SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—A sharp boost in liquor taxes is being seriously considered by a considerable number of senators and members of the house. No concern whatever about what this may do to the legal liquor industry, or how it may blow the breath of life into what has been an apparently dying moonshine and bootleg industry is being manifested.

The whole reason for this new move is that the national legislators coming up for re-election this fall are afraid to vote the excise taxes recommended by President Roosevelt, and in addition find that the Corporation tax plan suggested by the White House must be riddled with exemptions unless it is to play havoc with business.

Various different amounts of increase are being considered. Most popular, apparently, is the thought of boosting the tax on distilled liquor $1 a gallon, which would make it $3 on domestically produced liquor, and $5.50 on imported liquor. And along with this to boost the federal tax on beer from $5 to $6 a barrel.

Whereas, some time back, Federal Alcohol Administrator Joseph H. Choate, Jr., urged forcefully that even the present federal tax of $2 a gallon should be reduced in order to crush out the bootleg industry!

At that time Mr. Choate said: "As concerns liquor, the United States is living in a fool's paradise. We know that Prohibition's Frankenstein monster, the bootleg trade, is still with us, but we refuse to see its size and power. Particularly we are blind to the enormous growth of the main body of the monster, illicit distilling, compared to which smuggling and industrial alcohol diversion have been mere trifling excrescences on its gigantic frame."

Later in the same statement Mr. Choate recommended: "There should be such reduction in taxes and import duties as will enable the legal producers and importers to compete."

Import Duty Cut

Since that statement the reciprocal treaty with Canada resulted in reducing import duties on distilled liquors from all countries from $5 a gallon to $2.50 a gallon. But the federal tax on domestic liquor has remained unchanged (this is added to the tariff duty on imported liquor, of course), while actually the tax has increased in many states, due to a general tendency to increase local charges. Maryland, for instance, has added a small manufacturers' tax per gallon within the last few months.

Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., is not in sympathy with the move on Capitol Hill to boost liquor taxes. He thinks it might easily defeat the drive, hitherto fairly successful, of the enforcement agencies to break up the illegal traffic.

Representatives of the legal industry here are very much disturbed. They had been well pleased with Morgenthau's success in removing their illegal competitors, but fear that with the tremendous boosting in profits for moonshiners and bootleggers, which the threatened new tax would bring, their own business would suffer heavily.

As a matter of fact, some of the officials who have to do with enforcement tell the writer privately that they do not believe an increase in tax would put a single additional dollar into the treasury—that the shrinkage in legal sales would completely offset the additional tax per gallon.

The "buyers' strike" attitude of the public against any sharp price raise is cited. Also fear that it might become "smart" to know a bootlegger's phone number.

But the senators and representatives can't be worried about all this. They want to put through some sort of tax bill and go home.

Restore Excise Taxes

President Roosevelt will insist on the senate's restoring the excise taxes to take the place of the outlawed processing taxes—which he originally suggested for the new tax bill, but which the house ways and means committee has thrown overboard.

Present expectations are that he will get his way in the senate, despite the fact that individual senators are no more anxious to vote to impose taxes which may prove unpopular in their states than are members of the house. But there are several reasons why the senate will yield to the President, and why the house will then yield to the senate.

One is rather obvious. The house has already indicated a determination to write in so many exemptions in the tax on undistributed earnings of corporations that it has become a joke as a revenue producer. In fact, it is pretty well agreed now that the present corporation income tax will have to be retained for this reason.

The other reason, and the one that will actuate the President in insisting on the acceptance of excise taxes, is much less obvious, but very clear once it is stated. It is simply that this is not the last tax bill. There must be another very shortly after election.

The point is that the present tax bill does not even aim at balancing the budget. It aims only at producing enough revenue to finance the additional cost of the immediate payment of the bonus, plus the lost—past, present and future—processing taxes.

Which puts the deficit, after this tax bill has passed and assuming it raises the required revenue, at a billion and a half for next year—the amount spent for relief in addition to what is held over from this year. Actually it will not even do that, for congress has been boosting appropriations over budget estimates all the way down the line.

Face Huge Deficit

When congress faces the budget situation next January, it will face a deficit of a very huge sum, even with the tax laws then operating. One part of it will be whatever the government figures it will spend the following year, beginning July 1, 1937, for relief. Another item will be about $45,000,000—interest on the debt to be incurred next year despite the increased tax bill. A third will be the increased appropriations, congress indicating no idea whatever of economizing.

This is why the President did not want to put all the new taxes on corporations this time. He wanted to leave a little fat for the next time. If he put it all on the corporations this time, before election, the Republicans might be able to scare the voters this fall by pointing out the certainty that another tax bill was coming, and make the point that next time the only place to get the money would be from the small income taxpayers.

As a matter of fact, Senator La Follette has been insisting for more than a year now that this is the logical place anyhow to get the additional money needed to run the government, so that it would not take much persuading by the critics of the New Deal to throw a general scare into a very large group of voters—a group large enough to swing most of the doubtful states.

Actually the President has no thought of recommending a tax boost for the smaller incomes.

Popular Game

"Button, button, who's got the button?" promises to become a favorite game in Washington. The District Supreme court solemnly holds, in the Hearst telegram suit, that it could enjoin the federal communications commission, but could not enjoin the senate, "another branch of the government."

This on the heels of the Supreme Court of the United States giving a tongue-lashing to officious and inquisitorial bureaucrats. In which, some folks here suspected, the six justices who concurred in the majority opinion had their tongues in their cheeks, talking about the securities and exchange commission, but thinking of the Black committee.

So the situation is something like this. Lower courts admit that they might have the power to protect an individual whose private telegrams were seized by the federal communications commission. But if the button were quickly passed on, so that by the time the individual attracted a court's attention some senate or house committee is scrutinizing the telegram, it's just too bad. Nothing can be done about it.

Of course the Hearst case, in which came this opinion by the District Supreme court, will be taken to the District Court of Appeals, and then to the Supreme court, so the present is not the final word, but as a matter of fact if a congressional committee's investigators once get their clutches on a telegram, or a letter, or a report, it doesn't make much difference what may be decided later by the courts.

Best evidence of this was the reading of William Randolph Hearst's telegram to James T. Williams, Jr., former editor of the Boston Transcript, and now Hearst editorial writer, on the floor of the house by Representative McSwain of South Carolina weeks before the decision of the court.

What Is Important

The fact that the telegram was read so publicly is not what is important in this situation. What is important is that when anything is seized by congressional investigators it is passed all over Capitol Hill for the interest of any member of the house or senate.

This Hearst telegram, for instance, was read by McSwain. He is not a member of the Black committee. He is not even a senator. He is a member of the house. Yet he obtained possession of the telegram.

Documents seized for congressional committees are always passed around. Always were, and always will be. The investigators, naturally, are political appointees. They are seeking to curry favor with the men who have the power to give them better jobs, to have their salaries raised, and to have them fired. So if one of them notes something which reflects on a senator's enemy, the senator is pretty apt to have a copy of the document pronto.

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OUR FAMILY CORNER

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

Bedtime Story

by Thornton W. Burgess

AN UNSEEN WATCHER

AS LIGHTFOOT the Deer and the big stranger from the Big Mountain fought in the little opening near the pond of Paddy the Beaver, neither knew or cared who saw them. Each was filled with rage and determined to drive the other from the Green Forest. Each was fighting for the right to win the love of Miss Daintyfoot.

Neither of Them Knew That Miss Daintyfoot Herself Was Watching Them.

Neither of them knew that Miss Daintyfoot herself was watching them. But she was. She had heard the clash of their great antlers as they had come together, and she had known exactly what it meant. Timidly she had stolen forward to a thicket where, safely hidden, she could watch that terrible fight. She knew that they were fighting for her. Of course. She knew it just as she had known how both had been hunting for her. What she didn't know for some time was which one she wanted to win that fight.

Both Lightfoot and the big stranger were handsome. Yes, indeed! They were very handsome! Lightfoot was just a little bit the bigger bit the handsomer. She almost wanted him to win. Then, when she saw how bravely the big stranger was fighting, and how well he was holding his own even though he was a little smaller than Lightfoot, she almost hoped he would win.

That great fight lasted a long time. To pretty Miss Daintyfoot it seemed that it never would end. But after a while Lightfoot's greater size and strength began to tell. Little by little the big stranger was forced back toward the edge of the open place. Now he would be thrown to his knees when Lightfoot wasn't. As Lightfoot saw this he seemed to gain new strength.

At last he caught the stranger in such a way that he threw him over. The stranger was beaten, and he knew it. The instant he succeeded in getting to his feet he turned tail and plunged for the shelter of the Green Forest. With a snort of triumph, Lightfoot plunged after him.

But now that he was beaten, fear took possession of the stranger. All desire to fight left him. His one thought was to get away, and fear gave him speed. Straight back toward the Great Mountain from which he had come, the stranger headed. Lightfoot followed only a short distance. He knew that that stranger was going for good and would not come back to the open place where they had fought. There he threw up his beautiful head, crowned by its great antlers, and whistled a challenge to all the Green Forest. As she looked at him, Miss Daintyfoot knew that she had wanted him to win. She knew that there simply couldn't be anybody else so handsome and strong and brave in all the Great World.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

GIRLIGAGSO

"Many a fellow has worked his fingers down to the bones for his family," says Idle Inez, "and he wasn't known as an osteopath either."

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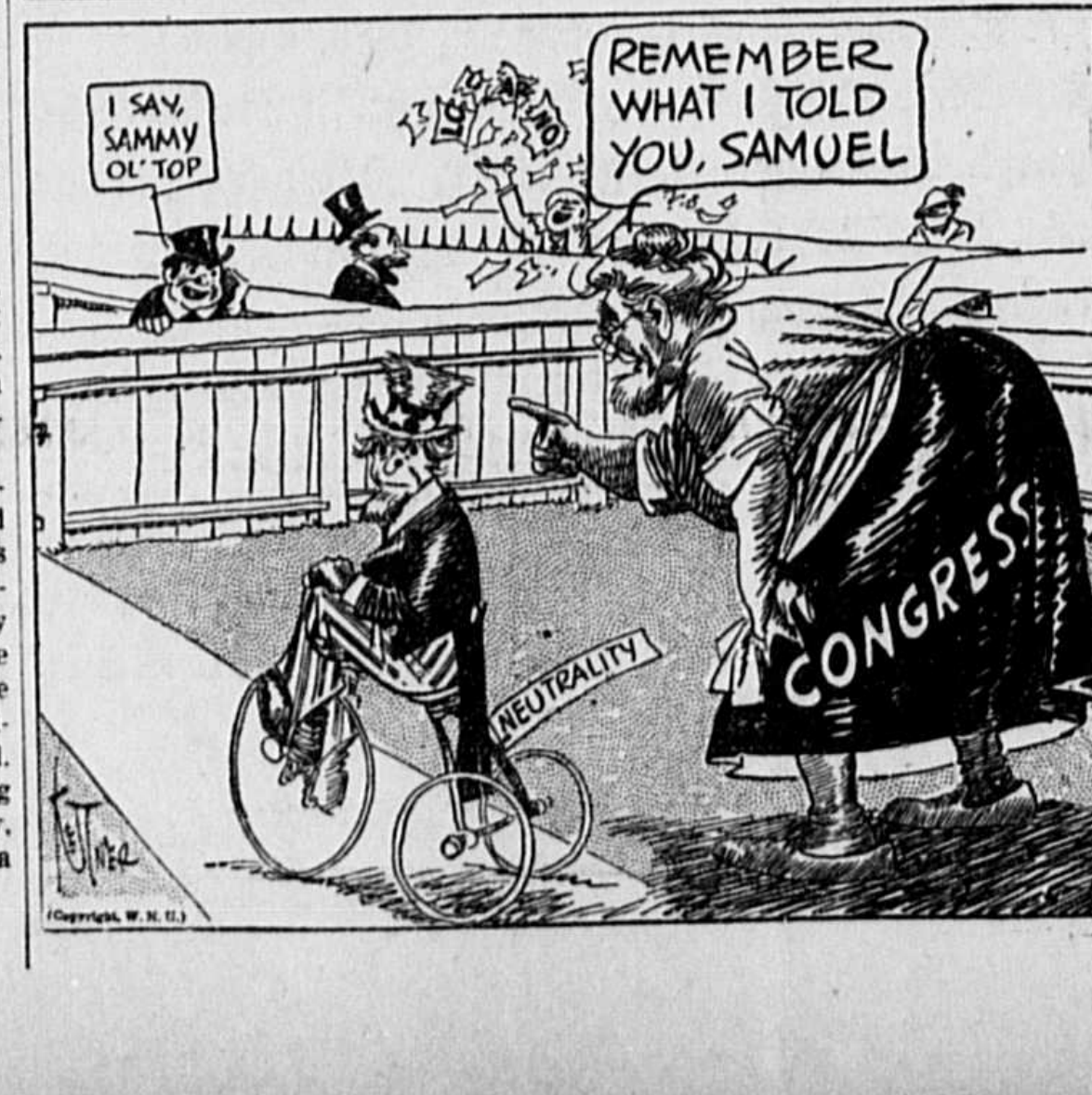
"Stay in Your Own Back Yard"


I SAY, SAMMY OL' TOP
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU, SAMUEL
NEUTRALITY
CONGRESS

Federal Housing Clinic in Chicago

THE Federal Housing administration is trying out a new idea in Chicago, an insured mortgage clinic to help prospective home buyers in making a choice. Model houses are shown the buyers, builders and loaners and are explained by FHA officials.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

SPRINGTIME SUGGESTIONS

ARE your jellies and jams all gone from the fruit closet shelves? Just start in and make a few more. With bottled pectin jams, jellies, conserves can be made any day in the year. Use canned, dried or fresh fruit. This is a fine way of replenishing the well-liked sweets in just a short half hour.

Before the oranges and citrus fruits are too high in price prepare plenty of orange marmalade for use all summer. The following is a most delicious citrus marmalade:

Amber Marmalade.

Slice one grapefruit, one orange and one lemon, removing all seeds. Slice very thin after washing the fruit well with a vegetable brush. Cover with three quarts of water and let stand over night. In the morning put on to cook and cook until soft, but not as tender as the skin should be. Remove from the heat and when cool measure equal parts of sugar and add. Let stand over night; in the morning cook down until a clear, thick marmalade is formed. Put into glasses, cover with paraffin and set away. This is not so bitter as the English marmalade and is a great favorite wherever it is tried.

Spring Conserve.

Cook one and one-half pounds of rhubarb, cut into one-inch pieces with three cupfuls of sugar, one package of dates, two tablespoonfuls of orange juice and one tablespoonful of grated orange rind; cook until thick, adding one-half cupful of broken nutmeats ten minutes before taking off the fire. Pour into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin.

Everybody likes the flavor of strawberries in jelly and jams. Made with the bottled pectin there is no more of the long boiling which wastes the flavor as well as reducing the amount. The pectin supplies the lack in such fruits as cherries and strawberries.

Bottled Grape Juice Jelly.

Measure two cupfuls of grape juice and three cupfuls of sugar into a large saucepan, bring to a boil and stir in one-half cupful of pectin; again bring to full boil and boil one-half minute. Remove from the fire, let stand a minute, skim and pour quickly into glasses. What could be easier and more quickly done? This recipe makes five jelly glasses full.

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TRY THIS TRICK

By PONJAY HARRAH

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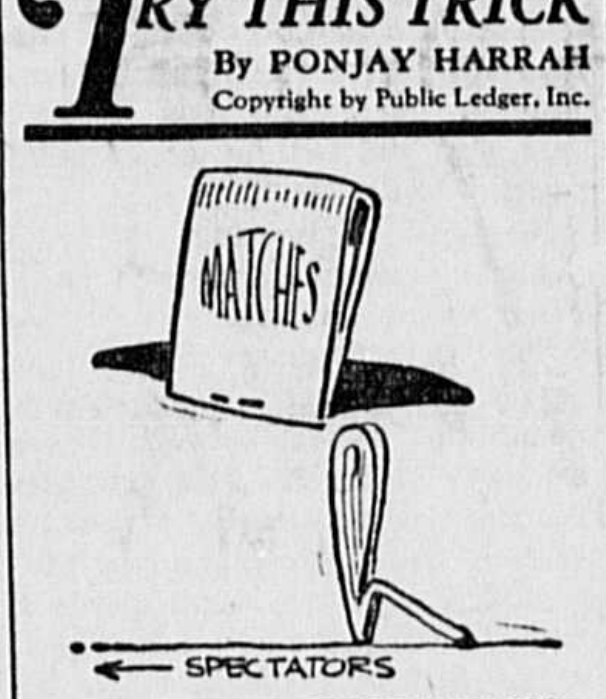

BALANCED-MATCH PACK

TRICKS with borrowed items are always most convincing to the spectators. Such a trick is the balanced-match pack. All that you require is an ordinary pack of paper matches.

Setting the borrowed pack upon the table, you steady it in an upright position. Taking your hand away from the pack you leave the pack balanced, with its back toward the observers.

To conclude the trick, you pick up the pack, open the flap and show it to be quite ordinary.

In first receiving the pack, you perform a simple operation which makes the trick possible. You open the flap to make sure the pack is full of matches. Holding the back of the pack toward the spectators, you draw down one match as you close the flap.

This extended match, on the side unseen by the spectators, serves as a support when you balance the match pack.

WNU Service.

PAPA KNOWS—

"Pop, what is a knoll?"
"Slow rise."

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Discovery of Radium

Radium was discovered by a Polish lady in a French laboratory and the idea of it developed principally by an Englishman and New Zealander.

NOT TOMORROW

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

NOT tomorrow's deed, today's
Helps humanity to climb.
None may hope to walk the ways
Of tomorrow till it's time—
Will not walk it even then
If he has been dreaming when
Things today he had to do
Ere tomorrow came to view.

Not tomorrow's deed, today's
Needs our first attention now.
In the fruitful fields of maize,
Ere the harvest, first the plow.
First the furrow, then the row.
So today tomorrows grow;
No one reaps tomorrow's gain
Else today he sowed the grain.

Not tomorrow's deed, today's
Counts tomorrow, first of all.
Fair the future, if one lays
In the present first the wall.
Let us learn the lesson, son,
Finished things are first begun.
All our great tomorrows rest
On todays we did our best.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

Ostrich Plumes

Ultra-feminine is the return of curled ostrich plumes. Here Suzanne Talbot drapes two of them in navy blue on a matching hat of fine milan so that they fall softly on the hair in back.

ANNABELLE'S ANSWERS

By RAY THOMPSON

Ray Thompson

DEAR ANNABELLE: WHY IS IT YOU NEVER HEAR A MAN BRAGGING ABOUT HIS OPERATION?
DOT.

Dear Dot: MEN DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO THINK THEY HAVEN'T BEEN EVERLASTINGLY ALL RIGHT!
Annabelle.

Muscles in Elephant's Trunk

An elephant's trunk contains 50,000 muscles.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Wood ashes make an excellent fertilizer for shrubbery and rose bushes, also for dahlias, peonies and delphinium. Scatter ashes over soil. It makes it sweet and has a tendency to loosen it.

* * *

A simple Russian dressing is made by adding two tablespoons of chili sauce and two tablespoons of finely chopped green peppers to one cup of mayonnaise.

* * *

Purchase seldom used spices in small packages, as it is more economical since spices lose some of their flavor when exposed to the air.

* * *

Paper baking cups make excellent caps for milk bottles. Press edges down firmly to fit mouth of bottle.

* * *

Sweep rugs the way of the pile. Brushing against the grain tends to brush dust in instead of out.

* * *

Powdered borax added to the water when washing fine white flannels helps to keep them soft.

* * *

The tough skin that forms on top of a cornstarch pudding may be prevented if a piece of oiled paper is placed over pudding when set away to cool.

* * *

If the table silver is placed in hot soapsuds immediately after being used, and dried with a soft, clean cloth, much of the work of polishing will be saved.

* * *

When you are basting roast beef, a tablespoon of brown or white sugar added to the gravy improves the flavor and color.

* * *

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton or woolen goods with chloroform. First cover amply with olive oil.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Start the Day Right

Begin the day with a laugh, but better still, begin it at 7 a. m. and don't be behindhand all day.

KEEP YOUR EYES Clean and Clear USE MURINE FOR YOUR EYES ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

Forest Fire Destruction

A forest fire also burns all the billboards that line the forest highways.

Mother Advised Daughter To Take CARDUI

Many, many women have taken Cardui on the advice of their mothers who had been helped by it. "I would have severe cramping spells," writes Mrs. F. C. Allen, of Smithdale, Miss. "I would get nauseated, and feel faint and would have to go to bed. I would be very nervous for two or three days. I was afraid to go away from home, for fear I would faint and fall. My mother, having used Cardui with good results, advised me to try it. I am so glad I took Cardui and got relief, for it has done wonders for me."

Of course, if Cardui does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Millions Need It. Removes Eczema, Acne, Psoriasis. $1 bottle convinces you. Thousands marvel. Guaranteed. Mailed. Write Der-Mo-Topic Laboratories, Pittston, Pa.

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Blight resisting, 1 to 2 ft. Will bear in 3 to 5 years, 50c each; $5 per dozen. Ask for prices on larger lots.
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Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
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Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO — Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

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 poison the system when retained.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

FLAME IN THE FOREST

By HAROLD TITUS

Illustrations By IRWIN MYERS

W.N.U. SERVICE

Copyright By Harold Titus

CHAPTER XI—Continued
—12—

"So that's where he had it cached, eh?"—stopping and peering down at the hole. "Let's see the box, Young."

Kerry pivoted on one foot, snuggling the box against his side, swinging it away from the outstretched hand.

"Not just yet, sheriff," he said.

Bridger gawped.

"Not just . . . Say,"—straightening and whirling on Ezra—"just what comes off here?"

The coroner's face showed bewilderment.

Kerry spoke quietly:

"What's coming off, Bridger, is a coroner's investigation."

"Well,"—harshly—"it's a sheriff's investigation, now. Give me that box!"

Young rose, then.

"No, Bridger. When the coroner has finished, then it'll be time for your—"

"Who the hell are you to be buttin' into a murder case?"

Kerry shrugged.

"I'm only a deputy coroner," he said.

"Deputy cor— Since when?"

Ezra grabbed the cue.

"For a couple of weeks now, Nat. I appointed Young as my deputy so's to have another pair of eyes and ears in this country."

The sheriff scratched his head and grunted. Tod West took a step or two which put him close to the table and leaned against it, watching, listening. A tin cup was there; he picked it up and twirled it in his hands. His heart was pelting his ribs, now, but it was no moment to make a move, to say a word. Things had been happening of which he had been ignorant. His play was to learn as much as possible.

"Well, even so," began Bridger and scratched his head again. He hazarded a course:

"But you had your inquest; you got nowhere. Now, seems to me, we got a hot lead on this case. I guess it's up to my office to go through with it and make the pinch. We've got to have evidence, so I guess I'll demand what you two have found here."

"Demand away!" snapped Kerry. "Demand and be damned to you, Bridger. Your authority isn't one, two, three with a coroner's. Go read your law."

No need of this. Bridger knew that much, but on the rebuff he flushed hotly. Before he could speak, however, Young went on:

"There's nothing about what we've found to cover up. In this box are just three hundred dollars in three bills. The serial numbers correspond to those Cash drew from the bank the day he was killed.

"There may be other items here which will figure quite largely in the case, though."

That, he knew, was bad judgment. He knew it before the words were out of his mouth, before West dropped the tin cup. He did drop it and it rolled across the floor.

"Just what d'you mean?" Nat demanded.

"We don't know yet. We've just made a start. Now, you're at liberty to do any investigating you want to just so long as you don't mess things up for us."

"Our plan," he concluded, "was to take this stuff in and go over the evidence taken at the inquest."

"But what about Stuart?"

"Well, you answer that. What about him?"

"My God, ain't you goin' to make a pinch?"

Kerry debated. Have Holt Stuart dragged off to the Shoestring jail before Nan's eyes? Have him lodged there, even for no more than a few hours, perhaps, charged with her father's murder? . . .

"Do you think that's smart?" he asked in a conciliatory tone, sparring for time. "So far as we know, there's not a great deal against him yet. And if we keep quiet until tomorrow . . . who knows what'll develop?"

Bridge saw his chance of making an immediate and impressive arrest fading.

"I'm not so damn sure, Young. Throw 'em in the can first 'nd investigate afterward, I say! If he—"

"But you might spill the whole platter of beans. Don't you think, Ezra, it would be wiser to hold back?"

"I certainly do! I'm not going off half cocked on this case, Nat. I want a chance to sit down and add up what we've got now."

Kerry nodded once, encouragingly, and looked covertly at Tod West, who was retrieving the tin cup, twirling it with apparent casualness in his fingers again. The hands, however, were trembling.

"What d'you think, Tod?" Nat asked.

"Why, that's up to you. Me, I'd take Stuart if you've got anything on him. First, though, I'd look this lay-out over pretty careful."

"And Ezra and I," said Young, "we'd probably better be heading for town."

"I think so, too," said the old man, but his eyes were mystified; he was following his deputy's lead.

"Better bring along those boards," Young suggested. "We've got that tire to change."

They went outside, then, leaving the other three within, and Kerry put the box carefully on the seat cushion.

"Stall," he whispered. "Let 'em clear out!"

He looked at his right hand and rubbed his finger tips together. He touched again a smear of sticky dirt on the edge of the box and then busied himself with jack and wheel wrench.

For 20 minutes he stalled for time in the changing of that tire.

In the beginning a low and hurried muttering came from the cabin and then Nat spoke freely.

"All right, Butch. Let's measure this thing off, now, so's we c'n tell a jury all about it when the time comes."

Sounds of pacings from the interior of the cabin, observations, argument. Then, consciously intent, the sheriff and his deputy searched the entry and the cabin's surroundings for what they might find.

Tod West remained leaning against the table until they came out; then he followed them with a fine show of interest.

"Well, mebby you're right," Bridger said finally, approaching Ezra and Young. "But I got a duty. I won't wait too long. I'll drive to town and come to your office tonight. I'm leavin' Butch at th' Landin'. If he should get away . . . it's be just plain hell!"

They drove off and when they were gone from sight Kerry dropped his wrench.

"Give me those boards!" he said excitedly. "Here. . . . Come on, Ezra! Let's see what he used to pry 'em up with!"

He went directly to the cache of tools beside the doorway, eyeing the implements one by one. . . .

"It's a bet!" he muttered and ducked inside and came out with a newspaper in his hands.

Shielding his palms with a torn page he lifted from its resting place a worn and shining crowbar.

"What's the idea . . ." Ezra began.

"What'd you see there?" Young demanded triumphantly. "Look at the end, Ezra!"

The old man peered closely.

"Dirty," he muttered. "Dirt stickin' to it."

"And what kind of dirt? Don't you get it? It's the same color and kind as that under the floor, there! Scrape a little of it off in a clean paper. . . . There! That's right. . . . He used this bar to bust up that hard clay and make a hole for the box and he used it to pry up those floor-boards. . . . Here. . . . Give me one! . . . See? The mark on the board fits exactly!"

"But I don't see yet why—"

Young gave an excited laugh.

"Good Lud, Ezra! This old bar's as smooth and bright as if it'd been polished! Finger prints will be all over it. Inside the cover of that box, big as life and twice as natural, is a man's thumb print and Tod West stood in there for ten minutes fooling with a bright tin cup!"

A light of understanding dawned in Ezra's old eyes.

"Spread out that newspaper," Young said. "Lay it on the ground. . . . So. . . . Now we'll roll up this bar so the prints won't get rubbed away and . . . What the devil?"

He had put the bar down and started to lift away the paper which had shielded his hands. It stuck, peeled off slowly and he held it up to the level rays of a sun setting behind the timber.

Young sniffed the smear on the paper, frowning; touched it tentatively with his tongue and gave a grunt.

"Honey! . . . What's honey doing on that bar, Ezra? And something sticky on the box, too." They peered at one another. "And Tod West," he said slowly, "all swollen up. Notice that?"

"I did. What you make of that?"

Kerry puzzled, stared blankly at the ground and scratched a temple.

"Nothing yet," he muttered. "Nothing. . . . But we've got a mess of stuff to make something of."

Carefully they gathered up their evidence: the box, the bar, the floor boards and, lastly, also carefully wrapped in paper, the tin cup, with which Tod West had busied his trembling hands.

CHAPTER XII

THEY drove slowly back toward Nan's headquarters, talking intently.

To save Holt Stuart the ignominy of arrest, to tie together the evidence they had accumulated, to weave a net around Tod West and to discover the remainder of the money that rightfully belonged to Nan were their major objectives.

In the car which preceded them had been intent talk, as well. West had had little enough to say at the cabin but once on the homeward way, with new fears, fresh doubts, even greater misgivings stirring within him, he had talked. Talked into Bridger's ear, playing on the man's vanity, his jealousy of his authority, his regard for his political fences. . . .

And after those first minutes at Downer's, with their confusion and excitement and triumph, Tod West, drawing Bridger aside, talked further. What had transpired in Mel Knight's store between Young and Bluejay had come to his ears and he passed it on to Bridger and made deductions and, in a fever of relief, let his suggestions run into demands. . . .

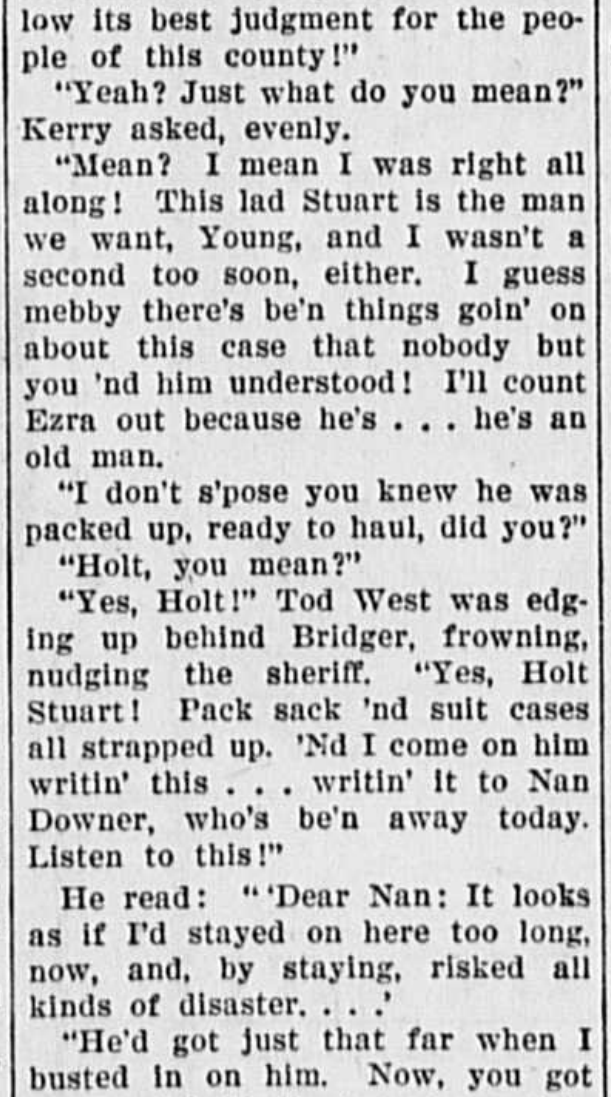
As they rounded the bend and came into view of the Downer buildings, Ezra leaned suddenly forward.

"What goes on here?" he asked, staring at the group clustered before headquarters. "That's Nat's car. . . . Do you s'pose . . ."

Kerry speeded up and when he drew close to the cluster of men about the sheriff's car it gave way and there, white of face, his hands manacled before him, they saw Holt Stuart!

Bridger pushed his way toward Young as he opened the door of Ezra's car. The sheriff bore himself with a new importance.

"Well, I guess you'll have to admit I was lookin' a little further ahead 'n you were, Young!" he cried, waving a sheet of paper truculently.



Cool Steel Encircled Kerry's Wrists.

"I guess, mebby, the sheriff's office can still be depended on to follow its best judgment for the people of this county!"

"Yeah? Just what do you mean?" Kerry asked, evenly.

"Mean? I mean I was right all along! This lad Stuart is the man we want, Young, and I wasn't a second too soon, either. I guess mebby there's be'n things goin' on about this case that nobody but you 'nd him understood! I'll count Ezra out because he's . . . he's an old man.

"I don't s'pose you knew he was packed up, ready to haul, did you?"

"Holt, you mean?"

"Yes, Holt!" Tod West was edging up behind Bridger, frowning, nudging the sheriff. "Yes, Holt Stuart! Pack sack 'nd suit cases all strapped up. 'Nd I come on him writin' this . . . writin' it to Nan Downer, who's be'n away today. Listen to this!"

He read: "'Dear Nan: It looks as if I'd stayed on here too long, now, and, by staying, risked all kinds of disaster. . . .'

"He'd got just that far when I busted in on him. Now, you got any cock-'nd-bull story to explain that?"

"Why should I have an explanation?"

"I wondered!" — edging closer with an expression of craft which Kerry, in that moment of confused thought, did not detect—"I wondered, Young, after I heard you done your best to drive the state's chief witness out of the country this—"

"Here! What the devil!"

Young grunted as he began to struggle. Butch, the deputy, had him from behind. Bridger had grasped one wrist in both his hands; Tod West stepped in to secure him, to help hold him despite his first amazed struggles.

"What comes off?" Kerry demanded. "What's the big idea, Bridger?"

The sheriff was reaching for handcuffs. A leer came about his mouth.

"I've got Stuart as a suspect in a murder case," he said loudly, "'nd I'm takin' you, Young, for interferin' with a witness in that self-same case!"

Cool steel encircled Kerry's wrists; the ratchets clicked.

"Why, this is the damnedest, most far fetched outrage—"

"You tell all that to the judge!" snapped Bridger. "Here, you boys, get back, now! Stand away. Butch 'nd me, we got to get these two into a cell. . . . Stand back, boys!"

He whirled to Kerry.

"You got th' guts to deny that you drove Frank Bluejay out of town this afternoon? Have you even got th' brass to explain that?"

Young was breathing hard. Confusion and dismay lay heavily upon him. He looked from Bridger to Tod West and his lip curled. The man, with his swollen face, was glaring at him, triumphant for the moment, because his agile mind had turned events off that course which, had it been followed, might have overwhelmed him.

"Yes, try to explain that, if you can!" West growled.

Kerry squared his shoulders.

"Perhaps I can, Tod West," he said slowly. Perhaps I can! Tomorrow's another day, remember."

And handcuffed with Bridger jerking him toward the open touring car in which he was to ride, a prisoner, into the county seat, he laughed bitterly, defiantly. . . .

Old Ezra, nervous fingers twisting strands of beard, came close as Stuart was helped into the back seat, and Young ordered in beside the driver.

"Hold everything, Ezra!" Kerry said. "You sleep on that stuff! Understand? Guard it with your life, if necessary. See me in the morning and . . . and take care of Nan!"

His voice dropped on this last and he averted his eyes from the doctor's face.

Tip, still sitting on the seat of Ezra's car, watched with stiff ears as this other automobile moved away. The crowd, after that departure, began to buzz loudly. Doctor Adams carefully gathered the pieces of material evidence they had found and carried them into Nan's office.

The dog whined a little, staring at the way his master had taken. Slowly, almost tentatively at first, he took the road; stopped once and sniffed the air. Then, at a rolling lope, he disappeared beyond the sawmill, headed for Shoestring.

The ride into town was one long succession of unsuccessful attempts on the part of Bridger to make one or the other of his prisoners talk.

"Just where were you all day Thursday, Holt?" he asked in a patent attempt at ingratiation.

"Go to blazes!"

"Now, that ain't no way. Mebby it'll be best for you to tell me. I could do a lot of good if—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Bridger shrugged and smiled to himself. Car tools, loose on the floorboards at Kerry's feet, clanked and rattled as they took the bumps.

"Now, Young, you'd ought to come clean for Holt's sake, about why you run this 'breed—"

"Tell him to go to hell, Holt," Kerry chuckled.

Again and again as they progressed through the dusk, Nat made his inadept attempts to worm information from the two. After a time whenever he opened his lips, the two chanted in solemn measure:

"Go to hell!"

"Well then," Bridger finally snapped, "if there's any goin' to hell to be done by this gang I'll leave it to anybody with eyes to see who's on the road!"

They swung through town, around to the rear of the jail and entered by a side door.

Butch and Bridger took their possessions from the prisoners and ushered them into the bull-pen.

"Pick out your own beds," the sheriff jeered unpleasantly.

"You'll have the place to yourselves, likely. And I hope you like it, both of you!"

It was not long before excited citizens commenced to arrive. They clomped up the front steps and through the corridor and cast self-conscious glances into the dimly lit apartment behind the bars; went into the sheriff's office and congratulated him boisterously and came out more boldly and hung against the steel door of the bull-pen and peered through. But Kerry on a bunk in a cell, and Stuart on another, kept out of sight and made no response to the advances.

Bridger was in fine spirits. His talk rose high and higher. He became almost hysterical in this, his moment of largest triumph.

At late evening the stream of callers had petered out. Butch had been called out to a country dance where bad whisky had caused trouble and when no one appeared for a quarter of an hour, Bridger stalked down the corridor and called through an open doorway:

"I'll be over at the pool hall, Ma! If anybody calls, or you hear anything, just ring me. Them boys'll be all right. . . ."

They'd be all right!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Foretold Quake

Just prior to the disastrous earthquake at Quetta, birds and animals behaved as though they had a premonition of impending doom. Crows and sparrows particularly refused to roost in trees and cowered in the open.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

ARMIDA, the fascinating little Mexican girl who has made a name for herself on the screen, the stage and the air (at present she's heard from coast to coast on the "Paris Night Life" program) recently returned from Hollywood to New York with a lot of information about the radio programs which screen stars like best. She'd been making shorts in the movie center, but she checked up on the broadcasts between times.

Charlie Chaplin

She found that Charlie Chaplin doesn't listen to the radio comedians; he likes the broadcasts of symphony concerts and the songs of Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas and Nino Martini. Bing Crosby likes to hear Dick Powell sing; he listens to Rudy Vallee's broadcasts, too, and to Jessica Dragonette. Joan Crawford will take dance music every time. And Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astair rarely fail to listen to Major Bowes' amateur hour.

—★—

Marlene Deitrich got what she wanted again. After fussing with Paramount over "I Loved a Soldier," and announcing that she'd go to Europe as fast as she could get there, to make a picture, she stayed in Hollywood, did some effective talking, and landed the role of leading lady in "The Garden of Allah," which Merle Oberon was supposed to make. Which means that now there's less love lost between the two.

—★—

Doris Dudley, whom you'll see before long in an R K O picture, believes that you've got to be goofy if you're going to get along either on the stage or on the screen. As she's a remarkably clever actress (though she has had very little experience), she is likely to become one of our most important movie stars—so don't miss her first appearance on the screen.

—★—

Ann Sothern had a grand time in New York, where she once appeared in musical comedy as Harriet Lake. Like all new arrivals from Hollywood, the play she wanted to see was "Queen Victoria," Helen Hayes' current success. And—like all the others, she left cheering.

She is so pretty that people turn on the street to stare at her; they don't recognize her, as a rule, but she has no illusions about her own greatness so that doesn't bother her.

—★—

Fred MacMurray seems to be the fair haired boy on the Paramount lot these days—perhaps because Gary Cooper seems inclined to sign with Samuel Goldwyn when his present contract expires. Fred has a new seven-year contract, and is slated to make three pictures that were originally intended for the laconic Mr. Cooper.

Fred MacMurray

—★—

Jean Parker's marriage startled a lot of people; she was honeymooning with her bridegroom, a young newspaper man, before most people realized that she knew him. If you want to congratulate her, address her as Mrs. George E. MacDonald.

—★—

They have four pictures lined up for Eleanor Powell when she feels well enough to begin work again, and how she dreads them! She feels that she gave everything she had in her first one, and doesn't see what she can do now that will interest those of us who sat out front!

—★—

Fred Parker, whom you've heard on the air in a number of programs, is said to receive more proposals than any other radio star. He claims that they're attracted not by his romantic tenor voice, or by his personality, but by his salary; it runs into four figures each week.

—★—

ODDS AND ENDS . . . Dolores Del Rio is on her way to England to make a picture for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . Grace Moore also sailed, still talking about having to work with a cow in her latest picture . . . Walt Disney is still searching for amateur artists whom he can train to work for him . . . Stoopnagle and Budd will take Fred Allen's place on the air this summer . . . If you like "The Ghost Goes West" you're in good company; Ex-King Alfonso of Spain saw it in Paris, and liked it, too . . . Harold Lloyd is a bowling enthusiast . . . And his "The Milky Way" is one of the funniest pictures he ever made.

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The GRAPHIC BIBLE

By LEWIS BROWNE

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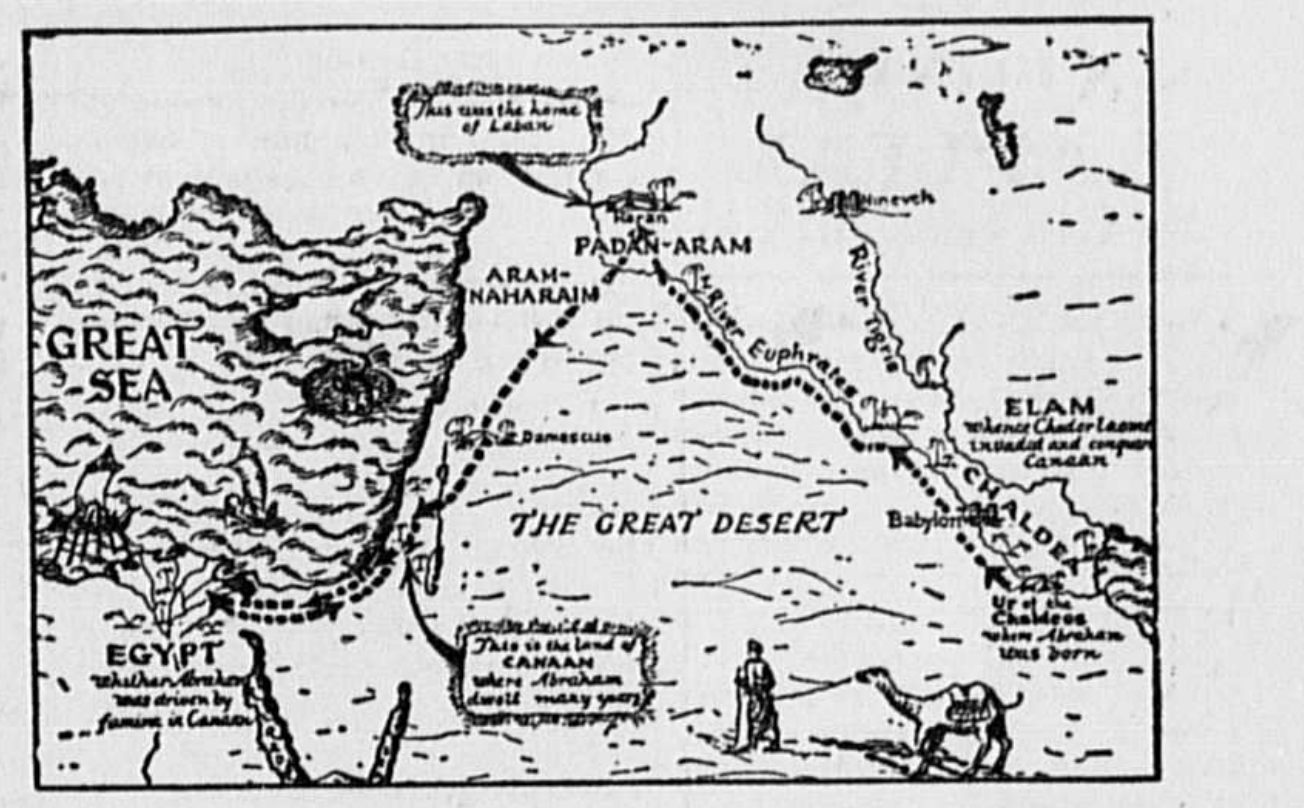
This was the home of Laban
Haran
PADAN-ARAM
ARAM-NAHARAIM
Nineveh
River Tigris
River Euphrates
GREAT SEA
Damascus
ELAM whence Chedorlaomer invaded and conquered Canaan
THE GREAT DESERT
Babylon
CHALDEA
Ur of the Chaldees where Abraham was born
This is the land of CANAAN where Abraham dwelt many years
EGYPT whither Abraham was driven by famine in Canaan

Abraham Comes to Canaan

"IN THE beginning God created the heaven and earth." With that event the Bible story opens, and with that event, too, this atlas of the Bible should commence. But how is one to draw a map showing just where in space the heaven and earth were formed? Indeed, how is one to draw maps showing where any of the events in the first chapters of Genesis occurred? Where, for instance, was the Garden of Eden situated, or the Land of Nod, or the Tower of Babel? That is why this atlas begins not with the first but with the eleventh chapter of Genesis, wherein are recorded the first wanderings of Abram.

Abram — later named Abraham —was the father of the Chosen People. He came of one of the many tribes of half-savage bedouins who once roved on the fringe of the fertile river-lands which stretch like a huge crescent across the north of the Arabian desert. His original home seems to have been Ur of the Chaldees, which lay at the extreme eastern end of this "Fertile Crescent"; but when grown to manhood he trekked with the rest of his tribe hundreds of miles up the River Euphrates to Haran, in Padan-Aram (which today is in the region of Aleppo). There Abraham and his tribe settled down and lived in the manner of all the other pastoral folk of the time.

But after a few years, Abram, at the command of God, struck off with his own household and settled far south in Canaan. For God had told him that Canaan would be the homeland of his descendants.

* * *

Now Canaan, which is the scene of almost all our story, was a tiny country. Indeed, it was little more than a strip of grassland on the edge of the desert. Even when we think of it as Palestine, or the Holy Land, and add to it the hill-country east of the River Jordan, the whole area is still not even one-sixth that of England and Wales. In America the entire land could be tucked away in the little state of Vermont. From north to south it measures little more than 150 miles, and from the Mediterranean on the west to the desert across the Jordan on the east it is never more than 100 miles wide. In a motor-car you can conveniently travel from end to end of the country today between breakfast and tea-time!

Yet though small, Canaan was greatly coveted because it was moist and fruitful. Compared with the desert on the east and south it seemed indeed "a land flowing with milk and honey." Even today, when change in climate and long neglect have made Palestine not nearly so fertile as it must have been four thousand years ago, it still seems a blessed spot to one coming in from the desert. Vineyards and olive groves clamber up its hillsides, and rich grain grows in its valleys. Everywhere the sheep and goats find grass to nibble, and at least a little water to drink and thrive on the fare.

Two long and fertile valleys run north and south, one along the coast and the other along the River Jordan. Between them rises a range of hills which is broken in the north by several shorter but no less fertile valleys. Abundant crops can be raised in all these valleys, and a fairly large population can be supported. And in the hills, too, men can thrive, for though there the streams run in sharp gullies and extensive agriculture is impossible, the limestone knolls provide excellent pasturage for sheep. To us, who dwell in broad lands filled with plenty, Palestine may seem no larger than a county, and of but little allure.

We must remember, however, that human standards have altered tremendously during the past four thousand years, especially here in the western part of the world. Life in the ancient Orient was far harder than it is among us. Men went delirious at the sight of clear water to drink. When Abram came to Canaan he was no magnificent rajah traveling in the luxury of a conducted tour. To him that stretch of green 'twixt the Jordan and the Great Sea must have seemed immensely desirable, and more than worthy of being his seed's Promised Land.

Canaan Was the Bridge Between the Continents

TO ABRAHAM the chief physical attraction may have been its fertility; but later the region was found to possess quite another and greater virtue. It was so situated as to become in later years the very center of the ancient world. The great empires of olden times grew up either in Africa on the banks of the Nile, or in Asia on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, or in Europe on the Mediterranean coast; and the only firm and open highway between these three regions ran through Palestine.

The little land lay like a bridge between the continents, for on one side of it was the Great Sea, and on the other side stretched the Great Desert. Therefore Palestine could not help but become the most vital bit of territory in the ancient world. Every trading prince and conquering king had to pass through it at some time or another, and the country never ceased to ring with the tramp of caravans and armies. And thus is explained a good deal that the descendants of Abraham were destined to learn and suffer in Palestine.

Settled on the hills overlooking the highway from Egypt to Mesopotamia, they could watch the pageant of the Gentile nations as it streamed by incessantly, for the world was forever in their midst. But that had its grave disadvantages, for it meant that the children of Israel were never left alone. It was as impossible for them to live in peace in Palestine as it would be to have a picnic in the middle of Broadway.

* * *

Canaan, because of its fertility, was already a well-settled land when Abraham came there. Many of its valleys were tilled, and not a few of its hilltops were crowned with walled villages. We do not know for certain whence its earlier inhabitants came, but in all probability it was from the great Arabian desert. The names of some of the tribes—for instance, the Emim, which means "Terrible Ones," or the Anakim, "Giants"—tell us about the appearance of the tribesmen, not their origin. We are fairly safe, however, when we say that most of the native tribes were of the same racial stock to which the Hebrews belonged — the Semitic stock which had been cradled in the desert.

Yet though the tribes were thus related, they warred on each other incessantly. There was continual strife between them over the possession of the well-watered meadows and fortified hills; there was continued marauding and looting and carnage. So when Abraham came into their country he was able to enjoy very little peace.

He and his herdsmen had to fight for wells and pasturage as fiercely as did the members of all the other clans—more desperately, indeed, for he and his followers were aliens. To the natives they were, after all, only so many wild invaders from the desert. The land was already too small to support even those who dwelt in it by right of birth; there semed to be no room for newcomers.

But this did not halt the Hebrews. They were doughty warriors, and Abraham, their chieftain, knew he was the chosen of the Lord. This little land, he believed, was his by right of divine election. So, room or no room, he would not budge. Once he was driven by famine to take refuge in Egypt, where the River Nile gave water to thousands of miles of meadowland. But he did not remain for long in Egypt. No, as soon as conditions made it possible, he trekked back to Canaan and there he remained all the rest of his days.

Sugar-Cane Culture

The cultivation of the sugar cane was introduced into the region now embraced in the United States by some Jesuits in 1751. They planted it near New Orleans and in 1758 a sugar mill was built. The first sugar was made in 1764, but the industry never could be brought to complete success. When Louisiana was handed over to Spain in 1769 sugar making ceased. It was revived in 1795 through the efforts of Etienne de Bore, and from that time it has grown steadily into vast proportions.

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