SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—The best the American merchant marine can hope for from the present congress is a restoration of the $22,000,000 cut out of the post office appropriation bill. The item approved originally was $26,500,000 for ocean mail carrying, but the senate cut this to $4,500,000.

No one contends that carrying the mails by American ships is worth any such sum as $26,500,000. If it were a question solely of getting the mails carried, there is little doubt that foreign ship owners would bid a lower price than that. And be glad to get it.

The larger sum is paid actually because of the accepted theory that the government must encourage an American merchant marine, and on two theories. The first theory, of course, is national defense. In the event of war, both the army and navy would need a very large number of auxiliary vessels—boats to carry supplies, oil, food, munitions, etc. In the World war the whole hope of the Germans to win was based on the possible success of their submarine campaign to break this line of supply.

The other reason is the one so frequently stated by President Wilson. He liked the illustration that if one department store used the delivery service of a competitor to send out its merchandise, it would not be long before the one depending on the other for trucks or wagons would be forced out of business, even if it saved money by utilizing the service during the first few months or years.

Mr. Wilson was very forcibly impressed with the advantages that Germany and Britain had gained in the period prior to the war by having their own trade routes to South America where he was anxious, as has been every subsequent President, to build up American trade.

There's the Question

If these two reasons for having an American merchant marine are accepted, the question then comes of how to make it possible. There has been such violent objection to the word subsidy that the straightforward course of encouraging the construction and operation of ships under the American flag has never been possible. Even with the huge Republican majority that resulted from the 1930 election, it was never possible to get such a measure through congress. The late Senator Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire again and again deplored the fact that despite an almost universal desire to build up an American merchant marine congress was never willing to aid it except by subterfuge.

This subterfuge, of course, has always been the mail subvention—paying ship owners a great deal more for carrying the mail than the service is worth.

But, due to the regulations and requirements of the shipping board (originally set up by President Wilson for no other purpose than to foster an American merchant marine), much of the money spent to aid American shipping has been pure waste. With the best intentions in the world, millions were wasted in aiding the financing of vessels, or the purchasing of ships taken over by the government after the war, and then forcing the operation of those ships in an uneconomic way.

The famous Leviathan is a classic example. The federal treasury would be ahead something in excess of $15,000,000, at a minimum, if that giant vessel had been towed out to sea and sunk as soon as the last soldier was brought home from France.

Instead the government spent $10,000,000 in reconditioning her, turning her into an oil burner, etc., and then, after leasing her to private ownerships, lost money on her every year since. Moreover, the private interests that leased her also lost money on every trip she made.

Which would seem to indicate that perhaps there are some fundamental things to be cleared up, such as artificial operating expenses forced by law and governmental regulations, before very much hope can be had for an adequate American merchant marine.

Boost Excise Taxes

The proposed excise taxes, which, levied on 33 commodities, were calculated to raise $221,000,000 a year, are not dead. They are just pushed under the pile for a few days. In fact, the best judgment on Capitol hill and in the Treasury department is that they will not only be revived, but will be increased.

Treasury experts have been working on this whole problem for months. They know very accurately what can and what cannot be done in the way of raising revenue. The point is that they know congress will never enact it without so many exemptions and loopholes that it would not produce anything like the revenue required.

Moreover, the President did not contemplate enactment of the tax plan without the excise taxes. So that, in addition to writing in all kinds of exemptions, the proposal of the Hill subcommittee would strike $221,000,000 of annual revenue from the bill.

There is a further element which puts the whole house subcommittee program into red ink, the treasury experts privately point out. This is that the committee counts on $100,000,000 from the "windfall" tax. No one in the treasury has ever really taken that tax seriously. As a matter of fact, treasury experts do not think the President had figured on it seriously as a revenue raiser. Its purpose was far more propaganda than as a money producer.

It was intended to hold up before the country the interests that profited from the Supreme court decision invalidating the AAA and outlawing the processing taxes.

Difficulties in Way

Constitutional difficulties of actually collecting the tax are something else again, and so the treasury experts who figured out the tax schedules just put that to one side, as far as any reliance on revenue was concerned.

Meanwhile the hearings scheduled by the house committee, and those which will follow when the measure gets before the senate finance committee, will riddle the whole idea that a change in the corporation taxes will produce the needed revenue without the very substantial part of the whole tax scheme which the President himself included, the excise taxes.

It has been no secret from the first that the senate would rewrite the whole bill. Members of the house admit that freely. Administration leaders in the senate like Pat Harrison, chairman of the finance committee, will do their best to follow the President's ideas as closely as possible.

Expectation has been all along that, in order to make sure of enough money, they would be forced to retain the present corporation levies in whole or in part—the tax on all net earnings of corporations, now 15 per cent on all corporations of any size, the capital stock tax, and the excess profits tax. In fact, there has been a strong tendency to save all these taxes, intact, and add on enough of the tax on undistributed earnings as proposed by the President to make up the additional amounts needed.

This additional amount, by the way, is roughly $702,000,000 a year, less whatever is raised by processing taxes and the windfall taxes.

Government Ownership

Flood disasters spell a tremendous boom in government ownership of electric power plants. Congress is in a liberal mood with respect to flood relief, but it is also ready to go further in the direction President Roosevelt has always desired in bringing about publicly owned power systems.

Even in the direct relief, which will of course be followed by vast works aimed at lessening the proportions of such disasters, there is a notable advantage to "publicly owned" utilities. For instance, consider two electric plants, one publicly owned, one privately owned, at nearby towns on the same river. It could be the Merrimac, or the Connecticut, or the Allegheny or any river hit in the recent floods.

Money already allocated by the President is available for "replacement" of the publicly owned plant. The stockholders of the privately owned plant must take their loss, unless they have flood insurance.

It is for the future that the development is really important, however. There will be a wave of dam building, aimed at holding the future flood waters, and utilizing the water meantime for the generation of electricity in publicly owned power plants. These naturally must sell their electricity somewhere—the Supreme court upheld that in the TVA case even if it did not specifically mention flood control. But it did say with great clarity that the government had the right to sell surplus power developed incidentally to some constitutional project.

So that actually all the 60-odd injunctions by the private utilities against PWA loans for power plants seem a great deal less important than they appeared to be a few weeks back.

Flood Control

The amount of money which will be spent on these flood control projects will stagger the imagination, when added up, as for instance in a general flood control bill. Senator Francis G. Newlands, 25 years ago, was regarded as a nuisance because he talked about spending a couple of hundred million dollars for both flood control and reclamation.

Congress at this very session will seriously be considering spending several billion dollars for flood control alone, and without covering the entire country at that.

One bill, introduced by Senator Joseph F. Guffey of Pennsylvania, and providing for flood control works in the Ohio basin about Pittsburgh, would appropriate more than fifty-five million dollars. This would cover the Allegheny, Monongahela, Juniata and one or two smaller streams.

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The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Bedtime Story

By Thornton W. Burgess

SAMMY JAY TAKES A HAND

SAMMY JAY was bubbling over with excitement as he flew through the Green Forest following Lightfoot the Deer. He was so excited he wanted to scream, but he didn't. He kept his tongue still. You see, he didn't want Lightfoot to know that he was being followed. Under that pointed cap of Sammy Jay's are quick wits. It didn't take him long to discover that the big stranger whom Lightfoot was seeking was doing his best to keep out of Lightfoot's way and that he was having no difficulty in doing so because of the reckless way in which Lightfoot was searching for him.

"That stranger is nearly as big as Lightfoot, but it is very plain that he doesn't want to fight," thought Sammy. "He must be a coward."

Now, the truth is, the stranger was not a coward. He was ready and willing to fight if he had to, but if he could avoid fighting, he meant to. You see, big as he was, he wasn't quite as big as Lightfoot, and he knew it. He had seen Lightfoot's big footprints and from their size knew that Lightfoot must be bigger and heavier than he. Then, too, he knew that he had no right to be there in the Green Forest. That was Lightfoot's home, and so he was an intruder. He knew that Lightfoot would feel that way about it and that this would make him fight all the harder.

So the big stranger wanted to avoid a fight if possible. But he wanted still more to find that beautiful young visitor with the dainty feet for whom Lightfoot had been looking. He wanted to find her, just as Lightfoot wanted to find her, and he hoped that if he should find her he could take her away with him back to the Great Mountain. If he had to he would fight for her, but until he had to he would keep out of the fight. So he dodged Lightfoot and at the same time looked for Miss Daintyfoot.

All this Sammy Jay guessed, and after a while he grew tired of following Lightfoot for nothing. "I'll have to take a hand in this thing myself," muttered Sammy. "At this rate Lightfoot never will find that big stranger!"

So Sammy stopped following Lightfoot and began to search through the Green Forest for the big stranger. It didn't take him long to find him. He was over near the pond of Paddy the Beaver. As soon as he saw him Sammy began to scream at the top of his lungs. At once he heard the sound of snapping twigs at the top of the little ridge back of Paddy's pond, and knew that Lightfoot had heard and understood.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

"I'll Have to Take a Hand in This Thing Myself," Muttered Sammy.

Parisians Test the Bomb Shelters

WHEN and if France gets into another war the inhabitants of Paris will have plenty of shelter from airplane bombardment. Numerous bombproof underground rooms have been constructed and fitted out in all parts of the city. This photograph shows a group of residents in one of the shelters capable of holding 52 persons for four hours.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

TASTY GOOD THINGS

HERE is something which will be found new by most of us and is a most appetizing dish:

Egg Noodle Custard.

Take five ounces of egg noodles and cook until tender and well done, then drain. Add two cupfuls of milk and let them stand three-fourths of an hour. Add one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract and the slightly beaten yolks of four eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, add one-half cupful of sugar and fold into the above mixture. Pour into a buttered mold and bake one hour. Serve with:

Yankee Doodle Sauce.

Chop one-third of a cupful of candied ginger fine; add an equal quantity of ground orange rind, using only the yellow part. Add one-fourth of a cupful of pecan meats coarsely chopped, one-fourth teaspoonful of cinnamon if liked. Serve with thick cream to soften.

Spaghetti Caruso.

Take one-half pound each of spaghetti and fresh mushrooms, three-fourths of a cupful of butter or half cupful of olive oil, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of chicken stock, one-half cupful of cooked chopped chicken livers and grated cheese. Cook the spaghetti until tender, drain. Peel mushrooms and cut into small pieces, cook in the oil or butter about ten minutes, all the chicken stock, salt, and cook ten minutes more. Add the spaghetti and chicken liver and return to the heat just long enough to heat thoroughly. Serve with grated cheese.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Smart Ensemble

Full sleeves soften the box coat lines of this smart ensemble in dull blue and white imported tweed. Wide stripes of mixed red and blue are woven into the fabric for the coat. The blouse is of white knitted wool material.

ANNABELLE'S ANSWERS

By RAY THOMPSON

PAPA KNOWS—

"Pop, what is jargon?"
"Tea in the jungle."

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

DEAR ANNABELLE: DO YOU BELIEVE THE MODERN GIRL IS SO MUCH DIFFERENT FROM HER GRANDMA?

BABS.

Dear Babs: NO—SHE STILL LOVES SPINNING WHEELS!

Annabelle.

A Beauty Expert on the Job

TRY THIS TRICK

By PONJAY HARRAH

Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc.

"The honeymoon is over," says soliloquizing Elizabeth, "when hubby begins to wonder how those little hands that make the biscuits are ever able to carry them to the table."

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

CARD AND TUMBLER

TWO objects are required for this trick; namely, playing card and a small drinking glass. Holding the card between the thumb and fingers of his right hand, the magician sets the tumbler on the card with his left hand.

Then he moves his left hand away. Amazingly, the tumbler balances upon the upper edge of the card and remains there until the performer removes it. The card and the glass may be examined afterward.

During this trick, the spectators see only the front of the card. A glance behind the scenes would reveal the secret. The magician keeps only three fingers at the side of the card. His forefinger is back of the card.

Pointing upward, hidden by the card the forefinger serves as an additional resting spot for the glass. The card and the finger are really the supports.

WNU Service.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

House plants will have to be watered more often now than they were during early winter months. A warmer temperature and brighter sunshine will dry the pots out much more rapidly.

* * *

Grated orange rind and two teaspoonfuls of orange juice added to fudge while cooking gives it a delicious flavor.

* * *

Footstools placed under the table will prove a source of great comfort to short people at meal times.

* * *

String and butter beans will cook more quickly if salt is not added to the water in which they are boiled until a few minutes before removing from the fire.

* * *

When making uncooked frostings with powdered sugar, add a little more sugar than recipe calls for. Sugar is likely to absorb moisture if left uncovered.

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FLAME IN THE FOREST

By HAROLD TITUS

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS
W.N.U. SERVICE

Copyright by Harold Titus

CHAPTER IX—Continued

—10—

"Y-yes, Tod. . . . I . . . you see, I've a chance to sell two sections at a very fine figure. Under our agreement—"

"You can't sell a damn' foot of land!" he cut in. "No, Miss Nan Downer, you can't sell one damn' foot of ground!" He drove a fist into the other palm vindictively. "You had your chance once. I give you your chance a week ago. . . . But what'd you do? Tried to wham me with an oar, that's what you did!

"You know, well's I do, where we stand. You're right up agin' foreclosure this minute. You can't sell an acre until you've come across with the principal payment, most a year overdue."

She retreated around the corner of her desk as he advanced.

"And you know, well's I do, why Don't like doin' business that way! You can be high and mighty to me one day, and then expect favors the next! Well, I'll show you my heart's in the right place! I'll show you a contract's a contract! I'll show you that I'll see you busted and smashed and on the road without a roof, before we—"

"Tod! Don't Tod! Please—"

He had crowded her against the wall. Rigidly went from him and a strange sound, half-laugh, half-sob, came from deep in his throat.

"Hurt you? Hurt you, little Nan? . . . God, I'm sorry for the things I've happened!" He stepped back a pace or two unsteadily. Confusion lay in his eyes. He had caused her to flinch.

"I meant that, up the river the other day," he said huskily. "I meant all I said: I want you, I need you, little Nan! I'll make you a good lover. . . . I'll make you a good husband!"

Perhaps it was the loathing in her face, touched to life by his coarse, insistent voice, which stirred afresh the hell in his heart. Anyhow, he threw his arms wide, his features clouded.

"Will you have me?" he cried. "Will you have me, or no? I want to take you! Because I'll have you, you are as sure as hell itself! I'm desperate and I'm—"

Nan had opened her lips to cry out, when a white fury flung through the doorway. Kerry Downer lost in that agony of breath which burst from Tod's throat as a hand caught one of the outstretched arms, as he was spun about and Stuart's fist bashed into his jaws.

The big smashing blow had the smack of Bluejay's rattletrap flivver not far from Ed Knight's store at the Landing and talked rapidly, jabbing a finger now and again into the "friend's chest.

". . . And he's made you a joke, here, knockin' you into the river that way, Frank! He'll drive you out of the country if he stays and . . . and I want him gone because I'm tried to frame me!"

The breed's eyes were fixed on the white man's face.

"How much?" he asked.

"Well, noi much. It's your fight. I can get along; I'd rather have him gone, but I can get along. You though . . . And there'll be no chance, you see, out there on Town line?"

"How much?"

Stuart's insistence West paused.

"Ten dollars."

"Huh! You do your own job, Tod West?"

He turned to his car.

"Hold on!"—grasping a sleeve. "Money's scarce."

"Well, I ain't goin' to take no chances for no ten dollars. For a hundred, no—"

"A hundred! You're crazy!"

They bartered longer. But with out heat, and finally Bluejay nodded.

"All right. But when?"

"When the job's done."

"I'll see, eh? And this other . . . you tell me what you want me to say I seen Stuart there, Tod. In the corner, eh? And burying a . . . ?"

His voice dropped to a cautious whisper.

Bluejay cranked his car and clattered away and Tod West strolled toward the store.

He had become a changed man in this span of a few short days.

Like the changing of an ominous tocsin had come Bluejay's sketchy report of Young's talk with Ezra Adams. Who should these two be talking of the Downer case, when that had been considered closed months ago? And there was the disappearance of his pistol on the night he believed his house burned. Explainable, probably; but chances were that its disappearance was, in reality, a simple, casual affair. . . . But he did not know that, and in his state of mind shadows were taking shapes. This evening Ezra and Young had their heads together for long over the doctor's motor . . . but West, watching, had not been fooled. Their talk was not of mechanics, he felt sure.

He walked on home, not daring to enter the store and be seen by others.

And across the way Kerry Young lay in his blankets, that strange numbness persisting. His eyes were open; sleep would not come. In boyhood he had thought he knew suffering, but now he realized he had not even skirted the edges of the fields of human misery.

CHAPTER X

AT NOON of that Thursday, Kerry had his camp made on an island a quarter mile offshore in Towaline lake.

In the afternoon he and the dog set out for the first hours of cruising. Before sundown he paddled across to the cabin where he might have stayed, went inside and looked idly about and then returned to camp.

They were alone. They had not seen a soul, or heard a man-made sound . . . . Of course, old Frank Bluejay, squatting in the alders, made no sound except a surly, impatient grunt. That was when he raised himself to one knee and sought to cover the man in the canoe out there with the worn rifle he carried, and found that the glare of sunlight made the sights behind show large as an orange. When the canoe was out of the glare, the sights were very long for certainty.

And the next morning when Young set out a spanking breeze blew. He kept to shallow water for a mile where the seas were not dangerous so that he could square away and lay a course into the wind, thereby avoiding the chance of swamping. By the time he was out over the indigo depths again he was far from the 'breed and once more Bluejay dared not shoot. He could have killed his man without half trying once, but the body would have gone to the bottom and the rifle would have been lost in shallow water then. His father and his father's father had told him that Towaline lake never gave up the dead, did they drown in the channels. Bluejay wanted no risk of discovery in this doubly motivated undertaking.

Kerry Young was up early as well, the next day, stripping and running naked into the biting cold lake, plunging, blowing, splashing great fronds of water at Tip, who had followed him in. The dog liked it; he barked and yelped.

A spanking little breeze had come again with the sunrise, fastening out the smoke of the small fire, making coffee slow to boil and delaying the frying of bass he had caught last evening.

Wavelets hissed through the rushes. The deep blue of the channel was flecked with small white caps. Young looked at the weather and opined that the day would keep clear, though the wind might rise to half a gale.

That is what Frank Bluejay thought too, as breathless he heavily, he made his way to the edge of a cedar thicket on the shore and saw the smoke of that breakfast fire.

He did not fidget nor fuss through the interval of waiting. But when the canoe put out he rose slowly, certain of his good concealment, and stiffened.

Young paddled straight toward the ambushed Indian. The light craft pitched and rolled rhythmically under the impulse of his paddle. In the bow Tip balanced nicely, letting his body ride.

Closer and closer to the fringe of distant cedars they progressed, within two hundred yards, a hundred and seventy-five, a hundred and fifty; then the seas having subsided, Kerry swung sharply to the left, putting his canoe broadside to the weather.

It was now that Bluejay pulled back the hammer of the worn old rifle. Slowly he pressed his cheek tight against the cool stock. The sight-bead came down, wavering; found its object. The muzzle moved thrice, following the rise and fall of the canoe. The brown hand on the trigger squeezed. . . . The bullet tore from the rifle with a jerk; the 'breed stood there for a long moment, limp, loose, watching.

On the shot Young had pitched forward and sideways, across the rail. For an instant the canoe hung so, on its beam's end; then with a quick roll and a little splash, it went bottom up and began to drift with the seas.

Tip, thrown into the waters, head held high, began circling swiftly. Around and around he went, crying out for the master who had disappeared.

With a sharp nod, Bluejay turned. He left the cedars, climbed the bank and pushed on through the hardwood.

Towaline lake never gives up its dead. That was the thought which flashed through Kerry's mind as he went overboard. Once down in the channels . . .

But he was not going down in any channel! He was there, under his capsized canoe, still holding the shattered paddle in one hand.

The blow of the bullet had all but torn it from his grasp. Just as he was dipping the blade that terrific impact had struck. Perhaps the smooth ash had deflected the missile; perhaps the aim of his assailant had not been good. His first act was for self-preservation.

Someone had lain in wait to kill him. Someone had shot with reasonable accuracy . . . and to let them believe that a desired end had been achieved was at once smartness and caution.

So he went over the far side, his touse hidden by the water, the more throwing Tip out with a great scrambling. Kerry cautiously twisted his head to the west, the more beneath the craft.

In there, he could hear nothing but the slosh of water, the rustle of wind, the sharp, inquiring bark of the dog.

Young wanted to call out, to reassure the retriever that all was well, for Tip was in a great state of excitement and distress. But to do that, he feared, would set the animal diving for him and that, to a watcher, might betray the secret . . . that he was safe and in concealment.

With great caution, he shoved himself downward and came up on the leeward side.

The dog had just rounded the bow again. His look was tense, almost agonized, but when he came thus face to face with his master, the ears pricked stiffly and then relaxed, the orange flare left the eyes and a pink tongue showed.

"Okay!" Kerry choked. "All jake, Tip! All right! All right, then!"

"Listen, Tip," he said, holding the dog bestride him with one hand while the other treated on the cleat. "I got to get out of this! Cold? D'you ever feel colder water in summer?"

He looked about. The waves were high. Straight down wind was his latest, most fearful danger. He held on the dog's rump. "Now, who the devil—" He lighted his pipe and stood frowning, debating.

"Let's go to town," he said to the dog, "and see who's surprised to see us?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Boy Struck Hard, Struck With All His Weight Coming In.

The Flying Squid

The flying squid, a ten-armed marine animal about a foot long and closely related to the octopus and the cuttlefish, is the only known creature whose mode of travel, strictly speaking, is a series of leaps on the surface of the sea. In fact, writes David M. Whipp, Glendale, Calif., in Collier's Weekly, these leaps are so long and high that the animals frequently land on the decks of ships.

The Marriage Problem

By NALBRO BARTLEY

Author of "Bread and Jam," "Judd and Judd," "Up and Coming," etc.

Marriage Will Soon Cease to Be Regarded as a Goal by Women and a Duty by Men

IN a hundred years it will be more possible to act one's dreams rather than to dream one's acts, not excluding the ideals pertaining to marriage. With increased mechanical efficiency which releases physical and mental harmonious channels, our great-grandchildren will be able to prove the statement: "First of all I am a human being." With few exceptions most of us have been forced to be content with dreaming of the day when we might do so.

That marriage will have developed into a startlingly independent, somewhat emotionless institution with trial periods, easily dissolved contracts, separate establishments, individual incomes, careers, even affairs—all the possibilities and follies which have proven salable material for recent fictionists—this does not seem probable.

Marriage, per se, will have as old-fashioned and romantic a base as it had in the days of lace mitts and prunella sandals—or Adam and Eve, for that matter. The fundamentals of marriage will remain unchanged, since it is an eternal institution and not temporary, as many firebrands have endeavored to prove. But its physical and mental manifestations will correspond to the improved and changed aspects of everyday life—as in means of transportation, amusements, dress, mechanical equipment and so on.

There will be radicals who will try to undermine the bulwarks of society—taking away without having anything to offer in place of what they condemn—even a hundred years from now.

There will continue to be parasites—both male and female. They would be missed, perhaps, since by contrast the majority shows up to such a disvantage. Yesterday the woman who did not do her own baking was counted inefficient; today she scorns who does not balance menus and count calories is termed a moron. In a hundred years there will be correspondence tests just as there will still be mothers-in-law and wedding gifts one would like to demolish.

This for externals; But with the increased energy which mechanical efficiency is bestowing upon us and with the greater leisure to live one's life, marriage will express itself in a higher spiritual key. The very drudgery of existence which has precluded this spiritual development and expression will be diminished, and there will be a communion of spirits which is the esoteric tie between husband and wife.

There will be outward freedom only because there will be more complete inner unity. There will be voluntary parenthood, proof of the progress both of the individual and the state. This will make possible earlier marriages than today's fearful men and women dare to contemplate for dread of burdening themselves with children whom they will be unable properly to equip for life. Earlier marriage means the dawn of true morality. It will lessen the evils of disease and keep unspotted the romance and glory of mating.

Without the inhibitions concerning sex and social evils which today is attempting to discard—now and then taping back into the old ruts as one takes to an easy shoe at the end of a day's tramp—to our great-grandchildren will enjoy the sovereignty of the individual in marriage as in personal relations.

Wholesome family life will never cease to exist. No community living will keep away the beauty and holiness of personal homes. There will be less divorce because there will be greater understanding. The very leisure of the soul which tutors the senses will show men and women how to observe the joy they find in each other rather than to exhaust and dissipate it.

Divorce will no doubt continue because there are destined to be independent individuals who refuse to become part of the cosmic mosaic. But it is possible to conceive that divorce will be an exceptional and not frequent event.

Marriage will no longer be regarded as a goal by woman—as a duty by man. There will be less spinsterhood and bachelorhood, for the race is working toward a morality in which celibacy deserves no place. Sex life will begin earlier and end in the noonday of life, leaving the individual wiser and better poised to serve his genius impersonally rather than to cling to what he has outgrown.

There will be mistakes, too! But there will be a dauntless vanguard—pointing the freer way and knowing that in due time the rest will follow after!

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Isolated Nepal

Nepal Porters Carry 150-Pound Loads.

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

NEPAL, although isolated in the high mountains north of the border of India, and almost untouched by western civilization, is remarkable in a number of ways. It can boast of unrivaled natural scenery, of the highest and most fascinating mountains; of unique architectural monuments; of an immense army quite out of proportion to the population; of an excellent and enlightened system of government which brings peace and prosperity to the little kingdom.

Even the chosen few who gain access to Nepal may not wander at will. An interesting way to approach Nepal is through Raxaul, on the frontier of India.

The most agreeable way of reaching Raxaul is by way of Patna, the ancient capital of Asoka. From here the pious Buddhist emperor himself set out, in 250 B. C., on his religious pilgrimage to Nepal and other sacred strongholds of his faith. At Patna you board a pebble boat and cross five or six miles up the Ganges—the distance varies according to the height of the river—and get into a waiting train on the other side. Next morning you wake up in Raxaul.

On one side lie the unbroken acres of the Bihar rice fields, yellowing beneath the sun; on the other lie more rice fields, in the sequestered kingdom. You strain your eyes toward the eastern horizon and dim specters rise a dark green belt.

This flat, low-lying tract of cultivation and jungle, lying between the Himalayan foothills and the border of Bihar, and sometimes fifteen miles east to west, is known as the Tarai. From April to November this part of the country is infested with a deadly malarial fever. Thus the stray visitor to Nepal usually confines his visit to the winter.

Beyond the Tarai again rise huge shadowy forms of the Himalayas hiding in the morning mist.

Through the Jungles.

From Raxaul, a little meter-gauge train sets off across the Tarai. For the first mile the railroad leads through the main street of the city, with shop and house fronts on either side. Then it comes out into the open rice fields and on into the tiger and rhino-haunted jungles beyond. And what jungles! Halfway through them your train pulls up, and passengers get out, clamber onto the backs of waiting elephants, and pad silently off into the mysterious depths.

The jungles of the Nepal Tarai are sub-tropical and consist chiefly of sal trees with long, thin black trunks, and huge leaves starting very near the base. Here and there a giant teak, with its beautiful crocodile back, soars upward, stately and erect.

All this thriving growth is interrupted in certain places by the passage of wide river beds. These are long been destitute of water, and their barren white sands and smooth round pebbles contrast strangely with the luxuriant vegetation on either side.

A tiger shot in Nepal is conducted on novel lines: the tiger is attracted to a kill and is then surrounded by a ring of elephants, twenty the ring closes in until the angry beast, well aware of what is going on, charges.

On a shoot you may ride some two miles from the train to the kill, where you join the ring of 90 elephants surrounding it.

Lurking somewhere within that wide circle is the tiger.

The huge animal upon which you sit moves stealthily forward. You look down the line of waving trunks and swishing tails; there is not another howdah elephant, carrying rifles, for a hundred yards. Perhaps the wily creature sought would break through the intervening, unarmed ranks?

The Tiger Charges.

But you have little time to consider this possibility. From a neighboring clump of banana palms comes a series of snarls, and before you quite realize what is happening a huge bristling mass of black and yellow is hurtling toward you. It is a wonderful thing, the charge of an angry tiger—the break from cover in a crash of thunder, the mighty bounds toward the foe, the gleaming teeth, the flaming eyes, and roars of savage hate.

A companion fires once, and the elephants turn with one accord, for none will face a charge; twice, and the tiger turns with a bitter snarl which subsides into a last groan of defeat as he rolls over and lies dead at the bottom of the ditch.

Back from the jungle the Tarai, you push on to the railway terminus, Amlekhganj. From here you continue the journey toward Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, by motor.

Some thirty miles of narrow but excellent road lead through wooded foothills to Bhimphedi, where the ascent of the first mountain pass begins.

Here ponies and dandis take the place of cars. There are two different types of dandi; one is a wooden chair on two long bamboo poles, the other a canvas hammock, slung on long poles, in which you can lie full length. Both are carried by teams of six coolies in bright-blue cotton uniforms.

Two miles from Bhimphedi lies the little mountain village of Sisagarhi, where travelers customarily spend the night. The village is complete with its garrison of Gurkhas—a foretaste of active within the kingdom.

Over the Pass to the Valley.

After rising early at Sisagarhi you climb the few remaining feet which lead to the top of the first pass, approximately 8,000 feet high.

Directly below you lies a smiling valley, while beyond it a majestic mountain ocean rises and falls in colossal waves of sunlight and shadow; for as on a real "sea" the waves are capped by the glistening white horses of the eternal snows.

Then the descent begins. The path is no longer smooth; it is exceedingly steep and incredibly rough. It consists principally of solid rock and along its jagged surface large loose bowlders are strewn at random.

For the next six miles you ride through flourishing fields of brown-headed buckwheat, golden mustard, and ripening rice. The snows are no longer visible and the sun shines brightly overhead.

The path eventually leaves the fields to rise and fall over rolling grassy downland. Then you come to the foot of the Chandragirl pass. From below, the road before you resembles the sheer wall of a precipice; but your ponies make light of it.

The view from the top of the Chandragirl pass is so amazing that you cannot afterwards believe it exists. Below lies the circular rice-clad valley of Katmandu, backed by the orange glow of the evening sun. Rising out of it, away to the right, in a medley of miniature pagodas, palaces, and towers, is the magnificent capital city. Surrounding it, in a black and purple wall, are the mighty mountain guardians.

At first you are disappointed because the snows seem hidden. Vainly do you try to penetrate the misty white banks which cluster around the rocky heights. Sadly you abandon hope and look up into the sky to see if the moon has risen. It is difficult to believe what you see. There, in all their glittering splendor, are the Himalayan giants, leaping to fantastic heights above the clouds.