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By BARBARA GILES

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about Huey P. Long is his hardihood. During the past four years he has survived an impeachment trial, and the violent enmity of every important newspaper in Louisiana. He has been investigated and exposed in every known fashion, fought by the once-powerful New Orleans "Ring," punched in the face, and challenged to a duel.

Not only has the Governor survived these vicissitudes, but he has emerged with more personal political power than any governor of Louisiana, or, possibly, any governor in the country ever had in his own state. An enraged state legislator once thrust a copy of the Louisiana constitution at Governor Long. "Did you ever hear of this?" he demanded. Long tossed the document aside. "I am the constitution," he retorted. The statement might have been swagger then, but it is truth now. Opposition factions which Long has not overpowered or allied to himself are silenced or ignored. Huey runs the state.

For the explanation of this situation, one must look for an explanation of Huey P. Long. The story of his early life is not remarkable or particularly illuminating. As told by the Governor during his campaigns, it is a touching, Lincolnesque narrative of hardship and persecution, featuring a pony with a red saddle which the cruel taxgatherers took, and playing up young Huey's career as a salesman of cleansing powder, lard substitutes, and other commodities, including a patent medicine which is not generally mentioned outside of drug stores, and which the narrator, with uncharacteristic delicacy, omits.

Perhaps the success of the whooping, aggressive demonstrations that Huey conducted in putting across his goods gave him the idea of applying super-salesmanship to a political career. At any rate, he borrowed money for a law course at Tulane University, cleaned up a three-year curriculum in seven months flat, and was admitted to the bar. His entry into politics proper came with his election to the Public Service Commission, when Long discovered his talents as a Friend of the People. The commission, which had not figured previously as an agency of much importance, became Mr. Long's sounding board, and Louisiana began to learn about Big In-

terests and the Little Fellow. In view of the publicity Long obtained for the commission, it may seem ungrateful of one of his colleagues on that body to charge now that the Flaming Crusader violated a law forbidding members of the commission to act in legal cases involving corporations under the commission's jurisdiction.

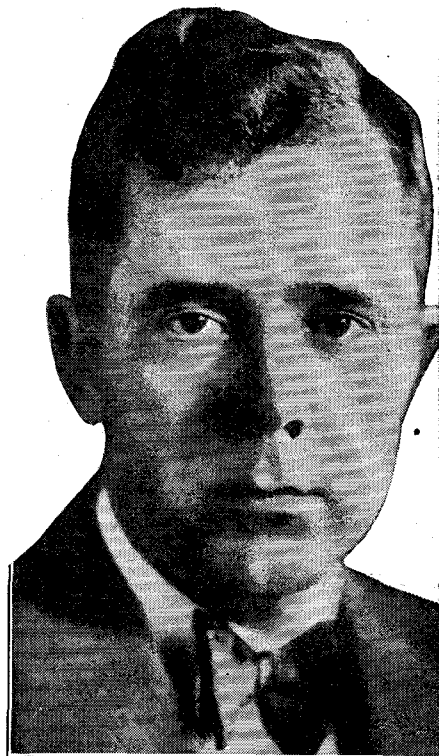
In 1924 Long made his first race for Governor and was beaten, partly because the weather kept rural voters from the polls. Four years later he ran again and won.

Since that time he has demonstrated what an aggressive executive, with sufficient ambition, brains, appointive power, and funds can do for himself—and, in some degree, for the state. He promised Louisiana that if elected he would give the state paved roads, and by hoisting taxes on gasoline and floating bond issues he is fulfilling that promise. What if his enemies do point out that the roads are costing \$10,000 more per mile than similar roads constructed in New Mexico and, further, that the Highway Commission pays four dollars more per ton for rock than is justified by the value of the material, which comes from a quarry operated by an out-of-the-state firm with the encouragement of a \$250,000 loan from the Highway Commission? What if they do cavil at the extraordinary number of high-salaried employees required for highway building, and particularly at the number of friendly politicians and relatives of Long so employed?

The Governor's answer to these charges is conclusive: "I told 'em they'd get paved roads, and they're gettin' 'em." When complaint was made of the highway favors given Huey's home parish of Winnfield, he retorted: "What the h— are you kicking about? Didn't Winnfield Parish give you your governor?"

He promised free textbooks for school children and delivered them, though the issue had to be dragged through the courts. The establishment of night schools in the rural areas has helped to reduce illiteracy from 21.9 per cent to 13.5 per cent. The state university's rating has been raised, and a medical school and fine arts building have been added to the institution.

But having said this about Huey's accomplishments, one has said practically



Wide World

#### GOVERNOR LONG

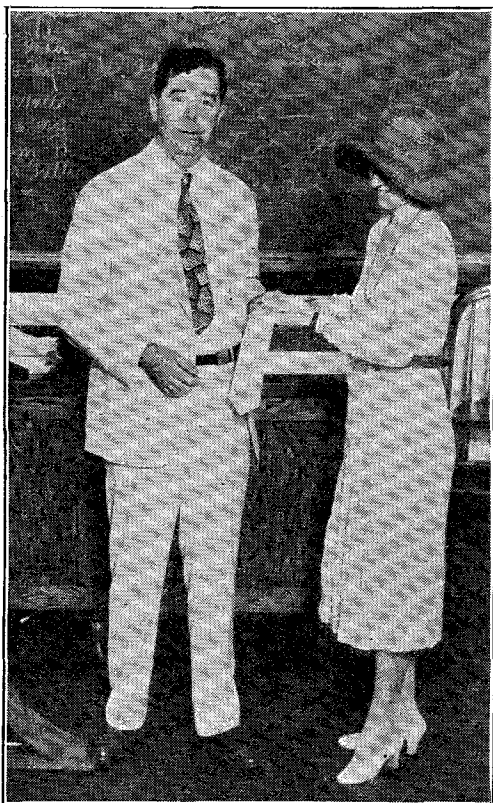
*The picturesque Chief Executive, now United States Senator-elect from Louisiana*

all. True, it is hard not to admire his agility in keeping several jumps ahead of the enemy, but even in this respect all the honor should not go to the Governor. One instance will indicate his methods and the results. Speaking before an audience in the piney woods section of the state, the Governor, who was then campaigning on behalf of Edwin Broussard's reelection to the Senate, said:

"My friend, Edwin Broussard, is Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the Senate. When the drys came to his committee and asked for \$10,000,000 to enforce the Volstead Law, Edwin Broussard said, 'You need \$100,000,000 and I'm in favor of letting you have it.' And another thing, Edwin Broussard saved you people \$4,600,000 on your income tax."

His listeners, not one of whom gave any evidence of possessing a taxable income, threw their hats in the air and cheered for Long and Edwin Broussard. Obviously, the Governor has dealt with plastic material.

As a showman, he is nonpareil. If all the flamboyant qualities of the most freakish statesmen the South has bred during the past decade were combined in one man, he wouldn't measure up to Huey. Jumping and gesticulating, his face aflame, he shouts, shrieks, grunts, howls, or jeers but never merely speaks. His dialect ranges from careless English to Negro or "Cajun," the indescribable speech of South Louisianan descendants of the Acadian exiles, a people



Keystone

#### KING HUEY AND KING COTTON

*Overproduction of cotton is a Louisiana problem, and here the Governor receives gifts from the University Extension Department, which has been devising new uses for the product*

with whom Huey claims kinship. Of what avail were the erudite speeches of dear, dull Mr. Ransdell against this tornado from the red clay hills of North Louisiana? The Cajuns, a peaceful, unquestioning people with a latent love of drama, were thrilled by "Whoopee" Long as no candidate had ever thrilled them. Having voted once for Ransdell because he was a Catholic, they trooped to the polls to elect the Protestant Long. Even three wards in New Orleans voted for him. Mr. Ransdell was left with little support except, as Long's paper, the *Louisiana Progress*, roguishly pointed out, the vote of the Red Light district. "Long for President" signs are exhibited in some parts of the state.

But other qualities besides his resemblance to P. T. Barnum explain Huey's grip on the administration. His despotism became apparent immediately upon his taking the oath of office. Through his appointive power, he assumed control of the Board of Health, the Highway Commission, the Orleans Parish Levee Board, the Board of Education and even the administration of Charity Hospital. From the board of the hospital he expelled Dr. Leake and installed a man who had served his internship only four years previously. To President V. L. Roy of the State Normal College, who had favored another candidate, the Gover-

nor sneered, "You guessed wrong, didn't you?" and forced the educator's resignation, replacing him with Long's cousin.

He promised during his campaign to abolish the office of inheritance tax attorney, but later changed his mind and threw out the incumbent to make way for Earl Long, his brother. Undated resignations were demanded from his appointees. Chief Justice O'Neill of the State Supreme Court handed down a decision displeasing to the Executive, and his son-in-law was fired by telegram from a state job on the following day. And the Governor, who had promised that if he were elected "every one will be king though none will wear a crown," boasted at a public meeting only a few months later that he "played the legislature like a deck of cards."

The act that cost him the support of his last newspaper was the use of the militia to raid gambling houses in Jefferson and St. Bernard Parishes. Men and women, who obviously were engaged in nothing more sinful than eating and dancing, were stripped and searched. Testimony later offered at the impeachment trial was that the Governor had telephoned his direction of the raids from a cabaret where he was the leading figure in a party which witnesses described in lurid detail.

Opposition to the Governor's methods gathered slowly. It is quite possible that Long might have gone his merry way indefinitely had he not rather overplayed his hand in calling a special session of the legislature for the purpose of levying a high occupational tax on the business of refining oil. The legislature met and decided it would be more to the point to impeach the Governor. A melodramatic scene occurred in the House of Representatives as Long supporters tried frantically to adjourn the assembly, first, by a ruse, then by physical force. It was a badly frightened executive who saw the House begin impeachment proceedings on nineteen separate counts, including bribery of state legislators and an attempt to have one Representative murdered. Huey stalked tragically through the halls and committee rooms of the State House, his swashbuckling manner laid aside for

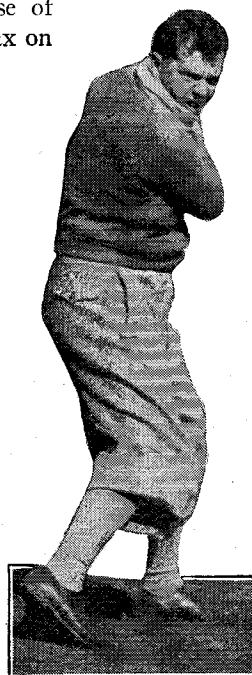
the time. Napoleon had gone Hamlet overnight. He issued one statement declaring that he was being "crucified on a cross of gold" for the profit of Standard Oil, and then kept terrified silence for a week, after which he tore through the state crying out his martyrdom.

Meanwhile, the trial dragged on. Hearings had to be held in order on each of the nineteen articles of impeachment, and testimony upon charges of serious misconduct in office was interrupted by prolonged efforts to discover why Huey had bought an expensive automobile at the same time that he drew \$6,000 to pay for the expenses of the Governors' Conference; what had happened to some of the old State Mansion furniture which should have been moved to the new \$150,000 home Long had had erected; and why the Mansion silver spoons had been marked with his monogram.

Individuals and delegations related harrowing tales of the rude receptions accorded them by their Bad Boy Executive. A group of citizens who had called on the Governor to ask a favor for their community told that Long had boasted of having bought and sold their Representative "like a sack of potatoes." Another delegation testified that the Governor in their presence had extracted a cigar from a box on his desk and after remarking, "This is a pretty good six-cent smoke," had slammed the box shut. A clerical friend of the deposed State Normal president complained that when he visited Governor Long to discuss Mr. Roy's case, the Executive said, "Oh, let's talk about the chorus girls, instead." Before the House of

Representatives had finished their hearings, the entire proceeding was stopped by the appearance of a round robin signed by three-fourths of the Senators declaring they would not vote to impeach the Governor under any circumstances as they deemed the procedure illegal. Huey climaxed his triumph by vetoing the bill appropriating money for the expenses of the trial.

It can at least be said for Governor Long that he has startled a once apathetic electorate into political awareness. Graft there had been in the state administration from time immemorial, but it was a gentlemanly sort of graft and practiced on a scale that seems almost petty by comparison with



International  
Getting into trim for  
Washington



the tales told of Long's lordly way of doing things for his followers. Furthermore, Huey's personal idiosyncrasies attract attention to his official antics. These idiosyncrasies are inherent, not, as some suppose, assumed for publicity purposes. When the Governor receives foreign emissaries in his pajamas, he acts according to his own desire. Incidentally, it was not so much his attire as the vehement language in which Huey addressed the hotel chambermaid that shocked the dignitaries on that memorable occasion. Almost any one who has had an audience with the Governor

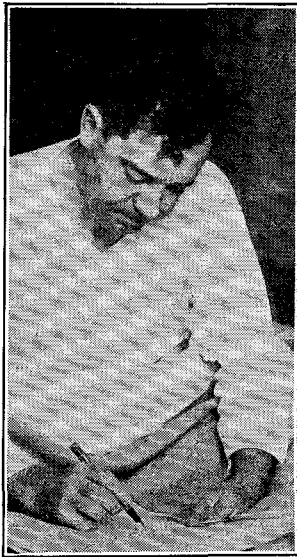
can testify to the informality of his dress and the virility of his speech. Some have been charmed by this sublime disregard of conventions and have come away with the impression that the executive is a likeable cuss with a heart of gold. Others find the same traits inconvenient and discomfiting.

Long's warfare with individual officials constitute some of the gayest chapters in state history. The feud between himself and Lieutenant Governor Cyr has literally kept Huey a prisoner in his own kingdom. Under the Louisiana constitution, if the executive goes outside the state, the Lieutenant-Governor is Governor during his absence. It is a situation with terrifying possibilities for Long. With a few strokes of the pen, Mr. Cyr might change the entire administration. For this reason, Washington will be deprived of Long's presence until 1932, when his term as Governor expires. Sometimes Long slips out of the state and back without attracting notice.

"Oh, boy!" he roars when he returns. "Paul Cyr was Governor and didn't know it! Boy, wait 'til he finds that out!"

Attorney General Saint and the Governor were enemies before the election had begun, and Huey has practically rendered that official helpless by the simple process of ignoring him. When Saint gave out an opinion to the effect that one of the Governor's contemplated deeds was contrary to law, Long publicly announced that he hadn't read any of Mr. Saint's opinions for three years and didn't intend ever to read them. The Attorney General's opinions, he intimated, were pretty funny.

Between Francis Williams, Public



Keystone

**SIGNING IN BED**  
*In the middle of the night  
King Huey signs the bill  
cutting King Cotton*

Service Commissioner, and the Governor exists a hatred which has had more serious results. Half the funds for the operating expenses of the commission are provided for by revenue from taxes which, however, cannot be allocated to the commission without the approval of the Governor, the Secretary of State, the Attorney General and the Chairman of the Public Service Commission. With Long and his Secretary of State refusing to sign an order for the transfer of the funds, the Commission has been left with 200 cases pending and an investigation of gas and elec-

tric light charges throughout the state.

It is difficult to ascertain the real reason for Long's obstinacy on this point. One story is that the appropriation carries greatly increased salaries for the commissioners, which the Governor is loath to grant. Another is that Long's good friend, Harvey Couch, President of the Louisiana Light and Power Company and the Louisiana and Arkansas Railroad, would prefer not to have the Commission function. Mr. Couch's railroad hauls a large percentage of rock and gravel used in road construction, and the railroads' demand for a higher freight rate than that set by the Public Service Commission was agreed to by the Highway Commission. Commissioner Williams claims that his Commission is unable to do anything about the rates without a public hearing, and the expenses of such a hearing cannot be met.

In Louisiana, as in most southern states, the negroes are kept from the polls by a registration requirement that they interpret a highly difficult clause of the state constitution. People of New Orleans recently were aroused by the discovery that their registrar, admittedly acting under the direction of Long, was using this "grandfather clause" on the very best families of the Creole city. This would be merely entertaining were it not that only the best families whose names are on the so-called "skunk list" of Long antagonists have suffered disfranchisement. Soon after this discovery there came a complaint from one John Scholl, citizen of New Orleans, that his name had been forged on the registration book. The Grand Jury ordered the books brought into court, but the registrar answered that such a procedure would un-

duly delay his work. The District Attorney then sent one of his assistants to inspect the books in question, whereupon somebody in the registration office inadvertently overturned a bottle of ink on the very page bearing Mr. Scholl's name. The charges of forgery have never been proved.

For a long time before and after Huey's elections the daily press clamored with charges of corruption against the Governor. One of the articles of impeachment voted by the House of Representatives was that Long had tried to blackmail Charles Manship, publisher and editor of the Baton Rouge *State-Times*, by threatening to publish the fact that Manship's brother was in the state insane asylum. The infuriated editor published the story of Long's threat on the front page of his paper and explained that his brother had become mentally ill because of shell-shock suffered during the war, while Mr. Long was safe in Louisiana. Soon afterwards, Long announced over the radio: "Charley Manship is fighting me, while I am taking care of his brother in the insane asylum." He added that the publisher himself was crazy, even if he weren't in a strait-jacket.

A reporter from the New Orleans *Item* who demonstrated his resentment of Huey's language by punching his Excellency in the jaw was rushed to the wall by Long's guards and held there

(Continued on Page 254)



International

**THE DUNKER**

*As a champion of dunking, King Huey dips  
his corn pone in the pot likker*

## ▷▷ Poverty in Park Avenue ◁◁

By NANCY HILL

ECONOMY is now the spice of life even in Park Avenue, and maybe that's part of what's wrong with the world. Where once it was only mentioned harshly in the bosom of the family, it is now bragged about in the company of strangers. After lunch a man sticks out his chest instead of his stomach and thinks of how much he saved by not ordering the unnecessary planked steak. He will go home to his wife fairly empty and ready to complain if the dinner doesn't suit his appetite. Wife, in turn, has eaten something indigestible in a tea shoppe and decided that one lamb chop apiece is all that is required for the evening meal. She has probably just finished going over the grocer's slip with the aid of the cook, who has insisted on five pounds of butter every other day and will take nothing less.

Many women in Park Avenue have just waked up to the fact that the cook exists. Before the lean years rolled in the cook was interviewed through the housekeeper or butler, and then only to criticise or suggest, never to discover what she actually did with the eighteen dozen eggs that came on Friday and were gone on Monday.

Then there is the footman—he was the first to go when economy became the rage in Park Avenue. One family went into conference over the footman situation and decided that they had better dispense with his services and pay his wages towards the overdue grocer's bill. Other families who also had food bills piling up could not bring themselves to the outward poverty of no footman, so they kept him and let the grocer's bill go hang. However, either solution is an economy if looked at from a personal angle.

A well-known banker confessed recently that he was "club poor." He figured that his dues to eight or ten expensive country and city clubs came to a sum that was all out of proportion to his depleted income, and he set about weighing their prospective merits, meaning to resign from three or four that he didn't use often. Unfortunately, he struck a snag. The first club on his list to get the red pencil was a racing membership and one that he seldom used. His wife stepped in right here and refused to allow that one to go, because she got herself photographed there at least twice a year and certainly one must keep oneself in the public eye! She in turn suggested, perhaps not without malice, that he relinquish the select little drinking



*Park Avenue now trudges or taxis over to Third Avenue to buy cheaper food. It's not only smart but necessary, they think, to be thrifty*

club and come home earlier for dinner. He felt very strongly on that subject and objected heatedly. The whole thing ended by his giving up none of the memberships and simply hoping that by next year times would enable him to resume monetary nonchalance.

A very rich man who summers at one of the most fashionable resorts dismissed his entire staff of servants and then took them all back, and they came at reduced wages. He said he did it "to set an example to others." This particular man would have done his work far better if he had engaged more servants even if he insisted upon cutting the others slightly. If one has a large income it won't help anybody to put it in the bank instead of putting it to work.

An opposite situation is revealed in the case of the man who could no longer afford to keep his country place open. He could not pay his two gardeners nor could he afford the chauffeur any longer. He decided there was nothing to do but dismiss the three of them. The upshot was that the two gardeners insisted on remaining in their cottage just for a living from the soil. Not only did they work for nothing as hard as if they were receiving their regular wages, but built the owner a greenhouse in the bargain, which he could not afford to heat. The chauffeur flatly refused to leave and began making plans for turning the one remaining automobile, a high-powered town car, into a taxicab. He intended doing his bit. This idea dissolved into nothingness when they discovered that the price of running the car was so high

that any lawful fare charged would be a very small source of revenue, a mere drop in the bucket.

"We can't order Henderson in the early morning nowadays," complained the wife of a man who had cut his chauffeur's wages in half, "because he's working for practically nothing and he likes to sleep most of the day. And he simply goes home if we keep him out after midnight. He's wearing a dreadful looking slouchy cap with no wire in it, and a horrible old sack suit, because he says it's cooler in summer—but I suppose I can't complain about these things nowadays, either. We're lucky to have him stay at all."

Park Avenue still dines at expensive restaurants and hotels but not so frequently. It is an event now while formerly it was practically an every evening occurrence. The careless times of a hardly noticeable glance at the check have gone. Now there is a distinct and potent pause when the check is brought and not only the host but the guests join in adding the items, verifying them and generously seeing that justice rules the waiters. Once recently I was present when nine uneaten and undrunk dollars were removed from the bill at the indignant protests of host and guests. In the days of prosperity it is doubtful if any one would have noticed the discrepancy.

ONE young ex-wife collected a hundred and fifty dollars back alimony and promptly got into a bridge game, losing the entire sum in one afternoon. Conscience-stricken over being foolish enough to play penny bridge in depression times, she punished herself by riding on the subway and elevated for a month to atone for her folly. She even ordered unsliced bacon from the grocer because it was nine cents a pound cheaper.

A man, extremely wealthy and quite socially prominent, one who is constantly in the public eye, whose summer place is one of the show places of the exclusive colony where he resides, made the magnificent gesture of draining his swimming pool. He didn't want to appear too affluent with the rest of the world gasping for vital necessities. Now his family and his guests must hie themselves off to the beach or to some one else's swimming pool, until this poor multi-millionaire feels prosperous enough to aid the local water plant again.

A girl who is blessed with plenty of this world's goods says that she always pours eye lotion which she has used back