SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—When business men are gathered together, whether there be only a few at a bridge party or an annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, there will be few kind words, privately, for congress. One would think to hear them that senators and representatives are nothing but a lot of cheap quacks or demagogues, dealing in platitudes and contradictions.

One might also suspect, if he did not look too closely, that if this country could only be run by a congress of business men—particularly successful, shrewd business men of the character who would be sent to an annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce—it would be a far better run country. Economy would be the watchword. Expenditures would be cut to the bone. Taxes could be reduced, individual initiative encouraged, etc.

But if the same gullible Pollyanna would just examine all the resolutions adopted at the recent meeting of the United States chamber, he would be sadly disillusioned. For the same brand of contradictions that makes congress what it is—that brings down criticism on the head of congress from these successful business men—runs through the chamber resolutions in about the same proportion that it runs through the acts of congress.

And runs through—strange to say—without the excuse that senators and representatives have for doing the things they are criticized for doing. For presumably the men who are sent to chamber meetings do not have to worry about politics. They do not have to stop to think what the electorate back in their home towns might think of this or that action. They do not have to worry about what the Roosevelt-Farley political machine might do to them in the next primary if they do not vote "regular." No—presumably they can vote for just what they think is right, with nothing in mind but the best interests of the country, understanding, of course, that what is good for business men is good for the country.

So what did they do, at this recent meeting?

What They Did

First of all they were for rock-ribbed, Coolidge type economy. Business men and organizations were urged to throw their influence to obtain reductions in expenditures and to refrain from requesting new government expenditures for any purpose in the interest of budget balancing.

Just what one would expect!

But—the chamber in subsequent resolutions requested congress to appropriate funds authorized by the flood control act of 1936 to expedite work. This might be understood, but the chamber also urged aid by the federal government to enable farm tenants to become owners of farms.

This is the little project which Senator John H. Bankhead of Alabama has been fighting for, and which he estimates would cost the federal treasury one billion dollars, but which others estimate would cost much more.

Then the chamber, as though this were not a pretty fair assault on budget balancing and federal economy, actually voted to approve a system whereby a liberal percentage of loans made by local private institutions should be guaranteed by the federal government!

Congressmen were not voting for this. There was no politics in it. They were just hard-headed business men trying to show the government how to balance the budget.

Sensitive About Gold

After the disastrous experience in being the sucker for the world's silver producers for a couple of years, the Treasury is rather sensitive right now about gold, with a fair possibility that the rest of the world is selling us something at a price which is going to be reduced, sooner or later.

It is an obvious fact, Lionel D. Edie, well-known New York economist, told a group at the Chamber of Commerce meeting that the rest of the world has already discounted a reduction in the price of gold from $35. His point was that such a reduction would make no particular difference so far as shocking the financial capitals of the world is concerned.

It was pointed out to Mr. Edie that to mark the price of gold down would play hob with the financial statements of the Treasury. Reduction to a price of $30, for example, would cost the Treasury, as far as its paper balance is concerned, $1,650,000,000 — something like $13 for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Mr. Edie could not agree with this. His point was that the Treasury simply would not mark the value of the gold down. Nobody audits the Treasury's books. No bank examiner can make trouble because the Treasury carries its silver at an entirely fictitiously high figure, if the world price is considered. So no bank examiner can come snooping around and make unpleasant reports, or talk about receivers, if the Treasury chooses to carry its eleven billion odd dollars of gold holdings at $35 an ounce, after it has actually dropped say to $30 an ounce on the world market.

A shrewd Canadian banker on a visit to Washington agreed with Mr. Edie's statement that the speculators all over the world have already discounted a reduction in the dollar price of gold, but added that he did not know what step the United States government could take which would stop the flow of the yellow metal to his country.

Would Increase Flow

"If you should reduce the price to $32 tomorrow," he said, "I am sure it would increase rather than diminish the flow. The speculators in London and Paris would at once assume that this was merely the first step. So they would hurry to sell their gold to the United States before the price should be further reduced.

"If you follow the other course suggested, and boost the charge for handling the gold from nine cents, the present figure, say to $3.50, which has been suggested, it would not stop your imports. The foreign speculators would assume here also that this was just the first step, and would hurry to get under the wire before any further cut in the net price they were receiving.

"The handling fee seems the most satisfactory way out for other reasons, however, for that would not compel the Treasury to mark down the value of its gold holdings. It could go on paying $35 an ounce for gold mined in the United States and put a heavy handling charge on any imported gold. Thus the Treasury could maintain the fiction that its gold was still worth $35 an ounce. There would be no test, because unless the present situation should be entirely revised there will be no such thing any more as maintaining the value of a paper currency by having gold to pay on demand for it."

Forty-Hour Week

The administration is definitely considering the forty-hour week for industry in the legislation being planned to take the place of NRA as soon as the Supreme court enlargement battle has been decided. The plan is not frozen. It will probably be changed a great many times before final submission to congress, but there is such general agreement on the forty-hour week idea that this phase is almost certain to remain.

There are several flies in the ointment, however. Chief is the question of constitutional power. Some of the New Deal lawyers are by no means certain that even if they picked an entire new court of fifteen, instead of just six more justices as President Roosevelt demands, or perhaps only four or two more as congress may decree, they could get approval of the kind of legislation they desire.

It would go much further than the Wagner act, for example. It is the purpose to apply it to all sorts of industries and plants which are definitely not within the scope of the Wagner act as approved by the Supreme court.

The New Dealers want to apply the forty-hour week to all sorts of plants, which by no stretch of the imagination could be said to effect interstate commerce. They want to apply it to nearly everything except farm labor, household servants, and perhaps a few other small exceptions.

Their Big Worry

So what is worrying the New Dealers now is whether it would not require a constitutional amendment, after all, to effect what they want. Wild horses could not drag an admission of this from them at the moment To admit this publicly would be equivalent to saying that the Supreme court enlargement, which is so embarrassing to so many otherwise loyal Democratic senators and representatives, is unnecessary—that the administration is putting them "on the spot" needlessly.

But it is certain of the fundamental soundness of the forty-hour week idea. Despite the smiles over the phrase, there is a lot of support, in actuality, for the old technocracy theory. With production in the country way up above most previous levels, there is still plenty of evidence of millions of unemployed men who actually want jobs.

President Roosevelt insisted earnestly to callers recently that the government knew exactly how many men and women who really want work are applying for jobs. The only fly in this ointment is that he admits there may be a good many men who have applied at a number of places, thus being counted a number of times. Even here, he said, desperate efforts are being made to eliminate these "duplications."

He said this in opposing an expansive unemployment census, so frequently demanded. But the important fact in this connection is that the government knows that despite huge industrial production there is plenty of unemployment.

"Passing the jobs around" seems to the New Dealers a sure way of fixing this, and the forty-hour week, applied to all industry, seems to them the logical way to pass the jobs around.

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OUR FAMILY CORNER

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

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

PETER RABBIT GETS HIS WISH

JUMPER THE HARE, who is Peter Rabbit's big cousin and had come down from the Great Woods of the North to live in the Green Forest, had seen very little of Peter lately because he disliked to leave the Green Forest, and ever since he had seen those strange tracks deep in the Green Forest Peter had kept close to the dear Old Briar Patch. So Jumper had not heard Peter's story, which nobody believed and about which everybody teased Peter whenever they saw him. One moonlight night Jumper took it into his head to visit his cousin and find out why he had been keeping so close to the dear Old Briar Patch.

First making sure that the way was clear, for Jumper is very, very timid, he scampered across to the Old Briar Patch as fast as his long legs could take him and was quite out of breath when he got there. He found Peter sitting under a bramble bush looking quite as miserable as he felt.

"I—I Knew You Wouldn't Believe Me. Nobody Does," Said Peter Sadly.

"Hello, Cousin Peter! Where have you been keeping yourself lately? I haven't seen you or your tracks in the Green Forest for days and days. Are you sick?" asked Jumper.

"No," replied Peter shortly, "I'm not sick, but I guess I will be if this keeps up much longer." Peter looked very glum and unhappy.

"If what keeps up?" asked Jumper, loking very much puzzled.

"Having everybody make fun of me every time I show myself, and nobody to believe what I say," replied Peter.

Jumper looked more puzzled than ever. "That is bad, Cousin Peter," said he. "It's bad enough to be made fun of. I know all about that. Everybody makes fun of me because I have such long legs and because I am so timid. I've grown used to it now, but still I don't enjoy being laughed at. But it's a whole lot worse not to have people believe what you tell them. I had a whole lot rather have people laugh at me than to say the things they do about Sammy Jay. No one believes him even when he does tell the truth, and that's perfectly dreadful."

"I know it," said Peter mournfully. "That's the trouble with me now. I've been telling the truth and no one believes it. Now they never will believe anything I say, and they'll think of me just as they do of Sammy Jay, and say the same dreadful things about me."

"But what is it that they don't believe? You haven't told me," insisted Jumper the Hare.

"I—I—don't want to tell you because probably you won't believe me either," replied Peter. Now, this wasn't quite true. At least part wasn't. He did want to tell. He fairly ached to tell. But he was afraid that Jumper wouldn't believe his story. But after Jumper had solemnly promised that he would believe, no matter how hard it was to, Peter told him all about his visit to the deepest part of the Green Forest and about the great big strange tracks he had found there in the snow—tracks as big as Farmer Brown's boy's, only different, and showing the marks of great claws.

Jumper had pricked up his long ears at the mention of those strange tracks, and now he was sitting up very straight and staring at Peter with his eyes very wide open.

"I—I knew you wouldn't believe me. Nobody does," said Peter sadly.

"But I do!" cried Jumper. "I've seen tracks just like those lots and lots of times way off in the Great Woods where I came from. I was just surprised that there should be any down here in the Green Forest. Of course I believe you, Cousin Peter. I think I will go see them for myself. It's a long time since I have seen any."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Peter happily. At last his wish had come true—he had found some one to believe him. He was so happy over it that he quite forgot to ask Jumper who could have made the strange tracks.

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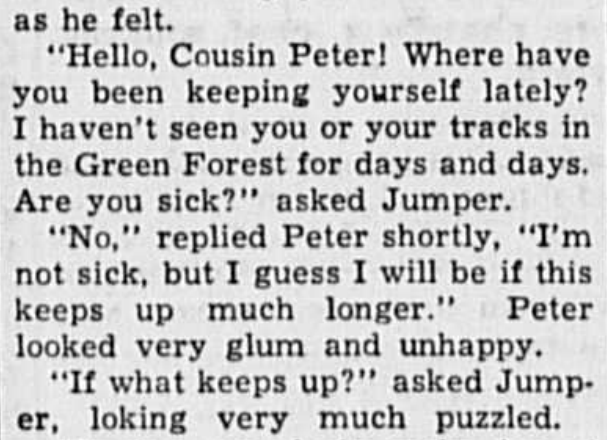
Oldest Inhabitant

Its age estimated at between 12,000 and 15,000 years, a 20-foot macrozamia tree on Tamborine mountain, Queensland, is believed to be the oldest living object in the world.



"Men are severely censured for their snoring," says sympathizing Sue, "but when at any other time does a married man get a chance to voice himself?"

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FIRST-AID TO AILING HOUSE

By ROGER B. WHITMAN

PREVENTING PAINT FROM PEELING

A FRIEND recently wrote me of trouble with peeling paint:

"On the east wall of my house there is a small window of a bathroom with a flat frame four inches wide. The surface is practically flush with the stucco. Within two years after that frame was painted for the first time, the paint began to peel, and it has continued to peel after each repainting."

He wants to know where the trouble lies; why paint should peel on that particular window frame, and nowhere else.

The most usual cause for the peeling of paint is moisture in the wood. On a dry and warm day, the moisture is drawn out through the surface and breaks the paint away from the wood. With this in mind, my friend's problem is to find out how moisture gets into the wood. Until he does so, paint on that frame will continue to peel.

One possibility is that moisture enters the wood from inside. Being a bathroom window, steam and moisture in the room air may easily be responsible. In that case much or all of the trouble can be averted by giving all of the inside parts of the window two coats of high quality spar varnish, or one coat of aluminum paint followed by spar varnish or enamel.

As the window is on an east wall, it is exposed to the drive of easterly storms. A heavy wind forces water into any cracks there may be, no matter how fine. Quite possibly the window frame does not make an absolutely tight joint with the stucco. Again, a window on the floor above may be responsible, or a crack in the upper part of the wall. Water entering a wall runs down inside until it strikes a crosspiece of the frame; there it collects, and soaks into the back of the outer surface of the wall. I have known water that entered a wall around a second story window frame to show itself through the blistering and peeling of paint as much as twelve feet to one side. For this, of course, the diagonal timbers of the frame were responsible.

Paint also peels on sappy and resinous wood, although this is so well known that wood of that kind should have special treatment before being painted. But as moisture in the wood is the most common cause of peeling, it is this that should be looked for in the event of that particular trouble.

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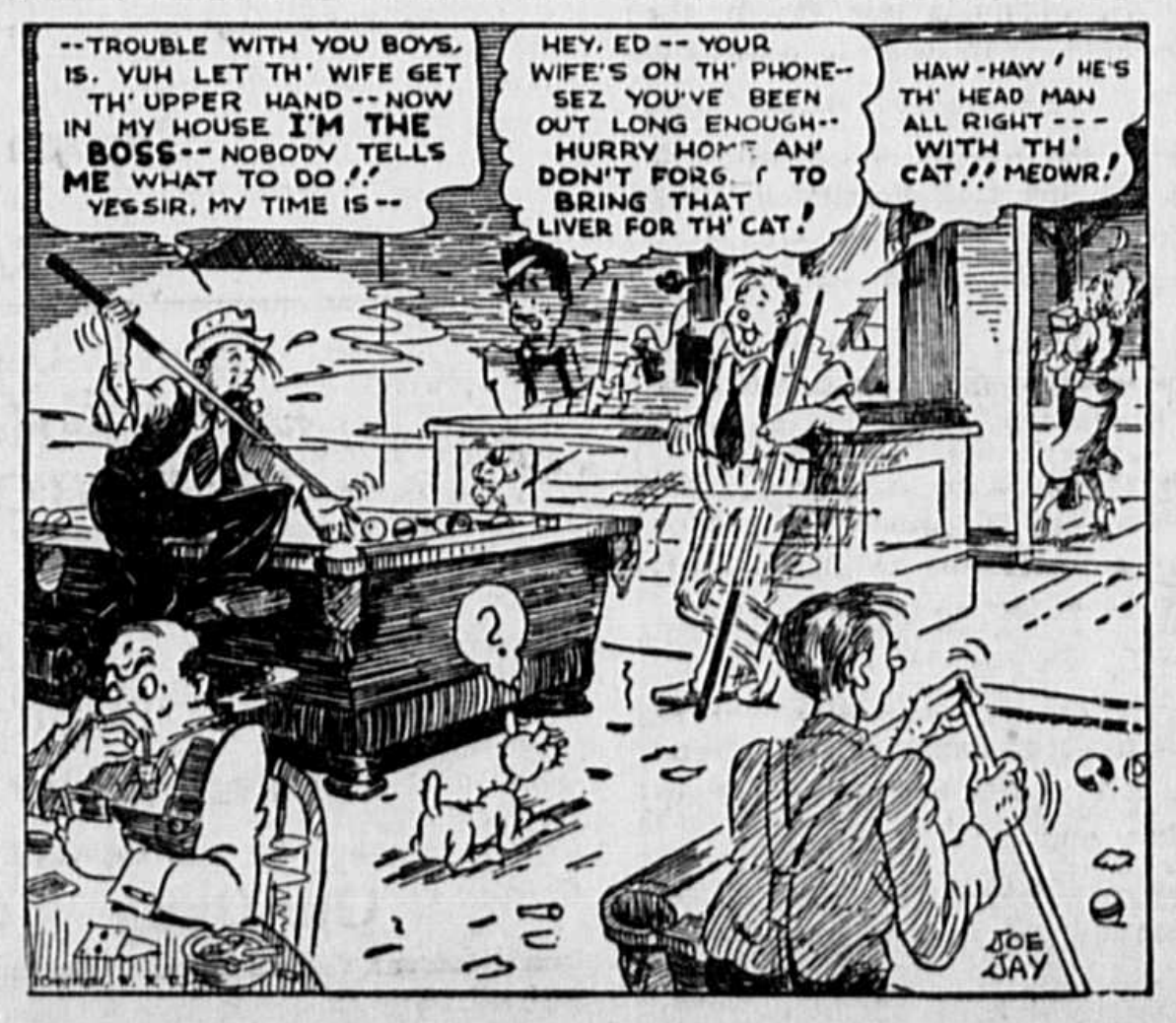
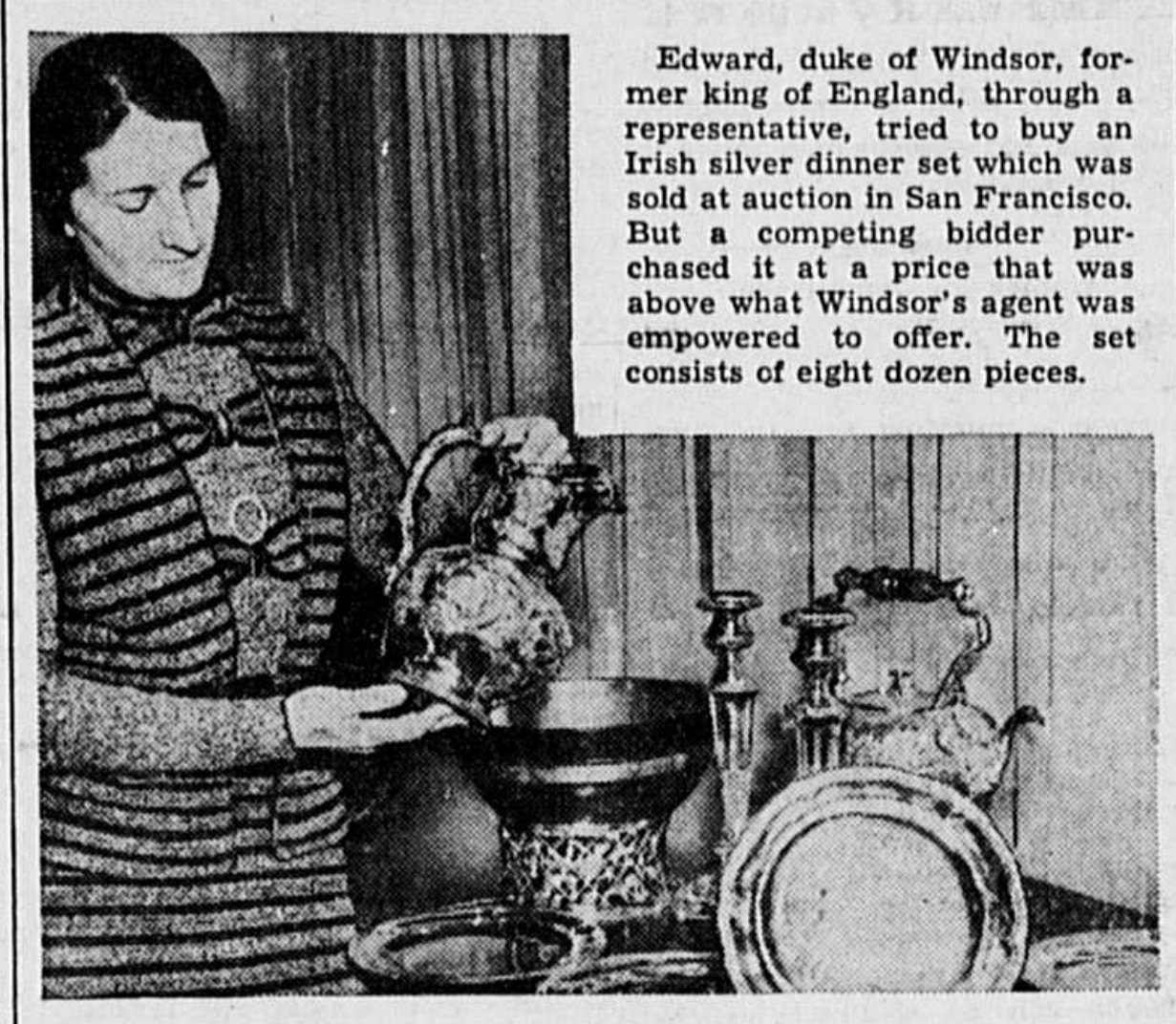
Love, Honor and Obey



--TROUBLE WITH YOU BOYS, IS, YUH LET TH' WIFE GET TH' UPPER HAND -- NOW IN MY HOUSE I'M THE BOSS -- NOBODY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO !! YESSIR, MY TIME IS --
HEY, ED -- YOUR WIFE'S ON TH' PHONE -- SEZ YOU'VE BEEN OUT LONG ENOUGH -- HURRY HOME AN' DON'T FORGET TO BRING THAT LIVER FOR TH' CAT!
HAW-HAW! HE'S TH' HEAD MAN ALL RIGHT --- WITH TH' CAT!! MEOWR!
JOE JAY

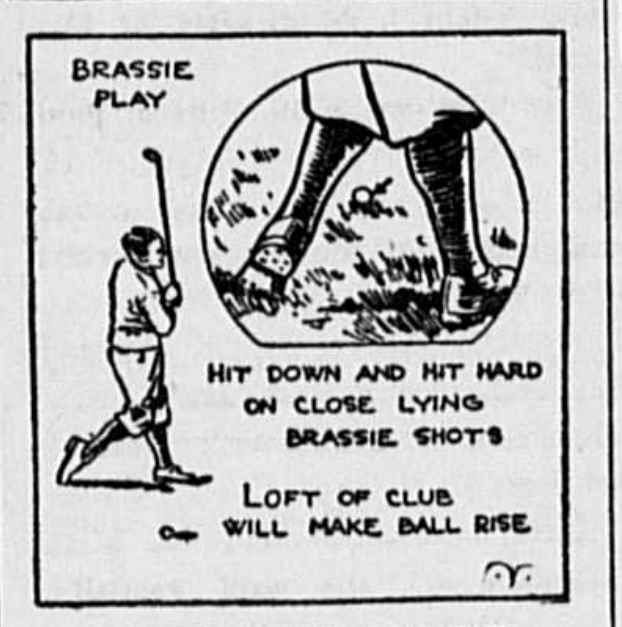
Windsor Failed to Buy This Silver



Edward, duke of Windsor, former king of England, through a representative, tried to buy an Irish silver dinner set which was sold at auction in San Francisco. But a competing bidder purchased it at a price that was above what Windsor's agent was empowered to offer. The set consists of eight dozen pieces.

GRAPHIC GOLF

By BEST BALL



BRASSIE PLAY
HIT DOWN AND HIT HARD ON CLOSE LYING BRASSIE SHOTS
LOFT OF CLUB WILL MAKE BALL RISE

PLAYING THE BRASSIE

MANY golfers attempt to use a brassie as they do a driver, hitting the ball or attempting to hit in the square in the back method. This is the accepted method of striking a ball that is teed up, inviting such a stroke. However, where the ball is partially imbedded in the turf or lying deep down in the grass an altogether different swing is needed. Some players seem to think that the only way they can raise such a ball is by scooping it up, but a few attempts at this method should show them the fallacy of this procedure.

Obviously the clubface cannot lift the ball in this fashion because it would first have to dig under and back of the ball to do it. The simplest, most accurate method is to hit a descending blow that has plenty of power behind it. To the uninitiated this process often looks as if the player were going to drive the ball directly into the ground. However, the loft of the clubface slants in such a manner that the velocity of the clubhead when it contacts the ball will make it rise. Chances are with the spin such a stroke imparts, the ball will not roll far once it strikes the ground but it should travel quite a distance through the air. The important thing to remember is to hit down and hit hard. Any hesitancy here is likely to be reflected in a dubbed shot.

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THE DIAL OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WE FIND it easy to forget
The songs we heard, the smiles we met,
We find it easy to remember
The faithless friend, the fading ember.
Yet memories are things to choose,
This to recall and that refuse,
Make each delight or each disaster
Either our servant or our master.

Yes, we who turn the dial of life
Need not remember care and strife,
The tawdry tune, the tinny meter,
For there are other programs sweeter.
We know that other things life has
Than jumbles of discordant jazz.
We turn the dial, and very near it
Pick up a tune that lifts the spirit.

And thoughts are things we may control
To help or hurt the listening soul.
Tune out the sad, tune in the pleasant,
Tune out the past, tune in the present.
Yes, so may one control the mind,
Tune out the mean, tune in the kind,
Old ills forgetting and forgiving,
Only the lovely things re-living.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

Printed House Coat

When you fix hubby's breakfast this summer, you might wear this smart printed house coat, fashioned on peasant lines with its fulled skirt and tight basque. When hubby leaves, and you're ready for your sunbath, zip the zipper down the front of the housecoat, and you're all set in matching play shorts.

Dinner Cloth of Crocheted Lace

Dress up your table, when company's expected, with this stunning lace cloth. Crochet either identical squares, or companion squares—they're easy fun, and either way makes a handsome design as shown. Crochet them of

Pattern 1410.

string and they'll measure 10 inches; in cotton, they are 6½ inches. Join together, for tea or dinner cloth, spread or scarf. Pattern 1410 contains directions and charts for making the squares shown; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Never a Full House

The House of Representatives of the United States has never had an opening session in any of the 74 congresses with every member present. The closest approach to a 100 per cent attendance was at the opening of the Seventy-second congress on December 7, 1931, when 433 of its 435 members answered the roll call.—Collier's Weekly.

"Black Leaf 40"
KILLS INSECTS
ON FLOWERS • FRUITS VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer
3644

Safe in Silence

Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.—Zimmerman.

A Good Laxative

The bad feelings and dullness often attending constipation take the joy out of life. Try a dose of Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation and see how much better it is to check the trouble before it gets a hold on you. Black-Draught is purely vegetable and is so prompt and reliable. Get refreshing relief from constipation by taking purely vegetable

BLACK-DRAUGHT

Mediation

To mediate is to get into the middle of a thing; to study it deeply.—Gerard B. F. Hallock.

Miss REE LEEF says:
"CAPUDINE relieves HEADACHE quicker because it's liquid... already dissolved"

Rainbow of Tears

The soul would have no rainbow,
Had the eyes no tears.
—John Vance Cheney.

HELP KIDNEYS
To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

TRUE BY THE SUN

By Lida Larrimore

W.N.U. SERVICE
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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

—18—

Jim looked at MacPherson. "What did they want?" he asked.

"Just blustering," MacPherson said. "I suppose it relieved their minds."

"We had lots of company last night," Mrs. MacPherson went on. "A girl reporter as saucy as a bluejay. She knew all about your family and that you'd been to Princeton college and had a job this summer working around the place. She said she was writing a feature story for the Sunday newspaper and asked me if you'd shown any tendency toward wildness when you were younger. I made short work of her," she concluded in a tone of grim satisfaction.

"I can believe that." Jim smiled. "Any other visitors while I was sleeping?"

"A young fellow— What was his name?" Mrs. MacPherson appealed to her husband who shook his head. "Oh yes," she continued. "Herbert something or other, a sandy young man with an adam's apple and a sort of solemn expression."

"He's the pharmacy clerk at the drug-store," Jim said.

"I felt sorry for him." Mrs. MacPherson's expression softened. "It's as plain as the nose on your face that he's dead in love with the girl that was hurt. She'd do better to take up with a nice steady-looking young fellow like that than go gallivanting around the country with somebody who'd steal a car and leave her along the side of a road. Girls haven't a grain of sense. A little dash of excitement goes to their heads."

"Did he want anything—especially," Jim asked, "other than to tar and feather me and ride me out of town on a rail?"

"He's pretty much cut up about the girl," MacPherson replied. "He seemed to want to know the truth about the accident."

"Who doesn't?" Jim asked crisply. "Incredible as it may seem, I'd like to know myself."

"It must have been somebody off the place," Mrs. MacPherson said musingly. "Somebody who knew that Mr. Vaughn was away and that Miss Cecily was going to a party that night."

"I thought of Tommy," Jim said. "Early in the summer, when I first came here, Tommy thought he was having a heavy affair with Dolly. He has gotten over it thoroughly enough to have transferred his affections to a girl who's been visiting at the Beaches'. He was with her at the time of the accident. He had the Pierce-Arrow."

"Hmm—" MacPherson said. "When he returned the sedan to the garage later on, did he notice that Miss Cecily's car wasn't there?"

Jim grinned. "I'd make a fine detective, wouldn't I? It didn't occur to me to ask him. I doubt very much whether he would have noticed, anyway. Love seems to make Tommy absent-minded."

MacPherson cleared his throat. "Have you any idea who took Miss Cecily's car that night?" MacPherson asked directly.

Jim hesitated for a moment. "I have a vague theory," he replied, "but no actual proof. If you don't mind, I'd rather not speak of it until I have talked to Mr. Vaughn. Don't think I'm unwilling to trust you." He glanced at MacPherson in quick apology. "You've been fine about everything. But this theory of mine—I'd rather go into it first with Mr. Vaughn."

MacPherson's glance met Jim's steadily for a moment and Jim fancied that there was comprehension as well as sympathy in the keen gray eyes under the shaggy brows.

"I understand," MacPherson said quietly. He rose from his chair with simulated briskness. "Well, I must see about getting the ground ready for the bulbs that came this morning. They're beauties, Jim—imported tulips. They should make a fine showing next spring."

"And I'm going over to the riding academy." Jim's face was grim. "I suppose the men working there have heard about the accident. Well, I'd have to make an appearance some time. Might as well get it over."

"You'll come back here for lunch, Jamie?" Mrs. MacPherson asked, obviously reluctant to let Jim go.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I want to see Mr. Vaughn as soon as he arrives."

Jim walked out into the sunshine, through the orchard, along the drive. In the stable-yard Cecily was about to dismount from Lady. Jim was a little surprised. Cecily hadn't ridden the horse, to his certain knowledge, since Jeremy Clyde had come to "Meadowbrook." And he had thought that she would be sleeping late this morning. Still the wedding festivities had probably been over by ten o'clock last night. He waved to her. She returned the greeting, slipped down from the saddle, gave the reins to Jake, the stable man, and came to meet him.

"Hello," she said when they met in the drive.

"Good morning." Jim was shocked by her pallor, her listlessness, the shadows under her eyes. "How was the wedding?"

"All right." She sighed. "I was so dreadfully tired. I called the hospital this morning. They think Dolly's condition is more hopeful."

"I know," Jim said. "MacPherson called. That's good news, isn't it?"

"Splendid," she said, but her voice lacked vibrancy, the vitality which, ordinarily, made it so charming. She stood beside him, silent for a moment, flicking the tip of her crop against her boots. Was it merely fatigue which was responsible for her listlessness? Or was it a new gnawing fear? Had she, too, suspected Jeremy?

"It's a swell morning, isn't it?" Jim said cheerfully. "Did you have a pleasant ride?"

"I don't know. I was thinking." She looked up at him. "Jim," she asked, "do you know who took my car night before last?"

The question startled him. The poignant unhappiness in the dark golden eyes hurt him unbearably. He wanted to meet her candor with honesty. He hadn't courage enough to give her even a hint of the suspicion which, in his mind, had become certainty. He simply could not hurt her as she would be hurt if he answered her question frankly.

"No," he said slowly. "Wouldn't I have told the police if I had known?"

"But you have an idea?" she persisted, looking up at him steadily.

"Occasionally," Jim said lightly. The pleasantry drew from her no answering sparkle.

"You're shielding someone," she said steadily.

Jim made an attempt at a mirthful laugh.

"Are you making a hero of me?" he asked. "It's no use. I'm not the stuff of which heroes are made, Cecily darling. I'm too fond of creature comforts, of sunshine and horses and apple pie with cream. It must be awfully uncomfortable to be a hero."

He saw that he had not convinced her. Again his attempted lightness drew no sparkle from Cecily.

"You must not try to shield anyone," she said with low intensity. "Not anyone. Not for any reason. No matter what happens." She gripped his arm. "Promise me, Jim."

She had suspected Jeremy. He was almost certain of that. When he spoke, his voice was grave.

"That would be absurd, wouldn't it," he asked, "as well as entirely useless. Dolly can—and will tell us who took her driving that night."

"Yes—if Dolly—lives." She drew a long quivering breath. "You're to tell Father everything, though. Everything that you know or suspect. You've got to promise, Jim."

"Whom do you suspect?" Jim asked gently. "Do you know—? Have you found out anything? Will you—can you tell me?"

He thought she would have told him, then, if they had not been interrupted, if Jeremy Clyde, at that moment, had not come out from the house.

"Good morning," he called. "Hello, Cecily. I'm afraid I've missed breakfast."

Jim glanced at Jeremy. He looked fresh and rested, romantically handsome in light corduroy trousers, a pull-on sweater, the collar of his shirt opened at the throat. Surely his theory must be without foundation, Jim thought. The fellow couldn't have been so easily amiable, so jaunty in manner and appearance if what he suspected was true.

And then he looked at Cecily. Her eyes were turning from Jeremy to Jim with such pain in their clear golden depths that suspicion, growing fainter in Jim's puzzled mind, became certainty again. Cecily knew.

CHAPTER XIV

"And the sergeant naturally assumed that I had been driving the car," Jim said, concluding a long and detailed account of the accident. "I don't know how I can expect you to believe me, sir. The circumstantial evidence is pretty much against me."

"Cecily believes you." Mr. Vaughn looked from Jim to Cecily in the curious half grave, half smiling way that Jim had noticed at intervals during the afternoon.

"I do, Father," Cecily said earnestly. She sat on a low stool near her father, her head resting wearily against the arm of his chair. Mr. Vaughn looked tired from his journey, troubled, confused. Late afternoon sunshine fell through the vines which roofed the side veranda. A shadow leaf quivered on Cecily's cheek.

"And I believe you, too," Mr. Vaughn said gruffly. "In the time you have been with us I've never known you to be other than trustworthy and honorable. I believe you, Jim."

"Thank you." Jim relaxed a little in the willow chair. Mr. Vaughn's commendation, the shadow leaf on Cecily's cheek made his throat feel tight.

"But who could have taken the car?" Mr. Vaughn asked. "Have you any idea, Jim?"

Mr. Vaughn had asked the question, musingly, at repeated intervals during the long interview with Cecily and Jim. He had not, however, questioned Jim directly. Jim caught the swift startled look in Cecily's eyes, saw her lips tighten, saw the rapid rise and fall of the soft bow against her breast.

"I have an idea," he said slowly, "but no definite proof. I may be entirely mistaken." He felt Cecily's eyes upon him and paused. He couldn't tell Cecily's father in Cecily's presence that he suspected Jeremy Clyde.

"Whom do you suspect?" Mr. Vaughn asked encouragingly. "This isn't a court room, my boy. You're in no danger of being sued for libel."

But he was in danger of hurting Cecily. If he might talk to Mr. Vaughn alone—But Cecily had not left her father's side since he had arrived.

"I'd rather talk to you in—" Jim replied hesitantly, looking over Cecily's bright head directly at Mr. Vaughn.

"Tell Father, Jim," Cecily said. Her voice was low and controlled. Nothing in her attitude betrayed the emotion she felt, nothing except the rise and fall of the soft bow against her breast.

Jim sat silently in the willow chair, forming phrases, rejecting them, uncomfortably aware of Cecily's eyes, of her father's alert attention.

Susan came out from the house.

"I guess Jerry Clyde is going somewhere," she said casually. "He's packing his bags."

Jim glanced quickly at Cecily. She did not appear to be surprised by Susan's announcement. She might almost have been expecting it. She rose, at once, from the foot-stool.

"Wait here until I return," she said.

"But what—?" Mr. Vaughn made a motion to rise.

"Please, Father." Cecily's voice shook. She steadied it with an effort. "Don't come with me. Let me talk to Jerry—alone."

Mr. Vaughn, a protest on his lips, sank back in the chair. Cecily left the veranda. In the brief silence which followed Jim heard her footsteps running along the hall, up the stairs.

"So that's it, is it?"

Jim nodded and turned to Susan. "How do you know that Jerry is packing his bags?" he asked.

"I know," Susan said, not quite understanding, a little proud of the sensation she'd made. "First he telephoned—"

"Where?" Jim asked. "To whom?"

"To the hospital where the girl who was hurt is," Susan said. "He used the 'phone in your den, Daddy."

"Where were you?"

"I just happened to be on the upstairs porch."

"Just happened, Sue?" Jim asked.

Susan, for a moment appeared to be a trifle disconcerted.

"Well Cecily told me to go away," she said plaintively. "And I was just as interested as anybody in finding out who took Cecily's car and what's going to happen to Jim."

"And from this end of the upper porch it's possible to hear what is being said down here," Jim said accusingly. "If you lie flat on your stomach with your ear against the railing."

Susan flushed.

"Well, I was as interested as anybody, Jim. And Cecily told me to go away."

"Never mind," Mr. Vaughn said brusquely. "Tell us what you heard and saw."

"I couldn't hear very well," Susan said with a questioning glance at Jim, "so I thought I'd go in my room and get a book to read. And when I got to the door into the hall I heard somebody call a number in your study, Daddy, and I knew it wasn't you or Jim because you were down here, or Tommy because he's in the city getting things for school, so I walked sort of easy up to the door into the study because I couldn't think who it could be and I looked in and it was Jerry."

"Did he see you?" Jim asked.

"He had his back to me and the hall door was closed and he was calling the hospital and when he'd hung up the receiver he acted so funny that I thought I'd better see what he was going to do because he's our guest," she finished virtuously.

"What do you mean by 'funny'?" her father demanded.

"Well, he sort of looked around as though he was afraid somebody was watching him," she went on, "and he walked fast but sort of easy like a cat does. So I went to his room in the guest wing but he had closed the door and—"

"You looked through the keyhole," Jim suggested.

"I didn't either." Susan's expression was offended. "I just listened. I heard him pulling out bureau drawers and—"

"No fibbing, Sue," Jim said sternly. "Tell the truth."

Susan looked down at her sandals.

"Well, I did look just once through the key-hole," she confessed. "And he was packing his bags. Where do you suppose he's going?" she asked in an interested voice. "Do you suppose he just got tired of it here? Or do you suppose—?" Her eyes widened. She breathed excitedly. "Do you suppose he was the one who took Cecily's car and hurt the girl?"

Susan's questions received no replies.

"I'd like to call the hospital," Jim said.

Mr. Vaughn rose, paced back and forth across the bricked veranda. "I was about to suggest that," he said. Susan looked from Jim to her father, her eyes round with interest and excitement.

Jim called the hospital over the telephone in the lower hall. When he returned to the veranda, Susan had been banished. Mr. Vaughn was alone.

"Well?" he asked, wheeling about as Jim entered.

"Dolly has regained consciousness," Jim reported. "I talked to her nurse. It is a concussion and not a fracture as they feared at first. Her condition is greatly improved."

"That's encouraging. This Jeremy Clyde, Jim—?" Mr. Vaughn's expression was grave and concerned. "Are you certain?"

"Fairly so, although I have no definite proof."

"Hadn't I better go up with Cecily? I don't like the idea of—"

"She wanted to talk to him alone," Jim said gently. "I think she has been expecting this. I was sure, this morning, that she knew. I've been waiting for a chance to talk to you. I couldn't when she was here."

"Do You Suppose He Was the One Who Took Cecily's Car and Hurt the Girl?"

"Poor child!" Mr. Vaughn sighed. "This is going to be difficult for her. Why did you suspect Clyde, Jim?" Anger flared through his weakening self-control. "Cowardly young bounder! I'd like to wring his neck!"

Jim detailed to Mr. Vaughn the steps which had led him to suspect Jeremy, of being sure at first that Tommy had taken the car, of his talk with Tommy, of the question which had brought the look of fear into Jeremy's eyes. He related the events of the day preceding the night of the accident, mentioning Jeremy's quarrel with Cecily as Susan had reported it, the party at the Pattons'. He spoke of Dolly and the hints she had given him of her acquaintance with Jeremy. With painstaking care he fitted the fragments together into a complete and convincing blue-print of the entire situation.

As Jim talked, Mr. Vaughn continued to pace back and forth across the veranda, letting his cigar go out, lighting it again, asking a question now and then, making a comment, weighing and appraising the evidence Jim presented. And as he talked, Jim listened, without being conscious of doing so, for Cecily's returning footsteps, for sounds from the distant guest wing, for some hint or indication of what was taking place upstairs.

An interval of considerable length elapsed before Cecily returned to the veranda. Mr. Vaughn, becoming increasingly anxious, went over the situation again and again. At times his anger, exaggerated by weariness and anxiety, broke the restraining bonds of control; at times, anger was lost in tenderness for Cecily, in forgiving affection, in helpless compassion for her humiliation and grief.

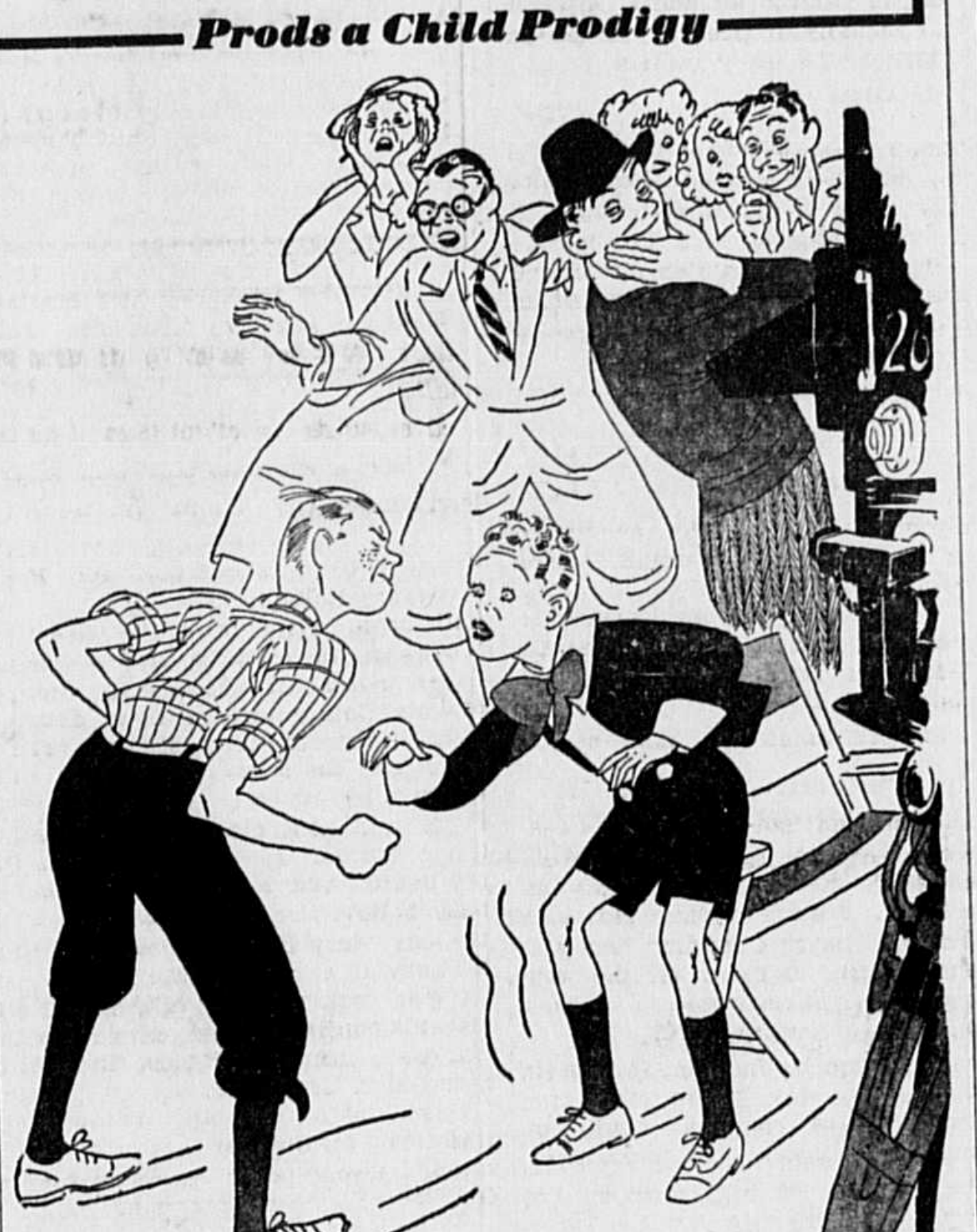
"I'd give anything to have spared her this," he said. "She was really in love with the boy. You're her contemporary, Jim. You're closer to her than I am. I feel so helpless, so remote. What can I do to help her?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Rogues' Gallery

JOHN LARDNER

Prods a Child Prodigy



Once a week I am supposed to lick some boy. Last week the press agent double-crossed me. He forgot to tell the other fellow to lay down. At least, he says he forgot.

By JOHN LARDNER

THERE are some cute and clever child stars in Hollywood, all right, but none of them can hold a candle to curly-haired little Billy McGonigle. At least, that is what Billy told me when I went out to interview him on his seventh birthday in the 28-room cottage of homespun pink marble, covered with honeysuckle, which he shares with his father, mother, stepmother, paternal grandfather, three aunts, two lawyers, chauffeur, chef, and pet hyena.

"Bartholomew is through," confided Billy as he met me at the door and slipped his little hand into mine. "So is Withers. I give Temple one more year at the most. She can't go on making people believe that vaudeville hoofing is real art. The same thing goes for Jason—you know, Sybil Jason, the South African prodigy. As for Dicky Moore, he mugs too much. He can't look at a camera without mugging. Don't you agree with me?"

I said that I did. Somehow, there was no resisting that confident little smile and those curly golden locks and the blue eyes that have won their way into the hearts of 6,204,500 movie fans, with Maine and New Hampshire still to be heard from.

Billy led me by the hand through a big gymnasium lined with Indian clubs, horizontal bars, pulleys, ropes, and light and heavy punching bags.

A Reg'lar Feller.

"This is to prove that I am no sissy," explained the boy Bernhardt. "Far from being a mamma's boy, I am a normal, sturdy, red-blooded little American lad, quite capable of taking care of myself in a fight, though by no means quarrelsome by nature. In short, I am a reg'lar feller."

"A what?" I asked him.

"A reg'lar feller," said Billy. "The press agent over at the studio told me that 'feller' sounds more sturdy and boyish than 'fellow,' and I guess he knows his business, though between you and me the man is always lushed up and has played me some very dirty tricks."

"Not really?" I said, in amazement.

"Absolutely," affirmed my host, with a manly little frown. "For instance, once a week I am supposed to lick some boy who is bigger than me, so that the reporters can carry the story and prove that I am no sissy. Last week the press agent double-crossed me. He forgot to tell the other fellow to lay down. At least, he says he forgot. I was in bed for two days."

"Tsk! tsk!" I said, horrified by this revelation of chicanery behind the scenes.

They Go a Round

As we left the gymnasium Billy called my attention to a pair of lovely, chicly-dressed ladies who were wrestling on a nearby staircase.

"That's mother and Aunt Mabel," the little fellow explained. "They're suing each other for possession of me. Mother is also suing father, stepmother, and grandfather. Mr. Dunfinkel says there is hell to pay with the living arrangements in this house when one of them has a bad day in court."

"Mr. Dunfinkel?"

"My lawyer," said Billy. "He handles my investments and keeps peace in the house. At least, he keeps peace with everyone but Mr. Garfunk."

"Mr. Garfunk?"

"Grandfather's lawyer," said Billy. "Mr. Garfunk says that grandfather has nothing but me and his Civil war pension, and the pension alone is not enough to keep his racing stable going."

"Is your grandfather suing anybody, Billy?" I asked.

"He is suing father, Aunt Mabel, and Mr. Dunfinkel," said the boy Bernhardt. "What do you think of that likeness on the wall there? That's a still of me in my first starring role, as the child in 'The Love of a Mother.' I stole the picture from Gloria Glibly."

"It looks something like Jackie Cooper," I ventured, considering the photograph thoughtfully.

Bill's face became a trifle austere.

"Cooper is going downhill," he said. "Come into the Cerise Room. I think you need a drink."

Chief Interest Is Art.

We talked of art and the cinema for an hour or two. Billy's lively, boyish mind played over the subject like a glint of sunshine, lighting up every facet with homely, child-like philosophy. He told me frankly and from the heart that he thought he was underpaid by a matter of $275 a week. He confided in me, with touching faith, that his agent was robbing him. He spoke in a straightforward, manly way of his suspicion that his chauffeur was cheating him at dice.

"I will have to have Mr. Dunfinkel fire him and get another," mused Billy. "He made ten straight passes night before last."

But, though Billy has the normal boy's interest in games, his chief interest, as befits an actor, is his art. He told me of his daily schedule of work. Early in the morning he goes to the studio with either his mother or his father or his stepmother, who alternate in court and on the lot. Billy reads over his lines, and then plays marbles or mumblety-peg with other boys in the picture until the publicity photographer goes away.

He always knows the story of the picture before they shoot it. His mother reads it to him, or, if his mother is tied up trying to get a writ of habeas corpus, his Aunt Mabel reads it to him.

"And then they tell me what it is about," explained Billy, "because Aunt Mabel has trouble with those two-syllable words."

Grandpa Needed Cash.

The boy Bernhardt entered motion pictures at the age of four, and a few months later brought suit against Marian Munch, celebrated beauty of stage and screen, for spanking him harder than the scenario called for in a picture in which they appeared together.

"Did it hurt much?" I asked him, shocked by this account of the lovely Marian's brutality.

"Naw," said Billy. "It was the softest touch I ever had. Father always worked on me with a barrel-stave and I was plenty tough. Munch didn't even get me winded. I could have gone another six rounds."

"Then why did you sue?"

"That was grandfather's idea," Billy explained. "He thought we could get Munch to settle out of court, and he needed $1,500 to claim a plater down at the Caliente track."

At the end of our interview Billy borrowed a couple of cigarettes and escorted me to the door.

"Tell my fans I love them one and all," he called after me, "and don't take any wooden nickels."

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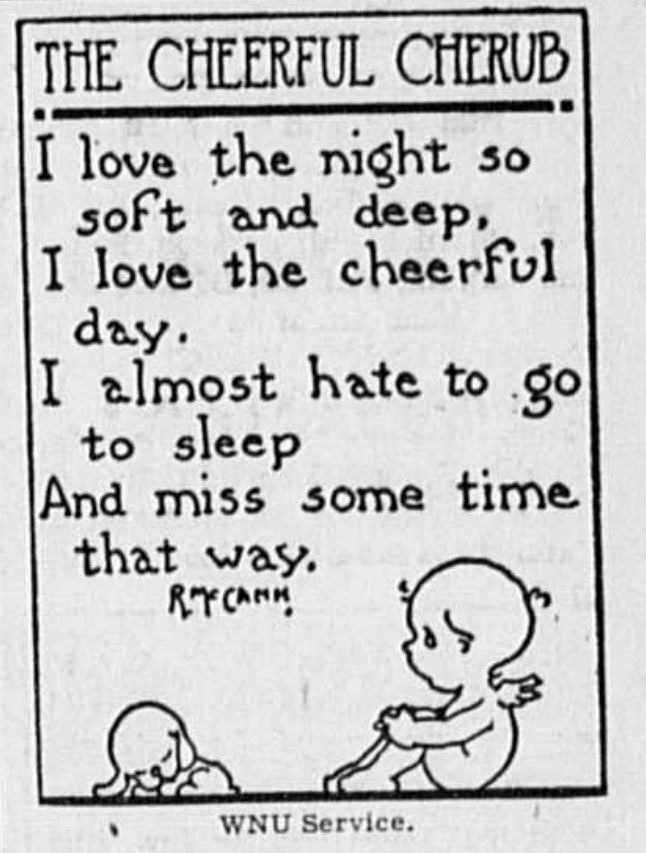

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

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soft and deep,
I love the cheerful
day.
I almost hate to go
to sleep
And miss some time
that way.

WNU Service.

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The Real People—

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We realize what an offense swearing is when a woman indulges in it.

Wounded vanity makes the bitterest enemies.

Could We But Hear—

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You can not really like an egotistic man, but at times you admire him.

True history is the record of the progress of the human spirit.

A woman with little money, but much taste, will make a small, shabby house into "a vineclad cottage."

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The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.—William Shakespeare.

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