

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington. — Far more illuminating in appraising what is going on in Japan than the spectacular cabinet resignations and the bid of the army for power was an immediately preceding action — the licensing of exchange.

The mere words "international exchange" tend to drive the reader to another column, which explains why so little space was given to this tremendously important development. But what happened in Japan showed beyond question that the island empire is in serious economic trouble, trouble comparable, among the larger nations, only with that of Germany, and with the same reasons underlying it in part.

Which becomes curious when it is remembered that in much of the talk about the coming World War Germany and Japan are linked as allies.

What Japan did, in effect, was to say that except for very small transactions no one could import anything into Japan without the specific detailed approval for that transaction of the government.

This kind of action is taken by nations only for one reason—they are having difficulties getting the money to pay for things the government considers they must have. Hence they decide to limit their purchases abroad in every other line.

Japan must keep on buying war munitions and war supplies, she feels. Obviously she must also keep on buying raw materials. Her factories must keep on working so as to provide the exports to pay for the war supplies. There is also the question of tax revenue for the government, but that can be brushed aside. Governments long since discovered that they can put off that evil day by forced loans—or by printing press money—as long as they can hold off a breakdown in confidence inside their own countries.

Old Axiom True

But that never did go for dealing with the rest of the world, and both Germany and Japan—and for that matter Italy during the Ethiopian business—discovered that the old axiom is still true.

Foreigners must be paid for imports in something. Normally it is goods or services. Occasionally, for brief periods, they can be paid in gold. Japan has no gold to spare so it comes back to goods and services.

Her need for greater exports, with which to pay for war supplies, has been frantic for several years now. It is the underlying cause of her ruthless trade war, her slashing of prices for cotton textiles. It is also the explanation of why she is such a good customer of the United States, if one considers only trade total figures. She has to buy here much of the cotton she processes and then sells in competition with American and British textile mills.

Which is another reason why the textile industry of the United States continues to remain near the bottom of the class both in profits and wages, in long hours for adults and in employment of children.

But even that foreign selling campaign is not enough. Her government has found that she must import less non-war materials if she is to go on buying the amount of war materials her army thinks necessary.

So now, under the new orders, no one can import anything into Japan without the purchase being approved. The order is not worded in that way, but that is what it amounts to. The order merely prevents any one from buying foreign exchange in excess of a small amount without specific approval.

It foreshadows a very considerable tightening of the belts for the Japanese people. The next step expected is a further reduction in the value of the yen, which will operate in the long run to reduce the pay of every Japanese worker. Either from the economic standpoint, or that of world peace, it is not a pleasant prospect.

Wall Street Relieved

Wall street's reaction to President Roosevelt's inaugural address surprised New Dealers no little. They thought the speech was a very clear warning that the old order had gone forever, and that the revamping of our entire economic structure had just begun.

But Wall Street had been expecting drastic, specific proposals. It did not find them in the President's discussion and was tremendously relieved. True, at the moment most of the news of a business nature was good.

Actually, no one on the inside, as pointed out in these dispatches weeks ago, looked for any clear-cut agenda, or for that matter an agenda of any sort, outlining legislation for the coming session. It was not on the cards, and for a very simple reason. The President did not know then, and does not know yet, precisely what he will do.

But the inaugural address showed very clearly indeed the general nature of what he wants to do, and

that outline should not, New Dealers are saying privately, have given any such comfort to the stock market traders as they apparently drew from it.

Let's look at a few of these fundamentals. In the first place, the President made it abundantly clear that he believes the federal government can and will do everything that is necessary to bring about the economic reforms he has in mind, and do them without any change in the Constitution.

Planned Economy

What are those reforms? The same old one—no speculative profits, much smaller profits of any kind, higher wages, shorter hours, no more piling up of surpluses by corporations, no more waste in over-expansion of productive plants by private business—in short—planned economy under government direction.

"We have always known," said the President, "that heedless self-interest was bad morals; we know now that it is bad economics."

And then: "This new understanding undermines the old admiration of worldly success as such."

Wherein he raps squarely in the face of the old Horatio Alger, Jr., philosophy on which most of our present economic royalists were weaned.

Even more menacing is a line in a following paragraph: "There can be no era of good feeling save among men of good will."

Hull's Wisdom

Temporarily, for the purpose of getting speedy action, Secretary of State Cordell Hull showed great wisdom in making his plea for continuance of the President's power to negotiate reciprocal trade treaties strictly on a world peace idea. Mr. Hull became quite peeved at fly-specking when objecting minority members asked about details—whether imports were not increased more than exports—in short whether Uncle Sam was not getting "gypped" as a net result of the operation of the treaties.

In the long run—though perhaps not until the glamor of President Roosevelt's re-election majority has worn considerably thinner—there is plenty of trouble in store for the Hull policy. During the recent campaign there were many indications that farmers did not like the treaties. Moreover, the reaction against any specific treaty is apt to be concentrated in definitely defined areas, with the result that the political pressure on the senators or representatives from those areas may be sufficient to make them risk White House displeasure.

In fact, the theory is as old as the tariff, which Grover Cleveland said was a local issue. For the reciprocal trade agreement policy is the tariff and nothing else. The chief difference politically is that granting the power to the President removes it just a little further from the direct local influences which were always so strong when a new tariff law was being framed.

There is just one addition to this—the very point on which Mr. Hull placed so much emphasis. That is the contention that this treaty-making power tends to world peace—tends to eliminate the causes of war—which almost every one concedes now are more concerned with economics than anything else.

Peace Chief Interest

At the present moment there is little doubt that the country as a whole is more interested in peace than almost any other question. There has never, in fact, been so much evidence of how the country felt on an issue. Senator Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri and many others think the country would be willing to make almost any economic sacrifice—be willing to forego not only profits but employment and wages—to make sure that the United States should not become involved in war.

So that for the time being Mr. Hull is very shrewd in making the peace appeal to the whole country, and thus short circuiting the mass of complaints about details in the working of the new reciprocal treaties which is flooding senators and representatives from various sections of the country.

Mr. Hull of course believes in his plan economically as well as from the standpoint of preserving peace. He is not for the reciprocal treaties merely because they produce good will, and afford other countries markets for their exports, and encourage American exports—thus eliminating part of the economic pressure that tends to produce war. He is for the reciprocal trade agreements on their intrinsic value.

At heart Mr. Hull has always been a strict tariff for revenue only man. He agrees with the old Democratic doctrine—a doctrine which was uppermost in the presidential campaigns of the last decade of the last century. He believes in buying from nations which can produce more cheaply than can the United States, and selling products which this country can produce more cheaply than other nations. He believes that such a course makes for more permanent prosperity than the old Republican protection doctrine. He does not think the American standard of living needs what he regards as this artificial, hothouse nurturing doctrine. But as Secretary of State he is of course influenced tremendously by the comity of nations idea as well.

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Scenes in FEZ



Dickering for Wool in a Fez Market.

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

YOU may stroll through the narrow lanes of Canton, the broad streets of Peiping, the bazaars of Cairo and Stamboul, the climbing alleys of Algiers, and the vaulted souks of Tunis; but Fez, Morocco, so near to the Atlantic ocean, no doubt will seem to you the most oriental city of them all.

A few years ago, it would surprise a visitor to see any but Moor, Jew, or Negro in the crowded souks of Fez. To discover a French officer was a novelty. And it was stranger still to behold a well-dressed European girl standing before a silk merchant's booth calmly feeling a length of shining material between finger and thumb.

But now, sightseers are not so rare. Alien women wander safely through the dim and crowded alleys of Fez, where, two dozen years ago, France's sons—officers, soldiers, and civilians—were cruelly massacred. Yet this change has been achieved without harshness or injustice to the native inhabitants. Their prejudices are deferred to, their religion and customs not interfered with. No Christians may enter their mosques. No sight-seeing European is allowed to visit their beautiful theological colleges, by the resident general's orders, because of some visitors' irreverent behavior.

There are the shops of the sellers of gold-embroidered belts for women—beautiful girdles, two or three inches broad, of padded velvet heavily worked in gold wire. There are the venders of leather articles—large, square, red bags with rings by which they are slung like satchels over the shoulders; long fringed bags stamped in quaint designs or worked with colored thread; purses, notecases, triple-folding and adorned with cut-out designs on a colored background. Most of these leather articles smell like polecats!

In the Street of the Slipper Sellers are stacked columns of heeled babouches, some with fronts beautifully ornamented with gold, silver, or silk embroidery; others just plain yellow leather down-at-heel slippers. This Eastern footwear is so speedily worn out that the trade in it should be lucrative. You may chance upon a wild rush of men crowding about some shops, clamorous and holding out eager hands to snatch at long lengths of babouches thrust one within another. Then you will see them scurrying from these wholesale establishments, for such these booths are, to the shops of the retail merchants.

One rushes up to the grave, bearded vender sitting cross-legged on his counter-shop floor, and thrusts a yard of yellow slippers at him. The retailer man looks at them languidly, shakes his head, and the middleman hurries on to the next, to be succeeded by another and another until the squatting figure in the square pigeonhole makes his purchase to replenish his stock.

Such a scene, and an excited mob of women at an open-air auction of wool mattresses screaming out offers, are the two most animated glimpses of native life that the souks can give.

The Street of the Coppermiths resounds with the musical clang of their hammers on the rounded pots. The Street of the Silk Sellers glows with color. The Street of the Brass Workers shines with the golden brightness of the artistically shaped vessels, huge kettles, the stemmed banqueting dishes with their tall conical covers, and the hanging lamps with colored glass sides.

Then there is the Street of the Dyers. Half-naked figures, faces, arms, and bodies stained all colors, stir big earthenware pots of bright-hued liquids, dip into them or haul out cloths, masses of silk thread, or lengths of flimsy material.

The camera rarely can help the pen in depicting the quaint native life in the souks, so gloomy are they under the shading matting overhead, so incessant the coming and going of the passing throngs that will not halt their hurrying steps.

There are things of greater moment in Fez than the varied crowds and the fascinating souks. A sudden turn in a narrow covered lane, and you see a wide-open arched door that gives a view into a marvelous mosque, the Karouline. A vestibule glowing with bright-tiled walls and floor, a broad, central, tiled court,

a graceful fountain spouting water, a forest of carved pillars—270 of them—with their long vistas showing masses of white and black.

There white-robed men kneel, swaying forward and back together, bending until their foreheads touch the tiled pavement, rising to their feet, bowing, sinking to their knees again, prostrating themselves with faces to the ground—all in perfect unison. And never a sound! Picture the scene on a Friday when fifteen or twenty thousand Moslem men fill this great mosque.

Women are not admitted, except into a corner of it. But you will see them come to the gateways—there are fourteen of these—and, putting their heads timidly just inside, kiss the lintels of the open doors.

The Karouline mosque was begun in the Ninth century and finished in the Eleventh; but successive sultans further embellished it. One of its gates, covered with bronze ornaments, dates from 1136. Besides serving as a place of worship, it is the seat of the Fez Mohammedan university, to which hundreds of students from all parts of Morocco flock to study theology, grammar, Moslem law and jurisprudence from its renowned professors.

There are many other mosques in Fez, but none can compare with this, the largest in Africa.

Madrasahs, ecclesiastical colleges, and Zaouias, seats of religious confraternities, abound. The former are generally housed in beautiful buildings. The bronze gates and the tiled halls and courts are all that can be seen by the infidel now, unless he be highly favored.

The many fondouks dotted about the capital, like the caravansaries of farther East, are the oriental equivalents of our hotels. Many are architecturally fine and date back hundreds of years.

Only Hotels Are Fondouks.

You enter one through a massive gateway leading into a square courtyard surrounded by two or three-story buildings. On the ground floor are lock-up shops in which the traveling merchant can display and sell the goods he has brought, perhaps from distant lands. Carved wood galleries run round the upper stories and off them open rooms in which the wayfarer can lodge until he has sold off his stock or finished his business and is ready for the road again. No food is supplied.

The common fondouk has stables on the ground floor or else the travelers' horses, mules, camels, and donkeys are picketed round the court, making the place noisome with stench.

A curious relic of the past is to be seen on the front of one of the houses in the Tala Souk. From the ornamented plaster and wood facade jut out thirteen carved wooden beams; on the end of each rests a large green bronze flattened bowl or gong. Above each is a narrow window in alignment. All these are supposed to have formed part of a timepiece constructed in 1357 and are called in consequence "the Clock of Bou Inania."

Through Fez rushes tumultuously the little River Fez. You will cross it over one bridge in the heart of the city without noticing it; for the bridge is lined with shops and seems just part of an ordinary souk. For a space the stream runs swift in a deep chasm of blank-walled houses. From the garden of one a solitary date palm rises, sharply outlined against the sky.

Plenty of Water There.

The city seems well supplied with water, which rushes noisily underground down the steep slopes; and you wonder how the water carriers do such a good trade with their skin bags and the two bright brass cups linked by a chain to their belts. For all day long you see them giving drink to the pigeonhole shopkeepers and the passers-by.

In a little recess in the wall beside the door of a dentist's house (you cannot fail to recognize the abode of an Arab tooth-drawer, for he displays a small glass case filled with molars and grinders that he has pulled) a column of clear water bubbles up fiercely like a geyser. It gushes out of the spouts of the tiled wall fountains; sparkling jets shoot up in the marble basins in the courts of the mosques; it flows freely into the rectangular stone bath at the doors of the sacred buildings where the Faithful perform their ablutions before entering to pray.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

Proteins in Reducing Diet
ONE of the things the overweight individual cannot understand is why he or she is not permitted to eat food in proportion to their size and weight. They notice that those weighing many pounds less are permitted to eat as much or even more food. What they fail to understand is that those of normal weight have

really as much active tissue on their bodies as have those who are overweight. The whole point is that fat tissue is not an active tissue and doesn't have to be kept up, or built up, as have the active tissues of the body such as muscle.

The amount of food that should really be eaten is the amount the individual needs for his proper or normal weight, not what he or she weighs at present with many pounds of fat stored in and on the body.

The second point the overweight individual must remember is that while all foods stimulate action of the tissues in the body, there are some foods that have more stimulating power, make the processes and tissues work faster and thus create more heat.

Thus, fat foods are the richest form of food in that one gram of fat—butter, cream, fat meats—will supply 9 calories (heat units) whereas proteins—meat, eggs, fish—and carbohydrates—bread, potatoes, sugar—supply only 4 calories for each gram. Fat foods from the heat standpoint therefore are more than twice as valuable as proteins and carbohydrates (starches).

Thus from the fuel or food standpoint—giving energy to the body and storing away excess fuel or food as fat—the starch and fat foods (while valuable to the thin individual or the one of average weight) should be cut down in those who are overweight because they store away excess food as fat on the body.

Proteins Don't Store Fat.

Now while proteins—meat, eggs, fish—are the foods that repair worn and make new tissue, they can likewise supply energy to a great extent and do not store fat. (Perhaps if fat meat, fat fish, and egg yolks were eaten to excess, some fat would be stored.)

This is the main reason then that in all reducing diets the proteid foods are not reduced; they keep the body cells repaired, build new ones, and give energy. They prevent to some extent that weak feeling that is felt by overweights using a reducing diet.

However there is another point about the proteid foods that is sometimes forgotten and that is the great stimulus they give to the activity of the tissues. The very taking of the food itself raises the energy output, or the amount of energy, but some foods give greater stimulus than others.

Fats and starch foods are like hard coal or wood—good heat producers—and proteid foods are like coal oil, kerosene or coke which burn up fiercely, not only burning themselves but burning up other fuels more quickly also.

Thus the rise in metabolism—rate at which the body processes work—after eating carbohydrate or starch food is only 6 per cent of the total fuel value of the food eaten (106 calories for every 100 calories of starch food eaten); the increase caused by fat is only 14 per cent of the total (114 calories for every 100 calories eaten); but the rise in metabolism after eating 100 calories of protein is much greater, amounting to 40 per cent or 140 calories of energy output.

Vincent's Infection.

A common infection of the mouth that attacked all the armies engaged in the World War is known as Vincent's infection. It attacks the mucous membrane of the gums and lining of the mouth, causing ulceration and decay (sloughing), some of the gum which covers the teeth being lost.

The breath has a very bad odor which is characteristic of Vincent's infection. These symptoms come on suddenly and are often accompanied by a metallic taste, increased flow of saliva (the digestive juice of the mouth), swelling of the glands in the neck, a tired feeling, rise in temperature, and mental depression.

Some physicians believe the symptoms are due to lack of vitamins and prescribe green vegetables, oranges and lemons. Many mouth washes have been recommended, containing antiseptics to kill the organisms responsible for the destruction of the mouth tissue. Hydrogen peroxide diluted with equal parts of water has proved very effective, as are freshly prepared sodium perborate solutions, both of which are recommended by Conrad F. Hellwege, D. D. S., Philadelphia. Both preparations clear away the gray or yellow membrane, remove the odor, and destroy the organisms causing the disease.

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Simplicity That Intrigues



THIS is the problem: Sister wants to entertain the Girl Scouts, it's Jule's turn to have the Bid-or-Bi club and Rose insists she can't put off the Laff-a-Lots a minute longer. And each of them has just finished a new dress and is anxious to wear it for the occasion.

Sister's Choice. Sister's bit of intrigue is, as you can see, a dress worth wanting to show off (Pattern 1223). It is made of velveteen this time and a little later on she's going to blossom out in a bright crisp gingham version for school. The smart collar, flattering flared skirt and puff sleeves are good reasons for this frock's popularity. It comes in sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 39 inch material.

Jule's Entertaining Dress. Jule knows a neat trick when she sees one whether on the table or in a page of fashions, and she didn't miscue in choosing Pattern 1998. She'll wear this snappy shirt frock when she's "it" to entertain and because she chose broadcloth it will look more trim and lovely after each washing. The diagram shows why a few hours is all that's needed to sew this grand number. You may have it in sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 35 inch material. With long sleeves 4¾ yards.

It Was Easy, Says Rose. They didn't believe Rose when she said she made this startlingly pretty dress (Pattern 1224). She did though, even the buttonholes! However the same stunning effect

can be had by sewing the buttons on by trimming only. The elegance of the princess-like lines, the eclat of the heart shaped sleeves and withal its ease of construction make the question read "How can I help but make this dress?" It is available in sizes 12 to 30 (32 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4¾ yards of 39 inch material, plus ¾ yard contrasting. With long sleeves 4¾ yards required.

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Life's Harmony
Life's harmony must have its discords, but as in music, pathos is tempered into pleasure by the pervading spirit of beauty, so are all life's sounds tempered by love.—George Henry Lewes.

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