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THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1931

The "Unhappy" Warrior.

Alfred E. Smith runs true to form in his role of plain, blunt man, who speaks right on, when he attacks Governor Roosevelt, as he did, vigorously, at the recent Jefferson Day dinner. This quality of straightforward speech has contributed to the popularity of Mr. Smith in the past, yet in his attack upon the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, his hearers are left without a complete conviction that Mr. Smith is not admitted a somewhat interested first in the welfare of speaks as a General, interested in the progress of the his party, an American interested in the progress of the Nation under capable management. The impression is left, unfortunately, that Mr. Smith, far from being a respective candidate for President, is rather an aggressive controller and a disgruntled aspirant, who notes with a feeling of bitter frustration the sweep of the Roosevelt pre-convention campaign.

This newspaper supported Alfred E. Smith strenuously in 1928; more vigorously than it might have done, had not the unfair and disgraceful exhibition of bigotry, which met the unfair and disgraceful exhibition of bigotry, which buried him beneath an avalanche of ballots of his own party, manifested its blind intolerance so plainly. We party, manifested its blind intolerance so plainly. We have admired his outspoken frankness, his democratic nature and his common-sense grasp of national problems. So we are rather disappointed that he elects to appear in the role of frustrated politician.

It is inconceivable to this writer that a man of the shrewdness and perspicacity of Alfred E. Smith in politics could not be completely deceived in the character of one with whom he has been on terms of political and friendly intimacy for years. It seems to us that Governor Roosevelt, who was nominated him repeatedly for President; who risked his health to stand for Governor in New York, that Mr. Smith's political career might be spared, was a demagogue, before Mr. Roosevelt had shown such suspicious strength during a pre-convention campaign in which Mr. Smith is a receptive Andidate.

What the effect of Mr. Smith's attitude is to be upon the excellent chance of his party to elect a President of the United States this fall remains to be seen. Mr. Roosevelt, we feel sure, will be nominated at Chicago and will win; we feel sure, too, that the party refuses to be led into a ill the result can be only disastrous to the party and political schism that can serve no purpose save the gratification of a political animosity and must result in the complete wreckage of the Democratic party.

Surely Democrats will forsake this fall the exception and will rally to the side of Grant's axiomatic observation.

"Down The Ringing Groves Of Chance."

Forward forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
groves of chance."

Prof. Walker is ever entertainment with his Magic-scope, a device for the projection of pictures on a screen and a concert with Edison's phonograph at Mount Hall tonight—from the files of The Mercury 25 years ago.

Doubtless many who will read these lines today toiled up the stairway of Mount Hall to see the Professor's "magic lantern" show and to be more or less thrilled by the tinnyish squeakings of the old wax-cylinder phonograph, the "talking-machine" of the late nineties. One might easily imagine the conversations of the departing audiences:

"Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I reckon. Too squeaky though. Never be anything but a kind of toy I guess. Sounded like a sewing bikin' a mail."

"But seend that train moving along so life-like was wonderful!"

"Yeah. Hard way of makin' a livin', though, dragging that old gas bag affair around. Never amount to much, I reckon, this motion picture invention. Dangerous too, if that old gas bag caught fire."

Today the phonograph, brought to such perfection that you may not tell whether it is the voice of the prima donna one hears, as she stands beside the mahogany cabinet, or that voice reproduced on the disc, is found in every civilized land on earth. Even the human voice thousands of miles without wires. Peninsula and every night millions of people hear the voice of one finished actors enact drama upon the talking picture screen. The side-show attractions of the nineties were forgotten, the faltering first steps of gigantic industries. None of the audience in our Mount Hall had the vision to foresee the perfection of the phonograph, the triumph of the "magic lantern." Few anywhere had.

One wonders if most of us are not like that audience in our skepticism of the new, the unusual, the marvelous. the surely coming inventions and discoveries of tomorrow?

Moving pictures that speak, radio receivers that show the face of the broadcaster hundreds and thousands of miles away, disease conquered by the power hidden in the atom—hints all of these dropped by prophets who laid toward a vision realized.

Yesterday men talked to each other across the Atlantic. New Yorker pictures of the happening, transmitted from New York by telephone, appear in Kentucky papers. Another day soon we may communicate with other worlds. Not day soon we may communicate with other worlds. Not until elephants road in trees, you say?

That's not puffing it nearly as vigorously as would any member of that Mount Hall audience thirty-five years ago had you announced that you would, in less than thirty-five years, sit by your own fireside and hear a band play La Paloma in distant Mexico City. In fact they would have held a lunacy inquest next day for you.

Straw Votes And Political Winds.

Much interest with pride is being done by Republicans to the result of the straw vote conducted by the Pathfinder, which gave Mr. Hoover more votes than all the other candidates combined.

Of this much-touted straw vote, the Cadiz Record pertinently observes:

"A straw vote conducted by the Pathfinder gives Mr. Hoover more votes than all other candidates combined. But the hundred and twelve thousand Federal employees out of the total vote of a hundred and fifteen thousand cast for the President is not an indication of how loyal they are to the man who provides them and their families with their daily meal ticket.

Meal tickets are good vote-getters these days of Hoover prosperity. Which makes it a case where straws do not show the direction of the political wind.

A Hobby Worth While.

I hied me off to Arcady—
The month it was the month of May,
And all along the pleasant way,
The morning birds were mad with glee,
And all the flowers sprang up to see,
As I went on to Arcady.

—Louise Chandler Moulton

Have you ever gone a-birding? Not with a gun, but with a pair of keen eyes, alive to the flutter of wings, a pair of ears attuned to the music of the feathered host? If you have not, begin now, for adventure awaits you afield and forest and along the sedge-grown, willow clad banks of streams. With the turning of a season, this may bring you a new acquaintance, the thrill of discovery, some rare bird, perhaps, resting in the long flight from the brilliant sunshine of the tropics to the cool, green depths of Northern forests. It is a hobby worth while, a balm for hurt minds and souls sickened of the monotony of life's petty treadmill.

Even now the familiar robin calls his 'cheer up! cheer up! cheer!" from lawn and orchard and the blackbirds creak in "windy congresses" from the tree tops. The downy woodpecker in his gay checkerboard coat, who lifts