

## SEEN-HEARD

around the  
National Capital

By CARTER FINE

Washington.—Whether President Roosevelt's new tax program for big inheritance taxes is put through at this session, or goes over until next year, there is little doubt of its eventual enactment.

The answer to that is simple. It is just that there are, and probably will be in almost any year, enough votes in both houses of congress to impose high taxes on big fortunes.

This fact is realized now pretty well by holders of these same big fortunes, so the most important thing at the moment is what they will do to circumvent the effects, or soften the blows, that are certain to come.

One of the most serious aspects affects such institutions as the Ford Motor company. There are many others, though all of them are smaller, but the idea is the same. In every case where a big business is owned almost exclusively by one small family.

No one is authorized to say, of course, what Henry Ford will do, as he sees this thing coming. But the opinion of shrewd business men as to what he will be forced to do is interesting.

The problem would be what Edsel Ford could do if his father died suddenly and the government demanded, for example, in both estate and inheritance taxes, say 80 per cent.

How could the cash be provided with which to pay this tax? Obviously by doing what Henry Ford has fought against all his life, and fought against successfully, by refusing to have securities of his company sold through Wall Street.

If, for instance, in view of the certainty of heavy inheritance taxes, Ford should decide not to have such a terrific problem put up to Edsel, some day, for immediate decision—perhaps at a most inopportune time—the thing to do would be to sell to the public shares of his stock, or bonds in his company.

### Simple Solution

If the stock and bonds were on the market, had a recognized value, and were being constantly traded in, the problem would be comparatively simple. Enough securities could be sold to pay the taxes. This would not entirely eliminate the possibility that there would have to be a great sacrifice of values. The public would know that these stocks and bonds must be sold in a very short time, and the probability is that the price would decline to far below normal. It would be strictly a buyers' market.

This sort of thing has been illustrated time and again in smaller enterprises. In fair-sized cities, say of around half a million people, it often develops that everybody "in the know" realizes a large block of some local stock must be sold. Always the price declines in advance, and the person who must do the selling for one reason or another nets far less than the actual value of his securities.

In fact, one of the reasons many investment bankers have always advised clients to deal only in securities listed on the New York Stock exchange has been that—merely because of its bigness—there was less of that sort of thing possible than in the case of securities in smaller enterprises, where the interest in buying was confined to a small territory.

But in the real big cases, such as Ford would be, New York would become just as bad as many of the smaller communities are now for small enterprises.

### Wall Street Knew

President Roosevelt's recommendation of high inheritance taxes was made directly against the advice of nearly all his congressional advisers.

Within two hours after he had told newspaper correspondents that there just might be a message to congress during the day, though he declined to say what it would be about, Senator Pat Harrison, chairman of the senate finance committee, and Chairman Doughton of the house ways and means committee, denied to reporters any knowledge of a move by the White House to obtain higher income taxes and inheritance taxes.

Which would seem to prove that the two chairmen mentioned, heads respectively of the committees in house and senate which would handle the legislation desired by the President, still hoped until the message actually arrived that they had dissuaded the President.

But, what is really of great interest to newspaper men in particular and the public in general, the tip on which these two chairmen were questioned came directly from Wall Street.

In fact, smart brokers operating on the New York Stock exchange knew almost the precise pattern of the President's tax plan at the very moment the President was declining to take newspaper men into his confidence as to what his message would be about.

There have been many leaks of information in Washington. There have been evidences again and again that speculators on Wall Street had advance information as to what the administration would

do. There is nothing new about this. There have been many investigations of which, incidentally one of the most typical, being the famous "bank investigation" by the house crime committee back in Woodrow Wilson's administration.

On that occasion news that the President would make a move to obtain peace in Europe—this was in the late fall of 1918—before the United States got into the war—was known in Wall Street, and occasioned a terrific crash in the stocks of companies manufacturing munitions for the allies. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, of frenzied finance fame, charged that certain people had made millions on advance information. Bernard M. Baruch was put on the stand, and admitted making half a million the day the news broke, though he convinced the committee that he acted on news from London, not Washington.

### Pinned on Reporters

But the point is that at the end of that investigation some five or six newspaper men were pilloried as the real source of the leak. Some of them lost their jobs. Some were just reprimanded. All were in disgrace. The whole thing was construed as a terrific reflection on newspaper ethics.

Everybody in Washington knew there had been a real leak—that the telegrams sent by the newspaper men thus besmirched were just an alibi—in short that Thomas W. Lawson in essential was right.

But this administration, having watched the Lawson and other leak investigations, is taking no chances. This was evidenced by the fact that at 11:00 a. m., on June 19, the President would not admit what his message that afternoon would be about.

Yet hours before the stock market closed this writer and several others were working desperately to confirm tips from Wall Street reporters in their organizations that the President was about to propose high inheritance taxes and big advances on the higher brackets on income taxes!

### Relief Plan in Peril

The \$100 per man limitation which President Roosevelt has imposed on the work-relief program, as far as the selection of projects is concerned, not only promises to force a general blow-up in the whole scheme, but to make a lot of trouble, politically and otherwise.

For instance, the big water project for central California, for the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. Recently Senators Johnson and McAdoo called on the President. They urged him to lift the \$100 ban on this project. The President insisted that he had only \$4,000,000,000, and that this \$4,000,000,000 must provide work for three and one-half million men. Hence each project must put a man to work for every \$1,100 spent.

The senators urged the President to consider that purchases of materials, machinery, etc., would provide work far in excess of the jobs actually provided on the site of the project. But the President was unmoved.

Later on, however, he had a qualm, and wrote Public Works Administrator Ickes, inquiring whether the \$100 would actually ban the project, and suggesting a restudy of the whole situation to determine this point. Ickes himself would not "fudge" on the figures. But he gave some of his subordinates a chance to juggle them.

At last accounts the assistants declined to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. They made lengthy reports calling attention to the value of the project, and to the tremendous amount of employment it would provide indirectly.

### Curious Paradox

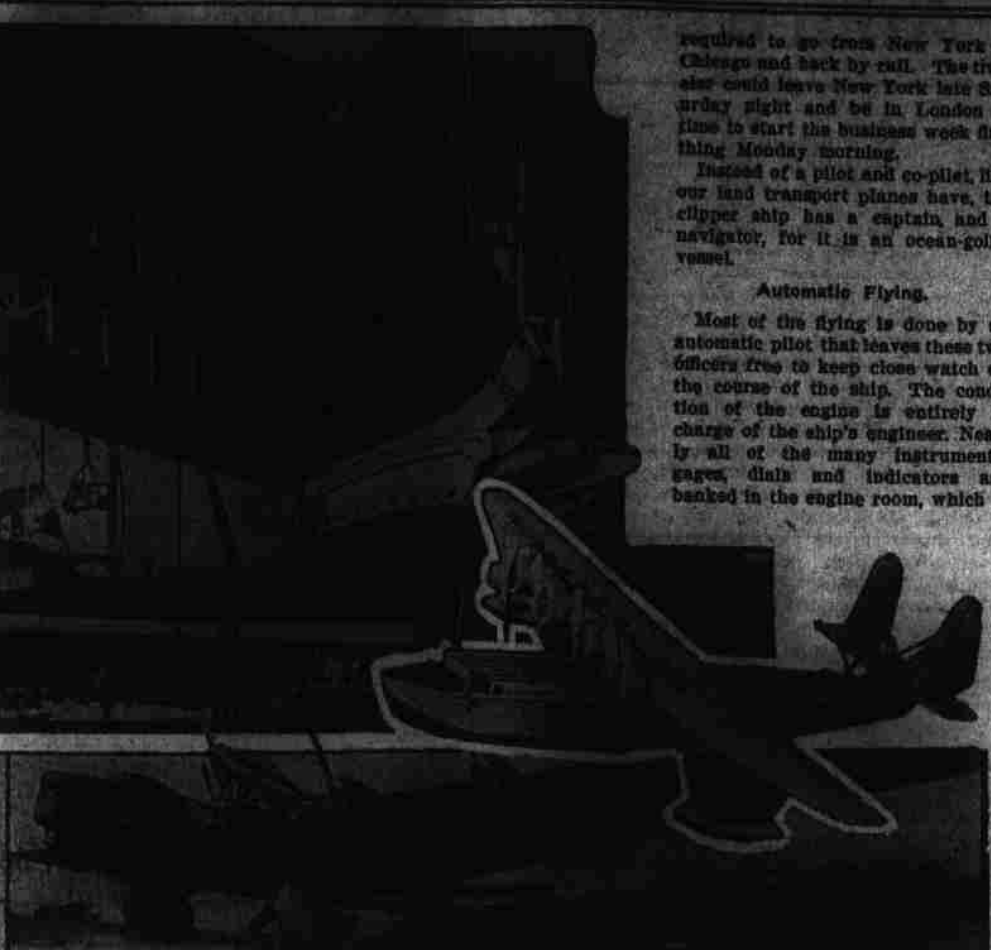
Which brings up a rather curious paradox in the mental processes of the President and some of his advisers—particularly Harry Hopkins. (It must be remembered in this connection that Ickes himself has no sympathy for this policy—he approves this particular California project, and is keen for providing employment indirectly.)

The country has been divided for relief purposes into some three hundred odd districts. Apparently the administration is trying to conduct them as though they were water-tight compartments. The number of unemployed in each has been surveyed, and the idea is to provide sufficient employment in each to take care of that situation.

This policy does not take into account the fact that a district which happens to be big in steel manufacturing would not need work relief if enough work relief projects requiring steel should be approved. In that case the unemployed men in the steel district would have jobs automatically provided for them—jobs paying much better than work relief—giving them the opportunity to spend more money, and thus provide jobs for still others, etc.

All of which is in strange contrast to the President's bitter complaint against the Supreme court decision in the NRA case. For he talked of the country's being relegated to the horse and buggy days, and harped on the point that with increasing speed of communication and transportation, nothing could happen in Maine that would not affect Oregon.

## Clipper Ship, Marvel of Skyways



Above, Artist's Conception of 1,500-Passenger Transatlantic Plane Planned in Germany. Right, Pan-American Clipper Ship. Below, Maxim Gorki, Russia's Largest Plane, Which Crashed, Killing 48.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

THE world, with America in the lead, is entering a new and glorious era of transportation. It might be called the Era of Realization of the Fantastic.

Not so many years ago—in fact within the memory of children still in school—covers of magazines of the so-called "science" and "invention" type were filled with artists' startling conceptions of great flying palaces, then weird in appearance, which were to tie together the far ends of the earth in the future. Bizarre passengers were shown reading newspapers, playing chess or even shuffleboard while their great winged carriers cleaved the clouds far above the vast expanses of ocean.

Novels of highly imaginative fiction, typified by the "Mars" stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs, bristled our spines with high links on other planets where the members of scientifically superior civilizations flew about the faces of their respective planets in spectacular boys of thousands of miles at a time.

Such wild literary entertainment we were wont, for fear of appearing too silly to our neighbors, to leave in upstairs bedrooms, reserving the space on the library table for Dickens, Thackeray, Edgar A. Guest and the family Bible. And while deep in our hearts we thought it was "swell" reading, we knew that it was really "impossible stuff."

Yet, before the year is out, regular scheduled passenger service will be in effect between the United States and China. Not flying palaces, perhaps, but at least flying hotels will soon link the newest and most progressive of the great powers with the oldest and most mysterious of nations on another side of the world. Surprising enough, the giant ships of the air look very much like the artists' conceptions which graced the sensational press of a few years back. Most surprising of all, we accept the real thing with far less amazement than we did its imaginative forerunner.

Now that the New Era is actually upon us, we accept with little wonder the fact that German engineers are planning the construction of a transatlantic air liner that will carry 1,500 persons. This flying boat will be literally a hotel on wings. It will sacrifice none of the comforts of the great ocean liners, with their sport decks, entertainment facilities, etc.

### Ship Cars by Air

There will be elevators from deck to deck. There will be room for travelers to take their own automobiles across the sea with them. Garages will be provided for these; special hoisting machinery will lift the cars up into the plane.

The ocean steamship has its supply of life boats to turn loose from the mother ship in case of emergency at sea, and the proposed flying boat will not be outdone in this respect, either, for room will be provided to house smaller auxiliary planes. These will take off from the surface of the sea by a powerful catapult which will assure their getting into the air.

This ship may sound a little fantastic to us, but by this time we are used to having fantastic new contraptions accepted as practical facts almost overnight. The German designers promise us that such a flying ship as this will be ready for travel over the ocean in the very near future.

Hardly less spectacular is the American marvel of the skyways, Flying Clipper No. 7, which is now completed at the East ship yard de-

signed specifically for transoceanic travel. It will begin service, probably on the route across the Pacific, some time this summer. It is now finishing tests which so far have proved it to be equal to the bulging of the elements and the once forbidding distance between continents. With its inception into service the period of pure experiment will be over.

None of the comforts of rail travel need be sacrificed aboard the clipper. Soundproofing of all passenger compartments reduces motor noise so that it is no greater than the unannoying noise of a pullman car. The passenger deck, 43 feet long, has a ceiling six and one-half feet high, so that even tall men need not stoop in walking.

Thirty passengers and a crew of five can be carried. The spacious lounge and dining room seats 16 at a time. For sleeping, the passenger seats can be converted into twelve single and six double berths; in case of a "full house" there are four double berths available in the lounge.

So far it has not been decided how to apportion the available space to passengers and cargo. This may depend largely upon the popularity of inter-continental air travel. For example, it will be possible with one scheme of distribution to carry 12 passengers, the crew, and a cargo of 2,200 pounds on non-stop flights of 3,000 miles.

The clipper has four engines, whose 3,200 developed horsepower can climb 1,000 feet a minute with a load of 51,000 pounds. The plane's cruising speed at 12,000 feet is 168 miles an hour, but it can do 180 and more if necessary. It can soar more than four miles high.

### Safety Clipper Watchword

Safety has been the watchword in the design of the clipper. If one of the engines should fail, the other three could sustain the flight, carrying the 51,000-pound burden. Even if two of them should go dead at the same time, the remaining two would maintain the altitude long enough to allow the captain and his men an opportunity to make ready for any emergency.

The sea holds no terrors for this remarkable ship. It could make a forced landing in a stormy sea with more ease than the gray gull it resembles. It can land or take off in a sea with waves running five feet high.

Former clipper ships have been assisted in the water by pontoons suspended from the wings. No. 7 has a supporting device, new to American design, which is called a "spoonhook" and might be likened to an additional wing. This sticks out a short distance from each side of the body at water level. It serves to house the fuel tanks, also.

The No. 7 is larger in every respect than the clipper ship which recently flew from California to Hawaii and back again. The latter's four engines are each of 700 horsepower, totaling 400 less than the No. 7. It has a 114-foot wing spread, weighs 19,000 pounds empty, 40,000 pounds loaded, and its maximum cruising range is 3,000 miles.

The new clipper's wings are 190 feet from tip to tip. It weighs 22,100 pounds empty and can add a useful load of 27,900 pounds. Its maximum range is 4,000 miles. If mileage between stops were reduced the ship could carry 24 passengers and a pay load amounting to several tons to Europe over the route made famous by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

With normal stopping periods included, a ship of this type could fly from New York to London in about 30 hours, averaging 160 miles an hour. That is less than the time

required to go from New York to Chicago and back by rail. The traveler could leave New York late Saturday night and be in London in time to start the business week first thing Monday morning.

Instead of a pilot and co-pilot, like our land transport planes have, the clipper ship has a captain and a navigator, for it is an ocean-going vessel.

### Automatic Flying

Most of the flying is done by an automatic pilot that leaves these two officers free to keep close watch on the course of the ship. The condition of the engine is entirely in charge of the ship's engineer. Nearly all of the many instruments, gauges, dials and indicators are banked in the engine room, which is



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In the center of the wing.

No. 7 is truly a symbol of the steps ahead which have been made in transoceanic air travel. France is linking up even its most distant colonies with the French capital by means of ships of this size, one of which has already been completed, the Lieut-de-Valseau-Paris. This ship is the largest seaplane in the world, with a wingspread of nearly 50 meters and engines which develop more than 5,200 horsepower. It weighs 87 tons and has a crew of eight.

Service has already started between the French capital and points in French Colonial Africa. The Netherlands have ordered new Douglas planes for transoceanic lines. Service has been going along on schedule for some time between the United States and various South American points served by Pan-American Airways. The Graf-Zepellin is so regular in its schedule between Germany and Brazil that no one mentions its arrivals and departures any more.

### Use Isolated Islands

Since early this year, American ships have been busy carrying supplies of all kinds—food, clothing, cows, chickens, tools and building materials—to once isolated islands in the Pacific ocean, so that they can be converted into habitable landing stations in the most important of all the new sea routes, the one from the United States to China.

The longest hop on this journey will be the one from California to Hawaii, a distance of 2,400 miles, to be covered in a little more than 17 hours, as the Pan-American clipper commanded by Captain Musick covered it a few weeks ago. From Hawaii, the planes will go to Guam, Wake, Midway, the Philippine Islands and Canton, China.

England, France and Holland air services have attempted to lay the plans for air services to China, but have been stopped at the Chinese border. Germany alone of the European nations has been able to get in with air lines. We hold this advantage: Rapid and uninterrupted flight is possible across the Pacific, while land flight from European nations to China face the obstacle of frequent stops for inspection when crossing international boundary lines.

### Russian Marvel Crashes

With all the clipper ships considered, perhaps the most unusual of all the giants of the air was the inflated Russian ship, the Maxim Gorki. It weighed 42 tons, carried 63 persons, had eight engines of a total of 7,000 horsepower, flew 150 miles an hour and cost \$4,300,000. In it were a complete photographic studio, a photo-engraving plant, an electrically driven rotary printing press capable of turning out 8,000 newspapers an hour, a radio broadcasting studio, talking movie equipment, a restaurant-lounge, 16 telephones, an observation saloon, business offices, sleeping quarters and a sound amplifier system. It was used, of course, for Soviet propaganda purposes.

The crashing of the Gorki, with the loss of everyone on board, during maneuvers over Moscow, was something of a shock to the builders of all large airplanes. It must be pointed out, however, that the accident was no fault of the ship. A pilot of a smaller plane, standing against orders, ran into it head-on. The inordinate flier was himself killed in the crash.

Not even the sensational magazines predicted such unbelievable wonders as a flying newspaper plant, radio studio and moving picture theater.



On a Shelf Opposite Me Sat a Dinosaur.

## Odd Agriculture

By James J. Montague

I HAD almost forgotten Emil Lustengarten. Schoolmates, one had not seen or heard from for thirty years, are likely to be like that. He was a pleasant sort—larger than I was, and always somewhere in the offing when the school bullies picked on me. In one way his friendship was a trifle embarrassing. I was the only boy in school whom he appeared to like. His other friends were toads and frogs and snakes and lizards. He had a great collection of them in his father's woodshed, and used to talk to them by the hour, not in the least disturbed if their replies were unintelligible. The other boys always insisted that he would not have made a friend of me if I did not share the nature or natures of one or more of these animal pets. They used to attempt to make the noises that these creatures emitted, or at least imitations of them, to indicate that I resembled them. Not when Emil was around, however.

"I sick me a rattlesnake on you if you bodder my friend," he would say, and for a time I would be left in peace. But the insistence that I was a member of Emil's menagerie got on my nerves after a while. I went less and less to his establishment, and when one day I heard that he and his parents had left town, I was a little ashamed to think that I had shunned him for weeks. I found out at the post office where he and his family had gone—some little town in Arizona, and now and then sent him a post card. Invariably I received a long reply which narrated his adventures in the new country, where he said he and his parents were running a farm. Each letter expressed the earnest hope that I might come out there and visit him some day. And fifteen years later, when it so happened that I was about to make a western journey, I wrote him that I would try my best to pay him a short visit.

A letter came by return mail. "Come as long as you like for," he said. "Send me a telegram and I will meet you. I think you will like my farm. Maybe you will go in business with me. It is a very interesting farm, and it makes money. It will be good to see you."

He was at the station in a little car when I arrived. He pried me with so many questions about the old town and what was happening there that I could not edge in a question about his farm. When we reached his house it was already dark, and after a cup of coffee and some ham and eggs he politely suggested then it was late and I must be tired. He showed me into an extremely neat little room, and in a few minutes I was lost to the world.

Three or four times in the night I awakened, as one is likely to in strange surroundings. Each time I thought I heard peculiar rustlings and other noises which I tried in vain to identify. They always eluded me, and though once or twice I sat up in bed and listened, drowsiness overcame me and I went to sleep again.

It was already broad daylight when I finally awoke. Opening my eyes to look about me I caught my breath. I must still be asleep and dreaming. On a shelf behind the little chest of drawers opposite me sat a dinosaur, and not a particularly benign dinosaur. It moved. To make sure that the bracing desert air had not overbalanced me I reached down, picked up one of my shoes, and held it at the animal. It made a curious squeak, and leaped nimbly from its perch, heading for my bed.

My first instinct was to pull the blankets over my head and try to remember some of the prayers that I had learned at my mother's knee. Then I remembered that a creature such as I had seen would not be held at bay by any blankets. I got up and stood in the exact center of the bed, calling sharply to Emil for help.

He hurried into the room. "So sorry he got away on me last night," he said. "He won't bite unless he get scared, but al-

most anything will scare him. Coom."

The latter was addressed to the intruder, who "coomed," creeping swiftly to his owner. Emil caught him by the scruff of the neck and tossed him lightly out of the door.

"What was that thing?" I demanded. "Just a lizard," said Emil. "He is called Gila monster. But monster means big. He is not so big, eh? Leave him alone and he don't bite—but make him mad, trouble maybe. Now let us have breakfast."

That breakfast was not a pleasant meal, despite the appetite the clear desert air had given me. As it progressed my host kept picking up tit-bits from his plate and tossing them in this or that direction, where they were deftly caught up by my friend the Gila monster, lizards that looked like him, field mice, rabbits, and several different varieties of snakes. The snakes, however, did not swallow the dainties thrown to them. Apparently they were merely doing a little practice feeding.

"Snakes is funny," said Emil. "They hat to haf their meals alive. But they eat hogs, and they don't want no other animal to get nothing, so you can't keep them out of the house when meals is going on. You like to see the biggest rattler in Arizona?"

"Is he alive?" I asked, looking around me anxiously. "Very much alive. When I caught him he had bit ten grasshoppers already. I had to fight with almost everybody around here to save him life yet."

"Where is he?" I demanded. "You shall see him soon enough. Now maybe we go see the wildcat. He perhaps is more interesting as snakes."

"Emil," I said, "I thought this was a farm." "Sure, it is a farm. The biggest snake and reptile farm in Arizona. Here I make me more money as any cattle or sheep farmer can do. Come, I show you."

I returned to my sleeping room, walked warily and secured a heavy pair of boots I had brought along. Around these I wrapped some heavy puttees. Emil glanced at my rig contemptuously.

"Nobody need be afraid of snakes," he said. "Look!"

Before I could stop him he had picked up a four-foot serpent which sang a merry tune with its tail the while. "By the neck you hold him a while," he said ingratiatingly. "You will soon learn when you and me is partners here." I declined the outstretched offering.

"What the devil do you do with these creatures?" I demanded. "There certainly can't be any demand for snakes and lizards."

"My boy. Nothing you know of it. For the poison many scientists will buy them, and from us, for I have already established what you call a reputation. Out in the yard I have hundreds of others. Today I make a shipment to New York. You shall help me. Just for a start, eh?"

"Emil," I said, "I like you, and I admire you. I hope you succeed in this enterprise and make a big reputation for yourself. I know you will. But when I get home I will dream about these brutes, night after night, and wake up yelling for help. And what would happen if I stayed here two days? I would go mad, that is what would happen."

"My friend! I am so sorry. I am so disappointed. In school you were the only one I liked, and I was so looking forward to your coming, and so sure you would like it here. And I know you would like them if you knew them better. But if you feel—"

"I do, Emil," I said. "Very well, it is then soon and wiederehst but maybe, when you go home you will think it was a good idea. I'll do my best, Emil," I said. And I did. But Emil is still conducting that chamber of horrors by himself.

G. Neil Syndicate—WNU Service

### Gold in Montana

Gold was discovered at the present site of Helena, Mont., in 1864.