

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

speeches about Wall Street financing, etc.

But the head of Commonwealth and Southern has apparently learned something about Washington during his long controversy with TVA. He sacrificed a lot from business trading methods in his offer, but what he gained by putting his opponents on the spot!

For it is very hard for a radical to criticize the idea of a board composed of three men, one to be appointed by the company, one by President Roosevelt, and the third by the Supreme court! Especially now that the Supreme court has a liberal majority! And especially as Hugo L. Black, for years one of the most rabid of the utility baiters, a man who believed in reading private telegrams of all and sundry in the hope of discovering some utility propaganda against the death sentence when that was pending in congress, is now a member of the court!

Put in a Dilemma

So Willkie puts the government in a dilemma. To accept his offer is to admit that government action is and has been frightening investors from putting their money into utilities. That fastens the blame squarely on the government for the failure of the utilities to spend that billion dollars a year additional for the last three years, which President Roosevelt and the securities commission and the power commission think they should have spent.

Further, it knocks the props from under the Roosevelt contention that the operating companies are all right, but it is the wicked holding companies, controlling the operating companies, that prevented this spending just as a lobbying measure to force repeal of the death sentence.

But to reject his offer is to make the actual picture worse, so far as these same investors are concerned! Which again puts the administration squarely on the spot as being responsible for the depression, or at least one of the important—according to its own expressed judgment—reasons for the depression.

But there is another reason why the talk about a "purge" has died away. It develops that plenty of thick and thin, tried and true, 100 per cent administration senators may have renomination troubles. The latest is Senator Kenneth D. McKellar of Tennessee. This comes closely on the news that Senator Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky, whose selection as Democratic floor leader President Roosevelt forced by a majority of one vote after putting on pressure and pulling every wire he could manipulate, is in danger.

In both these cases there is no rumor of an anti-administration upstart taking the scalp of a good New Deal senator. Both the aspirants in these cases, Governor Gordon Browning of Tennessee, and Governor Albert B. (Happy) Chandler of Kentucky, are ardent supporters of President Roosevelt. In fact, Chandler was elected over a non-conformist with all the strength the Farley organization could bring to bear.

Bad Medicine

But it is bad medicine for the morale of the administration forces in the senate and house to have the word get round that even the most devoted following of the White House on every issue is no guarantee that the follower will be returned to power when his term expires. And it is slightly embarrassing, to say the least, to the White House for it to be known that the senator it picked to lead its forces in the upper house may be thrown out. Especially when the man defeated by that White House pressure, Pat Harrison, was renominated the last time he faced his voters by something like a three to one majority, despite the opposition of his own colleague!

Then there are some other bad spots. Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, whom Roosevelt once called "his good right arm," is getting sourer and sourer on the New Deal. And now spies are telling the Great White Father that his own choice for governor to succeed Lehman, Robert H. Jackson, might not be elected if nominated. They whisper that he has no "political sex appeal," whereas Attorney General John J. Bennett, Jr., fairly reeks with it!

There are no cases yet of a Republican making a real threat anywhere, nor even of some rabid anti-New Deal Democrat frightening the faithful. But there are plenty of crackings in the existing machine, all calculated to encourage senators and representatives to play safe when measures that their own constituents may not like are demanded by the White House.

Nobody Likes It

The proposal by Commonwealth and Southern's president, Weldell L. Willkie, that the government buy all the privately owned electric utilities in the Tennessee valley field, accompanied by the suggestion of the machinery for determining the price, promises to cause more irritation and trouble among the pro-government ownership and anti-utility groups in Washington than anything which has so far developed.

The truth is that nobody likes it. It is mighty hard to criticize, and that combination is an annoying thing to happen to anyone. David E. Lillenthal, most ardent "yardstick" man in the TVA, could find nothing further to say than that Willkie's proposal was "radical."

If Willkie had not proposed a board, or rather suggested how the board that would determine the price be selected, he would have invited a barrage of criticism. There would have been lots of talk about asking the government to pay for "water" and "air," plenty of

THINGS TO SEE IN LONDON



In Hyde Park, "Safety Valve" of Britain.

World's Metropolis Is Undergoing Numerous Significant Changes

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

NOT even London's growth after the Great Fire can compare with today's swift, significant changes. More than 600,000 new homes, besides square miles of flats, have been built in recent years to house people taken from slums, crowded sections, and from areas cleared for parks, factories, or new streets.

Historic Metropole hotel served its last summer. Sad-faced waiters closed its doors forever. Meanwhile the famous Adelphi terrace was torn down, even as Hotel Cecil melted into scrap.

As ancient city landmarks fade, queer modernistic structures, bewildering to Londoners returning after long absence, rise in their place. Look at that big cube of metal and glistening black glass which holds Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express in Fleet street; or the classic stone temple of the British Broadcasting corporation.

Or at Shell-Mex house on the Strand, Bush house in Aldwych, and all the monster new piles raised here as official headquarters by Canada, Australia, South Africa, and other members of the British Commonwealth—whose show windows display the products of these far-away lands. They seem unreal, queer to Londoners returning after long absence, in this long-static, smoke-stained, weather-beaten old town.

Rise of new suburbs is no less astonishing. "Satellite" towns, dormitories of 50,000 or more, spring up where yesterday lay green fields and truck gardens. Smoky forms of new factories rim the horizon.

City Steadily Spreading Out. Middlesex county, men say, will soon be wholly urban. Steadily the city unfolds down through Surrey, Southeast towards the hop fields of Kent "ribbon towns" sprawl beside the highways; in Essex and Hertfordshire "the scaffold poles of the builder are like wands that conjure new towns out of the ground."

Drawn by this boom, industry tends to shift here from the less prosperous north. Workers flock along; each year London adds a young city to its population, and each day 100,000 visitors pass through its streets. In one week, at Regent Palace hotel, 40 different nationalities filled out the police form. Yet you see few idle men. Munition works run day and night; 40,000,000 gas masks are being made—even every child is to have one; flying field schools turn out more and more pilots.

To learn how London, growing so fast, handles its passengers, go to "London Transport" headquarters, a system which hauls a crowd each year equal to twice all the tabulated people on earth.

This greatest of all urban transport systems was formed under the Passenger Transport act of 1933. Its board has issued more than half a billion dollars' worth of stock. Listed on the exchange, it is an example of the British public utility sponsored by the government, yet owned by private stockholders.

Buses and the Underground. Londoners have a deep affection for their buses. They grow up to respect the conductor for his courtesy, efficiency, good temper, and wit. Many visitors hold out handfuls of pennies, trusting the conductor to pick out the right fare. Here the joy of a sight-seeing ride on a bus never stales. London played skillfully on human nature when she sent buses to France with British troops in the World war.

These gaily, red vehicles, or "scarlet galleons," bore London's familiar advertisements right up to the front line.

There is no less romance underground than above. It is easy to imagine the relationship between the motorbus of 1933 and the first wheeled vehicles, made by shaping logs, that rumbled along prehistoric roads.

But the Underground, a triumph of mechanization, is uncompromisingly of today. The automatic ticket-vending and change-giving machines, the fast-moving escalators, the air-operated car doors, and the automatic signaling which enables forty eight-car trains an hour to travel on some lines—these wonders

cannot be taken for granted, even if they are mechanical.

Only by keen study of human nature can the Underground carry its 1,750,000 passengers a day. Consider the escalators. If people walk or run up an escalator instead of standing still, its capacity rises by as much as 40 per cent. Therefore each escalator is run at a speed designed to keep people walking. The 137 moving stairways used here travel more than 2,500 miles a day—enough to form a narrow bridge full of people stretching almost across the Atlantic!

Ticket-selling machines present another problem in psychology. The extent to which they are used depends upon their situation; a remoteness of a few feet may discourage purchasers. In a year the Underground sells 350 tons of tickets! And on busy week-ends its riders spend thirty tons of copper and ten tons of silver.

"What about the future?" a visitor asked the guiding genius of the "London Transport" board.

"Apart from new lines, signaling will be improved and platforms will be lengthened so that in time probably all lines may carry forty eight-car trains an hour during peak periods. We now use the Metadyne system of control, which enables faster and smoother acceleration and better braking. We have also reduced noises in the tubes.

"Some 1,200 Diesel-driven buses are in service and eventually all will be of that type."

"Can you reduce traffic jams?"

"Certainly we can't let them get any worse! Even now, ours are not so bad as New York's, because we have no sudden crowds dumped at closing time from skyscrapers that house 10,000 or more people. But London urgently needs some bold street widening and some stagger plan by which all people going to and from work will not travel at the same time."

Hyde Park Orators. Go out to Hyde park Sunday morning and hear the soapbox orators.

An old man had been speaking there, on the League of Nations, so often that hecklers knew his sentences by heart; whenever he began a line, they'd say it with him, like church responses, in owlish solemnity!

But police arrest hecklers who get abusive.

Sit in a Maiden lane cafe and count noses: a Bombay merchant, two Argentine cattlemen, a Netherland tulip salesman, the agent for a French brandy, a British army man on furlough from India, and the publisher of a Pacific coast newspaper.

A Saturday-noon High street bus queue was 200 yards long, three or four abreast. Thus, in orderly patience, you see London trained to wait in line; no crowding, no cutting in at ticket windows and bus stops. Cars drive to the left, of course. It is only pedestrians who swarm in curious disorder.

Ask directions here and people do not say, "Across the street"; they say, "Over the road." You do not "turn to the left"; you "take the left turning." Odd street names abound, such as Haunch of Venison, Rabbit Bow, Shoe Lane, Mincing Lane, St. Mary the Axe, Wood, Bread, and Milk streets, Honey Lane, Roman Bath street, Lime street, and Butter Lane, with Ironmonger and Petticoat and Fetter Lanes.

You see all men lifting their hats when they pass the Cenotaph in Whitehall.

While you talk with the lord mayor in his red robes, his old-style carriage and four, with drivers and footmen in white wigs, draws up before the door to take him to open the courts.

Soldiers and Bells. Before the Mansion house a soldier demonstrates an anti-aircraft gun, while another pleads for recruits. Beneath its routine hurly-burly, all London is uneasy. Thoughts of war and bombs are with it always. They still point out where World war bombs were dropped.

Drums, bugles, bells, and tramping feet sound everywhere. Bells of St. Paul's peal merrily for weddings that unite ancient families. Royal Horse Guards in white breeches and high black boots cross sabers over the heads of bridal pairs while crowds cheer.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK.—Many a good news yarn has been spoiled by the necessity of "getting the story in the lead," as they say in the newspaper shops. This reporter asks indulgence for saving the kick in this one for the end, noting merely that it is a happy ending. In recent years, there have been so many unhappy fade-outs, from Sam Langford to the League of Nations, that anything in the line of an unexpected Garrison finish rates a bit of suspense before the news pay-off.

Story That Has Kick at the End

In Maxwell street, Chicago, long before the fragrance of Bubbly creek ebbed and sank and saddened, there was a book-stall which was the Jewish Algonquin of those parts. The place was overrun with philosophers, some white-bearded and highly venerated, some young and contentious, all stirred by a feverish intellectual zeal. They wolfed new books and started clamorous arguments about them, the way the crowds at the big pool hall down the street grabbed the box scores in the late sporting extras. Sweatshop workers used to throng in after a hard day's work and get in on the seminar.

Wrinkled, merry, mischievous little Abraham Bisno from Russia was the Erasmus of the sweatshop philosophers.

He used to circulate a lot around this and other Maxwell street bookshops, and many times the state of Illinois was saved the expense of calling out the militia because Bisno happened along to referee an argument.

Erasmus of Sweatshops Makes Peace

He was a sweatshop worker, a man of amazing erudition, but of salty, colloquial speech, never emmeshed in the tangle of print language around him. He used to tease his friend, Jane Addams, of nearby Hull house, by calling her settlement workers "the paid neighbors of the poor." He liked to deflate the Utopians, boiling things down to Gresham's law of money, the law of diminishing returns, weighted averages or something like that. He was the first of a multitude of sweatshop economists who spread light and learning through Chicago's Ghetto.

Bisno had a bright-eyed, clever little daughter named Beatrice, one of several children. Old sages, up and down Maxwell street, used to say the world would hear from Beatrice some day. But the world went to war, regardless of Sir Norman Angell and all the other philosophers, and the Bisnos passed beyond the ken of this writer.

About twelve years ago, I had a visit from Francis Oppenheimer, a New York Journalist. Beatrice Bisno was his wife. She was going to write a book, and did I know of a quiet hide-out where she could write it? I sent them to the old Hotel Helvetia, No. 23 Rue de Tournon, in Paris. She sat in the nearby Luxembourg garden and wrote her book.

They came home and the book made endless round trips to publishers' offices. The smash of 1929 took the last of their savings. Today I had a letter from Francis Oppenheimer.

"We finally threw the book in an old clothes basket," he said. "Then, acting on impulse, we used our dinner money to give it one more ride. Weeks passed. Beatrice fell ill. There came a letter from Liver-wright, the publisher. I knew it was another rejection and didn't want to show it to Beatrice. But I tore open the envelope and handed it to her. Her eyes were glazed. She could not read the letter. It slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor."

And in the same mail today, there came to this desk a copy of the new book, "Tomorrow's Bread," by Beatrice Bisno, winning the \$2,500 prize award, the judges being Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Fannie Hurst. That was the news that Mr. Oppenheimer picked up from the floor when his wife was too ill to read it.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher says of the book: "A searching realistic portrait of an idealist. What an idealist does to the world and what the world does to an idealist is here set down with power and sincerity."

Winsome little Bisno is gone. One wishes he could be carrying the news down to the old Maxwell street book stall, if it's still there.

© Consolidated News Features. WNU Service.

Cannot Arrest the President

Theoretically, the President of the United States cannot be legally arrested for any act whatsoever, even the commission of murder. His person is inviolable during his term of office and he is beyond the reach of any other department of the government, except through impeachment. If the President were impeached, convicted and removed from office he would then be subject to arrest as a private citizen. The President might be arrested by mistake.

Stitches in Time



A STITCH in time goes a long way toward making your days brighter and your burdens lighter when the bustling, busy days of Spring roll 'round. No time then for leisure hours with your sewing kit, and fortunate indeed are the early birds who have got on with their Spring wardrobe. The moral?—make your selections now and be off to the races when the season starts!

Practical House Coat.

There is a versatility to this clever pattern which makes it a prime favorite for the style-conscious and the thrifty. Designed in two lengths, it lends itself perfectly to either of two needs—as an apron frock in gingham or seersucker for busy days around the house, or as a full length beach or sports coat in chintz or linen crash. The princess lines are smooth and flattering and there are just seven pieces to the pattern—a cinch to make and a joy to wear.

Slimming Silhouette.

This handsome frock in linen or crepe does wonders for the full figure, sloughing off pounds here and bulges there with the utmost ease. Streamlined from the shoulders and buttoned at the waist with two graceful scallops, this is the sort of frock which answers your need perfectly for almost any social or shopping excursion, a standby to see you through the Summer. There is a choice of long or short sleeves and the simplicity of the design—just eight pieces in all—insures success even for the inexperienced in home sewing.

Attractive Apron.

"Swell" isn't a word the teacher recommends but it is highly appropriate in describing this handy apron frock which goes about the business of being an honest-to-goodness apron, not just a postage stamp model to wear for effect. Appealing in design, easy to wear, extremely serviceable, with two convenient pockets, this perfectly swell apron was designed by a busy housewife who knew her oats! Six pieces to the pattern.

The Patterns

Pattern 1323 is designed for sizes 14 to 46 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch material for short length without nap. Five yards of braid required for trimming. Housecoat length 7 1/4 yards. Pattern 1448 is designed for

sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch material, plus 3/4 yard contrast.

Pattern 1439 is designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 38 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. Five and one-half yards of bias strips required for finishing.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Making a Way

As men in a crowd instinctively make room for one who would force his way through it, so mankind makes way for one who rushes towards an object beyond them.—Dwight.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a tonic which has been helping women of all ages for nearly 70 years. Adv.

Spiritual vs. Material Force

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—Emerson.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

If your nerves are on edge, try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It often helps Nature calm quivering nerves. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure.

Make a note NOW to get a bottle of world-famous Pinkham's Compound today WITH-OUT FAIL from your druggist—more than a million women have written in letters reporting benefit.

Why not try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND?

Not by Reason Alone

We know the truth, not only by the reason, but also by the heart.—Blaise Pascal.

SAY "LUDEN'S"

BECAUSE BUILDING UP YOUR

ALKALINE RESERVE

helps you to resist colds

LUDEN'S

Menthol Cough Drops 5¢

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG

DIZZY DRAMAS By Joe Bowers

Now Playing—"DYNAMITE"



© Public Ledger, Inc.—WNU Service.