

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—Not much attention has been paid the recommendation of the federal power commission that some 12,000 additional miles of railroad trackage in this country should be electrified, including that of the Boston and Maine railroad from Boston to Troy and Rotterdam; the New York, New Haven and Hartford line from New Haven, Conn., to Providence, R. I.; and the New York Central from Croton to Buffalo (which would mean an electric line all the way from Boston to Buffalo, and from Providence to Washington) and various other projects.

There is some suspicion that the power commission was seeking further customers for proposed and existing federal government owned electric plants, such as TVA. But this suspicion is rather discounted by the fact that of the three men who drew it up, two had formerly been in railroad electrification work, and might be regarded as knowing some of the practical ends of the business.

To begin with, the bulk of the recommendations would affect railroads in the Northeast, whereas the government electric projects, for the most part, are in the West. It might be suspected by someone who knew little of railroad interests that the proposals for the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Virginian railway, were designed to provide customers for TVA power. But no one familiar with the two railroads in question would figure that as logical. The answer here is that the Virginian and the C. & O. have such close tieups with coal mine operators, who provide most of their revenue tonnage, that it is almost unthinkable they would buy power to operate their trains from a distant water-power source. It is common knowledge that electricity can be produced just as cheaply, by modern devices, from coal as from water-power, taxes and interest rates being what they are. Whereas the pressure of the coal miners would be heavy on the railroads in question to use coal-produced current.

St. Lawrence Seaway

So far as the New England and Middle Atlantic roads are concerned—several projects for the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio are suggested—those who suspect an ulterior government ownership objective have suggested the St. Lawrence seaway. But two facts stand in the way of this theory. One is that the officials of the railroads involved, if they thought that any electrification they did would help the St. Lawrence seaway, would rather have their freight trains drawn by oxen. Obviously the St. Lawrence seaway would divert so much business from the New England and Middle Atlantic roads, especially the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, as to make a serious dent in their gross receipts.

Which is especially pertinent because there are only two good economic excuses for electrification—density of traffic, which justified electrification of the Pennsylvania railroad from New York to Washington, and the New Haven line from New York to New Haven—and sharp mountain climbing, involving pusher engines where steam is used, and wasting the power of steam trains going down hill—which justified the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul in its Rocky and Sierra mountain electrifications.

Diversion of traffic to the St. Lawrence would cut into the density of traffic of the Eastern roads—make their electrification uneconomical.

But the St. Lawrence project is dead as Hector anyway, for some years to come. President Roosevelt discovered that. He found he could not induce senators from Atlantic and Gulf states to vote to approve the necessary treaty, regardless of politics, regardless of their views on government ownership of electric plants, regardless of everything. Their states did not want their ports hurt by diversion of traffic, or their railroad employment cut down by the same thing.

Lemke's Importance

William Lemke's importance in the presidential race is not—as so many commentators have seemed to think—how many electoral votes he may win. It is how many electoral votes he may switch from one of the regular parties to the other by the simple expedient of taking enough votes from what otherwise might have been the stronger to make it the weaker of the two. Much has been said in the last few weeks about the fact that the elder La Follette, when he ran for the presidency in 1924, only carried one state, Wisconsin. But La Follette's candidacy was overwhelmingly important in that election despite this fact.

It is not generally known in the East, but in that campaign the Democratic management, despairing of a straight-out victory for John W. Davis, urged local Demo-

cratic leaders in some Western states, normally Republican, to try to throw those states to La Follette. The idea of course was that if La Follette had obtained enough electoral votes, the election would have been thrown into the house of representatives.

In those days it would have been the old house, not the newly elected one, which would then ballot for President, with every state having just one vote, and the majority of its delegation in the house determining how that vote should be cast. Which would have worked some queer inequities. For example, although Coolidge carried New York by 869,000, had the election been thrown in the house, New York would have voted for Davis! A majority of its delegation was Democratic.

Now it is the new house which has this power, under the new amendment to the Constitution, eliminating lame duck sessions of congress. And in all human probability, no matter whether the house is Democratic or Republican, this curious method of electing by states, with each state having only one vote, would probably give the Democrats the victory this time if the election should be thrown there.

Sure Delegations

For instance Landon could carry New York by a million, but not pull through a majority of the house delegation. Twenty-five states is a majority. The Democrats, counting New York due to this peculiarity of New York's congressional districts, start off with 19 sure delegations. The Republicans have only ten fairly sure delegations, and one even of them, Oregon, is a bit wobbly.

So if, along in October, the Democrats should become frightened that Gov. Alf M. Landon might win a majority of the electoral votes, they would be employing rather shrewd strategy if they could accomplish what they failed to do in 1924—throw the election in the house by diverting Democratic individual votes from Roosevelt to Lemke in order to divert electoral votes from Landon to Lemke. None of this is at all likely. It is almost impossible for Lemke to carry more than a handful of electoral votes. This writer would be surprised if he even carried North Dakota, his own state and his best chance. And this writer in 1924 conceded Wisconsin and North Dakota to La Follette, thus erring on North Dakota. He claimed Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and other radical states predicted for the La Follette column by so many observers, for Coolidge.

The importance of the Lemke vote, which is apt to be very large indeed—La Follette carried the city of Cleveland, and Lemke will poll a huge vote there—is that it will divert normally Roosevelt votes away from Roosevelt, and thus enable Landon to carry some states in which he otherwise might not have had a chance. The same thing that piled up the Coolidge majorities in 1924. Except that it is not apt to be anything like as striking as that.

New Dealers Cocky

New Dealers are much more cocky about the Wagner labor relations board since some recent decisions, particularly that affecting the Associated Press. Up to the last few days the private opinion of the best lawyers advising the administration had been that the whole national labor relations board would be knocked out, or, at the very best, would be restricted to a very few industries. These would be the industries directly engaged in interstate commerce—but, of course, excluding the railroads and other common carriers, which are specifically exempted from the board's jurisdiction.

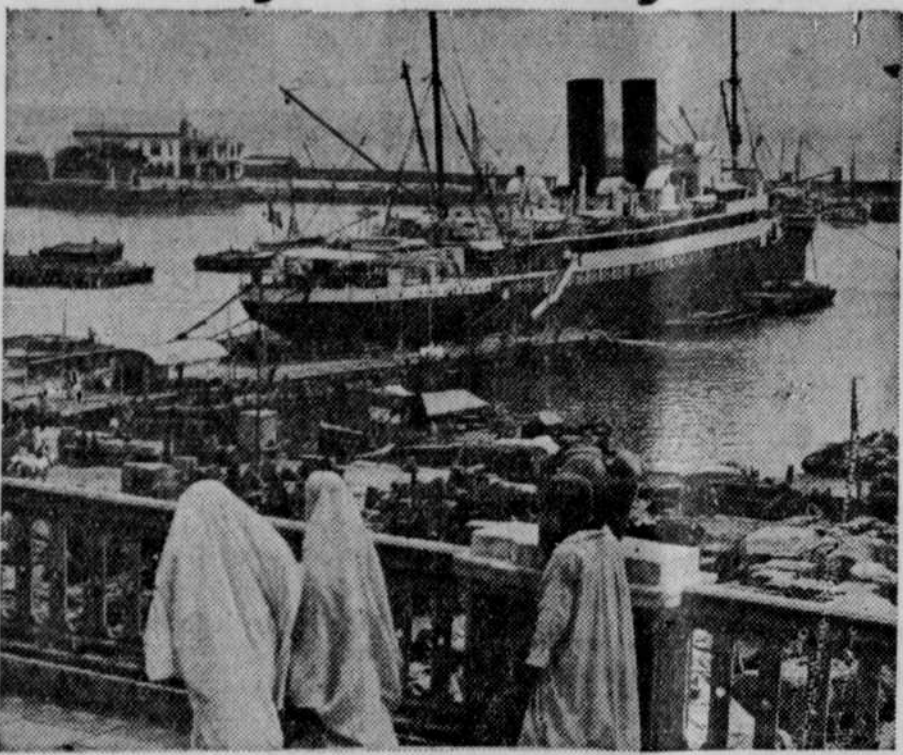
So that the prospect was not very ambitious, to say the least.

But now comes a circuit court of appeals, with only the Supreme Court of the United States able to overrule it, with an opinion, which opens the door to a long vista of opportunities into which the labor board may be able to inject itself. Most lines of business, lawyers studying this opinion point out, have some bureau, branch or division which would bring that particular unit under the jurisdiction of the labor board. For example, it is pretty well conceded by now that a manufacturing business does not come within its domain. But the shipping department of that factory, in the light of the A.P. decision, does!

Also its traveling salesmen, if they cross state lines. Possibly its advertising department, etc. So that, while a great many lines of business will be able to dodge jurisdiction, many of those which are successful will find they have some appendage which will tend to ensnare them.

From that point, the New Dealers interested point out gleefully, the leaven may be able to permeate through the whole organization of that particular business.

Lovely and Lively Port



A Portion of Algiers' (Algiers) Spacious Harbor.

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

MANY visitors to North Africa begin their exploration of the Dark Continent at Algiers (Algiers), and remember it as one of the loveliest ports in the world. Its dazzling white buildings climb a terraced hillside above an incredibly blue, crescent-shaped bay. Behind the hills blossoms the narrow fertile plain of the Mitidja, above which tower the mighty snow-clad Atlas mountains.

Algiers, the White City! Only a little over a century ago it was the lair of cruel sea wolves, the blood-thirsty Algerian pirates who captured and enslaved Europeans and even Americans. Today it is a beautiful modern French city with many Europeans among its thousands of inhabitants.

Algiers is kept in constant touch with France by submarine cables, by regular postal and passenger air service, and by daily steamers to French ports. Railroads connect it with points in Morocco and Tunisia.

Not only is Algiers an important French naval station, but it is the largest city in Algeria. From it is shipped much of the country's produce. Its waterfront is lined with merchants' warehouses, wharves piled high with merchandise, and docks beside which lie large steamers.

Algiers' European section has well-built streets along which electric trams and automobiles rush past theatres, hotels and attractive shops. Strolling along broad sidewalks sheltered by arcades, and in cafes fronting palm-shaded squares, one sees well-dressed European men and modish French girls as well as veiled women and stately Arabs in flowing burnouses.

These streets are in direct contrast to the narrow, cobbled alleys of the native quarter which climb up the steep hillside. Along them gayly-colored houses are crowded together.

The native quarter affords many picturesque sights. At the corner of a market place is an Arab coffee house. Outside, squatting on the pavement or seated on benches against the wall, are Arabs, Kabyles, Negroes, men of all classes and ages—merchants, small shopkeepers, clerks, laborers—conversing volubly, playing cards, dominoes, draughts, or merely sitting—sitting idly, vacantly, unconscious of those around them. No man on earth—Neapolitan lazzarone, Hindu ascetic, or Buddhist priest seeking Nirvana—is capable of such utter detachment from the world as the ordinary Arab.

They Love Coffee

A few of those gathered in front of the cafe hold tiny cups of coffee in their hands, taste it, drink it slowly, savoring every precious drop of the pennyworth of fragrant dark fluid. Inside, at the tiled, waist-high fireplace, the cook tips a small, long-handled measure into the steaming copper pot resting on a handful of red embers and fills the cups for the bare-armed attendant to take to customers seated on benches or huddled on mats in the interior of the establishment.

The walls are scrawled with crude drawings of mosques, palm trees, tigers and elephants—these last by an artist who had evidently never seen either animal—or chromos of French presidents and European royalties.

A gray-haired, wild-looking man in rags, hung round with the skins of small animals, strums a one-stringed guitar made from the shell of a tortoise. He enters the cafe and, half shambling, half dancing, holding out a hand for money, wanders among the customers. As he moves he sings in a high-pitched, nasal voice, and the contrast between the eastern love song and his singer is striking.

In better establishments, situated nearer the French quarter and patronized by well-to-do Arabs, one often finds a superior orchestra. Three or four black-coated, white-collared gentlemen in red fezzes play strange instruments—a big guitar, a large drum called a teboula, a long one, the derbouka, similar to an Indian tom-tom; a ghaita, a sort of flageolet shaped like a doctor's stethoscope, and perhaps a tambourine—the while they sing in nasal tones.

To the poor native the cafe is a club, a hotel, a home. He brings his crust of bread, his handful of

onions, to eat there; he sleeps on its benches or on the pavement against its wall; and once or twice a day he spends two cents in it for a cup of coffee.

From the market place lead narrow streets and, as in such eastern cities as Cairo, Tunis, Delhi, and Canton, each is lined with shops devoted to one trade. Down this one are the tailors. In the square holes devoid of counters, tables, or chairs, white-burnoused, bearded men resembling Biblical patriarchs squat on the floor and sew furiously.

In the next street brass workers hammer at bright pots and tall water vessels, denting patterns in to them with sharp-pointed instruments struck with mallets. Tinsmiths display piles of saucepans and coffeepots. In the tiny shops of the next crooked lane cobblers stitch rapidly at the native's easy red-leather slippers, or work beautiful designs with gold and silver threads and spangles on dainty shoes for women.

Street Kitchen

Here is a break in the trades-union character of the shops. Outside this one a small crowd eagerly watches the movements of a youth seated before a tiled stove running up into a pointed chimney. A small table stands beside him. In a dish he mixes a white batter, rolling it, pulling and twisting it with nimble fingers, then dipping it into oil and placing it in the stove. His hand dives in once or twice to turn the morsel.

Then with tongs he draws out a crisp, golden puff, places it on a small square of newspaper, thrusts it into an eager, outstretched palm, and receives a coin. The buyer turns away, contentedly munching the succulent titbit, and his place is taken by another expectant purchaser.

The next street blazes with color. Here black-bearded Mozabites in flowing Arab garb—heretic Moslems from the Mzab district in the Sahara—or hooked-nosed Jews in semi-European attire display a wealth of rainbow-hued, long-fringed silk shawls; gay-colored bodies and jackets; skirts and other garments in pink, blue, yellow, red; leather belts gold-buckled and heavy with bullion and gold embroidery; white wool or silk and wool gandouras (long gowns), and crimson burnouses worked with gold or silver.

Dazzling White Mosques

Dazzling white in the brilliant sunshine, the walls of a mosque almost blind one by their glare. But enter. You pass into dark, cool shadows, into a silent interior, bare and restful. Through the past centuries bearded Moslems with the blood of the unbelievers red on their hands have gathered here to bow down toward Mecca and beg Allah's aid in fresh crimes. Yet they thought them meritorious deeds, by the truth of the Most High! And every Friday the faithful come here still, and who shall say that none of them mutter curses in their beards upon the Christian dogs that rule them?

The crowding houses of the city end. Across the road is a scarped hillside, with grass, gardens, and trees. In a small open space native barbers shave the scalps of clients or squat beside their chairs waiting for trade, while their tools—razors, scissors, clippers, mirrors—are laid out ready on the ground.

This open-air toilet saloon is a strange sight for the tourist, but does not gain a look from the passengers in the electric trams passing within a few yards of it.

Suddenly one comes upon tombs and the ground falls sharply away. The eye ranges over the deep valley of Bab-el-Oued, with its gardens and houses, to the bright-red scars of quarries and cliffs in the green hillside opposite, crowned with the domes of the famous church of Notre Dame d'Afrique. It faces across the Mediterranean to its sister, Notre Dame de la Garde, on the height above the harbor of Marseilles.

Butterflies and Flowers



Pattern 1084

A crochet hook, some string and this simple pattern are all one needs to turn out this lovely patterning of butterflies and flowers—a charming contrast of solid crochet and airy stitch. Get busy on a set!

Pattern 1084 contains directions and charts for making the set shown; illustrations of stitches

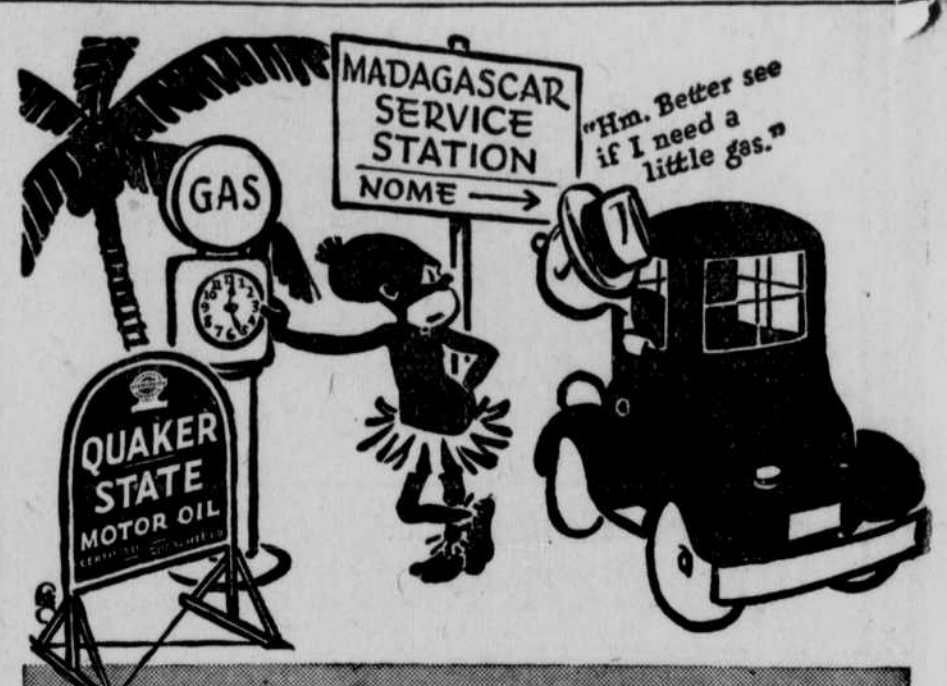
Uncle Phil Says:

Watch Your Manners
Is politeness decaying? Don't permit that. It will develop into sheer brutality. If you care a great deal for a man as he is, you may be able to reform him, but be careful. People have to become thoroughly exasperated before they thoroughly punish crime. Keeping still seldom results in worry later on. Some can enter a room impressively; and not so many can leave it that way.

Tomorrow's Hero
Bronze statues now commemorate many who were thought cranks in their day. But with all your wit, can you spot today's crank who will have a statue? Those who anticipate the worst, usually prepare for it, that's one good thing. Religion of most people is a very good one if they would pay more attention to it. Much of one's youth is clouded by a perpetual nagging to break trifling bad habits.

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Cheap to install. Free from trouble.
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DIZZY DEAN takes a boat ride!

AND HOW DO YOU THROW A CURVE, DIZZY?
WELL, YOU GRIP THE BALL LIKE THIS—SEE? AND THEN—
OKAY, CHIEF! — WE'RE STARTING NOW!

COME ON, FELLOWS! LET'S GET GOIN'! THEY'VE SIGHTED THOSE RIVER PIRATES OVER AT WHARF 19!
HOW 'BOUT TAKIN' A BOAT RIDE, DIZZY? YOU LIKE SPEED?
CAN I GO TOO, JERRY? PLEASE!

LOOK! THERE THEY GO. NOW! GIVE HER MORE GAS, LARRY! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
I GOT HER UP TO THE LAST NOTCH NOW! WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM!
MAYBE OLD DIZ CAN STOP 'EM FOR YOU

HOLY SMOKES!
WHAT HIT JOE? HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

GEE, DIZZY, YOU OUGHT TO GET A MEDAL FOR YOUR FAST THINKING.
YOU GOT TO THINK FAST, BUB, TO STAY IN THE BIG LEAGUE. AND TO THINK FAST, YOU GOT TO HAVE ENERGY. 'CAUSE ENERGY KEEPS YOU WIDE AWAKE

I'D GIVE A LOT TO HAVE SOME OF YOUR ENERGY.
IT CAN BE HAD, SON, AND ONE WAY TO GET IT IS TO EAT GOOD, NOURISHING FOOD—LIKE GRAPE-NUTS. I'VE BEEN EATING IT NOW FOR 11 YEARS—AND IT CAN'T BE BEAT

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Just send one top from a full-size yellow and blue Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for new membership pin and certificate and illustrated catalog of 49 nifty free prizes. You'll like crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts—it has a winning flavor all its own. Economical to serve, too, for two tablespoonsful, with whole milk or cream and fruit, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936. Good only in the U.S.A.)

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DIZZY DEAN, c/o GRAPE-NUTS, Battle Creek, Mich. I enclose _____ Grape-Nuts package tops, for which send me the item(s) checked below. (Put correct postage on your letter.)
 Membership Pin (send 1 package top). W. N. U. 8-18-36
 Dizzy Dean Winners Ring (send 3 package tops).
Name _____
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