

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART
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Washington.—"The best laid plans of mice and men" will go off at a tangent, it seems, even when one political party is numerically in supreme control of the national government. President Roosevelt called congress into extra session with very definite objectives outlined, and he repeated them in his regular message on the state of the Union. He wanted crop control legislation for relief of agriculture and he wanted wages and hours controlled by federal statute for the relief of labor. But congress, or a part of it, has turned out to be a balky mule. It has one foot out of the traces already and the driver is having a lot of trouble to keep the animal hitched.

The above is by way of saying that scores of Democratic members of the house and many senators with seats on the majority side have come back from a summer on the hustings quite convinced that it is not popular with the voters to be a rubber stamp. I do not mean by that statement that the President has lost control of his party machinery, or that he can't crack the whip and get things done; I mean that instead of having a few recalcitrants within his own party to deal with, he now has many, and members of congress are about like coyotes—their courage increases as their number increases.

It might be mentioned in passing that at least half a dozen Democratic members of the house have come back from home with plans to run for their party's nomination to the senate next year. The reason given by those with whom I have talked is almost the same in each instance. The incumbent senator who is up for re-election has been too much of a New Dealer. "Our people are calling for something besides rubber stamps." These potential senatorial candidates have records showing opposition to the President in some vitally important New Deal policies while supporting him wholeheartedly in other phases of his program.

No one can say how far this movement will get, but anyone who has observed congresses perform in other cases where the President was in his second term can not dismiss the circumstance as without significance. It is the usual practice for sitting members of the house and senate to stick close to the President, as party leader, in his first term—because they must seek re-election with his support. But now many of them regard President Roosevelt as through and they are starting early to make their record look good to the voters whom they will canvass next year.

These few paragraphs above must serve to introduce evidence of a much deeper fact. In many important places and among many powerful or influential men in congress one hears frequent references and observations to this effect: If Mr. Roosevelt is going to retain his control of the party and carry through on the propositions which he will make from time to time, he must cast aside a part, at least, of his radical advisers and the schemes they concoct.

As I related, the President outlined his objectives for the special session. Two or three years ago, they would have been received by the representatives and senators with loud acclaim, with ballyhoo. But in the first few weeks of the extra session, there has been just as much condemnation as there has been approval.

Nor can we overlook another phase of the situation. Not only have many of the men at the capitol declined to affirm the President's propositions; they have gone in the other direction. They have offered programs of their own. They are prepared to battle for them. In politics, that sort of a thing often has proved fatal to the plans of the man who then occupied the White House. It may not turn out that way this time but there are many observers are sure the President is going to be forced into accepting some things he did not want or does not want now.

Take the question of taxes, for instance. Rightly or wrongly, the President is being blamed for the current business depression and criticism of this sort is rolling up like a snowball going down hill. It is being said that two tax levies which were forced through congress are largely responsible. The tax on undivided profits of corporations and the capital gains tax are used as horrible examples of these unsound policies fostered by Mr. Roosevelt. Well, the President is responsible to the extent that he approved of them. They were the product, however, of some of the dozen or so peek-a-boo artists to whom the President frequently has listened as advisors.

I think it has been generally demonstrated that the two taxes in question have been ruinous, especially to the small business. It is equally true, I believe, that business must be given some consideration if it ever is to get on a sound basis again and that it ought to share attention of legislators with labor leaders even though business has fewer votes. In any event, the burdens which the New Deal admittedly has placed on business are serving as the springboard for a part of the Democratic majority. They can properly fight for these things—and easily be too busy to push the President's program through.

So the President's plans have gone astray. They may remain that way, or they may go even further, depending upon how long the backward slide of business continues. Of one thing, you may be sure. Partly through his own fault and partly through the fault of the type of advisors with which he has surrounded himself, Mr. Roosevelt does not have the confidence of as many members of the legislative branch as he formerly held.

It is a little early to attempt a report on prospects for the regular session of congress that convenes in January. Yet, since it is quite evident there will be nothing in the current extra session beyond crop control legislation—if even that—I believe we might look forward a bit. One of the things now evident is the position congress will take on relief for destitute and unemployed. I believe I see a battle coming in that direction.

It has been apparent during the last two years that congress was dissatisfied with the relief system built up by Secretary Ickes and the professional reliever, Harry Hopkins, works progress administrator. The requirements, especially for the Hopkins machine, have been met with what has come to be called "blank check" appropriations. That is, congress has passed a bill appropriating two billions or three billions or whatever was thought necessary by Mr. Hopkins. It was just as simple as that. Congress had no strings on the money, seldom was told a great deal of the details. It was money to feed and clothe the destitute.

Now, however, some observers think they detect a change. They believe they see signs that congress will put an end to the "blank check" method of handling relief. As far as anyone knows now, the President again will ask for a huge sum to be distributed for relief through Mr. Hopkins—and that is when the battle lines will form.

Congress, therefore, will be faced again with appropriation demands to provide food and clothing and likely the request for the funds will come from Mr. Roosevelt as heretofore—for a lump sum. If the number favoring the dole grows to any considerable extent, there may be a reversal of policy whether the President wants it that way or not. You see, in an election year (and all house members and 30-odd senators face election canvasses again next year) it is nice to be able to say to the voters that they are receiving something at the hands of their representative or their senator.

The candidates can justify a break with the President easily, and with business sliding backward as is the case now, there will be plenty of relief needed for unemployed again. The voters can be told that they are being given charge of these relief expenditures and that they no longer will have to watch Washington bureaucrats waste the taxpayers' money. On the horizon, therefore, it is possible to see the line of cleavage between the New Deal and the old line Democrats leading to elimination of the dangerous lump-sum appropriation and a restoration of relief ministrations into the hands of local authorities.

There is one further consideration in the general relief situation that attracts attention. I think it is reasonable to assume that the far-flung relief machine which Mr. Hopkins has built up is permeated to the core with political appointments. It is only the usual political procedure and is not confined to the present national administration. Assuming, therefore, that there is such a political machine, it is hardly open to question that it is a Roosevelt machine. The picture then becomes clear: since numerous members of the house and senate want to control their own political destinies, they want control of the organizations for relief in their own jurisdictions. Further, if Mr. Roosevelt should want to seek a third term nomination, those Democrats who want to oppose him would be quite powerless if they had to sit idly by and witness Roosevelt delegates picked from their own stronghold.

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"One Brand New Suit"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY: Take it from me, boys and girls, you can't take it from Bob Kaiser. That is, you may take it from him, but you won't keep it. It's been tried before and it just didn't work.

It all sounds mysterious but it's as simple as A B C. As a matter of fact, it's the subject of today's adventure story—the stirring tale of how Bob Kaiser of New York city got mad about having a brand new suit ruined and fixed the guy that ruined it with both hands tied behind his back.

Today Bob works for the New York Steam company, but on June 7, 1925, he was a sales manager for the United Cigar Stores, running a shop located at Broadway and Thirty-first street, New York. It was on a Sunday, and things were quiet along that section of Broadway. There weren't half a dozen people in sight on the street, and there hadn't been a customer in the store for half an hour.

These Customers Were Bandits.

Then, about noon, a customer came in. He asked for a package of cigarettes and Bob turned to get them from the rack. And as he turned he heard a low, grating voice say: "Don't move—or I'll blow your brains out!"

Bob didn't move, but out of the corner of his eye he could see the man—holding a thirty-eight caliber revolver on him. "It was a hot day," says Bob, "but the sweat that broke out on my forehead just then was cold—ice cold."

The man came behind the counter and ordered Bob to sit down on the floor. That's where Bob began to get mad. He had on a nice, new suit that day and the floor had been freshly oiled. The porter had oiled it the day before, and he had given it an extra heavy dose. If Bob sat



Gagged and Tied, Bob Chased the Bandits.

down on that greasy floor—well—his suit wasn't going to look so new any more.

Bob got mad about it, but he didn't lose his head. He took another look at that thirty-eight and decided that maybe the gangster was right. He sat down on the floor. And about that time, a second gangster, who had been watching outside, came in to help the first.

Ruined Suit Made Bob Angry.

They told Bob to open the safe, and he opened it. The company's instructions, in case of a hold-up, were to give the bandits the money without any argument. The gangsters took four hundred dollars of the company's money and it made Bob mad to see them get it that easily. Likewise, he was still mad about his ruined suit.

When the bandits had the money they tied Bob's hands behind his back, put a gag in his mouth and pushed him down to the floor. A friend of Bob's came into the store and bought some tobacco. The bandits waited on him. When he asked where Bob was they told him he was out to lunch. After Bob's friend had gone the bandits told Bob not to move for five minutes, and left, themselves.

But Bob didn't wait even five seconds after those thugs went out the door. With his hands tied behind his back and a gag in his mouth, he leaped up and ran in pursuit of the bandits.

When he got to the street he saw the thugs walking toward Sixth avenue. He tried to yell, but the gag in his mouth was so tight that he couldn't utter a sound. So he started across Thirty-first street after those crooks.

He followed those birds to Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street and there the two bandits split up and went in different directions. Bob lost sight of one man but he continued to follow the other. He trailed him to Thirty-second street and Seventh avenue, and there the fellow turned around and caught sight of Bob, gag still in his mouth, hands tied behind him, trailing along in his wake. At that the thug turned and bolted.

He Literally Fell on the Thug.

The thug ran across the street toward Pennsylvania station, dashed into the Thirty-second street entrance and bolted down the stairs toward the concourse. Bob lit out after him.

Running as fast as he could with his hands tied, Bob dashed down through the main corridor and down the slippery marble stairs. At the bottom of the stairs, right in front of the ticket windows, he caught up with the thug and there a strange battle took place—probably the strangest scrap in all history. Bob fell on the crook, and when I say "fell," I mean that literally. With his hands tied behind his back, there just wasn't anything else Bob could do.

He gave a leap and landed on the crook. And the crook went down. Bob, gagged as he was, couldn't yell to attract attention but the spectacle of a bound and gagged man, legs flailing in the air, rolling on the floor and all over the top of another man attracted plenty of attention as it was. People began to yell and run to the spot. Tom Eagan of the station police came running up with the crowd and grabbed the bandit. That bandit was out of breath and pretty badly frightened by his strange experience. He was still wondering what landed on him as they led him away to the calaboose.

Bob got his hands untied then, took the gag out of his mouth, and went back to his store. He had left the door open and a big crowd had gathered about the place. He did a record business that day, selling stuff to people who wanted to hear his story of the hold-up.

The bird Bob caught squealed on his partner, and both of them got seven-year sentences. And the company gave Bob a \$550 bonus, a raise and a vacation.

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Bobcat and Lynx

Closely related to the Canadian lynx, which it has largely supplanted in northern United States, the bobcat has the lynx's short temper, exceptional sight, fatal claws. It lacks the lynx's distinguishing tufts of hair on the ears, is slightly smaller and is spotted. It roams eastern America from Maine to Florida, is an excellent swimmer, takes to water when hotly pursued. It preys on all small game, yet has been known to tackle an alligator when cornered.

Nicot of Nicotine Fame

Jean Nicot, Sieur de Villemain, was a French diplomat born at Nimes, in 1530. He studied in Paris, was a courtier of Henry II and acted as envoy of Francis II to Lisbon in 1560, whence, having procured seeds from a Dutchman, who brought them from Florida, he introduced tobacco into France.

Killer Whale a Mammal

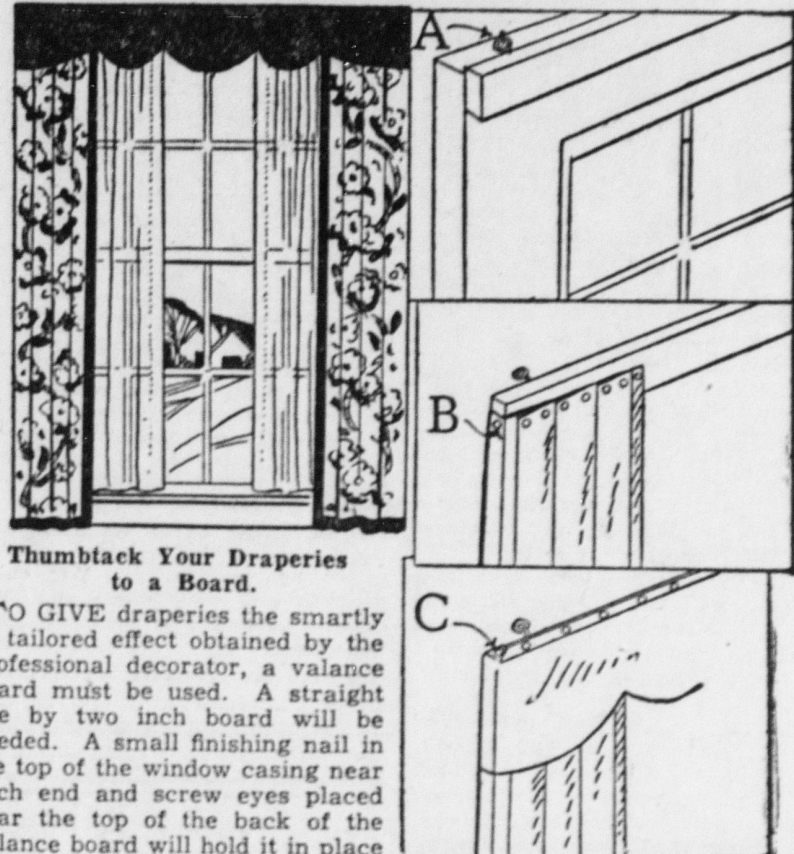
A true whale, the killer whale, is a mammal. Twenty to thirty feet long, streamlined to perfection, his black back surmounted by a slender, sickle-shaped dorsal fin that causes him to be confused with sharks, the orca roves the oceans in absolute outlawry. His slender flukes propel him at unbelievable speed, and his cavernous sharp-toothed mouth enables him to rend and tear his prey.

English Spoken by Millions

English, spoken by 200 million people, takes second place to Chinese—spoken by 400 million Celestials. Russian, German, Hindu, French and Spanish come next in that order. Apart from these mother tongues there are countless dialects and patois. Guarani, the Indian language generally used throughout Paraguay, has a vocabulary of well under 1,000 words.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Thumbtack Your Draperies to a Board.

TO GIVE draperies the smartly tailored effect obtained by the professional decorator, a valance board must be used. A straight one by two inch board will be needed. A small finishing nail in the top of the window casing near each end and screw eyes placed near the top of the back of the valance board will hold it in place as shown at A. Both side drapes and valance may be thumbtacked to the board and then be quickly hung all at once by hooking the screw eyes over the finishing nails. Think of the advantage on cleaning day! Just lift board and all off the nails and take outside for dusting.

Tack the side drapes to the board first as at B, arranging fullness in flat pleats. In making the valance, allow enough material to fold around the ends of the board as at C; then tack it along the top, stretching it just enough so that it is perfectly smooth.

The valance shown here is made of glazed chintz and matches the edges of the side drapes. The glass curtains may be hung just inside the window frame or to the bottom of the valance board.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables;

Uncle Phil Says:

Good Deed Is Never Lost

He who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness, gathers love.

The man whose faults are the kind everyone can talk openly about—and does—is generally beloved.

Nothing much comes of a man preserving his old love letters, but when a woman does, look out.

Everybody deserves some compliments. See that he gets them.

An absorbing "survey" should be a survey of one's own faults. Make a list.

Despise Better Judgment

There is nothing in knowing what not to do, if you bullheadedly go ahead and do it, anyway.

If one hasn't much to lose, one can contemplate his misfortune with quite complacent philosophy.

The kind of charity that appeals to your heart is the kind that can be bestowed without hurting the feelings of the recipient.

Rockefeller had the genius for making money, but he could not impart the secret to anyone else, though he tried to in maxim and precept.

restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy, should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Illinois.

Smiles

In Reverse
Office Boy—Sorry, madam, but Mr. Snifkins has gone to lunch with his wife.
The Wife—O! Well . . . tell Mr. Snifkins his typist called.

"If the barometer falls suddenly, isn't that a sign it's stormy?" asks a reader. Either that or the nail's come out.

Next Best Thing
Farmer (to new hand)—Did you hang that gate?
New Man (coming back)—Sir, I couldn't find any rope, so I threw it in the river.

Rastus was bemoaning his wife's laziness to his friend. "She's so lazy," he said, "dat she done put popcorn in de pancakes so they'll flop over by demselves."

New Excuse
Policeman—How did the accident happen?
Motorist—My wife fell asleep in the back seat.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

LADIES

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CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"Let go, dear . . . he saw the peanut first!"