

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington. — There is more than a possibility that the wages and hours bill will go over until the next session of congress. The probability right along has been that it would be enacted, in some form, but the difficulties are great, the lines of thought which must be reconciled are wide apart, and the number of men in both houses who would like to see the thing put over is very large.

It includes the new chairman of the house labor committee, Mary T. Norton of Jersey City, who succeeded to the chairmanship on the death of William P. Connery of Massachusetts.

If it were not for the Supreme court enlargement bill fight in the senate, the situation might be different. But all house members know that the senate is not going to have much time this session to fool with the wages and hours bill, and they know perfectly well that the senate is not going to rush through any bill which the house may agree on without extensive debate.

The thought of the house, therefore, is that if they do a tremendous job, surrender principles and opinions in compromises to get something through and perhaps put themselves on record on things which may prove very embarrassing later—the whole thing may be wasted. The senate just might decide not to take the bill up this session.

The house members know that the wages and hours regulation bill is a subject on which there will be widely varied opinions back in their districts, with more than a probability that there may be considerable numbers of their constituents to whom it is the most important measure on which congress will vote. By the same token, some one of these groups may be so outraged by their congressman's vote on this bill that they will be inclined to vote against him at the next primary and election regardless of anything else he may have done or failed to do.

Danger Multiplied

There is always the possibility of this sort of thing on any controversial legislation. But in the wages and hours measure this danger is multiplied. It is a thing which touches the lives and pocketbooks, in one way or another, of a far larger proportion of people than the average measure. In fact, there is probably more selfish interest in it than any other legislation which congress is called upon to consider at this session.

Voters ought to be equally interested in a tax bill, for of course every one's pocketbook is affected by that, but there is quite a large percentage of voters who do not believe that their pocketbooks are affected by a tax bill.

In the case of this wages and hours bill it is not the outright opponents of the measure who threaten to postpone action on it. As a matter of fact, the number of outright opponents is so small as to be futile against the steam-roller tactics possible, especially in the house. It is just people who do not want to take any unnecessary chance, if they are sure that taking the chance at this time will do no particular good.

Moreover, there are a lot of members of the house who think that the sensible thing for them to do while the senate is wrangling over the Supreme court enlargement bill is to take a nice long recess, with a gentlemen's agreement that nothing will be done and no roll calls forced before a certain day. That would give a lot of them a chance to go home, or to the seashore, or perhaps even to Europe.

Deep, Dark Stuff

Two jobs are going on under the surface at Capitol Hill while the senate engages in a debate on the merits and demerits—or at least that is what the debate is supposed to be about—of the Supreme court enlargement bill.

One of these is an attempt to compromise that measure itself. One of the compromises being talked about might easily be acceptable to most of the opponents of the measure—but the administration is not ready to accept that yet. It may never accept it, for the odds would seem to favor the administration's being able to break the filibuster if it continues to press for such a consummation, with no regard whatever for consequences.

The other job is determining, in private conferences between senators and representatives, the fate of several other important measures, which, under the stringent rules being enforced in the effort to break the cloture, cannot be discussed seriously on the floor. That is, under the strict letter of the rules it cannot. Actually no attempt has ever been made, during past filibusters, to enforce the rule that a speaker must confine himself to the subject.

The answer is simple. It would not make any difference. Filibust-

ers are not broken because those taking part in them run out of things to say. They are broken for two reasons. Sometimes the physical strain on the participants becomes too great. They give out physically—not for lack of ideas. The other is when the country becomes aroused against the endless talking, shows plainly that its sympathies are the other way, and thereby deprives the filibusters of an incentive to go on.

No Good Anyway

There is no hint of either of these things yet. So it would really do no good for the administration group to clap down on some time-killing speaker with a demand that he stop discussing, for example, the wages and hours bill.

For that is one of the things that is being talked about under the surface more than anything else. So far no accord has been reached. Some of the participants in the conferences are still worrying about regional differentials—whether employees can be worked longer hours and paid smaller wages in the South than in the North. Others are worried about exemptions, the latest decision of the administration apparently being that there are to be none.

Then there is always the government reorganization bill. There is general agreement among congressmen that President Roosevelt can have his additional secretaries. There is a willingness to give him several other things he wants. But the measure is not going to pass in toto as the President wants it—far from it.

Just for instance, the army engineers are not going to have their powers even jeopardized, much less threatened. And that is only one. There are a lot more. There may be one more cabinet position, but not the two more the President wishes.

But the details of both the government reorganization and the wages and hours bills are still under discussion—in the cloakrooms, in offices, and even at parties. That is usually the rule during some big filibuster which has reached the stage, as this has, where no other business will be permitted by the side trying to break the talkfest. And it still looks like an October adjournment!

Make Up! Not Yet

John L. Lewis and William Green are not going to kiss and make up before Christmas, no matter what authentic sounding gossip you may hear to that effect. Neither is Franklin D. Roosevelt going to repudiate Lewis, no matter how much he quotes that "Plague on both your houses." Neither is on the cards.

Eventually, the probability is that the American Federation of Labor and the Committee for Industrial Organization will unite. But not for some time to come. Not this good year of 1937. It is much too soon. There is too much face-saving to be done first, and the time for the face-saving gestures is not yet.

For either to make any gesture now would be construed by too many of their followers as a sign of weakness. For Lewis to make the move would deter certain important unions which are thinking of jumping the old organization to one that promises more action. It would cool the enthusiasm of so many budding unions about to affiliate with C. I. O. For Green to make the move would be construed by too many as not merely a sign of weakness, but virtually as a surrender.

But even the die-hards on both sides know that inevitably something must bring about peace. For the time being there is considerable advantage in the present setup—from the standpoint of organized labor.

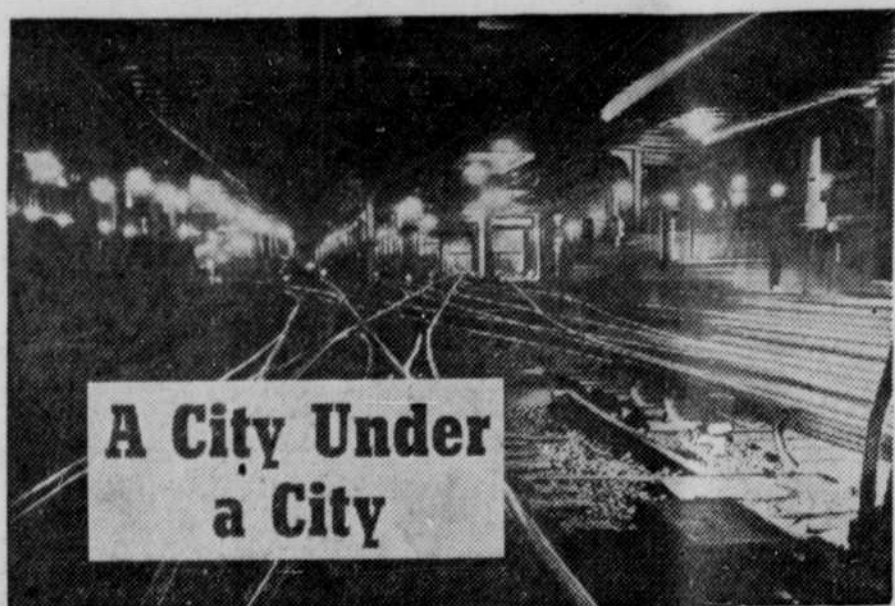
Reminiscence

Actually the present situation is reminiscent of the bitterness which raged, back in the Wilson administration, between the two groups of women who were fighting for woman suffrage. In this comparison the C. I. O. is like the Woman's party, headed by vibrant Alice Paul, the American Federation being like the dignified but rather ineffective association headed by Carrie Chapman Catt. Mrs. Catt's group had just as many arguments and a great deal more money, but it was terribly sedate. Mrs. Catt worried a great deal about what was the proper thing to do. Alice Paul kept the "cause" on the front pages. She had women picketing the White House, dropping banners over houses of representatives galleries when the President was addressing congress, always was exciting.

The Woman's party did things and put things over. It obtained the submission of the woman suffrage amendment and its ratification by three-fourths of the states at a time when any candid observer would admit that the great majority of the country did not care two whoops whether women had the right to vote or not. It literally heckled the thing through.

Most people have forgotten how bitter the feud was between the two groups of women. Most people twenty years hence will have forgotten the present bitterness between the Federation and the C. I. O. No mere difference between the craft plan and the one union for each industry idea is going to keep the two big organizations apart. But personalities will, for many months to come. Though if the feud lasts until the presidential election in 1941 it will surprise most of the insiders.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



A City Under a City

Railroads Burrow Under New York City.

Travelers Rarely Realize Whirlwind of Activity in Pennsylvania Station

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

ALTHOUGH it celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1935, the Pennsylvania station in New York still is the largest in the world.

Walk around it and you have tramped half a mile, with no more sight of train or track than you would encounter about the Vatican or the Louvre.

The station really is an eight-acre platform, with a mammoth superstructure, bridging the Manhattan mouths of two tunnels. Some trains run through these tunnels for seven miles, from New Jersey to Long Island, under the Hudson and East rivers, pausing beneath the station, but never emerging into the daylight or night glow of New York city.

Northbound trains pass the most complex traffic corner in the world, for above the train tunnel, at Herald square, in the order named, are the Sixth avenue subway, the Hudson-Manhattan tubes, the street-level bus lines and the Sixth avenue elevated. Imagine an airplane overhead, and it would be perfectly feasible for six vehicles to pass that intersection at one time.

Half Million Tickets a Month.

It takes a staff of 76 men to sell tickets at Pennsylvania station. In a normal month they sold 553,204 tickets for \$1,595,280.60. The months of Easter, Christmas and Labor day raise that volume by a third or more.

Printed tickets ready for sale, 150,000,000 of them, are stored in a room where they are guarded like notes in the United States treasury. Some of these tinted, water-marked slips are worth a hundred dollars and more when stamped. Beside each seller's gridded window is a rack from which he flicks out tickets with familiar nonchalance. These racks are mounted on wheels and have folding fronts and locks.

Each seller has his own rack and key. When he goes off duty, he rolls his rack back of the line, locks it, and deposits the key in the cashier's safe. The tickets are charged out to him and he must return the unsold quota and the money for those he sold.

Selling Tickets Is Final Step.

The station cashier's office is like a bank. You may have noticed that when you pay for meals on a dining car you always receive crisp, new bills in change. The cashier must have on hand these "fresh" bills for stewards. Some \$3,000 in "ones" are enough five days of the week, but on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays he must have a stock of \$7,000 or \$8,000 in ones alone.

Selling tickets, however, is only the final step in a series of events. "When does the next train leave for Topeka, Kan.?" "What connections do I make for Chicago?" "What is the fare?"

Only a small fraction of such questions are asked in person at the conspicuous information booths. Normally 20 clerks are on duty at a time answering some 700 telephone calls an hour.

The peak of this year's inquiries exceeded 1,100 in one hour before Labor day. Forty-four clerks work in shifts to dispense information.

If you watch the smooth operation of the soundproof telephone room not once will you see a clerk consult a timetable. They are too cumbersome and tell too little.

Foolish Questions Come Often. Instead, the information chief works with card-index experts to compile all information about schedules of all railroad, airplane, and bus lines and all fares on visible card files.

One file gives name of all important golf clubs on Long Island and the nearest railroad station to each club.

It takes poise, tact, resourcefulness, to answer some questions. As examples:

"Do I have a berth all to myself or do I have to share it?"

"What hotels in Washington have swimming pools?"

"My husband left last night on the B. and O. Where is he going?"

"Have you any hay fever fares to New Hampshire?"

These 'Phones ARE Busy.

"What time do I get a train to go to Mr. Abram Walker's funeral at Toms Ferry?"

"Should I dress and undress in my berth or in the men's room?"

When you reserve a ticket by telephone you call one of the busiest telephone numbers in New York city. In addition to outside lines, 130 branch ticket offices in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Newark are connected with the central reservation bureau by private wires.

In a spacious gallery from 15 to 20 clerks sit before a series of apertures like old-time village post-office boxes, except that these cases are mounted to move along a track from clerk to clerk.

In the boxes are piled the reservation cards, the kind the Pullman conductor always is fidgeting just before the train leaves; in each pigeonhole are marked-up cards for 60 days ahead.

Lights Govern Conversation.

Before each clerk is a series of ten red lights and ten green lights. The green lights denote a ticket office call; the red lights an outside call direct from a passenger. A green light flashes.

"Lower ten, K7, 3 p. m. Chicago. Today. Ticket 7,492. Right."

In very different tone and tempo is the next response to a red light, an individual who must have explanation of price, time of accommodation, daylight time in summer, and a "thank you."

No switchboard operator intervenes in the 10,000 or sometimes many more calls that come in daily. An automatic selector, worked out with the New York Telephone company engineers, routes these calls from ten lines out of the selector room to ten "positions" at the "card tables" in the reservation bureau.

If one operator is busy, the "selector" shunts the call to another, lighting the red or green signal to denote its origin. In an average 24 hours 63 clerks are employed in shifts to make some 8,000 reservations for berths, chairs, compartments or drawing rooms.

What They Leave on Trains.

Perhaps the high light of "human interest" in the station is the lost and found storeroom. There are stored and ticketed some several hundred different items.

The articles recently included a basket of spectacles, skis, two cats, a bootblack's outfit, books in six languages, a pair of crutches, three sets of false teeth, a restive terrier, dozens of umbrellas, tennis racquets, more than two-score women's coats, piles of gloves, a fresh sirloin steak (sad harbinger of domestic recrimination) and \$20,000 worth of bonds about to be returned by special messenger.

In subterranean corridors, far below the station tracks, may be piled hundreds of pigeon crates. As many as 3,200 crates of homers have been shipped in a month, as far as a thousand miles, to be released by baggagemasters for races back to home lofts.

Other strange shipments come through the station for baggage or express cars—baby alligators, pedigreed chicks, honeybees, game, thousands of crates of "mail order eggs" and bullion cargoes accompanied by 25 or 30 armed men.

Saturday nights from 75 to 80 trucks race with their loads of Sunday papers to catch the baggage cars attached to the "paper trains." One newspaper's early Sunday edition goes to press at 9:10 p. m. and is loaded on a train leaving at 9:50. If the driver gets held up by a single traffic light the stationmaster must hold the train.

Handling the Mail.

Some 150 carloads of mail are handled in and out of this station every day. If the sacks were piled and hauled along platforms passengers would not have space to board trains. They are dropped through trap doors beside mail cars where conveyer belts carry them to huge separating tables.

There men assort the bags as they pour in and pitch them into chutes for other belts that run beneath the street to the city post office adjoining, or to belts that connect with outgoing trains.

Around special tracks, to which passengers are not admitted, where mail cars await loading, are spy galleries from which postal inspectors, unseen by the workers, may watch the operation.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Triple-Barreled Thrill"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Here's a yarn that packs thrills enough to last through a whole night. At least, it did for Mrs. Dorothy Murphy. Many years ago, Dorothy was living on a farm in the Chestnut Ridge section near the little town of Dover Plains, N. Y. She set out to drive to the railroad station three miles away, and before she got back she'd had enough adventures to last a life-time.

That was Dorothy's first thrill—the prospect of driving over that road in the dark. She hadn't thought darkness would fall so soon that night, and she was scared stiff of that cliff. As she drove along, and the darkness deepened, she couldn't see her hand before her face, and she gave Brownie a free rein, hoping that his instincts would keep him on the road.

The train pulled out of Dover Plains at 6:45 p. m., and Dorothy turned the horse around and headed for home. Already it was dark—a moonless, starless night. The way back lay along a steep, rough, unfenced country road that climbed for nearly three miles before it reached Chestnut Ridge. On one side of it lay thick woods covering an upward slope of the ground, and on the other was a steep declivity. For part of the distance, that declivity straightened out into a tall cliff. And there was nothing to prevent a carriage from going over it if it approached too close to its edge.

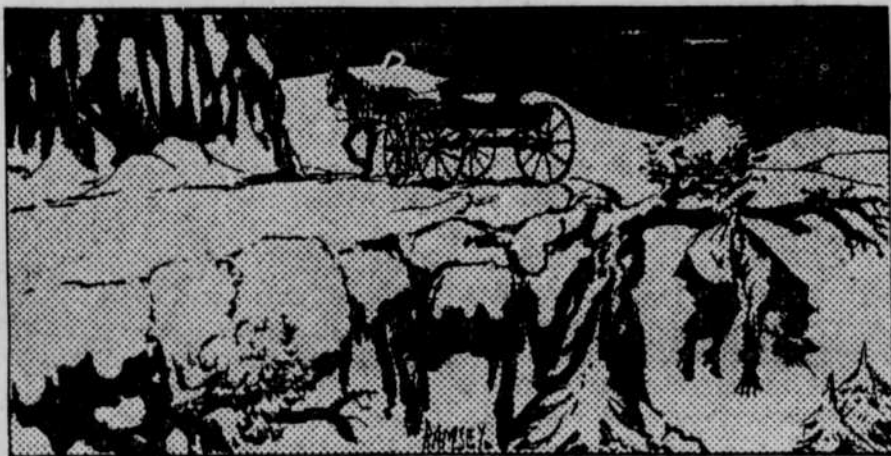
That was Dorothy's first thrill—the prospect of driving over that road in the dark. She hadn't thought darkness would fall so soon that night, and she was scared stiff of that cliff. As she drove along, and the darkness deepened, she couldn't see her hand before her face, and she gave Brownie a free rein, hoping that his instincts would keep him on the road.

Thoughts While Hurling Through Space.

They were going along the top of that cliff, and all was going well. And then, all of a sudden, Dorothy felt the wheels slipping over the edge. Poor, half-blind old Brownie had failed her. He had gone too close to the edge! The surrey gave a sudden lurch and Dorothy was thrown out into space!

Says Dorothy: "I clutched at the air as it slid past me, like a drowning man clutches at straws. My hands grabbed some bushes growing out from the side of the cliff and I hung on for all I was worth. And there I was, between earth and air, and with nothing to save me from death on the rocks below but my precarious hold on those shrubs."

Dorothy says that time has no meaning under such circumstances. The minutes seemed like years. Her arms were aching and her head was swimming. She could hear Brownie and the surrey wandering



"I was afraid I'd grow weak or faint."

off in the darkness. Evidently the old horse had pulled the surrey back on the road after she had been thrown out. For a terrible moment she clung to the bushes, and then her fingers encountered a branch of a small tree growing along the side of the cliff.

She caught it with one hand—then the other—and drew herself up over the cliff to safety. She lay on the ground for a while, sick and weak. Then, having recovered a little, she got up and stumbled to the road.

The Big Thrill Was Yet to Come.

Brownie and the surrey were nowhere in sight. Dorothy started walking toward home. You'd think she'd had enough adventuring for one night—but the big thrill hadn't even started. She had only walked a few steps when she heard a sound that froze her blood in her veins—the baying and yelping of dogs.

Dogs don't sound so dangerous—but Dorothy knew better. A short time before she had seen the body of a boy who had been killed and partially eaten by these same dogs. They were wild animals—descendants of dogs who had run away from their masters to live in the woods and had reverted to type. Every once in a while, in those days, packs of that sort appeared in the woods in various places throughout the country. And they still do, in wild, outlying regions.

A single dog would run at the sight of a man, but in a pack, and in the middle of winter when they were half starved, they would attack almost anyone. Dorothy knew all too well what would happen if this pack caught up with her. She turned, stumbling, into the woods and ran until she found a tree.

It was a tree with a low fork of its branches—one she could climb. She began pulling herself up into it. The yelping of the pack was coming nearer and nearer. She wasn't a minute too soon. She had hardly clambered into the lower branches when they were on the spot, yelping and snarling at the bottom of the tree.

She Couldn't Understand Why There Was No Help.

"And there I was," she says, "perched in the tree while the hunger-maddened brutes howled and snarled below. I still turn sick and cold all over when I think of that moment. The worst part of it was that I was afraid I'd grow weak or faint, or so numb from the cold that I'd fall out. I knew what would happen then."

Hour after hour Dorothy clung to that tree, wondering why her folks didn't miss her and come looking for her. Wondering why they didn't realize something was wrong when the horse and buggy came home without her. She didn't know that old Brownie, turning completely around in his struggles to haul the surrey back on the road, had wandered back to town and was spending the night in an open horse shed. Her folks thought Dorothy had decided to spend the night with relatives in town, as she often did, so they didn't worry. And all that night, she crouched in the tree racked by the cold and harried by terrible fears.

As the first streaks of gray appeared in the sky, the dogs slunk off through the woods, and when she thought it was safe she came down and crawled to the road. She couldn't walk, but a farmer, driving to the milk depot, found her in the road and brought her home.

Dorothy says she's written this story for us other adventurers to read, but she adds, "Usually, I don't think of it if I can help it."

©—WNU Service.

Naming Wall Street

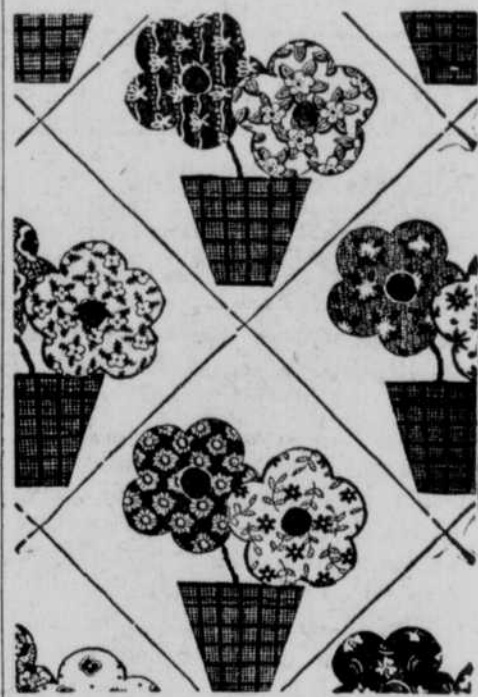
Wall street in New York City received its name from a wall built across one end of Manhattan island. In 1652 Gov. Peter Stuyvesant built a palisaded wall or stockade across the southern end of Manhattan island to protect the little Dutch colony of New Amsterdam against a threatened attack by the British. Wall street received its name from the fact that it follows the line of this wall. The last remnants of the wall, which contained gates at what are now Broadway and Pearl street, were removed about 1699.

Camels Used in Australia

Camels have been in use in Australia for nearly a hundred years, and are found hauling wool to railway sidings from "out-back stations" in West Australia. Twelve to fifteen are hitched to a huge truck. An old gold miner from Ballarat recounted how camels were used to pull the stage coaches from Melbourne to the mining towns before the railways were built. The stage coaches were duplicates of our own in the "Deadwood Dick" days. And alongside the driver rode an armed guard for protection against the outlaw "bush rangers."

Prize Applique Quilt With Much Variety

Here's simplicity in needlework in this gay applique quilt, Grandmother's Prize—they're such easy patches to apply! If it's variety you're looking for, make this your choice. There's the fun of using so many different materials—the



pleasure of owning so colorful a quilt that fits into any bedroom. And if it's just a pillow you want, the 8 inch block makes an effective one. Pattern 1458 contains complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address, and pattern number plainly.

Household Helps

Do you know the proper thing to say when you sit on a wad of chewing gum?

If your suit is washable, here is the correct command—if you want to get rid of the chewing gum and not your garment:

"Bring me an egg white, some soap and some lukewarm water. Then stand back and watch me soften the gum with the egg white—so! And finally wash it completely away with the soapy water."

If your suit isn't washable, the fabric-saving element is carbon tetra-chloride, which will remove all traces of stain.

The authority for these points of chewing gum etiquette is a new booklet called "Handy Helps for Homemakers," which has been prepared by a group of home economics authorities. This booklet is a convenient, compact handbook of practical remedies for the most common household problems. It is divided into four sections: laundering (which includes notably stain-removal formulae, but also detailed advice on the proper way to wash various fabrics); home lighting; heating; and cooking.

The writers of the "Handy Helps for Homemakers" booklet have confined the chapter on "Cooking" to an informative discussion of meat-selection rules, suggestions for improving actual cooking technique and a summary of the merits and problems of home canning.

A copy of the "Handy Helps for Homemakers" book can be secured by sending 5 cents to cover postage and handling to Miss Boyd, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.—Adv.

Reading a Book

Many times the reading of a book has made the fortune of a man—has decided his way in life.—Emerson.



WNU-U 30-37

Classified Advertising

HAVE YOU

anything around the house you would like to trade or sell? Try a classified ad. The cost is only a few cents and there are probably a lot of folks looking for just whatever it is you no longer have use for.

CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS