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JORDAN DOUBTS NEW DEAL CAN BEAT DROUTH

By JAMES R. MCCARTHY, International News Service Staff Correspondent.
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SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Nov. 23 (INS).—The snow is deep on the Black Hills and on the vast prairies that roll to the east, but it is the hand of summer that remains coldly upon the heart of the South Dakota farmer.
What little the drouth left behind, the grasshoppers consumed. So, as Farmer Jordan sat in his small parlor on the wheat farm not far from this city, he shook his head. The new deal might come, but what was the new deal against nature?
Farmer Jordan is not precisely an articulate man, but he knows what he wants and what he doesn't want. There are three things he doesn't like, the drouth, the grasshoppers and the government.
There had been not a drop of rain all summer. He saw, long before September, that it was useless to think even of harvesting his wheat. There wasn't enough left for harvesting. He thought of letting his cattle feed on the little wheat there was.
But the grasshoppers got ahead of the cattle. They swarmed over the Dakotas.
Farmer Jordan talked incoherently about going in for flax in South Dakota flax is important but it doesn't have to be planted on cultivated soil.
"I guess I'll sell this damn farm and go in for flax," said Farmer Jordan. "Land doesn't mean anything here any more. Nobody can pay their mortgages. Nobody can earn enough to pay off what they've borrowed."
"So much land has been thrown back in the state that it is wondering what to do with it. Some say the state will take the tax off the land. That would mean the value of land would go up. Many complain that in such a case eastern capitalists would come in and take over the land. I say what of it? I am one farmer, not afraid of the eastern capitalists. If they can make the land boom around here I'm for them. It's a funny thing. We sit around here all our lives yelling about the capitalists. It's a funny thing if they would come in and bring the new deal. They're not, after all, as bad as grasshoppers."

DORIS WILL GIVE PARTY MONDAY

By CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER, Universal Service Society Editor.
NEW YORK, Nov. 23 (Universal).—For the benefit of those interested I can record that Doris Duke's birthday celebration is set for Monday night, next.
Being far from a "party hound", the stylish Doris was all for allowing her "coming-of-age" to pass without any ceremonial observance. But her friends, the dear, thoughtful souls, overruled her wishes and desires and next Monday night the James B. Duke mansion—the handsomest house in all New York, to my way of thinking—will be ablaze with lights, resounding with the sounds of music and festive with the laughter and merrymaking of Doris' young intimates.
It will be a most informal event—nothing collect monte—and only the close young friends of the willowy and pulchritudinous Doris will be included "among those present."
Seldom, in the past, has the white marble Duke house been the scene of social festivity. Doris, herself, cares little about acting the hostess role, and her dark-haired and fastidiously turned out mater usually confines her hospitality to a few old friends.
So the party on Monday night will mark another milestone in the history of the Duke mansion.

U. S. Probes Poison Plot at Vets' Hospital

COATESVILLE, Pa., Nov. 23.—Department of justice officials revealed today they are investigating a poison candy plot at the U. S. Veterans' Hospital.
Three patients, a nurse and two hospital attendants were made ill Saturday by eating candy mailed in a small box in Philadelphia Friday. All are on the way of recovery. The motive behind the plot is a mystery.

\$50,000 LOVE WON BY DOCTORING TOE, IS CLAIM

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 23 (INS).—Testimony that Mrs. Victoria Audet Toffe won the love of her husband, George Toffe, by doctoring his sore toe, was on record today in the \$50,000 alienation of affections suit filed against her by Mrs. Elizabeth Toffe, Toffe's former wife.

MATTY'S MEMOIRS

As Told to James Gordon Fraser
By Frank Matty
CHAPTER XXII.

The deadlock that resulted when we stole the Common Council from the 11 Republican aldermen continued for months. In the meantime, no city business was done. Gene Mack and the other 10 Republicans had regular meetings and went through the motions of doing business, but neither Mayor J. K. McGuire nor City Clerk Mel Haven would co-operate, and they just wasted their time. I went over with Bill Stuart or some others of the eight Democrats and had similar meetings, but because we didn't have a quorum, we couldn't do any business.



FRANK MATTY.

Various ways were tried to break it. I offered once to resign, if Mack would, and submit to another secret ballot election under the supervision of the newspapers. I knew I would get the same 10 votes. But Mack refused to take a chance. Then, McGuire tried to call a special meeting and get a quorum that was friendly by mailing notices to most of the Republicans and notifying those he actually wanted by messenger. But that didn't work, because at the last moment, our secret friends among the Republicans backed up and wouldn't go into the meeting.

Finally, they brought us all to trial before Judge Williams under the conspiracy indictments. Bill Kennedy and Jim Ludington defended us, and the prosecution was aided by Mike Driscoll, who afterward went to Congress, and Sandy Cowie. The courtroom was jammed. There was nothing else in the newspapers for days, all of them running the complete testimony.

Every alderman was called as a witness, and there was nothing surprising in their testimony until we got to Gene Mack. Then, the big surprise was sprung. Remember, he was the fellow who was a candidate against me, and who was complaining that he had been beaten as a result of ballot-box stuffing.

Mr. Lewis asked him: "Did you, at any time during the six hours of balloting, cast more than one vote on any one ballot?"

And Mack said: "Yes!"

Mack also admitted that he had tried to get George Freeman to refrain from putting a ballot in the hat at one time, so he could put in two.

I remember one other funny thing that happened during that hearing. When our attorney, Bill Kennedy, was summing up, he gave Hendricks, Mack and all the other Republicans a terrific lambasting. Toward the end, when he got going good, he shouted:

"This was a pretty picture they built up—these outraged champions of political virtue. But there is one flaw in it. The man they picture as the chief victim of the outrage, the spotless standard-bearer they claim was cheated out of honors he honestly won, comes in here and admits—alone among all these witnesses—that he was actually stuffing the ballot box. That is the nigger in the woodpile!"

I gasped at that, because there was a negro on the jury—a fellow named Littleton Lee, who was a good friend of mine and who wouldn't have voted against me if Kennedy had called him everything in the dictionary. But Kennedy noticed my surprise and stopped. When he realized that it meant he apologized to Lee, who grinned and said it was all right.

It was all right, too, because the jury went out and stayed two days, trying to convince Littleton Lee and two other fellows, both of whom were strangers to me and good, honest men, so far as I knew, that "Matty ought to be convicted for the good of the Republican party." It didn't work. Lee and the other two stuck it out, and at the end of the two days, the jury came back and reported it couldn't agree. And that was the end of the ballot-box stuffing case.

I will never forget how mad Mack was when he came late to

the first meeting and found Howard Lincoln presiding. He yelled: "Say, Matty, I never agreed to stand for Lincoln. You know what he did to us before. I won't agree to him—I bar him. Anybody else will do, but not Lincoln." That was the time I made the speech that gave Lincoln the nickname of "Old Honest Face," that stuck to him for years. I raked Mack over the coals for insinuating that Lincoln was anything but an honest man, and concluded with: "Look upon the face of that man in the presiding officer's chair. Gaze upon that honest countenance. Can any of you look into that honest face and believe for one instant that it belongs to any but an honest man?" We went along, anyway, until the end of the year, when we went under the so-called "White charter," or new law creating a government for second class cities. And it just about wrecked the fun of politics for everybody. It made just a rubber stamp out of an alderman and turned over to the mayor and the board of estimate and apportionment about all the privileges and prerogatives an alderman had. Up to that time, an alderman was a pretty powerful city official. You must remember that we appointed about all the city employees who amounted to anything, and had the power of veto over the rest, appointed by the mayor. We once used that power to hold up the appointment of Hugh Mulherin and T. Frank Dolan to the health board for nearly two years. It was a great lever to use on the

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