

# Niagara Falls Gazette

With which was incorporated the Niagara Falls Journal on June 1, 1918

FOUNDED IN 1854

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Niagara Falls, N. Y., May 1, 1879.

THE NIAGARA FALLS GAZETTE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc.

Alfred C. Deal, President and Publisher

Wm. J. Madigan, Editor

Ray M. Van Wagoner, Business Manager

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year \$3.00

Six Months \$1.50

Three Months .75

Single Copies 10c

Outside of the U. S. add 10c per year

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Printed in U. S. A.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1935.

## A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famines, and pestilence, and earthquakes, in divers places.—St. Matthew, 24:7.

When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered, is how much has been escaped.—Johnson.

## THE BONUS FIGHT

The veterans' fight against administration forces for immediate payment of the adjusted compensation certificates has suddenly developed into another fight entirely. This time it is between veteran factions.

If the commander of an army engaged in battle can bring about internal dissension in the ranks of the enemy, and especially if he can contrive a factional rift, he counts the day won, and retires to enjoy the fruits of his victory. The administration may not have been wholly responsible for what has happened in the ranks of the veterans, and certainly it has not retired from the scene, but as yet there is no word from its headquarters that it looks with sorrow on the lively hit between the veterans' factional leaders.

Representatives Patman, one of the tamer members from Texas, but fairly wild at that, insists, as he has for some years, that bonus legislation is his special and particular business. He has a bill that has been introduced so often, and so often rejected, that it is dog-eared and generally dejected. It calls for the \$2,400,000,000 payment to the veterans, but only on condition that it be paid in bright new greenbacks, fresh from the presses and bearing no interest. Representation Patman has even accused American Legion leaders of jumping on the rubber money feature of his bill as an excuse for sidetracking the bonus bill entirely. This, of course, the Legion leaders somewhat heatedly deny.

The Vinson bill, supported by the Legion, calls for the same \$2,400,000,000, but provides that the United States shall borrow it in the usual way and increase the budget enough to keep up the interest and pay off the bonds. The Legion feels that this is the only way to accumulate any hope of getting the measures through the senate over the President's veto. Through the Legion comment seems to run the intimation that Patman would wreck any bill that does not bear his name and contribute to what he believes to be his fame.

Both sides seem to overlook the \$2,400,000,000. Even when the administration is borrowing as never before, it is a large sum. It would reduce the borrowing power for other activities that seem to be more essential to the success of the New Deal program. The question is not whether the veterans deserve or should have the money, but whether the administration can afford to pay in any event, and especially whether it can afford to pay without repudiating the whole emergency program, in which its faith seems to be about as strong as ever.

In fifteen years, according to the President of the National Inventors' Congress, we'll be living in a push-button era. This would be an especially attractive prospect if it could be certain that we would have a few helpers around to push the buttons for us.

## THE PUBLIC PRINTS

Nineteen thirty-four was the busiest year in the history of the government printing office and you may have the word of Mr. A. E. Glegenack, the public printer, for it. Congressmen being no less verbose and the regular departments no less bureaucratic than usual, they attained their customary high productivity in the realm of the written word and

the record of the spoken word. But there was an addition, a fine, big, juicy addition to this grand sum. Nineteen thirty-four found 34 recovery agencies functioning in the national capital. All called on a "tremendous amount of job printing."

For the NRA, for instance, millions of black forms and pamphlets had to be turned out. Best mailers abounded. Consumers' cards stand at the head with 22,000,000 copies. There were not quite 21,000,000 copies of the 2,557 individual codes. Some of the posters containing the "labor provisions" following the 500 approved codes ran to 800,000 copies. A million and a half "two-color Blue Eagle code cards" were handled. The President's Reemployment Agreement necessitated the printing of 6,000,000 circular letters and the same number of accompanying slips.

The AAA needed 7,000,000 forms and pamphlets; the Labor Employment Service 7,500,000 cards. No wonder the plant had to work at full-day capacity and employ two eight-hour shifts besides. The NRA's weekly tabloid, The Blue Eagle, has a circulation of about 50,000.

It is the considered opinion of Mr. Glegenack that the worst, or the most, is yet to come. More hands will have to be hired this year and as good as 1934 was, 1935 will be better and busier in the public printer's office. Besides the printing required by the present emergency organizations, "which are barely reaching their stride, will be the demands of still other agencies likely to be created by the present congress. The bill for 1934, incidentally, (we suppose it is merely an incident) was \$12,500,000. The number of employees on June 30, last, was 4,793.

The statistics on an old friend, the Congressional Record, likewise interest. It ran to 13,110 pages. The oratory and other recorded material of the senate took 5,504 pages; the representatives got by on 4,874. But that is no estimate of the fall of words at Washington.

"The twenty parts already printed of hearings of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee on Stock Exchange Practices made 9,295 pages. In parts Nineteen and Twenty there were 525 half-tones. The thirty completed parts of the hearings on the Condition of Indians made 16,416 pages."

There is yet to come, we must remember, the accomplishment of that gargantuan task directed by the supreme court—a compilation and printing of the thousands of orders and regulations by the New Deal government.

Pity the poor people who will have to worry over how to spend \$200 every month if the Townsend plan gets into operation.

Perhaps some of us can trace our present state of virtue to the fact that there isn't as much tainted money around as there was back in the lush days.

We're not provincial in our outlook, of course, or even suspicious, but the only foreign nation we'd have in to dinner without counting the silverware afterward is Finland.

## YEAR OF THE PINK SLIP

No one, so far as we know, goes about asking his friends and acquaintances or his business associates the extent of their earnings for a given period. No one asks and, except when a group of wage-earners may publicly complain about it, no one tells what he earns. The information is, or was, the private possession of the individual or the business concern directly affected; few shared, and none had to share, it with his neighbor.

But no longer is this so: this is 1935, the Year of the Pink Slip. The pink slip that comes with every income tax blank this year is the gift, particularly of Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, who insisted upon an amendment to the revenue act last year providing for publicity for all income tax returns. The slip which every taxpayer must fill out, unless he is willing to let the government do it for him at a cost of \$5, provides space for the name and address and signature of the maker of the return, a statement of his total gross income, total deductions, net income, total credits against net income for purposes of normal tax, and the tax payable.

A subsection of the law, cited on the slip, says that "Such agreements or copies thereof shall as soon as practicable be made available to public examination and inspection in such manner as the commissioner of internal revenues with the approval of the secretary may determine, in the office of the collector with which they are filed for a period of not less than three years from the date they are required to be filed."

Obviously it's a grand chance for snoopers who want to find out how much their neighbors make, and how many people there are supporting To pay into such things is like looking at private correspondence, only it is perfectly legal in this, the year of the Pink Slip. The regulation also offers opportunities for business houses to learn whether their competitors are making money, and how much. Those so inclined can get a line on whether it is going to be

worth while to try to squeeze the other fellow out of business. And employees will be able to learn the state of the boss's business and whether he is telling the truth when he says he is just getting by, and cannot raise wages.

As soon as Huey got his army in action, the French told the British that they are willing to try another talk about armament limitation.

The breakdown of debt negotiations with Russia may have been caused in part by the rumor in Europe that the United States is an easy creditor.

Letting the water in behind Boulder dam will revive the movement in Washington to point with pride to it as one of the greatest achievements of the New Deal.

## ALL SET

In Mr. Roosevelt's selection of his running mate for reelection in 1936 the last hope that the Democratic national convention for that year will be anything more than a cut-and-dried affair has disappeared. Mr. Roosevelt will run, of course. He wants Vice President Garner as his running-mate, so Mr. Garner will run. The ticket thus is already written, and the platform is as good as built. It will be Roosevelt and Garner and the issue of the New Deal.

The determination of an important political question so far ahead has the virtue of supplying Republicans plenty of warning long in advance. They may now move ahead with a confidence that nothing can happen to upset their plans. They know not only the names of the men against whom they will have to fight but also where the battleground will be located. If they fail to take advantage of this intelligence it will be their own fault.

The word that Vice President Garner has the President's favor will be a disappointment to several aspiring Democrats. They had entertained ambitions of their own, although they must have been aware of the fact that Mr. Garner could have the place if he desired it. The mistake they made was in assuming that there was something behind the stories that the Texan was not happy in the vice presidency and longed for a return of the days when he was speaker of the House. The stories never rang quite true.

Even in the vice presidency where many a good man has been prematurely buried Mr. Garner has occupied a comparatively strong position in public life. He has had long congressional experience, and has definite convictions on questions of governmental policies. And despite his recent position, he may have been a restraining influence on the extreme liberals who have surrounded the President. It will be no surprise if it is ultimately revealed that Mr. Garner's part in formulating the New Deal was not one of mere assent.

It is often through circuitous ways that justice scores at least an approach to a triumph. Shelbyville, Tenn., mobs burned the court house a short time ago and now have to pay for a new one.

## SPLendor OF BATHROOM

Of all the luxuries to which a man of wealth and taste may treat himself, there must be few more satisfying to his soul than a large and sumptuous bathroom. Moreover, his opportunities today for improving that important department of the home are well nigh boundless, while the increasing territory allocated by architects to bathroom space in modern days is a far cry from the miserly allotments of even 20 years ago. Soon, indeed, through this combination of greater space and better plumbing, those with the secret ambition of spending all their time in the bathroom may attain it, and never miss a thing.

Only for the plain men with modest income is there some difficulty to the situation. He may find it increasingly difficult to live up to either his own ideas of the subject or the ideas of the movies and advertisements on what the undisputed man should bathe in. Bathrooms in both would seem to resemble the quarters of a king, and it is likely, indeed, that many a foreign monarch would trade his own equipment for the advantages of American plumbing.

For it is said that in almost every European castle or palace that still shelters a reigning sovereign the old bathtub, fixed in its wooden casing, or toilet bath by local means, still holds out against modern inventions. It is not that monarchs cannot afford the luxury of modern bathroom equipment, but the porcelain or enameled tub with all that it connotes is a constant, tantalizing reminder of the rise of hygienic democracies, with their bourgeois riches wallowing in perfumed waters.

Nevertheless, most of us are troubled by no such worries for prestige, and we may go the limit in bathrooms provided we can afford it. And then, if a man's home is his castle, no part of it will be more royal than his bathroom.

# Winter Events Vary With the Weather

BY BRUCE CATTON

NEW ENGLAND weather prophets are muttering in their beards these days. All bets on the weather are off in Vermont because a Burlington hunter shot the groundhog just before groundhog day, while in Maine a flock of wild geese was seen heading due north during one of the coldest spells of the winter, leading people to suspect that with the winter or the geese.

But these incidents are only samples of the general midwinter topsy-turviness.

The Japanese government announces that it will seek to restore friendship between Japan and China, and on the same day starts 4,000 men heading for the borders of Chahar province with all the implements of war.

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller have undergone their 11th reconciliation and the state of Nevada has filed suit to collect taxes on ten steamships operated out of the port of New York.

The chief of the fire department at Marblehead, Mass., has resigned because he can't induce his firemen to go to fires with him any more, and a merchant in Birmingham, Ala., has won a \$500 verdict against his lodge brothers because they kicked him in the pants while giving him a fraternal initiation.

A New York gentleman is taken in by the police beggar, and he ends up in court that he was simply standing in the street with his hat off so that the breeze would make his hair grow, and could he help it if well-meaning strangers dropped 53 worth of nickels and dimes into his hat while he was doing it?

Meanwhile, a St. Louis girl, who couldn't take time off from her job to go to the marriage license bureau, sends a girl friend off with her fiancé to get the document, and learns to her horror that the two not only obtained the license but got married with it.

The sheriff of Robertson county, Tenn., running shy of deputies, has taken to arresting people by telephone and reports that he has no one to come in to the jail to be locked up on request. Another telephone angle gets into the day's news when a New York

phone girl has her ex-sweetie arrested for calling her up 133 times in one evening.

And, to cap the climax, Chicago detectives arrest two colored men for trying to operate a "rent a gun and shoot it yourself" agency, selling the 25 revolvers with which the men were equipped and lodging the men in jail.

To all of which you may add whatever moral seems to you possible in the circumstances.

## Working on New Road

SOMETHING was written here recently about the progress of work on the great Pan-American highway, which will eventually provide a continuous motor road from Alaska to the Argentine. A great deal more of this road is now in service than most of us realize; however, it seems that it was an error to report that the highway is open for motor traffic from Texas to Mexico City.

W. H. Purlong, United States representative on the National Highway Direction of the Republic of Mexico, reports that one section of this road has been closed for repairs. The road through the mountain area around Tamaulipas is being widened and equipped with guard rails, and until this is finished through traffic is blocked.

So—if you're planning to drive to Mexico City, better give the Mexican government a few more weeks to complete the job.

## Not Trusting the Doctor

THE queer things people can do when they set out to follow their own ideas about health are sometimes almost beyond belief.

A Chicago father is facing a manslaughter charge because of what the police say he did in an effort to make his 13-month-old daughter well and strong.

First he plunged the little girl into a tub of ice water, to give her a healthy body. Then he stood her on her head—to drain an infected ear. Then he laid her down and sat on her—to complete the drainage.

He accompanied these acts with the explanation that the doctor didn't know what it was all about, but that he, the father, would fix this thing.

The little girl died as a result of the treatment, and the father is under arrest. And the moral is too obvious to need comment.

# IN NEW YORK

BY PAUL HARRISON

MIAMI, Fla., Feb. 5.—The pockets of my linen suits and dinner jacket yield all sorts of random notes, unused, as I begin to assemble my belongings for the trek back to Manhattan. Probably mostly trivia, but let's see:

"S. and M. B. Conroy." Oh, yes, I meant to say that the south end of Miami Beach is a transplanted Coney Island—corn games, sidewalk refreshment stands, barker and con-artist house for her, with furniture all fancy in the summer, Florida in the winter, and carnivals in spring and fall. This is the place where tourists arrived in 1928 flippers and their fun, and they seem happier. I'll grant, than the wealthy folk at other beaches, who are "sated" with costly pleasures and obsessed by the surging social urge.

"WKV's Jack." Says another note. It means that William K. Vanderbilt sent his macaw "Jack" to Don Dickerman's "Birds Den" before he sailed for South America. Jack is a beautiful bird, with a honey of a temper. I offered him a tidbit and nearly lost a finger.

Scotchling a Rumor. "My wall." That means that a certain hotel man begged me to write in this column that hotels and apartment buildings hereabout aren't overcrowded, and that prices are not higher than last season. He says a lot of false impressions have gone out over the country to the effect that the height of the Florida season is very high indeed.

"Still alarm, Bud May." Seems I had intended to comment on the elaborate precautions taken at Hialeah Park to prevent tampering with race horses. Joseph E. Widener's veteran trainer, Bud May, has invented an alarm system, with red lights and sirens which tell when anybody enters a stable. "This and the English saddling stalls where spectators may watch the nags for half an hour before post time are very reassuring to the bettors.

"Race nude." A memo reminding me of the comment on the outdoor swimmer, I met a fellow a few days ago who was held up while returning from the race track and robbed of car, money and clothes. He says a pair of shoes that he walked six miles back to his hotel without attracting any attention in.

It's all due to the death by violence of one "Skeets" Downs, former race track bookie who rose to power and popularity in local gambling circles. I am told that Downs was the one who made arrangements whereby Al Capone was permitted to move to Miami a few years ago. Early this winter, Chicago gambling interests served notice on Skeets and his playmates that they intended to take over the industry here. Skeets protested, and Skeets was liquidated forthwith.

Dade County officials were annoyed by this rude treatment of a home-town boy, and immediately clamped on what is known as "the heat."

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Irish in Congress. One has only to scan the roll of the present congress to find justification for "Big Jim's" boast, so far as this country is concerned.

In the senate there are at least 17 names as unmistakably Irish as Paddy's pig. There probably are at many more who are of Irish descent, but the names of such senators as Duffy, Coughlin, Donahue, Loneragan and O'Mahoney, to mention only a few—leave no doubt as to Irish influence in what has been described as the "greatest deliberative body in the world."

In the house of representatives the evidence is even more striking. There are at least 65 names there which leave no doubt that it can be a "great day for the Irish" any time this group sits.

Shannon, Maloney, O'Connor, O'Day, Sullivan, Gavanagh and O'Brien—names picked at random—are such to conjure the memories of the "wild west."

Knows Thing or Two. As for "Big Jim" Farley himself, it is common practice to describe him as the "political member of the President's cabinet." As Ludlow of Indiana, democratic member of the house, put it:

"The constant effort seems to be to build up a popular image of Farley as 'Old Man Politics Incarnate.'"

The Indiana representative took the floor of the house for the avowed purpose of dispelling this "Farley myth," and to show that while undoubtedly he does know a thing or two about politics, he is also a liberal endowed with business acumen.

Ludlow emphasized his sincerity, and he have not "checked" on patronage, as "Big Jim" hadn't even so much as let him select the postmaster.

(Continued on Page Seven)

# "And Damn'd be Him That First Cries 'Hold!'"