

# SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field  
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—Probably not a single man or woman close to President Roosevelt understands him completely. Certainly no one has done much talking around Washington who can understand all his friendships—each individual wonders why "Franklin" tolerates someone else who undoubtedly is on the inside.

Various of the Frankfurter boys, for instance, wonders how in the name of all that is holy the President can place such dependence upon Secretary of State Cordell Hull. General Hugh S. Johnson does not understand how in the world The Chief can stand Donald R. Richberg—and Richberg does just a little wondering about how Mr. Roosevelt can put up with so much of "Crackdown's" strutting.

Columns would be required just to enumerate cases of this sort, but just to name Justice Louis D. Brandeis and Senator Joseph T. Robinson, who hopes, probably vainly, to one day be Brandeis' colleague is to put the idea about as strongly as it could be put.

At the moment a great many of the Roosevelt admirers and lieutenants are wondering what in the world the President wanted with the kind of inauguration he permitted Admiral Cary T. Grayson to arrange. Just as many wondered at the extraordinary preparations that preceded the notification ceremonies which were the concluding features of the Philadelphia convention.

What those doing this wondering—and the wondering of last June—overlook is that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the most consummate showmen ever to figure in the public life of America.

Both that mammoth notification meeting and this year's inauguration were to the President just shows, shows put on designedly for impressing certain elements of the electorate. Mr. Roosevelt realizes perfectly what a great many of the more intellectual of his friends and admirers and advisers do not—that a very large percentage of the electorate does not do much serious thinking—not even on the plane to which the late Arthur Brisbane was thought-provoking. It thrills, and feels, and believes!

### Cater to Electorate

But to have this big section of the electorate on one's side is vital to anyone who would govern. Roosevelt knows it. Hitler knows it. Mussolini knows it. Stalin knows it. To get away from comparisons which may seem invidious, if not odious, William Jennings Bryan knew it. Even Calvin Coolidge knew it, as any one will realize who remembers that the Vermont pitcher had to get for the movies when merely to get close to a horse provoked a form of hay fever which devastated him for days at a time.

Normally a reinauguration is not very exciting to Washington. It could easily become an absurdity. Yet Woodrow Wilson, who did not have one-tenth of the showmanship of Franklin D. Roosevelt, stood for a very elaborate inaugural parade for his second term, little as he privately approved of such a demonstration.

Just so, it was not enough back last June to know that Philadelphia would be amply able to pack any enclosure that could be selected for the notification ceremony. Philadelphia itself had to be impressed with train load after train load of outsiders pouring in to do the President honor—to drive home the esteem in which people from other places held the party's candidate. Other places had to be impressed by departure of trainloads of prospective spectators.

The plain facts are that the President wanted to confine the parade this time to military organizations.

### Forgotten Men

The hardest hit class of white collar workers, back in 1929, was bond salesmen. Now that a real boom seems to be on, with money seeking investment and business striving for new all-time highs—except of course where there are strikes—the bond salesman is still the forgotten man.

The supposedly liberal and forward looking securities and exchange commission is being reviled by the radicals and liberals on Capitol Hill for permitting a two per cent charge on a new bond issue by bankers. Several dissenting members of the commission held that there was not enough competition in arranging this banking service—that two very large stockholders in the corporation were also interested in the underwriting firm.

This is taken for granted, but the old bond selling houses are aghast at the idea that if this desired competition had been present the underwriting fee would have been smaller than two per cent.

Just how the chore of selling bonds to individual investors is to be performed in the future, especially if what is now called the liberal attitude toward this function shall triumph—which seems very likely—is not a pleasant picture for

any of the young men who try to get a start in the financial world by selling bonds.

Obviously it is the intention of the liberals to force the selling of bonds into much the same category as the sale of postage stamps is now, with the exception that the government will not, in most instances, do any guaranteeing of the product.

### What They Must Do

Let's consider for a moment what was done and what investment houses are still expected to do, for their commission. In the first place, they must make an exhaustive study of the affairs of prospects of the corporation issuing the bonds. Then there must be a legal examination to determine if the bonds really are what they purport to be. Finally, the banking house underwriting the issue fixes a price, in agreement with the corporation issuing the bonds, and guarantees the sale of all the bonds at that price.

Then it parcels out the bonds to the investment houses which sell direct to bond buyers. Then these "retailers" send out their bond salesmen to such prospects as they know about, meanwhile advertising liberally.

The two per cent just ruled as too high would provide a total return of 20 on each \$1,000-bond sold, which must cover all the expenses and risks noted above, not mentioning the danger of going to jail if the securities commission finds there has been any misrepresentation.

Obviously the stage is set for a discontinuance of this form of distributing investment securities, especially as it is almost certain that the securities commission intends to cut this commission still further.

It may be that big corporations will be obliged to market their own bonds.

### Reorganization

The fundamental difference between most of the Capitol Hill opponents of President Roosevelt's governmental reorganization plan and its advocates is not so much on methods as on functions.

Tremendous savings, such as Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia and his followers would like, involve giving up government functions. There is very little saving, as the President has frequently pointed out in preliminary discussions of this subject, to be made by transferring employees from one governmental agency to another. There are a few instances of real duplication, but not so many as the average superficial observer would think.

It is frequently stated that eleven different agencies are doing this, or fifteen are doing that. This is true, but if they were all combined in one agency the chief saving would be in demoting present bureau chiefs to a slightly lower rank. The only real saving would be if the actual work done by these employees were abolished.

The President himself pointed out one instance—that of making studies of projects proposed for the government to undertake. If one agency makes such a study, and then another, paying no attention to the work done by the first, should make a second study, most of the time the money spent in making the second study is wasted.

But this is chicken feed except where the PWA and the WPA are concerned. There the cost of studies frequently runs to two per cent of the total cost, and when the cost of projects runs into millions, two per cent becomes important money.

### Here's Real Waste

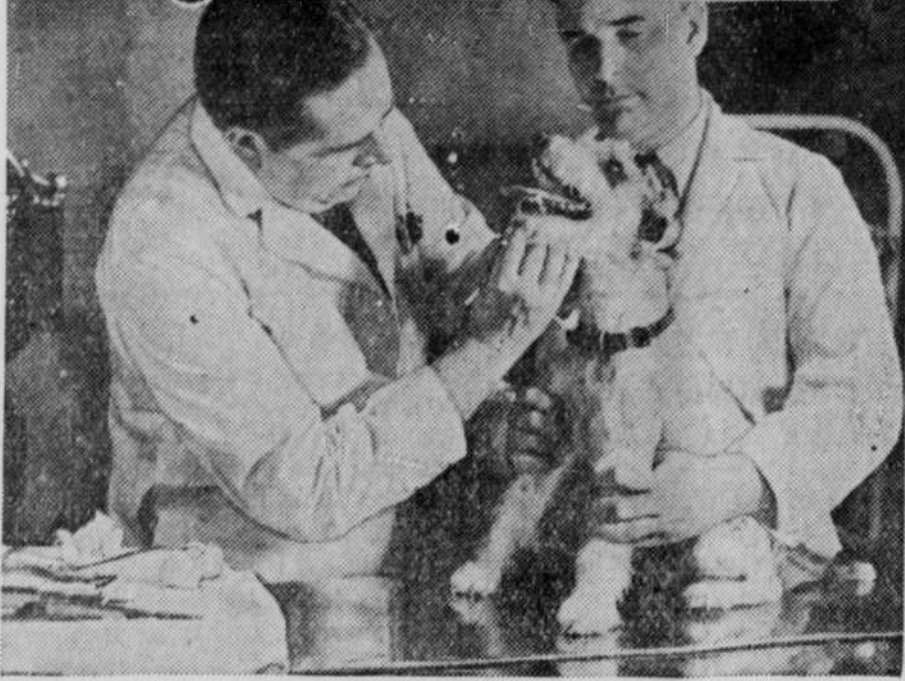
Incidentally there is nothing like so much waste in investigation save in those two agencies, as there is on Capitol Hill every session, when a house committee will hold an exhaustive hearing on some question, calling witnesses from far and near, frequently paying their expenses to and from Washington and a small per diem, and running up expert stenography and printing bills like nobody's business—whereupon, sometimes after this is finished and sometimes without waiting, a senate committee will go into precisely the same subject with precisely the same witnesses.

In the battle about to be waged in congress over this reorganization plan the President is virtually assured in advance of victory in certain particulars—he will be able to retain all the functions he is interested in fighting for. The logic here is simple. If the President wants a function continued he has all the normal White House pressure and influence to get votes to prevent that function's being lopped off. But he also has a considerable element of support among senators and representatives who want that particular function retained.

Thus frequently it will be found that Republicans and Democrats, who happen to be bitterly opposed to the President on the main objectives, will rally round behind him in behalf of some particular item they do not want eliminated.

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## Dogs Everywhere



Dogs, Too, Have Their Dentists.

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

LOVE me, love my dog, is no idle platitude. Men and dogs are often so bound together by genuine affection for one another that both are unhappy when long away from one another.

If the dog, in his centuries-long association with man, had never saved a life, rounded up a flock of sheep, helped track down meat, or pulled a polar sledge, this oldest friend of the human would still have given full payment for his room and board.

From that ancient partnership the man has benefited fully as much as the animal. By throwing in his lot with his cave-dwelling neighbors, the dog of prehistoric ages did much to give his two-legged ally dominance over the beasts and helped speed human progress.

Without dogs the geographical poles could not have been reached until the era of discovery by air-planes; and even today, says Admiral Byrd, "dogs are the infantry of polar exploration."

Dogs do the shopping in the Azores, pull carts in Newfoundland, Quebec, Belgium, The Netherlands, and elsewhere; they guide the blind in city streets; in countless ways, in many parts of the earth, they are helping to do the work of the world.

Yet man's biggest gain from the relationship cannot be measured in terms of labor done. The companionship and affection of a good dog are priceless, and often the four-footed party of the second part can set its friend and overlord an excellent example in conduct and character. What man could not observe with profit the dignity and forbearance of a fine Great Dane, slow to anger though a peerless fighter?

### Dog-Lovers Are All Friends.

Wherever man has traveled, his dogs have gone with him. Most surprising of all, perhaps, is the world-wide sense of fraternity among the millions all over the earth who have in common a love of dogs. They "speak the same language"; all gaps are bridged; introductions are not needed. Compliment a stranger on his dog and he becomes your friend for life.

At the important dog shows all sorts of people meet and talk together on a common plane. In rank and station the owners vary as greatly as do the dogs themselves, which range from the tiny toy breeds weighing only a pound or two and capable of being tucked away and hidden in a lady's handbag, to lordly Saint Bernards, Great Danes, and mastiffs which may outweigh the average man.

In the London show, Lady Thus and So may be seen in animated conversation with a fish porter from Billingsgate, each with a toy bulldog tucked under one arm. It is only a little dog, but it is big enough to bridge the wide gulf between Billingsgate and Belgravia—or even Buckingham Palace.

When King Edward VII died, a small white dog was led along behind the gun carriage on which the body was borne. It was the monarch's pet wire-haired fox terrier. On the collar were the words, "I am Caesar, the King's Dog."

Queen Alexandra's Clumber spaniels were among the best in England, and this breed and blood are still maintained at Sandringham, the sporting residence of the late King George V.

### Favorites of Presidents.

Nothing pleased President Theodore Roosevelt so much as the music of a pack of mountain lion or bear-hunting hounds. President Wilson had an old English sheep dog. President Harding was a lover of Airedales. Notable ornaments to the White House during the Coolidge administration were the Scotch collie, Rob Roy, and Tiny Tim, a white Eskimo dog.

The Hoovers brought to the executive mansion a venerable German shepherd dog, and other noteworthy White House dogs during their occupancy were a beautiful Gordon Setter and a big Norwegian Elkhound. Pets of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his family have included Major, a German shepherd, and Meggie, a Scotchie.

Bismarck was fond of Great Danes. Former Kaiser Wilhelm II favors dachshunds.

Once in South Africa an upcountry trader traveled a thousand miles to see a dog fancier, offered a large

sum of money, and asked him to locate and purchase for him two of the best and noblest Great Danes to be found anywhere.

"They are for a great chieftain," he explained. "The last time we outspanned at King Lobengula's kraal he wanted our Great Dane—a dog we had borrowed from some German transport riders. Our own dog had been killed by a lioness. So we told Lobengula we could not give away anything that did not rightly belong to us."

"Then it was that he became insistent and tried to cajole us into selling Satan, for that was the dog's name. He offered to fill our two wagons with ivory and give us all the women we wanted to sell as slaves to the Barotse."

"But why does Lobengula offer so much for these dogs?" the dog fancier asked.

"Because he regards the Great Dane as king among dogs," was the trader's answer. "It keeps its head high and takes no notice of the miserable barking native curs. Such a dog would befit the majestic presence of Lobengula, king of the mighty Matabele!"

### Even the Australian Bushman.

A visitor to the upcountry, in Western Australia, came across a black fellow and his three "gins"—his wives or "lady friends"—fast asleep near the embers of three fires. Cuddling among their savage companions were a pure-bred greyhound and a well-bred smooth-coated fox terrier.

Men, women and dogs had evidently been hunting together, and the stomachs of the feasters were distended with food. Against the trees stood four long, slender spears with jagged notched hardwood points. Here was a living picture of primitive savages with their canine allies.

Unquestionably the two fine dogs, perhaps registered in the official kennel studbooks of Australia or some far-away land and now gone native among possibly the lowest type of the human race, had been stolen by those aborigines for the express purpose of hunting. The greyhound, they knew instinctively, would be especially useful in overtaking and "sticking up" even the largest of kangaroos.

The dog was not expected to kill the quarry; its jaws and pluck would be of no avail against the ripping and disemboweling claws on the hind feet of an "old man" kangaroo. The greyhound was to hold the animal at bay until the hunters could come up and kill it with their crude spears, just as they must have done thousands of years ago in the prehistoric stage of the time-honored man-dog relationship.

### What the Breeders Do.

No doubt men early realized that by breeding they could produce different kinds of dogs, each suited to a specific purpose. In later years this process has been carried to remarkable lengths of refinement.

An intelligent breeder, if given time, of course, can produce almost any type of dog. He can choose not only physical features—a strong jaw, a good nose, long legs for speed, or short legs and long body for following prey into holes—but traits of character, such as courage and persistence.

When the late Paul Rainey a few years ago formed the project of hunting lions with dogs in East Africa—a practice, incidentally, that is now forbidden by law—he tried crossing American hounds with American-bred Airedales, and ran the cross-breeds together in a pack with pure hounds and Airedales.

The result was highly successful. The hound has the better nose, but it is not a particularly plucky dog. The Airedale, itself a blend of hound and terrier, is game and aggressive, and makes a good attacking dog. Face to face with even the biggest of cats, it had the courage to hold the quarry at bay until its armed master could reach the scene.

The Spanish pointers, when introduced into England, were considered too slow in pace; they dwelled on the scene and consequently were spoken of as "potters"—dogs which made much ado about little or nothing. So the Spanish pointers were crossed with foxhounds and greyhounds, and a breed of fast-going pointing dogs was produced, those which today are the most numerous of the short-coated gun dogs and are known as English pointers.

## Harry's Proposal

By H. IRVING KING  
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"ALLIE, I am in love." Harry Drayton popped this out at the end of a short silence which had supervened in the conversation between himself and Allison Gower. He accompanied the remark with a sigh. They were on the hotel piazza; the moon was over the mountains and moonlight on the river. "You must have seen, Allie," went on the young man, "the—er—state of my heart. I—I—must know my fate tomorrow. I am sure you—"

"Oh Harry," cried Allison, "please don't say any more tonight—please don't. I will give you an answer tomorrow morning." She had risen from her chair and stood ready for flight.

Harry with a gasp sat up straight in his chair. "But Allie," he cried, "you don't understand what I am trying to—"

"Oh, yes, I understand," broke in the agitated Allie. "Good night, dear"—and she was gone.

Drayton fairly collapsed into the depths of his chair. "Well, of all the—" Words failed him for further remark. He sat staring out blankly into the moonlit night. He and Allison Gower had been friends from childhood. From the time he could remember, he had always confided to Allie. And now, when he was attempting to tell her that he was in love with Anne Blair, Allison had gone and taken his attempt as a proposal of marriage to herself.

He spent most of the night revolving over and over again the situation in which he found himself and seeing no way out. As for Allison, she went straight to her room after leaving Harry and, turning on the light, sat down to think. If Harry was in a daze so was Allie. She had always thought marriage a respectable and desirable custom to which, some day, she might possibly be called upon to conform. But now it jumped from the realm of the abstract into the realm of the concrete with a suddenness which was rather startling.

There came a tap at the door. It was Anne Blair, who always stopped for a chat with her dear friend Allie on her way to bed. Allie sometimes wished that Anne, who was a great talker, would occasionally omit this nightly visit, but tonight she hailed her as a welcome guest. For Allie regarded Anne as so worldly wise and so experienced—for no good reason at all—that counsel from her could not help being of value. Therefore when Anne paused for breath after her first instalment of hotel gossip, Allie said: "Anne, what do you think of marriage?"

"What a question," cried Anne. "I think it's something any young girl looks forward to—provided you get the right man. And since you have broached the subject, I may as well confide in you that I expect to be married myself before long—in fact I know I'm going to be. But you must not tell a living soul until I tell you."

"Oh, Anne," cried Allie, "how did you feel when he proposed?"

"Oh, he hasn't proposed yet," returned Anne calmly, "but he's going to tomorrow."

"How—how do you know he is?" gasped Allie.

"How do I know?" retorted Anne; "how do those figures in the barometer know when to come in and go out in advance of the weather? I am sure Harry Drayton is going to propose to me tomorrow as I am that I am going to accept him. Hasn't he told you he was in love with me? You and he are such chums and old friends that I supposed he had told you before this. But, dear me, how late it's getting! Good night, dear." And she was gone.

Now Allison Gower was a simple soul but not without sense and resource when driven into a corner. Next morning Harry Drayton received the following note signed "Allie."

"Dear Harry—I ought not to have been so perturbed last night when you confided in me your intention of proposing to Anne Blair; for, of course, I have long seen how you felt toward her. You may have thought it strange in me to run away as I did, but the fact is marriage is such a serious matter that no advice should be given without due consideration concerning it—no hasty approval or disapproval. I wanted time to think, and I have thought. And after due consideration I have concluded that Anne is a dear girl and just the one to make you a good wife. So I give you both my blessings in the capacity of an old maid sister, and hope both of you will continue to use me as your confidant."

Harry Drayton swallowed that letter hook, line and sinker, as the saying goes. True, he could not remember having mentioned Anne Blair's name in his attempted confidence—but then, of course, Allie must have seen. His attentions to Anne had been rather pronounced.

As for Allie herself, she maintained her poise. And later she was married—to a charming man. Like Anne, she knew, sometime before the proposal, just what was in store for her and with a woman's intuition she was prepared.

## Going to the Party?



WHERE is the party? At Mrs. Smith's on Walnut street and it looks awfully much as though the principals were caught by the candid camera. Luckily, however, they're perfectly groomed for their parts:

Janet in her jumper (Pattern 1996) is asking Mother which glassware to use. Her plaid blouse in taffeta makes her feel very dressed up. Mother chose this style because the many possibilities for change make it a wardrobe rather than a dress and she knew it would be easy-to-make. Your own little girl may have this same ensemble in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards of 39 inch material for the jumper and 1 1/2 yards for the blouse.

Mother, the Hostess. Mother is the perfect hostess, calm and assured, because she knows her all-occasion frock with its sprightly crisp apron (Pattern 1220) is becoming and appropriate. For house wear she made up this model in print. She is wearing here the crepe version and knows that it will be delightful for later on in cool black and white. It comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46. The dress and apron in size 36 require 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The apron alone requires 1 1/2 yards.

The guest just arriving is wearing her trigest Sew-Your-Own. She likes it because the puffed shoulders and swing skirt make her hips look smaller. The collar is young and the sleeves stylish. This frock is especially chic in silk crepe alpaca or one of the lovely new prints. For your own daytime distinction, then, why not make up Pattern 1205? It is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39 inch material. One ball of yarn required for trimming as pictured.

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### On Aspiring

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that there was a vain endeavor?—H. D. Thoreau.

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