SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—Some very interesting tax plans are being worked out in the Treasury department, and Secretary Morgenthau is waiting for an invitation to appear before the house ways and means committee, which Chairman Doughton, not wanting any more taxes at all, is loath to give.

One of these plans is a flat manufacturers' excise tax. Just a sales tax, to be frank—the kind of thing that would have brought a regiment of lawyers down to Washington to fight it just a few years ago. But meanwhile the processing taxes, which of course were restricted sales taxes, sort of hardened some of the bitterest opponents, and now some representatives of the textile industry, for instance, are saying that if the new tax is generally, or in short if it applies to all their competitors as well as to them, they won't fight it.

Another plan being worked out by the young men in the Treasury department, none of whom, by the way, gives any consideration to political questions whatever, not even considering that this is a Presidential election year, goes for the smaller incomes in a big way. It is more drastic than the proposal of Senator La Follette last year, suggested as a substitute for President Roosevelt's tax program.

To start off with, it boosts the normal income tax rate from 4 per cent to 8 per cent. Then it reduces the exemption of a married person from $2,500 to $1,500, and a single person's exemption from $1,500 to $750. Further, it boosts surtax rates on all incomes up to $50,000.

The gentlemen working this plan out must not even have listened to Al Smith's speech at the Liberty league dinner, when he warned that this tremendous burden of debt the government was piling up could not be paid by the rich, because the rich have not enough, but would have to be paid by the people earning $5,000 or less. When a married man begins paying an 8 per cent levy on all his income in excess of $1,500, the fifteenth of March is going to be more unpopular even than it is today.

Would Be Too Unpopular

Actually there is not much chance of either of these plans being enacted—this year. The income tax plan would be far too unpopular to be put through by congress just before election. The President would not consider it for a moment. But the fact remains that it is there, and with careful estimates showing that in the opinion of the treasury experts it is just about what is necessary to finance the government.

What will be done, in all probability, will be to impose some excise taxes no more onerous on any commodity than the processing taxes were, but applied to more commodities, for, as was pointed out recently in these dispatches, the actual need, not to balance the budget, but to make up for lost processing tax revenue and to finance the new farm program and the bonus, will be around $700,000,000 a year.

So that the more drastic taxes, aimed at really balancing the budget, will be around $700,000,000 a year.

Meanwhile, as shown by a few house leaders, including Chairman Doughton of the committee that must frame the revenue bill, senators and members of the house are eager to avoid the tax situation if they possibly can. They would like nothing better than to finance the immediate need by bonds, and let the whole new tax proposal, with its attendant problems, go over until after election.

Roosevelt is convinced, however, that this would be so obviously unsound economically that it would be unwise politically. Hence there will be a new tax bill, though nothing nearly so sweeping as the treasury experts have planned.

Smith Stirs Them

Al Smith's biting criticism that the Roosevelt administration has done nothing toward carrying out its platform pledge about consolidating governmental agencies in the interest of economy has resulted already in several moves coming closer to the surface. They were already in the wish stage, but their backers were afraid. Now they are emerging.

For instance, the Federal Deposit Insurance corporation. For some time it has been looking covetously at the functions with respect to banks exercised by Jesse Jones' Reconstruction Finance corporation. FDIC believes that it, and it alone, should make loans of government funds to banks. It has the power under the law, but just recently it made the first open move, loaning $2,828,000 to a bank in Bethlehem, Pa.

FDIC's idea is that it should not confine its functions to paying off depositors after a bank has closed, but that it should be in close touch with the banks all the while to see to it that they are kept sound. Also, that if they need any money for legitimate reasons it is FDIC that should pass on the situation and loan the money.

Incidentally FDIC is on Easy street, financially. Its net losses in two and a half years have been only about $2,500,000. Its net profit has now mounted to a nice nest egg of $67,000,000. Under the law it cannot change its assessments on the banks, which run one-twelfth of 1 per cent on deposits each year, payable in two semiannual installments.

It is having an argument inside the organization over whether this present legal rate of assessment is not an unnecessary burden on the banks. Some of its advisers believe that just one more semiannual installment should be levied, and then no more until necessity should arise. Each semiannual installment brings in from $33,000,000 to $35,000,000.

More Consolidating

All of which attracts the envious notice of the new heads of the Federal Reserve system. So they want to do a little consolidating of government agencies, complying with the 1932 platform pledge by taking over FDIC, lock, stock and barrel, and turning it into a bureau of the Reserve system.

Director Crowley, of FDIC, sees very little virtue in this suggestion, almost as little as Jesse Jones sees in Crowley's ambitions to take away RFC's grip on a great many banks scattered over the country.

Meanwhile great impetus has been given to the old move to unite the investigating bodies of the governments. Virtually every department has one, starting off with the original secret service in the treasury, now very much overshadowed by the bureau of investigation in the Department of Justice.

But virtually without exception every department wants to keep its own service, and insists that much of the value to its particular objectives would be lost if its investigators were made part of a general organization, spread out over the whole government.

Clever Miss Perkins

Just one prominent pro-Roosevelt figure in all Washington showed long range political intelligence on commenting on the Al Smith speech at the American Liberty league dinner. This was Miss Frances Perkins, secretary of labor. And by a strange coincidence it is the first time since inauguration that Miss Perkins has done anything which in the opinion of disinterested observers was really of political benefit to the Roosevelt cause.

What Miss Perkins did was to keep the door open for Smith to come back—and to avoid doing anything to make Smith or Smith's followers any madder than they already were. In short, she not only served notice that the door was open for him to come back, but put out a welcome mat instead of erecting a barbed wire entanglement.

Which latter is precisely what most of the vocal Democrats on Capitol Hill did. And this goes not only for the hot-headed Southerners, like Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina and Speaker Joseph W. Byrns of Tennessee, but for supposedly cold-blooded northern Democrats like Representative John J. O'Connor of New York, chairman of the house rules committee. His remark that "of all people, Smith should be the last to attack Roosevelt," reflects the thought very accurately of most of the Roosevelt insiders, but is not calculated to pacify the Smith following.

And the importance of President Roosevelt's re-election in gratifying the feelings of Roosevelt insiders is not very great. The President has those votes anyway. Highly significant in connection with Chairman O'Connor's remark also is the expected battle to oust James J. Dooling from the Tammany leadership. It has been known for some time that Postmaster James A. Farley wanted a change in the Tammany control. He wanted one of his own men, about whose loyalty to Roosevelt there could be no question, in the saddle at the Wigwam.

Promises Fight

While Southern statesmen, thinking they were doing Roosevelt a favor, were raking up the bitter memories of 1928, and citing Smith's disappointment then and in 1932 as the reason for his present attack on Roosevelt, some New York Democrats, anxious for their own reasons to have a change in Tammany hall, urged the administration to take command, and to prevent Al Smith from even being a district delegate to the Philadelphia convention.

All of which promises a cat and dog fight in Greater New York when the delegates are selected, with more bitterness being churned up than could possibly be quieted by November.

And meanwhile just one prominent Democrat said the thing that was for Roosevelt's best interests in November, instead of aiming at headlines and at increasing the already great bitterness.

Asked for comment on Al Smith's speech by a New York reporter, Secretary Perkins backed away. "Oh, no, he is my friend," she said, and then added: "He will come back."

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OUR FAMILY CORNER

Illustrated Current News, Fashion, Household and Entertainment for the Juniors

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

THE HUNTING SEASON ENDS

THE very worst things come to an end at last. No matter how bad a thing is, it cannot last forever. So it was with the hunting season for Lightfoot the Deer. There came a day when the law once more protected all deer, a day when the hunters could no longer go searching for Lightfoot.

Usually there was great rejoicing among the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows when the hunting season ended and they knew that Lightfoot would be in no more danger until the next hunting season. But this year there was no rejoicing. You see, no one could find Lightfoot. The last seen of him was when he was running for his life with two hounds baying on his trail and the Green Forest filled with hunters watching for a chance to shoot him.

"I Tell You What It Is," Said Sammy Jay to Bobby Coon, "Something Has Happened to Lightfoot."

Sammy Jay had hunted everywhere through the Green Forest. Blacky the Crow, whose eyes are quite as sharp as those of Sammy Jay, had joined in the search. They had found no trace of Lightfoot. Paddy the Beaver said that for three days Lightfoot had not visited his pond for a drink. Billy Mink, who travels up and down the Laughing Brook, had looked for Lightfoot's footprints in the soft earth along the banks and had found only old ones. Jumper the Hare had visited Lightfoot's favorite eating places at night, but Lightfoot had not been in any of them.

"I tell you what it is," said Sammy Jay to Bobby Coon, "something has happened to Lightfoot. Either those hounds caught him and killed him or he was shot by one of those hunters. The Green Forest will never be the same without him. I don't think I shall want to come over here very much. There isn't one of all the other people who live in the Green Forest who would be missed as Lightfoot will be."

Bobby Coon nodded. "That's true, Sammy," said he. "Without Lightfoot the Green Forest will never be the same. He never harmed anybody. Why those hunters should have been so anxious to kill one so beautiful is something I cannot understand. For that matter, I don't understand why they want to kill any of us. If they really needed us for food it would be a different matter, but they don't. Have you been up in the Old Pasture and asked Old Man Coyote if he has seen anything of Lightfoot?"

Sammy nodded. "I've been up there twice," said he. "Old Man Coyote has been lying very low during the days, but nights he has done a lot of traveling. You know, Old Man Coyote has a mighty good nose, but not once since the day those hounds chased Lightfoot has he found so much as a tiny whiff of Lightfoot's scent. I thought he might have found the place where Lightfoot was killed, but he hasn't, although he has looked for it. Well, the hunting season for Lightfoot is over, but I am afraid it has ended too late."

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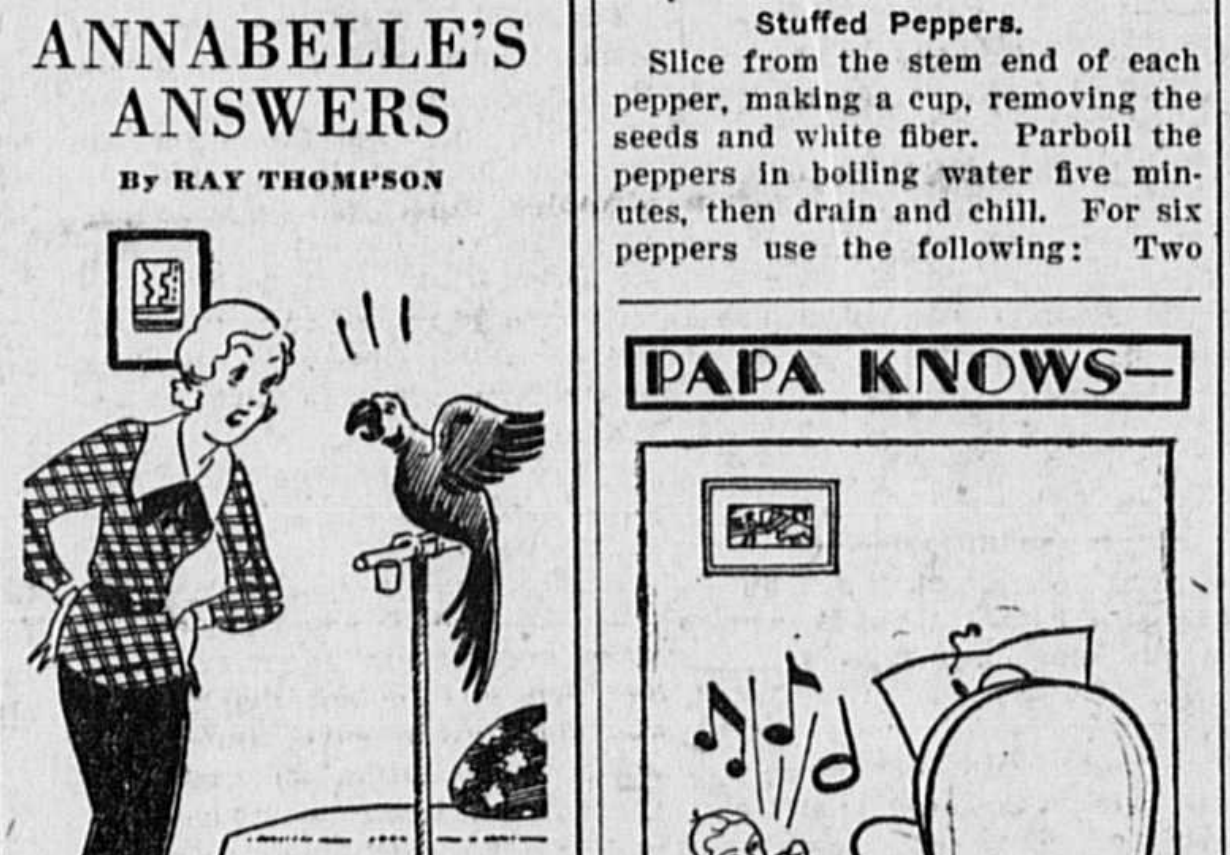
ANNABELLE'S ANSWERS

By RAY THOMPSON

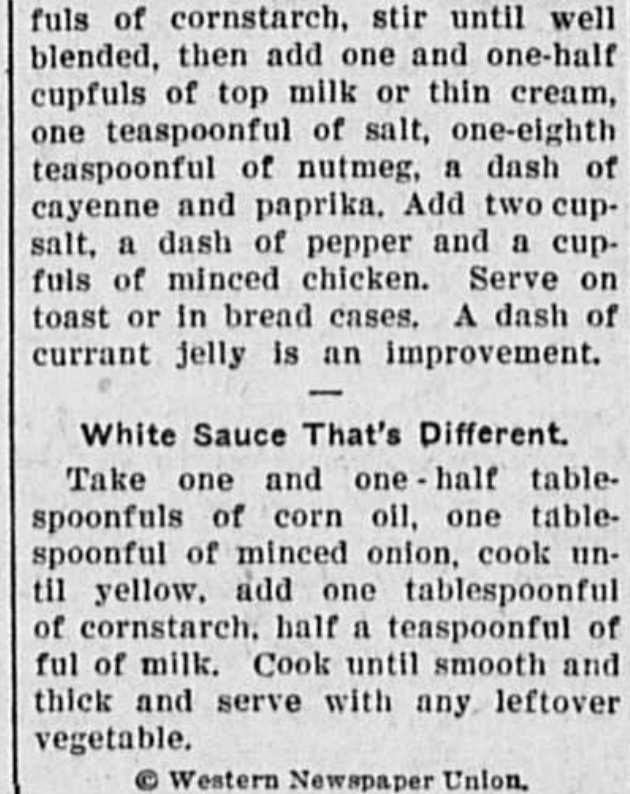


DEAR ANNABELLE: CAN YOU TELL ME OF ANY REAL TEST OF VIRTUE? *SUE.*

Dear Sue: WOULD YOU BE ASHAMED TO SELL THE OLD FAMILY PARROT TO THE TOWN GOSSIP?

Annabelle.

PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is penance?"
"Skinned knees."

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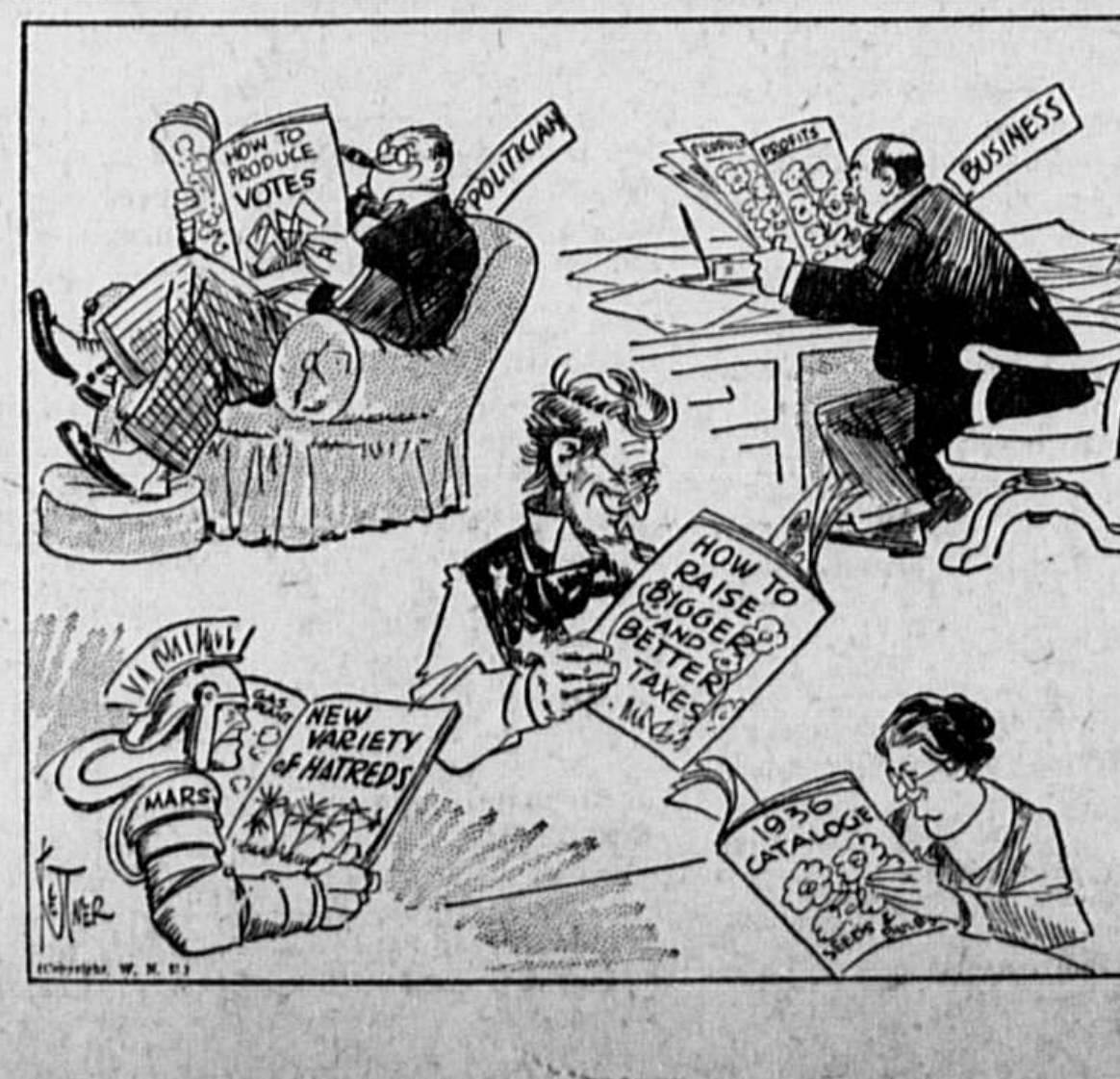
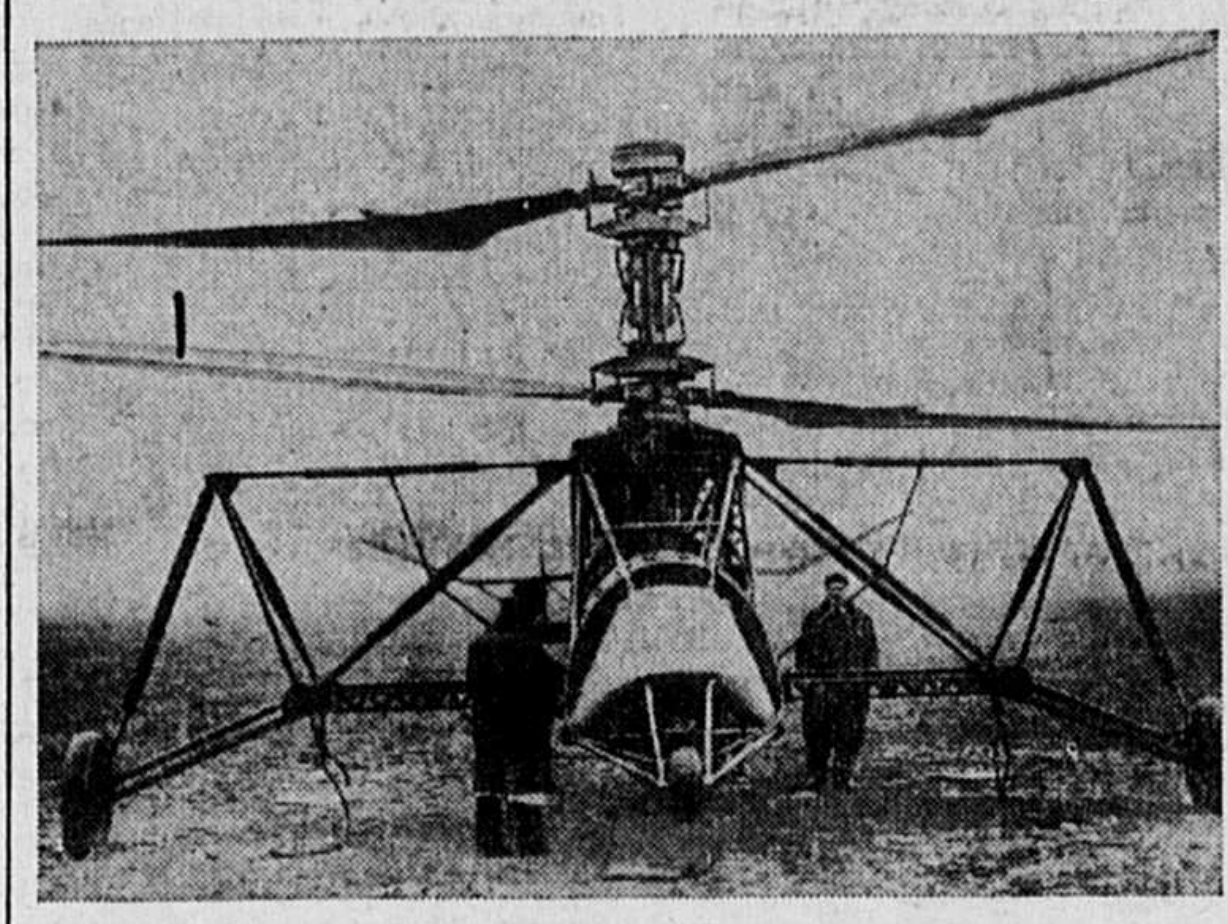
Seed Catalogues

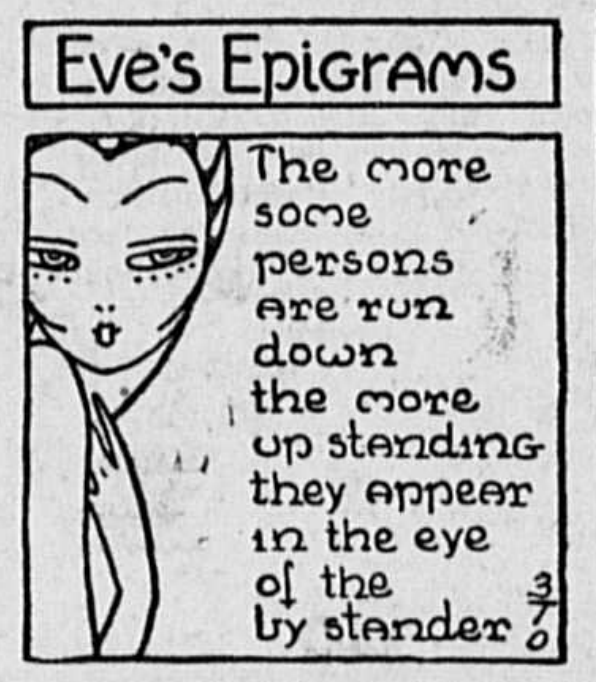


France Has a Plane Without Wings



WITHOUT wings and with propellers doing double duty, this new gyroplane presents an unusual sight indeed. The propellers not only act in windmill fashion to sustain the craft in the air, but they also propel it. The plane is equipped with a Hispano motor and was piloted by Maurice Claisse in extensive tests.

Eve's Epigrams



The more
some
persons
are run
down
the more
up standing
they appear
in the eye
of the
by stander

The Luxury of Crime

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE taxbill's here (it comes each
year along about this time),
A bill for what? Well, quite a lot
will go to pay for crime.
No goods we take, no laws we break,
no evil path pursue,
We tote no guns—we're just the
ones who pay for those who
do.
We need no ball, police or jail, no
courthouse on the square
Where men are tried, but those outside
must pay for people there.
In cells they sit and do their bit and
think it quite a chore,
And put away three meals a day
that we are paying for.

We're just the great (in ev'ry state)
majority of men
Who day and night live fairly right,
without police or pen.
We need no laws or courts, because
we never climb a wall—
We could go on from dawn to dawn
without a law at all.
In mills we toil, or plow the soil, a
living try to win,
Give little time to thoughts of crime
—and then the bill comes in.
I sometimes think that those who
wink at crime have failed to
see,
To folks like us who labor thus, it's
just a luxury.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

USING LEFTOVERS

PERHAPS a glance at what other cooks have done with the leftovers of feasts will help to use those that are daily problems in most homes. Chicken is the one meat that is not hard to serve in left-over dishes. A cupful will make a delightful salad mixed with tender celery, and less than a cupful, mixed with crumbs and seasoning, will stuff tomatoes or peppers. The following is a good recipe to keep on hand:

Stuffed Peppers.

Slice from the stem end of each pepper, making a cup, removing the seeds and white fiber. Parboil the peppers in boiling water five minutes, then drain and chill. For six peppers use the following: Two tablespoonfuls of minced onion cooked in three tablespoonfuls of oil, add one and one-half cupfuls of bread crumbs and one-fourth of a cupful of minced chicken. Season with salt and pepper and add one-half cupful of stock. Mix well, stuff the peppers, place them in a little water in gem pans to bake. Cover the tops with buttered crumbs and when they are well browned the peppers will be ready to serve.

Creamed Chicken.

Take two tablespoonfuls of olive oil or any vegetable oil, add a tablespoonful of minced onion, cook three minutes, add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, stir until well blended, then add one and one-half cupfuls of top milk or thin cream, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of nutmeg, a dash of cayenne and paprika. Add two cupsalt, a dash of pepper and a cupfuls of minced chicken. Serve on toast or in bread cases. A dash of currant jelly is an improvement.

White Sauce That's Different.

Take one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn oil, one tablespoonful of minced onion, cook until yellow, add one tablespoonful of cornstarch, half a teaspoonful of ful of milk. Cook until smooth and thick and serve with any leftover vegetable.

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TRY THIS TRICK

By PONJAY HARRAH

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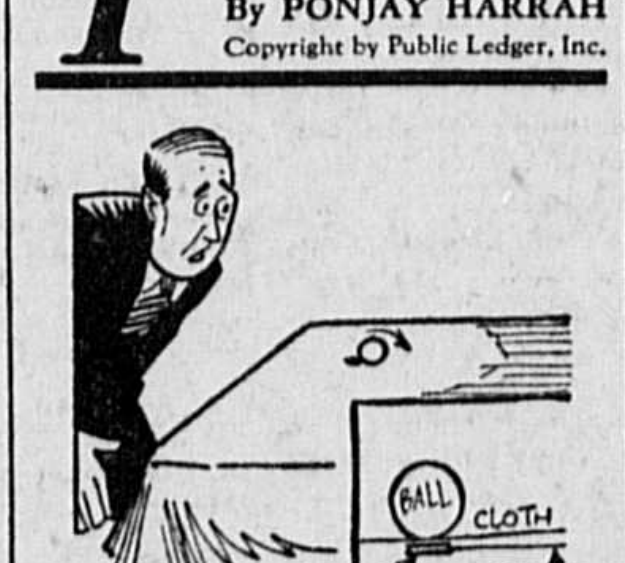


ROLY POLY GOLF BALL

THIS is a dinner table trick that will startle all who witness it. The feat is performed with an ordinary golf ball, which the magician places on the table.

Making mysterious passes, he causes the ball to roll along the tablecloth, traveling in a most uncanny fashion. Anyone may lift the ball and examine it.

The motive power is furnished by a strong thread that runs beneath the tablecloth. On the end of the thread is a small metal ring, which the tablecloth hides. It is upon this hidden ring that the wizard places the golf ball.

While his right hand makes its mystic passes, the magician uses his left to draw the thread, which makes the ball roll in a most natural fashion. The trick is made most effective by having a confederate pull the thread from the opposite side of the table. In this case the ball will roll away from the magician.

WNU Service.

Ensemble in Green

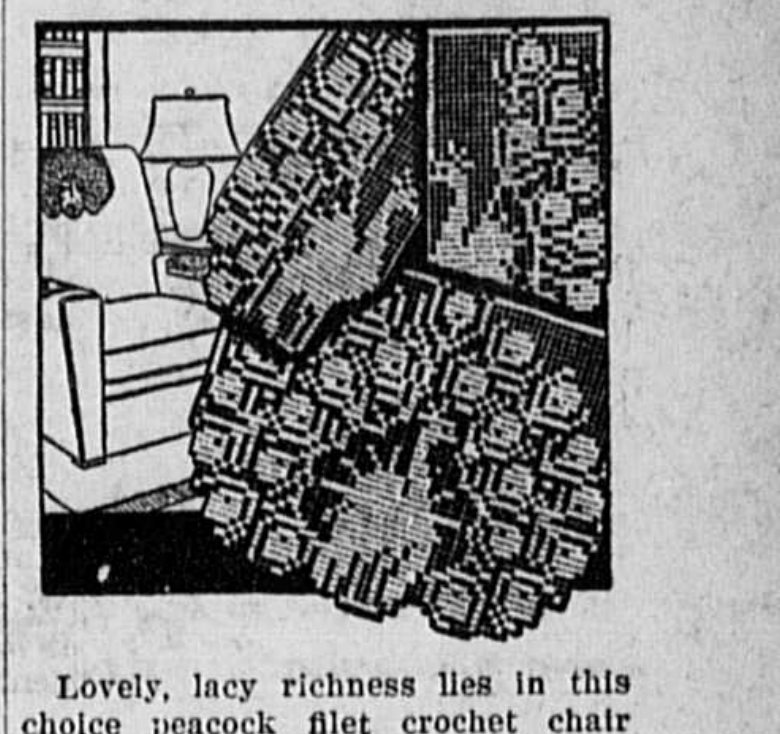
In this afternoon ensemble in green, a woolen swagger coat with three-quarter length sleeves edged with natural lynx is combined with a print silk crepe dress having an unusual scarf-like neckline.

Life of Patents

Prior to the act approved March 2, 1861, patents were granted for 14 years and were subject to extension for a further term of seven years. That act fixed the term at 17 years and prohibited extensions.

CROCHET AS PRETTY AS IT IS PRACTICAL

PATTERN 1119



Lovely, lacy richness lies in this choice peacock filet crochet chair back set that anyone can make—both easily and inexpensively—of durable string. The peacock, that most gorgeous of all birds, will add a decorative note to your home as well as protect your furniture. You'll find the large filet mesh goes very quickly. And you can also use the design for scarf ends.

Pattern 1119 comes to you with detailed directions and charts for making the set shown; an illustration of it and of the stitches needed; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

A Worthier Life

No man is wholly bad, and in all lives some moments come when the vision presents itself of a worthier and happier life which might be lived. What is needed is courage to make the start, for, while life lasts, it is never too late.—E. C. Burke.

TUMS MADE ME A NEW WOMAN
HEY... HOW ABOUT THAT BONE?
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES; HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND... SHE EATS WHAT SHE DARN WELL PLEASES!
NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION
MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.
TUMS FOR THE TUMMY
TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE
EAT LIKE CANDY TUMS 10c STOMACH DISTRESS HANDY TO CARRY

Rheumacide
Indicated as an Alterative in the Treatment of
RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains
At All Druggists
Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors
Baltimore, Md.

No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"
"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by *alkalis*—such as magnesia.
Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers
These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure *quick, complete elimination* of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.
Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.
Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today
Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.
35c & 60c bottles
20c tins
MILNESIA WAFERS
The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

FLAME IN THE FOREST

By HAROLD TITUS

Illustrations By IRWIN MYERS

W.N.U. SERVICE

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SYNOPSIS

Kerry Young, a lad of seven, is prepared to flee the burning lumber camp of his benefactor, Jack Snow, who took the youngster to live with him at the death of Kerry's mother. Tod West has instructed Kerry to come with a file containing the camp's funds should it be endangered. Flames attack the office, and Kerry, hugging the precious file, and Tod race to town. Tod acts queerly. At the bank the file is found empty and Kerry is blamed with taking the wrong one. Snow, his headquarters and money gone, is ruined.

CHAPTER II—Continued

—2—

"I'm hittin' for the West," said Tod. "Goin' clean to the Pacific Coast."

But from their window that evening Kerry saw Tod board an eastbound train.

That night old Jack grew worse. The doctor came and gave him some medicine, but he was restless, and frightened Kerry, the way he would sit up in bed and talk wildly, and finally the boy, trying to soothe him, crept close into the arms and that seemed to bring peace to the harried spirit.

After Jack was quiet, the boy whispered:

"It ain't so, what they're tellin', Jack. I didn't take the wrong one, unless he told me wrong."

"Eh? What's that?" Jack asked.

He said it again and added: "When he told me, he put his hand right on it; right on the one on top th' safe 'nd said your money was in it 'nd to come a-runnin' when he yeowled fer me."

Old Jack was very silent.

"What else'd he do? After that, what'd he do?"

And the boy related, in detail, what Tod West had done . . . how he had gone down by the creek and come back through the alders as if wondering if anyone had seen him. And of how he hadn't tried to save the buildings that were first in line of danger.

Jack Snow swore a slow and terrible oath, then.

"He could 'a'," he muttered. "He could 'a' done that. . . . 'Nd buried it 'nd dug it up since th' fire 'nd put th' bee on a little feller. . . ."

Before morning he was much worse and that day they took Kerry away and before the week was out he had no old Jack looking after him, nor would he ever have, again. The Poor Commissioner was his boss, now, and was boarding him out. . . .

He could not hide the hurt of old Jack's passing, of course. All he could do was to hide himself in the woods at the edge of town, in the long grass of meadows where he could lie on his face and cry softly.

But that other thing: the hurt which came when boys, with the cruelty of their years, taunted him with having sent Jack bust . . . why then, he found, he could cover the pain with laughter. He found both sanctuary and defense in laughter . . . .

He tried to run away repeatedly, when he was older. Always they brought him back and made him stay and kept him in school when he hated the place and all the people in it because they never forgot what Tod West had told about him and would not listen when, as a little boy, he had tried to tell what he and old Jack had suspected. He did not persist in trying to broadcast this suspicion. Some day, he'd get foot-loose; then they could all go to the devil. Until then he'd hide the things he really felt behind laughter.

CHAPTER III

THEY sat in a St. Paul office, Kerry Young, tall and brown and trim in his woodsman's clothing. At his feet was curled a Chesapeake retriever, brighter than the prescribed dead grass in color; almost honey-hued, he was.

A bit more than a decade had passed since he had finally gotten free of the town which had warped and moulded his spirit.

"This," said the man across the desk, "is the finest report on a timber property I have ever read. It's great! I'm asking you again: 'Won't you stick with us, Young? There's a big opportunity with this corporation for a man of your years and ability."

Kerry smiled slowly.

"Time to move," he said in his deep voice. "I've been on this one job since October. It's July, now. Tip and I"—with a nod toward the dog—"are a little afraid of taking root."

"You're always moving, aren't you?"

"Most of the time."

The other paused, started to speak, hesitated and then asked bluntly: "Why, Young?"

Kerry laughed and answered as one will who evades an issue.

"I like to see country. I like to put in this time of the year, at the headwaters of a river I've never been on and follow her through to the mouth. Rivers are wonderful experiences, Mr. Burkhead. You never know, on the new ones, what's around the next bend or at the foot of the next rapid!"

"I understand all that. But isn't there something else?" the other persisted. "Something else that keeps you forever on the move?"

Young's smile faded.

"There is," he said simply. "Once, when I was a kid, I was in one place too long. It's while he's a kid that a man's habits are formed."

He broke short and the smile swept back into his face.

"No use trying to explain. I just want to be gone yonder; that's all!"

"Some day you'll light and do a lot for yourself. What river's it going to be this year?"

"Oh, any one of several. I know lots of 'em." He looked at a large map of the Great Lakes section which hung on the wall. "There's the Zhingwauk, and the Mad Woman and the Blueberry."

"They're all fine streams." Burkhead rose and walked to the map, putting on his glasses. "We had an operation on the Blueberry years ago. We could have one on the Mad Woman now, if we wanted it. A chap up there in trouble; bit off more than he can chew, I guess. West. Tod West. Know the property?"

For an instant Kerry did not reply.

"No," he said. "I've never been on the Mad Woman." He rose, a bit stiffly. "Tod West? You're sure?"

"Sure. Had considerable correspondence with him; sent a cruiser in there last winter. Ever run across him?"

He looked around sharply when, instead of answering, his caller laughed, a hard and brief and mirthless laugh.

"Once," he said after that. "Yes . . . Once. . . ."

* * * * * * *

You never know what's around the next bend or at the foot of the rapid below you when traveling a strange river, he had said.

For a week he had been on the Mad Woman, now. One night he had camped by a fire tower and talked for long with the lonely lookout. Yes, Tod West was a big man in this country.

Another time he stopped for an hour with an isolated trapper. West's Landing was thirty miles below. Pretty soon, now, he'd be going through West's upper holdings. A great fellow, Tod, but he'd been hard hit lately, folks said.

And so on.

Occasionally as he paddled easily with the current he would wink at Tip, seated by the packs, and throaty laughter would rumble up from his chest.

"Chance!" he said at one of these times. "The part chance plays in a man's life!"

And at night, in his camp beneath the stars, he would lie awake hour after hour, wondering, remembering, teasing himself with the thought that finally, perhaps, he was going to know.

Since rounding the bend far above the murmur of racing waters had been in his ears and, approaching the head of the rapid, he went cautiously.

At the right was a landing, with signs of many portages on shingle and trees.

Young was about to step into the shallows and lead his canoe to shore when a flash from below caught his eye.

He lifted the glasses, leveled them and went slowly rigid.

Two people on the bank at the foot of that rapid were in flailing combat!

He could see a red shirt, its wearer evidently having just leaped into a boat beached there. Trying escape, he was, but another gave pursuit. A larger figure this, and as he leaped into the boat he stumbled.

Again Kerry had that bright glint of reflected light and saw that it was from an outboard motor, clamped to the stern. . . . And now the larger figure was up and the red-shirted one seized an oar, raised it high and swung it smartly at the other.

On that gesture a word broke from Young's lips. One word: "Girl!" No man ever swung a cudgel in that manner. . . .

The man in the bow ducked, threw out a hand, caught the oar as it bashed the gunwale and, with a wrench, tore it free from the girl's grasp. He tossed it overboard. Then slowly, menacingly, he went forward, raising a foot to step over the thwart before him.

He stopped, then, and threw out his arms for balance against the sharp list of the boat. The girl had dived!

"Oh-ho!" said Young sharply to himself. "Tight fix, eh? . . . Drop, Tip!"

The dog, at his word, flattened himself in the bottom. No time for the carry, now.

The canoe nosed silently into the first suck of swift current, Young's eyes sternly busy with the frothing tumult below.

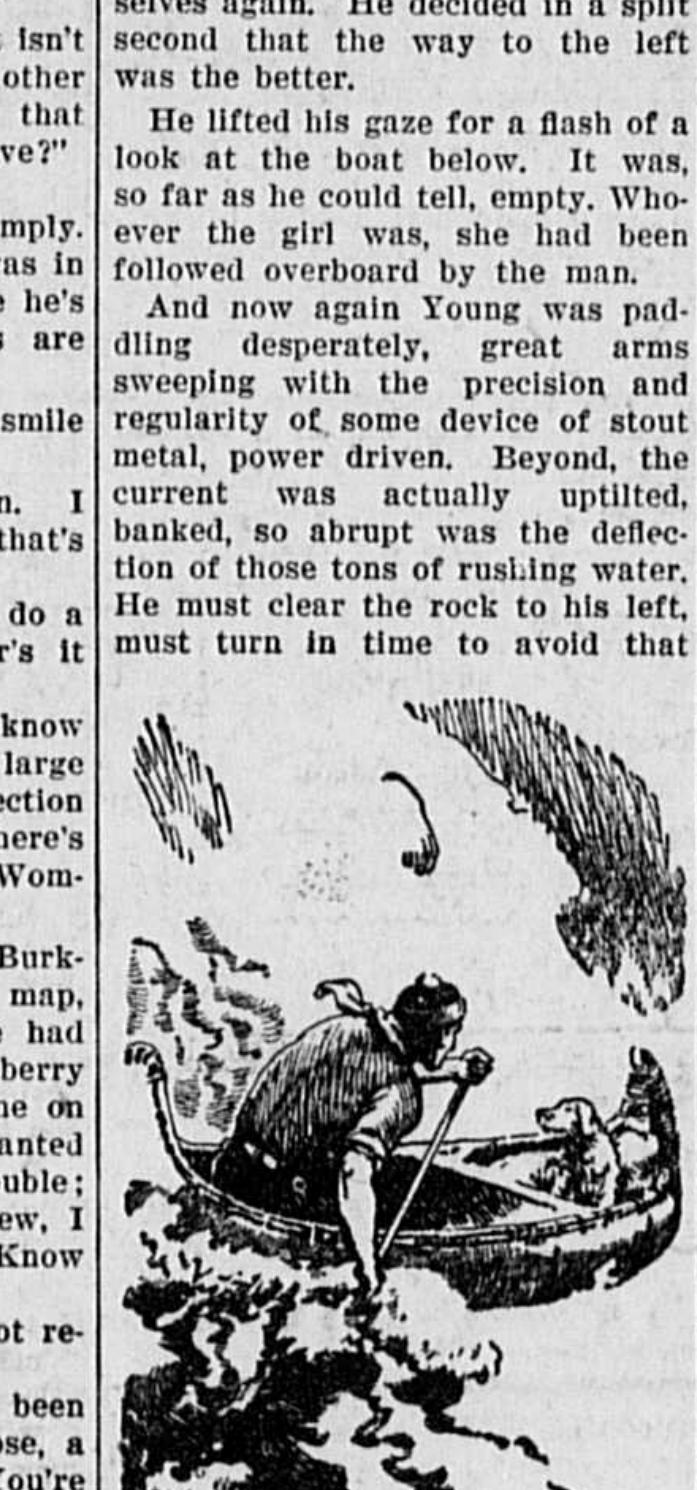
Fast and faster he moved, charging for that narrow channel, straightening his canoe out as he gathered speed, setting it parallel with the rip. He swung sharply to the right to miss one snag and worked back into the sleek, black slide which indicated the safety of depths.

He went into a brawling riffle next, with foam all about, and angling across it, found deep water again.

Protruding rocks reared themselves again. He decided in a split second that the way to the left was the better.

He lifted his gaze for a flash of a look at the boat below. It was, so far as he could tell, empty. Whoever the girl was, she had been followed overboard by the man.

And now again Young was paddling desperately, great arms sweeping with the precision and regularity of some device of stout metal, power driven. Beyond, the current was actually uptilted, banked, so abrupt was the deflection of those tons of rushing water. He must clear the rock to his left, must turn in time to avoid that which would then lie close to his right. . . .



He Paddled Stoutly to Gain Even More Speed.

The chute now sped down midstream and he paddled stoutly to gain even more speed. He felt himself dropping at a break which was all but a cascade, swore once, sharply and stoutly as he was sucked into a welter of foam. A slimy nose of granite seemed to reach through the lather for him and he threw his weight to the left, righted the frail craft just as water boiled over the rail and, canoe sideways, turning still further until he progressed backward, he shot into the placid pool which marked the foot of the rapid.

It was over his shoulder, then, that he saw the two. Their boat was drifting with the current, turgid there for a space. On one side of the skiff was the girl, supporting herself in the water by hands on the gunwale; on the other was the man, hatless, his face dark under the sun.

They had not seen this approach of a third. They were so occupied that all else was excluded from attention.

The man braced himself, pulled his weight sharply upward, hooked elbows over the rail and threw up a foot to flounder inboard.

It was here that the girl, letting go her hold with one hand as if for the second time to attempt escape by swimming, saw Kerry. He had a flash of a white face, lovely in contour and feature, but now stamped with heavy fear.

For an instant the gaze from his blue eyes locked with the girl's dark ones. Then he smiled. He smiled and threw back his head and let the smile run into a laugh.

"Good afternoon!" he said. "Is the water fine?"

A bantering greeting, this, and the words came through the last of his laughter. But banter went out of his heart and mirth from his countenance as he looked from the girl to the man, rising to stand spreadlegged in the flat bottomed boat, arms hooked, clothing plastered close to his great chest and strong legs. . . .

The man — hair touched with gray, now; heavier by many pounds; his face lined and a bit full at the chin—the man was Tod West!

For a long moment they stared at one another. West breathed rapidly. And after that first shock of recognition, with its surge of bitterness, and a certain triumph, he marked something else: Tod West's face was stamped with the die of passion; that particular kind of passion which had been repressed too long; which had, perhaps, been soured and twisted and fermented to fury by repression.

But that reflection of passion was fading, now; astonishment and bewilderment and chagrin were sweeping up to replace it. And then, in a darkening flood, came deep anger against this intruder.

West raised a hand half-way to his breast. It was his right hand. Kerry should have noted the gesture, but he did not. . . . He was too close to the answer of an old, rankling question, now. . . .

No light of recognition was in Tod's face. Too many years had passed. A lad of seven Kerry had been on that day in old Jack's camp, and West in his early twenties.

Young rallied himself. More important things in his own way of reckoning values might be close at hand, but he had run that rapid to render aid to this girl. That came first and so he spoke, but with difficulty kept bitterness from his tone.

"You might," he said pointedly, "help the young lady back into the boat."

Still West did not move; nor did he respond. The canoe was within a length of a paddle from the skiff, now, and Kerry could hear the light, quick breathing of the girl.

"I said you might,"—voice rising and thickening, — "help the young lady back into the boat."

West turned and looked silently toward shore. Young, staring up at him, felt an immeasurable loathing for the man arise. . . . Put the blame for old Jack's ruin on him, had he? And, perhaps, profited by the tragedy himself?

He lifted one foot, flicked it across the gunwales and with a heave of his agile arms was standing face to face with the older man.

"I take it the young lady doesn't relish having you here at all. Why don't you get out?"

The heavy jaw trembled ever so slightly and a red flood swept into the cool and calculating gray eyes.

"I happened to see from back yonder. I happened to see your little game of . . . of tag. I'd say your welcome aboard here was at any time highly questionable. I'd say that the least you could do would be to get out now. You forced her to dive once, and another swim shouldn't do you any . . . ."

"Let go, you!"

Young's quick grip on West's arm, brought words heavy with rage.

"I won't let go until you . . ."

The man was no weakling. Kerry felt the tremendous strength in those arm muscles, felt the vast power in the stalwart legs and broad back as West swept an arm out to clip him into close embrace. But he had the advantage of better composure, of better stance and, perhaps, of an older, riper hatred. He drove a knee against West's thigh, he half turned, grinding a hip smartly into West's groin. He shoved with both hands and, giving a strangled roar of anger, the man went backward into the river.

A lovely girl was waiting in the chill waters of the Mad Woman and quickly Kerry stooped, taking her hands in his.

She came up, with a light kick of her small feet, the bunt of a trim, breechclad knee against the boat, and stood close to him, draining water. For the space of a slow breath he clung to her hands and his eyes, smiling now because of the things which churned in him, things that, should he let them, might stir too much rage and a modicum of pain, plunged their look deep into hers.

"There!" he said and laughed, because there was nothing else to do, with confusion and embarrassment flooding such a lovely face as that.

She drew her hands down the sleeves of the red shirt, stripping water from the fine flannel. Her eyes went past him to the swimming West, making suddenly and stoutly for shore, and in them showed an anger, surprising in intensity for a face so gently moulded.

The man gained the shallows, waded, dripping, to a beached canoe and dragged it afloat with a savage jerk. He stepped in, drove the paddle against bottom stoutly enough to spin the craft about and turned on the girl such a look as Young had never seen on a man's face.

"All right," he said chokingly and nodded just once, sharply. "All right. Nan! For this . . . you'll be a pauper!"

With no more, with only a quick, venomous glance at Kerry, he turned down-stream, paddling briskly.

The girl's look forbade speech just then. He was at a loss until his gaze, going past her, saw his own canoe, grounded downstream and on the other side. Tip, amidships, was sitting up, ears at alert, watching his master, and when the girl sat down on the thwart with a suddenness which was almost collapse, Young raised his hand.

"Hi, Tip!" The dog sprang to his feet, rocking the canoe. His tail threshed rapidly. "Fetch! Fetch the canoe!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Great Lakes

Business and Pleasure Craft Pass on the Great Lakes.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

BELIEVE it or not, the Great Lakes of North America contain half the fresh water on earth; enough to cover the continental United States 10 to 18 feet deep, or to fill a 30 foot ship canal from here to the sun!

Africa's largest lake, Victoria Nyanza, would cover most of Lake Superior, but it would take 71 Victorias to fill it. Asia's premier lake, the Aral sea, is a bit larger than Lake Huron, but it would take four Arals to fill one Huron. Two Lake Baikals would scarcely reach beyond the edges of Lake Michigan, although they would contain nearly three times as much water.

If they only lay there, basking in the sun or raging with storms, our inland seas would be impressive. But they have served America as no inland sea has served another land. At every corner of the Great Lakes, and because of them, busy cities have risen. On the banks of a hundred tiny creeks commerce has planted its loading piers or elevators.

Our bridges crossed our lakes as ore before they crossed a river. Scarcely a skyscraper whose framework has not wallowed in the swell of our "Big Sea Water" before combing our urban skies. The story of our Great Lakes is one of unbelievably cheap freight rates, of marvelously active freighters, of fur and lumber, iron and grain.

Easy Routs to the Midwest.

In the days when the principal crop of America was cold-bred fur, the St. Lawrence was the gateway to our Midwest. While the English went seeking the Northwest passage to the alluring Orient and colonists along the Atlantic were consolidating their positions against the wilderness, French voyageurs and missionaries were following stream and portage to the heart of America.

Colonization was caught between sea and mountain. Exploration paddled its swift canoes on lakes and rivers.

Fur was the incentive, and temporal or spiritual empire the dream of Nicolet, Joliet, Marquette, and La Salle, to whom the watershed between the Great Lakes and the wide Mississippi basin was familiar while the British were still settling the seacoast. As early as 1700 one could ride horseback from Portland, Maine, to Richmond, Va., sleeping each night in a village. But the Appalachian barrier held. Meanwhile the French, more nomadic, were spread thinly over a tremendous inland empire.

In 1803 most of this land became ours through the Louisiana purchase, and the vast territory which fur trade and Indian alliances had won for France gave trans-Appalachian colonization new impetus. For a little less than four cents an acre the young American republic acquired rich agricultural lands stretching to the headwaters of the Missouri and the Yellowstone.

Around the lakes, fur ceded its primary place to grain or lumbed. Hiawatha's "forest primeval" crashed before Paul Bunyan's saw and ax. Hills of sawdust began to rise like sand dunes, and countless jig-saw verandas embraced American homes.

Then came iron!

Buffalo an Aquatic City.

At the northern end of the lakes whole rust-red mountains of ore stood ready for the steam shovels. Coal moved north and iron south, a combination providing profitable return cargoes. Whenever a creek reached the south shore of Lake Erie, coal and ore were tossed back and forth by car tipple and "clamshell."

Protected from early traffic competition by the Niagara falls, which were later to furnish its light and power, Buffalo, rich inland port, stands at the east end of the upper lakes and the west end of the only convenient break in the Appalachians. Superlatives, which swarm around the Great Lakes, hive at Buffalo.

This favored spot no more suggests the bison than Rome does Romulus or Syracuse Sicily. And, had an Indian interpreter not made a mistake, it would have been called "Beaver," a startling but suitable name for this busy creekside port.

A dozen railways now obscure the fact that Buffalo is not a creature of the plains but an aquatic city, founded on the creek that still sustains it. Its real greatness began on October 26, 1825, when the Seneca Chief started down the 4-foot deep Erie canal. The news of its departure thundered by cannonfire from Buffalo to New York 500 miles in 90 minutes—shots which, like those of the Minutemen, were heard around the world.

On November 4, 1825, the canalboat floatilla arrived at Sandy Hook, where Governor Clinton poured Lake Erie water into the Atlantic near New York city, which "Clinton's Ditch" was to lift to the position of America's premier port.

Connected With the Gulf.

On June 22, 1933, at Chicago, salt water from the Gulf of Mexico was blended with Lake Michigan water when a flotilla of Mississippi river barges, bearing spices, coffee, and sugar, arrived at Lake Michigan. Bascule bridges, pointing like howitzers at the tall-speared phalanx of sky-scrapers, aroused the raucous protests of a chorus of klaxons, and psuedo-Indian warwhoops sounded over the busy waters beside which lonely Fort Dearborn first rose on a swampy shore.

The 9-foot channel does today what river and glacier did more than once in the past—links the Great Lakes with the Gulf. St. Louis has become an export town for northern wheat. It took 260 years for Joliet's dream of a Lakes-to-Gulf waterway to come true, although Lake Michigan water has flowed into the Mississippi basin since 1871.

Try to force your way through underbrush or struggle along on foot beneath such a burden as is easily carried in a light canoe, and you will realize why the French penetrated this continent by following Indian guides upon its rivers.

Canals extended the natural waterways. Then wagon wheels overrode the objections raised by the owners of pack horses and railways won their share. The motor car, bringing broad, smooth highways, set the tax-collecting filling station in the place of the tollgate, and passenger car and truck invaded the steel-webbed empire of the Iron Horse. The Panama canal, opened in time to do its bit in the World war, brought our coasts together.

The new Welland canal and the Illinois waterway are additional transport factors in a region where motor manufacturers, having vied with steam engines, now face competitive traffic problems involving railways, lake steamers, truckaways, new car convoys, and widely distributed assembly plants.

Each form of transportation, fighting for its share, now forges ahead, now lags behind. But were traffic stopped on our inland seas, our industrial life would sustain a major shock.

Four Routes to Tidewater.

Four routes to tidewater now exist: the Illinois waterway, with a 9-foot channel; the New York state barge canal and its branch to Oswego, both with a depth of 12 feet; and the St. Lawrence canals, in which there are 14 feet of water. The deepest artificial link is the new Welland canal, which not only has 30 feet of water on the sills of its spectacular locks, but also accomplishes the steepest lift—326½ feet in 25 miles.

Even before the war occasional tramp steamers entered the Great Lakes from tidewater, and today ocean bottoms are no novelty. In 1933 over a hundred steamers from overseas ports brought in codliver oil, canned fish, and merchandise from Europe to Detroit, and departed with pitch, wood pulp, and motor cars.

Shiploads of automobiles have been sent direct from Detroit to London and Hamburg. Rumanian oil, coming direct from the Black sea, competes with American gasoline in Detroit. Ships regularly sail from the River Rouge to ocean ports around the world. The economic balance beam is seldom at rest.

Buffalo, welcoming western grain and sending back return cargoes of emigrants and pioneers, helped feed the East with bread and the West with brains and brawn. While retaining its pre-eminence in the transfer of grain, it has since become our milling metropolis.

YET WE GO TO WAR

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—Cicero.

NO UPSETS
The proper treatment for a bilious child
THREE STEPS TO RELIEVING CONSTIPATION
I II III
A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.
ANY mother knows the reason when her child stops playing, eats little, is hard to manage. *Constipation.* But what a pity so few know the sensible way to set things right!
The ordinary laxatives, of even ordinary strength, must be carefully regulated as to dosage.
A liquid laxative is the answer, mothers. The answer to all your worries over constipation. A liquid can be *measured.* The dose can be exactly suited to any age or need. Just reduce the dose each time, until the bowels are moving of their own accord and need no help.
This treatment will succeed with any child *and with any adult.*
The doctors use *liquid* laxatives. Hospitals use the liquid form. If it is best for their use, it is best for home use. The liquid laxative most families use is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Any druggist has it.

There We Differ

Men are "created equal" in rights; not in ability or opportunity.

FOUND!
My Ideal Remedy for HEADACHE
"Though I have tried all good remedies Capudine suits me best. It is quick and gentle." Quickest because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuralgic aches—periodic pains.
CAPUDINE

ROUGH SKIN
Don't be discouraged! Make up your mind to try and have the clear, fresh skin you admire in others! Thousands have found the secret in Cuticura treatments. So simple, too! The Soap soothes and cleanses—the Ointment relieves and helps to heal. You'll marvel at the difference Cuticura makes.
Buy Cuticura at your druggist's. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. FREE sample of each on request. Write "Cuticura," Dept. 9, Malden, Mass.

CHERRY-GLYCERINE COMPOUND
For Coughs due to Colds, Minor Bronchial and Throat Irritations
JAS. BAILY & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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Mrs. P. W. Johnson of 1207 W. Cary St., Richmond, Va., said: "Some years ago I was not feeling well at all. I was thin and had scarcely any strength, hardly slept a wink at night and everything seemed to upset me. I suffered badly from headaches, and pains across my back further added to my misery. After using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription my appetite was good, I gained weight and strength and felt fine." New size, tabs. 50c. Liquid $1.00 & $1.35.

Break up that COLD
Perhaps the surest way to prevent a cold from "catching hold" and getting worse is, at once, to *Cleanse Internally.* Do it the pleasant teacup way. Flush the system with a hot cup of Garfield Tea—the mild, easy-to-take liquid laxative. At drug-stores
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Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons
DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?
Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.
Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.
DOAN'S PILLS