

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—Never very potent, either as an orator on the floor or a manipulator behind the scenes in the senate, Joseph F. Guffey is being advised by close friends to run for governor of Pennsylvania. They contend, as diplomatically as they dare in their advice, that following Guffey's denunciation over the radio of the "ingrates" among his colleagues, his effectiveness in the upper house is destroyed.

Guffey is a very unusual figure in public life. His importance for years was due largely to a general conviction that he played along with Tammany Hall in the days when Tammany was pretty nearly New York. At any convention he was much sought after, on the theory that he would "throw" the Pennsylvania delegation whichever way New York decided to go, and it was much easier to get a deal or a story, according to whether the inquirer was a politician or a newspaper man, from Guffey than from any of the tight-lipped New York leaders.

So Guffey was always in the news, in the days just before and during a national Democratic convention. After the convention he subsided into comparative obscurity, save for occasional visits to national headquarters, when he would tell every politician and every newspaper man with whom he talked that Pennsylvania would be "in the bag" for the Democratic nominee if only he could get a liberal cash donation from the national committee.

His success in wheedling contributions for these forlorn hopes was astonishing. In 1928, for instance, he had John J. Raskob convinced that Al Smith could carry Pennsylvania if Raskob would just let Guffey have enough money.

"It's surprising," said the late Joseph T. Robinson, down at Hot Springs, Ark., for his notification ceremony, "what favorable reports we are getting from Pennsylvania. I believe we are going to carry that state."

"Don't let Guffey kid you," said a newspaper friend. "He just wants some of Raskob's dough."

Four years later, however, the sun really began to shine on Guffey's political fortunes. Right at the outset he came out for Franklin D. Roosevelt, breaking the hoary tradition (never apparently very much justified by developments) of his alignment with Tammany. He was credited with winning a majority of the Keystone state's delegates for Roosevelt. In a way—assuming he could have delivered the same number of delegates to any one of the "allies"—he nominated Roosevelt.

For all of which Jim Farley was profoundly grateful. And so was Roosevelt. Guffey rolled in campaign contributions for Pennsylvania. He didn't carry it, but the gratitude carried on. He was given so much patronage that there was a real revolt among the Pennsylvania Democratic representatives, led by no less a personage than Pat Boland, of Scranton, now whip of the house.

As senator, Guffey has simply been another pro-administration vote. His speeches had a canned flavor. He was accused of having them written for him by the Brain Trusters, and he has never denied it. But he fumbles the reading!

Now he has arraigned against himself every Democratic senator who revolted on the Supreme court enlargement, and, less openly, every Democratic senator who has revolted on anything. They don't like this reprisal idea. They suspect the President is accurately represented by Guffey, but that does not endear the Pennsylvania senator to them.

So Guffey may decide to accept the advice of some of his friends, and run for governor.

Garner Manipulates Bill

Vice President John Nance Garner's holding the sugar bill after all the formalities had been complied with—preventing President Roosevelt from getting it in reasonable time for a veto, was one of the most interesting, if unnoticed, developments of the closing of the session of congress.

Garner held that bill until late Saturday afternoon—virtually Saturday night—before sending it to the White House, although if he had been in a real hurry to get it there it could have been delivered Friday evening.

The point of course is why Garner did it. It must be remembered that the President had sharply rebuked Senator Pat Harrison, chairman of the senate finance committee, for his proposed "compromise." The President had publicly denounced the lobby of the refiners in mainland America as one of the "most pernicious" in history. When the final compromise was put through, in form totally unsatisfactory to the President, it merely provided that the provisions affecting the refining of sugar should expire ten months before the end of the

three-year period during which the quota system should prevail.

Questioned on the floor as to why this had not been made a full year, Senator Harrison frankly admitted that it was because he intended to induce congress, if possible, to extend these provisions in that first two months of the third year. In short, as Senator Harrison and his friends viewed the situation, it was not a compromise at all, but the winning of all they contended for the first 26 months of the law's life, with a chance to win everything also for even the remaining 10 months.

Vice President Garner doesn't talk very much, but he knew what the President had been saying and how the President felt. Also he knew the temper of congress during those last few days. And he knew the extreme probability was that, if the President should receive that bill on Friday night he would veto it. In that event, Mr. Garner figured, there was little doubt as to what would happen—congress would rush the bill through over the President's veto.

This would have been another setback for the President's prestige. It is the kind of thing that a good party man does not like. Garner is above everything else a good party man. Whether he sympathizes with the President's ideas or not has nothing to do with the case, in most instances. The paramount motive with Garner always is that the Democratic party must be supreme—must continue to present as solid a front as possible to the foe.

So smart "Cactus Jack" decided to give the President a breathing spell to cool off. The President of course would know that congress had passed the bill in the form he did not want. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes could be depended on to rush to the Chief Executive with a little oil for the fire even if no one else carried the bad news. But the President could not veto the bill without having the bill to veto, and Garner saw to it that the White House did not get the document.

As a matter of fact, if the President had vetoed the bill when Garner let him have it, assuming the veto message was dashed off within five minutes of receipt, the messenger with the veto message would have had to hurry to get to the capitol before the final gavel. And at that stage Garner could probably have gaveled his way to adjournment without most of the senators knowing what the "message from the President" was all about.

President Roosevelt's legislative program for the congress, as outlined in a conference with senate and house leaders on June 5, is very interesting reading now, but it would have been a rash prophet indeed who would have dared predict any such percentage of failure as actually developed.

Not that this means permanent failure. Many of the things that were caught in the stampede for adjournment or went over for other sound reasons may be enacted next year. Only two defeats seem sure. One was actual enlargement of the Supreme court. The other was reorganization of the federal departments and bureaus.

The President has not given up on either of these. Actually in the Supreme court case he has won, though he is not claiming victory. He has the substance, but he wanted terribly to have the technical knockout, shadowy as such a victory might possibly have proved.

On government reorganization, as predicted in these dispatches many times, he can have a great deal when congress finally gets around to voting on the bill—but not the things he particularly wants, notably executive control over such independent commissions as interstate commerce and federal trade.

Wages and hours regulation will of course go through next session, but the chances are now that the bill even then will be much more moderate than the President wished. The little sawmill and factory owners of the South have felt their oats, so to speak, and will be even more outspoken from now on about things they do not like.

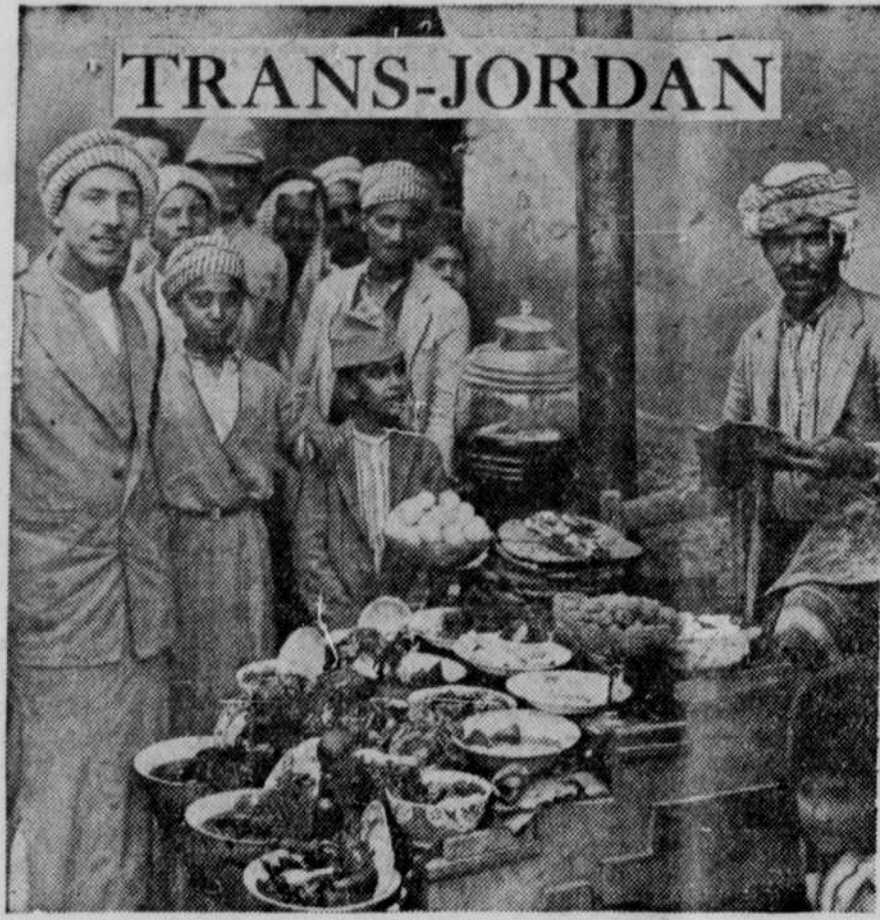
Crop control was not mentioned at the June 5 conference. It really was on the agenda all the time, but intended by the White House to come after the bill enlarging the Supreme court had passed. Obviously the only satisfactory plan for contracts not to grow crops with individual farmers would not pass the hurdles set up in the old AAA decision until the court was changed. But the probability now is there will be sufficient change on the court before any such measures can be gotten through the next session to assure fair promise that this legislation will be upheld.

Indeed the President for quite a time was for holding back the wages and hours legislation until the court bill had become law.

National planning, as to water resources for the various regions of the country, was another item on that June 5 program. While the President has not specifically endorsed Senator George W. Norris' seven TVA's measure, this is generally understood as being in accordance with his ideas.

On that bill there will be a real fight next session, but the President has a better chance of victory there than on getting his own tax ideas enacted.

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Curbstone Cafe in the Near East.

Wells and "Hair Houses" of the Bedouins of Trans-Jordan

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

TRANS-JORDAN is a little country, separated from Palestine by the great valley of the Jordan, the Dead sea, and Wadi el Araba on the west, it is hemmed in by the Levant states, Iraq and Arabia. It is a British protectorate ruled by his highness the Emir Abdullah Ibn Hussein, son of the late King Hussein of Hejaz and brother of the late King Feisal of Iraq.

A little fringe along the Jordan and Dead sea depression is fertile because of perennial streams. Otherwise all is waste. It is a rolling plateau desert, mostly composed of white chalk and sandy soil. Flint chips and lumps of basalt are widely scattered.

There are no rivers. The Bedouin gets his water from ancient rock-cut water cisterns, from pools that collect in the wadi beds in winter, or from deep wells.

After winters of abundant rains and snows, the valleys and wadies may be lush with vegetation and aglow with wild flowers. In summer the whole desert is parched and dry. Scorching hot during the day, it is often bitterly cold at night.

Camel herders and shepherds who pass the night in the open, with only an old coat to sleep in, complain of the temperature changes. So did Jacob when he said, "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night." (Genesis 31:40).

The Bedouin inhabitants of Trans-Jordan are divided into three classes: the peasant farmers who live in villages and cultivate the soil; the seminomads who live in tents and have flocks and farm lands; and, lastly, the true Bedouin nomads, who live off their flocks and herds and migrate over long distances, even into the depths of Arabia proper.

Wells Are Valuable Possessions.

All three classes look like true Bedouins and speak the same dialects, wear the same style of clothing, eat the same food, and share the same traditions. But the nomad Bedouins look down on the other classes and call them fellahin (farmers). It is this wandering tribe which is told about here.

Most vital in a desert country is the preservation of water sources. Wells are prized possessions. None but the owner tribe may draw water from them. Disputes over the use of wells have led to many a tribal war.

When Abraham's wells were seized by enemies, he had to protect himself with a covenant of possession. "And Abraham reproved Abimelech because of a well of water, which Abimelech's servants had violently taken away" (Genesis 21:25).

Around the wells at watering times scenes are enacted which take one back thousands of years to the life of Bible days. Youths and men lead up their herds of camels. Sometimes hundreds of animals that have gone without water for days will be waiting in line for a drink.

With leather buckets and long ropes, two almost naked men draw water, chanting their weird, monotonous melodies and calling to the camels to drink. Herders keep the animals back, allowing only one or two at a trough at a time.

In these deserts where camels are the chief wealth, girls tend the goats. Shepherds often have a hard time watering their flocks. Camels are always favored. And when the camel herders come in from their waterless five-day grazing periods, the girls and their flocks get particularly inconsiderate treatment.

Digging of a New Well. Not long ago a traveler observed an unusual event—the digging of a new well. He greeted the patriarch who was supervising the work with "Gowak" (the Bedouin salutation befitting such an occasion), which means "Strength may Allah give thee."

"Gweet," was the prompt reply, meaning, "Strong have I become." Two stout youths were digging in the well bottom, which was not yet

very deep. They kept filling a basket with the dirt they excavated. A camel, hitched to a rope and pulley and driven by a frail, overgrown boy, pulled the basket out of the wellhole. Each time a load of dirt reached the top, the old man seized it, swung it to the surface, and dumped it, while the camel walked back for another haul.

Work ceased while the traveler stopped to chat. Bedouins never hurry. With pride the old man surveyed his three sons and the new wellhole. They "dugged the well only that man and beast might drink."

The traveler asked whether he would charge for the right of watering to repay him for his labors. His slight form unbent. Lifting his head, he pointed to his sons with a majestic sweep of his hand.

He said, "Allah has requited me mercifully. In addition to these, I have other children and from His bounty we have yearly a sufficiency in our tents, besides flocks and camels. Should I pile up gold like yonder hill? What would it satisfy? Better we leave behind something whereby our fellows are benefited."

Bedouin's House of Hair.

The black goat's-hair tent is the Bedouin's home, but he never speaks of it as a tent. To him, it is the beit sha'ar (house of hair). Most flexible of all abodes, it keeps out sun, sand, and winter winds. During hot days the sides can be lifted or removed at will. Then the tent is little more than a sunshade. In winter the coarse, heavy fabric cuts off icy blasts.

With few exceptions, the goats of these lands are black. From their shearings the Bedouin makes his tents. Thousands of years have brought little change in their construction. The house of hair is oblong and has a long pitched roof with drooping ends. The smallest tents have nine poles altogether, with a row running lengthwise down the center, and shorter, lighter rows in front and back. Guy ropes extend outward from both sides and from the center of each end.

Detachable goat's-hair curtains form the sides and ends of the tent. They are fastened to the edge of the roof with wooden pins and fixed to the ground with pegs driven through rope loops.

The tent is pitched with its back to prevailing winds and storms. A curtain at the central pole usually divides it into two parts. One end is called the mahram section (belonging to the harem). Here lives the family, and here are stored bedding, rugs, copper cooking pots, and saddlery.

The other end, usually left more open, is called es-shigg and is the guest section where male visitors are received.

Sheik's Tent Often Large.

The average Bedouin tent is 8 or 10 yards long and half as wide. But there is extreme variation in size. Poor herdsmen's tents are frequently much smaller, while those of sheiks and richer tribesmen may be as much as 100 or 120 feet long.

In more elaborate tents, additional tent poles support the center. These tents are referred to by the number of central (or wasit) poles. A 4-, 6-, or 10-wasit house of hair means the same to a Bedouin as a 4-, 6-, or 10-room house to us.

There are sheik's tents that have nine wasits, or ten sections. Three sections at one end are curtained off with sahas for wives and their families.

The chief wife has a double section to herself. But her apartment is also the storeroom for rugs, bedding, and food supplies for guests. Half the tent forms the shigg, or guest section.

If a Bedouin keeps no goats, he buys his goat's-hair cloth. But most families can provide their own goat's hair, and the women spin the yarn, weave the cloth, and sew the tent together. Pitching and striking the tents are also women's work.

The only time a new tent is made is when a youth leaves his parents' home and sets up housekeeping by himself, usually with a wife or two to do the work.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Breath of Life"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

I'll bet you'd have felt pretty tough, too, if this had happened to you. If you were lying at the door of death—depending for your very life on the efforts of two or three of your pals who were trying to save you—and you heard one of them say, "Aw, heck, fellows, we're not getting anywhere with this. Let's give it up for a bad job,"—well—in a case like that I wouldn't blame any man for getting discouraged. And so was Don Ward discouraged, on that day back in May, 1932, when that identical thing happened to him.

Don has a job now at the Pilgrim State hospital at Brentwood, N. Y. He doesn't go out any more to shoot trouble among the electric wires and cables of Long Island, but in 1932 he was a lineman employed by a firm of electrical engineers in Northport, L. I., and worked with a gang of six men, stringing wires all over the surrounding country.

Chris Anderson was the boss of that crew, and there's another lad in that outfit whom we might as well mention now as at any other time, because he played a big part in this story of Don's. His name is Kelly, and he had a couple of sore feet and a stubborn disposition, and if he hadn't had both those things it's a different yarn we'd be telling today.

Kelly's Sore Feet Started It All.

The crew was running a new street light circuit in Stony Brook, L. I. Don and Kelly were working together. They had strung seven or eight sections of wire when Kelly began to complain about his feet. He had on a new pair of shoes that day, and climbing up and down the poles made them sore. So Don told Kelly to stay on the ground. He'd take over the part of the work that called for climbing.

Don went up the next pole. There were a lot of other wires strung on it—old ones from which the insulation had worn off until they were practically bare. Don admits he should have been more careful in tack-



"I Struggled and Wriggled With All My Might."

ling that mess. There were safety devices in their truck that he could have used. But the fellow who works on even the most dangerous job gets careless once in a while, and this was Don's day to do it.

Don was passing one of the two new wires he was stringing over the cross-arm of the pole when it happened. His left arm rubbed one of the worn live wires, and at the same time his right leg rubbed against an iron brace. It made a direct short circuit and sent TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED VOLTS through his body.

"It held me fast," Don says. "I was powerless to break the contact. The only way I can describe the feeling is to say that it seemed as though some monstrous being like King Kong had me held at arms length and was shaking the daylight out of me. I could hear the generators throbbing in my ears as though I was right in the powerhouse. I struggled and wriggled with all my might, but it wasn't any use."

In the meantime Don's partner, Kelly, had walked down the road a few hundred feet. Suddenly he heard a moaning sound and turned, to see Don hanging on that cross-arm, his clothes burning and his face contorted in a look of terrible pain. He raced back to the pole, climbed up it and cut the wire that was feeding juice into Don.

They Thought Don Was Done For.

Don, in the meantime, had slumped down unconscious, with only his safety belt holding him on the pole. Kelly took a rope from his belt, looped it under Don's arms, and lowered him to the ground. The other linemen came running from down the road a piece and gave Kelly a hand. They stretched Don out on the ground and looked him over. He wasn't breathing—and it seemed as if his heart had stopped. It looked bad for Don, but the boys went to work on him giving him artificial respiration.

For twenty minutes they worked on Don, taking turns at pressing with their hands to force a little air in and out of his paralyzed lungs. Twenty minutes and no sign of life! But though there was no sign of it, life was still there. Just a few seconds before, consciousness had started to return to Don. He was trying to get his lungs to work again—doing his best to help those fellows who were doing his breathing for him. He couldn't move a muscle—couldn't speak or even open his eyes—but he knew he would be all right if his pals worked on him a little longer.

And then came the most disheartening moment of Don's life. Out of a clear sky Don heard one of the fellows say: "It's no use, boys. HE'S GONE. We might as well quit and take him back to the truck."

Saved by Kelly's Stubbornness.

Don wanted to scream, but he couldn't breathe by his own efforts. Were they going to give up and leave him to die? All the terror of a lifetime was packed into his heart in that one brief moment. But the man astride his back still kept on pressing away, forcing the air in and out of his lungs. Again the first fellow made this terrifying suggestion. "Let's quit and take him into town." And this time Don could hear the man who was working on him reply. It was Kelly—and Kelly was sticking to his job.

For five minutes—ten minutes—Kelly worked on, stubbornly refusing to give up his battle for his friend's life. Maybe Kelly remembered that it was his own aching feet which had been the cause of Don's climbing up that pole in the first place. Maybe Kelly figured that the least he could do to a man who had almost died doing him a favor was to exert every effort to save his life. Anyway, Kelly kept on—and in another two or three minutes Don started to breathe.

They flagged a passing car and took Don to a hospital, and they kept him there seven weeks. Kelly was cited for bravery and received a medal from the company for saving Don's life. But I think Don ought to get some sort of a medal too, for living through a twenty-three-hundred-volt shock of electricity. The electric chair up at Sing Sing, I'm told, only has twenty-two-hundred.

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Few Live Over 100 Years

During the past 2,000 years, about 2,000 persons have claimed to have lived far longer than a century. Some of them, with their reputed ages at death, were: Czarten (185), Roven (172), Jenkins (169), Surrington (160), Agha (156), Parr (152), Drackenburg (146) and the Countess of Desmond (140). But none could definitely prove their statements. In fact, absolutely authenticated cases of human beings having lived more than a hundred years are extremely rare.—Collier's Weekly.

God's Gift to Haydn.

The famous composer, Haydn, once asked how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description, answered, "I cannot have it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I seek Him with a cheerful spirit."

Household Questions

Eggs and Mushrooms—Put 1 ounce of fresh butter into a stew-pan; break over it 4 fresh eggs, and add 3 spoonfuls chopped mushrooms, teaspoonful salt, 1 saltspoonful ground white pepper. Stir the mixture with a wooden spoon over a clear fire until of a thickish consistency, and serve very hot on buttered toast.

Laundry Hint—Transfer marks left after a piece of embroidery is completed may be taken out before the article is squeezed through in warm water by rubbing gently with a piece of cotton wool moistened with methylated spirit.

Use for Old Shaving Brush—A discarded shaving brush makes a splendid blacklead brush, as it penetrates parts which are difficult to reach with an ordinary stove-brush.

Rhubarb Charlotte—Wash and stew rhubarb but not to breaking point. Fill dish alternately with rhubarb and sponge cake and cover with lemon jelly. Leave to set and serve with whipped cream.

WNU Service.

Favorite Recipe of the Week

PREPARE a huge crock of apple sauce and your efforts will be well rewarded for this delicious concoction never fails to appeal to jaded appetites. Apple sauce is also the basis for any number of easily prepared desserts that have definite palate appeal during the summer months.

Apple Sauce.

- 1 dozen apples
- 1½ cups apple cider
- Granulated sugar to taste
- 1 teaspoonful lemon juice
- 1 tablespoonful butter
- Pinch salt

Wash, core and cut up apples. Put them in a saucepan with the cider and cook until tender enough to rub through a sieve. Mixture should be thick. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Pour into a bowl. Garnish with a light drizzling of cinnamon. Serve hot or cold as desired.

YOU CAN THROW CARDS IN HIS FACE ONCE TOO OFTEN

WHEN you have those awful cramps; when your nerves are all on edge—don't take it out on the man you love.

Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason that he is a man.

A three-quarter wife may be no wife at all if she nags her husband seven days out of every month.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

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Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, stiffness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WATCH the Specials

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.