

# SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field

WASHINGTON—Several tremendously significant points in the first poll this year of The Farm Journal escaped general notice. In fact, not sufficient attention was paid to the entire poll, as it just so happens that this poll is the only one now being conducted that has ever stood the test of a close election. It happened to be right in 1916, as well as in the subsequent land-slides.

Two states stand out like sore thumbs in the preliminary figures. One is Wisconsin, which most Republican leaders have been cheerfully conceding to Franklin D. Roosevelt because of the La Follette influence, which every one has assumed would be cast for Roosevelt after the preliminary maneuvers have been completed. But the farmers of the state, in this poll, so far have voted 1,974 for Alf M. Landon to 970 for Roosevelt! Apparently the Wisconsin farmers, who have not benefited as much as many other from AAA, etc., Wisconsin being a very diversified state agriculturally, are voting their old political alignments.

It must be borne in mind that this is a poll of farmers. Milwaukee, the big city of the state, happens to be the stronghold of the Socialists. So that it might be fair to assume that William Lemke will poll quite a vote there. Incidentally Wisconsin recorded the heaviest vote for Lemke in any state so far, 137, and also the heaviest vote for Norman Thomas, Socialist, 144.

All of which might be taken to indicate that Landon has a very fair chance indeed to walk off with Wisconsin's 12 electoral votes.

The other state springing a real surprise was Missouri. Governor Landon personally has been rather confident of Missouri, but, although the original boosting of Landon came from the Kansas City Star, lieutenants of Landon have been most pessimistic about Missouri, largely on account of the effectiveness of the Pendergast Democratic machine in Kansas City.

### Some Other States

But The Farm Journal's poll of Missouri farmers shows 3,839 for Landon to 2,862 for Roosevelt. In the old days, St. Louis was the Republican stronghold in Missouri. The country between the two big cities was regarded as heavily Democratic. This is the section represented in The Farm Journal's poll. In discounting this it must be remembered that the old Republican machine in St. Louis has long since disintegrated, while the Democratic machine in Kansas is regarded as better than Tammany ever thought of being—proportionately to population.

Against these two dark spots for the New Deal there is Iowa, which most political observers have been regarding as safely Republican, especially since the primary in which Senator L. J. Dickinson won so handily, and in which the G. O. P. vote so far exceeded the Democratic primary turnout. Iowa voted 1,584 for Roosevelt to 993 for Landon.

This is especially discouraging to Republicans, who had hoped that not only would they get the electoral votes, but reelect ardent New Deal foe Dickinson, and elect some other Republican in place of Democratic Senator Louis Murphy, killed in a recent automobile accident.

Offsetting this is the big pro-Landon vote of the Nebraska farmers, 955 to 308, despite Senator George W. Norris's preference for Roosevelt. The only surprise in this to the Landon lieutenants was the proportion. They have been counting on Nebraska, but by a small margin.

The Oklahoma figures are very interesting—610 for Roosevelt to 541 for Landon. Friends of the Kansas governor say the farmers are the backbone of the state's Democracy, while Landon will pile up the votes among the oil men.

### Peek for Landon

Bitterness of George N. Peek against Secretary of State Cordell Hull will drive him to the support of Governor Alf M. Landon despite Landon's failure to see eye to eye with Peek on his plan to substitute international barter for the Administration's reciprocal trade agreements, and what remains of the traditional G.O.P. protective tariff policy. This is the firm opinion of friends very close to the man who differed so strongly on fundamental questions with two of President Roosevelt's policy makers—Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace and Secretary of State Hull.

When Peek emerged from his conference with Governor Landon at Topeka he was good humored but noncommittal on what to him of necessity was all important—whether, as a result of that conference, he would support the Kansas governor against President Roosevelt. The reason he was not certain of his course at that moment was that Landon had not given Peek any assurance that he would commit his administration—if elect-

ed—to the support of Peek's international barter plan. Landon agrees with Peek regarding some of the obvious objections to the Hull system. He agrees that sufficient consideration is not given to American interests apt to be hurt by such a reciprocal agreement by the State Department employees negotiating it. Which is made more dangerous by the fact that, as the negotiations are conducted in deep secrecy, those likely to get hurt may not find out that they are in danger until it is too late to do anything about it.

### Balk at Barter Plan

But the Kansas governor also knows something about the violent objections to the Peek international barter plan—particularly on the part of the interests handling international trade. In a nutshell, as put by representatives of these interests, the barter plan results in forcing goods from one country to another "against the grain." This process runs up against prejudices on little details on the part of consumers, well known to those who make a life-work of the business of supplying the public with imported goods, but apt to prove a treacherous quicksand to well meaning amateurs.

Moreover, there is branded in the minds of many people the fact that the big barter scheme on which Peek's crusade was finally ditched by the greater strength of Cordell Hull at the White House was to have been with Germany. And even if the barter plan were economically sound in other respects, there were certain political difficulties there which would make public endorsement of Peek's ideas rather dangerous. There are too many people in this country who do not think we should have any dealings with Germany whatever so long as Hitler is running that country.

The main support of Peek in that particular deal meanwhile has evaporated. It was a surplus of American cotton that Peek wanted to give Germany in exchange for German products. At that time there was much supporting pressure for him from the cotton growing South for that reason. And some irritation at Hull for blocking it.

But the soaring price of cottons has left Peek with practically no active backing whatever.

### Big Surprise

To the man in the street the recent move of the Federal Reserve System in boosting the reserve requirements of member banks meant virtually nothing. Even to the small merchant, who borrows money from his bank, it meant little. It sounded bad, but his banker promptly assured him he need not worry.

But the big surprise, even to the governors—as they are now called—was the reaction in Wall Street. For instead of going down, the market went up! The point is that the governors of the system, and close financial advisers of the Administration as well, have been worrying about this step for a long time. They feared it would result in a flood of selling orders in the stock market, which in turn would produce a collapse. And a collapse might interfere seriously with the New Deal claims that prosperity is no longer around the corner, but, under Roosevelt's directions, is here.

The whole thing of course is a study in financial psychology, which not only the laymen, but very few of the experts, understand. As a matter of fact, perhaps the least understood important factor in modern business, simple as it sounds, is money. And, like many other things, it is the experts who admit privately that they know so little, while the American who has once traveled abroad, and exchanged dollars for francs or lire, thinks he understands perfectly.

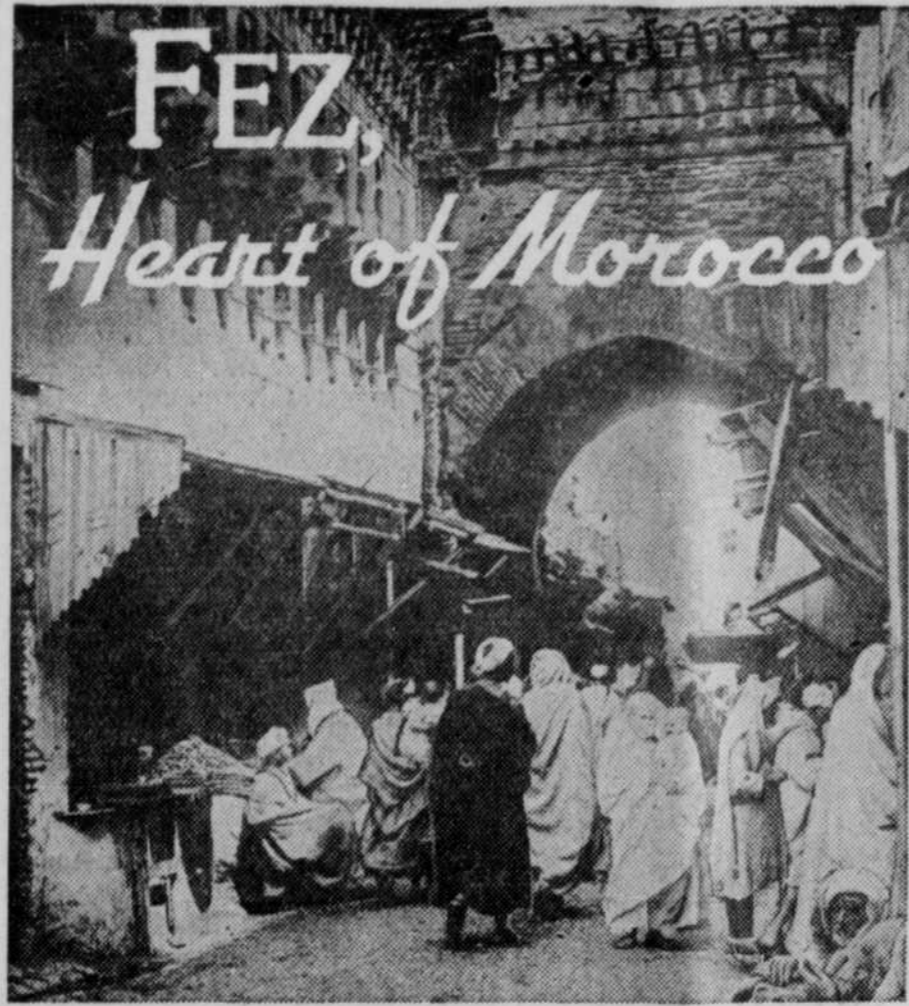
The new move goes into effect August 15. But the governors of the reserve system admit frankly that even on that date, allowing for normal development meanwhile, the excess reserves of the banks will amount to something like one billion, nine hundred million dollars.

### Real Explanation

Every financial expert has known for some time that the various changes in our banking laws have laid a foundation on which a credit inflation can be built in this country which would approach the danger mark. There has been no tendency in that direction because there has been no great demand for money on the part of normal borrowers. Very early in the depression business simply pulled in its horns, and would take no risks whatever. Which meant that it was not borrowing money. This was true even before the run on so many banks, which finally resulted in the bank holiday of early 1933.

What has been worrying the Federal Reserve System governors for some time now is the rise in stock market prices. Actually a considerable part of this has been due to fears on the part of many investors that the Roosevelt spending policy, plus tremendous government borrowing, would wind up in inflation. Many advisers of widows and other investors have been urging, for several years, that their clients invest in "equities" instead of dollar investments. In short, that they put their money in real estate, or common stocks, rather than bonds the value of which is fixed in dollars.

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Street Scene in Fez, Morocco

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

**I**F RABAT is the brain of Morocco, Fez is its heart. Almost equidistant from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and nearly a hundred miles from either is this storied city, still the political and religious center of Morocco.

From a hillside one looks down, in wonder and admiration, on the tree-shaded valley in which lies once-turbulent, always-exotic, now-peaceful Fez. It is a chessboard, checkerboard in countless tiny squares which are the flat roofs of its myriad houses, the edge of the board being the lofty city walls.

Rather, there are two chessboards: Fez El Bali, Fez the Old; and higher along the steep slope is Fez Djedid, Fez the New. It was new in A. D. 1276.

Like chessmen left scattered aimlessly about the board stand the slender minarets of the many mosques. On every side rise the hills crowned with forts old and new, forts built by long-dead sultans to cow their rebellious subjects within the city, others erected by the French to defend Fez against the Berber tribes outside the walls.

Beyond the rounded hills, away to the south, are higher mountains covered with snow in winter. But in summer the arid steppes are waist-high in flowers.

Fez appears now as it did through the long centuries of Moslem domination, since Arab invaders built it somewhere about A. D. 800; as it was before ever the infidels entered it except as slaves or as missions of Christian states humbly seeking to propitiate the Sultan.

It remains as it was when still the home of the Sherifian rulers, the real capital, the enlightened, artistic, magnificent city second to none in all Islam, when in the Twelfth century it boasted 785 mosques; 480 inns, and 120,000 private houses.

### Is Yet Unspoiled

Being only recently opened to the outer world, Fez is as yet unspoiled and of deep interest to the traveler. Its size surprises. From one end to the other of the twin cities it measures four miles. Its population today is about 107,000, including fewer than 10,000 Israelites who are herded together in the Jewish quarter of Fez Djedid.

The European inhabitants, to be found mostly in La Ville Nouvelle, number about 9,600, principally French, with a sprinkling of Spaniards and Italians.

Of the three parts of Fez—old, new, and newest— unquestionably the most interesting is the first, El Bali. To see it one must enter on foot or in the saddle, for vehicles cannot pass through its steep and narrow lanes.

From Bab Hadid (The Iron Gate) a carriage road runs inside the walls around the edge of the city to the new gate of Bou Jeloud, where Fez Djedid touches the older town. Along it modern civilization fringes the ancient city, for it passes by the Avert hospital, a French post office, the British consulate, the bureau of municipal services, a military club, and a museum housed in separate parts of an old palace, the Dar Batha, and by the lovely gardens of Dar Beida, another imperial palace now used only to shelter the resident general when he visits Fez.

None of the Arab buildings converted to modern uses has been Europeanized in outward appearance and so they do not detract from the native aspect of the city. Leaving them one plunges down steep lanes, dreary and desolate, between the blank walls of tall houses almost windowless on the street side, some as high as a five-story London dwelling. They shut out the sky in the winding alleys.

Dismal as is their outward appearance, many are the residences of rich and noble Moors, and the

interiors are light and luxurious. The privacy of their pleasant gardens is guarded by eunuchs. There the fair occupants of the harem may cast aside their veils and ugly shrouding garments, and shine in all the splendor of massive jewelry and the bright hues of silken dresses that Arab and Berber ladies wear.

Seated on the ground with their backs against the walls of these houses are beggars, singly or in groups, mostly blind.

Here three men squat side by side, companions in misery. They are silent, their chins on their chests. In a sudden movement the three heads are lifted simultaneously, the haggard faces and sightless eyes upturned, three hands thrust out begging bowls, and three voices chorus in perfect time a long-drawn appeal for alms!

### A Street of Misery

"In the name of Allah, give us your charity! You who have riches, pity the poor! You who have eyes, be merciful to the blind! God will requite ye! Alms! In the name of the Prophet, give us alms!"

The three voices cease together, the three bowls are swiftly withdrawn, the three heads are lowered, chin to chest again—all in perfect unison.

A bell rings clear and sweet; and up the steep lane hobbles a ragged man hugging under his left arm a wet and bloated hairy thing like the swollen carcass of a drowned dog. It is a goatskin water bag with the hair left on. The bearer is selling the liquid and clangs the bright brass bell in his right hand to attract attention.

Before the French protectorate over Morocco was established, the British government once sent a mission to the Sultan in Fez with letters and presents. Attached to it was a Scots Guards subaltern—he is a peer and a general today.

He had visited the country several times, so he was chosen to go with the mission. When it rode in state into Fez, he was mounted on a big mule and clad in the full-dress scarlet and gold of his regiment, with the bearskin—the "hairy hat," as admiring Dublin street urchins call it—on his head. Tall and handsome, he presented a striking figure in his gorgeous uniform and appealed to the crowds lining the route to the Imperial palace.

But the bearskin busby puzzled them. "What is that he has on his head?" cried a wondering citizen in the front rank of the spectators.

A newspaper correspondent in Morocco, riding in the procession, had lived many years in the country and spoke Arabic fluently. He turned in his saddle and answered the enquirer loudly in the vernacular.

"That is a water bag. His sultan has allowed him to wear it as a mark of honor for putting out a fire in his town."

The lane narrows into an alley barely nine feet wide, covered over with a trellis-work of long, dried reeds on which lie withering the leaves of a spreading vine which in summer gives a welcome shade.

### Street of Shops

The alley is lined with booths, for it is the beginning of the famous souks. Souk means a market; but here, as in Tunis, it designates a street of shops; and in eastern cities the shops that sell the same things are grouped together.

Thus the Souk El Attarine is the street of the perfume sellers, who vend, besides scents, the large, brightly decorated Marabout candles to be burned before shrines. In the Souk El Khlyatine, tailors' street, the knights of the needle ply their trade, and burruses, jellabs (short-sleeved woolen cloaks), baggy breeches, and other garments are sold.

When night comes, the shopkeepers put up and lock the shutters on their establishments. They go off to their evening meal at a native restaurant or to drink a cup of sweetened coffee at a Moorish cafe before returning to their sleeping mats in a room like a rabbit warren.

## Captivating Daytime Frock



Pattern No. 1916-B

This clever dress features a flattering yoke which dips to a point in front and is equipped with twin slashes a few inches below the neckline to accommodate a ribbon bow of any color you wish to use. Most women like several different ones to which they match their accessories. Radiating tucks at the yoke and waist contribute a smooth fit and flattering effect, while center seams in front and back terminate in two kick pleats for reserved fullness where it will do the most good. The pointed pockets with shaped turned over flaps are novel. You'll want to make more than one dress, because the pattern is so easy to follow and the fabrics so numer-

ous to choose from. How about seersucker, novelty cotton, linen, crash or silk.

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## OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

When mending a rip in the glove, button hole the two edges with a fine needle and fine thread, never silk. Now catch these threads together in a button hole stitch and you will have a neat and lasting repair.

Baking soda will keep the baby's bottles sweet. After using wash the bottles carefully in hot soapy water, sterilize by scalding, then shake in a little baking soda and fill with cold water. Let stand until bottles are used again.

When the cork breaks in a bottle pour out the liquid it contains and put enough ammonia in the bottle to float the cork. Set away until the cork crumbles.

If in breaking eggs into a mixing bowl a bad one should accidentally be dropped in, a whole cake may be spoiled. It is, therefore, wise to always break one egg at a time into a cup before putting it into the mixing bowl.

To remove the onion odor from the hands after peeling and slicing them rub the hands with vinegar or lemon juice before washing with soap and water. If the onions are sliced under water and the hands are already wet rub them with dry salt.

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LOVE INSPIRED BURNS Robert Burns never wanted to write poetry until he fell in love.

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## THE PAY-ROLL AMBUSH

AN INSIDE STORY OF OR HOW THE G-MEN TRAPPED THE GALLO GANG

**MELVIN PURVIS FORMER ACE G-MAN**

Here is the story of the notorious Gallo gang—as Melvin Purvis, the young lawyer who became America's ace G-Man, told it to his friends, Paul and Joan. Names have, of course, been changed. This inside story is published as clinching proof that CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

THREE WEEKS LATER

AN REMEMBER—GALLO SAYS TH' PAY-ROLL CAR DRIVES UP AT 2:45 TODAY ... WE PUT THE LUG ON 'EM AS THEY ARRIVE AT TH' FACTORY.

THAT UNIVERSAL MANUFACTURING CO. GUYTS HAVE A SWEET PAY-ROLL!

"I DUCKED OUT OF THAT RESTAURANT AS QUICKLY AS I COULD, CALLED MY MEN INTO HEADQUARTERS, AND..."

NOW REMEMBER—EACH ONE OF YOU PLAYS A PART—YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT GANG SUSPICIOUS OR WE'LL NEVER NAB THEM!

WE GET IT, CHIEF—WE WON'T LOOK LIKE G-MEN!

AT 2:40 P.M., FOUR GROUPS OF G-MEN IN DISGUISE WERE GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNIVERSAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY. THEY DRESSED LIKE...

AN ORGAN GRINDER WINDOW WASHERS

MEMBERS OF A GERMAN BAND SEWAGE DEPT. REPAIR MEN

FIVE MINUTES LATER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PAY-ROLL ROBBERY

STICK 'EM UP, EVERY ONE OF YOU! THIS IS THE END OF THE GALLO GANG!

DEY'RE ALL G-MEN!

WELL, THERE'S YOUR STORY --- POST TOASTIES ARE GREAT FOR AN AFTERNOON SNACK, AREN'T THEY?

YOU BET! WE HAVE 'EM FOR BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING, TOO!

THEY TASTE GREAT ANY TIME!

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