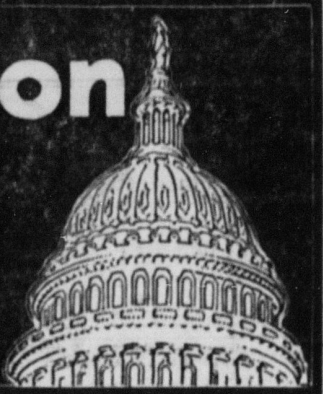


Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART
NATIONAL PRESS BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.



Washington.—By now, the smoke of battle has cleared away and a proper appraisal can be made of the greatest political defeat President Roosevelt has had since he entered the White House. Perhaps, indeed, by killing the government reorganization bill, the house of representatives administered to Mr. Roosevelt the most stern rebuke he ever has had since he entered politics. That licking has been given now and we are, or ought to be, concerned with its meaning because the story contains valuable information.

First, I think it ought to be said that Mr. Roosevelt was made a victim of his own brand of politics. It is quite absurd to say that the bill to reorganize the federal government would have given him dictatorial powers. It did add to his powers, but he has powers now which would let him be a dictator if he felt that he dared to use them. So we can dismiss that dictatorship phase of the controversy insofar as its merit is concerned. We can not dismiss it, however, as a factor, indeed, the factor, that brought about the President's crushing defeat.

There is no use in hemming and hawing about the real issue that was decided in the house vote, which was by the narrow margin of 204 to 196. That issue was the combined fear and dislike of Mr. Roosevelt against confidence in and blind following of Mr. Roosevelt. In other words, it was the climax of a fight that has been going on since Mr. Roosevelt attempted to force legislation granting him six additional appointments to the Supreme Court of the United States, an accumulation of undercurrent bitterness.

The real importance of the reorganization bill, therefore, lay in the fact that it was a political football, a vehicle. It was being carried by Mr. Roosevelt's faction in congress—and eventually was booted off of the field by those who dislike or distrust him.

The reason I feel so certain about the real issue in the case is that a Democratic congress only a few short years ago almost gave the then President, Herbert Hoover, the same powers sought by Mr. Roosevelt now. Further, an overwhelmingly Democratic New Deal congress did give Mr. Roosevelt virtually the same powers in 1933, and he neglected to use them. The question, therefore, strikes me as being clear cut. In fact, it is made to appear that there is no question. A majority of congress—representatives and senators—were looking for a chance to show the President they again want to be congress and not a rubber stamp.

The strangest thing about this battle was that a mistake by the President provided the basis for a new courage on the part of congress. I said above that it was absurd for anyone to believe the reorganization bill would make Mr. Roosevelt dictator. It would have done some dangerous things which I shall discuss later in this article, but the dictator phase was rather silly. Yet, it was the conviction of hundreds of thousands of persons that the legislation would make Mr. Roosevelt dictator that licked the bill. And paradoxically, Mr. Roosevelt caused them to believe that. His own act was responsible for that conviction.

It will be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt was in Warm Springs, Ga., on vacation when the bill was passed by the senate. It was obvious from the close call it had in the senate, even after certain concessions had been made, that it was confronted with trouble in the house. Mr. Roosevelt told newspaper correspondents at Warm Springs of his gratification that the "senate could not be purchased by misrepresentation." That provoked a row in the senate. Sen. Hiram Johnson of California told the senate he would be "wanting in courage if he did not resent" such statements. Others spoke as frankly.

The congressional record for that day contains several emphatic observations to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt was a trespassing close to the edge of constitutional rights. The Constitution, it will be recalled, assures the right of petition. It says that congress must make no law that will interfere with the right of petitioning the government.

That was just a flurry, however, when compared with that storm which was to break next day. According to authenticated reports, Mr. Roosevelt informed the correspondents in his party at Warm Springs that he would have an important announcement to make very late that night. They were enjoined to say nothing; they were not to let their home offices know that an important announcement was coming. In the middle of the night—between midnight and one o'clock—the correspondents were given the impor-

tant announcement of which they had been advised. It was a letter, or a copy of a letter to "a friend," who was not identified in the press release. It praised the purposes and plans of the reorganization bill and then said in these words:

"I do not want to be a dictator; I have none of the qualifications to be a successful dictator, and I have too much historical background and too much knowledge of existing dictatorships to make me desire any form of dictatorship for America."

Publication of that statement convinced hundreds of thousands of persons that Mr. Roosevelt could be a dictator under it. They deluged house members with telegrams, letters, telephone calls, personal calls. The pressure was terrific, although in the morning of the day the bill was killed, I doubt there were twenty men in the house who believed the measure would be sent back to committee for burial. They hoped to emasculate it, but they did not believe they could destroy it completely.

Now, as to a further reason why I believe the President's denial of a dictatorship desire proved his own undoing, I quote here a paragraph of a statement made on the floor of the house by Representative Barton of New York (an advertising executive in private life):

"Mr. Speaker, one of the first lessons I learned in advertising was taught me by the head of a great concern manufacturing radiators. He said to me: 'Never advertise that our radiators do not leak. I do not want the word, leak, or the idea of leaking associated in the public mind with our product in any way.' Mr. Speaker, night before last a certain gentleman got up in the middle of the night to associate the words, dictator and dictatorship, with his name, thereby putting those words into the minds of 130,000,000 people, many of whom may never have thought of them before. I do not know much about political strategy, but I do know that this national advertisement of an idea of dictatorship, like his use of the word, purchase, and his use of the word, feudalism, was bad advertising practice."

And there you have the complete answer. It was the greatest political mistake Mr. Roosevelt has made, greater even than submission of the bill to appoint six new members of the Supreme court. When he mentioned dictatorship, millions of Americans, proud of America, its traditions and its heritages, suddenly understood and said "No, Mr. President!"

Earlier, I mentioned some dangerous phases of the bill. Those phases concern federal money and federal patronage. Patronage, paper and projects, as the thing is now broadcast.

At the outset, the bill contained provisions for placing the interstate commerce commission under political control. That would provide political control of the railroads—and railroad rates. Politicians have wanted to get fingers in that pie for half a century. Outbursts against that were terrific and it was eliminated. Provisions which would have permitted political control of the securities and exchange commission also were sidetracked. But there remained provisions which would have destroyed the general accounting office and the civil service commission. The first named agency decides whether congressional appropriations have been spent or are being spent according to law. The second has been the defender of the merit system in government. It has fought off political spoilsmen successfully until recent years.

Had these two provisions remained in the bill and if it had passed congress, Mr. Roosevelt, or any succeeding President, would have had direct control of spending billions of dollars, ordinary government expenses, relief, public works, grants to cities and states—all of the money. And reference must be made to political appointments for the spending of this money because they go hand in hand. There you have executive control that could perpetuate any kind of a political machine; Pendergast, in Kansas City, or the Kelly-Nash machine in Chicago, or Guffey in Pennsylvania, had to be in league with the White House in Washington or sink, if the President had the control that was proposed.

In summation, then, it seems proper to say that Democrats are breaking away from the New Deal faction in a more definite manner than ever before. I firmly believe we shall see reprisals against many of them; I believe, too, we will see some who voted against the reorganization bill come crawling back for presidential favors in order to gain re-election, and I think we saw in the reorganization bill defeat, the beginning of the end of the New Deal in control of American national policies.

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Death in the Grandstand"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Here's Harold T. Leach of Newark, N. J., with a story for us—the story of how he went out looking for thrills, and got one he never expected. The sort of thrill Hal was looking for was the kind you watch from the grandstand. He didn't expect to participate in any of the doggone things himself. But—well—before he knew it, Old Lady Adventure was climbing right up into that grandstand after him.

A dirty trick on the part of Old Lady Adventure, sez you? Well, let's not be too hasty in judging the old dame that packs the thrill bag.

As a matter of fact, she played not one trick, but two, on Hal Leach on that bright Sunday morning in 1912 and Hal swears that one of those tricks saved his life.

Now let's look over the first trick the old girl played on Hal. Hal set out that Sunday morning to go to the motorcycle races which were being run on a wooden track on South Orange avenue. And right from the beginning it looked to Hal as if the whole trip were hoodooed. He wanted to get to the track early and get a certain seat that was a favorite of his, right down in the front row and just above the tent where the riders rested, but one thing and another turned up to delay him.

Couldn't Get His Favorite Seat.

He started from home late, and just missed a trolley. He had to wait ten minutes for another one, and then, at the point where he had to transfer to the old South Orange avenue line, doggoned if he didn't just miss another car. He got to the track before the races started, but too late to get his favorite seat in the front row. He had to be content with one right back of it in the second row.

And maybe he didn't cuss his luck over that. He didn't know then that it was Old Gal Adventure that was putting the jinx on him.

There was a great crowd at the track that day. Every seat in the stands was filled before the races started, and the overflow of the mob was jamming the bull pen. Excitement was running high, for there were some doggone good races being run, and there was one particular event that everybody was interested in.

Hasha's Motorcycle Plunged Into the Grandstand.

That was a race between Eddie Hasha and Johnnie Albright. A great rivalry had sprung up between these two. They were the fastest riders on the track, and this race was to decide which of them was the champ. There were three other riders in the race—just to make it more spectacular. But nobody was paying much attention to those other three guys. Every pair of eyes in the place were focused on Hasha and Albright.

Last Ride for These Racers.

It was a big day for Eddie Hasha and Johnnie Albright—and well it might be. For those two fellows were setting out on their last ride.

The race was a corker, right from the start. Hasha took the lead and held it. Johnnie Albright was right behind him. The other three riders trailed along in the rear. Eddie had run up a lead of a hundred yards or so on Albright, when suddenly things began to happen.

There was a four-inch black line circling the track, above which the racers were not allowed to go. Beyond that line the track banked up to a perpendicular wall four feet high. Above that was a fence of heavy wire behind which the spectators sat. That was for their protection in case of accident. But there are times when even the best of protections fail to protect.

Hasha, still in the lead, was clipping it off at eight-five miles an hour, when suddenly he hit the deadline—that four-inch black line that went around the entire track. Immediately, the referee fired a gun, signalling a foul and ordering Eddie Hasha out of the race.

Hal Was in the Midst of Death.

But Eddie didn't stop. To the consternation of the crowd he kept right on going. His motorcycle whizzed right up that four feet of straight wall—right up the heavy mesh wire in front of the spectators—shot over the top of the fence and toppled into the grandstand, RIGHT WHERE HAL LEACH HAD WANTED TO SIT.

There followed the wildest ten seconds that Hal ever saw in his life. Hasha dived headlong into a timber upright that supported the grandstand roof, and was killed. His machine landed in the midst of a shrieking mob of race fans in the front row, and right in front of Hal. Its motor still going at top speed, it hopped crazily along that front row, killing and maiming as it went. Then it leaped high in the air, hurdled the wire fence again, and fell on top of Johnnie Albright as he sped on down the track in the lead of the other three riders.

Johnnie Albright was thrown from his motorcycle, and he was dead when they picked him up. Seven other men died in the grandstand from injuries they sustained when the motorcycle landed among them.

Says Hal Leach: "I helped lower the bodies down to the track, and then passed out of the picture—just from the shock—and was lowered down in my turn. Do you wonder why I get the shivers, even now, whenever a motorcycle dashes past me?"

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Brides Sold by Weight

In some gypsy villages in Yugoslavia girl brides are sold by weight, the sale being held when the girls reach a marriageable age, says Pearson's London Weekly. The average price is between 2 pence and 3 pence a pound, the higher price being paid for girls who can dance and sing as well as cook. To prevent cheating, the gypsy chief keeps the weighing scales under lock and key. The sale of girl brides is a recognized practice in Yugoslavia, but only in gypsy villages are their values assessed by weight.

Source of the Waltz

Three countries, France, Italy and Bavaria, want credit for the waltz. But it is from Germany the modern form comes. "Ach! du lieber Augustine" was the first German waltz tune.

Indian Pudding Ingredients

The ingredients in Indian pudding are corn meal, milk, eggs, spice, and usually molasses. This pudding can be boiled or baked. American pioneers used it, and it is a popular dessert.

First Act of Congress

Owing to the lack of a quorum and the delay in organizing the new federal government, no bills were passed by the house and senate for nearly three months. The first law enacted was "an act to regulate the time and manner of administering certain oaths," and it was approved by President Washington on June 1, 1789. The second bill passed by both houses was "an act for laying a duty on goods, ware, and merchandise imported into the United States." This bill was approved by Washington on July 4 of the same year.

Kept Sacred Fires Burning

Fire was looked upon with awe by the early religious sects. In Rome, for example, there were vestal virgins charged with the duty of keeping the sacred fires burning in the temple of Vesta.

Emperor Is Sacred

Sovereignty, in the Japanese constitution, is the sacred manifestation of the emperor's political rights, as combined in the emperor "himself," who is "sacred" and "inviolable."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

English Lord's Romance Told In 'Patrician'

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

LORD MILTOUN, main character of John Galsworthy's "The Patrician," was born into the titled class of England. His family owned and controlled vast properties and the lives of countless people.

Amid the varied interests of his family, in which three generations lived in close contact, and against a background of town houses and country houses, Lord Miltoun grew to maturity with an ascetic soul and a highly cultivated mind. World travel had added breadth to his university training so that he now felt himself somewhat qualified to take his place in parliament.

It was at this time, just when his parents, Lord and Lady Valleys, were satisfied with the trend of things, he met Mrs. Noel. Mrs. Noel lived alone in a little house not far from Lord Miltoun's country place. Through music and over the tea cups before a warm fire, she grew into the barren heart of the young nobleman, who loved her warm, soft coloring and her artistic insight. As soon as Lord Miltoun's family heard of this situation, they had much to say about it to each other. As usual Lady Casterly was first to do something.

Using her walking cane and holding the arm of Lady Barbara, her beautiful granddaughter, the seventy-eight-year-old grandmother went down to the little house to see this person who dared intrude into the well-arranged life of Lord Miltoun. The conversation was such that Mrs. Noel decided to give up seeing Lord Miltoun.

Family Discovers Marriage.

In the family a sort of crisis arose after Lady Casterly's call. There was much talk and it was discovered that Mrs. Noel was already married. Lord Miltoun was shocked. He had interpreted her situation to mean divorce. Lord Miltoun went to see her. She told him now she had been married very young to a much older person, a clergyman of the Church

THE GREATEST NOVELIST

Into a family of wealth and prestige, John Galsworthy was born in 1867. His education included the best preparatory schools and then Oxford, where he studied to be a lawyer.

The practice of law, wide travel, and a well-balanced life passed the years until Galsworthy was forty. In that year he published his first novel, and from then until his death in 1933, his fame continued to grow. In 1932 he was awarded the Nobel prize for his novel, "The Forsyte Saga."

of England. How life had grown intolerable and how she had lived alone for this long time. He told her good-by and left at once for London and his affairs in parliament.

His first speech brought acclaim to the name of Lord Miltoun and honor to the family. Lady Barbara went into London to congratulate her brother. Going to his suite of rooms, she found him raving with a brain fever. His ravings were to Audrey Noel and he spoke beautifully of his love for her.

Immediately Lady Barbara went to a telephone and made communication with Mrs. Noel, asking her to come at once to take care of Lord Miltoun. Of all this, Lady Barbara said nothing to her family. Mrs. Noel came at once and remained for days with Lord Miltoun, bringing him out of his delirium and giving him peace of mind.

Confronts Indecision.

Convalescence brought no peace of mind to Lord Miltoun. He had not the strength to fight the solid wall of his family, yet his mind and body were ill with longing for his loved one. As soon as he was strong enough, he went to London to see her.

Wishing to settle the dangling ends of the affair as quickly as possible, Lord Miltoun sought out his mother and father at their country place. The son stated that he would resign from parliament because his life was already joined with that of Mrs. Noel.

Sought Advice of Others.

But Lord Miltoun did not have what it takes to face a strongly united family. He did not rely upon himself, but instead he turned to others whose opinions he had been taught to follow instead of his own.

When Lord Miltoun went again to see Mrs. Noel, he found only a letter that said little. She was gone. Rushing into the home of Lady Casterly, he spoke with fury to her, rushing out into the night again like a madman. Lady Barbara followed him into the automobile and drove all night with him.

Again Lord Miltoun entered the affairs of parliament, intent on becoming a successful statesman.

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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Washing Fine Fabrics.—Wash with careful gentleness and squeeze in a thick towel instead of wringing them in the hands.

Cleaning Nickel.—Nickel trimmings on gas stoves will look much brighter if washed with warm water in which two tablespoons of kerosene have been stirred.

In a Pinch.—If the fountain pen runs dry and there is no ink on hand to fill it, fill the pen halfway with water. There is usually enough dry ink crystallized in the barrel to make a writing fluid sufficient for your purpose.

For Stained Hands.—Most vegetable stains can be removed from the hands by rubbing the stains with a slice of raw potato.

Two Big Bridges

The Golden Gate bridge and the San Francisco-Oakland bridge are two different bridges. The Golden Gate bridge spans San Francisco bay and connects San Francisco with Marin peninsula. The total length of the bridge is 8,940 feet; width, 90 feet; single arch suspension, 4,200 feet. It was constructed at a cost of \$32,000,000. The San Francisco-Oakland bridge is a suspension type of bridge stretching across the bay and connecting San Francisco with Oakland. The length of that bridge is 22,720 feet and the cost was about \$75,000,000.

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