

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington. — Governor Alf M. Landon's strength in the farm states, now demonstrated, serves to keep him in the presidential race, but leaves him still dependent upon success in the parlay of big states east of the Mississippi.

That parlay has had but one change as a result of Landon's improved chances west of the Mississippi. Before the farm speeches at Des Moines and Minneapolis which, repercussions have indicated, clinched for the Republican nominee Nebraska, Iowa and South Dakota, and put Minnesota and Colorado in the "leaning Republican" column, the group of states east of the Mississippi that Landon must carry to have a chance stood as follows: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. And even this was predicated on the premise that he must also carry all the New England states.

With his present strength in the farm belt, Indiana may be eliminated from this must list.

As is general in such cases, Indiana begins to show more Republican strength at the same moment that it loses its status of being absolutely vital to the Republican candidate. Present indications are that Indiana will go Republican. In fact, the same farm speeches which clinched Iowa and Nebraska and South Dakota for Landon helped him enormously in Indiana and in southern Illinois.

But the fact remains that Landon cannot lose a single one of the modified must list. There are just not enough electoral votes within the realm of probabilities to make for one of them.

The most interesting phase of this campaign to any disinterested observer must be the way this list of states, all of which Landon has to carry, shifts about. For a time after Governor Herbert H. Lehman was induced to run for re-election in New York, it seemed as though the Empire state was the weakest link in the Republican chain. Then for one reason and another Republican prospects in New York began to improve until now they are much brighter than in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois or Michigan.

Drift in Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania was the second state to play havoc with the nerves of the Landon backers. But there has been a drift back there, and now Pennsylvania, the Republicans think, is responding to treatment.

Next one of the important polls showed Michigan swinging to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and all the tremors that New York and Pennsylvania had caused in the Republican high command were repeated. For all realize that they cannot win without Michigan's 19 electoral votes.

There is no evidence of any swing-back in Michigan, but for various reasons the Republicans are now worried more about Ohio than any of the others.

Primarily this is due to disappointment. From the moment of the Cleveland convention they had assumed that Ohio was in the bag. It had gone for Roosevelt in 1932 by only about 74,000. Many of its important leaders were known to be lukewarm to Roosevelt. Both its senators had voted against the Roosevelt tax bill. Senator Vic Donahey had walked out of the Philadelphia convention despite the earnest pleading of James A. Farley that he make a seconding speech for Roosevelt. Finally Landon had spent his boyhood in eastern Ohio.

But the polls being taken by the Columbus Dispatch and the Scripps Howard papers are showing that while the Republican nominee for governor is running way ahead of the Democratic incumbent, the same voters are favoring Roosevelt over Landon by a substantial lead. So the jitters of John D. M. Hamilton's lieutenants are now resulting from Ohio.

In a couple of weeks it will probably be New York again, or Pennsylvania. A parlay is rather hard on the nerves.

Two-Edged Sword

Although the Democrats have failed to capitalize the insurance issue sprung by Col. Frank Knox, there is an element among the Republicans which is frightened to death about it. What they are afraid of is that so many life insurance salesmen will run into stiff sales resistance on the part of their prospects, and blame Colonel Knox in particular and the whole Republican ticket in general for their difficulties.

Actually the big men in the insurance business are in absolute sympathy with Colonel Knox's views, on two counts. But the big insurance men have very few votes, whereas the number of life insurance salesmen is legion.

That is where the two-edged sword of this issue comes in. And probably no one will know for some time to come, perhaps not until after the election, which edge did the most cutting.

There are two entirely different phases even of the one side—the side that Colonel Knox is presenting so vigorously.

One is the charge that Roosevelt spending, with the constantly increasing national debt due to the fact that the government every year spends more than it takes in, will inevitably lead to inflation. Inflation, once started, cannot well be stopped. Few governments in the history of the world, once they embarked on printing-press money, have been able to do anything about it. The latest spectacular case, of course, is Germany. On the other hand, the United States government financed the Civil war with printing-press money, and eventually made good, redeeming all the greenbacks with gold.

The story of that recovery, however, is so dreary, extending through the Grant administration scandals, and with repercussions leading up to the McKinley-Bryan sound money versus free silver campaigns. In fact, that story is so unhappy that few of the active inflationists in public life, such for instance as Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, have manifested any desire to mention it.

They Talk Figures

To this phase, the answer of the Democrats of course is that President Roosevelt is just as strongly opposed to printing-press money as is Governor Alf M. Landon himself. They talk about balancing the budget after the emergency is passed, and then slowly paying off some of the debt. They do not talk very much about this for an obvious reason. If they start talking figures, naturally it looms inevitably that there must be higher taxes. During the campaign the Democrats do not want to talk about higher taxes. In fact, the White House went to some pains to make it clear to the country that there would be no new taxes next year.

There is another reason why the Democrats do not want to talk so much about higher taxes just at present. Every one knows that President Roosevelt's own idea about these higher taxes is very definite. He expects to make the big corporations and the big incomes pay more. When he proposed the original sliding scale tax on corporation incomes, nearly eighteen months ago, he wanted the scale to run up much higher.

When last spring he urged the present tax law, he wanted a much bigger slice of undistributed earnings assessed, the idea being to force distribution of bigger dividends, and then to get at the big incomes by high bracket individual income taxes.

But discussion of that point right now is not the Democratic strategy. That particular issue is a two-edged sword for them, as much as the Knox scare on life insurance policies and savings bank deposits is for the Republicans.

Another Issue

Loss of interest on savings bank accounts, and diminished dividends on life insurance policies, is another phase of the issue Col. Frank Knox has injected into the campaign which is causing such concern both among Republicans and Democrats, no one being sure which way the net advantage of this issue is going to fall on election day.

This phase of the issue has nothing to do with the possibility of printing-press money—of an inflation which might lead to a gradual fall in value of the dollar so that the purchasing power of savings and insurance payments might be heavily cut.

It is concerned with the immediate present, and has to do almost entirely with the present very low rate of interest. In the first place, all the banks are stuffed with government bonds. These bonds pay so little interest that from the point of view of income to the banks it is almost as bad as not loaning the money out at all.

This cheap interest rate has naturally affected other borrowers. Corporations making new bond issues have taken advantage of it. Everybody who has to borrow money has taken advantage of it. So that the income of banks and insurance companies which must invest money in order to live has fallen sharply.

In the case of banks, this has resulted in sharp curtailment of interest payment on savings accounts and almost universal discontinuance of any interest on checking accounts.

Cuts Dividends

In the case of insurance companies, it has resulted in sharp reduction of the amount of dividends allowed policy holders. To some policy holders this has actually meant an increase in their premiums, for many have always used the dividends to reduce their premiums. To others, who have always used the dividends to purchase additional insurance, it has simply meant that they did not obtain this additional insurance. Taking both classes, the net has been that the cost of their insurance has increased.

So that it might be stated that all holders of savings bank deposits and insurance policies have been hurt as a result of this cheaper interest rate, not to mention owners of bank stocks.

On the other hand, the borrowers have had a field day. They have been getting money cheaper than at any time in their memory.

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Member of Royal Horse Guards in Full Regalia

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

THE English like pageantry. No one is long in London before that becomes evident. And when spring comes to the British capital, pageantry is not far behind.

A month before, the south coast has retained the winter's health seekers and a generous sprinkling of visitors from "The Colonies." To watch the opening of the mail in a drawing room of Penzance or Torquay is like leafing the pages of an imperial atlas or a stamp album.

The season's northward passage from Kent and Sussex changes the country's outlook. Then the visiting expatriates move north, and the Cornish Riviera emerges from its plate-glass windbreaks. The daffodils have begun to show themselves in London's parks.

How many hundreds of springs have worked their magic around Ludgate Hill? Yet the story is never old.

In St. James' Park the pelicans plume themselves for another round of admirers. Testy old Colonialists, amid youngsters with the same straight backs, ride splendid horses along that mid-city strip of tanbark known as Rotten Row. Before St. Paul's and under the haughty noses of the Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square children minister to the vernal voracity of the London pigeons.

In Whitehall, where the Horse Guards sit their coal-black mounts, warm red winter capes are removed to display white buckskin breeches. In front of the Old Admiralty, whence Nelson hurried off toward the Strait of Gibraltar and the battle commemorated by the name of Trafalgar Square, a flower seller thrusts out a sixpenny bunch of daffodils.

As if the bright lights around Leicester Square had helped coax them forth, early blossoms circle the base of a statue to England's immortal poet and playwright. Leaning on a pile of his works, his legs crossed more carelessly than a sculptor allows in the case of a general or a statesman, Shakespeare broods in the center of a theaterland whose craft he glorified.

Nerve Center of Empire

Another spot gilded by daffodils is the garden outside the Houses of Parliament, a site where monarchs ruled from Edward the Confessor to Henry VIII. Since the days of Bluff King Hal, the House of Commons has turned this Thames-side meeting place into the democratic heart of a farflung Empire.

The World War Tommy sang to Piccadilly and Leicester Square, but the nerve center of the British Commonwealth is this fortress of constitutional government beside British historic river.

Three centuries ago, under the Palace of Westminster, a tall fellow with auburn hair sat amid barrels of gunpowder. In a few hours King, Lords, and Commons were to meet in the hall overhead. A watch provided by Thomas Percy ticked all England closer to chaos.

The Gunpowder Plot was discovered. Intervening centuries have healed the grim memory of his execution, and Guy Fawkes Day has become a children's festival, with fireworks shooting from grotesque effigies to amuse the crowd. But even yet, before the king leaves Buckingham palace to open Parliament, red-coated beefeaters search the cellars beneath this mighty pile.

On Hampstead Heath covets of kites, their strings coiled on reels strong enough for tunny fishing, shake their tails across the heavens, while Punchinello wags his long-beaked face before those still too young to read Punch. On a hundred lakes and streams the swans stretch their long necks in begging. Down the hidden lanes of Devon, Kent, and Sussex cyclist and motorists push their explorations.

The wide expanse of Dartmoor, the coves of Cornwall, the gossamer haze of English lakes, the pilgrim places of art and architecture, of religion and literature, all have their devotees.

Yet even these alluring places, so fondly dreamed of around tea tables in paneled rooms, are hard put to keep admirers from rushing off to some display of uniforms, banners, horseflesh, or costumes—perhaps a lady of quality wearing the same gown and the same title as did a

famous ancestor in the age of Queen Anne or Nell Gwyn.

At a pageant the king may sit his horse while colors that have faced enemy fire are dipped in salute, or the tale of Runnymede, built up by Roman and Dane, Plantagenet and Tudor, may be retold in one stirring afternoon beside the Thames.

In the Midlands, smoke and haze often thwart the sun, but spring arrives with the pounding of hoofs and the cries of the crowd at the Grand National Steeplechase, which determines the winners of the Irish Sweepstakes, now duplicated on Derby Day.

The course is four and one-fourth miles, with 30 jumps. Beyond any of them, all but the lead horse may land on his rivals' sky-turned hoofs instead of on billiard-cloth turf, or trample a bright-clad jockey. An Aintree steeplechaser will swerve in the middle of a leap to avoid a fallen rider, but when a dozen leapers cross Becher's Brook together, like a pony ballet pawing the footlights, there is danger aplenty and drama for all.

A few days after the race half the men who slap reins on workaday horseflesh will be clucking to their steeds in the name of the year's Grand National winner.

After this dramatic attack, spring consolidates its hold. Small parties hie away to rustic spots beloved because they are known to few. How one island can contain so many favorite picnic sites is a mystery. "Gated roads," "private" signs, and turnstiles are designed not so much to keep out beauty seekers as to keep in an air of seclusion and quiet.

Everywhere citizens move out to greet the bursting bud, the new-born lamb, the soft spring breeze along white cliffs, or welcome warmth at the foot of red-rock sun traps near the sea.

England can be grim. There is the cruel tower where Anne Boleyn's slender throat was severed by a sword and those of Catherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, and the Earl of Essex by an axe; but London River calls us. London Tower is a scene of the nation's tragic deaths; the Thames of its birth and growth and power. Who has not heard the aphorism: "The St. Lawrence is muddy water; the Missouri is muddy water; the Thames is liquid history?"

Cruises on The Thames

Today a well-managed excursion cruises down London River under the auspices of the Port of London Authority. Shiplods of school children and adults are carried amid the busiest portions of London's 70-mile port. They are shown through the docks that feed and furnish a nation and link this tiny island to the Empire its restless mariners won, and to the world.

Leaflets are distributed which map the course, epitomize the river's history, and list the day's portion of a thousand ships a week converging from the far corners of the earth. Through loudspeakers, intelligent guides point out where Raleigh spread his cloak for Queen Elizabeth, where the time-ball of a modest observatory marks the stride of our sphere, where Francis Drake, expecting punishment, was knighted on the Golden Hind.

Once there were more boats upon the Thames than there were hackney coaches in the streets, and magistrates from the City were rowed to Westminster. Today many travelers ignore the "most significant waterway in the world," extended by the Grand Union Canal, which makes the industrial Midlands shipping suburbs of the London docks.

Near the upper reaches of tide-water is Kew, a vast open-air nursery for plants and "a convalescent home for all sore souls." Through the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew the rubber plantations of Malaya passed on their way from the native forests in Brazil. India's post offices could not sell Asiatic quinine to relieve the tropical fevers of countless millions until South America's cinchona tree was bequeathed to Ceylon and the Himalayas through the propagating gardens of Kew.

Kew is one of London's best-loved playgrounds, especially when young spring has ringed its little lake with fuzzy foliage and touched the wide-spread green with masses of gay blossoms. Bluebell, lilac, magnolia, and azalea, all have their devotees.

'Old Oaken Bucket' Panel



Pattern 1067

So dear to our hearts—the tune, "Old Oaken Bucket," and now, a wall panel in its memory, which every one of us will want to embroider at once. Such a home-like scene, this, which is planned for quick embroidery, with single and running stitch used mainly, and only a smattering of French knots. No frame is needed—just a lining.

Pattern 1067 comes to you with a transfer pattern of a picture 15 by 20 inches; a color chart and

Foreign Words and Phrases

A tout prix. (F.) At any price; whatever the cost.

Brutum fulmen. (L.) Ineffectual thunderbolt.

Chevalier d'industrie. (F.) A swindler; sharper; an adventurer. Deus vobiscum! (L.) God be with you!

Ecce. (L.) Behold. In medias res. (L.) Into the midst, as of a subject.

Mauvaise honte. (F.) False modesty.

Pate de foies gras. (F.) A pie of fat goose livers.

Revenons a nos moutons. (F.) Let us return to our sheep; i. e., to the point at issue.

Nil admirari. (L.) To wonder at nothing.

Quantum sufficit. (L.) As much as suffices; enough.

Savoir faire. (F.) The knowing how to do; address; tact.

key; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

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DIZZY DEAN wins the ball throw

ALL OUT FOR THE BALL THROW!

GEE, MA, I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE A BROKEN ARM, MAYBE I COULD WIN THE BALL THROW

I WISH YOU COULD, TOMMY. THAT PRIZE OF A BASKET OF GROCERIES WOULD COME IN HANDY

HOW 'BOUT LETTIN' ME THROW FOR YOU, SON?

GOSH, WOULD YOU? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD THROW SWELL!

WHAT AN ARM! HE PUT THE FIRST BALL RIGHT IN!

HE WAS JUST LUCKY! THE NEXT TWO WON'T GO ANYWHERE NEAR THE BARREL

THREE HITS IN THREE TRIES! HE WINS, BILL

THAT'S THE BEST THROWING I EVER SAW! YOU OUGHT TO BE IN THE BIG LEAGUE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

DIZZY DEAN, BUT TOMMY HERE GETS THE PRIZE

LOOK, MA! AT THE BASKET OF GROCERIES DIZZY DEAN WON FOR US

I NOTICE THERE'S GRAPE-NUTS IN IT, TOO, MAM. GIVE TOMMY ALL HE WANTS—GRAPE-NUTS IS GOOD FOR KIDS. IT'S PACKED WITH NOURISHMENT. I KNOW—I EAT IT MYSELF

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