

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—William Lemke, Father Coughlin's candidate for President, expects to be the directing force in the next house of representatives of a bloc of not less than 100 members. This bloc, he believes, will hold the balance of power, thus making Coughlin and Lemke the umpires who decide what is to pass and what not. That is, of course, with respect to questions where there is a regular party line division between the Democrats and the Republicans.

All of which is not as weird as it sounds. In the first place, it will not take very much of a bloc to hold the balance between the Republicans and the Democrats in the next house of representatives, in all human probability. Experts agree that there is no likelihood of a large majority for either side. Even if Franklin D. Roosevelt runs very well, indeed, he will be lucky to carry a majority of more than 50 Democrats in the house. He is much more likely to have less than 20, with a strong probability that he might have a slender Republican majority against him.

Whereas if Governor Alfred M. Landon is elected, while the house is almost certain to be Republican in that event, there is no probability of a fat G. O. P. majority. It would probably be less than 50. There are certain fixed conditions, such as the solid Democratic delegations from the southern states, the solid Tammany delegation and the sure Democratic districts in Chicago that foreshadow this.

For instance, New York state now has 28 Democratic members of the house, 16 Republicans, and one Tammany district vacant. The best the Republicans hope for in the Empire state, even if Landon carries it by 200,000, is a gain of four seats, so that the Democrats would still have 25.

So that if Lemke sees any large fraction of the 100 men and women he has endorsed for the house elected they will certainly compose a bloc which would be the balance of power on any issue which divided the house on strictly party lines.

Doubtful Elements

When Lemke talks about 100 members in his bloc, he counts in two elements which he may not be able to control, but which on many issues will be in sympathy with him. One of these is the Townsendites. Doctor Townsend has not said what he thought about the Lemke candidacy. He may or may not be able to control men who have been elected on the old age pension platform, but have made their own campaigns so far as other issues are concerned.

Lemke also counts the Wisconsin members of the house, which will be controlled, unless there is an upset, by the La Follette machine.

Here again it is true that the Wisconsin members may be in sympathy with the Coughlin-Lemke objectives sometimes, but it is also pretty sure that there will be no dictation to them.

But even if the Lemke claim is cut down to 40—or for that matter to 25—it will be a considerable menace if it can be controlled. Obviously many of the members who will be elected on the Townsend platform cannot be induced to vote for printing press money. Some of them already have been nominated in districts where the election is a mere ratification of the primary. They believe in \$200 a month pensions for those over sixty, and they do not want the purchasing power of this \$200 cut by inflation.

The mere fact that most economists agree that the Townsend route is just as direct a road to inflation as the Lemke-Coughlin is beside the point. The Townsend people do not admit that.

Must Import Wheat

In view of the present drought situation, which will result, agricultural experts figure, in the United States importing wheat this year, and in view of the fact that it was necessary to import a very large amount of meat last year—especially pork—some friends of President Roosevelt are urging him to follow out one of his own ideas and stop the "plowing under" scheme so dear to Secretary Henry A. Wallace's heart.

About three years ago, though most people have forgotten it, the President was very strong for the Pharaoh and Joseph idea of saving up surpluses in good years, against the bad years bound to come.

For instance, this idea would have involved buying up the little pigs, or more intelligently, buying up a big supply of pork products, and putting it in cold storage. There was no cold storage in the days of the Pharaohs, so Joseph simply put wheat in warehouses. It would have involved also buy-

ing wheat, corn and other grains year before last, instead of paying farmers not to grow them.

Had this own idea of Mr. Roosevelt, which he talked about with friends and with newspaper men three years ago, been carried out, the government might not only have paid all expenses on the transactions, but would have thereby saved the taxpayers practically all the money paid out in farm benefits.

Putting it another way, all the people of the country, during the period of AAA taxes, could have saved five cents on every pound of bacon they bought, and six cents on every pound of ham they bought, those being the amounts of processing taxes assessed against these particular pork products. (The AAA tax on pork was only two cents a pound, but this included the whole hog, and many parts of the animal could not, for one reason or another, stand the tax, so the major portion of it had to be assessed against bacon, ham, pork chops, and other attractive elements rather than the hides, hoofs, bristles, etc., which competed with other products not subject to any such tax.)

On the Other Hand

Also, of course, there would not have been the deficit from outlawed processing taxes which is now to be made up, in part at least, by the higher rates of the new tax bill.

This policy, it is further pointed out, would have resulted, at the present moment, in there being on hand, in government warehouses, plenty of feedstuffs for the animals now being removed from the drought area. Whereas even last year feedstuffs had to be imported.

The system so far pursued by the government, therefore, has actually resulted in the taxpayers of the United States being assessed not only to make food cost more in the United States, but to buy food from foreign lands.

Yet had the President carried out the idea he talked about, instead of pursuing the Henry Wallace doctrine of scarcity, the farmers would have had the satisfaction of having big crops in good years, the government would have held up the price by big purchases, such as last year for meat and this year for wheat, if necessary at a profit.

In short, the farmers would have been just as well off as by receiving AAA checks for not growing crops, the consumers would have paid more—perhaps a little less—and the taxpayers would have saved half a billion dollars a year. Half a billion is cited because this is the amount the AAA "plow under" campaign cost a year—the amount of AAA processing taxes a year—and the amount that must now be raised to obtain crop reduction under the camouflage of soil erosion prevention.

Sighs of Relief

Nobody will admit it, officially, but there were plenty of sighs of relief around Charley Michelson's office, not to mention Steve Early's White House sanctum, when Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt announced the other day that she would have no more press conferences until after the summer. "After the election" is the way her statement was construed.

The answer to the relief lies not nearly so much in anything Mrs. Roosevelt has said or done as in the constant fear of what he might say. Or do.

The First Lady is a forthright person. She acts on impulses. Those who know her, regardless of their opinion of her views on economic and social questions, like her tremendously. She has real charm. She has, in addition, a quality all too lacking in so many wives of prominent men—the ability to give the impression to any one talking to her that she is enormously interested in what they are saying—that it is a new thought to her—and that the whole course of her activities is going to be swayed by it from now on!

This sounds like absurd overstatement. Actually it falls far short of accurate appraisal of this extraordinary quality.

But this is not the picture of Mrs. Roosevelt that the country as a whole enjoys. The average man or woman out in the country chuckles at jokes on Mrs. Roosevelt's constant traveling, never being at the White House.

Use Mrs. Roosevelt

Some of the critics of the administration, especially in the South, say that Jim Farley, Charley Michelson, and the whole political wing of the New Deal (this element having no connection and no interlocking directorate with the Brain Trust wing whatever) have been using Mrs. Roosevelt to make sure that the negro vote in Harlem and Chicago would be kept in line for Roosevelt. They were especially indignant when she said she had authorized the taking of some photographs, which created some public expressed annoyance in Georgia.

The fact is that Mrs. Roosevelt's political guide, counsellor and friend is no longer at her elbow. When Louis Howe was alive, he was the one person on whose judgment she placed unquestioning reliance. "Louis" could talk to her, and did with some frequency, as no one else would dare.

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Lord Howe Island



Mount Lidgbird on Lord Howe Island.

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

"Decorated with palms"—how often the phrase occurs in descriptions of social events. Wherever florists ply their trade and have a hand in beautifying public occasions, palms play an important part. Without them hotel lobbies, steamship salons, dance their refreshing greenness.

Often referred to as just "florists' palms," they are taken for granted, like many of our common blessings. In reality, they belong to a small group usually called Kentia palms, found only in remote islands of the Coral sea, and their present widespread use throughout the civilized world is one of the romantic tales of horticulture. A little more than half a century ago they became an important article of commerce, and few people even today realize from what a tiny bit of the earth's surface that particular commerce originates.

In 1788 Lieut. Henry Lidgbird Ball, en route from Sydney, New South Wales, to Norfolk island, discovered a remarkable pyramid of volcanic rock rising straight out of the Tasman sea to a height of 1,816 feet. He described it to the northwest, which further investigation revealed as an island of unusual conformation and striking beauty.

In honor of Richard Howe, the British admiral who played an important part in the war with the American colonies, Ball called his contribution to the British Empire Lord Howe island. His own name was given later to the massive rock which first attracted his attention, and Balls Pyramid is his enduring monument.

Lord Howe island lies 300 miles east of Australia and 480 north-east of Sydney. It has the form of a boomerang, with its length extending nearly north and south, the concave side facing Australia and the precipitous eastern coast arched against the surging Pacific. In an air line the northernmost part of the island is only seven miles from its southern tip and the greatest breadth is but a mile and a half.

Formation of the Island.

The northern half is hilly, but the highest point is only 700 feet above the sea. The southern half is mountainous, rugged, and wild. Two peaks occupy most of this area, the southernmost, Mount Gower, rising directly from the sea to 2,840 feet, while its fellow, Mount Lidgbird, is but 300 feet lower. The mountains are thickly wooded, so far as their precipitous sides permit, and are separated from each other by a lush valley into which man rarely penetrates. Between the northern hills and Mount Lidgbird is rolling country with fertile soil and a plentiful water supply.

Extending from the northwestern tip of the island straight south to below Mount Lidgbird is a broad coral reef, notable as the southernmost coral reef in the world. Between this reef and the island itself lies the lagoon which it protects, its eastern side bounded by a bathing beach of clean white sand some two miles long. The reefs prevent vessels from approaching close; they must anchor about a mile off-shore, and passengers and freight are then landed, by means of motor-towed barges, at the jetty near the northern end of the lagoon.

When Ball first landed on the island there were no signs of the genus Homo; he and his men were probably the first human beings who ever set eyes on its beauties. The richness of the vegetation, the abundance of birds, and the numerous rivulets of clear, cold water indicated plainly, however, that there was a little paradise awaiting settlers. Nevertheless, for many years the island lay neglected.

About 1833 or 1834 a small company from New Zealand, including several Maoris, were brought to Lord Howe, but in two years they were so discontented that they were taken back to their old homes in New Zealand, and Nature once more was left in untroubled possession.

But not for long! American whaling vessels, scouring the southern seas, found that Lord Howe island was an excellent place to replenish their water supply. There were no government officials to deal with, no distractions to tempt desertion, and no natives with whom the sailors could get into trouble. By 1840 reports of these numerous visiting whalers reached Sydney, and two families established themselves on Lord Howe to grow fruit and vegetables for the crews. So well did the settlers prosper that others followed, and by 1850 a small community was well rooted on the island.

Excellent Climate and Soil.

The climate is delightful, with much bright sunshine, yet a plentiful supply of rain; abundant breezes, but no cyclones; never a trace of frost, but very little excessive heat. The soil is fertile, and nearly everything which grows in warm, temperate or subtropical countries can be grown on Lord Howe. The island has such a tropical appearance and there are so many palms that the entire absence of coconuts is striking. The explanation is that the mean annual temperature is not high enough for that heat-loving palm.

With the discovery of petroleum the decline of the whaling fleet began and hard times came to Lord Howe. Without the whalers, there was no market for the produce, both Australia and New Zealand being too far away.

But necessity often leads to discoveries which prove epoch-making, and so it proved in this case. There is no record of who first noticed the unusual hardness of the palms growing so abundantly or who was first to offer them for sale. But a demand for the palms from Lord Howe gradually developed, and long before the Twentieth century dawned they were in use all over the world wherever there were florists.

Four Kinds of Residents.

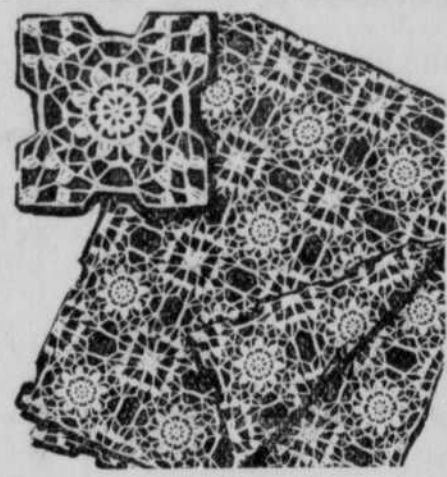
Governmental machinery is simple. Local affairs are handled by a local committee of three, chosen by the islanders themselves. The marketing of the palm seeds and relations with the Australian government are handled by the Lord Howe island board of control, composed of three New South Wales officials in Sydney, the island being politically a dependency of that state.

The residents on the island are divided by two lines of cleavage into four natural groups; one line separates those born on Lord Howe, and hence known as "islanders," from those born elsewhere, and so known as "non-islanders." This cleavage is not the basis of a social distinction; if the islanders look down on the non-islanders they conceal their feelings perfectly.

The second line of cleavage separates "participants" from "non-participants," an economic division of the island's income from the sale of the palm seeds. To be a participant one must be an islander, or else married to an islander, and a resident for 10 years or more.

The degree of participation depends on age and sex. All males twenty-one years of age, or more have 25 shares in the allotment. Women of like age have 10 shares, but on marriage their holding is increased to 25 shares. A married couple will thus have 50 shares when starting their home. For each child born to them 10 additional shares come to them, with a maximum of 35 shares for children.

For Bedspread and Scarf



Pattern 5560

"Company's coming!"—so out with the best bedspread, the dresser's matching scarf, both crocheted this easy way. You'll have reason indeed, to be proud of this lacy pair, to say nothing of a tea or dinner cloth, buffet or vanity set, all of which grow little by little as you crochet a simple medallion in humble string. Repeated and joined they make stunning "heirlooms." In pattern 5560 you will find complete instructions for making the square shown; an illustration of it and of all the stitches needed; material requirements.

Mind Over Matter

Can we bring ourselves to believe that this Mind was made only for the body, the greater for the less, the unlimited and ever-growing Spirit for a short-lived organization of dust? Can it be that a power of Intellect, so unmeasured and exhaustless in its range, has been brought into being merely to drudge for an animal existence? How could such waste of Mind be reconciled with the wisdom of the Uncreated Mind!—W. E. Channing.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

Hope Looks Upward

"Hast thou hope?" they asked of John Knox, when he lay a-dying. He spoke nothing, but raised his finger and pointed upwards, and so died.—Carlyle.

Soothes and Refreshes TIRED EYES

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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SEALED CARTON

OUTER WAX WRAPPER

CHARLIE MAKES HIS BID!

HURRY UP! THE BOSS WON'T LIKE IT IF WE KEEP HIM WAITING! YOU KNOW HE WANTS TO TALK ABOUT THAT RAISE I ASKED FOR!

AW—TELL HER TO QUIT PAINTING HER FACE! YOU'RE GOING TO A BRIDGE GAME—NOT A WAR DANCE!

HELEN, I WISH YOU'D STOP THAT EVERLASTING HUMMING! LET'S QUIT THIS SILLY GAME, ANYHOW!

THAT'S THE STUFF! THROW DOWN YOUR CARDS—THAT ALWAYS BREAKS UP THE GAME!

ALL RIGHT—WE'LL GO IN THE STUDY WHILE YOU GIRLS FIX SOMETHING TO EAT!

ABOUT THAT RAISE, CHARLIE—I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT READY FOR IT YET—I DON'T BELIEVE YOU REALIZE HOW CROSS AND IRRITABLE YOU'VE BECOME!

SAY—YOU'D BE IRRITABLE, TOO, IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION!

STARTING TO CRITICIZE, IS HE? DON'T STAND FOR IT—TELL THIS TIGHT-FISTED SLAVE DRIVER WHERE TO GET OFF!

—SOUNDS LIKE COFFEE-NERVES! I HAD 'EM, UNTIL MY DOCTOR MADE ME SWITCH TO POSTUM—WHY DON'T YOU TRY POSTUM, AND SEE ME LATER ABOUT THAT RAISE?

WELL, MAYBE I WILL! I CAN'T FEEL ANY WORSE!

CURSES! I'LL HAVE TO SCREAM! POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES ME OUT!

30 DAYS LATER

I GOT MY RAISE TODAY! THE BOSS SAID HE'D NEVER SEEN SUCH A CHANGE IN A MAN!

OH, CHARLIE, THAT'S WONDERFUL! I KNEW IT WOULD COME SOON! YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A BEAR SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

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