

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—Talk about abolishing the electoral college will in all human probability come to naught. There are too many reasons for keeping it, but one of them is seldom mentioned. The Founding Fathers either thought of an amazing lot of things which might develop in the future, or they had remarkable luck. One of the samples of this in justifying the electoral college is that it prevents a type of sectional feeling which might easily lead to civil war.

Assume, for example, a very close election—in fact, the favorite example of those who would like to abolish the electoral college—where all the states except New York and Pennsylvania add up even, both as to popular and electoral votes. In this often used illustration the idea was that New York would go Democratic by 500, or some such trifling majority, but that Pennsylvania should go Republican by a million.

Nevertheless, despite this tremendously greater strength of the Republican candidate, the Democrat would be elected, Pennsylvania having less electoral votes than New York.

It is perfectly true, of course, that this could happen. It is also true that it has almost happened in our history. For instance, in Cleveland's time. For instance, in the case of California in 1916.

But in neither case did it provoke the citizenry of some of the states, which had gone for the losing candidate by big majorities, to think in terms of a mob marching into the offending commonwealth to burn and harrow. There have been bitter words. In fact, in 1916, one of the great papers on the losing side referred to California as "the boob state." But even that paper did not propose the raising of an army to invade California and punish her, or to march on Washington and seat the candidate defeated by California's close vote.

Hayes-Tilden Case

In contrast, in 1876, a great Democratic editor, Marse Henry Waterson, actually appealed for 75,000 volunteers who should march to Washington and seat Samuel J. Tilden as President. And that proposal was not so futile as most folks are apt to think today. As a matter of fact, it was very potent. The Democrats of the country were thoroughly aroused. The jangle of civil war was much greater than most histories reveal. It was avoided only by the promise of the successful candidate, Rutherford B. Hayes, to withdraw all federal troops from the South.

The point is that most Democrats of that time, and for that matter many historians since, believed firmly that the seating of Hayes after the election was a gross fraud, which is very different from being defeated by the mere fact that a big state with a small majority happens to have more electoral votes than a smaller state which may have a big majority the other way.

But suppose that the electoral college were abolished, and popular voting substituted. Consider what would happen if the entire country outside of the city of Chicago should be decisive. And suppose that the people of the country thought of Chicago politics what they do now, or what they think of the Pendergast machine in Kansas City, or what they thought of the Vire machine in Philadelphia in the old days.

And then suppose Chicago, on the face of the returns, should roll up a million majority for one of the candidates, with practically everybody in the entire country absolutely convinced that the machine had sold out!

That would not be like California in 1916—or New York in Cleveland's time. That would be like 1876, with no guarantee that there would be any such happy solution!

G. O. P. Minus Leaders

It is literally amazing that a party which polled nearly 17,000,000 votes should be so utterly starved for available leadership as the Republicans are today. The word "available" is highly important, in this connection, for there are would-be leaders and saviors and resuscitators galore.

It was the formula of those who ran the campaign for Governor Alf M. Landon that none of the old G. O. P. leaders should be prominent in the picture. It seemed good strategy then. The mere fact that they were overwhelmingly beaten does not prove now that it was bad strategy. It is perfectly true that the Republican campaign was run by amateurs, but on the other hand the few remaining old guard leaders have never proved their political ability in any striking way. Quite the contrary.

In fact, with the illness during this campaign of J. Henry Roraback, the last of the practical old guardsmen passed from the stage. Charles Dewey Hilles and D. E. Pomeroy of New Jersey are cited, but when these names are mentioned few others still living and potent occur to one's mind. And the truth is that Pomeroy has not

been in vigorous health, even in this campaign, while Hilles was always noted not for practical organization or the running of a machine, but for other qualifications. He is thought by his admirers—though this is bitterly contested by many critics—to have great political sagacity.

This was scarcely demonstrated when he was secretary to President Taft, so far as sensing popular trends or avoiding political errors is concerned. Hilles did have the confidence of many political leaders, and also of many of what President Roosevelt calls the "economic royalists." In short, he had a great facility for dealing with leaders who did control political organizations, such as Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, Murray Crane of Massachusetts, Dave Mulvaney of Kansas, etc. And he was able, once a plan was mapped and candidates were agreed upon with these gentlemen, to convince the "economic royalists" that it was necessary for them to furnish the wherewithal to make the fight.

This time the scene shifted amazingly. Whatever may be said of Hilles, there is no doubt whatever that the gentlemen who provided the contact between the big contributors and the practical political organization in the Landon campaign did not have anything remotely approaching Hilles' political sagacity—even with a very low appraisal of that sagacity.

On the contrary, it was this substitute for Hilles in his normal role which played havoc with the direction of the Landon campaign.

Election Aftermath

It is not unusual after a landslide for politicians and observers to predict that the party buried is dead forever—that new party line-ups are coming. But this time there seems to be more logic in the prediction than at any time since the Civil war.

The Republican party and the Democratic party have both suffered terrific defeats. In 1912 President William H. Taft won only the same number of states, two, and the same number of electoral votes, that Governor Alf M. Landon received this year. In many ways it might have been better if the Republican party had died then. Had it called itself the Progressive party the story might have been different in subsequent campaigns.

But now the Republican party has nothing to compare with what the party had in 1912 after Taft's defeat. In the first place, every one knew that the so-called Progressive leaders were really anxious to get back into the Republican party providing they could climb on the driver's seat. In the second place, there was a speedy reaction against the Wilson administration, a reaction which would undoubtedly have swept it out of power four years later had it not been for the "kept us out of war" issue.

This time there are no such elements in plain sight. Practically speaking, the tariff issue, which caused the reaction against Woodrow Wilson up to 1916, or at least was one of the important factors, does not exist today.

Obviously this election decided, for some time to come, that the tariff policy of this country is the reciprocal treaty plan, including the "most favored nation" clause which is one of its most important features.

Republican orators during the campaign reported that the farmers of the Mid-West were incensed at exhibits of imported farm products. The statement that it would require 30,000,000 acres of good farm land to raise the farm products imported was believed by the Republicans working on that issue in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Minnesota to be making votes for Landon by the thousand.

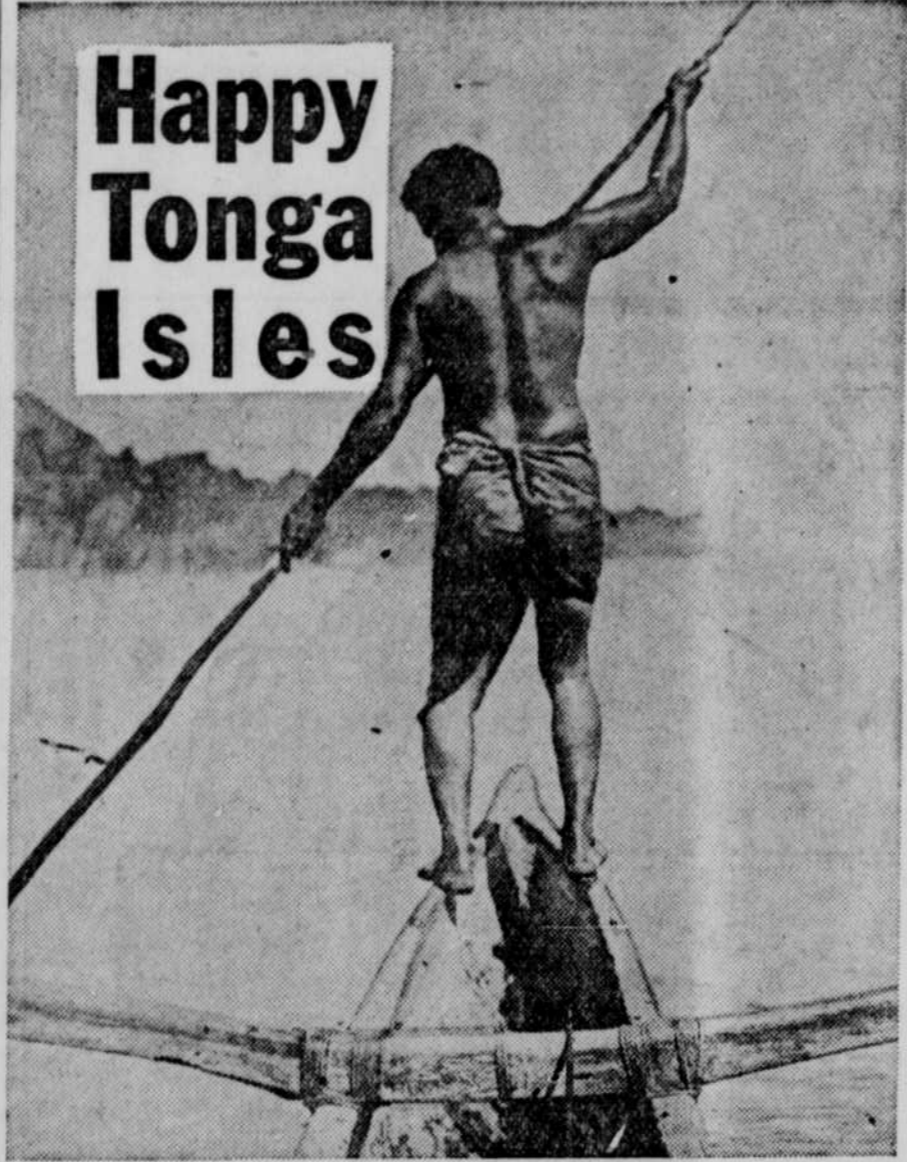
Farmers for Roosevelt

But the farmers vote heavily for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Now some will claim that the farmers voted for Roosevelt despite his tariff policy because of AAA checks. That may or may not be so. It is very difficult to be sure about such things. But it is very doubtful indeed if any major party would dare go into a campaign on that assumption. Hence the reasonable probability is that the present policy will continue to be the policy of the country, not just the policy of the Democratic party, for some years to come.

Some of the friends of John D. M. Hamilton, Republican chairman, thought that maybe Landon would be defeated, but that the personality and magnetism of Hamilton would make him the plumed knight for four years hence. That prospect seems rather remote at the moment.

Happy Tonga Isles



South Sea Islander Poling His Canoe.

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

THE sovereign of Tonga is Queen Salote (Charlotte), who, from her capital Nukunono, on part of the archipelago, governs the islands under a British protectorate. The currency used is English money. In language and customs, the Tongans are like the Maoris of New Zealand and the Samoans. Being Polynesians, they differ decidedly from the Fijians, who are mostly Melanesians. Tongan society is distinct, with hereditary lines of chiefs, and Niuafoou has its own peculiarities of culture. The people are entirely civilized and Christian; they are strictly governed by a high chief, a magistrate, and police service. There are usually seven or eight Europeans at Angaha.

Wesleyan churches with native ministers and elders are conspicuous in all the villages. On Sunday, services start before daylight, with crowded congregations singing choral music in parts without any organ. The rhythmic and harmonious blending of the deep bass voices of the men and the soprano of the women is pleasing. The music has a quality quite unlike Hawaiian music, and the Sunday services are fascinating. There is no need for a pipe organ.

One evening service in the dimly lamp-lit church at Angaha consists of a musical competition between the choirs from several villages. The choirs, each usually composed of eight persons, men and girls, rise in turn in their places and sing. When a song is finished a reverent chorus of bravos, or the equivalent in Tongan, goes up from the congregation.

The dusky faces in the lamplight, many of them beautiful; the splendid figures of the men draped in spotlessly clean valas, which suggest a Roman toga; the minister exhorting his flock, and elderly patriarchs and matriarchs rising at intervals to make confessions of faith, make the scene one never to be forgotten.

How the People Live.

The Tongan race is dominantly agricultural, with copra as the leading product. At Niuafoou intervals between shipments of copra are long, for the bad anchorage and landings make visits by even tramp steamers rare.

The four villages immediately around Angaha represent half the population of the island. Each family lives in an elliptical, thatched house, with woven matting for the walls, but these curtains do not lift up as in the Samoan houses. There are doors in the ends and sides.

Wealth consists of land, plantations, mats, and tapas. The owner of many and fine mats is respected for his prosperity and thrift. Numerous silver shillings circulate from the traders in return for copra and back to the traders' stores for shirts, cloth, and chewing gum.

Of native markets there is no sign. Each adult male has his own eight and a quarter acres of plantation lands assigned to him by the government. He is required to cultivate this ground and plant a certain number of coconut trees.

Men and women work hard, subject to the orders of the government, on the roads and cisterns and other structures required for the progress of the community. Pigs and chickens are abundant, but there are few cattle. Each householder has his truck garden in the hills. To this he goes, leading an old pack horse, and gathers what is needed of yams, taro roots, sweet potatoes, oranges, breadfruit, or the like. The girls think nothing of trudging miles to wash the family clothing at the lake. All are free, happy, and smiling, and all are fine specimens of muscular humanity, leading a natural life of cultivation of the soil.

Like other Polynesians, these people have a fine dignity. Their own customs are regulated by the dictates of a host of ancestral traditions which center about the guilds of the craftsmen, the requirements

of the family, and the orders of the chieftainship.

Method of Fishing.

The fishermen use canoes of hewn and pegged timbers and also a log device of the light wood of the fau (same as the Hawaiian hau, a species of hibiscus), to which a splinter rod is lashed tightly lengthwise, with one end free for the purpose of stringing fish by the gills. Hooks are made from pieces of bone attached to short shanks of wood. The fishline is a sennit (a braided coconut fiber), fastened to the log. Wearing water spectacles, two plain glass windows in wooden cups held by string around the head, the fisherman swims out with his arm across the log, his face plunged beneath the water, so that he may watch fish come to his hook.

After a capture, he removes the fish from the hook and strings it on the splinter rod. He then swims away slowly with the floating log. Two or more baits may be operated at the same time; and two fishermen may work from a single log. The fish are small and not abundant, and many of the species found in these seas are said to be inedible. With the canoes large sharks are occasionally taken.

Recently, the Tonga natives celebrated the completion of the government radio telegraph station. The command went forth that native dances or laka-lakas, would be in progress for a day. On the appointed feast day each village was to furnish a certain quota of baskets of food, and in the evening there would be a European dance.

During the morning the clans began to gather, young and old, dressed in the costumes of their forefathers, with garlands of shells; beads, beans, and flowers; head-dresses of many kinds; and skirts. Some of these last were tapas covered with scarlet berries cemented in place in elaborate designs with wative gum; others were very old and fine mesh mats, prized as relics of antiquity.

At the appointed hour, the high chief emerged surrounded by functionaries, and seated himself on the veranda of the radio building. Clan after clan came forward, each representing a village, the headman and warriors flourishing spears for war dances.

The women and girls formed another line, bringing forward the baskets of food, placing them on the ground in a straight line, and singing and dancing with the stately steps and graceful motions of the arms that told a story of bygone days. Some of the dances are entirely hand and body gestures of girls seated cross-legged.

Drums Always Beating.

The beating of the drums is one of the characteristic noises of the country. At all hours of the day the sound can be heard by one wandering in the jungle. The beating means something with reference to village timekeeping, or signifies special orders to the people. The islanders guide their lives by the sound of the drum, on the one hand, and the clangor of the church bell on the other.

Niuafoou, alias Tin Can island, is one of the Tonga islands. Like a vast angel cake in shape, Tin Can island was formed when a volcanic peak, protruding from the blue waters of the Pacific, violently blew off its head and left only a hollow outer shell. On the shores of a peaceful tropic lake which now replaces the molten lava and suffocating gasses of its crater, a wise bird, the malau, lays large eggs in Nature's incubator, the hot volcanic sand.

No springs or streams are found on the island, so the natives must depend on rainwater for their drinking supply. Neither are there harbors, for foam-flecked lava cliffs, rising abruptly from the ocean, surround the island with hardly a break. A tin can, bobbing in the water offshore, pushed by a swimming native, to be picked up by a passing steamer, is the islanders' mail bag.

Homemaker

By HORACE McLEAN
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

JAMES EVERETT looked at the slim, dark girl before him.

"You seem rather young, Miss Sanders," he said. "Are you sure you can handle this big house? Of course I do little entertaining..."

Janet Sanders smiled. "Before I became secretary to Mr. Morton I kept house for my mother. She was an invalid for five years before—she died. But she loved crowds and we did much entertaining—quiet entertaining, of course. And," she must get this position—"I am really quite efficient."

Mr. Everett handed her a check. "Here you are, then. Suppose we try it out for a couple of weeks. Allowance enough to run the house?"

"Very much so." And the conversation between employer and employee was at an end.

What lay back in Mr. Everett's life she did not know, but she could guess. In her daily work in his room she saw the photograph on his book table—the picture of a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl of distinctive beauty. Somewhere in his life there was a broken romance.

Janet shook herself. "I must stop this. I am his housekeeper, nothing more—and I must remember it."

Then the evening came when he asked her to stroll around the ground with him.

"I need your advice," he said smiling at her. "I've always wanted to beautify these grounds, but somehow I've been too busy. Suppose you give me some of your ideas on how to go at it. You seem to have a knack for getting the best out of everything."

It was a new, a sweet sensation to walk beside him down the paths, pausing here and there to talk over possible settings. She forgot that he was a distinguished lawyer, famed for his reticence and coldness.

"I have a notion to do a wild thing," he said, "to share these grounds with others. Then I'd like people to see what a delightful home you have made for me. I'll do it—throw a party!"

She laughed. "I know people would like to see the grounds."

"We'll make out a list of the folks we want!"

In the house he turned the list over to her after it seemed complete. She looked at it: "Any others you would like to invite?" she asked, remembering the dark-eyed girl's picture.

His face clouded. "There is one—but I doubt if she would come," he said briefly.

She sent the invitations the next day, and at the last moment, moved by some desire that would not be denied, she added the name of the girl of the photograph. The moment the invitations were in the mail, she regretted her act. The girl might be married—many things might have happened, but she was the one, Janet was certain, he wanted to see, and she might come.

On the evening of the party he was gay. She watched him with tender eyes and aching heart even as her heart whispered to her: "You love him yourself—you know you do!"

He caught her arm as she passed, and putting her hand under his arm led her through the rooms. His voice was happy, but there was a deeper undertone in it.

"I'm counting upon you, you know, to engineer things!"

When the guests began to arrive, she found she had things to "engineer," and she forgot entirely about the dark girl until she happened to see him staring at a slim, tall girl who smiled as she came up to him. A guest took Janet's attention, and the rest of the scene was lost to her.

The evening went gayly and happily, and Janet knew that his guests were enjoying themselves. One remark she overheard. The dark girl was speaking:

"Jimmie, after this, darn you, accept our invitations, too!"

Janet was desperately tired, but when the last guest had gone, she began to rearrange the rooms. She heard his step and looked up. He stood near her—and the look upon his face made her tremble.

"Janet, you must never leave me now!" It was the cry of one who has been desperately lonely and has suddenly found companionship. There was no mistaking it.

It was natural, it seemed, for her to step into his arms.

"But, James, what about the girl upstairs whom I invited without asking you?"

He smiled. "I clean forgot about asking her—and to be honest I forgot the picture upstairs was there. The one I wanted to come was a little old lady who was good to me years ago—and I knew she couldn't come. You see, I love you—and only you. Won't you stay with me—always be my little homemaker?" She kissed him by way of answer.

The Goose Step

The goose step, or "Gansemaron," is peculiar to the German army and is used on ceremonial parades. It is a slow march in which the leg is extended at right angles to the body and the foot stamped flat on the ground. History of the William IV period mentions it.

Lovely and Inexpensive



AMONG other things to be thankful for in this land of peace and plenty, think how pleasant it is to be able to procure such lovely patterns so conveniently and so inexpensively. No longer is style the perquisite of wealth alone; every woman can look and be at her best in any company, thanks to Sewing Circle patterns.

Pattern 1981, a youthful lounging or sleeping pajama, features a nobby, cutaway peplum and comfortably cut trousers. There is an easy yoke, a cleverly cut collar, and a choice of long or short sleeves. A grand Christmas present for an intimate friend as well as a perfect addition to your own wardrobe, why not make them twice in alternate materials? The sizes range, 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 (34 bust) requires 5 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1852 fashions into an adorable little frock which will make small eyes dance and sparkle. Just eight pieces to the pattern, including the band and facings, you can run it up in a jiffy and have a perfect gift for your baby daughter or favorite niece. As simple as can be, it is nevertheless pert and engaging, truly a prize. Send for it in size 2, 4, 6, or 8 years. Material selection—dimity or swiss or voile or crepe or gingham. Size 4 requires just 2 1-8 yds. of 35 or 39 inch.

Pattern 1970 is a comely and graceful morning or daytime frock for matron sizes, the sort that goes on in a hurry and wears well without a lot of fuss and bother. The jabot is softly feminine and the panelled skirt is cut along lines every larger woman appreciates. The collar and cuffs are in contrast, if you wish, and the selection of materials is practically unlimited. This lovely pattern is available in all of the following

sizes—36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52. Size 40 requires 4 3-8 yards of 35 or 39 inch fabric plus 3-4 yd. contrast.

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Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

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DOAN'S PILLS

INTERLUDE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THINKS IT'S TIME SOME OF THESE AUNTS OF HIS STOPPED KNOTTING AND PAID A LITTLE ATTENTION TO HIM

FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON PUTS HAND TO MOUTH. AUNT SEES HIM AND SHRIEKES HIS SWALLOWING SOMETHING

SCENES POSSIBILITIES OF FUN AS AUNTS RUSH FORWARD AND REVERES TO FARTHER END OF CRIB

KEEPS HIS ARMS AND LEGS WHIRLING PREVENTING AUNTS FROM EXPLORING HIS MOUTH TO SEE WHAT HE'S GOT IN IT

BY COMBINING FORCES AUNTS HOLD HIM STILL LONG ENOUGH TO FIND HE HAS NOTHING IN HIS MOUTH

IMMEDIATELY BECOME SURE HE HAS SWALLOWED OBJECT, AND START COUNTING PINS AND BUTTONS TO SEE THAT ALL ARE THERE

IN MIDDLE OF COUNT STARTS GYMNASICS, MAKING THEM BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN

INVENTORY IS COMPLETED AT LAST, WITH ALL PINS AND BUTTONS PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR. AUNTS SIGH IN RELIEF

REQUIRES CONTENTMENT TO PLAYING WITH TOES, REFLECTS HOW EASY IT IS TO GET UP A LITTLE EXCITEMENT