Second Section

The Daily Press

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TELEPHONE 9200 — WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1929 — TELEPHONE 9200

"True Americans Are Those Who Have Profound Respect for Our Concepts of Government," Slater

County Surrogate Addresses Kiwanis Club On the Constitution—Part of National Observance of the United States

"The Constitution of the United States is the charter of our liberties. Through its provisions the development of free and orderly government has been made possible. Framed for a new nation, it has met the growing needs of more than 100,000,000 people in our day."

So declared Surrogate Judge George A. Slater, speaking before the White Plains Kiwanis Club at their weekly meeting held yesterday noon at the White Plains Belmont Hotel. His speech marked the local observance of Constitution Week by the Kiwanis International Organization.

"Our Constitution can be traced back to the Magna Charta of England. Anglo Saxon people brought across the sea the fundamental political institution of England; English laws were their laws and the Magna Charta their charter, and American colonies established on the Atlantic seaboard used the English Bill of Rights for their pattern.

"The American people in their colonial government used English democracy's benefits, but revolted against kingship and the social system of England. Nevertheless, there can be traced between the Magna Charta and the Constitution a chain that is clear and complete."

"When our Constitution was drawn up to supersede the old Articles of Confederation of 1781, there was created national life," recounted the Surrogate.

"Here was created our national life; here commenced the great adventure in human government different from all others, a government of limited governmental powers and an instrument of liberty."

Men were born for that hour, asserted the Surrogate. Alexander Hamilton of New York, Adams from Massachusetts, Roger Sherman from Connecticut, James Madison from Virginia, James Wilson and Benjamin Franklin from Pennsylvania and George Washington, president of the convention, were engaged in the work of recasting government and civilization and the influence of their work can be traced throughout the world.

"The Constitution outlined a government of limited powers, but the people are absolute, Constitutional limitations are among the greatest safeguards of liberty. Just restraints of the law are to be reckoned as among the liberties of the people. Its conception and achievement is not political speculation but the history of its framing and its contents is the product of practical experience," declared Surrogate Slater.

"While the Constitution was ordained to form more perfect union, establish justice, promote the general welfare, secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity," continued the Surrogate," it was seen soon after ratification that it had defects. There was absence of a guarantee of reserve powers to the states and absence of guarantee to the citizens of protection against exercise of despotic power of the new government. Therefore there were added the original institution of England; English laws were their laws and the Magna Charta their charter, and American colonies established on the Atlantic seaboard used the English Bill of Rights for their pattern.

Bill Of Rights

"Th Bill of Rights provides for: enjoyment of a man's personal liberty, property and pursuit of happiness; no state religion shall be established; freedom of speech or of the press shall not be denied; people can assemble and petition the government; right of people to be secure in their persons and homes shall not be violated except by warrant; no person shall be held to answer for a personal crime unless indicted by a Grand Jury; right of trial by jury shall be preserved for all; excessive bail shall not be required and, power not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, is reserved for the states or its people.

"Other amendments include one affecting judicial power, the twelfth, relating to the election of president and vice-president; thirteen and fourteen relating to freedom and rights for the negro; Article Sixteen, about income taxes; Article Seventeen, election of senators; Article Eighteen, prohibition and Article Nineteen, woman suffrage.

"Questions involving the interpretation of the Constitution frequently arise and the growth, population and extent of territory has brought into the Supreme Court many complex cases in relation to taxation and fiscal powers of Congress," he continued.

"Popular government rests upon the principle that it is every citizen's business to see that the community is well governed and that the fundamental law of the land is sustained. The hopes and convictions of the American people are embodied in the Federal Constitution.

"True Americans are those who have profound respect for our concepts of government and who support it with loyalty. The final responsibility is upon the citizenship of the United States, the holders and bearers of the sovreignity of America. They must sustain the fundamental principles of a union composed of indestructible state; the Bill of Rights, the judicial protection of individual rights and property and the republican form of government itself," inconcluded Mr. Slater.

MUST FACE FEDERAL COURT

George Miller, Yonkers, Arrested While Driving Truck Load of Alleged Beer

George Miller, 64 Elm street, Yonkers, was held in $1,000 bail here today for his appearance in Federal Court, New York City, on charges of violation of the Volstead Act.

Miller was arrested in Depot Plaza at Main street yesterday afternoon by Federal Prohibition Officers Riley and McGivney of New York. A truck loaded with six kegs of alleged beer was also seized.

Miller is to be arraigned on September 23.

BUILDING OFF

Permits For Week Total Only $34,500; Riding Ring to Cost $28,000

Building activity is again on the decline here, according to the weekly report issued this morning by William A. Brennan, deputy commissioner of public safety, showing that permits issued this week totalled only $34,500.

The largest item was $28,000 for the construction of a riding ring, $5,000 for a bottling plant, and $1,500 for alterations to two private dwellings.

Lifted Spoon Has Many Advantages Over Iron Club for Long Distance Accuracy

By FRANCIS OUIMET
(Former Open and Amateur Champion)

Extremely apparent in the play during the recent Open at Winged Foot but perhaps more noticeable a week or two before were the ineffectual attempt that golfers made to place a long iron shot near the pin when outside influences were on anything but propitious for so doing. At this particular time there was an abundance of clover on the course which unfortunately had the bad habit of becoming crushed when between a ball and the club face which had come with considerable velocity to meet the sphere. As a result the sap of the clover leaves was spattered over the clubface to a considerable extent. In this condition it was almost impossible to guide the ball to any degree because the spheres cannot be controlled by a surface from which it slides off.

In years gone by before corrugated or punched clubs were barred by the Golf Association it was possible to circumvent this hazard by using such implements. Nowadays however they are much too smooth unless they are allowed to rust considerably. With the club in this condition it is possible to gain a measure of accuracy and distance.

Easier To Use

In spite of the uses of rust, for distance however I advise the lofted spoon. It seemed for a time as if the spoon might go out of popular use so lively was the ball. Many players who could gain their objective more easily with this club concentrated instead on the iron. Perhaps they wanted to gain more accuracy with this club and thought that the best way to secure it was through continued use. Of course there is no gainsaying the value of the latter method as a means of getting acquainted. But when it is quite possible to gain a great deal of accuracy with the spoon and it also has other advantages that are lacking in the iron clubs for these particular shots.

In the first place the juice of the clover does not destroy the contact with the ball to such a degree in the wooden club.

The angle of the club face can be more pronounced in the spoon than in the iron thus making it possible to loft the ball more quickly into the air with the added tendency to stop where it lands.

Thus with the lofted spoon it is possible to make a high shot that will stop almost where it lands on the green. This can be accomplished without unduly forcing the shot as would be essential to make the same shot with an iron.

The last but not at all least is the fact that most people can play the wooden clubs easier. Why not cash in on this advantage instead of trying to make the iron take the place of it.

STATE WEAVES STRONG NET ABOUT PEACOX

(Continued from Page one)

a bulky bundle, of smelling ether, and of how Peacox annoyed her with attentions by knocking at her door when her husband worked at night.

Frances Newman, inamorata of Peacox and his "alibi" girl, who told that Peacox had threatened to "get" his wife and a man he heard she was "going with" in New York.

William H. Roth, secretary to Medical Examiner Amos O. Squire, who identified the confession of Peacox which he took in shorthand and transcribed.

Mrs. Mollie Spaulding, district attorney's stenographer, who identified a transcript of Peacox's statement to District Attorney Coyne.

Mrs. Alphonse Heinzelmann, the mother of the young girl, who told that Peacox had threatened to "shoot up the place" when he asked her for the address of the place Dorothy was living in New York.

CHINESE CIVIL WAR

Shanghai, Sept. 21 (UP)—A new civil war has broken out in China despite the belief that the current controversy between Nanking and Moscow would unite the Chinese in common cause, the political antagonisms which have existed in China since the revolution flared up afresh. General Chang Fat-Kwei's fourth division, known as the "Ironsides" clashed with troops of the National government in Western Hupeh.

LOCAL JEWS MAKE APPEAL FOR RELIEF AID

(Continued from Page one)

Community Center, of which Rabbi Goodman is head, letters of appeal have been sent out by William Rayner, 339 Broadway, New York City, chairman of the Community Church.

Issue Appeal

Dear Friend:

Our attention was recently drawn to glaring headlines in the local press that the Jews of our community were delinquent in coming to the aid of stricken Jews in Palestine.

It is unnecessary for me to dwell on their sufferings. All civilization has been deeply stirred, and Jews and Gentiles alike will respond to the call for aid.

It has been suggested that a mass meeting be arranged, but I am convinced that the members of the Jewish Community Center, as well as those affiliated with other groups in our community, will prefer to contribute without a mass meeting or oratory from speakers invited to stir your hearts with a recital of the cruel sufferings the Jews have been subjected to in the Holy City.

I am enclosing a card and hope you will make your contribution as liberal as possible. Since the appeal has been broadcast, it is possible you may have already subscribed, which event will you please let me know so that our community will receive full credit for the liberality of its citizens? A prompt response will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) WILLIAM RAYNER,
Chairman.

BILLY KLAPPER HURT

Young Billy Klapper, two-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Klapper, 163 Mamaroneck avenue, received a deep cut on the forehead while playing yesterday. Two stitches were required to close the wound.

LOW BIDDERS

The Jamestown Metal Construction Co., of New York City was low bidder on the job of installing steel shelves for the use of the county automobile bureau in the main court house building. Its bid was $8,825.

All County Highways Are Open To Motorists Except Stretch of Albany Post Road Says Barnes

Week-End Detour Guide Shows Good Traffic Conditions Throughout Westchester. Few Rough Spots.

The county's roads, with one exception, will be open to the motorists for the week end, it was learned today from the county engineer's office. The one difficult spot will be the repair work on the Albany Post Road at Dobbs Ferry and Hastings. This tie up here is likely to last for several weeks, meanwhile motorists are still advised to use parallel routes, the Bronx River Parkway, Saw Mill River Parkway, Saw Mill River road and Central Park avenue.

North street is open to traffic. The last bad spot in the road, bridging the Hutchinson River Parkway should be finished within a month, Deputy Engineer Howard Barnes said today. Bids for the paving of this piece, the bane of travel on this otherwise fine concrete highway will be accepted by the highway department on October 3 and work should start within a week after that time. The piece is short and should be laid within a week after it is started.

Westchester avenue has one bad spot on it, near Ridge street where the pavement is torn up and widening going on.

The Saw Mill River road is open throughout its length, as are the Boston Post, New York Post and Tarrytown-White Plains roads.

Work was started on the Yonkers avenue-Tuckahoe road stretch of Central Park avenue, but this will not interfere with the traffic movement on that highway, Barnes said today. This is the first step in the complete widening of the road from the New York City line to the County Recreation Center in White Plains. The road eventually will be 60 feet wide for the entire length.

The detour to avoid construction on the Croton Dam road is around the south side of the dam, not the north as stated in last week's guide. This correction was given by Barnes today.

With the advent of cool weather the fall scenery it is expected that the county roads will see plenty of traveling done until the snow flies and the highway department is doing its share to make the roads passable.

MRS. PLATT'S BODY DUE HOME ON CARMANIA

Ship Will Dock Tomorrow Morning; Funeral Arrangements Will Be Completed by Son; Died in England

The body of the late Sarah Dean Platt, widow of the late Supreme Court Justice William Topham Platt will arrive at New York City tomorrow morning, on the S. S. Carmania, it was learned this morning.

Mrs. Platt died September 7 at Bath, England, while making a tour of Europe in company with her only son, Stuart Platt and his wife. She had been ill for some time and had taken the European trip in hope of improving her health. She was in her 68th year.

The body is accompanied by her son and funeral arrangements will be made upon his arrival.

The body of Justice Platt is interred at White Plains Rural Cemetery and it is thought that Mrs. Platt will be laid to rest beside her husband.

BOY CONFESSES THEFT

New York, Sept. 21 (UP)—Milton Alter, a 17-year-old messenger boy, confessed today that he stole $250,000 in negotiable securities for a $1 profit—but at least he did have promise of $50,000 more.

The youth, who quit school for a $15 brokerage house messenger job because he wanted to become a major figure in the financial world named "Jack Rosen" as the man who engineered the scheme and got the securities. Rosen has not been captured.

THE DANGEROUS ROAD

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

THE STORY THUS FAR:

While Joyce Avery was quarantin at home with her small daughter, Jeannie, her husband, Cliff, was carrying on an affair with Eve Wallace, a divorcee.

Joyce is deeply hurt. She thinks Cliff is unhappy because he is engaged in his architectural chosen profession. She decides on an enforced separation, and goes with Jeannie to the city to work. Her designing, for which she has talent, Cliff starts at home.

Joyce's dress designs are rejected, but she takes a position in the advertising office of a large department store.

Joyce and Jeannie live with Joyce's old chum, Marjorie, and are welcomed by her fiance, Grainge.

Cliff's love, instead of turning to Joyce, who realizes advanced.

Joyce tells the advertising executive, Mr. Grainge, become friendly and he advises her to take her designs to a small factory in the city.

Mr. Nonnenmacher, owner, agrees to the design.

Linda that her friend, Marjorie, is unhappy with nothing to do. She offers to pay her for helping with the dress designs.

Grainge takes her to a crowded concert. The music makes them suddenly aware of their feeling for them and each other.

Marjorie's husband, Joe, wants to keep his wife's debt a playhouse secret. Linda tear up the check for her work. Marjorie feels relieved and refuses.

Marjorie proposes that Mr. Grainge, Joe and Joyce have a little party. On returning they find Joe waiting, and the other two leave to spend the evening.

Joe cannot understand her starved desire for activity and at last Marjorie, to hurt him, she promises to stay in.

Joyce and Jeannie visit Marjorie, needs help and Grainge arranges to have a talk alone with Joe.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

Chapter 42

For the tenth time within the hour, Cliff turned his head to look at the round, white face of the clock that hung on the office wall. The thing leered at him, like the vacant face of an idiot. Cliff had a sudden impulse to smash the gleaming glass of it with his fist. He looked at the sleek heads at the desks about him, bent over their papers, fingers pounding out crazy tunes without rhythm on clacking typewriters. Didn't any of them know that the clock must have stopped?

He pulled out his watch, and fastened his eyes on the racing second hand before he dared to compare it with the immobile face on the wall. The long minute hand jerked forward. Ten minutes more, then! It wouldn't do to leave early—set a bad example for the rest of the force. At five minutes to five, without any signaling of his will, he found himself slamming down the lid of his desk. To hell with them! What did their morals, what did their very existence matter, when something had happened—something must have happened—to Joyce!

He strode homeward, craving the relief of action, however meaningless. The car was at the parking station, but he had forgotten its existence. Had something happened to Joyce—had something happened to Joyce? His heels struck the pavement to the recurrent tune of the words, smiting them out again and again. Had something happened to Joyce—had some-thing happened to—Joyce? She might even now be lying in a hospital—they might not have been able to find his address. He remembered a day when a single terrible, wailing scream in the street below had drawn the office force, with one surging movement, to the windows. There had been the clang of fire engines. It had taken a fire truck to lift the street car from the crushed form below. God! Such things happened. Or —Jeannie! If Jeannie were ill again? And he had let them go, had let them vanish into those blank spaces from which no word returned. "The bourne from which no traveler—" Not that—Oh, not that!

But surely there would be a message this time when he reached the house. There must be! He could see the envelope so plainly that when he had torn open the swinging door of the mail box he could only star stupidly at the empty cavity. The space under the door was empty, too. He turned up the edge of the rug—a telegram might have slipped under. But there was nothing there.

He had borne Joyce's first week of silence, punctuated by her telegram, with a pride from which he tried to stamp out the hurt sense of injury. He must stop thinking of Joyce in terms of a woman with nothing to do but write letters. There were times when business pulled left you no time to think, when you had to postpone explanations. He might have done the same thing himself—he must remember that. Different? Well, it was only different because the situations were reversed. Marian Bellers had told him, with that hard, bright smile of hers, that when Bob had been called to the city on a big water rights case, she had not known whether he was alive or dead for a month, until she read of the settlement in the papers.

"We don't like that—but we have to lump it," she said.

He could not run after her with insistent questions, like a hysterical girl. He'd given his consent to this scheme, and he couldn't whine about it. The least he could do was to hold up his end. But as the days wore on, the bulwark of his pride crumbled before a gradually mounting anxiety. At least she might let him know how Jeannie was! Did she think he didn't care? Maybe he hadn't seemed to. He hadn't known. Why, the child was entangled in his heart! There was a place in him that ached whenever he heard a child's voice. If he'd known he was going to miss Jeannie like this, he'd have found some other way—done anything, rather than let them go. Joyce had thought the child was all hers, did she? Well, Jeannie was his—his! Why, bless her little heart, her coloring and her hands and her chin might be her mother's, but her eyes and her little jutting nose were all Avery. His Jeannie—you couldn't get around that. He hadn't seen so much of her, but surely she knew. She knew her daddy couldn't help but love her. Love her? Why, he couldn't face life without Jeannie!

A reaction of hurt indignation against Joyce had sustained him a few days longer. But on the evening when he had found Jeannie's doll forgotten in a corner of the garden, and had dried the sodden little creature on the oven door before laying it carefully in Jeannie's doll bed, fear had conquered. He wrote to Joyce, an almost incoherent let-er, half angry, half appealing, composed half of his crying need of her and of his fear that something disastrous had happened, of eagerness to respond to her need, whatever it might be.

"I don't care whether you're on the high road or in the slough. Don't be such a fool as to mind if you've become a cropper. Do you suppose I care whether your plans succeed or fail, except as I care for you? If I'm being an idiot and making mountains out of molehills, I'll be glad of it. Only, anyway, no matter what it is, telegraph me when you receive this letter. I've got to know! And tell Jeannie I found her doll, somewhat the worse for weather, and cleaned her all up and put her to bed. Tell her she's lucky to have a daddy to look after her offspring. Oh, Joyce, Jeannie's all right, isn't she? If she's ill or anything, I'm coming on the next train. But telegraph at once; good news or bad or no news at all."

This was the letter that lay unread in Joyce's untidy table drawer. And there was no telegram.

Cliff jammed his hat on his head and slammed the front door behind him. Automatically he turned to the garage. Its open doors gaped at him; it was empty.

"Where in thunder—?" He stared for a moment, as if he expected the car to materialize out of vacancy. He'd left it up town, at the office! He raged impotently. What was the good of having a car, if it was two miles away the one time you really needed it? He wished he'd never bought the thing. A lot of help it was to him now! Well, he'd have to walk, and there wasn't much time. He wouldn't save anything by four blocks out of his way and waiting for a street car. The bank was closed, of course, and he'd have to have money.

The Sellers door bell pealed three times before there was time for Bob to get from the dinner table and answer it. When he reached the door, Cliff was standing outside with his finger pressed relentlessly against the button.

"What's the idea? Are you trying to wear out the batteries?" Bob began, and stopped at the sight of Cliff's face. "What's wrong?" he said, forcibly detaching Cliff's hand from the bell and drawing him inside.

"I want a hundred dollars. Have you got that much on you? I'll take less if I have to, but I'd rather be on the safe side. I'll draw you a check—the bank's closed—he added tardily.

"That's all right—of course you can have what I've got. But what do you want it for, at this time of night?"

"I'm going to Joyce."

"Is something wrong?" Marian stood in the doorway, a dinner napkin clutched unconsciously in her hand. Her eyes shone wide and frightened above the inexpressive enameling of her face.

"I don't know." With difficulty Cliff focused his eyes on her. "What was the use in wasting all this time in talk? "I'm going to find out."

"Well, said Marian practically, "if nothings' happened, what's the rush?" Her voice was like the stinging impact of cold water. It brought Cliff's scattered faculties jarring into place.

"I haven't heard from her, and I'm worried," he said, lamely.

"Look here, Cliff, you're acting on impulse. You can't dash off from the office like that. You'll at least have to wait till tomorrow, and make arrangements to be away."

"I don't give a hang if I lose my job! What's it worth, anyway? What's anything worth, if something's happened to Joyce—or Jeannie?"

Marian looked at him through narrowed eyes.

"But maybe nothing's happened. And if nothing has, Joyce might not like it a bit to have you tag after her like that."

"I'll have to risk it—whe' r she likes it or not. I've got to find out, I tell you!"

Bob, who had noiselessly left the room when Marian entered it, stood quietly in the doorway until Cliff finished speaking. He made no comment, but came forward holding out a handful of bills.

"I managed to rake up a hundred and ten," he said calmly. "I took your milk money, Marian. You'll have to step on the gas, if you're going to make that train." He had almost pushed Cliff to the open door as he spoke, but halted in surprise at the top of the steps. "Why, where's your car?"

(Continued In Monday's Daily Press)

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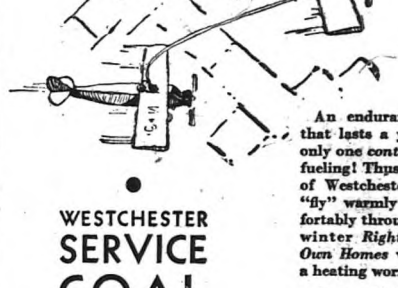

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