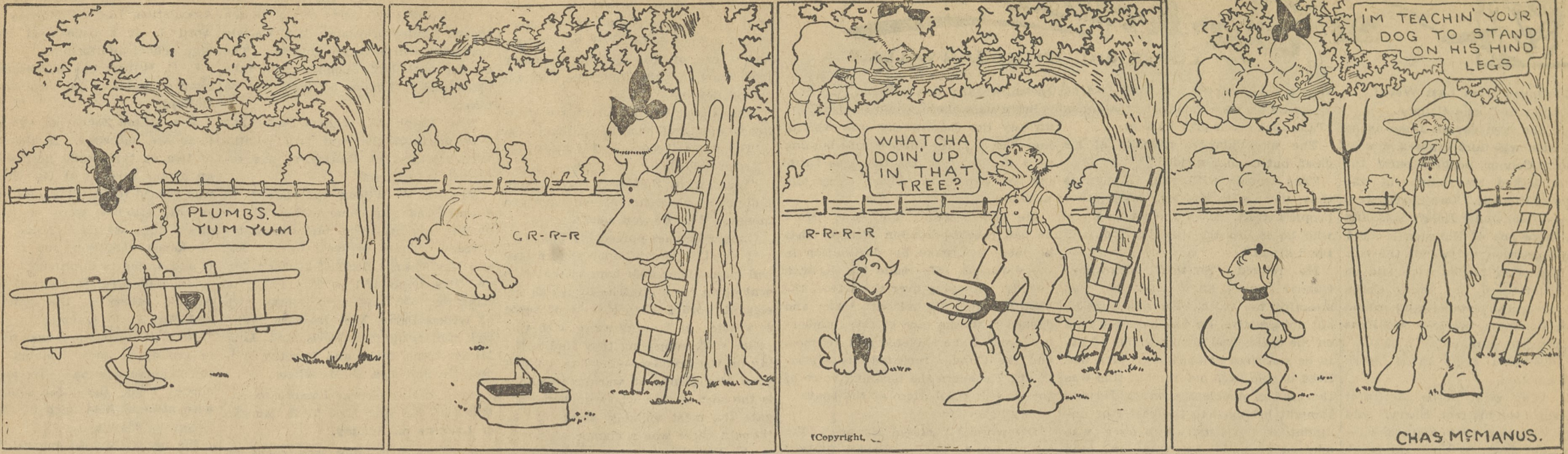


DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManus



Game Commission Asks Protection For Song Birds

Commission Asks All Citizens to Assist in Protecting Birds That Destroy Insects

The State Game Commission is just as much concerned about the preservation of our song and insectivorous birds as it is about game. Again this year it asks all nature lovers to assist in the control of song bird enemies.

One of the worst bird enemies that the game protector has to contend with is the half-wild house cat. It destroys more valuable song birds and game than any other agency. Feathered vermin take a certain toll as do various mammals, and snakes, but these are kept fairly well under control.

The uneducated foreign born residents of Pennsylvania must be watched carefully, for in certain foreign lands no protection is given song birds. The peasants kill and eat them all year round. Perhaps these persons can't be called willful violators—they are simply ignorantly following a custom they have been used to all their lives. These people must be educated.

We must also guard against the ever-enthusiastic boy, who, at a certain stage of his development, feels the urge to kill and plunder, and accordingly saunters forth armed with sling shot or air rifle. Most boys need only to be told that they are destroying the lives of many valuable wild creatures and they are sorry. Others have to be reprimanded more severely and even punished and fined before they realize that our wild birds and animals are not to be molested.

Every citizen in the State should be very much interested in a program for bird protection, for it is not true that most everyone likes to have birds around and benefits both from their economical and aesthetic value?

If it were not for the millions of injurious insects and noxious weeds that the birds destroy each year, surely the farmers, orchardists and gardeners would suffer great losses in crops, fruit and flowers. Were it not for the birds starvation would overtake the country in a short time.

It is certain there has been much more interest taken in the study of bird life during the past few years than ever before. Bird clubs are hard at work; schools have adopted bird study as part of their curriculum; and Boy Scouts are ever building houses, bird baths, feeding, and otherwise helping to insure a happy livelihood for the birds.

There are many persons in the State who are interested in bird life and who want to attract birds about their premises but do not know just how to go about it. As an aid to such as these the Board of Game Commissioners have published for free distribution a bulletin, "A Year's Program for Bird Protection," which describes many of our birds and gives specifications concerning the building of houses for them. This bulletin has a beautiful colored cover-page depicting the cardinal and is well illustrated with many photographs of other interesting species. It should be a valuable addition to everyone's library.

To the unscrupulous person who cares not a whit about our birds and who thinks nothing of killing or harming them, there will be meted out deserving punishment. The fine for killing any song or insectivorous bird is \$10 for each bird killed. It is also unlawful to retain in captivity any protected bird that is of the same family as those found in a wild state in Pennsylvania. Persons who violate any of the laws covering our song and insectivorous birds shall certainly be dealt with in a way befitting the vandals that they are.

HERBERT HOOVER A BUSINESS MAN

(Continued From First Page) years told the business and industrial leaders of America where they got off and made them like it—and him—must of necessity be master of the supreme art of the politician, the art of understanding people and making them want to do what he wants them to do. And this is a subtler and higher type of politics and in the long run more effective and more enduring in its results, than more than one or two men have ever brought to the White House.

Herbert Hoover approaches the problems involved in running the Government of the United States exactly as the president of a great business corporation approaches his own business problems. And that is the method of the engineer.

He Gets the Facts
Engineers deal in facts. They don't build bridges by guesswork or dig tunnels with their emotions or erect skyscrapers by sentiment. It is an old saying among engineers, to which the President himself called my attention, that if one can get all the facts, and be sure that he has all the facts about any engineering problem, and arranges them in their proper perspective, then the one correct solution becomes apparent to everybody.

That is true, as far as it goes. But is takes another kind of ability to convince other people—a board of directors, say, or the Congress of the United States—that the facts are facts and therefore that the solution offered must be the right one. This is particularly true when that board of directors—or Congress—has been in the habit of running things by guesswork, sentiment and emotion.

That is President Hoover's hardest job. He deals in facts. The truth which the assembled facts reveal is the only truth he recognizes. His job, as he sees it, is to get all the facts about every phase of the Government, then to convince, persuade or otherwise impress upon Congress, the politicians and the people that these are the facts and that they point to only one sane and sound solution of the problem in hand.

To be that takes skillful teamwork. Don't run away with the idea ongress. He is cooperating with Congress. Mr. Hoover has any quarrel with ongress. He is cooperating with Congress. That is teamwork but Herbert Hoover is driving the team.

And so far as his hands are not tied by legislative restrictions, he goes ahead on his own initiative—after first finding out all the facts—just as the president of the Western Union or the Steel Corporation does.

The impression one gets upon entering the Presidential offices, in the ugly old structure known as the State, War and Navy building, across the street from the White House, is precisely that of the executive offices of a big corporation. In the old White House offices, in the wing which recently burned, there was a different atmosphere under previous Presidents. Anterooms were usually crowded with politicians seeking favors, or with tourists hoping for a chance to shake hands with the President. The general effect was social and political and not that of business. President Hoover's office might be that of any big business man, except that most big business men's offices are more elaborately furnished and decorated.

Physical Make-Up
Behind a big desk in the window side of the big room the President sits in a big swivel chair. As he rises to greet his visitor one sees that he is a big man, six feet exactly, broad of shoulder, deep of chest, he weighs around 185 pounds, and mighty little of that is fat. In his pictures he gives the impression of being a bit soft. But that round face isn't fat. The bony structure behind it is broad from cheek-bone to cheek-bone, from the angle of one jaw to that of the other. He is in good training—not as an athlete going into a contest but the sort of good training which intelligent business men try to keep themselves.

Over the radio one gets the impression that the President's voice is rather high-pitched, almost a tenor. In conversation that impression vanishes. It is not a vibrant voice, it lacks the resonance which makes for oratorical effect. But it is a baritone rather than a tenor, with the deeper tones predominating in conversation. The President's clear, blue eyes are fixed upon his visitor as he talks, they are deep-set eyes, the bony penthouse of the forehead projecting considerably above the long upper eyelids. And the forehead goes straight up from the eyebrows, a long way up before it curves backward abruptly where the sandy hair begins. There is no sign of thinning over the dome

of Mr. Hoover's head, but a little patch of gray is discernible on each temple.

His manner is dignified and easy without being genial. One tries to imagine him slapping anybody on the back, or anyone outside of his most particular intimate personal friends and family calling him by his first name. It is too much of a strain on the imagination. It can't be done. Yet there is no impression of coldness. The impression is rather that he has his emotions under perfect control, and that in dealing with and discussing public affairs he is discussing them in the light of reason applied to facts and not as matters to grow excited about. It is not hard to imagine him becoming angry, but it is impossible to imagine him 'bawling out' anyone or giving any outward sign of loss of temper.

Sensitive to Criticism
Mr. Hoover, we are told, is sensitive to criticism. He would not differ to criticism. He would not differ to criticism. He would not differ to criticism. He would not differ to criticism. He would not differ to criticism.

L. Mr. Hoover is sensitive to misrepresentations. It makes him write to be lied about. But honest, friendly, constructive criticism he welcomes, when it comes from sources— he believes to be sincere. My estimate of him in that respect is confirmed by men who are closest to him.

He swings back in his swivel chair, thrusts one hand into his trousers pocket and answers his visitor's questions without the slightest hesitation and with a degree of detail that is surprising. One gets the impression of a mind which functions like a well-oiled machine, silently, swiftly and with perfect accuracy. He has the facts there in his head, about details of Government and administration which most Presidents would have had to refer to an assistant secretary of some department.

He talks about facts and their importance. The President has appointed a dozen or more commissions of experts for the purpose of finding out the facts about various governmental problems. There will be more such commissions. The facts which they gather and collate will save the President and especially save Congress a great deal of time and serve as a guide for intelligent legislation. There is such a mass of public business continually passing through the Congressional mill, so many details of administration being put up to the President, that the regular standing machinery of the Government has not the time for direct and thorough investigation of every legislative and administrative proposal.

Mr. Hoover has gathered some interesting facts about the growth of the President's job. When the Federal Government moved to Washington in John Adams' administration, Congress and all its attaches numbered 250 persons and the President, to execute all of the laws then on the books, had a staff of 125. Today there are 3,000 persons on Capitol Hill, but the executive departments, counting the Army and Navy, employ 650,000 persons to administer the laws which Congress has instructed the President to enforce. Twenty times as many people in proportion to population, are needed today to enforce the laws now on the statute books, as in Jefferson's day. Some of that is due, of course, to the growth of the nation. President Jefferson's administration granted only a dozen or so patents; today we grant 17,500 patents a year. But a lot of the burden upon the President and upon the taxpayers is due to the huge grist of laws which have only sentimental reasons for having been enacted.

No Sentimentalist
One of the serious faults in our governmental system is the habit of legislation by emotion. To illustrate: Somebody had the emotional idea that it would be nice for the Government to provide free medical attendance and hospitalization for every veteran of any war, so long as he might live and regardless of the cause of his illness or disability. We are already taking care of every veteran whose disability can be in any degree traced to his military service. But this new project would make it incumbent upon Uncle Sam to take care of every case of senile dementia, hardening of the arteries, pneumonia, smallpox, ingrowing toenails or any other ailment which might attack any man who had ever worn a uniform, no matter if he had been in perfect health for fifty years after his military service.

President Hoover quietly appointed a commission of physicians and actuaries. They started with the known

facts of the present number of veterans, their probable incidence of disease or disability among them, and the present cost of hospitalization per patient per day. When they got all of those facts tabulated and projected it figured out that the scheme, over which it was extremely easy to sentimentalize, would cost the taxpayers of the United States somewhat more than six billion dollars at the lowest possible computation. And that was that, so far as that particular piece of legislation was concerned.

Mr. Hoover believes that only by finding out all the facts and shaping the Government's course by them can Governmental expenses be reduced and the burden on the taxpayers relieved. At the same rate of progression at which Federal expenses and personnel have grown in the past one hundred years, at the end of another century everybody in the United States would be on the Government payroll.

(Editors' Note—This is the first of a series of five articles by Mr. Stockbridge. Next week, "Prohibition Up to Now.")

GUNNER'S BLUFF (Continued From Page 6)

"Who found his body?"
Luke considered.
"Morrell was in the room and made the discovery."
The Gunner nodded.
"And immediately after that Mrs. Maddison's manner changed. Of course you weren't married then, but that is a fact, isn't it? If that is a fact, it means that Dany carried some evidence of the young lady that was quite sufficient to make her play this trick."
"I'm not blaming her," began Luke. He saw a flicker of amusement in the man's eyes.

"You are?"
"Well, not exactly," drawled the Gunner. "I've given up blaming people. There's no profit in it."
He flicked off the ash of his cigarette into his saucer.

"You can't make a sudden reappearance; you can't even get to Ronda and be sure you'll get away with it," he said. "You've got yourself mixed up with two bad gangsters—Connor and Morrell."

He rose and paced up and down the small room, his eyes narrowed, his brow corrugated in thought.
"It's Connor that's worrying me. If he's held for trial that problem is settled. If he isn't, and suppose you come back from Ronda, he'll be able to trace all your movements. Have you got your passport?"
He saw Luke thrust his hand inside his shirt, and a look of blank dismay came to his face.

"I've lost it somewhere."
Gunner-Haynes' lips clicked impatiently.

"If you lost it at Keel's Wharf then you're in the soup," he said. "There's only one thing to do and that is to get your passport back. There's another thing: I want to see the letter that that boy wrote before he shot himself."
Luke shook his head.

"I don't believe he wrote a letter, and if he did it was certainly destroyed."

Ten minutes later the Gunner left the house on his quest. His first call was at a police station near to Keel's Wharf. He knew the inspector in charge, and between them was that curious camaraderie which it is so difficult for the "layman" to appreciate—the understanding between the criminal and his ruthless enemy. He said you came with a parcel, that he refused, to entertained the deal, and that you got away by boat.

Now the police do not always speak the truth. It is a lamentable statement to make. They have to deal with liars and cunning men. But the Gunner trusted the man to whom he was speaking.

"I was on the wharf, yes," he said. "As a matter of fact I came to see him about another matter altogether—you know that forgeries are not in my line. I heard the raid and I got away by boat. I gather that you did not pull him?"

"No; there was nothing there. Connor and his friends seem to be doing an extensive trade in salt. Do you

know anything about that, Gunner?"
"If I did I shouldn't tell you," said Haynes coolly. "So you didn't drag Connor, eh? That's a pity."

The detective looked left and right and lowered his voice.

"If you particularly want him dragged, you'll tell me what I can drag him on—"

Again the Gunner shook his head.
"You want me to give you a little information? I'm not that kind of a bureau! Is Connor still at the wharf?"

The inspector nodded.
"I think I'll call on him. I haven't seen you, Pullman."

He came to the wharf and found

Connor in a very cheerful frame of mind. If he was at all disconcerted to see Gunner Haynes he did not reveal the fact.

"You owe me four pounds," said Connor. "That's the price I paid for that boat you pinched. You're not staying long, are you? Because I'm expecting a lady visitor."

"Who amongst your friends has this courtesy title?" asked the Gunner offensively.

"Nobody you know," said Connor carelessly. "A lady named Mrs. Maddison—who has recently lost her husband."

(Continued Next Week)



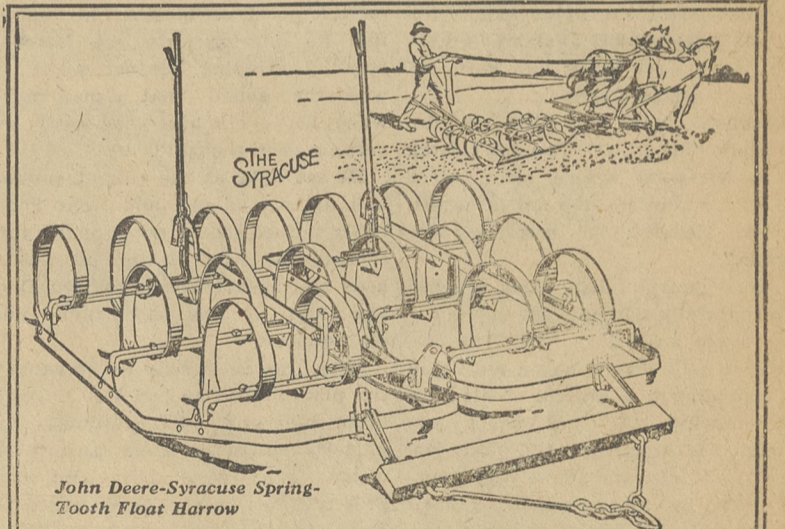
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