

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field

Washington.—Will Europeans and other foreigners buy more American exports, say in the next year? It would seem certain that they should.

No answer is apparent to that question, and yet shrewd students of international trade, foreign exchange, and all the intricate problems involved, are far from being certain that what seems to be such an obvious two plus two equals four will work out.

There is no doubt about one phase of the problem. America is going to increase her purchases of foreign goods enormously in the next year. She has no alternative. If there had been no drought, it is possible that agricultural imports might have been less—what with the AAA knocked out and soil erosion contracts not yet firmly settled.

But, with not much of a surplus left over, and with crops down to fractions of what they should be because of heat plus lack of rain, the United States is going to have to import feed for cattle, grain for humans, and, after a few months, meat.

For the present the dumping on the market of cattle for which there is neither feed nor drinking water will keep the domestic supply plentiful. Later on meat must be imported, just as it was last year, only more of it.

Will Test Theory

Then will come the test of this old tariff theory on which the two major political parties have been debating since the days of Grover Cleveland without either ever convincing the other, a theory on which college professors and pure intellectuals have generally taken the side of the Democrats, holding that the sensible thing to do was for this country to produce what it could most economically, sell that abroad, and buy from abroad things it was more expensive, or perhaps impossible, to produce here.

But no one ever really questioned the Democratic statement that we could not eat our cake and have it too. Every one has always thought that in order to export we must import. Nothing else seemed to make sense.

Incidentally this is the theory on which the reciprocal trade agreements are based. The theory seems excellent. The difficulty, as in all tariff matters, is in the practical application. Naturally there is considerable bitterness in certain sections because of the foreign competition with local products this policy involves. Lumber in the Northwest, for example.

But with the whole world topsy-turvy, two and two may not make four any more. Any nation with a surplus to spare, and some that cannot really spare it (as when Russia sold us wheat in the early Hoover days and made her people do with black bread) will sell to us.

Weird Politics

Out in Nebraska they are having some weird politics this year. Not that this should be so surprising in the state which projected William Jennings Bryan and George W. Norris into the national political arena, but there are some interesting new twists to the situation.

Most of it revolves around a gentleman whose name is fairly new nationally, but who happens to be the Democratic nominee for United States senator, seeking the toga now adorning George W. Norris. His name is Terry McGovern Carpenter, and he won the Democratic nomination in a primary, although his state convention seemed little impressed thereby. The convention wanted to follow Franklin D. Roosevelt and James A. Farley, who thought Nebraska should return Uncle George Norris to Washington.

What brings the situation to a head right now is the public discussion, started by Senator Edward R. Burke himself, as to whether he should not resign as Democratic national committeeman because he, Burke, does not want Carpenter elected. Burke's theory is that perhaps a national committeeman should be for the whole ticket. As he is not for the whole ticket, he wonders if he should not resign.

But this is highly embarrassing to Farley, chairman of the national committee. For Farley is absolutely with Burke in being against Carpenter, and for the same reasons.

There used to be just one reason—desire for the re-election of Norris—but Carpenter has not taken his slighting lying down. He has had plenty to say—plenty that hurt. So now Burke and Farley not only want Norris elected—they want Carpenter defeated. They might

not admit it, but either would far prefer the election of the regular Republican, Robert G. Simmons, to a victory by Carpenter—especially as the Democratic majority in the upper house will be topheavy for the next two years anyhow, regardless of what may happen in this election.

Attacked Mullen

Carpenter has made himself particularly obnoxious to Farley and Burke by attacking Arthur F. Mullen. It will be recalled that Mullen was a Democratic national committeeman for many years until the famous purge of the committee—the assertion at the White House that members of the national committee should not hold federal offices, and should not lobby!

Aimed at somebody else, it hit both Farley and Mullen, much to the distress of the White House. Mullen did not want to resign, thought the clamor was foolish, but the White House having spoken, the reporters kept after him. So he finally did.

Mullen kept right on representing this and that interest in Washington, his influence being impaired not one whit by the mere fact that he had resigned. Public Works Administrator Harold L. Ickes resented the size of some fees Mullen was demanding from PWA projects, and wanted to cut a couple of them from \$75,000 to some unnamed reasonable figure.

But Mullen sued. The project did not fight in court, and Mullen collected.

Mullen is by way of being Jim Farley's lieutenant. He was before the Chicago nomination of Roosevelt and has been since. Burke is by way of being Mullen's lieutenant. He was put in as national committeeman in Mullen's place when Mullen resigned.

So when Carpenter hits Mullen, talking about his lobbying, his fees, etc., he hits both Farley and Burke.

All of which adds considerably to such gayety as can exist in over-ripe Nebraska.

Add to Debt

Between three and four billion dollars will be added to the national debt next year if the promise is kept that was made after the spectacular White House conference between President Roosevelt, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Chairman Pat Harrison of the senate finance committee, and Chairman Robert L. Doughton, of the house ways and means committee.

The only alternative is for the government simply to eliminate federal relief appropriations next year—not cut them down, but cut them out. No one either politically or economically minded believes the administration has the slightest thought of doing this.

Which leaves the situation where it was. The present tax law, after its revision toward the end of the last session, was calculated to do certain specific things. The additional revenue it was to provide was to make up the loss of the AAA processing taxes, to make up the one year already passed in which those processing taxes had not been received, and to make up the additional cost of payment of the bonus some years ahead of previous calculations.

This means that the present tax law was and is calculated to balance the federal budget—except for relief appropriations.

Relief appropriations include WPA, PWA, CCC, the Tugwell resettlement, and half a dozen other spending agencies. They are running at the rate of between three and four billion dollars a year.

So the calculation was that the total of taxes taken in each year would meet all other government expenses, but that those for relief should be classified as emergency, and should be paid for by going into debt—selling additional bonds on which interest must be paid.

Much Opposition

Incidentally, it is this very last point on which Father Coughlin and Representative William Lemke, candidate for President on the Coughlin ticket, are most bitter. They believe that such expenditures should be financed with paper money issued by the Treasury, to be redeemed when the government desires, but on which no interest should be paid in the meantime.

Incidentally lots of people would favor this plan, which would so greatly reduce the tax burden now and the much greater tax burden to come—regardless of any promises which may be made—if it were not for fear that, once embarked on a career of printing-press money, the government could not stop. They fear it would go on and on, as it did in Germany and Austria, and in every other nation that has ever tried it, until the present currency would be rendered valueless.

There is virtually no chance that this printing-press money plan will be adopted in the near future. Both Roosevelt and Alfred M. Landon are strongly opposed to it. Many of the most ardent Townsend leaders are just as strongly opposed to it. They want \$200 a month for the aged and they want it in dollars of present value, not a reduced value which inflation would bring about.

But there is a virtual certainty that the debt burden will be increased—that a minimum of three billion dollars will be added to it next year—in view of the promise just made that taxes are not to be increased next year.

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Some Spanish Cities



Docile Cows Haul Bulls to Spanish Arenas.

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

MADRID, the Spanish capital; San Sebastian, Spain's swanky resort where the American ambassador summers; Toledo, that inland Spanish town of oriental atmosphere, and Barcelona, teeming Mediterranean port, have been thrust into the spotlight recently by political disturbances.

Madrid is a modern capital. There are only a few narrow streets, old fashioned dwellings and arcaded plazas to remind a traveler that its tree-lined boulevards, tall palatial buildings, subways and airports evolved from a restricted wall-girt Spanish town.

While modernization has gone steadily on in recent years, there have been times when nearly whole sections of the city bowed at once to the plan of the city builders. In the construction of the splendid Gran Via, with its big hotels, smart shops, department stores and skyscraper business buildings, more than four thousand dwellings in a labyrinth of ancient streets in the heart of the city were demolished.

The Gran Avenida de la Libertad is one of the finest boulevards in Europe with its flanking governmental palaces, museums, hotels and palatial residences overlooking spacious plazas and parks. The Avenida's wide, tree-shaded walks for pedestrians, lying between the inner and outer automobile and carriage highways, are normally much alive by day and literally thronged by early evening. Rows of chairs are parked on each side of the broad walk.

All along the walk are refreshment booths where soft drinks are the main stock in trade. As one sits sipping a cool, creamy, almond-flavored horchata, a boy known as a barquillero appears with a barrel-receptacle containing sweet, rolled wafers called barquillos. One hands the boy a coin, spins a wheel atop the barrel and watches for the figure which indicates the number of wafers one wins.

Parade on the Avenida.

Meanwhile, the sidewalk parade passes on—army officers in brilliant uniforms, men garbed in black, pretty, graceful dark-haired women and sturdy bareheaded, barelegged children. Wizenid peanut vendors, and coquettish flower sellers raise their voices above the din of loud conversation and laughter. The men of Madrid are clean-shaven for the most part; the women have bobbed hair. Fans are the vogue in Madrid, and a colorful tint they give to the afternoon promenaders.

Madrid's summer temperature is high, but it is a dry heat. In the sun you broil, but wherever there is shade, there is a breath of cool air from the near-by mountains. The city is more than 2,000 feet above sea level.

Abundant water has made it possible thoroughly to flush the streets from four to six times a day. Along with this systematic tree planting and park development have made a refreshing city in the midst of a scorched plain long stripped of trees. The old Castilian farmer believed the birds were mortal enemies and left no haven for them.

Madrid's shops close every afternoon from one or two to four or five o'clock. The dinner hour is from 8:30 to 10:30 but there is plenty of time left to enjoy promenades, band concerts and movies before retiring, for even the band concert continues until 2 o'clock in the morning. If a traveler stays up to put Madrid to bed, he is likely to meet huge, creaking, two-wheeled, hooded carts lumbering into town with country produce bound for the central market where hills of vegetables are soon to rise.

San Sebastian is Gay

Vacationists swarm to San Sebastian. A graceful scallop of beach, constant cooling breezes from the Bay of Biscay, regattas, yacht racing, tennis tournaments, horse racing, bull fights, roulette, and formerly royal patronage made San Sebastian the Newport of Spain. Wealthy Spaniards from other sections, diplomats, and foreigners, however few in the city's 80,000 people, have given San Sebastian a European veneer over its native aspect.

In the midst of the summer frivolities of Spain's fashionable world, local Basques impassively continue their fishing, speaking their strange language unintelligible even to many Spanish visitors. Their name for their city is Iruchulu.

The city stands near the eastern end of Spain's northern coast, 10 miles from the French border where the numerous visitors change trains on the overnight trip from Paris.

Here the Pyrenees meet the sea, and both unite to create unique qualifications for a summer resort. The Bay of Biscay rolls into San Sebastian's semicircular harbor in a half-moon of blue-green, the same regular curve repeated in the beach's yellow crescent.

At the opposite ends of its mile diameter rise rocky headlands which have offered for centuries protection against naval assaults. The western bluff supports a new lighthouse beside the abandoned one, now an observation tower. On the eastern mountain stands a substantial Spanish castle, less associated with dreams than with nightmares of siege.

A distinctive atmosphere survives in the Old Town. In this Basque fishing settlement, at the foot of Mt. Urgull, dark nets dry along the wharves and laundry hangs from windows of the narrow, five and six-story houses. Nearby the ancient church of Santa Maria wears a white-sailed ship above its doorway to show kinship with its parishioners who must go down to the sea in ships.

Toledo Looks Moorish

Toledo occupies the crest of a hill rising nearly 200 feet from the Tagus River, 47 miles southwest of Madrid. When the catapult was the modern engine of war, it was almost impregnable. The Tagus formed an admirable moat on the south, east and west sides; and the neck of land on the north stretching toward a fertile plain, was protected by the plurality of walls that surrounded the city.

It is difficult to imagine that within less than two hours' train ride from the Spanish capital, there is a city with marked oriental appearance. The Puente de Alcantara, the principal gateway to Toledo on the east, is of Moorish design with massive high towers at each end. It was built in the Thirteenth century.

From the time one steps upon this bridge, until the river is recrossed by way of the Puente de San Martin, dating back fifty years earlier than the Puente de Alcantara, the many relics and ruins of medieval days in Toledo give a flavor of Palestine and Arabia, with a touch of French Gothic here and there.

The road approaching the city from the bridge winds around the hill past the Hospital de Santa Cruz, a fifteenth century building, and then through a Moorish archway that was nearly 400 years old when Columbus discovered America. It leads to the public square which still retains its Moorish name—the Zocodover. The "square" is really a triangle with one slightly rounded side. A wall of balconied buildings surrounds it, pierced at frequent intervals by narrow cobblestone streets hardly wide enough for two Toledo donkey carts to pass. There are narrow sidewalks but few pedestrians use them.

Toward the middle of the city, the lofty but graceful tower of Toledo Cathedral rises above the housetops. The narrow, winding streets in the neighborhood, bordered by unattractive buildings, do not permit a full view of the edifice. It is a splendid example of French-Gothic architecture with carved monuments, stained glass and tracery work comparable with that of other European cathedrals. It covers about the same area as that of Cologne cathedral and took 266 years to build. The foundation stone was laid in 1227.

Busy Old Barcelona

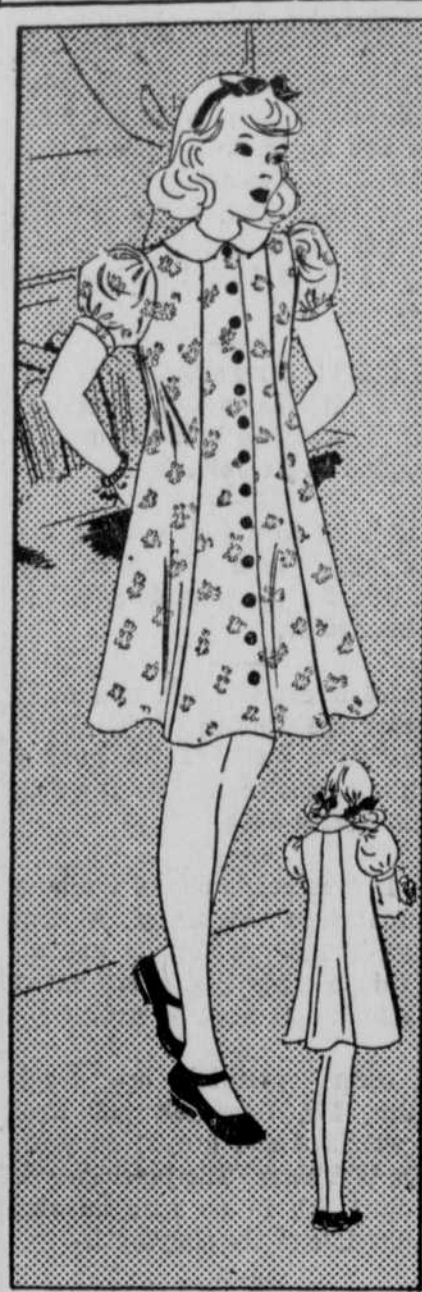
Barcelona is modern in appearance, although the port dates to the second century and ranked with Genoa and Venice in Mediterranean trade in the Middle Ages. The spacious harbor into which the Phoenicians sailed in quest of new peoples with whom to trade, and which Columbus triumphantly entered after his return from America, now is pierced by long, modern wharves, each accommodating several large ocean-going vessels at a time.

The old quay, now well paved, is lined on its inner side with modern buildings and a promenade flanked by two rows of palm trees occupies its center.

The old part of the city, once surrounded by a wall, still has some of its canyonlike streets, and balconied windows of bordering buildings nearly meet. But many of these crooked lanes now open into wide streets.

Barcelona has a magnificent Gothic cathedral, a university, many historic churches, museums, and new buildings of pure "Barcelona" architecture, the lines of which simulate ocean waves, but the out-door life of the inhabitants is the lure of the Spanish city.

For the Little Princess



The simplicity but irresistible charm of princess frocks accounts for their undiminished popularity and appeal for those who sew, and this one will make an instant hit with the mothers of growing daughters as well as with the daughters themselves. Slightly fitted at the waist to accent the mild flare of the skirt, this pretty and petite princess model goes together like a charm, the result of a minimum of effort and expense. Puff sleeves, a contrasting Peter Pan collar, and a row of small bright buttons down the front complete the picture. Daughter will love to choose her own fabric—a printed mus-

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OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

To keep the coffee pot sweet, boil a strong solution of borax in it occasionally.

To remove print from flour sacks, rub print with lard and let stand over night. In the morning boil in water with soap in it, then rub until print has all disappeared.

Never sprinkle rose bushes with the hose. Put the hose on the ground and allow the water to seep in around the roots of the plants.

Fill crevices in floors with putty and smooth off with a knife. Do this three or four days before putting finish on floors.

If patent leather shoes and belts are rubbed occasionally with a glycerin-dipped cloth the leather will not dry and crack.

Always wipe your electric iron with a clean cloth before heating it, to remove any dust or dirt.

Beets are fattening and therefore excellent food for those desiring to put on flesh.

Custard filling will not soak into crust if the white of an egg is brushed over crust before pouring in custard. © Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

Envy of Crooks

The fingers of Inslie Mount, an American business man in Argentina, leave no readable prints. He went to Buenos Aires to obtain an identification certificate and the police got a shock when his fingers only registered black smudges. He said it was hereditary and that his hands and feet were insensible to cold or heat. It's lucky for the police that Mr. Mount is not a crook.



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