

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—Frank R. McNinch, the new chairman of the power commission, is apparently trying to frighten the electric industry into reducing rates. Which is rather curious, for if the electric industry should reduce its rates sharply, as a result of McNinch's warning, the almost inevitable result would be that there would be weakening of public support for the Norris seven TVA's bill which is supposed to be passed at the next session of congress. And such a culmination would be most unsatisfactory not only to Senator George W. Norris, who has come to approve of McNinch, but to President Roosevelt, who appointed him.

After pointing to the record-breaking figures for sales of electricity in the first seven months of 1937, McNinch remarked:

"This revelation of unparalleled growth and prosperity is the answer to those devotees of that ancient superstition of hydromancy who gazed at the water of a few hydro plants the government was building and predicted the destruction of the private power industry."

"It is both interesting and significant," Mr. McNinch said later, "to note that, as electric rates have gone down, production and consumption have gone up. It has been and is a short-sighted policy to keep electric rates 'as high as the tariff will bear.' Such false economy holds down the 'traffic' and hurts the power industry as well as the public. It has now been demonstrated beyond all cavil that the public wants and needs more and more power in industry, in commerce, in the home and on the farm. Only those who see through a glass darkly now fail to understand that the interests and prosperity of the power companies and of the consumers alike look in the direction of electrifying America."

With all of which, incidentally, the utility executives agree, though, unfortunately for their own good, too few of them probably will heed the warning about high rates soon enough.

Worth Watching

Incidentally, McNinch is an interesting figure in politics—well worth watching. He was an up and coming cog in the Furnihold Simmons machine in North Carolina, years ago. Then he angered the boss, and Simmons retired him to outer darkness. For years he found every road leading to anything politically barred by the relentless Simmons.

But then came 1928, and the nomination of Al Smith by the Democrats. Simmons snubbed. Hat in hand, McNinch called on his old chief. He agreed that Smith should be beaten. Simmons encouraged him, first secretly and later openly. McNinch led the North Carolina Hoovercrats, and carried the state, with aid from Simmons and the normally impotent Republicans, by an overwhelming majority.

But mark this. Of all the hundreds of key Democrats, including many far more important than McNinch, who revolted, McNinch is the only one who has ever succeeded in getting to first base since! Simmons himself was defeated on that very issue in the next primary. All over the South the same thing happened.

Normally, in a rebellion, the leaders get short shrift. But in a revolution they come into power. In the South the fellows who won, back in 1928, and who carried Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee and Oklahoma for Hoover, had their reward in political banishment and popular dislike. All but McNinch.

Herbert C. Hoover seemed to feel no gratitude to any one in the South who had risked his political future for him. With the exception of McNinch! Maybe Hoover figured that most of these Hoovercrats were just fighting Smith because he was a wet, or a Ta..many politician, and therefore didn't deserve any reward from him. And, of course, in a way Hoover—on this one thing—was right.

But how about McNinch? How did he persuade Hoover that he, alone of all the southern bolters, deserved reward? And how did he convince Franklin D. Roosevelt that his powers should be increased? That man has something.

Boland Has Something

Patrick J. Boland, Democratic whip of the house, is not as well known to the general public as he deserves. The title carries the idea to most folks of a sort of sergeant-at-arms, or call boy, who rounds up the congressmen for a vote. Sounds like a leg job rather than one involving leadership.

Actually, of course, it is rather an important place, which gives its holder the privilege of sitting in on the party councils, and at least the opportunity of demonstrating his ability, if any. Add to that the point that congressmen get to know

each other pretty well, and usually form rather accurate judgments of each other's ability, entirely aside from any previous records, and it becomes obvious that Mr. Boland has something.

Which makes his recent statement about next session more important. What Mr. Boland said was that the Norris seven TVA's bill (eight if you add in the modifications of the present TVA) would be stripped of all its phases concerning power before passage next session.

Now President Roosevelt very definitely wants power included in the seven TVA's legislation. So does Senator George W. Norris, daddy of the original TVA. So do all the New Dealers. All of which spells out that there will be a real fight on an unexpected front in the next session, to be added to those already on the sure list—taxes, wages and hours regulation, and, unless Mr. Roosevelt is kidding the legislators, Supreme court enlargement again. It was right after adjournment of the last session—the only one so far since March 4, 1933, when any impartial referee would not give all the rounds to Mr. Roosevelt—that Attorney General Homer S. Cummings took the public into his confidence on this—holding that the Supreme court issue must be settled and settled right.

Listening In

Now, of course, all the senators and representatives, whether at home or taking a holiday, are engaged in their normal between-sessions function of holding their ears to the ground. They are busy finding out what is the safest thing for them to do in the next session.

At this stage, Mr. Boland, Democratic whip of the house, takes a public stand against the President and the New Deal on an issue which most observers and members of congress thought was going to slide through next session without a real struggle.

Mr. Boland proved himself an accurate judge of what is the shrewd thing to do in politics in 1930, and has demonstrated it several times since.

In 1930 there was a vacancy in the Scranton, Pennsylvania, congressional district. Largely a hard coal mining district, it should, on cold logic, be wet. Henry H. Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, was interested. He sent this writer down there to investigate.

It developed that no one of the candidates for the Republican nomination was really wet politically. The Republican leaders thought it was not safe—thought the dry sentiment still too strong. Over in the Democratic primary, generally regarded as futile because the district was so strongly Republican, Pat Boland was running as a wringing wet against a dry. This writer urged support of Boland as the only chance.

But a little later Boland decided to enter the Republican primary as well as the Democratic. The Pennsylvania law permitted that at the time, though it has since been changed. He won both primaries! And has been re-elected three times since! He has something.

Looks Like Surrender

Foreshadowing events in the next session of congress, particularly as to the cleavage between President Roosevelt and the New Dealers, on the one hand, and the conservatives on the other, the surrender of the President in signing the sugar bill cannot be exaggerated.

Bitterly as President Roosevelt objected to this bill, as expressed not only in private conversations but in writing, there is just one explanation for the signature. Had he vetoed it, it would have been necessary to call an extra session of congress to pass some substitute, as the present quota law expires on December 31. The President had no particular objection to the extra session. In fact, he was undecided for some time whether he would call one, entirely irrespective of the sugar situation.

But he was finally convinced that not all the strength the administration could bring to bear would result in passing the kind of sugar bill he wanted even if he vetoed the present bill and called an extra session.

Most convincing on this was Vice-President John Nance Garner.

All Know Story

The importance of all this now is that every member of both house and senate knows the whole story. They know, in effect, that the President was badly beaten on two issues very close to his heart—sugar and Supreme court enlargement. So they will be less fearful of opposing any of the President's "must" measures from now on. Which bodes evil for the Roosevelt program in the next session.

The conflict of personalities is also significant. It was Pat Harrison who really led the fight for the present sugar bill, a fight which came to a boil during the struggle of the Mississippi senator to be elected Democratic leader in place of Joe Robinson. Everybody knows that it was President Roosevelt's influence that beat Pat, and elected Allen Barkley, of Kentucky. So Pat lost the honor he craved, but the President lost a fight in which he was more determined than on any measure this session except the court bill.

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Streamline "Ship of the Desert" in Tunis.

Visitors from Other Lands Find Tunis Very Attractive

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

TUNISIA, its fertile vineyards and olive groves clustered between the Sahara and the sea, is an African suburb of Europe. Lying across a strait from Sicily, it almost divides the Mediterranean into two great lakes. Overnight steamers run from Trapani, Sicily, to Tunisia's capital, which has more Italian residents than all Libya.

No mere group of palm-draped oases is this warm, sunny land. Its wine and oil challenge the growers of France, Italy and Spain. Another Punic war, this time economic, is on.

After an absence of 13 years a teacher returned to Tunis, which brings the oriental life, the Moslem veil, shady souks, and peaceful mosques within honeymoon distance of European capitals.

But Tunis, no mere curiosity shop, lives in the present. At the corner of the Avenue Jules-Ferry and the Avenue de Carthage—tree-shaded Times square of the Tunisian metropolis—part of the city's 46,000 Italians watched red, white, and green flaglets mass closer on a map of Ethiopia. Representatives of the 33,000 Frenchmen of Tunis saw, behind bulletin board news flashes, German feet goose-stepping back into the Rhineland.

Down in southern Tunisia, motor trucks were rushing oil and grain to Ben Gardane, whence silent-footed camels, forgetful of "sanctions," carried provisions across the Libyan frontier toward Tripoli.

Neither the Casino, nor the electric cars to Carthage, the Viennese lady orchestra in a cafe, nor the animated promenade along the tree-lined avenue held you for long. You want to mingle again with the lean and slippered Moslem: Berber, Bedouin, and Zlazz.

Buy Jewelry in the Slave Market.

Strolling through the Porte de France at Tunis, from the European quarter of hats and shoes into the native precincts of fezzes and slippers, you enter another world. Outside is the cathedral; inside is the mosque. Outside, tables of machine-made merchandise, soliciting trade on the sidewalks; inside, tiny shops which entice possible patrons of handicrafts with the insidious hospitality of the coffee cup.

In the heart of the souks, where concentrated perfumes and hand-carved candles, bright slippers and brighter silks, mellow carpets and lustrous copperware hide the nakedness of mere holes in the wall, you seek out a little square with red and green columns, falling arches, and an optimistic array of coffee tables—the slave market.

In the former slave market of Tunis, you watch American visitors buying jewelry.

The United States was the first Christian nation to win immunity from the depredations of Barbary corsairs. The Philadelphia ran aground on the Tripolitan coast, and William Eaton made his spectacular march of 600 miles across the Libyan desert, trying to re-establish a friendly Bey in Tripoli.

Tripoli's name formerly appeared in the legend on the colors of the United States marines, and still is familiar in the song, "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli."

Another point of pilgrimage is the burial place of John Howard Payne. "Home, Sweet Home" doesn't stand translation, for the French don't write songs about their homes. They stay there.

Payne's body at last came home. On the simple monument in the cemetery of the little English church at Tunis are these words: "In the tomb beneath this stone, the poet's remains lay buried for 30 years. On January 5, 1833, they were disinterred and taken away to his native land where they received honored and final burial in the city of Washington, June 9, 1833."

Silk Shops and Noisy Cafes.

Visit the sun-slashed souk and the shadowy shop. Here a bearded Moslem gazes at a chromo of a fair-skinned girl. There a veiled woman

fingers a sequined gown, draped from a hanger shaped like the head and shoulders of a bobbed-haired blonde.

Machine-made silks hang side by side with a tapestry, hand-woven by some Zlazz tribeswoman generations ago, and passed down from mother to daughter until hunger turned an heirloom into a curio.

Cafe habitués, formerly entertained by lively hips and shrill voices, now solemnly listen to the metallic falsettos of a loud-speaker like a flytrap, or a "phono" horn shaped like a morning-glory.

Above the screeching of orange-sellers, klaxons, and street car wheels in the Place Bab Souika, camellia-white domes rise like bubbles.

Through a mere alley cluttered by the barrows of vegetable merchants and baskets of those who sell spinach, ground henna, or red pimiento dust, you return to the Place Hafsaoui. There, during Ramadan, Moslems fast and sleep by day and gorge themselves by night, glimpsing naughty puppet shows or playing dominoes.

Such pleasures palling, you ride out to the Bardo museum, once the secluded women's quarters of the palace of the Beys.

Where the Bey's womenfolk lived "like birds in a gilded cage," visitors marvel at the unique treasures of this collection of Punic, Roman, Christian, and Arab art.

This priceless hoard of historic loot would disconcert a modern archaeologist, for scant records were made of the exact places and conditions where the relics of long-gone centuries were brought to light. But there they are, in breath-taking quantity and excellence.

Crops and thistles now grow on sites whence these ancient stones came and companion pieces of these matchless mosaics, here polished and protected, now crumble under careless feet at Dougga, Thuburbo Majus, Bulla Regia, and Sbeitla.

Sponge Diver Found Yulla's Loot.

Petrified footprints made by Rome's seven-league boots in Tunisian sands have here been marshaled in a setting of rare charm. Surely not even the chosen ladies of the Bey ever graced these halls as do the gods and goddesses in marble and bronze.

Thirty years ago a sponge diver off Mahdia came gasping to the surface, his eyes dilated with fear. In the shadowy depths he had suddenly met face to face with a mysterious monster. His sceptical comrades, forewarned, dove down. Ignorant though they were, they came up swearing secrecy. For the "monster" was part of the ancient booty which Sulla shipped home from the sack of Athens. Wrecked off Mahdia, this hand-picked art collection never reached pre-Christian Rome.

One bronze figure at Le Bardo is a replica of Praxiteles' Eros, and this love is truly blind, for the eye juts lack pupils. The original, known and described by Callistratus, is lost. And this glorious figure, rescued from the sea 20 centuries after its shipwreck, dominates a series of halls in which Sulla's shipload of loot is now displayed.

Sharp sand proved kinder to the Pentelic marble than the surging sea. A smooth hip, which rested for 2,000 years on a bed of sand, still has a glasslike polish. But where the water, like an acid, pitted the smooth skin, no semblance of the original lines remains. The chaste curve from shoulder to breast, over which some Greek sculptor labored with love, gave way to pock-marked decomposition.

The bronzes suffered less. Dancing dwarfs still are grotesquely amusing, and a virile figure with stormy hair reaches out to grapple an adversary with the lifelikeness of a slow-motion movie.

In what was the Bey's banquet hall, a colossal head of Jupiter, itself as tall as a woman, looks down on Neptune's cortege.

A mosaic showing the Cyclops working under the direction of Vulcan makes Polyphemus seem like a modern, pictured on a poster twice life size.

'Way Back When

By JEANNE

FAMOUS SONG WRITER WAS NEWSBOY

PEOPLE who are able to help others express happiness and those who amuse us always have a chance for success far out of proportion to circumstances of birth or environment. So, rightly, the world sees to it that persons who can drive away care have no financial worries.

Irving Berlin was born in Russia in 1888, the youngest of eight children. His father, a cantor or psalm-singer in the village synagogue, brought the family to New York's East Side tenement district when Irving was four years old. The boy loved to sing, but his first jobs were as a newsboy, and a telegraph delivery boy. His was the depressing life of the slums child, street-fighting, swimming in the dirty East river, dodging traffic in the streets at play. At fourteen, he left home to sing in saloons for pennies the pa-



trons tossed to him. He was in the chorus of a musical show, was a waiter in a Chinese restaurant, and a singing waiter in a couple of night clubs.

Up to this time, the happiness Irving Berlin brought to others was limited to the few people who could see and hear him. His voice was not unusual enough to bring him to the top rank of entertainers. Then, he started writing songs. The first one brought him only 37 cents, the next, \$25; but thereafter he advanced rapidly. He worked often until two or three o'clock in the morning, and by the time he was thirty-six, 300 songs had been published under his name, including such world-known hits as "Down on the Farm," "Everybody's Doin' It," "My Wife Has Gone to the Country," and "Alexander's Rag-time Band."

PRESIDENT WAS LAUNDRYMAN

WORK is a habit, and to those who acquire it it becomes fun, relaxation coming through the kind of work done. In analyzing the lives of successful men and women, we usually find that they got the work habit early in life and never lost it.

Herbert Hoover was a worker. He was born in 1874, in West Branch, Iowa, the son of a blacksmith. His father died when he was six years old, his mother when he was nine; and he went to live with an uncle who operated a Quaker academy in Oregon. Herbert earned his board by doing odd chores, feeding and currying the horses, milking cows, and tending the furnace. All of this was in addition to his regular school work and, as if this were not enough work for a young boy, he studied English literature and history outside of school hours. Later



in Salem, Oregon, Herbert worked as an office boy for his uncle, and went to night school until he had enough credits to enter Leland Stanford university. He worked his way through by acting as clerk for the registrar, and handling and delivering the San Francisco News on the campus. Later he started a laundry agency, calling for the bags of soiled laundry and delivering the bundles himself.

In 1893, Herbert Hoover got a job with the United States Geological society. He had natural ability at engineering. That together with the habit of work, gained rapid progress for him. He became nationally known as a successful engineer and a business man. In 1928 he became President of the United States.

Herbert Hoover was born with no silver spoon. Orphaned early, he had to fight for every bit of knowledge, for every opportunity. But Herbert Hoover was born with the habit of work, and he had the good luck to keep that habit. His reward was success.

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FARM TOPICS

SEASON FAVORABLE FOR COVER CROPS

Seedings Will Supply Feed for Farm Live Stock.

By D. R. Dodd, Extension Agronomist, Ohio State University.—WNU Service.

Farmers are advised to take advantage of favorable weather and crop conditions this season as a means of establishing increased soil-conserving grass and legume acreages on their farms.

Not only will such seedings eventually provide live stock feed and forage crops, but they will supply a valuable land covering for the winter months and prove of advantage to farmers who intend to participate in the 1938 Agricultural Conservation program.

While summer seedings of legumes and grasses are not generally the preferable practice, good stands can be attained on lands from which an early crop has been harvested, on land which has been summer-fallowed, on land which has produced an emergency forage crop this season, and on land which failed to produce a stand of conserving crops seeded in the spring. In hilly sections there is danger of serious erosion and the breaking of long slopes as a unit should be avoided. Such slopes are best handled in strips and on the contour.

A fine firm seedbed with a good moisture content to plow depth and a good supply of available nutrients are essential. The seedbed is best completed by use of a cultipacker. The seed may then be broadcast and covered very lightly. Usually, a 2-12-6 or 0-14-6 fertilizer, at the rate of 250 to 350 pounds per acre, should be used before seeding.

Winter cover crops are particularly valuable, serving to hold winter snows on the cropland, conserving moisture, reducing leaching, retarding runoff, and reducing erosion. Lime is a first essential and must be used where needed.

Horse Deaths From Heat Can Be Reduced on Farm

Giving the farm work horses as much consideration as possible during hot weather will go a long way in preventing horse deaths by heat prostration, states H. G. Zavoral, extension animal husbandman, University farm, St. Paul.

Ordinarily many horses die from heat prostration during the season, but much of this can be prevented by proper feeding and management. To reduce some of this loss, care should be exercised in keeping the horses in good physical condition. Keeping plenty of fresh salt always available and giving each horse a bran mash once a week or adding about 10 per cent of bran to the grain ration will help keep the horses in good condition. Hay should be fed, for grass alone is too watery; at noon, however, hay should be fed sparingly. After feeding at night, horses will rest better if turned out on pasture.

Watering the horses often is essential during extreme hot weather, every hour or so in the fields if possible. Water can be taken to the fields in barrels or cans. Horses that do not sweat should be watched carefully, for the danger sign is out when sweating ceases on hot days. Washing the horses' shoulders with salt water once or twice a day will add much to their protection.

Agricultural Notes

Total crop land in the country is approximately 36,000,000 acres.

Cats, fed some milk at the barn, usually take care of the mice.

Eggs generally weigh from 23 to 25 ounces to the dozen, but they may vary from 18 to 32 ounces.

About 10 acres out of every 36 acres of crop land in the United States is planted to corn and about one out of each 36 is planted to cotton.

A serious problem of the poultry industry is the lack of proper feathering of broilers in many of the heavy breeds.

Thorough grooming of horses cleans and thins the hair and thus reduces sweating and prevents excessive fatigue.

Milk or cream cooled quickly after milking time keeps much better in hot weather than that which is allowed to cool slowly.

The most effective time to spread poison bran bait for grasshoppers is between midnight and sunrise.

It requires approximately 70 to 75 million pounds of animal protein to raise to maturity the chicks hatched annually in Oklahoma.

Size of the eggs is partly due to the period of laying, partly to heredity. Pullet eggs are small, but increase in size as the pullets become older until they reach full maturity.

Ask Me Another

• A General Quiz

1. What are the seven natural wonders of the western world?
2. Where are the airplanes carried on the U. S. S. Lexington?
3. Since the word "sunset" is used, why is there no similar word, "moonset"?
4. How much more than gold is radium worth?
5. How should the width of the human ear compare with its length?
6. Is it correct to say, "I detoured my car"?
7. What colors do color-blind people confuse most often?
8. How many white wings are required to keep the streets of New York city clean?

Answers

1. Niagara falls, Yellowstone park, Mammoth cave of Kentucky, Garden of the Gods, Giant trees of California, Yosemite valley and Natural bridge of Virginia. The Grand canyon is not usually included.
2. They are carried below the deck in the hangar. When the planes are ready to take off they are raised to the deck on elevators.
3. The word "moonset" is in good usage, but is not heard so often as sunset.
4. Radium is worth 25,000 times as much as gold.
5. An ear should be twice as long as it is wide.
6. No. The verb detour is intransitive and does not take an object. You can say, "I detoured in my car."
7. Red and green, and brown and green. One experimenter found that 1 person in 55 cannot tell red from green, and 1 in 50 confuses brown and green.
8. There are 11,000 street cleaners employed by the city, including drivers and sweepers.

Household Questions

When Preserving.—Don't pack jars too tightly when preserving fruits and vegetables. Leave a space of at least half an inch at the top for liquid.

Washing New Blankets.—New blankets should be soaked for half an hour in water to which has been added one pound of bicarbonate of soda. Put them through a wringer. All the dressing will then be removed and they may be washed in the usual way.

Removing Tobacco Stains.—To bacco stains may be removed from washable materials by moistening with lemon juice and bleaching in the sun.

Cleaning Brass.—Never use vinegar to clean brass. Though it cleans at first, it soon causes tarnish. The proper materials for cleaning brass are oil and rottenstone.

Treating Dry Glue.—Vinegar added to dry glue will make the glue fit for use again.
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HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

On Sundays when I go to church And hear the organ music roll I feel such lovely shivers creep All down the back-bone of my soul!

