SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—It seems probable at the moment that title of the federal housing act—the section which provides for government guarantee of loans for repairs—will be allowed to die when it expires by limitation on April 1.

There may be a sharp fight over it, and undoubtedly there will be a lot of outcry if this should come to pass, but the cold fact is the federal housing commission does not want it, though professing to be neutral. The further cold fact is that the house banking and currency committee, which will handle the legislation, does not want it.

In the house it is very difficult for members to work up enough steam and enough votes to override a committee. It is very different in the senate, where a few outraged solons can force a vote on almost anything, no matter what the committee may have reported.

But in the house a committee can smother a bill with comparative safety, unless there is very strong sentiment for it and a clear majority of the house members want the measure passed. Which is a rather difficult situation to bring about, especially when the government bureau or agency involved is against that particular thing, as in this case.

Even when a committee reports a bill, it is very difficult for members wishing to amend it to bring about a test. A senator can propose any amendment he wishes to any pending legislation, and force a vote. He may not be able to force a roll-call vote, but at least he can force a voice vote, and, if there is doubt about the rejoinders, and he can muster a fair number to raise their hands, he can force a roll-call.

But in the house the committee in charge, acting with the rules committee, can pick and choose among the amendments on which they will permit votes.

The Logic of It

The logic of the federal housing administration, in desiring to allow this function of insuring repair loans to die, is rather interesting, especially as it is slightly contradictory. One reason is that the housing administration believes there has been such an improvement in building construction that there is an actual shortage of skilled workers in many places. To put undue emphasis on repairs therefore, it holds, would endanger the supply of skilled workers for more important construction, and actually retard business recovery.

The other reason is that the banks have learned by experience now that these repair loans are safe and sound, and that therefore it is no longer necessary for the government to guarantee them.

In short, it contends on one hand that the insuring of these repair loans is not necessary—that just as many will be made by the banks if they are not insured by the government—and on the other hand that these loans, if encouraged by the government, will lead to so much repair work that there will not be skilled workers enough for the big construction jobs!

You pay your money and take your choice, but attaches of the housing administration argue valiantly for both points.

Meanwhile many concerns interested in providing repair materials, and there are lots of them, are very much interested in having the power extended. They seem to think that this government insurance, if continued, would result in more repair jobs than would the idea that banks would make just as many repair loans if government insurance were withdrawn.

All of which would result in considerably more conversation on Capitol Hill if President Roosevelt's Supreme court proposal were not overshadowing everything else.

Get Weird Queries

Some of the weirdest queries that Washington newspaper correspondents get from their papers result from Wall Street tips. New York's downtown financial district certainly is tops in a lot of things. Shrewd Washington observers know it is seldom indeed that a real news development is not known in some sections of Wall street before it is known to half the officials concerned here. There is money to be made in Wall Street, with the proper information, if it can be obtained just a little in advance of the other fellow. And very frequently it is!

When a lot of money can be made out of a thing, it becomes too hot to handle as a rule, as was evidenced by the attempts to enforce prohibition, and as is evidenced by the difficulty of suppressing poolrooms, and as is evidenced by racing generally. Racing and Wall Street add to the "hot money" angle the love of most humans for gambling.

All of which results in Wall Street so frequently being in the position of having bought and paid for advance inside information. But it also inevitably leads to something else. There are plenty of people in Wall Street who are not declared in on these news sources—but who like to pretend to be. Also there are gentry who have very poor or very prejudiced sources of Washington information.

It is these last two classes that produce so much misinformation—whose flat predictions and alleged quotations of what "the President said to Mr. Blank" cause so much grief when the poor Washington correspondent gets a telegram relayed from his paper's Wall Street correspondent through the telegraph news desk.

Causes Big Laugh

All of which is apropos of the "inside" information in Wall Street a few days back that the real reason the steel industry came to terms with John L. Lewis: that certain big interests were said now to be certain that Lewis had been "sufficiently deflated!"

This suggestion was received in Washington with whoops of merriment. Even labor news experts who have a personal affection for William Green and who personally dislike John L. Lewis—and others who believe strongly in the craft union and hate the C. I. O. idea—all agree that Lewis won an amazing victory in his conflict with General Motors, and has made amazing progress since.

There is scarcely a disinterested observer here who does not believe that the C. I. O. now has its head well under two big tents, entrance to which was highly dubious just a few months ago—steel and motors. General Electric was not much of a surprise. It has been printed in these dispatches several times in the last few years that General Electric was very much in favor of what has since become the C. I. O. plan—that what it feared was jurisdictional disputes between various craft unions, which would tie up its plants regardless of its own labor policy.

And there are few in Washington who do not believe that it is only a question of time until both those industries are closed shops. It may take two years—it may take five years—Henry Ford may never come in—but few here doubt that such movement as there is from now on will be in that direction.

And the answer to it all is very simple. Most of the business executives want to make money—now. Few of them are interested in fighting for a principle if such fighting will cost them a lot of money, and provide a motive for both government and labor sharpshooting at every detail of their business and private affairs. Especially if they can be sure of passing any additional cost, with a bit of extra profit, along to the consumer.

Big Surprise

One of the biggest surprises of the session of congress to date was the ease with which the neutrality bill was slipped through the senate. Everyone had expected that there would be a long drawn out debate. There were present all the elements to make for this. There were at least three clearly defined lines of opinion.

There was the group following Senators Gerald P. Nye and Bennet C. Clark, who wanted to go very much further than the bill as it was finally approved by the senate did go. There was a group typified by Senators William E. Borah and Hiram W. Johnson who did not want to surrender the old "freedom of the seas" doctrine, (one of the few points on which these two gentlemen agree with Woodrow Wilson).

There was even a small group which was and is convinced that all this neutrality precaution is bad in the long run, then tending to surrender the munition-making business to other nations and thereby to leave our own country comparatively unprepared when war does break out, while at the same time increasing the preparedness of some possible enemy.

There was a group not quite as extreme, which feared that such restrictions as are embodied in the Pittman bill, which passed the senate, would tend to make nations now buying cotton and other commodities heavily from the United States uneasy—would tend to make them look elsewhere for sources of these commodities.

The Cotton Question

The cotton illustration is particularly pertinent because Brazil has been rapidly building up her production of cotton ever since the United States government began holding the world price of cotton up, so that Brazil could be sure of a good price for this staple.

There were some in the senate who believe that cotton is absolutely an essential war supply, not only because of its use for explosives but for other reasons. At the time Runciman was in Washington some of this group favored absolutely banning exports of cotton to belligerents.

As the bill passed the senate, the President is given discretion as to putting cotton, or any other commodity, on such an embargoed list. He is not given discretion to embargo products to one belligerent and not the other.

As the senate bill stands, however, the President can very easily aid one belligerent and hinder the other by his selection of the commodities to be embargoed. This may rise to plague some future President.

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The HOME CIRCLE

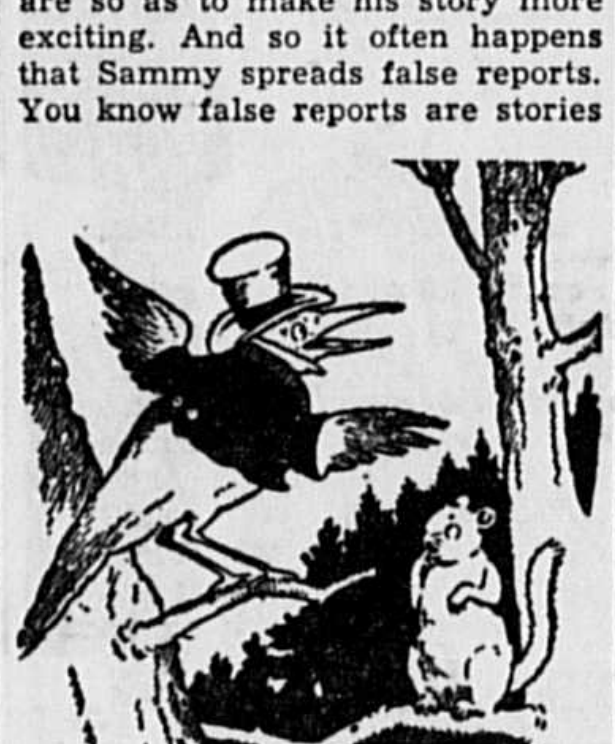
INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

SAMMY JAY SPREADS A FALSE REPORT

SOME people like to spread bad news. They would rather spread bad news than good news. It's queer, but it's so. Sammy Jay is that kind. He never seems so happy as when he is flying about through the Green Forest telling some dreadful news to everybody he meets. And this isn't the worst of it. He doesn't always tell the truth! He sometimes makes things out a great deal worse than they really are so as to make his story more exciting. And so it often happens that Sammy spreads false reports. You know false reports are stories that are not true or only partly true.



"Great News! Great News!" Screamed Sammy.

Now, Sammy Jay had happened along just in time to see Farmer Brown's boy pick up poor Mrs. Grouse after he had broken the hard, icy crust that had made her a prisoner underneath. She had been so weak and worn out that she could only flutter feebly when he had set her free, and so he had picked her up and started for home with her. Sammy Jay had seen this. His eyes had popped out with excitement. Here was great news. He couldn't sit still a minute. And what a splendid chance to say something bad about Farmer Brown's boy! Sammy never misses a chance to make trouble for Farmer Brown's boy.

So off he started as fast as he could go. The first one he met was Chatterer the Red Squirrel.

"Great news! Great news!" screamed Sammy.

"What is it?" asked Chatterer.

"Farmer Brown's boy has killed poor Mrs. Grouse and taken her home for his dinner!" cried Sammy.

"I don't believe it," replied Chatterer, who right that minute was eating nuts that he knew Farmer Brown's boy had left for him.

"You don't have to, but that doesn't make it that it isn't so. I saw him do it," retorted Sammy, and started on.

Right away Chatterer lost his appetite. He didn't know whether to believe it or not. He felt dreadfully sorry for Mrs. Grouse and then, too, he didn't like to think that Farmer Brown's boy had been very good to him, and though he had once hated him, he rather liked him now that he had come to know him, though Chatterer wouldn't have admitted this to anybody for the world. "Oh, my no! I don't believe it," he muttered over and over to himself. "I don't believe it." But just the same he lost his appetite.

Presently Sammy Jay saw Reddy Fox. "Great News! Great news!" shrieked Sammy.

"What is it?" demanded Reddy.

"Farmer Brown's boy has killed poor Mrs. Grouse and taken her home for his dinner," replied Sammy.

"How do you know?" demanded Reddy suspiciously.

"I saw him do it," replied Sammy.

"I hate Farmer Brown's boy!" growled Reddy Fox. "Mrs. Grouse belonged to me. I meant to have her for my dinner some day."

"Why didn't you catch her then?" asked Sammy Jay slily.

"I would have, some day," snapped Reddy.

"The way you have Peter Rabbit!" laughed Sammy.

Reddy couldn't say a word, for you know he had tried and tried to catch Peter Rabbit and never could. He just glared up at Sammy, who just laughed and then flew off to spread the dreadful news. All the rest of the day he told the same story until all the little people who were out that cold winter day in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows, green no longer because they were covered with snow, had heard that poor Mrs. Grouse had been killed by Farmer Brown's boy. And some it made very, very sad. And some, like Reddy and Granny Fox and Old Man Coyote, it made angry, for each of them had meant some day to have Mrs. Grouse for dinner themselves. And all the time Mrs. Grouse wasn't dead at all, as you and I know.

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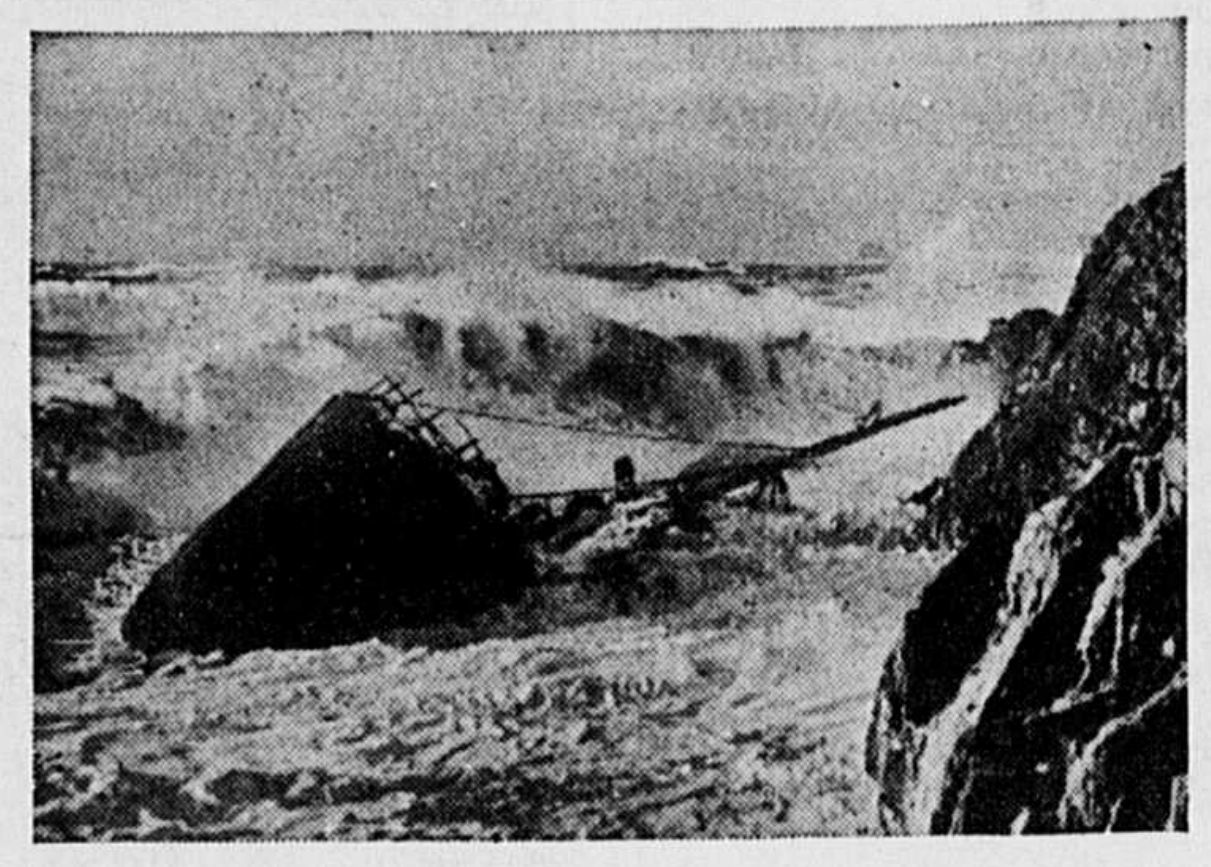
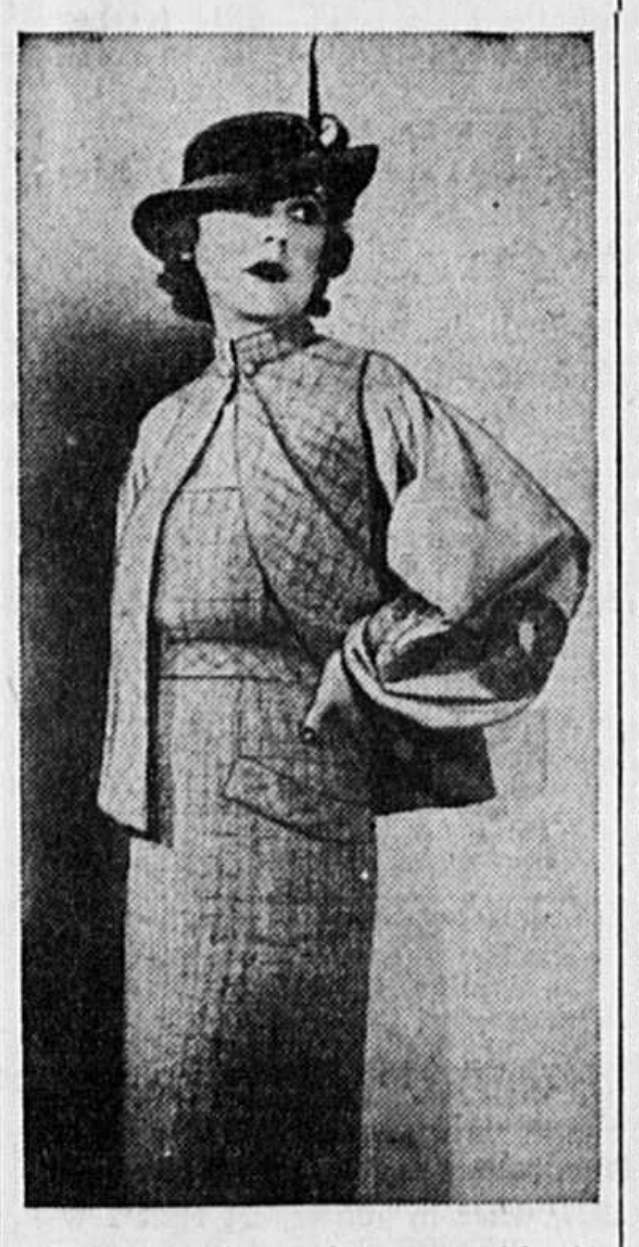
End of the Trawler Roche Castle



Under the steady pounding of the heavy waves of an angry sea the trawler Roche Castle is slowly being smashed to matchwood on the rocky Gower (Glamorgan) coast near Overton, Wales, where she went ashore.

In Scotch Woolen



This Scotch woolen ensemble in blue and gray will be very fetching this spring. The sleeves of the jacket are ornamented with an embroidered dragon.

First Aid to the Ailing House

—By— Roger B. Whitman

RENOVATING A BATHROOM

BATHROOMS have been so greatly improved within the last few years that one of old style makes a whole house seem old-fashioned. The points that make a bathroom out-of-date are a bathtub on legs, a high-tank toilet, a wash-basin with a marble top or of old-fashioned design, plaster walls and a wood floor. The door of a bathroom of that kind is usually kept closed at all times, whereas a room of modern design is something to be proud of.

There is no great effort or expense in renovating an old bathroom and in giving it all of the beauty of modern design. A new toilet is built-in in a corner, which completely obviates the collecting of dust beneath and behind it. A built-in tub also permits the fitting of a wall shower, with the use of a curtain to confine the spray. A separate shower stall is preferred to a wall shower, and can often be built at the end of a tub, which thus has only one side open.

Of the new fixtures, the tub is the most expensive. When costs must be kept down, an old style tub can be built-in by removing the legs, wedging it in a corner, and surrounding it by a framework finished with tiles or other waterproof covering. When this is done, the wall surface must come well over the rounded rim of the tub, so that water, running down the walls, will drain into the tub rather than behind the rim.

The most usual finish for bathroom walls is a five-foot or six-foot wainscot of tiles, which are usually set on a concrete base laid on metal lath. Many substitutes for tiles are to be had. In making a selection, it must be borne in mind that the walls should be waterproof, easily cleanable, not affected by steam, and proof against scratching.

The walls above the tile wainscot and the ceiling should have a finish that will not be affected by steam. For this, the modern quick drying enamels are excellent.

For the floor, the choice is between tile, and linoleum, rubber or similar material. Linoleum is very usual because of its warmth and softness.

A sunshiny bathroom can well be finished in one of the cool colors—green or blue. For a north bathroom, the color should be warmer—rose, or a warm yellow, for example.

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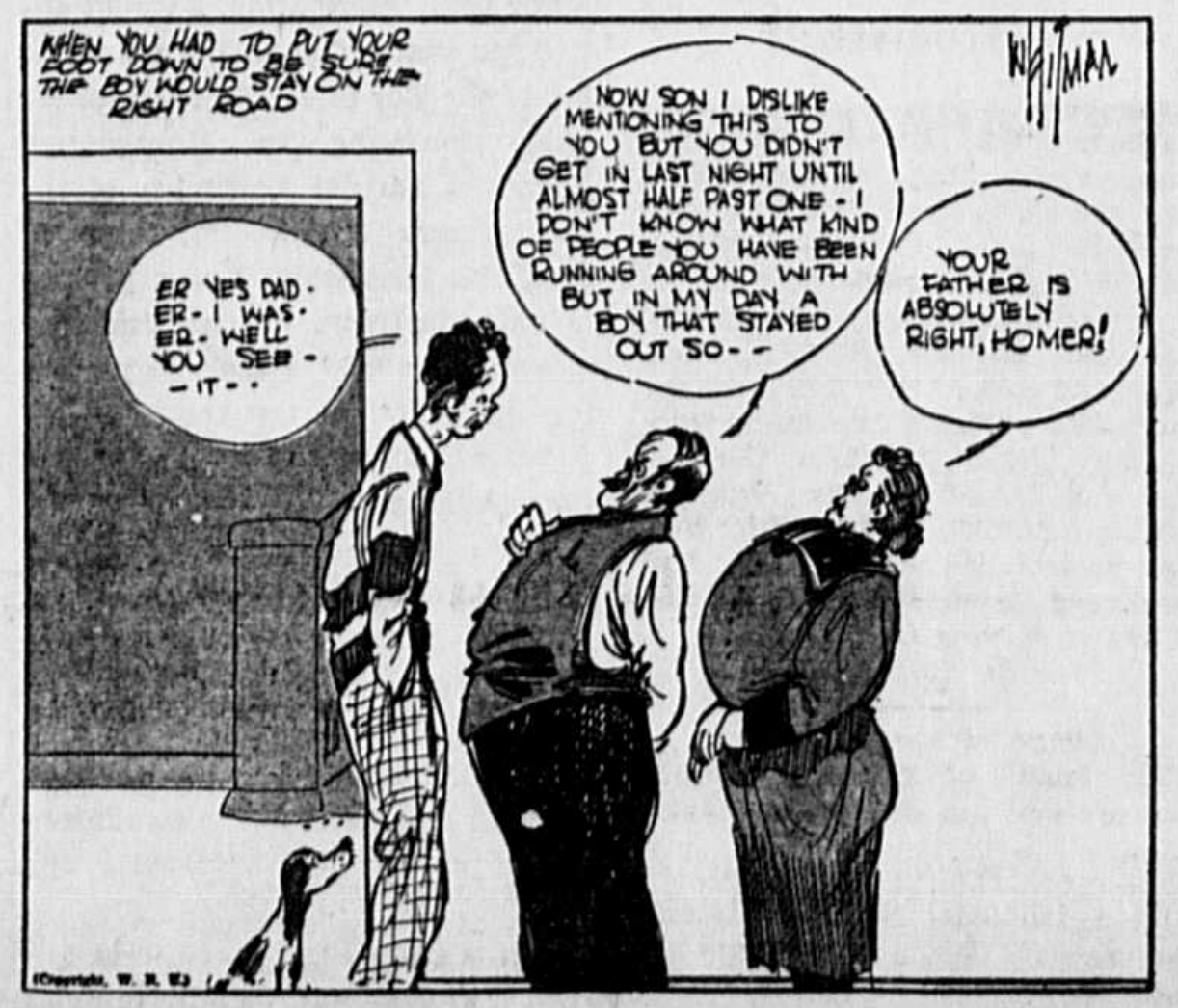
Love, Honor and Obey


WHITMAN
WHEN YOU HAD TO PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN TO BE SURE THE BOY WOULD STAY ON THE RIGHT ROAD
NOW SON I DISLIKE MENTIONING THIS TO YOU BUT YOU DIDN'T GET IN LAST NIGHT UNTIL ALMOST HALF PAST ONE - I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE YOU HAVE BEEN RUNNING AROUND WITH BUT IN MY DAY A BOY THAT STAYED OUT SO - -
ER YES DAD-ER- I WAS-ER- WELL YOU SEE- -IT- -
YOUR FATHER IS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, HOMER!

LOTS WORSE OFF

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SOME say, "Well, there are lots
of others, too,
Of others who are lots worse off
than you."
I cannot comprehend their cheerful
whine:
The grief of others is no balm for
mine.
Another's grief adds something to
my own:
I wish no other heart this hurt had
known,
No other mind had suffered this
distress;
Their loss makes mine the greater,
not the less.
The beggar's rags make no man's
coat of gold,
Or age's feebleness a man less
old.
The deeper sorrow of the open
ground
Is not a thing to hail with joyful
sound.
Whatever I may lose, if less or
more,
Another's loss adds nothing to my
store.
So tell me not, whatever you may
do,
"There are a lot a lot worse off
than you."
The grief that gloats will find but
small relief
By hiding it behind some greater
grief.
However poor another beggar is,
If I have more, then half of it is
his.
However dark another mortal's
mind,
Then I should share whatever hope
I find,
Yes, say to me, "That is the thing
to do,
For there are others lots worse off
than you."

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THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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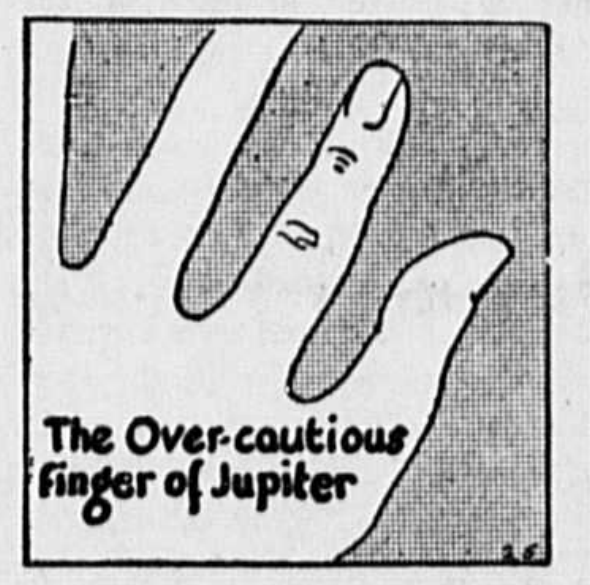

The Over-cautious Finger of Jupiter

FROM the preceding lessons we have learned that the first, or Finger of Jupiter, indicates the degree and kind of power and purposefulness of its possessor. We must look not only to the conformation of the finger but also to its position on the hand in order to arrive at accurate conclusions.

A forefinger which leans or crooks toward the finger next to it partakes of the qualities of that finger. The Finger of Jupiter which inclines toward its neighbor indicates that purpose is strongly controlled by reflective foresight. And the manner in which it inclines denotes the kind of foresight, whether studious, gloomy, optimistic or doubtful.

The Overcautious Finger of Jupiter.

Three outstanding characteristics mark this type of forefinger: (1) Shortness as compared with the length of the second finger; (2) prominence of the middle joint; (3) pronounced angularity of the inclination toward the second finger.

The nail joint may be either squared or tapered, with a flat though sometimes sharply ridged nail deeply set. In fingers falling within this classification, the entire length may have a stiff resistant feeling under backward pressure.

When you encounter a forefinger of this type, you will make no mistake in placing its owner as a man or woman whose initiative is often stifled by an aversion to "taking chances." Conservatism which becomes unnecessary weighing of pro's and con's is very likely to keep such folk from the enjoyment of life which should otherwise be theirs.

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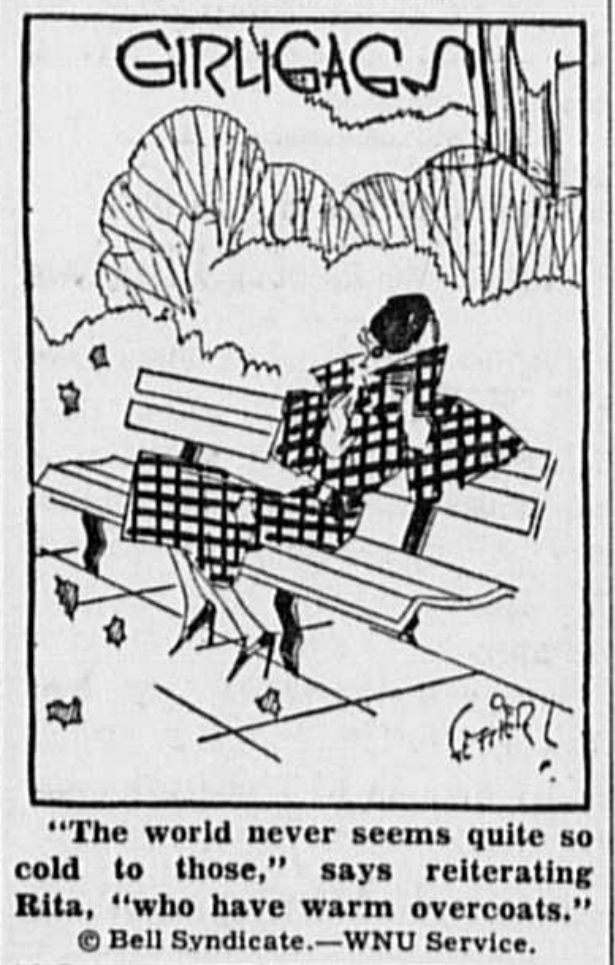

"The world never seems quite so cold to those," says reiterating Rita, "who have warm overcoats."

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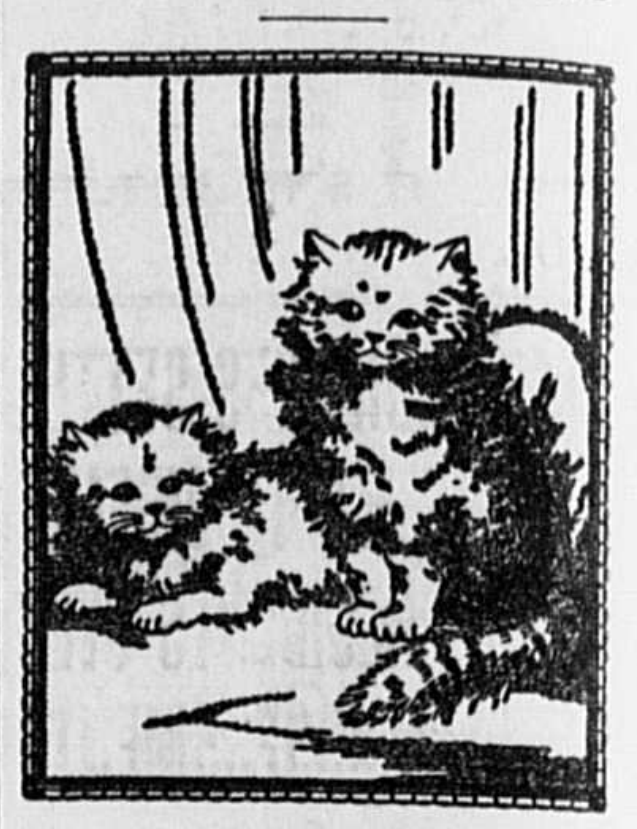
Kitten Twins Pose For Your Pleasure



Pattern 5766

The Kitten Twins, as much alike as peas in a pod, pose obligingly for your needle. Embroider this plump, cuddlesome pair and you'll have the gayest wall panel ever—a panel that will be a delight in any room! Just single and outline stitch, in silk, cotton or angora wool and it's ready to be lined and hung! In pattern 5766 you will find a transfer pattern of a wall hanging 14½ by 18 inches; a color chart; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used; directions for finishing wall hanging.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Law Is Action

Remember you have not a sinew whose law of strength is not action; not a faculty of body, mind, or soul, whose law of improvement is not energy.—E. B. Hall.

TO RELIEVE NEURITIS PAINS FAST

Bayer Tablets Aspirin Genuine BAYER

15c FOR 12
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c

Demand and Get Genuine
BAYER ASPIRIN

Judged by Conduct

A man's worth is estimated in this world according to his conduct.—La Bruyere.

Do something about Periodic Pains

Take Cardui for functional pains of menstruation. Thousands of women testify it has helped them. If Cardui doesn't relieve your monthly discomfort, consult a physician. Don't just go on suffering and put off treatment to prevent the trouble.

Besides easing certain pains, Cardui aids in building up the whole system by helping women to get more strength from their food.

Cardui is a purely vegetable medicine which you can buy at the drug store and take at home. Pronounced "Card-u-i."

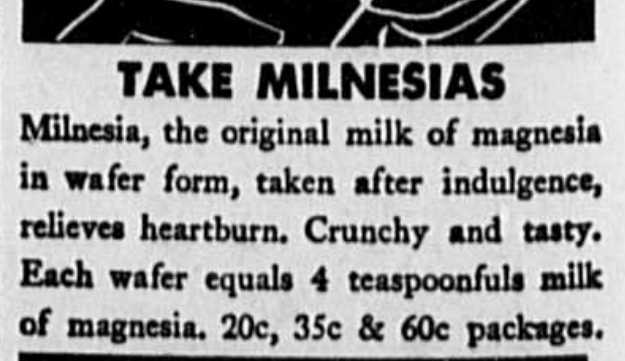
Our Allies

Good manners and soft words have brought many a difficult thing to pass.—Aesop.

DETOUR Get from your Dealer
DOGS "BLACK LEAF 40" Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs etc. ©1936 Use 1¼ Teaspoonful per Gallon of Spray.

HEARTBURN?

Its surprising how many have heart burn. Hurried eating, overeating, heavy smoking, excessive drinking all lead to heartburn. When it comes, heed the warning. Your stomach is on a strike.



TAKE MILNESIAS

Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, taken after indulgence, relieves heartburn. Crunchy and tasty. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c packages.

TRUE BY THE SUN

By Lida Larrimore

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IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—10—

"Please, Dad," she said breathlessly, teetering on the running-board of the car, "will you take me to Mary Lillian Patton's house on your way to wherever you're going?"

"Hop in," her father invited.

Susan looked at Jim.

"In front?" she asked.

"Why not?" Mr. Vaughn opened the door. "There's plenty of room."

Susan settled herself between her father and Jim. The sedan rolled down the drive.

"Somebody looks very nice this morning," Mr. Vaughn remarked. "Don't you think so, Jim?"

"Swell!" Jim saw Susan's face in the mirror attached to the windshield. It was as pink as a carnation under the brim of a leghorn hat.

"Cecily had better watch out," Mr. Vaughn continued. "Looks as though we may have another beauty in the family."

The carnation pink in the small mirrored face deepened to rose. Susan folded her hands primly over a rubber bag in her lap.

"I've got my bathing suit," she said both shy and pleased. "And a towel and some talcum powder."

"It's a swimming party, is it?" Mr. Vaughn asked in a conversational tone.

"Mary Lillian is having a birthday." Susan expanded in the agreeable and unaccustomed atmosphere of adult approbation. "I've got a present for her. It's a book," she added.

"I thought you didn't like Mary Lillian," her father continued. "Didn't you hide in the barn the last time she came to see you?"

"I don't like her," Susan replied serenely. "She's an awful baby and fraidy-cat. There's going to be a wedding at her house, though, next month in September. I thought I'd better be nice to Mary Lillian so that maybe I'd be invited."

Mr. Vaughn laughed. "You're growing up, Susie."

"I'd rather not be called Susie," she said, with dignity. "Or Susan, either. My name is Sue. Here's the gate, Jim. I could have walked only I might have ruined my slippers."

"Well, well, well!" marvelled Mr. Vaughn.

The sedan turned into the Patton place, followed a shaded drive to a pillared house of Georgian brick surrounded by gardens and lawns. Children were playing croquet on a grass court at the side of the house, little girls in dainty dresses, boys in clean white linen. The party had just begun.

Jim opened the door for Susan and handed her out with a flourish.

"You'd think she was a debutante," he said, as Jim returned to his place behind the wheel. "She isn't a bad-looking child. The transformation is amazing." Mr. Vaughn glanced shrewdly at Jim. "How did you do it?"

"I?" Jim's laugh disclaimed all credit for Susan's reformation.

"She's certainly impressed by you," Mr. Vaughn continued. "She tags after you like a shadow. I'd no idea she'd ever be interested in weddings and clothes."

"Susan is very feminine," Jim said. "Her vanity is blossoming. It would have happened — some time."

"And you had nothing to do with it? Don't be unduly modest, Jim. That's no way to get on in the world."

"Oh, something, perhaps." Jim was becoming increasingly embarrassed. "I like Sue."

"So do I. But I've never been able to work the miracle. Went at it the wrong way, I suppose. I've neglected the children," he added soberly. "I've left them pretty much to schools and governesses. Work, the depression—I've not been with them, until this summer, continuously, that is. Tommy—Cecily—Do you know anything about this Clyde chap?" he asked abruptly. "Cecily thinks she's in love with him."

The question caught Jim's straying attention. Here was his opportunity to make a suggestion. This was the golden moment to present, as his own, the plan which Cecily had devised. Mr. Vaughn was in a receptive mood. He had only to go about it tactfully. He let the moment pass into eternity.

"No," he said, and then, realizing that his reply was a little curt, "Nothing," he added, "except that he writes very bad poetry. Do we turn here, sir? Is the place on the Cherry Hollow road?"

Mr. Vaughn dismissed his family and turned to the business at hand.

"This side of Cherry Hollow," he said. "Not far from here—a mile or so. It's a property we've had to take over, a riding academy. We'll sell it at public auction, I suppose, if anybody's fool enough to make a bid. Another white elephant."

The abandoned riding academy appeared to be a white elephant of the most hopeless variety. The place, formerly a farm, was overgrown with weeds and brambles and blackberry bushes.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" Vaughn said to Jim as they walked through the dim stable festooned with cobwebs and littered with mouldy odds and ends of harness and rope and moth-eaten blankets and corn-cobs and fodder.

"The land should be worth something," Jim said.

"Real estate doesn't bring anything in the present market," Mr. Vaughn replied. "No, we'll take a licking on this."

They came out into sunlight. Jim's eyes moved over the weed-grown oval in the meadow, the sagging rail jumps, the house huddling forlornly under the low branched trees.

"Was it ever a paying proposition?" he asked.

"Yes," Mr. Vaughn replied. "Four or five years ago it was tremendously successful."

"I should think it might have been," Jim said musingly. "The location is excellent. It's only a mile from the Green Acres club and within a short distance of four towns, to say nothing of the country places around. What happened?"

"The place changed hands. The last fellow who ran it hadn't much initiative. I suppose it requires a certain amount of personality to make a success of a riding academy. It's like an inn or a roadhouse. You have to cater to people's whims and crochets. The ladies especially must be pleased. Now, you—" Mr. Vaughn looked at Jim speculatively. "You have some of the qualifications. Do you think you could take over this place and make it go?"

Jim's heart leapt. He steadied it with a prompt application of common-sense. Mr. Vaughn wasn't in earnest. He was merely talking.

"I've had no experience," he replied as casually as he could.

"You know something about horses," Mr. Vaughn persisted, defending his former statement.

"Oh, something."

Mr. Vaughn's eyes twinkled.

"MacPherson told me you brought 'Lady' through an attack of the colic the other night."

"It wasn't bad. She was in fair shape when the vet arrived. I know a few simple remedies. There were horses on my uncle's place."

"Where was that?"

"Whitehall—out beyond Chestnut hill."

"The King place?" Mr. Vaughn asked quickly.

"Yes, sir. I lived with my uncle. My parents died when I was a child."

"MacPherson came from the King place."

"Yes, sir," Jim smiled.

"So that's the connection.

"Hmm!" Mr. Vaughn looked thoughtful. "What college?"

"Princeton—'29. I'm one of the lost generation."

Mr. Vaughn made no reply. He stood, for a time, on the steps of the house looking over the property with a minutely appraising scrutiny. Presently he walked to the car.

"All right," he said. "Let's go."

The short drive back to "Meadowbrook" was accomplished in an almost unbroken silence. Once Mr. Vaughn roused from his absorption to ask, "Know anything about fox-hunting?" and, some time later, he said in an abstracted voice, as though he was thinking aloud, "Horse - sense and personality. That's the combination."

Jim would not let himself believe that Mr. Vaughn was considering the proposition he had mentioned so casually. But he thought of it during the afternoon, to the exclusion of Lenore's house-party.

He was silent at supper. He hadn't much appetite. "What's the matter, Jamie?" Mrs. MacPherson asked, disguising her concern in a simulated huff. "That's short-cake, and you haven't touched it."

"It's swell," Jim assured her. "I'm not hungry, that's all."

Jim glanced at MacPherson. The lean, sandy Scot was regarding him with an expression which he did not understand. There was kindness in it, affection and pride.

The same expression puzzled him later, when Tommy came to the cottage to summon Jim to the house.

"What does Mr. Vaughn want with you, Jamie?" Mrs. MacPherson asked when Tommy had delivered his message and gone.

"Wants to fire me, I guess." Jim paused to answer the question on his way upstairs.

"I doubt that," MacPherson said quietly, and it was then that Jim saw again the expression he noticed at supper.

Mr. Vaughn sat in the library in a haze of cigar smoke, making rapid calculations on a pad on the desk before him. He glanced up as Jim entered the room.

"Sit down," he said cordially. "This is likely to be a long session. Smoke, if you care to."

"Thank you." Jim sank into a leather chair and lit a cigarette.

Mr. Vaughn came to the point with gratifying directness.

"Do you think you can handle that riding academy?" he asked, watching Jim intently.

Jim glanced up questioningly. To his surprise, Mr. Vaughn appeared to be in earnest.

"I'd like to have a try at it," he said.

"Have you thought of it since this morning?"

"All afternoon." Jim smiled a little self-consciously.

"I've been telephoning all afternoon. I think it's well worth taking a chance. The property wouldn't bring anything like its value at public auction. This is a good time to put the place in order. Labor and materials are cheap. You can take charge of the repairs. There are masons and carpenters in the village."

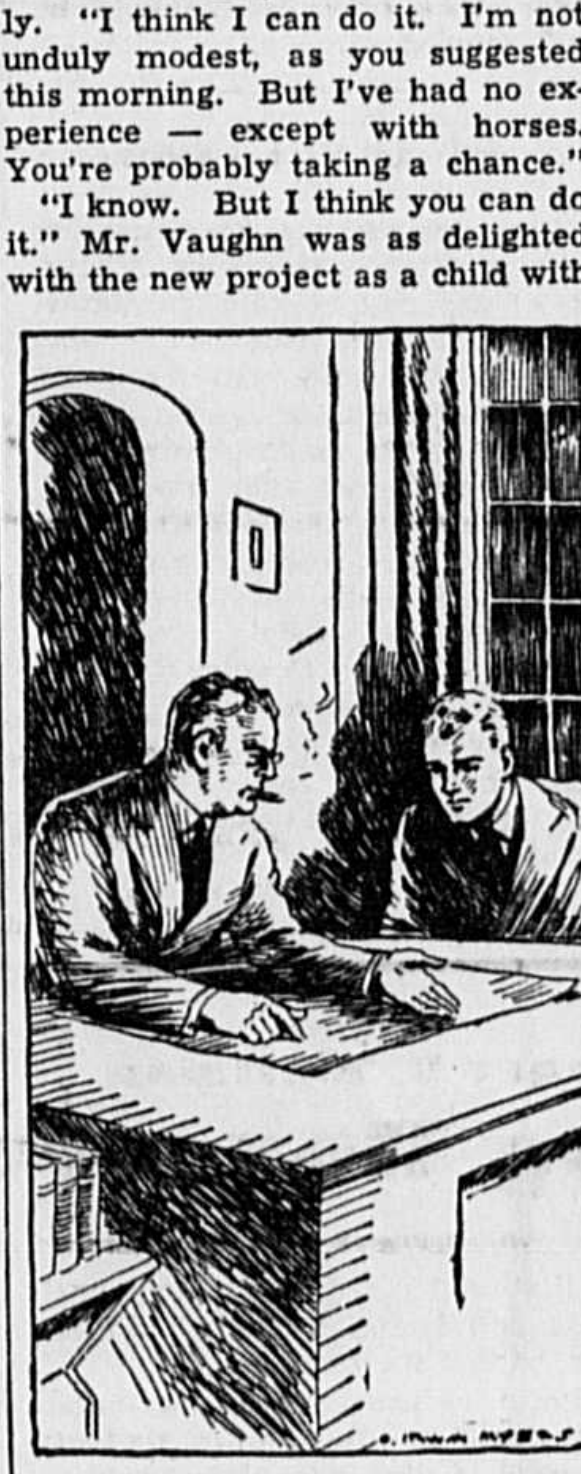
"How soon?" Jim managed to ask.

"Immediately." Mr. Vaughn's tone was crisp and decisive. "We'll get it partially ready for the hunting this fall. There won't be much business during the winter. By spring we'll be all set."

Jim experienced a moment of panic.

"I'm not sure," he said doubtfully. "I think I can do it. I'm not unduly modest, as you suggested this morning. But I've had no experience — except with horses. You're probably taking a chance."

"I know. But I think you can do it." Mr. Vaughn was as delighted with the new project as a child with a new toy and proportionately genial. "I had a talk with MacPherson this afternoon and he agrees with me."



Jim Drew His Chair Close to the Desk and the Two Plunged into Possible Figures.

That explained MacPherson's expression. He wouldn't have mentioned his conversation with Mr. Vaughn under a third degree grilling.

"There's no doubt about your being competent to please the ladies," Mr. Vaughn went on, his eyes twinkling at Jim. "I never have any idea whether a young fellow is good-looking or not but a straw vote in my almost entirely feminine household seems to settle that question. You are, it appears, a cross between a young Viking and the discus thrower with possibly just a touch of that what's-his-name in the movies who plays society cow punchers and last summer's life-guard at Cape May. I mention this, in passing, because it's likely to be an asset." He opened a box on the desk, selected a fresh cigar, regarded it with a guilty expression. "I smoked my allotment for today," he said irritably. "How do they expect me to talk business without a cigar?"

"They don't," Jim said, grateful for a change in the conversation.

"That's all poppy - cock!" Mr. Vaughn proved his point, to his own satisfaction, at least, by lighting the cigar. "I'm as well as I've ever been—or practically so," he amended. "The first of September I'll start going in to the office at least two mornings a week. You're fired, Jim." The fragrant smoke increased his geniality. "You weren't a bad secretary, though, except that your typing left much to be desired. Now, see here—I have an idea—"

Jim drew his chair close to the desk and the two plunged into possible figures and specifications. Jim, hesitant at first, found himself making suggestions, even arguing a point with his employer, now and then, and in one instance, winning the final decision. He thought that Mr. Vaughn was pleased with his suggestions.

Later Mr. Vaughn questioned Jim about his college career and talked of his own. They discussed fishing and baseball and the possible causes of the depression. "It's a mathematical fact that panics occur in cycles," Mr. Vaughn expounded. And "A tarpon's the gamest fish in the sea—" Jim contributed. And "Good old Connie Mack hasn't a chance of winning the pennant this year," they both agreed.

It was late when Jim, at last, rose to leave. Mr. Vaughn went with him to the door.

"Don't worry," he said. "We're both taking a chance on the thing."

Jim wrung the hand he extended.

"I'm awfully grateful," he said. "I've tried to be casual about it but I don't feel that way. I guess you know. It's the first real break I've had."

CHAPTER VII

Jim, in a rosy glow of optimism, sprinted down the terrace steps at the side of the house and through the garden, taking a short-cut to the cottage. A figure detached itself from shadows.

"Jim!" Cecily called, softly.

He halted in the path beside the miniature fountain, one foot threatening a clump of night-blooming stock. She came up to him, laughing.

"I've been waiting for you," she said. "Forward of me, isn't it? It's getting to be a habit." Her voice was light, gay, excited. "I've never believed in victims caught in the tentacles of Habit. Maybe there's something in it after all. Jim, what did he say?"

Jim looked at her, mentally blinking.

"What did who say?" he asked.

"Father. You've been with him all evening. Didn't you drop a hint about Jerry? I thought that was probably why you were there." Her hand, as light as a butterfly, touched the sleeve of his coat. "Wasn't it? Didn't you make a single helpful suggestion?"

"Several," Jim said. "But they weren't about you and your Jeremiah."

"Jeremiah! I loathe you! No I don't. You're teasing. You did, didn't you, Jim?"

"You're a self-centered young lady." Jim found it impossible to be distant and unapproachable. The rosy glow took care of that very nicely.

"Who isn't?" she countered. "But if you weren't talking about Jerry and me all those hours and hours I've been waiting out here getting soaked with dew and bitten by ear-wigs—What are ear-wigs, Jim?—what were you talking about? Or is it a secret? Something important and masculine that I wouldn't understand?"

"It isn't a secret." Jim felt his mouth stretching into a grin. Luckily the night was as dark as a dungeon. Maybe she wouldn't notice. "I was getting fired," he said.

"That isn't true! Father doesn't waste that much time on men he's discharging. What has happened? Dark as it is, I can see how smug and pleased with yourself you look."

"Sounds terrible."

"It is." She stood very close to him, her hand resting on his arm.

"Thanks," Jim said, wanting to cover her hand with his, prudently resisting the impulse. "It felt like a silly grin. If I'm not entirely respectful tonight," he went on, "put me in my place. When an extra man in and about the house is elevated beyond his station, it's apt to go to his head."

"Tell me, Jim. Let's sit in the summer-house. It's buggy and the benches are damp, but I think we can stand it."

"I'm not sure that I should." Jim appeared to hesitate. "Is it conventional for you to sit in a summer-house with the manager of a riding academy? I'm a little vague about social distinctions."

"A riding academy!" She laughed. "Is that what you and Father are up to? Do you like the idea?"

"Tremendously." Jim followed her to the summer-house built about the stone foundation of a smoke-house at the end of the garden.

"Has Father taken over the place on the Cherry Hollow road?"

"Like Grant took Richmond." Jim sat beside Cecily in the summer-house screened with vines. "Your father is swell," he said with enthusiasm. "I hope I won't fall down on the job."

"Oh, you'll make a success of it," Cecily assured him. "Just the sight of you on a horse will bring the debutantes flocking in swarms and yearning ladies on the verge of spinsterhood and ladies whose husbands don't understand them."

They sat on the bench in the summer-house, smoking companionably, talking, sharing the intimacy of laughter. Jim could scarcely distinguish her features. Her dark dress of some filmy material melted into the shadows. Her face, her arms, her hands, moving in characteristic gestures, were pale in the darkness, as thick and soft as plush. Her voice, low and silken at times, light and gay, her voice and the springlike perfume she used, were all that identified her as Cecily—that and her effect upon Jim, the reluctant admiration he felt for her, the protecting concern she had awakened in him the night she had talked of Jeremy Clyde.

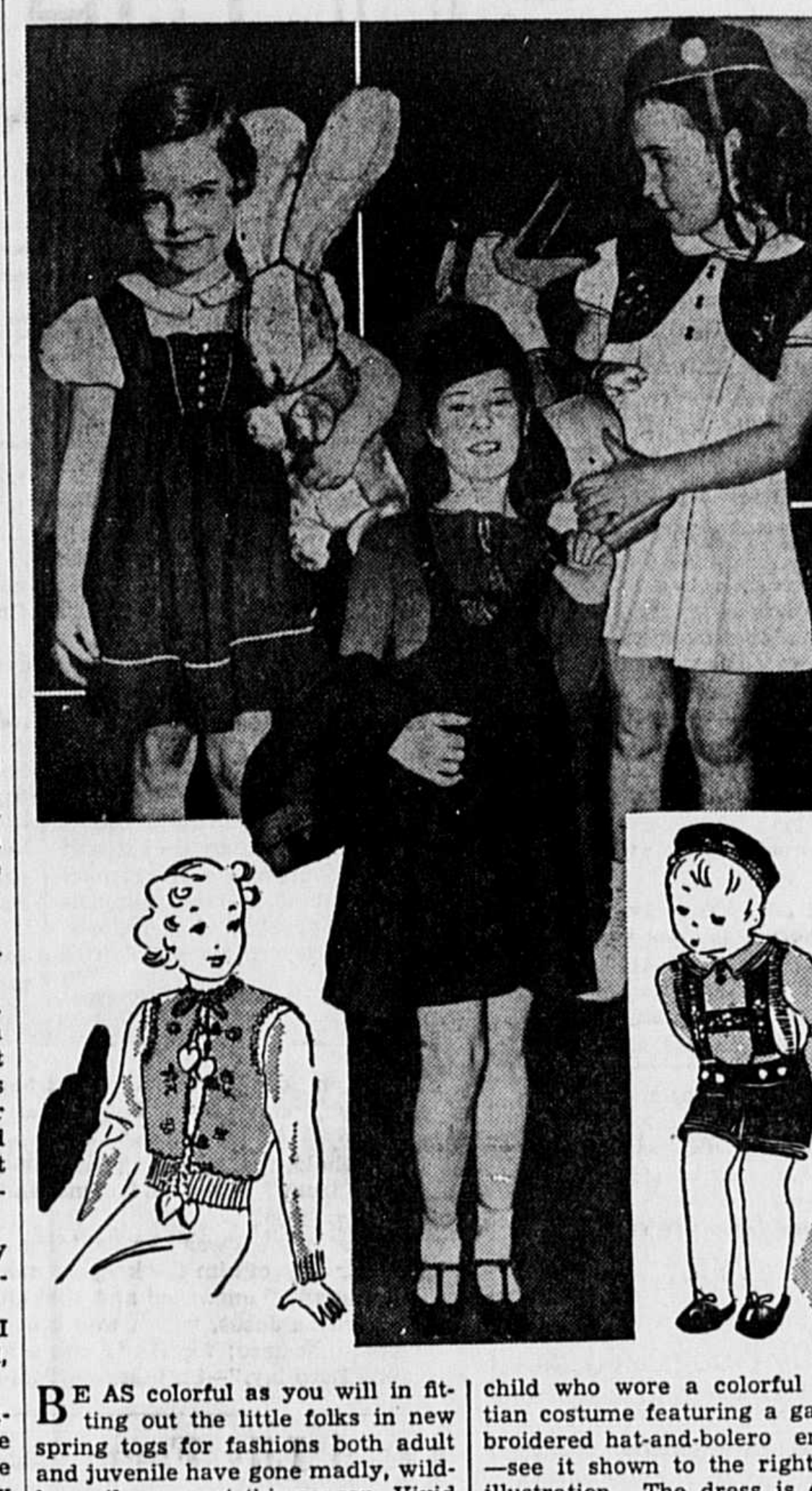
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Island of Monte Cristo

The island of Monte Cristo lies midway between Corsica and Italy, south of the Island of Elba. It was the scene of the successful treasure hunt participated in by Edmund Dantes, one of the Alexander Dumas' heroes.

Peasant Trend in Childs' Clothes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



BE AS colorful as you will in fitting out the little folks in new spring togs for fashions both adult and juvenile have gone madly, wildly, gaily peasant this season. Vivid colors, quaint and naive silhouettes, amusing details, wealth of embroidery done in bright yarns or metal thread, applique of wee posies cut out of gay felt after the manner of Tyrolean and Dalmatian costumes—what more could designers ask in way of inspiration in creating clothes to fit into the scheme of childhood's realm!

It lends to the glamor and romance of this all-pervading peasant influence in costume design for little folks that many of the fashions are authentically reproduced in current style collections. The specialty shops and children's sections in the larger stores are in many instances showing actual reproductions of the picturesque dresses and boleros and gay little hats and caps as worn by the peasant folk of the Tyrol and in Dalmatia. Even when not a faithful copy there is almost sure to be a touch of embroidery or a bright little feather or novel painted buttons or some one accent or another that bespeaks peasant origin.

You can see by the attractive fashions pictured that the younger generation is looking its cunningest in its new peasant-inspired clothes. The enthusiasm of a vast audience knew no bounds when the little folks who modelled these winsome outfits came shyly, prettily, smilingly down the runway at one of the series of breakfast style clinics held recently in the spacious Merchandise Mart in Chicago, that huge structure which is so alive with throngs of merchants, manufacturers, designers, buyers and sight-seeing out-of-town guests the very air vibrates with activity.

No end of applause greeted the child who wore a colorful Dalmatian costume featuring a gaily embroidered hat-and-bolero ensemble—see it shown to the right in our illustration. The dress is of natural colored linen, the bolero in bright blue enlivened with typical Dalmatian embroidery.

Under her Tyrolean coat the older little girl centered in the group wears a typical Tyrolean skirt with embroidered shoulder-strap top together with a sweater in green. Her Scotch cap of blue straw with a green feather complements her princess-cut coat held over her arm. Princess coat plus peasant dress thus do both princess and peasant influences reflect in current vogue. The sweater worn guimpe fashion, is ever so Tyrolean with its touches of bright embroidery at the neckline. This is a fashion of utmost practicality.

The tot with her beloved bunny in arms wears a peasant-type dress of Venetian wine dimity. It is fashioned to create the impression of two pieces. The full skirt suggests the much-talked-of dirndl dress which is being so widely exploited in connection with Austrian peasant fashions. Of course, to catch the true Tyrolean spirit there must be hand-embroidery on the waist which there is together with wee pearl buttons that adorn the front of the dress.

Your young daughter and son may not be twins but if they are to be correctly dressed moderns this spring they'll be costumed alike in gay peasant fashion. Note the youngster sketched below who has gone as authentically Tyrolean as a native in his gaily embroidered suspender suit. Every little girl's wardrobe is supposed to include a sweater. This season sweaters (see the outline sketch) are made irresistibly attractive with colorful yarn-embroidered little flowers.

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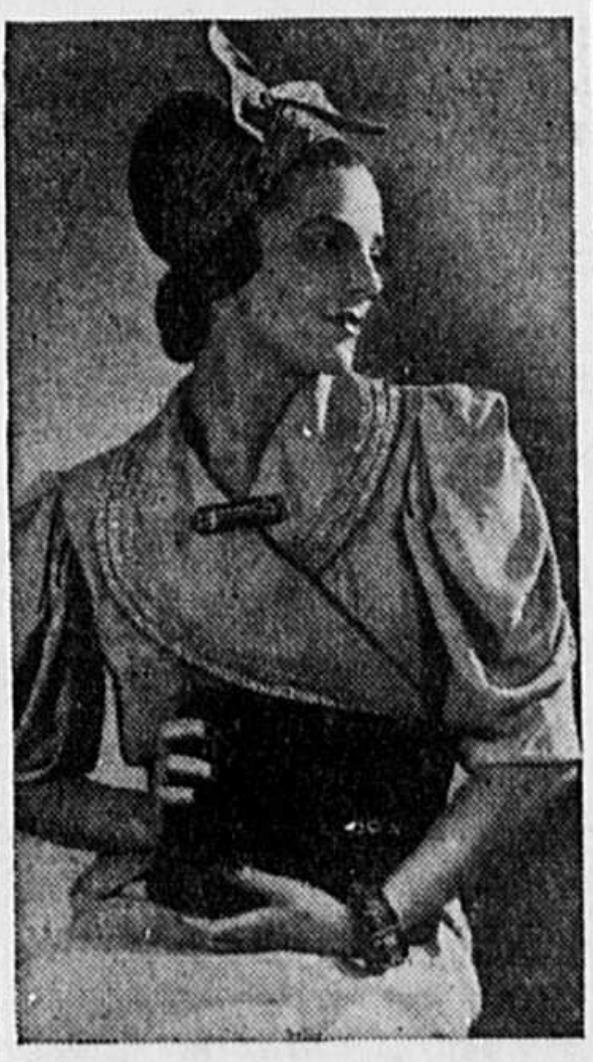
BROWN AND BEIGE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Choose beige for your spring costume, for beige is a fashion-first color on the new season's program. Here is an ultra smart ensemble. This suit is fashioned of lightweight cloth in the new beige for which everybody is calling just now. To give it a high-style accent this young woman chooses to contrast her beige costume with brown tortoise shell catalin jewelry. As our Parisian sisters who are past masters in dress have long pointed out the detail is the real secret in achieving child prestige.

TWO TONES OF ONE COLOR IS LATEST

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Fashion's latest move is to use two tones of one color for the costume ensemble. Per example a navy blue cloth three-piece has the skirt and cape of the navy with a lighter blue for the blouse and the cape lining. In the same manner light gray is worked with dark, brown or perhaps rust with beige, dubonnet with a related pink and sonon.

The light-top dress which is such a general favorite is often designed this season with a skirt of the dark color, the top bodice developing in a lighter tone of the same color.

Then again the scheme is carried through with the suit, say in brown smartened with lighter brown or beige accessories, or in navy with light blue scarf, gloves and perhaps a chiffon scarf veil in the lighter blue on the hat for the scarf hat is very smart style for spring.

Wear Flowers

A flower corsage or boutonniere is almost inevitable this spring with your dress or suit. Smart vogue calls for large flowers to correspond with the huge florals in printed fabrics.

Sports Jewelry

Light, natural colored wood, inset with narrow strips of catalin in four different bright colors provides a really smart accessory for strictly sports clothes.

My Favorite Recipe

By Babe Didriksen
Athlete

Plain Cake.

1 cupful brown sugar
3 teaspoonfuls of boiling water
4 eggs
1 cupful of flour
¼ teaspoonful of cinnamon
Pinch of cloves
Dash of allspice
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Beat the yolks of the eggs and sugar well. Add spices, mixing well. Add boiling water. Sift flour several times, adding the baking powder. Then add the flour and baking powder to the mixture and bake in layer tins ten minutes in a hot oven. This cake is very delicious if made with a date filling between the layers.

Copyright.—WNU Service.

Feathered Cosmeticians

Woodpeckers are surgeons; with their strong, sharp beaks they cut down to the haunts of mischief-makers in the wood and extract them with barbed tongues. But there are other, smaller birds that haunt tree trunks in winter—chickadee, brown creeper, and nuthatch—whose beaks are not stout enough for the woodpecker's drastic technique. These birds simply search crevices and crannies in the bark, prying and digging out insects and small cocoons that may be hibernating there. They are skin specialists — cosmeticians.—Science Service.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets made of May Apple are effective in removing accumulated body waste.—Adv.

Talent and Genius

Talent is that which is in a man's power! Genius is that in whose power a man is.—Lowell.

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