

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—Decision to make nine-cent loans on cotton, plus the bonus to those agreeing in advance to go along with next year's reduction in acreage program—to be provided in the special legislation on which President Roosevelt now has the congressional leaders hog-tied on promises—marks the beginning of the end of cotton growing in the southeastern states.

The point is very simple. At present 60 per cent of the cotton crop of the United States, on the average, is exported. Which means that it is sold, naturally, in competition with cotton from all other parts of the world. During the last six years especially, though there were beginnings before that, Brazil has been increasing its cotton production by leaps and bounds.

Brazil can sell cotton at a profit at six cents, American money, a pound. During the period of expansion the world price has been held, largely through American efforts, at above ten cents. During the first year or two it was the Hoover farm board which artificially maintained the world price of the staple. Before the shrewd speculators had bought up huge stocks of cotton at the low early depression figures, and reaped a harvest when government efforts put the price up.

Just as the Soviet government obtained an enormous price for its bumper wheat crop, also in the Hoover farm board days, by the simple expedient of concealing the fact that Russia had a lot of wheat to sell, and selling it short in American markets—incidentally to the farm board—and delivering the actual wheat later instead of covering, as Arthur M. Hyde, then secretary of agriculture, expected.

In each year of AAA reduction—following the farm board period, it can be ascertained from official figures—the curtailment of American exports was almost precisely matched by increased production in the rest of the world. This was not a coincidence. It did not just happen. The world wanted the cotton and bought it elsewhere. It would have bought the cotton from the United States if we had produced it. Our own failure to produce it encouraged the producers of other countries.

Brazil Takes Lead

Brazil led this parade, but there were many other foreign countries participating, including even the new Japanese puppet state in North China.

Remembering this six-cent price at which Brazil can afford to sell cotton at a profit, the fact seems to be—and this based on our own government figures—that only two states in the Union can compete with such low cost production. These states are Texas and Oklahoma, and there would be plenty of walls from them if the price drops that low.

All of which points to the eventual retreating of all the southern states east of the Mississippi from cotton production, since it is only a matter of time when the export of cotton will be virtually impossible economically.

This may prove a blessing. In Georgia there is a monument to the cotton boll-weevil in a certain county seat. That county was forced by the weevil to turn from cotton to other crops, including peanuts, and as an unexpected result the county flourished as it had never done before.

So that it is not impossible that the entire South, from North Carolina to Louisiana and Arkansas, may be enormously benefited when that section stops raising cotton and turns to other crops.

But no one who is really responsible for what is about to take place is planning any such consummation!

Seeking Motive

Many critics of the Roosevelt administration and the New Deal generally have been critical of both because of the attitude of the powers that be against Andrew W. Mellon. Since his death there have been more vocal demonstrations of this than usual—more seeking for the "motive" that inspired the attacks.

Most of the ascribed explanations miss the truth by a mile. First, there was nothing personal in it. Second, there was no particular desire to discredit the Hoover administration. This last may sound fantastic, but the simple truth is that if James A. Farley and Charles Michelson could have accomplished just what they wanted by propaganda directed to Republicans last year, they would have nominated Herbert C. Hoover instead of Gov. Alfred M. Landon at Cleveland.

This of course refers to their attitude at the time—unintentioned with hindsight as the situation is viewed now. As a matter of fact, several important Democratic chieftains took one very concrete step, shortly after Christmas, 1935, to aid in the nomination of Hoover by the Republicans. They supplied a certain strongly pro-New Deal newspaper man with ample funds, and instructed

him to bet any newspaper man who differed with him in an argument that Hoover would be the Republican nominee. They further instructed him not to bother about odds, but to bet at even money if he could find any takers!

The whole point was to put a doubt in the minds of the men writing Washington dispatches to newspapers all over the country about a possible Hoover comeback. Frankly, the New Dealers at that time thought they could beat any Republican, but they knew they could beat Hoover. So they wanted Hoover nominated.

No, the motive in attacking Mellon was different, and more important, than any indirect means of smearing Hoover.

Mellon's Fate

Mellon represented a legend which had to be destroyed, from the New Deal standpoint. Mellon stood, in a way, for all the old, thrifty American virtues—particularly getting out of debt. Mellon's great claim to fame will always be that he paid off \$9,000,000,000 of federal debt in ten years as secretary of the treasury—paid it off much faster than congress wished by the simple device of fooling congress every year about expected receipts.

Even more damning, Mellon stood in the public mind for the theory that reduction of taxes on big incomes and corporations results not in less but in more money for the Treasury. In a way, he proved it. This is controversial. The answer is made that he was able to do both things because there was a rising tide of prosperity which never turned from flood to ebb until the last fiscal year with which he was concerned.

There is a rising tide of prosperity right now in this country. Everyone has been fairly sure for several years now that it was en route. But there is no pursuit of the Mellon doctrine of paying off one's debts during good years so that when the bad years come there will be, so to speak, an ace in the hole in the form of a huge, unexhausted credit.

Harry L. Hopkins is perhaps the frankest of New Dealers about fiscal matters. He contends that there must always be huge relief expenditures, and that the government must have the courage to take in taxes from those who have to finance them. But, it was figured quite a long time back in this administration, the Mellon doctrine must be destroyed and discredited to make anything like this possible.

Expect Big Show

Official Washington can hardly wait to see the show expected when Justice Hugo L. Black, former senator from Alabama, begins to function. The waggish comment to wait "until the eight old men" give him a dinner of welcome illustrates one angle of the interest.

But that is just the human, impish angle. The serious angle is whether the new justice will continue as a hard-hitting, ruthless New Dealer, or whether he will, as some lawyers around Washington have put it, have a "rush of law to the head."

There is another angle—which may be found by studying the life and works of some of the great liberal justices, notably Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis D. Brandeis and Benjamin N. Cardozo. It is the difference between talking for the under dog and acting for the under dog.

The two things are far from being the same, as anyone who analyzes politics and economic conditions coldly will discover at once. The truth of course is that the embattled automobile workers in their various fights—and in the fight to come with Henry Ford—are not the under dogs of this country by any manner of calculation.

The automobile workers were, as workers go, extremely well-paid even before the recent adjustments. They had higher pay and worked shorter hours than almost any other class of workers with equal skill.

Must Work

Considering the length of training, and the responsibility required of the men in the five railroad brotherhoods, where a man has to work through quite a period before he can be a fireman, and then has to work usually for years before he gets a chance to be an engine driver, the automobile workers are very highly paid indeed.

So it was rather maudlin to get worked up about the underprivileged and downtrodden if you were thinking about the automobile workers. This is no attempt to criticize them, or those in sympathy with them. That is not the point. There is plenty of room for argument as to whether they are getting a sufficiently large share of the profits of the business, or whether any struggle is not worth while to force collective bargaining. The only point is that they are and have been anything but the under dogs of this country's economic and social life.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

GRABBED BY JAPANESE



Hokey-Pokey-Man of Peiping.

Cities of North China That Have Been Occupied by Nippon

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

JAPANESE occupation is not new to the port of Tsingtao, China, where Nippon troops were recently reported to have been denied permission to land by Chinese officials. While Germany was busy in Europe during the World war, the city, then under a 99-year lease to the German government, was occupied by the Japanese until hostilities in Europe ceased.

Facing the Yellow sea, on the southern coast of the Shantung peninsula, Tsingtao has been from time to time a provincial capital as well as a dilapidated fishing port. Germany, in 1898, saw the city as a great port, a "German Hong Kong"—hence the 99-year lease.

The German lease was eight years old when the harbor was opened to foreign trade. In the meantime several thousand Germans moved in, constructed new buildings and wide, tree-lined boulevards. New water and sewage systems were installed, granite piers built out in the harbor, which had been dredged and marked so that ocean-going vessels could dock and discharge or load cargoes with modern equipment. When the World war broke, Tsingtao had not only become a modern commercial Titan along the Chinese coast, but its splendid beaches and new hotel accommodations made it a vacation rendezvous for many residents of foreign colonies in the Orient.

Today Tsingtao is not the German Tsingtao. Before the Germans were driven out, they blew up its fortifications and demolished many other mementos of their occupation. Japanese airmen did considerable damage with airplane bombs. Yet Tsingtao remains one of China's leading ports, and one of the nearest Chinese ports to Japan.

Tientsin a Commercial Center. Another Chinese city in which Japanese troops have concentrated recently is Tientsin, 70 miles from the gates of Peiping. News dispatches from Tientsin stated that its principal railway station was converted into an army supply depot for Nippon's soldiers.

Few inland Chinese population centers display the modern aspect that the traveler discovers in Tientsin. While the city has its quarter of narrow, winding byways where children play amid odors typical of a Chinese city, the foreign quarter spreads its influence amid modern settings. Within a stone's throw of the tortuous streets are bank and commercial buildings of which most occidental cities would be proud, and there are the concessions of the British, French and Italians.

Tientsin is the chief commercial center of North China, largely because of its geographic location. The city is only about 30 miles from the sea, and nearby Tangku, on the lower Hai Ho in reality is the Tientsin seaport. The Piyun Ho flows into the city from the north-west and the Grand canal also passes through it. Besides these trade arteries, century-old caravan routes and railroads spread from Tientsin like spokes in a gigantic wheel, penetrating Shantung, Jehol, Manchukuo, Honan, Shansi, Kansu and Inner Mongolia. While traders still ply the old routes, and railroads and small vessels add to the commercial animation of Tientsin, there also are industries in the city that employ many of its 1,388,000 people. Flour milling is a chief industry while cotton mills operate more than 200,000 spindles.

As Tientsin is "on the way" from the sea to Peiping, it has long been a key to the old capital.

Fighting in the Peiping area has again thrown a world spotlight on that frequently fought-over city, former capital of China and always a center of international interests.

Many foreigners are residents of Peiping, where embassies to China are retained, although offices must

be established also in Nanking, the official capital of the central government. Such an arrangement has been adopted by the United States, which retains an embassy in Peiping guarded by a detachment of United States Marines. Other foreign embassies with armed guards are the British, French, Italian and Japanese.

Peiping the Focus of Affairs.

Peiping was the focus of perhaps the most widespread international tension on Chinese record during the anti-foreign Boxer uprising in 1900, when troops of several nations, including the United States, were landed and marched inland to rescue all Peiping's foreign residents, who had been besieged for two months in the British embassy.

As commercial and cultural mistress of China's northern plain, Peiping is the country's second largest city, being surpassed only by Shanghai. Its geographic location brings it into contact with Japanese-controlled Manchukuo on the northeast, semi-independent Tibetan provinces on the west, and Russian-controlled Mongolian republics on the northwest. The foreign embassies and branch offices of foreign business firms in Peiping give it the greatest international importance north of the Yangtze river. As center of the Hopei-Chahar council, it is a focus for the independence movement which has weakened ties between North China and the central government at Nanking.

Having lost the name of Peking, "northern capital," in 1928 when China's administrative center was moved south to Nanking, Peiping now finds its present title, "city of northern peace," threatened.

In national affairs Peiping is a stronghold of tradition. Contrasting with the present Chinese capital, the northern metropolis has had many reincarnations as seat of China's government under such romance-freighted names as Peking, Cambulac, and Purple Imperial City. Its Mandarin dialect, the "Parisian French" of Chinese speech, comes closer than any other to being generally understood throughout the nation.

Famous Marco Polo Bridge.

When the boom and rattle of heavy guns and rifles disturbed the calm of Peiping recently, newspaper men sent back word that the first clashes were in the neighborhood of the Marco Polo bridge, nine miles southwest of the city. Many foreigners make excursions from Peiping to this ancient many-arched stone bridge, one of the most picturesque in northern China, which spans the muddy Yung-tung river.

Marco Polo bridge was named by foreigners in honor of the Venetian adventurer who first described it—albeit inaccurately—to the western world when he came to the Orient to call upon the fabulous Kublai Khan. The Chinese call it Lu Kou Chiao. Marco Polo praised the magnificent solid stone span of twenty-four arches on almost the same page with such Chinese novelties as beauty contests, daily baths, and black rock which was burned as a cheap substitute for wood. Europeans found the twenty-four arches the most credible part of the story, but it was actually the one inaccuracy. The arches numbered no more than thirteen, but countless loads of coal passed over them from western mines to supply Peiping with "black stone" fuel. The treacherous Yung-tung river in a Seventeenth-century flood clipped off two arches. Now the bridge has only eleven stone arches, mossy with age.

The Marco Polo bridge has played a significant role in the history of Peiping, to which it was once the main portal from the southwest. For centuries, when Peiping was the political as well as the cultural center of China's ancient civilization, the bridge played a dramatic part in invasions. It still bears its share of motor, caravan, and foot traffic.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Tusk of the Wild Boar"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Well, sir, here's a story that starts out with another story. A long time ago I got a letter, sent to the Adventurers' Club, from Java, in the Dutch East Indies, way over on the other side of the world. It came from Kabeol, whose address was Panggoengweg No. 2, Tegal, Java, and Kabeol said that he'd read in the paper that I was giving away money, and would I please send him a hundred dollars because he was very poor.

Well, sir, I wrote Kabeol a letter telling him I couldn't send him any money until he'd sent in an adventure yarn good enough to print in this column, and—well—I guess they have adventures over in Java, too, because in came the yarn from Kabeol.

Incidentally, here's where the Adventurers' club breaks another ironclad rule. You know these yarns are all true and they all have to be vouched for. It's the club's custom to require that all papers be signed by the adventurer's name in full—first and last name, complete. But what are you going to do when a guy hasn't got any last name. Kabeol writes:

"Kabeol is the only name I have. I am a pure blooded Javanese boy, and we do not have family names."

On a Week's Hunt in the Jungle.

And now for Kabeol's story. He says he's had lots of adventures, but this time he's going to tell us about a boar hunt he went on with his father and some of their Javanese neighbors. They set out for a week's hunting in the jungle one morning in 1929, taking with them a supply of beras, or prepared rice, and dendeng, which is meat prepared with spices. They traveled through the jungle for two days, walking about eight hours a day, and stopping to eat and rest in the early afternoons when the sun was hottest.

During the first two nights, they slept on the ground, rolled up in blankets. After that they were in country where the wild boar were plentiful and dangerous. Then they climbed trees as soon as it got dark, and passed the night in them. On the third day they pitched camp and



The Boar Saw Him and Charged Again.

were ready to begin hunting. First they looked for water holes (drink places, Kabeol calls them) where the boars came at night to quench their thirst. They found several, and Kabeol and his dad hid in the undergrowth near one of them. The first night they killed three boars and carried them back to camp.

On the second night, about eight o'clock, a boar came out of the jungle across from where they were hiding. Kabeol and his dad both fired. The shots told. The boar stumbled and fell. But the next moment he was on his feet again, his eyes gleaming malevolently, and was coming at them like a hurricane.

The guns they were using were old single shot affairs. There was no time to reload them. Kabeol's dad tried to hit him to run, while he dashed off in another direction.

The boar could only follow one of them—and he picked on Kabeol. The boar was a scant ten yards from him, and the nearest tree was twenty-five or thirty yards away. Kabeol ran as he had never run in his life, but he COULDN'T OUTFRAN THAT BOAR. Foot by foot it gained on him. By the time Kabeol reached the nearest tree, the boar was a scant yard behind.

Neat Trick That Fooled the Boar.

There was no time to climb that tree then. The boar would have ripped Kabeol's legs to pieces with his tusks while he was trying to get up it. But Kabeol had a trick up his sleeve—a trick known to all native boar hunters in Java. As he neared the tree he reached out and caught it with his hand—swung himself sharply around it.

The boar WENT THUNDERING BY HIM. Before he could stop he was ten yards away, and that was all the room Kabeol needed. Before the animal could turn around, Kabeol had started up the tree. The boar saw him—charged again—but he was just too late. By the time he reached the tree again, Kabeol was sitting pretty on one of the lower limbs.

But the boar wasn't giving up yet. He made a few desperate lunges up the side of the tree trunk, trying to climb up after Kabeol, then he began to walk around that tree. Around and around he went, pawing the ground with his hoofs and stopping every now and then to glare up into the tree at Kabeol.

Kabeol thought it would be only a short time before the boar either succumbed to his wounds or got tired of waiting and went away. But the boar, evidently, wasn't wounded very badly, and neither did he get tired of waiting for Kabeol to come down. Hour after hour went by. Dusk turned into night, and the night wore on. Still the boar hadn't given up. Still he paced around and around the tree, waiting to kill that man creature who had stung him with his shooting stick.

Kabeol Tied Himself to the Tree.

Kabeol was getting sleepy, but he fought sleep off. Once or twice he caught himself falling into a doze, and brought himself awake just in time to keep from falling out of the tree. That would never do. Once he landed on the ground, he would be ripped and trampled to death by the boar in a matter of seconds—minutes at the most.

Still, he was dead tired. The day had been a hard one, and his body ached with fatigue. He searched his pocket—and found a piece of rope. That was all he wanted. Picking a nice comfortable spot in the upper branches of the tree, he tied himself to the trunk.

Sleeping in trees was nothing new to the Javanese boy. It was uncomfortable up there straddling that tree limb, but not uncomfortable enough to keep him from taking a nap when properly secured. He dozed off, and when he awoke again it was morning. The boar was gone. "Indeed, such animals are timid in daylight," says Kabeol. And Kabeol climbed down the tree and started back to camp.

©—WNU Service.

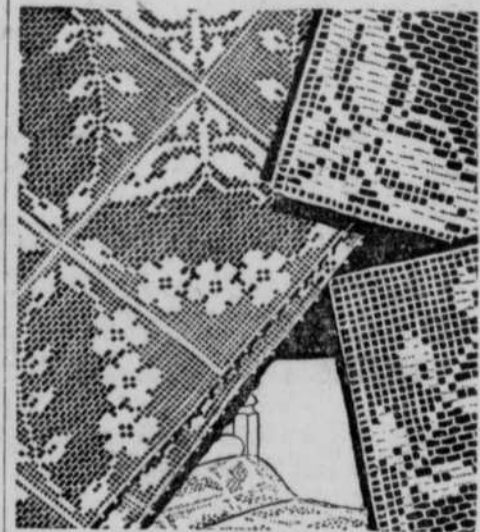
Anise of Parsley Family

The true anise is a member of the parsley family, native to southern Europe. It is a slender plant, two to four feet tall, with opposite oval sharply serrate leaves. Somewhat branched at the top the branches end in interrupted spikes of small blue flowers each a half inch long. The tubular calyx is also a purplish blue adding color to the flowering spike. The decided odor of the flower spike gives the name anise hyssop; botanists call it *Agastache anethifolia* and it is also known as fragrant giant hyssop.

Noughts for Naught

The Armenian merchant's arithmetic is somewhat elastic, as when he asks \$200 for an embroidered tablecloth and accepts \$2. An English official tells of an instance when adjusting claims of the allied subjects for damages in the Near East after the war. An Armenian asked for \$500,000 damages, was awarded \$400 and insisted he should have \$500. "But you asked for \$500,000 originally," they told him. "That's nothing," with a shrug of his shoulders, "my lawyer just added a few noughts."

Something Varied, Rare in Crochet



Pattern 1402

An opportunity to combine elegance without extravagance—and all with your own nimble fingers and crochet hook! These lovely 10-inch companion squares of filet crochet, done in string, are handsome used together. Repeat each alone and you have an entirely different design in a cloth, spread or scarf. You can make smaller squares using finer cotton. Pattern 1402 contains directions and charts for making the squares shown and joining them to make a variety of articles; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; photograph of a single square about actual size; material requirements.

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 plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Those Who Are Good Must of Needs Match

I doubt whether anything in the world can beautify a soul more spontaneously, more naturally, than the knowledge that somewhere in its neighborhood there exists a pure and noble being whom it can unreservedly love. When the soul has veritably drawn near to such a being, beauty is no longer a lovely, lifeless thing, that one exhibits to a stranger, for it takes unto itself an imperious existence, and its activity becomes so natural as to be henceforth irresistible. Wherefore you will do well to think it over, for none are alone.—Maeterlinck.

666 checks **COLDS** and **FEVER** first day
LIQUID, TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS, Headache, 30 minutes.
Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment

BYERS BROS & CO.

A Real Live Stock Com. Firm
At the Omaha Market

Of One Value
He that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer.—Shakespeare.

WOMEN WHO HOLD THEIR MEN NEVER LET THEM KNOW

NO matter how much your back aches and your nerves scream, your husband, because he is only a man, can never understand why you are so hard to live with one week in every month. Too often the honeymoon express is wrecked by the nagging tongue of a three-quarter wife. The wise woman never lets her husband know by outward sign that she is a victim of periodic pain.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

WNU-U 37-37

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!
Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out. Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS