

Jim Reed of Missouri Tells Some Things About Today's Carryings on That Merit Attention

By Will Rogers

Well all I know is just what I read in the papers, or what I see as I prowl, and Brother the last week or so I prowled. I like to tell of old friends that I run onto. Of course Washington, D. C., is my alley when it comes to running into men I have known and admired for years.

Now take Ex Senator Jim Read of Missouri. Will this generation record a more dynamic, fearless, and more colorful career? No, no. Well I had a fine visit at their hotel rooms with he and his charming young wife. They live in Kansas City and she has a very big ladies dress goods factory, not factory dresses as we know em, but real designs by Paris architects, which just happened to be made in her (not factory) overgrown shop.

Jim Reed come as near being President as any man in America that dident, and he would have made a good one. A little too outspoken perhaps for mass voting strength, but sound in principle, and he goes into his maturing years with a great satisfaction. I would rather tell em what I think and retire with satisfaction, than be President and be hampered.

He told me many things of todays carryings on, that I will think mighty hard over. Its good to meet a man who sees farther than the bend of the road.

Amon G. Carter, the Ft. Worth lobbyist, of course he was here. Ft. Worth had just been left off the Army airmail, and he was making arrangements to run it in by Pony Express from Washington via Ft. Worth to the West Coast. He was of course making all the arrangements that Ft. Worth would be the main stable where they harbored the horses. The riders were to come through Dallas in a high lope and not stop. Going to use the landing field there for a corral. With those horses back in Ft. Worth, it will regain much of its lost glory, like it was before some



Will Rogers

durn yahoo started bringing Fords into town.

A very charming lady on an Irish Hunter named—Dusty Foot—come charging over the political barriers, and was the cynosure (that word may be spelled wrong but it means well) of all eyes. I recognized her as a Lady from the polo field who had galloped into Washington between chuckers to lend succor to another Long Island constituent who was temporarily incarcerated in the N. R. A. calaboose. The first lady in person was "Lizzie" Whitney who had come in from her silver fox farms. (They wont chase a fox unless its on a gold or silver standard). The farm is in the smoked ham state of Virginia, s.a.h. Elizabeth knows horses, but she couldnt make head or tails of these politicians.

Give Talents to N. R. A.

Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey, the second lady referred to in the above codicil, who also knows a bog spawn along with her caviar, was trying to tell Lizzie Jock Whitney that a lady must stand when a Cabinet Member enters the room, but to hide when a Senator enters, and give another name. Both ladies are giving of their time and talents to the N. R. A. and their offices are far enough away in the giant Commerce Building so they cant hear General Hugh Johnson when he "Cracks down" on a bunch of millionaires when they are getting their code.

All these, as I say, were just people met in the Lobby, along, too, with Mr. Pecora, the little Italian lawyer that has asked more embarrassing questions of millionaires than any man living. Men love to get rich, but this little Pecora has made it so discouraging to em trying to tell how they got rich, that he has really discouraged em, that is unless they did it honestly and thats such a task nowadays that its not worth the effort.

Geat Cast

I have known him a long time, and always attend his shows, for he invariably has a great cast. The last time I attended one of his performances he had J. P. Morgan and a midget in the cast. This time he had a half billion dollar cast. Huey Long is not longer in the Lobby of the hotel, he has been segregated out to edge of the city limits, but he found me and pinned a button on me, called "Every man a king," and it said everybody was to divide their wealth. I am working with him on a percentage. Up to now nobody has divided, but we will get em. In fact I think the taxes will get em before Huey and I do.

Well, thats enough folks to see in one Lobby, so we will close the door.

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od Trader

probably once more we are a debtor nation. Our income from foreign sources is deeply cut, while our outgo has been greatly increased.

The excess of the value of our export of goods over the value of our import of goods is steadily declining, and any substantial increase in the price of coffee, sugar or rubber would give us an adverse trade balance. Thus we may throw away all we have gained.

These tragic sequences had an abundance of comic reliefs. There is no great need to hunt for personal devils. We caught our delusions by being exposed to what we thought was money. Hence the bankers, as the shepherds of money, had the largest opportunity to make themselves ridiculous in spectacular fashion.

Present Position

Here is the summary of our present position as a result of the post-war years. From 1922 to 1932 inclusive we had a total favorable trade balance in goods of \$6,694,000,000.

During the same period our tourists spent abroad \$5,409,000,000; immigrant and charity remittances sent away \$3,115,000,000, and our Government spent abroad the sum of \$517,000,000. This made us debtors on current account in the sum of \$2,347,000,000.

We received \$2,052,000,000 on account of war debts and \$7,171,000,000 on account of interest and so forth on loans abroad, and we paid out \$2,406,000,000 in interest and dividends to foreign owners of American securities. This put us ahead in the account to the extent of \$4,470,000,000.

It is a tossup whether or not we shall continue to be a creditor nation in actuality—whatever we may seem to be on mere face values.

If we become a debtor nation our whole economy will have to be revised and we can say good-bye to improving the standard of American living.

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