

BOB DAVIS GATHERS SOME HARD TIMES STATISTICS FROM THE PULLMAN CAR PORTER

New York, Nov. 11—"Forty years on the railroad," said the sleeping car generalissimo, wrapping a whisk-broom around a last year's derby, "and this is the worst season I ever did see. Yes, sir, bad. The end of Mr. Cleveland's second term I got my first dose of depression. You can see from these," pointing to eight service stripes on his sleeve, each representing five years on the rails, "that this business ain't nothing new to me."

Four decades of battling with grips, carpet bags, ladies' luggage, shawl straps, current magazines, golf clubs, topcoats and portable phonographs certainly qualified my colored friend as an expert.

"Why do you refer to Cleveland's second term?" I asked.

"Well, mister," said he, dropping the derby into a paper bag and placing it on the overhead hat rack, "I was running between New York and Chicago on the Pennsylvania Limited. The full capacity of that train was one hundred and fifty passengers, but we seldom had more than 20 per cent of that. Sometimes got down low as 25 passengers. Sure was bad business in 1897. But this year—oh, Mister Man."

"What are the first indications of hard sledding in the sleeping cars?" I asked. "Where's the first soft spot?"

"Tips" was the laconic reply. "They cuttum right in two. Just fifty off that's all. When a train is rolling in to a station and I come along and say, 'Brush you off? Dust the hat?' and they say 'That'll be all right; never mind,' I know what I ain't gonna get. 'Tain't like the old days when a porter had to hop lively and slick up a full train load of travellers, all ready with a piece of cash money and a kind word. Naw, sir. I ain't got no use for panics. When I see the drawing rooms empty and the upper berths half filled, when some of the lower haven't been sold, I don't have to read the stock report to know that a jinx is on board. And I notice, too, that some of the quality folks who used to travel with servants and maids and valets is roaming around by themselves, with less grips than usual."

"Not so many travelling for pleasure?"

No Pleasure

"Listen, Mister. I don't see no pleasure looking for work. Seems to me like as how most people using the railroad right now ain't got no vacation plans and don't expect to have none for some time. Been a long stretch since I've seen anybody buzzing about for his health. Don't see many people reading books, neither. Before the depression, passengers bought books on board, or bought them from the news butcher, and many were left in the chair cars. I used to pick up from five to ten books a week worth from one to three dollars apiece. No more."

"Are the women folk touring by rail at present as much as in the past?"

"Not lessen they got to go some where. 'Tain't like it used to be, when the ladies just kept moving around with the old vanity case and the dress case full of gowns week-ending and taking life easy. You got no idea how times have changed. If I was to tell you that sleeping car porters are now being used as caretakers for children whose mothers are travelling without nurses you wouldn't believe it. But that's a fact, Mister. Lots of women with children expect the porters to keep an eye on the kids; supply them with dinking water, see that they don't get under other people's feet or toddle off at way stations. One woman from San Francisco came through with a four-year-old boy as far as Chicago, left the care of the youngster to the porter, produced him a dollar, picked up another porter between Chicago and Pittsburgh, at a total cost of 50 cents. At Pittsburgh she came on my division and ordered me to watch Bennie. I says: 'Yes, ma-a-m, whenever I get a loose minute to spare I devote it to Mister Bennie.' Then I stepped into the empty smoking compartment and expressed myself to myself."

A Shadow

The recollection brought a shadow into his face and a movement to his

mouth that a lip reader might easily translate into plain English.

"And, speaking of smoking compartments," he went on after shaking off the memories of Bennie, the boy tourist, "I can say to you that a very considerable change has come over the gentlemen who occupy that part of the car. 'Tain't like it used to be—not a-tall. Nobody ever bursts out laughing like during the days when stocks was selling high and everybody had some loose money to scatter around and without caring who got it. Naw, sir, I can't say just now that boys in the smoker are having a good time. When you see a traveller gazing out of the window hour after hour with a look in his eyes like as if he wasn't seeing anything, a dead cigar butt in his hand and a two-cent newspaper instead of a book in his lap, I reckon 'ain't no mystery what is on his mind. 'Bout all is left for me to do is to open the ventilator just a little, pull down or shoot up a blind and hand the gentleman a match. Travelling ain't what it was, no-how."

"Perhaps the elections," I began, "may stimulate..."

He choked me off—not rudely, y'understand—but off. "Mister," he said, "if what is now going on all over this country keeps on going on, I don't see no particular reason for holding any election, 'cause by the time the ballots is counted we won't care who gets elected. Prohibition and taxes; few jobs and lots of debts; millions in the banks and none in the pocket. I sure would not care to be President of the United States beginning 1933."

HUSKIN' KINGS SET FOR ANNUAL TITLE BATTLE

Corn Contest Held On the Illinois Prairie This Year

Galva, Illinois, Nov. 11—The ninth national corn-husking contest greatest autumn athletic carnival of the farm belt, will open here tomorrow.

From nine of the prairie states have come the fastest, strongest farmers to compete for the classic harvest time championship in corn gathering.

Eighteen of them, the winners and second best in their respective state contests will race through the field for 80 minutes stripping great yellow ears of corn from the stalks to determine which can gather the largest harvest in the allotted time.

25,000 Spectators

Twenty five thousand spectators from all over the prairie country are expected. Elaborate arrangements have been made to care for them.

More than 400 farmer-chosen police and officials will regulate the crowds. More than 200 acres of land have been cleared for parking automobiles.

The states which have entered contestants are Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Minnesota, South Dakota, Ohio and Indiana. Their total area is 563,000 square miles. The population represented largely farmers, is about 30,000,000.

Scene Of Contest

The prairie of the contest is a prairie planted with long rows of corn three feet apart. Each contestant has a section of rows through which he will race. Ahead is a team-drawn wagon into which he will toss the golden ears as he snatches them from the stalks. The contestant takes two rows at a time. The ears must be torn from their covering husk as well as from the stalk.

The long contest requires great stamina, speed and dexterity. Only the most powerfully built young men compete. Among them are descendants of Swedes, Germans, Poles and British. The record was set in 1925 by a British descendant, Elmer Williams, who picked 35.8 bushels. The defending champion this year will be Orville Welch of Illinois.

The prizes include \$2 offered by the farm papers and \$1,000 usually offered by the Department of Agriculture. Expenses of contestant are paid.

AMERICAN WAGE EARNERS LOSE IN AN AVERAGE SEVEN DAYS A YEAR FROM ILLNESS

Washington, Nov. 10 — American wage earners lose an average of seven days each year on account of illness, according to information received by the Department of Interior from the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, of which Ray Lyman Wilbur is chairman.

Of the 36,000,000 wage earners 250,000,000 days of employment are lost annually by them because of sickness, it was explained. Colds, bronchial ailments, influenza and gripe are the most serious causes of disability among wage earners. On any average day at least 1 per cent of the population is being treated for the so-called social diseases.

The following additional information from a summary of a report just issued of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care was supplied:

On any average day at least 1,250,000 Americans, about 1 per cent of the total population, are being treated for social diseases, while 630,000 are suffering from tuberculosis. These figures are disclosed in a report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care.

Wage Earners' Loss

This report on "The Extent of Illness and of Physical and Mental Defects Prevailing in the United States" was written for the Committee by its executive secretary, Alden B. Mills.

On the basis of his extensive survey, he estimates that the nation's 36,000,000 wage earners lose 250,000,000 days annually on account of illness, or an average of almost seven days each, and that its 24,000,000 school children lose 170,000,000 days per school year, slightly more than seven days per child.

Colds and bronchial conditions, and influenza and gripe are the most serious causes of disability among wage earners and school children from the

standpoint both of days lost and frequency, Mr. Mills found.

Percentages Given

A study based on the experiences of 40,000 persons, Mr. Mills' report says, tends to show that by the time they have reached twenty years of age 89 per cent of the people have had measles; 77 per cent have had whooping cough; 63 per cent mumps; 52 per cent chickenpox; 11 per cent scarlet fever; and 10 per cent diphtheria.

Mr. Mills also reports the following percentages of men with defects discovered by examinations by Life Extension Institute of 100,000 economically prosperous men in the prime of life who previously had been examined and accepted by life insurance companies:

Abnormal tonsils, 45 per cent; constipation, 34 per cent; defective vision, 27 per cent; hemorrhoids, 13 per cent; pus in urine (per cent for those having urinalysis only) 13 per cent; hernia, six per cent; heart murmur or irregularity, six per cent, and hardening of the arteries, three per cent.

These defects were found in selected groups, mainly professional and business men and skilled workers, and in the prime years of their lives.

9 CENT DRESSES BRING A RIOT

Broken Bow, Neb., Nov. 10—Any time anyone offers to sell dresses for women at nine cents each, something is likely to happen. A merchant here tried it.

The result: A plate glass window was broken by the surging crowd of women, two of whom were injured.

Undoubtedly, laziness is a disease—but not fatal.

CHICAGO'S WORLD FAIR IS A LAND OF MYSTERY

Chicago, Ill. Nov. 11—Towers of scarlet flame shoot 500 feet into the air. Rockets carrying passengers hiss green vapor from their wakes as they dart 200 feet above the earth.

Phosphorescent water cascades down silver terraces. Vast walls glow under a bath of invisible ultra-violet light. Smoke rises blue, turns yellow, under a coating of radium. Whole buildings are sheathed in dancing color. It is an enchanted city—the Chicago World's Fair as it will look next summer and as it is beginning to look now.

Imagine that you are in another world or think of yourself as waking up from the wildest dream you ever had—and follow us on a summery night through the main entrance.

You step into a white and blue bus such as you never have seen. It looks like a bullet on wheels.

On the left is an amazing administration building, made principally of corn cobs, colored a brilliant blue, and faced with towers of fire, which are cold to touch.

Across a lagoon dotted with pink and yellow geysers, is a man-made island upon which rises the great semi-circular building. Shrieking up from earth every split second go flashes of lightning—the flaming ladder arcs which turn 33,000 volts of electricity into blinding light as they climb twin electrodes 300 feet high.

The bus purrs to a stop under the mainland tower of the million dollar sky ride. Another tower is on the island. The towers are 600 feet high and half a mile apart. High speed elevators carry passengers to the top platform, moving in transparent, golden-lighted shafts. At the 200-foot level, four cable tracks connect the towers. On these, eight rocket cars are running. The cars are 33 feet long, of glass and aluminum. Colored streams spray from their wake.

To the right is the hall of science,

mysterious windowless building, long, low, and pigmented with lights which scintillate and change color like a dozen rainbows reflected on the ripples of an inky lake.

Inside are things to make your hair stand on end, to make you gape in astonishment, but our bus rolls on.

On both sides of the roadway are monumental structures, all in this same weird architectural style and all illuminated as no building has been lighted before. Ahead stands the unique travel and transport building, like a red and gold octagon 15 stories high. It is capped with a famous breathing dome—like no other roof in the world.

The dome is 10 feet across, without a single support below it. Steel cables from above hold up this mighty roof, so that it may breathe a foot or two as the heat of the day turns to the cool of the night.

A replica of an ancient Mayan temple is bathed in the moonlight, just as its original was in the jungles of Yucatan 1,000 years ago. A model Hollywood with real movie stars, is turing out celluloid epics nearby.

The bus finally ends its journey through the crowded two-mile strip on the shore of Lake Michigan.

LATE HOURS IS BAD FOR PUPILS

Baton Rouge, La., Nov. 10—Parents and not the school authorities will have to see that Louisiana high school children get to bed at sensible hours.

State Supt. of Education Harris says its "perfectly ridiculous" for school youngsters to stay up dancing until 2 a.m., but he informed a mother who appealed for aid, "the whole matter is in the hands of parents."

Ho, Hum! Christmas Magazines are on the newstands.



"AND THEN
I CALLED IT A DAY"

said
Mr. Picobac

"Well," said Mr. Picobac, "I think I'm entitled to a smoke"

As he settled down in his chair, though his face wore a quizzical smile, Mr. Picobac seemed more than a trifle weary. He filled his pipe with Picobac, his favourite tobacco, and surveyed the company with slow deliberation.

"Could anybody oblige a hard-working man with a match?" enquired he. "The good woman had me moving the piano after supper. This is the first smoke I've had tonight. Whew! First we tried it at one end of the parlor... Then the other end. Then opposite the door... Then cat-a-corner at the window. At last she says, 'Put it back where it always was,' she says. 'It don't look right anywhere else!'"—And then, I called it a day."

Picobac tobacco is made from the pick of the burley crop produced in Canada's famous "tropic belt," on the shore of Lake Erie—cool... mild... sweet in your pipe. Try it. On sale everywhere. And don't forget, you get more tobacco for your money.

Good for making cigarettes, too.

Picobac

The Pick of Canada's Burley Crop—
Grown in Sunny, Southern Ontario.

"IT DOES TASTE GOOD IN A PIPE!"

Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited

