

Sweden's Riksdag Is 500 Years Old

Fetes, Ceremonies, Pageants Mark Birthday.

Washington.—Sweden's parliament has just celebrated its five hundredth birthday. Pageants, fetes, and ceremonies were held throughout the nation, especially in Stockholm, and in the little village of Arboga, a few hours distant, at the western end of Lake Malaren.

"The first riksdag (parliament) was convened in 1435 by Egelbrekt Engelbrektsson, leader of the national movement against union with Denmark and Norway," says the National Geographic society. "A new monument to this great Swedish patriot was unveiled at Arboga on the first day of the celebration.

"The modern riksdag, whose power is greater than that of the king, now meets in the low, square house of parliament, set on one of the many islands that make up Stockholm, a city that offers a beautiful background for pageantry, and where the greatest celebration took place. Blue waterways and graceful, arched bridges lace the city's many 'parts.'

Greater Than King.

"The oldest part of Stockholm is on the island of Staden, where Birger Jarl, traditional founder of Stockholm, built his fortress in 1255. Here are narrow, winding

streets, high gabled houses, an ancient church, and the great square block of the royal palace. Nearby rises the slender spire of Riddarholm church, burial place of Sweden's kings and heroes.

"Every citizen of Stockholm points with pride to the new town hall, completed only 12 years ago. The copper roof was financed by popular subscription, and on each six dollar plate is engraved the name of a separate donor. Built of red brick in a style at once medieval and modern, the straight, severe walls and tall, square tower are mirrored in the waters of Lake Malaren.

"At Stockholm is waterfront. Not dingy, crowded wharfs, but endless miles of clean, granite quays, where hundreds of boats dock daily—giant ocean liners, fleets of little steamers and ferries bringing commuters from green, island suburbs; trim private yachts and motor boats, and little white sailboats loaded with cargoes of birch logs for city fireplaces.

Harbor Always Open.

"In summer, when the long northern twilight has faded, myriad lights are reflected in the dark waters of the lake. Even in winter the harbor is kept open by icebreakers, though it is in the same latitude as southern Greenland.

"Swedish food is world famous, and Stockholm cooks live up to their reputation. The city is rich in restaurants—gay sidewalk cafes; smart, scintillating establishments, and queer Bohemian cellars. The most distinctive feature of a Swedish repast is the smorgas-bord, or table of hors d'oeuvres. There are salads, cold meats, cheeses, pickled herrings, caviar, anchovies, sausages, baked mushrooms, dark breads, and the grayish-brown, unleavened cracker called knackebrod. Heap your plate high with these, drink generously of good Danish beer, and forget that a full course dinner is yet to follow."

Spirit of Democracy

Evanston, Ill.—A dozen young women, members of Evanston's Junior league, were on a tour of the city jail. As they filed into the cell block one of the inmates asked sympathetically: "Gee, girls, what were you pinched for?"

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Erases "Blindspot" From American Map Yukon Expedition Encounters Many Hardships.

Washington.—In the face of blinding blizzards, destruction by fire of equipment, and near tragedy to some of its dogs, the National Geographic society's expedition made the first crossing of the mighty St. Elias mountain range on the Yukon-Alaska border and thus withdrew a vast region from the unmappped areas of the world.

The expedition, led by the youthful explorer, Bradford Washburn, of Cambridge, Mass., crossed the range on foot with dog sledges for the first time in history despite terrific hardships. The expedition also made maps and aerial photographs of a large area of the St. Elias range previously unmappped, near the Yukon-Alaska border.

The area the Washburn party explored is at the junction of the southeastern corner of Alaska and the southwestern corner of Yukon territory, Canada, famous in the Klondike days of 38 years ago.

Several immense new mountain peaks were discovered by the expedition and their positions located with surveying instruments and cameras which were carried to a height of more than 12,000 feet on Mt. Hubbard, the highest survey station ever occupied in Canada.

Two of the new peaks in Canadian territory were named for King George and Queen Mary in honor of their silver jubilee year.

The expedition camped 84 days

Has Wild Car Ride Down Mountainside

Missoula, Mont.—Bruised and dazed by his experience, G. F. Wilkinson, a railroad conductor, returned to his home here to tell of a wild ride for 29 miles down a mountainside on a runaway flat car loaded with steel rails with a dead man for his only companion.

Wilkinson was on the car when it got out of control on Evaro hill, near Arlee, Mont., and hurtled downhill at 90 miles an hour. Careening around curves through cuts and over bridges, it struck two motor car speeders, killing F. A. Lombardi and Alfred Morkert.

Morkert's body was hurled aboard the flat car.

Wilkinson finally got it under control in a sag in the grade near McDonald, Mont.

Ivory Elephants Bring This Woman Bad Luck

Paris.—Ivory elephants may bring luck to some but they brought a two months' suspended sentence to an American woman who gave her name as Sybil Therner from Boston.

Mrs. Therner visited a supposed reliable gypsy palmist in London a few days before she came to Paris.

"Collect 169 small ivory elephants," said the gypsy to Mrs. Therner, "and be sure that you get 13 rows containing 13 elephants each. After that you shall have eternal luck if..."

And the "if" got Mrs. Therner a suspended sentence. The palmist stipulated that Mrs. Therner should not pay a cent for the 169 elephants. The method of procuring them did not matter.

Mrs. Therner came to Paris. She commenced her task of collecting the 169 elephants. Everything went fine until she was caught putting a small row of elephants valued at less than a dollar into her pocketbook.

She was later released on bail, but in the meantime police discovered three rows of 13 elephants she had already taken in other stores.

"I only did it because I was told it would bring me luck," Mrs. Therner told the court.

Because it was her first offense the judge let her off with a two months' suspended sentence.

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

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By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—The so-called silver bloc in the senate—it is not so important in the house for the simple reason that most of the silver producing states are small in population, and hence do not have many representatives—is good and sore with the administration, but has not gotten to first base in making its resentment felt.

Having stamped the administration in the last session, and enacted a law which seemed to promise to take the silver producers to the promised land—not to mention producing a fair degree of inflation—the silverites have watched with growing irritation the bogging down of the treasury's buying campaign.

The law on the books is ample to accomplish their purpose. It requires the secretary of the treasury to buy silver until the price reaches \$1.29 an ounce, or until it becomes one-third of the government's metallic reserve.

But it does not fix a time limit!

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau is not in sympathy with the silver plan at all, save on one detail. He does like the idea of buying a lot of silver cheap, and then revaluing it, thus netting a fat profit for the treasury—as the treasury did on gold.

But to accomplish the most in this direction it is necessary to buy the silver at low prices. Every additional cent per ounce paid for silver bought cuts down the revaluation profit to the treasury when that day comes.

Experts on the sidelines believe that Morgenthau has played a masterly game at this, in view of the knowledge the world has that the law provides this \$1.29 objective. For a while the price of silver spurted tremendously, holders not wishing to sell because they figured the price would be higher later on.

Treasury Maneuvers

Thereupon the treasury began its maneuvering. It let leak out stories that the administration was deeply sympathetic with the plight into which the American silver buying policy had plunged China. And so on.

Whereupon the price of silver bugged down, and the silver senators got madder and madder.

But meanwhile the treasury continued to pay considerably above the world price for all newly mined silver, making it clear to the miners that the price paid them would not be revised downward no matter what happened to the world price.

So the miners were happy, or at least, not angry. Just a little disappointed at failure of the price to climb on up to \$1.29, as predicted.

The silver senators, however, were not even placated by this. The reason is not merely that they felt cheated, believing they had provided for a gradual rise to \$1.29, and then seeing it fall. It so happens that nearly all the silver senators are also inflationists. They put their bill over last session by a coalition with inflation senators from non-silver producing states. And they knew perfectly well they were not getting the degree of inflation from the silver purchases that they had expected.

Next session will see a much more militant silver and inflation bloc. Next session will be leading down the straightway to election day. And President Roosevelt and Mr. Morgenthau will be much more considerate of the feelings of the silver senators than they seem to be now.

But meanwhile the treasury will have bought a lot of cheap silver, and the profit to be boasted about in the campaign will be much sweeter!

Most Vital Factor

Possibility that stockholders in the big corporations of the country, taking note of what happened to President Roosevelt's public utility holding corporation "death sentence" in the house of representatives, may try to "save their bacon" on the White House tax drive against bigness, is the most vital factor today in the whole New Deal program.

The importance of that big house majority against the "death sentence" is what caused it. On a rough estimate, 200 members of the house voted against the President, not because they wanted to do so, but because they did not dare do otherwise. Their offices were flooded with letters from stockholders in the utility corporations—stockholders who lived—and voted—in their districts. Stockholders in many instances whose names they knew, and of whose good faith there was no question.

It was this flood of mail—not the operations of the much criticized power lobby—which caused that surprising overturn. It is perfectly true that the utility companies stirred up the letter writers. The attention of the security holders had to be called to the fact that legislation threatening their financial interest—or alleged to be so threatening—was pending.

Nothing like it ever happened before. Back in the days of the Esch-Cummins railroad bill there was not a single letter from any stock or bondholders affected written to

the congressman then representing the Seventeenth district. This district includes upper Fifth avenue, Riverside drive and probably is the banner district for invested wealth in the entire United States. The percentage of all railroad securities owned by persons living in that district would be startling if there were any way of checking up on it. Yet no one of these wealthy owners bothered to write.

A little later in the same session in which the Esch-Cummins bill was passed there came up a little measure which would affect florists. The congressman from the wealthy Seventeenth New York district was overwhelmed with mail. He had not realized there were so many florists in his constituency.

Florists on Job

The point is that the florists were on the job, as far as watching against adverse legislation is concerned. The investors were not.

But this year has seen the investors mobilized for the first time. The question is: Can business in general do the same sort of job that the utility executives did this year in arousing their stockholders?

While no one knows what the final rates of the tax against bigness will be, the top rate in the preliminary figures—for which no one acknowledges responsibility—are 17½ per cent. This means nearly one-fifth of a company's net income.

Compliments as to what this would do to the big companies have been made, and general agreement is that this would be sufficient to put them out of business.

But the object of the sliding scale is avowedly to put them out of business, which means that the present bill is only an opening wedge. Obviously the investors are most hurt by this program, if continued, will be the common stockholders. Their dividends will be endangered.

Sharp boosting in the taxes would mean that it, and other large corporations, would be obliged to reduce their dividends. The question is whether the stockholders will begin a letter writing drive to their congressmen as the utility stockholders did. If they do, the corporation sliding scale tax will be beaten, as the "death sentence" was.

"Ding's" Big Job

Jay N. Darling—better known as "Ding," the cartoonist—is trying to do for wild ducks and geese, the mountain goat, caribou, antelope, and what-not in the game line, what Mark Sullivan, serious writer on politics and economics, did in his youth for the buffalo.

Ding thinks Sullivan's job was magnificent, but rather amusing in view of the deeply serious nature of the Sullivan's mental processes. For example, Sullivan is probably the closest personal friend of Herbert Hoover.

When quite a lad, Sullivan read something in a newspaper about the American buffalo, or more correctly, bison, becoming extinct. At once he went into action. He wrote to every living person who owned a buffalo, including a British peer. He wrote to every zoo in the country, asking if they would like to have a pair, and if they would promise to take care of them and let them breed if they got a suitable pair.

At the moment a big rancher not far from Yellowstone park had a herd, which he found so unprofitable that he was obliged to dispose of them. It was the story about this, setting forth also that the bison was about to pass into zoological history, that started Mark off.

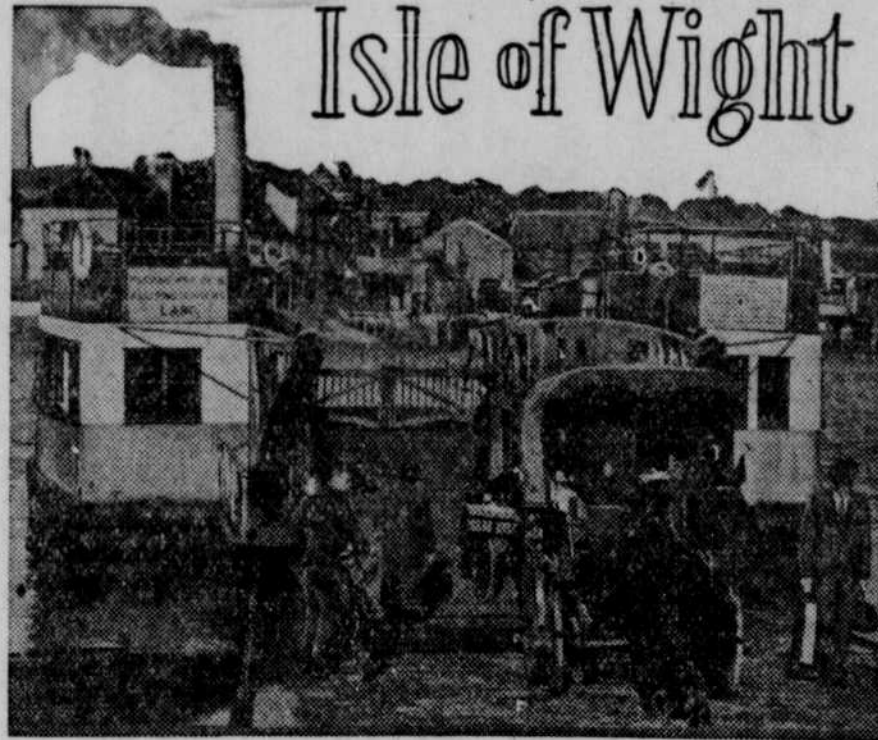
Before he was through he had disposed of every buffalo in that herd, placed them carefully in zoos that wanted them, in cities all over the country. As a result, the supply of buffalo today is so plentiful that every few years a herd is turned over to the Indians for slaughter.

The fact that Ding is now head of the biological survey is more out of the ordinary than Mark Sullivan's taking an interest in his youth, in the buffalo. This man, who is now head of the biological survey, is a Republican and was a delegate to the Republican convention that nominated Hoover.

Called Smart Move

So a great many people think the smartest thing Mr. Roosevelt has done since he entered the White House was to put Ding at the head of the biological survey. The man is naturally Republican in his tendencies, and very hard-headed, indeed, although a Progressive. And the fact that his pictures were printed in about 300 fairly important newspapers in this country every morning, before he arranged to lay off until his government job was completed, made him pretty nearly a nightmare for anyone in high office whose policies Ding might think humorous. He would be apt to get the whole country laughing at the unfortunate statesman.

Which is also the real answer to the fact that he may surmount the tremendous difficulties in the path of his plans to save game in this country. This despite his forthright declarations that \$100,000,000 of the taxpayers' money has been poured "down a rat hole" up to now by having stupid political wheel horses operate as state game wardens.



Floating Bridge Between Cowes and East Cowes.

Isle of Wight

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

ENGLAND'S sunny Isle of Wight is a sort of cork in the harbor of Southampton. The incoming tide splits on the island. It piles up the Solent funnel on one side; then, a few hours later, it follows through Spithead on the other side. That is why the world's biggest liners can dock at Southampton.

On the landward coast of the island is Cowes, famous city of regattas. Along its narrow streets quaint, ancient houses alternate with stores that display anchors and steering wheels, nautical caps and field glasses, marine photographs and all the burnished brass appurtenances of yachting. Every few doors tearooms offer tempting scones and crumpets; and there are miniature branches of famous shops of Regent street and Piccadilly.

Along the water front spreads the spacious Esplanade, with the Royal Squadron headquarters projecting upon it. This is the yachting capital of the world. The sun glistens upon the plate glass of the protruding gallery, grandstand for royalty and high naval officers, who largely constitute the membership of the "most exclusive club in the world."

There they watch the races of Regatta week, when the Solent waters are flecked by fleecy clouds of canvas, dotted by rainbow hunting and pennants, and, when night comes, aglitter with myriad bobbing lights. Members of this club, and none other, may fly the white pennant of St. George on their yachts; only members and officers of the Royal navy are privileged to land at its near jetty. One world-famous yachtsman, who spent millions upon his hobby, was not admitted to membership until shortly before his death.

By night or day all the big ships that put in at Southampton must pass the deeper channel within half a mile of Cowes. The parapet of the Esplanade seems built as an elbow support to keep seagazers from tumbling into the water. All the houses on the gallery-like hillside of the town have enormous plate-glass windows turned toward the sea. As a place to watch the world go by in ships Cowes is an unsurpassed marine grandstand.

meadows where cabbages, carrots, and broccoli grow, or sheep and cattle graze.

Forests and Truck Farms.

From the thick forests of the northern island came the timbers of many an old mansion and cottage of southern England, and today their dining room tables are provided with vegetables by the Wight's truck gardens and rich milk from its herds of Guernseys. Anyone who has eaten in English inns or on English trains must wonder about the source of all the cabbage served with potatoes at nearly every meal. Wight can account for many tons of it.

Soon the trees and farms give way to vast expanses of acres carpeted with heather, gorse, ferns, and occasional low, wind-blown trees. The downs, with as many sectional names as a London street, are formed by chalk uplands which stretch straight west and east across the island, humping to some 700 feet at places, and thrusting fractured fragments into the sea at the Needles on the west and Culver Cliff on the east. The pedestrian who yields to the spell of their lonely paths gets an impression of a height much greater than the altitude warrants. One can climb across them in an hour's walk at their widest part.

The southern half of Wight is a "bowl," sagging between the downs and the seaside cliffs that look so bleak to ship passengers as they round the island for Southampton. Barren they are, these corrugated cliffs, but the islanders call them their sun trap because they cut off the fogs and temper the ocean winds. The trees are not so many, but the soil is fertile, the climate milder, and the crop yield greater in this sheltered saucer.

Most of Wight's attraction for visitors and its wealth of historic associations—ranging from the Roman occupation, through Jewish immigration, Danish assault, French attacks, and pirate raids—cling to its coast. Eastward from sedate Cowes is the up-and-coming resort town of Ryde, with its lamp posts that wear garlands of flowers, its tiny tramcars, and its spick promenade where, on cloudless days, women knit as they garner sun tan.

Second only to Cowes week is the regatta of Ryde's Royal Victoria Yacht club. And a pretty touch is a children's regatta, held at their large boating lake, where young mariners sail elaborate toy craft and ride about in paddle-wheel boats propelled by handles.

Brading an Old Town.

An hour's easy walk south of Ryde is "Ye Kynges Towne of Brading," where benches and bathing machines, piers and yachts seem very far away. Yet along Brading's high and dry High street ships once sailed under the eaves of the timbered buildings, and one might pick from a score of shipmasters to take a cargo into the most distant port. Brading recalls the days when towns were set far up the island's meager rivers, or well back in some arm of the sea, as a protection against invasion or pirate raids. Yet the inhabitants, expert in their knowledge of tides and treacherous channels, could put out to salt water to fish or trade. Long ago silt blocked Brading's harbor, and now dikes have thrust the sea some two miles from its center.

Brading church, the oldest in the island, is mentioned in Domesday Book. In its chapel is buried Sir John Oglander, who was garnering his salty chronicles of Wight while the Pilgrims were struggling to survive at Plymouth and the early Maryland settlers were putting forth from Cowes to St. Mary's.

Preserved in a house near the church are the village stocks, and one may decipher from the Town Book the offenses for which citizens were punished. Still to be seen, too, is the large bull ring, souvenir of the days when bull-baiting was a national pastime. The island governor annually contributed five guineas to buy the bull, which, after baiting, was given to the poor.

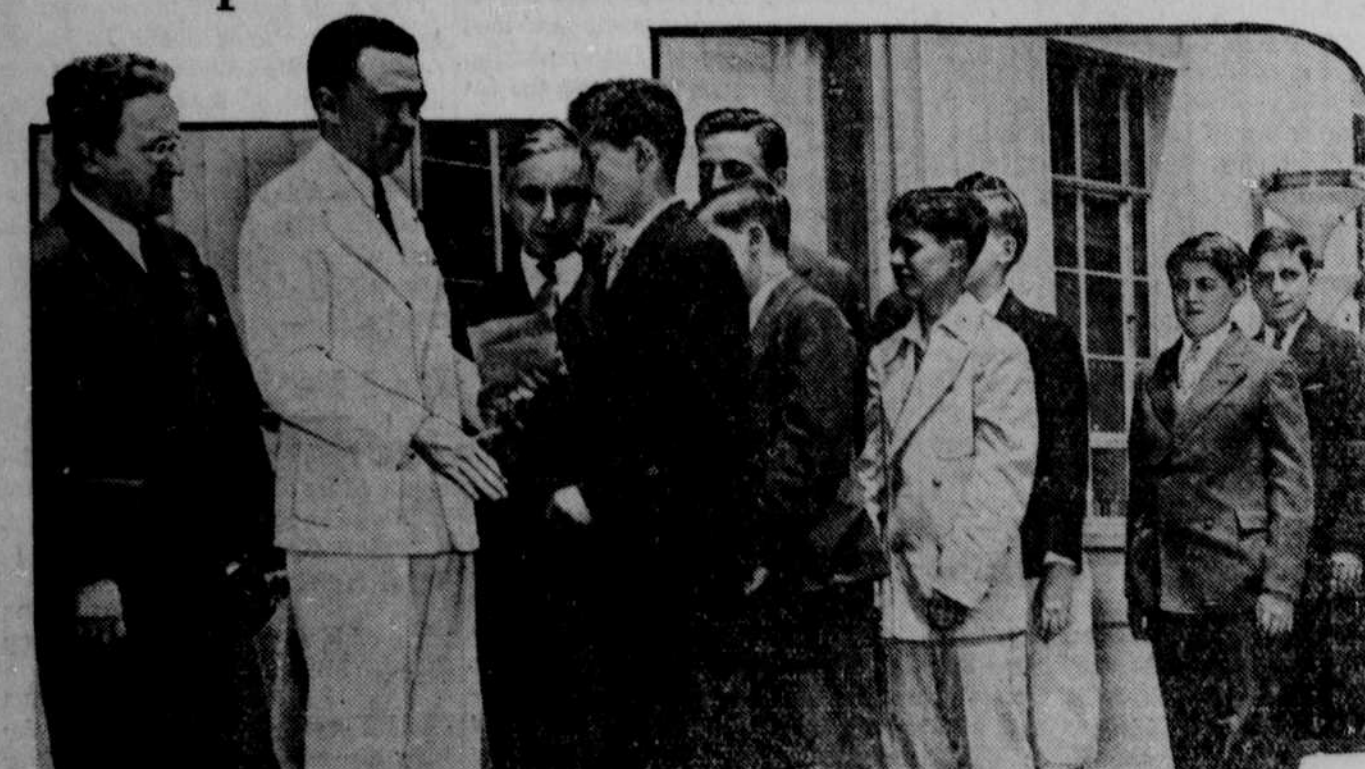
East of Brading, sheltered among the cliffs, is the lovely seaside village of Bembridge, which the world seems to have passed by. The town lies along the embankment, "the only level mile on the island," which has severed Brading Harbor from its name town, and this situation gives it the aspect of "Little Holland."

KNITTED SWAGGER By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A smart three-quarter length knitted swaggar coat's the thing if you want to look the part of high-style and it is a garment you will love to wear the whole summer through and on into the fall and then some. The model pictured possesses long, very wide sleeves, two patch pockets, and a modish turn-back collar. Extra fullness is granted by an inverted pleat down the back, starting from about four inches below the shoulder line. The knit is a plain stitch in a zephyr yarn. The raised box effect, which adds so much to the swank of this coat, comes from the introduction of a rough nubby yarn against the plain swaggar background. The garment, of course, is white. Virtually 100 per cent of these three-quarter knitted swaggar coats come in white.

Diplomas for Graduates in Anti-Crime



Group of boys from the lower East Side of New York city receiving in Washington from J. Edgar Hoover chief of the bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice, the emblem of their graduation from the Boys' Anti-Crime council, a project of the University Settlement of New York city. It marks the first organized effort to decrease crime by specific instruction in the government's machinery to defeat criminal aims.