

# SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—Word from California may be awaited just as eagerly next November as it was twenty years ago, when the decision as to whether Woodrow Wilson or Charles Evans Hughes was to be President hung on belated returns from the Golden Gate state, and for two whole days after the election the country was in suspense.

Several keen observers, who flew from the Pacific coast to Washington, report that the Republicans are much heartened by the primary result, despite the overwhelming vote given President Roosevelt, which has led Democratic headquarters here to do all sorts of things with the figures. For instance, the calculation showing that Roosevelt received more votes than all his Democratic and Republican opponents combined.

Already, these observers just back report, the Republicans are at work to get people who are normally Republican to register, and to get anti-New Dealers of every persuasion to register. Women, they report, are particularly active, following time-honored organization methods. They are making house-to-house canvasses, and also working by telephone.

They also insist—while they do not attach much importance so far as the Republican convention is concerned to the election of an un-instructed delegation over that pledged to Gov. Alf M. Landon—that the fact that the un-instructed delegation won is a good thing for Landon in the long run, assuming he is the nominee. It will be much better for Landon in November, though it may not do him as much good in Cleveland, they say.

Victory of the unpledged delegation had several effects of solely local importance, but they may be potent in November. It particularly pleased all the anti-Hearst group, many of whom have reasons for antagonism against the publisher which have nothing to do with the present situation. In fact, many of these prejudices date back for a generation.

It also pleased enormously all the friends of Herbert Hoover all over the state, and, normally, the enemies of Gov. Frank F. Merriam.

## California Feuds

It is difficult for outsiders to appraise the bitterness of the various California feuds, these observers insisted, but, as the situation has developed, even the Republicans strongly opposed to the nomination of Landon will be staunchly for him should he be nominated, whereas meanwhile they are working like Trojans to build up the party organization for the November battle. Which, these observers say, would not have been the case had the Hearst-Merriam slate of delegates, pledged to Landon, been nominated.

Landon, they point out, has nothing to do with the case. None of the animosities that affected this battle had to do with him. Men fought the Landon slate bitterly who actually want the Kansas governor nominated. They were not fighting Landon; they were fighting William Randolph Hearst in some cases, Merriam in others, and fighting for particular local Republican leaders in still others.

They fought shoulder to shoulder with the Hoover men, the Vandenberg men, the Knox men, and the Borah advocates.

The main point is that the Republican organization in California needed building up, and will now get it. Whereas, though everyone might have been for the nominee in November even if the Landon slate had won, this so necessary preliminary work of organization might not have been done nearly so effectively had the result been otherwise.

All of which does not convince anyone here that the Republican nominee will certainly carry California. Roosevelt is believed by observers here to have the edge there, as demonstrated by that remarkable vote, despite the enthusiasm of the gentlemen who have just returned. But what has just been learned here inclines everyone to concede at least a doubt as to where California's twenty-two electoral votes will go.

## Power Projects

The elaborate plan of the national resources committee for a huge TVA aggregation of power projects in the Pacific Northwest will not be approved by the present session of congress. In fact, it is not likely to be approved for some time.

The reason is a very resourceful, able and popular senator from the state of Oregon, Charles L. McNary. His motive is that the Portland district of Oregon expects to attract a lot of industries due to the cheap power expected from the Bonneville dam. If the development so highly recommended by the national resources committee should go through, one of the essentials would be tying all the Pacific Northwest projects together. The result

would be an averaging of cost, which would make the price of the current considerably higher than is expected to result from the comparatively economical Bonneville project.

The bigger idea appeals very strongly to President Roosevelt, and the men who made the report have his ear whenever they want it. Undoubtedly they will do their best to put it over. In fact, just the enumeration of their names would be enough to convince most people that they would have their way with Roosevelt.

Frederic A. Delano, the President's uncle and very close friend, is actually the head of the committee, though he is vice chairman. Harold L. Ickes is chairman. Other members are such potent New Deal figures as Harry L. Hopkins, Secretary of War, Dena, Secretary of Agriculture, Wallace, Secretary of Commerce, Roper, Secretary of Labor, Perkins, and Dr. Charles E. Merriam, Charles W. Elliott, Second, is executive officer.

But potent as these gentlemen are at 1600 Pennsylvania avenue, it is a ten to one shot that they will have plenty of trouble overcoming the very practical objections of Senator McNary. McNary happens to be Republican leader of the senate. He happens to have voted for a good many New Deal measures. He happens to be very popular in Oregon, and he happens to be on remarkably good terms not only with his Republican colleagues but with a good many Democrats across the aisle.

## Hard to Persuade

It would take a lot of brain trusters and friends of the President to persuade Pat Harrison, or Joe Robinson, or any one of some thirty other Democratic senators, to vote for something that McNary insisted would hurt him personally and politically back in Oregon.

President Roosevelt not only knows this, but has very much the same personal feeling for McNary himself. He knows all about the "across the aisle" contacts of the Oregon senator. He does not want to start anything in that direction, much as he likes the general recommendations of the national resources committee.

Another, and far from inconsequential, point is that Oregon's five electoral votes just might happen to be very important next November. Mr. Roosevelt does not think he needs them, and neither does Jim Farley, but it is not in accord with the normal policy of either to let any stone go unturned, politically. Fight for everything, is their motto.

## League Is Dead

Even the most optimistic champions of the League of Nations, and Washington has many of them, now concede gloomily that the league is dead. No obsequies have been held. The meetings at Geneva will continue for some time in all probability. But all hope of the league's ever becoming what was so greatly hoped for it has disappeared.

The conquest of Ethiopia by Italy proved the crowning touch. As a matter of fact, cynics had been pointing to a number of other episodes, such as the conquest of large territories in northern China by Japan, and more recently the violation by Germany of two treaties by moving troops into the Rhineland. But up until the last few days one could still find optimists who contended that after all the league was the only real force for peace in the world; that if it did not act, it at least arrayed public opinion on the side of the innocent, and against the aggressor.

As a matter of fact, the application of sanctions against Italy by the league started quite a revival of pro-league sentiment here last year. Many thought that the sanctions would break Italy's back. Had they done so, the league would now be at the high-water mark of its career. It would have proved that it could accomplish things.

## So Italy Triumphed

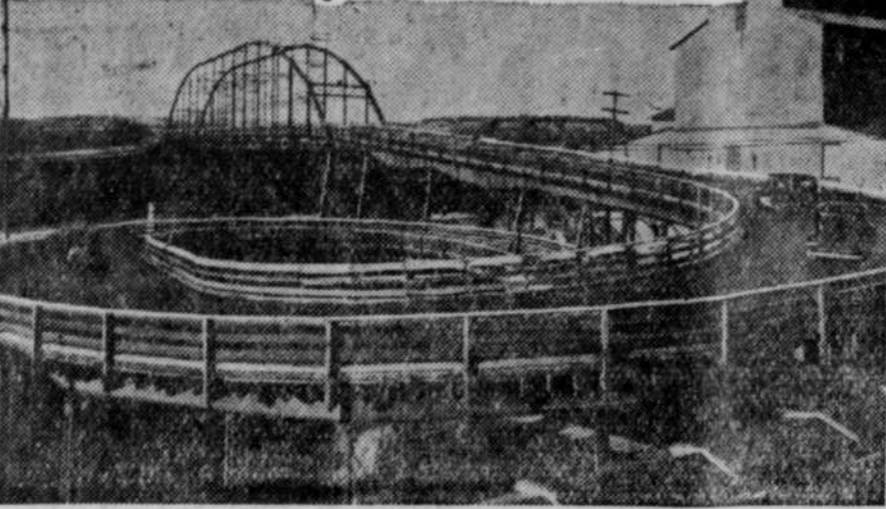
The reason some here thought the sanctions might work, when they thought about it last year, was that Italy was so up against it financially. Her gold stock was drained down to the danger point in buying supplies she needed. No one was willing to extend her any credit. Her war activities cut heavily into her possible exports and hence into her trade balance.

But, having gone all the way up to the gate of action, the league never did pass through the gate. So Italy has triumphed, emerges with enhanced prestige, is more or less a threat to the peace of the world, and the league is now recognized as being even less effective than its harshest critics have been saying.

During the long fight between the United States senate and President Wilson over getting this country into the league, Mr. Wilson asserted that Article X was the "heart of the covenant." Opposition to that section was the most bitter of all, for it was easy to rouse the American people against the idea of American boys being made to fight some international battle against some foreign country in a quarrel in which the United States had little interest.

But there are plenty here today who admit that Mr. Wilson was right, on this one point at least. Had Article X been applied in the present controversy, the league of course could have crushed Italy.

# The Gopher State



A Minnesota Idea of a Bridge Approach.

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

MINNESOTA is unique among the states in its drainage system. It sends water to three widely separated seas, through the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, through the Red river and its tributaries to Hudson bay; and through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. And no other state has as many lakes within its borders. There are more than 10,000 of them.

The map of the state reveals that Minnesota is cut into two vast triangles by a diagonal line running from the northeast corner (where the Red river flows out northward) down the southeast corner (where the Mississippi flows out southward). Imagine the upper triangle painted green, and the lower triangle painted yellow, and presto! you have the state roughly divided into its natural forest and prairie parts.

The green triangle, before the lumberman came, was in general a huge pine forest, and begins to be so again. The yellow triangle, before the farmer came, was grassland "like the billows of a great sea, majestic and limitless"; now it is fields, with wind-breaks of planted trees to shelter the red barns and white farmhouses.

The diagonal line that divides these triangles has its significance, too. It marks the chief trade route through the state and also a wandering barrier of deciduous woods, now carved up to make way for farms and cities, which everywhere separates the pinelands from the prairies.

Broadly toward the south where it attaches to the deciduous woods of Wisconsin, it dwindles to a thin scattering of stunted trees toward the north—the final outpost of the hard-wood forest of eastern America.

As the ends of this diagonal mark the low exits of the state's two principal rivers, the outer corners of the two triangles mark the state's highest ground. At the outer corner of the yellow triangle, the plateau known as Coteau des Prairies just crosses, dividing the Missouri from the Mississippi basins with its immense gradual swell. In the outer corner of the green triangle, the "Arrowhead Country" above Lake Superior, are the Sawtooth mountains and the Misquah hills, rocky, choked in forest.

## Climate is "Continental"

The climate of this pair of triangles is a grief to those who resent surprises. It is "continental" in the most emphatic sense. Temperatures range in a mild year through 120 degrees; in a year with a real wallop to it, as high as 105. In consequence, the native of outdoor habits must maintain a wardrobe that includes everything from the shortest of swimming shorts to the longest of long woollens.

Lake Superior, it is true, tends to temper the winds of the region around it, but not to the shorn lamb; no, no. Thanks to the proximity of that deep reservoir of pure leewater, a grouchy visitor has been heard to complain that the coldest winter he ever spent was one summer in Duluth!

Nor are the blessings of ample rainfall to be taken for granted. Of late years the yellow triangle, commonly less rainy and much less snowy than the green, has involuntarily tried the experiment of getting along with next to no moisture at all. In fact, Minnesota has strength to please all tastes, in strong doses which, as a rule, stimulate rather than kill.

The Nineteenth century marked an immense change in Minnesota. The white man arrived in numbers to establish himself in a country where it was easier to make a living than in the one he had come from. This was not a very noble purpose in one way, and it led to many injustices to the existing inhabitants, both men and animals.

Yet the annals of the pioneer invasion reveal, too, a deep longing in those people for the good life, for they were certainly ready to undergo discomforts that were so-called hardships that were killing in their high hopes for the future in a new land.

There was much to be done, for the white man always insists on altering nature to suit his own views. But energy was the characteristic of the age. With rifle, ax, and plow, and later with money, miracles were wrought.

## Its Animal Population.

For one thing, the status of the native animals was drastically changed. In the yellow triangle, marvelously fertile for wheat, the

buffalo, antelope and coyote were agricultural impossibilities. The first two were exterminated; the remnants of the coyote tribe retreated to the green triangle, altered their habits to suit a woods environment, and became "brush wolves."

The deer, whose natural home was the diagonal woods barrier, also retreated into the green triangle. The lumberjack, by hewing down the greater part of the pine there, did the deer a favor, for the birch and aspen that supplanted it made a home to their liking; in fact, in it they thrive and multiply.

Though one would not slight the luscious vast potato fields, and other agriculture of the green triangle, it has in general been rebellious in the farmer's hands and so remains essentially a forest and game refuge to this day.

True, the trapper and sportsman have drastically diminished the number of its natural citizens, such as the timber wolf, otter, fisher, and lynx.

But the beaver still builds his dams there; the black bear may be spied fishing with his paws when the fish run into the streams; and porcupine in large numbers yet gnaws the jack pine bark, and travels a path which, winding through the snowy groves, looks as neat and regular as if some one had rolled a heavy truck tire there. And the snowshoe rabbit, whose favorite diet is the pine seedlings set out by government foresters, travels the winter drifts on his padded legs.

The American elk, or wapiti, is extinct in Minnesota. The caribou is almost so; a herd is sometimes seen in the remote fastnesses of the great swamp of Beltrami county, north of Red Lake. But the moose, in the Arrowhead country, survives in fair numbers.

Canoe travelers often see the noble monster at lunch in some lake, his body submerged for protection against flies, his lips curling around the water lily shoots that make a dainty hot-weather salad for this giant among American mammals.

## Lots of Good Fishing.

Fish and fowl likewise have had to adjust themselves to their new neighbor, the white man.

A game-fish paradise has a way of retreating when the sportsman finds it. Thus the greedy nurst must go to the border lakes to catch a boatload of pike in an afternoon. But this does not mean that there is not famous fishing elsewhere.

The muskellunge of such lakes as Mantrap, or the fighting small-mouth bass of White Earth, and the many other fish of a thousand waters, make tall fish stories annually, which, in spite of the low repute of fish stories, are essentially true. Certainly they reflect justly the fun that ancient sport provides.

And the Minnesota citizen almost anywhere may go out after supper and hook a black bass or a mess of crappies, or, in not more than a day's drive, reach lakes in whose 200-foot depths the noble lake trout can be caught on lines of spun Monel wire.

Of the original game-bird inhabitants of the state only the grouse can now be called abundant, and its abundance wanes and waxes in cycles. This ruffed grouse is the characteristic bird of the green triangle. Tame, richly speckled and ruffed, it provides a voice for the wilderness in the accelerated thud of its wings drumming on some hollow log, a mysterious music that the forest muffles as if to hold secret.

Thanks to ill-considered drainage and the advance of the farmer, the wild duck's breeding grounds in Minnesota are largely lost to it; the black V's of its spring flight go for the most part beyond the border into Canada. Nor has the prairie chicken been very clever in adapting itself to life on the farm and as a target.

But the introduction of a partly parasitic bird, the ring-necked pheasant, which does not scruple to help itself to the farmer's corn to pay for serving as his autumn target, has proved a huge success. That fantastically colored bird, looking fitter to stand among the exotic blossoms painted on some Chinese screen than among the prairie sunflowers, nevertheless has made itself completely at home in the yellow triangle.

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proper length. Notice the small sketch.

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## SMILES

Then It Started  
"You're getting tired of me. You never call me 'dear' as other men do."  
"A-ah! Do they?"

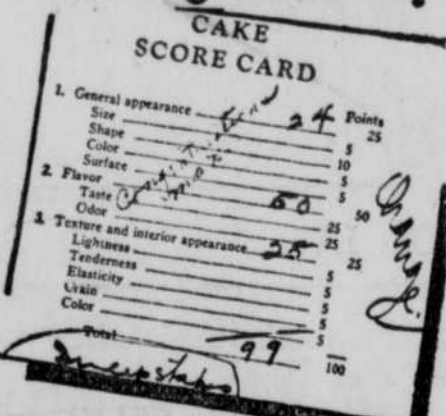
And a Fiber Trunk  
First Small Chap—My daddy has a leg made of hickory.  
Second Ditto—That's nothing. My sister has a cedar chest.

Teaching Practice  
"I hear you are courting a school ma'am. How are you getting along?"  
"Well, she marked 14 errors in my last letter."



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He Forgot  
The Spectator—I can't understand anyone missing a putt as short as that.

The Golfer—Let me remind you that the hole is only four and a quarter inches across, and there is the whole bloomin' world outside it—Exchange.



Disgusted Boy Doll—Gee, I guess I'll have to become a soldier.

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