

Selfish Pressure Chief Cause of Relatively Bad Results in Carrying Out Business of Government

By Rodney Dutcher, NEA Washington Service.

"What's the matter with congress?" The question isn't brand new and it has met numerous answers. But, perhaps through delicacy, one doesn't often ask a congressman that. I put it up to Congressman George Huddleston of Alabama because George has sense, because he's independent and because he was one of the few congressmen one could think of who wouldn't answer "The Republicans," "The Democrats," or "Nothing!"

"Congress," he answered, "wants to be re-elected. Congressmen do just what they think will get them re-elected. They're trying to be and do just what they think their people want them to be. They're holding the mirror up to their districts."

"Some constituents don't care how pitiful a man is so long as he does what's wanted. Some, who want a good man, are deceived."

"Congressional districts are not controlled on a per capita basis. The congressman merely represents the dominant interests in his district, those which control the elections along with nearly everything else."

"Sometimes he is controlled by a mere political boss and his aspiration is to do what the boss wants him to do. In that case he holds the mirror up to the boss."

"In many other districts, influential groups and organizations control him. He need only marshal enough of those behind him to insure his election. Then he holds the mirror up to them and assumes the role of the man they want him to be. Sometimes these groups control the political boss himself, in which case the congressman may be controlled either by the boss or groups."

"The most serious factor in this system is that nearly all the groups which are interested in politics are selfish groups. Show me a typical citizen and I'll show you a man whose political interests are along the lines of his business and financial interest."

"Civic associations, trade bodies, Chambers of Commerce or other groups of merchants or manufacturers—whatever influence the typical man brings to bear on his government is brought through such an organization."

"Often we say a man is good and patriotic, when he doesn't belong to a good government club, a patriotic society, a consumers' organization or anything interested in the general public, but only to a trade or business association represented here through the United States Chamber of Commerce or some similar organization, he is told what he should believe."

"My committee is now hearing a bill for consolidation of railroads, a measure of far reaching public importance. The same people will be found before us this year as last: Colonel Thom, one of Washington's ablest attorneys who knows more about it than any other 10 men, representing the railroad association; a man representing bankers and brokers interested in railroad stocks and bonds; a member of the Interstate Commerce commission, supposed to represent the public, but who was appointed at the behest of the railroads and is their man; a representative of a shippers' association favored by the railroads and actually their tool; a representative of the short line railroads which hope to shove their roads off on the big ones."

"But the consumer is not represented; the general public is not represented and there is no one to speak for the common good or general welfare."

"Meanwhile, the railroad committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce, composed of executives of great railroads, has urged passage of the bill. The committee will hear only the arguments and facts these selfish interests want us to hear. We're not experts. Many of us are novices and most of us are dubs sent here to be somebody's handy men, but we must cope with the best brains that can be bought. Even if we're honest and want to protect the people, we must hunt out the real facts in a maze of technicalities."

"Assume that we come out on the floor, reiterate the arguments we've heard and put them over on the other members, even more ignorant than ourselves because they've had no opportunity to find out what it's all about. Of course the bill is passed and signed by the president and of course the public interest is betrayed."

BOTH CHICKENS HAIL FROM TEXAS



Of course, they're not both chickens—one of 'em is a prize winning rooster—and the lady displaying him in the Poultry Show at New York is Doris Riss, specialty dancer, from San Antonio, Texas. (International Illustrated News)

Breakfast Conversation.

From the Omaha World-Herald.
She: For Heaven's sake why don't you say something? Don't you think a wife ever grows weary of sitting across the breakfast table morning after morning, week after week, month after month, year after year from a man who doesn't open his mouth once in a blue moon for any purpose other than cramming food into it? You rush off to the office to spend the day with your friends and associates. I fancy you do enough talking there. You're probably the life of the office. How you must make them laugh until they are fairly ill with merriment with the stale puns that you now and then try to get across with me. Oh, you're probably the Darling Boy with the sweet young things there. But they ought to see you at home. Sit here and not say one word throughout an entire meal. I said an entire meal. The place is like a funeral. First it's the morning paper, then it's—
He: I don't get much chance to—
She: Listen to that! Listen, dear Heaven, to that! No chance! As if you ever wanted a chance. As if you had ever tried to make a chance. That's the trouble with you and always has been. You never take a chance. Look at our financial condition. Just look at it. We are no better off today than we were the day we were married. I say the day we were married. Other men pass you by. Other men get promoted. Why don't you ever get promoted? Other women's husbands get their salaries raised at least once in a while. How long has it been since you had a raise I say since you had a raise? The trouble with you is

The Next Stroke.

From the Chicago News.
The player was the worst ever seen on the golf course, and the caddy felt like bursting into tears.
At last the player got badly bunkered, and, after a dozen vain attempts to get the ball out, he turned to the caddy and asked:
"What shall I take now?"
"A train home," the caddy suggested, hopefully.

Q It is true that some states have no automobile speed limit? E. W.
A Michigan and Connecticut have no automobile speed limit measured in miles.

you won't step right up to the boss and ask for anything. That may be all very well for you, but how about me? How about your wife? Who's going to provide for me after you're gone, if so, I say if you should go and you may. Anybody may. Anybody may any time. Today, maybe, or within the next hour. Just because you're content to plod along doesn't mean that I particularly relish going along here year after year with no clothes fit to wear any place except maybe to visit your folks, and to cap the climax you persist in ignoring me. How many words have you uttered since we sat down to this meal? How do you suppose that makes me feel? I say how do you suppose it does? Don't you think a wife ever loves to have little terms of endearment whispered to her once in a while? Don't you suppose—
He: Really, my dear—
She: Don't you "my dear" me! You can't soap me into submission. Besides I hate a milk-soppy sort of husband who will try to crawl into a woman's affection over the door-mat of honeyed phrases. Give me a man! A big, strong—here, aren't you going to even kiss me good-by? Going without a word! Oh well, mother warned me. If you don't change that shirt tomorrow morning I'll never speak to you again!

Good Morning, Mr. Death.
From the Kansas City Star.
Linnell K. Washburn died in New York recently at the age of 89. Just before his 75th birthday he wrote a little essay, "Good Morning, Mr. Death," which is reprinted in the Literary Guide of London. It follows:
I will not say, I am glad to meet

A Precise Mamma.
From the Chicago News.
An angler who had been endeavoring to hook something for the last six hours was sitting gloomily at his task when two visitors, a mother and her small son, came along.
"Oh," cried out the youngster, "do let me see you catch a fish!"
The mother said, "verely, addressing the angler, "Don't you do it. Not us!" he says "Please."

A Word for Darius Green
From the Detroit Free Press.
Anyway, the claim can be made for Darius Green that he was among the first to make a forced landing.

RELATIVE VALUES

William Feather.
At luncheon some one asked why certain men never seem to break down, even under the severest strain.

The name of a man known to every one was mentioned.

"He understands the relative importance of things," said a guest. This was accepted as the true explanation of the public man's ability to do a thousand tasks without killing himself.

Those who have studied the life of Benjamin Franklin are amazed that this Philadelphian could do so much.
John Adams once unwittingly revealed the source of Franklin's strength. This was his refusal to get excited over little things.
Adams, in anger, said that, while he (Adams) was "active and alert in every branch of business, both in the House and on committees, constantly proposing measures, supporting some and opposing others, discussing and arguing every question," Franklin was to be seen "from day to day, sitting in silence, a great part of his time fast asleep in his chair."

"Yet," said the biographer, "Franklin was appointed on every important committee, and Adams on few; and the sage, could he but have read his brother congressman's comparison, might have fairly recoiled, with the wisdom of Poor Richard. 'He that speaks much is much mistaken,' or, 'The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.'"

you; but I will say, "Good morning, Mr. Death."

I recognize the great benefit you have been to the world of man. You have removed a lot of objectionable persons from the earth. You have suppressed a great many evil projects and overcome a host of bad measures. You have put an end to many an idea which otherwise would have ruined the human race.

But I—we no wish to meet you at present, although I do not look upon you as my enemy. I know that you are the friend of the old and infirm, the miserable and unfortunate. I might say, almost the only friend. You stop pain when nothing else can do it. You relieve suffering when there is no other hope. You give balm to despair and peace to all.
I probably am no worse than my fellows and no better. I have no right to expect any favors from you, and I ask none. I know that eventually I shall have to make your acquaintance, and I wish that you may have no cause to complain of my behavior. If I do now say I am glad that you have not knocked at my door, it is not that I have any ill-feeling against you. It is only because I am so well and enjoy life so much. When I become helpless I shall be glad to have you call.

I know that you have been painted with m. ice beforehand; I know that you have been called bad names and looked upon as the arch-enemy of the human race; but I see in you much to be commended. You have no favorites. You treat all alike. You are just as kind to the beggar as to the millionaire. You enter the home of the fashionable as well as the home of the scrubwoman. You lay your quiet hand on the brow of the bad the same as on the head of the good, on the unjust as well as on the just.

There comes a time when we lose interest in all things. When that time comes we shall be pleased to say, "Death! you are welcome!" When we cease to enjoy life, we can enjoy death.

May Keep Clothes in Jars.
From the Arkansas Gazette.

Science has produced a complete wardrobe for women, dresses, hose, jewelry, etc., from chemical syntheses. If this keeps up the girls will soon be able to keep their clothes along with their complexions in jars on the dressing table.

Q. Is Baltimore larger than Washington? P. R. N.
A. The city of Baltimore is larger than the city of Washington. According to 1927 population estimates, the population of Baltimore is 519,000; Washington, 240,900.

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Camels

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Too Much

Contributor—What would you give for those jokes?
The Editor—Ten yards' start.

The BABY



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Children Cry for



Procession

"You have a great following."
"I hope so," answered Senator Sorghum. "But that following is coming along pretty fast with ideas of its own. Sometimes I am not sure whether I am being followed or pursued."

Great Men

Great men are different from others only in that they have a more intensive knowledge of one thing and use their knowledge with more confidence and power.—American Magazine.

Makes for Increase

in Grain Production

A newly invented German machine, designed to do for occidental grain fields what Chinese coolie labor has done for centuries in the rice fields of the East, is attracting considerable attention on the part of British agriculturists. Instead of sowing seed like an ordinary grain drill, it sets out sprouted and rooted seedlings at the rate of 12,000 plants an hour, one to every square foot. It is asserted that this method of raising grain requires only one-thirtieth as much seed as now used, and that it will yield from three to five times as many bushels to the acre. This is said to be the result of the greater freedom each plant has to develop a more vigorous root growth beneath the soil, and, especially to tiller, or "stool out," above its base. From thirty to forty stalks a plant are usually developed.

Apple Monuments

A well-known monument to apples, in the form of a pillar, was erected in 1895 at Wilmington, near Lowell, Mass., to the Baldwin apple. There is also a tablet in the town of Camillus, Onondaga county, New York, on the original site of the Primate apple tree. Another monument in New York is the monument to the Northern Spy, erected in 1912 at Bloomfield. The Wealthy apple is commemorated by a monument at Excelsior, Minn. This was unveiled in June, 1912.

Bell Covers for Plants

In a vegetable garden in England bell-shaped glass covers are used, one for each plant. They are more successful in most respects than hotbeds and no permanent structure is needed.

Extensive Travels

Jack—"Does your wife drive the car all over now?" Bill—"You guessed it—sidewalks and all."—Pathfinder Magazine.



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