

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—Texas seems to be enjoying more importance even than its area or its one-time independence would seem to warrant in this fight over President Roosevelt's proposal to enlarge the Supreme court. The question every one has been asking since the President sprang his surprise message is—was Vice President Garner consulted in advance?

The answer seems to be no. The reason the folks are asking the question is significant of Washington's reaction to the proposal. They seem to think that this proposal is very puzzling in view of the extraordinary cleverness which has characterized other Roosevelt congressional maneuvers.

Take the case of Maury Maverick, the much publicized Texas cowboy congressman. He rushed in and introduced the President's bill without consulting anybody. This was little short of gall and wormwood to Hatton W. Summers, also of Texas, but who happens to be chairman of the house judiciary committee.

So that now it's the Maverick bill which goes to Sumner's committee for consideration! Of course there was no such rush for the spotlight without regard for the seniority of statesmen on the senate side. The bill there was solemnly introduced by Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona, chairman of the judiciary committee.

Legislature Opposes

But the Texas angle in the upper house was not confined to Cactus Jack Garner. The two Texas senators figured in as amusing a bit of timing as has occurred for some time. Senator Morris Shepard, who has been getting nominated and elected to the senate without opposition enough to really worry him since 1912, rushed out a statement approving the President's proposal.

A few hours later word came from Austin that both houses of the Texas legislature had gone on record heavily against the enlargement of the Supreme court.

Within a few more hours Tom Connally, the other United States senator from Texas, made a statement deploring the President's ideas about the high court, and promising to oppose any such legislation!

There is still another Texas angle. In the President's message sending the bill to congress he said:

"With the opening of the Twentieth century, and the great increase in population and commerce, and the growth of a more complex type of litigation, similar proposals were introduced in the congress. To meet the situation, in 1913, 1914, 1915 and 1916, the Attorneys General then in office recommended to the congress that when a district or a circuit judge failed to retire at the age of seventy, an additional judge be appointed in order that the affairs of the court might be promptly and adequately discharged."

The first of these attorneys general, President Roosevelt disclosed, was Thomas Watt Gregory of Texas, close friend of Colonel E. M. House, and recommended by him to Woodrow Wilson! The second was James Clark McReynolds, now the Supreme court justice whom the New Dealers would rather see retire than any one else on the bench. And incidentally he is more than seventy.

Making Comparisons

Comparisons of the Roosevelt proposal to enlarge the Supreme court to the Woodrow Wilson League of Nations fight are the order of the day, especially on the part of writers hoping this struggle will take on the importance of the former. Actually the comparison is the more interesting because of differences.

At the outset, however, it might be recalled that the outcome of the League of Nations battle is being spectacularly distorted in most of the comparisons.

Had it not been for the stubbornness of President Wilson who refused to permit the crossing of a "c" or the dotting of an "i," Wilson would have won that fight. He would have won it despite the ranging of every racial group in America against him, won it despite the masterly direction of the Republican senators by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and won it despite the fact that the 1918 election had shown the country was turning against him.

Most commentators seem to have overlooked the fact that the Versailles treaty would have been ratified by the senate, and that the United States would have joined the League of Nations, if Wilson had not sent a command to all his loyal followers to vote against ratification as long as the Lodge reservations were included.

Whereas Lord Robert Cecil long afterwards admitted that the Lodge reservations would not have made the slightest difference! That is the almost unanimous opinion of all students of League of Nations history today. For instance, the "heart of the covenant," President Wilson in-

sisted was Article X. This was the article requiring the member nations of the league to use force to impose its decisions. Never Invoked

Its power has never been invoked by the league. In fact, no member nation has ever proposed that it be invoked. Not even against Japan in the famous Manchurian case. Not even against Italy in the Ethiopian case. The nearest approach to it was "sanctions" against Italy, and every one knows that the sanctions were made a joke by the very nations, particularly Britain and France, which proposed them.

Of course commentators really familiar with the League of Nations fight are really wondering if President Roosevelt will prove as stubborn as President Wilson did. It may be that he will, but no one with whom the writer has talked thinks so. On the contrary, they point out that Mr. Roosevelt is always asking for more than he expects to get.

There is another vital difference. In the league fight the sentiment against American entry grew very slowly. Developments of any significance did not begin until months after the senate debate was in full flare. Whereas, there was a whole crop of developments within a week after the Roosevelt Supreme court proposal.

No legislatures rushed into the breach in the early months of the league fight. In fact, the group that has been known since as the "Irreconcilables," and of which Senator William E. Borah and Hiram W. Johnson were outstanding members, did not form until the fight had been under way for months.

In fact, it was not clear—even to New York editors—that any senator really hoped to defeat ratification of the treaty until something like three months after the fight started!

So that up to date the present fight, in tempo, compared with the League of Nations battle is like a horse race compared with a chess game.

It is little wonder that such liberals as Senator George W. Norris who have talked with Dr. Arthur E. Morgan are against him and with David E. Lillenthal in the TVA controversy. The point is that Dr. Morgan does believe in far more liberal treatment of the privately owned utilities than the Norris-Lillenthal-Rankin group approves.

Seek Public Ownership

Representative John E. Rankin believes—to state the most extreme view expressed from the Lillenthal group—that the fight should go on practically without quarter until all the electric business in the country is under public ownership. He would pay for the privately owned utility systems, but on the basis of second-hand clothes "Not worth as much as new clothes." He would allow nothing for franchises in fixing the price to be paid in taking the utilities over, nor for any "profit" element in figuring return on investment. And he would give little consideration to the "men who have been robbing us for twenty years."

Consider in contrast with this the views expressed by Dr. Morgan in his talks with some of the senators. He has said that rates should be fixed—for the private utilities—which would allow a reasonable return on investment. The rate should be determined by two factors—one, the actual price of money at the moment, the other, a certain element of risk. On occasion he has mentioned eight per cent as a not unreasonable figure.

This seems very high to his opponents, especially as the Washington Post, owned by Eugene Meyer, who could certainly not be said to be hostile to private investment, recently attacked the setup in Washington, saying that the return of six and a half per cent allowed the Potomac Electric Co., was too high! Incidentally, the rate of this calculation is the lowest for any city of comparable size in the United States, as far as householders are concerned, which seems to make the idea that water power is so much cheaper than steam a little silly, as Washington is served entirely by steam power.

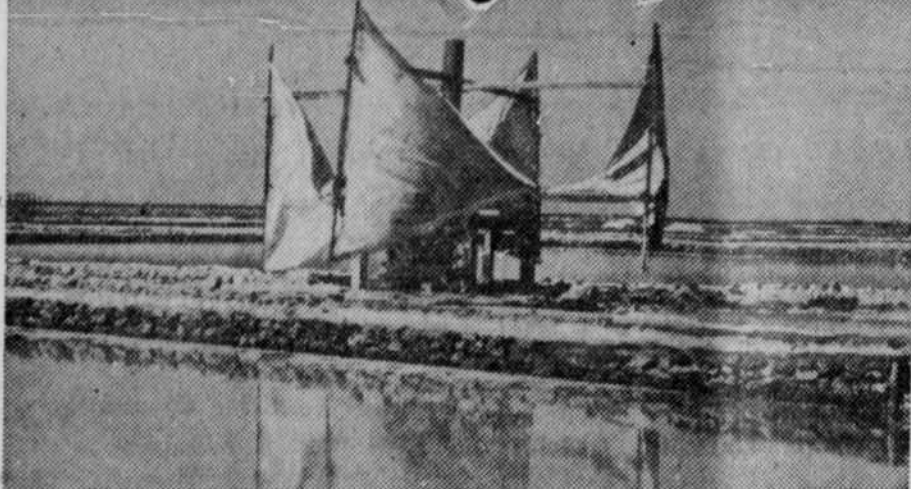
Another Factor

But Dr. Morgan has another factor that is still more annoying to the government ownership crowd. He believes that the rates should be fixed on a capital which should allow a certain percentage of what the Norris Lillenthal-Rankin group call water. Dr. Morgan believes that every great electric system had some element of human ability behind it which should not go unwelcomed. In some cases this element contributed a great deal, in others less.

But he believes that in some instances the human genius that envisioned the thing and brought it into being might be valued as highly as fifteen per cent additional to the actual dollars and cents value of the electric system.

First and greatest event in all annals of our Western Hemisphere, in fact, occurred right here in these

Isles of June



"Sail Pumps" Fill Salt Pans on Great Inagua.

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

"LOOK down now!" shouts a passenger. "We're flying over a Sahara desert with blue puddles on it."

"That's all water," explains the steward "But it's so clear you see right through it—to the white, sandy bottom. The blue puddles are just deep ocean holes."

What with racing cloud shadows, play of light on green islands, painted coral, and tinted sands, the human eye is easily fooled by some of physical geography's tricks on an air trip through the Bahamas.

Two hours from Miami, Florida, out over the Gulf Stream in a fast plane, you reach this 600-mile chain of some 3,000 British-owned islands, cays, and rocks that stretches almost to Hispaniola.

Just now we are flying past the north tip of flat, brush-strewn Andros island, largest of the Bahamas, its west shore lapped by milky shallows known as "The Mud," where rheumatic sponge fishers ply their back-breaking trade in the blue-green depths.

Everyone keeps his nose pressed against the windows, watching the fascinating panorama of reefs, islets, sand bars and multi-hued waters below.

So flat and low, so symmetrical are some of these tiny jungle-green islets that from above, in Jack-and-the-Beanstalk fancy, they suggest huge pumpkin leaves afloat on seas of opaline paint.

"Look at that long strip of land, with a pirate's tower on it!" some one urges.

"That's 'Treasure Island' (Salt Cay). It belongs to John T. McCutcheon, the Chicago cartoonist," explains the patient steward. "Now we're over Hog island, where human swallows from Canada and the States sun themselves in winter... There's their Porcupine club, and Paradise beach. That wreck is an old Confederate blockade runner, sunk more than 70 years ago. The big island is New Providence, and this town is Nassau, capital of the Bahamas."

Landing at Nassau. Flashes now of galloping ponies training on a dusty track, and a golf course dotted with palms bent by tropic winds; a ruined tower, which the steward says was Blackbeard's lookout; then ancient, abandoned forts, their rusty, muzzle-loading cannons no more harmful now than blind and toothless watchdogs, yet still frowning grimly at that sea long explored by Spaniards and haunted by pirates.

Swift glimpses, too, of stately Government house, the British flag, and stiff sentries on patrol, spacious homes set in gardens aflame with red, yellow, and purple. Then lower we glide, back over the long, narrow harbor with its trading schooners, lazy white yachts, and glass-bottom sight-seeing boats drifting over coral beds and canary-colored fish, and so down to a smooth, bumpless landing.

One hears the greeting, "Welcome to the Isles of June!" as he scrambles ashore.

From the dock the arriving visitor drives through long, straight Bay street, which is the shopping center of Nassau. High-roofed, horse-drawn hacks, bells jingling and red curtains flapping, move in and out among motor cars, bicycles, and huge sponge carts, their cargo bulky but light.

"To your right," says your host, in mock imitation of a guide's lecture, "is Old Fort Montague, captured by the baby American navy during the Revolution... That wharf is where they hanged pirates."

"That big shed is the sponge market. The hymns you hear are sung by the old women who sit here in the shade and clip sponges with their shears, and get them ready to ship."

"But who are all these excited people," you ask, "crowding the curio shops for trick straw hats, turtle shells, and pickaninny dolls? Surely they can't all live in this small town!"

"They don't. They're travelers. Each season 60 or 80 big liners call here on Caribbean cruises. Plus those who come by planes and private yachts, Nassau winter visitors almost equal the whole population of the Bahamas."

Where Columbus Landed. "Fifty-nine thousand people are scattered through these islands. Eighty per cent are blacks and mulattoes; many never even get to Nassau, much less the Florida mainland. This is a town now, you might say, of hotels—and history."

First and greatest event in all annals of our Western Hemisphere, in fact, occurred right here in these

islands. That was on October 12, 1492, when Columbus discovered America, in the form of San Salvador.

On this island, facing the open Atlantic, is a monument set up by the Chicago Herald in 1891 to commemorate the landing of the great navigator. Here also a lighthouse rises, but not to show modern ships how to anchor where the Santa Maria did; rather, to help them keep safely away, for few visitors venture now where Columbus set up the Cross and traded trinkets with the shy Lucayans.

All these Lucayans—about 40,000—were enslaved by Spaniards, sent to work in Hispaniola mines, and the Bahamas left quite uninhabited. Yet, in time, these islands were to become not only a historic stepping stone by which Europeans and Africans reached our shores, but the stage for almost incredible adventures.

Enmity toward England, after the loss of the Great Armada, brought sanguinary conflicts, which in time became notorious for the nautical brigandage of the buccaneers. For generations these outlaws were the cause of constant diplomatic friction between London and Madrid, as when English sailors, seized from the Boston ship, Blessing, were stripped by Spaniards, tied naked to mangrove bushes on a Bahama cay, and left to die of thirst in plain sight of each other.

Famous is the story of "Jenkyns' Ear." When Spaniards took an English ship commanded by a Captain Jenkyns, it is written that they cut off one of his ears and handed it to him, telling him to take it home and show it to his king! This ear, in a bottle, he exhibited later in the house of commons.

Even Virginia and the Carolinas dreaded these Bahama pirates, especially one Edward Teach, or "Blackbeard." With his last command, the Queen Anne's Revenge, mounting 40 guns, Blackbeard and another pirate leader spread terror all along our South Atlantic coast.

When, in desperation, the British government finally sent that iron-fisted governor, Woodes Rogers, to hang pirates and make Nassau safe for honest traders, it began the first normal life it had ever known. That was in 1718, and the motto put on its coat of arms was, "Expulsus Pirata, Restituta Commercia."

"Pirate Treasure" Still Hunted. Today Blackbeard, his long whiskers worn in three beribboned braids tugged into his waistband among his many pistols, is but a memory—or a favorite model for Nassau masquerade parties. Yet hunting pirate treasure is still a constant adventure. Always, just around the corner, is a mysterious man with an "old map" for sale.

"Feast, then famine, that's been our history," an Englishman born in Nassau will tell you. "Over and over again, in the last 300 years, hordes of people have swarmed into Nassau, on every errand from selling slaves to running rum; these boom periods meant lots of easy money, but there's been many a lean time in between."

When Liverpool used to send 100 or more "blackbirders" to Africa each year, and when our own American-built craft were in this traffic, as many as 74,000 blacks annually used to be sold into the West Indies, of which the Bahamas got their share.

After Cornwallis yielded at Yorktown, loyalists flocked to the Bahamas, bringing their slaves, silverware, and other personal effects. On plantations of cane and cotton developed by these royal refugees rose another tide of profits. This ebbed when slaves were freed, and when competing agriculture grew up in the States.

Agriculture Has Failed. Loyalists, departing for England after this land boom faded, turned their farms over to ex-slaves or other retainers; lacking skill, capital, or sufficient energy, these latter failed. Farming declined. An easier living—if on a lower standard—was offered by the sea. Hence today the once productive fields are idle and brush-grown.

Andros island, for example, named for an early governor of the Massachusetts colony, was once the scene of much sisal growing, well-known families in England being the owners. Now all that is abandoned.

Yet today a new kind of prosperity, wholesome and satisfying, is coming to Nassau. This is its rise as a popular winter resort, which compensates for the vanished revenue of former more exciting days.

Miss Eppa By PHYLLIS M. GALLAGHER © McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

MISS EPPA held fourteen pins between her teeth. This did not interfere with her conversation with Mrs. Humbolt, on whose expansive hips she was fitting a skirt, for Miss Eppa could talk, no matter what she was doing.

"Elsie Murphy brought me fifteen yards of white lace yesterday," Miss Eppa's colorless lips pressed on the pins and her pale eyes lifted to Mrs. Humbolt's passive face. "Guess she'll marry Tyree after all!"

"You mean Warren Phelps, don't you?" Miss Eppa bridled. "I mean Donald Tyree! I saw 'em at the hedge last night!" She nodded toward the window to designate which hedge.

"She kissed him! Then she ran down the road a-kickin' up dust!... all happy and hussy-like! But he didn't follow her, you can bet! No sir! Not that one! But if it's Warren Phelps she's marrying. Of course, Mrs. Humbolt, when you go to Mrs. Phelps' canning bee this afternoon, don't mention nothing... Warren being her son..."

"Of course...not!" But Miss Eppa knew by the positive note that Mrs. Humbolt would tell Mrs. Gavy and when Mrs. Gavy knew a thing, well...just about all Gemington would know!

Mrs. Humbolt's skirt was finished and on the ironing board when Miss Eppa heard two short rings and one long. That was Mrs. Waverley's call. She glanced swiftly at the clock over her pine-zev, for Miss Eppa was near-sighted, and clucked her tongue against her teeth. It was a satisfying sound for her teeth were false and a little loose. That ring, at four-thirty, meant that Mrs. Gavy was home from the canning bee.

Miss Eppa skipped across the room to the telephone, for she was brisk now in her new excitement, and softly lifted the receiver from the hook. Mrs. Gavy was telling Mrs. Waverley that Elsie Murphy had stood kissing Donald Tyree for an hour or more, right smack in front of Miss Eppa's door!

Miss Eppa voiced a mental "Tsk! Tsk!" She wanted to shout into the mouthpiece "Not door, Mrs. Gavy! The hedge!"

At this point a bell pierced the alive silence of the bungalow and Miss Eppa nodded an exasperated head, replaced the receiver carefully and tiptoed to the door.

Elsie Murphy was no different. She trembled visibly on the fuzzy-brown welcome mat, her blue eyes dancing, her hair the burnt gold of the sunflowers that lined the pebble walk.

"I... came... about my dress," Elsie Murphy always hesitated in her speech, even when she wasn't startled.

"Not today!" Miss Eppa's lips were tight enough to bend a pin. Elsie fingered the belt of the blue checkered gingham that Miss Eppa had made. "I'll... come... in the morning... Miss Eppa," Elsie offered meekly, closing the white-washed gate behind her.

Mrs. Warman had hung up when Miss Eppa sneaked the receiver off the hook. But in a few minutes she listened to Mrs. Gavy and Mrs. Krunch and then to Mrs. Humbolt and Mrs. Waverley. By seven o'clock her arms were so stiff that she gave up the idea of a cooked supper but made, instead a sandwich, a pineapple salad and nibbled at a square of mouse-trap cheese, as she called it; all out of the ice-box without troubling herself to set the table. When the telephone shrilled a long and a short, which was her own number, she scuttled, like a frightened doe, from the kitchen to the hall and answered.

Elsie's mother, who didn't recognize Miss Eppa's garbled voice, started to hang up but Miss Eppa, who had completely masticated the cheese, said quickly, "It's me, Mrs. Murphy!" A talk with Mrs. Murphy at this time could be mighty interesting! It was, too, for Mrs. Murphy began,

"It's about Elsie, Miss Eppa. She won't be needin' that lace dress. She and Warren Phelps... they've... quarreled. You know how children are."

That night Miss Eppa, a strange worried expression on her gaunt features, seated herself in the red plush chair by the table lamp and sat quite rigid for a moment. She was deciding a problem because her thin forefinger, tapping on the chair-arm, was the only thing about her that moved.

Then she got up briskly and went to the hall telephone and rang two shorts and four longs. When Mrs. Phelps answered in a troubled voice, Miss Eppa began, "Mrs. Phelps, I hear Elsie Murphy and Warren have broke off. We—l... if it's about that Donald Tyree gossip... out in front of my hedge... it wasn't Elsie kissin' him but one of those common girls from over to the hollow."

Miss Eppa stood close by the sewing room window after that watching Mrs. Phelps' house and when the slim dark shadow of Warren darted out of the back door in a direct line for Murphy's bungalow, Miss Eppa puckered her lips in a relieved, "Thank heavens for that!"

Household Questions Items of Interest to the Housewife

Press woollens the right side up with a woollen pressing cloth. Apply moisture to muslin cloth on top of wool and press with hot iron.

A tablespoonful of vinegar will soften glue that has become hardened in a bottle.

A pinch of alum added to the water when washing blue or green articles of clothing will prevent the colors from running.

Two or three slices of bacon placed on top of a liver loaf during baking adds to the flavor.

Don't use any kind of artificial heat for drying stockings. Hang by the toes in an airy place to dry and don't fold away damp.

Never fasten suspenders below the reinforced hems of stockings. Wash stockings with lukewarm lather and squeeze out gently—they'll ladder if they are wrung.

Ice box cookie dough can be packed in pound butter cartons, loaf pans or small bowls, or it can be shaped into rolls 2 inches in diameter and wrapped in waxed paper. The dough should be chilled 24 hours or longer and then cut into thin slices using a sharp knife dipped frequently in cold water.

Pungency and wateriness are two accusations often leveled against the turnip. The latter may

be overcome by careful draining, the former by the use of a little butter. This is a great softener of the turnip's flavor. The vegetable should not be peeled thinly. There is a noticeable ring to be seen in its flesh some little way in from the rind.

The stock left from cooked spinach makes a valuable addition to vegetable soup.

Oatmeal on a dampened cloth is excellent for cleaning white paint.

Wash sweaters on a windy day, then put in a pillow case or twine bag and hang out to dry. Shake often until dry. All knit or crocheted articles should be dried in this way if you want them to keep their shape.

BAYER logo and BAYER ASPIRIN text. Includes '15c FOR 12 2 FULL DOZ FOR 25c' and 'DEMAND AND GET GENUINE'.

Waste Brings Want Hundreds would never have known want if they had not first known waste.—Spurgeon.

Uncle Phil Says:

Time for All Things Men noted for efficiency almost never appear to be hurried. They seem to have plenty of time for every task that comes to them. Likewise they have ample time for leisure.

Conceit is deceptive, but it is rarely perceptible. Strong-minded wives are a treasure whenever husbands do not want to be bothered making a decision.

Additional new word to your conversational vocabulary every day; first you will surprise your friends, then floor them, then lose them. As long as there is one crack-brained nation in the world, the others have to build battleships.

Advertisement for HOT MENTHOL COUGH DROPS. Includes portraits of two men and text: "When your throat feels scratchy and hot, a Smith Brothers Menthol Cough Drops and soothes, checks the irritation. 5¢. Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections."

Large advertisement for DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA. Text: "WRINKLES CROWS-FEET —made her look old Looks young and lovely since using Denton's. New facial remedy firmed and smoothed her complexion Wrinkles add years to your age. Denton's Facial Magnesia cleans the skin deep into the pores, smooths and firms the texture. Big, ugly pores diminish, the skin loses its flabbiness, the complexion becomes glowingly youthful. Even the first few treatments with Denton's make a remarkable difference. Before you know it friends are complimenting your appearance, telling you how much younger and prettier you look. REMARKABLE OFFER —good for few weeks only Now is your chance to try out Denton's on the most liberal basis we have ever made possible. We will send you a full 6 oz. bottle of Denton's Facial Magnesia (retail price 60¢), plus a regular size box of famous Milnesia Wafers (known throughout the country as the original Milk of Magnesia tablets)... both for only 60¢! Take advantage of this marvelous offer. Send 60¢ in cash or stamps today." Includes a coupon form for name, address, and city.