SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington. — There is more to the uneasiness of certain high labor officials to government fixing of minimum wages than is being made known. What some of them think about it down in their hearts would not arouse any enthusiasm if stated in plain English. It would not be good politics, and in politics a man who has become a labor leader is apt to know his way around.

One objection is stated frankly. They are afraid that if the government fixes a minimum wage it will tend to become the standard wage. A good deal of publicity has been given to this. But most of it is just talk. A good many workers suspect that the social security payroll taxes are more menacing to pay advances than any governmental edict that not less than a certain amount can be paid for a definite job in a definite place.

Every once in a while there is a hint that the fixing of wages is a matter which should be left to collective bargaining. That comes pretty close to being the heart of the real objection. The same danger was realized by labor leaders during the NRA regime. Obviously if the government should eventually control all working conditions, particularly hours and wages, the importance of union labor leaders would shrink considerably. There might even come a time when workers would doubt the wisdom of having highly paid union officials with liberal expense accounts. The government would be doing the job that the unions set out to do and have been doing.

There was a small contingent of the original brain trust which saw this very clearly, and welcomed the day when it would mature. They wanted all power lodged in the federal government. This line of thought never triumphed. The time was not ripe for it.

Moreover the election was approaching and the administration did not know then that it could have been re-elected even if all the labor unions had been just as strongly opposed to it as they were in favor of it.

See Danger There

But the dangerous germ of thought is still there. The administration intends to march on its efforts to straighten out the waving up and down curve of business booms and depressions. It intends to control business more and more, especially in the matter of plant expansions.

With the regulation of wages and hours, not a part of the program for the present session of congress, the regulation of business comes closer. Sooner or later may come another move. It has not even been hinted, so far, but as a matter of fact it has lots of advocates, some of them inside the New Deal breastworks.

For if governmental control is to be exercised over business in order to avoid hectic booms and gloomy depressions—with the idea being to keep the curve of prosperity in a straight line, with no ups and downs—it will become important not to have cessations of work due to labor troubles. They are apt to play hob not only with production—bearing in mind that the goal of the New Deal is to have production geared down to the capacity of the market to consume—but with government revenues.

The millions of taxes paid to the federal government out of the annual profits of the steel corporation, for example, and out of personal incomes derived from dividends from that company, might conceivably disappear entirely for one year due to strikes which might turn the black ink figures of that company into red.

All of which has labor leaders a little perturbed as they see the start made on government regulation of wages.

Ohio in Congress

The Ohio delegation is an interesting example of what is happening to the President on the Supreme court enlargement bill, and on insurgency in general. It is typical of most of the delegations from states which are normally Republican, and at present have heavy Democratic majorities in the Capitol Hill contingents.

Ohio now has 22 Democrats and only 2 Republicans in the house, although if there is such a thing any more as a "normal" majority the Buckeye state should have about 200,000 Republicans.

A month ago a confidential poll was taken of these 22 Ohio Democrats. It showed 13 of them were against the President on the Supreme court issue, and only 9 with him. But just a few days ago the 22 Democrats were again polled, and this time there were 15 against the President and only 7 for him!

This does not mean that the two gentlemen who originally favored the President and later decided they would have to vote against him, had changed their own opinions about the merits or demerits of the bill. It means that they had changed their minds about what was the safer thing for them to do.

The point is that most of the Ohio Democrats have discovered, to their own satisfaction, that a majority of the voters in their districts are against the court packing bill; but that a majority of the Democrats in their district are for the President.

Thus they are between the devil and the deep blue sea. If they vote against the President, they are likely to be knocked off in the primaries by a New Dealer who charges them with having betrayed the cause of liberalism, fought our leader, and generally acted in a traitorous fashion. This, especially as the Farley machine is apt to be very efficient in the primaries.

Would Hurt Chances

But if they vote for the President on the court bill, then their chances in the general election are very poor indeed. Their danger there is that the general sentiment in the entire district, among Republicans as well as Democrats, would beat them.

If Roosevelt himself were running in 1938 the situation would be different. The President, they still believe firmly, is simply magical as a vote getter. People would in many instances vote the straight ticket, and thus the Democratic candidates for congress would be pulled through in most of the districts the President carried.

But the President is not running. So they are frightened. They want to keep their $10,000 jobs. They like the perquisites, the feeling of importance. Their wives like the social life of the capital. They do not want to be retired. Most of them, as a matter of fact, could not earn anything like so much money at home.

So they are doing their best to avoid either danger. They do not want this measure voted on in the House. And just because so many of them do not want it voted on, it probably will not be.

They want the bill to stay in the senate until after the election next year, or until present interest in it dies away.

But if they do have to vote against the President, the same political logic will lead them to vote for a great many more New Deal measures than perhaps they otherwise would. It would not do to put themselves forward as too strongly against the President. That is not good politics. So the President may be triumphant after all!

To Rejuvenate G. O. P.

There is a movement on to rejuvenate the Republican party. So far the move is rather shrouded in mystery, but a man very prominent in the last campaign until he was virtually shelved by Chairman John D. M. Hamilton was in Washington a few days ago explaining to some senators he knew what he was trying to do in aiding the movement.

The main point of the idea, it seems, is to organize a large number of huge Republican clubs, starting in the big cities. When campaign time approaches the idea would be for the young Republicans in these clubs to work together, in the various congressional districts and also in the states, for district and state at large delegates to the Republican National convention.

Assuming success in this, the idea then would be for them to take over control of the G. O. P. organization at that time, and make it a live force in the country once more.

There is at least one shrewd idea in the plan, however impractical it may appear to be. This is that the backers are in agreement that they must not try to foist any choice they may develop as to the candidate for the presidency.

Not Like Old Days

It's very different from the good old days, when there were bosses that were bosses. It is just a little bit interesting, since the death of the last of them. J. Henry Roraback of Connecticut, a few weeks back, that some of the young Republicans are wishing the party had a few leaders who had the brains and strategy of the old group headed by Boies Penrose, even if they do think the new party ought to be a little more liberal.

There seems to be no personalities particularly in the new movement, which is just as well at this stage, but there are quite a few gentlemen whose names are anathema. Head and front of this last is Herbert C. Hoover. A close runner-up, for no other reason apparently than that his name is considered bad medicine politically, is Ogden L. Mills of New York, Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury and generally branded as an arch conservative.

It goes without saying that John D. M. Hamilton does not rate very high with the organizers of this movement. If he did they would not be planning so comprehensive a campaign to steal the organization. If they could influence Hamilton to do what they want, the movement would not be necessary. Or, to put it another way, Hamilton would be leading it.

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The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

THE HERALD OF MISTRESS SPRING

PETER RABBIT was sitting in the middle of the dear Old Brier Patch. Jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had just begun his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky, and Peter was wondering where he would go and what he would do when he heard a sound that caused him to suddenly sit up very straight with both ears pointing right up to the sky. Peter held his breath for a minute and then he heard it again. This time he jumped straight up in the air and kicked his heels together for joy. It

"Oh, Winsome, I'm So Glad You've Got Here at Last; I'm So Happy I Could Sing for Joy."

was just the softest, sweetest whistle! It wasn't merry and it wasn't sad; it was just beautiful. And it seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere—just out of the air.

"Winsome Bluebird!" cried Peter Rabbit. "Oh, it's Winsome Bluebird! I wonder where he is! He sounds a long way off and yet he may be close by. Oh, I do wonder if I'm the first one to hear him!"

"I guess you are, Peter," said a soft voice. "I guess you are, because you see I've just arrived and I came straight to the Old Brier Patch, because I just knew that you would be looking for me and I wanted you to have the pleasure of being the first to see me. Why don't you look up in the little cherry tree over your head, Peter, and say something?"

Of course Peter felt very foolish, and he looked just as he felt, as he saw Winsome Bluebird sitting right over his head. You see that soft, beautiful voice had seemed to come from everywhere, and Peter hadn't been able to tell just where it did come from.

"Oh, Winsome!" he cried. "Oh, Winsome, I'm so glad you've got here at last! I'm so happy I could sing for joy."

"Ho, ho, Peter!" laughed Winsome Bluebird. "Do try it. I should love to hear you sing."

Peter grinned. "Well, anyway, if I can't sing I can dance," he cried and right away began the funniest little dance that ever was. Finally he had to stop to get his breath. "There, that's how glad I am!" he cried. "Now tell me all the news, Winsome."

"Oh, I couldn't, Peter. I couldn't tell you all. There's too much to tell and I haven't got time now. You know there are others waiting for me."

"But do tell me if Mistress Spring is most here," begged Peter.

"Of course she is! Don't you know I am her herald? I've come all the way up from down south just ahead of her to tell everybody that she is coming. You know, that is what a herald is for. I had rather be the herald of Mistress Spring than anything else in all the world." Winsome half lifted his beautiful blue wings as he said this.

"Don't go!" cried Peter. "I guess I know how you feel. It must be perfectly splendid to make everybody glad and happy as you do. I—I wish I could be a herald."

Winsome Bluebird laughed—the sweetest laugh. "I guess you don't need to be a herald to make people glad to see you, Peter," he said. "Besides, you know you can be sort of a herald by telling everybody you meet that I am here."

"That's so!" Peter cried. "That's one reason I like to be the first to see or hear you. It's great fun to see how pleased everybody is when they know that you have arrived. I—I hope nothing will happen to make Mistress Spring late."

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Zuppke Holds One-Man Art Exhibit

Robert C. Zuppke, head football coach at the University of Illinois for 25 years, is also a self-taught artist of considerable fame. Recently he held a one-man exhibit in Chicago, and is here seen showing one of his paintings to a young lady.

First Aid to the Ailing House

—By— Roger B. Whitman

PAINT AND VARNISH REMOVERS

PAINT and varnish removers do not actually remove a finish; their action is to soften the oils of a finish sufficiently to permit it to be wiped and scraped off. Liquid removers are a combination of solvents, such as wood alcohol, benzine, amyl acetate, and other liquids, usually combined with paraffin to check evaporation. Liquid removers act quickly; usually in not more than 20 minutes. By that time paint and varnish will be so softened that they can be wiped off with a rough cloth. For old paint, a second application may be necessary, and scraping with a putty knife. With liquid removers, there is no raising of the grain of wood.

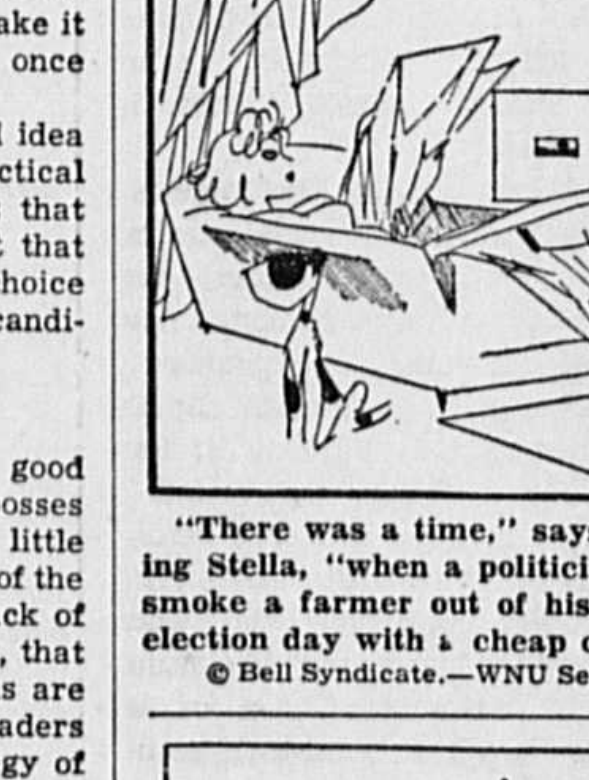
The vapors of liquid varnish removers are inflammable, and care must be taken to avoid fire. I know of one case, and it was not unusual, when this was overlooked with disastrous results. Liquid varnish remover was being used to take the finish from a table. The work was being done in a small room, and as it was winter, the windows were closed. In the middle of things the worker lighted a cigarette; there was an instant flash of fire, and the house was saved from destruction only by quick work with an extinguisher.

When using a liquid remover, there should be good ventilation to carry off the vapors, and there should be no flames nearby. To avoid trouble, a liquid varnish remover should not be used in a cellar when the heater fire is burning, nor in a kitchen with a lighted coal range; with a gas range the pilot light should be put out. With ordinary and common sense precautions, liquid varnish removers can be used with complete safety.

The use of a liquid paint and varnish remover should be followed by liberal washing with turpentine to take up the paraffin.

Certain alkalis have the effect of paint removers; for example, washing soda, trisodium phosphate, and lye. Of these, lye has the great disadvantage of being injurious to wood fibers, and should be used only when this effect is of no importance. Washing soda and trisodium phosphate dissolved in water in the proportion of 1 to 3 pounds to the gallon are usually satisfactory. They may have the effect of raising the grain of wood, which calls for sandpapering after the wood has dried.

© By Roger B. Whitman.



"There was a time," says stumping Stella, "when a politician could smoke a farmer out of his hole on election day with a cheap cigar."

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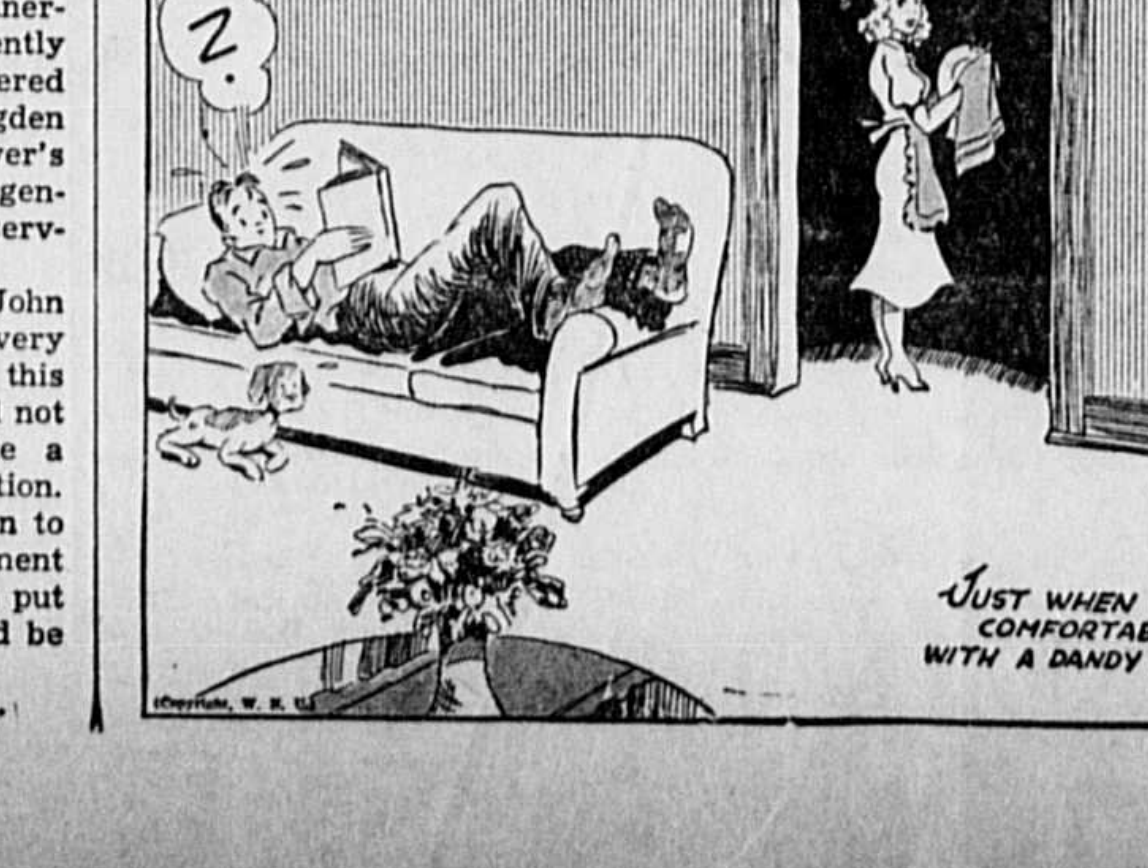
Love, Honor and Obey



COME. SWEETHEART-- DRESS UP A BIT---THE UTLEYS ARE COMING OVER TONIGHT TO PLAY CARDS--
Z
JOE JAY
JUST WHEN WE GET COMFORTABLE WITH A DANDY BOOK--!

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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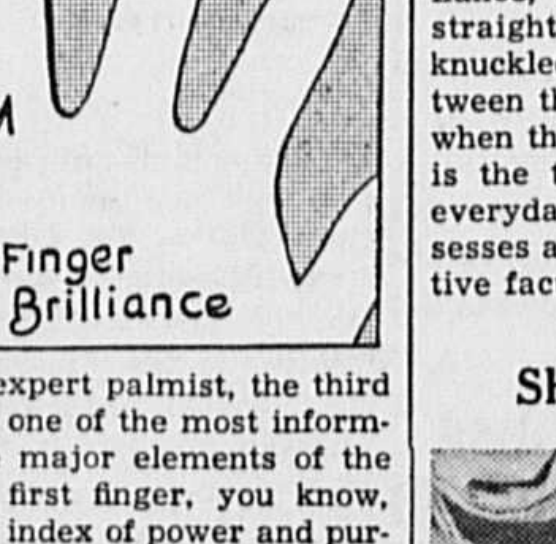

TO THE expert palmist, the third finger is one of the most informative of the major elements of the hand. The first finger, you know, is a general index of power and purpose. The second finger likewise reveals the kind of conscious and subconscious thought through which the inner self finds expression. The third finger, which we are now to consider, denotes with equal accuracy the outlets through which ambition and thought can most successfully combine for manifestation.

Attributes of the Third Finger.

You may look to the third or Finger of Brilliance, as it is called, for evidence of the creative faculties or lack of them. Remember that the word "creative" is not used solely in the artistic sense.

This finger may be broadly classified into six types. The first of these is the Normal Finger of Brilliance, which is moderate in length, straight and rather smoothly knuckled, and evenly spaced between the second and fourth fingers when the hand is opened wide. This is the third finger of the average everyday man or woman who possesses a normal amount of the creative faculty.

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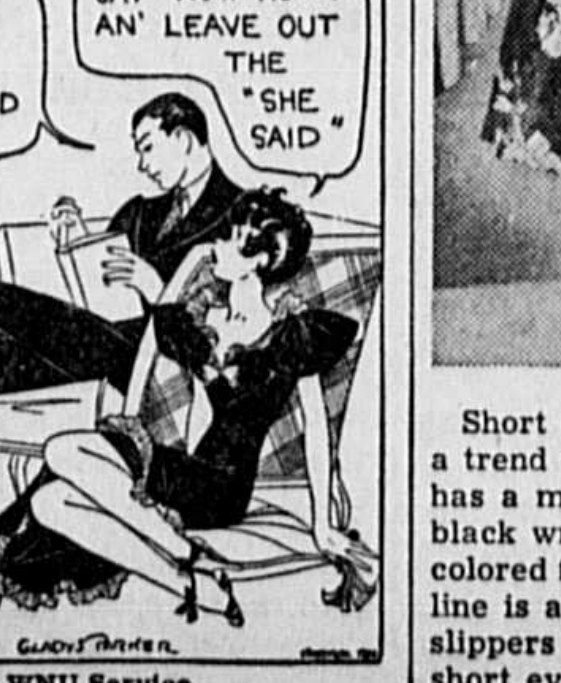
MOPSY



"I LOVE YOU," SHE SAID
SAY THAT AGAIN AN' LEAVE OUT THE "SHE SAID"
GLADYS PARKER

WNU Service.

JUST GO FISHIN'

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHEN the world is lookin' bluer
Than you ever saw her, knew her,
When you only stumble through her
Day by day.
When you think you're weary of her,
Banker, worker, lawyer, lover,
There's a way you can recover
Right away.
When discouraged and disgusted,
When you're practically busted,
There's a way to git adjusted
And to smile:
From your cares and competition
Take a little intermission,
Jump the joint, and just go fishin'
For awhile.

Why, ya great big mastodon ya,
When your girl has gone back on ya,
As she ought to do, doggone ya,
You're so mean,
When you're troubled in the gizzard,
When you're sick from A to Izzard,
When you look just like a lizard,
Blue and green,
Then to cure each ache and shiver,
And to regulate your liver,
Row a boat, or wade a river
For a mile—
Yes, to feel the old ambition
And to git back in condition,
Jump the joint, and just go fishin'
For awhile!

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

Short Dance Frock

Short dance frocks are becoming a trend of fashion. This one, which has a matching bolero jacket, is of black wrap print taffeta with pastel colored flowers. The new low waistline is an important style note. The slippers are designed especially for short evening dresses.

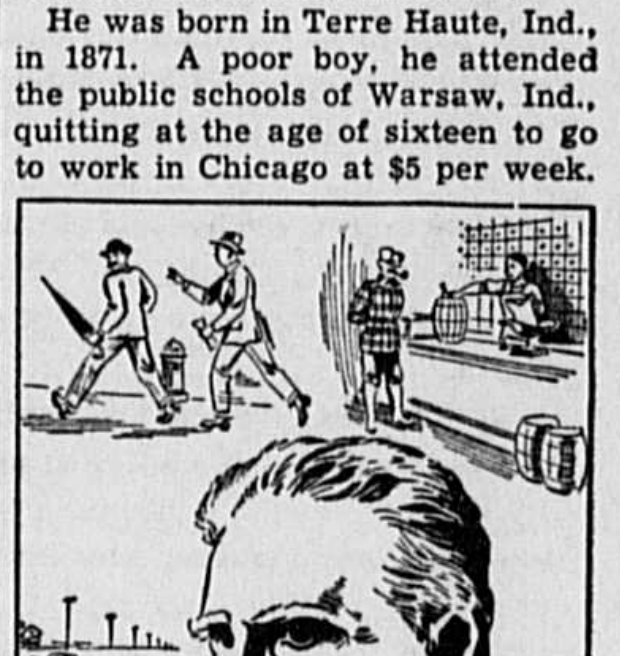
'Way Back When

By JEANNE

DREISER WAS A BILL COLLECTOR

IF YOU lived in Chicago, Ill., years ago, you may have bought carpet tacks or a can of paint from a young hardware clerk who looked like nobody at all to you. A few years later you might have rented an apartment from the real estate office where he clerked; a little later you may have seen a young man persistently ringing the doorbell of that neighbor of yours who was careless about her furniture installments. For Theodore Dreiser, famous in American letters today, was in his youth hardware clerk, clerk in a real estate office, and bill collector for a furniture house.

He was born in Terre Haute, Ind., in 1871. A poor boy, he attended the public schools of Warsaw, Ind., quitting at the age of sixteen to go to work in Chicago at $5 per week.



An ordinary young man, with an ordinary background, who could have foretold that some day he would produce a book ("American Tragedy") which would arouse world-wide controversy, banned in some cities, required reading in some school systems?

After the collector's job, persistent calling at the Chicago Daily Globe got him a job as a reporter. His rise was rapid as he developed a clear reportorial style, until 1898 he became editor-in-chief of the Butterick Publications which included Delineator Magazine. His first book, "Sister Carrie," was published in 1900 and immediately banned for its frankness. It was not until 1911 that his next, "Jennie Gerhardt," appeared; and it was followed at regular intervals by other books of the "call a spade a spade" type. "American Tragedy" appeared in 1925, was translated into many languages and was adapted to the stage in America and in Germany as late as 1936.

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LOWELL THOMAS WAS A COOK

THE life of Lowell Thomas has been tremendously exciting, but it may be encouraging to those of you in everyday jobs, and pining for adventure, to know that he was not always free from humdrum occupations.

The radio and news-reel reporter was born in Woodington, Ohio, in 1892. The family moved to Cripple Creek, Colo., where Lowell attended public schools set in the midst of a typical rough-and-ready mining town. His parents were not wealthy, and Lowell Thomas had to work for a higher education. While attending Valparaiso university in northern Indiana, he was a janitor, a salesman, and night cook in a short-order restaurant. Thirsting for more knowledge after graduation, the boy went on to the University of Denver where he took several degrees, working at odd times for

a newspaper. During the summer months, he punched cows and pitched alfalfa. In Chicago Kent College of Law, he studied law, and then took post-graduate work in English literature at Princeton. After that he worked as a teacher and on a newspaper.

His beginning did not promise excitement and adventure. But then came the World war, and Lowell Thomas went to the front with a staff of cameramen making official pictures! It changed his whole life. He joined D. H. Lawrence and his bedouin army in Arabia, emerging from that "revolt on the desert" with the exclusive story and pictures. It was the beginning of his fame. Since then, he has met almost everyone of importance, seen everything of note, and reported his observations in newspapers, on the screen, and over the air in a graphic style that has gained him an audience of millions. He has traveled from Alaska to Burma, spoken in almost every town over 5,000 in population in the United States, and has written a score of books.

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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." Later that night Victoria is grief-stricken when she hears her parents quarreling. The Herrendeens return to their small San Francisco apartment. Keith does not approve of Magda's mad social life and they quarrel frequently. Magda receives flowers and a diamond from Ferdy Manners, a wealthy man from Argentina whom she had met less than a week before. Manners arrives a few hours later. Magda shows him a Chinese shawl that has been in the Herrendeen family for many years. Vic is shocked when she learns her mother had contemplated selling it. Manners has it made into an evening wrap for Magda.

CHAPTER II—Continued

—3—

It was on this night that there was the first talk of sending Victoria to a boarding school. Victoria's heart rose on a bound of joy at the thought.

This seemed to be a time of thrilling plans. It appeared almost immediately that she and her mother were going up to Tahoe to visit Anna Brock. Mrs. Brock was an old friend who had a daughter Catherine; Victoria and Catherine had known each other, not very intimately, all their lives. They had always rather shyly liked each other.

"Dad, will you be up at all, week-ends?"

"That's a pretty expensive trip, Vic."

"But once? If we can afford to stay there, surely you can afford to come up once?"

"I'll try."

"It isn't going to cost us very much," said her mother. "The cottage belongs to Anna's sister, and our food won't be much."

"Oh, are we sort of boarding, Mother?"

"Something like that."

Keith Herrendeen, putting them on the train, gave Victoria a little box in parting.

"That belonged to my mother, and her mother before her—you've seen it, the pearl and onyx set. I want you to have it."

Victoria clung to him. "Dad, you're not going to have much fun. I wish you were going!" And she called back to him over her shoulder: "I'll write you—I love you!"

For the first day or two Mrs. Brock and Magda talked together confidentially and inexhaustibly. Catherine and Victoria did not care, for they were embarked upon the most enchanting adventure of their lives. All day long, and far into the beautiful summer nights, the two girls talked and laughed, swam and cooked and walked together, giggled their way through adventures that supplied them with endless material for laughter and reminiscence.

The little cabin was on the east side of the lake; it was so small that the happy party had the feeling of living out of doors.

A mile or two to the west was the hotel, in a settlement of informally grouped lake homes; the Brock place was all by itself, with a little triangular sandy beach of its own. Anna and Magda and the two girls concocted for themselves the sort of meals that women love in summer: salads, bowls of berries, boxed cookies, fruits.

Victoria's beautiful mother had for a friend one of the homeliest of women. But Anna Brock had an odd abrupt charm of her own, and she was extremely brilliant. She spoke French and German, and in September she was going to New York to teach Latin in a boy's school. And then Catherine—joy of joys!—would be placed with Victoria in the San Rafael boarding school. They would still be together!

"Mother, how can we afford that?" Victoria asked one day.

Magda and her daughter had swum out through the shallow clear water to a great rock and were basking on it.

"This is a good chance to talk to you, Vic, without Anna or Kittsy hearing," Magda said, by way of reply, after a moment's hesitation.

"Vic, I don't want you to feel badly about this," her mother presently began. I'm getting a divorce from Dad. We're in Nevada—did you realize that? Aunt Anna's cabin is well over the line, and on that day when we took a long drive we went to Reno and arranged it."

Victoria was looking at her mother steadily; she had not moved a muscle. Now she swallowed with a dry throat.

There were tears in Magda's yes and in her voice; and she stopped short and looked away over the dazzle of blue water.

"Oh, the break is terrible, I know that—I know it now! But after a few weeks—after a month or two—everyone gets used to it—and the two persons who have grown nervous and irritable and wretched together are free!"

"But then when will I see Dad?" Victoria asked, tears gushing from her eyes. "Can I write to him?"

"My darling, of course. And he'll come to see you at school, take you out to movies! Why, I'm writing him today, and I'll put your love in."

It seemed less strange the next day; Dad and Mother separating.

Still Victoria tried to adjust her thoughts to all the amazing angles of this new turn of affairs, thought that she would go and see Dad often, too, if she could get away from school. And perhaps next year he and she would have their little dream house on the shore for a few weeks, and cook waffles and scrambled eggs.

This was late August. It was in early October that Victoria, slim and busy and happy in the dark blue Dominican uniform, with the dazzling collar of her bluejacket's blouse turned back at the neck, and the pale blue scarf that marked her as a freshman blowing in the autumn wind, was stopped as she was racing in Catherine's wake across the school playground.

"Letter for you, Victoria," said Sister Beata, extending it in a clean, cool hand.

"Oh, thank you, S'ter," Victoria gasped, seizing it. It was from her mother, who was down in Santa Barbara with the Arnolds. It told her happily, simply, that her mother and Ferdinand Ainsa y Castello Manners, "for you may as well have his whole name, my darling, although I've only got the first and the last on my new cards," had been married that day at noon.

Her father came to see her now and then, on Sundays. They were oddly silent, oddly ill at ease with each other.

Victoria saw her stepfather only in flying glimpses for the remainder of her school life. He and her mother were at the big Manners cattle ranch down in the Argentine for two years, and when they came back Victoria was preparing for a second trip to Europe. Mother Raymond had written to her mother about leaving her in the school there for the final year of French and music and culture generally, and Victoria had only one real visit with her mother before it was time to go.

Ferdinand Manners had leased the big Chalmers place in Burlingame; Magda was back among her friends again and giddy with happiness and triumph.

Victoria spent a somewhat bewildered yet happy Easter vacation there, exploring all the garden paths and all the big rooms.

She came back to California at another Easter time, eighteen years old, and ready to graduate with her class. Her mother met her in New York, and they made the transcontinental trip together.

Ten weeks later Victoria's handsome bags were packed again, and she went down to the Chalmers place for the summer.

The beautiful Chalmers house was open to summer breezes and filled with summer flowers; the Chinese butler, discreet in his purple and blue silks, motioned her upstairs. Another Oriental took her bags; her mother's maid, who had crossed the continent with them a few weeks before, met her at the top of the stairs. Vic asked to see her mother.

Magda was in her magnificent bedroom, a large airy apartment flanked by an enormous bath, by a complete dressing room, by an awninged upper balcony.

Victoria found her mother stretched on a couch by a window; she was not reading the magazine she held, and her eyes were absent and reddened a little from recent tears. At the sight of the girl she began to cry again, and they clasped each other closely.

"My darling, you're home at last! If you knew—if you knew how I've wanted you!" Magda sobbed. She instantly regained control of herself and smiled with trembling lips, straightening the collar of Victoria's blouse as the girl knelt beside her. "Was it all wonderful?" she said.

"It was perfect. And at the end we all cried because we weren't all going to be back in September!" Victoria laughed. "But, Mother dearest, you're not well?"

"I've been feeling—wretchedly. Something," Mrs. Manners said hesitantly—"something rather horrid happened last night, and Ferdy was arrested." Her eyes filled again, she straightened the collar again. "It was all rather horrid, and it'll all be forgotten this time next week," she said cheerfully. "So let's not talk about it!"

"Arrested!" Victoria echoed, aghast. "Why—what happened?"

"There was an accident. I don't know just what happened," Magda said, her eyes watering. "It was all so horrible! He had been drinking, of course, and he was driving May Finee home—they were both in the car asleep, right near where the smash was."

"Who were?"

"If it had been anyone but May!" Magda sighed. "However, they say the poor fellow'll get well, and Ferdy can stand the damages. He was all smashed up, the man they ran into, and it's a miracle they weren't all killed! But if he'd been with anyone but May!"

"Who's she?"

"Oh, she's a cheap little idiot I used to know years ago—May Smith; she married Tony Feeney and divorced him and spent a few weeks in Paris, so now she's 'Madame Finee,' and she can hardly remember an English word!"

"And does Ferdy like her?"

Magda looked at her daughter ruminatively, answered mildly.

"Rather. And of course she's making passes at Ferdy."

"Oh?" Vicky said. It was the old atmosphere again!

"Or rather, at the Manners money, which is very stupid for me," Magda ended the subject cheerfully. "Stupid, that's what it is, for Ferdy'd never look at anyone like May! And now tell me more about today—did you say Grace Peacock was there?"

"She's Margery King's mother."

"I know she is, and I know she went all over Europe trying to get a priest to marry her to Joe Peacock, and couldn't."

"Margery's nice," Vicky said slowly.

"And you're adorable, only you have those Herrendeen eyes that you must remember to keep open," Magda said lovingly. "Did you get yourself some lovely things in Paris?"

"Some. Not expensive. But I got one—yes, I have two or three you'll love."

"Have you had it waved, Vic?"

"My hair? No, that's just brushing and setting."

Convent-bred, and with an instinctive distaste for Ferdy and for Ferdy's world, yet she knew that she must either meet him halfway with flattery and flirtatiousness, submit to kisses and embraces, concede him confidences and little harmless intimacies, or he would not like her at all. On the very first evening Magda told him good-naturedly that he must stop carrying on with her daughter.

Victoria Spent a Somewhat Bewildered Yet Happy Easter Vacation There.

The idle days began to go by. Victoria wondered what she was to do with the endless line of them that stretched ahead. For a week she enjoyed the new life lazily; then quite suddenly the whole thing began to pall.

Magda had her own beautiful suite of rooms; Ferdy had his. They lived entirely separated lives; sometimes they saw each other during the course of the day, and sometimes not. Quite often they dined at the same house, but the dinners were large, and Ferdy went to them before Magda did, explaining perhaps to a servant that he was meeting some friend first at the club for preliminary cocktails, and Magda always went late, in great state, in her beautiful car with her own driver. So that even then they had no moment together.

CHAPTER III

Her mother was not happy. Gallant and smiling, keeping a brave front to the world, Magda's soul was trying to feed itself on husks. What she told Victoria of the last few years was a story of disillusionment and loneliness, in a setting of luxury, travel, extravagance.

Biarritz had been dull, London dull, Paris dreadful, Rosarios down in Buenos Aires, where Ferdy's Spanish mother and Spanish sisters lived, had been insufferable.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to tell you this, Vicky. But the beginning of it all going wrong was of course that there were always other women. His wife was only to wear the jewels and be introduced to all the business friends, big German and Spanish cattle men, scores of them! The wife is a figurehead after the first year. If she has sons, and keeps the peace with his family, and forgives him everything, the man is pleased with her. If she gets temperamental, tries to assert herself, he is annoyed. But he goes his own way just the same."

Victoria looked thoughtful, her fine dark brows drawn together.

"You oughtn't to stay here."

"Where," Magda asked simply, "ought we go?"

The summer idled itself into autumn, and Victoria and Magda went down to the shore again. This time they had the smartest cottage at the lodge, and the beautiful Mrs. Manners was much admired and entertained. Mr. Manners, she explained to everyone, with a flash of white teeth, was fishing for steelhead up in the Klamath. Every hostess told Victoria's mother that she had a "wonderful man" for her as a dinner or bridge partner, but Victoria noticed that Magda found none of them really wonderful.

In October Ferdy went off on somebody's yacht for six weeks. He seemed a little guilty about it and gave Victoria a large check "to waste in New York." Later she suspected that his twinges of conscience were because the yachting trip that he had mentioned as involving only "a few fellers" actually included the owner's wife, another woman, and the ubiquitous May. Magda did not know that, or Victoria believed and hoped she did not.

They came back to California in December, and Ferdy came back for Christmas. Little was said of the feminine element on the yachting trip, and the three spent the holidays in a splendid suite in the Fairmont hotel up at the top of the hill with the green iron balconies of their breakfast room hanging over the fascinating jumble of masts and stacks and long pier roofs on the Embarcadero. Ferdy now said that he thought he must go back to Rosarios for a few months. He thought Magda would be a great fool to go. It would be hot traveling; and she hated the place anyway.

An unusually long period of affection and placation resulted in April in Magda's decision to go with Ferdy to South America.

Victoria told her mother she was going to stay in California. Well—because Catherine and Mrs. Brock were going up to the lake again, and wanted her. Well—and because she really would like it—like it better. She might come down to Rosarios later, all by herself. But—but really she would like it better this way, now.

Magda was gently hurt, puzzled, Ferdy smiled, but Vicky knew that he was furious. She held her ground, good-natured and affectionate, but not to be moved. In the end they left without her, and Vicky and Catherine went up to the lake.

A week later, when she and Catherine were sitting down on the lake shore one day, Victoria told her the reason:

"Catherine, cross your heart and hope to die if you ever tell anyone this!"

"I do," said Catherine solemnly, suiting the action to the word.

"It was he," Victoria said.

"Who? Your stepfather?"

"My stepfather nothing!" Vicky echoed, repudiating the relationship. "He — Catherine, if you ever tell anyone this I'll never speak to you again!—he followed me into the sitting room one night—we'd all just come home from a movie—and kissed me and crushed me against him."

Victoria was at the dock, in the fine soft November fog, to see the big ship come in; the Empress of Panama was on time; at exactly one minute before eleven o'clock she drew up alongside, and all the excitement of landing began.

Then mother and daughter were in each other's arms, and Victoria was laughing.

"And how's Ferdy?"

"Ferdy—" Mrs. Manners' glance returned from the luggage and fixed itself upon Victoria. "Ferdy is—just the same—as ever."

"And when does he get here? Or does he go to Paris? You were so vague!"

"No, here. When the Loughboroughs' yacht does, whenever that is," Mrs. Manners said, in the same tone of pleasant indifference. "And now, is a car here, and did you reserve my rooms?" she demanded gayly, as the customs formalities were concluded and she could pick the Pekinese from Victoria's arms again and accompany her along tse pier. "Don't tell me it's going to be freezing like this."

"It's been actually hot, until today. This is just fog," Victoria explained.

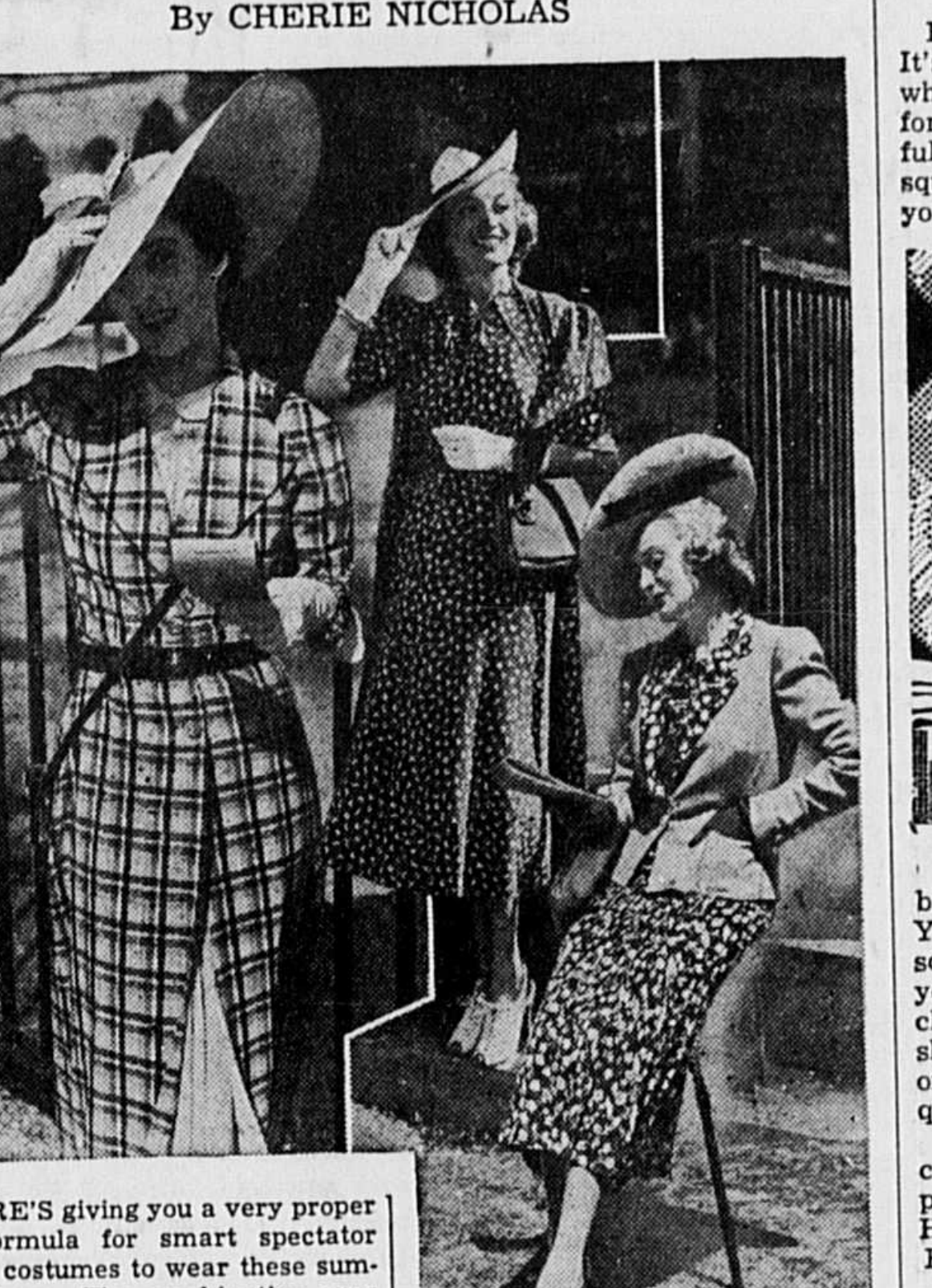
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Home Hubby Chooses

Although it is both a written and an unwritten law that a wife is to live in the home which her husband provides for her, the courts of several states have upheld many women who, for petty reasons, have refused to do it. Not long ago, says Collier's Weekly, one court ruled that a woman did not have to live in her husband's house because it was located near the home of his parents.

Silk Prints, Jackets and Big Brims

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERE'S giving you a very proper formula for smart spectator sports costumes to wear these summer days. The combination runs thusly—stunning silk print for the dress which must have a jacket, cape or coat of the same or of some other plain silk related to the ensemble, with matching print silk details, to which add headgear that makes a wide brim appear at its widest. The fuss and furore being made over gay prints and wide brims is on the increase as summer advances.

The vogue started early in the season, at which time fashions at the Belmont racetrack set the pace for a colorful and luxurious summer costume program, that highlights silk prints in unmistakable terms. Then, too, the emphasis placed on big brims is becoming more and more apparent as fashions take a definite stand.

At outdoor events fashionables are adopting this formula of silk print costume plus a huge brim with greatest enthusiasm. Noteworthy among high-style gestures is the topping of one's print dress with a coat or a cape or a jacket of silk bengaline. The revival of bengaline is big news in the fabric realm, and it's good news for bengaline is so dependably wearable and has an air of gentility about it that ever appeals to discriminating taste.

In assembling your costume to be worn in the grandstand or to view what's going on from the club verandah the big thought to keep in mind is the importance that fashion attaches to matching or related jackets or coats or capes if your taste runs in that direction. If you like to do things notably "modern" you will see to it that your dress be monotone with your coat or cape or jacket done in spectacular print. The swank outfit to the left in the picture tells the story more dramatically than words. In this instance it is the coat that is of gay jockey plaid linen-like silk that tops a simple monotone sports frock. This type is a "last word" fashion in coats that are worn over either black or beige crepe dresses. The huge stitched silk cartwheel that completes this costume gives perfect style accent. Speaking of hats that are styled of silk, the most recent millinery collections feature them, particularly wide-brimmed types that are tailored of black or navy taffeta. A hat of this kind is considered good style worn with either the daytime tailleur or with the summery dainty lingerie frock.

The costume centered in the group makes twin print its fabric theme. It also stresses the voguish redingote silhouette. Royal rose printed silk crepe is used for the dress with printed silk chiffon for the sheer redingote that is worn over it. The redingote as here shown has a border of the silk crepe, thus bringing the costume into a perfect unit.

The idea of a jacket of contrasting material that is lined with the print that fashions the dress is nicely carried out in the costume illustrated to the right. The dress is of acajou silk crepon printed in powder blue. The jacket worn with it is of flannel identical to the blue in the print. It is lined with matching print. Note the large Spanish sailor brim and velvet bow on the hat.

If you favor the very smart red-and-white color scheme we would suggest a redingote of wine and white printed silk chiffon banded with a matching silk print of the same fabric as the dress. Wear with this charming redingote ensemble a white toyo sports hat trimmed with a wide wine colored band. Shoes and bag of wine colored gabardine together with gloves in matching wine tone will add infinite distinction.

© Western Newspaper Union.

BOLERO EFFECT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Rivalling the princess style in popularity in children's fashions is the dress with a bolero or at least with a bolero effect. The idea of a bolero is really a peasant trend, such as is wielding a widespread influence throughout juvenile styles this season. The cunning white pique frock pictured has a simulated bolero typical of the Dalmatian dress. Wee brass buttons go down the front and there is a dash of gay embroidery at each side of the front done in red, blue and yellow. The typical peasantlike pillbox hat sports a streamer tassel of pompons repeating the color of the embroidery on the dress.

ROMANTIC MOOD IS KEYNOTE OF SEASON

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

For the very formal evening gown the romantic mood is the keynote of the season. Crisp silk mousselines, silk nets and silk marquisettes or stiff silk taffetas make gowns with yards and yards of skirt fulness swirling and billowing about the ankles. Some are stiffened with cording like "Southern Belle" hoop skirts, others use several layers of the silks in contrasting or matching colors to give the bouffant effect. Exotic striped sheers over plain silk foundations sometimes have huge ruffles of self fabric around the hem to accent the width of the skirt.

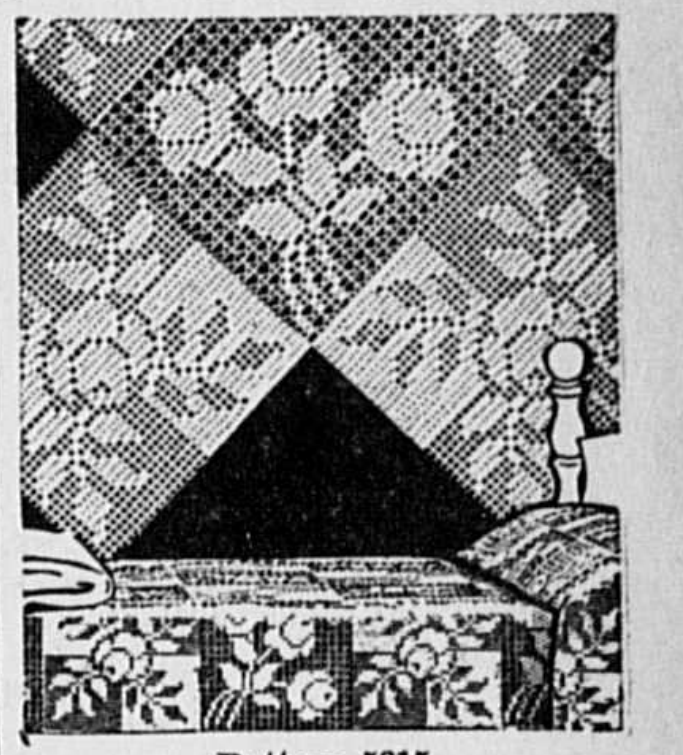
There's romance in daytime clothes, too. Frills and furbelows in the way of ribbon-bow trimmings and neckwear also blouses of the sheer face-trimmed fluffy-ruffle type add the feminine touch. As to romance in hats there's plenty of it in the way of large leghorn capelines, many having long ribbon streamers for dressy wear, while for wear with tailored suits there are immense black or navy leghorns that are banded with ribbon tying in a sprightly little bow.

New Evening Frocks Are Beau Catchers for Fair

The new evening frocks are regular beau catchers, and the dance floor looks just like a garden filled with beautiful, ethereal blossoms. Full-skirted frocks of chiffon or lace with matching, long capes, complete with dainty hoods, are selling fast. But they should be worn only by the very young woman. Then there is the marquisette dress and bolero, with short, high, puffed sleeves. This comes in delicate blue or rose and has the bottom of its full skirt strewn with tiny velvet forget-me-not clusters.

Filet Crocheted Squares Elegant

Elegance without extravagance! It's yours in this filet lace spread, which requires only humble string for the making. See how beautifully the 10 inch companion squares are made to contrast? If you prefer, but one square may be used and repeated throughout. You'll be overjoyed to find both squares so easy! In pattern 5815 you will find instructions and charts for making the squares shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches used; material requirements.



Pattern 5815

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.

Please write pattern number, your name and address plainly.

My Favorite Recipe

By Mrs. John N. Garner

Icebox Rolls.

1 cake yeast
1 cup lukewarm milk
⅔ cup shortening
1 rounded tablespoon sugar
1 cup mashed potatoes
2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon salt
Enough flour to make stiff dough.

Dissolve yeast, sugar and salt in warm milk, add shortening and eggs and potatoes. Mix well, then add flour last. Put in icebox and about one hour before baking make into rolls. This dough will keep in icebox for two or three days.

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Supporting Royalty

The funds which England supplies its royal family do not come from the pockets of the taxpayers, but from the hereditary revenues of the "Crown Lands," which have been collected and controlled by the government since 1760. Today less than half of this income is required for the king's civil list. The remainder — more than $3,000,000—is added to the income of the country.—Collier's Weekly.

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