SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington — Nervous store owners, big and little, are wondering what sort of a report the commission sent to Europe by President Roosevelt to study co - operatives will make.

Some of the brain trusters are reported to have cooled off considerably since the dispatch of the commission. At first blush, after Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace's book "Whose Constitution" came out, it struck them as a splendid idea. In fact that was why the President sent the commission to Europe to determine first-hand what had happened to the experiments along that line over there.

It seems a safe prediction for the moment that no report calculated to alarm the merchandizing business of this country will be allowed to come out before election. If some of the remarks being made about the whole idea in inside administration circles are indicative of the general official attitude, tradesmen need not worry at all.

But there is no way of telling. Wallace does not change his mind very rapidly, as quite a few Brain Trusters and others have discovered. He is still Secretary of Agriculture, having survived battles with George N. Peek, contact with Rexford G. Tugwell, and sharpshooting from many others. And obviously Wallace had given considerabe thought to the subject before insisting on its necessity so positively in his book.

His idea is very simple. Long a strong advocate of farmer co-operatives, many of which have been very successful, Wallace is pursuing the same objective in promoting consumer co-operatives.

It's the age old target—the spread between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays.

Both Helpless

In the WPA produced play, "Triple A Plowed Under," being put on in a number of theaters by WPA casts throughout the country, there is one scene bearing on this. The farmer comes up to a greedy looking individual seated at a table with a quart bottle of milk.

"How much do I get?" he asks.

"Three cents," says the middleman.

Commenting that it cost him more than that to produce, the farmer says:

"I'll take it."

A second later a poor looking woman comes up with a bottle.

"How much is a quart of milk?" she asks.

"Fifteen cents," says the middleman.

"That is all I have, but I'll take it," she says sorrowfully.

The point of the act being that both producer and consumer are helpless, having no alternative.

Part of the trouble, Mr. Wallace believes, is solved by farmer co-operatives. But though these have been successful, the fact remains that there is still a wide spread remaining between what the farmer gets—even through a co-operative—and what the consumer pays.

So Mr. Wallace wants to reduce this spread by having the consumers organize too.

So the much berated milk trust may find itself with a few TVA type of yardsticks applied to its profits, to determine whether its profits are not much too large.

Income Tax

Treasury Department experts have about reached the conclusion that they would like to have the so-called capital gains and losses section of the income tax repealed. Great Britain has never had such a provision, and, our Treasury experts think has not suffered for its lack.

It will be recalled that the whole country was shocked, a few years ago, when it discovered that J. Pierpont Morgan had not paid any American income tax for several years in the early part of the depression, though he had paid taxes in Great Britain for the same years.

Simply stated the point is this. If an American bought a residence for $6,000 in 1927, and sold that property in 1929 for $9,000, his income tax return made on March 15, 1930, must show a profit of $3,000, which would be taxable as income for that year.

Or if the buyer of that house sold it in 1932 for $4,000, he could deduct his loss, $5,000, from his 1932 income as reported in March, 1933.

Precisely the same is true of profits or losses on stocks, bonds or any other property.

Whereas in Great Britain that sort of thing is regarded as capital—not income—and neither profits are charged as income for any particular year, nor losses allowed as deductions from income for the year in which the deal was concluded.

Economists generally have agreed that the British system is more equitable, does not subject the taxpayer to piled up taxation in one year, does not encourage booms, and for many other reasons.

Due to the exposure of Mr. Morgan's failure to pay income taxes in certain years when he had heavy losses, however, the American capital gains and losses was changed to a "heads I win tails you lose" plan.

Profit and Loss

The taxpayer still has to pay the full income tax on any profits made by sales. But he can deduct losses up to only $2,000 net for any one year.

So if you make $10,000 on selling some property one year, you pay full taxes on that $10,000, which probably shoots you up into pretty stiff surtaxes.

But if you lose $10,000 the next year on similar sales you can deduct only $2,000 from your income in computing the income tax.

Politically, of course, the theory was that the $2,000 exemption would let out all the small fry, and there were not enough of the big fellows to make an effective protest.

But now the Treasury wants to change the whole thing, go to the British system, for reasons having no connection whatever with the political change effected after Mr. Morgan's testimony had surprised the country.

The Treasury's studied conviction is that it costs more to collect this capital gains and losses part of the income than it is worth!

It is not disturbed by the enormous trouble to which it puts the man or woman making out an income tax — checking the date on which the property or securities, were bought, the exact price, less commission, etc., and then the date of sale, less expenses, etc. But it is highly disturbed by the tremendous job of going over these returns, checking them for error, and then checking back to the original sources to discover if the taxpayer is (1) correct in his calculation and (2) honest in making them.

Of course, tens of thousands of such returns are from people who do not pay any income tax at all. Their gross income exceeds the minimum at which a return is required, but their exemptions bring them below the taxpaying level.

Politically, however, a real scrap may develop.

Lack Big Names

Lack of nationally known names of the right political and geographical background is one of the reasons why there is so much pressure on Governor Alfred M. Landon to change his campaign tactics, go after President Roosevelt roughshod, and make what might be called a "rousing" campaign.

The Democrats have a wealth of such names. Vice President John N. Garner does not allow his name to be used much—did not in the 1932 campaign—but there are plenty of others. From the standpoint of Democratic campaign strategy there is no geographical barrier; a man from Maine is just as good as a man from Texas.

There was a time when the Democratic publicity bureau might have hesitated to use the name of Senator William G. McAdoo, for example. Too many people were bitter against him because of the fight that developed at Madison Square Garden, with its religious background, There was a time when the Democrats would have hesitated to use the names of a lot of Southern senators and prominent house members. They feared the cry of "Southern domination" might be raised against them in the South and West.

It is rather curious how such things rise, become important, and just fade away. But it just so happens that in this campaign the Democratic party is not disturbed at possible reactions against any of its possible speakers or givers of interviews because of factional groups or geography.

Whereas the Republicans are handicapped both ways. There is the most earnest effort to retain the All Western complexion for the Republican ticket that developed at the Cleveland convention. There is also an equally earnest effort to supress most of the old guard names, or anything associated in the mind with them.

Serious Problem

As there are few nationally known Republicans in the South which carry any weight, and as the new crop of Republican leaders both East and West have not had sufficient advertising to make them carry much weight with the desired audience, the problem is very seious indeed.

Three of the best known names among Republican senators, James Couzens of Michigan, Hiram W. Johnson of California, and George W. Norris of Nebraska, are supporting Roosevelt.

When the list of prominent Republicans is whittled down, outside the two candidates and the chairman of the Republican National committee, there is only one which stands out with sufficient prominence, and to whom there is no objection. This is Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan. There is Herbert C. Hoover, of course, prominent indeed, but also with serious liabilities in that so many people are so strongly against him. Anyway, what the Republicans want is not a comparison of Roosevelt days with Hoover days, but with Coolidge days.

All of which explains, in part at least, why so much of the speech making on the Republican side this campaign up to date has been done by the National Chairman John D. M. Hamilton.

Spare Moments in Norway Are Spent on the Trousseau.

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

AUGUST is harvest time in Norway. Since most rural families are mainly dependent for their winter's food on what they themselves prepare, it is therefore a particularly busy time.

A visit to a typical Norwegian farm at this season would imply your sharing their whole-hearted work as well as their equally whole-hearted jollity afterwards. The activities of harvesting and merry-making would keep you busy on any of the thousands of small farms which skirt the long twisting fjords or utilize what level land there is along the rushing rivers in mountain valleys.

Glance for a moment at Hallingdal, a long valley which winds through the central section of Norway. For most of its length it is only one or two farms wide, for the mountainsides rise steeply from the river bottom. This valley is familiar to those who have traveled by rail from Oslo to Bergen.

By the daily train it is possible to reach Hallingdal's villages, around which cluster farms of typical rural Norwegian families. If you should visit such a family, you could participate in their harvesting—but only after being welcomed by sharing their food, even though it be just a nibble of fruit, fresh leaf lettuce, little curled anchovies, and sheets of crisp flatbread.

Clouds sweeping over the mountains and across the valley serve warning that it may rain before dusk. The hay from the high meadow should be in the barn before then. All hands must seize rakes and hurry to the meadow for a race with the weather.

Haying In Hallingdal

The Halling farmer still uses a hand scythe and never misses a tuft hidden away in the fence corner or along the river bank. Every spear of grass is valuable. The youngest child follows the workers to glean the wisps that the others have missed. They all help load the sweet dry hay into a little hayrack made of unstripped birch saplings.

This is hauled to the barn by hand, for the little pony has been sent to the mountain meadow for the summer along with the cattle, so that every bit of grass on the home farm could be made into hay for the long winter. The hayrack is not a heavy load to push except for the last little way up the log runway into the mow, which can be taken with a rush and a whoop.

Before long all the hay is stowed from that meadow, from the edge of the dark spruces on the mountainside to the dusty bank of wild strawberries by the roadside. Then everyone can hang the wooden rakes along the log wall of the woodshed and enjoy an out-of-doors "coffee" picnic of coffee, little cakes, and wild berries strung on grass stems. The coffee cloth has been spread out on the grass under a wild cherry tree.

While the young women of the family are busy in the fields, the grandmother who is too old to help spins wool for the winter supply of gaily patterned socks and mittens. On lonely farms, housewives eagerly watch the road and discuss the probable errand of every passer-by.

Down by the river there is a field of "green," barley to be cut while there is still sap in the stalk and the grain has just reached the milk stage. This is dried over racks in the field. Then it is very prickly to load.

Then Barley and Rye

When the hay is all in, the barley and rye grow ripe. The farmer cuts through the shimmering golden fields with great swings of his scythe. At each stroke the grain falls in a neat semicircle on the ground. Then it is bound into bundles to be shocked spirally around tall saplings stuck in the ground. There is a little red ladder to climb up with the top bundles. In this section of Norway the grain is not threshed at harvest time, but later on during the winter, when the horse is home from the mountain pastures and can be hitched to the crude treadmill in the barn.

The herds of cattle, goats, and horses during the summer grazing in the mountains are tended by either a young unmarried daughter or an old woman. The life of a summer dairy maid has been celebrated in song and saga for hundreds of years. She lives in a small log hut with turf roof, passing her days milking cows and goats, making butter and tending the huge iron caldrons in which milk is slowly simmered to make rich cheese. She sets off to the upland pastures riding a pony which is loaded with empty tubs as well as with her few belongings. Later, when a brother visits her hut to bring supplies, he will collect the tubs filled with butter and cheeses and carry them back to the homestead.

The cattle are small brindly beasts with spreading brass-tipped horns. They have not been bred for quantity milk production. Little attention seems to be paid to breeding. Often a cow will give only a quart or so at milking. If you wonder why such a cow is tolerated, you may receive such an explanation as this: "Ja, but she is small, and does not eat much, either, that cow." In a land where every spear of hay has value, this is an argument of great weight.

Food Mostly Home-Grown

Aside from the fine white cake flour, which is imported from America, most of the family food is produced at home. Barley, rye and oats are milled locally, the miller getting a share of the meal and flour for his work. The garden yields stores of cabbages, potatoes, and root vegetables for the winter. Potatoes too are an important crop, for they are on the family's daily menu and, along with birch twigs, form a staple item in the winter diet of the cattle.

Nature is lavish here with a large number of berries, both wild and tame. Masses of wild strawberries grow along the roadsides. There are currants from which to make sweet wine; wild cherries, the juice of which is bottled to make soup and puddings; the little wild "mountain cranberries," which make delicious jam to serve with pork or roast ptarmigan; and, best of all, the arctic cloudberry, growing in the mountain - top sloughs. This last, when stored in great crocks, keeps through the winter, without cooking or other preservation.

Only with such a variety of provisions can the Norwegian family continue the alternation of work, rest, and eating which is farm routine. First thing in the morning, coffee and cakes are brought to the family in bed. As soon as they are dressed, there is a large breakfast with more coffee, bread and butter, and all sorts of pickled fish and sausage and goat's-milk cheese to put on it. At 11 o'clock work pauses for another snack, which is breakfast all over again.

There is a heavy dinner about one-thirty and then a siesta. Yes, you may be surprised, but this "old Spanish custom" is firmly entrenched in the rural sections of this energetic northern climate. After the nap there are more coffee and cakes before the work of the afternoon is begun.

The last real meal of the day is the evening porridge, at about 8 or 9 o'clock. This meal is unvarying except just after a slaughtering, when a blood pudding is substituted for the usual dish. This porridge is a thick, leathery gruel made of parched barley meal.

All Put In The Stabbur

The yearly harvests of cereals, the cheeses, cured meats, bread, and cakes are stored in the stabbur. The stabbur, or storehouse, is a typical feature of the Norwegian landscape. It is built of logs on high mushroom-shaped stilts as a protection against marauding insects and rats. Elaborately carved, it is guarded against the weather by a coat of wood tar. The front porch of the structure is reached by a flight of plank steps separated from the building by a sort of moat of air across which thieving animals would find it difficult to leap.

The wrought-iron key, which fits a wooden lock in the heavy carved door, takes two hands to turn. The door opens into a small dark room with heavy log walls unbroken by windows. There are large bins of various kinds of meal and flour, each with a brightly painted wooden scoop hanging above it. On shelves are stacked cheeses of many kinds. There are gay wooden boxes full of cakes which had been baked in the spring when the cream was rich. In one corner on a low platform, sheets of rye and barley flatbread with crinkly edges, temptingly brown, are piled almost to the ceiling. It has been made of stiff unleavened dough rolled into round paper-thin sheets and browned on the bakehouse stove.

Shirtwaister for School Girl

1959-B.

Here is the frock for juniors to make for school days. A combination of rhythm in its hemline, rhyme in its color scheme and racy in its style. For late summer wear, try tub silk, linen, cotton or shantung with long or short sleeves. For autumn and winter —"tweedy" silk crepe or broadcloth.

The waist, gathered slightly to the shoulder yoke front and back, has a center pleat and pockets for trimming. Buttons—a matter of choice. A small collar, tie, and belt complete this most effective frock. By way of suggestion, make the collar and cuffs in contrast, and detachable to be readily removed for laundering.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1959-B is available for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 requires two and three-eighths yards of 35-inch material with one-third yard of 35-inch contrasting material and one yard of ribbon for bow. With long sleeves it requires two and five-eighths yards.

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Two Things

There are two things which grow stronger in the breast of man, in proportion as he advances in years: the love of country and religion. Let them be ever so much forgotten in youth, they sooner or later present themselves to us arrayed in all their charms, and excite in the recesses of our hearts an attachment justly due to their beauty.—Chateaubrand.

Defendant Not Held for Act of His Arm

A lawyer, defending his client on a charge of housebreaking, concluded his speech: "Your Honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found a window open and merely inserted his arm and removed several trifling articles. Now, sir, my client's arm is not himself and I fail to see how you can justly punish the whole individual for an offense committed by his limb."

"Very well," said the judge, "I sentence the defendant's arm to two years' imprisonment."

The defendant smiled, unscrewed his artificial arm, and left the court without it.

A Mother's Care

Some day we may know just how much of the progress we enjoy should be credited to our mothers. We may, some day, be able to figure that out. But never will we be able to measure the love, the patience, the forgiving spirit, the sacrfice she gave us. Nether will we ever be able to know how much of nobility, virtue, and character she gave us, because these greater things are intangibles and Mother herself knows not the measure of her giving. In these—as in all things—she gives without stint, and keeps no record.—R. E. Hicks.

Carrie Nation

For years in the 1900's Carrie Nation not only demolished saloons with her hatchet but publicly knocked cigars from men's mouths and berated women for wearing evening gowns. Nothing daunted her until the night she did her "hatchet act"—for $300—on the stage of Miner's Burlesque on the New York Bowery, when she was almost drowned in the heaviest barrage of eggs ever laid down by an American audience.—Collier's Weekly.

Neglected Books

"Books are sepulchres of thought," sad Longfellow; and if neglected too many centuries they become full of old bones.

Seeking Criticism

Did you ever live in surroundings where you wanted criticism and couldn't get it? Such a situation is possible.