

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—The whole method of breaking up "trusts" and "conspiracies in restraint of trade" will be changed if the Department of Justice is able to persuade congress to revise the laws at the coming session. Details have not been worked out, but the idea is that if certain practices, whether in conformity with the old construction of conspiracy or not, produce identical prices, or are to eliminate weak competitors, or to concentrate control of the market in any given line in a few hands, those practices shall constitute a violation of the law. The whole point is to be that the practices shall be judged not on their own merit, lack of morals, or whatnot, but on the results that flow from them.

The best interpretation of the administration's attitude is revealed in the prosecution now going on, at Madison, Wis., against oil companies, oil executives, and publications which printed news about price intentions. It is contended by the government that mere publication, in certain journals, of price changes, served actually as notice to all in the oil business to make their prices just that.

But the difficulties of proving a violation of the present statutes in this practice is just what the government would like to overcome in future actions. Hence the desire for new laws which will make the result a crime, regardless of the apparent innocence of the actions which led to that result.

What is really burning the government up is identical bids on government supplies. Officials mention 17 bids for re-enforcement bars at Denver, 14 of which were precisely \$1,144.16 each; 12 bids for such bars at Los Angeles, with 11 of them precisely \$194,051.89; every one of 10 bids at Fort Peck for such bars exactly \$253,633.60. Then in February, 1936, there were 16 bids of just \$3,483.50 for a steel sheet order, followed in June by 15 bids for the same order at the same figure.

Lawyers Are Irked

The prize case, officials complain, was on steel pipe, where the navy found 59 bids by 59 companies, each one of which was exactly \$16,001.83. These are just a few of the cases of identical bids which have gotten the Department of Justice lawyers red-headed—cases which seem almost miraculous unless one assumes, which is what the government lawyers want the public to assume, that there actually was collusion among the bidders—conspiracy in restraint of trade.

This is the result the government wants to make illegal, without compelling the government to prove that in achieving that result some practices at variance with the anti-trust laws were employed.

Not for one minute do the government attorneys concede that for the corporations doing this bidding to agree on such an absurd proceeding in advance would convict them of incredible stupidity. They would never admit that such matching to the penny could be a coincidence due to the combination of freight rates, wages and supplies.

But it's pretty hard to prove that there is really "conspiracy" in the meaning of the present anti-trust law language. That is why the government is so avid, first in prosecuting this present oil case, and second on amending the law to get at the results instead of the steps leading to the results.

The oil case, they think, will convince the country and congress that the law needs amending.

Midterm Conventions

The plan of Herbert C. Hoover and of Chairman John D. M. Hamilton, of the Republican national committee, to hold a midterm Republican national convention, is calculated by Republican senators and representatives who happen to be in Washington to insure the election of three or four more Democratic senators and from 30 to 100 more Democratic representatives next year than would otherwise have any chance.

It is proverbial, these opponents of a midterm convention point out, that the party not in power makes a stronger showing in the midterm election. In fact, there are very few instances where there was not a swingback two years after a landslide, frequently strong enough to lose control of the house for the party in power. President Roosevelt's enormous popularity prevented this natural swingback in 1934, pointing a prophetic finger at what was to happen in 1936.

The Democrats gained the house in 1910, after President Taft's enormous victory in 1908. The Republicans captured both house and senate in 1918, foreshadowing the overwhelming Republican victory of 1920.

But aside from these big swings, it is the normal law of politics that the "outs" do very well when they have no national ticket running to handicap the local candidates.

The answer is very simple, and explains why so many Republican senators and representatives, and so many Republicans who plan to run in districts and states now repre-

ented by Democrats, do not want a midterm convention.

Here's the Point

The point is that a Republican running for the house of representatives next year, say in Massachusetts, can run on any platform he pleases. He can tell the folks in his district, for instance, that he wants all restrictions on cotton planting stopped, so that cotton will be cheap, and there will be plenty of work for the local textile mills, thereby enabling them to compete with those of other nations. He can promise a fight to the death to bar all textile imports, especially from Japan. He can promise to fight every appropriation for water power, irrigation and reclamation projects out West, which help to keep up taxes but bring no local benefit to his district. And in doing all this he will not be handicapped by any national party platform, or any party leader's promises or speeches.

Out in the West, where water resource appropriations are wanted, the Republican nominee can promise to work like everything for big appropriations for this type of work. He can promise anything he believes will help his candidacy, regardless of the attitude on the same question of any or all other Republican candidates.

Sen. David I. Walsh is fond of telling a story of when he was chairman of the Democratic senatorial committee in an off year election. He tells of how he changed his line of speeches every time he crossed a state line, making speeches in each case in line with the campaign being made by the local Democratic senatorial candidate.

Neutrality Law

The present neutrality law, on which so many political leaders and pacifists pinned their hopes for keeping the United States out of war, is virtually in the scrap basket. It was repealed, so to speak, by edict. Not a formal edict, but a presidential speech, which not only disclosed clearly the attitude of the administration, but which also received overwhelming approval from the country.

There were a few criticisms, notably that of Representative Hamilton Fish, New York's widely known windmill tilter, but they were just the exceptions that proved the rule.

Incidentally Mr. Fish was one of the few commentators who pointed out just what the new policy laid down by President Roosevelt means, for there is no doubt whatever that it puts the country squarely on the road to entanglements, which the neutrality law sought to avoid, and might very easily lead to war.

The President's plan is nothing less, in fact, than economic war, started with a view to making physical aggression unprofitable. The President approves "sanctions" but would rely on economic pressure rather than go as far as Article X of the League of Nations covenant. Article X provided for contribution of man-power by all the member nations of the league to constitute an international army which would police the world, crush the aggressor in any war and virtually impose judicial settlement of all international disputes.

President Wilson thought Article X the "heart of the covenant." He bitterly resisted any reservation with respect to it. Opponents on the treaty, looking for issues on which to arouse the country, made much of the fact that enforcement of Article X would mean American boys again fighting in foreign wars, with which, they insisted, we had no concern.

Never Invoked

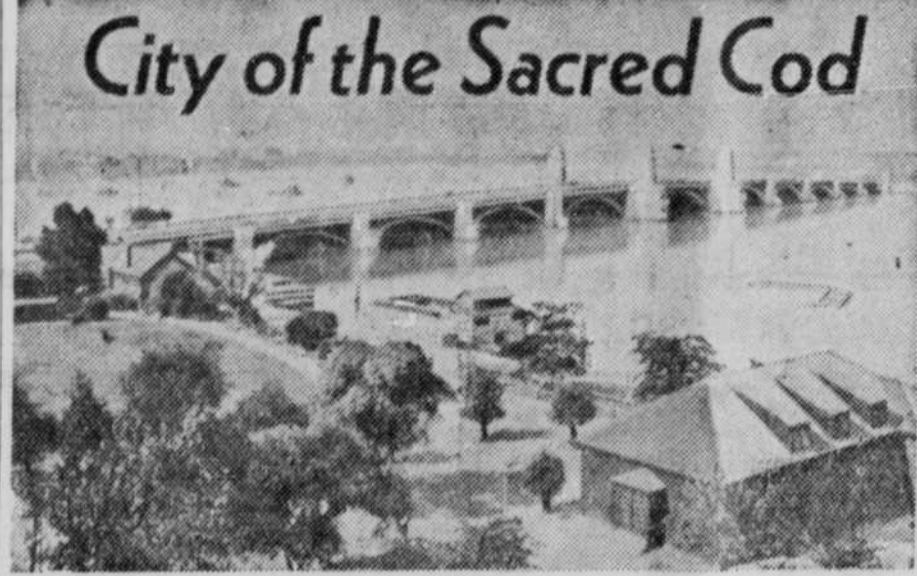
Article X has never been invoked by the league. No one has really ever tried to invoke it. Which, some think, proves that Wilson was right about this being the heart of the covenant. They say that failure to invoke Article X against Japan five or six years ago, and Italy last year, showed the hopelessness of the league as an agency for maintaining world peace.

But now President Roosevelt is willing to go just as far, and then on beyond, anything the league has actually done or contemplated doing. "Isolation" and "quarantine" for aggressor nations are proposed by the President as the British appear to be moving toward a boycott of all Japanese goods.

Support from the country has assumed such magnitude that the President will find it difficult to take a backward step, should this later seem desirable. This means less exports to Japan, and sharply curtailed purchases from Japan despite the old motto that "Trade will find a way—so long as there is a profit."

Lawbreaking is successful in the long run only when the law is unpopular, as was the case with prohibition.

Roosevelt's plan pleases most of the country because it enables the angry anti-Japanese and anti-fascist pacifists to eat their cake and have it. No war, but punish the wicked. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



Charles River Basin and West Boston Bridge.

Some Reasons Why Boston Can High-Rank Among American Cities

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

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Boston is the trade and population center of rich, industrial New England. A few minutes' ride from Faneuil Hall are more than 5,700 factories and over 25,000 stores of one kind or another.

Boston does not flaunt these distinctions; yet seek and you find she has America's largest drydock; the world's greatest fish-freezing and storage plant. Here is a center of America's paper, wool, textbook, and cotton-manufacturing industries, and the second port in America in volume of ocean-borne passenger traffic.

Her deep-channel harbor, whose modern piers connect with rails and highways, is one of the most accessible to the Atlantic seaboard; it has 40 miles of berthing space and deep water to accommodate the largest vessels.

When "Boston ships" traded hardware for California hides before the days of '49, the shoe and leather industry of New England began. Today, a large share of all hides used in American leather and shoe factories is bought and sold inside one square mile of old Boston, where even in the middle of the street you catch the acrid whiff of newly tanned leather.

In Bombay is an old American icehouse. It dates from the period, beginning 1805, when Boston skippers took cargoes for sale in Jamaica, Cuba, Brazil and India. Now high-grade electrical machines, which include refrigerators, rank among Boston exports.

Boston's pioneer place in the import and processing of tropical things is still hers. She and her neighbors make now more than a third of all America's rubber shoes; the trade name of one cocoa made here has been a household word for generations. Jute, burlap, goatskins, fleeces, bales of cotton, sisal, fruit, sugar, coffee, all pass this way.

Ask how long skilled workers have served in the same plants; hear how many generations of a given family have worked at the same trades, and you begin to account for the vitality of Boston industry. Here is pride in good work, inherited knowledge, genius for craftsmanship.

Made Banana a Staple Food.

John Hancock probably never saw a banana. At the Philadelphia Centennial exhibition, in 1876, curious crowds gazed in wonder at a bunch of them. Now everybody, from Quoddy Light to Golden Gate, from Key West to Alaska, knows their smell and taste.

Boston's United Fruit company makes the banana, once a rarity wrapped in tinfoil, today a staple American food.

Yet its greatest feat is not in distribution, but production. About its success in turning jungle into rich plantations and its conquest of tropical disease, piles of fat books are written. All that is far from Boston, yet it was a Boston man, Andrew W. Preston, who conceived these incomparable tasks. When he began, long ago, the world banana crop barely equaled what New York alone now eats in a few weeks!

To get bananas the company had to raise them; so it became a vast agricultural concern. Jungle areas cleared and planted took thousands of square miles.

When Minor C. Keith, of United Fruit, started his railroad to Costa Rica from Puerto Limon to San Jose, a 19-year job that cost more than 4,000 lives from fever, there was but little rail in all Central America. Now the company owns and operates its tracks, trucks, and aerial tramways in a dozen tropic regions. It has built towns, piers, radio stations, hotels, harbors, hospitals; stores, schools, churches, theaters, playgrounds; shops, warehouses, markets; water, light, and power plants, and workers' homes by the thousands.

Center of Fish Industry.

Besides growing bananas, it raises meat, vegetables, and other foods for its armies of workers, and operates sugar plantations, mills, and refineries; grows coconuts, cocoa, and other tropical products; and annually carries some 40,000 passengers on its 97 ships from Boston, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco to 25 different ports between Habana and Cartagena, Colombia.

Though Boston, remote from grain-lands and ranches, must go far for bread and meat, she also covers

much of America with fish, as well as bananas.

"But what profit might arise?" That was King James' query when Pilgrims asked him, in 1618, to permit them to sail for the New World. "Fishing," they replied.

"So, God save my soul!" he exclaimed. "'Tis an honest trade. 'Twas the Apostles' own calling."

There's a reason why the Sacred Codfish is an emblem of Massachusetts; why its effigy hangs now in the statehouse, and has hung, in one assembly hall or another, for more than 200 years. It saved the early settlers from starving; preserved with salt from England, it became their first export, their first source of revenue.

Boston, like Gloucester, catches many other kinds now, from lobster to mackerel, and helps feed the whole United States. And cod is no longer the favorite; haddock is more in demand.

Go for a trip in a trawler. Heading for the Stellwagen bank, the dingdong echo of your radio depth-finders warns you that you are over the fishing grounds, and the big conical net is let go.

Wooden wheels, set on its lower lip, let it roll easily over the ocean floor; big wooden gates at each end, opening outward keep it stretched wide open, so that it scoops up everything that swims or crawls, from "sea eggs" to squid.

Coins, spoons, buttons, even pieces of jewelry have been found in fish taken off the New England coast; apparently they seize such bright objects as may fall from passing ships.

"Green," or unfrozen, fish is shipped as far west as Mississippi; frozen fish, really fresh fish preserved by freezing which will keep in perfect condition a year or more, reaches the Pacific coast, while salted and dried codfish, or "bacalao," is consumed as far away as southern Europe, the Caribbean, and the coast of Brazil.

Dawn brings the auction in a big "pit" at the pier's end. Signs on the walls say all bidding must be in English; bids are called in English, but debates rage with confusion of tongues.

Then this big, busy fish pier echoes with excitement. Men in rubber boots, wearing caps with long visors like duck bills, throw fish into rope baskets and swing them to the docks. Others run hither and yon, pushing bright-colored carts filled with fish, followed by sniffing, hard-faced wharf cats.

Bostonians Are Good Sailors.

These Boston people love the sea. For generations they sailed it to make a living. Now many sail for fun, yet with all the skill and grim intent of adventurous clipper days.

Be asked to sail in yacht club races, especially if all your racing experience has been on the deck of a mustang, and you hear a new language. On the first day of "soft spots" in the air, of tacking, luffing, crossing of bows and sterns, and shutting off of the rival's wind, sailing seems a sport not only of odd speech but mysterious motions.

Then, all at once, you begin to sense these tricks of jockeying with boats. Here is horse racing, but on water! Instead of crowding the other, riding in to the rail to slow him down, you shut off his breeze power. Ship lines are only bridle reins; stiff breezes are spurs, and letting out a spinnaker is merely giving your nag her head.

Fair play and good sportsmanship are ingrained. Inherited English ways and proximity of Harvard, with its generations of clean sport, have fostered this love for games.

Plenty of Sport There.

Gymnasiums came early, here circus acrobats and strong men used to be invited to "show off" for the boys. That colorful character in prize-ring history, John L. Sullivan, was born in Boston. Cricket, hockey, boxing, rowing, swimming, high bicycles, and ball players in full beards, Boston fostered them all; yet permitted no league baseball games on Sunday till 1929!

Special "snow trains" leave now, taking winter crowds with skis, sleds, and toboggans, at the first news of heavy snows in the White mountains. Born of the old East Indian battledore and shuttlecock, and introduced into England about a century ago by returning army officers, the game of badminton is now also much played about Boston.

New among Boston sports is midget motor-car racing. She has a special Tom Thumb track, an oddly formed figure with seven turns. To it, on race days, tiny speed cars are hauled on trucks, for rough-and-tumble contests.

A Girl With Courage

By DOROTHY PIPER
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

WHEN Norma came into the inheritance bequeathed by her Great-Aunt Harriet, she did just what she longed to do since earliest childhood. She built a picturesque log-cabin in a woodland glade that was practically untraversed.

SHORT SHORT STORY
The cabin consisted of a living-room, with a rustic fireplace at one end, a comfortable bedroom, and a well-equipped kitchen. Every week-end Norma went, unaccompanied, to her forest retreat, and for 48 hours she was extremely happy and blissfully forgetful of the roaring metropolis she had left behind.

It amused rather than alarmed her one day to find, during the week, someone had entered her cabin and prepared himself a meal, using the food from her own larder.

A fortnight later the incident was repeated. This time Norma found that the fireplace was a trifle warm, and the visitor had left a note on the table. "Thanks for the grub," it read. "Some time soon I hope to dine you, instead."

"What presumption!" exclaimed Norma. "Well, I hope he's fairly good-looking—I must find a model for the ad that the Ware and Tare Sporting House wants me to put out."

For the next two weeks she was kept in the city for business reasons, and when at last she was at liberty to return to her beloved cabin, Norma was amazed to find herself wishing for more signs of her unknown tenant.

Norma had no use for the key to her cabin that afternoon. When she arrived the door was ajar. A brisk fire crackled upon the hearth. The sweet, pungent odor of fresh pipe-tobacco prevailed about the room. And for the first time in her life, Norma felt strangely thrilled.

Suddenly, a deep, masculine snore echoed through the cabin. A man, and asleep! Here was the chance to see, in the flesh, the hero she had pictured in her dreams. Cautiously, Norma tiptoed to the bedroom door and peered in. A man lay upon the cot, but what a man he was! A four-day beard adorned his face, his mouth was agape in noisy slumber, his clothes tattered beyond description.

The humor of the situation struck Norma so forcibly that she threw back her head and laughed loud and heartily. Her laughter awoke the man, and he sat up and stared at her.

"Hullo," he grinned. "You here so soon? I'm sorry I fell asleep, else I'd been on the porch to greet you. Well, now that you're here, let's eat. You must be hungry after that two-mile hike up-trail. Come, now, you hustle some grub, while I dress for dinner."

"Oh, you are going to dress for dinner," she remarked calmly. "Yes," he replied, "I always dress for dinner."

With that he closed the door, and Norma heard him whistling softly as he puttered about the room. Mechanically she set the table and prepared coffee for two. Norma, the artistic, dining with a hobo, who was "dressing for dinner!"

Inside of 15 minutes the man was with her again. His torn garments had been replaced by a smart suit of English tweeds, his hair had been brushed until it glistened, and his face was clean and freshly shaved. He paid no attention to Norma's look of amazement, but remarked casually:

"You must set places for two more persons—my publisher and his wife will be here at any moment. And don't bother to cook anything, for you'll find a large hamper of food outside on the veranda."

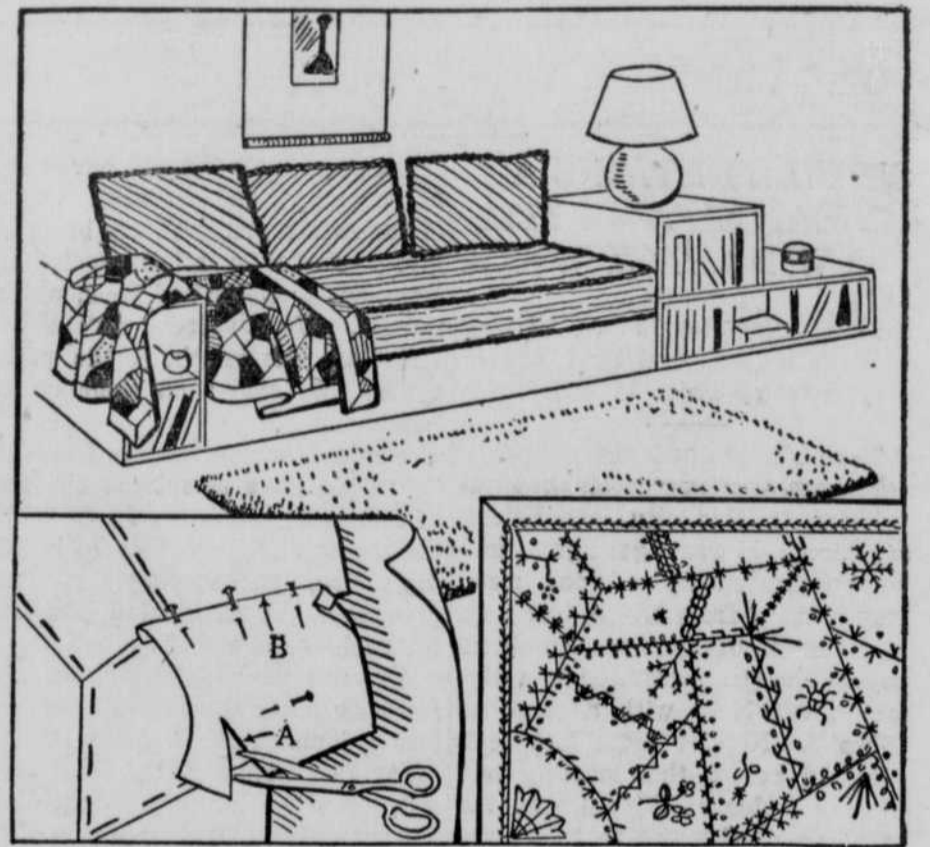
Norma's patience had reached its limit; the whole affair was beginning to grate upon her nerves. "Say, who are you?" she demanded irritably. "My name is Julius Wane," he told her.

"Not Julius Wane—the author?" gasped Norma. "At your service," he smiled, bowing gallantly. "And I want to thank you for enabling me to win a little bet. You see, I have just finished a book called 'A Girl With Courage.' The theme deals with a young woman who possessed an abundance of nerve and pluck. My publisher declared that the story was preposterous, that no girl in the world had courage that could compare with my heroine's. I agreed to rewrite the story, unless I could prove that such a girl really existed. One day, while tramping in the woods, I learned that you were living here alone. 'That girl has courage,' I thought. 'I'll put her to a test!' I have won my argument—my publisher will be here directly; my book goes to press next week; and I owe my good luck to you!"

Several months later, when Norma's parents returned from California, they found her working on the illustrations for Julius Wane's new novel. When questioned, Norma referred them to Julius. "Well," he said, "in the first place your daughter is a clever artist, and in the second place, a fellow should do something for his future wife, shouldn't he?"

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Crazy Patch Work at Home in a Modern Setting

THE crazy patch is the oldest of quilt patterns, yet there is something amazingly modern in its angular lines. So whether your living room is traditional in style or newer than tomorrow you will be interested in the revival of crazy patch work for what our grandmothers and great-grandmothers called a "slumber throw."

A corner of one of these old silk crazy quilts is shown here at the lower right. The pieces were small—many not more than 1½ inches wide or long. A variety of embroidery stitches joins the pieces. Both plain and figured silks were used, the plain patches often being embroidered with flowers, fans and other amusing motifs—note the beetle embroidered on one patch. Several colors of silk embroidery thread were generally used but in the most ar-

tistic of these quilts one color predominated in the embroidery.

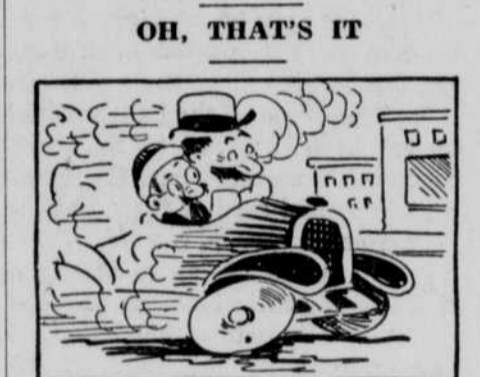
Larger patches with simple feather stitch and herring-bone stitch at the joinings also give a good effect. The pieces are sewed to a foundation of some firm soft material. Outing flannel or an old wool blanket are good. Pin a piece in place over the space to be filled, trim the edges to the right shape, as at A, allowing enough to turn under, as at B, where the patch laps over the one next to it. Baste the turned edges down, as shown. When a number of patches have been basted in place, sew them down to the foundation with the embroidery stitches and then remove the bastings. The backing is tied to the front with silk embroidery thread as comforters are tied. Little or no padding may be used and a plain band around the edge is effective.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Illinois.



Smiles
Somebody Else
First Typist—I'm going out to night with an Irishman.
Second Typist—Oh, really?
First Typist—No, O'Brien.

On the Way
Mother—I can't help thinking that Mabel would be happier if she married a man with less money than Mr. Parkinson.
Father—Don't you worry. He'll soon have less if I know Mabel.



OH, THAT'S IT
Boogy—Do you know statisticians claim the automobile has actually cut down the deaths from old age in this country?
Woogy—How's that? Prevents over-exertion, I suppose?
Boogy—No, not that so much, but fewer people escape to reach old age.

His Idea
Mrs. Smythe took her husband to a mannequin parade. An evening gown worn by an extremely pretty model attracted her attention.
"That would look nice at our party next Saturday," she said, hoping her husband would buy it for her.
"Yes," agreed Mr. Smythe. "Why not invite her?"

When a girl wears her heart on her sleeve, is it a call to arms?
First Step
"Today's my wife's birthday," said the manager to his assistant. "I want her to be very happy when I go home this evening. Can you suggest anything?"
"Yes, sir; I'd suggest you remove that lipstick from your ear."

"Quotations"

Life levels all men; death reveals the eminent.—George Bernard Shaw.
Restlessness is often the result of not having anything very vital to do.—Mrs. Thomas A. Edison.
It is the bankruptcy of character that has spread doubt and fear in many quarters.—Rev. Dr. Duncan H. Brodrene.
Charity is a cruel word, the very utterance of which imposes limitations and puts a barrier in the path of growth and effort.—Samuel L. Rothapel.
Ambition may be the last infirmity of noble minds, but it is a splendid spur for the average man.—Dean Inge.

How One Woman Lost 20 lbs of Fat

Lost Her Prominent Hips—Double Chin—Sluggishness
Gained Physical Vigor—A Shapely Figure.

If you're fat—first remove the cause! Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh then get a 4 oz. bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you 4 weeks.
Take one-half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning—modify your diet and get a little regular gentle exercise—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.
Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—you feel younger in body—Kruschen will give any fat person a joyous surprise. But be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first.
You can get Kruschen Salts from any leading druggist anywhere in America (lasts 4 weeks) and the cost is but little. If this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, SAFEST and surest way to help you lose ugly fat—your money gladly returned.

"FIVE Minus TWO Leaves FOUR"
WRONG? Well, yes—and no. The arithmetic of your school days taught that "if Mary had five dollars and spent two . . ." three dollars remained. But that is mathematics—not shopping! In managing a home . . . guarding a limited family income . . . we've simply got to do better than Mary did. We must sharpen our buying wits . . . ascertain where the dollars of extra value lurk . . . take five dollars to town and get much more for the money spent.
Fortunately, there are ever-willing guides right at hand—the advertisements in this newspaper. Advertised merchandise is often exceptional value merchandise. It makes dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H.