SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

standard cargo vessels for which bids were to be opened by the United States maritime commission was in sight when the bids were called the law. Newspapers extolled his for. None is in sight now. And there are those who say that unless the merchant marine act is amended materially there is doubt that any experienced American operator will buy the new ships.

The merchant marine act was so weighted down by safeguards by suspicious legislators that some believe it is almost unworkable. At the time of its passage, June 29, 1936, it was openly charged that the act had purposely been so hobbled as to make government operation necessary if America is to have a merchant marine.

Public ownership and operation advocates occupy key positions with the commission. They are alleged to be aggravating the present demoralization in the hope of creating a situation in which public operation will be the only alternative. Whether this is true or not, it is quite apparent that before American operators put up any money they will have to be convinced that the commission wants them to succeed and will co-operate wholeheartedly in trying to make private operation successful.

In this connection it is pointed out that many of the executives now associated with the American merchant marine have operated ships under foreign flags. They are familiar with the respective advantages and drawbacks of that form of operation and will be willing to undertake it if conditions are not created promptly to make operation under the American flag more tolerable.

American operators feel that the way they were compelled to sign on the dotted line in the termination of postal subsidies was a bad start for a co-operative effort to establish a permanent American merchant marine. Nothing is causing more apprehension than the labor situation and the difficulty of maintain-

Muddle Is Growing

seems to be growing worse instead tient. They point out that all the present act does is to equalize construction and operating costs. were to place their construction orders abroad and operate under a more ship-minded jurisdiction. They then would not have to comply with a multitude of restrictions such as are imposed by the merchant marine act.

Some lines are unable to comply with the requirements that they have no interest in lighterage or stevedoring operations. This is essential at some ports, shipping interests maintain.

While troublesome restrictions can be escaped by operating under a foreign flag. American operators realize that the navy must have auxiliaries; that this country's commerce must be protected at times when foreign countries have other uses for their ships, and that ships under the American flag are a guarantee against discriminatory action by foreign governments that handicaps our trade. It is for these reasons, they say, that they have been waiting thus long in the hope that the law might be freed of restrictions they consider unreasonable, and that a disposition be shown on the part of the maritime commission to encourage, rather than hamstring, private operation.

Ambassador Kennedy

Joseph Patrick Kennedy, the silkhat New Dealer, whom the President will send to wear knee pants for the United States at the Court of St. James, is one of the most impressive characters walking the Washington stage. He headed two powerful commissions, got himself whispered for President in 1940. Now he'll negotiate a trade tariff agreement between America and Great Britain. The pact may bind the two countries closer together and make important history.

Mr. Kennedy is Boston Irish, about fifty, with Celtic blue eyes, sandy hair-what's left-expanding waistline. He's dynamic. He works himself and his employees to jitters, and they like it.

Mr. Kennedy's home and his wife and nine children are in swank Bronxville, half an hour or so north of New York. At another estate just out of Washington he sometimes breaks quiet along the Potomac with rousing parties for a mixed company of hot shots and his hard-worked assistants.

Before the New Deal, Mr. Kennedy had quite some millions in Wall street. Then the President appointed him to head the securities and exchange commission-"so nobody else could clean up," old dealers said.

After SEC came the ship subsidy law, whereby the government is panies operating to foreign coun- swim five or six miles an hour.

Washington .- No buyer for the 12 | tries, so that the navy can borrow the ships back in time of war. Mr. Kennedy became chairman of the maritime commission to administer walk-away with the job. They say his survey of the United States' shabby old merchant marine, as compared with the nifty fleets of England, Japan, Italy, France is one of the few businesslike documents ever to come out of Washing-His settlement of claims ton. against the United States by shipping companies, whose ocean mail contracts were cancelled by the new marine law, was a model of business

> But others said that Mr. Kennedy used abrupt language to some shipping companies who didn't fall in line with his plans. That when he leaves for England in February he will have contracted definitely with operators to build only about 43 new ships. The navy says it needs 500. Maybe the chairman laid the foundamarine will be built.

Those troubles are all behind the new ambassador now, but he may run into more ahead. Plain blunt talk may not be so good for treatymaking and war-dodging. Or again it might. If the United States wants a man to talk turkey, it's got him.

Crop Regulation

Congress will soon enact a farm crop regulation law. Since nearly all the nation's food is produced on farms, the new law will really regulate food. Under the law the secretary of agrictulture will tell the farmers they can sell only enough corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco and rice to make a normal national supply. With a third of the population ill-clothed and ill-fed, as President Roosevelt said, his New Deal congress is passing a scarcity law. Must hunger go on in the midst of plenty? Why?

For years farmers have been getting less and less goods in exchange for their labor on farms. In pioneer days they produced and consumed their own food, and supplied nearing proper discipline on shipboard. by towns. Then came fast transportation and factory methods, making foods always cheaper. And American shipping men say that | the lower the prices the more the they are anxious to operate under farmers had to grow to make a their own flag but as the muddle | living. The same thing happened, as a result of machine production, of better, they are growing impa- to clothing, phonographs, furniture, automobiles. But the manufacturers simply stopped making so many things, and prices stayed up. In the They would be just as well off if they case of farm produce, however, there were so many "manufacturers" scattered over such vast areas that they never could be organized, or reach an understanding to limit production.

The government took a hand in the problem back in post-war days. Remember all the talk about the McNary-Haugen bill? But it didn't pass. Ever since, and before that, politicians have been getting farmers' votes by promising to do something to increase their purchasing power. Great national farm unions

tried, but without success. Nothing of importance was accomplished until congress passed the Agricultural Adjustment act during the last administration. Under AAA the government paid farmers not to grow crops, not to raise pigs. But the Supreme court declared it unconstitutional. Then the President got an appropriation for "soil conservation" and arrived at the same result in a different way.

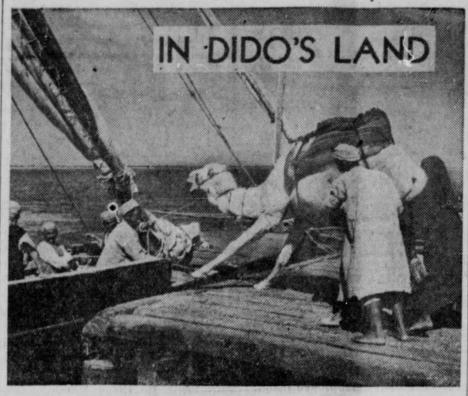
Prevented Disaster

raise all they could and sell it not entirely lacking in taste. than to plant less and collect the conservation benefits from the government. Crops still were so big building of a shore road, are again some years that they could be sold connected with the gulf of Tunis. only at starvation prices. Last In the interests of health, small year the South raised nearly fifty channels have been dug. The naval per cent too much cotton-more and commercial harbors are now than 91,000,000 bales-and the government prevented disaster only with loan and subsidy to keep prices | piles of murex shells from which from tailspinning.

So most economists, and industry, and labor, agree that some kind of compulsory crop control is necessary. They hate to see farmers in poverty. But more important, from a business point of view, is that the farm population buys a big portion of manufactured goods-if it has the money. If it doesn't have the money, factory production is cut down, and labor is unemployed. Thus, though millions of people lack enough to eat and wear, it is not because of scarcity; it is because they don't have enough income to buy it. New Deal economists say that helping the farmers will help everybody to a better income. And few good authorities dispute them on that issue. They may be right. Time will tell.

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Where Caribou Thrive Protected from natural and human enemies, caribou thrive in northern regions, for their long. sharp hooves can tear through snow and ice to reach vegetation. Mag- did Carthage, with water. You nificent swimmers, they cross many streams and lakes in their periodical migrations, breasting currents with their antlers well above water. Though not as fast in the wabuilding vessels for private com- ter as commonly believed, they do Nothing you may read prepares you



Tunisian Ship of the Desert Resists Launching.

Carthage Today Is Not the City of Which Virgil and Flaubert Wrote

ODAY, one goes to Carelectric train. Shades tion on which an adequate merchant of Dido, Hannibal, and Hamilcar!

But for Virgil and Gustave Flaubert, Carthage would be deader than ancient Philadelphia, which now is Amman, Trans-Jordan.

Just above the station, in a little garden massed with daisies and geraniums, is a monument to Flaubert. The head, representing the "immortal author of Salammbo" (his "Madame Bovary" isn't even mentioned in Carthage) is less than life size. But Flaubert's romantic description clothes the city site with an aura of lasting glory.

Today, it seems a blessing that the author wrote some 75 years ago, for Carthage is less Carthage now. Stucco villas are crowding closer and closer about the ancient ports and their gardens climb higher and higher on the Byrsa, where the Carthaginians had their fort and temple and around which 700,000 of them had their homes.

The site which Dido chose is too blessed by beauty and climate to remain a mere sepulcher for a vanished race which left its most notable monuments on the maps of primitive seamanship and ancient world commerce.

sibly never was. What remains is Punic, Roman, Christian, Moslem, and art moderne. Here heavy-footed elephants shuffled down long ramps to their stables and armed men stood watch on walls that seemed impregnable. But the site is a grab bag of history, and unless one is careful he stumbles over anachronisms.

"Salammbo" Is a Suburb.

The guardian spirit of Carthage is a novelist's creation, whose name has been appropriated by a seaside suburb. As one rides from La Goulette (the "gullet" of the lake of Tunis) toward Carthage, the streetcar conductor shouts "Salammbo." Strangers start at the magic word.

The only Punic relic worthy of Flaubert's heroine is a young priestess with a dove in her hand and her soft robe ending in wings which cross over her limbs. Among the stone ammunition, crude steles, and cinerary caskets of the Punic period, this life-size coffin top stands out like a pretty girl in a morgue.

Revengeful ancients who vowed not to leave one stone of Carthage on another kept their promise, but this lone figure slept on in her hillside tomb and so survived to prove that the Punic traders, who took But a lot of farmers preferred to their art where they found it, were

> The ancient ports of Carthage, long isolated from the sea by the connected with the Mediterranean whose Levantine shores bathe the Tyre and Sidon extracted a purple whose memory still colors history. From the rough stones of the am-

phitheater rises a white cross. 'Why this modern emblem in this pagan arena?" one wonders. Then he remembers. Cardinal Lavigerie, who never lost his historic sense amid his numerous good works, erected this seemingly incongruous cross over a spot where Christian martyrs, to whom that symbol was more than life, were put to death some 400 years before

Mohammed was born. "Carthage must be destroyed" was the grandiose slogan. But Caesar and Augustus had more sense than Scipio. They deliberately restored a ruined enemy to more than its former beauty and Hadrian gave it an aqueduct whose remains still rank among Tunisia's most impres-

sive ancient monuments. Kairouan the Saintly.

For miles his high-arched aqueduct stretches above grainfields and grazing flocks, coming from Mount Zahouan, which provides Tunis, as it parallel it on your way to Kairouan

How to describe this holy place created by Moslems, some of whom had seen the Prophet in the flesh? for the silence of the Great Mosque,

Prepared by National Geographic Society. | the polychrome tiles of the mosque Washington, D. C.—WNU Service. | of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and a service of Sidi Sahah, the most save and save of Sidi Sahab, the grotesque swords and giant pipe of the mosque of thage by automobile or | Sabers, the teeming marketplace of the Rue Saussier, or the relentless irritation of street Arabs begging, "Good day, mister, give me a cigarette."

Once a year the word evidently goes around that the little pests shall cease to pester. And since that luxury comes at a time when Kairouan is at its best, a visit on the last day of the annual Rug fair is pleasantly memorable.

Soon after dawn, to receive powder for their salutes, the famous Zlass horsemen assemble beside the circular pool of the Aghlabites. Clad in their best robes and wearing sombreros whose broad brims are held up by ostrich feathers, they seem a docile lot. But when the resident general's car arrives the tempo quickens.

By afternoon these somnolent horses will be racing at breakneck speed while their riders stand in their saddles, sweep the earth with their heads, do a shoulder stand on a galloping charger, and juggle gun and saber in mimic warfare.

Among the whitewashed graves where the dead huddle as close as possible to the Great Mosque, veiled women stand and cheer.

Eve has not lost her delight in weddings. When the rider sweeps down on a cortege grouped about the silken saddle-tent of the brideto-be, and an Arab Lochinvar abducts the angel of his dreams from half-hearted defenders, who are probably glad to have it over with, the veiled women ululate their delight. The fact that the silken canopy is empty doesn't spoil the fun.

Too Much Olive Oil Produced. Between Kairouan and the south-

ern oases stretches the eastern plain, in which the French protectors take just pride, for they have restored fertility to a region long barren. In neat rows, miles long and 80 feet apart, stand olive trees whose only fault is their fruitful-

When Paul Bourde, a journalist, convinced of ancient olive production here by the ruins of Roman millstones, brought back groves to regions the Arab invader had laid desolate, he failed to bring back the little Roman lamp.

Even beauty parlors can't use as much olive oil as did the Roman athletes who rubbed it on thick and then scraped it off in rivulets with the curved strigil. Lands of corn and cotton offer substitutes, and the Philippine palm seeks its share of the oil trade. Bourde succeeded all equal of any, begs for buyers at a fourth its former price.

Sousse and Sfax are the "big cities" of Tunisia's eastern plain. ters, each its interesting native

Sousse, then Hadrumetum, helped Hannibal fight Scipio and later was carpeted with Roman mosaics. Le Bardo's little gem, found at Sousse, shows Virgil writing the "Aeneid" between the Muses.

Sfax, second only to Tunis, ships phosphates and fishes for sponges, octopuses, and a variety of finny fodder. Its neat European quarter seems like an exposition city. Native life centers in the mosque. On raised benches covered with matting, dealers sell frippery gewgaws and a fortune-teller divines from field beans.

Amphitheater of El Djem.

Between Sousse and Sfax a Roman ruin dwarfs the modern town for which it was the quarry. It is the amphitheater of El Djem. One sees it from miles away and its memory follows one for years.

In the Eighth century, when Kahena, Berber queen, sought to repel the Arab invaders, this coliseum served as her fortress. Except for this and a few other martial interludes the towering structure stood there, empty as the Yale bowl or the Ann Arbor stadium between games, waiting only for 60,000 spectators to swarm toward later, in 1791, that the plants apthe clouds and look down on the barbaric spectacles in the arena.

Then, at the end of the Seventeenth century, rebels hid here, a bey broke through the wall to reach them, and El Djem, each of whose stones had been painfully quarried and shaped, became a source of ready-made building blocks for

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HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES

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"The Creek Bed Horror" By FLOYD GIBBONS

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TELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, boys and girls, I've often said you can get into more adventures in your own back yard than you can in the whole of darkest Africa. And here comes Houston Norris of Yonkers, N. Y., with a story that backs up my theory. Houston's back yard was a pretty big one, though. It was a farm in Sussex county, Virginia, where he lived when he was a kid.

This happened back in 1920, when Houston was just thirteen years old. On a hot August day, he set out to change the cows from one grazing ground to another where they would be in the shade for the afternoon. He had a shotgun--as a lot of kids do in the country--and he took that off the rack. He carried that gun most everywhere he went, on the chance he'd get a shot at a crow, or a chicken hawk. There was a state bounty on those birds and that just about kept him in ammunition.

And incidentally, it's a doggone good thing he did take that gun along with him. For, although he didn't know it, he was heading straight for an adventure, and that shootin' iron was destined to come in mighty handy.

Caught in the Fox Trap.

Ahead of him lay a brook, the bed of which was dry during the summer months. That creek bed was always full of snakes that hid in the brush which grew along the bottom, so Houston started to cross on a log put there to afford a passage in wet weather. He noticed, as he stepped on the log, that it was covered over with heaps of tree moss, but he-well-he thought maybe the kids of the neighboring farmer had been playing and left it there. But that was the big mistake of his life.

Houston stepped on the log-and something snapped. He felt a sharp pain in his leg, and knew how foolish he had been. That moss hadn't been put there by the neighboring farmer's kids. It had been put there by the farmer himself to conceal a fox trap-and Houston had stepped

The chain on that trap was only six inches long, and Houston's step was cut short. He lost his balance-fell forward. His gun fell to the



He Had Stepped Right Into the Trap.

ground and then, as he landed, he heard another click-felt another stat There had been two fox traps on that log, and he had fallen into both of them.

The pain in his hand and leg made him wince, and he gritted his teeth. He was caught fast-unable to get himself out. But getting out of those traps didn't worry Houston so much. He was only a short distance from home. A few shouts would bring someone to his assistance.

Then Came the Rattler.

He drew a deep breath-was all ready to let out a yell for help-when something stopped him. To his ears came a peculiar buzzing sound and a familiar rustling of leaves directly under the log on which he lay. His eyes dropped to the spot, and the hair began rising on the top of his head. A HUGE RATTLE-SNAKE was crawling out from beneath the log!

"I was frightened then for the first time," he says, "And for the first time in all my life I felt completely helpless. My gun was four feet away from the log, and I didn't dare call for help lest I anger the snake and cause him to strike at me.

"I hoped-as I never hoped before-that that snake would crawl away and leave me alone. But that hope vanished when it brought its huge body into a coil and settled down by the log to watch me.

"My trapped hand and foot began to pain me terribly. My back was cramped and began to ache, but I had to keep it tense for fear that I would roll off the log and fall on top of the snake. I wondered what would happen when I got too tired to hold that position any longer. Then, suddenly, something happened that brought the situation to a quick

Got the Gun Just in Time.

What happened was this. Three shotgun shells had worked themselves loose from their holder at Houston's belt. They rolled from the log and lit, almost simultaneously on the back and head of the rattler. In an instant the snake threw its head up to the level of the log. Its too well. Tunisian olive oil, the beady eyes glittered as it looked Houston over carefully.

The reptile seemed to sense that it had him at its mercy-that there was no need for haste. Slowly it drew back its head to strike.

"Then," says Houston, "I had to do something. In desperation I started to reach for my gun. I rolled my free foot over the ground, Each has its neat European quar- making a desperate and painful effort to make my step as wide and as far from the log and the snake as possible. Then I dropped my right knee and struggled with my right hand to get at the gun.

"My fingers could barely touch the gun's muzzle, but by stretching the chains of the traps that held me, I managed to get a grip on it and pull it my way. Desperately, I drew it alongside my body with its muzzle pointing toward the center of the log, until my trembling fingers could reach the trigger.

"The rattler was moving forward-angered by the movements I had made. Its head was a bare three inches from my left leg. Then I drew back the hammer and pulled the trigger. There was a roar-and when the smoke cleared away, that once deadly snake was scattered in bits along the creek bed."

And after that, it was just a matter of a few good lusty yells, and help came and Houston was out of his traps. Copyright.-WNU Service.

Claimed Exemptions From Draft

During the Civil war immigrants who had not become naturalized filed claims for exemptions from the drafts. To counteract this, patriotic organizations made appeals for volunteers and endeavored to raise troops among their own people. In Cincinnati, Ohio, German and Irish organizations held meetings to denounce aliens trying to escape the draft and to ask their leaders to raise troops.

Mexicans Grew Dahlias

The Mexicans had cultivated the dahlia before the Spaniards arrived in 1519, but it was about 300 years peared in Europe, at the Botanic gardens in Madrid, Spain. The newer forms have all been brought about since 1800, says the Rocky Mountain Herald. The native Mexican name of the dahlia was acocotli, which means water pipe, and its present name is in honor of the famous Spanish botanist, Dr. Andreas Dahl.

The "Rich Port"

Porto Rico, one of the earliest of Spanish American colonies, has endured since its settlement by Ponce de Leon more than four centuries ago, as the "Rich Port," the name that Christopher Columbus gave it on its discovery. Its history in the development of the Americas is shared only by the Dominican Republic, where the early Spanish settlers established their first go ernmental base.

Iris, Snake Bite Cure

Iris typifies wisdom, faith and courage. Its early medicinal value, according to doctors of the time. was as a cure for snake bites, fits, dropsy, bruises, anger and coughs. Some doctors went so far as to say that if petals of the iris were placed on a black and blue spot for five days the flesh would assume the natural color. The roots of the iris were used as teething rings for babies and are used to this day in some countries. The iris was used by Louis VII in his crusades in 1137.

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A Panacea

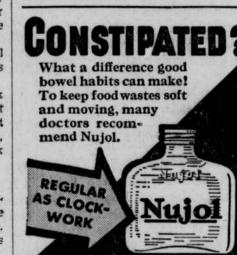
Work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind.-Carlyle.



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Bad Example

They do more harm by their evil example than by their actual sin.-Cicero.



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