WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—The aged president of Poland, Ignaz Moscicki, put an air-conditioning system in his old plush-draped Baroque palace three years ago. A scientist, a devout believer in the benign miracles of the laboratory which will some day transform a tragically afflicted world, he devised the system himself and superintended its installation. It turned heavy, sluggish air into cool mountain breezes, and gave him new energy for his continuing scientific work, at the age of 70.

Moscicki Looks To Science to Cure Ill World

Perhaps the falling leaves give poignancy and sadness to the fate of this kindly old gentleman, driven from his country in the up-thrust of the new—or possibly the old—savagery of Europe.

One might write off Josef Beck and Marshal Edward Smigly-Rydz, political and military careerists, also exiled, as incidental casualties, caught in the backwash of their own ambitions. President Moscicki, although merely a symbol in feudal Poland, may find a place in the later balance brought forward. If there is to be a new dark age, it may be that laboratories will be the monasteries which will be the havens of the humane spirit and the aspiring intelligence, as were the monastic refuges of the Middle ages.

He is one of the greatest electrochemists in Europe, ranked with the great German, Haber. In the field of synthetic chemistry, he holds about 300 patents. He was a college professor for many years, tall and thin with white hair and a spiked moustache, as convinced as was Woodrow Wilson that a "new freedom" could be gained by the mobilization of planetary intelligence and good will. Much in the manner of our own distinguished Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, he acclaimed the ultimate triumph of science over hate and stupidity. To date, the good genii which they have summoned are enslaved by men of lesser understanding.

DR. JUAN DEMOSTHENES AROSEMENA, president of the Republic of Panama, is, in spite of his middle name, a practical man, cautious in speech and action. As the keynoter for the inter-American conference of foreign ministers at Panama, he sharply assails totalitarianism and religious and racial persecution and invokes unity of the American republics in the spirit of constructive isolation for which our state department is proselyting just now.

Panama Chief Talks American Unity, Isolation

Dr. Arosemena, a realistic veteran of Panamanian politics, has, in the past, accepted our "good neighbor" policy on grounds of enlightened self-interest. He has been keenly aware that the Canal Zone might be a major trouble spot, if war comes this way, and, recently, discussing its defense, he said, "If they start shooting up the canal, they'll be shooting at us, too, and that's why we want to help defend it."

He was foreign minister of Panama from 1929 to 1936, elected president in the latter year, and in years past has been sharply opposed to the United States on various issues. In the presidency, he has inclined much more in our direction. He is friendly and genial, rather in the cut of an enterprising business man. In the 1938 Lima convention, he joined the Brazilian delegation in accepting the Roosevelt overtures for friendship and unity.

THIS writer has heard several expressions of astonishment over the eagerness of the Rev. Martin Niemoeller to fight for Nazi Germany. It was only last June that the churches of democratic countries throughout the world proclaimed him "the first Christian martyr of modern times" and set aside a Sunday for commemoration of his heroism. The submarine commander of the World war, having become a great evangelical pastor in Berlin, had led the nonconformists in opposition to Nazi seizure of control of religion, and had gone to a concentration camp.

Freedom, Like Peace, Perhaps Is Indivisible

The explanation of his backsliding as a martyr may be found in the records of his earlier career. He was an early and zealous ally of Hitler and his brown shirts, aiding in stamping out freedom, complacent in the face of pogroms and the wreck of all civil liberties, resistant only when his church was assailed.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Hotel Business

Hotels in the United States buy about 480,000 dozen sheets and 800,000 blankets, spend $24,000,000 in furniture maintenance and serve an average of 200,000,000 registered guests each year.

'Famous' Resort

La Panne, a little Belgian seaside resort near the French frontier where folk go to rest and not to be disturbed with lots of things to see, claims to be famous for not being famous!

A Picture by an Obscure Newspaper Artist Inspired Thomas Buchanan Read to Write An American Classic—'Sheridan's Ride'

SHERIDAN'S RIDE TO THE FRONT—From a drawing by Sol Eytinge Jr., which appeared first in Harper's Weekly in 1864 and was reprinted in 1867 with a statement by Thomas Buchanan Read saying that it inspired him to write his famous poem "Sheridan's Ride."

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

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago this month occurred an event which is familiar to every American—"Sheridan's Ride." For it was on the morning of October 19, 1864, that Gen. Phil Sheridan, famous cavalry leader in the Union army, was aroused from sleep in a house in Winchester, Va., by a staff officer who reported heavy artillery firing from the direction of Cedar Creek, where his army was stationed.

Thereupon "Fighting Phil" mounted his coal-black charger, Rienzi, and "rode toward the sound of the guns" to find that his army was being routed by a surprise attack by Gen. Jubal A. Early of the Confederate cavalry. How he checked the flight of his disorganized troops, gathered up the stragglers, formed a new line of battle and transformed what seemed to be a disastrous defeat into a Union victory is too familiar a story to need retelling here.

It was one of the most dramatic incidents of the War Between the States but it is not improbable that the memory of Sheridan's exploit might have become dimmed through the passing of the years had it not been for a poet. For, just as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow helped immortalize Paul Revere by writing a poem about his famous ride at the opening of the Revolution, so did Thomas Buchanan Read perform a similar service for Phil Sheridan.

But there is another man who should be mentioned along with Read in connection with this famous poem. You probably have never heard of him, for he was a "special artist" for an illustrated weekly newspaper and, although he helped make a pictorial record of the greatest civil war the world had ever known, his name is all but forgotten now. But if you will leaf through the files of Harper's Weekly until you come to the September 14, 1867, issue, you will find reproduced there the picture shown above and with it this statement:

"We reproduce on this page the interesting engraving of "Sheridan's Ride to the Front," published three years ago; and in connection with it we give the spirited verses of T. Buchanan Read, now well known and admired throughout the country. It will be seen by the following note from the distinguished author that the poem was inspired by the picture of Mr. Eytinge:

New York, Aug. 29, 1867.
Ed, Harper's Weekly:
Dear Sir: In reply to your question, it gives me pleasure to acknowledge that the spirited picture which you published of "Sheridan's Ride" inspired me with the final impulse to write the poem.
Very respectfully,
T. BUCHANAN READ.

From this it is evident that Sol Eytinge, Jr., who was one of Harper's Weekly's "special artists" during the Civil war period deserves some of the credit for the poem. And it is quite likely that he portrayed that historic scene more accurately than did Read, who was an artist as well as a poet. You will notice in Read's painting of "Sheridan's Ride," which is reproduced with this article, that he shows "Little Phil" impeccably dressed in his general's uniform, with his black hat set firmly on his head as he waves his sword in his right hand while his charger, Rienzi, seems to be suspenced in mid-air, with all four feet off the ground.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE—From the painting by Thomas Buchanan Read, author of the famous poem by that name.

According to the testimony of men who saw Sheridan as he dashed toward Cedar Creek on October 19, 1864, the reality was quite different from Read's pictured version of it. Instead of being a veritable fashion-plate officer, Sheridan and his mount were dust-covered and grimy. Most of the time during his ride he was carrying his cap in his hand because he always had difficulty in keeping a hat on his "round, bullet-like head"! In another respect Eytinge's picture is undoubtedly more accurate historically than Read's. It shows Sheridan with a full beard, instead of a moustache, and photographs taken during the Civil war confirm Eytinge's accuracy in this detail, as well as the detail of his wearing a cap instead of a hat for his headgear.

If Read was inaccurate as a painter, he was equally careless of facts as a writer—unless, of course, "poetic license" is sufficient justification for error. In the first place, Sheridan wasn't "twenty miles away" as the poem has it. It was only 13 or 14 miles from Winchester to Cedar Creek and Sheridan had his first view of his disorganized army at Mill Creek, less than a mile from Winchester. From there to the actual "front"—if there was such a thing on that day of near-panic and near-disaster—it wasn't much more than nine or ten miles.

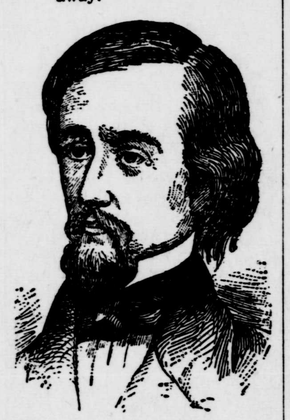
SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from a cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.



T. Buchanan Read

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

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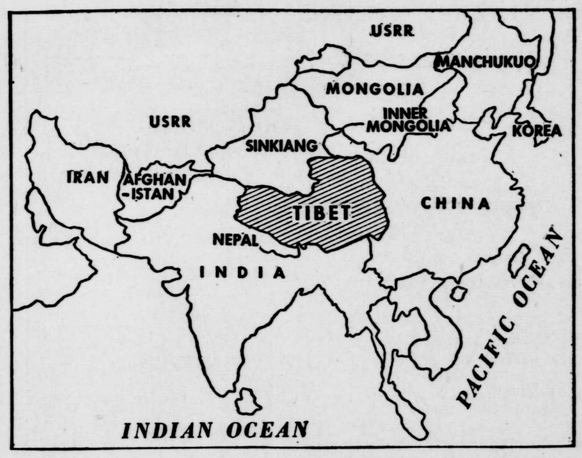
Sheridan's black charger on his famous ride was known as Rienzi because the horse was presented to him at Rienzi, Miss., in the summer of 1862 by Capt. Archibald P. Campbell. After the battle of Cedar Creek, the horse was given another name—Winchester, in honor of Sheridan's historic ride from that town. Winchester died in Chicago in 1878. His skin was stuffed by a taxidermist and is now on exhibition in the National museum in Washington.

Butter Is Tax Payment Medium For Natives of Isolated Tibet



World's Loftiest State Has Queer Religious Ceremonies.

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

"Dead Lama Causes Yak Butter Crisis" is the burden of news from faraway Tibet. And what, it may be asked, has a lama—dead or alive—got to do with the price of butter?

As much as Christmas has to do with the price of fir trees, or Easter with the egg market. For Tibet, the isolated land of "Shangri-la," is a theocracy ruled by the high priest of Lamaism, and Lamaism uses yak butter where other governments use gold braid, precious metals, and fireworks. Especially in the ceremonies and gatherings occasioned by the death of a prominent lama, butter is in such demand that the price soars and the market is panicked. The most recent economic difficulty resulted from the prolonged ceremonies over the body of the late Panchen Lama, second in authority to the supreme Dalai Lama.

On the high cold plateaus of the world's loftiest state, the Tibetans follow the Lamaistic faith of Buddhism which discourages slaughter of either man or beast. Instead of eating meat, which is abundant in vast herds of sheep, goats, and cattle crossed with yak, they balance their meager diet of barley bread and tea by consuming quantities of butter.

Servants Use Goat Butter.

The Tibetan social scale could be measured by a butter barometer. Butter from the milk of sheep and goats is rejected by all except servants, and some of it can be slipped into the butter bags contributed to the government as taxes. Butter from yak milk, however, is a food of prestige.

The wealthy and the officials in Tibet can dine sumptuously after the Chinese fashion, on varied foods imported over mountain passes two miles above sea level. Valley dwellers in fertile mountain-sheltered pockets have home-grown vegetables and even fruits. But the poorer Tibetans, especially on the unbroken grasslands of the north, subsist on butter kneaded into firmness, carried about in woolly bags of sheepskin for several years. They eat it mixed with parched barley flour. They drink it in their tea. They rub it on their bodies as a substitute for bathing in long seasons of cold and drouth. They give it as a delicacy to their wiry hard-working little horses. They include it in the tribute they pay to the government. They use it as lubrication on the single-rope bridges on which they slide in dangling slings across the gorges of their icy mountain torrents.

TIBET'S GIFT to America is a few specimens of the giant panda. A cub panda arriving in this country for placement in a New York zoo is shown in the picture above. These animals are very rare and live in the most inaccessible regions of Tibet. Zoo goers have made them a favorite for the animals' antics resemble that of a huge, live "teddy bear."

But Tibet is the country where you eat your butter and burn it too. Butter lamps are as essential to the ritual of the Tibetan churches as candles are to other religions. In the felt-topped hut of the northern nomad, a tiny butter lamp flickers before the little family shrine blackened with greasy smoke. Of silver, copper, or humble earthenware—some stemmed like champagne glasses—the butter lamps appear beside the bowls of holy water on every Tibetan church altar.

Yak butter and incense are the chief offerings a Tibetan carries to church. Butter is part of the payment to a lama for services or exorcisms performed in the home. This food staple is doubly valuable to the Tibetan priesthood, which comprises about one-seventh of Tibet's population and must live on the food produced by the other six-sevenths.

Made Without Churns.

Wives of the yak herders make butter without churns, rolling day-old milk in leather bags until the yellow lumps form. It is pressed into pats by hand. Its first acquaintance with a churn may come with tea, for Tibetans churn their hard-boiled tea with butter and salt until the soupy mixture resembles hot chocolate.

Crowning its year-round service for countless everyday uses, butter becomes the center of attraction at the Tibetan winter religious festival which combines many features of Christmas, New Year's, and the Fourth of July. Instead of fireworks, there is an art show of butter sculpture, staged by the lamaseries. For four months in advance there is a rush on the butter market, as the lamas famous for their talent as molders collect materials in the cold workrooms of their respective lamaseries. The butter is mixed with powdered pigments, to give as many as 20 vivid colors for the sculptor to use. In building the bas-reliefs on his broad leather or wooden panel, the sculptor dips his fingers in cold water to prevent melting the contours of his work.

On the fifteenth day of the first moon, according to the Tibetan lunar calendar, the bas-relief panels of colored butter are mounted to cover a triangular framework some 60 feet high. Close to a hundred of these triangles, with hundreds of square yards of bas-reliefs, may be seen in Lhassa, the capital city, and a smaller number in the other prominent lamaseries of the country. At night they are illuminated with the light of thousands of butter lamps, and the following morning they are usually dismantled.

LAND OF "SHANGRI-LA." Map shows the location of lofty, mysterious Tibet. Portions of the country are practically inaccessible and as a result weird tales of life in the interior are told by adventurers. The Tibetans follow the Lamaistic faith of Buddhism, which has ceremonies and practices appearing queer to an outside world and this fact gives rise to many of the stories.

Siam Changes Nation's Name To 'Thailand'

Western Political Ideas Filter Into Modern Government.

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

A modern, streamlined government in Siam has changed the name of the country to Thailand. The Siamese have long called their country Muang Thai, "the land of the Thai race," but the name "Siam" or "Sayam" is on record for the country for more than a thousand years.

Siam adopted a constitutional government June 24, 1932. With the advent of the new regime, international treaties were revoked and new treaties gave Siam full jurisdictional and fiscal autonomy.

The change from an absolute monarchy has been attributed in part to the infiltration of Western ideas following the custom of sending princes of the blood royal and sons of prominent families to the United States and other countries for their education. The new king has been at school in Switzerland. The president of the new council and commander of the army was a classmate of General Goering's in Germany. The new minister of foreign affairs was educated in France.

Hopes for Neutrality.

The latter has expressed the hope that Siam's international position may be neutral, and an enlarged defense program is in progress. Under new enactment, every able-bodied man between 18 and 30 is now liable to serve two years with the colors. The navy has been more than doubled in strength, and high-speed bombing planes were purchased in the United States.

Substantial appropriations have also enabled the government to increase public utilities service, in addition to private plants, and new factories have been set up, some by the government. These produce paper, cotton cloth, petroleum, sugar, hemp, silks, vegetable oils and drugs.

Rail transportation now covers 2,037 miles of government-owned railroads, with reduced freight and passenger rates. Mail service has been extended to 481 post offices, and there is also air-mail service. Highways total 2,722 miles, and new docks have been built to provide Bangkok, the capital, with a suitable port for ocean steamers which previously anchored outside the delta of the Me Nam.