

WASHINGTON

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"Federal Triangle" in Washington.

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THE annual spring rush of tourists to Washington is on. In the Nation's Capital even the perennial visitor is greeted with something new to enjoy. This year new buildings, recently opened, in and near the great triangle between the Capitol and the Ellipse, will be a feature of a tour of the city.

Gaze down upon the modern Washington from an airplane. As always, the simple grandeur of the White House, the Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial and the towering Washington monument draw the eye and make the heart beat faster. But near them new wonders have appeared.

Quietly and steadily, with so little fuss that residents were hardly aware of it, thousands of carloads of stone and metal—whole mountains in the aggregate—have been hauled into the city and reared into monumental buildings.

Acres and acres of old, unsightly structures have been razed on Capitol Hill, around its base, and along broad, historic Pennsylvania avenue. In their place stretch parks, wide boulevards, or long, handsome houses of government.

In the angle formed by the intersection of Pennsylvania avenue and the new Constitution avenue, beautiful Champs Elysees or Rue de Rivoli of Washington, rises a mighty wedge of masonry, the famed "Federal Triangle," eight blocks long.

In this single group is the most amazing collection of government buildings that the world has seen. They make their own weather. In hottest summer the air inside is cooled to the temperature of a fine spring day.

Beneath the roofs of this Triangle work nearly 20,000 government employees, about as many as the entire population of Batavia, N. Y., or Daytona Beach, Fla. Every day dozens of people get lost in its 20 miles of corridors.

Massive and Beautiful.

In sheer size the cluster of buildings is staggering. Even from high above. It is as if a dozen or more of New York's tallest skyscrapers have been laid on their sides, formed into a blunted arrowhead, and cut and twisted to make courts and wings. One unit—the Commerce department—is longer than the Chrysler building is tall.

But it is not merely an impression of bigness that one has in the wandering plane. Long ranks of majestic columns, graceful arcades, a wide plaza, and solid rock walls give a beauty and simplicity that make these enormous newcomers fit companions for the classic White House and Capitol.

The airplane turns, and far off in the distance, beyond the Capitol dome, appears a gleaming white marble temple, comparable in beauty even to the noble Lincoln Memorial. This is the new United States Su-

preme Court building, the only real home of its own that the nation's highest court has had.

For the first time in American history a citizen now might gaze upon the separate, permanent abodes of the three branches of his government—legislative, the Capitol; executive, the White House, and now, for the judicial, long sheltered in the old senate chamber, this temple whose dignity and impressiveness match the majesty of the law itself.

Suspended in History.

As you cruise about, other splendid white buildings appear, new jewels in the familiar setting along the Potomac.

Beyond the Lincoln shrine the new Arlington Memorial bridge links north and south. Down the Virginia shore of the winding river a wide Applan way, the Mount Vernon Memorial highway leads to the home and tomb of the Father of His Country.

From the steps of the Capitol all the way down to the river, two and a third miles away, sweeps a broad stretch of tree-dotted park land. Gone is much of the mushroom growth of temporary wartime structures. Their removal gives new beauty to this Mall, main feature of the grand plan conceived by the Revolutionary soldier-artist, Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, when he laid out this city with broad, sweeping, prophetic strokes to be the capital of a vast country.

Hanging between earth and sky, you seem suspended in history, halfway between the past and the unfathomable future. How would the city look a hundred years hence, or twenty, or a thousand?

For months now, returning travelers from Timbuktu or Teheran and pilgrimagizing citizens from Dodge City or Dubuque have been pausing on emergence from Washington's Union station and uttering exclamations of admiration and surprise.

No wonder! Instead of ugly brick walls and tar-paper shacks of World war vintage, a splendid park cut by wide drives sweeps across to the Capitol.

The Senate Office building, off there at the left, has had its face lifted—and a handsome face it now is, with a long row of Roman Doric columns. A street car line that once marred the scene dips discreetly underground. Beneath a broad lawn is a subterranean garage in which 270 senatorial cars can be parked.

Supreme Court Building.

But to look upon the latest crowning glory of Capitol hill one should stand on the front steps of the Capitol, where Presidents are inaugurated, and see the new Supreme Court building, its beauty heightened by the green of trees and grass.

It occupies a historic site. Early patriots in powdered wigs foregathered at a famous old hotel run by William Tunnicliff on this spot before the War of 1812. After the

British burned the Capitol in 1814, a building erected here housed congress until the marks of the torch were erased. In Civil war times it was used as a military prison.

Everything about the Supreme court's home is on a majestic scale. Look at those blocks of marble, one at each side of the steps. Each block weighs 45 tons. They are two of the heaviest marble blocks ever brought into Washington.

The two bronze doors weigh 3,000 pounds apiece. The eight Corinthian columns are 51½ feet high. The pediment above them catches the eye, not alone for its size, but for its interesting sculptures in which the features of historic or living men are recognized.

Inside the massive bronze portals a main hall lined with 36 stately columns—each made from one solid piece of stone—leads to the courtroom where the nine black robed justices sit. At their own request the room was made only about 60 per cent larger in floor area than the old Supreme court room in the Capitol. Richly colored marble columns and sculptured panels lend beauty to the lofty chamber, 45 feet from floor to ceiling.

Behind the courtroom are the quartered-oak-paneled offices of the justices, each of whom will have about as much space as all had together in the crowded Capitol. Only three had offices there at all, and most of the members of the court do much of their work at home. To assure the justices privacy, the new building's corridors can be closed by big bronze gates.

The attorney general and solicitor general, who had barely space enough for their brief cases when they came to the Capitol to appear before the court, are provided with spacious offices.

In the Folger Shakespeare library, down the street, reposes a fine collection of books and Elizabethan treasures, even the supposed corset of Queen Elizabeth, solemnly stowed away in a vault and showed only to a chosen few.

Behind the Library of Congress an annex almost to double its capacity is being built, although already it is the largest library in the world, with more than 9,840,000 books, pamphlets, pieces of music, and other items at the latest count.

Down from Capitol hill, past a shining new House Office building lately reared beside the first one, the trail of the new Washington leads to Pennsylvania avenue.

In some of its now vanished buildings—masses of rubble and ruined walls then—the first bricks flew in the "bonus army" riots of 1932.

Halfway along "The Avenue," between the Capitol and White House, there stretched off to the left in the early days of the city a dreary swamp where Washingtonians were wont to shoot "reedbirds."

Later the swamp was filled in, and the old Center Market, dubbed the Marsh or "Ma'sh" Market, was erected there. Five years ago, the ramshackle market buildings still occupied the spot, and thousands of rats inhabited the premises which had long been a cornucopia for them.

An energetic government hit upon this location as a key point in its building program. Here would rest the tip of the Federal Triangle. Wrecking operations began. Scientific Pied Pipers from the Agricultural department disposed of the rats, which at first devoured the workmen's lunches.

On this unlikely site now stands a structure in many ways unique—the National Archives building.

Here for the first time is a worthy, safe and permanent home for the precious records of the nation, some scrawled in faded ink on yellowed paper by early patriot hands, others punched out on modern typewriters, or even contained in sound motion-picture films which will be preserved and shown here.

To guard against deterioration—to keep Father Time at bay as long as possible—both sunlight and natural air are barred from the archive storage sections, which are windowless.

"Peg Leg" Convict Robs Blind Woman; Asks for Cell Again

Alex (Old Peg) Rhoda, fifty-nine, wooden legged ex-convict, has spent 29 of the last 40 years in penitentiaries. Recently in Chicago he robbed a blind woman. Witnesses chased him. One of them cried out that he was the lowest of thieves. Old Peg halted. Shamefacedly he surrendered. He gave police a revolver he carried in a secret compartment of his wooden leg, then asked to be sent back to prison.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

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