

SEEN AND HEARD

around the National Capital

by CARTER FIELD

Washington.—During the next few months President Roosevelt will seem to be moving a little toward the right, on every issue of any consequence except the public utilities. Actually there will be very little change, but the appearance will seem very important, and there will be loud cries from the radicals.

In fact, the left fringe of the brain trust is already disturbed. So much so that it is feeding out propaganda intended to have a direct effect on Roosevelt personally. It is certainly not intended for anyone else, for the last thing these particular radicals want to do is to hurt him. The trouble with them is that they have not analyzed the higher politics of the situation. They are worried about an eddy in the river. And their conversation is no free, at all times, that even if the President was concerned about their attitude he would not dare tell them. For in that case they would not be able to rest until they had told their favorite column conductors, just to show they were still in the "inner circle" and knew what was going on.

The present situation starts, not with the President, but inside the Republican camp. Yes—strange as it may seem—there is still such a thing. The Republicans, not all of them but some of their strategists, are simply delighted with the Hkey-Long-Father Coughlin situation. What they want more than anything else in the world is to see a third party—a very radical third party—with a Presidential ticket in the field next year.

Their theory is, of course, that this radical party will garner a few electoral votes—Wisconsin, the Dakotas, possibly Montana, and maybe Washington and Nebraska; that it will poll a very large vote in some of the big eastern states such as Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—enough votes in this last group to make sure that the Republican candidate would walk off with the electoral votes. They are not worrying about Connecticut—which stood by Hoover, although the majority was very small, nor Rhode Island, which has suffered so in its textile industry that Republicans feel it is "in the bag."

See California Safe
Not are they worried about California, whose big electoral vote is now so essential. The Golden Gate state's rejection of Upton Sinclair, and its outraged protests about the red-protection treaties, makes them sure of it.

Altogether, they think, their only problem is to get the right candidate and the right platform. Of course, in the Roosevelt view, that is just where they fall down hard. Who, Roosevelt's friends inquire, cynically, would the candidate be? And what would the platform say?

But it has never been part of any Roosevelt strategy to underrated an opponent, nor to leave any stone unturned just because it did not seem necessary to move it. As witness the efforts in last fall's election.

So Roosevelt is maneuvering into his favorite middle ground position, between the Tories and the radicals. And to make this more secure, he is going to seem a little conservative for a while. He confidently expects to scare the Republicans to death by this course, for the natural reaction will be just what they have been planning, with one important exception.

Roosevelt plans to have the radicals grow in strength, while he grows in strength with voters who are normally Republican! But who are frightened at the radical menace.

Meanwhile the radical fringe of his own supporters, trying to figure his course out, have come to the conclusion that the trouble is that Louis McHenry Howe has been sick. So they say M. H. McIntyre, the secretary who makes all the President's appointments, will not let anyone except conservatives see him!

"Scotch" Tied Up
Millions of gallons of fine—and perhaps not so good—Scotch whiskey, are lying in government warehouses, under the eagle eye of Uncle Sam's customs officers, and with little apparent prospect of being marketed through ordinary channels.

This stock offers a fine chance for bargains, if one could only appraise the quality of the liquor in some fashion. But how to do it? How to tell what is really good liquor, so to speak, and what would have no appeal whatever?

For the trouble is that this whiskey is what the trade calls "unknown brands." It is perhaps the best argument in favor of heavy advertising for brands and labels that has never been presented. For, while this whiskey is lying unsold and unwanted in the warehouses, running up storage charges and threatening to add freight shipment charges home, the regular brands are moving about as expected.

Normally, such a stock of any commodity languishes over the market, would they not with everybody in that particular trade. But the owners of this whiskey cannot dump it on the market at whatever the market price seems to be, for there is no market price for an unknown brand.

The man who drinks Scotch whiskey normally prefers a certain brand. He may like half a dozen brands. But when he is buying whisky he buys what he thinks is one of his favorites. He is not interested in some brand that he never heard of before, except at a great sacrifice in the price. And with an import duty of \$5 a gallon, plus an excise duty of \$2 a gallon, plus stamp and other taxes, it is not possible to offer these unknown brands at what looks like a real bargain. The tax collectors are not offering to share the loss. They insist on their \$7 to \$9 tax on each gallon regardless of quality or marketability.

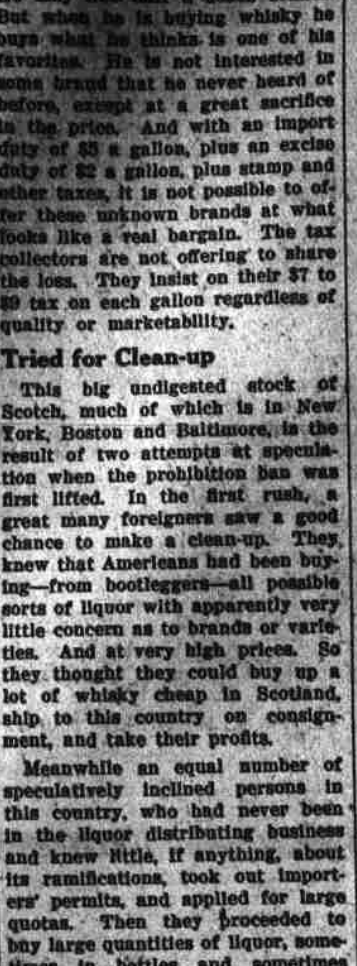
Tried for Clean-up
This big undigested stock of Scotch, much of which is in New York, Boston and Baltimore, is the result of two attempts at speculation when the prohibition law was first lifted. In the first rush, a great many foreigners saw a good chance to make a clean-up. They knew that Americans had been buying—from bootleggers—all possible sorts of liquor with apparently very little concern as to brands or varieties. And at very high prices. So they thought they could buy up a lot of whisky cheap in Scotland, ship to this country on consignment, and take their profits.

Meanwhile an equal number of speculatively inclined persons in this country, who had never been in the liquor distributing business and knew little, if anything, about its ramifications, took out importers' permits, and applied for large quotas. Then they proceeded to buy large quantities of liquor, sometimes in bottles and sometimes having it bottled. All went nicely until the liquor arrived in the ports of entry.

Then came the problem of selling it. And there were no offers. The drinkers, who, during prohibition, had taken anything that was wet, inside a good-looking package, were imbued with the idea that the ordinary liquor trade knew how to handle the well-advertised brands, and had no idea of tying up a lot of money in brands that might not move, and at any rate would have to be pushed. The real murder, of course, lies in the fact that so large a percentage of the total cost of a bottle of imported whisky is tax, and therefore not susceptible of being shaved. A severe cut on the part of the price exclusive of tax would not appear to the customer such a big reduction! It would not deter him from taking his favorite brand.

OUR COMIC SECTION

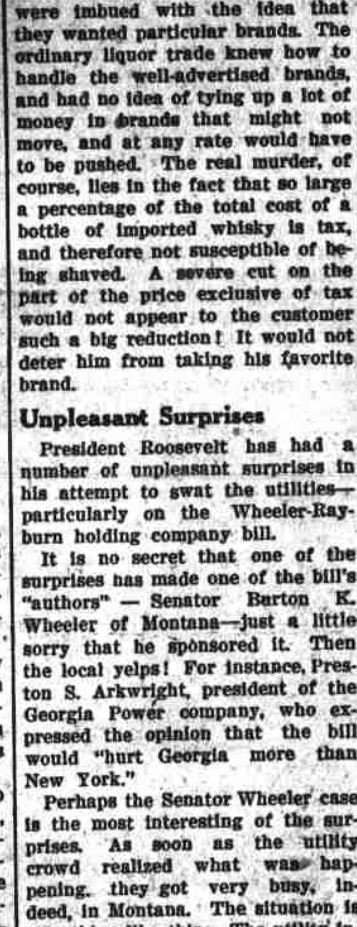
Events in the Lives of Little Men



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

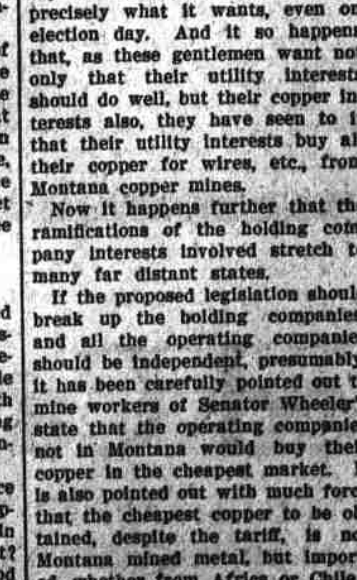
By Ted O'Loughlin



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Dome Light

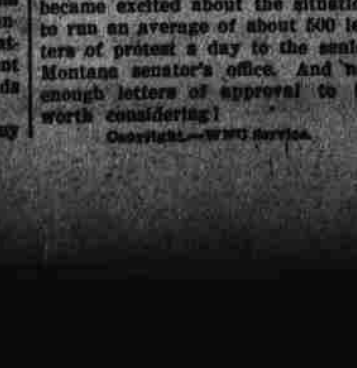
By Ted O'Loughlin



DOME LIGHT

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



THE FEATHERHEADS

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

WILD STEER, ANCIENT CITY

IN 1913, an Irishman named Pat Lynch roped a wild steer in northwestern Colorado. The animal, crazed by the lasso that was tied to the cowboy's saddle horn, dragged horse and rider over the rim of a great chasm. A sturdy pine tree grew on the edge of the cliff and the rope caught around this long enough for Lynch to throw himself clear. His horse hung on one end of the lasso and the steer on the other. There they swung like lead toys on a stick. Then, as the rope broke under their combined weights, they plunged into the canyon far below.

Lynch, miraculously enough, landed on a narrow shelf. There was no way for him to escape from the smooth walls that rose steep above him, and below was the chasm. There was no room to turn around, but he slowly worked his way along the shelf until at last he found a ledge just below.

Slowly, he slid down and fell into soft sand. All about him were the ruins of ancient cliff houses that no white man had ever seen. The remains of a man-made trail led around a corner of the rock wall and Lynch climbed to safety.

He told his story, but at that time the cattlemen were not interested in the crumbling bits of an ancient civilization. In 1933, however, a small exploring party went into the region. The government has now reserved this area as the Yampa Canyon national monument.

If Pat Lynch had missed his throw, a slumbering canyon might still be waiting for the white man to discover that ancient city.

SPEDOMETER

"STEP on it, boy!" And the needle on the speedometer climbed up—up—up—fifty—sixty—seventy—eighty miles an hour!

It wasn't thus back in 1846 when Brigham Young was leading his Mormon colony across the plains to Utah. Then the wagon trains crawled painfully along and eighty miles was a journey of days.

Somewhere in Nebraska the Mormon leader pushed on to find the best route, leaving the slower-moving wagons behind to follow along the trail which he would mark out for them. One of these parties was in charge of a young fellow named William Clayton.

A long road and weary road it was for the westward-faring home-seekers. Their goal seemed so far distant and they probably pestered young William Clayton a great deal with their questions of "How far have we come today?"

So being an ingenious young man, he devised a way to answer. He measured a mile on the trail that they traversed one day, then marked a wagon wheel at a certain point on its circumference. Keeping his eye on the marked spoke he counted its revolutions to the mile. Next he devised a ratchet which moved a cogwheel that registered accurately the distance the caravan traveled daily. That same principle is used in speedometers today.

NO BARKING ALOUD

By Osborne



NO BARKING ALOUD

IF YOU want to be elected President, get a slogan! Make it short. And if you can include in it the lit of alliteration—fine!

"Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too!" reminded the nation that Gen. William Henry Harrison had won an important Indian battle at the beginning of a war which was none too well-filled with land victories for the American arms. So the Indiana frontiersman went to the White House.

In "Fifty-four Forty or Fight!" was crystallized the dissatisfaction of Americans over a proposed treaty with England, establishing a boundary line in the Oregon country. True, we later compromised on the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, far south of fifty-four forty, but the slogan had already sent James K. Polk to Washington.

Grant's "Let us have peace" has been called "the minimum in expressiveness" but it helped elect him President and during the next eight years that phrase had an ironical sound to the South, suffering under the Reconstruction regime. "He kept us out of war" helped re-elect Woodrow Wilson in 1916 but within one month after he was inaugurated we were in the war.

"The full dinner pail" appealed to enough Americans to make them elect William McKinley. Later they and their sons wanted to "get back to normalcy" with Warren G. Harding and soon thereafter they were willing to "Keep cool with Coolidge."

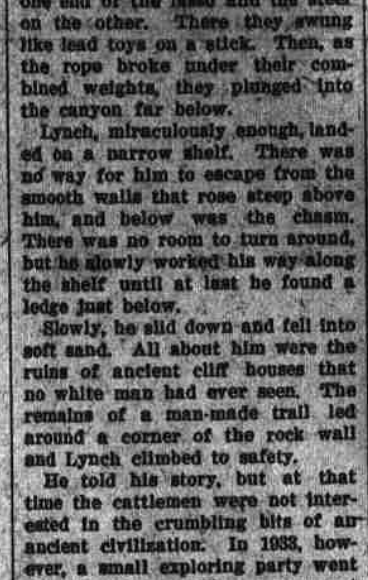
So... "See America First" and out what phrase will tickle the fancy of the people? Then get a slogan and go to Washington as President!

RELIEVES SLUGGISH FEELING

Night or day, when you feel unable to feel sluggish and need something to straighten out your bowels... relieve constipation—take a dose of reliable Theodor's Black-Draught.

"We take Black-Draught for our constipation, constipation, and any other feeling that comes from these 'panty-dickers,'" writes Mrs. Luverna Gray of Springfield, Okla. "Black-Draught clears the system and makes me feel much better after taking it."
Freshen up by taking this purely vegetable laxative, if you have a tendency to constipation or sluggishness.
THEODOR'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

Steady
Paddle your own canoe, and don't stand up in it.



Mail coupon below. Learn how to rid henhouse of lice and mites overnight!

Every poultry raiser should read this invaluable booklet. It is full of information on how to rid the henhouse of lice and mites in less than 24 hours. It will make healthier hens, more eggs and extra profits.

Also, it tells of that remarkable new patented formula... Acme Nitrogen Poultry Diseaseer. Spread on poultry, this amazing, slow-acting formula kills lice and mites overnight, while hens sleep! And it goes further. Lasts longer. Comes to rest.

With the spring egg-laying season on the way, it is important that you have this information at once. Fill out and mail coupon NOW while you think of it. No cost or obligation.

Acme Nitrogen Poultry Diseaseer
Made by the orders of Acme Laboratories
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ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS
Deshler, Wis.
Name.....
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Town.....

FEEL TIRED, ACHY-- "ALL WORN OUT?"

Get Rid of Poisons That Make You Ill

Is a constant backache keeping you miserable? Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; attacks of dizziness, rheumatic pains, swollen feet and ankles? Do you feel tired, nervous--all unstrung?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly, for functional kidney disorder permits poisons to stay in the blood and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They help the kidneys cleanse the blood of health-destroying poisons. Doan's Pills are used and recommended the world over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

Skin Torment
Itching, roughness, cracking, easily relieved and improved with
Resinol

CLASSIFIED ADS
Own Your Own Business
No need to be broke. Average \$4 to \$8 daily with new chimney cleaning tool. Man who has worked at business 14 years. He releases tool and is selling today. For day's work pays for tool. Postpaid. U. S. D. 46-19, W. H. OULTON, 2223 Western Street, Clark, Pa.

WNU-4
FEMINE WEAKNESS
Mrs. Gladys C. (Mrs. W. J. W.) writes: "I was suffering from weakness, and when I took your pills, I got well. I get my strength and I feel like a new woman."

Dr. J. W. W. writes: "I was suffering from weakness, and when I took your pills, I got well. I get my strength and I feel like a new woman."