

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field

Washington.—Returns from New Hampshire and Georgia primaries prove—to the entire satisfaction of President Roosevelt—that Jim Farley's claims as to what he has been doing in building up "Roosevelt organizations" are sound.

Farley has been telling the President for some time that he had built organizations in every state in the Union which would get the vote registered, cast and counted—that he had accomplished for the country as a whole, since 1932, what he did in upstate New York between 1928 and 1932.

What this means, Farley figures, is that many states in the Union, as for example Wyoming, had always been regarded as so hopeless! Republican that the Democrats did not make any real fight. Sometimes, as in 1916 and in 1932, they would go Democratic on a tidal wave, but this was always due to the broad general current, and actually any organization work had nothing to do with the results.

This year, he claims, is going to be different. There is an active Democratic county chairman in every county of every one of these normally Republican states. There is to be a worker, or workers, and a watcher, or watchers, at every precinct. The efficiency of Tammany in getting the vote registered and cast (they don't like comparisons with Tammany on the counting) is going to be nationwide so far as the Democratic party is concerned.

Roosevelt knows perfectly well what Farley did in New York state. Incidentally the President believes very firmly that he is going to carry New York state. He disclosed this in a rather remarkable comment to a personal friend about a bet the friend had made.

But he had been a little dubious, to say the least, as to Farley's confidence that this organization he had built up would be very effective. In short, he knew Farley was a genius at lining up delegates, but he was not so sure of his ability to project his organization methods all over the country.

Farley's Efficiency

Then came these two striking demonstrations of Farley's efficiency, for the political experts here regard them as almost nothing else. In New Hampshire, where there was not enough Roosevelt sentiment to swing the electoral vote in 1932, the Farley-created organization won handily. In Georgia the friends of Governor Talmadge were repulsed by a vote so overwhelming as to make the Talmadge strength a joke.

So now the New Dealers think that maybe Jim Farley has not been exaggerating in his claims as to what his "boys and girls" can do in Wyoming, or California, or Oregon, to name three of the most dangerous states, according to Farley's confidential electoral vote tables.

Hand in hand with this Farley-built organization has been a nationally organized women's movement, extending into every county and every precinct, inspired by Mrs. Roosevelt. She first developed the plan in 1932, giving women workers "gasoline money" for making their rounds, urging women to register and vote—for Roosevelt, of course.

In fact, it is these two elements on which Farley and Emil Hurja have based their supreme confidence in Roosevelt's re-election, despite the Literary Digest poll and various other indications that the country was inclined to go Republican.

Most of the Republican leaders figure privately that there will either be an anti-Roosevelt tidal wave or there won't. If there isn't, the election, they think, will be very close. But in making that calculation they are figuring on carrying some of the Western states, and all the Northeast, right out to the Mississippi river, will not be enough.

Which gives some pertinence to Farley's claims.

Pigeonhole Seaway

The St. Lawrence seaway treaty will remain pigeonholed until after election, despite the clamor of the grange and other interests that want to force a vote in the senate.

President Roosevelt knows it is impossible to obtain a two-thirds majority in favor of the treaty from the present senate, unless there are at least half a dozen changes of heart on the part of individual senators, and that is not likely in the near future—certainly not before election.

The President is very strongly in favor of the project, although his interest is not actually in the seaway phase of the plan, which is what gives it its impetus in the Middle West and Northwest, but in the electric power phase. The President's heart yearns for more governmentally owned electric generation plants.

The bitter opposition to the plan, on the other hand, has no connec-

tion whatever with the privately owned electric interests. It has to do entirely with the seaway phase. It comes from states which have ports—and railroads leading to those ports—which might be hurt by the diversion of traffic from present channels to the new seaway.

There is very little real contention that the seaway is economically sound. It is frankly recognized as a subsidy to the farmers of the West and Northwest. The President once illustrated his own idea of how widespread this benefit would be. He told callers of the absurdity of a plano, made in St. Louis, moving down the Mississippi to New Orleans, then being put aboard a ship, moving down to the Gulf of Mexico, and then into the Atlantic, just in order to get to London.

Whereas the plano should move north into the Great Lakes, and then down the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic—an almost direct line, he pointed out, as against going round Robin Hood's barn.

Divergent Interests

But this argument could hardly be expected to appeal to the Louisiana senators, any more than the argument that the freight rate on grain to Boston, New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore from the Northwest is much too high, whereas an all-water route from Chicago or Duluth, down the St. Lawrence and across the Atlantic on the same steamer, would be much cheaper, could be expected to appeal to the senators from Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

And by a strange coincidence, both senators from each of the states mentioned voted against ratification of the treaty when it was submitted by President Roosevelt two years ago.

In fact, only one senator from New Hampshire of all the senators from Atlantic seaboard states down to the South Carolina line voted for the treaty. Even the Georgia senators, having Savannah in mind, voted against it, though normally they follow the President on almost everything.

All this is well known at the White House, and though it is claimed that several votes have been gained since the last test, it is privately admitted that the gains are not enough for the necessary two-thirds majority.

Incidentally, neither the White House nor the senate is anxious to take up the time a debate on that treaty would require in the upper house.

Big Mystery

The biggest mystery in Washington is what happens to treasury estimates between the time they are made and the time the figures reach the President's desk. Interest in this problem, which became acute last year and then died away, is revived by the disclosure that President Roosevelt was grossly misinformed as to the probable amount of money that his proposed tax on undistributed corporation earnings would produce.

The gap between what the President was told on authority, which he obviously accepted without question, and the estimate of the men in the treasury who do the computing, is in the hundreds of millions of dollars this year. But at least the President's information was only about one-third to one-half greater than the real figures.

But last year, when he first proposed his tax on bigness—the sliding scale tax on corporation earnings—it developed that the figures he had accepted were about four times what the treasury experts thought the rates would produce.

Meanwhile it seems certain that there will be drastic revision of the plan on Capitol Hill. Treasury experts, producing tables built on the President's plan, have argued in vain that even these will not produce the required revenue. They beg congress not to write in a lot of exemptions, which they say would make the new law a sieve.

But congress intends to write in exemptions that will take care of banks and insurance companies. It intends to write in exemptions that would protect little corporations. It intends to permit even big corporations to carry considerably more into surpluses against rainy day wage payments, if not dividends, than the Roosevelt plan contemplated.

Word From Home

The answer is that congress is hearing from home and is worried about what would happen when the rainy day comes. It is particularly worried about the second blast of William J. Cameron, Henry Ford's radio spokesman, emphasizing the necessity for corporation surpluses to prevent unusual hardships in bad times.

Meanwhile the showing by the treasury folks that the estimates fall far short of providing the revenue needed is a terrible blow to the hopes of many legislators. Congressmen, worried about tax reactions on the part of their constituents as these reactions may affect November election returns, had hoped to go very easily on the proposed excise taxes—those to take the place of the outlawed AAA processing taxes. In fact, many had hoped to eliminate them altogether. That hope seems now to have gone glimmering.



Crude Forerunner of the Modern Ore Mill.

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

Colorado's Story

THE STORY of Colorado's swift development in the short space of one lifetime is crammed with romance, tragedy, and high adventure, with strokes of good fortune and ill, as are few chapters in the national chronicle.

One day the region was raw, virtually untouched by civilization. The next, almost, men were starting to make a state out of this mountain air and dusty sagebrush flats; were selling town lots at auction; issuing newspapers; building homes, churches, saloons, and theaters; organizing stagecoach companies; talking politics!

The stage probably had never been better set during American history than during 1859 for a rush to new lands. The country was in the middle of a great financial depression. Tens of thousands of others were barely making livings and were restless.

Then the news of gold discoveries in the Pikes Peak country sifted back East—not the true facts, but preposterously glowing accounts. Before the winter snows had melted, long lines of travelers were in motion, converging on the frontier towns nearest the Pikes peak country—Leavenworth, Lawrence, Nebraska City.

What a mad scramble it became, that mass marching to find the rainbow's end! Over the boundless prairie west of the settlements it spread, with scarcely a break from the Missouri to the Rockies. Sturdy covered wagons, some with three yokes of oxen; light wagons drawn by horses and mules; horseback riders; men and women on foot trundling loaded pushcarts; other pedestrians with knapsacks; some reckless souls with nothing but the clothes they wore—all poured on toward the Promised Land. "Pikes Peak or Bust" was blazoned on many a wagon in the motley train. Some of these were to meet disappointment at the meager gold showings in the river sands, and to return in a few months with only a sense of humor left, the old sign marked out and below a laconic new one: "Busted, by Gosh!"

Pikes Peak Diggings.

Before the discouraged return stampede to the East could run its course, there came news of really substantial gold discoveries in veins; then new hopes and a new and bigger gold rush. Where 10,000 had gone before, now probably 100,000 crossed the plains.

The Colorado mountains, it seemed, might be America's last frontier, and Americans turned toward them as children troop to a street parade. They overran the existing towns, built new ones, clambered into the mountains, staked claims or jumped them, dug, played riotously, fought, organized vigilante committees and courts, and began, ineptly at first, but determinedly, to iron out the rough edges of the frontier into a civilized community.

So began the Pikes Peak Diggings, a group of communities that was to spread over a great area and to become 17 years later the Centennial state.

Mapwise, Colorado is something of an anomaly. Across it marches North America's mightiest mountain range and within it are concentrated Uncle Sam's greatest group of lofty peaks. Among these mountains rise some of the country's major rivers. Yet at no point does range or stream mark Colorado's boundaries. Its straight lines of meridians and parallels, hurdling all natural geographic features, actually bear a closer relationship to Greenwich, England, and the Equator than they do to the Rocky mountains or the Colorado river.

The eastern two-fifths of the state is a plains country, a continuation of the gently undulating and always rather dry prairies of western Kansas and Nebraska.

Approach from the west and you find that Utah carries over into the extreme western part of Colorado as Kansas and its neighbors do on the east. Dry plains alternate with table-lands, their rocky slopes clad with scraggy bushes.

Central Area of Colorado.

The great central area, where the earth has been thrust skyward, is the region of glittering gold to which Colorado owes its birth as a state. If you would plunge into this old Colorado of pioneer gold-mining days, drive west from Den-

ver on paved roads, over the foothills, and up Clear creek for 25 miles. There, strung out in a canyon, you will find Idaho Springs, famous as "the town that is three miles long and three blocks wide."

Look up to sights that will become more and more familiar as you poke about the mountains; holes torn in the hillside with steeply sloping dumps outside, as though huge animals had dug lairs, scratching the debris out behind them. A few are mere prospect holes, where some treasure-seeker guessed wrong. Others are portals of long tunnels. There are steep-roofed mills, some abandoned, some preserved for a better day.

But push deeper into the pioneer country. Turn up Virginia canyon and over a tremendous ridge to Central City and Black Hawk, the cradle of the Colorado mining industry. Here, at the "Gregory Diggings," the first gold was dug from veins, the first crude ore-crusher was evolved, the first steam quartz mill was erected. It was the miner's laboratory. Steam, fire, chemicals were tried in the battle to pry precious gold from worthless rock; and finally, in 1867, the first experimental smelter was set up.

Central City was a lusty town in those days, vying with Denver itself until well after Colorado became a state. At one time both United States senators and the state's single member of the house of representatives hailed from the little mountain town. It has never become a ghost town, like many of the early mining camps, but at times in recent years it has seemed to have at least one foot in the grave.

Gold has been a fetish in Colorado, as it has in all other parts of the world where it might be had for the digging; but it has played a mighty part in the state's life.

Gold Still the Magic Word.

Colorado has manifold interests and diverse activities now, but she hasn't deserted the old love. Talk for half an hour to any substantial Coloradan west of the one hundred and fifth meridian and inevitably the magic word "gold" will creep into the conversation. Through a new quest, a newly discovered vein, a new process, perhaps only a new personality whose genius for management is taking hold of a seemingly worthless property and making it pay interest in gold is continually kept alive.

Panning from the gravels and sands of streams was the earliest method of gold recovery practiced in Colorado, as it has been in most of the world's gold fields. Then, in the mountains, prospectors found the weathered veins of ore from which the golden grains had been washed, and Colorado's second chapter in gold recovery started.

The third phase came when the hard, unweathered veins were followed into the rocky hearts of the mountains. It was then that Colorado gold mining ceased to be a one-man possibility. Much capital was required. Companies took hold, complicated treating plants were erected, and finally the era of smelters was ushered in.

Colorado has entered the fourth stage of gold mining now, and it is a typical modern American stage. Because of more efficient organization, better machinery, and more careful management, mining companies today are able to make money from ore so low in grade that a generation ago it was of no more value for mining than the top soil of an Iowa corn farm.

As you explore Colorado's mountain region, rich alike in gold and superb scenery, you find excellent motor roads penetrating the roughest terrain. The state's mountain highway system has opened up this region of tumbled peaks only in recent years. Twenty years ago the state's "summer land" consisted almost exclusively of the foothill country and the eastern slopes of the front range.

Now, with four excellent main highways crossing the Continental divide and with a network of minor roads and trails available, increasing numbers of the holiday crowds are pushing into the back country, where the fishing is better, where the highways are less crowded, and where, if one wishes to penetrate still farther, he can leave civilization itself behind and live for a time in an unspoiled wilderness.

Poo, Said the Peacock

By D. ALLOWAY McVICKER
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"DARLING," Jack had said when he brought her to their new little cottage, "I hope the peacocks won't keep you awake."

She had been the most starchy eyed small blonde wife in the world. "Imagine," he had said, "being so happily married that your own worry is being kept awake by peacocks. It's the most romantic thing I ever heard of."

That was six months ago. Then, being Patsy Poppinoff—Jack had added to her list of worries "and being named Poppinoff"—had been delight untold.

But peacocks screamed all night. They said "Poo, poo!" in a great lusty shriek that brought you sitting up stark and terrified and all alone, because Jack was so busy selling advertising that he had to spend night after night in town.

She had tried so hard. When Jack called up from town, all excited, to say that the boss was playing golf at the club and he had told him to stop over at their house for dinner, she had bounced with jubilation.

"Feed the brute, honey," Jack told her eagerly. "Feed him and yamp him—in a perfectly nice way, understand—and win him over and show him that your spouse is the one man in the world who should have the management of the agency."

Mr. Smith. She hadn't met him but she had heard about him until she could picture his every feature. Portly and pink and beaming when he was pleased and steaming when he was peeved. She rolled out butter to ice and opened a jar of black, rich olives. She roasted two tiny crackling chickens and basted them with thick brown gravy.

When the doorbell sounded, she jumped. Had Jack by any possibility meant dinner at noon? Well—everything was ready.

Her heart sank when she saw that Jack was not with the portly, ruddy man at the door. But she showed her brightest dimples and her blue lawn dress matched her eager eyes.

"I must apologize," the man began, "for this intrusion—"

"It isn't an intrusion at all," Patsy said. "If you only knew how lonely I get, eating here alone every day."

He looked somewhat alarmed. "Oh, but I couldn't think of—I took the wrong turn out at the last town, I think—"

"How dreadful," sympathized Patsy. "If you'll wait two tiny shakes, I'll have food on the table."

The somewhat prominent eyes looked wistful. And the odor that came from the open oven broke down his resistance.

They had had a very good time, and Patsy gave him explicit directions and saw him off toward the club with a feeling of triumph.

That lasted until five o'clock when Jack came in followed by the Mr. Smith who, portly and pink enough, looked not one bit like the man who had just eaten up every scrap of food in the house.

Patsy was a good trooper. She offered no apologies. She served some cold food from cans in moderate quantities and did manage to produce some good soup and some hot biscuits.

But Jack was furious. When the real boss had departed he had listened stormily to her explanation, had shouted unforgivable things and stamped out of the house.

Suddenly Patsy stopped. There were two peacocks across the fence, one of them small and dark and unassuming, the other with great fan-spread tail, strutting—

Dimples ran riot. Patsy stood very still, her eyes deep and sweet and maternal.

"He struts up and down," she said. "He shows you all his finest feathers when he's getting you. Later he'll get plain and mad and stamp around. But that will be when he's sure of you. When he doesn't need to strut because he has you. And you and I—we don't mind, do we?"

She turned and ran back to the house, straight into the arms of a repentant young man who was dashing toward her.

"Patsy, darling," he said, "I've been such an oaf. I'm so sorry, sweet. It's just because I wanted you to have things. And what a break! That man you fed—he is a client of the company's—we have a system of circularizing Smiths hard because of the boss' name."

"He was wobbling about a big contract and he heard my name. There aren't any more of those, you know, so he said. Was that charming girl who was so hospitable to a stuffy old stranger, my wife? And the boss said Mrs. Poppinoff was charming—so fresh and unassuming—that he's always being fed by prospective job hunters and they ruin his digestion. And you gave him good plain food such as we'd have ourselves. My gal, you are now addressing the new manager of the agency."

"Addressing him in his finest feathers," murmured Patsy, before all alarms were forgotten in a familiar close embrace.

All Around the House

Dough that has been kept in the refrigerator for several hours after it is molded should stand in a warm room for about twenty minutes before putting it into the oven.

Some stucco walls may be washed with soap and water, but a coat of stucco sprayed over the whole surface is much more satisfactory than washing.

Marmalade fresh fruits to be used in salads as soon as they are cut or sprinkle them with lemon juice. This prevents discoloration.

Fat for deep frying is at the correct temperature when an inch cube of bread dropped into it becomes a golden brown in 60 seconds. This is for cooked mixtures.

Orange juice mixed with confectioner's sugar and a little grated orange rind makes a very soft and delicious cake frosting.

Always keep salads on ice until it is time to serve them. They lose their flavor when exposed to heat.

Discolored linoleums may be cleaned with alcohol. After cleaning allow them to dry thoroughly, then apply lacquer.

To prevent diced fruits dropping to the bottom of a gelatin mold, chill fruits and add when gelatin mixture has partly congealed.

A dash of salt improves the flavor of chocolate fudge.

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ACCENTS WRONGLY PLACED REVERSE REAL MEANING

Did you ever read the dictionary? You don't think it very interesting? Well, it is, and it is probably more useful than some of the books you do read.

Half of the trouble people get themselves into is due to misunderstanding spoken or written words often occasioned by the fact that words have more than one meaning.

"The dog would have died if he hadn't cut off his head" seems ludicrously impossible if you accent the word "died." Accent the word "hadn't" and it becomes indisputable fact.

Can you trust your reader not to accent the wrong word? Are you written statements susceptible of two meanings? Are you sure the words you employ in conversation may not create an impression in the minds of your hearers in startling contrast with what you intended, or that they cannot repeat them to your detriment?

I know of a 20-page contract where the changing of the word "and" to "or" cost one party to it \$350,000.

Fortunately I was in a business that necessitated writing thousands of words daily. It was appalling the number of instances where wrong punctuation, the addition or omission of an apparently unnecessary word or a natural misinterpretation of a word would disastrously reverse the meaning.—F. A. Garbutt in Los Angeles Times.

Educating Teacher

Knowing their pedagogy simply isn't enough for the teachers of today, 55 graduates of the Philadelphia Normal school were told upon graduating. They were advised by State Superintendent Lester K. Ade to "Know more about Mickey Cochrane and Babe Ruth and see at least one Army-Navy game" if they expect to hold the attention of their pupils.

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.

The Reason

If Justice were not blind, she would act much more promptly.

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This story will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have... low in spirits... run-down... out of sorts... tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly... as my experience has since proven... that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S. Tonic... which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down... convinced me I ought to try this Treatment... I started a course. The color began to come back to my skin... I felt better... I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength... it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Insist on S.S.S. Tonic in the blood-red Cellophane-wrapped package... the big 20-oz. size is sufficient for two weeks' treatment... it's more economical, too.

S.S.S. Tonic Makes you feel like yourself again