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It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROUN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—When the noon recess was called John Pierpont Morgan shook hands warmly with Senator Nye and said good-by. Mr. Morgan was quitting Washington and returning to the plant in New York. As a matter of fact, J. P. Morgan was merely a kibitzer during the last few sessions of the munitions committee. He had not been summoned, but merely came along in order not to miss the party.

The investigation fan is a familiar figure in Washington. There are old ladies and gentlemen who show up in the spectators' seats at every hearing, regardless of the subject matter.

Heywood Broun

Just what brings J. P. Morgan to these hearings is not quite so evident. It may be that he is a little stage-struck or possibly he just craves human companionship. Seemingly he is delighted and surprised to discover that he is a figure of news interest. To be sure, he had a rather generous press at the hearings last year, but the space granted to him then was the hard-won mention which one gains when he holds, albeit gingerly, a midget on his knee.

Nor am I referring now to such words as Mr. Morgan has uttered concerning loans, bond issues and rifle contracts. His pleasure, I believe, lies more in enunciating his philosophy and esthetic concepts and finding them in type the next day. It must be remembered that John Pierpont Morgan was graduated from Harvard after four years of foraging in the liberal arts.

# # #

Davis' Visits Expensive

FOR instance, if Mr. Morgan were to leave his desk and walk across the room to interrupt Thomas Lamont at his work Mr. Lamont would be almost certain to tell him about some loan the House of Morgan had made or was about to make. Mr. Lamont would be distinctly puzzled, not to say irked, if J. P. Morgan undertook to draw him into conversation about the color of the heather on a Scottish moor.

Sometimes John W. Davis drops in, but that is no great relief from humdrum affairs, since Mr. Davis charges so much an hour for his services and it would be reckless to talk to him about the flight of grouse and the crispness of the autumn air.

The very phrase itself must come in time to be a burden to the senior partner who has to carry it. The House of Morgan! After all. Harvard breeds rugged individuals.

Whether the scene has actually occurred or not I do not know, but I seem to hear John Pierpont Morgan saying, "Before all else, Leffingwell, I am a human being." And somewhere a door will slam in the House of Morgan.

In Washington, Jack Morgan has met newspaper men. Bohemian comrades who share his belief that the love of money is the root of all evil.

# # #

After All, It Was Fun

EAGERLY they have listened while he described the flight of the grouse against the blood-red morning sky, and when he mentioned the "leisure class" at the Tuesday session the reporters were eager for more.

It took just a sympathetic and understanding audience to draw from him the definition of the leisure class as including all those who "can afford to hire a maid." And it was the warmth and fellowship of the newspaper boys which led him to hazard the estimate that there are "perhaps 30,000,000 families" in this class.

Others in the House of Morgan suggested to reporters that John Pierpont Morgan was talking off the record and should not be quoted. They might have added that Mr. Morgan was off the reservation, too, and on a holiday in a candid land of good companions.

At any rate, I feel certain that after many dull days down at the office in the months to come Mr. Morgan will finally stroll over to Mr. Lamont's desk and ask plaintively, "Tom, when can we get investigated again?"

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Emergency Ended, New Deal Realizes

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—President Roosevelt has been his own worst enemy. He saw clearly that the states were helpless to deal with many problems—that agriculture, holding companies, and cut-throat competition in low wages and child labor, pay no attention to state lines. He saw that government had become so obsessed with protecting property that it had forgotten about protecting human beings. He has seen the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, put into the Constitution after the Civil War to protect the freedom, converted by lawyers and the courts into a trick phrase. Meaningless literally, it has been made by judicial interpretation into a huge verboten sign which is held aloft when the government attempts to regulate property rights.

Clapper

Those are some of the fundamental facts which provided the motive power for the New Deal.

But when it came to the laborious task of doing something about them, a puzzling inadequacy appeared. During the first days of the emergency, the new President had to seize the nearest tools and do the best he could. No sensible person will quibble over anything that was done in those frantic days when the whole country—even the future members of the Liberty League—prayed for a dictator to save them.

# # #

THE chickens which are coming home to roost now are of a later brood. They include the failure to keep the fiscal policy steady against such wild-eyed schemes as the Warren gold price experiment. They include the sudden leap into the Florida ship canal, which has not even good politics to commend it since Floridans are angrily divided as to the desirability of it.

This brood includes persistence in the Quoddy tide-harnessing project which causes even many New Dealers to hold their noses. It includes the failure to bring more experienced legal personnel into the task of recommending Administration legislation and defending it in the courts.

For instance, the new Social Security Act, an infinitely complicated undertaking requiring the most skillful dovetailing with the states, is in the keeping, in its legal aspects, of a young Frankfurter lawyer, hardly 30 years old, who, while a young man of ability, simply hasn't had the experience to go up against the seasoned legal talent which has been engaged in the campaign to break down this legislation.

All through the New Deal, there has been a disposition to substitute young and clever brains for experienced and clever brains. It is these factors, rather than the inherent purposes of President Roosevelt, which weaken him in the face of his enemies.

# # #

THE hollowness of much of the opposition to him is shown in statements like those of the eminent ex-Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, once chairman of the Republican National Committee. He says if Borah is nominated he will take a walk. If Republicans want a New Dealer, Fess says, let them vote for Roosevelt. Undoubtedly that is the feeling of a great many other Republicans who, being more expedient in their utterances, pay lip service to some vague idea of social legislation.

# # #

Recently the Administration has begun to tighten up as if recognizing that the emergency is no longer an alibi for sloppy administrative work. Real progress in that direction during the next few months will deprive the Republicans of their most potent argument and will help force the real issues of social and economic policy out in front where the country can pass judgment on them.

The BACHELOR PRINCE Who Became KING

Edward Knows, Values Friendship Between Britain, America

BY FRAZIER HUNT

A new and worldly wise King-Emperor, Edward VIII, rules over the vast empire that is Great Britain. Frazier Hunt, the famous American journalist-author who probably knows the present monarch more intimately than does any other writer, has described his colorful life as the Prince of Wales in the eleven preceding installments of "The Bachelor Prince Who Became King." In this last installment, Hunt reveals to you the King as he is today.

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NO King has ever ascended the throne of England who had anything approaching either the knowledge of the United States, or the affection for this country, that is a part and parcel of the new King.

It is this, coupled with his dream of world peace, that makes him so vitally important to the 125,000,000 people of America.

Late one night when he was still Prince he stood with his back to the fireplace in his ranch house in Alberta and pronounced these solemn words:

"The peace of the world depends upon the friendly association of the two great English-speaking peoples! Only United States and Great Britain, working together and in perfect harmony, can prevent the world from drifting into helpless anarchy and barbarism. It is the true mission of our two peoples . . . I have thought about it a great deal and I know of no other way out."

He was viewing a world that had been upset and wrenched out of joint by the war; a world run by dictators and politicians, threatened by revolutions, and bewildered by the rumblings of mighty social upheavals and the thunderings of future wars.

# # #

IT was a world, too, that had yet to digest its machines and its whole mechanical culture. Europe, England and most of the Far East were struggling with the bitter problem of over-population, and with the break-down of old systems and civilizations. Change, unrest, discontent, religious decline, debt, trade rivalries, unemployment, hunger, nationalistic jealousies, war threats, fears, misunderstandings, were everywhere. Democracy was at its lowest ebb in 50 years.

"More friendly understanding is all we need to iron out any little difference of opinion between us," he said to me. "Fewer experts and more human beings to settle our difficulties. That's why travel and intimate interchange of ideas are so important. If we could only play golf together we'd realize how close and necessary we really are to one another."

He realized this not only in regard to the United States, but to all countries. He had felt their pulse and understood their moods.

Certainly no Prince has ever ascended the throne with the breadth of vision and the broad background and the inexhaustible fund of human understanding that has been won by this many-sided and complex man of destiny.

Of course, no one can tell exactly what sort of a King he will make. But it is certain that he will be a vastly different King from any that has ever sat on the throne of England.

Certainly his heart is with the common masses of England and the world.

# # #

"THINGS will be different when I am King," he has often said.

Recently when he was inspecting his London properties, he stopped to chat with an old woman tenant.

"Why, sir, are you taking so much trouble over us poor?" she questioned. "When you are King, you'll be King of the rich people only."

The then Prince shook his head.

"You're mistaken," he answered. "If ever I'm King I shall be King of the poor. The rich won't need me."

As a future constitutional monarch he had been trained to keep aloof from all politics. In a way, the careful manner that George V, and even Edward VII steered clear of all party entanglements or interference has had much to do with the popularity of the British crown today. In a period marked by the flowering of a democratic system under a constitutional monarchy, this aloofness was both proper and necessary.

But it is a new and changing world we are living in today. And tomorrow's world will be different from today's. As Prince he gave to his ancient position as heir to the throne entirely new conceptions and boundaries. He dared to be himself. He was not afraid to take his inherent sympathy and consideration for other human beings into the highways and byways of the world.

He has boldly stepped out into the ranks of the unemployed, the poorly housed, the crippled ex-service men, the sick and the defeated. His latest move was to raise a great fund to help the youth of Britain in the difficult years between the time they leave school and the time they find work.

ALMOST without knowing it he has become the champion of the lowly.

Millions in England look to him as their friend and protector. He has time without number proved his sincerity, and his determination to help them at any cost.

England, with her two million unemployed, her ten million over-population, her housing problems, her losses in trade, her vast discouragement and deep though silent unrest, trusts this slender 41-year-old King more than she trusts any other single individual in the world.

And so it is that the Bachelor King will have in his strong athletic hands a power greater than any King of England has had for more than a hundred years. It will be greater because it will come straight from the people of England.

His influence on his ministers, on the elected men who make up the government, will be greater than any constitutional monarch has ever had, because his influence on the masses of people will be greater.

No minister, no premier, will dare to go against this force. It will exercise the pressure born out of the changing mood of millions.

# # #

WHILE most of the world talks of war and prepares for some awful struggle that would completely destroy the few remaining oases of sanity and civilization, this young King dreams and talks of peace. He knows as well as any man the futility, the horror and the cruelty of war.

"There is no wise man living today who, having learned what war means, does not pray that war may never come again in his life," he said to the heroes of England, the wearers of the Victoria Cross.

Time and again he boldly had spoken against another slaughter of youth. "The most important lesson we learned during the war was that there is no question nor chance of another," he said before the Post War Brotherhood Federation. But it was only a hope he was expressing. For he knows the danger of war as well as its folly.

For years he was a glamorous and gay figure straight from the golden pages of chivalry. Torn by war and its awful aftermath, the world needed a youthful hero whom it could applaud and set upon a high pedestal. It was to realize all too soon that its heroic sacrifices had been in vain and that the war had solved nothing. Disillusioned, it had to have some bright, half-real, half-make-believe figure to stir again its tired and broken heart. The Prince that was did this.

# # #

HIS ready smile, his slight, immature stature, his genuineness, his consideration, his plain honesty and sincerity, the wistful look in his eyes, his gay manner, his good humor, his comradeship, his dancing and love of happy hours—all these and more helped toward the creation of a Prince Charming for the whole world.

His emergence from this half-fanciful creation was a slow and laborious process. He was to travel over all the world. From first-hand contact he was to learn of its people and its problems. He was, like the pupils of the old Greek teachers, to sit alongside the wise and the great, and from their lips he was to draw knowledge and in the end wisdom.

Even today he reads very little, but he has the knack that lets him in an hour's conversation syphon from men's minds facts and truths. It is a short-cut to learning that only a few leaders have ever completely mastered.

It springs mainly from his ability to handle every shade of person. Blinded ex-soldiers and premiers of dominions, wives of envoys and foreign princesses, Presidents of the United States and unemployed miners, telephone girls and stately dowagers, all are grist to his mill of human understanding, and the sum total has made him one of the most broadly educated and tolerant men living.

# # #

IT is almost certain that the King never again will cross an ocean and that his days of far travel are over — except a duty trip to India to be crowned Emperor. He would like to re-strengthen the bonds of peace and friendliness that bind together his own country and the United States, but he knows that his life job now must be in the British Isles.

As King he will lose some little of the circumscribed freedom that he had as Prince. His duties will be more onerous and exacting, but he still will golf, and nothing can deprive him of the deep joy and keen exercise he gets from gardening.

He still will plant his feet in the good soil of England and draw from it strength and inspiration.

As he digs among his rhododendrons and dahlias, or spades ground that has never before felt the pressure of iron or steel, the thoughts that march across the screen of his memory are not of the gay and sportive years when he was the young Prince, but rather of the tragic and difficult years of the present.

He sees the marching millions sacrificed in the slaughter called the World War—and he swears by his dead comrades that there shall be peace in the world.

He sees the misery and awfulness of jobless men and women, broken and crushed through no fault of their own. He dreams of England back to work again.

# # #

HE sees rows on rows of hospital beds, and ranks of crippled children, and all the lowly and abused. He would bring help and the good life to every one.

He visions filthy two-room tenements and stark streets of miners' huts and the whole vast problem of under-housing. He would have decent, happy homes for all.

As he looks up into the blue sky he sees the sufferings, and the longings and the tired dreams of the whole world as a mirage. And he pledges his life to common humanity everywhere.

He no longer is uncertain or bewildered.

He not only has accepted his duty but he has created it.

He fulfilled, as no other Prince of Wales ever did, the true pledge of the words "Ich Dien" embossed under the three feathers of his former crest—"I serve."

In many ways he is still the many-sided and elusive personality of 10 years ago, but a new power and added assurance have come to him.

As King his new point of view, his humanity and his battle against poverty and unemployment, will mark a whole period.

And now at the close of this attempt to paint the elusive spirit that is the new King, Edward VIII, I would end by quoting again what the little housemaid said to me in London when I asked her why it was that she would rather see the then Prince of Wales than even George V or Queen Mary—

"It's because he is so good to all us poor," she explained. "He's trying every way he can to help us."

I can think of no finer thing to say about any man—or any King.

THE END.

Kings must walk alone—even in sorrow. So, while his brothers march shoulder to shoulder, King Edward VIII walks alone as the four escort the body of King George V from the railroad station to Windsor Castle for burial. Left to right, behind King Edward are, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of York and the Duke of Kent.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

BY DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—For some time it has been no secret that there is a definite lack of cordiality between certain members of the Supreme Court. How far that bitterness extends, however, is known only to a few.

Quite open in their hostility to the liberal wing of the court have been Justices McReynolds and Butler. McReynolds blatantly read a newspaper when Justice Cardozo took his oath, usually does not take lunch with his colleagues, and delivered a scorching tirade from the bench when the gold decision was handed down.

Just as deep-rooted, but carefully concealed by surface cordiality, is another strained relationship between two of the ablest and most forceful members of the court.

They are Justices Harlan Fiske Stone and Owen J. Roberts.

These are the two men who delivered the vigorous and diametrically opposite decisions in the AAA case. They are also the two men who have handed down more conflicting opinions than any other two justices. Of recent years they have opposed each other all along the line.

And yet—though few people know it—Justice Roberts owes his appointment to Justice Stone.

It happened that Justice Stone was Herbert Hoover's closest adviser on all court matters. Every morning at 7 Stone went to the White House to play handball with the President, afterward drank orange juice with him, gave advice on whatever was on Hoover's mind.

In this way he recommended the appointment of Roberts, and later of Cardozo.

Stone had known Roberts as government attorney in the Teapot Dome oil scandals, was greatly impressed by his ability.

Since then, however, he has made no secret of his disappointment in Roberts' apparent desertion of the liberal views he seemed to hold as Teapot Dome attorney.

# # #

Dark Horses

ONE of the peculiar twists which fate has given to the situation is that both Stone and Roberts, once good friends, now in constant disagreement, have been mentioned as Republican presidential timber.

Intermittently during the past three years, friends of Justice Stone have approached him asking permission to boost him for the nomination. At first Stone's friends say he considered the matter seriously. But for approximately two years he has turned a complete cold shoulder to the idea.

Justice Roberts also has told close friends he did not want to get into the presidential race. However, Roberts seems to have considered the question much more seriously than Stone. Only a short time ago it was a question of grave debate within the Roberts family.

# # #

Mrs. Roberts

ONE of the important influences in the life of Owen J. Roberts is Mrs. Roberts. A very live, sagacious and ambitious lady, she counts tremendously with the justice—both politically and otherwise.

Mrs. Roberts is of the opinion that Owen should not risk his fate to ballots when he holds for life one of the most important positions in the country.

She is especially alive to the fact that her husband holds the balance of power in the court, and feels that he can do a great service in stabilizing the economic and social trends of the nation—a greater service perhaps than if he were President.

Mrs. Roberts is frankly, avidly against Roosevelt and makes no secret of it.

# # #

Quotable

MOST eager member of the throng which crowded the Supreme Court last Monday in anticipation of the Tennessee Valley Authority decision was Rep. John J. McSwain. As chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, the tall South Carolinian was in charge of the legislation when it passed the House.

When the court failed to hand down its ruling, Rep. McSwain went to lunch with two friends in the handsome cafeteria in the basement of the Supreme Court building. They were in the middle of their lunch when the group noticed Justice Harlan F. Stone, accompanied by his wife, sit down at the next table.

McSwain greeted the famed dissenting justice. "We were just discussing legal matters," he said jocularly. "But I guess we had better stop now."

"By no means," remonstrated Stone. "Go right ahead. Don't mind me."

"Still, perhaps I had better not. You see, I was quoting you."

"Oh, I don't care how much you quote me," laughed Stone. "I only wish some others would do so."

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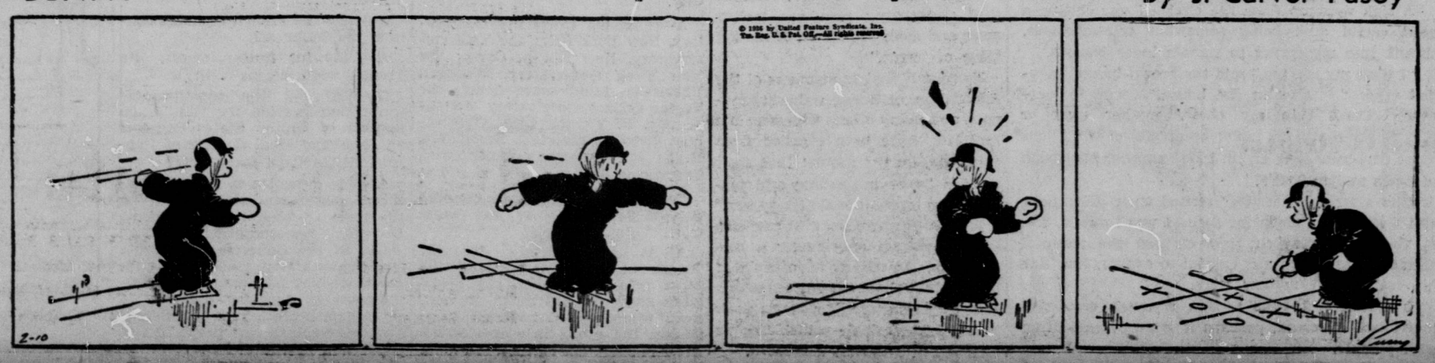
BENNY

By J. Carver Pusey



Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

LONDON, Feb. 10.—Considering the well-known social traits of the new King of England, it seems quite likely that the coming year will bring some interesting innovations in royal conduct. The democracy of his late father was emphasized throughout the eulogies which were published during the week of intense mourning, but it may be remembered that some very trivial incidents were seized upon as evidence of his human character. The fact is that he was always in character and always King of England and associated entirely with the aristocracy.

Westbrook Pegler

His son, on the other hand, has been genuinely enthusiastic in his association with people whom he was too discreet to lead home by the hand for introduction to the family circles. The Prince of Wales was on social terms with Georges Carpentier, for example, and a few years ago invited Jack Curley, the New York wrestling promoter, to a polite but hearty winebust at St. James' Palace.

The Prince was no stranger to the night life of London. He liked the prize fights, he took his drams openly and he insisted that he always be treated like any other customer. On the whole, his tastes have resembled those of his grandfather, who as Prince of Wales sought a meeting with John L. Sullivan and conferred great and lasting prestige on various places of entertainment in Paris.

# # #

Handicaps of the Throne

NO doubt those little journeys of Edward VII have been exaggerated, for a man of his station can hardly lose a shilling without its being said that he is squandering the people's hard-earned money, or bow to a woman in public lest he be accused of leading a double life. Nevertheless, Edward VII undoubtedly knew his way around and was friendly with people of a class who found themselves excluded from the royal presence when King George ascended the throne.

George appears to have been thoroughly domestic, thoroughly aristocratic and a total stranger to the sort of frivolity which appealed to his father before him and his son.

The new King has a rather extensive personal acquaintance among the English journalists. It is hardly likely that he will adopt Roosevelt's practice of inviting 50 or 100 reporters into his office to fire at will, but it is by no means unthinkable that as King he should continue to talk with his newspaper coverage just as he has been doing for years.

The English understand the power of publicity, or ballyhoo, and if presidents and dictators receive reporters, why shouldn't the King of England?

It doesn't seem quite possible that as King the young man who used to do pretty much as he pleased within reason will continue to drop in and dance at night clubs, but it is equally unlikely that a man of confirmed tastes will suddenly step into a new character and put all pleasure out of his life. As a compromise he could invite the night club to come to him.

# # #

Still Has His Golf

OF course, Buckingham Palace is out of the question as the scene of such informality, for it is not only the traditional home of the decorum of the crown but the residence still of the King's mother, whose temperament would not delight in doings of this kind.

The King can continue to golf without embarrassment for he has always enjoyed the protection of an affected an dexaggerated indifference from other players on the fairways. He let it be known that he did not wish to be deferred to, as this would put him off his game, and the English golfers have ignored him with a right good will ever since.

At any rate, England is about to witness an abrupt change of pace. The old royal social circle will quietly withdraw and young people will gradually move into their places, introducing new manners and ideas. Respectability was the old King's trademark, but the atmosphere was getting pretty stuffy the last few years.

Gen. Johnson Says—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Edward F. McGrady's plan to settle labor disputes, which has been described in this column, is working well in Toledo. That city, which formerly was threatened with industrial migration, has not had a serious strike since Mr. McGrady's plan went into effect. Now the idea is spreading elsewhere.

Fiorello La Guardia wants the Toledo plan established in New York. There is a movement to install it in Philadelphia. I heard a great deal of demand for it on the Pacific Coast.

No one has done more valuable and constructivve work in the settlement of labor disputes. Single-handed Mr. McGrady is more effective than any labor board we ever had. The Communists call him "Strike Breaker McGrady" and "Public Enemy No. 2." Recently, because he made a pro-Roosevelt speech to a labor union and, when they cheered, said it was an answer to the "money bags." The reactionary press is panning him as a rabble-rouser and inciter to class war. A man who can get such equality of dead cats from each of the extremes must be a pretty fair middle-of-the-road administrator.

# # #

THAT is what Mr. McGrady is. He goes away with the respect of both sides of every labor dispute, even when he does not succeed in settling it—which is not often.

That speech came right after the Liberty League dinner with its charges of Communism and unrestrained war whoops against the New Deal. Mr. McGrady was getting tired of being called a Communist.

He is a fiery Irishman. The "money bags" speech may not have been good judgment in an Assistant Secretary of Labor, but, considering all circumstances, it was excellent Irish. It does not in the least impair the great usefulness of Edward McGrady—at least not among the hundreds of leading industrialists who know him as a loyal labor man who is fair-minded to opponents in any dispute.

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Times Books

THOSE who have a fondness for historical novels may find a book very much to their liking in **"What If This Friend,"** by Richard Hanlon (Claude Kendall & Willoughby Sharp; $2.50).

Set in a particularly moving period of Roman history, "What If This Friend," depicts the hold of the Roman empire on the entire civilized world and the vicissitudes of Tiberius Caesar as it unwinds the story of Lucius Vitellius, Governor of Syria.

Mr. Hanlon's knowledge of Roman history seems sound and he has woven into his tale several famous, some infamous, characters. He brings in Herod Antipas, Pontius Pilate, Herodius, Festus Publius, Claudia Procola and Tiberius.

The author deftly plays Machiavellism off against saintliness in the person of Dia, Vitellius' wife. "This Friend," of course, is the Carpenter of Nazareth in whom Dia believed fervently.

Mr. Hanlon ends his story, long after Dia's death, with the still unbelieving Vitellius giving up all his property to save the lives of a handful of condemned Christians. It is a moving and worth-while story. (By Dorothy R. Isaacs.)