

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



Washington.—In the prize ring and in war, experts agree that it is a splendid quality not to know when you are licked. Because there is always the possibility that something may happen to reverse the apparent.

So perhaps a good deal of credit should be given the administration leaders on Capitol hill for the earnestness with which they push on to new legislative achievements, regardless of the clearly printed road signs saying the road is closed ahead on account of the constitutional bridge being washed out.

Consider the sugar bill, for example. Administration leaders declared they would push through the bill continuing quotas for domestic production. They admit that there may be some little doubt as to the power of the federal government to do this, especially in view of the AAA decision, not to mention the Guffey decision.

It's a little bit humorous, however, when one considers what is happening out in the country. For instance, the big cane sugar producing state, Louisiana, is assigned a quota under the system that the legislators are about to continue, without the Supreme court's blessing, of 200,000 tons.

Present estimates of the Louisiana cane sugar crop, with due allowances for weather and other possibilities, run around 500,000 tons.

So the question arises, how will the government induce the cane planters of the Creole state to plow under nearly one-half of their acreage, and not take the matter to court? For it is admitted that any court would grant an immediate injunction restraining the Department of Agriculture from using any element of force. And it is equally clear that anyone interested could bring a suit to prevent payments under the old benefit check system.

Soil Erosion

There remains soil erosion, of course, but every one admits that the administration would not be willing to risk the constitutionality of its concededly ticklish soil erosion program in such a case. To accomplish anything like the reduction necessary to get Louisiana down to her quota would require such drastic handling that no serious contention that soil erosion was the main objective could possibly hold.

It's just one of those curious things, on all fours with the enactment of the Guffey coal law in the first place, when everybody and his brother knew it would be thrown out on the window by the high court. And on all fours with the present desire of Senator Joseph F. Guffey and others to enact a substitute for the Guffey law.

They persist in this despite the carefully considered opinions of such politically astute gentlemen as Senator J. Hamilton Lewis that there is neither the opening nor the time for such a measure before adjournment. And in the face of a view from a very different wing of the party—its most radical wing—of Senator Burton K. Wheeler that it should not be attempted at this session.

Meanwhile the United Mine Workers are not half so unhappy as they make out. They see the prospect of making a few fights in the very territory where they are weakest.

And Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins expresses a pious hope for new labor provisions in the revised Guffey bill to come!

Silver Buying Policy

Despite the clamor of unofficial "Brain Trusters," economists, etc., about the absurdity of the present silver buying policy, nothing is going to be done about it. The present silver buying policy will be continued, even the paying of a bonus of something in excess of 30 cents an ounce for all newly mined silver in the United States.

No one really thinks the subsidy to mine owners producing silver is really either very beneficial or very harmful. The point is that there are almost no mines in the United States that produce just silver only. In virtually every instance silver is a by-product and a comparatively small by-product. Normally the main products of such mines are lead, zinc and copper. It so happens that ever since the depression began there has been an overproduction of all three of these metals. Hence it is believed by mining experts that the bonus paid on newly mined silver has not done any harm or any good in stimulating silver production in the United States. Nor is it intended that there has been much cheating. The government has been extremely rigorous in its inspections, and officials do not believe that much foreign produced silver has been sneaked under the wire to take advantage of the high American price.

One criticism of this bonus on newly mined silver is that it is a waste of money. In the face of terrific federal expenditures in almost every conceivable direction, the cost to the federal treasury of this

particular policy sinks into insignificance.

China Protests

In the early days of the silver buying program United States treasury buying had a very unsettled effect on conditions all over the world. The world price was boosted about 40 cents an ounce. It was practically doubled. Another very heavy loss was taken by the treasury here because the average price paid was considerably above 50 cents an ounce—the price at which all domestic silver, already mined, was commandeered. Whereas the present world price of silver is around 46 to 47 cents, with every prospect that it will not rise materially above that.

There were other repercussions. China protested bitterly against the unsettling physical scheme and the disorganization of her international trade resulting from it. Eventually she was driven off the silver standard by it. The recent agreement on the part of the United States to buy large amounts of Chinese silver is one of the after effects. Incidentally the treasury is as secretive about the amounts of Chinese silver that it intends to purchase under this agreement as it has been about the use of the two-billion-dollar stabilization fund.

The reason there is not going to be any change in the silver policy—certainly until after election—is that two small minority groups in this country are enormously in favor of it. One of these is the silver mining group which now benefits from the subsidy. The mine owners of course divide this bonus among themselves. The mine workers think that it helps to keep them employed. The other group is for the silver policy because it believes in inflation. Failing to get printing-press money through the Frazier-Lenke bill or any other device, those holding this view like the silver policy on the theory that half a loaf is better than no bread.

These two groups feel so violently on this issue that a change on this one thing would probably make them vote against Roosevelt. The majority, who think the policy crazy, will vote for or against Roosevelt for other reasons.

Resettlement Costs

Full information on how much it costs Dr. Rexford Tugwell's Resettlement administration to do its resettling became available for the first time recently, imbedded in the hearings of the senate appropriations committee on the deficiency bill.

Resettlement's top is \$20,250 a family, reached in a prairie paradise for 13 families at Sioux Falls, S. D. The final bill was \$276,000.

This project was described by Doctor Tugwell as financially "unsuccessful."

The outside per family cost for a successful project appears to be \$11,940, since that much is to be allowed in a project which the Tugwell organization is contemplating at Osage Farms, Mo.

Among the other projects being "planned, just being started, or under construction," there were listed three more whose per family cost was above \$10,000, and five for which the treasury will pay out anywhere from \$7,270 a family to \$9,500. Tugwell said the average cost per family was only \$5,000.

Civil Service for Bureaus

The civil service commission and Senator George W. Norris, Republican, of Nebraska, recently urged the President to bring the emergency bureaus under civil service regulations. Norris even warned the President that his failure to halt the spoils system would cost him a million votes.

At the same time, a last minute drive is under way to secure enactment by congress of the bill placing first, second and third class postmasters under civil service.

Since some of these new government activities have come to be regarded as permanent adjuncts of the federal machinery, advocates of the civil service reform have redoubled their demands that the jobs be filled on the merit system.

While the majority of present occupants of jobs automatically will be retained under the new regulations, future vacancies will be filled only on the basis of competitive examinations.

Besides fitting into the announced views on the subject of public employment, the shifting of the new bureaus to civil service is counted on by the administration to offset criticism on that score.

WNU Service.

Optician on Ship

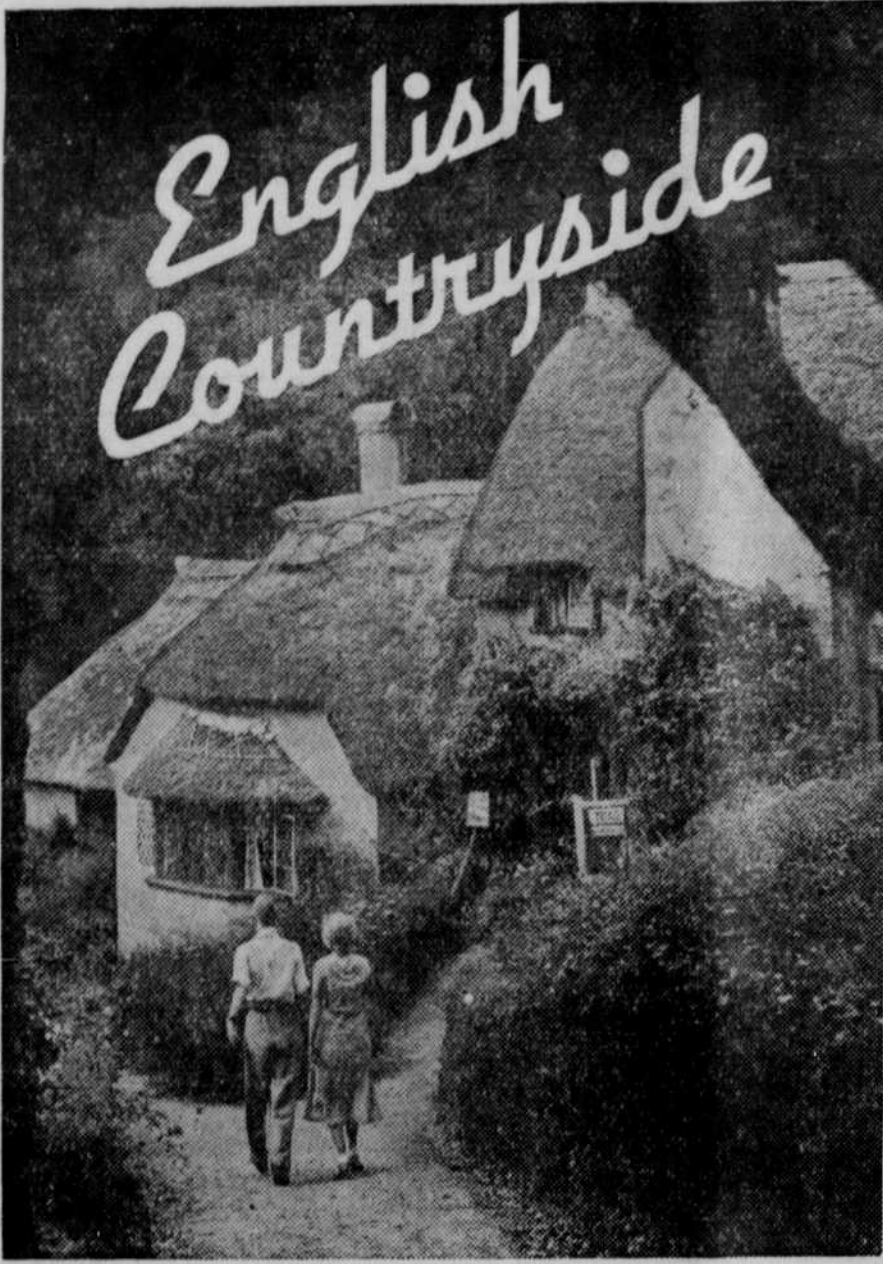
The sailor was recounting his experiences to a dear old lady:

Old Lady—But what rank did you hold?

Sailor—Ship's optician, lady.

Old Lady—Ship's optician? I never knew there was such a rank in the navy. What did your duties consist of?

Sailor—Scraping the eyes out of the potatoes, lady.



At the End of an English Sylvan Path.

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

IF ANYONE wants to know the English countryside, let him go house hunting. On such a quest he will discover Nature's cozy-corners that casuals never find. They are everywhere, but as ingeniously concealed as a bird's nest. There may even be a sign which says, "Dangerous narrow road. Enter at your own risk." But that is just the kind of place to insist upon penetrating.

Enter on foot if you are afraid, but the car can squeeze in. You find yourself in one of those incomparable roads like tunnels of living green. Earthen banks of ivy and wild flowers rise ten feet high to be topped by tall trees sprung from the original hedge planted a hundred years ago. The road keeps you guessing by making such curves that there is no penetrating the secret of what lies ahead.

All at once a gate. Within, a bit of woodland, flower-brightened; beyond that, a sunny garden, moldy mossy walls, lattice windows, creepers all about and reaching to the roof tiles, which are toned from dull red to gentle green by two centuries of soft rains and sun.

Who would not penetrate the wood to gaze closer—especially when armed with a handful of permits from a real estate firm? You pass through the bit of flowered woodland gay with yellow primrose patches and massed bluebells. But on emerging from the screening trees and seeing the open garden lying in the sun and the house forming a part of it, you gasp and halt.

This is the house of your dreams. A servant appears and explains that the house is to-be-let and is at your service; the lease is for sixty-five years! Exclamation marks rattle about in your head.

Peculiar Rental Customs.

You select another house which you consider a perfect gem, only to be told that it is not available for "instant possession." The present tenant has the place for four years longer.

These, and other interesting rental customs you may learn in English real-estate offices. Mayfair is full of fascinating real-estate offices, most of them seeming like private homes, with their open fires, Chippendale chairs, and bookcase desks.

"Mr. Upperton and Partners" is the diverting and reticent sign over the door of one of these. Lovely way of expressing it; Upperton, Stoggs, Chair and Jones is outdone by the dignity of "and Partners."

Any of these gentlemen can teach the eager American client new uses of English words and phrases in real-estate jargon, whether or not he offers the ideal ancient house and romantic garden. And it is here that you learn that the rent of unfurnished houses is denoted in pounds sterling, while the furnished house smartly demands guineas—an extra shilling on each pound.

You also learn that company's water "laid on" merely means that domestic water flows from taps instead of being pumped up from well or cistern. Indeed, one must not visibly shudder to learn that for 200 years houses have been occupied by gentry, modern smart people among them, who have had no running water, no lights except kerosene lamps, no telephones. Incredible! Without the tireless English servant, the English gentry must have died out for lack of comforts.

One of the Partners may ask you strange-sounding questions.

"Are you prepared to pay dilapidations?"

That is disconcerting.

"But I don't want a house that is actually in a state of decay."

The Partner patiently explains that any sort of damage or breakage must be restored by the tenant. Your bill for dilapidations may be only four shillings, about one dollar,

for a flower holder. But it often happens that one must assume the dilapidations of the previous tenant, which may include repairs and decorations of importance. So it is a word to excite suspicion.

What the American adventurous spirit asks of England for the summer is a smallish house, even a cottage. But it must be under a style name like Tudor, or more romantically Elizabethan, or perhaps, Queen Anne and the Georgian, either late or early.

Hunting a Country House. The hunt for the ideal takes on the aspect of a tour. It is possible to get about by commodious omnibuses. They set you down on the main roads, where local motor cars with drivers can be hired.

Gradually you come to know the districts not too far from London where certain types of the ideal house have sprung from the soil. It is a requisite of the ideal English small house that it should look as if it had pushed itself up from Nature's laboratory of the earth, just as the shrubs, flowers, and trees have done. They are close kin.

Districts not too far from London contain an entrancing variety of old styles. The house of carved interiors and scrolled gables is a specialty of Kent; the thatched roof hides beside the roads of Hampshire's New Forest; the cottage of light-gray stone makes glad the villages of the Cotswolds; and the Georgian, or rather Eighteenth century houses, scatter their elegant lines in all parts of the land. Timber and plaster houses tempt one almost everywhere with their Tudor charm.

You come to one of the richest of all districts for those who hunt the ideal house when you arrive at the hills of the Cotswolds. Gradually its little stone houses catch you in the spell of their beauty. They spread themselves beside the road, taking on almost human qualities. They lift their gables with dignity; they spread their mullioned windows with frankness. Their symmetry seems of the highest art, yet it is said these lovely houses were built by simple artisans. They took the warm, light stone of the land, and even the roof tiles are made of it. All seems a pearly gray, and on this ideal color climb the bright flowers of the garden.

Many Enticing Places. You linger long and drift from road to lane, from village to farm, drinking in every detail of these houses—the Tudor ornament over the leaded windows, the lovely flat arch of the front door, the beauties of the back of the house, the flowers and a cunning use of shrubs and creepers piling one thrilling beauty upon another against the light-gray stone.

In Sussex and Kent, hunt out the old farms and the ancient houses of villages. They have a beauty all their own, with their bricks turned to pink and softened brown. Many have an end gable of stone fashioned in the grand curves which fascinatingly recall the Walloons who brought with them their own traditions of art when driven to England by religious persecutions. Those curvilinear gables have, too, a Spanish flavor, a late Renaissance caper of free-drawn curves. Fascinating interiors those Walloon cloth weavers constructed to make the homes of their exiles resemble those they had left.

In Kent is found that enticing structure, the house of timber and plaster, or timber and brick ingeniously laid. It is eternally lovely, bewilderingly fantastic. How did modest man fancy such a house easy to build, and practical? The beams, banded and exposed, seem to represent superhuman effort in the interest of beauty. The curved ones, the purely ornamental ones, fascinate the eye. The overhanging second story is a fantastic denial of architecture's law of the large base.

Gay Cotton Print Dress Easy to Make and Sure to Please Sprightly Maiden



Pattern No. 1882-B

The time for gay little cotton prints both for older sister and the younger set is at hand, and nothing could be simpler than this darling dress—so easy to make—so comfortable for nimble dears—and so smart to wear.

The French bodice effect and buttoned panel are cunning details which all little maidens love, especially the flared skirt, because it provides ample freedom for playtime. Decorative features are hidden in the contrasting collar trimmed with ruffled edging, and brief puff sleeves. The material may be a printed percale, lawn linen or gingham. It is

made in a plaid or checked gingham, you can omit the ruffled edging from the collar and make the collar of plain white pique.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1882-B is available in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10. Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yards of 35 inch material plus 3/4 yard for contrast. Send 15 cents for the pattern.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
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Man in the Sun Held Public Interest Back in Year 1815

History's human side is curiously disinterested in the Man in the Moon, but a Man in the Sun earned a heap of publicity in 1815, says the Montreal Herald. The phenomenon was first seen in Europe, over Austria, just before sunset. A man who appeared to be waving a small flag was emblazoned against the sinking sun, and a whole country shuddered at the omen.

The next day England saw the manifestation, and America reported having seen it in due course. But America, naturally, had to be different. They stated that the man was lying down, appeared to be tired, and did not possess a flag. But no one ever explained the Man in the Sun. He was last seen over West America. Quite a number of people, of course, linked him up with Napoleon.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

True Poverty

The poorest man in the world is he who has nothing except money.

Relieve reddened EYES
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

GRIEF OUR CREDITOR

When the world's account is summed up, we shall find that we owe more to Grief than we do to Joy, and that Sorrow has been the veiled angel of God to come to teach us some of the deepest lessons which can be learnt by human students.

GAS-MAKING STOVE COOKS MEAL FOR 2c

Amazing New Invention of W. C. Coleman Brings All the Modern Conveniences of City Gas to Homes Beyond the Gas Mains

Economically-minded housewives will share the enthusiasm of W. C. Coleman, inventive genius, for his new gas-making stove which cooks a meal for 2c or less.

The new Coleman Range will do the family cooking at a cost below that of coal, wood or kerosene stoves, and do it quicker and better.

This remarkable new Coleman Safety Range lights instantly just like gas. Makes its own gas from ordinary lead-free gasoline. Its patented, fuel-saving Band-A-Blu Burners are easily regulated to exactly the heat desired for frying, boiling, baking or broiling.

Mr. Coleman uses Everdur Metal for the fuel tank, a big safety feature. Everdur metal will not rust or corrode.

In addition to providing every cooking advantage of the finest city gas range, Mr. Coleman's new Range adds beauty in the kitchen by distinctive styling and pleasing color effects in gleaming porcelain enamel finish.

Readers of this paper wishing full information about these wonderful Coleman Ranges will receive illustrated literature and a valuable Stove Check Chart by addressing a postcard to W. C. Coleman, Dept. WU-235, Wichita, Kansas.—Adv.

HOTEL SANFORD OMAHA

WNU-U 24-36

'THE DIAMOND GRAB' an inside story of AMERICA'S NO. 1 G-MAN

MELVIN PURVIS, young lawyer who became America's Ace G-Man... JUNIOR G-MAN MAGNIFYING GLASS SEE OFFER BELOW

ONE MONTH LATER... AT THE BUREAU OF ANALYSIS... JUNIOR G-MAN MAGNIFYING GLASS SEE OFFER BELOW

WELL, ORMAN—HERE'S THE DIAMOND, RIGHT OUT OF YOUR OWN SAFE!... AND THAT WAS THE END OF LEO ORMAN!... JUNIOR G-MAN MAGNIFYING GLASS SEE OFFER BELOW

BOYS AND GIRLS! JOIN MY JUNIOR G-MAN CORPS!

WHY MELVIN PURVIS ADVISES EVERY BOY AND GIRL TO EAT POST TOASTIES... MELVIN PURVIS, % Post Toasties Battle Creek, Michigan... A POST CEREAL—MADE BY GENERAL FOODS