SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—This talk about cutting federal expenditures ten per cent in order to balance the budget is just eyewash, as most folks who know what is going on around Washington will tell you. When first stated it sounds fine, but it doesn't sound so convincing after you begin studying the figures.

In the first place, a considerable part of the total federal expenditures is in the "untouchable" class, to borrow a word from India. For example, the interest on the federal debt. Then there are the payments to veterans, and the payments to farmers, which of course technically do not belong there, but actually — can you imagine a majority of both house and senate voting to curtail payments to farmers?

And any one who thinks that, after all the talk in the last campaign about the government using the money collected in pay roll deductions for old age pensions and unemployment insurance, for ordinary governmental expenditures, congress is going to vote anything like that—so soon—is just ignorant of the ordinary political mental processes.

It finally gets down to the federal pay roll, about $1,500,000,000 a year. Ten per cent of that would be $150,000,000 a year. That would be important money to any other person or agency than the United States government. But it is less than one month's relief bill, at the rate of spending for this year—meaning the year ending June 30 next.

It is perfectly true that the government cut all federal salaries almost fifteen per cent back in 1933, and that the country generally thought it was a pretty good idea. But things were different then. In the first place, most folks outside the government service had been taking cuts, some of them much more drastic than fifteen per cent. More important, people working under private employers had been subject to drastic weeding out processes—the fellow or girl who had kept his job being more or less lucky.

Piteous Wails

So the public attitude was that the government employees, who up to that act of 1933 had not suffered from the 1929 debacle, were particularly favored and privileged class of workers. So when they were subjected to a fifteen per cent cut, though the wails in Washington and some other places were piteous, there was very little public sympathy.

But now! Actually the workers outside, in a considerable percentage if not a majority of cases, have been the beneficiaries of salary and wage boosts, bonuses, and general advancement, not to mention reduction of hours. So that the government clerks are no longer a privileged class. If anything, the contrary.

There is another point, which in sheer logic has nothing to do with the case, but in the human equation figures importantly. At the same time that this salary cut was voted by congress, the compensations and whatnots of the veterans were also cut. Senators and representatives have never been permitted to forget that, nor to cease regretting it. It gave them plenty of trouble at the ensuing election.

Also, at the same time, congress cut the salaries of its own members. Mrs. Senator and Mrs. Representative have not forgotten that! To be perfectly frank, it is a rather unpopular topic. Up on Capitol Hill the subjects are more or less associated in the collective memory, so to speak.

Which brings us back rather forcibly to the idea that if there is going to be economy it is going to come out of relief. But that is another story!

Senators Indignant

A small group of senators is very indignant over a proposed compromise in the neutrality bill, which would exempt the Great Lakes and inland waterways from the cash and carry provisions of the senate bill, and allow just that much of the "discretionary" powers granted the President to which, in the house bill, the senators objected so much.

This group of senators has charged all along that the real purpose of the advocates of giving the President so much "discretionary" power was to leave the United States government free in all international difficulties to co-operate, if it wished, with the British empire. In fact, they have been naming particular men, notably, Norman H. Davis, as desiring an accord between the English speaking countries which, the senators feared, would almost surely drift into an alliance in the event of another World war.

They point out that this proposed compromise is very definitely in the interest of the British, since most of the traffic so exempted from the cash and carry provisions of the senate bill would be on the Great Lakes. As only two countries, the United States and Canada, border on these lakes, the discrimination, they point out, is manifestly in the interest of Canada.

But this discrimination is of no value to Canada, merely as Canada, they insist, but only to Canada as a part of the British empire.

They admit that the same sort of discrimination would be important if a war can be imagined in which Mexico is one of the belligerents, but in which the United States is neutral. The exemption affecting the Great Lakes would also affect the Rio Grande river.

Not Important

But this, the objecting senators insist, is not important; first, because it is difficult to imagine a situation in which it could figure, and second, the width of the Rio Grande along most of its course is not really a problem anyhow.

Defenders of the discrimination in favor of Great Lakes traffic point out that after all the object of the proposed law is to keep the United States out of entanglements—not primarily to prevent war supplies being exported from the United States.

The objection to permitting American ships to carry on the high seas supplies (other than arms, ammunition and implements of war which are specifically embargoed at the outbreak of the war anyhow) is that enemy submarines might torpedo them, or enemy warships capture them. Either would involve the United States in the same sort of difficulty with the belligerent figuring in the episode that involved it with Germany during the period of American neutrality in the World war.

On the Great Lakes, they point out, there would be no hostile war vessels. The goods would be bound from United States ports to Canadian ports. Every one might know that they were bound ultimately for another destination—perhaps to one of the belligerents—but there would be no opportunity for any "incident" to arise which might embroil the United States in whatever international conflict was going on at the time.

On the whole, however, the "compromise" seems to have been a sweeping victory for the senators who fought and won, in their branch of congress, the fight for the cash and carry neutrality program.

Labor Relations Board

Operating almost in a vacuum, as far as public interest was concerned, until the decision of the Supreme court held it constitutional, the labor relations board actually has been formulating policy and setting up something destined now, apparently, to become one of the most all pervading branches of the federal government.

In the eighteen months of its existence, during which nearly everyone believed that it was only temporary—would be thrown out the window by the high court—the board has decided no less than 135 cases. A study of these decisions, as well as the statements and interviews and speeches — never given any prominence because of the conviction of editors as well as business men that it just wouldn't last—gives a fair cross section of the men whose interpretation and administration of the law is now so important.

Following the example of the courts, the board has adopted the policy of expressing no opinions interpretative of the act until the particular case that might be in question should be brought before it. For that reason J. Warren Madden, chairman, and the other members, Edwin S. Smith and Donald Wakefield Smith, are not in a position to answer many of the inquiries that have been pouring in since the constitutionality of the act under which the board is operating has been upheld.

One question frequently asked is whether an employer has the right under the act to appeal for an election to decide with which group of his employees he should deal. It can be stated that the board feels that management should not concern itself in any way with the determination of employee representatives. Its feeling is that such action would be contrary to the words "free choice" as used in the act, and would tend to unrest.

Find Limitations

The board recognizes many limitations in the scope of the act. It recognizes it can intervene only in disputes which may burden or obstruct commerce. Such of these disputes as it may enter, must, in turn, be confined to those arising out of an employer's denial of the workers' right to organize and bargain collectively.

It may surprise many to know that the board does not feel that it can concern itself with the normal purpose of organizations—disputes over wages, hours, and other terms of employment. The board does not believe its functions embrace arbitration, conciliation, or even mediation.

Some critics think the attitude of the board is very one-sided, but the board does not feel that it is set up to protect the employer—but only the employee. It does not think the employer needs any protection.

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The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

BEDTIME STORY by Thornton W. Burgess

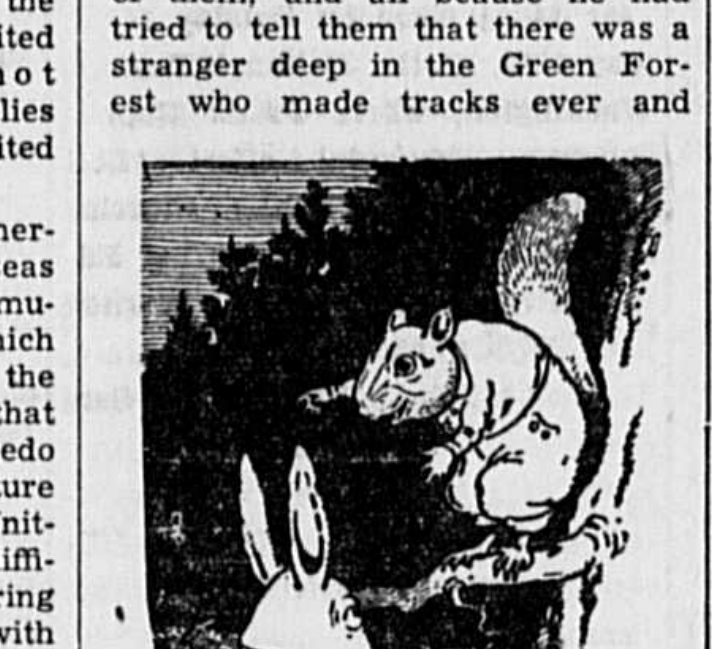
EVERYBODY TEASES PETER RABBIT

"HAD any more dreams, Peter?"

"Tell us about those tracks again!"

"Better find out what's the matter with your eyes, Peter. They see too much!"

This was what Peter heard every time he met any of his friends. They all laughed at him, every one of them, and all bcause he had tried to tell them that there was a stranger deep in the Green Forest who made tracks ever and ever so much bigger than those of Bowser the Hound. No one ever had heard of such a thing in the Green Forest, and no one believed Peter. At first they thought he was joking, but when he grew indignant and they saw how very earnest he was they thought that he had been frightened and had imagined that the tracks were a great deal bigger than they really were. Of course they were made by Bowser the Hound, and timid Peter had just thought that they were bigger and different. That's what everybody thought.



"Better Find Out What's the Matter With Your Eyes, Peter. They See Too Much."

So whenever they saw him they teased him until it got so that Peter wouldn't stick his head out of the dear Old Briar Patch until after dark. You see, he didn't like being teased and laughed at. No one does. Of course not. But it was great fun for the others. Once Jimmy Skunk came to the edge of the Old Briar Patch and pretended to be terribly excited.

"I've found some tracks, great big ones, down on the Green Meadows," he cried. "Come with me, Peter, and see if they are like the ones that you saw in the Green Forest."

Right away Peter was quite as excited as Jimmy seemed to be, and he hurried to follow Jimmy down across the Green Meadows, which, you know, were not green then at all, but all covered with snow. Peter was so excited he didn't know what to do. It seemed to him that Jimmy Skunk, who, you know, never hurries, moved slower than ever. "What did I tell you, Jimmy Skunk? Now, perhaps, you'll believe me the next time I tell you a thing," he whispered as they drew near the place where Jimmy said the tracks were.

"Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jimmy Skunk. "There are your tracks of the Green Forest, Peter Rabbit. Look at them, so that next time you will know them. Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha!"

But Peter was too disappointed and too angry to say a word. He just turned his back on Jimmy Skunk and started back for the Old Briar Patch as fast as he could go.

"I don't care," Peter would say over and over to himself when he was alone. "I did see those tracks, and there is a stranger in the Green Forest, and he has got terrible great claws. I wouldn't go up there again for anything! No, sir, I wouldn't go up there again if I was starving and there was no food anywhere, but there. I—I do wish that somebody would believe me."

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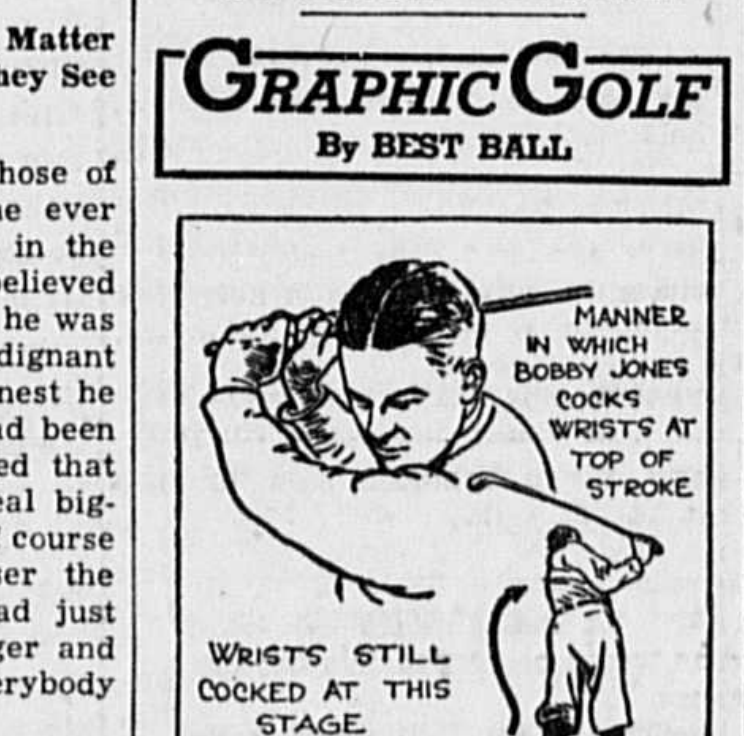
GRAPHIC GOLF

By BEST BALL



MANNER IN WHICH BOBBY JONES COCKS WRISTS AT TOP OF STROKE
WRISTS STILL COCKED AT THIS STAGE OF DOWNSTROKE

MORE WRIST COCK—SMOOTHER SWINGING

IN THE larger illustration above Bobby Jones has reached the extent of his upstroke and body turn. At this point Jones' back is presented to the hole, his left hip is well around to the right and his wrists are cocked in the manner so typical of many others of the golfing greats. Jones, however, does not stop his wrist cock at this point. By allowing the fingers of his left hand to relax a trifle, the clubhead dips below the horizontal and gives a greater measure of cock to the wrists. This not only gives him the chance to put more power into the final speeding up of the clubhead but serves another purpose. As the left hip turns to the left on the downswing it exerts a pulling pressure on the left arm. By this method of allowing a further dip to the clubhead, Jones is able to take up any shock or sudden downward momentum, through this left arm pull, and bring the clubhead down in a slower, smoother fashion. In the lower, smaller illustration Jones' hands have nearly reached the halfway downswing mark yet his wrists are still cocked. In fact they will stay cocked about two-thirds of the way down, when they will unleash their power, reaching a climax at impact.

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World's Youngest Veterinarian

Virginia Knowles believes in looking into things. She's looking into a microscope here as she examines animal bacteria, but she spends most of her time looking into ailments of domestic animals. Virginia, who is twelve, has been a student under her veterinarian father for six years at the pet hospital that bears the Knowles family name in Miami, Fla. She is specializing in the study of animal skin diseases.

A BABE IS BORN

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

A BABE is born, and life begins
With trouble, though it's only pins.
Already culture hovers o'er him
And clothing has provided for him.
If he has been so ill-advised.
He happens to the civilized,
Conspiring persons on the quiet
Already start to plot his diet.

The babe, the boy, and then the man,
They civilize him all they can.
He must have certain fixed persuasions,
And certain clothes for some occasions.
Created in the image of
His God, or something else above,
He soon becomes, while Satan chortles,
The image of all other mortals.

The babe becomes, of many a thing,
A subject, who should be a king,
And life, that should be all enjoyment,
Becomes his regular employment.
And then some day he lays it down,
A stranger in some crowded town,
And often wonders, when it's ended,
If that was just what God intended.

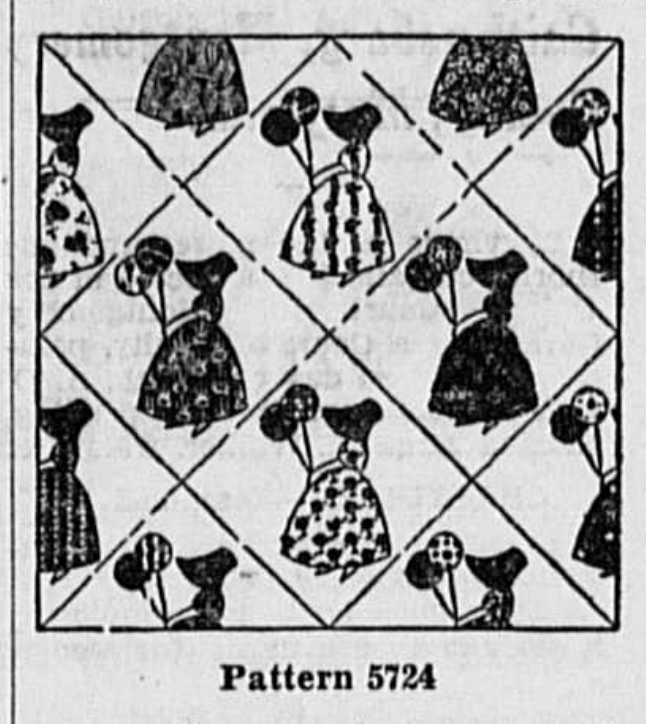
© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

Leading Cork-Producing Area

Cadiz is one of the ports for the world's leading cork - producing area, southwestern Spain and Portugal. Piles of bark, stripped skillfully every nine years from the evergreen cork-oak tree, are hauled through the streets of the ancient white city to docks along the well-inclosed harbor.

Sunbonnet Girls to Applique on a Quilt

So quaint, so colorful—these adorable "Sunbonnet" maidens with their bobbing balloons—you won't be able to wait to applique them on a quilt! The block measures 9 inches. Here's a long-looked-for opportunity to utilize those gay scraps you've been saving. You



Pattern 5724

can use the same design on scarfs and pillows and so complete a bedroom ensemble. The patches are simple in form—you'll find the work goes quickly. In pattern 5724 you will find the Block Chart, an illustration for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Mail Service in Alaska

Alaska is the show place of mail service, the last frontier, the region of the greatest variety of mail transportation in the world. There one may see the mail carried by railroad, wheeled horse vehicles, horse sleds, dog sleds, reindeer sleds, by men on foot and on snowshoes, by steamboat, gasoline boat, the white man's rowboat, the Eskimo kayak and the airplane.—Washington Post.

Why Laxatives Fail In Stubborn Constipation

Twelve to 24 hours is too long to wait when relief from clogged bowels and constipation is needed, for then enormous quantities of bacteria accumulate, causing GAS, indigestion and many restless, sleepless nights.

If you want REAL, QUICK RELIEF, take a liquid compound such as Adlerika. Adlerika contains SEVEN cathartic and carminative ingredients that act on the stomach and BOTH bowels. Most "overnight" laxatives contain one ingredient that acts on the lower bowel only.

Adlerika's DOUBLE ACTION gives your system a thorough cleansing, bringing out old poisonous waste matter that may have caused GAS pains, sour stomach, headaches and sleepless nights for months.

Adlerika relieves stomach GAS at once and usually removes bowel congestion in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight results. This famous treatment has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. Take Adlerika one-half hour before breakfast or one hour before bedtime and in a short while you will feel marvelously refreshed. At all Leading Druggists.

Books Are Company

If you can entertain yourself, you are fortified against many a long evening without company. Try the companionship of books.

To Women:

If you suffer every month you owe it to yourself to take note of Cardui and find out whether it will benefit you.

Functional pains of menstruation have, in many, many cases, been eased by Cardui. And where malnutrition (poor nourishment) had taken away women's strength, Cardui has been found to increase the appetite, improve digestion and in that way help to build up a natural resistance to certain useless suffering. (Where Cardui fails to benefit, consult a physician.)

Ask your druggist for Cardui — (pronounced "Card-u-i.")

Show Intelligence

You don't hear babies using the baby talk that grown people utter to them.

"Black Leaf 40"

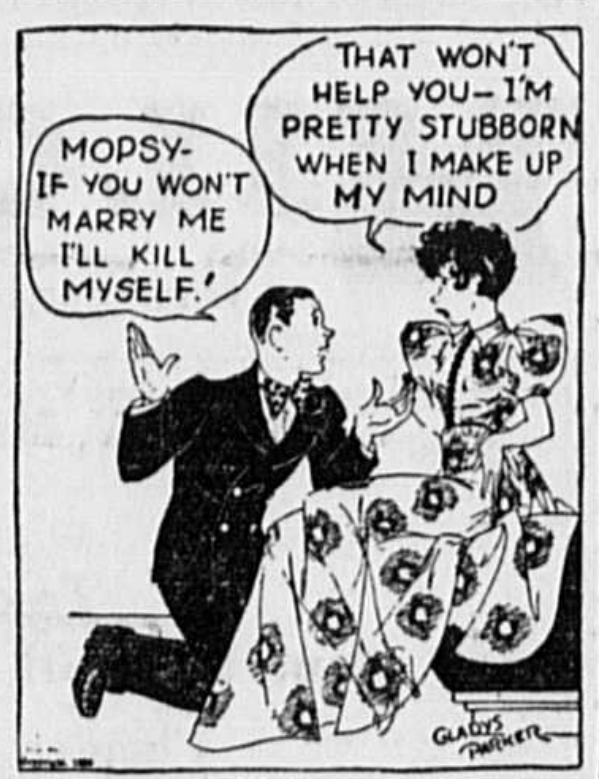
KILLS INSECTS
ON FLOWERS • FRUITS
VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

3644

WNU—4 19—37

In NEW YORK
60 Seconds from Penn Sta.
• OPPOSITE MACY'S
• FIREPROOF
$1.50 per day
DOUBLE $2.50
Special Weekly Rates
HOTEL YORK
7th AVE. at 36th ST.

MOPSY



MOPSY- IF YOU WON'T MARRY ME I'LL KILL MYSELF.'
THAT WON'T HELP YOU— I'M PRETTY STUBBORN WHEN I MAKE UP MY MIND
GLADYS PARKER

WNU Service.

First Aid to the Ailing House

—By—
Roger B. Whitman

REPAIRING A GARAGE

NOT long ago a friend told me that the doors of his one-car frame garage were beginning to stick; that he was having more and more trouble in opening and closing them. We examined the garage together, and found that the trouble lay in the rotting of the bottom of the post on one side of the door opening — a timber four inches square. The garage floor was concrete, but at that particular spot water had collected, and the bottom of the post was rotted to such an extent that the whole corner of the garage was beginning to settle.

To repair the damage, we screwed a 2-foot length of a 2 x 4 to the post, with the bottom 18 inches or so above the floor and well above the rotted portion. Putting an automobile jack under this screwed-on piece, we raised the post to its original position, in which the doors opened and closed freely. We then cut off the rotted portion, and replaced it with concrete. For this we built a box of light wood, about 6 inches square inside, directly under the 4 x 4 door-post. This we filled with concrete, using a mixture of 1 part cement, 3 parts of sand, and 6 parts of gravel, with only enough water to make a thick mixture. The box was filled full, so that the concrete came up to the cut-off bottom of the door-post. After three days, the box was removed, and the jack worked to let the door-post come down on its new base. This movement was hardly one-half inch. Protected by the concrete, there is no chance that there will be any further rotting. Later, my friend did the same thing to the post on the other side of the door frame.

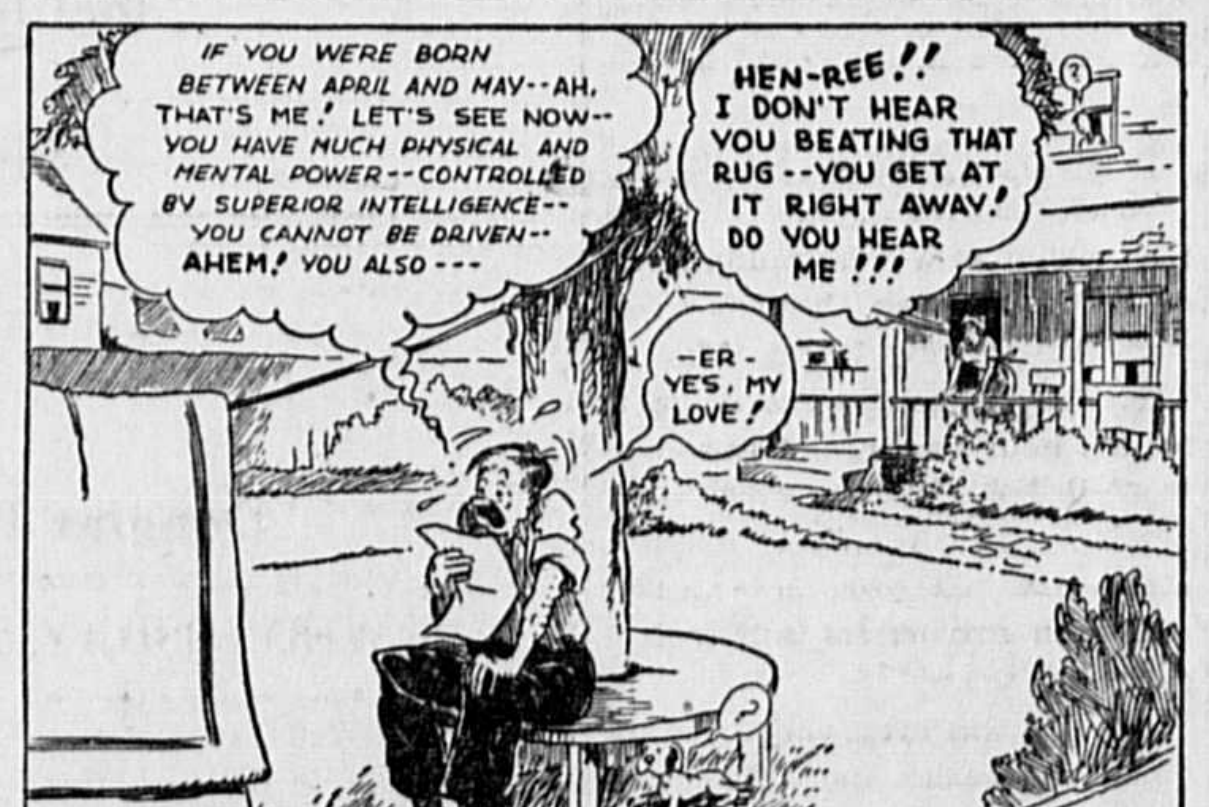
The doors of my garage swing outward. In a heavy storm the catch of one of them slipped, and its door was slammed so hard that the horizontal pieces at the top and in the center were broken away from the vertical side piece to which the hinges are attached. At first it seemed that a new door would be required; but before going to this expense, a repair was made that has now stood for four years. The main part of the door was blocked up and the horizontal pieces forced tightly against the vertical side piece. Two 1-inch holes were bored into the edge of the door—through the hinged side piece, and into the end of the horizontal top piece. Two similar holes were also bored through the side piece and into the end of the horizontal piece in the center of the door. One-inch dowels of hardwood were then driven into these holes, and secured by nails. This repair was a complete success. Instead of being put to the expense of a new door, the cost was for four feet of dowel, a few nails, and less than an hour of labor.

© By Roger B. Whitman
WNU Service.

Rose Point Lace

The pattern of rose point lace is faithfully copied in this unusual print on black silk crepe. The borders of the print form double panels down the front of the dress, which is buttoned from neck to hem. The rest of the dress has spaced motifs of the lace design.

Love, Honor and Obey



IF YOU WERE BORN BETWEEN APRIL AND MAY--AH, THAT'S ME.' LET'S SEE NOW-- YOU HAVE MUCH PHYSICAL AND MENTAL POWER--CONTROLLED BY SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE-- YOU CANNOT BE DRIVEN-- AHEM! YOU ALSO---
HEN-REE!! I DON'T HEAR YOU BEATING THAT RUG--YOU GET AT IT RIGHT AWAY! DO YOU HEAR ME!!!
-ER- YES, MY LOVE!
JOE JAY

TRUE BY THE SUN

By Lida Larrimore

W.N.U. SERVICE
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CHAPTER XII—Continued

—17—

"You're a pal," Jim said gently. "But you must go to the wedding. Go up and take a nap. The wedding isn't until six. You'll have time enough. I want to see Tommy."

Susan went off toward the house, pausing on the veranda steps to call back to Jim. "Can I come to the cottage after the wedding," she asked, "and bring you some cake?"

"I'll probably be sleeping. You can put it under my pillow." He smiled and waved his hand.

The smile vanished as Jim walked on around the side of the house. His prospective interview with Tommy was no smiling matter.

Tommy was writing at a card-table set up under the purple beech at the far end of the lawn. He glanced up as Jim approached, his face lighting with interest and excitement.

"Hi!" he called, knocking a box of stationery off the table in the colt-like exuberance of his welcome. "They let you out all right, didn't they? I knew Dad could fix it. I knew that even state cops can't put anything over on Dad."

Jim was amazed. He had expected to find Tommy either terrified and evasive or dramatically remorseful and tragic.

"Tommy," he asked gravely, "did you take Cecily's car last night?"

The question, obviously, had a staggering effect.

"Did I take it?" he asked. "You mean did I—?"

"Exactly," Jim continued. "Did you take Dolly driving last night in Cecily's car?"

"Me? Gosh no, Jim!" In Tommy's startled countenance amazement and passionate protest were convincingly blended. "I didn't know anything about what happened last night until Cecily told us this morning. Gosh, Jim, did you think I ran off and left her when she was hurt? I mean you'd have to have thought that if you thought I did it. Nobody would be as low as that. Nobody would."

"Somebody did," Jim said. "Where were you last night?"

Tommy's expression altered. He slumped down in the chair at the table.

"Oh just around," he said, displaying, for the first time, a suggestion of the evasion which Jim had expected.

"This is important," Jim said sternly. "You've got to tell me."

"I had a date," Tommy mumbled and then in tone of justified indignation, "What's the idea of ribbing me?" he asked. "Haven't I got a right to have a date if I want to?"

"You're concealing something," Jim said sternly.

Tommy flushed. "Well, if you've got to know—" he said, "I had a date with the girl who's visiting Betty Beach."

Jim was relieved.

"Why did you try to make a mystery of that?" he asked.

Tommy's hands fidgeted with objects on the table.

"I took her out in the Pierce," he said. "Now, I suppose you'll have to tell Dad. What does he expect? I can't take a smooth number like Carol out in the station wagon. I suppose you'll consider it your sacred duty to tell Dad, though," he added expectantly.

"At the moment," Jim said wearily, "your taking the Pierce seems relatively unimportant."

Tommy brightened.

"She's a smooth number," he said dreamily. "She went home this morning."

"And you're writing to her already?"

"Well, I thought I'd better sign her up for the Thanksgiving dance at school. She has lots of dates."

Jim sighed and smiled, amused for the moment.

"You're a perennial Romeo," he said. "I thought you'd stopped writing letters to young ladies."

"Carol's different." Tommy looked down at the table, fitted the cap of a fountain pen on and off, his expression sober, a little embarrassed. "You know, Jim," he said, "I don't believe Dolly would have made a fuss about those letters."

"No," Jim said, seeing Dolly with painful vividness for an instant, Dolly sparkling behind the soda bar in the drug-store, Dolly lying on the stretcher in the flooding radiance of the headlights, so small and so still. "No," he repeated, "Dolly wouldn't have made a fuss."

"I think she was just kidding me," Tommy continued.

"I was kidding you, Tommy. I thought being uncertain about what she might do, would make you work. It was entirely my own idea."

"Well, I'll be—!" Tommy gave indications of exploding with indignation. All at once he laughed, instead. "That was pretty smart," he said. "I don't mind because Mr. Jordan thinks I'll pass the re-exams all right and I had money enough on account of working with you to show Carol a pretty good time." He roused, momentarily, from his absorption in a new and exciting romance. "Jim," he asked, "who did take Dolly driving in Cecily's car last night?"

"I don't know." Weariness, an urgent need for sleep, crept over Jim, dulling his senses, confusing him.

"MacPherson has questioned everyone on the place. The men have water-tight alibis. It's possible that an outsider might have come in and taken the car. Ralph is careless about locking the garage. That theory is hardly probable, though. Dolly is the only one who could tell us and Dolly is conscious only for a moment now and then. It would be dangerous to attempt to question her. The matter of greatest importance to all of us is that Dolly shall have every possible chance to get well."

"It was a rotten trick! And you thought it was me." Tommy said reproachfully. "That's what hurts me, Jim."

"I'm sorry, old man." Jim extended his hand. "You see I thought of those letters. I blamed myself for letting you think the preposterous thing you did think. Can you forgive me?"

"Oh, sure." Tommy wrung the hand Jim extended. "And don't you worry. Dad will be here tomorrow. He'll find out who did it. Dad's pretty smart. Don't you worry, Jim."

"I'm not going to worry. I'm going to sleep. I feel as though I'd been hit in the head."

Jim left Tommy to the composition of his letter under the purple beech. He walked up and across the lawn, thinking only of getting to bed as quickly as possible. Cecily hailed him from the garden. Jim saw that Clyde was with her.

"Wait a minute," she called. "I want to talk to you, Jim!"

She came up to him, a flat basket of asters and cosmos held in the crook of her elbow. Jeremy followed her closely.

"These are for the wedding decorations," Cecily said, indicating the flowers. "I promised Mrs. Patton to send them over and I forgot them this morning."

"Let somebody else take care of them," Jim said. "You ought to be getting a nap."

"I know." She sighed. "I'm simply dead. I'll look like the ghost at the feast. Oh well, it's a bridesmaid's first duty to look less radiant than the bride."

"I hope you can persuade her to go to bed," Jeremy said with a note of concern in his voice. "She won't listen to me."

Jim, surprised at the statement, glanced at Jeremy. He had the white and shaken look which Jim had observed that morning at the hearing.

"You look as though you didn't sleep well last night," he said, returning the amiability surprisingly extended. "And I'm completely out. How about a nap all around?"

The suggestion had been innocuous, a mere exchange of civilities. The words had no underlying motive or purpose. Their effect upon Jeremy puzzled Jim for an instant, then tore in a lightning streak through the weariness dulling his senses. Clyde! Why hadn't he thought of that? The casual remark had brought into Jeremy's eyes a sudden expression of terror.

"Have you heard from the hospital since this morning, Jim?" Cecily asked.

"MacPherson called about an hour ago." Did he imagine it or was Clyde waiting in breathless suspense for his reply. "There's been no decided change," he continued. "The physicians in charge of the case are extremely apprehensive. Dolly is conscious only now and then."

Cecily sighed, looked up at Jim with a faint encouraging smile. "Father will be here in the morning," she said. "I dread this wedding. The morning papers hadn't the story, merely a brief police report."

"I wouldn't worry about that, darling," Jeremy said soothingly. "The countryside has been too greatly absorbed in the wedding to read papers today. You're completely exhausted, Cecily." He took the basket from her. "You've time enough to sleep for an hour, at least. See you again, Fielding."

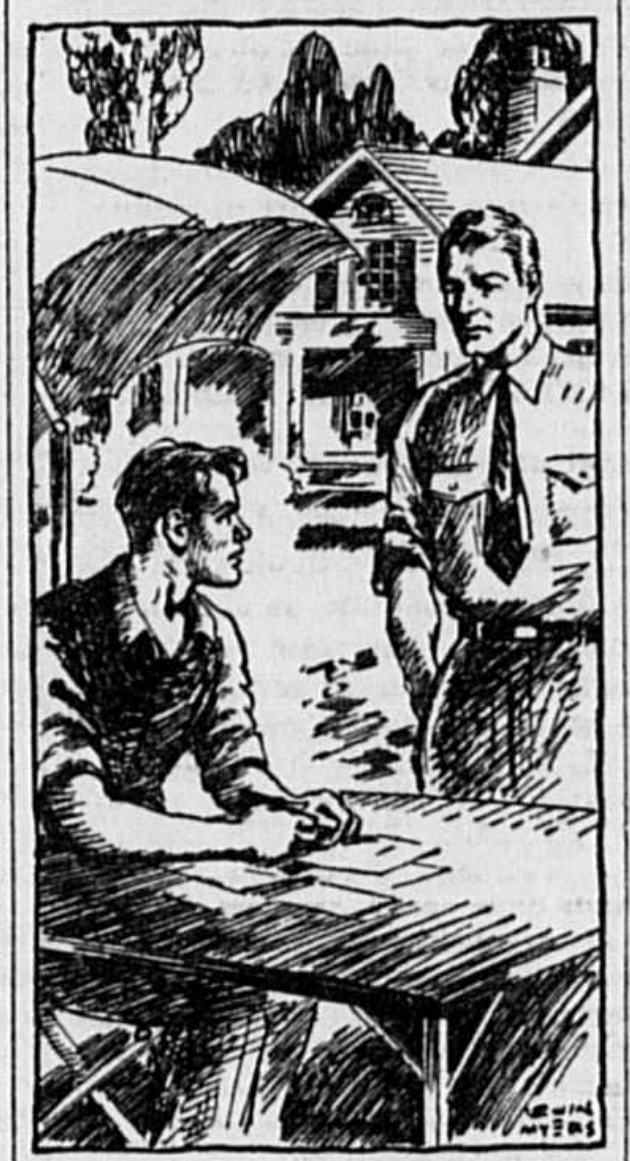
Cecily smiled back over her shoulder at Jim as Jeremy, his hand on her arm, led her toward the house. Jim watched them go in through the side door, then continued on his way to the cottage, thinking, fitting fragments together, growing more and more convinced that it was Clyde who had taken Cecily's car last night, that it was he who had left Dolly—dying perhaps—at the side of the road.

Why hadn't he thought of it before, he asked himself, lying wide awake on his bed, lighting one cigarette after another in sheer nervous excitement as the fragments of the story fitted neatly together and suspicion became certainty. Jeremy was angry last night because he had not been included in the festivities which had been arranged for the wedding party. He had taken Cecily's car from the garage, had picked Dolly up somewhere and persuaded her to ride with him. He might have been drinking. That wasn't important. Cecily had spoken of Jerry's unreliable driving. Or Dolly, herself, alarmed at the speed at which the car had torn along the winding road, might have grabbed the wheel.

When the car crashed, Jeremy had not been hurt. He had probably tried, unsuccessfully, to rouse Dolly, and discovering that they were near the riding academy, had gone there for help.

Was it Jeremy who had knocked at the door? Jim made a concentrated effort to remember precisely what had happened at the moment. He'd been aroused. The voice which had called had not sounded familiar. But then he'd been only half awake. It might have been Clyde. What would Clyde have done if he, Jim, had been awake and had recognized him?

Since Jim hadn't seen him, Jeremy had taken advantage of the unexpected opportunity to keep himself out of the mess. Jim saw, in imagination, Jeremy hiding somewhere near the office, watching him as he opened the door, as he located the car in the side road from the fence at the rear of the grounds and set off across the fields. Knowing that Jim would find Dolly, hoping, perhaps, that Jim would be held responsible for the accident, Jeremy had walked back to "Meadowbrook" and gone to bed.



"I Had a Date With the Girl Who's Visiting Betty Beach."

It all fitted together. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Because his certainty that Tommy had taken the car had precluded any other theory; because even now that he was sure Jeremy had done it he couldn't make it seem plausible. How did he think he could get away with a thing like that? Even if no one had seen him take the car, if no one had seen him all evening, didn't he know that when Dolly regained consciousness the truth would be revealed? Or was he hoping that Dolly would not regain consciousness?

That was the truth of the matter, of course. Jeremy was counting on the possibility of Dolly dying without regaining consciousness, in which case, he would be secure. But it wasn't possible, Jim thought. No one would do a thing like that.

Jeremy was terrified. His entire future had been at stake. He had seen himself in certain danger of losing Cecily, her father's support, his professional advancement. It was possible. People were constantly taking chances equally dishonorable.

Yes, Clyde had taken Cecily's car. But how could he prove it? He was fairly certain that no one had suspected Jeremy, the MacPhersons, Cecily—

Cecily—! For the first time Jim considered the certain effect upon Cecily of any proof of Jeremy's guilt. She would be completely crushed. He knew that she was terribly in love with him. Yes, terribly was the word. Recalling her confidences, recalling the lighted look of happiness she'd had when Jeremy first came to "Meadowbrook," Jim groaned and tossed restlessly on the bed.

Cecily—! He recalled her defense of him early this morning in the state troopers' headquarters at Chestertown. He'd loved her so, then. He loved her now. He would love her always.

But he wasn't a hero of romantic fiction. He wasn't a Sidney Carton going nobly to the guillotine to insure the happiness of the woman he loved. No heroic gesture which he might make would insure Cecily's happiness. If — when Dolly returned to consciousness, Cecily would know the truth. If Dolly died and no suspicion fell upon Jeremy, his own guilty conscience would make impossible any continued happiness in his relation to Cecily. He hadn't the stamina to live a lie, consistently day after day. Sometime he would go to pieces. Cecily would know eventually.

CHAPTER XIII

Mrs. MacPherson came into the living-room from the kitchen and MacPherson left the door - yard where he was unpacking a box of bulbs as Jim walked down stairs.

"Are you feeling better?" Mrs. MacPherson asked, directing an anxious glance at Jim.

"Much better," Jim said cheerfully. He glanced at the clock. "Ten o'clock! Good heavens! Have I slept since yesterday afternoon?"

"You needed sleep," MacPherson said. "I drove over to the riding place about half past eight. Everything seems to be going well."

"Thank you," Jim said.

"I'll get you some breakfast." Mrs. MacPherson bustled off toward the kitchen. "It won't take a minute."

Jim turned to MacPherson. "Have you heard from the hospital?" he asked.

"I called half an hour ago," MacPherson replied. "The girl's condition is more hopeful. She was conscious for a short time this morning."

"Did she talk?" Jim asked eagerly. "Did she speak of the accident?"

"I don't know. They don't tell you much—over the telephone, at least."

"Would they let me see her?"

"No," MacPherson replied. "I asked the question. They aren't letting anyone see her—not even her family. There's nothing to do but wait, lad, as patiently as you can."

"I know." Jim paced restlessly back and forth across the floor. "Patience isn't my long suit. It's vital, of course, that Dolly shall not be annoyed."

MacPherson nodded. "Miss Katherine called last night," he said.

"Kay called? How did she know?"

"There was a fairly full account of the accident in the papers last evening. Do you want to see them?"

"Not now. I suppose they put the hooks into me?"

MacPherson nodded, his face troubled and kindly.

"'It is alleged.' The testimony of witnesses point to the conclusion—" he broke off abruptly. "Was Kay awfully upset?"

"Considerably. She said one of the babies wasn't well but she'd come anyway, if you wanted her. I told her to wait for a day or two. Mister Victor asked me if money or a lawyer was needed. He said to do anything we thought should be done and he would be responsible for the expense."

"Stout fella, Vic!" Jim said, with feeling. "I hope we won't need to accept his offer. Vic has done enough for me." He glanced at the clock again. "Has Mr. Vaughn arrived?"

"Not yet. He should be here in an hour or so."

"Breakfast is ready, Jamie," Mrs. MacPherson called.

She had set a table on the veranda. The weather was pleasant, clear and crisp, warmed by the mellow sunshine of late September. Jim ate the abundant breakfast with relish. The MacPhersons sat near him, watching him as he ate, surrounding him with a kindly protecting atmosphere of loyalty and affection.

"You knew the girl rather well, didn't you?" Mrs. MacPherson asked.

"Dolly? Yes," Jim replied soberly. "I took her out to dance or to ride several times this summer."

"I can't understand it," Mrs. MacPherson worried. "After seeing her parents, I can't understand how you could have been interested in the girl."

"Her parents?" Jim asked quickly. "Have they been here?"

"Now Bessie—" MacPherson said warningly.

Mrs. MacPherson bristled at her husband, projecting invisible quills like a porcupine whose young was in imminent danger. "Oh, go on, Andy!" she said, exasperation in her voice. "Jamie will have to know some time. He might as well hear it from us." She turned to Jim, her eyes snapping, her fresh color higher than usual. "The girl's father and mother came out last night, looking for you. He's a scrawny little man with a long wrinkled red neck. Reminded me of a turkey-gobbler, especially when he began to make a noise. The mother looks like a pink silk sofa cushion that needs to be laundered. Fat and soft and dingy and covered with powder."

"She's Dolly's step-mother," Jim said. "What did they want?"

"They talked about horse-whipping and hanging," Mrs. MacPherson continued indignantly. "At least the father did. She just whimpered and daubed at her eyes and sniffed a bottle of smelling-salts. I opened all the doors and windows as soon as they left. Between that woman's powder and smelling salts and an onion smell and some sort of stuff the man had on his hair, I guess, you couldn't have gotten your breath."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

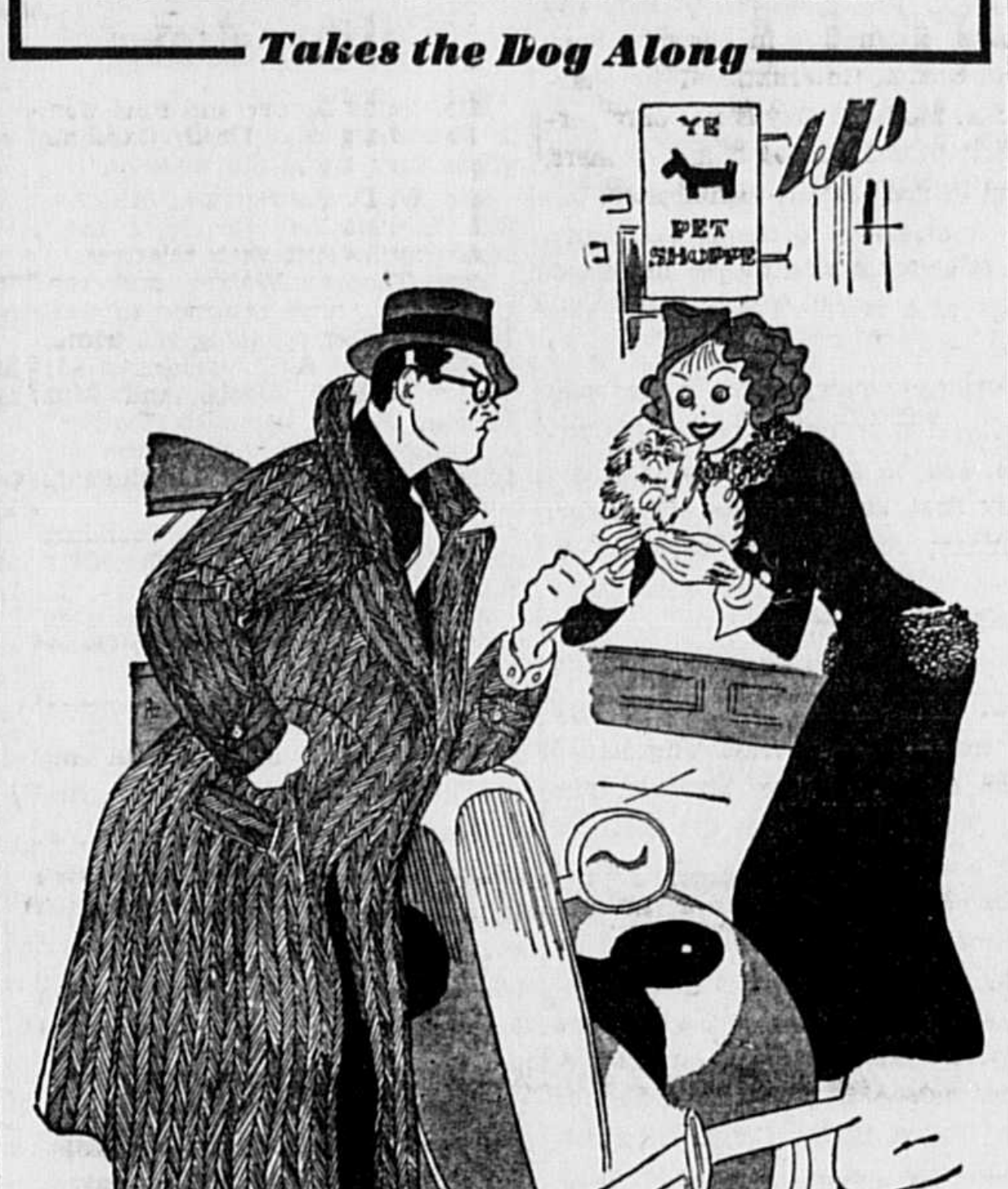
Named for John Hancock

Hancock county, Ohio, organized March 1, 1828, was named for John Hancock. One of the military roads of the War of 1812 passed through this county and Fort Findlay, named for Colonel Findlay, was established.

The Rogues' Gallery

NEIL STAFFORD

Takes the Dog Along



"What's that?" I asked. "Our new dog," said she.

By NEIL STAFFORD

I HAVE been looking into the statistics, Department of Commerce, tourist and dog division, and come upon the following reports. Out of every 25 touring families, including those in trailers, 24 of them leave the family dog at home and write back asking how he is. The other family takes the dog along, thus storing up plenty of trouble for everybody.

We were half way through our last and most recent motor tour, the missus and myself and had about 3,000 miles to go and at that point, we carried no dog. Our regular dog was safely at home, waiting for us to return. Out of a clear sky, the missus decided she was lonely and wanted a new dog and before you could say Doberman Pincher, she bought one and appeared with it on her arm. It was an underslung Peke, eight weeks old, eight inches long and one of a litter of four.

How We Got the Pup.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Our new dog," said she.

"Well, it's too young, as anyone can see. You take it back to its mother and sisters. Otherwise it will die of loneliness."

"You know nothing of puppies," explained the missus and she definitely refused to take it back. So we have a new pup, eight weeks old.

"Is it your intention to try and take that pup home with us in the motor car?" I ventured to inquire.

"Certainly."

"Three thousand miles!"

"A Peke doesn't care where it is. Pekes like motor cars. You drive and I will take care of the dog."

Rolling Stones Gather Moss.

That was an idle dream. At once I began to discover why sensible persons never tour with a young dog in the car. My own luggage consisted of a kit bag, a golf bag, two small zippers and a typewriter in its modest case.

The missus had a couple of bags and a couple of boxes and that's all, there being excess space in the back of the car. But after we started rolling west, we commenced adding items and the car slowly filled with strange objects, none of which had any real part in a motor trip. First, we had to pause in a large city and buy a dog-basket made of wickerware.

"What for?" I naturally inquired.

"A small puppy cannot sleep in that tin box. No air. The dog would choke."

"Well take her out then," I said, "and let her sleep on the floor."

So we at once bought the wicker dog-basket and it took up space. The rear of the sedan began to take on a crowded look. We next were forced to purchase two thermos bottles—not one—two. By this time, the dog had a name—Scooby.

"We must keep Scooby's milk warm," the missus explained. "The other bottle is to carry fresh water. You cannot give a puppy just any kind of water. Some of the drinking water in these places is full of germs and would kill anybody."

Scooby Gets Out.

We roared steadily across the broad land. There is another irritating feature about traveling with a young dog. You have to stop the car. I mean, you have to stop the car so often you would scarcely believe it. You are whirling along the highway at a pleasant 60 miles per hour, trying to reach Sandusky or somewhere by supper time and the missus leans over and says:

"We'd better stop. Scooby has to get out."

So you pause by the side of the road, and all the devilish trucks which you have just defeated in a brisk brush, rush sneeringly by you at 45 and you know you have to pass them all over. It appears that if you do not escort a very young Peke into a vacant field and let him or her gambol on the green, the doggie will get sick and have stomach trouble. Sometimes I personally led Scooby into strange meadows by the roadside and on several occasions, the owners asked me what was I doing on their property and would I mind leaving.

Likewise, you must feed a small dog on a motor trip, just as you would a small baby, and in passing, I may say that a small baby isn't a lick more trouble than a small Peke. They require the same foods, the same recreations, same sleeping hours, same holding on your lap, the only difference being that you do not have to change diapers on a Peke.

Peke Disrupts Everything.

I gradually began to grow rather irritated, though I am an amiable and cheerful person under normal conditions. I like to make time in a car, four or five hundred miles a day, and you cannot do that with a pop-eyed Peke on the rear seat. You have to stop too many times and go walking in fields for exercise.

It got so I couldn't get back into the car, once I stepped outside. The sedan filled up, owing to circumstances over which I had little control. For example, we had to buy Scooby a rubber chewing bone, although she has only baby teeth and they're coming out anyhow.

We bought three red balls and I'll never know why. Then we had to purchase a small stove, so we could heat Scooby's meals on the run. It was a tin-can stove with some stuff inside looking like jellied tomato juice, to which you applied a match, and after that you walked away and sat under a tree.

Scooby's Necessary Baggage.

We bought a large bag of dog-crackers, greenish in color, with enough crackers inside for 32 police dogs and a horse, and they were of little use to Scooby, she having no teeth to mention. We therefore had to break up these crackers, buying a hammer. At first we dessicated them on the car floor, but with poor results. Later on we stole a large, flat rock from a farmer and used that.

Our next purchase was six cans of dog food, in case we motored into some rough, uncouth country where they had no dog food; a mechanical mouse, with clock-works inside; a non-mechanical mouse with a whistle in its stomach, a rubber dog, a red blanket, a pink cat made of wool and a sleeping bag. By this time, nobody could get in or out of the car and Houdini would have stuck in the door.

When we rolled into Chicago, I was slowly cracking up and decided to strike. I said:

"No matter what you think, I am not going to drive this pooch clear to California. I am already worn to a frazzle. Either the pooch quits or I do."

"I believe," said the missus eagerly, "that you had better quit. You are not very much use and if you will kindly step out and take a train home, I shall be much obliged and will be able to go ahead in peace."

"You mean that?"

"I surely do."

Without another word, I drove hastily to the railway station, leaped out, seized my bags and went home on the train in comfort. Western transcontinental railway trains do not stop anywhere for the purpose of feeding or watering pooches or letting them run around in fields in the name of exercise.

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Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

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1. How many languages and systems of writing are there?
2. What state has contributed the most Supreme court justices?
3. In what year was a performance of "Aida" given at the foot of the Pyramids in Egypt?
4. Who guards the White House?
5. Who wrote the "Comedie Humaine"?
6. What was a bireme?
7. Of what musical instrument was the clavichord a forerunner?
8. Who were the Jacobites?
9. Of what country was Catherine de Medici queen?
10. In what country is Mecca?
11. In what war was James Clinton a noted American general?
12. How many sovereigns have been crowned in Westminster Abbey?

Answers

1. Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly says that there are six thousand seven hundred and sixty named tongues and systems of writing in the world.
2. New York has contributed the most United States Supreme court justices, 10.
3. In 1912 an impressive open-air production of the opera was given there.
4. The White House has its own police force of 48 men. This includes a captain, a lieutenant, three sergeants and 43 policemen. There are also 10 Secret Service men.
5. This is the title of an uncompleted series of nearly a hundred novels by Balzac, designed to give a panoramic picture of the manners and morals of the time. He began the work in 1829, adopting the general title in 1842.
6. An ancient galley having two banks of oars.
7. The piano.
8. Adherents of James II or his line.
9. France.
10. Arabia.
11. The Revolution.
12. Thirty-seven sovereigns have been crowned in the abbey, and 25 queens consort—all of the kings and queens since William the Conqueror. Eighteen sovereigns and 14 queens are buried there.

Little Red Schoolhouses

There are 138,542 little red schoolhouses dotting the nation's countryside. One - room affairs, they represent 57 per cent of all American school buildings and for the most part teach good old-fashioned American education with the three R's as the basis.—Literary Digest.

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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

They Are Rare

Only the sparkling speeches should be long—about one in 10,000.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—*life itself*—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

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