SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—It may be that in some previous presidential campaign there was a more "cockeyed" division of the Republican and Democratic parties on issues than in the present one, but it is mighty hard to believe. Maybe there was some campaign when so many important questions were being utterly ignored by both parties, despite the fact that very large groups of the electorate were inflamed on each side. Maybe there was even a campaign once where there was a weirder grouping of men prominent in the public eye backing each candidate. But it is rather difficult to figure.

Carter Glass and Robert M. Lafollette for Roosevelt, for example. Ogden L. Mills and Gerald P. Nye for Landon, William Randolph Hearst, the Chicago Tribune, and the New York Herald Tribune all on the same bandwagon, for Landon. Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Felix Frankfurter and Mordecai Ezekiel on the opposing sound truck, for Roosevelt.

Gifford Pinchot, the great advocate of federal intervention in states in the interest of conservation, for Landon, with Senator Harry Flood Byrd and Senator Millard E. Tydings, the old-time states' rights duet, for Roosevelt, though the last two named are keeping pretty quiet about it.

When it comes to issues it is even funnier. The truth about the silver policy of the Roosevelt administration is that it failed to serve its purpose, it raised cain in China and many other parts of the world, and it wound up by costing the federal Treasury untold millions.

But—no Republican orator is attacking it. Nor intends to do so. No piece of Republican publicity is issued about it. Nor are the Democrats defending it. It is simply being ignored.

In his much discussed speech before the Liberty League dinner last winter, Alfred E. Smith asserted that the only promise the Roosevelt administration had kept was to repeal the prohibition amendment.

Helps Treasury

That's just about the last we have heard about that. Most people seem pleased that repeal was accomplished. It is pouring money into the federal treasury at the rate of $720,000,000 a year, plus a sum difficult to estimate but simply enormous into various state and local treasuries.

But the Democrats are not talking about it. It was not mentioned in the long and almost all-including oratorical display at the Philadelphia convention. They don't want it mentioned.

Neither do the Republicans. Tempted as one might suspect by the possibility of pointing out how much faster we would be going into debt were it not for these liquor revenues, they are afraid of it. Tempted as they might be also by the fact that the Democratic platform and candidate promised that, in bringing back liquor, the saloon would never be tolerated, the Republicans still keep silent.

Why? Because both parties know there is a tremendous dry vote in this country, and also a tremendous wet vote. One party is afraid of one, the other party of the other. So again we have a stalemate.

One issue which divides party lines about as cleanly as ever did prohibition or any other offside issue is really being discussed, to the great distress and worry of some counselors on each side. This is the question of the reciprocal tariffs.

Many Republicans regret that the Republican platform mentioned this subject. Many Democrats wish to heaven they could suppress the issue. What frightens some Republicans on this is a very considerable eastern group, interested in export of manufactured goods, who like the Cordell Hull treaties—think they will help their business. What frightens the Democrats is the boom in imports of farm products under these treaties.

Politics, a wise man once said, makes strange bedfellows. Also cowards!

Iowa Battlefield

Des Moines, often called the farm capital of America, is the center of what might be called the secondary battle of this presidential campaign.

The primary battle lies in the East, in the states from Illinois on to New York, including everything north of the Ohio river and the Mason and Dixon line. Governor Alfred M. Landon must carry all those states to have a chance, plus all New England.

If he does, and also carries, as expected, Delaware and Kansas, he will still need 30 more electoral votes. If he loses anything substantial in that eastern sector, it will not make any difference what happens out here, save perhaps to Jim Farley's claims of being a good prophet.

In this section of the country now ever the Republicans and Democrats do not think of their fight as a secondary battle. They are fighting as though each individual state in which they happen to be was going to decide the election.

And if the Republicans should happen to have success in all those eastern states it just might turn out that they are right.

Iowa is a perfect illustration of how abnormal the present campaign is. Normally the farmers of any of these states down to Missouri are Republicans. This has been true ever since the Republican party was born.

Today in Iowa there is strong sentiment for Landon in the towns but the farmers are leaning to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Best opinion is that the state is so close at this moment that nobody knows how it would vote even if the election were held today with no further slides, shifts or developments to complicate the calculation.

If the election were held today Senator L. J. Dickinson would be re-elected, probably by just a few thousand majority. Nobody can tell whether Roosevelt or Landon would win the electoral votes, but the Democrats would probably elect the other senator.

Doubtful Chances

If there is a substantial swing toward the Democrats between now and election, it would carry Senator Dickinson down to defeat. If the swing is the other way, the Republican nominee for the seat of the late Senator Louis Murphy, who was killed in an automobile accident, would win. This is Berry F. Halden, an editor down in Lucas county, famed through the southern part of the state for his pungent editorials, and a World war veteran. His opponent for the short term is Representative Guy M. Gillette.

The one thing that seems certain, no matter what the swing from now on, is that George A. Wilson, Republican, will be elected governor. This is due less to Wilson's popularity, though this is a real factor, than to the unpopularity of the present state administration. Taxes are high, including a state sales tax, and the folks don't seem to think they have gotten much for them.

This is one element of Senator Dickinson's strength, for it is the present governor, Clyde L. Herring, who is running against Dickinson, while the present lieutenant governor is running for governor against Wilson.

What the Republicans are counting on to turn the tide is Former Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. Iowa has always been strong for Frank Lowden. It was even more enthusiastic for him back in 1920, when Warren G. Harding was nominated, than was either Illinois, or Minnesota, where he was born.

Lowden is expected to make some strong speeches for Landon. If he does, unless something should happen to upset the present picture, the writer's belief is that Landon will carry this state. If Lowden keeps quiet, his not speaking will have the opposite effect, and, in the opinion of this writer, will give Iowa to Roosevelt.

Cheap Housing

Within the next few weeks President Roosevelt will take the country into his confidence about his plans for cheap housing. He has been interested in the idea for many years, and, since he entered the White House, has had innumerable conferences with leaders of related industries in the hope of working something out.

The big rock in the path all the time has been the very high cost of constructing any sort of house which the President was willing to endorse. Obviously there were all sorts of political pitfalls in the idea. For example, if the type of house thus approved should be cheap enough to make it practical for the kind of people for whom it was advocated—the people who now live in slums, tenements and shanties—the President might be attacked by some of those now among his warmest supporters. They would say that the President, himself accustomed from boyhood to luxury, was condemning the "forgotten man" to a niggardly existence.

But every time the President has tried to get something better devised, something he would be willing to endorse publicly, and to which government sanction could be given, the costs have shot up far above any reasonable rent figure.

Costs Too High

In the case of the house designed by the General Electric people, at the urging of the President and of Owen D. Young, what ran the costs up to such a prohibitive figure were the fittings. Naturally enough the electric company's experts were interested in having every possible electrical device included.

It would seem simple enough to cut all these out, but there again the President's enthusiasm for increasing the use of electricity came into the picture. He is second to none in his advocacy of electric labor-saving devices. It is one of the reasons, though not the only one, that has made him so intent on TVA, on rural electrification, on getting current to people at low rates.

The President has felt this way for some time.

Gaspe Peninsula

Cleaning Cod on the Gaspe Peninsula.

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

LIKE an out-thrust tongue of land at the wide mouth of the St. Lawrence river lies the Gaspe peninsula, one of the newer wonderlands of North America. With completion of the Perron Boulvard in 1928, it was opened to motorists around its entire area—about ten times that of Rhode Island. This summer it is being visited by an increasing number of vacationists from the United States.

The climate is literally unique. There is plenty of bright sunlight but no really hot weather. July and August seldom see more than 75 degrees.

Thanks to Gaspe's northern latitude, it has an hour or so more daylight each day in midsummer than Toronto or Boston. Best of all in this favored land is the air—once breathed, never forgotten. "Atmospheric champagne," it has been called.

Here northern outposts of the ancient Appalachian Mountain system, eastern backbone of the continent from Alabama to Canada, meet the sea and sink beneath it in a chaos of cliff and headland.

Tremendous forces of nature have left their mark all over the area. Ages of erosion have hollowed out huge valleys on the northern shore. On the south side of the peninsula, red cliffs and red pinnacles stand out in striking contrast with the blue of the water and the green of pines.

Beneath the waters lie other mountains, worn and leveled by the waves of centuries. Into these shallows, in countless millions, swarm the cod. Down the slopes flow rivers filled with salmon, streams with romantic, musical names — Matapedia, Restigouche.

The Gaspe folk are a strange and interesting mixture.

People Are a Mixed Race

The first settlers were a few Norman and Breton fishermen who annually made adventurous journeys across the Atlantic to these famous codfishing grounds and finally decided to stay the year round instead of returning to France when the season was over.

Next came the Acadians, driven out of Nova Scotia. A few of them reached some isolated spots on the north side of the Bay of Chaleur, began fishing, and have been fishing ever since.

These Acadians have a distinctive accent and a way of speaking largely produced by their maritime habits. A horse "swings" in its course to starboard or larboard, as old time sailors said—and when you stop the steed is "moored."

After the cession of the country to Britain came the Channel Islanders, Guernseymen and Jerseymen from the English islands off the coast of France. Those English-French newcomers, speaking either language with complete facility, as they still do, settled down in some vacant spaces, set to fishing and privateering, and left plenty of descendants behind them.

A few years later, about the time of the American Revolution, groups of "loyalists," or "Tories," left the new United States to establish themselves at the head of Gaspe Bay and in other well-selected spots.

Then the Irish arrived—they, too, had settlements of their own—and another group, northern Irish or Scottish, of bold sea-roving stock in either case.

The Canadian habitant, most persistent and prolific of colonists, finally worked his way along both north and south shores and set an example of farming in a country which so far had been entirely devoted to fishing.

Finally, on the St. Lawrence near the mouth of the Metis river, at the landward end of the peninsula, was established a colony of Scottish and English settlers.

Revealed by a Highway

Ten years ago only a few outsiders had any idea of the interest and beauty of the Gaspe area, for it was difficult of access. The last few years, however, have seen astonishing changes.

By a remarkable feat of highway engineering, a broad safe 553-mile road, linked with the general systems of Quebec and New Brunswick, and so with those of New England, has encircled the entire peninsula. Automobiles can tour the area where ox carts and dog carts were outdestanced formerly only by the horse and the reckless bicycle. A popular approach is to cross the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Levic. An easy day's journey eastward, with the St. Lawrence at the left of the highway growing constantly wider, leads to Metis Beach, one of the most northerly summer resorts of eastern Canada and the first town to be encountered in the Gaspe peninsula. Here at Metis Beach the golfer has his last game, for a while, at any rate. The sportsman who is not afraid of cold water goes for a swim or a sail.

Turning south from there, the road crosses the base of the peninsula, climbing the hills behind the village to the watershed which separates the valley of the Metis river, flowing into the Saint Lawrence, from that of the Matapedia, flowing toward the Bay of Chaleur. Bay of Chaleur rivers, and there are plenty of them, are full of salmon.

The small white town of Carleton was named for an Eighteenth-century governor general of Canada. Acadians of the original settlement in 1775 called the place Tracadigeche, from a Micmac word meaning "Place of Many Herons." The name was later changed, under the influence of Americans who came to Gaspe rather than fight against the English in the Revolution. A few miles farther, at the mouth of the Cascapedia river, a road runs off to the north to zinc and lead mines.

Hereabouts there are many farmers, mainly Canadiens from the upper part of Quebec. They share their machinery and they have technical advisers from the government, so that their farms, although small, are good. Farther up the coast, at Cape Cove, have been produced the finest peas in North America.

An Old Codfishing Town

The town of Paspebiac, old-fashioned codfishing center, is an odorous introduction to the authentic Gaspe industry. Down on the beach are warehouses, where many practices have remained the same since the industry began soon after the time of Jacques Cartier, 400 years ago. Cod are stored about as they were by the first local fishermen, in stacks resembling huge pine cones. Cod are split, spread open, and dried so that they are hard and flat as boards. Then they are arranged in cylindrical piles, the lower end smaller than the top and covered by pieces of birch bark held down by stones.

A few miles more brings the traveler to Port Daniel where Jacques Cartier made his headquarters while he explored the Bay of Chaleur. A wide sand bar almost closes the mouth of the Port Daniel river, and most of the village is built on the sand bar. The road for the next 40 miles hugs the shore.

Then suddenly Perce comes to view. On the landward side are red peaks partly covered by greenery, then the tops of three fanglike cliffs and a white village nestling between them and the headlands fronting the bay.

Off shore stands the magnificent Pierced Rock (Rocher Perce) looking like the wall of some huge sea fortress or a monstrous battleship, dwarfing to insignificance the village to which it gives its name. Near its outward end an arch has been cut through by the action of the water. Farther seaward was the sentry tower of the wall, a smaller pinnacle of rock, originally joined to it by another arch which has long since fallen in. Farther out still lay Bonaventure island, its cliffs topped by trees and meadows.

The road from here to Gaspe climbs through mountain valleys and up peaks which are green and rounded on the landward side but fronting the sea as vertical red cliffs. Around the end of the peninsula lies Gaspe Bay. On its south side, along which the road runs, are hills and woods and farms. On the other side stands a range of wooded heights ending in the 700-foot cliffs of Cape Gaspe, a long stone finger pointing southeastward across the mouth of the bay. An extensive drawbridge crosses the bay where the French explorer, Jacques Cartier, discoverer of the St. Lawrence river, took refuge during a storm.

Along the North Shore

Gaspe village two years ago celebrated a four-hundredth anniversary, with French and British both participating in the ceremonies. A huge granite cross was unveiled near the spot where Cartier landed in 1534 and took possession of the soil for France.

The north shore of the Gaspe peninsula provides thrilling automobiling through the wild green Shickshock Mountains. This northerly range of the Appalachians, rearing to a height of more than 4,000 feet, is strangely shaped. The summits are almost level; the peaks have been washed and ground away, and only the flat foundations are left. In the distance it looks like a barrier wall with higher towers rising here and there above it.

There Are Three Reasons for Lavish Indulgence in Vegetables

One Need Not Be Urged to Feast Upon Fresh Garden Produce.

Those of us who could and did take a hand at planting the vegetable garden early in the season are now enjoying the results of our labors.

When you have helped to dig the potatoes and helped to pick the young green cabbage, the yellow squash, the tender string beans the tasselled corn and have had a hand in cooking them, they taste like no other vegetables, of course. What a salad ripe tomatoes, crisp cucumbers, lettuce and chicory with a few sweet onions make; it is not necessary for any one to urge vegetables "because they are good for you" upon you.

While we cannot all of us enjoy vegetables just out of the garden and in such large numbers every day, we can indulge in them lavishly at this season of the year when our markets are full of really fresh products not many hours away from the place of their production. They are reasonable in price and, when well cooked and dressed, are satisfying to the palate as well as an asset to nutrition. The minerals, vitamins and roughage which they provide are most important in a well rounded diet.

Tomato Goulash.

¼ cup salad oil.
2 onions (sliced).
2 green peppers (shredded).
2 cups of corn.
8 tomatoes (cut in eighths).
Salt.
Pepper.

Heat the oil. Add onion and cook until a delicate brown. Add peppers and corn and cook five minutes. Add tomatoes and seasoning and cook until soft.

Vegetable Salad.

1 cup shredded cabbage.
1 sliced cucumber.
1 cup diced beets or
2 sliced tomatoes.
½ cup French dressing.
1 bunch young onions.
1 bunch radishes.

Mix cabbage, cucumber and beets or tomatoes with dressing and let stand in refrigerator a half hour. Before serving garnish with radishes and onions.

Glass Springboard

Among the many odd articles which are now manufactured entirely of glass are razor blades, springboards, fishing lines, book covers, frying pans, phonograph records, bells and violins.—Collier's Weekly.

SMILES

Fulfilled

Bill — Have you ever realized any of your childhood hopes?

Pete—Yes; when mother used to comb my hair I often wished I didn't have any.

Collecting 'Em

Henry—I've a good mind to propose to you.

Mabel—Oh, please do. I need one more proposal to beat my last year's record.

Sees Through It

"My Daddy's so tall he can see right over the garden fence."

"So can mine — when he's got his hat on."

Her One Thought

He—When are you thinking of getting married?

She—Constantly.

Crying Need

Mary Jane—All my mistresses have admitted that I'm full of "go," madam.

Employer — That's very nice, but what I want is a girl with some staying power.

Had to Show It

Teacher, inspecting child's drawing of "The Flight into Egypt"—Very good. But what's that dot on the end of the string?

Child—That's the flea, ma'am.

"The flea?"

"Yes, ma'am. It says: 'Take the young child and flea into Egypt.' "

Uncle Phil Says:

There's a Difference

A conservative puts two and two together and so does an optimist, but the conservative has the two and two.

What we call "charm" is founded on kindheartedness. You can depend on that virtue.

In ruling, better be careful. Minorities have a way of suddenly becoming majorities.

Brilliancy Amuses

No one has the moral right to "talk cynical" who can't do it brilliantly.

A boy bandit starts when there is nobody to keep fool ideas out of a boy's head.

It is as easy to waste hard earned money as it is if it is a windfall.

Men do exist who haven't the faintest conception of what a beautiful town is, and don't care.

We Have a Tale

Every man, if you know him, is interesting. The only "uninteresting people" are those you don't know.

A hermit has learned that "letting people know what you think" isn't worth while.

The condition of being hard-boiled is incurable and seldom even concealed.