SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—The good old days of 1929 are not coming back—are not en route—are not even desired by the New Deal. This has been said by President Roosevelt many times, but its present importance lies in some figures recently submitted to a group of economists by Dr. Harold G. Moulton, president of the Brookings institution.

Dr. Moulton made some very interesting comparisons with 1929 employment and production figures. Some construed the chief thought to be that the country has not arrived yet at a situation where enough of everything for everybody can be produced by people working only forty hours a week.

But more significant, in the view of some of the New Dealers who have been studying his attitude, is that the doctor made a liberal estimate about the number of men who could be employed—in addition to those working at present—in what are classed as the durable goods industries—primarily industries which produce machinery and other things which are not used up, but generally add to the country's productive capacity. As for example, a new blast furnace, a new newspaper press, new canning or textile machinery—in fact, machinery of any sort.

Dr. Moulton estimated that more than eight million more men would be employed in the durable goods industry if 1929 conditions were to be equalled. This does not mean that precisely that number less are employed now in the durable goods industries than were in 1929. Allowances are made for increase in population and other factors.

But the chief point here made by the New Deal economists is this huge number of persons employed in the durable goods industries was one of the really vital things wrong with the then situation—one of the important factors which resulted in the collapse—one of the contributing causes to the situation which the New Deal is seeking to correct.

Logic Is Simple

President Roosevelt does not believe such a large proportion of the country's labor should be used in the durable goods industries as was so employed in 1929. His logic is simple though not very widely understood.

His point is that too much of the earnings of the big corporations in the good years preceding the crash was plowed back into the business. Too many units in the various industries, he points out in conversations, decided that business was good, they could sell more goods than they could make—so they built an additional plant.

The result was, that instead of these earnings being distributed, whether to labor, to stockholders, or, by reduced prices, into creating a larger purchasing power which would absorb more goods, they were frozen into plants for the products of which the day came when there was no market.

Immediately the situation spread, lack of confidence was inspired, people began to save and hoard money, and the factories stood, as he likes to say, "stark and idle."

So the New Deal economists would dread the day when Dr. Moulton's estimate of how many more men could be employed in the durable goods industries might be realized in actual employment. They would figure another 1929 crash would follow very speedily.

Popularity Declines

Probably the decline of President Roosevelt's popularity is much more real—certainly it is much more obvious—on Capitol Hill than it is out in the country. Senators and representatives in private conversations admit that they believe the President has lost only a fraction of his following in the country.

Proof of that pudding will not be evident until there are some significant primaries, in which some anti-New Deal Democrat puts up a real battle.

But on Capitol Hill there are a surprising number of Democrats who seem anxious that the President's foot should slip a little. It is one of the reasons why the fight against enlargement of the Supreme court has become so important—and so bitter.

Most of the insurgents do not explain why they are insurging—they claim that in each particular case, be it the court, or the reorganization, or federal economy, or the PWA, or what not, much to their regret they have been forced to oppose the President.

It is perfectly true that they, in most instances at least, are really opposed to the President on these issues. But there is an underlying motive which has not come out in the open.

This is a burning desire that, when the Democratic national convention meets three years hence, it will be dominated by what they like to call "Regular Democrats," and it will positively not nominate a New Dealer to succeed Mr. Roosevelt.

Third Term Up Again

They are assuming—and it seems to many observers to be a violent assumption—that the President will not seek a third term. Strangely enough their very course of action, if sufficiently successful, may force the President to take another nomination. It may turn out, if what he will regard as the reactionaries in the Democratic party are apparently in control and purpose to name some man he will not believe will carry out his policies, that Mr. Roosevelt will conceive it his patriotic duty to run for a third term.

This possibility, however, does not seem to enter at all into the logic of the insurging Democrats. They are frankly hostile to the nomination of any of the men who they feel sure would win Roosevelt's approval. It is not so much Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, or any other of the half dozen New Dealers who have frequently been mentioned for the White House in the recent past.

Being politicians themselves, the senators and representatives who hope to regain control of their party at the next convention and put a man more satisfactory to them in the White House, realize that anything may happen in the three long years to come to trip any particular candidate. So it is not individuals they are planning to beat—it is really, in essence, the New Deal itself.

It is not so much that they want to make any move that Mr. Roosevelt would regard as a backward step. But they just do not yearn to go any further forward. They think they have gone plenty far already in revamping the country's economic structure. They want a "breathing spell."

The same logic spells plenty of trouble for Mr. Roosevelt next session unless there should be some convincing demonstration that the country is behind the President, not the insurgents.

Labor Bill Hits Snag

The whole trouble about the maximum hours and minimum wages bill, so far as getting it through congress is concerned, lies in that differential between wages in the North and wages in the South.

In one way or another the government has always avoided making any move which would interfere with the generally accepted idea that the wage scale in the South should not be so high as it is in the North.

The South has drawn many industries from the North as a result of this differential, plus certain other advantages, such as smaller cost for heating plants due to warmer climate, etc. It has been justified by the slightly lower cost of living in the South for the workers. For instance, many southern mills, located in small communities, are worked by people who live on tiny farms, which, through the labor of their wives and children—their own when unemployed—provide them with vegetables, chickens and sometimes even a little pork.

The movement of the textile industry to the South is a good illustration.

But naturally the employers of the North, and the labor union leaders, and those who agree with President Roosevelt and John L. Lewis about building up buying power among the classes of labor now unable to buy luxuries, dissent violently.

It so happens that Chairman William P. Connery, of the house labor committee, comes from Massachusetts, which has been hard hit for many years by this idea of a wage differential in favor of the South. Naturally he is vigorously against making any exceptions which would discriminate against New England in the new wages and hours bill he has introduced at the President's request.

But just as naturally southern senators and representatives are not anxious to see anything done by the federal government that would have the effect of removing this differential, which for some years now has been building up southern industry.

Question of Politics

At the same time the southern senators and representatives are politicians, and the workers have more votes than the employers—or even the chambers of commerce. And it might be assumed that the local storekeepers would be in sympathy with the workers. So it is just possible there may be more votes in eliminating the differential than in keeping it—even for the southerners.

That is just speculation, of course, for there is no indication yet that it is working in that direction. The indications are that the southern legislators regard the differential as an advantage, and will fight to keep it.

All of which points to labor troubles in the South sooner or later, for John L. Lewis is very set on the idea of building up buying power, and not purely from an altruistic standpoint at all. The C. I. O. has two objections to groups of underpaid labor. One is that they are probably competing with labor the wages and hours of which the union is trying to improve. The other is that it wants more people buying automobiles, electric refrigerators, radios, etc., which are produced by comparatively well paid labor. The more buying the more jobs, the more jobs the more union dues.

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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 KEEPS WATCH

EVERY minute that Peter Rabbit was awake he seemed to be watching for something. Even when he was eating he seemed to be all the time looking and listening. If he was in the Green Forest he would sit up every few minutes and look and look. And he always looked in one direction, and that was the direction from which gentle Sister South Wind came.

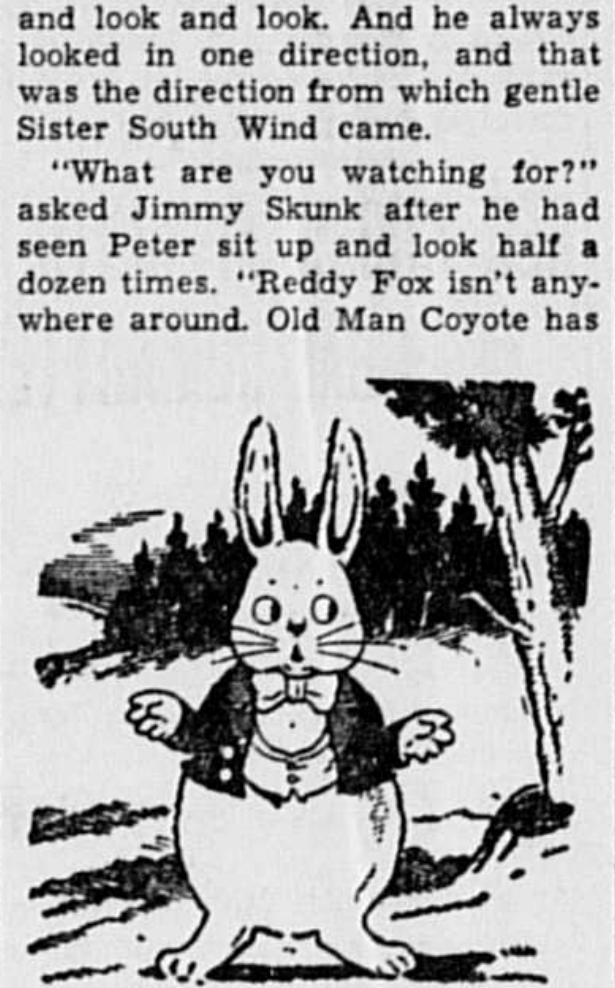
"What are you watching for?" asked Jimmy Skunk after he had seen Peter sit up and look half a dozen times. "Reddy Fox isn't anywhere around. Old Man Coyote has gone up to the Old Pasture and Roughleg the Hawk hasn't been around here for several days. I guess he's gone away until next winter. There isn't anything for you to be afraid of just now, Peter."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," replied Peter.

"Then what under the sun are you watching for so sharply?" persisted Jimmy.

"I—I—Oh, Jimmy, do you know if anybody has seen or heard Winsome Bluebird?" Peter fairly hopped up and down as he asked this.

"No," said Jimmy shortly. "What difference does it make whether they have or not?"



Every Minute That Peter Rabbit Was Awake He Seemed to Be Watching for Something.

"Why, if they have, Mistress Spring is almost here, and that's the most splendid news of the whole year!" cried Peter. "She is never far behind Winsome. I—I would like to be the first to see or hear Winsome and that's what I'm watching for. It's great fun to go about telling good news. I think I'd rather be Winsome Bluebird than any one I know of, because everybody is so glad to see him. Excuse me, Jimmy! I think I see something blue up there in the Old Orchard!" Off scampered Peter Rabbit for the Old Orchard as fast as he could go, lipperty-lipperty-lip.

Jimmy Skunk grinned as he watched him. "Peter Rabbit is just as foolish and crazy as ever," he grumbled. "That's nobody but Sam Jay and Peter is running his legs off for nothing. I'll be just as glad as anybody to have Mistress Spring get here because then maybe I can get some fat beetles, but what's the use of getting excited? Winsome Bluebird will come and Mistress Spring will come when they get ready and not before. Meanwhile I'm more interested in getting something to eat. I wonder if it's safe to go up to Farmer Brown's hen house. From the racket those hens made this morning there must be some fresh eggs there."

It was just as Jimmy had said. Peter reached the Old Orchard only to find it was Sammy Jay and not Winsome Bluebird who was there. He pretended that he had come up to see if Jimmy Chuck had waked yet, and as soon as he could he stole away by himself to watch and listen some more. But it was all in vain. Not a glimpse did he get of Winsome, nor a sound of his sweet whistle. That night Peter sat in the dear Old Brier Patch thinking it all over.

"Perhaps," said Peter slowly to himself, "perhaps there is some one else just as eager to be the first to hear Winsome Bluebird and I am a little bit selfish in trying so hard to be the first. I hadn't thought of that before, I guess that tomorrow I'll just go about my business. Then if I do hear Winsome first I'll be glad, and if some one else hears or sees him first I'll be glad too."

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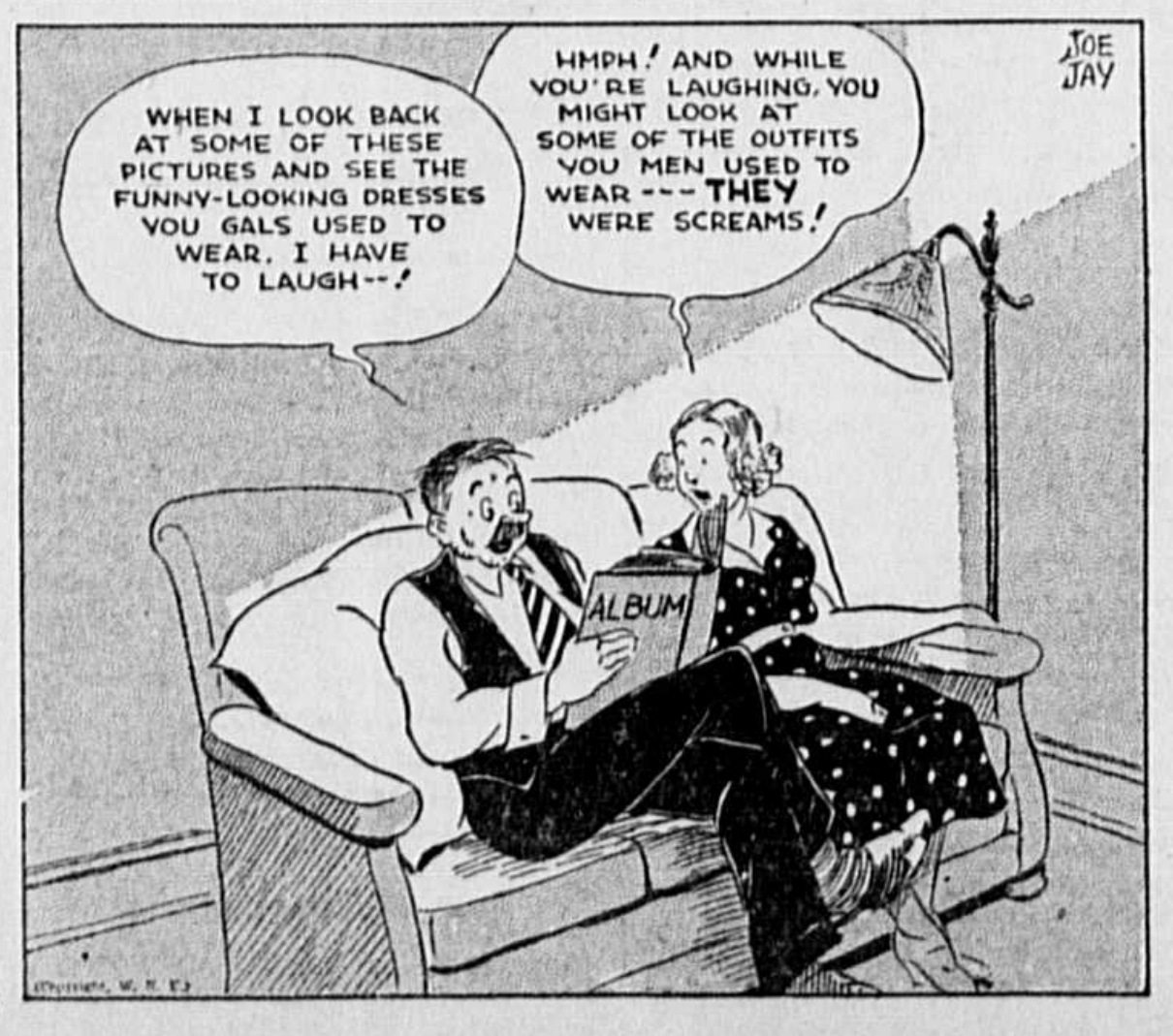
Outboard King

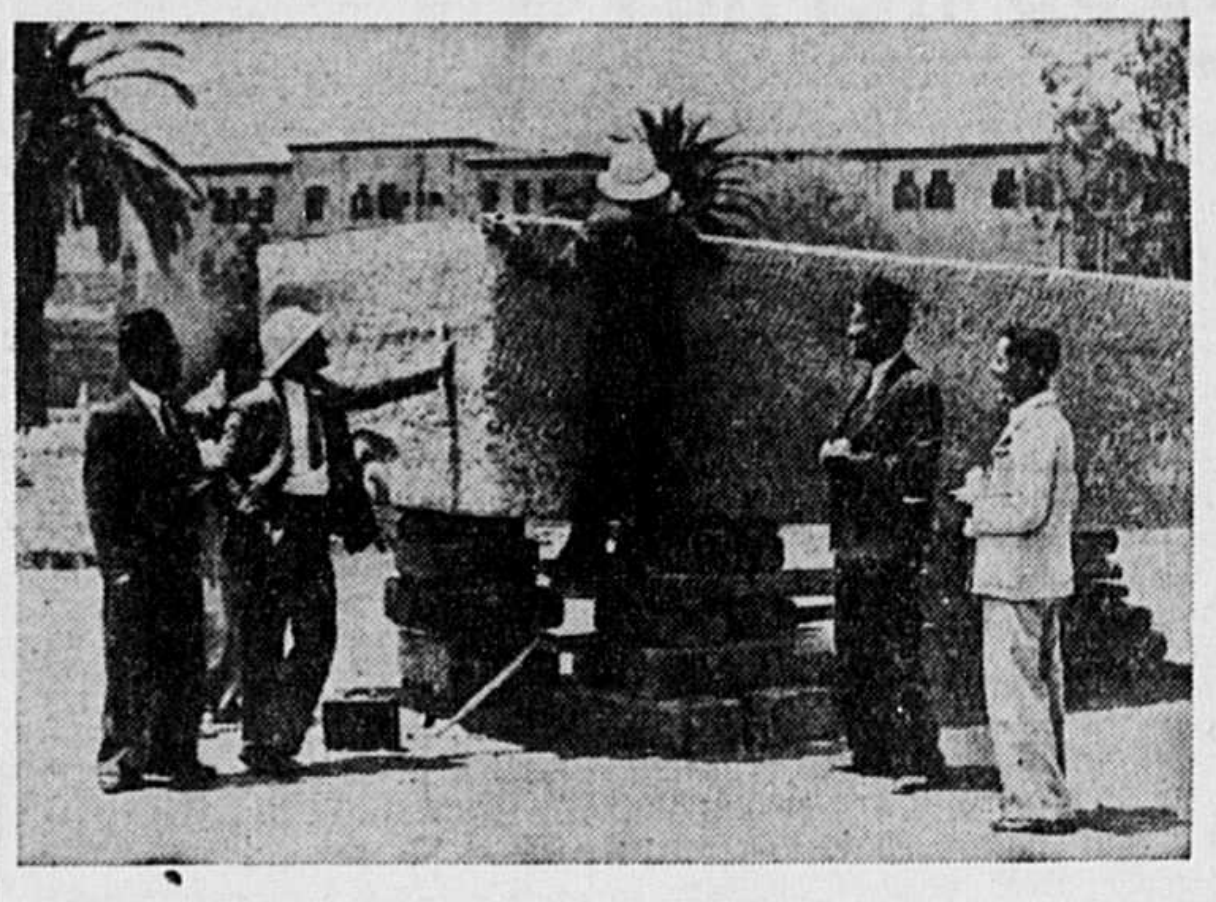
Marshall Eldredge of East Weymouth, Mass., photographed just after he won the 130-mile Albany to New York outboard motor marathon. He received the William Randolph Hearst trophy and a cash prize of $250.

Love, Honor and Obey



JOE JAY
WHEN I LOOK BACK AT SOME OF THESE PICTURES AND SEE THE FUNNY-LOOKING DRESSES YOU GALS USED TO WEAR, I HAVE TO LAUGH--!
HMPH! AND WHILE YOU'RE LAUGHING, YOU MIGHT LOOK AT SOME OF THE OUTFITS YOU MEN USED TO WEAR --- THEY WERE SCREAMS!
ALBUM

Sixty-Ton Coffin Found in Egypt



This sarcophagus, one of the largest ever found, weighs 60 tons and is 4 meters long; and is now in the courtyard of the Egyptian museum in Cairo. It was found by Abdel Hadi Eff Hamada, assistant curator of the museum, while he was examining the ancient shaft tomb cut in the rock of the Bath-El-Baquara quarry.

First Aid to the Ailing House

—By— Roger B. Whitman

WOMEN CAN DO GOOD PAINT JOBS.

A FEW days ago a woman asked me where she could go to have some kitchen furniture repainted. I asked her why she did not do it herself. She said that she had never done any painting, didn't know anything about it, and was afraid that she would make a mess of things. I told her that she would find it simple enough; that commonsense was about all that she would need.

I gave this would-be painter the following pointers.

First, get the old furniture ready for painting by washing it with soap and water, and rinsing off all of the soap and dirt with clear water, then, after drying, to go all over it with fine sandpaper to cut the remaining gloss of the old finish, and to smooth the edges of cracks and chipped places. The floor under the furniture should be covered with newspapers to catch spatters.

On opening a can of paint or enamel, stir with a stick to mix the hard lumps at the bottom with the liquid floating on top, so that the entire canful is blended to an even smoothness.

Paint or enamel should not be put on too thick; not so thick that it runs and forms beads. Two thin coats last longer and look better than one thick coat.

Two coats will probably be needed; maybe even three. When enamel is to be used, the undercoats should be of a kind that dries without gloss; a kind called enamel undercoater, for instance, or flat wall paint. Each undercoat should be thoroughly dry and hard before the next coat goes on.

In painting a chair, do the legs first; turn the chair upside down on another chair or a table.

For kitchen furniture, use the best enamel that can be had; some kind that dries with a surface like porcelain. This resists soiling and is easy to clean. Of course, it should be of the quick drying kind; the kind that dries in four hours or so.

For another pointer, if there is an interruption in the middle of a job, the paint can should be tightly closed to keep the paint or enamel in good condition. The brush should be wiped off, rinsed with turpentine, shaken out and wrapped in waxed paper. That will keep it soft for several days.

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THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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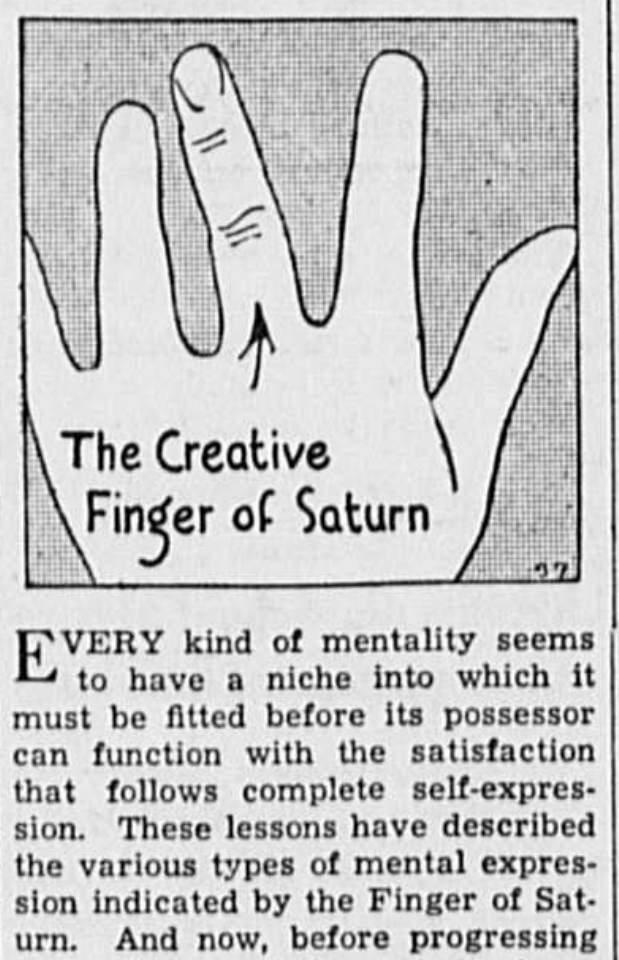


The Creative Finger of Saturn

EVERY kind of mentality seems to have a niche into which it must be fitted before its possessor can function with the satisfaction that follows complete self-expression. These lessons have described the various types of mental expression indicated by the Finger of Saturn. And now, before progressing to further revelations of the inner self given by other fingers, we shall consider the final and, in many ways, one of the most interesting types of second finger.

The Creative Finger of Saturn.

The strength and capability combined in this exceptional second finger are its most outstanding characteristics. This and its pronounced inclination toward the third or Finger of Brilliance.

Such a Finger of Saturn is straight, well-formed, moderately fleshed. The length is greater than either the first or third finger. Usually the middle knuckle is very prominent, though smoothly rounded and perceptibly larger than the nail joint. The nail tip is gracefully but not excessively tapered, and the nail is rather oval in shape, slightly convexed and well set. Under backward pressure, the entire finger has a lithe, resilient feel.

A Finger of Saturn of this kind and so placed is almost certain indication of a mind that has unlimited possibilities for creative expression in the arts, literature or drama, or in the fields of invention.

WNU Service.

THE SECOND LOOK

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

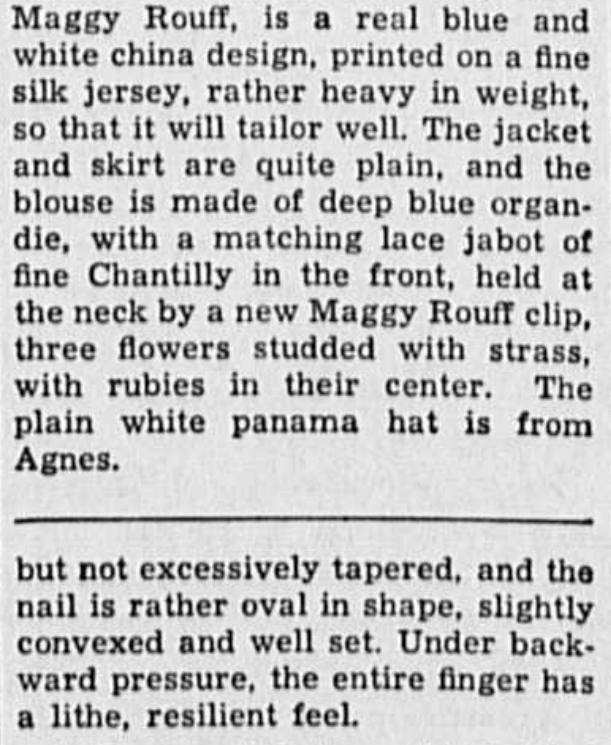
GOOD taste is hardly taught in
schools:
It is a matter of the mind
And heart and instinct—yet has
rules,
And rules not difficult to find.
Whatever you may choose to wear,
Whether a countess or a cook,
It is not good if people stare
And turn to take the second look.

Good taste is unobtrusiveness:
No band precedes it when it
comes.
They who that quality possess
Need never be announced with
drums.
It is the unassuming charm,
As pure and lovely as a brook,
That does not sound a loud alarm
To stop and take the second look.

Good taste is something of the soul,
It is a modesty of mien,
Of dress, of poise—an aureole
Of beauty rather sensed than seen.
And not admiring, men today
That startled inventory took:
It is the violation they
Observe, who take the second
look.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

Porcelain Print



Many prints, this season, imitate various porcelains. This one, from Maggy Rouff, is a real blue and white china design, printed on a fine silk jersey, rather heavy in weight, so that it will tailor well. The jacket and skirt are quite plain, and the blouse is made of deep blue organdie, with a matching lace jabot of fine Chantilly in the front, held at the neck by a new Maggy Rouff clip, three flowers studded with strass, with rubies in their center. The plain white panama hat is from Agnes.

Household Questions

Brightening Piano Keys—Discolored piano keys can be brightened by rubbing with a soft cloth dampened with alcohol.

• • •

Tinting Milk—When small children refuse to drink their daily milk requirements, try tinting the milk with vegetable coloring.

• • •

Storing Tea and Coffee—Home supplies of tea and coffee will keep their flavor longer if stored in stone jars.

• • •

Cleaning Rubber Rollers—The rubber wringers on washing machines can be kept clean by washing with kerosene.

• • •

For Blacking Stoves—An old shoe polish dauber is an excellent tool for blacking stoves.

• • •

Custard Sauce—One and one-half cups scalded milk, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one-quarter cup sugar, one-half teaspoon vanilla, yolks of two eggs. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar and salt; stir constantly while adding gradually the hot milk. Cook in double boiler till mixture thickens, chill and flavor.

• • •

Cabbage Cooked with Milk—Two cups milk, six cups shredded cabbage, one-third cup milk or cream, two tablespoons melted butter, two tablespoons flour, half teaspoon salt. Heat milk and cook cabbage in it two minutes. Add milk or cream, flour blended with butter and salt. Cook for three or four minutes, stirring constantly.

• • •

Boiling Sirup—If the saucepan is well buttered around the top sirup that is being boiled in it will not boil over the top of the pan.

• • •

Cooking Rhubarb—Rhubarb is disliked by some people because of its acidity. But this can be considerably reduced if the fruit is covered with cold water, brought to the boil and then strained before being stewed in the ordinary way. This method is only recommended to anybody who dislikes ordinary stewed rhubarb, as the healthful salts are lost when the fruit is cooked twice.

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He who would be daily wise must daily earn his wisdom.—David Starr Jordan.

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BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris

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SYNOPSIS

Victoria Herrendeen, an odd-looking, vivacious little girl, had been too young to feel the shock that came when her father, Keith Herrendeen, lost his fortune. A gentle, unobtrusive soul, he is now employed as an obscure chemist in San Francisco, at a meager salary. His wife, Magda, cannot adjust herself to the change. She is a beautiful woman, fond of pleasure and a magnet for men's attention. Magda and Victoria have been down at a summer resort and Keith joins them for the week-end. Magda leaves for a bridge party, excusing herself for being such a "runaway."

CHAPTER I—Continued

—2—

There was a little boat waiting at the pier just below the lodge; a white little boat gushing blots of white dancing light onto the dark water.

"They're going out to that yacht out there for dinner," Victoria told her father.

"Oh, yes," he said, looking in the direction of the lodge.

"Dad, why don't you like going to the lodge?"

"Well, for one thing I can't afford it, Vic."

"Can Mother?"

"Ah, but they ask her. They don't let it cost her anything."

"They give her dresses, too," Victoria said, thinking.

"Who does?"

"Mrs. Lester did—that dark blue dress."

"I thought she bought that at a sale?"

"No; Mrs. Lester's maid, Lotty, brought it over in a box. And another blue dress, too."

They walked along in silence for a while. Presently Victoria said:

"We've had a happy day, haven't we?"

"I'm glad you have," her father said, stopping to bend down and kiss her.

Victoria had to sleep on the porch cot that night, as she always did when Dad was there.

In the night she wakened, and heard their voices—her father's and her mother's. Her mother's was almost inaudible, and had a "please hush" note in it with which Victoria was entirely familiar. Her father's was not very loud, but clear:

"I'm not saying it's easy for you, Magda. I say it's simply your luck. We had it—lots of it. And God knows I didn't hold out on you then. Now we haven't got it any more, and that's your bad luck."

Silence. And then Mother's voice, very low and gentle:

"Keith, I know how hard it is for you, dear. And if you feel that way I simply won't go. But it does seem a wonderful chance. We happen—we four, the Harwoods and Grace Cuthbertson and I—to play a marvelous foursome of bridge, and Collins—that's the brother—cuts in now and then, so it makes it perfect. They're only to be gone five weeks. I could get Victoria's things straightened out, and ask Hetty to get your dinners . . ."

There was another plause. Presently the man said:

"You have no further affection—no interest in either one of us, I know that."

"Oh, please!" the woman's voice protested mildly. "I suppose this will go on into the forties and the fifties, boarding houses and Pine street apartments!"

"It won't be forever," Keith Herrendeen said.

"It'll be until I'm too old to care!" Victoria heard her mother say. Then there was a long silence, while the little girl lay listening on the porch with her heart hammering like a wild bird's and her ears strained, and her whole little body tensed with fear.

"Go, then," said her father out of the pause. They hadn't gone to sleep then; the quarrel was still on.

"Oh, no; I won't go now," her mother said gently and sweetly, in a normal voice.

"Well, now I tell you to go, that doesn't suit you!"

"It would be impossible for me to go now," Mrs. Herrendeen murmured firmly, as if the whole matter were settled.

"Now, why do you want to act like that about it, Magda?" the man demanded, with a faint hint of uneasiness, of change, in his tone.

Silence. Silence. Victoria heard her father's snore, light at first, swiftly deepening. Her heart began to beat more quietly. A night bird cried in the garden; the sea rushed and retreated on the rocks.

A whimpering sob broke through the other sounds; Victoria froze. Her mother was crying; bitterly, brokenly crying, and keeping the noise of it soft, so that no one should hear.

Victoria suffered as if from physical pain. The crying went on for a long time; a clock struck one for some half-hour; struck four. It was four o'clock!

The world was gray in shadowless light when Victoria slipped noiselessly from bed and stepped to the open window. She looked in. Her father was asleep, no doubt of that, for he was still healthily snoring. It was at the lightly covered form of her mother that she looked steadily; was she sleeping?

No, the beautiful dark eyes were wide open, fixed on Victoria in the window. Mrs. Herrendeen beckoned, and Victoria flew to her arms, and they kissed each other, the child hugged down against the tumbled covers and the little lacy pillows.

"You muggins, what waked you up?" the woman demanded in a breath that was less than a whisper.

"Mother, are you all right?"

"Perfectly all right, sweetheart."

"But, Mother, were you crying?"

"I got too tired, and that's why I cried, and I'm a very silly mother."

Victoria laughed the shadow of her own rich affectionate little laugh, and there were more kisses. Then she went back to her cold tumbled porch bed, and snuggled down inside it, and was asleep before the morning's first chill blanket of fog began to creep in across the level dim floor of the ocean.

When they were at home in the city, Magda Herrendeen never got up for breakfast. She always said that she loved getting up in the morning when there was anything to do. But in the five-room apartment on Pine street there was not much to do.

Keith got himself a cup of coffee and boiled two-minute oats for Victoria, or scrambled eggs for them both. The rest was just bread and butter, and milk poured from the bottle.

Magda sometimes got up and got herself some orange juice, or even a cup of tea. She would come back with the mail, the newspaper carried with a smoking cup or the glass. Settling down again, she would yawn wearily; what horrible things were in the house for dinner, and what should be ordered?

At eleven the telephone would ring, and then there would be a change. A change in her, and a change in the general atmosphere.

"My dear, I don't think I can today," she would say. "But it sounds too divine! How late would we be? . . . I see. Let me think . . . What are you wearing, Ethyl? . . . Yes, I have; I could wear the blue that Eleanor brought me from Paris . . . Yes, I know. But let me think about it and call you again!"

Victoria knew how this went; she had heard it many times, for after all she had not been long in school, and there were always long Saturday mornings at home. Her mother would hang up the telephone only to seize it once more. She would be all vitality, all energy now. Her beautiful eyes would be dancing, her manner absent-minded but sweet and happy again.

"Vic, could you go down to Florence's—or wait over at school until six? Daddy'll be here early, you know; I'll leave a message for him to call for you . . ."

And while she talked, Magda would be packing things in her handsome suitcase, laughing, glancing at the clock, snatching the telephone again. Perhaps she would talk to a man this time.

"Rudy, this is Magda. Ethyl and all of them are going to Jane's tonight; are you? . . . Oh, wonderful! When are you going down? For the polo? . . . Oh, fine! Could you take me along? . . . Well, you're a darling . . . I know, but anyway you're a darling . . . In about an hour? In about an hour."

But after her eleventh birthday, after that visit to the beach house, there was a change between her parents, and Victoria saw it, or perhaps felt it rather than saw it. Her mother was gentler, sweeter, more affectionate than ever when she was with them, but she was with them much less.

On the other hand Victoria's father grew silent, and gray, and disagreeable, as the months went by and were years. He rarely spoke at all at home, and in the evenings he almost always went out.

CHAPTER II

"Is Dad worried about business these days, Mother?" Victoria, fourteen years old, asked one day.

"I don't think so especially, darling. I think he was a little cross because they wanted me to be in the theatricals."

"And shall you be?"

"I don't know. I'm trying to think it out. I hate," Mrs. Herrendeen said, smiling through the sudden tears that filled her beautiful eyes— "I hate to trouble Daddy. But he does seem to me unreasonable. Men have their pleasures, and women have theirs. It isn't my fault that the nicest—actually the nicest—persons in this part of the world have been so extraordinarily generous to me."

"But why don't they invite him?"

"But they do, my dear! Of course they do! Daddy could go everywhere that I go, if he would. But he doesn't enjoy it."

Victoria pondered this awhile in silence.

"When I'm asked to a smart dinner, or the opera, or to stay down in Hillsborough for some special party, am I to hang my head and say, 'Oh, thank you, but Mr. Herrendeen likes me to be at home nights'?"

"I don't think he'd mind if it was only now and then," she suggested uncertainly.

"Ah, but that's the trouble, Vic. You can't play fast and loose. In three months they'd all have forgotten me. Their lives go too fast. They go abroad, or to New York or Hawaii; there are always marriages—people coming and going—changes—"

"Divorces," Victoria supplied simply, as her mother paused. Magda laughed, with a little touch of color in her face.

"Well, yes, divorces. Everything is whirling all the while—visitors from the East, the polo teams, the golf people. You can't let go. To get out of it for two months—to decline five invitations in a row, Vic—would mean you were out forever."

Again Victoria looked at her thoughtfully, puzzledly.

"And would Dad like you to do that, Mother?"

"Why, he's been so glum and silent these last months I hardly know. Ever since you and I went down to Santa Barbara last summer he's seemed to feel he has a grievance." Again the beautiful affectionate eyes filled with tears.

Victoria's heart ached for her with a fierce wrench of pain and sympathy. She knew of what her mother was thinking on these hot days; she was thinking of her friends at Tahoe, and up on the Klamath river, and down on the cool shores of Pebble beach and Santa Barbara.

Presently Magda came back to the question:

"You do see that it's hard for me, Victoria? What would you do?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," Victoria agreed. "It's—it's hard on us all!"

"Hard on you, too, dear?" Her mother asked quickly, in a tone that shrank away from pain.

"Hard to see you unhappy and see him unhappy," Victoria said, her eyes watering.

There was a ring at the door. Victoria was glad to go to answer it; the conversation had gotten completely out of hand. She came in with a great box of flowers; there were often boxes of flowers, but not often as large as this.

Victoria ran about getting vases for them.

"And what's in the box, Mother, the little box?"

Mrs. Herrendeen was smiling superbly, shaking her head. The card, twisted and wired in a wet envelope, was in her hand; the little square jeweler's box with it.

"But Why Don't They Invite Him?"

"What's in it, Mother?" Victoria insisted.

"I hate to look," the woman said. "I know it's going to make me angry."

"Angry?"

"I think so. Oh," Magda murmured, under her breath, "he has no right to do that!"

"Do you know who it is before you even read the card, Mother?"

"I think I do. I think it's my very rich friend, Mr. Manners,"

"The Spanish one?"

"He is half Spanish, I believe."

Magda slowly brought forth the card, glanced at it, crumpled it to pulp. Victoria's eager eyes were upon her as she opened the little box, cutting its heavy cords and breaking away the wax seals. There were a cardboard box, a light wooden box, a lined jewel case in which a heavy diamond bracelet was flashing and gleaming on a satin cushion.

"What does the note say, Mother?"

"Just—well, nothing, really. Ridiculous!" the woman murmured, her expression partly amused, partly pleased, partly impatient.

"It's beautiful," Victoria said, of the bracelet. "Are they expensive?"

"Only a few thousand," her mother answered carelessly. She fitted the bracelet carefully back in its case; replaced the wooden box, the cardboard box, and yawned.

"Don't you like him, Mother?"

"Who? Ferd Manners?"

"Is that his name? It doesn't sound very Spanish."

"It's Ferdinand de Something Manners. I believe his mother was an Argentine heiress. He's lived there a great deal."

"You might know he was Spanish," Victoria said brightly, "or he wouldn't think he could send a married lady jewelry!"

"True for you, Miss Herrendeen!" her mother agreed, going into the bedroom with the box. Until she could return it, she would hide it, Victoria knew. Dad must know nothing of this.

The afternoon dragged. After a while Victoria put on her old white serge skirt and a white thin sweater, pulled a small white hat over her bobbed head, and went to the library to get a new book. When she came back at five, her mother was entertaining a caller. It was a square, dark - skinned man, sprawled in a low chair, a glass of champagne between his big brown hands.

"This is my little girl, Mr. Manners."

"Come, it was to be Ferdinand!" the man said, his voice and accent instantly betraying the Latin.

"It was not," Magda countered simply, smiling. She was in something soft and cool and pale blue; she had had time to dress, time to draw shades and set the flowers about advantageously.

"Are you going up to Helen's?" he was presently asking. He paid no attention to Victoria. Magda shook her head. "You're not?" the man demanded surprised.

"My little spare tire," Victoria's mother said, her arm about her.

"But good gracious, take her! Connie's girl must be about her age."

"No," Magda said, gently shaking her had. "Not just now, anyway. But it must be lovely up there! I've never been there, you know. Phyllis was telling me of some place—the Braverman place right on the water—"

"But that's just the place I am going to buy!" Ferdinand Manners exclaimed. When Magda presently went out of the room to bring him her Spanish shawl, he asked Victoria if she knew that she had a very beautiful mother. He bent his russet head over the shawl. "Yes, that is a fine shawl," he said. "What does the man offer you?"

Victoria was shocked. Was Mother going to sell the famous old shawl? She saw that her mother hadn't wanted her to know.

"He offers me three hundred—Marsh. It's to be edged with fur for a wrap. They'll take all this off." Magda ran her fine thin hand through creamy silk fringes so stiff that they looked like cotton.

Just a week later Victoria brought in a great box just delivered from Marsh's; the shawl was inside. It had been changed into a sumptuous evening wrap with a border all the way about it of soft white fur. And this gift her mother did not return. She put it away in the great trunk that always stood in her room; there was small closet space in the apartment.

That same week, on another sticky sultry night, Keith Herrendeen came in looking tired and pale at six o'clock, apparently more than ordinarily wearied by the burden and heat of the day. He sank into a chair in the sitting room that was also the dining room, where Victoria was already setting the table.

"I brought you a little present, Magda," he said, his face suddenly bright with a smile. "It's not much, my dear."

It was an Emporium box; a white linen jacket, unlined, with a smart dark blue stripe about the collar and cuffs. The tag was still on it; he explained that she was free to exchange it if she liked. Victoria sent a quick apprehensive glance toward her mother. The bracelet that had cost thousands had been sent back, but the remains of the great crate of flowers, and fresh flowers, were everywhere, and deep in her mother's trunk was the beautiful shawl with its new border of pure white ermine.

Mrs. Herrendeen stood fingering the linen jacket. The staring "$3.95" on a tag was in her hand, as the fringe of the shawl had been a few days ago.

"It's very sweet, Keith," she said, holding her tone low. But it was no use; in a minute she was crying convulsedly, bitterly, senselessly, standing at the window, with her shaking shoulders to the room. "Don't mind me," she said thickly. "I'm crazy. Don't pay any attention to me!"

"I'll be damned if I understand you sometimes, Magda," Keith said wearily.

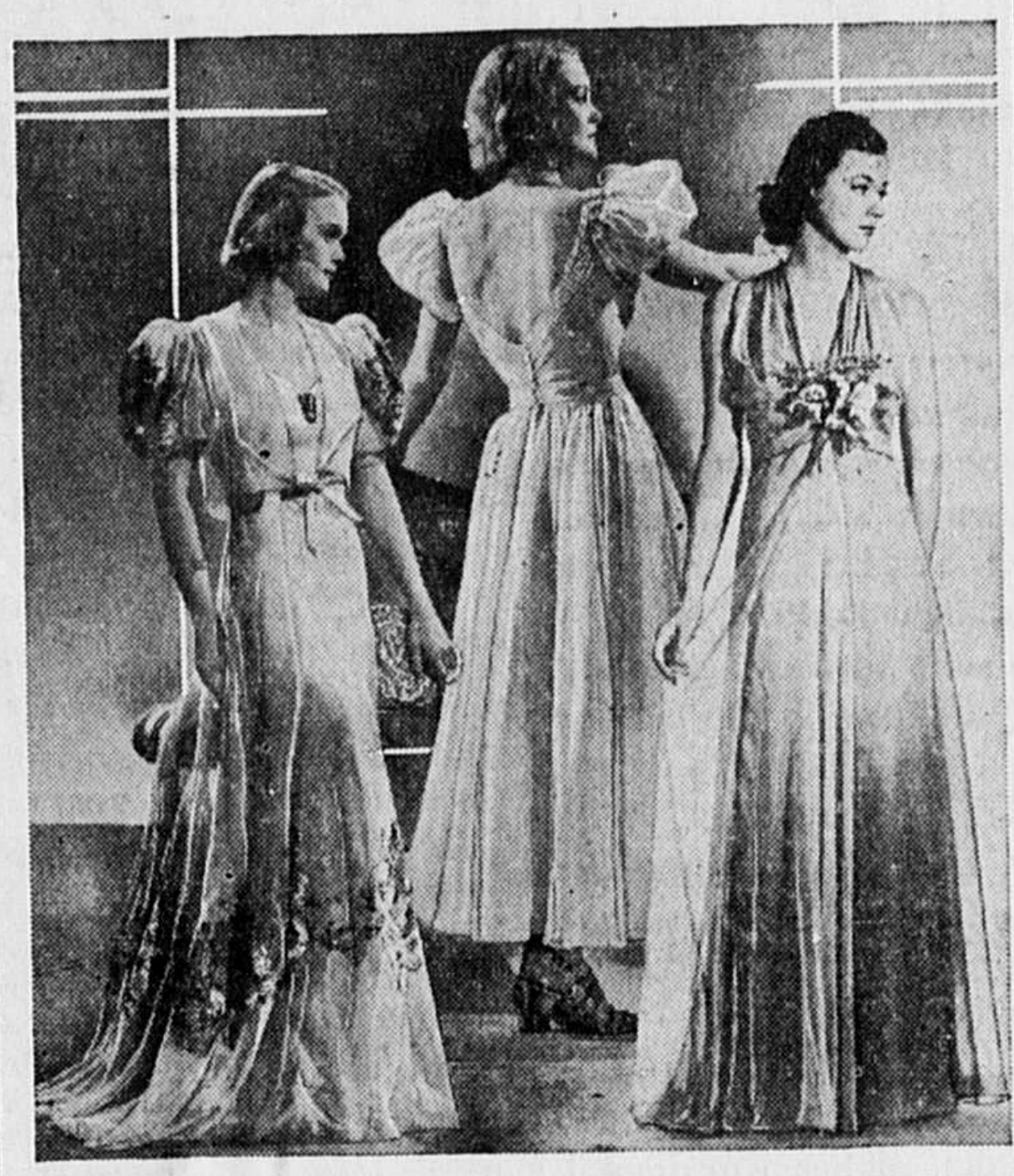
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bird's Skeleton Most Rigid

The skeleton of a bird is the most rigid of all the animals. Bones fuse together and overlap. The familiar "wish bone" is simply the two collar bones grown together to give greater strength to the attachment of wings. The breastbone is not flat as in most animals, but has an enormous ridge down the middle for the attachment of flight muscles. These muscles are relatively hundreds of times more powerful than similar muscles in man. In some birds they are so highly developed that they represent half the bird's entire weight.

Beguiling Silks This Summer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



YARDS and yards and yards of entrancing silk sheers will go floating and billowing through the evening mode this summer. Airy-fairy, vaporous, frothy and transparent tulles, nets, organzas, chiffons, marquisettes, mousseline de soies and other as filmy fabrics have an importance this season such as they have not achieved in years.

The vast yardage that goes into the making of the new romantic full-skirted dance frocks is almost unbelievable. Certain Paris dressmakers are using as much as forty yards for a single gown—the type (slim bodice and voluminous skirt over stiff petticoats) that "us moderns" regarded as belonging to quaint century-past scenes, but scarcely expected to see revived in our own day and generation. Yet here they are dancing before your very eyes into the current style picture.

The skirts of these picturesque gowns vary, from floor-touching to the very new ballerino type. Nothing in the way of a dance frock so startled the world of fashion this season as the appearance of the waltz frock which Schiaparelli brought forth. Now that we are getting used to the idea, this soubrette silhouette which caused such a sensation at the openings is developing into a big vogue among the younger dancing set. The frock centered in the group illustrated plays up the new favorite. It is made of white mousseline de soie exquisitely detailed with tiny tucks on the waist and wee buttons that fasten at the back.

Some of the more informal waltz frocks are often of printed silk with perhaps shirred fullness at the waistline like a girdle or with flaring pleats in the peasant skirt. The bodice is neat and slim at the waist with demure square neckline in front and cunning short puff sleeves.

Not that all party dresses are full skirted, but the fragile sheers and gay silk prints certainly do make up beautifully in full-skirted versions.

The gown to the right and to the left in the picture demonstrates the effectiveness of sheer material for the evening mode. The lovely summery redingote model shows up the exquisiteness of transparent materials to a nicety. It is designed of two tones of chiffon—green over yellow, with ties at the neckline and back waistline. A brown orchid corsage adds the final accent to an artful color study.

If there is one type of dress that is running away with the honors more so than the redingote styles it is the bolero costume. Not only are the redingote and the bolero important daytime features but they are just as significant throughout the evening mode. Here, to the left in the picture, is a lovely bolero dress for summer night, moonlight dancing under the stars. White silk marquisette is the chosen medium for this pretty ensemble. Large floral appliques on the bolero and the skirt add color glory to the scene.

Silk sheers featured for evening gowns are also suggested in dark colors, the latest being bold and glamorous plaid transparencies or stripes if you prefer. Triple sheers are also shown in luscious plain colors or in exotic prints. Some of the silk marquisettes are flock-dotted or embroidered.

Clever and ornate trimmings that accent the width of swirling hemlines include bands of contrasting colors, full stiff ruchings, borders of delicate lace, sprays of natural looking flowers positioned effectively, also scalloped or picoted edges.

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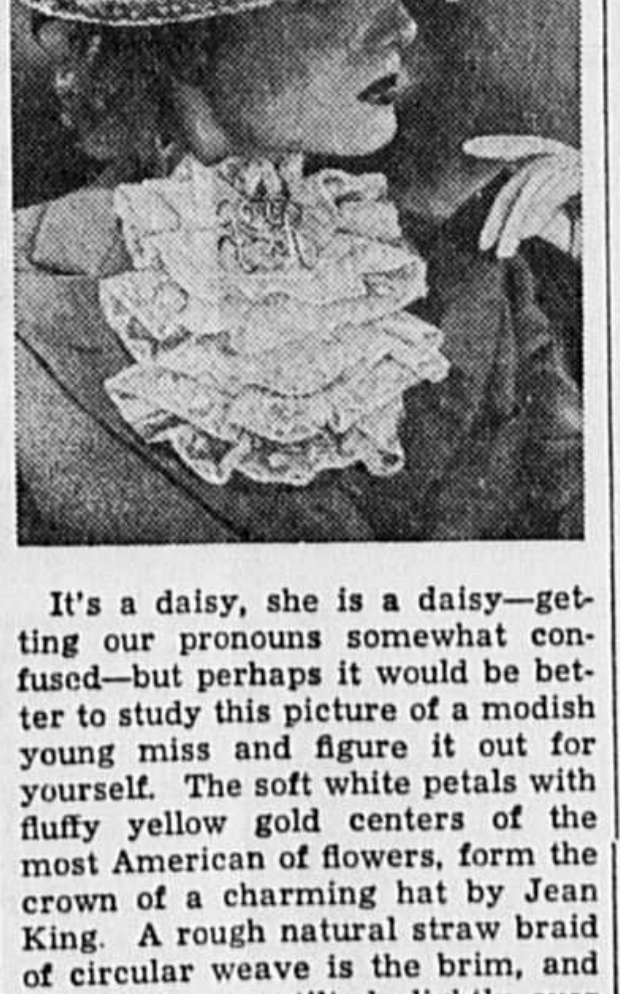
COSTUME ACCENTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



It's a daisy, she is a daisy—getting our pronouns somewhat confused—but perhaps it would be better to study this picture of a modish young miss and figure it out for yourself. The soft white petals with fluffy yellow gold centers of the most American of flowers, form the crown of a charming hat by Jean King. A rough natural straw braid of circular weave is the brim, and the hat is worn tilted slightly over one eye. A Victorian scroll monocraft pin beautifully wrought in gold, tunes to the glinting gold highlights in the straw of the hat as it clasps a sweetly feminine jabot made of the daintiest of dainty val edging. The secret that the young woman pictured would tell you is that carefully selected flattering accessories play a big part in the fine art of dress.

Doubles for Evening

Detachable sheer silk overskirts in evening costumes sometimes do double duty as evening wraps.

Sailor Most Popular

The sailor hat is the most popular shape in Paris.

GRADUATES SHOULD THINK OF GLOVES

By CHERIE NICHOLS

Gloves have always been a mark of sophistication. If this year's crop of sweet girl graduates realized that, there would be a rush for the glove counter. Most of the time, we are so concerned over the big items, like the dress, that we forget about the things that go-with, those little tell-tale touches.

Most schools require a simple, youthful white dress. The majority of these are the short-sleeved, garden-party variety. In the prep and high schools, they are almost informal evening dresses. Such formality with no gloves? Your hands will look much prettier when accepting your diploma if they are well gloved in snow-white glace kid. There is such a variety of little short formal gloves in the shops that you should have fun choosing the pair that particularly suits your dress.

And don't forget gloves for the spring proms. It's not so much the basic costume as the finishing that makes a well-dressed woman. Gloves are indispensable to even the most divine evening dress. Nude hands are fast fading out of the picture. You must look feminine and romantic these days. And don't you feel a lot more dressed up when you wear gloves? You can indulge your taste for long ones or very short ones as both are correct.

Evening Fashions

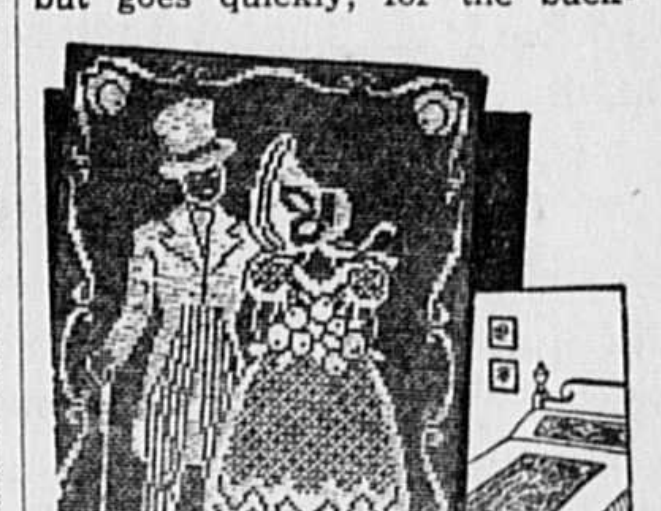
Fashions for evening, in contrast to daytime, are elaborate, very formal and decollete. Skirts just touch the floor, although you'll see some of the new ankle-length dance frocks introduced at the Paris midseason openings.

Colorful Corset

The color contagion has spread to corsets and there is a youthful corselette available in all the better stores which may be ordered dyed in any one of a dozen colors to match your evening gown or your new suit.

Charm of Yester-Year in Crochet

There's the charm of Grandmother's time in this lacy panel-inset, a luxurious bit of dress-up for your "best" bedspread! In string it measures 24 by 35 inches, but goes quickly, for the background is in lace stitch. It would also be effective as a door panel. The stunning panel running lengthwise of the bolster may also serve as a scarf. Crochet this beautiful design of humble, durable string or in finer cotton for smaller panels. In pattern 5790 you will find detailed instructions and charts for making the panels shown; illustrations of the panel and of the stitches used; material requirements.



Pattern 5790.

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

Women on Juries

Twenty-one states and the District of Columbia now call women for jury service. In nine states, California, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, the duty is compulsory, and women render service on the same terms as men. In ten states, Arkansas, Delaware, Kansas, Louisiana, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, Utah, and Washington, and in the District of Columbia, their service is permissive.

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Incivility

A moral, sensible and well-bred man will not affront me, and no other can.—Cowper.

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