

Clerk, Library Board Members Assured Of Re-Election



Miss Irene Hanley



Russell Gore



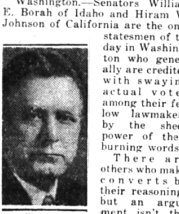
Mrs. L. N. Pyle

Three candidates for village offices are assured of re-election in the annual ballot Mar. 14, since the closing date for the filing of nominating petitions has found them unopposed. Mr. Gore and Mrs. Pyle will continue for two more years as members of the Library Board, while Miss Hanley is assured of a second term as village clerk.

Stewart Finds Only Two Real Orators In Senate

Borah, Johnson Are Lone Masters Of Emotional Appeal, Writer Says

By CHARLES P. STEWART Central Press Staff Writer



Senator Wm. E. Borah

What is said is not the sum total of effective declamation. How it is said is an important item. This, of course, is missing in print. The speaker can't give an impression of his manner by wireless, either, any more than he could do so over a telephone.

ORATORY, in fact, seems to be a dying art, with radio development. The spirit of it not only is impossible to broadcast; it can't be conjured up at all, even with an auditorium full of people present, in front of a microphone, which transmits a product bearing about the same relation to old-fashioned spell-binding that near-beats to the genuine 5 percent article.

The upper congressional chamber, however, gets the real stuff from Senators Borah and Johnson now and then. Both of them recently discussed the question of extending direct federal relief to the country's unemployed workers, and there was plenty of kick in the views expressed by each of the pair. They were on the same side—strenuously favorably to the relief program, as might have been expected; but they dealt with the subject from two entirely different angles.

THE OPINION appears to prevail in senatorial circles that no one in public life quite equals Borah at his oratorical best, but that Johnson occasionally almost ties him. Personally I incline to think that, in certain particulars, the Californian outdoes the Idaho legislator.

In handling the topic of unemployment relief, for example, Borah certainly painted an interesting picture of a governing class which, after according a couple of billions in aid to the nation, great corporations, displayed an inclination to hoggle at granting two or three hundred millions to feed starving men, women and children.

But it remained for Johnson to make the blood of his hearers run cold by the dark hints of violence he was bold enough to throw into their faces, as a warning against a policy of assistance to property without reward for human distress involving approximately a third of the republic's population.

THERE IS just such a case of historical record, he reminded the senate—the case of an exalted personage who, informed of desperate poverty in the ranks of the masses, answered: "If they haven't bread, let them eat grass."

Their California colleague did not finish the story, but there probably were not many of the senators who did not know it—that the exalted personage shortly afterward was lynched from a lamp post, at the very outbreak of the French revolution, with a handful of grass stuffed down his throat.

SENATOR BORAH shouts for justice in tones that make the capitol dome resound but Senator Johnson threatens, by mighty plain implication, what the result will be if justice is not forthcoming.

He is, in short, a fiercer militant than the Idahoan. Where Senator Borah is shocked, appalled and horrified, Senator Johnson yells for vengeance.

"Yells" is the right word for it. Senator Borah's tones are deep and melodious, no matter how high he raises them. He has a magnificent speaking voice. Senator Johnson's is harsh when he raises it—bitter, biting. Nevertheless, it is just the voice required for the speech he made apropos conservative objections to unemployment relief, following the voting of relief to big banks, railroads and industrial corporations.

Senator Borah addresses himself to his auditors' sense of what's right. Senator Johnson's method is to scare them into hysteria.

My New York by JAMES ASWELL

NEW YORK.—This Looney Town: The manager of one of the ritziest hotels in the world received a complaint the other day from a lady guest who said she couldn't sleep or relax because of the incessant piano-thumping of a neighbor. "I wouldn't mind if he could really play!" she ended. The neighbor turned out to be Paderewski.

An incidentally they tell me that the great pianist imported a personal chef, who not only prepares all his dishes but must taste each one before the master will dine. There are half a dozen big shots who control or have a finger in the management of the majority of the night clubs in Manhattan. That's why some of them continue to operate on huge nightly losses. Whenever a spot "clicks" to the tune of big money, it means several obscure joints must fold tents. The story is going the rounds of the vaudeville "ham" who hires an expensive press agent with a contractual stipulation something like this: "The said public relations counsel guaranteeing to get the said actor's name on the front pages of at least three metropolitan dailies within the period of three months." On the last day of the p. a., desperate, dug up the fact that the actor's wife had been suffering from kleptomania for years and had recently been arrested for lifting an expensive piece of jade from a collector's living room. He fulfilled his contract nobly.

SKIP, HOP AND JUMP The young man in the spurious uniform of the Swiss Guards, doorman for the White Horse Tavern near Broadway, holds a bona fide diploma from West Point. One of the carriage starters in English bobbies' attire at the London Terrace apartment development used to be a Scotland Yard detective. And one of the elevator boys in my building picks up a nice piece of change on the side as a professional soccer player. I never knew before there were professional soccer leagues. I ought to get around more maybe; and I would if there were 26 hours in the day. Back on the air go the ravings of this roving reporter Mondays from now on, station WINS, at 5 P. M. I'll have to buy a radio yet, in self defense. It'll be a pleasure to know I don't have to listen to myself.

HOP, SKIP AND JUMP A street huckster in the Italian quarter of the lower East Side employs his 10-year-old son as interpreter, the father speaking ENGLISH only. Rumor has it that Ford and Rockefeller are no longer the two richest men in the United States, top place being held by a well-known figure who would not want himself to be pictured as the Croesus that he is. The Standard Oil building, at 29 Broadway, where the Rockefeller offices are, is one of the least pretentious piles in town.

Although dwellings and private furnishings remain conservatively "period" or Grand Rapids in tone, nearly all of the new skyscrapers have adopted the modernistic motif. The job of mannequin in

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- Sometimes we used to say to our commentaries: "Well, you know the town is growing pretty fast, Bill." And that was our way of disposing of the praise of friends and business associates.
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