SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—There are certainly signs in Chicago, at the conference between railroads and labor, that on the part of those particular labor leaders at least there is promise of a rule of reason.

For the first time since this country started to work out of the depression, labor, in these conferences, despite the knowledge that the administration is on its side, has shown a disposition to let the employer live and make a profit. This doesn't sound as though it were much of a concession. Some might think that of course labor would have to take this stand, as, if there were no profits—if the employer did not "live"—there would be no jobs.

Every employer who has had labor troubles, however, believes that it is simply impossible to exaggerate the importance of dealing with labor union representatives who agree frankly that the employer should not only "live" but should make a profit. And it does not often happen that labor representatives, in a conference with employers, have been willing seriously to discuss abandoning restrictions on their employers which they hoped to obtain by law!

A case in point in the railroad labor negotiations is the bill pending in congress, which restricts the length of freight trains—generally called the 70-car bill. Most experts agree that this idea is not primarily in the interest of safety. In fact, some contend that it would increase rather than diminish hazards. It is primarily to force the employment of more men to operate more trains. But the railroads contend that it would not only increase their pay rolls, but would cause congestion in railroad terminals at times when there is a rush to ship perishable freight.

Sounds Reasonable

Now the point is that this bill passed the senate—the "greatest deliberative body in the world"—with hardly any discussion. It was stopped in the house not because of the actual strength of its opponents, but because of other things. Those who wanted to stop it had the advantage of the crowded closing days of a session. They had the advantage of the wages and hours bill and others far more spectacular than the 70-car train bill. But railroad representatives here admit privately that they have small hope of killing it next session if the railroad unions continue to press for its passage.

So the willingness of so many labor representatives at this Chicago conference to call off passage of this law was not an empty gesture. They were giving up something they thought of real importance in order to permit the railroads to make enough money to give them an advance in wages.

It all sounds reasonable enough, but it was spectacular in labor relations history, of tremendous importance to every employer of labor and to every person living in this country as indicating a long step towards industrial peace.

Most observers are inclined to think that this conference is a straw in the wind indicating the trend of labor relations for the next year. This view may prove too optimistic. There is no certainty about it. But it seems probable for several reasons. One is that intelligent labor leaders realize they have a much aroused public opinion to deal with. There is more sentiment than they like for something they would fight to the last ditch to avoid—responsibility of labor unions for their actions, clinched on them by a law forcing incorporation of unions.

Find Ally in Lewis

The bituminous coal producers may find John L. Lewis a very potent ally on one of the problems that is worrying them more than anything else.

This is government competition for the coal industry from hydroelectric power developments. It just so happens that Mr. Lewis is very strongly persuaded that all this hydroelectric stuff is the bunk. He believes that electric current can be produced more cheaply from coal than from water power, even under circumstances favorable to economical water power development. Further he believes that the engineers of the electric industry have long since pre-empted most of the sites promising low cost development.

It also happens that Mr. Lewis has expressed himself very forcibly about the lobbyists who come to Washington paid by local chambers of commerce and other associations and maneuver to get big power developments financed by the federal treasury in their localities.

Naturally, Mr. Lewis has pointed out, this benefits that particular community during the period of construction. So would tearing down a row of houses on one side of a street, and erecting them again in precisely the same condition on the other! The local merchants would be selling groceries and clothing and drugs to the workers. The local doctors and dentists would be getting some fees from the transients.

But when the whole job is completed, Lewis points out, it takes very few men to take care of the dam and the electric plant. Whereas a lot of coal miners are out of work forever as a result!

Agree With Lewis

It so happens that every one in the electric industry agrees with Mr. Lewis in every particular on this particular subject, little as they may think of his C. I. O. and ideas about gratitude in politics, etc. The point they make is that the government right now in this electric business is gambling with the people's money.

The point is that the chief cost of producing electricity from a hydroelectric development is interest on the cost of the project. Due to abnormally low interest rates at present—they being held down by artificial government restrictions—this particular item of cost is very unlikely to decrease. Quite the contrary. When the bonds sold now to finance such developments mature the government is more likely to pay a much higher rate.

But the cost of producing electricity from other sources is extremely apt to become less. Mr. Lewis says current can be produced more economically now from coal than from water power. Most engineers agree. But not after the dams and hydro plants are built, providing the cost of these dams and plants is charged to profit and loss.

Nearly every year the cost of producing current from coal is reduced. Every few months there is some improvement in Diesel engines, which makes the production of current from oil cheaper. No one knows when the terrific waste now involved in cooling systems will be eliminated. But scientists say it's coming and will revolutionize the production of power, cutting its cost to a fraction.

So it might pay the coal barons to have Mr. Lewis discuss this question with them to their mutual advantage. It would certainly dramatize the situation before the country and tend to stop more government competition!

Scribes Snicker

The fiendish glee of anti-administration column writers over the discovery that Charley Michelson, premier Democratic press agent, attacked Hugo L. Black in 1926 as a Klansman, and as unworthy to fill the shoes of Oscar W. Underwood, is a rather interesting commentary on how the status of the once abused press agent has advanced in the last decade. Also on how much this same Charley Michelson has done to advance it.

But it is also rather amazing in that it has always been the accepted doctrine that newspaper men who wrote editorial or policy into their stories at all injected the partisan flavor desired by their bosses! So that unless one assumes that bosses employ writers solely for the brilliance of their writing, or perhaps in order to present all sides of the picture, the slant taken by the writer is in accord with the editorial policy of the paper.

It so happens that the New York World, at the time Michelson wrote this attack on Hugo Black, had been running an anti-Klan crusade. This crusade was conducted by men in the New York office, only helped out in pinches by the Washington bureau, of which Michelson was the head.

It also happens that the World was, of all the outstanding newspapers of its time, the most anxious to have its editorials backed up by news stories, interviews and color in general.

Brought Up Reserves

As a matter of fact, there was a sort of reserve staff, consisting of ten or twelve young men working for other—though never rival—papers. Generally these were youngsters covering the senate or house of representatives for non-New York newspapers or press services. They would be called on the telephone, as soon as the chief of the World bureau received his orders, and directed first to read the editorial for which endorsements were wanted, and then get them.

This policy accomplished the point of indicating to World readers that their paper had a tremendous following among the government officials and important persons generally. The World did not pay money for endorsements. It only paid hacks to get them.

Later on Michelson went to work for John J. Raskob, and did his amazing job of smearing Herbert Hoover, probably the most effective press agenting job ever done in this country. When they were thrown out the window in the 1932 Democratic convention, Michelson was retained by Franklin D. Roosevelt and James A. Farley—has been writing Farley's speeches and many others ever since, and cheerfully blasting his former employers, Raskob and Jouett Shouse.

The whole point is that a good press agent works for his employers, and shoots at whatever target they direct, just as a good lawyer resorts to all sorts of legal technicalities as well as sound argument to attack his client's opponents.

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For the Whole Family

Magazine Section of Special Interest to Women and Children Readers

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

JUMPER TELLS PETER WHO THE STRANGER IS

PETER RABBIT could hardly believe what he had seen—the big black stranger, with the great terrible claws, backing away from Jimmy Skunk, and Jimmy acting just as if he were in the habit of meeting this stranger every day and making him get out of his way. And yet he knew that Jimmy never had seen him before. Peter always had had a great deal of respect for Jimmy Skunk. He knew that Jimmy just laughed at Reddy Fox, although Reddy is ever so much bigger than he, and he knew that Bowser the Hound always turned aside if he happened to meet Jimmy. But he really had not thought that Jimmy would dare to treat this great stranger so, and if he hadn't seen it himself he wouldn't have believed it because—well, because he couldn't have believed it.

"Supposing You Tell Me Who You've Seen," Said He, Quite as if He Had No Particular Interest in the Matter.

Peter was full of wonder and excitement as he hurried away to tell all whom he should meet what he had seen. He didn't know who the stranger was. Never had he seen anyone like him in the Green Forest. The very thought of him made Peter shake with fright, even if Jimmy Skunk should say that there was nothing to be afraid of, and Peter knew that this is just what Jimmy would say when he met him. Presently as he hurried, lipperty-lipperty-lip, through the Green Forest he met his cousin, Jumper the Hare.

"Oh, Jumper! Cousin Jumper! I've seen him!" cried Peter just as soon as he was near enough to make himself heard.

Jumper sat up and looked at Peter curiously. "Supposing you tell me whom you've seen," said he quite as if he had no particular interest in the matter.

"Why, the stranger! The great big stranger who made those tracks in the snow I told you about and whom you tried to find and couldn't. I saw him just a few minutes ago! Who do you suppose he is, and do you suppose he has come to the Green Forest to stay?" cried Peter, talking so fast that the words just tumbled out.

"How should I know?" replied Jumper the Hare. "Suppose you tell me something about him. What does he look like?"

"Well, he's big," began Peter. "He's bigger than anyone else in the Green Forest. Why, he's as big as Farmer Brown's boy! He wears a black fur coat. He stands on two legs and he walks on four legs, and he hasn't any tail."

Jumper yawned just as if he weren't the least bit interested. "I've heard all that before from Sammy Jay," said he.

"And don't you believe it?" cried Peter.

Jumper the Hare smiled at Peter, and Peter knew right away by that smile that his big cousin had been teasing him. "Yes," said he, "I believe it because—well, because I have seen him myself."

"You have?" cried Peter, "and do you really know who he is?"

Jumper nodded. "Yes," said he, "he's an old acquaintance of mine."

"Who?" demanded Peter, his eyes popping out with excitement. "Tell me quick, who is he?"

"He's someone I used to know when I lived in the Great Woods before I came to live in the Green Forest on the edge of the Green Meadows," replied Jumper, speaking so slowly that Peter thought he would never get it out.

"But what's his name? Do tell me his name, Cousin Jumper," implored Peter.

"His name," replied Jumper slowly, very slowly, while Peter held his breath and leaned forward with eyes and ears and mouth wide open, "His name is—"

"Is what?" cried Peter.

"Is Buster Bear," replied Jumper the Hare.

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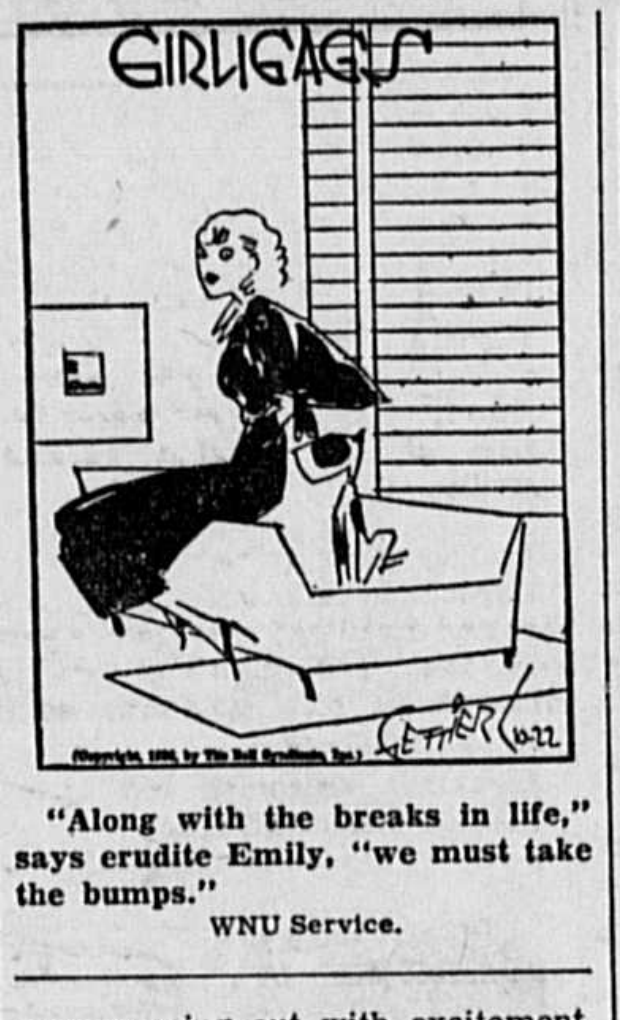


"Along with the breaks in life," says erudite Emily, "we must take the bumps."

WNU Service.

MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

© By The Associated Newspapers

YOUNG wives are always telling us that they can't drag their Bens and Bills out of the house of an evening. They are sure that they have married drips, after all.

If we are in a romantic mood when one of these confidences comes along, we are always horrified. Don't the poor girls know how lucky they are to have husbands who love their hearths? Don't they realize that they are envied the length and breadth of Maple avenue? Don't they remember that two people sitting under the same lamp was always their picture of marital bliss before they were married?

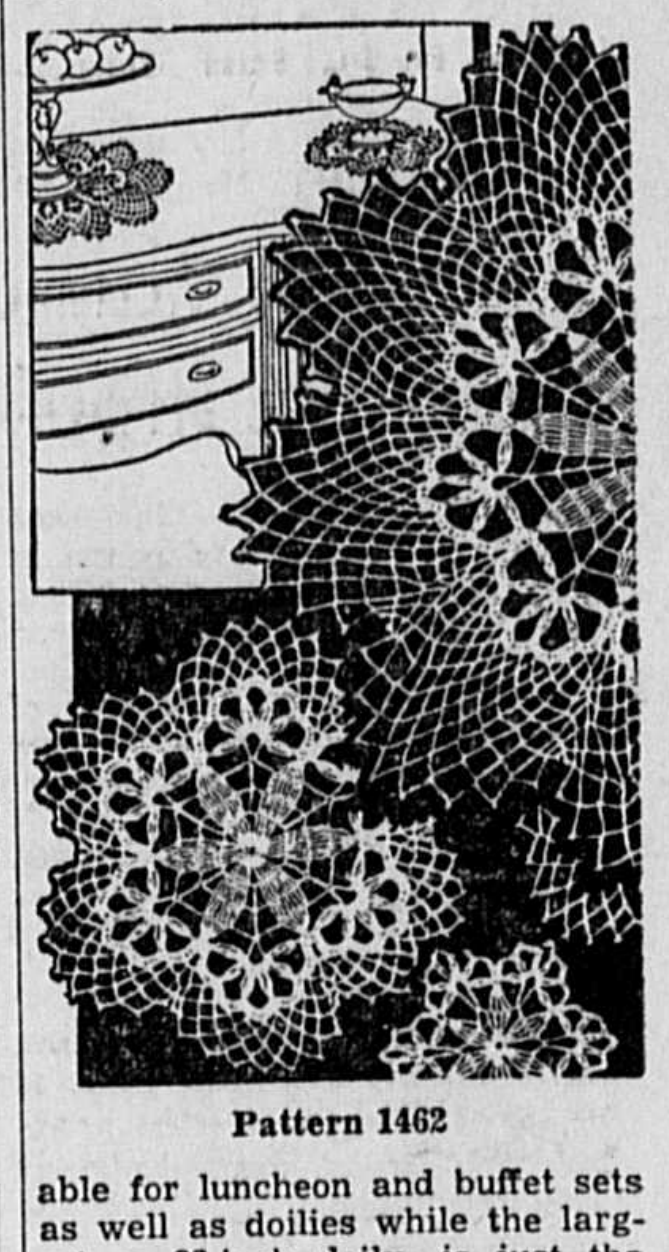
When Your Husband Refuses to Go Places, Use Your Head and Not Your Temper.

But sometimes our modern mood is upon us, and we tell our fretting friends to act their age. To use their brains. A temper, we tell them, is just a sign of an empty head. If you really want your husband to go places with you, try to think up places that he might really like to go. Don't be unimaginative and suggest the movies every night, or a bridge party at the Simpsons. By mere repetition he gets bored. Think up thirty-one different places you might go, and spring a new one every night in the month. Suggest ferry rides and moonlight swims and country fairs. Ten to one, by the end of the month your Ben or Bill will catch fire. If he doesn't, maybe he is a drip.

WNU Service.

Doilies Offer Thrifty Way to Set Table

A perfectly appointed table is the dream of every woman's heart. With the simplest of crochet you can make this dream come true. This set of doilies, in four sizes, does the trick. There are a 6, 12 and 17-inch size suitable for luncheon and buffet sets as well as doilies while the largest, a 22-inch doily, is just the thing for in-between cloth. Pattern 1462 contains directions for making the doilies shown; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.



Pattern 1462

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Department, 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Importance of Water to Body

Look to Source of Supply
When Choosing a Home.

By EDITH M. BARBER

THE most important material which we take into our bodies through the mouth is completely lacking in food value! This sounds like a contradictory statement. It is, however, water which we are describing in these terms. As has been proven many times, man can live much longer without food than he can without drink, which he must have, not only to satisfy his thirst craving, but for use in every body process.

The first qualifications in choosing a place of residence is a liberal and sure water supply. Those of us who live in cities and suburbs take this for granted. This is not the case, however, in the country. It was brought to my attention in Maine when a new well was necessary. Captain Sinnott was called upon to locate the well on one of the veins of water which run at intervals through the region. He came armed with a crotched willow twig, which, believe it or not, turned toward the ground when it found running water. Of course, it would not be so obliging for everyone, although we were all allowed to try our hand at divining. One or two of us actually found that we had the power, although we were scientific scoffers.

To go back to the importance of water which too often we neglect to drink in the proper quantity. At least eight glasses should be taken daily if our body machinery is to be supplied with amounts which will enable it to run efficiently. Some of this may be taken at meals if it is drunk after food has been chewed and swallowed. The rest may be taken between meals. Part of the supply may of course be in the form of any sort of liquid beverage.

Chocolate Sauce.

1½ ounces chocolate
½ cup cold water
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
Salt
1½ cups hot water
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cut the chocolate in pieces, add the cold water and cook over low fire until smooth. Mix the sugar, cornstarch and salt together and add to the chocolate. Stir in the hot water and cook until smooth. Add the vanilla.

Cottage Cheese Salad.

½ pound cottage cheese
1 tablespoon minced onion or chives
1 teaspoon paprika
Lettuce or romaine
1 pimiento

Mix the cheese, onion or chives and paprika well and pack in a small bowl to set in the refrigerator to chill. Cut the pimiento into slices. When ready to serve place the mold of cheese in the center of a platter or chop plate. Arrange the lettuce or romaine around the edge in six bundles and hold together lightly with strips of pimiento. Pass spicy dressing with this salad.

Fruit Punch.

¾ cup orange juice.
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 cup pineapple juice
1 cup strong tea.
1 pint ginger ale or charged water.
Sugar syrup
Slices of orange and lemon

Mix fruit juices and tea. Chill in the refrigerator, and just before serving add ginger ale, sugar syrup to taste and slices of orange and lemon. Serve with ice cubes in each glass.

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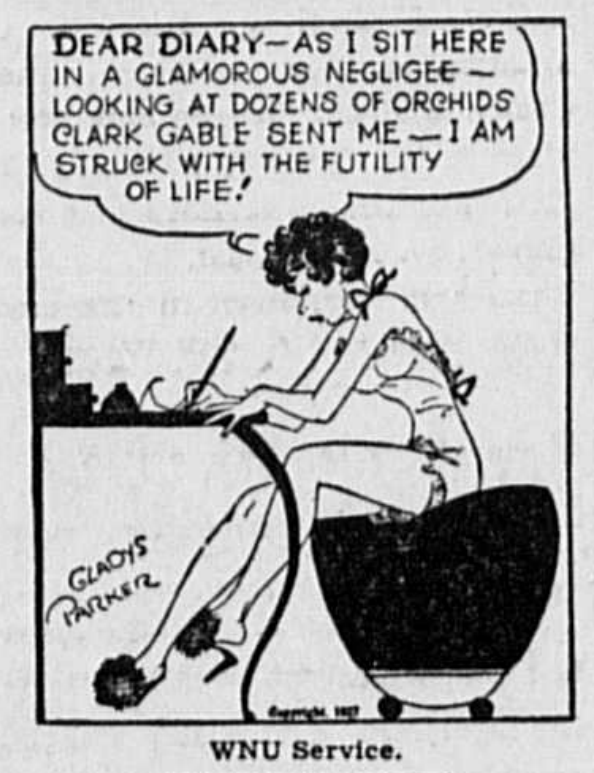
MOPSY


DEAR DIARY—AS I SIT HERE IN A GLAMOROUS NEGLIGEE—LOOKING AT DOZENS OF ORCHIDS CLARK GABLE SENT ME—I AM STRUCK WITH THE FUTILITY OF LIFE!
GLADYS PARKER

WNU Service.

Potential Bomber

Japan believes so firmly in the airplane as a factor in modern warfare that her children are taught aeronautics in the primary military training schools, and glider clubs have been organized for the boys. The lad pictured here is about to start on a glider flight. One day he may pilot a bomber and rain death on the enemies of his country.

FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

By Roger B. Whitman

DOUBLE WINDOWS FOR CASEMENTS

DURING the warm times of year, casement windows that swing outward are certainly attractive. This is not only for appearance, but for the full ventilation that comes with the opening of an entire window space. In winter, however, the situation is reversed. Out-swinging casement windows are more likely to leak than is the case with windows of other kinds. Also, the ordinary form of double window cannot be used.

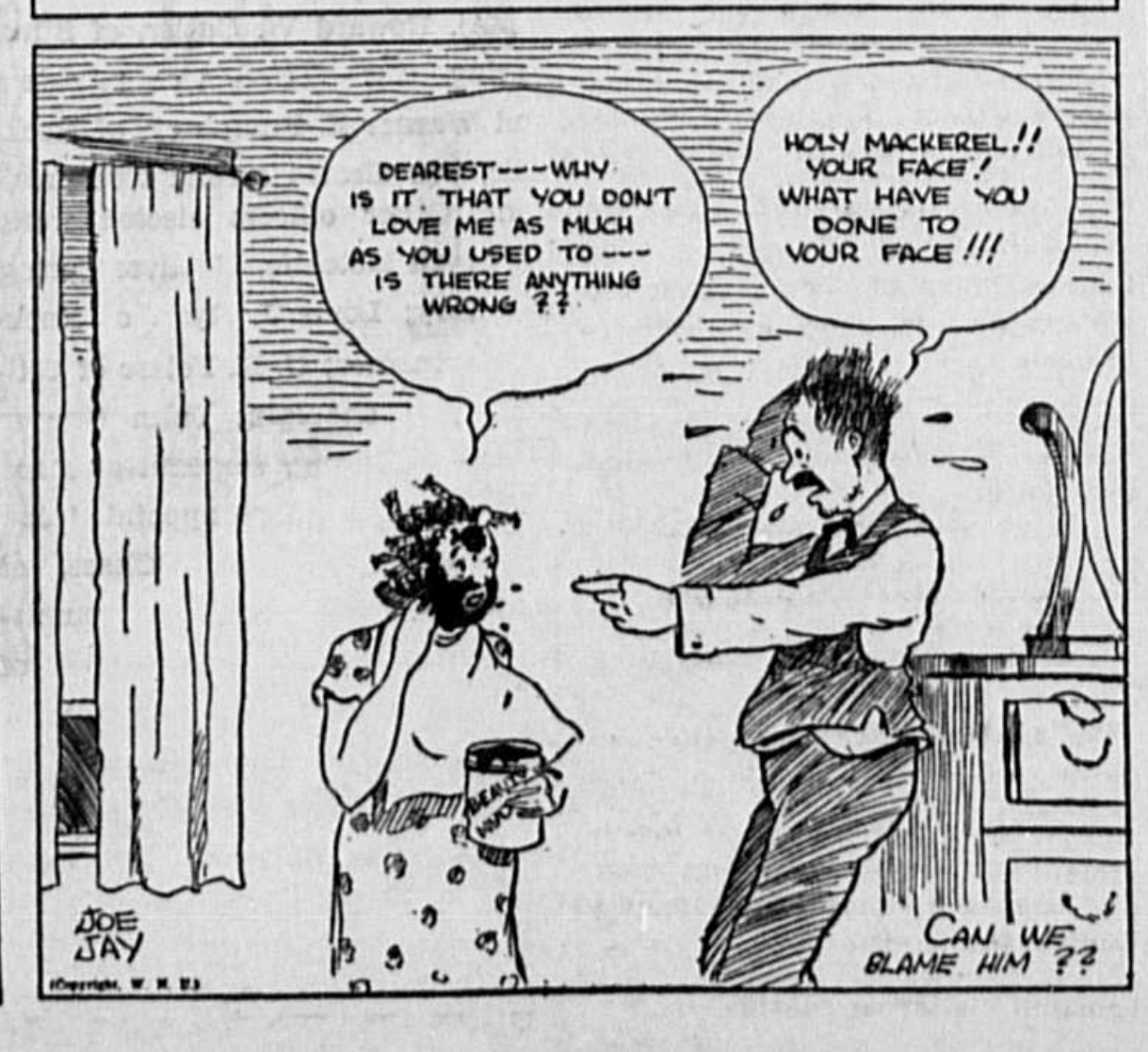
When there are two or more casement windows in a room, it is unusual for more than one to be opened during bitter weather. This being so, all of the windows but one can be kept closed, and ordinary double windows put on outside. For the one window that is to be opened, a removable double window can be attached inside. If the casement is provided with inside insect screens on hinges, the screens can be replaced with glass. Another possibility is a sheet of plate glass covering the entire opening, set in a frame of wood molding, fitted to the inside of the window frame. The molding should have good-sized handles attached to it, so that it can be easily moved, and when in place, it is held by simple bolts or turnbuttons.

Double windows raise the temperature of a room by many degrees. There is far less chilling of the space near a window, and drafts in the room are greatly cut down. Double windows are well worth whatever they may cost.

© By Roger B. Whitman
WNU Service.

Redskins Inhabited Cave

Archeologists state definitely that red men had inhabited the Mammoth cave in Kentucky centuries before Columbus discovered America, reports a Department of the Interior bulletin.


Love, Honor and Obey
DEAREST---WHY IS IT THAT YOU DON'T LOVE ME AS MUCH AS YOU USED TO--- IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG ??
HOLY MACKEREL!! YOUR FACE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR FACE !!!
CAN WE BLAME HIM ??
JOE JAY

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

Fame to the Few

Fame must necessarily be the portion of but few.—Robert Hall.

Give some thought to the Laxative you take

Constipation is not to be trifled with. When you need a laxative, you need a good one.

Black-Draught is purely vegetable, reliable. It does not upset the stomach but acts on the lower bowel, relieving constipation.

When you need a laxative take purely vegetable

BLACK-DRAUGHT
A GOOD LAXATIVE

WNU—4 40—37

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW...DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

Watch your complexion take on new beauty

Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference. With the Denton Magic Mirror you can actually see the texture of your skin become smoother day by day. Imperfections are washed clean. Wrinkles gradually disappear. Before you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER
—Saves You Money

You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 oz. bottle (retail price $1) *plus* a regular sized box of famous Milnesia Wafers (known throughout the country as the *original* Milk of Magnesia tablets), *plus* the Denton Magic Mirror (shows you what your skin specialist sees) . . . all for only $1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today.

DENTON'S
Facial Magnesia

FILL OUT COUPON NOW

SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc.
4402—23rd St.,
Long Island City, N.Y.
Enclosed find $1 (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

Name..........
Street Address..........
.... State..........

Household Questions

Cleaning Enameled Sinks.—Those stubborn dark streaks which accumulate on enameled sinks and bathtubs can be removed with kerosene.

* * *

When Peeling Small Onions.—Cover small onions with hot water and let stand for a minute or two and the skins are easily removed.

* * *

When Washing Soft Polishing Dusters.—Rinse them in slightly soapy water instead of clear water. This makes the dusters much softer and they polish better.

* * *

Crab Apple Jelly.—Take one pint of water to every pound of apples, and boil until soft. Then put through jelly-bag. Allow one pound of sugar and a tablespoonful of vinegar to every pint of liquid, and boil for half an hour or until it jellies.

* * *

Strain the Starch.—Starch used in laundering should be strained to remove all lumps that might blister when ironing.

* * *

Potatoes for Short Cakes.—Hot, boiled and mashed white potatoes are good in making short cakes and puddings. They not only save flour, but require less shortening.

WNU Service.

I LEARNED TO 'BEAT' ACID INDIGESTION

ONCE LIFE WAS MISERABLE, NO APPETITE... LITTLE SLEEP...UNTIL THE DOCTOR SAID "ALKALIZE"

BUT NOW—AT THE FIRST SIGN OF ACID-INDIGESTION I USE PHILLIPS' AND I FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

The fastest way to "alkalize" is to carry your alkalizer with you. That's what thousands do now that genuine Phillips' comes in tiny, peppermint flavored tablets—in a flat tin for pocket or purse. Then you are always ready.

Use it this way. Take 2 Phillips' tablets—equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "gas," nausea, "over-crowding" from hyper-acidity begin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," over-acid stomach are corrected at the source. This is the quick way to ease your own distress—avoid offense to others.

The Miser's Want

The miser is as much in want of what he has as of what he has not.—Syrus.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

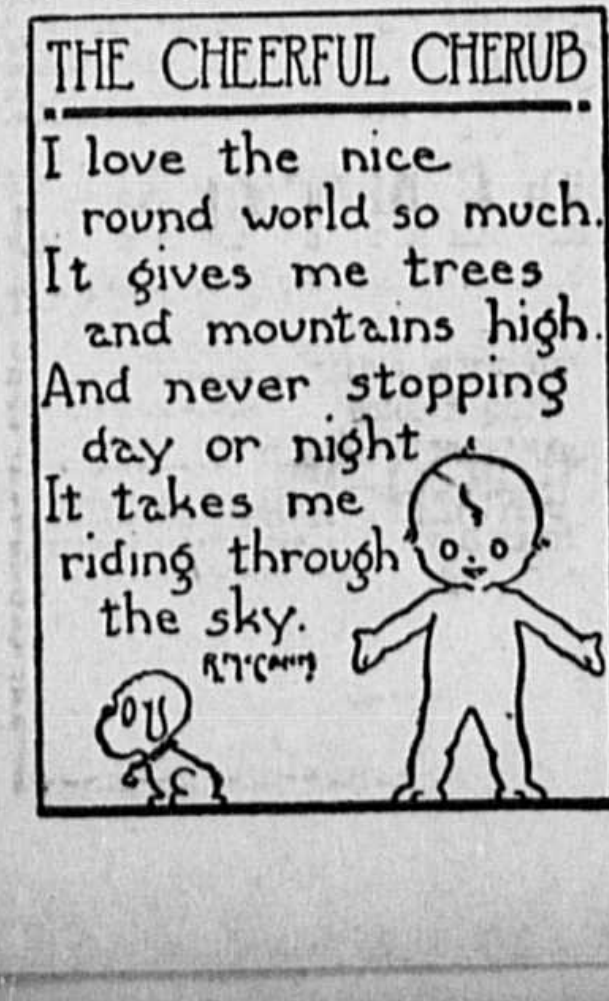
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use *Doan's Pills*. *Doan's* have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. *Ask your neighbor!*

DOAN'S PILLS



THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I love the nice
round world so much.
It gives me trees
and mountains high.
And never stopping
day or night
It takes me
riding through
the sky.

BLACK FEATHER

By HAROLD TITUS

© Harold Titus
WNU Service

CHAPTER I

—1—

Two weeks of toilsome travel behind, two leagues of gently riffled water before, the great canoe swung on to the end of its march, bearing a lamb to the slaughter.

That is what Donald MacIver was to say, when the leagues had been cut to canoe lengths.

But Rodney Shaw looked like no sheep, no innocent, as he sat there with one arm thrown easily over the mess basket. He looked like no beaten trader, either, though the number of packs was small, indeed. He had more the look and bearing of an emperor in his royal barge despite his youth and apparent poverty. Though, of course, emperors have been young and poor . . .

His eight boatmen sang so in lusty voices, as they sent the 40-foot North canoe along. Eight boatmen, gaily dressed as voyageurs should be for the rendezvous.

Roaring home, after a year inland, minds and hearts fixed ahead!

Behind the canoe was the broad expanse of Lake Michigan's northern extremity; against its birch bottom pattered the indigo waters of the narrowing strait and that island, Mackinac, was the great depot of the fur trade, the chief gateway to the old Northwest and, in this year of 1818, the seat of a monopoly which was making aimless wanderers or mere employees of traders such as this Rodney Shaw.

Not all Mackinac slept late that June morning. The place was active. Few had slept late as had Donald MacIver, but then . . . he had wintered at Fond du Lac.

For Ramsay Crooks, however, there was no rest when others stirred. He was early at his desk, across which flowed a record of that bitter struggle, that bitter scramble for fur. Conrad Rich, an elderly clerk, toiled at another desk; men came and went, but toward none did Crooks so much as look.

He was preoccupied with what lay on his desk and what might come from the westward, yonder; so preoccupied that when the fight which began outside with a yelp and a shout grew until a thousand men were close-pressed about the battle, Crooks gave little heed.

True, he looked closely before the affray was over, even moved to the window to stare; none with warm blood in his veins could have been wholly immune to such excitement. He watched men, under MacIver's direction, start up the hill with a heavy, limp burden.

Donald MacIver entered, removing his beaver hat, wiping his broad forehead.

Crooks nodded. "A brawl is required to wake the revelers," he observed, not ill-humoredly, but still with a tone of implied rebuke.

"Brawl! Ramsay, I'd not 've missed yon fer mooch! 'Twas th' boatman Roussel, tryin' his strength wi' my own Nadeau Nadeau, ye'll ken, carried the' black feather off wi' us last summer. What men! Nadeau, th' strongest fighter 'til now, 'nd Roussel, th' untried. Ye should 've seen them strain! I'd 'a' risked mooch on Nadeau Heart 'nd strength, th' mon has, but he could nae compare wi' Roussel. A horse, he is, a buffalo of a mon! He left my poor Nadeau in such condition I'd sky a copper for his chances. I had him lugged tae th' post surgeon like ye'd lug a package! Yon goes Roussel, noo. Wi' th' black feather in his own cap!"

"Rodney Shaw will arrive today."

"Comin'! You're informed, then?"

"While you danced. He is come, Donald,"—nodding impressively—"and the last challenge to our superiority in the northern department is removed!"

Crooks began to pace the floor slowly.

"Ay, he's been a burr, a thorn! Courageous, audacious, the last of the independent traders to yield. It will be heartening to report this achievement to Mr. Astor during his stay with us."

"Perhaps he has obsairved it closin' in on him; one by one the unattached forts have given up since congress helped us drive the nor'westers back into Canada. But this Shaw!" he shrugged. "A pairsistent mon! A trader to put shame on all but th' one of our coompany. Had it nae been fer Rickman . . . But Burke Rickman, he's th' best mon we've had to drive oot obstinate opposition!"

From outside came the sound of wheels and a gig, drawn by a pair of horses, drove past, a girl alone on the high seat.

"Yon goes one that makes a child of Rickman!"

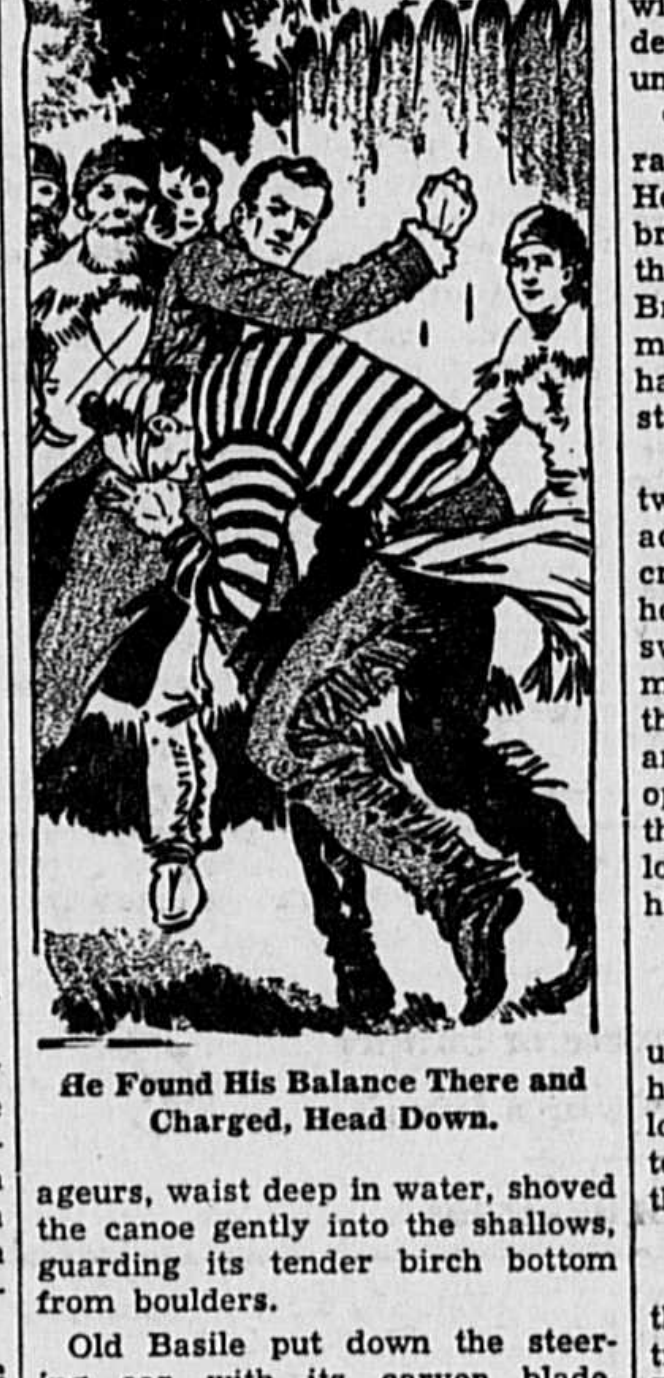
"Indeed! Poor Rickman, in Annette's toils!" Crooks confronted MacIver. "Mark you, Donald, 'tis not a bad asset, having one like she is, here. For two seasons, now, every unmarried trader young enough to hope for her smiles has struggled to make a record that he might be outstanding in her eyes."

"And for his pains, been made to suffer th' tairments of th' domned!" laughed MacIver and the clerk cleared his throat sharply "But there are duties, Donald," Crooks said, sorting papers from his desk. "The schooner will be laden by night. The captain will sail with the first fair wind. Mr. Astor and I will be gone and you will be in command and . . ."

A shrill whoop floated in from the beach. A shout. A rifle cracked. A strange canoe was out there, deep voices of the singing oarsmen sounding up the wind.

Rodney Shaw stared at the colorful spectacle before him. Lodge and tent and dwelling; craftsman's yard and shop and the high-perched, white-walled fort itself emptied to join the welcome.

Mackinac welcomed this arrival as it had welcomed many another. Oars were boated now and voyageurs, waist deep in water, shoved the canoe gently into the shallows, guarding its tender birch bottom from boulders.



He Found His Balance There and Charged, Head Down.

Old Basile put down the steering oar with its carven blade, stepped over the side and bowed a long back for his trader. Shaw lowered himself to the firm shoulders and, his calves clasped by Basile's wiry hands, was borne ashore, his well-rubbed boots thus kept dry.

The crowd pressed closely about, but one was making his way through it now impatiently, cursing hoarsely. This was Roussel, with the black feather, insignia of invincibility, thrust into the knot of the yellow kerchief which covered his shaggy head.

"Make way!" he shouted. "Make aside for the black feather! But what a strange brigade is this?"

His great hands grasped shoulders, his stout elbows prodded ribs. Basile was directing the placing of packages, his eyes and attention all for that labor. He did not see Roussel because his back was toward the man; if he heard the fellow's orders he gave no heed. So the hand on his arm spun him about roughly.

"Does one shout in your ear, old man?" Roussel demanded. "Did you not hear the voice of the black feather commanding you to stand aside?"

Basile struggled to release the arm. He put up his other hand in a gesture of protest, but for the inflamed eyes of the bully it was a move of resistance, a challenge to superiority. The hand was struck aside, a fist crushed into Basile's chest and he went down.

"Hold!" This was Shaw, striding forward. "Hold, you!"

But Roussel would not hold. He stopped, great hands clutching to seize upon and break Basile's body. Shaw rushed.

He grappled for Roussel adeptly. One foot set itself quickly behind the boatman's, his hands clamped the man's body at the gay sash and with a twist and a shove, the bully went reeling backward, roaring, against the press of the crowd.

He found his balance there and charged, head down. But a hand on his neck deflected him, a swooping foot tripped him. He stumbled and would have fallen but for the quick arms which seized him and lifted him and turned him over as he writhed and raised him high and let him drop his length on the shingle.

His heels were grasped by angry hands; his back scrubbed through loose gravel as he was jerked to the water's edge. One foot was dropped, a wrist caught up instead; he was swung once, twice, thrice in widening arcs. He was let go and fell with a cry and a splash into knee-deep water under the bow of the unloading canoe.

Then Rodney Shaw turned, the rage already dying in his gray eyes. He brushed his palms together briskly as though to free them from the dust of an empty honor . . . Briskly, at first, and then the movements slowed until he stood there, hands half extended and motionless, staring up at her.

She sat on the high seat of her two-wheeled vehicle, looking at him across the heads of the murmuring crowd. Her horses pawed, but she held them with firm rein, body swaying a bit as their restlessness moved the gig. She smiled! Fire, in that smile, incitement and challenge and defiance, because Shaw had opened his mouth as if to speak, as though to let an amazed, incredulous ejaculation be jolted between his lips.

A voice, then, said to him:

"I am Ramsay Crooks!"

Shaw came back to controlled faculties slowly, a bit bewildered, perhaps somewhat abashed. A man looked twice at Ramsay Crooks. Astor's liege man, dominant figure in the trade of the Northwest.

"I am Shaw," he replied simply.

Crooks stopped. He picked from the gravel at his feet a black ostrich plume, the one knocked from Roussel's cap. He extended it with a gracious and graceful gesture.

"Yours!" he said and smiled.

A stir behind Crooks distracted Shaw's steady gaze. The tandem team was moving away. The head of the driver turned ever so slightly and the pert chin lifted in tantalizing challenge.

Shaw took the black feather absently.

Night, with logs blazing on the hearth, because the strait winds are cold, even in June. They sat before the pilastered fireplace in the high ceilinged room. Rodney Shaw, independent trader, and John Jacob Astor, who ruled a territory that was to be the heart of a nation. Ramsay Crooks was there, as well, but in the background.

A German baker's boy who had become the richest American through his handling of fur, was Astor; fur and tea and ships and land, but always fur.

There had been no talk of the errand which brought Shaw hither until after the meal, and then not until pipes had followed the gorging.

As Mr. Astor talked in his broken English, Ramsay Crooks listened closely and toyed with a rosette of gay ribbons.

"So," said Astor with a shrug. "Das ist vat Crooks asked you to come here. Ja!"

Shaw had scarcely moved since Astor began.

"And that is what I came to hear," he said quietly, and yet the words carried a ring of excitement. "That is what I expected to hear; your proposal, Mr. Astor, is that I surrender my independence. The offer to come and trade at your account and risk is scent to the bait."

Astor nodded casually but perhaps in his eyes was a glint of something not casual.

"I came to hear this; I came all this way, the length of Lake Michigan, sir"—voice mounting and trembling ever so slightly—"to say to you, No! To say No a thousand times! I came all this way, sir, to say that you may rob me, badger me, persecute me, but I am not to be driven out. That, Mr. Astor, is what I came to say."

But now Astor's short, stocky body bent forward a bit and his harsh, strong mouth loosened somewhat as with incredulity.

"Was? . . . You coomt . . . you coomt"—lifting a plump hand—"yust to say No to me?" His brows were gathered close, puzzled rather than angered.

"Ay! And ten thousand times, No!"

A slow flush had crept into Astor's face and he gripped his chair arms.

"You t'ink dot's smard? You t'ink dot's good sense? You t'ink when all iss amalgamation a young man shows sense to—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Aztecs of 400 Years Ago Knew Much of Insects, Including Black Widow Spider

The average Aztec of four centuries ago knew more about insects than the average city-dweller today, says Dr. C. H. Curran, associate curator of insect life of the American Museum of Natural History.

Proof of the Aztecs' lively interest in natural history, writes Dr. Curran, is handed down to us chiefly by the Spanish writer Sahagun. His diligent pursuit of information on the subject is evidence that a definite interest in insects and their ways existed before the present era of systematic science.

The black widow spider of the Aztecs was the same as that which has attracted so much attention in the United States during the last few years. The Aztecs did not look upon it as deadly, but they did consider it poisonous. Sahagun wrote of this spider: "There are some poisonous spiders in this country, they are black and have a reddish tail. The stings cause great fatigue for three or four days, although they do not kill with their stings."

This is as true today as it was at the time of the Spanish conquest. The bite may prove to be of little or no consequence, it may result in serious illness for a few days, or it may prove fatal if inflicted on a sensitive part of the body. The virulence of the bite depends upon its location, the condition of the spider at the time of the bite, the amount of venom injected and the health of the individual.

The Aztec treatment for the bite of the black widow consisted of the application of a compress soaked in an alkaline solution in a container of water. It is noted that at the present time the bites and stings of insects are treated by keeping them moist with an alkaline solution, such as baking soda. Aside from complete rest, which the Aztecs seem to have recognized as beneficial in the case of black widow spider bite, the treatment recommended today provides the intravenous injection (in solution) of the drug known as Epsom salts.

Starts today!

BLACK FEATHER

By HAROLD TITUS

A new serial story of the early fur trading days . . . you'll enjoy every chapter of this great saga!

GOOD TASTE TODAY

by EMILY POST

World's Foremost Authority on Etiquette

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Buy Gift Only If You Want to and Are Able

DEAR Mrs. Post: Does an invitation to the wedding reception or to the wedding at the house always necessitate sending a present to the bride? I know it is a rule but I wondered just how hard and fast it was. The question of buying presents constantly is becoming a serious handicap to our already rather strained income. In some cases we hardly know the bride and groom and in others we don't know the young people at all.

Answer: The giving of presents is much more a matter of personal feeling, and of your ability to buy them, than of rule. Although it is always rather expected that you send a present when you accept an invitation to the house, this is really not an obligation to the extent of preventing one who can not afford to send a present, from going to the wedding. On the other hand, if the bride (or groom) is a personal friend or their families are very intimate friends you would certainly try to send a present even though her wedding was so small that you could not be invited.

* * *

He Should Escort Girl Home If Hour Is Late

DEAR Mrs. Post: How should a girl answer a man when he asks whether he might send her home alone in a cab instead of going home with her? This happened to me when I spent the evening recently with a friend and his family at their house.

Answer: I think the only answer you could make is, "Don't think of coming." Of course, if the hour were late, then someone should have gone with you.

* * *

When Not to Tip

DEAR Mrs. Post: I have gone for years to a very expensive hairdressing establishment and have always left a tip for those who take care of me. In discussing the question with a friend, she believes that their prices are exorbitant enough so that no tip is necessary. To substantiate her side of the argument she gave me for example some of the better restaurants in which no tips are expected.

Answer: Unless the restaurant or the hairdressers have signs plainly explaining that no tipping is permitted, you would be expected to tip at the usual rates. And unless your total bill is very high your percentage would, if anything, be slightly higher than in similar places having cheaper rates.

* * *

Use of Monograms.

DEAR Mrs. Post: What is the proper arrangement of initials in a monogram? I am thinking now of the monogram that has a taller initial in the center. Also, is a monogram ever carried out on the envelopes, and if not, may a return address be put on the flaps of envelopes to be used with paper marked with a monogram?

Answer: When the initial in the center is larger it is always the initial of the surname. It is proper, if you like it, to have the address stamped on the flap of the envelope for paper marked with a monogram, although strictly speaking formal notes are sent without any return address. Paper marked with a monogram is more formal than paper stamped with an address but of course you can use it for any personal letters.

* * *

Women in Night Clubs

DEAR Mrs. Post: I was much interested in your article in which you said that women should not go to a night club unaccompanied by a man. Won't you please tell me whether this also applies to the early dinner hour? I sometimes go to New York accompanied by my mother, or other older woman relative, and instead of having dinner in a quiet restaurant we like to go to one that has Broadway atmosphere with music and show.

Answer: A young woman dining no matter where and staying for awhile with her mother or other older woman relative is quite a different situation from that of two young women going late to a night club without a man!

* * *

Use Logical Form

DEAR Mrs. Post: Is there a proper answer to make when someone expresses thanks for a birthday card or other slight remembrance? If I say, "I'm glad you liked it," then I feel that I am assuming they liked the card when all the person may have said was "Thank you." I always find the situation awkward and wonder whether there is some suitable reply to be used at such times.

Answer: If they admire the card or think it amusing, then you say, "I'm glad you like it," and if they merely thank you for having sent it then you say, "You're very welcome."

WNU Service.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. Which is greater, the diameter of the earth from pole to pole, or the diameter between two points on the equator?
2. What is meant by the gentlest art?
3. Who was called the scourge of God?
4. Do United States vessels pay toll when passing through the Panama canal?
5. What is meant by a repeating decimal?
6. Does the United States have a woman ambassador or minister to a foreign government?
7. What are the seven follies of science?
8. How may one change Centigrade temperature into the equivalent Fahrenheit temperature?

Answers

1. The latter, since the earth is slightly flattened at the poles.
2. The term refers to letter writing.
3. Attila, king of the Huns in the Fifth century, so styled himself.
4. No.
5. It is one in which a figure is repeated without end, such as .66666+.
6. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, the only one, is minister to Norway.
7. The so-called follies of science are the quadrature of the circle, the duplication of the cube, trisection of the angle, perpetual motion, transmutation of metals, fixation of mercury, the elixir of life.
8. Multiply by 9-5 and add 32 to the product. To change Fahrenheit into Centigrade, subtract 32 and multiply the remainder by 5-9.

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Knowledge and Experience

Knowledge, like religion, must be experienced in order to be known.—Whipple.

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