

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—Return of the corner saloon figured in a conversation in Baltimore a few days ago which, retailed by some of those present, has been going all over Washington, exciting considerable interest.

The two leading figures in the conversation were a retired Irish contractor and a young Catholic priest.

The contractor was holding forth against Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Just before he ran down he shouted that Roosevelt had kept just one, and only one, of the pledges of the platform of 1932 on which he was elected.

"What pledge was that?" inquired another participant.

"The promise to get rid of prohibition," said the contractor.

"Wait a minute," broke in the priest. "I don't think Roosevelt and the New Deal kept that pledge."

"We certainly got rid of prohibition, didn't we?" snorted the contractor. "We got liquor back, thank God. Hoover would never have done that for us."

"Yes," said the priest. "That part is true. But you are forgetting another part of that promise—a pledge without which, I very much doubt, you would have gotten liquor back. The platform and the candidate promised that, with the return of liquor, the saloon would never be permitted to come back. Well, the saloon is back. It is here. And I think a great many people resent the failure of that pledge more than the breaking of the others you have been talking about."

More and more talk is being heard all over the country about the liquor situation. The distilling industry is distinctly concerned about it. It has been pulling in its horns, so to speak, in many ways. The Distilled Spirits institute has persuaded many distillers to get off the air, and to tone down their advertising. They are more sensitive to what they fear is a change of sentiment than the brewers, and are worried that their advice in this direction has been ignored by the brewers.

They are disturbed about local elections in various states, and are very much afraid that a new dry tide is rising. Meanwhile the dries are beginning to recover from the state of coma into which they lapsed about 1930. If they had had the vim and pep they have today in 1933, it is very doubtful if the eighteenth amendment could have been repealed.

Even the distillers do not fear another prohibition amendment in the federal Constitution. They do not believe there is much danger that 36 states would ever again ratify such an amendment. When the eighteenth amendment was ratified only two states, Rhode Island and Connecticut, refused to ratify it. Such wet states as Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Maryland, did.

But, most observers think, they never would again.

The danger is of another kind. It is of the spread of dry territory, county by county, state by state, with a resulting unfriendly political feeling towards the liquor business, and oppressive interference, such as preceded the adoption of the eighteenth amendment.

At the Federal Alcohol administration there is much bitterness against the big brewers for rushing into the old practices that were so sharply criticized. For instance, the "tied house" idea—where the brewer controls the individual saloon-keeper, and forces him to sell only that particular brewer's stock.

So there is a good deal more to the situation than any question of platform pledges.

Give Landon Edge

Tremendously potent in overcoming what remained after Cleveland of the "defeatist" attitude of Republicans all over the country, the first nationwide polls since the convention, in showing that Landon has a slight edge on electoral votes over Roosevelt, have been of extreme value to the Republican high command.

One of the reasons why John D. M. Hamilton has been making so many speeches, and making such optimistic claims—42 states for Landon, etc.—has been to overcome this same defeatist spirit. He has recognized, as have most Republican leaders, that this was the first hurdle to be taken.

It is not just a question of bandwagon psychology. It was apathy based on hopelessness, which not only choked off contributions to the campaign fund, but prevented people who normally work for the Republican ticket from making any effort.

"Why work when it's no use," they were saying. "You can't beat a four billion-dollar-a-year spending machine."

Hamilton was working hard on this, but he was not being believed by thousands of the people who ought to be reached if the Republican ticket were to have a chance. Perhaps he went a little too strong in his claims to be believed. People were used to claims, even more extravagant made by James A. Farley, who claimed 48 states this year just as he claimed them four years ago.

But Farley has a better background for his claims. In the first place, he was wrong on only six states four years ago. Four of these six—Maine, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts—elected Democratic slates two years later. So that a 48 state claim this year, from Farley, had a better chance of being accepted by Democratic workers than a 42 state claim by Hamilton had of being accepted by Republican workers.

Hope Aroused

Several Republican leaders, who motored back to Washington from Cleveland, made interesting reports of their wayside encounters—at gas stations, at small hotels, etc. Everywhere they found Republicans who wanted to know, once they realized their visitors had come from Cleveland, whether there was "any chance of beating Roosevelt."

"You ought to have seen their faces brighten up when I told them I thought we had better than an even chance," a delegate reported.

Organization Republicans have been wishing and praying for the Literary Digest poll to start. They have been bemoaning the life out of the representative here of a big farm weekly, which has been taking polls for years, and which have been rather accurate.

Not because they wanted the information the polls would bring. They have the situation fairly well sized up without that. What they want is the confidence and fighting spirit the publication of the news will have on the Republican workers all over the country.

There is another interesting angle. In the early days of the New Deal a great many Republican senators and members of the house of representatives went along with it to a considerable extent, voting for New Deal measures, etc. They were obliged—all the representatives and some of the senators—to seek reelection in 1934, and at that time they defended their own records, with no thought of any national campaign to come. They had to save their own skins first.

Honesty and Cheating

The idea that "cheating" the government is all right, though one must be scrupulously honest in one's personal relationships, is generally attributed in American schoolbooks to the Chinese. It has provoked amusement for generations. We Americans, we thought, were above all that.

Similarly with fiction stories about Russian officials, who could be bribed to do anything for a few kopecks. American officials were honest!

The latter was pretty thoroughly exploded during prohibition. The chief difference between American officials and those of the czars seemed to be that the Americans were not pikers. Grafting prohibition enforcement officials retired rich, if they were not bumped off.

Some of them were honest, but then so were some of the Russian officials, though one seldom heard much about the honest ones in either country.

And now comes the payoff! On the first—that Chinese are honest with each other, but will cheat the government, whereas Americans—

Most of us have known snatches of it here and there for several years. The writer knew, for example, of a county in South Carolina where the county agent representing the AAA encouraged a farmer to plant 300 acres in cotton though he was being paid for not cultivating those same acres by AAA.

One heard of lots of these scattered instances, but not until the White House begins building a defense against the charge that New Deal policies had forced a food shortage—might result in famine—would certainly result in food importations, did it come to light how widespread this "cheating" under AAA was.

Irritates Roosevelt

President Roosevelt was irritated by many printed stories of short crops, the probable need for imports, etc. So he "exploded" them.

He made the flat statement that the acreage planted in wheat in this country was ten per cent above normal.

Whereupon it was discovered, on inquiry at the Department of Agriculture, that the payments to farmers for not planting wheat—under contracts made before the AAA was ruled unconstitutional—amounted to \$40,000,000 on this crop!

Actually there is nothing really surprising about this situation at all, so far as farm payments, crop curtailment, etc., go. The biggest surprise is that the whole affair climaxed in a publicity boner.

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OL' KAIN TUCK

Blooded Horses Are Revered in Kentucky.

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

SOME 40,000 acres of land, much of it magnificent virgin forest, will be included in the Mammoth Cave National park in Kentucky. In the long struggle to establish this national park, Maurice H. Thatcher, for many years United States representative from Kentucky, was a prime mover.

Discovered in 1803, Mammoth Cave was considered the largest national cavern in America until the exploration of the Carlsbad caverns in New Mexico. The underground passages are of remarkable extent, probably undermining the entire area of the proposed park development. Almost every dweller in the neighborhood has a cave of his own, to which he seeks to attract visitors.

Underground rivers in which swim eyeless fish are a weird feature of the caves. Besides these there are vast stalactites and stalagmites, the best of which are seen in the part of the cavern reached through the N.W. Entrance. A "frozen Niagara" of salmon-colored rock and a stalactite, which, when illuminated by an electric light placed behind it, shadows the perfectly molded form of a beautiful woman stepping down as if to bathe in the subterranean river, are unique.

There are onyx caves and crystal caves; one might profitably pass weeks going through them all. It was in one of these that Floyd Collins met his death.

Beyond Mammoth Cave to the west winds the beautiful Green River known as one of the deepest fresh water streams in the country.

In this neighborhood was shed the first Kentucky blood of the Civil war, when Granville Allen was shot. Families were torn asunder by the difference of allegiance. Few states knew the horror of Civil war as did Kentucky. To understand what war meant to the border people, one needs only to be reminded that Jefferson Davis was born near Hopkinsville, not far from Bowling Green, and that Abraham Lincoln was born near Hodgenville, a few miles to the north.

Birthplace of Lincoln.

At Hodgenville, a stately memorial shelters the humble log cabin in which Lincoln was born. Simplicity marks the place as it marked the great soul it fostered. Visitors pause for a drink from the Lincoln spring.

Memories of Lincoln linger in the very air between Hodgenville and Bardstown. To Knob creek the Lincoln family moved before young Abraham was two years old, and there they lived until he was eight. His earliest recollections, he wrote, were of Knob creek, and how he was saved from drowning there by the quick aid of a chum. Not much chance of drowning in the creek now; it is little more than a rivulet.

If there is a house in the world worthy to inspire music, it is "My Old Kentucky Home," near Bardstown. While a guest in the house, then owned by his kinsfolk, the Rowan family, Stephen Collins Foster composed that deathless ballad, "My Old Kentucky Home."

He wrote the music, it is said, at a desk in the wide hall, the sun streaming through the door opening toward the slave quarters. That selfsame desk still stands in its wonted place, the most precious of Kentucky's furniture relics.

Even without the Foster tradition, the home would be priceless. It makes no attempt at ostentation, but it is peopled with ghosts of the fine old South.

In Bardstown is St. Joseph's cathedral, in which are displayed several original paintings by great masters. They are believed to have been a gift to the church by Louis Philippe.

Not far from the town is Gethsemane, a retreat of Trappist monks, one of two such monasteries in the United States.

Louisville, the city of George Rogers Clark, comes next on your itinerary, northward over an excellent highway. It was there that the doughty soldier ended his days in bitterness over the ingratitude of the nation he had spent his all to aid.

At Louisville, too, are the home and tomb of President Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready." His daughter Knox was wooed and won by Jefferson Davis, then a young lieutenant in the general's command.

To lovers of horse racing, Louisville is a mecca when the Kentucky Derby is run at Churchill Downs.

Where Baseball Bats Are Made. At the Louisville Slugger factory, baseball bats for many of the famous players are hand-turned by skilled workmen. The second-growth ash comes to the factory in rough billets. These billets are rounded and laid on racks to season for 17 months before they are made into bats. Because ball players are particular about the weight and balance of their bats, each step in the shaping of the sluggers requires the utmost care. Special orders are prepared by hand workmen. Thousands of bats, however, are made by machinery.

From Louisville it is a pleasant trip to Frankfort, the hill-encircled capital of Kentucky. The old Statehouse, now a museum, is an architectural gem of pure Greek design. Within it is a self-supporting circular stairway, one of the few remaining. The new Statehouse is a splendid structure, with a magnificent rotunda under the vaulted dome.

It is strangely fitting that Daniel Boone is buried in the cemetery overlooking the capital of the state he helped win from the wilderness. From the path around his tomb one looks down to the broad valley of the beautiful Kentucky river.

The heart of the Blue Grass is the home of the thoroughbred. To one who has striven futilely, baffled by crab grass, to encourage a lawn, the sight of those blue-grass pastures brings mixed feelings. One does not feel outdoors to see splendid horses browsing on such lawns, but one is hard put to escape taking affront at cows and sheep feeding in the velvety carpets.

Horses in the Blue Grass are monarchs of the earth. On some of the famous farms the huge circular stables house quarter-mile exercise tracks floored with tanbark.

The thoroughbred is nurtured more carefully than a baby-show contender. A few hours after he is born he is fitted with a halter, that he may be become used to the equipment. He is permitted out of doors only when conditions are exactly right. If he scratches his silky skin, he is plastered with antiseptic and put in a hospital. He drinks only from his own special bucket and his diet would be the despair of a French chef.

The owner of one farm cut by a highway has a tunnel under the road through which his thoroughbreds may be led without danger from passing automobiles.

There is a thrill in visiting the stable that housed Man-o-War, Golden Broom, Crusader, and Mars.

Lexington Is Charming.

In itself Lexington has a wealth of charm as well as historic interest. The University of Kentucky is there, its mellow old buildings scattered over a shady campus. In the study room at the College of Engineering, heavy tables, with tops fashioned of thick sections of a venerable sycamore tree that once grew on the campus, are treasured relics covered with carved names of alumni.

Another fine educational institution in Lexington is Transylvania college, the first school for higher education west of the Alleghenies. There Jefferson Davis and Henry Clay were once students. The library of this school contains thousands of volumes so rare that scholars from all over the world come to consult them.

Ashland, restored home of Henry Clay, stands on the outskirts of the city. On the walk behind the house the magnetic orator and statesman used to pace back and forth planning his speeches.

Through the perfect green of the Blue Grass country you may drive to High Bridge, where a railroad bridge 317 feet above the water spans the Kentucky. Crossing the river on a ferry, you approach old Shakertown, once the home of a strange sect who believe in celibacy and the coming of the millennium.

Another place of interest in a swing south of Lexington is the old fort at Harrodsburg, where George Rogers Clark planned his campaigns. The fort has been restored and is open as a museum.

At Berea college you see the remarkable results of vocational education brought to mountain whites. One cannot escape a feeling of humility at sight of the industry of these students.

A Comfortable Culotte

The perfect antidote for blistering, hot days is this cool, cleverly-designed culotte for bicycling, riding, beach, housework; for tearing through the woods, or

quires 4½ yards of 39 inch material. Send 15 cents in coins. Send for the Summer Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



Pattern No. 1922-B running down the street to the grocer's.

Designed for plenty of action and comfort, it fits snugly at the waist by adjustable laced ribbons at each side, with the same feature repeated in the blouse front. A becoming boyish collar and handy pocket create charming effects. The pattern is so easy to follow, you can cut two at once using printed cotton, gingham, broadcloth, seersucker or linen at an expense even lower than your budget provides.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1922-B is available for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 re-

Household Questions

Grease the measuring cup before measuring sirup or molasses and the ingredients will not stick to the sides of the cup and there will be no waste.

Always sweep rugs and carpets the way of the grain. Brushing against the grain roughens the surface and it tends to brush the dust in instead of out.

Partly cook cereal in a double boiler the night before using and leave it on the back of the stove, being sure to cover well with water. It will be well cooked in the morning.

Cocoa should always be cooked in a small amount of water before milk is added.

Sugar sprinkled over the tops of cookies or sponge cakes before putting them into the oven forms a sweet crust and makes a richer cookie.

Four pounds of plums will make five pint jars of preserves.

Glass stoppers may be easily removed from bottles if a towel is dipped into boiling water and wrapped around the neck of bottle for a few minutes.

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Birds Not High Flyers

Students of migration used to believe that birds traveled at heights above 15,000 feet. They had the idea that flying was easier in high altitudes. Every aviator today knows just the opposite is the truth. Most birds fly below 3,000 feet in migration, and some of them will even cross wide stretches of water only a few feet above the waves.



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For All to See

The gods we worship write their names on our faces.

WNU-U 31-36

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE

JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

HOTEL SANFORD OMAHA

WNU-U 31-36

JOE E. BROWN TO THE RESCUE!

HELP! LOOK, JOE—A RUNAWAY HORSE!

OH, OH—WE'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM— SIT TIGHT, EVERYBODY!

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE RAILROAD TRACKS!

TRAIN'S COMING!

HURRY, DICK, HOP ON THE RUNNING BOARD, GRAB THE REINS AS WE PULL ALONGSIDE.

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SAVED MY LIFE, MR. BROWN. COME TO MY HOUSE... THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION

YOU BET WE'LL COME UP BUT NEVER MIND THE THANKS—OUR CLUB'S ALWAYS READY TO DO A GOOD TURN.

JUST IN TIME!

SAY, THIS IS A PARTY! HOW'D YOU KNOW WE WERE CRAZY ABOUT GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES?

WHY EVERYBODY KNOWS GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES IS THE OFFICIAL CEREAL OF THE JOE E. BROWN CLUB. BESIDES, I THINK THEY'RE SIMPLY SWELL MYSELF!

JOE E. BROWN ASKS BOYS AND GIRLS TO JOIN CLUB

Famous Comedian Offers 36 FREE Prizes!

Find out about these daily prizes. Just send one Grape-Nuts Flakes box-top—and you'll get the membership pin shown here and the Club Manual, illustrating 36 different and valuable prizes. This manual tells you how to get them—free! How to work up to Sergeant, Lieutenant and to one of Joe's Captains.

So start eating Grape-Nuts Flakes right away and save the box-tops. These crisp, crunchy flakes are so good—you'll "go" for 'em in a big way. Every spoonful is a real taste-thrill! And served with whole milk or cream and fruit, Grape-Nuts Flakes pack more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal! (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936. Good in U.S.A. only.)

A Post Cereal—made by General Foods.

SEE JOE E. BROWN'S LATEST MOTION PICTURE—"EARTHWORM TRACTOR"—A WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE!



Club Membership Pin—Here's the membership pin you get. Gold finish with blue letter, actual size shown. FREE for 1 Grape-Nuts Flakes package-top.

Photo of Joe E. Brown—Joe greets you with a big smile in this facsimile autographed photograph. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts Flakes package-top.

WNU-U-36

I enclose... Grape-Nuts Flakes package-tops. Please send me free the items checked below. (Put correct postage on your letter!)

Membership Pin and Club Manual. (Send 1 package-top.)

Photo of Joe E. Brown. (Send 1 package-top.)

Name _____

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