

MESSIAH from WISCONSIN?

House of La Follette Again Sponsors a Third Party

By JOSEPH W. LABINE

Since 1930 American politics has seen Messiahs by the carload. In Minnesota the Floyd B. Ossons attempted to project their Farmer-Labor party into the national picture; in Detroit the Father Coughlins came forward with a platform that was anti-Democratic and anti-Republican; Townsendism had its day, and dynamic Huey P. Long raised his voice from the bayous of Louisiana.

These are the malcontents, "radicals" if you please, many of whom argue that it's safer to build a new balloon than patch the old. In an era featured by change, they want more change. Individually they are powerless, but if a new Leader should emerge—

In Wisconsin a few weeks ago that potential Leader did emerge, but he was not an unknown Messiah. His father was the fire-eating Progressive who kept the United States senate worried until his death in 1925. His brother is today a member of that same senate and very much respected. He himself is governor of Wisconsin.

The name is Phil LaFollette. If America's anti-Republicans and anti-Democrats had searched a generation they might not have found an abler Leader than the man who popped up in the quiet college town of Madison. Like his brother, Senator Bob, Phil LaFollette has been doggedly fighting for the ideals of Progressivism more than a decade. He's never shouted; only the false Messiahs shout. But he has applied his ideals to state government and has made them work.

A Brotherly Combine.

Together the brothers LaFollette form a unique combination to win support from labor, the farmer and the small business men.

They are not socialists but the LaFollettes want to "harness the profit motive for social ends." They are not capitalistic but they think organized labor is foolish to bargain for fixed wages instead of an annual income based on a share of the company's profits. Nor are these farm state boys opposed to agriculture but they do censure the farmer for haggling with purchasers of their crops for a set price level. Instead, say the LaFollettes, farmers should bargain collectively for a share of the ultimate price.

These proposals come under the heading of making new balloons instead of patching old ones. Phil LaFollette built a new balloon in his state unemployment insurance law, a piece of legislation that reflects the LaFollette fetish for justice. Under this act a separate set of books is kept for each business organization in the state. The corporation with the smallest labor turnover pays the least.

What Phil LaFollette doesn't say, Senator Bob supplies. In Washington he rants about the "hodge-podge" of taxation that has grown up these past hundred years. He'd like to junk it all and develop a sane, thoroughgoing program.

Brother Bob's Opinions.

Senator Bob has also voiced a family opinion concerning the New Deal and its efforts to cure depres-



Governor Phil LaFollette of Wisconsin, charming and unassuming, will be the "public appeal" factor in the National Progressive party's campaign. He's presidential timber.

sions, recessions and crises within crises. But the New Deal is only an immediate victim of his denunciation. He says this business of waiting for "economic cycles" is foolishness.

Throughout the past decade's topsy-turvy experimentation in social and economic reform, the LaFollettes have remained pretty much in the background. In Wisconsin, Governor Phil has done his own ex-

well versed with official Washington, is the logical National Progressive candidate. But the brothers recognize that Bob is the politician and legislator while Phil is an executive.

This is a queer trick of fate because old Bob LaFollette intended that his namesake should carry on the family tradition. Young Bob went to Washington immediately after he finished college and became his father's secretary. In 1924 he managed the LaFollette presidential campaign and found himself in the heat of politics while brother Phil was twiddling his thumbs.

Phil once thought of entering the ministry. His wise old father discouraged him from politics but his heart was in it. In 1924, at the ripe age of twenty-seven, he ran for district attorney of Dane county, delivering not a single speech for himself because the elder LaFollette needed his help in the presidential campaign. But Phil won.

Wisconsin's Wonder Boy.

The next year his father died and Phil's ambitions were nipped in the bud when young Bob ascended to the senate. It looked like a political fade-out but Phil won the Republican nomination for governor in 1930 and has been at Madison for three terms since.

Wisconsin's allegiance to the LaFollette tradition is a thing of wonder. In November, 1928, young Bob came up for election the first time and was sent back to the senate with a plurality of 400,000. Yet Wisconsin gave its electoral vote that year to Herbert Hoover, for whom the LaFollettes had said not a single good word.

Governor Phil is by no means an idol with his constituents. The past two years have seen many scraps from which he has emerged victorious but badly scratched. In most of these he has shown a judgment for diplomacy that would credit any President. One of his accomplishments was legislative enactment of a governmental reorganization bill, the same stumbling block over which President Roosevelt tripped last winter.

"Trigger" La Follette.

The governor's private life and hobbies account for much of his popular appeal. He is a devotee of Americana of the Sam Houston period and is also a student of Napoleon.

His quick-on-the-trigger aptitude in speech-making wins him many converts. Never caught short, he faced a momentary crisis when addressing a crowd of Farmer-Laborites in Iowa a few weeks ago. A bench collapsed noisily, spilling its occupants to the ground.

"That," cracked Phil, "must have been the Democratic or Republican platform."

The next few months may see Governor Phil and Senator Bob carrying their National Progressive party to the nation. The two brothers never disagree on major points, so America's farmers, laboring men and small business men are apt to be offered two Messiahs instead of one, each preaching the same political doctrine.

To them may fall the task of cementing our growing crop of malcontents into a unified political group, of soothing Labor's quarrels with the farmer and the corner grocery man. To their flag may rally a strange mixture of men and women, disillusioned followers of defeated third party movements.

But Phil will be the dominant LaFollette, a dynamic crusader in whom more than one aging Progressive will see a carbon copy of old Fighting Bob LaFollette, the man who wanted his son to be a minister.

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Death by Proxy"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Famous Headline Hunter

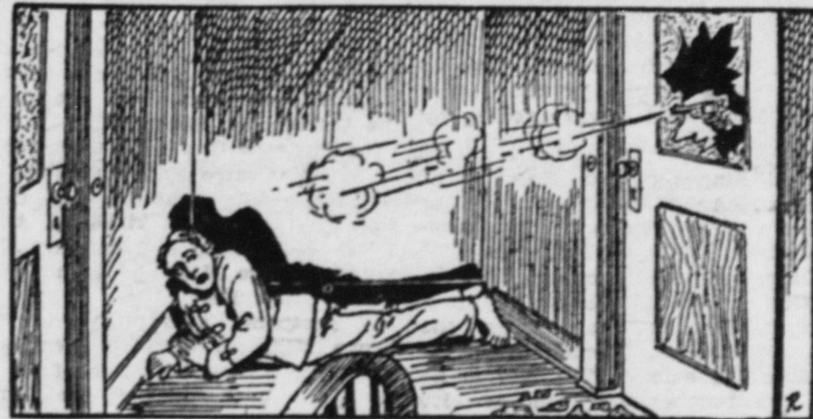
HELLO EVERYBODY: There's only one thing I know that's less profitable than being a burglar, and that's just posing as one. And Distinguished Adventurer Willard G. Stanton of Bloomfield, N. J., ought to agree with me there. Once upon a time, when Bill was a youngster of sixteen, he tried that little stunt. Not purposely, of course. Bill's intentions were perfectly O. K. But it doesn't make any difference what your intentions are. If you look like a burglar, or if you act like a burglar, first thing you know somebody is going to think you ARE a burglar and treat you accordingly.

Back in 1907, when this adventure happened to Bill, he lived in an old-fashioned apartment house in Brooklyn. At least it would look old-fashioned today. At that time it was probably the last word in apartment houses. It had a stairway running up the center of the building, and there were two apartments to the floor. The doors of the living rooms opened on the stair landing, and the outer doors were fitted with ground glass panels. The glass was opaque. You couldn't exactly see through it. But when you were on the inside looking out you could tell when someone was at the door, because you could see a shadow of a human figure against the glass.

Remember those panels. They've got a lot to do with the story.

Burglars Alarmed the Old Ladies.

Bill's family had an apartment on the fourth and top floor of that building. Across the hall lived two old ladies—retired school teachers—one of whom was slightly deaf. Remember that deaf old lady, too.



Bullets Whizzed Over Bill's Head.

Between her and the glass panels, Old Lady Adventure managed to cook up quite a thrill for Bill Stanton.

About three o'clock one November morning, Bill was awakened out of a sound sleep by a loud, insistent pounding. As he came out of a half-doze, he realized that the pounding came from the wall, on the other side of which the two old ladies slept. Something was wrong in their apartment! Bill jumped out of bed and went into his own living room. Then he saw what the trouble was.

On the ground glass panels of the door leading to the hall he could see two shadowy figures. They were over by the door of the old ladies' apartment and they seemed to be trying to jimmy the lock. So that was it! Burglars, trying to get in next door! The old ladies had heard them and pounded on the wall to attract Bill's attention.

Bill called out, "Who's there?" and began rattling the door knob. The two figures moved noiselessly to the stairs and began to descend. Bill was sixteen, and impetuous. He ran out of his apartment and started to follow the two men down the stairs. "Right there," he says, "is where my adventuring career started."

Bill Was in a Tight Place.

Bill followed the crooks down two flights of stairs, but they were too fast for him. He was in pajamas, and he couldn't very well dash out into the street after them anyway. Not on a cold night in November. He turned around and went slowly back up the stairs.

Bill got to the top and put his hand on the doorknob. The door was locked. In his haste to follow the two men he had slammed it behind him. In his pajamas and without a key in his pocket, it looked as if he was going to have some trouble getting back in. He stood for a moment considering his plight, and then, suddenly he heard a voice coming from the next apartment.

It was one of the old ladies—the deaf one—and her tone was ominous. "If you don't go away," she yelled, "I'll shoot."

All at once Bill realized what a tight situation he was in. The old lady could see his shadow through the glass door and thought he was one of the departed burglars. He knew she kept a gun in her apartment and didn't have any doubt that she would do just what she threatened to do.

Shot At by a Deaf Woman.

"I thought I had a good pair of lungs," says Bill, "and I screamed back: 'Don't shoot. It's me.' But I didn't count on that old lady being deaf. Before I had a chance to get in another word I heard a loud report and a bullet came crashing through the door. It was followed by two more. Then I dropped flat on the floor, and while I lay there, three more shots imbedded themselves in the wall over my head."

The shots stopped then, but Bill lay right where he was, afraid to stir lest the slightest motion bring more of that hot lead his way. Then, inside his own apartment, he heard his mother open a window and start screaming for the police. Still Bill stayed where he was. Courage is one thing, but when a panic-stricken old lady starts blazing away right and left with a revolver, there isn't any sense in giving her a mark to shoot at.

Bill lay right where he was until the police came. Then he got up again. He looked himself over and was relieved to find that he hadn't been hit by any of those wild bullets, but he found an ominous little hole in the sleeve of his pajamas that showed just how close he had come to having a funeral instead of just an adventure. "And nowadays," says Bill, "when there is any burglar hunting to be done, I do it by telephone."

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Use of the Oregon Boot

Once Oregon was famous for a contrivance that was held in pardonable distaste by prisoners who happened to find themselves confined within the cold gray walls of the state penitentiary. The Oregon boot, they called it, and it was used as an efficient but not altogether humane method of keeping prisoners from dashing off on their own.

Home of Copernicus

Torun in Poland is the birthplace of Copernicus, the great astronomer. The charming old city has a statue to his memory and visitors may enter the home he had 400 years ago.

Our Faith in Human Nature

"Our faith in human nature grows so scant," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "that we soon arrive at the belief that everybody who is ordinarily polite is trying to deceive us."

Compelled to Kill Squirrels

The large number of squirrels were such a menace in the early days that the Ohio legislature passed a law compelling each person to kill a certain number of them each year. The number was to be determined by each township board of trustees, and those who failed to fill their quota were subject to a fine.

Sausage Tree Native of Africa

The sausage tree (Kigelia pinnata) is a native of Africa. It has rough pinnate leaves and peculiar flowers which hang suspended by long peduncles. From each flower a large fruit develops which resembles a sausage.

Reference to Shaving in Bible

There are many references to shaving in the Bible. In Genesis, 41:14, we find that Joseph shaved himself before going into the presence of Pharaoh.

FAMOUS STORIES

King Arthur's Death Told in Tennyson Tale

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

IN THE last days of King Arthur, his men were led in revolt against him by the traitorous knight, Sir Modred. Warfare had continued many months and the time had now come for the last struggle. Among those faithful to the king was the knight, Sir Bedivere, now constant companion to the lonely and aged king.

Overlooking the camps which were arrayed for battle, the king thought sorrowfully of his knights whom he was now fighting. His heart was heavy as the battle began, relates Lord Tennyson in his story, "The Death of King Arthur."

On every side there was strife to the death until the field was strewn with men. At the point of Excalibur, King Arthur's famous sword, Sir Modred met his end. But, alas, King Arthur was sorely wounded. Carefully Sir Bedivere carried his king off the field. But King Arthur knew that now he was to die.

Calling his loyal knights to him, he requested Sir Bedivere to carry Excalibur down to the lake front and throw it into the water.

The knight thought this a strange request, but he lifted the treasured sword and went his way to the lake.

Standing beside the water, Sir Bedivere thought of the needless waste of so many jewels and of so much beauty and he hid Excalibur in a tree. When Sir Bedivere stood again before him, King Arthur asked what he had seen when he threw the sword into the water. Sir Bedivere answered, "The rippling of the waves."

"Betrayed!" cried the king. "Do as I bid you!"

Standing again beside the water the knight thought: the king is ill and does not know what he says, so I will hide the sword. Accordingly,

"BEAUTIFUL" LIFE

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, lived a life as beautiful and unreal in its romanticism as that of any hero in his King Arthur stories.

The drowning of Arthur Hallam, Tennyson's college friend who understood and encouraged the sensitive poet, caused Tennyson to suffer a nervous collapse and to live ten years in retirement. At the end of that time he presented for publication "In Memoriam," an elegy to Arthur Hallam, a poem said to have brought more comfort to sorrowing people than any other poem. Tennyson was not wealthy, and he and his sweetheart wanted to leave the path of his life open for writing instead of trying to earn a less precarious livelihood, so they waited many years before marriage was possible. Speaking of his marrying Emily Sellwood he said, "On the day I married her, the peace of God entered into my soul."

At the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was made Poet Laureate of England, having long enjoyed the friendship of Queen Victoria. After that he was so besieged by sightseers, that he was forced to move to the Isle of Wight, which place is now famous for having been his home. Tennyson died in 1852, at the age of eighty-three.

he once more placed it safely away. The second time the king asked what he had seen and the knight gave the same answer as before, "The rippling of the waves."

With great effort King Arthur cried, "If you do not do as I command, I will kill you with my own hands!"

Sir Bedivere ran to the lake, wheeled the sword high, and with all his might, hurled it into the lake. Instantly an arm clothed in rich apparel rose from the lake, caught the sword, brandished it three times and drew Excalibur under the waves. When the king had heard what Sir Bedivere had seen, his soul was satisfied. Then he made his last request of his knight, that Sir Bedivere would assist him to reach the shores of the lake.

Old Order Changelth.

When the king stood beside the waters, there appeared in the distance a barge. Nearer and nearer it came, until the richness of the black draperies could be seen. Three queens weeping in lamentation stood on the bow looking toward King Arthur, Sir Bedivere supported his king, until the outstretched arms of the queens assisted King Arthur to take his place on the barge.

Slowly the barge began to leave the shore. Standing alone as King Arthur moved into the distance, Sir Bedivere cried out, "I am left alone! What shall I do?"

Kindly answered the king, "The old order changeth, giving place to new—Pray for me, for more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of . . ."

So ended the life of King Arthur, for many years ruler over the Round Table.

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Senator Bob LaFollette, lacking his brother's salesmanship ability, nevertheless knows political Washington so thoroughly that he will be invaluable in the campaign.