

Washington .- There is a distinct possibility that congress, instead of the Supreme court, may prove the chief obstacle next year to President Roosevelt's New Deal program. Close friends assert that the President has not given up his hope for "reform" of the Supreme court -that with the convening of congress in January he will lay his plans to put some sort of legislation through to obtain his objectives, or resort to the constitutional amendment route, which he has always objected to as too slow.

There is no doubt that this is his present intention. But he just may find himself faced with new problems next January. The point is that congress is feeling its oats. It is in no mood for insurgency. Everything on the surface is going to be kept as peaceful as possible. Democrats will be thinking of the primaries and election next summer and fall. They do not want to encourage gentlemen-or ladies-back home to run against them in the Democratic primaries, with "loyalty to the President" as the chief issue. They have a healthy respect for the machine-running into every county of every state-which Jim Farley has built up.

But there are many degrees of obedience-many fine lines where loyalty to the President enters. It certainly does enter into the phrasing of bills, but it is very difficult to make the folks back home understand this.

On a clean-cut question such as whether six additional justices shall be added to the Supreme court there are no such fine lines. One has to be for the President or against him. But most legislative matters are not so clearly defined. And it is easy for a Democratic senator to protest the utmost loyalty to the Chief Executive but insist that Harold Ickes, or Harry Hopkins, or Henry Wallace had deceived the President into taking a very un-Democratic position!

Brain Trusters Out

In the first place, there is no chance whatever, judging from the present temper of senators and rep-

not is open to question. It happens to be a fact that great men have very seldom put themselves out to nominate a successor who was obviously crazy to get the job. Calvin Coolidge was not exactly unstinting in the aid he gave Herbert C. Hoover. The last case of a President's forcing the nomination of his successor was Theodore Roosevelt, when he not only picked William H. Taft but imposed his will to an extraordinary degree to obtain Taft's nomination. But this proves nothing, for Taft was desperately anxious not to get the job. He wanted the job he got long later, chief justice of the Supreme court.

So in a way Theodore Roosevelt had the very normal human thrill of forcing somebody else to make a sacrifice for the sake of the public good. Public good naturally meaning as Theodore Roosevelt saw it!

Called Bad Blunder

But whether or not Earle's strategy was wise up to the time of the Lehman episode, most observers here think he made a bad blunder in giving to the press his blistering attack on the New York governor.

In the first place, he was attacking somebody who was not threatening, in the remotest degree, his own ambitions. Lehman has not given a thought to the presidency. He wants to get out of politics. One might even suspect that Lehman was playing a shrewd game in appealing to the penchant of leaders to get somebody else to make a sacrifice. But certainly Earle did not figure it that way, has never figured that particular bit of psychology, or his course to date would have been very different.

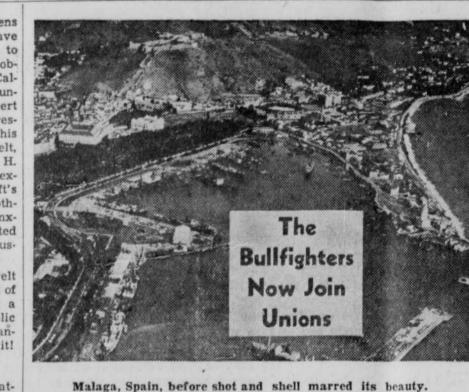
The fact remains that nobody, and certainly not Governor Earle, thinks that Lehman is a candidate for the presidential nomination, or will be considered by the convention. So why hit him? Especially on an is-

sue of very dubious popularity? There is also the fact that Governor Lehman is tremendously

strong in a state that will have a very large block of delegates at the Democratic national convention and whose delegates are never bound by the unit rule! Men have come mighty close to the nomination, and for that matter to election, as President of the United States, and then been beaten by a mere handful of friends of some popular figure whom the candidate had slighted.

It just so happened that the Roscoe Conkling episode happened in Governor Lehman's state, and is generally credited by political historians with having changed a presidential election.

Such Headaches



Civil War Makes World Conscious of Modern Changes Felt in Spain

Prepared by Mational Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.-WNU Service. survival of many local ways and 'IVIL war in Spain signal-izes the startling changes

which have swept that ancient land in recent years. In the swift rush of daily news, more is said of military leaders and their campaigns, of statesmen and changing governments, than of the deep social and economic transfor-

mations behind the news, or the character of this land and its people.

Long before King Alfonso fled, these changes were of course under way, and because of them his monarchy failed.

These transitions have gathered momentum, until today this once romantic land of duennas, monasteries, bullfights and leisurely pastoral life has written a new and dramatic chapter in its long history.

Where centuries-old country lanes and mountain trails used to wind, fine new concrete roads now streak over the hills. To a large degree, men have exchanged their saddle mules for flivvers, and the highwheeled, clumsy oxcart yields to the whizzing motor truck.

Senorilas Bob Their Hair.

From the Bay of Biscay down to the blue Mediterranean, traditional peasant costumes are being discarded and men are dressing in plain blue overalls. Black-eyed senoritas today lay away the time-honored mantilla, get their hair bobbed and hunt city jobs as typists, telephone girls and shop clerks, as do their sisters in many lands. New thinking, as well as new machines, changes the way of Spanish life. Bullfighting still goes on, but now the intrepid toreadors belong to a labor union! You may still find guitars and fandangos, for Spaniards are ever a music-loving people, and possibly you may find here and there a lovesick couple mooning at each other through an old iron-barred window. More and more, however, the radio supersedes the guitar and the girl has come out from behind the historic grillwork and gone to the movies with her sweetheart-or to the street barricades to fight with him! One fact to grasp, in understanding the social muddle here, is that Spain is divided into 50 provinces; and not so many years ago it was commonly said that it also had 50 different national dances and costumes, together with almost as many dialects. Comparatively sudden advent of new high-speed roads, faster vehicles, speeches and news broadcast by air, and the breakdown of church influence, all combine now to dissipate this old conservative provincial spirit. Thus has Spain been turned into a milling, restless land. For the first time country and town life are freely blended, and the peasant can hear the exciting talk of city radicals and revolutionaries that yesteryear came only as a remote murmur. Spain is now becoming so modernized that busses of every kind and color race along from village to village, from town to city. Till a few years ago, many country But-contended this distiller, who people never journeyed more than 20 miles from home in their lives. Now by cheap, or even free, rides in war times, they travel all over the

prejudices that bend or break but slowly.

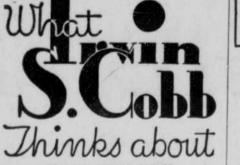
Irresistibly, however, the cities put on a more modern dress and quicken their pace. Consider, hastily, some of the cities and towns that have figured in recent war news

The New York of Spain.

Take a look at Baroelona, the New York of Spain. It is the largest city in the country, the most important financial and industrial center and by far the busiest seaport. The sun shines in air crisp and exhilarating as you stroll down the Paseo de Gracia, Barcelona's most important thoroughfare and indeed one of the most interesting and modernistic streets in the world. Fine motorcars (no trucks allowed on this wide avenue) stop and go at modern American traffic signals. At the foot of the Paseo is the very heart of Barcelona-the Plaza de Cataluna-a large open space filled with statues, fountains, flower beds, paved paths, and benches. Always animated, human streams flow in and out of its subway entrances. The Plaza, too, is the center of fierce turmoil in every political upheaval. It is surrounded by large, ornate structures-banks, hotels, and new telephone office building with copper-green tower, a Yankee skyscraper indeed in a Spanish metropolis!

Flying at another corner is a welcome sight for American eyes-the Stars and Stripes-indicating the splendid offices of the United States consulate general.

Use American Cash Registers.



This Business of Golf. OAKLAND, CALIF.—As I sit writing this, I look out where elderly gentlemen, intent on relaxing, may be seen tensing themselves up tighter than a cocked wolftrap, and then staggering toward the clubhouse with every nerve standing on end and screaming for help and highballs.

I smile at them, for I am one who has given up golf. You might even go so far as to say

golf gave me up. I tried and tried, but I never broke a typhoid patient's temperature chart never got below 102. spent so much time climbing into sand-traps and out again that people began thinking I was a new kind of her-

mit, living by pref- Irvin S. Cobb erence in bunkersthe old man of the link beds, they'd be calling me next.

And I used to slice so far into the rough that, looking for my ball, I penetrated jungles where the foot of man hadn't trod since the early mound builders. That's how I added many rare specimens to my collection of Indian relics.

But the last straw was when a Scotch professional, after morbidly watching my form, told me that at any rate there was one thing about me which was correct-I did have on golf stockings!

. . . **Congressional Boldness.**

WARNING to pet lovers: If you own guinea pigs or tame rabgentle creatures, try to keep the majority members of the lower ened to defy their master's voice. er and you.

The senate always has been erative body-and, week by week So here's hoping, Little Sis. and month by month don't those elder statesmen know how to deliberate! But these last few years the house has earned the reputation of



chance could you have of going unnoticed when you wear one of these exciting new frocks by Sew-Your-Own-not the Ghost!

Cool, Cool, Cool. The clever new dress at the left is as young as you are, and in

dotted Swiss you'll be as crisp, pretty, and cool as though you bloomed always in an air-conditioned room. A little frou-frou here, a little swing-swing there, and throughout a dainty new appeal that's irresistible. You can be certain of success too, because Sew-Your-Own has made everything easy for you in the step-bystep sewing instructions.

We Only Heard.

Maybe we're wrong, Little Sis, but we heard that this is the dress bits or trained seals or such-like Mommy has her heart set on for you. You know princess lines that word from them that some of the flare, and puff sleeves that give you that cunning big-little-girl branch of congress actually threat- look go over well with both moth-

You won't go wrong on gingham, known as the world's greatest delib- silk crepe, broadcloth or percale.

Vivacious Version.

Thumbs up on taffeta; eyes right for pattern 1349! It's a pic-

age to decide there is no action .-

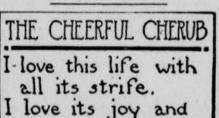
Sir Ian Fraser.

fallish fabric for that popular season just ahead.

Pattern 1341 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 39 inch material plus 21/8 yards of machine pleating.

Pattern 1828 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 6 requires 21/8 yards of 35 inch material plus 1/4 yard contrasting. Pattern 1349 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 41/s yards of 39 inch material; with long sleeves 43% yards. To trim as pictured, 13 yards of ribbon are required together with 11/3 yards for the bow. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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resentatives, that there will be any more Brain Trust drafting of legislation-much less permitting a Brain Truster to sit in on the meetings of a conference committee seeking to rewrite the senate and house drafts of a piece of legislation into some compromise form that will be acceptable to both. This happened in the famous public utility holding company death sentence bill, but it is not likely to happen again.

Moreover, the struggle to control the party, looking forward to the 1940 campaign, with a view to nominating Roosevelt's successor and writing the platform of that year, has already begun. There is a very strong group of Democrats who do not intend that the Democratic nomince of 1940 shall be a New Dealer. Words of praise for the Roosevelt administration will drip from the platform, if they have their way, but there will be a good deal of hypocrisy and party expediency in them. Their real intention is to carry the Democratic party back quite a step toward the ideals of such men as Carter Glass and Josiah Bailey, rather than forward to those of Felix Frankfurter and Ben

Cohen. So it is possible, if not probable, that Mr. Roosevelt will have a good deal of trouble in getting just what he wants from congress next year, despite the oratory from the very men who will be seeking to block him praising him to the skies. It is the conviction of many disinterested observers that congress next year will pass no legislation which the present Supreme court would not approve. But it looks as if it will be a most interesting session!

Still a Puzzle

The attack of Gov. George H. Earle of Pennsylvania on Gov. Herbert H. Lehman of New York in connection with Lehman's letter to Senator Robert F. Wagner on the Supreme court issue is still puzzling Washington politicians.

Every one here has assumed for a long time that Governor Earle was hearing the buzzing of the presidential bee practically continuously. So they have been trying to fit together the pieces of this jigsaw puzzle and get the picture which must be in Governor Earle's mind.

One phase of it is of course very clear. Earle wanted to curry favor with President Roosevelt. He has lost no opportunity to do that-not only to praise the President extravagantly at every opportunity, but to demonstrate himself, in one way or another, as being even more New Dealish than the President himself. The idea here of course is to show Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. Earle is just the type of man to whom might be safely entrusted the carrying on of the Roosevelt policies.

Whether his course up to the time of the Lehman letter was shrewd or

"Not a headache in a barrel" was the slogan of a famous whisky maker in the good old days before prohibition. But there have been plenty of headaches in regulating the whisky industry since repeal and right now the federal alcohol administration believes it needs

more aspirin than ever before. The problem is whether to put official sanction on the claim that whisky can be aged just as satis-

factorily, both as to flavor and aroma and as to the curtailing of injurious effects on the drinker, by aging it in used charred barrels as in new charred barrels.

Not long ago the administration decided the question, temporarily. It held that whisky aged in secondhand barrels, or more accurately, barrels which had already been used for the aging of whisky, must be labeled "less than one month old"-even if the liquor had been in the used barrels for a couple of years!

This brought loud protests from certain distillers, particularly from one who had been operating for years in Canada, where the law permits the use of charred barrels for aging which had already done service for a previous batch of whisky.

The contention of this distiller is that two very different types of whisky are produced from the same fermented mash by aging in new, and old barrels. The new barrel produces a heavy-bodied, dark-colored liquor. The used barrel produces a lighter-bodied, and lightercolored whisky. Some drinkers prefer one, some the other.

Chemists Worried

had several supporters-drinkers have been educated up to think that age is the most important thing, and hence the prospective purchasers of country! whisky set great store by labels. The customer who might prefer a light - bodied and colored whisky would feel terribly cheated if he read on the label of a bottle he

had paid a fair amount for, that it was "less than one month old." He would never suspect, this distiller points out with some logic. that the whisky was actually two or three years old, but merely had not been aged in a new barrel. He would recall all he had read about "green whiskies" and "raw liquor," and would have to be very strongminded indeed if he could bring himself to admit that he liked the whisky-after reading the kbel.

Government chemists are much worried about the controversy. They do not want to stick their necks out and give some one a chance to crack their heads. Privately they opine that whisky does age faster in a new cask of charred white oak, but they are not prepared to say that whisky aged in old casks

is any more deleterious. C Bell Syndicate .- WNU Service

Political Parties Are Many.

With the rise of the republic came, of course, more liberty of speech and action; but, born of the 50 provinces and their 50 different ways of thinking, came also wide division of opinion and action.

Political parties of all shades sprang up in great variety and number. Certain factions held that progress should be attained gradually through education of the massesmasses as yet untrained in the art of government. This is obviously a slow process and one would suppose that in a romantic "land of manana" a slow process would be acceptable.

But the manana idea is another of those old Spanish customs so rapidly disappearing; many now demand a quicker approach, a faster is a long double line of bookstalls. progress.

Thus a peek at Spain of today reveals a startling modernity of thought civilization and up-to-theminute comforts and contrivances, superimposed upon the stubborn | take place here.

Big signs advertise American automobiles. Indeed, three-fourths of

all cars in the Plaza are of familiar make. There is a large American bank a few doors up the street; in bookstores are displays of American fountain pens, and in the tobacco shops even chewing gum!

All these business houses use American adding machines and cash registers, and the offices hum of the fine new apartment buildings er. are equipped with American doors and electric refrigerators. Here "foreign trade" is a pulsing thing far removed from the dry statistics of our commerce.

"Rambla" really means a dry ravine, but in Barcelona the word is used to designate a wider street or boulevard. The original fascinating Rambla of Barcelona is like no other thoroughfare in the world! It is a long, straight avenue with a wide promenade for pedestrians in the center and is lined with tall plane trees.

Busy stores flank the Rambla from end to end, interspersed with theaters, cinemas, an ancient of cafes. Under bright, wide awnings that canopy the sidewalks and shade the little tables, idlers sit and his neighbor: watch the lifeblood of the metropolis stream up and down its main artery-streaming at a much quicker tempo since recent shooting started! Like the Paris boulevards, each section of the Rambla bears a different name. First come ornamental kiosks displaying an amazing variety of newspapers and magazines in every European language. Then comes the bird market. Arranged in cages of all sizes along the promenade is a bewildering show of yellow and brown canaries, gray parrots from western Africa, green as well. And one of the most venones from Brazil, tiny parakeets, erable prelates of the Catholic all setting up a lively chatter.

New World Gives Way.

The next section is the brightest of all-the Rambla de las Flores. Here open-air flower stalls, bossed by black-haired peasant women, ofer flowers of every color and shade. Love of flowers is one point at least upon which all divergent political parties can agree!

Following the flower stalls come cure ice cream or soft drinks. Build- maybe by orders from on high. ings begin to look older now-the New World gives way to the Old-

with a sinister old fort upon its crest. In turbulent days of riots and on Herr Hitler's neck. strikes, executions of ringleaders

being the most docile legislative outfit since Aesop's King Stork ruled over the synod of the frogs.

So should the news ever spread among the lesser creatures, hitherto so placid and biddable, that an example had been set at Washington. there's no telling when the Belgian hares will start rampaging and the singing mice will begin acting up rough and the grubworms will with American typewriters. Many gang against the big old woodpeck-

> . . . **Professional Orators.**

WE HAVE in Southern California a professional orator who long ago discovered that the most dulcet music on earth was the sound of his own voice. He'll speak anywhere at the drop of the hat and provide the hat.

What's worse, this coast-defender of ours labors under the delusion that, if he shouts at the top of his voice, his eloquence will be all the more forceful. The only way to avoid meeting him at dinner is to eat at an owl wagon. But the other night, at an important banquet, he church or two and a large number strangely was missing from the array of speakers at the head table. One guest turned in amazement to

"Where's Blank?" he inquired, naming the absentee.

"Didn't you hear?" answered the other. "He busted a couple of ear drums."

"Whose?" said the first fellow. . . .

Foes of Nazidom.

ThE veteran Rabbi Stephen Wise of New York has been reasonably outspoken in his views on Nazi treatment of his own co-religionists and the practitioners of other faiths church in Europe, while discussing the same subject, hasn't exactly pulled his punches, either.

So what? A friend just back from abroad tells me that in Berlin he heard a high government officer fiercely denounce these two distinguished men. About the mildest thing the speaker said about them was that both were senile. Somehow or other, the speech wasn't more kiosks where one may pro- printed in the German papers-

Well, far be it from this innocent bystander to get into religious and finally we come out into the arguments and besides I have no wide water front, with its ornate first-hand knowledge as to the Chriscustomshouse, the tall statuc to Co- tian clergyman's state of health, allumbus, and the palm-lined Paseo though, judging by his utterances, de Colon. To the right, in the shadow there's nothing particularly wrong of the huge, somber stone barracks, with his mind. But I do know Rabis a long double line of second-hand bi Wise, and, if he's in his dotage, so is Shirley Temple. And I risk Sloping up on the right of the har- the assertion that he would be perbor is the high hill of Montjuich. fectly willing to have one foot in the grave if he could have the other

> **IRVIN S. COBB** C-WNU Service.

ture-pretty frock with a knack for bringing out the best in you. A happy idea is to cut one copy with short sleeves for now, apother with the long style in a

a song of praise Super Courage Courage is the supreme virtue. Courage is the key to success and to happiness. Courage is more than physical bravery; it is the quality which gives vitality and action to thought. Without cour-



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