

Roosevelt Will Tour Country Democrats Admit There's Hard Fight Ahead; but Expect Sweeping Victory

By EARL GODWIN
WASHINGTON. — Well, the Democratic high command has quit fooling and admits there is a tough fight ahead to defeat Landon. My old friend, Jim Farley, Democratic National committeeman, who has been claiming the entire 48 states for Roosevelt now privately gives Landon as many as eight states.

The time has come, too, to tell exactly what is going on politically. These things I now report are facts which have been given privately to the President by his close advisers: The private opinion of those on the inside is that President Roosevelt is not going to have a "walk over" in the campaign. They feel sure of the New Deal's victory; but they know there must be fighting every inch of the way, lest such things as their hoped-for 500,000 majority in New York state, for instance, may be turned into a defeat of the same size. For this reason the President himself seems to be counted on to bear the brunt of the fight; and as I see it now he will start out in mid-September for a red-hot campaign which will encircle the country. He will make a trip as far west as the Pacific coast and will probably retrace the course of the "Victory March of 1932."

There can be no doubt about the vote from the solid south. Those 114 electoral votes are as safe for Roosevelt as anything can be safe politically. All the yipping and yammering by the plush lined Democrats who have tried to discredit Roosevelt among the masses of southern people have been ineffective. If there could be any dissatisfaction in the south it would be in Florida, and that would not occur had it not been for the dissension over the trans-Florida ship canal.

Roosevelt's chances in Ohio are none too promising but they seem to be getting better. That state is the strongest of the Father Coughlin outposts. Illinois looks safe for Roosevelt, odd as that statement may sound to a lot of Republicans. However, the internal Democratic fight between Mayor Kelly of Chicago and Governor Horner is apparently settled amicably, and the Lemke third party in Illinois is going to split the Republicans rather than the Democrats. I would not, however, depend too strongly on any promises made between Kelly and Horner. So Illinois might be classed as merely "fair to middle," but likely to be good for F. D. R. Indiana, I think, is in Roosevelt's bag right now. I disagree with my Democratic friends who say that Iowa is a hundred per cent for Roosevelt; my reports indicate it is doubtful enough to warrant some good hard work. Wisconsin and Minnesota are reported OK for the President; and while there should be a special chapter on the tremendous state of New York, all there is to say is that the Democrats claim it by half a million. If the Empire state goes for Landon, then these Democratic predictions are frightfully wrong.

Michigan interests me. I think it doubtful, but Republican Senator Couzens' attitude is helpful to Roosevelt. Couzens, richest man in the senate, and a Republican, endorses and will work for Roosevelt. Michigan, old time Republican state, went for Roosevelt in 1932 and swung back Republican to Senator Vandenberg two years ago. It should provide a terrific battle.

Pennsylvania would be a hard state for the Republicans to lose; but there is a good chance they will lose it. It has been a hard boiled Republican state for years, dominated for half a century by such bosses as Boise Penrose. But the Republican bosses have died physically or politically, and a new machine is set up, operated by Democratic Governor Earle and Democratic Senator Joe Guffey — a machine of deadly accuracy. Democrats are better organized in Pennsylvania than ever before. Democrats also make strong claims about New Jersey. New England by rights should go Republican, but Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut are giving the Republicans lots of trouble. Vermont seems to be the one rock-ribbed Republican state in the Union. Those Vermonters are so anti-New Deal they even resent the work the C. C. C. boys have done for Vermont roads and forests; and they hate to see them riding to work in government trucks. If Vermont had its way, there'd be no federal aid for anybody; and wherever there was federal aid Vermont would make 'em work like slaves and walk to work even if the job was twenty miles away.

Senator George Norris' influence in Nebraska will turn that state to Roosevelt; and the Pacific coast states are, I believe, 100 per cent Roosevelt.

On the basis of present trends, then, Roosevelt should get more than 300 electoral votes out of 531. He can do this without New York, which is more than Landon

TAKES REAL ISSUE.

Landon, doing a better job at the radio microphone than when he started with his Topeka acceptance speech, delivered a speech on taxes which was as easy as a preacher taking a firm stand against sin. All candidates for anything assailing existing taxes and, without being specific, try to make the country feel that if elected this bright rising star will fix it so that everybody gets the benefits of government—but the other fellow will pay the bill. Landon will, if elected, recommend a repeal of the taxes on corporations' surpluses; and will probably try to put over a direct tax on industry and individuals.

Both Governor Landon and the President seem to be in agreement on the undesirability of so-called hidden taxes. Landon attacked the fact that practically everything from soup to nuts has hidden taxes somewhere. All clothing and other things that enter into every day buying are cleverly taxed, he asserts, and the fact that they have not raised enough revenue for years past is the reason for additional taxes on incomes, on tobacco and liquor, and on gasoline for instance.

But hidden taxes were not invented by Roosevelt. He's been hammering at them for years, and is as much opposed to them as Landon.

If Governor Landon stops with his Buffalo address all we will have had from him will be his phrase "cock-eyed taxation" as related to the taxes on corporation surpluses. That tax, which was a last ditch, desperate measure to dig out enough money to go through with the bonus and other extras congress enacted, was the one alternative congress could think of as against more taxes on the breakfast table, on clothes, tobacco, gas or what not. If corporations, hiding money by the millions, are to be defended by Landon as against the ordinary wage earner, then the sooner he be anchored to Topeka the better.

So when Landon goes on a search for more taxes, having relieved the corporations, where is he going to get them? He does not like hidden taxes so he will go to incomes. It is shown here by the Treasury that Landon would levy an income tax on at least six million people who are now receiving so little that they do not have to pay an income tax at all. Is that wise? The very rich, if taxed to the utmost limit, could not contribute enough to make up the needed amount—so it is the poor man's tax that Landon would have to collect.

In the last year the expenses of government were \$5,500,000,000 and receipts only \$4,000,000,000. Extra expenses were occasioned by relief to the tune of \$3,000,000,000. Even had Landon been President and had paid no relief to anyone, he would still have had a deficit on the regular expenses of government. How would he have paid them? He could not have paid them; that's the answer. He would have borrowed, and then set out to cut to the bone—just as Roosevelt is now doing.

LANDON ON RELIEF.

I have been trying to get a line on the Landon relief policy, but at this writing about the only thing the governor has said indicative of his views was a statement at Buffalo that the G. O. P. would be generous in relief but would not be foolish. This indicates he would not follow some of his party and put the burden of relief entirely on the states. You could tell by Landon's Kansas experience that he favors the states doing as little as possible and the federal government doing as much as possible—but I didn't think he dared say so in public. I have heard so many of the idle rich in the Republican party speak of relief as "spending millions on no-good bums to induce them to vote for Roosevelt." Now the problem of the Republicans seems to be to keep on calling these unfortunate poor "bums" and still get them to vote for Landon. The G. O. P. rich hate federal relief.

In another of Landon's eastern speeches—a better effort than his earlier fumbles—he spoke to a group of educators and highbrows on education. Of course, the governor was for education—who wouldn't be. The question was asked of him: "If you are so strong for education why have you subjected the Kansas schools to such a hazing?" All teachers know that Kansas teachers were reduced almost to a starvation wage and that many schools were closed—had it not been for federal aid there would have been almost a complete dearth of public education in Kansas under Landon.

But the Landon speeches are still second rate, sophomoric high school utterances on platitudinous subjects. He deals in "unctuous inanities" as Secretary Ickes puts it. And, still following the vinegar tongued Ickes, "no one has yet pussyfooted his way into the White House and the precedent will not be broken in this year of grace."

Western Newspaper Union.

Clock Predicts Moon Phase

Which phase the moon will assume on the following night is shown by an unusual clock installed recently on a church steeple in a Berlin suburb. The clock is a large lighted globe with shaded sections to indicate the proper phase for any time during the month. Above is a larger clock for telling time.—Popular Mechanism Magazine.

What Irwin S. Cobb Thinks about

Honoring Amos 'n' Andy. SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

—Because Amos 'n' Andy paid a mythical visit to this community, the grateful populace will dedicate a bronze tablet in Palisades park, which is not only a beautiful park but is regarded by some enthusiastic citizens as being practically the main entrance to the Pacific ocean.

That's California pride for you—the kind that inspires us to pass resolutions endorsing the sunsets.

Well, I don't believe there's a small city in this country that has finer sunsets than Santa Monica. And when better ones are available for towns of this size, Santa Monica will have them. Our boosters' clubs will attend to that.

What I'm getting at, though, is that any fellows who've given as much joy to the world as Amos 'n' Andy deserve a whole set of plaques. If they don't wear out, thinking up their stuff until I get tired of hearing it, they'll go on forever.

"Hello, Kingfish."

Vocal Contortionists.

Why must tenors make such funny faces when they sing? And why must a lady vocalist clutch both hands to her tum-tum when she reaches after a high note, as though she'd just felt the first pangs of cholera morbus? And why must there ever be any professional pianist who also is a professional dandruff fancier and looks as though he should be gone over with one of these sand-blasting machines that they use to clean off office buildings. Just ordinary soap and water wouldn't do.

And, oh, why does a basso insist on singing at great length of the joys of life at the bottom of a coal mine and, for an encore, ro-hock me in the cra-hadle of the da-heep until I'm as seasick as a cow? Hasn't anybody since Rutherford B. Hayes was President, thought up a new song for bassos? And isn't anybody going to do so before the sands of the desert grow cold? It looks like years and years to wait.

France's Diplomatic Game.

WHILE France was asking us to enter into a "neutrality pact" as regards Spain, it would appear she even then was extending very material "sympathies" to the loyalist side. Anyhow, Italy thinks so, and Germany, too. And now Portugal sprouts unrest and Great Britain issues threats.

Since we already were neutral—and, if we have any sense, will keep on being as neutral as a stop-and-go signal—America didn't need to enter any pacts. And if we continue minding our own business we'll have neither a sick headache nor a fresh batch of uncollectible foreign loans when the present mess is over.

The point is that France seemingly has been caught playing a double diplomatic game.

Wholesale Mercy.

WHO killed Cock Robin? Who cares? Dead, isn't he? His widow and orphans can go on relief, can't they? But how about pretty Boy Sparrow? There's the one to think about—so young and so gifted and ambitious.

The Women's Aid Society for the Freeing of Criminals—How soon can we get that poor lad out into the sunshine once more? He takes aim so much better in the sunshine. Must we wait until he breaks out?

The state parole board—Not at all, ladies, not at all. Just be patient a little while, then leave it to us.

Gov. Mushy J. Sapp—But why worry? When I think of that bleak Alcatraz and that hard-hearted Uncle Sam I'm proud to have some wholesome sentiment in my soul. Pass me that pardon blank.

Pretty Boy Sparrow—Well, happy days are here again. Say, I never did like that canary much either. Where's my tommy gun?

The Wisdom of Frogs.

A LADY naturalist at the Smithsonian in Washington has been experimenting and she says that frogs not only listen to political speeches on the radio but, by their croaks at the finish, indicate a deep appreciation of same. This helps to confirm an opinion I've had all along, that the only end of a frog which should command my entire approval is the end the legs grow on—especially when fried in crack-crumb.

On second thought, though, maybe the frog has more brains than I'm giving him credit for. When you applaud at the end of a broadcast there's no chance for an encore.

IRVIN S. COBB.
© WNU Service.

Miss Flamingo

By JANE WILLIAMS
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

HARVEY ROBERTS stole a glance at the face of his discontented, elderly client. Jonathan Taft had half a dozen homes scattered through the East—an apartment in New York City, an estate on Long Island, cottages at Newport and Tuxedo, a lodge in the Adirondacks, and a winter home in Florida where Roberts was now visiting the old man. Without any near relatives, Taft had always seemed happy enough but now that he had reached the age of seventy he was rheumatic and Harvey Roberts thought it too bad that there were no close relatives to look after Mr. Taft.

"I hope you can stay here a couple of weeks with me, Harvey," Taft told the young lawyer. "I miss your father so much since he died."

In the distance appeared a rosy cloud of moving objects coming toward the piazza where the two men sat. It thinned out as it neared the house, appearing long and straggling.

"That's a beautiful sight," commented Harvey. "What is it—birds?"

"Flamingoes."

They reached for field glasses but the flock had veered to the south and was settling down, a compact pink mass, behind the tall trees.

"What is that?" Harvey asked sharply. "Another flamingo? Whatever it is, it's trying to get through your fence—oh, it's fallen. I'm going down to have a look at it, sir. Can I lend you my arm?"

"I have my crutch thanks," snapped Taft, and Harvey slowed down his pace to that of the lame man. They came to the fence separating Taft's estate from the encroaching jungle. Taft stopped when he saw the "flamingo" was a young girl, wearing a tattered frock of rosy cotton. "What the devil are you doing here?"

"I hated to come—it makes me ill to trespass on property that should be my father's inheritance, when he is dying—" she choked inarticulately and compressed her lips.

"Dying?" whispered Taft fearfully. "Charlie dying?"

Harvey Roberts saw the tragedy in the young eyes, as the girl turned slowly and crept through the fence. Then she turned her pretty face toward them and cried out: "What a poor, meager-souled old man you are, Grampus! Not even a blessing for your dying son!" She fled through the wooded path, like a brilliant rosy-clad animal and after her went Harvey Roberts, running fast to catch up with the girl. He caught up with her in the woods where she had sunk down on the doorstep of a ramshackled looking cottage.

"Miss—er—Flamingo!" gasped Harvey, "what can I do for your father—quick, tell me!"

"Doctor—medicine—food!" she murmured, gasping for breath. And she looked after the young lawyer as he ran off at top speed to take care of her instructions.

Then she rose and entered the cottage to tend her father. A man's thin form on a cot turned at the sound of footsteps. "Grandfather could not come, Daddy darling, but he has sent a young man to do the errands—the doctor will be here any minute—are you feeling rested?"

Presently Harvey Roberts arrived with the doctor, the medicine and a large basket of provisions.

There was a rustling sound outside and then the form of Mr. Taft appeared at the door of the cottage. "Grampus!" cried Roslyn, and ran to help him into the house.

Harvey Roberts felt he had served his usefulness and he returned to Taft's house, leaving the old man to make peace with his family. Surely, Harvey thought, now they would bring Taft's son to the house. That would arrange things properly so that Taft would have an heir at his death and certainly Charles was deserving. He wondered if he would ever see Roslyn again before she became just another society debutante. At the snake fence he stopped while he thought of her natural beauty. A sudden rush of air, and there she was. With one jump she was perched on the top rail of the fence.

"Please let me thank you!" she said.

"It was nothing. Will you be coming to New York soon?"

"Perhaps in a few weeks I'll be able to make the trip. I'll find you—somehow!" she said, and then disappeared into the thicket.

It was some months later when the office boy brought in a white card on which was scribbled "Miss Flamingo." Harvey remembered instantly.

But it wasn't until two years later when Mr. Taft invited him down to Florida once more for a week's vacation that Harvey and Roslyn finally got their affairs settled. Once their plans were made, it didn't take them long to find a minister and "Miss Flamingo" surrendered her bird-like independence to become Mrs. Harvey Roberts.

History Note
Back in the days when men as well as women wore high heels, Louis XIV, monarch of France in the Seventeenth century, had them placed on all his shoes in order to appear taller.

Frock With New Features



1928-B

So you like this number! Lovely, isn't it? Boasting the very newest in sleeves and smart styling, it is just the frock to occupy the leading role in your wardrobe for weeks and months ahead. What's more, you can make it quickly and inexpensively.

Note the choice of short or long sleeves, the paneled front, the clever collar, the lovely pockets—there is a perfect symmetry of design and a simplicity of line which makes it a favorite from the bell! Fashioned of a printed silk, crepe, or cotton, you can achieve enviable distinction in this smart model, a frock suitable for almost

Foreign Words and Phrases

any daytime occasion and the sort to give you the ultimate in satisfaction.

Make it yourself, sending today for Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1928-B designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires just 4 yards of 39-inch fabric, with short sleeves. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Fall Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N.Y. © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Household Questions

To prevent the juice in fruit tart boiling over, mix a little cornstarch with the sugar before adding it to tart filling.

Green bananas may be ripened by placing in a paper bag and keeping in a dark closet for a few days.

When having oak floors laid, have flooring delivered at the house a number of days before work is to be done. Open bales so that dry air can get to the strips to reduce any moisture content.

Aluminum pots and pans that have become discolored may be brightened by rubbing with a cloth moistened with lemon juice.

To remove water spots from silk, dampen evenly and press material while still damp. This may be done by spousing carefully with clear water or by shaking it in the steam from a briskly boiling tea kettle until it is thoroughly damp.

When making cole slaw, or cabbage salad, add half a small onion, shredded fine and mix with the cabbage. It improves the flavor.

© Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.

NEW PRESSURE LAMP PROTECTS EYESIGHT

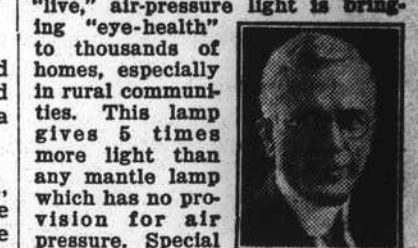
Provides 300 Candlepower "Live" Natural Brilliance For Only 1c a Night

A new mantle lamp that protects your sight with 300 candlepower "live," air-pressure light is bringing "eye-health" to thousands of homes, especially in rural communities. This lamp gives 5 times more light than any mantle lamp which has no provision for air pressure. Special laboratory tests prove its brilliance is nearest like natural daylight... kind to eyes!

W. C. Coleman, pioneer inventor of gas-pressure appliances, has spent 36 years perfecting this lamp. It makes its own gas... burns kerosene or gasoline. It operates for only 1c a night! It is clean, safe, and is an ornament in any home.

Eye-strain is caused by poor and insufficient light, and often results in serious damage to the eyes. Now, nobody need take chances with their precious sight. This new Coleman Lamp is so inexpensive that no one can afford to be without it. It provides plenty of light for every home need... for reading, sewing, studying, playing.

Readers of this paper can get full details of this remarkable lamp, including illustrations of the many beautiful models, by simply sending a postcard to W. C. Coleman, Dept. WU-171, Wichita, Kansas.



W. C. COLEMAN

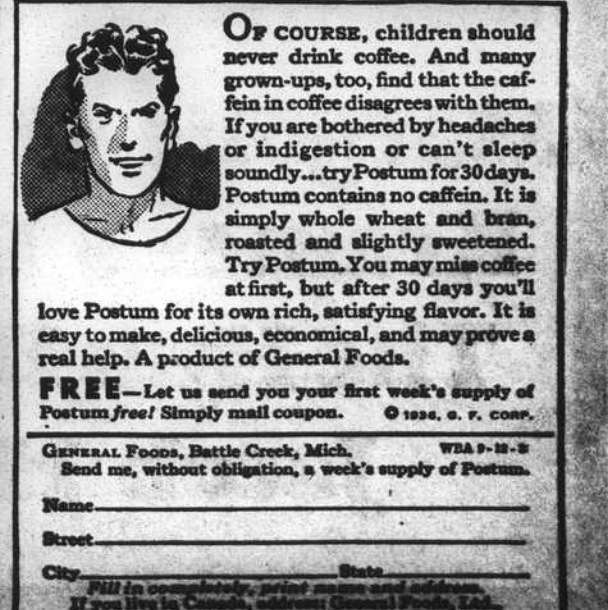
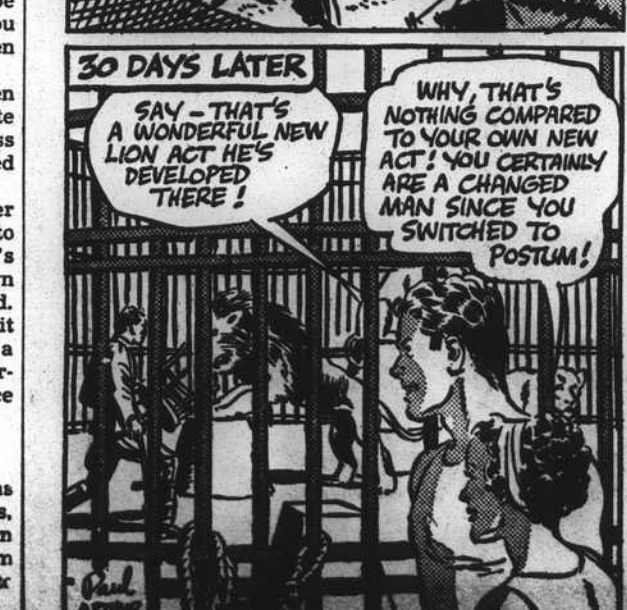
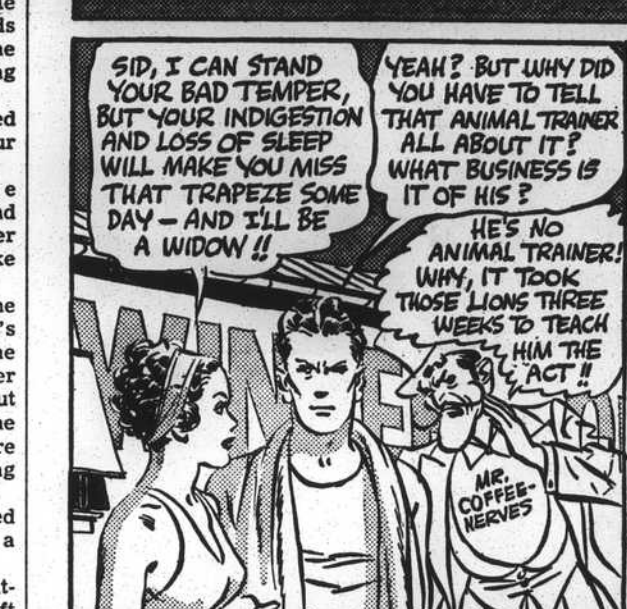
proves its brilliance is nearest like natural daylight... kind to eyes!

W. C. Coleman, pioneer inventor of gas-pressure appliances, has spent 36 years perfecting this lamp. It makes its own gas... burns kerosene or gasoline. It operates for only 1c a night! It is clean, safe, and is an ornament in any home.

Eye-strain is caused by poor and insufficient light, and often results in serious damage to the eyes. Now, nobody need take chances with their precious sight. This new Coleman Lamp is so inexpensive that no one can afford to be without it. It provides plenty of light for every home need... for reading, sewing, studying, playing.

Readers of this paper can get full details of this remarkable lamp, including illustrations of the many beautiful models, by simply sending a postcard to W. C. Coleman, Dept. WU-171, Wichita, Kansas.

SYLVIA CRACKS THE WHIP!



Of course, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly... try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Try Postum. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. It is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE—Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail coupon. © 1936, G. F. Corp.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. WSA 7-15-B
Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Fill in completely, print name and address.
If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd.,
Ottawa, Can. (Offer expires July 1, 1937.)