

**Lobbyists Active**  
Washington.—Much ado is being made around Washington again over lobbyists. It is true that there are now perhaps more lobbyists in Washington than at any time in the last fifteen years. It is true they are influencing legislation, and I think it can be said without fear of contradiction that lobbyists are responsible for a portion of the balking tactics in congress.

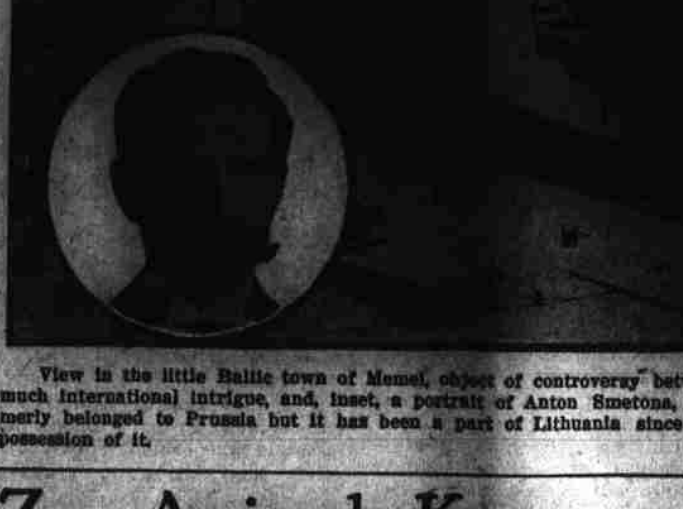
Existence of this unusual condition in Washington carries more significance, however, than just the fact that special interests or individual interests are trying to protect themselves. From a good many sources I gather the opinion that the condition means the President's power has weakened.

It is to be remembered that when Mr. Roosevelt carried his New Deal into the White House and led the largest Democratic majority ever to control the national legislative body, that very fact thwarted lobbying. Very few of the so-called special interests had the courage to button hole individual representatives or senators to plead their cause. These representatives and senators were looking to White House leadership; their fate rested on the New Deal, and they were unable accurately to gauge what public sentiment would be if they openly disagreed with Presidential orders. In those days, the corridors of the Capitol and the house and senate office buildings were virtually deserted of petitioners—for that is what a lobbyist is.

To the extent that lobbyists operated in the early days of the Roosevelt administration, they sought to influence Presidential decision and the activities of the brain trust and underlings who drafted the Presidential programs. Once these programs had been submitted to congress, the opposition to them largely subsided and members jumped to the crack of the Presidential whip. As stated above, individual members were afraid to go against White House orders and lobbyists were afraid to combat the President's popularity.

But a year ago, various interests throughout the country began to sense a feeling that they could again talk with members of congress safely. They began organizing their representatives here as they formerly had enjoyed, and little by little broadened the scope of their activities. A singular part about the present condition is the mushroom growth of the lobbyists. Supplementing their growth has been an unusual fearlessness. They are busy pushing all kinds of causes, good and bad.

Some forces estimate there are close to five hundred different groups and organizations actively petitioning congress to do this or that according to their lights. There are such gigantic lobbies as that of organized labor, agriculture and the American Legion. There are lobbies for religious and racial groups. The power interests at the moment bulk large with their lobbying activities. Individual lines of industry have their representatives here in numbers. The railroads, for example, have headquarters here for their Association of American Railroads and it is also the headquarters for the Shortline Railroad association. The bankers maintain a legislative committee of the American Bankers' association here, and even scientific groups have their people treading water in the halls of congress, watching and waiting to be sure that nothing detrimental to their interests is done by the legislators.



View in the little Baltic town of Memel, object of controversy between Germany and Lithuania and of much international intrigue, and, inset, a portrait of Anton Smetona, president of Lithuania. Memel formerly belonged to Prussia but it has been a part of Lithuania since 1924. The reich is eager to regain possession of it.

## Zoo Animals Keep Doctors on Alert

**Captive Beasts Suffer From Many Illnesses.**  
Washington.—One of the most peculiar bears ever born in captivity put in a brief appearance recently at the National Zoological park in Washington. A cross between a polar bear and a brown Kodiak bear, the tiny silver-grey cub aroused the interest of scientists. Hopes of studying it were dashed, when, after two weeks of apparently normal development, the cub mysteriously died.

"If it were not for the careful attentions of the zoo doctor, soon would soon be full of empty cages," says the National Geographic society. "For captive animals, although given the finest food and surroundings, suffer from all the illnesses in a patent medicine pamphlet. Bear cubs get mumps, and monkeys get toothache. Pneumonia, distemper, and parasites wipe out large numbers of animals. Bronchitis and digestive troubles affect others. Monkeys are especially susceptible to tuberculosis."

**Elephants Get Bellyaches.**  
"Many of the illnesses are natural to the animal in a wild state. Change of climate accounts for others. Elephants, upon first being brought from the tropics to more temperate regions, often roll on the ground with stomachache. The usual remedy is a blanket-soaked mustard poultice and a stiff dose of gin and ginger. Elephants become so pleased with the tonic that they frequently stage an illness merely to be dosed!"

**Many animals, however, quickly become acclimated. Lions and ostriches learn to live outdoors in snow, while the Brazilian tapir revels in it from choice long after animals from colder climates have sought shelter. Similarly, polar bears do not seem to be affected by the summer heat of temperate regions.**

"One of the most amazing adaptations to changed environment was made by chinchillas. These small rodents, from which valuable fur is obtained, normally live on the frigid heights of the Andes. How they were successfully transferred from there to fur farms of southern California is a monument to patience. A dozen captured at high altitudes were carefully nurtured for two years at 11,000 feet, brought down to 9,000 feet, kept there for a year, and then after almost six years of successive descent and stops, they were taken on a 40 day sea voyage from Iquique, Chile, to Los Angeles. In ice-cooled cages, they passed safely through the tropics, and are now thriving by thousands in their new environment."

**Confined surroundings account for several diseases affecting animals. When captive animals, lapped in comfort, become too lazy to do much more than eat and sleep, they frequently fall victims to 'cage paralysis.' Trained animals, forced daily to jump through hoops and race around arenas, keep in better condition than most zoo animals. One reason why certain animals are confined together is because cheating each other around the cage gives them exercise as well as diversion.**

**Need Companionship.**  
"It is well known that companionship is an aid to the good health of most animals. Many animals, if kept alone, are apt to fall sick. Hatred of solitude probably accounts for many strange friendships between animals, not only between those of the same species, but between those of far different, and often hostile species."

"Between sets of trained animal shows, visitors may be surprised to see a tiger, a panther and a fox terrier rolling over each other in friendly play, or a bantam rooster crowing from the vantage point of a giraffe's neck. Such friendships sometimes terminate abruptly. Sentons may live peacefully with pet-

## CONFESSIONS 68

By R. H. WILKINSON  
A Realist—WYU Service

**RUBELLA HAMPSTEAD** is a famous writer. Her name is featured in all the leading magazines of the country.

She has three novels to her credit, and it has been announced that a fourth is to be brought out next fall.

Rubella cannot attribute her achievements to any mysterious or inherited gift.

Her fame is the result of hard work and steady, of constant, tireless plugging, of the triumph of determination and the will to write over heart-rending discouragement, of a love for her work, grittiness, perseverance and a sense of humor.

In short, Rubella is no natural born genius, no-worship of miracles; her rewards are just and well earned.

Some few months ago the good people of Rubella's home town held a reception in honor of their distinguished townswoman.

Among those present was one, Lena Norman, a newcomer to Maplewood, a woman of some social prominence—and also a writer.

Unfortunately, however, Lena is an "unknown" writer. She has acquired no fame, has had little success with her literary efforts. And she is inclined to be somewhat bitter about her fate.

Despite the recognized fame of the guest of honor, Lena's regard for Rubella was somewhat skeptical (a skepticism, doubtless, born of envy).

She was, in fact, heard to remark that Rubella had doubtless won her reputation through some sort of drag and was now trading upon the selling power of her name. She even went so far as to suggest that Rubella's "stuff" wasn't so good, when you compared it with real literature, and she probably wouldn't know a good story if she saw one.

Of course Lena is no way betrayed this skepticism when Rubella was within earshot.

In fact she was, on the contrary, quite gushy and complimentary.

However, as the evening progressed and honor after honor was heaped on the smiling Rubella, one watching Lena's face would have noticed that skepticism and bitterness were becoming more and more in evidence.

It was toward the end of the evening that Lena succeeded in getting Rubella alone in a secluded part of the hall.

Said Lena: "My dear, I think your work is wonderful! Really! Every word of it. And I do believe I've read about everything you've had published. And now, my dear, would it be asking too much if I requested a favor?"

Rubella, though certain of the nature of the request, could do naught but smile and nod her head and hope that Lena was about to request a favor somewhat different from the usual run of favors requested of famous authors.

But she was doomed to disappointment.

"My dear, I know you wouldn't refuse. So sweet of you. The favor is really nothing much. It concerns a story I have just completed. A short story. It occurs to me that the yarn has some merit, yet I really would appreciate your professional advice before submitting it. Would you mind?"

Ordinarily Rubella would have refused, despite the fact that Lena would doubtlessly have thought her rude and selfish.

But the situation was a little different from ordinary.

In the first place, Lena was a fellow-townswoman, her hostess, in a manner of speaking. And in the second place, Rubella saw in Lena's eyes a look that was slightly baffling.

The look somehow resembled a challenge.

And so Rubella agreed to read Lena's script, though she regretted her decision a moment after it was made. However, the word was spoken and there was no alternative.

The script came to Rubella's hand on the day following, neatly typed, with Lena's name on the by-line.

Rubella glanced over the first few pages with casual indifference.

But as she delved into page No. 2 she suddenly sat upright in her chair and read on with renewed interest.

At the conclusion of the story Rubella found herself amazed and somewhat puffed.

The story was—actually—a well done piece of work. It merited publication. It was, in fact, not the assortment of jargon that she had expected.

Rubella carefully folded the script, tucked it in her handbag, caught up a hat and headed for the home of Lena. At least she would be honest about her report.

Lena received her guest graciously. They sat down together in Lena's neat little sitting room and looked at each other curiously.

Said Rubella: "My dear, I have a confession to make. When I agreed to read your script I ex-

pected I would see a jargon-filled, unimaginative piece of work, the sort of thing I expect to see at all."

Said Lena: "You actually read the story?"

"I thought it was Rubella's story. There is no reason at all why I can't place it with one of the better magazines. In fact, if you are willing, I'll handle the placing of it for you."

Lena looked thoughtful.

She gazed through the window. She studied the floor.

And at length her eyes came to dwell upon the kind, smiling and friendly countenance of Rubella.

Said Lena: "My dear, you have been honest and fair with me. I, too, have a confession to make. I feel guilty and ashamed. The story that I gave you to read was not written by me. I don't know who the author is. I clipped it haphazardly from a magazine and typed it off before coming to the reception. You see, heretofore I have misunderstood famous authors. I had made the remark that your stuff wasn't so good compared with that of real literary geniuses, and that you probably wouldn't know a good story if you saw one—and I wanted to prove that I was right."

Rubella smiled a gracious smile.

"Thank you for telling me. I'm so glad you decided it was the best thing for you to do. For, you see, I knew all the time that your story was a rewrite, and I'm ashamed to admit, I led you on, hoping you'd let me try and place it for you. I'm so glad it turned out this way. Now I'm sure we can be the best of friends."

Lena was frankly agnostic.

"You knew it all the time! How wonderful! Now I'm positive that I was wrong in remarking that you couldn't tell a good story from a bad one. My dear, I'm thrilled!"

"In a way," said Rubella. "I'm thrilled, too. For, you see, the story you clipped haphazardly from the magazine happened to be one of my stories!"

## Famous Oregon Ranch Is Now a Waterfowl Refuge

Another area, unprofitable for agriculture, is being restored to the uses of wildlife in this country. The bureau of biological survey has recently completed the acquisition of the famous P-Ranch in Harney county, Oregon. The 84,717-acre area, now known as the Blitzen River Migratory Bird refuge, not only will be important as a sanctuary, but will also be of strategic importance in insuring a water supply for the Lake Malheur Bird refuge, which adjoins it on the north.

Federal acquisition of these lands marks the return to public ownership of an historic area. Bounded on the east by the Steens mountains, on the west by the slopes rising to the Hart mountain, and on the south also by high land, the valley is traversed by the Donner and Blitzen rivers. This stream rises in the Steens mountains and flows west into the south end of the basin, then north into Lake Malheur. As the name suggests, the area is famous for thunder storms, which are in fact the principal source of the rainfall.

In subsequent years it has been the scene, not only of the resounding storms of the atmosphere, but also has known a "Donner and Blitzen" created by the stormy early settlers. During the years about 1870 amidst gunfights and constant struggle among various exploiters of the public domain, Peter French, locally famous, established his claims to this valley with its Teutonic name and established the P-Ranch which he made the capital of a vast cattle empire. With all the daring and shrewdness that characterized the early land settlers, French not only acquired available public lands, but also consolidated his holdings by taking over those of his rivals. He continued the enlargement of his kingdom up until the time of his death, December 26, 1907, when he was shot by a rival land owner along a boundary fence.

Since the death of the founder of the empire, the P-Ranch has been owned and managed by live stock corporations. The Blitzen river has been dammed to water the vast bottom lands, giant dredges creating ditches for the purpose, and dams being erected at intervals to control the water supply. It has at times constituted one of the greatest hay ranches in the region, and until the recent long-continued drought was considered a profitable agricultural enterprise. With the sudden decrease in rainfall, however, and with overgrazing, the agricultural usefulness of the area had almost disappeared and at the same time the wild life species dependent upon the Blitzen river flow have been threatened with disaster. The results extended to Lake Malheur, where this once famous area—now a federal refuge—has been almost completely dried up and rendered useless for a time.

The marshy lands, stretching 25 miles back from Lake Malheur, have always been a favorite breeding ground of migratory waterfowl. Millions of ducks and geese have bred there, and a naturalist of the biological survey counted 135 species of birds nesting on the area. Among these were 103 pairs of the rare sandhill cranes. Wildlife other than birds will also be benefited.

## Catnip Used to Trap Montana Mountain Lion

Great Falls, Mont.—Wart, a mountain lion rug for your parlor? It's easy to get one. Just drag out the old catnip. A trap, baited with catnip, fish oil, anise oil, and other scents, trapped one near here. Mr. Mountain Lion sniffed around, stumbled into the trap, and now he's a rug.

## Life Pension Asked for Alpine Dog Hero

Grenoble, France.—Alpine guides have asked the government to award a life pension to a canine hero that saved the life of a skier, helpless with a broken leg in the snow on an inaccessible peak in a temperature of 22 degrees below zero.

It was 96 hours before rescuers arrived. During the night the dog, a wolfhound, lay on the stricken man, acting as a living blanket and preventing him from freezing.

## Lights of New York By L. L. STEVENSON

Meandering and meditations; The old homes of Washington Square North. . . . The last downtown stand of aristocracy. . . . Wonder how long before they will give place to apartments? . . . Washington square, the breathing space of the tenements. . . . and of the poets of the tenements and basements. . . . Wonder what's become of that little place where meals were so good and prices so low? . . . Repeat probably forced it out of business. . . . The stately pile of No. 1 Fifth avenue seen from a Sixth avenue elevated train. . . . and the glimpses into the Third street tenement windows from that same moving viewpoint. . . . Dark-eyed girls making artificial flowers. . . . and daffodils blooming on a window sill. . . . A push cart loaded with caged canaries. . . . A hurdy gurdy playing merrily. . . . While little girls dance on the sidewalk.

A tea room that turned beer garden. . . . and is now a tea room again. . . . Basement ice dealers all set for another season of business. . . . Vegetable peddlers singling their unintelligible cries. . . . and a foreign language newspaper seller crying his wares in his native tongue. . . . A pretty girl feeding sugar to the sleek horse of a mounted policeman. . . . and thus making a pretty picture. . . . An artist sketching an old house. . . . Which has not yet been turned into apartments. . . . Youngsters bouncing balls against building fronts.

Ely Culbertson, who confesses that he helped build up contract bridge by bringing into play the inferiority complex of women. . . . and by making it impossible for husbands to face the wife if they couldn't play. . . . J. Wadsworth Carpenter, former chairman of the Rockaway Fisheries commission. Who complains that there are too few federal founders for Jamaica bay. . . . Only 8,500,000 planted this year. . . . Last year the government furnished 12,000,000. . . . while one Republican administration dumped in 18,000,000 one spring. . . . Founders are planted in the spring. . . . and caught the next winter. . . . Maybe. . . . Gene Buck in a new light tan coat.

## RECONSTRUCTOR

An apple-cheeked old gentleman tooling a fine trotter up Madison avenue. . . . and bowing to a patrician lady in a limousine. . . . Street flower vendors on every corner. . . . A tall man in a great silk suit. . . . Advertising a beauty parlor. . . . The chatter of a pneumatic tire. . . . That's a prosperous sign. . . . Al Smith likes dogs best. . . . and goats next. . . . Used to play with goats when an East side youngster.

Little German hands playing on the streets of Yorkville. . . . Garden making up in the Bronx. . . . The Hudson sparkling in the sunlight. . . . Bowery winter dwellers scattering all over the country. . . . Gypsies taking to the open road in big cars. . . . Coney Island showing signs of life. . . . Sheephead bay busy with fishing boat activities. . . . "Apartment to sublet" announcements. . . . Broadway looking even more shabby. . . . Apartment house dwellers reading seed catalogues.

Times Square savendropping: "Sure, it looks like a new spring outfit. But he wore the same clothes in Florida when he drove a car down there for a Park Avenue guy."

Hubert D. Stephens, former senator from Mississippi, who has been appointed a director of the Reconstruction Finance corporation.