

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—One day, a long time ago, a 17-year-old girl, Janet Roper, was walking along Hanover street in Boston, a place where you meet sea-faring men from all ports of the civilized world. Attracted by a hymn tune, she stopped before a building, listened to the music of a melodeon, the lusty chorus of men's voices, and, at length, drawn by a power greater than her girlish timidity, she mounted the steps and so entered the headquarters of the Boston Seamen's Friends society. Thus destiny took hold of Janet's life and showed her the way to go.

Now Janet Roper, house mother of the Seamen's Church institute on South street, New York, is observing the fiftieth anniversary of her work among sailors, and there is hardly a forecastle from the Cape of Good Hope to Cairo, from John O'Groats to the Ambrose Light which does not contain at least one shellback beholden to her in any one of an infinite variety of ways.

She is slender, almost frail of physique. There are only a few traces of gray in her hair for all her 66 years, and her eyes snap with intelligence, vitality and kindly humor.

Several years ago Mother Roper devised the idea of publishing lists of missing seamen, copies being sent to seamen's homes throughout the world for display upon bulletin boards. The service has obtained extraordinary results. Sailors out of touch with their families for years have been located and contacts restored, brothers have been reunited in far-flung ports; all sorts of happy things have been effected. In all, to date, 5,327 sailormen supposedly swallowed in the sea or forever merged in the melting pots of alien ports, have been recovered from oblivion.

While in Boston, Mother Roper met and subsequently married a Congregational clergyman, engaged in similar service. They worked together in Gloucester, in Canada and in Oregon until her husband's death in 1915, when she came to the Seamen's institute on South street. She has no illusions about sailormen, holding them to be no better and no worse than other men. Her work, and her three daughters, living with her in Brooklyn, comprise her enthusiasms.

JUDGE MANLEY O. HUDSON of the Permanent Court of International Peace at The Hague, recently arrived here, is, characteristically, spending his vacation at Cambridge, Mass., looking into things of international juridical import. He was once Bemis professor of international law at Harvard, a post he took, somewhat in discouragement, when his career was diverted by the refusal in 1923 of the United States to join the League of Nations.

The world's leading authority on all questions pertaining to comity among nations, this world to him is no abstract thing, no matter of geographical division. Human affairs and relationships are his passion. A Missourian—he was born in St. Peters in 1886—he reverses an attributed reaction of citizens of his commonwealth in that far from asking to be shown, he is at all times willing, nay eager, to demonstrate.

Genial, incurably optimistic, mentally brilliant, he enjoys nothing so much as to stand at bay in intellectual combat, indulging with D'Aragnan's ardor in sword-play, in thrust and riposte, until his opponents are either convinced or, at any rate, silenced. He will plunge into contest, or, if no struggle is waging, he is very likely to start one.

Now 52 years old, Judge Hudson entered the League of Nations secretariat with its origin in 1919, and ever since he has been attached to it. Two years earlier, he was with the inquiry and peace terms commission established by the state department and later, in Paris, was a member of the international law division of the committee to negotiate peace. Work then begun led directly to the World court bench when the league assembly gave him the second highest vote—48 out of 50—ever received by a candidate.

William Sewell college, Liberty, Mo., is his alma mater and Harvard, where he took post-graduate courses, his alter mater. (Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Unsupervised Play May Be Bad for Child

● **OLDER CHILDREN** likely to establish feeling of inferiority by "bossing" younger playmates. All youngsters should be taught the pleasure of wholehearted, friendly co-operation.

By LAURA GRAY

"I CAN'T understand my small son, Teddy," complained Mrs. Bacon to her neighbor, Mrs. Morton. "Every time he goes to play with Robert, Teddy comes back so cross, so irritable, I can do nothing with him. And he used to be such a sweet-tempered youngster."

"Robert's older than Teddy, isn't he?" asked Mrs. Morton. "Only a year and a half, but he looks three years older; he's so big and sturdy. Robert's mother and I have been taking charge of the two children on alternate days. This gives each of us every other day free."

"What a clever arrangement. But perhaps the boys see too much of each other. How do they get on when Robert comes to your house?" "Oh, they scrap a little; I don't interfere. But this morning Teddy made a great ado about going to play with Robert. He didn't want to go."

"Well, there are some people—much as I love them—that I wouldn't want to spend every day with," mused the neighbor. "I should say, in this case, that the older boy is wearing out the little fellow. Having always to give in—to subject one's own wishes—becomes monotonous."

"I wonder if you are right." Next day, when six-year-old Robert came to play with four-year-old Teddy, his mother, in the next room, was alert to note what went on.

"Let's play train!" suggested Robert, sweeping things from a small table and jerking it upside down. "No, I want to cut out pictures!" pouted Teddy, already comfortably seated in the midst of litter.

"Oh, come on!" Robert snatched the scissors from the little fellow. "You may be engineman!"

Storm Stopped Temporarily. This magnificent condensation stopped the imminent storm of protest from Teddy. He jumped up and willingly helped arrange chairs behind the table. "Going to be engineman! Going to be engineman!" he kept repeating.

"You may be engine driver after; I'm going to be first!" The bigger boy seated himself on top of boxes at the head of the procession, and mimicked escaping steam with vivid reality.

Teddy reluctantly took the seat behind. At last the steam gave out. "My turn now!" he cried. "No, let's play something else! This is no fun!" The "steam" jumped down and wrecked the train!

The boys went into the garden. Robert rushed to the shed, took out Teddy's new tricycle and kept it the rest of the morning. How the owner longed to enjoy his new toy! He'd had very little chance as yet—the boys being almost always together.

And so the day went on, the older boy's wishes always being carried out, and the younger never experiencing that satisfaction with regard to his own. No wonder poor Teddy was worn out with giving in!

"You'll have to tidy up!" triumphantly, at the end of the day, "I always do when you come to play with me!" Robert beamed at the playroom that looked as if a cyclone had passed through it.

At last he was gone! Half a day or even a whole day, together, once in a while, would have been a good experience for these boys, but every day was too much. And we should all remember, too, that while some unsupervised play is beneficial for young children, the periods should not be overlong.

No child should be "under-dog" all the time. This is apt to establish an idea of inferiority, not easily eradicated. Neither is it good for a more vigorous child to have his own way always. He should be taught to be fair, and learn that there can be real pleasure in giving in.

National Kindergarten Association (WNU Service.)

Roman Dogs

The Romans divided their dogs into six groups, the canes villatici (house dogs); canes pastorales pecuarii (shepherd dogs); canes venatici (sporting dogs); pugnaces or bellicosi (pugnacious or war dogs); nares sagaces (dogs which ran by scent) and pedipus celeres (swift dogs which ran by sight). In the United States, writes Margaret Kidder in the Los Angeles Times, we have a sporting-dog group in which are the bird dogs; a hound group, including both the scent and the sight hounds; a working-dog group, which takes in the shepherd dogs and the dogs that the Romans termed war dogs; a terrier group, which had no counterpart in Roman times; a top group, which unaccountably was missing in Rome, since tiny pets were popular among the ruling classes, and a non-sporting group, which no doubt includes some of the breeds that the Romans listed as house dogs.



TAXI, MISTER?

A farmer rushed up to the home of a country doctor in the village late one night and asked him to come at once to a distant farmhouse.

The medicine man hitched up his horse and they drove furiously to the farmer's home. Upon their arrival the farmer asked: "How much is your fee, doctor?" "Three dollars," said the physician in surprise.

"Here you are," said the farmer, handing over the money; "the blamed liveryman wanted five dollars to drive me home."

That Umbrella

Shortly after the broadcast of the news bulletin announcing Mr. Chamberlain's departure for Rome, little Helen, being only eight, was sent to bed.

"Mummy," she asked as she was tucked up, "why did n't Mr. Chamberlain take his umbrella to Italy?" "But he did take it, dear," was the surprised answer, "although the announcer didn't say so."

"I'm not so sure," said Helen, decidedly, "for the announcer only said that Mr. Chamberlain had taken his staff with him."—Stray Stories.

BEING MADE UP



"Is your basketball team all made up?" "All but one, and she doesn't even use face powder."

They Knew Her

A woman motorist was driving along a country road when she noticed a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles.

"Fools," she exclaimed to her companion. "They must think I never drove a car in my life before."

Shocking Language

Lady—I'm afraid I'll have to return that parrot I bought here some time ago. He shocks all my friends by his dreadful language.

Dealer—Ah, you've got to be careful 'ow you talk before 'm, lady. 'T's terrible quick to learn.

Measure of Importance

"Do you think the airplane will ever perform any important service to humanity?" "It is something to talk about."

Might Be Long Trip

Very Stout Man (to woman motorist who has bumped into him)—Couldn't you have gone round me? Motorist (sweetly)—I wasn't sure if I had enough gasoline.—Windsor Star.

An Old Adage

Magistrate—Why did you throw a hot flat-iron at your husband? Mrs. Casey—Well, your honor, one of my mothers has always been "Strike while the iron is hot!"

IN TRAINING



Bug—What you doin' that for? Other Bug—I'm in training for a marathon and I have to run around the block every day.

Social Insecurity

"So," remarked the boyhood friend, "you are in the swim." "Mother and the girls think I am," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but my personal feelings are those of a man who has just fallen overboard and ought to be hollering for help."

With a Microscope

"You see that old boy over there? He thinks in terms of millions." "He doesn't look to me like a financier." "He isn't. He's a bacteriologist."

A President's Attendance Caused Flurry of Excitement in Church

One Sunday during the summer of 1917 the President suggested that we drive quietly over to Virginia and attend the service at the Pohick church, which was the place of worship of George Washington. When we arrived, the little edifice was well filled. Mr. Wilson, my brother Randolph and I were escorted to the Washington pew, given prayer books and left to ourselves. The service over, we were accompanied to the door by a member of the vestry and permitted to depart without any of the crowding about which usually attends the appearance of a President in public. Also I was impressed by the large congregation, for it was raining.

Afterwards Mr. Jervis, one of the secret service men, asked: "May I tell you a story?" This is the story:

Knowing our plans, Mr. Jervis had reached the church at 9:30, finding it closed and not a soul about. At the nearest house he inquired whether there was to be a service. The man did not know, but said that the preacher was holding Sunday school at his own home and that Jervis might inquire of him. At the minister's house Mr. Jervis found a young man instructing a group of barefoot girls and boys. Jervis asked the man whether there would be a service at the church, because the President had intended to come. "The President of what?" asked the clergyman. "Of the United States," replied Jervis. The minister looked at his caller sorrowfully. "Young man, are you ill?" he asked.

Jervis showed his badge, adding that the President and Mrs. Wilson were due in an hour. The minister clasped his hands. "Children, Sunday school is dismissed. All of you run home and tell your fathers and mothers the President is coming to church and I want a good congregation to welcome him." Then he turned to Jervis.

Wise and Otherwise

If your garden is fooling you, give it a few digs in return. Women can give everything with a smile and take everything back with a tear.

Every dog has his day, says the proverb. And, judging by the row in my back garden, every cat has her knight.

Parents are often a hindrance to children in a career," says a judge. Perhaps—but the children could hardly start a career without them.

A seaside worker tells me he gets \$2.50 a day for picking up litter. A tidy sum?

Did the guy who said "honesty is the best policy" ever try telling the boss what he really thought of him? Hank says his wife's new diet has fairly took her breath away!

"Young man, I must shave. You run over to the church and tell the sexton to ring the bell—vigorously." At the church Jervis found the old sexton opening the door. He gave the minister's message. The sexton's mouth stood open for a minute. Then he said: "Here, you ring that bell. It's just outside in a tree. I got to go home and shave."—Edith Bolling Wilson in The Saturday Evening Post.

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