

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



Washington.—Disappointment of many Democrats at the Jackson day dinner speech of President Roosevelt was natural enough, but the fact is that the President was very much on the spot, and best political opinion here is that he acted wisely in refusing to be rushed into any statements which, however much enthusiasm they might have aroused among his following at the time, he would regret later. And, more important to those enthusiastic Democrats who applauded and cheered, but were disappointed, the party might regret very bitterly next November!

For the plain truth is that Mr. Roosevelt was not prepared to go to bat on the point that his huge radio audience wanted to hear. What they wanted was a definite program following on the Supreme court's invalidation of the Agricultural Adjustment act.

The chief difficulty lay in the fact that the President, Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, and AAA Administrator Chester C. Davis, one and all, and all their lieutenants and advisers, never dreamed that the Supreme court would invalidate the benefit payments to farmers. As to the processing taxes, they were all a little dubious. And as a matter of fact, they had their program all worked out. Farm payments would go right ahead. Money for them would be found by additional taxes. Even the variety of taxes was pretty well agreed upon. They were to be largely additional sales taxes, chiefly on luxury products.

But along came the court and upset the very fundamentals of the whole AAA system, not only of farm benefit payments but of the plan for restricting crops with a view to maintaining fair prices.

Plenty of schemes had been suggested, and seriously considered by the President and his advisers before AAA was born. Some of them were hurriedly revived in the 48 hours after the Supreme court handed down its decision at noon on January 6 before the President started, after lunch on Wednesday, to write the speech he was to deliver that night.

Needs Careful Study

But the President had a constitutional objection to approving a whole program without careful study, advice from a number of different sources, and criticism from widely varying angles. This explains his love for appointing two or three sets of committees to study, independently, any given proposal—a practice sometimes very annoying and hardly flattering to those involved, but rather beneficial at times, to the President, himself.

And there was no time for any such functioning before the time set for the big speech—bearing in mind that the whole groundwork had already been laid for the entire campaign, but that this groundwork was totally destroyed by the Supreme court decision. Not only had the court knocked the AAA higher than Haman is said to have been hanged, but from the decision the inference was clear that a number of other New Deal fundamentals were scheduled for the same fate.

One plan that has been under consideration for some fifteen years, the so-called McNary-Haugen equalization fee system, is believed by shrewd constitutional lawyers to be sure of running the Supreme court gantlet successfully. But there are several objections to it, some political, some economic.

In the first place, it bears the name, branded in so to speak, of two Republicans, one of them, Senator Charles L. McNary, actually the minority leader at the present moment.

In the second place, the fundamental idea of the scheme would be to solve the farm surplus problem, but to make the farmer pay for it. Whereas, the Roosevelt idea has been to solve the farm surplus problem and make the rest of the country pay for it, on the theory that the farmer for some years now has been ground down way below "parity." Hence the necessity to raise him up.

Townsend Plan

The Townsend plan is unconstitutional, in the light of the Supreme court decision on the Agricultural Adjustment act, according to some of the best constitutional lawyers in Washington.

The part of the decision that sustains this view is the majority holding that it is unconstitutional to tax part of the people for the benefit of the others. This holding, it is contended, would effectively bar the taxing of all the people for the benefit of those more than sixty years old.

Incidentally this will not be the first time Doctor Townsend has heard the point. It was made to him rather effectively last year by Senator William E. Borah, himself rather highly regarded as a constitutional lawyer. Senator Borah wrote Doctor Townsend setting forth this argument, and suggesting that it would be wise for the doctor to have a thorough study

of this question made. It is known that Doctor Townsend did have a lawyer go into the subject, and forwarded to Senator Borah this lawyer's opinion that the Townsend plan was constitutional. It is also known that Senator Borah did not find this opinion very convincing. Not only that, but he let Doctor Townsend know of his skepticism.

After this there were no developments, so far as Senator Borah's colleagues know. Asked about the matter, he merely said he would want to study the majority and minority opinions of the Supreme court in the AAA case thoroughly before making any comment.

Provides an Excuse

All of which is apt to change entirely one of the biggest possibilities for headaches to legislatures in the present session of congress. Also to change the entire line of the Presidential campaign.

Thus many senators and representatives will be able to use the excuse that under the Constitution as it now stands it would be sheer folly to pass the Townsend plan. Many of them will be delighted to find some such excuse, for at present they feel—some of them at least—that it is little short of political suicide to commit themselves either for or against the doctor's proposal to grant \$200 a month to the aged.

But the rabid Townsendites, if they become convinced that the Supreme court would knock out their plan even if they win a majority of the house and senate and the President, will naturally turn to the constitutional amending method.

In the event that President Roosevelt decides to make his fight this year on amending the Constitution—or curbing the powers of the Supreme court—the Townsendites will be behind him.

How Farmers Stand?

The thing President Roosevelt most wants to know right now is whether the farmers, deprived of their farm benefit payments, will place the blame on the Supreme court or on the President. Whether they will think a Constitution which outlaws such a system as Roosevelt and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace set up under AAA should be changed, or whether Roosevelt and Wallace should be criticized for having sought what has proved an illegal way of raising the farmer out of his slough of despond.

If the White House and Farley scouts report back in the next few weeks that the farm belt is ripe for amending the Constitution, the President will resume his abandoned drive in that direction. It will be recalled that after the high court's NRA decision the administration was all set to rewrite the historic charter.

But that time there was no misgiving about the popular reaction. The folks rallied round the old document. People who approved everything done by the NRA suddenly did not want the Constitution changed so as to permit the continuance of those very things. Which would seem to prove that it is not always possible to predict accurately what the reaction of the American people will be.

No one was more surprised than Mr. Roosevelt himself that the Supreme court AAA decision went so far. Actually the President had anticipated that the high court would outlaw the processing taxes. He had a program all ready for that. He intended to ask congress to substitute luxury and other specific sales taxes for the processing taxes outlined by the court, in all amounting to something approaching \$600,000,000 a year.

But he never dreamed that the court would upset the farm benefit payments.

Decision Settled It

Had he anticipated that the high court was going so far he would not have laid so much stress in his regular message to congress, delivered before the joint session and over the radio to the country, on whether opponents of his measures would vote to repeal them. The Supreme court decision, coming so quickly after it, settled that question.

A more immediate problem even than whether the country wants the Constitution amended is how to pay the farmers to whom the government is now under obligation. The court has held that the obligation has no justification in law, which would seem to throw it out the window. But the administration is not anxious to risk so much displeasure in the farm belt, even on the chance that such resentment may be against the court and the Constitution rather than against Roosevelt and Wallace.

Also there must be worked out some new farm plan. Even those inside the administration who have been least enthusiastic about the AAA system have agreed that something had to be done for the farmers.

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FLORIDA'S INDUSTRIES



Potential Turtle Soup From Florida.

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

FEW tourists know industrial Florida. There is no smoke pall hanging over the state. Perhaps more grime and pungent factory smells would be a welcome tonic for the state's commercial progress; yet what factories lack in size they make up in variety.

Output ranges from toys, turtle soup and turpentine to shiploads of dressed lumber, phosphates, and cigars. For even more contrast, add many linear miles of snake and alligator skins, wooden shoes, and canned grapefruit, jellies and marmalades.

One mill at Jacksonville grinds oyster shells and ships them by the carload to California, to help the digestions of Pacific coast poultry; another makes glass bottles for Cuban breweries.

Palm fronds by the carload go as far North as Canada, for use on Palm Sunday. Palmetto fiber is made into brushes. A college student pays his way by stuffing baby alligators and selling them to tourists. He stuffed 300 in one season—alligators, not babies!

Men wade on the bottom of the sea, picking sponges as a farm boy pulls turkeys. They are scientifically farmed and are shipped the world around.

Schooners cruise as far away as the coast of Honduras, catching sea turtles. Unloaded at Key West, these turtles are first branded on the breastplate with the initials of the local fishing company; then they are put into big tanks and fed on seaweed; later some are sent alive to New York hotels, their flippers neatly folded across their breasts and tied; others, gulleeted on a well-worn beheading block, are turned into canned soup at Key West; but before any turtle can be taken from the tank he has to pass an official inspection.

Turtles may not have flat feet or suffer from nervous disorders, but now and then one is found in no condition to go to market. He is thrown back into the sea. Then, sometimes, a strange thing happens; among a cargo of turtles from Honduras, 700 miles away, one is found with the company's initials already branded on his bony breast. Condemned and thrown back into the sea, turtles, it seems, swim all the way back to Honduras from Florida, only to be caught again!

Fuller's Earth Mill.

Near Quincy, in north Florida, is a big building with wheels, rollers and hoppers, like a flour mill; but it grinds dirt—fuller's earth. Steam shovels scoop up the clay-like substance by the acre. It is dried, ground, sifted, sacked, and shipped to oil refineries all over the world. Through this fine powder dust the oil is filtered. Dry-cleaners use it to take out grease spots. It has many other uses; even the clay used in beauty shops includes it.

In beds of this earth workmen often find the bones of ancient animals. Scientists from the American Museum of Natural History dug up the fossilized body of a manatee. The remains of saber-toothed tigers, prehistoric little horses, and even of camels ages old, have been found in Florida.

A man sits on a high chair and reads aloud to workers in Florida cigar factories. They call him a "lector." He is an old institution among Cuban cigar-makers, like the public story-teller in oriental bazars.

Many cigars are made at Key West and some at Miami and Jacksonville, but the industry centers at Tampa, with its 200 factories, big and little. One of them turns out upward of half a million a day.

Much of the tobacco used is imported from Cuba. Some is grown in Florida and wrapper leaf also comes from northern states.

Cheaper cigars are made by clever machines, whose movements often curiously resemble the motions made by the hands of a human cigar-maker. More expensive cigars, of the size and shape known to the trade as coronas, royals, perfectos, panetelas, etc., are all made by hand. Three workers, sitting in a row at the same bench, form a team. They are paid by the thousand. This grouping of workers into threes is not done by the manufacturer; it is left to the cigar-

makers themselves, to choose their benches. The finishing touch on every cigar is putting on the wrapper and pasting the closed end shut with a dash of gum.

From the workbench cigars go on to bigger tables, where they are sorted for color and perfection of form. Fancy colored bands are put on by machines, at the rate of 50,000 an hour, the whole process run by two girls. After being packed, each box is labeled and one of Uncle Sam's green revenue stamps affixed. That, briefly, from leaf to box, is how Florida makes 600,000,000 cigars a year.

Pine and Its Products.

Thick pine woods covered all of north Florida when white men first came. Today, at dawn, in these pine woods, the earth smells as fresh as if it had just been created. The pine was and still is the chief natural resource of the state. Lumber and its allies, turpentine and rosin, are the state's chief manufactured products.

Throughout much of all middle and north Florida you ride through forests of pine and see trees "cupped" or scarified for turpentine. Pungent fumes from wayside stills weight the air. To tap a tree and draw off its resinous gum, bark is chipped off in strips a few inches above ground; then cups of metal or clay are placed under these cuts to catch the gum. It takes many thousands of trees to keep one fair-sized turpentine mill running, which works just as does an alcohol still.

Turpentine and its associated product, resin, are known as "naval stores" because originally their chief use was in shipbuilding. Today turpentine goes mostly into paints and varnishes and rosin goes into paper, hard soap, and many other commodities. A few big mills in the state now grind up pine stumps and other waste lumber and steam these chips in great boilers, extracting not only turpentine and rosin, but pine oil and other ingredients useful in industry and medicine.

Besides various pines, Florida also yields much cypress lumber, from a tree which grows with its feet in water. Some of the world's largest cypress mills are here. There is red gum, too, and black gum, though not in quantities, and time was when Florida live-oak timbers were in such demand among northern shipbuilders. This live oak and its cousin, the water oak, are beautiful trees, especially when festooned with long, graceful filaments of Spanish moss, as one sees them along certain stretches of the Suwannee river.

Great Place for Anglers.

When one considers the number of golf players the ancient game has developed in the United States, then multiplies the total by perhaps ten, some idea of the army which swears by fishing as a hobby may be imagined and the lure of Florida's teeming waters for the followers of Izaak Walton pictured.

Our government experts may scientifically estimate the hidden supply of coal, ore, oil, and relative natural resources, but no one has the temerity to try to gauge the crop of the fish life of the Gulf stream, except to prove that there are more than 600 known varieties and others being steadily added to the list. The warm waters off the east coast and corresponding conditions in the Gulf of Mexico, on the western side, are perhaps unequalled the world around as nature's own incubator of marine life.

Just offshore on either coast the piscatorial enthusiast finds his happy hunting ground. The sea is alive with such fighting tribesmen as tarpon, sailfish, marlin, albacore, tuna, barracuda, wahoo, amber jack, dolphin, grouper, and many others familiar to salt-water fishermen. On the coral barrier reefs, but five miles off the east coast, extending from Miami Beach to Key West, endless varieties of smaller fishes abound, finding their food as well as a fair protection from natural enemies in the holes and crannies of the submerged coral ramparts. Great schools of Spanish mackerel, kingfish, and the lowly mullet migrate up and down, serving their never-satisfied appetites, but always on the lookout for a thousand foes who lie in wait behind coral head and sea fern to strike.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON
Talks About

Middle Age and Overweight

ABOUT ten or twelve years ago a health stood first as an advertising appeal. That is in all the advertising about comfort, luxury, wealth, economy, beauty and other subjects the benefit to health—freedom from illness—stood first. Today health still stands first, and despite our carelessness and thoughtlessness, we know in our hearts that the biggest asset in life is good health. Twelve years ago beauty stood thirtieth on the list as an advertising appeal; today beauty stands right at the top sharing first place with health. Naturally the appearance of the body is important to beauty; hence we see the widespread demand for methods of bringing the weight to within normal limits.



Dr. Barton

In fact the tendency has been to overdo the reducing of weight in an attempt to obtain a willowy or boyish figure.

Every overweight individual knows that he or she eats too much. The amount of food eaten may not be as much as that eaten regularly by thin and normal individuals but nevertheless it is too much food for his or her particular body.

All overweights know that if they will reduce the intake the weight will gradually come off. Many of them honestly try to reduce weight by eating less food but on the first feeling of weakness they become afraid and feel they were simply meant to be fat and do nothing more about it.

Looking for Short Cuts.

Others are looking for a short cut to weight reduction. They are reading about all that medical science is now able to do for other conditions—diabetes, smallpox, scarlet fever, malaria, yellow fever—and so expect that something can be done to reduce weight without having to reduce the amount of food eaten.

Now medical science can help some who are overweight. By simply measuring the rate at which the body processes work it is learned whether these processes are working too slowly to burn or use up the excess fat tissue and if so thyroid extract is given which increases the rate at which the body processes work and so fat is gradually removed.

However, Dr. W. A. Styles pointed out some truths in Hygeia some months ago: "Seemingly there is no end to the number of tablets, powders, and prescription nostrums used in the internal treatment of overweight. If these products contain thyroid extract, they may be effective by rapidly burning up the food and tissue instead of storing them, but only at the cost of an increased pulse rate, palpitation, fever, tremors, sleeplessness, and general lassitude or tiredness. Such a powerful drug should never be employed by overweights themselves as its use with lack of supervision has led to serious consequences."

Some Sports Strain Heart.

Many middle-aged men who have let themselves become overweight with a real "middle-age spread" rightly decide that it is exercise they need and suddenly plunge into hard muscular exercise which at their time of life and in their "soft" condition may do serious harm.

For instance "badminton looks like a simple game" and is deservedly popular at athletic and social clubs, but as a matter of fact it ranks with tennis and is only second to basketball in its strain on the heart and blood vessels.

What the middle-aged man needs first is to cut down on his food intake, do considerable walking, and then go into a gymnasium for systematic exercise about three times a week.

X-Ray Examination of Teeth

When a physician believes that a patient is suffering with some infection, he looks for the likely places where infection is most commonly found. He thus starts with the teeth, then the tonsils, then the gall bladder, then the intestine and then sinuses adjoining the nose.

If the teeth have crowns or show that they have had the pulp (nerve and blood vessels) removed, he sends the patient to have an X-ray examination. The X-ray will show if there is any infection about the roots of the teeth by casting a dark shadow. When this is discovered the teeth are usually extracted although sometimes continued treatment may save them.

Dr. Wilbur H. Gilmore's suggestion is that the X-ray specialist should have in mind the patient first and his examination and his report should be such that when it reaches the dentist by way of the physician that the infection of the teeth and gums, the presence of cavities, the way the upper and lower teeth meet one another, should all be included.

The whole thought of course in all such situations is that the patient is really the only one who needs to be considered for it is his mouth, his teeth, his infection and his chewing surface that is in the balance. Finding out and doing all they can for him is the duty of the physician, X-ray specialist, and dentist.

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Baked in a Pie

By DAPHNE A. McVICKER
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AUDREY sang a joyful little song as she whisked and patted the soft mound of pastry and rolled it out to the correct fraction of an inch of thickness.

She put a sudden foolish little kiss on the revolving handle of her rolling pin, and laughed at herself. Happiness—it used to be just a word. Just something out of a song, the sort of songs she sang as entertainer in the cheap little restaurant around the corner. It was a different kind of word now, just as the song she sang was a different kind of song. "Four and twenty blackbirds," Audrey's young voice soared in the old nursery rhyme, "baked in a pie."

Security—a home, the golden curly head of the baby who played in the living room, the husband who worked in the factory office across the street. As she thought of him she ran to the window and looked out. It gave Audrey a warm sense of reassurance just to see the window there, and to know that Bill was going cheerfully about his work.

But she did not turn away at once to go back to her baking. She stood very still and a cold hand seemed to press around her throat—that white throat that gleamed above the pink bungalow apron.

For there was a car parked outside the office, just around the edge of the curb. There was a man in the car. And Audrey knew both the car and the man.

They belonged to a time when there had been no security. When happiness was a word in a song. When Audrey was drifting because she didn't know how to stop, into hearing confidences that terrified and chilled her. When Audrey was on the verge, because she didn't know how not to be, of becoming that harried, hunted thing, a "gangster's moll." Before Bill came into the restaurant one evening and carried her off. Bill knew about it—the hazardous drifting of the young girl who didn't know any better—the stopping just short of disaster.

She was a wife, now, Bill's wife. She was the mother of golden-haired little Billy and her rich young voice was used in singing lullabies. She made more use of the knowledge she had gained around in the kitchen of the restaurant watching the chef than she did of her career as entertainer. She had loved every bit of the housekeeping so that she had insisted on packing Bill's lunch every day and taking it over to him, fresh cooked by her own hands.

She wouldn't be taking it over today. For a car that she knew, with a sawed off shotgun in a crevice, was waiting outside the office. Payroll day. Bill would eat his lunch and then take the payroll over to the factory, from the office. But—he would never reach there.

Panic came up in Audrey's throat and choked her. The little white house with its home-made cushions and its fat little blue dishes rocked about her.

They wouldn't let her go into the office. They wouldn't let anybody go in, for there was a sentry pacing up and down, now, turning away anybody who came to the door.

"Sing some more, Mummy," the baby called. "Sing more twenty blackbirds."

Audrey stood very still. They had no telephone. Bill had thought it unnecessary, so near the office.

"Baked in a pie—" hummed little Billy.

Audrey's knees were shaking so that they scarcely held her up. But she had picked up the rolling pin again. She was patting out the dough.

When she had packed the lunch box, when she had tacked it into little Billy's mittened hand, she stood at the window watching him, both fists pressed against her mouth. She was sending him, her baby, to almost certain danger. To death, perhaps. For they were hard, ruthless men, unmoved by any decent sentiments.

Risking the baby— She saw him look carefully up and down the street as she had taught him. She saw him stride proudly across, his bright head high with pride of his errand.

When Billy had disappeared inside the office door, Audrey hung to the curtains, determined not to faint.

Ten minutes later a car pushed its way close up to the waiting car by the curb. It pushed it close, pocketing the other. Blue uniformed men jumped out. Another was already clapping handcuffs on the wrists of the sentry.

It was all over. Bill had sent in the alarm and the police had the thieves hard and fast. Audrey ran across the street and almost fell inside the door. Bill held her fast, his face down on hers. He had been showing the police what was on his desk.

Dainty and crisp and brown, tucked into fluted grace around the edges by the pressure of a small thumb, was the little pie. And inside it, where the cover had been splintered by the knife, was the folded paper bearing the warning message.

EXERTION TODAY

What I am thinking and doing day by day is resistlessly shaping my fortune. Exertion today builds strength for tomorrow.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

That Makes a Story
Boys play together, and when they grow up the observant one writes a novel in which he accurately describes the others.

DOCTORS KNOW

Mothers read this:

THREE STEPS TO RELIEVING CONSTIPATION



A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.

Why do people come home from a hospital with bowels working like a well-regulated watch?

The answer is simple, and it's the answer to all your bowel worries if you will only realize it: many doctors and hospitals use liquid laxatives.

If you knew what a doctor knows, you would use only the liquid form. A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the secret of any real relief from constipation.

Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular liquid laxatives have become. They give the right kind of help, and right amount of help. The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that can form no habit, even in children. So, try Syrup Pepsin. You just take regulated doses till Nature restores regularity.

And Then—

A few like to assume responsibility; and almost always they can be accommodated.



Put Mentholatum in the nostrils to relieve irritation and promote clear breathing.

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Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—60c and \$1.00 at Druggists.
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"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesia.

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These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today. Professional sales sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on 23rd Street, Long Island City, N. Y., Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.



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