

"Sit Down," said Frank Hague . . .

AND ROOSEVELT SAT DOWN!

By JOSEPH W. LABINE

New Yorkers are casting worried glances across the Hudson these days. Those who will brave the "outer world" that lies over the river may some day visit Jersey City and see for themselves.

Jersey City, they allege, is in the grips of a tyrant, a dictator, a reborn Huey P. Long. His name is Frank Hague.

Mayor Hague has undoubtedly ruled all New Jersey at least 10 years, probably more. He made A. Harry Moore a United States senator, later a governor. More recently he sent his personal attorney, John Milton, to the upper house in Washington. Since 1913 he has been in absolute control of Jersey City, an overgrown community of 315,000 souls lying within eyeshot of Manhattan's towers.

Frank Hague is a smart politician. Behind his multi-colored exploits lies a genius for grasping votes and power by methods that are exasperating but legal. When a legislative committee recently tried to seize Hudson county vote records (on a charge of election fraud), Hague packed off on a Florida vacation and his assistant in charge of the books was reported ill. This prompted a New York newspaper reporter to comment that the official "has been indisposed on other occasions when investigations involving his office were in progress."

At another time, in 1928, Hague "testified" before a legislative committee investigating Jersey City by replying, "I decline to answer" to practically every question fired at him.

And He Sat Down!

The height of Hague's impudence arrived one night in 1932 when Franklin D. Roosevelt, campaigning for the presidency, was being escorted by the mayor from gathering to gathering. Mr. Roosevelt was just warming up to a large outdoor crowd when Hague, pulling at his coat, snapped:

"That's enough. Sit down."

The future President of the United States sat down.

Currently Frank Hague is in the headlines as a C. I. O. baiter. He has refused to open the civic doors to John Lewis' organizers. They cannot hire a hall; Hague's efficient police simply run them out of town. The mayor, who once thoughtlessly boasted that "I am the law," has arranged convenient legal weapons to best the C. I. O. One law prohibits distribution of non-commercial literature, like C. I. O. pamphlets. Another enables police to arrest anyone who can't give sat-



HIS HONOR THE MAYOR . . . Frank Hague, the C. I. O. baiting chief executive of Jersey City, N. J., virtual dictator over a city in the shadows of Manhattan. "I am the law," he once said.

penn by throwing tremendous and unexpected support to the league and being elected to the first Jersey City commission.

He was named commissioner of public safety, a tailor-made situation for the smart politician. Hague, as head of the police and fire departments, acquired a foundation on which to build his personal political organization. To his credit, he transformed Jersey City's police from a corrupt lot of deadwood into an organization of clear-headed, purposeful young men. Whether his aim was sincere is beside the point; the new police and fire departments awakened civic pride, and all hands pointed at Frank Hague as the man who had accomplished it.

Eventually he was elected mayor and the Hague star ascended rapidly. Next step in cementing his political foundation was the Jersey City medical center. Behind this splendid nine-building institution is a story of the mayor's babyhood, of the days when he was so weak and delicate that his mother took him each day to St. Francis' hospital. There she received sympathy—the future politician's life was saved. Hague never forgot the stories his mother told him of those daily trips. Today's medical center has been a life-long ambition, a humanitarian



BRAINS OR PUPPETS? . . . John Milton, new United States senator from New Jersey appointed to replace the new governor, A. Harry Moore (right), is a ringleader in the Hague machine and personal banker to the mayor. Moore also owes all his political success to Frank Hague.

isfactory reason for his presence on Jersey City streets, thereby landing C. I. O. organizers in the city cooler.

Today Frank Hague's well-oiled political machine depends on such unique implements as the \$25,000,000 medical center (third largest in the United States and far too imposing for such a small city) and a government that is really efficient, albeit expensive. To understand this amazing situation one must examine the background, from the time young Frank Hague was an aspiring Democratic boss in Jersey City's second ward. That was in 1908.

Started as Custodian.

Unimportant, but ascending, Hague's first job was custodian of the city hall at \$2,000 a year under Mayor Otto H. Wittmann. Later, as commissioner of the street and water board, he made friends both with administration forces and the lusty Commission Government league. In 1913 Hague admittedly played a "double-cross" on Witt-

institution which nevertheless reeks of politics.

Let the Mayor Pay!

Any resident of Jersey City may enter this 2,000-bed hospital and receive the benefit of every medical treatment known to modern science. Providing, of course, that the patient says he is poor. But rich and poor take advantage of this unique enterprise which costs taxpayers about \$900,000 a year. Of 108 discharged patients investigated recently, 30 were said to have been treated at public expense when they were able to pay for hospitalization.

"Have your baby on the mayor," is popular advice to expectant mothers since the Margaret Hague maternity hospital was opened. Yes, and have your tonsils out, or take a rest cure. But don't forget how to vote next time an election rolls around!

Elections are an important event, too. Every hour all the votes cast in each district are telephoned to Hague, who compares returns with a table showing hourly votes in the

last election. He pounces on weak spots with ferocity, calling responsible leaders to task.

Last November, when Senator Moore (a Hague puppet) was elected governor, it is alleged that votes were cast for babies and dead people, illegally listed in the registration books. Such allegations have been made after previous elections, too, but legislative investigations come to naught.

Small Salary, Big Fortune.

Not the least puzzling feature of Hague's success is his ability to get rich on \$6,200 yearly salary. He refuses to answer questions on this subject on the ground his privacy would be invaded. One investigator claimed Hague made \$600,000 on certain real estate transactions at the expense of taxpayers. The mayor lives in a fine apartment suite in Jersey City, keeps an elaborate summer estate at Deal and (it is claimed) maintains elaborate quarters in Manhattan.

Personal banker and attorney for the mayor is John Milton, the new United States senator who succeeded Harry Moore. Himself a subject of considerable investigation, Milton admits having paid for Hague's \$125,000 Deal estate. Hague, in turn, reimbursed him in cash. This trick has popped up several times but the mayor, bland as usual, refuses to have his privacy invaded.

Milton is equally suave. When investigators began nosing in his direction, he calmly announced that a few days ago he'd decided to retire and—so sorry—but all his records had unfortunately been destroyed.

What will eventually happen to this dictatorship? Undeniably, the Hague machine has a hold on its constituents that can be compared only to Huey Long's Louisiana regime a few years back. Recently, when 26 congressmen wrote Hague in protest over "wholesale arrest and deportation" of labor organizers, they received a reply that "everything is under control . . . and don't worry."

"I Am the Law!"

A few days later, irked, Mayor Hague sponsored a mass meeting attended by thousands of the faithful, one of the largest gatherings Jersey City has ever seen. There a select roster of speakers re-affirmed the community's faith in the man who says, "I am the law."

No moral can be drawn from the career of Frank Hague, because it is not yet ended. The strange feature is that boss control over Jersey City and New Jersey in general has been the vogue many years, yet it took a handful of C. I. O. organizers to bring it into the public eye.

Equally strange is the seeming efficiency with which Jersey City is governed. High taxes seem to be the only objection, and even that—all-important item is sometimes forgotten by zealous Hague henchmen. The mayor himself sums up the conditions prevailing in his unusual city with the following typical speech:

"Taxes are higher here because we had to pay for progress. We were just about bankrupt 20 years ago. The city is a city now and business is beginning to pick up. But let me point out one thing about the town. The burden of taxation is being borne not by the householder and the small business man as in other cities, but by corporations whose shoulders are broad!"

That makes 'em smile. Next time there's an election, they'll vote for Hague!

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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.

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 Liveright, 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 searchingly 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.

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Where Yale Is Buried

All round the Welsh village of Bryn-Eglwys, writes H. V. Morton in "In Search of Wales," lies property which once belonged to the Yale family, one of whom, Elihu, did so much toward founding Yale university. Elihu lies buried, however, not in the Yale chapel attached to the church of Bryn-Eglwys, but at Wrexham, 10 miles away.

Afghan That's Smart

You will love to have this choice afghan, made of just a simple square. Joined, it forms an effective design. There are a variety of other ways of joining it, all given in the pattern. Use three colors of Germantown or make half the squares in one set of col-



Pattern 5941.

ors, the other in another with background always the same. In pattern 5941 you will find directions for making the afghan and a pillow; an illustration of it and of the stitches used; material requirements, and color suggestions.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

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An Honest Man

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "honest man."—George Washington.

MEN LOVE GIRLS WITH PEP

If you are peppy and full of fun, men will follow you to distant and parties. BUT, if you are cross, listless and tired, men won't be interested. Men don't like "quiet" girls. 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. WITTI-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?

Hold a Bit

Delay is the greatest remedy for anger.—Seneca.

Calotabs Help Nature To Throw Off a Cold

Millions have found in Calotabs a most valuable aid in the treatment of colds. They take one or two tablets the first night and repeat the third or fourth night if needed.

How do Calotabs help nature throw off a cold? First, Calotabs are one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminators, thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the virus-laden mucus and

toxins. Second, Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, promoting the elimination of cold poisons from the blood. Thus Calotabs serve the double purpose of a purgative and diuretic, both of which are needed in the treatment of colds.

Calotabs are quite economical; only twenty-five cents for the family package, ten cents for the trial package.—(adv.)

In the Great

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.—Confucius.

A Panacea

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

STOP

Stop fooling around with coughs due to colds... Get pleasant relief with Smith Brothers Cough Drops, Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

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