SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—Elaborate maneuvering is going on to put Elliot Roosevelt, son of the President, in the house of representatives from the twelfth Texas district, now represented by Fritz Garland Lanham.

Under the Texas law, a special election to fill a vacancy is more or less a free-for-all. There is no primary, there is no runoff. Everybody who wants to enters, and the high man takes the prize. Once in, the incumbent has a big advantage at the next regular primary, and of course a Democrat has no trouble in the election if he weathers the primary.

Lanham has been in the house since Woodrow Wilson's last congress and has been elected at regular elections beginning with 1920, which makes him rather a veteran. He has developed quite a streak of insurgency, being out of sympathy with a good many New Deal measures. In short, he is more of a Garner man than a Roosevelt man.

Nobody is claiming the honor of having first thought of the plan to put young Roosevelt in his place, but it has been taken up with some enthusiasm by the Texas delegation, and has not exactly been frowned on by the White House.

Texans on the inside of the maneuver want Lanham "promoted." They say he has had a splendid record, but has become slightly fed up with service in the house.

Just a few days ago the Texas delegation voted to endorse Lanham for president of the University of Texas, which post is vacant because of the death of the former president.

That would be much simpler than the original idea, which was to have the administration give Lanham a more important job. Among the jobs considered for him are that of assistant secretary of state, made vacant by the promotion of Sumner Welles to under-secretary of state, and a post with the Communications commission.

Some Embarrassment

But there is a slight embarrassment on the part of the White House to make an appointment so obviously to clear the way to putting the President's son in the house. Kicking a man upstairs to get rid of his vote is something else again. It is one of the most often used political devices. Sometimes it does not work, as when President Coolidge "promoted" Senator William S. Kenyon to be a judge at a time when Kenyon as a progressive senator was a thorn in the administration's side. But Kenyon was shortly thereafter—at the next regular election—replaced by Smith Wildman Brookhart, which was more or less like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.

So the White House would be very pleased at having the way cleared for Elliott by some other method than by giving Lanham a political "promotion." Especially as there is always more or less feeling that this would not be good for party discipline—handing plums to insurgents.

If the scheme works out Elliott should land the job handily, Texans say. They predict that a large number of candidates would enter the "free-for-all" with the result that the opposition would be divided, and enough people would vote for the magic name of Roosevelt to pull Elliott through. Elliott has been living in Fort Worth for several years, and is reported to be popular.

Seek U. S. Help

The German drive to have the United States join in development of dirigible transatlantic travels continues, but it seems unlikely to be authorized this year. Dr. Hugo Eckener, most successful navigator of dirigibles so far, is most persuasive. He has met most of the arguments against the idea. But two of the arguments he has met most effectively promise to stay the hand of congress for this session.

One of the objections, of course, is the shock still remaining from the Hindenburg tragedy. Every one, including our naval experts, agrees that this would not have been a disaster at all had the big bag been filled with helium instead of explosive hydrogen. But the fact remains that so many people throughout the country were and still are shocked at the Hindenburg disaster, and still remember that this ended the last delusion about lighter than air transport—the delusion that the Germans at least had solved the problem—that there is no popular demand for action.

So when a senator or representative opposes doing anything about it, or, as is more usual, when he simply makes no move to cause action, there is no unfavorable reaction against him among his voters he must face when he comes up for re-election.

The other argument is wrapped up in the neutrality propaganda. When Doctor Eckener was before the congressional committees he was grilled closely about the danger of helium, sold to Germany by the United States or possibly in United States dirigibles while they might be abroad and seized during a war, being used for war purposes.

Dirigibles in War

Doctor Eckener made two most effective answers, so far as logic is concerned, according to army and navy officers who have been studying the situation since. One was that the dirigible would not be an effective weapon in war today. He said they would be easy victims of airplanes and antiaircraft artillery. In fact, this stage had really been reached, he said, before the close of the World war.

But—and this was much more convincing—if nations did want to use dirigibles in war, they would not be deterred by the lack of helium. They would use hydrogen despite the greater danger.

Doctor Eckener's remarks along this line have been closely studied by our army and navy aviation experts. Their thought is that the nation which would decide to use a dirigible in war would probably prefer to use hydrogen. The advantage would be that the lifting power of hydrogen is greater than that of helium. Therefore the same gas bag could carry a heavier load of bombs, more defensive guns, etc.

A dirigible supported by hydrogen could rise more quickly in an emergency, thus escaping antiaircraft guns.

New Dealers Worry

Two of the groups of the "submerged third" of our population which are giving the New Dealers the most gray hairs are the small farmers, particularly the mountaineers, and the folks who work in very small stores and factories, and hence do not come under the wage and hour legislation now pending.

The mountaineers are particularly troublesome. In the first place they do not seem to appreciate what is done for them. They want, apparently, to retain their "rugged individualism." None of the resettlement projects which were the apple of Rexford G. Tugwell's eye, and which so intrigued Mrs. Roosevelt, have been notably successful. Quite the contrary.

Yet they are being hit and will be hit by most of the New Deal legislation harder than most folks. While they do not buy much, naturally payroll social security taxes, and state sales taxes necessitated by the social burdens the states have assumed, boost the cost of everything they buy. Thus not only is their buying power reduced but their lot made just that much harder.

A group of congressmen and their wives who just returned from a trip to the Smoky Mountain national park, on the border of North Carolina and Tennessee, brought back a vivid impression of how the social welfare legislation, both state and national, is hitting this particular segment of the submerged third.

"We didn't go off the beaten track," said the wife of one. "We weren't looking for anything but scenery. But we were shocked at the living conditions of the mountain folk living right along the main highway. Women were working in the fields, just as animal-like as in the most backward sections of Europe. We didn't see any hitched to plows, as in the recent disgraceful case which figured in the newspapers, but we could imagine they often were.

Pitiful Conditions

"It was pitiful — the scrubby, rocky land they were tilling, the squalid, dirty cabins they called homes, and the cruel grinding daylight to darkness labor they were putting in so futilely.

"Yet we knew by our own purchases that when those folks went down to the store to buy something they not only paid a higher price because of payroll taxes to give somebody else old age and unemployment insurance, but they were, in North Carolina, paying a three per cent sales tax. When we got up into West Virginia, we found, incidentally, that there were no exemptions, as in many states, from this sales tax, which here was two per cent.

"My state of Illinois has a three per cent sales tax, but when a poor man buys a sandwich and a cup of coffee—anything not more than 15 cents, that purchase is exempt. But in West Virginia the sales tax on a ten cent purchase is ten per cent, not two per cent, because they do not have tokens to split pennies."

The difficulty the New Deal anticipates with small, local groups of employees is a matter of constitutional law. Some believe that is why President Roosevelt is so determined about his Supreme court enlargement bill despite the recent liberality of the present court. He wants, they say, to be able to reach the little store or plant which employs three to fifteen men or women. Political danger in such a move would be very real, but it is these employees who work longer hours, and for less pay, on the average, than the workers who by union activities better their conditions, and who will be affected by the wages and hours bill when that measure has become law.

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The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

HOW OL' MISTAH BUZZARD WARMS HIS TOES

OFTEN and often had Peter Rabbit wondered how Ol' Mistah Buzzard and all his other feathered friends who had flown away to the far away South at the first hint that Jack Frost was on his way to the Green Meadows spent the long winter. It seemed to Peter that the South must be a very wonderful and very strange place. He was not at all sure that he would like it. It must be very nice not to have to worry about finding enough to eat, and yet—well, Peter did have lots of fun in the snow. It seemed to him that all those little people who went away certainly missed a great deal. Now, Winsome Bluebird had returned from that far away South with the good news that Mistress Spring was not far behind, and Winsome had promised to tell him all the news of Ol' Mistah Buzzard and the other friends.

"That Thing Out of Which the Smoke Comes Would Be One of Ol' Mistah Buzzard's Toe Warmers."

"You see," began Winsome, "Ol' Mistah Buzzard was born and brought up in the South, where it is always warm, and he just can't stand cold weather. No, sir, he can't stand cold weather. Why, weather that you and I would call comfortable will make him shiver and shake. That is why he wasn't ready to come up with me. Now, I come ahead of Mistress Spring, but Ol' Mistah Buzzard won't start until he is sure that Mistress Spring has been here some time, and he will be sure not to have cold feet."

"Cold feet!" cried Peter. "Who ever heard of such a thing! Why, I run around on the snow and ice all winter long and I never have cold feet."

"Well, Ol' Mistah Buzzard does," replied Winsome Bluebird. "Yes, sir, he is always complaining about cold feet. You know, he hasn't any shoes or stockings like you, Peter, so between his bare feet and his bald head he has, or thinks he has, a great deal to worry about every time there is a cool day, and they sometimes have cool days even way down South. Then you will always find Ol' Mistah Buzzard warming his toes."

Peter scratched his head in a funny way. "If you please, Winsome, how does he warm his toes?" asked Peter. "I never see him warming his toes when he is up here. He's always sailing round and round way up in the blue, blue sky or else sitting on a dead tree in the Green Forest. I've never heard him complain of cold feet or seen him try to warm his toes."

"Of course, you haven't!" replied Winsome. "He doesn't have cold feet then, because it's summer time. It's just as you say, if you don't see him up in the blue, blue sky you are sure to find him on that old dead tree. But down South it is different. If you want to see him there and he isn't way up in the blue, blue sky trying to get nearer to Mr. Sun so as to warm his bald head, why you just look for him on a toe-warmer."

Peter's eyes seemed to fairly pop out with curiosity. "What's a toe-warmer?" he demanded. "I never heard of such a thing. What does it look like?"

Winsome Bluebird chuckled softly. "Have you ever been up by Farmer Brown's house?" he asked.

Peter nodded.

"Then you've seen that thing on the roof out of which smoke sometimes comes," continued Winsome. Again Peter nodded. "Well," continued Winsome, "if Farmer Brown's house was down South that thing out of which smoke comes would be one of Ol' Mistah Buzzard's toe-warmers."

Peter looked sharply at Winsome to see if he really meant what he said. "Doesn't anybody live in those houses down South?" he asked suspiciously.

"Of course," replied Winsome. "If they didn't how could Mistah Buzzard warm his toes?"

"And he isn't afraid?" persisted Peter, as if it was very hard to believe.

"Afraid!" cried Winsome. "Why, he hasn't anything to be afraid of. Mr. Buzzard is thought a great deal of, a very great deal of, in the South, and no one would hurt him for the world. So every house has a toe-warmer for him, which is very nice for him. And you won't see him back here until it is so warm that he forgets all about cold feet," concluded Winsome Bluebird.

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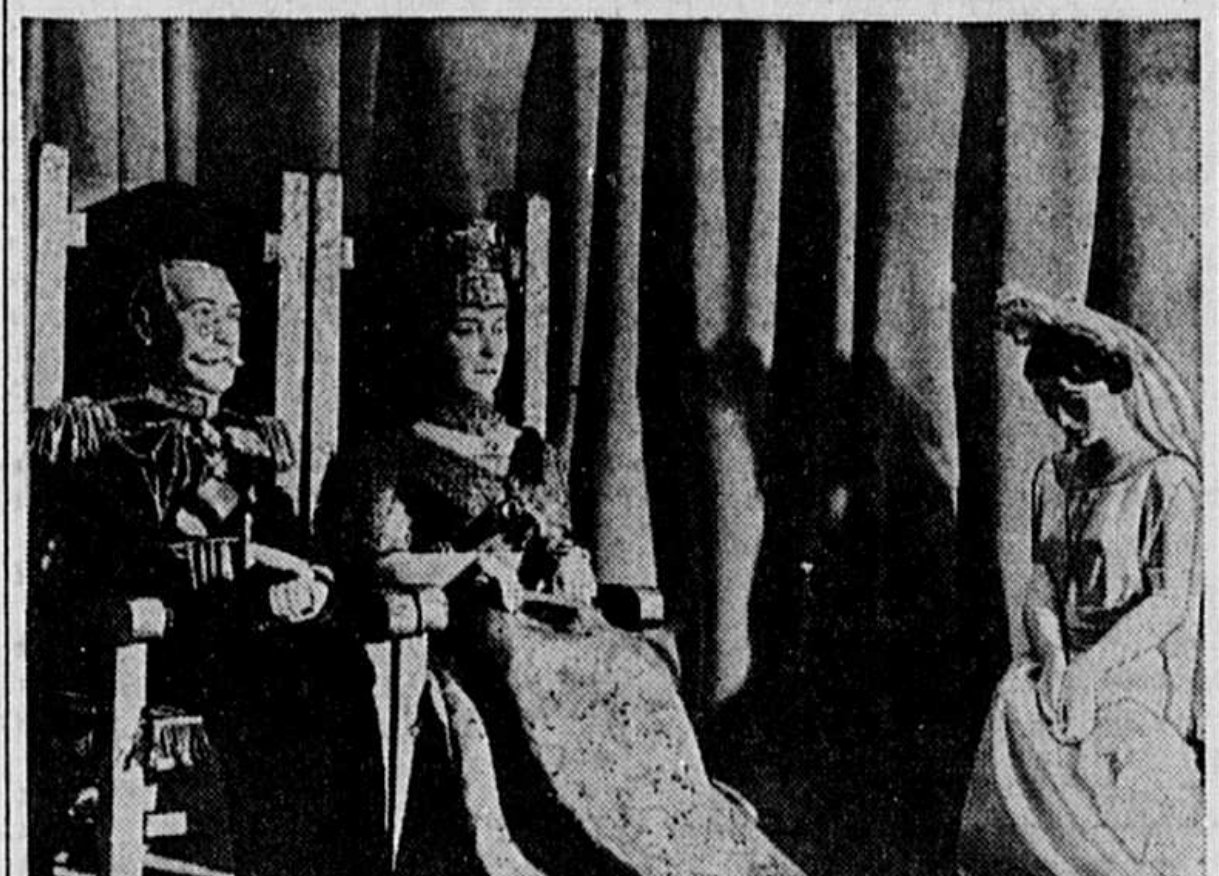
Duchess' Old Home Is Museum



Baltimore, Md.—While Edward, duke of Windsor, and his bride, the former Wallis Warfield of this city, honeymoon at Wasserleonburg castle in Austria, throngs of the curious daily visit her girlhood home here, a museum now that "Wally" has stolen the headlines. These miniatures, one of the exhibits, show her being received by the late King George V and Queen Mary.

Household Questions

Scaling Fish — Dipping fish in boiling water will aid in scaling them.

• • •

Brighter Pudding — Two teaspoonfuls of marmalade stirred into a ground rice pudding just before it is cooked will give it the delightful flavour of fresh orange, without the bother of grating peel. The kiddies will love it.

• • •

Cleaning Silverware — When your silverware becomes tarnished, place it in an aluminum saucepan and cover with hot water in which potatoes have been boiled. Leave for an hour, then rinse and it will look like new, without the usual cleaning.

• • •

Washing Flannels — Next time you are washing flannels or woolens put about a taspoonful of olive oil in the water. It will keep them beautifully soft.

• • •

For Scratched Furniture — Furniture scratches may be hidden by painting with iodine and then rubbing with furniture polish.

• • •

To Keep Icing on Cake — Sift a little flour over the top of the cake before icing it and the icing will not run off.

• • •

A Curtain Tip — Casement curtains will hang in even folds if small bags of silver sand are sewn to the corners of the lower-edge hems. The sand adds just enough weight to the curtains to prevent them rolling at the edges and these "weights" can be washed with the curtains.

• • •

Double Duty for Soap — When I buy toilet soap I put it away among the sheets and pillow cases, to which it gives an attractive fresh fragrance and, of course, the soap is all the better for keeping.

• • •

A Warm Meal—Instead of putting food into the oven to keep hot for late-comers, cover it closely with a tin or basin, and set it over a saucepan of hot water. It will keep hot without drying.

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THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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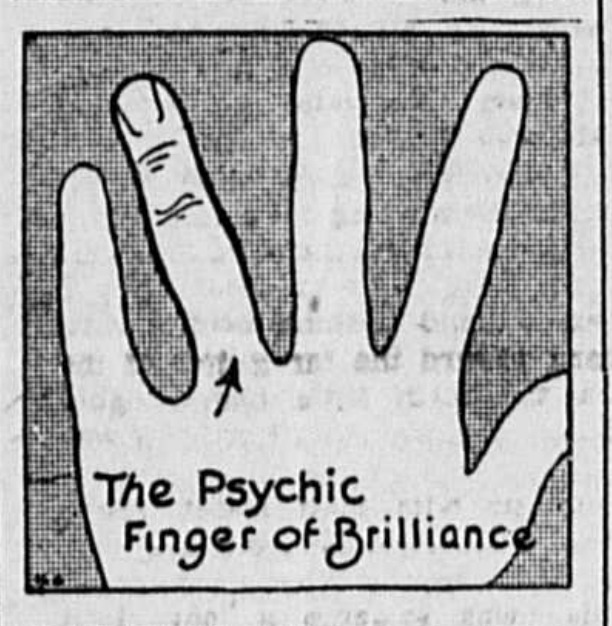

The Psychic Finger of Brilliance

CREATIVE ability is one of Destiny's most valuable gifts.

The skilled and helpfully minded palmist may often stimulate latent creative ability to constructive activities along worthwhile lines which the fortunate possessor has been indolent in following. Analyze the third finger with a view to explaining, broadly at least, the possible outlets for the creative urge as indicated by its conformation as a type.

The Psychic Finger of Brilliance.

Here is a type of third finger which, unless your analysis is made with thoroughness, may be confused with the Inventive type discussed in Lesson 39. The reason for this is that it leans toward the fourth finger much after the fashion of the Inventive type. In the Psychic Finger of Brilliance this characteristic is far more pronounced, however, and with the hand extended wide, the entire finger is found to lie much closer to the fourth finger. The Psychic type of third finger, despite its tilt toward the fourth finger, is usually quite straight. Its length is marked, and its tip is always even with and sometimes well above the tip of the second finger. The entire finger is rather bony in structure, with knuckles somewhat knotty and the spaces between them bound in or "corsetted." The nail is usually long and somewhat pear-shaped, and is always well set. Under backward pressure, a peculiar resilient tension is felt.

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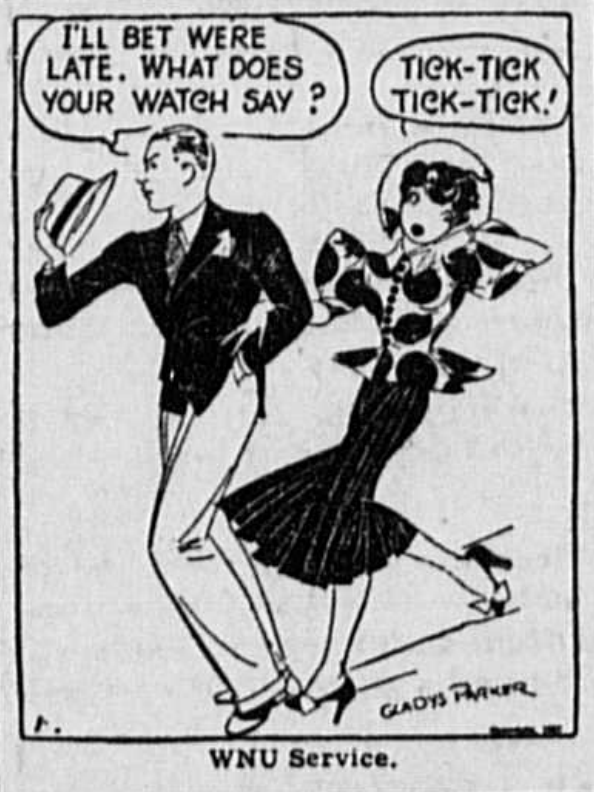
MOPSY



I'LL BET WE'RE LATE. WHAT DOES YOUR WATCH SAY?
TICK-TICK TICK-TICK!
GLADYS PARKER

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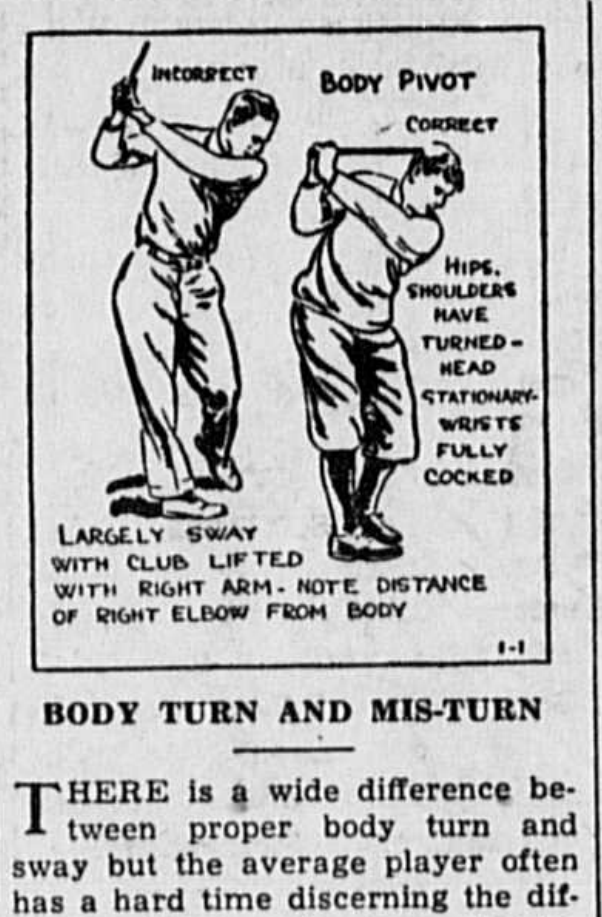
GRAPHIC GOLF

By BEST BALL



INCORRECT
BODY PIVOT
CORRECT
HIPS, SHOULDERS HAVE TURNED—HEAD STATIONARY—WRISTS FULLY COCKED
LARGELY SWAY WITH CLUB LIFTED WITH RIGHT ARM—NOTE DISTANCE OF RIGHT ELBOW FROM BODY

BODY TURN AND MIS-TURN

THERE is a wide difference between proper body turn and sway but the average player often has a hard time discerning the difference between the two. For instance the player, at the left in the above illustration, is quite sure he is conforming to all the fundamentals that go with a correct body turn but actually the result is an obvious sway. Instead of turning the left hip to the right slowly in co-operation with the straight left arm, the player has lifted the club with his right hand and in doing so has raised the upper part of his body. Naturally the left arm has been extended in the process but the right arm is so far out from the body that it favors a downswing arc from the outside in. The actual downswing will be more of a lurch than a gradual unturning of the bodily muscles because the weight is far off center to the right and the left leg is not in a position to bear the start of the return weight shift with any smoothness. There is a woeful waste of energy too in the inaccurate wrist cock which must depend, in this situation at least, for shoulder power to give any momentum to the downstroke. In direct contrast to this method is the swing of Jones in the right hand figure. Jones' body has turned freely beneath the head as an anchor, the left is straight, the right arm in close and the full wrist cock plus the bodily windup insures a powerful downward blow.

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Early English Pottery

In the Eighteenth century some of the most charming productions of the English potteries took the form of figure studies, such as pastoral groups, nymphs and shepherds, courting couples, gallants and their ladies, historical, mythological and fiction characters, birds, animals, even cottages with a bit of green grass and climbing roses over the porch—all of these realistically portrayed in the same materials of which your cups and saucers and plates are made.

THERE'S A GOOD ROAD

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

(Suggested by the hotel barber at Uhrichsville, Ohio.)

THERE'S a good road north, and a good road south,
And a good road east or west,
There's a train at noon that'll leave here soon,
If you like the railroad best.
So when someone says that there's somethin' wrong
With the town, the way it's run,
Then I don't see why he don't say good-by,
And go hunt for a better one.

If he says back home where he used to live
That the town was simply great,
Well, I'd go back there if I had the fare,
And if not, I'd flip a freight.
Or he's heard some town is a right good town,
That it's got this whole place beat;
Well, it can't be far if he's got a car,
If he ain't, he's got two feet.

So if someone thinks that the town's no good,
I think he's a fool to stay.
If he don't like what this here town has got,
Then here's all I got to say;
"There ain't a man that'll hold you here
If you like some new place best;
North or south of town not a bridge is down,
There's a good road east or west."

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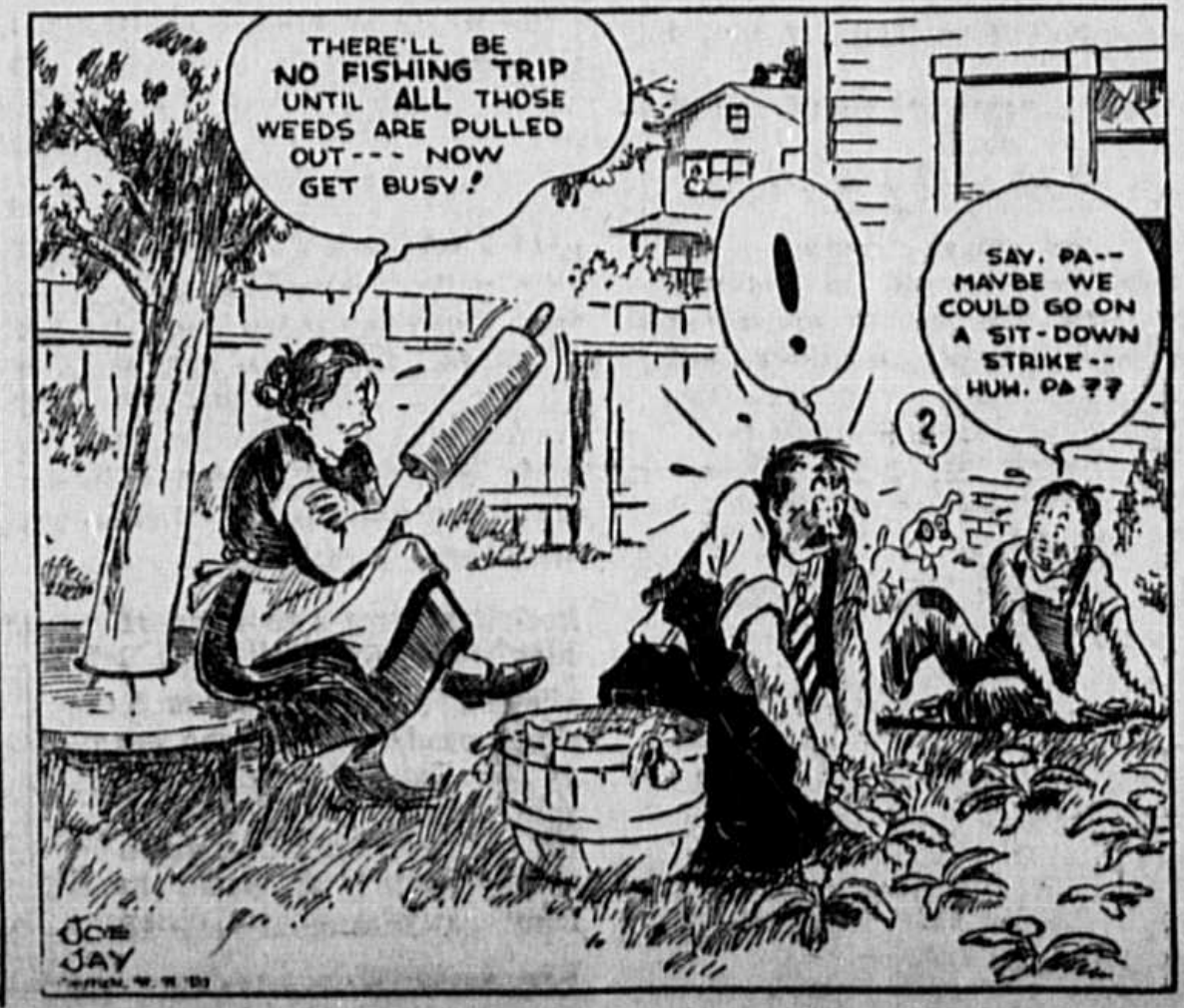
Love, Honor and Obey



THERE'LL BE NO FISHING TRIP UNTIL ALL THOSE WEEDS ARE PULLED OUT--- NOW GET BUSY!
!
SAY, PA-- MAYBE WE COULD GO ON A SIT-DOWN STRIKE-- HUH, PA??
?
JOE JAY

Summer Afternoon

Full of dash is this gay ensemble for wear in town or at the country club on a summer afternoon. The shirred coat of emerald green silk crepe is worn over a field flower print dress. The smart straw sailor and calfskin belt match the dress. Composition buttons of the dress are in the shape of bumble-bees making the whole outfit a "honey."

"Black Leaf 40" KILLS LICE
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS.. OUR "Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER
OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Opinions Equal

In a land of equality, fewer opinions have to be concealed.

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HOUSEHOLD

FREE

"Handy Helps for Homemakers" is a compact handbook of practical remedies for the common household problems. How to remove chewing gum from clothes is typical of the subjects dealt with. Other chapters cover cooking, lighting and heating. Each part of the book has been reviewed by prominent home economic experts and only the most valuable subjects are included. Copies of this are free. Write to Miss Boyd, 715 West Adams Street, Chicago. Include 5c to cover postage and handling. Write today

Watch Your Kidneys!
Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!
DOAN'S PILLS

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris

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SYNOPSIS

Victoria Herrendeen, a 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 takes Victoria to Nevada to visit a woman friend who has a daughter named Catherine. There she tells her she is going to get a divorce. Victoria soon is in boarding school with her friend Catherine. Magda marries Manners and they spend two years in Argentina. Victoria has studied in Europe and at eighteen she visits her mother when Ferdy rents a beautiful home. Magda is unhappy over Ferdy's drinking and attentions to other women. Vic dislikes him, but for her mother's sake is nice to him. When her mother and stepfather return to South America, Victoria refuses to go with them because of Ferdy's unwelcome attentions to her. Magda returns and tells Vic she and Ferdy have separated. Meanwhile Keith has remarried. Victoria is now a student nurse. Magda has fallen in love with Lucius Farmer, a married artist. While she and Vic prepare for a trip to Europe, Ferdy takes a suite in their hotel.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

—5—

She was silent, staring into space with narrowed, somber eyes that were reddened with tears.

"Mummy, I have to remind you that Ferdy's coming up today. He has tickets and things, he said."

"Can you talk to him, Vicky darling? Do, that's a lamb," Magda said gayly. "Tell him I had to go down to Burlingame—and that I felt terribly . . ." Magda was rummaging about in a bureau drawer; she spoke absently. "Today and tomorrow are our last days," she said. And presently she gave Vicky an absent-minded kiss and was gone.

It was five o'clock when Victoria got home; Magda had evidently preceded her by only a few minutes and was lying flat on her bed.

"Vic, we had a very serious talk this morning, you poor chicken, and I've been thinking about you all day," Magda said, her eyes rounded over her teacup. "I'll tell you what's happened, and what we decided. We're not children, this isn't a first affair, and there are a great many other persons to consider. So . . . So—the upshot of it all is, Vic, that you and I sail on Saturday, and that it's all over!"

Magda was a little subdued and pale in the morning, but showed no other signs of her recent emotion; the day was exciting with final purchases, much talk of wardrobes and plans.

Vic wandered out to the balcony, looked down at the waterfront over which the mist was softly closing. Through the cold dusk the fog horns were steadily sounding.

"Horrible weather to go through the Gate."

"What makes you say that?" Magda asked, looking up from her letter.

"Heavy fog. You can't see the Konalei. Maybe that's she, going along now. I hope Ferdy made her!"

"They'd wait for Ferdy. They may not even sail. What is this, darling—the eighteenth?"

"Tomorrow's the twentieth."

"Of course!" Magda reached for the trilling telephone. "Tell Mr. Farmer to come up," she said immediately. And then to Vic, "I'm going out with him for just a little while."

"Call me if I'm asleep when you get back!" Vic answered, going toward her room. She heard Lucius' voice a few moments later; her mother's voice. "One more day of this," she said to herself.

Vic awakened with a start, with a sense of something wrong. The telephone was ringing, and someone was knocking at the door. The room was filled with dusk and fear and confusion.

At the door it was Otto, with the dinner card. On the telephone was Mollie Jervis, saying good-by. Victoria answered both claims; ordered oyster stew and brown toast and meringues; snapped up lights. But she still felt frightened and bewildered; her forehead sticky with perspiration; her throat thick.

"Goodness, what horrible dreams!" She went to her mother's door, saw only dusk and confusion and emptiness within. "She's late," Vic yawned, seeing a clock's hands at seven. "Maybe she's taking a bath."

The bathroom was empty, too.

Perhaps Mother was going to have one last dinner with her Lucius. Perhaps she had left a note somewhere; it might be in her rooms.

Victoria went in there, lighted lights. She saw the note on the dressing table, a large square note addressed to "Vic." And even before her eyes reached its first words "My darling darling, you must forgive me . . ." somehow she knew.

"I never thought of this!" she whispered aloud, in the tumbled desolation that seemed now like a deserted battlefield, like an ocean after a wreck.

Her glance went on. She saw the word "Tahiti," the word "Malolo," the words "snatch our few years of heaven . . ."

Victoria went to the balcony and sat down in a green iron chair. Her legs had failed under her; she felt cold, but her face was burning. One trembling hand clung tight to the note; in the empty hotel rooms behind her the lights shone brightly over the packed handsome trunks, with their bands of white and blue.

Coming into the diet kitchen at six o'clock on a summer morning, Florence Flood Dickenson discovered it empty, except for a solitary figure at the end of the long table. The girl raised her head and showed a weary face that was yet keen with sensitiveness and sympathy and lighted with a tired smile.

"Hello, Dicky," she said, in a hoarse sweet voice.

"Oh, is it you, Herrendeen?" Miss Dickenson asked. "Have a nice vacation?"

"Marvelous. How's everything gone?"

"Oh, beautifully. We missed you, of course, but everything's gone marvelously."

Two probationers came in with trays. A boy put his head in the door, said, "Miss Rockwood?" and vanished. The hospital day had begun.

"Vicky, tell me, do you like Dr. Hardisty?" Louise Mary Keating asked interestedly, a few days later.

"Very much," Vicky said abstractedly.

"Vicky, I'll bet you're in love with him! They say every woman he meets is in love with him." Miss Keating bit into a chocolate; looked at its filling thoughtfully. "I oughtn't to touch these," she said.

"I'll bet Vic hates to give up the Keats kid," Helen Geer observed, watching her. "You won't see Dr. Hardisty any more now after tonight, Vic."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I will," Vicky said, beginning to smear her face with cold cream, after tying a towel over her tawny hair. "When little Kate Keats goes home I go with her. I've been there before, you know, and Mrs. Keats asked me yesterday to come back. Her mother isn't very well, and if she goes away with the doctor she always leaves a nurse with the children."

"And then will you see Dr. Hardisty every day, Vic?"

"Not every day. But they're great friends. A lot of good it will do me to fall in love with Quentin Hardisty," Victoria went on practically. "He doesn't know I exist."

The Keats home stood out on Pacific avenue with the long lines of the Presidio eucalyptus trees and the Golden Gate below the drawing room's northeast windows, and a sweeping view of the bay and the mountains that framed the bay from the upper floors.

Victoria liked the atmosphere of the house; she said it reminded her of a book.

Victoria, who had gone to them from the hospital as Kate's nurse, had been kept on after Kate's recovery because of Duna's scarlet fever, and after that because of the feeble age of Mrs. Chauncey Clements, the children's English grandmother. Gently, agreeably, without any unpleasantness, Granny was dying. Victoria had a small room next to the old woman's luxurious one on the first bedroom floor, and the easy task of watching her dignified departure from a life in which she had behaved for eighty years with admirable decorum.

Violet Keats was in her early forties; her husband perhaps ten years older. She adored the small, blinking man with his fluffy gray mop "as only an English gentlewoman can adore a man," Vic told Catherine.

"We're dining alone, Victoria, you and I," Mrs. Keats said one day, in her crisp, brisk way. "I want to talk to you!"

It was when they were seated at the little table downstairs an hour later that she made a first attack upon Victoria's confidence. "You're so perfectly charming with the children that I shan't feel quite happy until you're in a fair way to have a few of your own," she said.

"Not I!" Vic smiled, shaking her head.

"You don't mean that. No girl means that!"

"Most girls don't, I daresay. But I do. I've had a queer education along those lines," Victoria added, half to herself.

"You mean your mother's life?"

"Not only Mother. But all her crowd, all women who make love, passion, so important, who persuade you, or almost persuade you, that it is right to go wherever your heart goes. It's all so artless."

"You ought to set your cap for Quentin, Vic. He's as completely disillusioned as you are."

"Dr. Hardisty?"

"Certainly he is. In his heart he despises women. He thinks—Johnny tells me that he thinks that they're all alike—weak and selfish and ready to break up anything or anybody's life for a little pleasure."

"Did he tell Dr. Keats that?"

"That's the impression he always gives."

"That amazes me," Victoria said, "because if ever any man had his way with women it is Dr. Quentin Hardisty!"

"Yes, but it doesn't mean anything, Vic."

"You knew his first wife?"

"Very well. I'd left her—or rather she'd left me downtown about ten minutes before she was killed. She was driving her own car—she drove like a crazy woman, everything she did was wild, and she had this crash. They got her to the hospital and poor little Gwen was born an hour later. Quentin's wife was a terrible girl—rich and spoiled and—oh, I don't know, flighty. He's never been very happy, poor boy!—There's Johnny at the door now, Vicky," she broke off to say. "Ah, and Quentin with him—come in both of you—are you frozen, have you had anything to eat?"

"We're starving!" Dr. Hardisty, shedding outer garments in the hall, said in his deep voice. "Vicky'll go get us some eggs, won't you, Vicky?"

"Better than that," Victoria said. "We've put it aside—we expected this."

She went away and presently, when a maid had preceded her with a card table and silver and glasses, returned with a laden tray.

"You looked very charming with that baby in your arms," he said abruptly. Victoria and he were alone now; the men had had their supper; the fire had burned down low during the weary, comfortable talk that had followed, and presently a ringing telephone had taken the doctor to his study, and Mrs. Keats, murmuring something like, "Oh, dear, I must tell him—" had followed him.

Vic Awakened With a Start, With a Sense of Something Wrong.

He had seen her with Bunty in her arms, had he? The unexpected blood rose to Vic's face.

"Any man would be glad to come home and find such a scene at night," the man said.

"Well, would he?" Vicky countered. "Violet and I have just been having an argument about it. I say that nurseries and Nanas and hearth fires have all gone out of fashion. That isn't what men want, any more!"

"Only proving that you don't know anything about men," the doctor said. "I didn't think you did!"

"Most men would much rather have wives who are curled and dressed and painted and ready to go out at night," Victoria persisted, annoyed in spite of herself by his lazy air of complacency, and warming to her subject. "Men aren't crazy about Violet, because she lives for her husband and the children."

"You may be a little bit cracked on the subject of love and marriage," Dr. Hardisty said. "But you're amusing."

"Do you think I'm a little bit cracked on the subject of love and marriage?" Victoria demanded in surprise. "There are plenty of bachelors about. Is it so extraordinary that now and then a woman likes to play a lone hand? I have my work, my friends—everything I want. Why should I add to it all a man I don't want?"

"Because in your heart you know that you do want a man!"

"You think so?" Vic asked, her face red.

"I do." Quite suddenly, quite simply his arm was about her and, for the first time in her life, a man kissed her on the lips. "There!" he said and laughed. In another instant he was gone.

"Seriously, and all this teasing aside, would you come over to the shack for Saturday and Sunday?" he asked her a few weeks later.

Instantly she knew now that she ought to say no. But the temptation to yield was strong. For, after all, his was the most fascinating and popular figure in San Francisco's social circle at the time, and week-end invitations to the shabby little cabin in Mill Valley were eagerly sought.

Mill Valley would be thrilling! After all, Quentin had shown that he regretted his craziness, and when he was in one of his nice, simple moods she liked him quite as much as she detested him in his other ones.

All this flashed through her mind as she hesitated over the invitation, smiling.

"You said I would, you know, and I will!" she told him, simply.

"And I think you are a sport!" he answered, in his pleasantest manner. "It'll be rough, you know."

"I can be very rough. Only I don't go in for cocktails and staying up dancing to the radio until morning," she began.

"Nothing like that. 'Rough' means that I have only one Chinese boy there and he doesn't know much about cooking, and that the chief entertainment will be a long climb up the mountain on Sunday."

"And can the beautiful Mrs. Pool go in for all that?"

"The beautiful Mrs. Pool will not be there. This will be a very simple party. Just four of us."

"It sounds good. Who's going along to protect my youth and innocence?" Victoria smiled.

"Do you think Chase and Dora Upham might manage it?"

"They might."

"I'll pick you up at four o'clock on Saturday, then. Bring comfortable shoes."

At four o'clock Saturday they drove to the ferry and were carried, motorcar and all, across the flowing gray waters of the bay. There was fog on the bay, and Tamalpais was wreathed in fog; but down in the valley a misty sunlight was shining.

Up through a shady tunnel of redwoods the winding road rose above the Cascades and mounted the great stony flank of the mountain. On a spur of land pushing boldly westward toward the far glitter of the sea the plain little brown cabin stood. The ground all about it was deep in pine needles; the air was aromatic with their sweet, sharp scent. Descending from the car, the girl admitted that her first impulse was to give a long, loud scream of pure delight.

CHAPTER V

A lean Chinese boy in a coolie coat of blue, with dingy white trousers and padded rope shoes, was carrying the provisions out of sight. Vic and the man went into the big, main room that constituted almost the entire cabin.

At both sides of it were raised wide alcoves with windows; thick blue canvas curtains could shut them off from the main room. Each of these contained three beds, chests, chairs; opening from each was a large shower bath casually constructed of brown planks, with redwood fronds pushing their way in between the walls and the roof.

In the main room were rugs, big chairs, tables from which books and magazines cascaded, an enormous fireplace smoked high from many a roaring blaze, lamps, cushions on a deep davenport; all of the comfortable, informal litter dear to the bachelor heart. Window doors opened on a flagged terrace behind which the magnificent crest of the mountain reared against the softly encroaching fog.

"We have our meals out here on the terrace all summer," the doctor said. "But it's going to be too cold tonight. Mock Suey!" he shouted suddenly. The Chinese silently padded into sight. "Eat by fire tonight?"

"Eat tellis?" the boy asked hopefully.

"No. Too muchee catchem cole tellis. Eat fire."

"Fi-ah," the Oriental conceded in a sad, liquid voice. The boy melted away.

Victoria began to wonder when the Uphams would arrive.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Two Things Certain

Benjamin Franklin is credited with being the first to make the statement that only two things are certain—death and taxes. Franklin mentioned this certainty in a letter to his friend, M. Leroy of the French Academy of Sciences, in 1789. He stated: "Our Constitution is in actual operation. Everything appears to promise that it will last; but in this world nothing is certain but death and taxes." Whether the expression was original with Franklin is unknown but it was natural for him to contrast the uncertainties of the newly adopted Constitution with these two certainties. Charles Dickens in his "David Copperfield," written 60 years later, has Barkis say: "It was as true as taxes is. And nothing's truer than them."

Judge Often Handed Down Humor "From the Bench"

Late Lord Darling Livened Drab Scenes With Pleasantries.

Many are the stories told about Lord Darling—better known as Mr. Justice Darling, "England's wittiest judge"—who died recently. He was a poet, with several published volumes to his credit. But it was his humor "from the bench" that made his name almost a household word.

On one occasion, a talesman claimed exemption from jury duty on the ground that he was completely deaf in the left ear.

"You can go," said Judge Darling, gravely; "I cannot have any-one in the jury box who cannot hear both sides."

A lawyer who had the misfortune never to have acquired the ability to use the letter "h" (relates Silvain Mayer in his "legal" reminiscences), was engaged before Justice Darling in a case which had relation to a horse. For some time the lawyer kept referring to the animal as "an orse." After a while, Darling looked down and said:

"Was the animal a large horse or a little one?"

"Oh, a little one."

"Then," said the judge, "may we, for the remainder of the case, call it a pony?"

In another case before Justice Darling—in which a Cockney caterer was suing to recover the cost of a picnic luncheon he had provided for a large number of people—the plaintiff waxed highly indignant, under cross-examination, when it was suggested that his sandwiches were mostly "bread and bread," with the ham conspicuous only by its absence.

"I h'am amazed; I h'am surprised; I h'am—," he sputtered.

"That will do!" interrupted Darling. "I suggest that had you been more generous with your hams on another occasion and a little less liberal with them here, you might not have found yourself in this situation!"—Kansas City Star.

Identifying Houses

Before houses were numbered, London's business streets were lined on both sides by a succession of gay signboards exhibiting an almost infinite variety of blue boars, black swans, red lions, flying pigs and the like. Even with these signs it was often hard to find one's destination, for the signs were often so badly painted that it would have puzzled a naturalist to make out the animal meant.

Think It Over

BY THE street of Bye-and-Bye one arrives at the house of Never.—German proverb.

People who have half an hour to spare usually spend it with somebody who hasn't.

Dignity is one thing that can't be preserved in alcohol.

Epitaph: He walked on the suicide of the road.

Many have made up their minds what they are going to do if temptation comes their way. They are going to fall.

When one is unimportant, he can attract attention in many noisy ways.

Mongols! Madam, Barked Sir Howorth

Sir Henry Howorth was taken aback one day when introduced to a gushing lady who declared that she was so charmed to meet him because she wished to talk to him about her little dog.

"But I know nothing about dogs," he protested.

"Oh, how can you say so," she said, "when you have written books about them?"

"Never, madam, never!"

"But surely," she persisted, "you have written a history of the mongrels?"

"Mongols, madam, mongols!" he barked. "Not mongrels."—London Answers.

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