

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—In refusing even to admit that there is a possibility of more new taxes, despite the obvious necessity for either more revenue or less spending, senators and representatives, not to say administration officials, are not as stupid as some critics seem to think.

There is a reason as big as a house for what they are doing, and it has nothing to do with the mental processes that are supposed to induce an ostrich to bury its head in the sand in the presence of danger.

The men who have the final say on this know perfectly well that the next revenue bill, if it is going to provide anything like the amount of money needed, must hit the smaller incomes. As predicted at the time, the new revenue law now on the books has made tax evasion a fine art. Also, there is a law of diminishing returns, even in taxes on wealth.

For example, a very high income tax on the upper brackets is remarkably effective in discouraging gambling, even business gambling. It has restricted gambling in stocks and commodities far more probably than all the securities and exchange commission's restrictions, effective as they have been.

Which may be a fine thing, but that is not the point. The point is that a man with a substantial fortune, while he still retains the natural human desire to increase it, looks at any new venture more coldly than in the olden days. If he loses, the government has nothing to say, but if he wins he has to give up more than half his profits to the Treasury. So he takes fewer chances, plays more sure things, is satisfied with a much smaller return on his money, and puts more and more of his money in tax exempt bonds. Then to balance the danger that inflation would hurt him in that direction, he is apt to buy some land, not looking for immediate return, but just as a hedge against the possibility of his dollars being worth less.

Tax Returns Disappoint

All of which is part of the explanation of why, with business tremendously better last year, and with a wonderful crop of dividends, the income tax returns of March 15 were so disappointing.

The other part of the explanation, congress and the administration realize, is that considerably more of the total crop of dividends goes to small income people than had been thought. Treasury experts knew this from previous figures, but their comments on the tax plan last year were ignored, for the most part, though attention was called to them while the bill was under consideration.

So to get the money that the Treasury must have, unless spending is to be curtailed more drastically than any one familiar with the political situation really expects, tougher levies must be made on the little incomes. Exemptions must be reduced and rates on the little fellows must be boosted.

But that is terrible politics and every one knows it. Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin is one of the few who have had the political courage to advocate it.

So—if it can be postponed in one way or another until after the 1938 election—or at least so that the returns will not have to be made until after that election—it might prevent quite a few defeats of house members and of the senators who then come up for re-election. Actual prospects are, however, that the wolf just won't stay away from the door as long as that.

Third Term Talk

There is more and more talk about a third term for Franklin D. Roosevelt. More and more, the talk about other Democrats, such as Governor George H. Earle of Pennsylvania, Paul V. McNutt of Indiana and Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace is subsiding.

There is no real question in anyone's mind that popular prejudice against a third term is not of sufficient importance to interfere. If Mr. Roosevelt decides not to run it will not be because of any objection to violating that old tradition. It will be for some other reason or reasons. It just so happens that he rather enjoys breaking traditions.

Nor is there any doubt that the President could easily be renominated and re-elected, if the election were this fall instead of in 1940. There is not the slightest evidence of any diminution of his popular strength. Most senators are of the opinion that if the Supreme court enlargement plan were merely a device originating on Capitol hill, and on which the President had said publicly that he considered this a matter for congress to work out, there would not be a handful of public sentiment for it.

They contend that it is the enormous popularity of the President that is going to put the court plan over, if it is put over, despite objections so strong as to have smashed party lines.

As a matter of fact it did not take a Franklin D. Roosevelt to topple the third term tradition over. Calvin Coolidge today does not have the prestige he enjoyed during his lifetime, but no one who remembers the state of affairs when the Republicans held their convention at Kansas City in 1928, and in the months preceding that gathering, when delegates were being selected, doubts that Coolidge could have had that nomination by crooking his finger.

Watch Reactions

The third term tradition began to waver back in the Theodore Roosevelt administration. Few now believe it had anything to do with the fact that Woodrow Wilson defeated Roosevelt and William Howard Taft in the 1912 election. There was some talk about it, naturally, from the Taft orators, but Taft's prestige with the voters was at a very low ebb, and many Republicans who supported Taft regretted afterwards that they had not all united behind Roosevelt to defeat Wilson.

The interesting thing to watch now is the reactions of those Democrats, particularly in the South, who in their hearts have not agreed with the New Deal, but who have gone along largely because of party regularity. Many of them have had very definite ideas about changing some of the economic slants of the Democratic party at the next national convention, and nominating some one more in sympathy with their own ideas.

It is rather obvious that 1944 is too far off for most of them to wait. Naturally there is nothing for them to do right now, so long as party regularity retains its present importance in their minds. And there is not much ground for suspecting any change in that direction.

But it is well within the realm of possibility that they may make up their minds shortly that they will fight against a third term for the New Deal. Which may lead to more of the sort of insurrection that has characterized the actions of such senators as Carter Glass and Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, Josiah W. Bailey of North Carolina, Millard E. Tydings of Maryland, and Walter F. George of Georgia.

Russia for Peace

While eager for any disarmament conference that the United States may propose, or that any other nation may suggest for that matter, the Soviet Republic, Secretary of State Cordell Hull has been unofficially informed, believes for the moment that the best guarantee of peace in the eastern hemisphere is the strength of the fighting forces of the U. S. S. R.

As every one interested in world diplomacy knows, much of the talk of the "next war" centers around the idea of Japan and Germany fighting Russia. Soviet officials believe that as long as their country remains strong enough so that German and Japanese spies continue to report its resisting qualities, just so long may "Der Tag" be postponed.

"The question of speed and fighting ability of planes alone is a good illustration," one friend of Moscow said to Secretary Hull the other day: "Any German expert, with the material the Hitler secret service has been able to obtain, can figure out very quickly that there just might be considerable danger in any move against the Soviet. It might not be over quickly and victoriously, which of course is the only kind of war any country wants."

Officials here are smiling, discreetly, over a report made by a friend of the Soviet at a recent reception in London, which was quickly relayed to this country by grapevine.

The Easterner was asked by a distinguished attaché of the British Foreign office why his government had concentrated such a huge force in its maritime provinces.

"My government is anxious to preserve peace," said the Russian. "We are willing to go to great lengths in that direction—even to removing temptation from possible victims. We realize fully the weakness of the Japanese for invading any unprotected territory. They don't seem to be able to resist it. So we thought if we put a powerful force out there we would be contributing to the cause of peace on earth."

French Not Fooled

Incidentally the French do not take seriously all the recent propaganda—since the rout of the Franco forces at Guadalajara—about the Italian soldiers' lack of fighting ability. They have been chuckling about it, naturally, especially since the flight of the Italian regiments has been played up so in the newspapers. One cartoon showed an Italian officer protesting to Il Duce saying that it was not "fair" to put them up against an opposing army which also had planes and tanks. All of which shows that Italy did not win as much prestige by her Ethiopian victory as she probably believed.

But the French make the point that this behavior of Italian soldiers in Spain does not mean anything. They insist that many of the Italians did not want to go to Spain, that many did not even know they were going to Spain until they were landed there. The French claim to have reports that the Italians in many instances are eager to surrender, not having any heart in the fight.

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what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Touring Accommodations.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. For the sake of comparison, two of us, out lately on a little trip, stayed one night at a wayside motor camp and the next night at the most expensive tourist hotel in three states, rates \$25 per day per sucker.

At the tourist camp, the company was mixed but neighborly and, for the most part, pleasant. The only really discordant note was a lady in the adjoining cabin who, at all hours, kept waking her husband up, apparently for the purpose of telling him another thing about him that she didn't like.

At the exclusive establishment were many guests who seemed to be suffering from severe attacks of nervous culture, being fearful, I'd say, that if ever they behaved naturally, they'd give themselves away. Mainly they were dull. Waxworks, even when animated, usually are dull.

But stopping at a \$25 a day hotel has one advantage, I find. Afterward, you can go around bragging that once you stopped at a \$25-a-day hotel. This should be a great help socially.

Dealing With Snakes.

CONNECTICUT congressman is pushing an act to prohibit importation of venomous serpents from other countries for exhibition purposes. His fear is that an earthquake or something might shake the zoo apart and liberate a lot of deadly reptiles that would start multiplying and constitute a new menace to the lives of such of the populace as have thus far escaped being killed by automobiles.

Without presuming to assume that the gentleman is a bit of an alarmist, I'd like to point out that he can obtain millions of adherents for this measure among old-fashioned Americans by tacking in an amendment to his bill providing that the bars likewise shall be put up against foreign-born communists.

How Times Change.

I JUST read what I once knew for myself but had forgotten in the rush and bustle of these latter days.

It related to the attitude which America, considerably less than half a century ago, held toward unescorted woman. For instance, as recently as 1890 not many respectable hotels would permit one of them to register. Some time after 1900—in fact, as I remember, it was about 1910—a prominent lady was asked to leave one of the smartest hotels in New York city because she dared to light a cigarette in the public lounge. As for women drinking at a bar—well, not even the most forward-looking liberal could conceive of so incredible a sight as that.

And now just look at the darned things!

Hardships de Luxe.

WHEN our plutocratic classes decide to go simple, they go simple, regardless of what it costs 'em.

A rich couple have just completed a trip out here, following the ancient trails of the early pathfinders. Like true pioneer stock, they roughed it in specially built twin trailers, each about the size of a pullman but much more complete, and were towed by a couple of Rolls-Royces. The servants, only six in number, had to put up with two much cheaper cars.

During the entire trip there was no dressing for dinner and thus, with true democratic spirit, was the primitive plan of the expedition carried out. Every hardship encountered enroute—such as the champagne getting all jolted up and the caviar coming unglued in the can—was cheerfully endured. An armed guard was maintained at night to repel kidnapers and hostile Indian tribes.

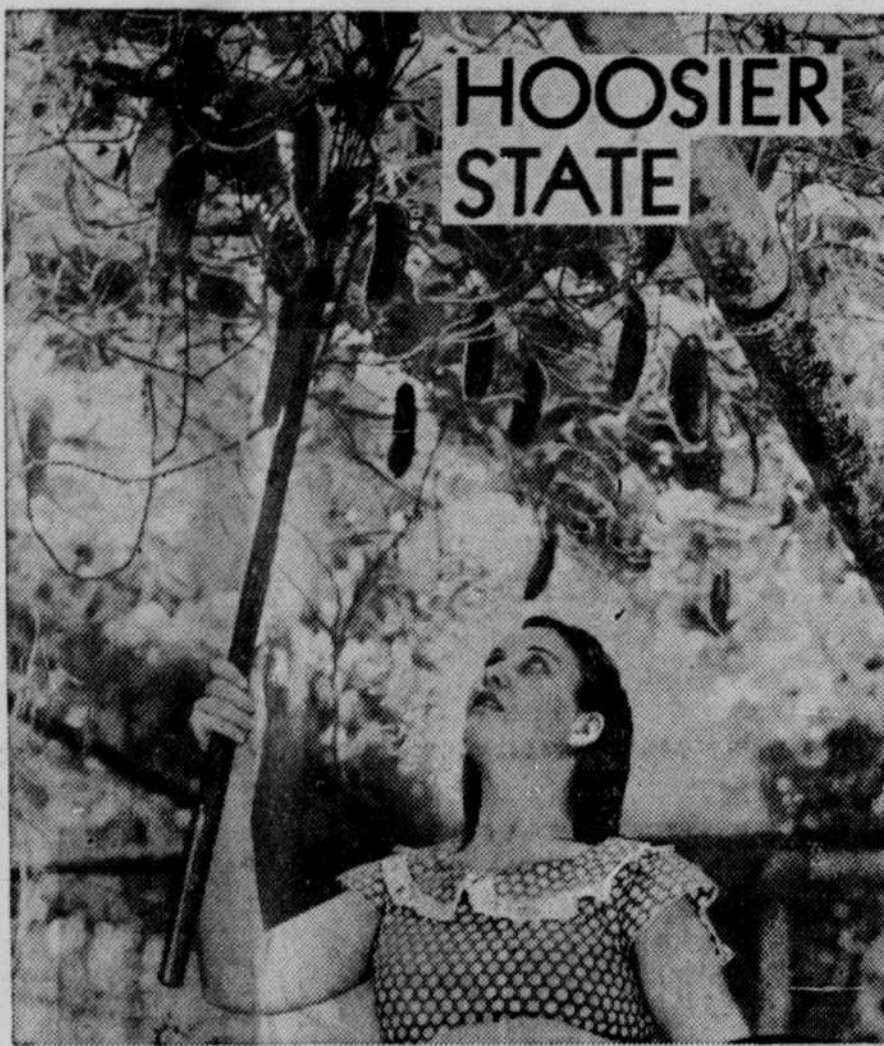
I wonder how Jim Bridger and Kit Carson ever stood it with no butler along—in fact, not even a second man.

IRVIN S. COBB.
©—WNU Service.

How Time Flies

When it is considered that a watch is made up of approximately 178 parts, 50 of which undergo motion, and that the total number of the manufacturing operations involved are at least 1,500, some idea of the design problems that accompany watchmaking becomes apparent. Many of the parts are so small that a powerful magnifying glass is necessary to examine them in detail. Every available ten-thousandth of an inch must be utilized in the watch to attain the compactness that characterizes the new mode.

For instance, the balance wheel swings between the third and fourth wheels with a clearance of only 0.006 inch. Screws for the balance wheels are also striking examples of minuteness. A thimble can hold 7,800 screws.



Picking Cucumbers Out of the Air at Terre Haute.

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

INDIANA is the sum of its parts. Yet how they differ! Streams of planes, trains, motorcars, trucks, and buses whizzing back and forth across its north and central parts; yet how little travel, by comparison, in the south.

In that industrial region on Lake Michigan which is not Indiana at all but a prolongation of Chicago, nothing but smoke, noise, and moving crowds.

In the south, a serene, unhurried people whose ancestors floated down the Ohio in flatboats, came from the Carolinas and Kentucky on horseback, bringing rifles, axes, spinning wheels.

Look down, in fancy, from a drifting blimp; imagine that here and there, painted on the grounds in huge, white letters, are signboards on which you may read about the audacious men whose adventures made Indiana.

Near South Bend, La Salle campe' in 1679. At Vincennes, a century later, George Rogers Clark gained for us the whole Northwest Territory.

That tall shaft of Pigeon Roost Memorial shows where, in 1812, Indians slew a whole white settlement.

East of Evansville, at Lincoln City, is the monument to Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, and the boyhood home where her son Abe split rails.

Along the Wabash—the Ouabache of old—are strewn the sites of French fur-trade posts, built in the early 1700's. North of Lafayette, the Tippecanoe battlefield, where Harrison defeated Tecumseh's brother; and, just out of Kokomo, a monument to Elwood Haynes, who in 1894 launched one of America's first "horseless carriages" on the now historic "Pumpkinvine Pike."

In fact and fancy you may see still other markers, showing the homes of such famous Hoosiers as James Whitcomb Riley, Benjamin Harrison, John Hay, Lew Wallace, Joaquin Miller, Booth Tarkington, Albert J. Beveridge, George Ade, Theodora Dreiser, Charles Major, John T. McCutcheon, Meredith Nicholson, and Wilbur Wright; and, up among the scenic lakes of north-east Indiana, in the "Limberlost" region, that rustic, tree-shaded log-house home of Gene Stratton Porter.

Story is shown on Carter's Map. It sounds fantastic, the idea of floating over a state and reading its life story on giant signboards. Yet, in a vicarious way, you can do it, for there exists a pictorial map, drawn by Lee Carter and published by the state conservation department, which shows in graphic detail much that has happened here since Father Marquette saw northwestern Indiana in the 1600's. This map was our guide over some 6,500 miles of Hoosier highways and byways.

"On the Banks of the Wabash" is the state song. It ought to be; down the Wabash came the French, first whites to settle in Indiana; this stream formed part of their long route from Quebec to Louisiana.

At Terre Haute you see a street crowd watching a tricky machine turn dough into doughnuts, instantaneously. It is hard to believe that in the pioneer days country folks didn't even have matches; if they let their fire go out, they had to ride over to the neighbors' and borrow some live coals.

The sight of girls picking long, green, warty cucumbers out of the air lures you into a 35-acre steam-heated glass house. Inside it smells and feels just like Manila in the rainy season, hot and sticky. A bug's paradise! Swarms of bees are kept, purposely, to pollinate the cucumber blossoms. Not on the ground, but high up overhead like grapes on a trellis hung the cucumbers. Perspiring blonds and brunettes reached up with long-handled tools and clipped them off.

Elks' Country Club house, facing the Wabash, stands where Zachary Taylor whipped the Indians in 1812. Parallel with the river is the abandoned Wabash and Erie canal, its grass-grown towpath still visible. An Englishman—about 1848—wrote of a canal trip from here to Ohio. It was hot, he said. All day

passengers sat on top of the boat, many under umbrellas. Some fiddled or sang; others read, or watched the scenery go whizzing by as towpath horses pulled the boat at four miles an hour! This Englishman was disturbed that Americans should eat squirrels!

Through pioneer Terre Haute came the old National Road. Over it swarmed the cheering legions—soldiers, settlers, paire schooners, freighters, live stock, boys and dogs—off to conquer the West. Today this early wagon trail, long but a line of ruts dodging stumps and mudholes, is U. S. 40. At Terre Haute it intersects U. S. 41 to form one of America's busiest crossroads.

South of the city hovers the population center of the United States. For the past 45 years it has been slowly vandering across Indiana.

Historic Four-Cornered Track.

Trotting horses, harnessed to light sulkeys, set world records at Terre Haute. Nancy Hanks, Maud S., Dan Patch, Mascot, Hal Pointer, and Axtell raced here on the historic "four cornered" track in the days of Bud Doble, greatest reinsman of his age. Now a stadium, with night ball games by electric light, rises where crowds used to cheer goggled drivers holding tight reins to keep their sweating trotters from "breaking" into a gallop.

Spirits, gunpowder, glass, this town makes them all. You see piles of sand, soda, and limestone fed to big furnaces; then gobs of red-hot glass dropping into a magic machine that shapes the bottles—one every two seconds.

Some men are piling tall bottles into a box car.

"Where for?" you ask. "Down to Key West, across on the car ferry to Havana, then east by rail to where Cubans make Bacardi rum."

Oddly self-contained, this region. Local straw makes packing cases; printers make labels, farmers grow vegetables, and cannors do the rest.

Out at Rose Polytechnic boys build toy bridges. Some day, when they're full-fledged engineers, they may build big ones in Bolivia or the Philippines!

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods is one of America's exclusive schools for girls. You see groups riding, clad in smartest saddle-club togs, the horses groomed slick and shiny, their hoofs off. Perhaps some of these girls have descended from women who also rode horses—from Virginia or the Carolinas, over the wilderness trails, carrying babies, dreading panthers and Indians.

Old Timers on the Wabash.

Glimpses of the Wabash as you ride south to Vincennes make you think of the French voyageurs, and the wild, half-naked coureurs de bois.

The voyager had a license to trade. But the "bush loper" was an outlaw in that long war for fur between French and English. Like the honest traders, the renegade offered knives, beads, axes, guns, and blankets for the red man's pelts, but cheated when he could.

Traders and boats of all kinds used to swarm on the Wabash. John Parsons, a young Virginian who came here in 1840 to buy land, wrote: "In the fall, 1,000 flatboats will pass down the river, the majority loaded with flour, pork, . . . lard, cattle, horses, oats, cornmeal, and corn on the ear. . . They told me of a flatboat. . . carrying a load of hickory nuts, walnuts and venison hams."

You can't ride along the Wabash, with all its traditions, historic sites, old graveyards and monuments, without thinking of its part in making America.

On a Wabash tributary near Peru is the grave of Frances Slocum, stolen by the Indians as a girl in 1778. She spent her whole life with them, refusing, when finally visited by her own white relatives, to leave the tribe. Pioneer John Parrett of Whitley county advertised that he had paid Indians \$2.50 to release a six-year-old white boy, and that he would keep the boy "till his parents, if living, and chance to see this notice, may find him."

Test for Spine Injuries

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

WHEN there is the possibility of the back being injured in an accident of any kind, it is not considered wise to have the patient move in any way until an X-ray examination can be made. A break or dislocation along the spinal column anywhere from the neck down to the hip bones may cause paralysis or death if movement occurs; the most careful handling of the patient is therefore absolutely necessary to prevent any movement.

There are times however when it is necessary and saves considerable time and expense and possible court action to learn as soon as possible if there is actually any injury to the spine.

For several years Drs. R. DeSoto and K. O. Haldeman, San Francisco, have employed a method that is extremely helpful in locating spinal injuries. They describe it in "Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics," Chicago.

Simple and Easy Method.

"The patient is placed flat on his back without pillows and the examiner places one hand on the breast bone of the patient with a slight pressure so that no bending can take place at the upper or lower back. At the same time the examiner's other hand is placed under the back of the patient's head and the head very gently bent slightly forward so that the head (chin) is on the breast bone. This bending of the head forward pulls on the ligaments attached to the bones of the spine (the little knobs felt when you run your hand down the spine) until it reaches the bone that is injured. This immediately causes pain which the patient can locate very easily."

The usefulness of this sign rests on the following facts:

1. It gives the exact location of recent fractures (broken bones) without moving or disturbing the patient.
2. It guides the X-ray operator to the right level to obtain his picture.
3. It shows whether the injury is in the spine (bony part of the back) or just in the soft muscle tissues of the back.
4. When it may be a "court case" (medico-legal) the patient is not aware of what the test is for and the true facts will be brought out.
5. If the patient doesn't complain of pain anywhere down the spine it is not likely that a spine injury has recently occurred.

Are the Glands to Blame?

You can really hardly be blamed when you find yourself eating less food in the 24 hours—not simply at meal time—than others, and yet are much overweight, if you begin to wonder if your overweight is really due to overeating. Why should it not be due to some gland disturbance in the body—the thyroid gland in the neck or perhaps the pituitary gland situated on the floor of the skull?

Now there is one way you can find out whether either or both of these glands may not be manufacturing enough juice and your doctor can arrange to have the tests made.

If the thyroid gland is suspected, and in this case the excess fat is distributed over the entire body, a metabolism test is made. Before breakfast some morning you lie down quietly in the doctor's office or at the hospital and the rate at which your body processes are working is discovered by a machine which measures the amount of oxygen your tissues are using and the amount of waste that is being thrown off when you are doing no work, and no food is being digested.

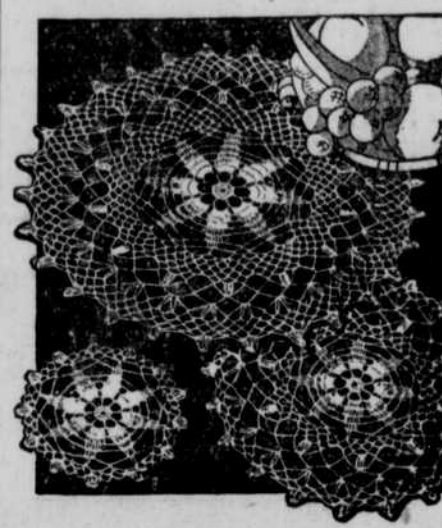
If your processes are not working as fast as normal, are more than 20 per cent below normal—registering 80 instead of 100—then your thyroid gland is not active enough, and your doctor will prescribe thyroid extract to make the processes work faster and use or burn up the fat.

If it is the pituitary gland that is at fault the excess weight will be on shoulders, breasts, hips and abdomen, with forearm and lower leg free of excess fat, and the X-ray of the skull will show changes in the little hollow in the bone in which the pituitary gland rests, a growth, or other changed conditions about the gland. In this case pituitary extract will be prescribed by your physician.

However whether your overweight is due to too much food or to a deficiency of a gland or glands, what is called a basic diet is now prescribed by physicians doing special work in obesity or overweight. More exercise and less sleep is of course part of the treatment. Exercise consumes some of the accumulated energy, stimulates bowel movement, and causes deep breathing.

Star Center Doilies In 3 Useful Sizes

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Pattern 5768

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Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.



So With All of 'Em

Running a farm and running a newspaper consist in infinite attention to details. But isn't running any business that?

Indignation is only another form of anger, and a great deal of anger isn't good for anybody.

Somebody always discovers how to be chummy with the unapproachable man; and it is pretty sure to be one who isn't afraid of him.

Getting a Child's Confidence

You don't need to "teach" a child a great deal, if you admit him into your conversation on the plane of equality.

How many people do you know who, you know, will be glad to see you? Isn't it a restful feeling! In the old Indian scalping days, how exasperated an Indian must have been to come across a victim who was bald.

"Black Leaf 40"

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"Quotations"
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Wages should be reckoned not in numbers of pounds or dollars, but in purchasing power of good things—of beauty as well as bread, of a pleasant social intercourse as well as bathrooms, cheap forms of pleasure as well as cheap goods.—Sir Philip Gibbs.
I have never attached much value to any education I was subjected to, but only to the education I voluntarily sought.—Havelock Ellis.
I have never been able to see why a Vanderbilt or a French was inherently any better than a Jones.—Francis O. French.