

PARAGRAPHS

Just Ask Jim
The Maine Legislature is considering a bill to move the State election to November and put an end to protesting. If the Union wants to know where it is going, it can ask Jim Farley.—New Yorker.

They Should
Before opening for the summer business, the owners of those roadside shoppes for the sale of antiques should be careful to see

that the tracks made by the factory delivery trucks are obliterated before the tourists arrive.—Fall River Herald News.

March of Science
A new Hungarian peach tastes like an almond, and it surpasses the ordinary kind, then we suppose some horticulturist will have to develop an almond that tastes like a peach.—Toronto Star.

When?
There will be no more wars when nations learn how to completely break each other without fighting.—Florida Times-Union.



By E. C. Whitney
Far be it from me to dissect the politics and interpret the "behind-the-scenes" movements of national figures. However, in scanning the past week's news releases from the Capitol one

Senator Arthur Vandenberg (R), of Michigan, and George A. Dondero, (R) Rep. both tried and true party men, have been harping continually on relief costs and the necessity for paring the federal budget but neither, to my knowledge, has come forward with a sound, constructive program for substitution that warrants strong support.

Looking over the fence, we read where President Roosevelt has just saved the government something over \$20,000,000 by refusing to let contracts for two new battleships to private ship builders, instead placing the order with government yards at Philadelphia and Brooklyn. If Washington adopts the plan of building all its own battleships and other war equipment, the federal government will save billions in the course of a decade.

Again, Dondero refers to the proposed Florida ship canal as a costly adventure with little economic justification. He also points to the fact that cutting such a canal would destroy a portion of the fresh water supply in the state.

It does appear that building the canal should be postponed for some time in view of the heavy expenditures to construct it. But let's call a Spade a Spade. In the first place, a high ranking government engineer carefully surveyed the proposed route of the canal and declared that it positively would not affect the water supply in that part of the state near the cut-off. Also, remember this: If the canal were cut, it would eliminate about 1000 miles between New York and Galveston, Texas, one of the nation's largest ports, and make the cost of shipment of produce by water less than by rail. And if you don't think railroads have done considerable to stop the canal you might do a little investigating on your own.

The canal probably would prove profitable in the long run but it can wait. However, why not stick to the real objection—that of cost—instead of drumming up a lot of irrelevant objections to fool the public into thinking it is an attempt to wastefully waste funds.

Can you take it, boys? Would you like to know why the "little woman" flies off the handle and goes into a scene? If you will turn to page 2475 of Folio 3475 of Section 10025 of the last quarterly report of our Marital Research Bureau, you will find, what the Bureau claims, is the reason.

It is because of the 17 varieties of masculine selfishness. Husbands, like turtles, have a way of crawling into a shell to withdraw from a disagreeable situation. It is that wall of indifference they build up to protect the tender "shell" from too many emotional jolts.

If a man wants to shift responsibility, dodge an unpleasant obligation, or pass the buck in general, into his shell he goes by ignoring the matter and leaving his wife to face the music. She may overlook this for a while, but the day will come when she reaches the conclusion that enough is enough.

Then comes the outburst. She "flies off the handle," goes to scenes, stages a scene. It may be over some trifle that seems nothing to get excited about from the detached, masculine point of view. But it isn't the "trifle" that causes the outburst, it's the cumulative force of resentment back of it. It's resentment against selfishness, and the "trifle" is the last straw.

There are as many types of masculine selfishness as there are noses, but these are some of the more common forms a wife has to face:

- 1—Failure to show up for dinner without telephoning in advance that he won't be home.
2—Arriving for dinner with unexpected guests on the maid's day off.
3—Planning his vacation trip each year for his own pleasure, regardless of what his wife enjoys.
4—When his wife protests at being left alone so much, inviting some of his relatives to keep her company, so that he can slip away with a "clear conscience."
5—Spending as many evenings out as he chooses playing cards with the boys, without considering that his wife would occasionally enjoy dinner downtown and a movie.
6—Assuming that because a woman is home all day, she has time to do but amuse herself, and that he place is in the home 24 hours of the day and 365 days of the year—while his place may be anywhere he chooses at any given time.
7—By spending more money than they can afford on roof clubs, fusing paraphernalia or cocktails, and complaining at the price of his wife's annual hat.
8—Gulping down a meal without a word of praise for his wife's culinary ability.
9—And so many other things—finding fault with her before guests, just to show off; causing her embarrassment by arguing with waiters when about the dinner; and by taking her so much for granted that he forgets to extend her the little courtesies he shows other women.
10—These are just a few of the "trifles" responsible for outbursts of feminine wrath.
11—To the husband who says he is not guilty of some or all of these offenses, the Bureau will award a trophy—the leather medal donated by the Burlington Lions Club.

By Carol Dweilley
Perkins Brothers store is one of the largest in Boothbay Harbor (Maine). Chet Perkins is the silent one but his twin brother, Nathan, loves a good job and tells this one on Chet. "You don't have to believe it, but Nathan says once they ordered a new kind of biscuit from Pierce's, in Boston, that the fishermen were so wild about it that they sold out the whole stock, clean 'n' whistle just before one of their good customers from Squirrel Island came in for some. "None, we ain't got any," says Chet. "N' I don't think I'll order any more, nuther." "Why not?" says the lady who wants to know. "They seem to sell well."

"That's just the trouble. The dura things sell so fast we can't keep 'em in stock, so there ain't no use in buying 'em." The lady bought some of their doughnuts anyway. Packard is the plumber down there—when you can get ahold of him. You'll call and call all summer to get him to fix a leaky faucet, but he won't come 'til he's a minute to. When you're just about given up hope he comes put-putting across from the Harbor in his little one lung boat, with his head stuck out of the little aft cabin for all he works for all the while. (He's so fat it doesn't seem likely he could manage getting in and out of that cabin, but he does.) Once he was over on Southport on a sewer heater job, and the lady asked him if he didn't know a girl who'd come in and red things up during the day, and mind the children.

"Maybe you'd like to hire my daughter," wheezes Packard, straightening up. "She's a right biddable piece but she likes to split the wind a little." Sort of scared the lady off, he did. Then next morning she said that Bolt's new obedient even if she didn't like to have fun with the young people o'nights. Cas Brackett, who used to run the Novelty out to Monhegan island, was a real character. A wily fellow rode that little ferry all one summer just to try to pain Cas, but he had to give it up—the old boy wouldn't stay the same shade of tan more'n a day at a time. Cas was as good natured as they come, but the fur-

riners who used to lord it around riled him up plenty. They didn't act holly-toily around Cas more than once though, or he'd give 'em their come-apprance. "Oh Mr. Brackett," says one of these ladies one day, "I suppose you get as much enjoyment out of this 20 mile trip as we city people do out of our long ocean voyages. I have been to Bermuda three times." Cas might not 'd done anything if she'd at least called him Cap'n Brackett, but that Mist'r got his dander. He spit and answered, real slow. "Why yes, I do enjoy this run right smart. Didn't have half the fun when I went to Cairo last time, nor when I was around the world either time." And he went aft to talk to somebody, little boy who wanted to know about whales. The lady wasn't exactly sea-sick, but she looked right peaked. How was she to know Cas was an old sailor before she was born? (Author's note. We crave your indulgence in case you wonder what all this is about. Last week we chided Dr. Rockwell for spending most of his time trying to keep people away from Boothbay Harbor, Maine. We've spent all but three of our summers there, and these humble attempts at reconstruction of actual events are just to show people why we rave so about the place.)

ENJOYS TWO-HOUR WAIT
Milwaukee, Wis.—There was one time Edward F. Merback waited two hours for a bus and didn't mind it. Discovering he had lost his \$100 roll of bills on a bus Merback searched every bus that passed and, finally, after two hours, retrieved his money from under a seat.

SOME NAME
Wabash, Ind.—A letter addressed to Mr. Kananihoesokuhomopoukaimamaahlohihok seawe-lunakookalani Judd, Honolulu was recently received at the local postoffice.

GRANNY GOES TO RIDE
Connersville, Ind.—When his parents wouldn't let 11-year old Louis Disborough go up in an airplane alone, his 82-year old grandmother, Mrs. Julia Swift, volunteered to accompany him. It was the first flight for both.

PICKS WRONG CUSTOMER
New York.—Offering to sell a blanket cheap, John Stillato, 51, homeless, received the shock of his life when he learned that his prospective customer was not only a detective but the owner of the blanket, which Stillato had taken from a parked car.

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