain that she would always be a shy person."

National Kindergarten Association (WNU Service.)

Indian Clan

The sachem was a functionary of an Indian clan—a common division of the Indian tribe. The clan had two distinct kinds of leaders, a sachem and a chief. The sachem was judge and administrator of ancient customs and his functions were those of peace time. He was chosen by the adult members of the clan and his election usually depended upon the influence of his immediate family in the clan group. The chief, on the contrary, won his title by individual prowess. He was chosen because of some special deed or because of some outstanding trait. The chief was the war time leader. In current thought the term sachem applies to the principal dignitaries of Tammany Hall—the New York political organization. The Society of St. Tammany, the name under which Tammany Hall was incorporated, takes its name from the Indian who is patron saint of the organization.

Span of Time

Probably the greatest time span between two important cities is that between New York and Hongkong. At 12 noon in New York it is 37 minutes past midnight in Hongkong.

Married Bliss

Marriage appears a deterrent to crime, according to figures compiled by the Philadelphia voluntary defenders association. During 57 months, only 2,822 married persons sought the association's help in court cases, compared with 5,119 single persons.

Ice Cream at Sea

Ice cream is manufactured daily aboard United States battleships at sea, a substitute for fresh milk being employed.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Second Season of 'Ism' Probe Has Rough-Tumble Beginning; Hundred Witnesses to Come

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)

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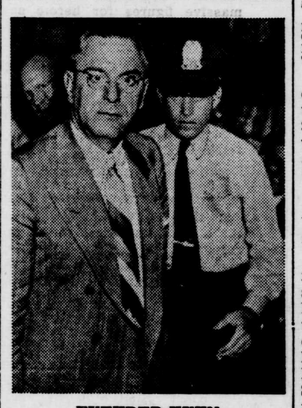
DOMESTIC:
Un-Americanism

Dearly beloved by congressional investigating committees are the hot days of a Washington summer when the slightest ruffle of news makes national headlines. Into this scene last summer came a new figure, Texas' Rep. Martin Dies with his loud-but-not-accurate committee investigating un-Americanism.

This summer Martin Dies came back with a new committee and a new appropriation. At its first session the committee gave reporters a story as newsy as last year's accusation that Shirley Temple was a Communist:

Up to the witness stand strode German - American Bundmaster



FUEHRER KUHN
Who's a liar?

Fritz Kuhn. After hearing his life story, Alabama's Rep. Joe Starnes made so bold as to ask Fuehrer Kuhn if his organization wasn't intended to establish a Nazi government in the U. S.

"That's an absolute lie—a flat lie!" shouted Kuhn.

Flaming with anger, Joe Starnes jumped to his feet. Shoving reporters and photographers aside he strode toward the witness crying: "Don't call me a liar!"

When capitol policemen had put an end to these fighting words, the committee got down to more serious work. With calm deliberation, Illinois Rep. Noah Mason drew enough information from the witness to make German-American bundism distasteful. When faced with the accusation that his bund is "a money-making racket based on the credulity of the American people," Kuhn countered by listing these strange objectives: (1) To unite the German-American element, (2) to fight communism, (3) to give the German element "political background."

The committee also learned Fuehrer Kuhn had visited Hitler in 1936, had given him $3,000 for winter relief and had worn a Nazi uniform in a Berlin parade. His brother is a Berlin supreme court justice. His 20,000 bund followers (whose records have been destroyed) are pledged to defend the "good name of the mother country—Germany."

Most Americans, reading about Martin Dies' newest revelations, agreed the committee had made a good start. Still on the docket, however, was a list of some 110 witnesses whom agents have rounded up since last February. Observers hoped this summer's investigation wouldn't follow last year's pattern—a forum for unburdening grudges.

RELIEF:
Wages Up

A key provision of this year's $1,477,000,000 relief appropriation was that WPA wages should be juggled to prevent any more geographical variation than the difference in living costs necessitated. For the South, where labor is cheaper, this meant a raise. For the North it meant wage cuts. For big cities it meant elimination of the 10 per cent differential up or down, which was allowed for local conditions.

Cast into three regions, south, north and west, new wage scales were announced by WPA Commissioner F. C. Harrington:

Region No. 1 (wage range, $39.30 to $94.90 per month)—Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, West Virginia, Wisconsin.

Region No. 2 (wage range, $44.20 to $94.90 per month)—Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming.

Region No. 3 (wage range, $31.20 to $81.90 per month)—Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia.

Net result of the changes, observers figured, will be to raise the national monthly average from $53 to $55.50. In the South rural wages will jump from $26 to $35 in rural areas, and from $40 to $50.70 in big cities.

ARMY:
Before the Battle

At the second battle of Manassas in 1862, famed Stonewall Jackson sent his men a-raiding General Pope's headquarters. They returned with everything but the general himself. Manassas again made headlines this month when the regular U. S. army units duplicated Stonewall Jackson's strategy, captured a brigadier general's outpost and advanced toward Washington against defending national guardsmen.

This was the first phase of spectacular military maneuvers unmatched in U. S. peacetime. The second phase began at Plattsburg, N. Y., where 36,000 national guardsmen and regulars began their battle, this invader piercing from the north to meet the invader coming up through Manassas.

Bigger than either battle, however, was the realism of Plattsburg's commander, Lieut. Gen. Hugh A. Drum. Night before the war began, stern-jawed General Drum assembled 3,000 officers on the parade ground to present a few facts. Publicly scorned was the suggestion that his troops fight at "paper strength," *i. e.*, with imaginary armament the army hopes some day to secure. The general demanded a campaign of reality, "to bring home the actualities of our state of preparedness." Only in tanks, he said, is the army up to strength. Other deficiencies: manpower, 77 per cent; machine guns, 67 per cent; trucks, 83; automatic rifles, 57.

Said he: "I do not intend to belittle the advantages of speed. But mobility off the battlefield cannot compensate for inefficiency in the conduct of a fight. What we need to learn is how to fight."

BUSINESS
Oil

A simple law of economics is that prices drop as surpluses increase. No exception is crude oil, which in one week dropped a rough 30 cents a barrel. Major reason, thought oilmen, was the rapid recent exploitation of new oil pools in Illinois, which operate full-blast without production restrictions enforced by other states in the midcontinental area. Meeting in Oklahoma City, the interstate oil compact commission decided to let each state handle the problem in its own way. Five states (Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Kansas and Arkansas) found a way. Production was stopped for 15 days.

EUROPE:
War of Nerves

Last summer it was Britain's Viscount Runciman who volunteered to mediate the scrap between Czecho-Slovakia and Germany. Mediation—and Czecho-Slovakia's hopes—came to a sudden end when Viscount Runciman turned pro-Nazi.

This month there arose a new potential Viscount Runciman named Dr. Karl J. Burckhardt, internationally respected Swiss scholar appointed by the League of Nations as high commissioner of Danzig. Off to Hitler's Berchtesgaden eyrie he flew one day without notifying the League. There, while he listened in silence, Der Fuehrer lectured angrily and at length about Danzig. Why had he, as high commissioner, allowed "incidents" in Danzig? And why should Danzig not be returned immediately to the Reich?

BURCKHARDT
A Runciman?

Dr. Burckhardt had no chance to divulge his secret, that Great Britain alone knew about his mission and had empowered him to bespeak her official attitude on Danzig. Next day, back in Danzig, the commissioner forwarded a highly confidential report of proceedings to London. Significantly, neither Poland nor France got copies.

Meanwhile, grasping at the chance, the controlled German press started another war of nerves, pouring out rumors of British-sponsored "peace plans." Veteran students of propaganda decided this had two purposes: (1) To make Poland think the British are ready to desert them, and (2) to find out, via the report-and-denial method, just how far Britain really will go toward appeasement.

This latter point was indeed important. High German circles confidently expected Danzig would be returned to the Reich within a few weeks, since there was little chance Britain would aid Poland in rescuing Danzig from an internally inspired *anschluss*. So great was the confidence that Der Fuehrer himself planned to cross into East Prussia late in August. Greater still, the press soon took Danzig for granted and began talking about German acquisition of Pomorze (Polish Corridor) as another aim in the appeasement-to-come. For the fourth time in one year, Europe remembered that Adolf Hitler only gets hungrier each time he's fed.

AGRICULTURE:
Rail Rebellion

Expiring August 1 were loans on some 255,000,000 bushels of farm-sealed corn. Although the Commodity Credit corporation has offered to extend these loans, the consensus holds most farmers will turn their old grain over to the government, thereby making room for the 1939 crop.

Last month the department of agriculture saw what was coming. Bids were called on 33,000 storage bins for defaulted corn. Topping this problem came another—the railroads.

First rebuff was the carriers' refusal to let the government erect its bins without cost on railway property. Also denied was a reduced rate and elimination of demurrage charges on movement of the bins to their destination. The railroads thought they had good reason for being stubborn, because there was handwriting on the wall:

This autumn will see first practical application of the "ever-normal granary" program, designed to set aside excess supplies of grain in years of large production, to be held for lean crop periods. As it affects corn, this program will raise havoc with the normal flow of grain from farm to market via railroads. By buying its 33,000 bins, the U. S. will make storage at the farm end. Later, when finally moved, corn will be hauled as government property and will thus bring additional loss of revenue to railroads because land-grant statutes call for reduced (50 per cent) carrying charges.

In Paris . . .

ART—Watteau's famous "L'Indifferent," stolen from the Louvre June 11, was unexpectedly returned to Parisian police by 25-year-old Serge Bogouslavsky, an artist who admitted he took the $200,000 painting to "bring back its original glory." Slapping the thief in jail, police called experts who found young Bogouslavsky's retouching had not only restored the picture, but "actually improved it."

In Tennessee . . .

UTILITIES — Wendell Wilkie's Commonwealth & Southern power corporation said good-by to Tennessee, where its lines had been purchased by TVA. Said a full-page newspaper ad: "We still believe that the interests of the public are better served by privately operated utilities . . . We could not stay in business and compete with virtually tax-free . . . plants." Next day TVA gave Mr. Wilkie $78,600,000.

In All U. S. . . .

THANKSGIVING—Cartoonists and columnists had a field day because President Roosevelt said he would proclaim Thanksgiving November 23, not November 30. While calendar makers moaned and college football officials complained that their schedules would be upset, the state department finally announced Mr. Roosevelt's proclamation affects only the District of Columbia. Each state sets its own.

U. S. Profits Once More From European Refugees

NEW YORK.—History is repeating itself as American science and industry becomes enriched by the flight of German chemists from Nazi persecution, Dr. Charles A. Browne of the United States bureau of chemistry and soils declares in a report made public yesterday by the American Chemical society. The report has been prepared for presentation at the society's ninety-eighth meeting in Boston September 11 to 15.

Scientific development in the United States has been notably advanced by European refugees, Dr. Browne's studies show. He recalls the coming to this country in the Eighteenth century of Joseph Priestley, English chemist, after persecution for his liberal views; mentions the arrival in America of German chemists after the 1848 disturbances, and describes the contributions of a group of Irish exiles.

British Bath Defies Black-out

LONDON.—In reporting the results of a recent "black-out" in anti-air raid drills, the News Chronicle noted: "At Horsham the black-out was particularly successful, although, in one part of the town special constables had to knock at many houses to ask that glaring lights should be shaded. An official said to the News Chronicle: 'Most of these were lights in bathrooms, where people were having their Saturday night baths.'"