SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—It just so happens that not a single political prediction ever made to Washington newspaper men—in the memory of the oldest of them—by Senator James Hamilton Lewis has ever gone sour. The remarkable political record of Lewis, who was a representative in congress from Washington when the Spanish war was declared, and who has now been elected to his third term in the senate from the normally Republican state of Illinois, would indicate some political judgment. His uncanny predictions prove it.

Twenty years ago, when the Supreme court ruled the Mann white slave act constitutional but pointed out the grotesque absurdity of its wording, many thought the act would be amended. Lewis predicted then that not only would the act never be amended, but that the reporter questioning him would never live to see an amendment even introduced! He is right so far.

But now the Illinois senator predicts that no constitutional amendment will be proposed to the states by this session of congress, and also predicts the cutting of federal expenditures sufficiently, in time, to balance the budget.

Incidentally, he did not predict the defeat of the St. Lawrence seaway treaty, should it be submitted again, but he left little doubt that he would continue to oppose it. Apparently Chicago continues more interested in the drainage canal getting all the water from Lake Michigan desired than in any dream of becoming a world port.

But the big surprise, to many observers, is the prediction that no constitutional amendment will be submitted. The senator believes that business itself is taking care of the problem that NRA attacked. He hinted, therefore, that a revival of NRA by the government would be unnecessary.

Without a constitutional amendment, however, most lawyers believe the objects involved in administration policy with respect to control of hours and wages are unattainable, so far as the federal government is concerned.

Seek NRA Substitute

It is pointed out that no mere "packing" of the Supreme court would be sufficient to bring about a favorable decision on anything going far enough to attain the objectives. The decision of the high court in the NRA case was unanimous. Which means that even Justices Louis D. Brandeis and Benjamin N. Cardozo concurred. It is not within the realm of possibility, many lawyers think, that justices more "liberal" than these two could be appointed, and confirmed, as justices of the Supreme court.

All of which is highly interesting in view of the present rush for position and credit in the drive to get something to substitute for NRA. Notably, for example, the meeting called by George L. Berry. Notably the maneuverings of Hugh S. Johnson and Donald R. Richberg. Notably the forthright declarations of most labor leaders, from William Green and John L. Lewis down.

The interesting point here is that Senator Lewis knows about all these moves, realizes the pressure behind them, and the personal ambitions of these individuals. Nevertheless the once pink-whiskered soothsayer opines that no constitutional amendment will even be submitted!

Senator Lewis does not disclose all his reasoning. His comment that business is doing the same things for itself is not sufficient and he knows it perfectly well. But he also knows that the vote that re-elected Franklin D. Roosevelt was not necessarily a vote for NRA or for any other detail. He knows that Roosevelt would have won an overwhelming endorsement if he had declared that he did not want NRA back. And he knows that there are various ways of killing geese.

Hoover the Leader

Herbert Hoover may consider himself the real leader of the Republican party. He is its only living ex-President. Governor Alf M. Landon may feel that he is entitled to be regarded as head of the G. O. P. until the next national Republican convention. He still has the stamp of approval of its last session. But the fact is that any rivalry between the two is merely grist for the mills of James A. Farley and Charles Michelson.

It is perfectly true that the two men do not like each other. Their meetings during the campaign were strained and uncomfortable affairs. Amusing stories have been told of the time when the newspaper men at Topeka gave a dinner for Governor Landon and Hoover appeared as an added starter. It was not a jovial evening.

For the present it might be considered that Landon has a decided advantage in that his appointee, John D. M. Hamilton, is still chairman of the Republican national committee. But there are several phases to that. Certainly there were indications—towards the close of the campaign—that Hamilton regarded his own judgment as better than that of his candidate, and acted on it. As a further indication of Hamilton's line of thought, there was the answer he made to a question at the National Press club, early in September: "That's why I sent him (Landon) to Maine."

So that it is just possible that Hamilton, flushed with the enthusiastic reception of his own campaign speeches, and realizing his chief's lack of oratorical ability, may be figuring that he and not the governor is the real "titular leader" of the party at the moment.

Reason for Friction

There is plenty of reason for the friction that was so obvious during the campaign between Hoover and Landon. And it was far less the fault of Landon or Hamilton or any of the lesser lights in that camp than Hoover and his lieutenants believe.

For example, take the matter of speeches. A speech for Hoover is an ordeal, to be endured only as a means to an end. The man suffers when he speaks before an audience. After all these years he has never developed that love of the sound of his own voice which so afflicts most orators — United States senators and representatives particularly.

But there is no doubt that he made the real speech at the Cleveland convention. And he can be forgiven if he overestimated his own strength in gauging the demonstration that followed.

So, consumed with a sense of outraged justice against Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal, Hoover wanted to put his shoulder to the Landon wheel—not to help Landon but to hurt Roosevelt.

But—it quickly developed that there were practically no communities in which the local Republican leaders were not actually afraid to have Hoover come. They thought his mere presence would do more harm than good, no matter how good his speeches might be. And they made no bones of telling the Republican speakers' bureau what they thought.

Shorter Hours

The cause of shorter hours marches on. In fact, with General Motors fixing forty hours as the maximum before overtime begins, with Chrysler close behind, with Ford long since on the five-day eight-hour week, it can be said that the forty-hour week is really established—will soon be standard.

The chief argument against the thirty-hour week, when that measure was advocated so strongly in congress two years ago, was that it would be impossible to maintain the present American standard of living, much less to advance it, if hours of work were made so short. The point was that it was thought impossible for the workers to produce enough necessities and luxuries to maintain the present standards unless they put in more than thirty hours a week.

Another point was that a thirty-hour week would disrupt manufacturing methods in so many industrial plants.

But when these arguments were made, and the retort was made, "How about a compromise?" the answer always was that there must not be any imposition of a legislative strait-jacket upon business.

Strangely enough, now that prosperity is returning, developments seem to justify the employers' argument at the time—though with a little more progress the arguments, all save the idea of doing the thing by law, may be made to seem a little silly.

There are a good many objections to doing the thing by law, some of them theoretical and logical, and some of them highly personal.

An Old Story

Beyond any doubt, for example, it is not fear of any short-hours law which influenced the motor makers to cut hours without cutting pay. In the first place, this gradual shortening of hours and increasing the purchasing value of wages per hour has been going on since power was first applied to looms in England. There have been plenty of growing pains—strikes, bloodshed, lockouts and depressions. But the progress has been steady, with speed gradually increasing. It was only fourteen years ago that the steel mills worked most of their hands twelve hours a day, holding that any change was irreconcilable with continuous production. But in 1923 they went to eight-hour shifts.

Besides the continuous and never ending pressure of progress, however, there are some added elements this year. In the first place, the motor industry is concerned about John L. Lewis' determination to unionize it. There is little doubt that they want to remove every selfish object possible from the worker's viewpoint for joining a C. I. O. union. Lewis' obvious rage at every voluntary concession is ample proof of the effectiveness of such a course.

But there is another angle which makes this course easier. The big companies know that the constant movement toward better wages and shorter hours is present, and that if they can salvage any advantage by "beating the gun" it is just that much to their advantage, but the government's tax policy offers them a chance to do it more cheaply than would normally be the case.

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OUR FAMILY CORNER

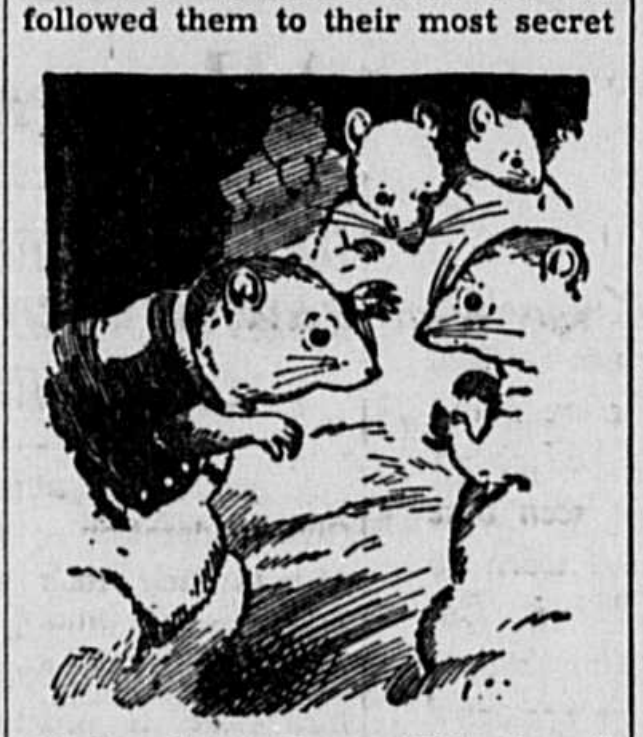
Illustrated Current News, Fashion, Household and Entertainment for the Juniors

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

THE RATS LEAVE THE BIG BARN

BILLY MINK'S second visit to the big barn had been an occasion of great pleasure to Billy and terror to all the rats who lived there. He had hunted them just for the pleasure of hearing their squeals of fright and the scampering of their feet as they raced this way and that way seeking safety. With his wonderful nose he had followed them to their most secret hiding places. Three he had caught and he could have caught more had he really wanted to.



"We've Got to Leave This Barn," Replied the Gray Old Leader.

When he had become tired of the hunt Billy had curled up for a nap in a corner of the haymow where it was dark and quiet. He had done this instead of going back to the woodpile. It was very comfortable there. Besides, it would be very handy to be right there when he felt like hunting again.

It wasn't very long before all the rats knew just where Billy was. One of them had happened to pass near enough to smell Billy, and had at once passed the word along to all the others.

"Now is the time," said the wise old leader, "for us to get together and attack him. Who will join with me?"

Not a single rat came forward. The gray old leader shook his head sadly. "You are cowards, every one of you," said he. "If you will not fight there is just one thing left for us to do."

"What is that?" squeaked one of the young rats who had been loudest in his boasting before Billy Mink had appeared the second time.

"We've got to leave this barn," replied the gray old leader. "If we remain here it will be to die. That mink will stay here, or if he doesn't he will keep coming back until he has hunted down and killed every rat. We must leave the barn, and do it at once. There is no time to be lost. Probably he is asleep now. By the time he awakes we must be out of this barn. The rat who doesn't leave it now never will leave it."

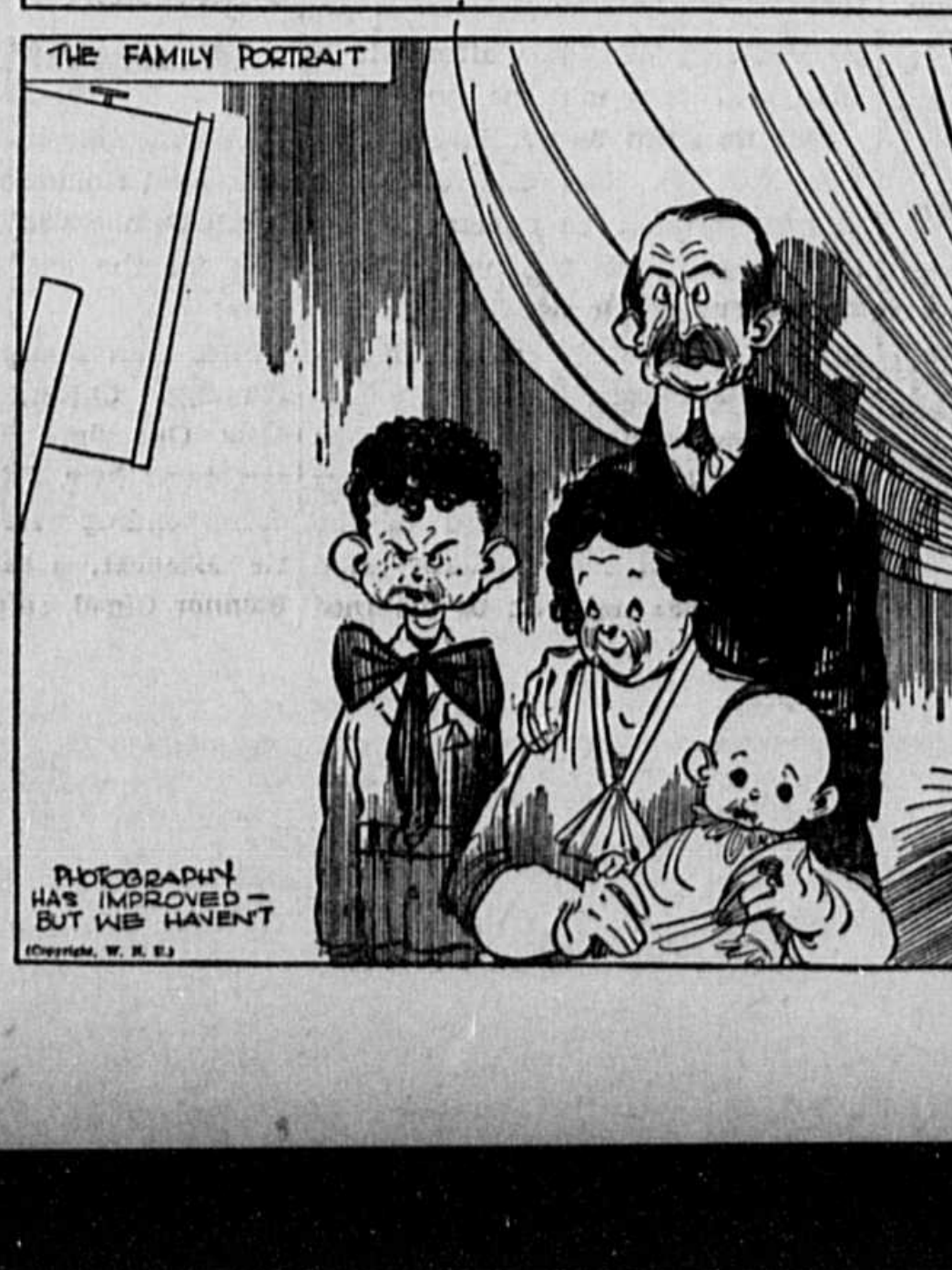
Immediately there was a great discussion. Every rat there knew that the wise old leader was right. But where should they go? It was winter, and they could not live long out of doors. They must go to a place where they would find both shelter and food. They might as well remain to be killed by Billy Mink as to go forth and starve or freeze to death. At least that is what some of them said. Some suggested one thing and some another. Finally they turned to the gray old leader for his advice. They had followed him so long that they had learned to trust to his wisdom.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Nutria Swagger

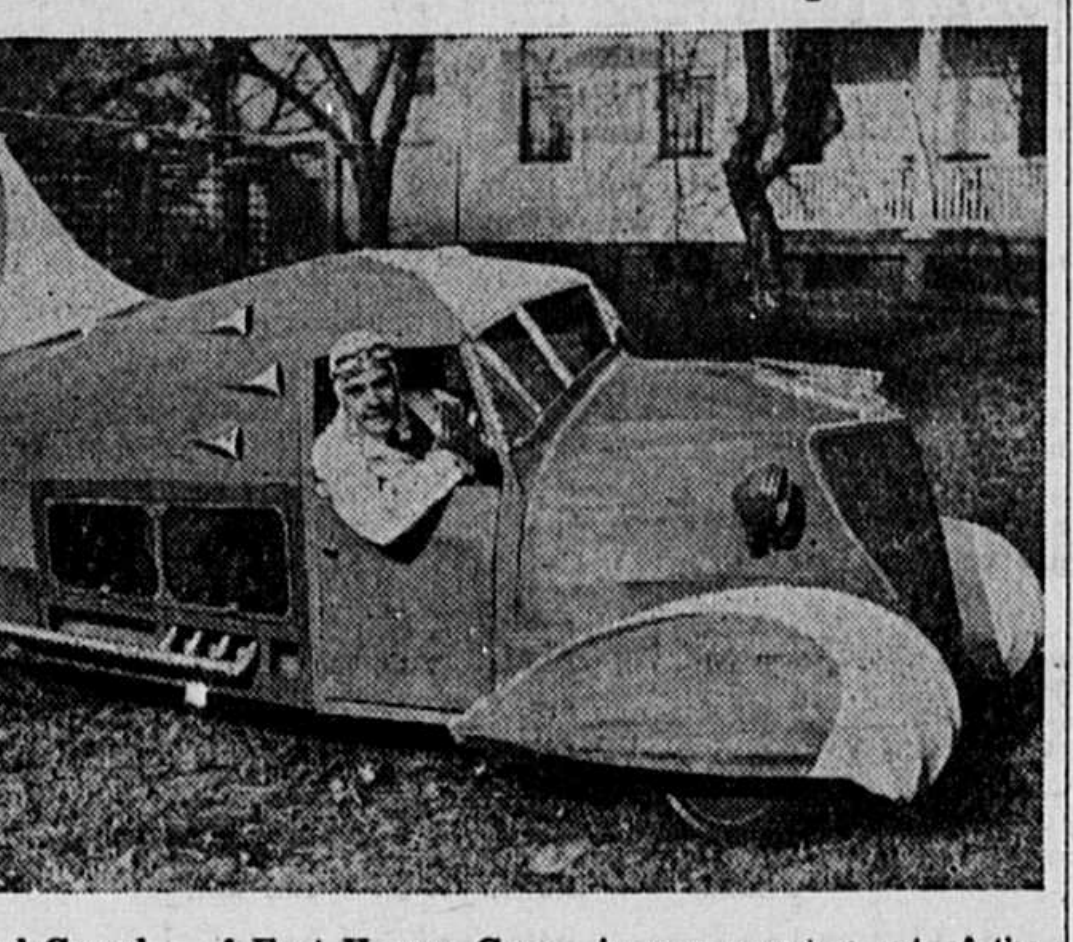
This big topcoat of nutria will be comfortable on windy, cold days. It is of swagger length, cut full and held in at the waist with a brown suede belt. The hat is of Bois de Rose angora wool held at the side with a bow of nutria.

Love Honor and Obey



THE FAMILY PORTRAIT
PHOTOGRAPHY HAS IMPROVED — BUT WE HAVEN'T
(Copyright, W. N. U.)

Novel Home-Made Aerocoupe



Richard Crossley of East Haven, Conn., is seen peering out of the "cabin" of his aerocoupe, which he built in his spare time over a full year period. Highly streamlined, the car follows accepted aeronautical design and has a top speed of 75 miles an hour. It is fitted with airplane wheels.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

UNUSUAL MACARONI DISHES

THE following recipes received prizes as the best dishes prepared with the use of macaroni:

Macaroni Fantasie.

Cut four slices of bacon into small pieces and fry, add four tablespoonfuls of butter or bacon drippings and six tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two cupfuls of fresh diced cucumbers, one small can of tomato sauce, two cupfuls of cooked and drained macaroni, stirring as lightly as possible. Beat two eggs and stir in with a fork, remove from the fire, add eight chopped walnuts, salt and cayenne to taste. Stuff six green peppers which have been parboiled fifteen minutes. Bake in a baking pan until thoroughly heated. Serve hot.

Macaroni Butterscotch Pudding.

Melt one cupful of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter over the fire and cook until dark brown, but not burnt. Pour the mixture over a pint of hot milk and simmer for ten minutes. Take one cupful of drained, well-cooked macaroni and cover with the milk and sugar mixture, add two well-beaten yolks of eggs, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into a baking dish and bake forty-five minutes. Beat the whites stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, the juice of half a lemon, beat again and spread over the pudding. Brown in a slow oven. Serve hot or cold.

Macaroni Fritters.

Take two and one-half ounces of macaroni rings, cook in salted water until tender, drain and add one and one-half cupfuls of canned corn, one-half cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt and a slightly beaten egg yolk. Sift one and one-half cupfuls of flour with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mix all together and add the stiffly beaten egg white. Fry in deep fat or on a hot griddle.

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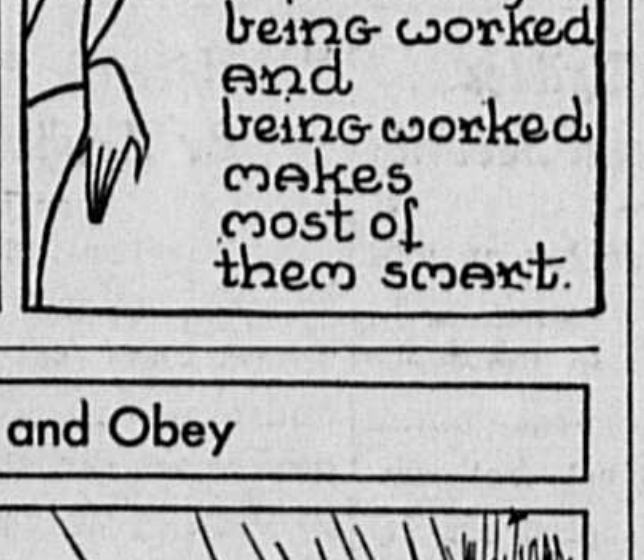
Eve's Epigrams



Most Women are smart enough to know they're being worked and being worked makes most of them smart.

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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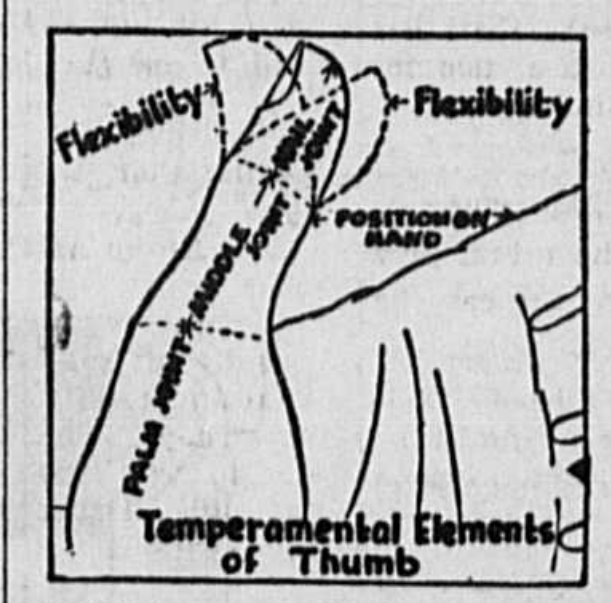

Temperamental Elements of Thumb

YOU have now learned that the thumb has a very real significance to those who become masters of the mysteries of the hand. As in dealing with other elements which in final combination are an accurate index of the inner self, each element of the thumb should be thoroughly understood.

Temperamental Elements of the Thumb.

The thumb, telling as it does, the unvarnished truth about many an inherited and acquired trait which so strongly characterizes you as "you" and me as "me," is remarkable in its revelations. As you progress with study of the thumb, you will learn how well the Ruler of Our Destinies has given compensations for what would otherwise be serious deficiencies in temperament. Such compensating elements are found throughout the hand, but nowhere so clearly indicated as in the thumb.

The illustration charts for you the position of temperamental indications of the thumb. Fix these in mind. Base your analysis of the thumb upon: (1) Its length, (2) its position on the hand, (3) the respective lengths and contours of the first, or nail joint, the second, or middle joint, the third, or palm joint, and (4), the amount of flexibility or rigidity throughout the entire thumb.

WNU Service.

Glycerine Used in Medicines

Next to water, glycerine is the most extensively used of all liquids in medicines. It stands far ahead of alcohol. —Scientific American.

TO HEAR HIMSELF

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

TO BARK a hound enjoys
Just for the sake
Of hearing all the noise
That he can make.
No rabbit is around,
No stranger near,
He merely barks, the hound,
The bark to hear.

I do not blame the pup,
For I know men
Who also whoop it up
Now and again.
They speak no word of worth,
No bright remark:
They only want the earth
To hear them bark.

That hound that always yelps
Men cease to heed,
And shouting never helps
A man succeed.
You'll find, in all life's walks,
Upon the shelf
The man who merely talks
To hear himself.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

KNOW THYSELF

by DR. GEORGE D. GREER

DOES A MAN MAKE A BETTER HUSBAND IF HE HAS HAD SEVERAL LOVE AFFAIRS?

IN GENERAL, a man who has had the opportunity of knowing several women as friends is more likely to make a suitable selection of a mate than the man who had only one sweetheart. The same applies to women. However, there are so many exceptions to this that a rule would be silly. Some people who never had but one sweetheart before marriage awaken to the fact that they had little knowledge of different people when single, and start taking interest in others after marriage. This is very unfortunate. I would prefer for my son to marry a girl who had had dates with other boys besides him, and I would prefer for him to go around with several girls before he picks one for a bride—but he might be just as happy if he didn't.

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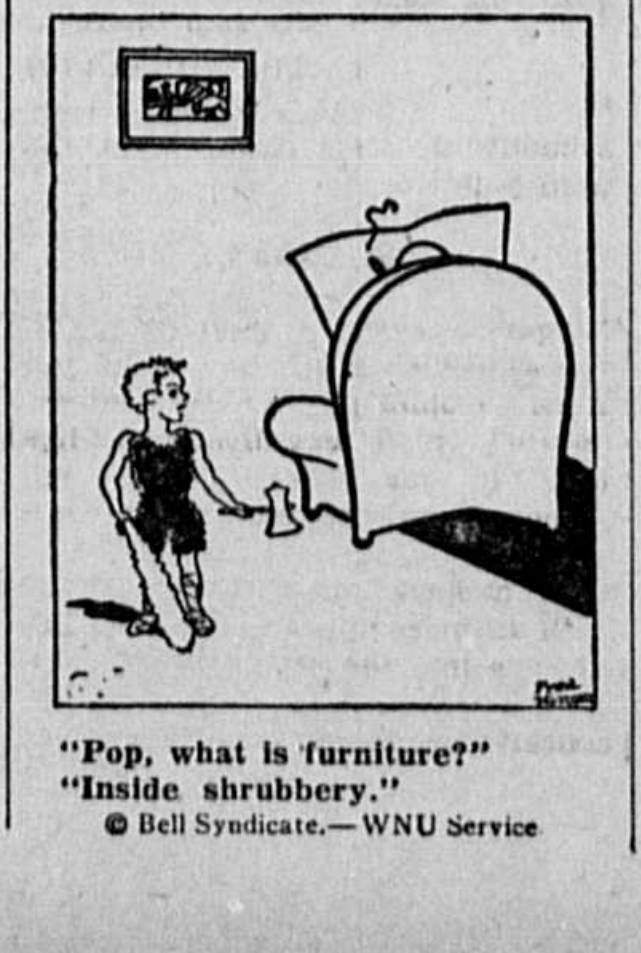
PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is furniture?"
"Inside shrubbery."

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Uncle Phil Says:

In Good Company

Company is one of the greatest pleasures of the nature of man, for the beams of joy are made hotter by reflection when related to another.

Theories might work, if human nature didn't interfere.

A young intellectual tries to get along without emotions and presently makes the horrible discovery that he has lost them.

A man may frequently think and say he is misunderstood, but the man who thinks he is and doesn't care sufficiently to say anything about it, is the most admirable.

The Present Moment

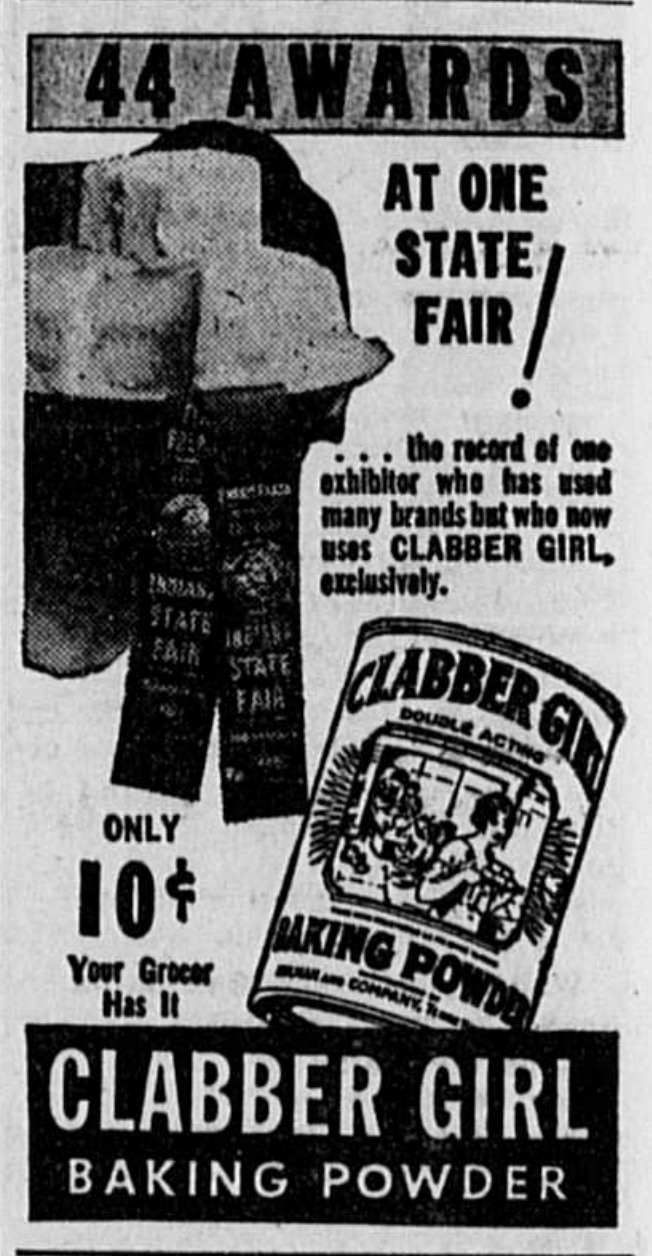
Try to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come.

Coarseness isn't much better than outright immodesty.

The prodigal son came of a good family. That is why he came back.

The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything.

A good provider never lacks an admiring eye.



44 AWARDS AT ONE STATE FAIR! . . . the record of one exhibitor who has used many brands but who now uses CLABBER GIRL, exclusively.
ONLY 10¢ Your Grocer Has It
CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER

Need for Strength

If we were not so weak we would not need to be so strong.

CHECK THAT COUGH BEFORE IT GETS WORSE
Check it before it gets you down. Check it before others, maybe the children, catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. This double-acting compound gives quick relief and speeds recovery. Soothes raw, irritated tissues; quickly allays tickling, hacking. Spoonful on retiring makes for a cough-free sleep. No habit-forming, stomach-upsetting drugs. Ideal for children, too. Don't let that cough due to a cold hang on! For quick relief and speeded recovery insist on FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR.

Restraining Vices

If a man has great vices and restrains them, there's a hero.

YOU'RE SUCH A CLEVER HOSTESS, DEAR, I LOVE IT WHEN THE CLUB MEETS HERE! YOU SERVE A LOT OF FOOD THAT'S YUMMY, THEN FURNISH TUMS TO SAVE MY TUMMY!

TASTY TUMS SO QUICKLY RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION
GAS, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH
WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums . . . like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting . . . only 10c . . . yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalies . . . cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released . . . remainder passing unreleased from your system. For quick relief carry Tums! 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.
TUMS FOR THE TUMMY
TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE
EAT LIKE CANDY TUMS STOMACH DISTRESS 10c HANDY TO CARRY

"Quotations"

Even nature is simple if we happen to look at it in the appropriate manner.—*Albert Einstein.*

The higher life is always a hard life.—*George Barton Cutten.*

It cannot be too often repeated that there is no single cause of war. —*Julian Huxley.*

No branch of the white race has a monopoly of intelligence.—*Aldous Huxley.*

Even at 100 one is old only if he thinks he is old.—*Edwin Markham.*

Personality is only important to people who have not got any.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

Seriously, most people go into public life honestly hoping to make things better.—*Lady Astor.*

MURDER MASQUERADE

BY INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

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WEDNESDAY—Continued

—12—

Patrick and I watched that beautiful phenomenon, silent. I felt the tears pricking behind my eyeballs. Patrick's look grew, as I knew it always did when he was touched, definitely more non-committal.

"I think, Pat," Walter started, "that the time has come for me to tell you about my whole relation with Ace Blaikie. It concerns Molly of course."

"Go on!" Patrick said.

"You will remember," Walter said and strangely enough he addressed himself to me, "that I acted as Ace's secretary for two years. You will perhaps remember, Aunt Mary, if you remember dates, that Molly and I became engaged while I was Ace's secretary; that six months later Molly broke the engagement and that, six months later, she became engaged to Ace."

"I remember all that," I said.

"I understand," Walter went on, "that Satuit has rocked with rumors about that broken engagement. Almost every theory has been advanced to account for it and almost everything that could be said has been said. None of them is true. Oh, I do think that one or two people conjectured that Ace Blaikie deliberately set himself to the work of breaking our engagement. That was true. But how it was done, nobody but Molly and I have the remotest idea."

Walter paused and his look hardened. I was astonished at the change that came over him. Suddenly he looked, not so much ten years older, as ten years wiser, more knowledgeable, I would put it. His air became hard and unrelenting. I had the feeling that if Ace Blaikie had not been dead, there would have been hatred in it, bitter, biting hatred.

"The exact truth of the matter is that Ace fell desperately in love with Molly. I didn't blame him for that." Here Walter's smile came back. "I have never blamed any man for falling in love with Molly. The wonder to me is that every man in the world is not at her feet. I am not naturally a jealous person and I wasn't and never have been the least bit jealous of Ace. I have known from the moment that we became engaged that Molly loved me and would always love me. But after a while, I could see that Ace was making a genuine play for Molly. I realized that the first thing I had to do was to resign as Ace's secretary. Then I thought I'd have a talk with him and warn him to lay off Molly. I didn't go much further than that in my mind. But I had a dim suspicion that if he didn't keep off, despite the disparity in our ages, I was going to beat the face off him."

"Was Ace conscious of the change in your attitude?" Patrick asked.

"I'll say he was. I did my work, but we never exchanged a word which did not concern business. Now I have to go back and tell you something about myself. It happens that I have a faculty for imitating signatures. When I worked for Ace, I signed two-thirds of his letters and nobody ever noticed the difference. Several times when Ace needed money, he had asked me to make out the check and sign his name to it. Then I would beat it down to the bank and cash it for him. The checks all went through. Naturally I gave Ace the money. Anyway, one Saturday night I gave Ace notice that I was quitting my job. He said he was glad that I'd come to that conclusion because he had several weeks before come to the same conclusion. And then to my astonishment, he said that I'd got to leave town if I wanted to keep out of jail. Naturally, I asked what he meant by that. He said that because he respected my father and mother so much he would lodge no complaint against me if I left Satuit, but if I stayed, he would have me arrested for forgery—on the score of those checks. He said he had a whole sheet of paper on which I had practiced writing his name. That was most likely true. He said that he had taken the checks I had signed to a handwriting expert, all shuffled up with checks which bore his genuine signature and that the expert had picked out the forgeries. I said, 'But you know very well I gave you the money.' He said, 'Yes, but prove it!' "

Walter paused.

I looked from the expression which was wiping out all the young contours of his face, to Molly. Molly's Botticellian hues had turned steely.

"What happened?"

"Well, Pat, I'm telling you about the epoch in my life of which I'm most ashamed," Walter admitted. "I have to admit to you that—that—that—" Walter choked back the epithet and began again. "I have to admit to you that Ace Blaikie put it over on me. I was frightened, not on my own account, but for my father and mother, I did not know what to do."

"Did you tell Molly?"

"At once. She didn't know what to do. We were like the babes in the wood. We clung to each other, but we did not know what to do; and because we were so inexperienced, we lay down to the situation. Molly and I pretended to break our engagement. In reality it was never broken. I left Satuit and went to New York where I got a job, and a good one. I've given that up. I can always get a job. In the meantime, Ace was devilling Molly. I did not know how much, of course. After a while she realized that in order to protect me, she must get engaged to Ace. She wrote me that. But she said, 'I'll die before I marry him.' "

"Have you those letters?"

"All of them. Then one day, I waked up with the realization that, in spite of my feeling for my mother and father I would rather go to prison and work out my sentence than submit to what I was submitting to. I wrote that to Molly and she wrote back that she agreed with me absolutely. She said in effect, 'Let's get married. If Ace Blaikie chooses to act in this horrible way, let him do it. If you are arrested and tried and sentenced, I'll stand by. And when you come out of jail, we'll take up our life just where we left it and go all the way together.' So I made up my mind to that. First of all, I came back in May to have another fight with Ace."

"Do you remember what you said to him when you met him in Locust Lane?"

"Not all of course. Nobody ever remembers the whole of a long conversation, but I remember telling him that I'd kill him before I'd let Molly marry him."

I drew a long hissing breath of warning. All three looked into my direction and smiled, Patrick in a grim amusement, Walter with a detached humor, Molly in a soothing tenderness.

"I returned to New York. However, Molly and I made our plans. We agreed that just as soon as I could wind up my job, I'd slip back. Then we'd walk off and get married."

"How did you happen to choose the time of the Stow party?"

"Just because it came at the right time. I had the money I needed. Then I knew everybody in Satuit would be thinking of the masquerade. Besides Molly and I had had so many swell times at the Stow masquerades, that we wanted to go. So, as I told you the other day, I came on secretly and stayed in Aunt Mary's Little House."

"And you had no contact with Ace at all?" Patrick inquired.

"None."

"You did not see him all day Friday?"

"Not until the masquerade."

"And did you speak to him at the masquerade?"

For the first time there was a little asperity in Walter's tone. "I think I told you before that I did not."

"Then I am to understand," Patrick summed it up, "both from you and Molly that you saw Ace Blaikie only once between the time you left Satuit and the night of the masquerade—and that one time was in Locust Lane on Decoration day?"

"That's correct," Walter said.

Patrick looked inquiringly at Molly.

"That is correct," Molly said.

Patrick bent forward until his elbows rested on his knees. He contemplated with a steady, down-shot gaze his neat and well-polished shoes. "Well," he said after a while, "go home, children! But I'll have to repeat, Walter, stick around! I don't know when I'll need you."

THURSDAY

Again I spent a troubled night. It was not so much that I did not sleep. I slept fitfully; for now exhausted nature was demanding her toll. It was more that dreams bothered me—broken dreams without logic or continuity, great, looming, shadowy scenes which glided with an incredible ease and rapidity, one into the other, blended for an interval and then by some inconceivable magic separated and changed again. Worries! And all major worries! Walter and Molly! Margaret Fairweather! And—my thoughts always broke here and melted into a kind of dim, troubled confusion.

However, I was up and dressed as soon as I had finished my breakfast. When I came downstairs, I found Sylvia occupying herself with Dorinda Belle on the piazza.

"How does it happen that you're not down at the Merry Mere?" I demanded.

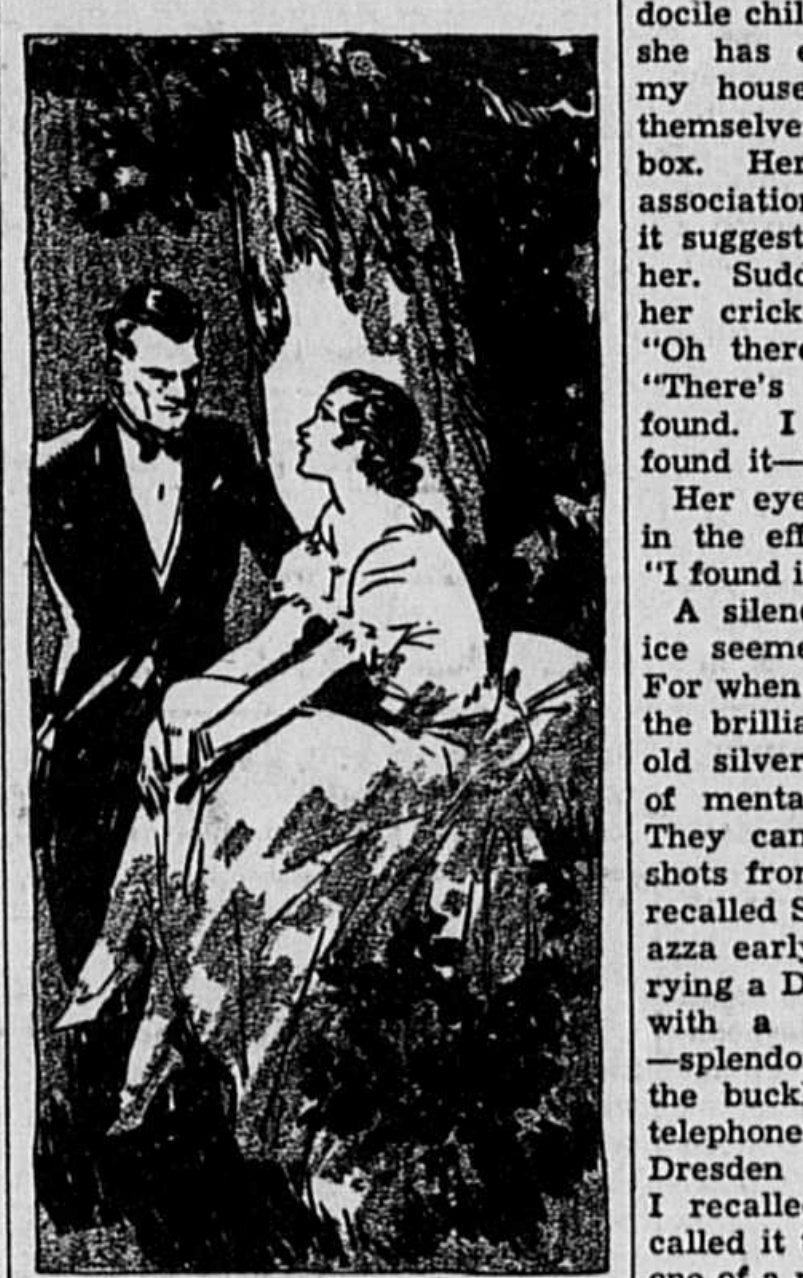
"Nancy isn't coming over today," Sylvia informed me. "And I thought I'd stay up here. I think I'll make a new dress for Dorinda Belle."

She was sitting on a little footstool beside one of the Gloucester hammocks. Beside her was her little work-basket.

Over the cushions lay bits of dress material which I had given her from time to time; patches of silk and chiffon; snippets of ribbon; tags of lace. She was threading an enormous darning-needle. I took it that Dorinda Belle's sorry wardrobe—much the worse for play near the water—was about to be replenished.

"This child hasn't a thing to wear!" Sylvia announced in the accents, faintly disgusted, faintly indignant, which I had heard so many times from her mother's mouth. "She is a perfick disgrace. I'm ashamed of her. She's got to have a whole new wardrobe. She doesn't take care of her clothes at all. She gets them dirty. She spills her oatmeal all down the front. She catches her clothes in the blackberry vines. She's a perfickly terrible, terrible child sometimes."

Energetic nodding and vehement emphasis accompanied this diatribe. Of course, like all mothers, Sylvia was enjoying the utter unregeneration of her offspring and of course, like all children, she was quoting grown-up violences of expression. Indeed, when she had finished, she looked up at me with a sunny smile. Then she set her lips again. "She ought to be sent to a reform school."



Ace Fell Desperately in Love With Molly.

I wondered where Sylvia had received her education in regard to reform schools and then I remembered that that was a pet phrase with Bessie in regard to naughty children.

"But after [illegible] I remonstrated, "it seems to me, Sylvia, that Dorinda Belle is a pretty good child. She's very quiet about the house. She treats your other dolls very well."

Compunction apparently hit Sylvia hard. "She's a beautiful child!" she admitted remorsefully. She picked Dorinda Belle up from the hammock. She was still kissing the china face when Patrick drove up to the door.

"I left pretty suddenly yesterday, Mary," he apologized, "but it gave me such a—what my old grandmother used to call—'a turn' to hear that story from Walter and Molly."

As though by mutual consent, we withdrew to the living-room to get away from Sylvia. "It's haunted me all night," I admitted.

"Mary," Patrick said, "I guess we've got to admit that from some points of view, Ace was a pretty bad actor."

"It wasn't exactly a surprise," I agreed, "and yet it was a surprise too. Of course before we go any further, I'll have to tell you, Patrick, that I believe every word Walter said."

"So do I."

"But," I went on, 'I had no idea that Ace was capable of such—I wouldn't have believed that he would have tried to compel Molly——"

"Well, you see, Ace was spoiled as far as women were concerned. He'd always had his way with them. That's bad medicine for any man. Especially, if a man lets it get him. And Ace let it get him. When he was young, as you and I knew well enough, he was a chaser. I don't know why I call him a chaser. He was chased much more than he chased. Girls fell for him in all directions. I think you're the only one who ever gave him his come-uppance, Mary."

"Ace never was in love with me, Patrick."

"Perhaps not. He's always taken you for granted, that you were within hand's reach so to speak. He felt that he could close his fist on you at any time. But when Mark began to specialize on you he didn't like it."

"Ace and Mark and I were always good friends," I commented.

"That's right! And Ace and I were great friends. Damn it all, I loved Ace. I love him still. That story Walter told me yesterday rocked me more than anything that's happened in a long time. But there was something about Ace—"

"I suppose he had more natural charm than any human being I have ever known."

"It was that charm that ruined him," Patrick carried my thought on. "It brought him so many things when he was young that he thought he could keep it up forever. Yet, by God, I shall always feel about Ace——"

"It's one of the puzzles of life," I said. "Once or twice in a lifetime, this happens to everyone. Charm is as strong as the force of gravity. People who have it sweep our hearts along in the very face of disapproving judgment. That was Ace."

I think I raised my voice a little; for Sylvia, suddenly abandoning her dress-making, seized a freshly dressed Dorinda Belle and came pattering into the living-room. She seated herself on a cricket beside the low table on which stood a telephone extension. "Patrick," she said, "did you know that Doctor Ace had gone to Heaven?"

Before Patrick could answer the question, her eyes, wandering over the surface of the table, fell on a little Dresden box there. Now Sylvia has been brought up not to touch bric-a-brac or books without permission. She is an extremely docile child and I cannot recall that she has ever broken anything in my house. Now her eyes fixed themselves hard on that Dresden box. Her fixed gaze recalled no association to me, but apparently it suggested vaguely something to her. Suddenly she jumped up from her cricket and lifted the cover. "Oh there it is!" she exclaimed. "There's the beautiful buckle I found. I forgetted all about it. I found it—I found it——"

Her eyes seemed to look inward in the effort of her concentration. "I found it the day after the party."

A silence as bleak and cold as ice seemed to fall on my piazza. For when Sylvia's tiny fingers lifted the brilliant buckle—old paste and old silver—from the box, a series of mental cataclysms shook me. They came as fast as successive shots from a revolver. Instantly I recalled Sylvia's entrance to the piazza early Saturday afternoon, carrying a Dorinda Belle who glittered with a magnificent — an alien —splendor. I remembered taking the buckle from her and, as the telephone rang, slipping it into the Dresden box. Suddenly too now, I recalled, though I had not recalled it then, that that buckle was one of a pair which ornamented the slipper which Myron Marden wore at the masquerade. Instantly too, I recalled another thing that I would have said must have departed completely from my memory—departed, leaving no trace behind. And that was an event of Sunday morning—waking and going to the bathroom for a drink of water, returning and for an instant gazing out my window onto the fog-laden scene. What I saw in that instant merged completely from my mind in the oblivious weariness with which I again sank back into sleep. Yet now, I saw the picture perfectly—Myron Marden coming out of my Spinny and up over my lawn in the direction of the park and of his own home.

Patrick's eyes had narrowed. Never had I heard silkier accents than those which emerged at that moment from his throat. "Come over here, Sylvia," he wheedled. "I want to talk with you. Bring the buckle with you."

Sylvia pattered over to him and he lifted her onto his lap. She opened her little fist and they surveyed the paste together.

"How it sparkles!" Patrick commented. "How lucky you were to find it! When did you say you picked it up?"

"Saturday afternoon," Sylvia answered with a childish explicitness. "Right after lunch!"

"And where did you say you found it?" Patrick asked, turning the buckle this way and that, so that it flashed fire.

"Near the path to the Spinney."

"Where were you going?" Patrick asked in the most casual of tones.

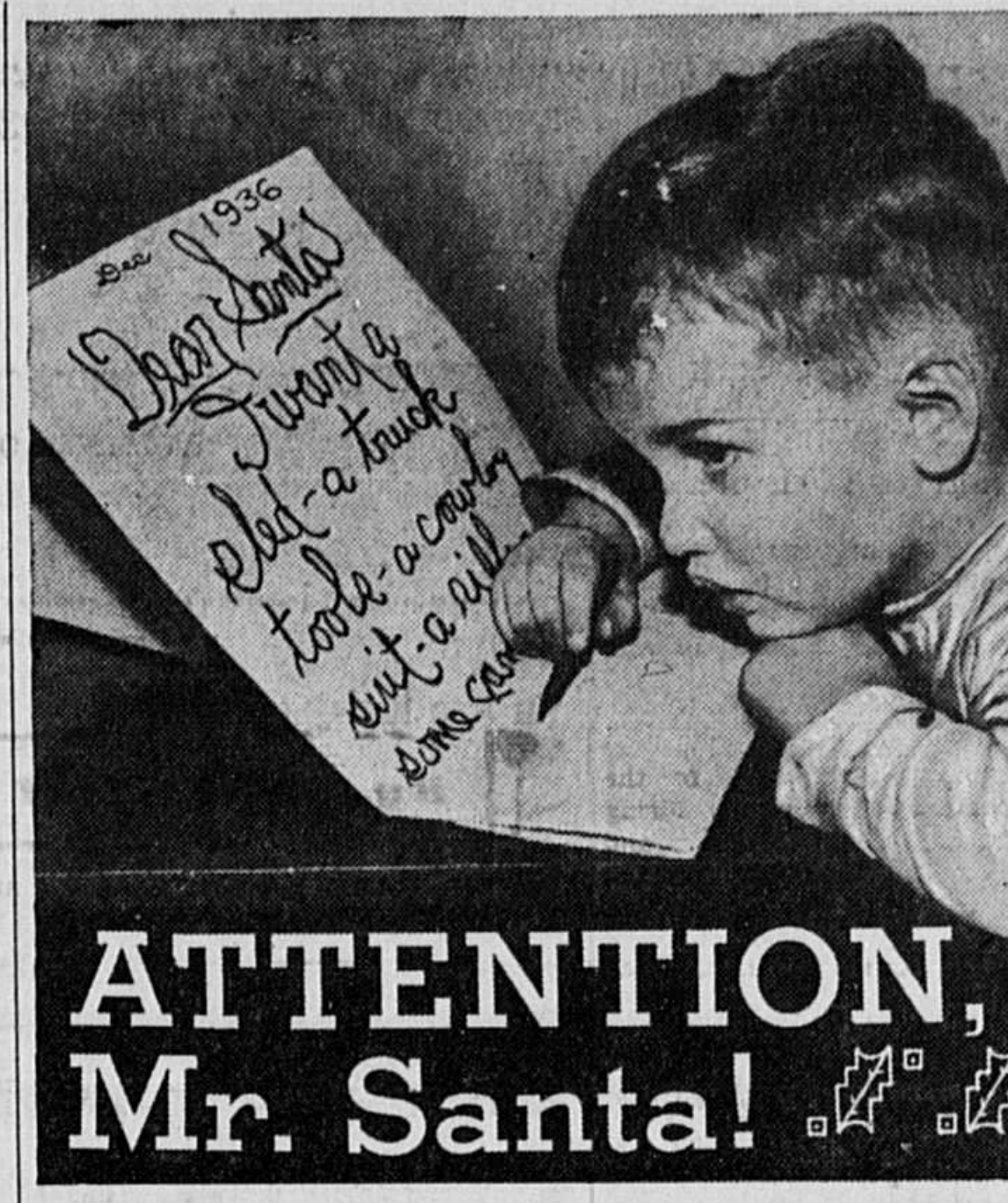
"I was going to the Little House and I saw this buckle in the path. So I runned right back to get a ribbon to tie it on Dorinda Belle."

"Now, who do you suppose," Patrick went on, "that buckle belongs to?"

([illegible]E CONTINUED)

Transmitting Rabies

Rabies is a central nervous system disease, the virus of which usually is transmitted by the saliva. In animal bites the virus is transmitted by the teeth as they pierce the skin and flesh. The saliva containing the virus if even spattered on a break in the skin, such as that made by a small hangnail, can send the lethal germ on its way to the brain. In violent rabies, the most common type, the first symptom in an animal is a marked change in disposition. An affectionate dog becomes morose and depressed. A snapping, treacherous dog may become cowardly and affectionate.



ATTENTION, Mr. Santa!

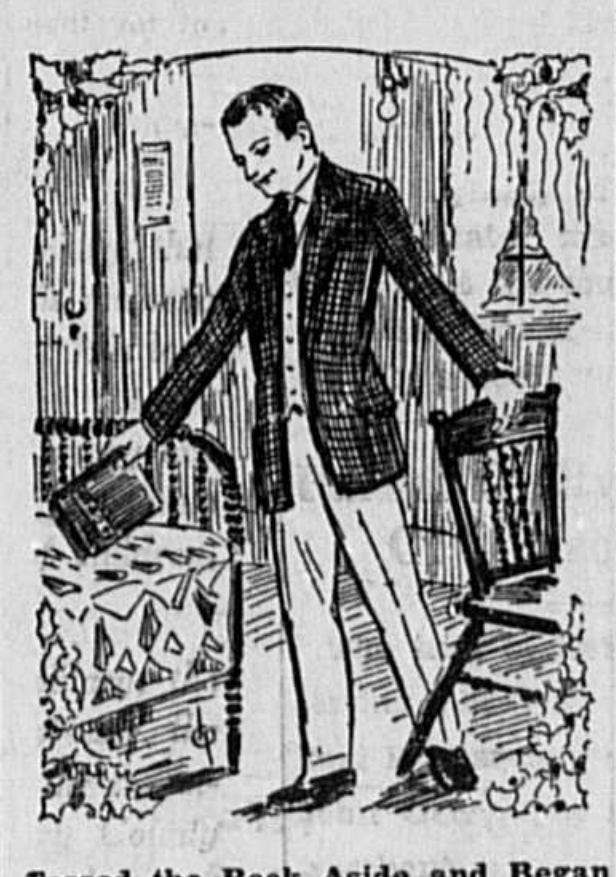
A Holiday for Two

by Luella B. Lyons

"THIS being with the family on Christmas is the bunk so I won't mind parking myself down there in Martinville, Mr. Howard," Paul Boyd told his employer. That's how he found himself spending the holidays in a lonely little room in a boarding and rooming house. His landlady had gone out to church services, he knew, but he determined to pass the lonely hours by reading, having prepared himself with a flock of new detective fiction before leaving the city.

Before another half hour had passed, Paul tossed the book aside and began pacing the floor. Here he was alone at last on one Christmas eve, far from too-concerned relatives and friends

As the crowning insult, without a moment's warning, the little light that hung on a single cord from the ceiling, flickered and went out. "Great day, this is the end! I wonder what they do here when the lights go out—go to bed, I suppose!" he muttered disgustedly. But just the same he began scratching matches to hunt for a possible kerosene lamp he might have overlooked. Five matches later, he found a candle and lost no time lighting that. "At least I can find my way about while getting ready to retire," he grumbled.



Tossed the Book Aside and Began Pacing the Floor.

But as he jerked at his tie, the unmistakable sound of a smothered sob came to him through the hot air register. Paul wanted to be alone, but sobs did things to him and it took him just three minutes to locate the door from behind which was darkness and those sobs.

All because a thoughtless landlady had failed to provide the lovely and lonely girl with an extra bit of lighting in case the rather unreliable power company service discontinued without notice, wasn't the only reason for the sobs.

"Being in a noisy city where folks are celebrating, asking all kinds of favors of you at the holiday time, doing the same old parties, family dinners and all that—I thought it would be nice to escape it for a change," she explained. Jean Hathaway, she said was her name.

"Jean, I said the same thing and maybe we were both right only that—that," and suddenly he became embarrassed but struggled on, "that it is all okeh if you don't have to escape alone. Just one for company and for celebrating is about the right number. What do you think, Jean?"

"Alone together! It doesn't make sense as for English, but it does Christmas-edly speaking!" and the light of the candle burned high and proud on that holiday for just two.

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THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

by Helen Waterman

THE Christmas Spirit, if such a sprite there be, must have fled in dismay from old Silas Wentworth, for a crustier, harder, less Christmas-spirited man would be hard to imagine.

Yet Sally Blaine, his clerk and bookkeeper, had the temerity to bring Christmas into the store, stringing lines of tinsel

Old Silas, coming to work, stopped and stared at this unusual addition to the colored globes and patent medicines with which his windows were adorned.

Sally Blaine, rather frightened now, looked up. "Merry Christmas, Mr. Wentworth."

Silas surveyed the store grimly. "Take it down!"

But Sally hesitated.

"I said take it down. More of your fool notions! What's this?"

"Dickens' Christmas Carol, sir."

He thrust the book on a back shelf. "Humph! Don't let me catch you reading on the job."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry about the decorations—"

At nine o'clock on Christmas eve Silas saw out his last customer, and began putting up the shutters. It was beastly cold, and his numb fingers were slow at their task. As he was about to lock up, he was confronted by two men, one carrying a revolver.

"Let us in and lock the door," said the man.

Silas, his teeth chattering from fear more than cold, complied.

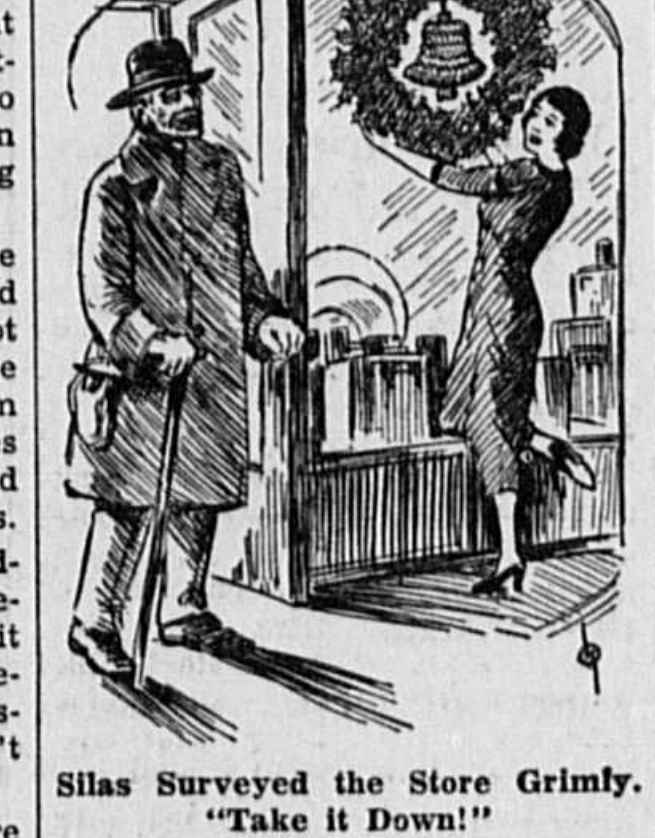
"Now if you're quiet you won't get hurt," said the spokesman. "My pal here has had an accident. I need some medicines. You'll be paid all right."

"Of course; of course," Silas answered, and brought out a stock of supplies.

The wounded man spoke up. "Sorry to keep you on Christmas eve, buddy."

Silas grunted. "Tommyrot."

The other man had been rummaging about the store. "Here," he commanded. "I can't watch what you're doing. So you read aloud until I get through." And he handed Silas "Christmas Carol."



Silas Surveyed the Store Grimly. "Take It Down!"

He was scarcely half way through when the men paid him and left. He threw the book down and started off, but at the door he turned, and sitting by the night light, read again. "So like me," he muttered, as he finished.

From the wastebasket he drew out the tinsel and strung it awkwardly around the store. He looked through his accounts marked "Overdue," and selected several bills which he marked "Paid in Full," and put in proper envelopes. Then he got his wraps.

"Merry Christmas, Silas," he exclaimed, and went out to the dawning of his first merry one in many years.

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Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

1. What is the difference between "prone" and "supine"?
2. Who were the Phoenicians?
3. What is a fishplate?
4. What is a weevil?
5. How many dry - measure quarts in a bushel?
6. Into what sea does the Nile flow?
7. About how far is the earth from the sun?
8. What is the figure head of a ship?
9. In Irish tradition, who were the Milesians?
10. What is a sumpter-mule?
11. Give the line following: "Blessings on thee, little man."
12. What mythological animal appears on the British coat-of-arms?

Answers

1. Prone means on the face; supine, lying on the back.
2. Inhabitants of a country near Palestine.
3. A device for joining rails.
4. A destructive larva.
5. Thirty-two.
6. The Mediterranean.
7. 93,000,000 miles.
8. A carved ornamental figure on her prow.
9. A race of invaders from Spain.
10. A pack-mule.
11. "Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!" From John Greenleaf Whittier's "The Barefoot Boy."
12. The Unicorn.

Household Questions

Ink stains may be removed from wall paper with a solution of equal parts of ammonia and hydrogen peroxide.

* * *

When tying children's shoes, tie string in bow first then the loops in a single knot. They will not then easily become untied.

* * *

Did you ever try dipping your fresh fish in milk before rolling them in corn meal or bread crumbs preparatory to frying.

* * *

Cut stale bread into strips one inch thick and one inch wide. Dip them into sweetened condensed milk mixed with water (two to one) and fry golden brown in butter; then roll them, while hot, in mixed sugar and cinnamon. Excellent for afternoon tea.

* * *

When washing wool hosiery, put slipper trees inside the stockings while they are still wet, not the solid boot trees with a strip of metal connecting heel and toe. When dried this way, stockings are worn more comfortably.

* * *

Cut some stale white bread in one-inch cubes, and roll them in sweetened condensed milk; then fry them in very hot, deep, clear lard for one minute, or until golden brown.

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The Beautiful

BEAUTY has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. There is something irresistible in the beauteous form. The most severe cannot pretend that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favor of the handsome. At the same time the handsome should bear this in mind—that not any can bestow this gift on themselves, nor retain it when they have it.—Steele.

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another, the more free is he.—Lavater.

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