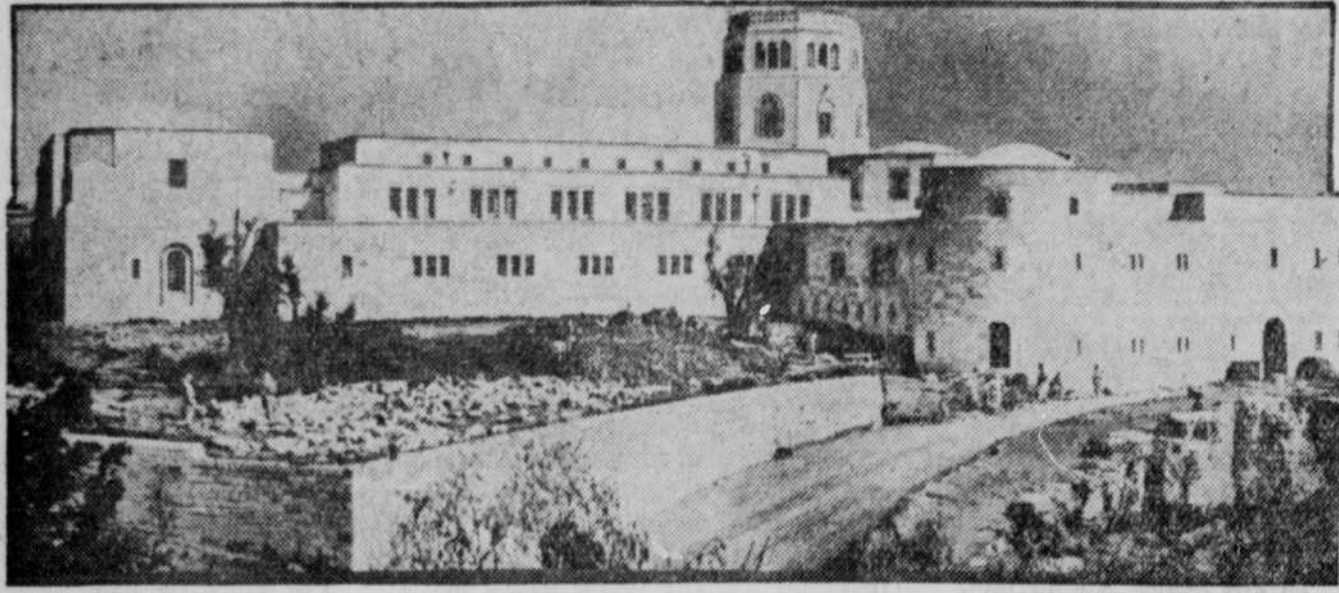


Museum Given to Palestine by Rockefeller



This is the new Palestine museum in Jerusalem which is soon to be opened to the public. It is the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and stands just outside of Herod's Gate at the northeast entrance to the Holy City.

Belgian Congo Is Rich in Resources

Tremendous Strides Made in March of Progress.

Washington.—News dispatches, reporting the tragic death of six men and a woman in an airplane crash in the Congo jungles, recently drew attention to this huge colonial outpost of Belgium in the heart of Africa. Although the plane was reported "lost" in a vast wilderness, only a short time elapsed before it was found, indicating that even the once primitive western borderland near the Congo river is not as far removed from the influences of civilization as it was only a few years ago.

"Many places in the Congo where the bellow of the elephant, the thrashing of the hippopotamus and crocodile, and the shriek of the chimpanzee alone disturbed aborigines, now echo to the blasts of steamboat and locomotive whistles, the drone of automobile and airplane motors, and the buzz of machinery in palm oil factories," says the National Geographic society. "The half century since the inspiring explorations of Livingstone and Stanley has witnessed tremendous strides in the march of Congo progress.

"The new king of Belgium, Leopold III, rules the colony, annexed by his granduncle in 1908. Having visited there twice as a prince, he is familiar with, and vitally interested in, its economic and commercial problems. Nearly 90 times as large as the mother country, and a third as large as the United States, Belgian Congo is populated by approximately 18,000 white men and more than 9,000,000 natives.

Climate Hinders.
"Perhaps the greatest stumbling block to progress has been the climate. The temperature, remaining always close to 80 degrees, is accompanied by extreme humidity. In the spring, Belgian Congo prepares for one of its two seasons of heavy

rainfall. The other is in October, when the sun again moves across the Equator. But in spite of climatic hazards, the tramp-tramp of western progress has surged forward.

"The dark cloud of depression that has hung over the world showed at least one silver lining as it passed over the Congo. During prosperous days, the development of agriculture was side-tracked in favor of mining. With the advent of economic distress, the government has been encouraged by a return to the soil movement that has seen cotton, coffee, and rice pass from experimental to staple production.

"Palm growing is an important industry. Its nut-oil and kernel products are a dependable source of income—the United States being the best customer.

"Two-thirds of the colony's wealth is in minerals, copper being the most important. More than 3,900,000 carats of diamonds were mined in 1932. Gold, radium, and tin also rank high as revenue sources, but Congo coal is inferior, being almost worthless for industrial uses.

Great Trade Artery.
"The great trade artery of the colony, however, is the Congo river. Ninety-five miles above its mouth, at Matadi, several rapids halt steamers. A railroad line links Matadi with Leopoldville, the capital, busy doorway to the interior. Here again the Congo becomes navigable for 1,068 miles to Coquilhatville,

Stanleyville, and Stanley falls.

"Above Stanley falls the Congo becomes the Lualaba river, navigable for 585 miles, bending toward the southeastern town of Katanga via Ponthierville, Kindu, Kongolo, and Kabalo. Many of these important villages, as well as Bandundu, Port Francquill, Luebo, Boma (at the mouth of the Congo), Inongo, Basankusu, Lisala, and Basoko are served by air routes. The southern part of Belgian Congo is linked by railway with the Union of South Africa and the Portuguese colony of Angola.

"The present colonial government encourages all efforts to educate its native subjects. The burden of instruction is carried mainly by missionary workers, both Catholic and Protestant.

"Government subsidies have been granted in some instances, in order that their work might proceed. French is taught as soon as native pupils are able to learn the language. Instruction in agriculture, carpentry, and metal working is offered in several schools."

Statue of Liberty Gains in Popularity

Washington.—A register for visitors, hidden in a nook of the Statue of Liberty for nearly 40 years, has been discovered.

The book contains 1,500 pages, each page having 54 signatures. The signatures are those of persons who visited the famous monument in New York harbor between 1890 and 1906.

Comparing data found in the old book with that shown in last year's register, George A. Palmer, acting superintendent of the statue, was amazed by the immense increase revealed in the number and range of visitors.

Forty years ago, it was revealed, only 11 states were represented by 69 visitors who registered on August 8, while on August 8, 1934, 1,262 actually visited the monument and 579 registered. Thirty-six states were represented by visitors, in the latter group.

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—The beautiful friendship between James M. Curley and Franklin D. Roosevelt, which grew so vigorously in the spring and summer of 1932, and appeared to bloom in 1933, seems to have wilted. No official statement as to just why the governor of Massachusetts and the President of the United States are no longer David and Jonathan is forthcoming, but there are rumors aplenty.

Back in the golden days of this friendship there were friends of both who predicted that James Roosevelt, sometimes called the favorite son of the Chief Executive, would one day, with the backing of Curley, be governor of the Bay State. But now this prospect is also out of the window, for the time being at least. James no longer holds forth at Cambridge. He has moved to New York, perhaps temporarily, but certainly with no obvious intention of retaining his residence in Massachusetts.

Unkind critics say the instigator of the move was none other than the President himself, and that it was not wholly unconnected with the cooling in the friendship between himself and Governor Curley. It was partly through James Roosevelt that Curley was so successful in getting many of his friends and lieutenants put on the federal payroll in key positions. Certainly most of the appointees desired by Curley had the endorsement of James Roosevelt when they went across the desk of Patronage Dispenser Farley, the genial postmaster general.

In fact, Farley was even willing to appoint former Representative Peter F. Tague as Boston postmaster, on Curley's recommendation, although both Senators Walsh and Coolidge had made it clear they would block his confirmation.

Got Cold Shoulder

Back in his campaign for the governorship Curley confided to the Massachusetts electorate that he, if elected, would be able to bring home a lot of federal appropriations to the Bay state, whereas, he hinted, what could Massachusetts expect of an old line Republican like Bacon?

During the recent visit of New England governors to Washington to demand help for their closing textile mills, to insist on something being done about Japanese competition, and to protest against the cotton processing tax, Governor Curley, it appeared to some of them, rather got the cold shoulder.

In fact, one of the governors remarked afterwards that when he came to Washington from now on he was coming alone.

Which is a far cry from the days when Roosevelt was clapping Curley on the shoulder, telling him how sorry he was he could not put him in the cabinet, inquiring whether he would not be acceptable to Mussolini as ambassador to Rome, and later, on this blowing up, offering him the Polish embassy.

Just as Curley's recent speech before the General Motors show at Boston, when he sideswiped the New Deal rather effectively, was a far cry from his speeches, either in 1932 or 1934, from which his auditors got the distinct impression that Roosevelt was one of the world's noblemen, of unequalled ability.

Who threw the first stone is always an interesting question, and there is a lot of speculation about this case, especially since James Roosevelt was literally moved out of Massachusetts by the President. But certainly Relief Administrator Hopkins and Public Works Administrator Ickes have not helped to smooth matters over. To put it mildly, they have not looked out for Governor Curley's interest. Curley hit back vigorously, as he always does, whereupon the White House itself gave him a reception which did not enhance his prestige with the other New England governors.

Italy Clamps Down
Negotiations—quite unofficial—with Italy to induce that country to remove her very drastic restrictions on American imports, have gotten precisely nowhere to date, and the prospect is not very bright. Italy has clamped down on imports of American automobiles, office machinery, farm machinery, cotton, and dozens of other products to just one-fourth of the 1934 figures. And the 1934 figures were not very large!

But the representatives of Italy, discussing the situation informally with State department officials, say they would be glad to buy if they only had something to use for money! And it is proving very difficult to answer them. For what they mean, of course, is that they cannot go on indefinitely buying more than they sell. So it comes down to this: America must take more Italian goods if she wants to keep on selling to Italy as she did up to this month. (The restrictions have just gone into effect.)

"What do you want?" the State department negotiators in effect asked the Italians:
"We want your market opened up for our lemons, tomato paste,

silk and hats—straw and felt hats," the Italians replied in effect.

There is enough political dynamite in that answer to wreck any political party, and the terrible part of it is the Italians know it as well as the State department officials who were nonplussed at the answer. Which is one of the reasons why Secretary of State Hull's reciprocal trade agreements have not made more progress.

Curiously enough the Italians have not manifested the expected desire that something be done about wines. They are just discouraged about America as a wine market. They believe the country has lost its taste for good wines, and while they of course do not concede that French wines are superior to Italian wines, they know that France is suffering from the same disappointment.

As a Wine Market

A very important Italian official in Washington recently dined with some Italo-American friends. They had all been born in Italy, and he presumed of course that their taste in wine would be good.

"Maybe it was a hint, and I did not recognize it," he told the writer. "Maybe they thought I would at once send them a case of really good wine from the embassy. But the fact is they served me some perfectly miserable wine. I think it was California. Certainly it was not imported. My own thought is that if Italian people, as a result of American prohibition, have had their tastes so impaired, what hope is there for our recovering even the market for our wines that we had before prohibition?"

California, and to a lesser extent New York state and some other sections, are certainly out to get whatever market there is in this country for low-priced wines. California's problem on this is simple, but interesting. When prohibition came, many California vineyards were plowed under. Then arose a tremendous demand for grapes from would-be wine makers. So the price of grapes soared. California overdid the planting in attempting to meet this demand, but this was not apparent until along about 1930, because it takes grapes some time to come into bearing.

Then, to get rid of the grapes at some price or other, there developed the business of experts making wine for people in their own cellars, thus avoiding the toils of the law. This business mounted to unbelievable proportions in the last two years of prohibition. Then it blew up, and it became necessary to market the California wine in the normal way. Which California has been doing, to the great distress of foreign wine makers.

But any tinkering with the wine tariff in behalf of Italy or France, or any other country, will find a solid phalanx of Californians ready to die in the breach, if necessary.

From Cotton to Corn

Prospects that the South will buy less corn from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and other big corn raising states of the Mid-West are already disturbing senators and members of the house from that region. So far there are no political repercussions in the corn raising states, but they are coming, unless some very shrewd observers miss their guess very badly.

What has happened is this: cotton planters, taking money not to raise cotton, in many instances have turned to corn. This is said to be true all through the cotton belt. But the cotton belt has always been a splendid market for middle western corn. Just to cite a typical example, Georgia formerly bought about 60,000,000 bushels a year, though perfectly capable of supplying her own corn needs without bringing in a bushel.

So this splendid market for mid-west corn just may not be there this year! Whereupon there will be very loud outcries indeed against a government which has paid the southern planters not to raise cotton.

Gets Another Push

Now along comes the cotton curtailment program, and gives another push in the same direction. Which is all very well for the South—though there are those who have their grave doubts about that, what with the speedy development of foreign cotton production, which makes one wonder about the future—but what about the producers who formerly supplied the South with what the South is now raising? Particularly the corn growers of the Middle West?

This particular storm has not burst. Yet it would be most timely at the moment, with AAA under fire about the cotton processing tax, with New England and southern mills closing down allegedly because of Japanese textile competition, and AAA none too popular anyhow.

No one in Washington seems to be taking a long range view of the problem. But it is most interesting that the storm center of trouble seems likely to be in the Middle West—the states from Indiana to Iowa—by harvest time. This is important because if the storm center were in the South, while there might be plenty of political thunder and lightning there, no one would figure it very seriously with respect to political prospects next year.

Copyright.—WNU Service.



Travelers View Christ Church, Oxford.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

TRAVELING as a vagabond in the British Isles is somewhat different from traveling as a tourist. Here's how one American saw the country on a job hunt which extended from England through Wales and Scotland to Edinburgh.

In London a member of the Guards asked him, "If you hadn't a lot of money, how could you take a trip like this?"

"Oh, that's easy," he replied. "Worked my way across. I expect to walk up to Scotland and back, earning my expenses."

"Great; but how are you going to get work with jobs so scarce?"

"Trust to luck," he said nonchalantly.

His equipment was simple. Over a navy-blue slip-on sweater he put on a roomy khaki shirt, leaving the collar open; got into rough, brown tweed trousers, and pulled on an old brown snap-brim hat. Into a small haversack went a change of underwear, a couple of pairs of socks, a few handkerchiefs, and some toilet articles. Then he packed all of his other belongings and left them in the care of a storage company.

The walker arrived in Oxford at commencement time, remained there for two days, then set out for Stratford-on-Avon. There he sought out the place in Henley street which most people believe to be the Bard's birthplace. At the rear of the half-timbered, gable-roofed house, with its quaint mullioned windows was a spacious garden. A high stone wall surrounded this idyllic spot, but screened none of the beauty. Due to his unusual height, he could look right over and enjoy the scene to his heart's content without having to pay for the privilege.

In nearby Shrottery, with his finances reduced to only eight shillings, he suddenly abandoned holiday-making and sought work. He was offered a job in a cow barn, but finding that the purchase of suitable clothing would eat up all his profit, he declined the job and struck out for Worcester, a much larger town with probably better opportunities. Here he obtained a position as laborer to help reconstruct a store.

Lost in the Hills of Wales.

On the road again, the American wanderer took a long tramp through the wilds of Wales. Leaving the foothills behind, he came to the real hills, some brown with heather, soon to blossom out with tiny red flowers that would transform them into huge mounds of ruddy color. Once, after a storm, he became lost in the hills. Around him, as far as the eye could see was nothing but grassy, almost treeless hills and valleys. There was no sign of life except for a few sheep nibbling at tufts of grass nearby. Almost in despair, he walked along mile after mile without coming to a road or within sight of a farmhouse, and it wasn't long before he realized he had been misdirected and was as near lost as anyone could be.

Groping in darkness made deeper by the heavy clouds, he made his way, cautiously testing each step until he thought he had passed the marshes. He saw at length a little river in the valley, and beyond it a faintly glimmering light. Throwing caution to the winds, he struck out in that direction.

Not far from the bank of the river, he ran into some tall grass and, before he realized where his feet were falling, he felt an odd sensation, as if by some sinister means he was being engulfed by an unseen power. He wriggled loose, only to slip again at the next step into the clutches of the bog.

Was he suddenly to be snatched away by this monster and leave no trace? Frantic, he clutched at his oozing strength and fought like a madman, digging his nails into the slime, seeking a support. Somehow in the blackness he found one—and drew himself to safety.

Liverpool to Scotland.

Finally he reached Liverpool, the second seaport in Britain, where he

was determined to make his next try for a job. He obtained one shifting furniture in the warehouse of a department store. On the second day there he was offered permanent work at nearly double the salary. Relieved, he thanked his employer, but explained that he was over to see some of the Old world and didn't want to settle down until he had done so. After two weeks of working, and exploring Liverpool, he set off for Scotland.

In Kendal, he sat down on the bank of the River Kent under a gigantic elm and ate some sandwiches purchased at a store nearby. The little money he had brought from Liverpool had dwindled to a few shillings.

One night, just as twilight was beginning to form, he entered Edinburgh and passed down Princes street. Along one side, a wide expanse of well-kept gardens extended to the bold, rocky hill on which stands Edinburgh's ancient fortress, its proud castle.

After paying his week's rent in advance, he had five shillings left, barely enough to provide food for two days. That meant he should have to use quick action. He began with the department stores, but was not so fortunate in finding a job this time. For two days he made the rounds, calling everywhere he thought there was a chance. Being so tall, he drew the spotlight, and quips from the inquisitive Scots.

Selling Papers in Edinburgh.

When his resources had dwindled to a shilling, he realized something had to be done immediately, but what? Hungry as a bear, he pondered on what he could buy that would supply the most nourishment at the least cost! Chocolate won! In a sweets shop, he bought three penny bars for breakfast and, munching away, crossed the North bridge. He came to the fine old building housing the Scotsman and the Evening Dispatch, two of the most important papers in Scotland. Perhaps here was a chance; at least it was worth making a stab at! Inside he inquired how much could be made by selling papers.

The man in charge was astonished. "You're foolish," he said. "All the corners worth having are held by dealers already."

"Is the North bridge taken?"
"No," spoke up some one near him, and he learned that it was the windiest place in the city, and that the news dealers considered it the most undesirable. People had to clutch their hats and keep out of the way of whirling dust, and usually lost no time in getting to the other side; and, anyway, why should they stop to buy a paper when they could get one at either end? The prospects certainly weren't bright. But undaunted, he took his stand near the center of the windy bridge, pulled down his hat, and began calling "Dispatch!"

Becomes Star Vender.

"Selling papers!" one woman exclaimed. "And for a wager, I suppose. Well, I'll encourage no such foolishness! It's not even today's, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am, it's today's and the latest, and I'm not selling them for a wager."
Their attention attracted by his unusual height, pedestrians stared at him, many eyeing him with skepticism. But when they saw he was really in earnest, the papers quickly disappeared, and he had to restock frequently. By seven o'clock he found he had made more than five shillings.

The next day he was one of the star vendors. On the following day his photograph and a detailed article about him appeared in the press. From then on the papers sold like hot cakes.

That night he was a bit of a celebrity. Every few feet he was stopped and given the glad hand. He received so many whacks on the back that his shoulders felt sore the next day, and for the rest of his stay, he had practically no time to himself.

MODISH REDINGOTE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Redingote fashions are in the lead. They have everything to recommend them. From the practical standpoint no wiser investment can be made than buying one of these costumes which include a redingote that later can be worn with most any dress, while the print frock that comes with it will turn out to be one of your most prized possessions, since it will flatter at the same time that it does active service, the whole spring and summer through. The model pictured has a frock of red and white crepe. A deep tuck in the skirt gives it the appearance of a tunic dress. The redingote is of black crepe with patch pockets and loose sleeves.

Diving Robot Will Seek Sunken Gold

Metal Sphere Built to Withstand Sea Pressure.

Washington.—With the arrival soon of a monster "diving robot," Washington will witness the launching of a world-wide search for sunken treasure ships.

The big metal sphere, weighing 1,400 pounds, already has been tested, inspected and approved by naval officials in the state of Washington. With full equipment, it will be shipped to a dock on the Potomac river waterfront.

It is believed the sphere will be capable of carrying divers to the greatest depths ever reached. It has been constructed to withstand depths beyond the 3,028-foot record dive of William Beebe's "Bathysphere."

It will be the property of a firm known tentatively as the Submarine Engineering and Salvaging corporation, scheduled to be incorporated in Delaware. Washington will be the corporation's headquarters.

An inventor in Washington state first experimented with the diving

Professor Debunks Voodooism in Haiti

Chicago.—Stories of seamen and fiction writers of bloody voodoo rites in the West Indies have been "debunked" by Dr. Melville J. Herskovitz, who recently returned from a three-month sojourn in native huts of the most primitive peoples in Haiti and western Africa.

Doctor Herskovitz, professor of anthropology at Northwestern university, has engaged for ten years in research work.

"Voodooism is not the bloody terror that movies and books make of it," he said. "In reality it is a most peaceful religion. Its devotees attend ceremonies regularly on Saturday night, much in the nature of Wednesday prayer meeting. Human sacrifice is unknown."

Oregon Woman, Aged 80, Seeks Angler's License

Eugene, Ore.—Mrs. Nancy Burge of Cottage Grove may be eighty years old, but she's going fishing this spring.

Mrs. Burge wrote the Lane county court here asking if she were eligible for a free fishing license. The state grants free licenses to persons who have lived in Oregon more than 60 years. Mrs. Burge did not furnish that information, but County Commissioner Cal Young said she would get the license even if he and the other commissioners had to buy it. "If any woman of eighty still enjoys fishing, she should be able to fish," Young said.

South Africa Booms Wheat

Montreal.—Canada's trade with South Africa has increased so greatly that one steamship company here has been forced to press five extra ships into service. The ships are "added starts." The company's regular four freighters on the route will run on their usual schedules.