

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—For a government to rush into debt is a grand thing for all its citizens. For an individual to rush into debt is a terrible thing for all his dependents—though a good thing for his country.

Boiled down, that is the essence of the economic theory of a good many of President Roosevelt's advisers. It is shared by no less, for example, than Marriner Eccles, chairman of the board of governors of the federal reserve system.

This sounds like a sarcastic criticism, especially to many of the old-fashioned fools who were brought up, whether they followed the teachings or not, on a "willful waste brings woeful want," and a "save the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves" philosophy. Actually it is as simple a statement of the theory as the writer has heard.

With plentiful government spending, especially if the money is raised by borrowing instead of by taxation, employment is encouraged; buying is encouraged; prices tend to rise; everybody has a job; and everybody, except the budget balancing theorists, is happy.

Example is made of Great Britain, which has never paid off the debts incurred in the Napoleonic wars, much less any of her enormous borrowings since. At various stages during the last two hundred years economists have worried about this debt. Actually, it is contended, Britain is just as well off now as at any time during the process, and her present ills are not due to her debt.

Of course, during this two hundred-year period described—for it goes way back to Napoleon—something has happened, which the economists advocating the bigger debt and bigger government spending theory do not mention. There has been a gradual shrinkage of the value of the pound sterling. But then, on the other hand, Britain is often cited as the only important country in the world which has never had a real inflation. Not an inflation crisis, to be sure, but her currency has gradually depreciated. Which is another way of saying that the people who saved their money kept losing a considerable fraction of it.

Evil of Saving

But there is a simpler illustration of the "evil" of saving. Let us imagine that everybody in the United States was gainfully employed, and every one saved so much of his earnings that the interest on his earnings would support him after 20 years.

In a very short period, 40 years at the outside, assuming no gambling element which would lead to losses, every family in the country would be able to live on its income. Theoretically, no one would have to work at all. Men and women could just spend their income on what they wanted, perhaps even save part of it.

Carrying this absurdity to extremes to make it clear, we would then be a nation of idlers, living on our incomes. But who would provide the food and clothing and automobiles and radios for our population?

To make the point still clearer, imagine a tariff wall around the United States so high that there would be no international trade. What would happen? Obviously demand being very high, and supply being very low, prices would soar. What would amount to a capital levy would thus be occasioned, and the accumulated savings would be wiped out. Everybody would go back to work again.

Now assume a little bit of this instead of a wholesale dose, and you have a depression. Reverse it, with everybody spending his head off, and you have a boom. In a nutshell, that is the theory, with the addition that if the individual doesn't spend, the government must.

Guffey Starts Something

Senator Joseph F. Guffey of Pennsylvania certainly started something when he named the issue on which he intended to support Thomas Kennedy and oppose Charles Alvin Jones in the Democratic gubernatorial primary in the Keystone state.

Guffey is supporting Kennedy for three reasons. One is that Kennedy has always regarded Guffey as his leader—has followed him in every important fight for many years. A second is that in supporting Kennedy, Guffey continues his alliance with John L. Lewis, who is Kennedy's real chief, for years in labor activities, now in politics as well. And a third is that Jones, who won the regular Democratic organization support, has always been a thorn in Guffey's side.

Guffey places it all on the count that Jones was against Roosevelt for the nomination in 1932. In short he was "Against Roosevelt Before Chicago," while Kennedy and Guffey were fighting loyally for Roosevelt. That is a mighty interesting charge. It hits a lot of people. It hits Jack Garner, who is now Vice President, but was a candidate

against Roosevelt with some very important delegates. It hits the entire Maryland Democracy, which was enthusiastic for Albert C. Ritchie. It hits the majority leaders in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. It reaches out into California and hits Senator William Gibbs McAdoo, who was for Garner. It hits more than three-quarters of the important Democratic leaders in Ohio, and plenty in Indiana.

Idea Is Not New

There is nothing new about the idea of discrimination against Democrats who do not belong to the "For Roosevelt Before Chicago" club. But up until now the only point has been in patronage. Guffey would magnify this discrimination to apply to running for elective office. It would bar from any important role in politics everyone who was not actively fighting for the nomination of Roosevelt in the period immediately preceding June, 1932.

This is a new sort of political doctrine. It runs counter to the oft-stated maxim of Will H. Hays that "assimilation, not elimination" is what a party needs.

And there is just enough truth in Guffey's new doctrine, regardless of his own sincerity in stating it, to cause trouble. For there is not a Democratic senator or governor or member of the legislature who does not suspect that in any contest between an old Roosevelt friend and an old Roosevelt opponent, the President would be inclined to support the friend. That is human. It has always been.

The importance of it now is that never before has the titular head of a party, occupying the White House, had so much power to affect results in state primaries and conventions of his party.

Putting the two Guffey doctrines together would look very much as though John L. Lewis' favorite senator was digging a pit for Roosevelt to fall into.

All Boards "Wooden"

General Goethals, of Panama canal fame, was wont to remark, toward the end of his life, that "all boards are long, narrow and wooden." This opinion grew out of his experience with the United States shipping board, which attempted to build ships during the World War emergency. It had nothing to do with his experience at the canal. In fact, it was the contrast between his helpless bickering in the shipping board, and the czarism he practiced, thanks to Theodore Roosevelt, at the canal job, that brought forth his derogatory comment on boards.

All of which applies to the present Tennessee Valley authority (better known by its initials, TVA,) controversy. The real trouble considering solely its administrative mess, is the fact that it is run by a three-man board.

Washington observers have been racking their brains during the last few weeks to discover a single case of any government board, set up with a business type of function, as distinguished from a judicial type of function, which has not been ruined by personal conflicts between the board members.

The TVA is the outstanding present illustration of failure. The United States shipping board, with its interminable quarreling between members on wooden ships versus steel, etc., is the one best remembered.

But in Business

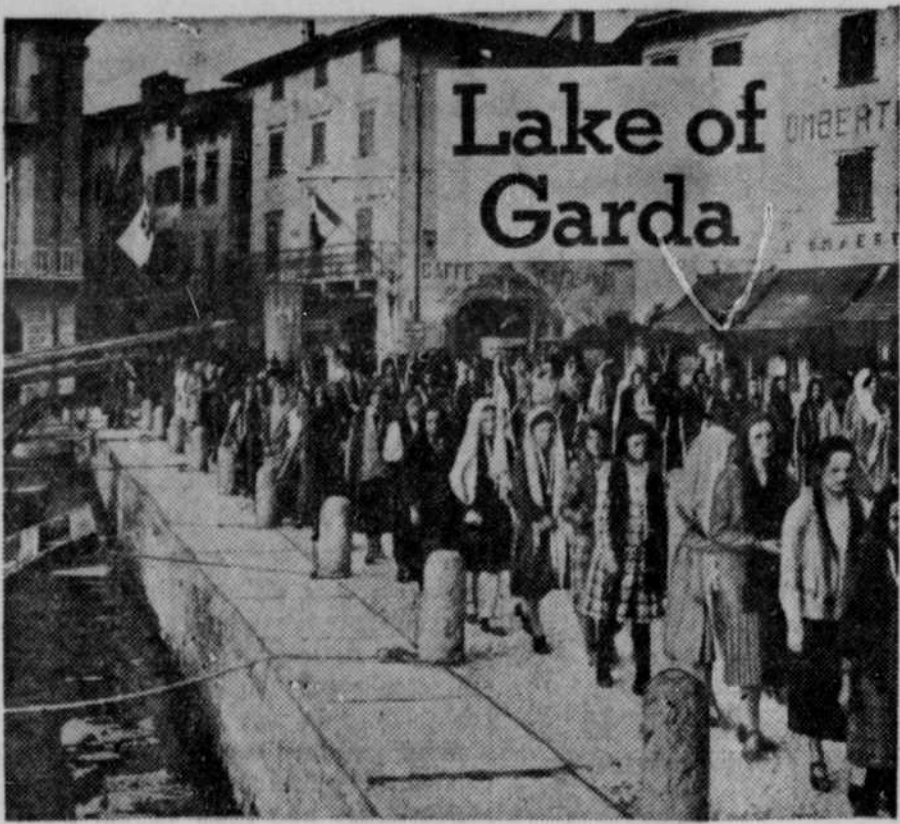
Why, it is asked, should corporations be run successfully by boards, but governmental agencies apparently always come to grief. The answer, observers here figure out, is that business corporations are actually almost always dominated by one man. The division in power among the board members is theoretical, not practical. In a politically appointed board one member is just as powerful, so far as the operation of the board is concerned, as another. In business it is almost never that way.

For instance, the president of a corporation is always a member of the board. In some instances he is the dominating figure. He runs the company. If he runs it successfully the board of directors is just a set of rubber stamps. They approve his policies. The test of his power is the success of the corporation.

But the division of the corporation into three or more parts, with one member of the board supreme in each pigeonhole, would be highly unlikely in a corporation designed for profit. In a corporation such natural divisions of work are made, but they are usually confined to vice presidents, or other executives, each of whom is under the president.

Sometimes the president is really just an executive, all the planning and policy coming from the board, but in most of those cases the board is dominated by one man.

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Feast Day Parade on Lake of Garda.

North Italy Garden Spot Replete With Beauty and Historic Interest

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

Lake of Garda, an hour's drive west of Venice, is one of the garden spots of northern Italy, its blue waters perpetually mirroring lofty mountains, quaint lakeside villages and picturesque castles.

Desenzano, at the foot of the lake of Garda, is the gateway to two of the most picturesque castles that ever faced snow-clad peaks from across deep blue waters, whose shores gleam with oranges and lemons against a background of olive orchards, cedar groves, and scented bay trees. In this semi-utopian garden of the Alps, with its curiously mild air, one feels like those happy Hyperboreans who lived forever sheltered behind the north wind.

Cactus, camphor trees, palms, hibiscus, oleander—the sight of these, cradled within the Alps' encircling foothills, startles one like some paradox of Nature.

Shelter and warmth—the mountains' screen, the lake's unusually high temperature—explain the anomaly. Once only, two centuries ago, was the lake of Garda known to freeze. Divers' descents reveal that its warmth increases at its lower depths. Hot springs are scattered through its area of 143 square miles, and at Sirmione you may enjoy a warm sulphur bath in water piped from one of these springs, the Bolola, that bubbles up from the lake.

As the little steamer steers eastward from Desenzano, you sight a low peninsula which stretches far into the lake; you set foot ashore and find yourself in a tiny fishing village. It has only a few cobble streets and a simple inn whose lake-skirting terraces are arched by an overhanging profusion of flowers.

Castle of Sirmione.

Dominating every approach, and with its fortified bridge bridging the lake's inlet, towers the castle-lake specter of a Scalliger stronghold. Lake-washed on two sides, and with lake-connecting moats to complete its isolation, the castle of Sirmione is unforgettable in its lone austerity.

Few visitors pass. The netmakers ply their tasks along the sunny banks of the moat, which has become the local fishing fleet's haven. Sirmione's school children play at bowls with the smallest size of the Scalligers' stone cannon balls. The once-terrifying Titan of feudalism has become "as those prehistoric monsters whose skeletons are biological milestones, even as castles are milestones in man's social evolution."

Farther up the lake's eastern shore is the ancient village of Garda. Its age may be inferred from a local legend which assures you that the adjacent waters cover the remains of a Roman city. Indeed, old fishermen aver that you can glimpse its submerged temples if your eyesight—or perhaps it is your imagination—is sufficiently strong.

The Story of Garda's Tower.

On a more substantial basis rests Garda's lonely, rock-girt donjon tower and its associated story. It is an episode of Tenth-century times, long before "Convey the captive maiden to my castle!" had become a mere literary expression, or "Non ti scordar di me!" was sung by Verdi's tower-immured lover.

It seems that Adelaide, daughter of the duke of Burgundy, very properly declined to wed the son of Berengarius, prince of Ivrea, who had procured her husband's murder. Berengarius therefore sequestered the lady in Garda's lakeside tower, from which she was freed by a friar, who carried the news to Otto the Great of Germany. Otto moved on Berengarius, defeated him, and liberated the lady. Poetic justice was felicitously fulfilled when Otto fell in love with Adelaide and caused her to be crowned with him as joint sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire.

Still farther up the lake you skirted the lovely Gardone Riviera, with its crowded bathing beaches and its curving promenades where rows of umbrellas shelter holiday-makers from the warm October sun. Then the western shore shot up into flat-faced cliffs—the back-

ground of terraced lemon groves—while from the opposite bank, rising over a vast expanse of olive trees, jutted a rocky headland whose profile culminated in the lofty outline of Castle Malcesine.

The Scalligers' heraldic "ladder" must have resembled the modern extension ladder of fire companies, to have carried the Veronese despots up Malcesine's sheer rock frontage, which they captured and castellated. Indeed, this eagle's nest of a stronghold is eloquent of how the Italian word, "rocca" (rock) assumed the secondary meaning of castle.

The Lake Has Two Saints

Far below the castle's swallow-tailed battlements lies blue Garda. Less lovable than austere, it is a mountain-crowned king among lakes, with its fishing smacks' golden sails bejeweling its breast. Looking inland across Malcesine's rooftops, you glimpse the tiny town's embankment, along which its wood-carrying fleet ties up.

Malcesine has a feast day for a pair of patron saints who preside over the welfare of vessels on the treacherous lake of Garda.

On that day, skirting the castle's base and issuing on the little quay, moves a procession of priests, fishermen, sailors with their wives and children. Bearing church banners and lighted candles, they pass under the anchored smacks' bowsprits. And then there appears the festal emblem itself—a standard bearing a miniature fish boat, flanked by the patron saints' effigies.

Now Christian saint has blessed pagan mermaid and trident-bearing Neptune. All is well as the pagan winds churchward once more. And as dusk falls, the surrounding mountain sides glow forth into a fairland of little lights. It is the lake of Garda's lantern feast in honor of this blessing of the bowsprits.

One wonders if this same pair of saints presided over the safety of the Venetian fleet when it rested high among the lake of Garda's surrounding mountain peaks in 1438. The spectacle of galleys issuing over the Alpine foothills was beheld by the discomfited lake fleet of the Viscontis. Those Milanese despots, being then at war with Venice, had seized the commanding positions on the lake of Garda.

Fleet Carried Over Mountains.

Then, one day, there appeared before the distracted Venetian senate a simple Greek sailor, Nicolo Sorbolo, with a plan for transporting war galleys from the Adige across the Alpine passes and down to the lake of Garda. Instead of incarcerating him as a madman, the desperate senators acquiesced. By utilizing 2,000 oxen and a host of laborers, a unit of the Venetian fleet was actually hoisted up across 15 miles of Alpine wilderness through a pass, almost 1,900 feet high, between Mori and Torbole. The galleys were then lowered by capstans into Torbole's little harbor.

This amazing feat had been performed without mishap in fifteen days. A grateful Venice voted Messer Nicolo an annual pension of 500 ducats "for his faithful services in conducting galleys across the mountains, to such glory of our state."

Ever since Machiavelli wrote treatises on fortification, the Italians have been bold engineers. Any Allied correspondent admitted to the Stelvio Pass-Lake of Garda sector, three months after Italy's entrance into the World War, witnessed at that lake's northern, formerly Austrian, end, engineering feats eclipsing belief.

From lake side to mountain peak all was vast military fortification, reminding you of some lacustrine Gibraltar. Ramifications of trench and of gun position—guns hoisted up 6,000 feet, trenches cut from the living rock—carried on from meadow to mountain torrent, from gentle hilltop to snow-clad peak. And, in fact, many an Austrian position was stormed and seized beyond the snow line.

Visitors to the lake glimpse the lemon gardens along its Riviera and Salo's related industry, the production of lemon liqueur. Terraced on the flanks of otherwise bare cliffs, these luxuriantly bearing gardens are an amazement.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Big beefy, handsome Joseph Buerckel, forty years old, with hard fists and a whip-lash tongue, is Hitler's grand marshal of the Nazi subjugation of Austria. To the surprise of Nazi home talent in Austria, he is given entire charge of the fusion and subordination of the Austrian Nazis by Berlin.

Hard Fists to Nazify Austrians. He was a poor schoolmaster who worked his way up by continuous and diligent Jew-hating. While less earnest and industrious young men were wasting their time, he was working nights, Sundays and holidays on this, his chosen career.

Against stiff competition, it took him years to gain distinction, but at last he came to outrank even the illustrious Julius Streicher in long-distance anti-Semitism.

He was born in the Palatinate, the south German territory adjoining the Saar. He was in the World War, in the closing years, and joined the Hitler movement soon after the Munich beer hall putsch in 1923.

When Baron von Papan was removed as Saar commissioner, in 1934, and made ambassador to Vienna, Herr Buerckel replaced him. Under his supervision was the jug-handled plebiscite and his the exultant radio voice which told the world that German justice had triumphed.

The League of Nations handed him the valley, and he became governor in 1935.

A typically forthright usake was his Christmas decree against shopping in Jewish stores.

"If you try to get out of it," he said, "by pretending that your wife did the shopping, it merely shows that an unreal Nazi spirit prevails in your home, and you are not a he-man, but a fool."

SAAR PAID. Young Jan G. Masaryk, Czech minister to the Court of St. James, had a fervent belief in the Kellogg and Locarno pacts. He once said, "They are splendid instruments of a world order of peace and stability." Now he calls at the British foreign office, perhaps to hint that something seems to have gone wrong.

He is the son of the late Dr. Thomas Masaryk, first president of Czechoslovakia. His mother was an American, born and reared in Brooklyn, and so is his wife, the former Mrs. Francis Crane Leatherbe, daughter of Charles R. Crane, the widely known manufacturer and industrialist. He has spent much time in America.

At the age of eighteen, he ran away from the University of Prague, in the early years of the war, and worked in a factory at Bridgeport, Conn. He returned home and finished his studies, and was the first Czech minister to the United States in 1919.

He has his famous father's impassioned belief in democracy, and has been its eloquent defender in central Europe, where his country is Horatius at the Bridge.

THE history of this age will be hard to unscramble. Japan can't take a belt at a local power baron without landing on an American stockholder. Dr. Japs Learn Power Can Be Headache.

Dr. Japs Learn Power Can Be Headache. American investors by nationalizing its electric power industry.

This would endanger investments of \$75,000,000, he contended, mostly held in this country.

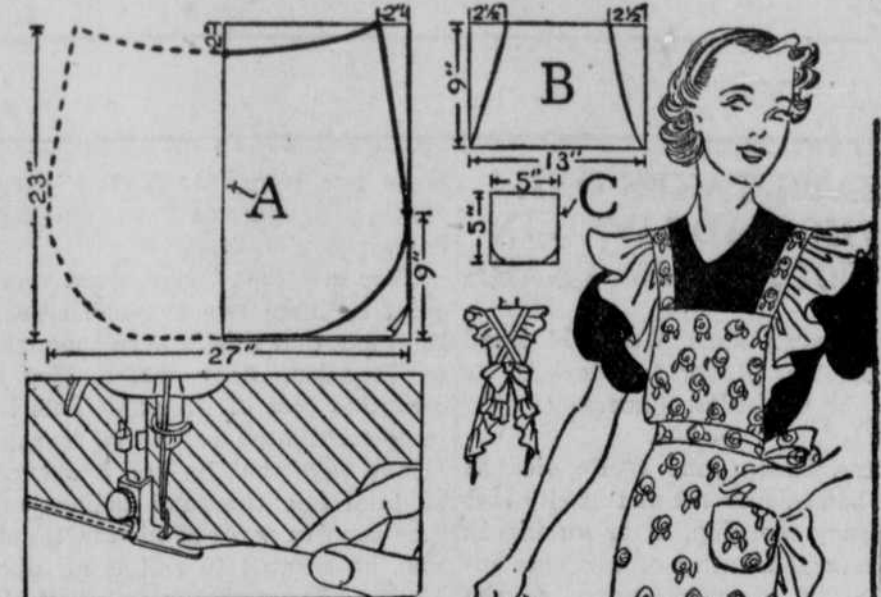
He is Japan's leading corporation lawyer and one of its most important financiers, an officer of the Capital Rehabilitation Aid company, which has a quaint sound but which is understandable even in the Occident.

Sixty years old, he is a former professor of law at the Tokyo Imperial university, from which he was graduated. He is a director of the Tokyo Gas company and several other corporations, and was vice president of the South Manchurian railway.

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HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



THIS pink and white chintz apron with pink gingham frills should inspire anyone to make long strides towards the kitchen. It is easy to cut. The material required is 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch-wide chintz or cotton print and one yard of plain material.

For the skirt of the apron, cut a piece of paper or cloth 27 inches wide and 23 inches deep. Fold this lengthwise through the center, as at A, then measure down from the top of the fold and in from the corners the distances indicated in the diagram and mark the dots. Using the dots as a guide, mark the outline of the apron skirt as you see it in the diagram. The dimensions for shaping the bib are given in the diagram at B. The pocket is a 5-inch square with lower corners rounded as shown here at C. The apron ties are cut 6 inches wide

and 36 inches long. The strip for the belt should be cut 2 1/2 inches wide and a facing strip the same width should be cut for it. The shoulder straps are cut 4 inches wide and then creased lengthwise through the center.

The strips of the plain material for the ruffles are cut 6 inches wide. The ruffle material before it is gathered should be 2 1/2 times the length of the space it is to fill after gathering. Use the machine hemmer foot shown here at the lower left for hemming the ruffles and the machine ruffler for gathering them.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' latest book—Gifts and Embroidery number—is now ready. Ninety embroidery stitches are illustrated; also table settings; crochet; embroidery designing; fabric repairing; novelty gifts and dress accessories. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions. Available to readers who will send name and address and enclose 25 cents (coin preferred). Just address Mrs. Spears, 210 So. Desplaines St., Chicago.

Strange Facts

Curtain of Fire Stops Radio

A CURTAIN of fire is one of nature's great electrical mysteries. In northern latitudes at certain times beams and flashes of dazzling brilliance play across the sky. Sometimes it is like giant searchlights from beyond the rim of the world. The discharge of light is 50 to 100 miles above the earth. With it comes a noise, a low crackling sound like the rustle of silk, believed to be made by the aurora borealis.

On January 25, 1938, the people of London came running from their houses believing that the whole city was afire. All over Europe fire engines rushed to put out non-existent fires. Even Windsor castle was thought to be burning to the ground as the fire department raced to the scene. On that night from 6:30 to 8:30 p. m. the most brilliant display of aurora borealis in 50 years was seen over a wide area of northern Europe, extending even to Italy and Portugal. Between New York and Europe short-wave radio went dead.

The cause of nature's most beautiful, mysterious and at times most terrifying phenomenon is unknown. Scientists believe the rays are due to discharges of electricity in the upper atmosphere, and are in some unknown way related to sun spots. Sun spots are dark spots on the face of the sun, seen only through a telescope. They look like cavities and from the rim of these cavities rise whirling flames. Some scientists believe the sun spots are giant fiery whirlpools that move across the face of the sun. They seem to cause magnetic storms which in turn disrupt radio communication and also, some scientists believe, affect the weather on the earth.

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Uncle Phil Says:

The Slaughter Goes On. Always the same ends are accomplished though by different methods. Indians and wild animals killed the pioneers. Now 40,000 a year perish by automobiles.

It is a happy land where the people can find something to celebrate every few weeks.

If every event is a sequence, there can be no such thing as an accident.

That's Conservatism. Age cannot always make you wise, but it can make you cautious.

If you talked to your enemy instead of about him, you might grow to tolerate him—even see his good points.

In the old days whole families traveled together in a covered wagon; and did not make such a to-do about it as those who now go in trailers.

Treat women like women, not pals. They like it better and it is more gentlemanly.

Can young men be taught HOW to think? Well, it seems Socrates made a pretty good stagger at it.

What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol.

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