





## Dewey's Memory

Occasionally a sorrowful event in the life of a person will bring back the days of the past which old the recent passing of Mrs. Mildred McLean Dewey, widow of Admiral George Dewey, whose avalanche of flowers, following his victory at Manila Bay, looms large in our romantic history of our naval heroes. To quote the *Times Herald*:

"Never had the American people so generously poured out their praise as when Dewey came back to this country, leading his fleet up the Hudson River in the Olympic. Within a month the people rewarded him with a small house on Rhode Island avenue in Washington."

"Then in November of that same year he died at 62 married Mrs. Haven, 54, widow of Gen. W. H. Haven. Within a few days he gave to his wife a deed to the house presented him by the nation. Suddenly the ardor of the people cooled. Tribute turned to criticism. Here we will end."

The cheering of the crowd died away because it felt he had erred in a domestic matter; what he should not have transferred to his bride a house presented by the country. His accomplishment at Manila Bay remained unchanged. His victory was just as great. But somehow this domestic act of Admiral Dewey seemed to disclose that the man had feet of clay. The public appeared to feel that the warrior should marry so soon after his return, and then turn over the gift house.

This house, which had aroused so much controversy, became too small in a few years and the Deweys moved to a larger residence, where they entertained extensively. The admiral died in 1917. Mrs. Dewey has lived there quietly since. Mrs. Dewey was an accomplished linguist and talented in music and art. She was 85 years old and was born in Cincinnati.

"Her passing ends an interesting chapter of America's past, an illustration of how quickly public opinion may change; how carefully heroes must conduct themselves to retain the applause of the throng."

## Strange Truth

Truth forms an important part in the lives of all of us. In childhood we are taught to tell the truth; in young manhood and womanhood we are taught to recognize the truth; but in old age we are still wondering what the truth is. What is a strange thing, this intangible something called truth! What is the truth of life, of history, of death? None of us knows. We can only guess, and believe.

"Truth is just as valuable and just as essential today and yet it is stranger than fiction," says the Orlando Reporter Star. "A lot of earnest people are still inquiring, 'What is truth?' Others are endeavoring to surpass or hide the truth. Still others know the truth but turn their backs upon it."

"Among the purposeful people seeking to know truth are those who have an honest desire to know the true way of life. The scientific researchers after truth constitute a large class of this as well as past generations seeking a correct answer to the subject of this editorial. These two classes of people enrich their own lives by their research work and render a great service to society."

"Even science has discovered that what seems to be truth today may prove not to be the truth tomorrow. Science is not inclined to be over-positive in asserting what is truth. Scientists have reversed themselves several times during the last quarter of a century and are today doubtful on several major propositions that they were agreed on for several centuries."

"Even the old and universally respected law of gravitation is undergoing a mental revision and scientists in general hence may be able to assert with confidence that the so-called law of gravitation is unconstitutional. In science, in business, in politics and in religion the interrogation point never loomed larger than today."

## WORLD'S WINDOW

BY PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

The Tatar Republic, one of the states in the Soviet Union, has built 2,000 elementary schools in seven years and twenty high schools for specialization in electrical mechanics, agriculture, veterinary science and forestry. This proud boast we heard from Prof. Alexander Wachaline, head of the University of Kasen, who was a guest of the painter Guttile in Paris for a few days recently.

"There is no parallel anywhere on earth," said the professor, "to compare with the transformation of my country. The University of Kasen under the Czar had a total of twelve Tatar students in exactly one hundred years. Our national language was proscribed; we now use the Tatar language exclusively, and we have 8,000 students in the university this year."

The professor is a pure Tatar, a Mongolian face with a receding forehead and slightly upward slanting eyebrows. All the boast from him was Tatar Republic this and Tatar Republic that. The Soviet Union did not seem to count.

"We have our own ministers and legatures. Only the west of the army and of the finance is in Moscow. We are managing our own affairs," he said. "Our people are learning to stand on their own feet and no longer feel themselves a subject race as in Czar's day. No matter what changes should come about in the future, we will never give this up."

"Krasin and Malinoff, the men of central Russia, are really the ones who are running the country now."

"Russia is a country of contrasts. The rich live like kings, while the poor are starving."

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## GARDEN

"Now the golden yellow sun  
Daintily invite the garden.  
Everywhere on every side,  
I saw the ever-blooming  
Spring clothes me with  
these lines from an old  
country limerick.  
Pleasant must have been  
the view of Coleridge's  
some accommodating  
crystal casing were  
for the color schemes  
calmed and the compact  
ness of the celery.  
The perfect edition of the  
"Garden" the round  
the "golden yellow"  
with the green red  
the "gumy blue" or  
Rows of fragrant white  
full blown ivy roses  
over a fence; and bigwings  
from house to tree in a living  
flame of scarlet."

Adding a human touch of color  
to the picture, a small dark silks  
under a huge orange umbrella  
the side of the road, half asleep,  
clutching with drowsy fingers a  
bunch of exquisite lavender and  
pink sweet peas, while a large  
brown butterfly, scorning  
the flowers, perches on the end of  
her nose.



er is coming aboard to interview  
each one and decide his fate.

The business man immediately  
calls a board of directors meeting  
among his fellow passengers to  
decide what ought to be done, but  
to his astonishment, no one pays  
any attention to him. The charwoman  
keeps the minister to ask God  
for aid, and his prayer, a simple

I don't think that the players  
can grumble about any lack of  
support on the part of their pa-  
tron; for they were all there on  
the opening night, and the audi-  
ence at "Outward Bound" might  
have been lifted intact from the  
boxes of the Metropolitan Opera  
house. Exquisitely jeweled bracelets,  
which one day lay on satin  
cushions in the windows of Car-  
ter's and Udall and Ballou, spark-  
led on sun tanned arms, and orchids  
nodded in aloof perfection on chiffon clad shoulders.

Dinner parties from Whitehall  
and the Everglades Club  
filled in with the pleasant golden  
aura, invariably, of Carter's  
Shampanne, while with the usual  
air of evening wear, were thrown back, came the delicate  
scent of perfumes from the Rue de  
la Paix. I do not know whether the  
rumor that Mrs. Edward Stotesbury  
has three hundred gowns is  
true, but I do know that the one  
she wore that night was very  
lovely.

Courtland Van Rensselaer was  
in the audience, tall, slim, white  
mustached, of old New York  
Dutch stock, but looking like a  
modernized version of a delightful  
Kentucky colonel. And "Believe It  
or Not?", Mr. Robert LaRoy Ripley  
sat across the aisle.

The Playhouse with its blue and  
silver interior must have taken a  
Florida night for its inspiration.  
Even the designs on the jacket of  
the program was a silver palm  
rising against a vista of blue sky  
seen between silver columns.

Sutton Vane's play, "Outward  
Bound", produced in New York a  
few years ago and recently film-  
ed with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is  
the kind of play one either likes  
a great deal or not at all. A  
strangely assorted group of per-  
son, including a minister, two  
young lovers, a business man, an  
army officer's wife, a tramp, and a  
charwoman find themselves  
as in "Outward Bound" with  
a weird fellow called Scrubby in the  
three-fold capacity of captain  
steward, and crew cook.

When they have questioned each  
other and find that none of them  
knows to what port they are sailing,  
the realization suddenly comes  
that they are all quite dead. At  
the end of the journey, when "dead"  
is visited and they ask Scrubby  
whether it is heaven or hell, he  
tells them that the Great Eastern

is the place where they are to go.  
The Royal Chorus sang to a  
packed house of Jacksonville the  
other night, and what is more  
significant, is booked for a return  
engagement there, no from all the  
"young", it looks as if next Saturday night should be another

white tie and tails affair.

It is a new shade for the reading lamp, or a soft  
Katherine, they study the advertisements until they  
want for the price they can pay. Current

advertised merchandise enables them to get the

## THIS AND THAT

President Hoover lowered the  
tariff on maple sugar. Those Ver-  
mont people couldn't be treated  
any worse if Al Smith had suc-  
ceeded Calvin.

The baseball magnates raised  
the stiches on the ball to cut  
down Babe Ruth's home runs.  
One of the beautiful and poignant  
moments of the play.

The final interview with the  
Great Examiner brings out the  
real character of each person  
aboard and creates a tense climax.  
Unfortunately, I was somewhat  
distracted during this scene by  
the amazing length of the Great  
Examiner's legs. He sat at one  
end of a very long table and in-  
advertently kicked the minister  
who sat at the other end, half  
way across the stage.

Shepherd Strudwick did a nice  
piece of work on the "Gretchen"  
in "Trout", a Smith graduate who  
stepped from the class room to  
the Theater Guild stage, gave  
grandness and charm to Ann; but  
the really fine characterization of  
the play was Agnes Elliot Scott's  
Mildly loyal and lovable charwoman  
Mrs. Midgett. Even the fact  
that I had treasured a memory of  
Berg Mercier in this role in the  
New York production did not spoil  
Miss Scott for me.

Going out, I hear a silver-haired  
lady say to her young escort, "Re-  
markable play, wasn't it?" And  
the boy replied with much disgust,  
"Oh, Mater, a play about a bunch  
of dead people! What utter rot!"  
I wondered if he had felt similar  
antipathy for the shades in Dan-  
te's "Inferno".

On the evening of March the  
seventh, at the Sanford City Hall,  
the P. T. A. will sponsor a con-  
cert given by the Royal Russian  
Chorus with Princess Agnieszka  
Slavinskaya as conductor. This  
choral organization has an inter-  
esting history, as it was founded  
by the father of Princess Agnieszka,  
Prince Dmitry Aleksandrovitch  
Agnieszka-Slavinskaya, at the com-  
mand of the Czar, in 1888.

Prince Dmitry devoted most of  
his life to the collection and pre-  
servation of the folk songs of the  
Slavic peoples, and not only gave  
concerts at the court of Alexander  
II but brought his chorus to Amer-  
ica in 1892.

You happen to know that although he is in line for an important pro-  
motion, Bill's present salary isn't large. Most other young couples would  
consider themselves "up against it" if they had to manage on so little.  
Yet Katherine and Bill maintains a standard of living that is the admiration  
of all their friends.

You know how they do it, for Katherine has told you. They budget  
all expenditures. And when they decide a purchase is to be made,  
it is a new shade for the reading lamp, or a soft  
Katherine, they study the advertisements until they  
want for the price they can pay. Current

advertised merchandise enables them to get the

It's a wise baby that picks parents like these.

not be claimed in  
the course of their regular  
of property has been  
due to the extent to which  
further claims will be allowed.

Business property kept in  
precise allowance. The allowance  
to cover the estimated loss in  
value of the original property due  
to the wear and tear, dust, etc.,  
which in time will require the  
abandonment or replacement of the  
property.

In Washington the myth at the  
veterans seems to be still-born.  
—Virginia Pilot.

## "NOW We Are Three"

KATHERINE AND BILL—what fun it is to know them! They seem to  
get so much out of living. You met them just a little over a year ago  
—the week before they were married. Ten days later it gave you a pleasant  
glow of anticipation to receive the trim card telling you when  
they'd be "at home."

And today you got another card, headed "Now we are three!" Bill's  
signature comes first, then Katherine's, and then—the guile, chubby  
scrawl of the newcomer, Jeremy.

You happen to know that although he is in line for an important pro-  
motion, Bill's present salary isn't large. Most other young couples would  
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