SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—There is no disposition to laugh off Governor George H. Earle's opening gun in the fight to nominate Franklin D. Roosevelt for a third term among shrewd Washington politicians. Very privately nine out of ten men on Capitol Hill will tell friends that they think the probability is Roosevelt will break this precedent, as he has broken so many others.

There are plenty of people who knew Calvin Coolidge fairly well who believe that he wanted to break that precedent. "Ike" Hoover in his memoirs leaves no doubt as to his own judgment on that point, and made a very interesting case to prove it.

Coolidge, according to "Ike" Hoover's theory, expected too much. He wanted to keep on declining, in more and more forceful language, but to have the nomination forced on him. Roosevelt, observers think now, is not going to make any such mistake.

The two situations are interesting chiefly by contrast rather than by similarity. Right up to that day in the Black Hills of South Dakota when Coolidge said he did not "choose" to run, every one assumed he would be the candidate. There was not a hint of opposition. There was no prospect of a fight against his nomination. There was not even much discussion of the third term idea. Coolidge was popular, the country was prosperous. When the topic did come up in conversation most folks said the less than two years of President Harding's term which Coolidge had served before becoming President in his own right would not count as making another election a third term.

As a matter of fact, Coolidge never mentioned any prejudice against the third term idea. He just made it partially clear that he did not want to run again. And the Republican convention took him at his word. Whereas in the present case Governor Earle and some of the union leaders have come out flatly for a third term for Roosevelt, more than two years earlier, comparably, than Coolidge announced he would not be a candidate. Coolidge's announcement was more than seven months after the 1926 election had returned majorities in both houses of congress to uphold his hands. Everybody knew the Democratic party was split so wide open by the religious battle which had come to its climax at Madison Square Garden, that there was virtually no hope of its being really formidable at the following election. The national conventions were barely a year off.

Time Inopportune

The opening gun of the Roosevelt third term campaign is fired more than a year before the mid-term congressional election. It resounds when there is a revolt against the President on the part of conservative Democrats so pronounced that a harmony conference between the President and the national legislators was to begin two days later at the Jefferson Island club.

It came at a time when nobody really knew whether the revolt on Capitol Hill had much popular backing or not. One point about it, however, was rather obvious. Governor Earle, whose declaration attracted the most attention, was in rather a hot spot. It was obvious that no matter what might happen later, the Pennsylvania governor had made plenty of enemies by his action in declaring martial law at Johnstown. He had acted openly when the President was aiding the same side without any such frank avowal. So lots of important folks figured they could shoot at Earle in safety, whereas they might not dare shoot at the President.

Earle's action tended to make the President the target for all such shots at him, and for this reason his timing did not make such a hit at the White House as his subject matter might have on some other occasion.

Tariff Hearings

The same group of interests in this country which so successfully obtained the independence act for the Philippines, long after the armed insurrection of Aguinaldo, the moral appeal of William Jennings Bryan and the shrewd lobbying of Manuel Quezon had failed, is now on the job to prevent being deprived of the fruits of their victory.

What has happened is that a joint committee, consisting of experts appointed by both the United States and the Philippines governments, is conducting hearings with a view to determining the tariff policy which shall exist between the two countries after independence is actually achieved.

At first this independence date, being fixed in 1946, seemed far off to the business interests affected. Moreover, at first there was a tendency among those who knew about it to discount its importance. They figured that there would be only recommendations—that when the recommendations reached congress would be time enough to make a fight. They knew they had won when the test came in congress. By shrewd log-rolling they had won enough votes to give the islands the independence act. So they thought the same log-rolling would be sure to work next time, which would be, they thought, when the recommendations are formally taken up in congress.

Also, a considerable group of those interested actually knew nothing about the hearings. There was too much going on in Washington for the newspapers to get excited about hearings on something which would have no effect until 1946.

But several things have happened to change all that. First, there is quite a movement to move forward the independence date. The same interests affected by the tariff hearings were concerned in that, and this made any present hearings much more significant.

Important Factor

But much more important is another factor. The prospect now is that there is not going to be any repeal of the reciprocal trade treaty powers of the President—that this power will be extended indefinitely. This will mean, if true, that if and when the report of this joint committee comes up, immediately after independence is achieved or immediately before, it may not be possible to ignore its ideas simply by having enough votes in congress to prevent action on Capitol Hill.

For it is certain that any recommendations such a committee will make would have a great deal of effect on the State department, and naturally on the Philippine government. So that, under the reciprocal treaty making power, it could easily be that a lot of tariff duties on Philippine products coming into the United States might be sliced in half—fifty per cent being the extent of the change in any duty which can be made by the State department without further reference to congress.

For instance, if the duty on sugar should be two cents a pound, under the reciprocal treaty power the State department could make a treaty with the Philippines which would cut that duty to one cent, or boost it to three cents.

Sugar is picked for an illustration chiefly because it is simple, and was one of the big reasons why the islands obtained the present promise of independence. There are plenty of others, notably coconut oil.

Future of G. O. P.

Despite the "harmony" meeting of Democratic senators and representatives with President Roosevelt at the Jefferson Island club there are growing signs of cleavage as between what might be called the old line Democrats and the New Dealers.

So much so that certain important Republicans, more interested in economic principles than in party organization, are quietly putting forth a new thought with respect to future G. O. P. activities.

In short, they would have the national Republican organization voluntarily disband, shut up shop, and announce to the country that as a national party the Republicans were through.

While most of those talking about it do not want their names used for the present, it is said that Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, regarded by many as the outstanding Republican in the country since the last election, is not out of sympathy with the idea.

The plan is so far advanced that the effect on individual senators and members of the house now bearing the Republican label has been considered. There are still many districts which send Republicans to the house regardless of Democratic landslides and New Deal tendencies. At least two states, Vermont and Maine, still promise to send Republican senators to Washington.

The idea would not be to deprive the Republicans representing these districts and states of their label. They could run as "Republicans," just as Senator Robert M. La Follette runs as a "Progressive" or Senator Henrik Shipstead runs as a "Farmer-Laborite." These gentlemen seem to have little difficulty getting elected, despite the fact that there is no real national organization of their parties to back them.

Might Be Help

Representative Bertrand H. Snell of New York comes down regularly from the Potsdam district of the Empire state, no matter if Democratic national candidates do carry the state by more than a million. The same is true of Representative Allen T. Treadway and Representative Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts.

Some of the advocates of the plan say that actually it would be a help to such Republicans not to have any national Republican organization cluttering up the situation. Of course, in Mr. Snell's case it would deprive him of the leadership of the Republicans in the house—perhaps —and it might play hob with committee assignments in both house and senate.

But the real objective, of course, is to encourage the split in the Democratic party—to permit the country to have two real parties again. Nor is it an answer, say those advocating it, to say that the Republican party polled more than 15,000,000 votes in the last election, and that anything as strong as that should be preserved.

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OUR FAMILY CORNER

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

BEDTIME STORY by Thornton W. Burgess

PETER RABBIT ASKS AFTER OLD FRIENDS

NO SOONER had Winsome Bluebird finished telling how Ol' Mistah Buzzard warms his toes on the chimneys of the houses in the far-away South than Peter Rabbit was full of questions about other friends who had been spending the long winter in the land of sunshine.

"Where is Little Friend the Song Sparrow?" he asked eagerly.

"Little Friend of All is not very far away," he replied. "In fact, I think he will be here in a few days, Peter. You see, Little Friend loves the Green Meadows and the Smiling Pool so much that he cannot bear to go any farther away than he has to. I guess he feels just as I do. And so he doesn't go way, way down South as some do, but just far enough to be comfortable and to be sure that he will be able to get enough to eat. I heard him singing only a few days ago, and he said to tell his friends up here that he is on his way."

Cheerful Robin.

"My, but I'll be glad to hear him again," said Peter with a sigh. "Somehow I always feel better when I hear the voice of Little Friend. I hope nothing will happen to him on the way."

"Oh, I guess not," replied Winsome Bluebird. "You see, everybody loves him so that nobody wants to harm him. He hasn't any beautiful suit. He's just the plainest little fellow. I guess he is just loved because—why—because he's always so cheery and lovable."

"Yes," said Peter, "I guess that's the reason. It must be beautiful to be loved like that. I suppose you've seen Cheerful Robin this winter."

"Oh, my, yes! Cheerful and I have been together a great deal this winter. He's coming right along, and if I don't watch out and get about my business Mistress Spring will be making him her herald instead of me. He looks just as fine as ever, and he really is very well and in splendid spirits, considering the hard time he has had ever since he left here."

"What do you mean? Doesn't Cheerful find enough to eat down South?" demanded Peter, pricking up his long ears.

"Plenty, plenty!" replied Winsome Bluebird. "It's the way people treat him down there. Men and boys are altogether too fond of Cheerful."

Peter looked up quickly to see if Winsome was joking, but he didn't seem to be. Indeed, he seemed to have a kind of sorrowful look, as if thinking of the hard time Cheerful Robin had had made him feel bad. "If they are so fond of him I should think that Cheerful would have the best kind of a time," said Peter.

"They are fond of him in the wrong way," replied Winsome sadly. "They are fond of him to eat, and Cheerful has to be watching out all the time for dreadful guns. I wish he had come along up with me. I won't feel quite easy until I see him. Don't you think guns are dreadful things, Peter Rabbit?"

"Yes, indeed! The most dreadful things in all the world," replied Peter promptly. "But I didn't suppose that Cheerful Robin ever had anything to fear from them. I don't see what he goes down South for, if that is the way they treat him."

"He has to get enough to eat," replied Winsome Bluebird, "just as I do. If it wasn't for that we wouldn't either of us go, because you know we love the Green Meadows and the Smiling Pool and the Old Orchard so. Now, I have sat here gossiping with you just as long as I can. I must be spreading the glad news that Mistress Spring is coming."

"I'll help you," said Peter happily, and made ready to start right away for the Green Forest.

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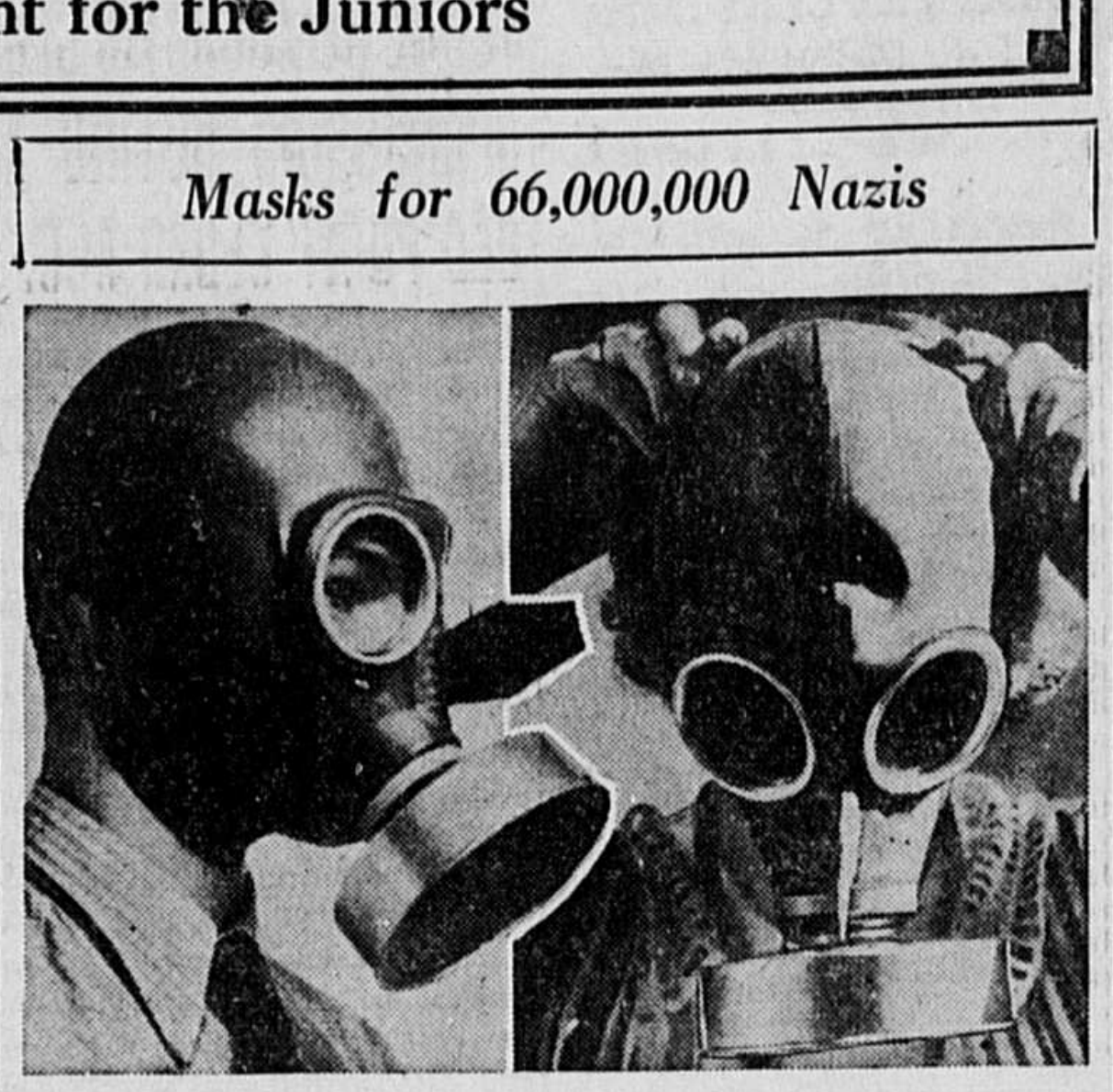
Masks for 66,000,000 Nazis



Berlin.—Gas masks such as those worn by the boy and girl above are now ready for distribution to 66,000,000 German people to protect them in case of attack. Prepared secretly, the masks are said to be impervious to all known gases. Citizens unable to buy them for their families will receive them at reduced prices or entirely free.

FIRST-AID TO AILING HOUSE

By ROGER B. WHITMAN

SHINGLE STAINS

FOR wood shingles it is generally considered advisable to use stain rather than a paint. With the exposed surface sealed by paint, moisture does not dry out readily, and rotting of the under side of the shingles is likely to take place. Stain penetrates the shingle, and does not interfere with the drying out of moisture.

New shingles should be dipped in stain before being laid, to cover all surfaces. The restaining of an old roof must, of course, be with a brush or spray.

Shingle stain can be bought in a variety of colors. However, excellent shingle stains can be made at home. The following formula can be relied on, and is easily prepared—4 gallons raw linseed oil, 2 gallons coal tar creosote oil, 1 gallon Japan drier. This stain is clear and dark. If color is wanted, color-in-oil should be mixed with linseed oil to the consistency of paint; 2 gallons of the mixture should be used with the foregoing for a stain to be brushed on.

Coal tar creosote oil has a preservative effect and checks rotting. Its use in a shingle stain is always advisable. Its color is dark, however, and it cannot be used for stains of light tone.

A good treatment for shingles and also for dried-out and weather beaten wood is a mixture of 2 parts of raw linseed oil and 1 part of turpentine, to be applied liberally. The effect of the turpentine is to draw the linseed oil deeply into the wood. This has but a slight darkening effect. When color is desired, color-in-oil can be added.

In dipping new shingles before laying, a small barrel or other container is filled with stain, and the shingles are dipped into it, butt-end first, for three-quarters of their length. They are then thrown in a loose pile for drying. There are advantages in buying shingles ready-stained. In the first place, the shingles are inspected one by one before dipping, and imperfect ones are thrown aside. Dipping is under pressure, so that the stain is forced into the wood much more deeply than is possible with dipping by hand. Also, the colors are more permanent and less likely to fade.

© By Roger B. Whitman
WNU Service.

Off-the-Fez

Multi - colored belting ribbon is doubly pleated and set together with plain strips of black in this new treatment of the "off-the-face" fez. The colors are coral, green, cinnamon and mustard. The clips are pale, dull gold, set with diamonds.

SOME BETTER CAUSE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

SOME men work hard to fill with hate
The hearts of some imagined "class,"
And others labor until late
To pour for youth the brimming glass.
And so to many a plot and plan
Men give their misdirected skill,
Forget the brotherhood of man
And work, but work their brother ill.

Work is a virtue when it's done
To help and not to hurt mankind;
Work is no virtue if the sun
Shall leave a poorer world behind.
The glory of a busy hand
Is not a busy hand alone:
It must be serving God and land,
For usefulness it must be known.

A web I saw a spider spin,
A thing of beauty and of skill,
And yet it hoped to lure within
Another insect it might kill.
Thus all its splendor was destroyed,
This thing of rainbow-tinted gauze.
I wish it might have been employed,
Such labor, in some better cause.

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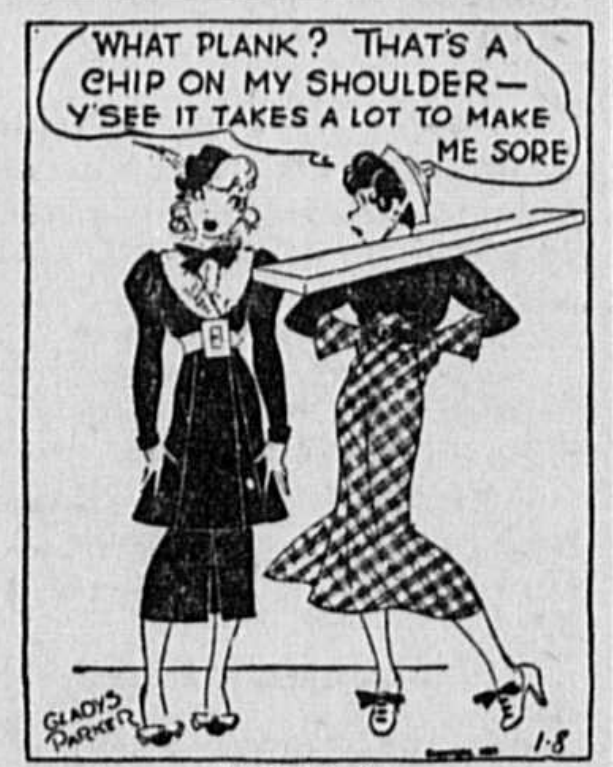
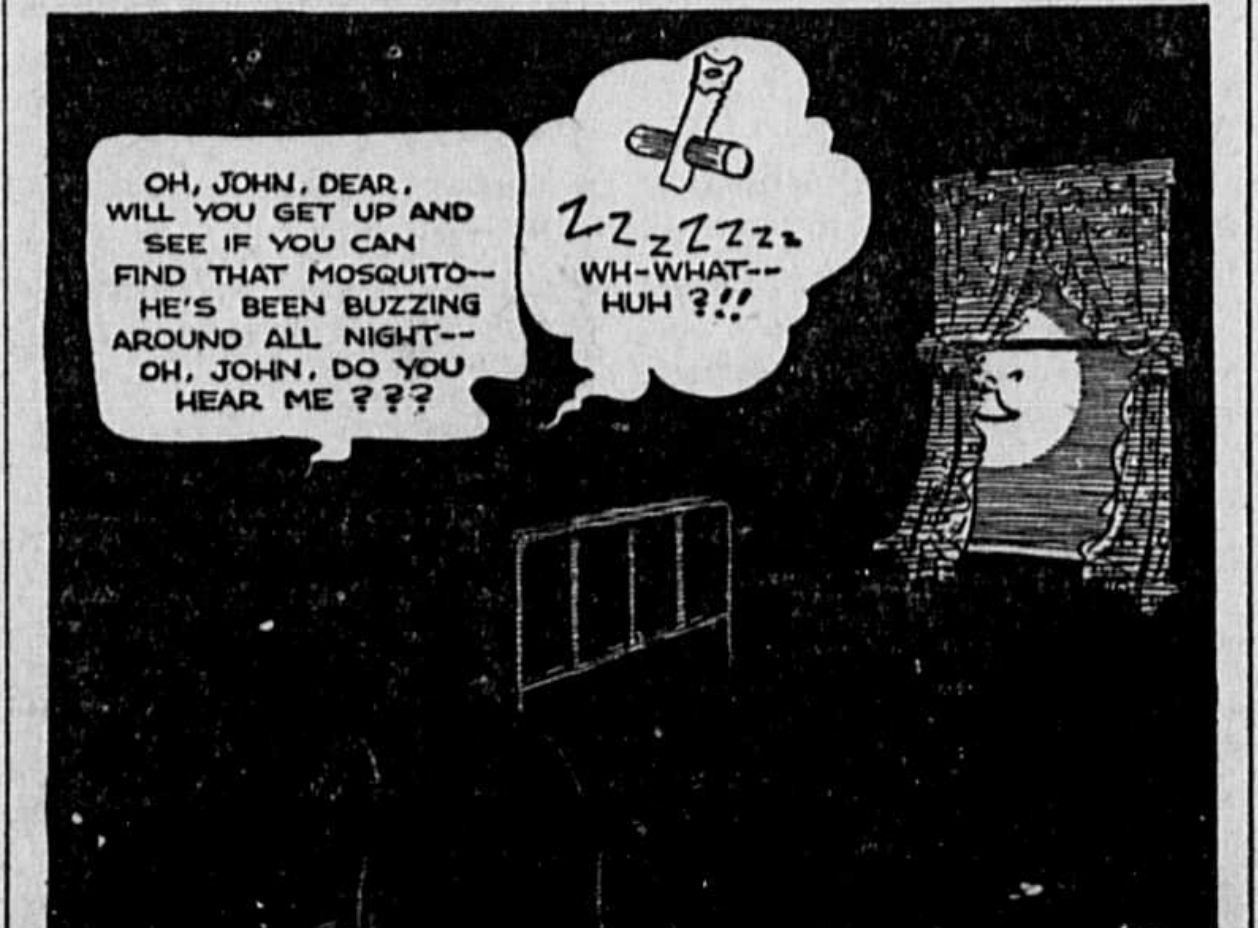
MOPSY



WHAT PLANK? THAT'S A CHIP ON MY SHOULDER— Y'SEE IT TAKES A LOT TO MAKE ME SORE
GLADYS PARKER
1-8

WNU Service.

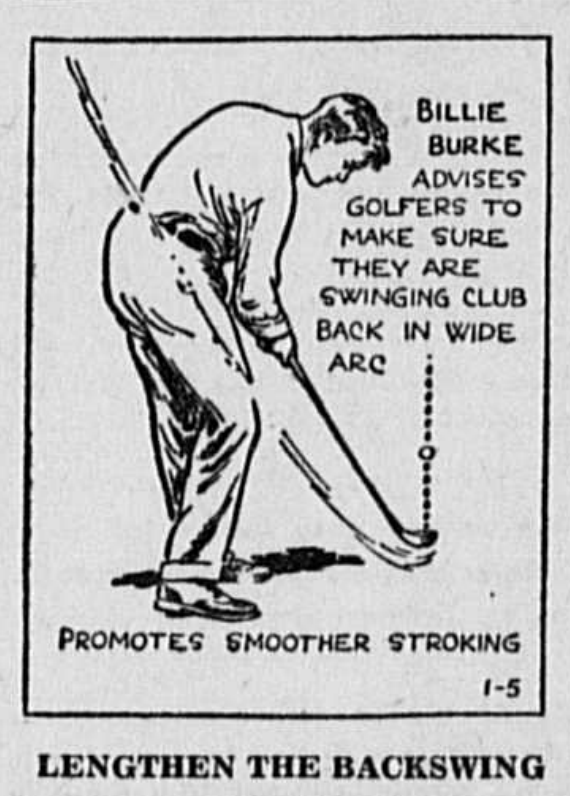
Love, Honor and Obey



OH, JOHN, DEAR, WILL YOU GET UP AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THAT MOSQUITO— HE'S BEEN BUZZING AROUND ALL NIGHT— OH, JOHN, DO YOU HEAR ME ???
ZZZZZZZ WH-WHAT— HUH ?!!
JOE JAY

GRAPHIC GOLF

By BEST BALL



BILLIE BURKE ADVISES GOLFERS TO MAKE SURE THEY ARE SWINGING CLUB BACK IN WIDE ARC
PROMOTES SMOOTHER STROKING
1-5

LENGTHEN THE BACKSWING

ONE of the most flagrant faults of the average golfer is jerky, hurried hitting. This is most apparent on the short shots around the green where the player, apprehensive over the success of this shot hits down hurriedly and raises his head in the same motion to see where the ball is going. There is not quite the same anxiety displayed on the longer shots but the tendency to stroke hurriedly is there none the less. As a rule it is the result of lack of confidence in the actual golf stroke. Most players like to get the job of stroking over with as soon as possible once they have started the motion. For them the long, gradually accelerated back and downstrokes are fraught with dangers and invite errors of every description. The real trouble is largely mental and it is through this channel that the fault must be combated. One method of cure suggested by Billie Burke, the former Open champion, is to teach the golfer to force his stroke back further in the backswing than he is inclined to do. This will take a little will power at first but, once the ice is broken, the player will find it increasingly easier to increase the width of the backswing arc. As a result he can bring the clubhead down slowly, increasing the momentum gradually and make the stroke a swing instead of sharp hit.

WNU Service.

"If we paid as we go," says reiterating Rita, "most of us would find ourselves traveling in reverse."

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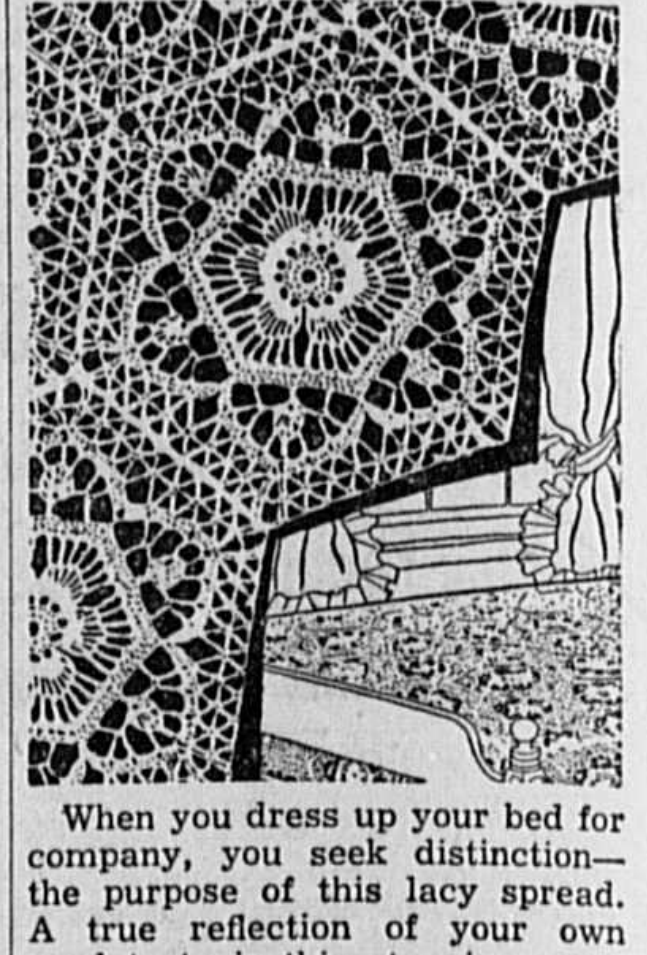
Important Bumps on Head

Three bumps which are best merely moderate in size, says a phrenologist in London Answers Magazine, are those on both sides of the head between the crown and the ears. These embrace optimism, faith, and a love of the beautiful. If too highly developed, they suggest a person content to let things drift, believing that everything will turn out all right without any effort.

Lace Spread That Reflects Good Taste



When you dress up your bed for company, you seek distinction—the purpose of this lacy spread. A true reflection of your own good taste is this stunning openwork design, one easily achieved by crocheting simple, single medallions of string. A stunning dresser or table scarf, or perchance a cloth could also be your choice. It may be done in one or a combination of colors. Pattern 1443 contains detailed directions for making the 8¾ inch medallion shown and joining it for a variety of articles; illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

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

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Don't Neglect Them!
Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—*life itself*—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.
When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.
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The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use *Doan's Pills*. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on *Doan's*. Sold at all drug stores.
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CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

POTATO PLANTS

Nancy Hall, Porto Rico Potato Plants, good roots, disease free. 500-$1; 1000-$1.75. Postpaid, F. T. Wheelhouse, Mannboro, Va.

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." The Herrendeens return to their small San Francisco apartment. Keith does not approve of Magda's mad social life and they quarrell frequently. Magda receives flowers from 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. 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. The night before Magda and Vic are to sail, Magda elopes with Lucius Farmer. While nursing the children of Dr. and Mrs. Keats, Vic meets Dr. Quentin Hardisty, a brilliant physician, much sought after by women, who is a widower with a crippled daughter. In a tete-a-tete at the Keats home, he kisses Vic. Several days later he invites her with other guests to spend a week-end at his cabin.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—6—

Five o'clock came. Six o'clock came.

"Nervous, huh?" Quentin Hardisty asked, looking up.

"Not very," the girl smiled, flushing.

"Why at all?"

"Well, then, not nervous at all!" Vic said, laughing. "But there is something fundamentally—disturbing about being shut up in a lone mountain cabin with a handsome and fascinating man," she reminded him.

"Listen, why do you rub in that fascinating, handsome stuff? That's the third time."

"The second, I think."

"I've seen you," the man insisted, "when you were nothing short of—well, there's only one word for it, beautiful."

"Thank you. Seriously, there aren't many real beauties, and the few I've known have had a vile time!"

"Well, coming back to first principles," Dr. Hardisty said, "don't worry about the Uphams; they'll get here. And if they didn't, I assure you that you'd be as safe as my own sister."

The girl looked across at him, handsome and brown, and quite serious, in the soft fire and lamplight, and her heart gave an odd twist, a physical plunge of emotion. Her throat thickened suddenly, and she felt silly and confused. But she gave no sign of it, and before either she or her host spoke again the Uphams arrived, in a gay flurry of apologies, and after that everything was smooth sailing.

The two women were relegated to the south alcove, drew their curtain, and proceeded with their unpacking and changing to a lively exchange of gossip. Dora was going to have a baby in six months; nobody knew it but Chase, but they were tremendously excited. Vic was all sympathetic enthusiasm here. There might be some question in her heart and mind as to wifehood, but motherhood was all joy.

"Oh, Dora, I envy you!"

"I'm terribly happy about it."

"Isn't this fun, being over here together, and just ourselves!"

"I adore this shack. We had our honeymoon here. And isn't he a darling? Vic — listen — " Dora paused.

"Oh, shut up!" Vic said, denying the impeachment before it was voiced.

"No, but listen, don't you think he's darling?"

"Dr. Hardisty? Yes, I do."

"If he liked you?"

"There isn't the slightest chance of it, even if you continue to broadcast your romantic suspicions all over Mill Valley!" Vic began. Dora sank her voice to a whisper.

"Just the same—They can't hear, their shower's going," Dora said. "Just the same you'd be an awful fool not to marry him if you could, Vic."

"I'll never marry anyone," Vic said, putting on a blue apron, "until I'm foaming at the mouth about him. And I'll never foam at the mouth about anyone, for before I reach that point, I'll take my little throat indoors and cut it. So don't worry about me!"

Trimly equipped, they went out to the kitchen, where the younger doctor was mixing something liquid in a small pail, and the older one busy with a salad.

They all worked together, getting in each other's way, getting more and more hungry as the clock's hands slipped from half-past six to seven, from seven to eight. The boy carried the steaks into the shed, where they were to broil on a charcoal fire. Victoria sampled the salad on a bit of cracker.

"That," she said firmly, "is the most delicious salad I ever tasted!"

It was a long and delightful meal. Presently they carried their cups to the fire, and Mock Suey cleared away the table, and still nobody made a move to go to bed, and the logs burned on, and the level branches of the redwoods swept across the low roof in the restless wind of the spring night.

"You girls going to freeze?"

"Believe me, we have our hot-water bottles," Dora said firmly. Victoria, raising her eyes with a sleepy smile, met Quentin Hardisty's steady look, and was disturbed to feel herself flushing. But when she and Dora finally did drag themselves off to the raised platform where their beds were, and had drawn the canvas curtain against the warm sitting room and the fire, she was conscious of a sort of dancing excitement in her veins. This was all such fun!

There was a rattle at the curtain rings. Victoria put her head through them and found Quentin Hardisty standing close to her at the other side.

Victoria's hair had been gathered to the top of her head in a mass of careless, tawny curls; her young face was rosy from heroic washing with scented soap, her eyes danced.

"Here are two extra—things," the doctor said a little confusedly. "They're stone hot-water bottles; some people like 'em. Anyway, they'll keep hot until morning."

"Oh, God bless you, mister!" Victoria said, the curtains parting as she put out her arms to show her slim body in square, blue-striped pajamas open at the soft young throat.

"You look like a doll!" the man said in a whisper.

Victoria stood still, her throat suddenly thick. She smiled at him confusedly.

"You're lovely!" Quentin said. He laid his hand on her arm. "Good-night!" he said, and somehow the familiar little word was not a farewell. It was everything quivering, thrilling, amazing, breath-taking. Hardly knowing what she did, carried away from her moorings by an impulse thousands of years older than she was, Victoria stooped a little from her higher position, rested her face against his for one second of madness and vertigo, and breathed an answering "Good-night!"

"And Isn't He a Darling?"

But in the morning she forgot everything except that a new delicious day had dawned and had brought complete happiness with it.

Everyone was in wild spirits on this singing spring morning.

"How about a walk?" Quentin said then. The Uphams declined. Chase was sleepy, and Dora tired. But Victoria, in an old, short skirt, a white cap, an enveloping borrowed sweater of Quentin's, was all ready for it. She and her host went off together for one of life's happy hours.

They climbed straight up the great shoulder of the mountain; stopped, panting and flushed, to get their breath and to look down on the sparkling world; went on again. The sun was hot on the singing blue February morning, but the ground under their feet, especially when the trail went into the woods, was soaked and slippery from recent rains. Quentin gave her his hand; she slid against him; they both laughed.

Reaching the summit of the spur with the dark blue rise of Tamalpais high above them, they sat upon a sun-warmed rock for a while, looking down, breathing in the aromatic sweetness of the still, clear air, listening to the cries of larks all about and the occasional scream of a jay or chatter of a chipmunk in the chaparral.

When they started to slip and slide down, the going was infinitely easier, especially with the tree-smothered brown goal of the cabin roof right ahead. Vicky and Quentin came back to the cabin at one o'clock, breathless, ravenous and weary.

Once again the quartette that gathered about the table was in gala mood. More than once again Victoria told herself that this was one of the good days, this was one of the satisfying times!

But just after the leisurely meal there was an interruption. A car came up the circuitous bit of roadway to the porch with the speed of familiarity. Quentin's expression of horrified expectation, at which Victoria had been laughing, changed to one of odd embarrassment, of something like faint annoyance—like gratification.

"It's Marian, it's Mrs. Pool," he had time to say under his breath before he went out to welcome her.

"Oh, help!" Dora commented, disgustedly. Victoria said nothing. But the glory, the content of the day instantly were destroyed. It was with a sense of dullness, a vague feeling of hurt that she entered upon the requisite moving of chairs and shifting of places to make room for the newcomer. Marian Pool, lovely in the smartest of sportwear, came into the room with a rush and stood with her head tipped a little on one side, apologetically smiling at them all.

"Oh, you're having a party! Oh, how shameless of me!" she said. "But why on earth are you eating at half-past four o'clock? Sit down, everyone—do sit down, Dr. Upham—here, everyone sit down!"

They all sat down, and Victoria saw the expression on Quentin Hardisty's face. He saw nothing but Marian.

"We're all driving up for supper at Maud's," the newcomer said. "I've dropped Sally and George in the village to see the Cushings. It occurred to me that Quentin here had entirely forgotten that he promised to be at Maud's, and I told them I'd come up and get him. It's the golf thing, Quentin, and afterward a big supper at Pete's."

"Sure; I hadn't forgotten," Quentin said, in a lazy, smiling voice. His eyes caressed her.

"You did tell me you had a house party!"

"We didn't know it ranked as a house party, did we, Dora?"

"I beg pardon?" Dora stammered, starting.

"You don't remember me, Mrs. Pool?" Victoria said, in the dreadful moment of silence when everyone stirred and smiled, but no one had anything to say. "Victoria Herrendeen—down at the lodge, years ago?"

"Oh, frightful, don't remind me of those ghastly days," Mrs. Pool said lightly, her eyes on Quentin. "That was before, all blushes and confusion, I got my divorce! I cried all day, when I was first married, and danced all night when I got my divorce. I mean I really did, Quen."

The dullness, the wearisome stupidness of it all deepened. Vic, from the moment her eyes had first fallen upon the visitor, had known that it would.

"She is beautiful—perfectly beautiful," Victoria said to Dora, when they were gathering brushes and jars in the bathroom.

"I don't see it," Dora answered stubbornly, and Victoria laughed without much mirth. To deny Marian's flawless and amazing beauty would be to deny the mystery of the stars, the glory of an apple orchard in the spring. It worked upon men like an irresistible anesthetic.

Vicky and the Uphams were swift and brief in their farewells. The girl admitted she was tired; the day's happiness, cooking, tramping, making fires had not tired her, but there was no shred of the felicity left, and she felt jaded and weary. The Mill Valley visit had ended in hurt and failure.

The drive home was dull and flat, and the atmosphere of the Keats nursery, when Victoria entered it, somehow jarred on her nerves.

"Violet," she said, some days later, when she and Mrs. Keats were lunching together, "did Dr. Keats talk to you about my going to Honolulu?"

"You mean Miss Reynolds' recommending you for it?"

"It's definite now. I've a letter here from Dr. Bert about it."

A cloud came over the older woman's face.

"Vicky, I'd be so sorry to see you go!"

"Why would you, Vi?"

"Well, for the obvious reasons, of course," the cultured English voice said. "Because Mother depends so on you, and we all do! But it isn't only that. I'm thinking of you. Girls do get so entirely out of touch in those places. I know it. My father was at Barbados when I was a girl; it's much the same thing. The life gets one; it's easy, insular, unambitious. After a bit you're telling visitors that you've been there ten years, fifteen years. In a few years there's no out."

"Vi, I'm going away on account of Quentin Hardisty," Victoria said.

Mrs. Keats was standing beside her at the window; they did not look at each other; there was a silence.

"I've got to get away before I make a complete fool of myself—before he knows," Victoria presently added.

"You mean you—you like him?" Violet Keats said in a stunned voice.

"I guess that about expresses it," Victoria said, with a brief laugh.

The thing happened quite simply about ten days later. Victoria had taken Kate down to Dr. Hardisty's offices to have one of the younger men there look at a small sprained elbow. He stood looking thoughtfully at Vic and the child for a long minute, finally asked her, in almost an absent voice, if she would see him in his own office before she went away.

"You Mean Without Loving Me?" Victoria Asked.

Vic found her way to this guarded and inaccessible sanctum made strangely easy. Kate had a wrapped molasses peppermint to console her for recent indignities, and Vic sat earnest and pretty in her new spring clothes, looking in puzzled expectancy at the doctor.

"I want to talk for a few minutes, and then you talk," Quentin began. He drew four firm parallel lines in pencil on a scrap of paper, looking at them, crumpled the paper and threw it aside.

"I thought you said the other night that you were lonesome, that you were thinking of going to Honolulu because you were lonesome?"

"I said it to Vi," Vic admitted, after a moment. Her heart thumped.

"Why do you say that you said it to Vi in that funny way?"

"I didn't know I said it in a funny way. I suppose I meant that I didn't say it to you."

There was a pause, after which the man recommenced:

"The thing is—" He hesitated. "The thing is that I want a home," he said. "I want my little girl with me. I told Violet about it and asked her if she thought you'd take the job. She said—did she tell you this?"

"She didn't tell me anything."

"Well, she said, 'D'you mean as a nurse and housekeeper, or as a wife?' I said, 'Well, if you put it that way, as a wife!' D'you get what I mean?" he finished. "I had been saying 'housekeeper,' but maybe what I meant all along was wife." He sat back.

"I see," Victoria mused, not moving her eyes from his. Color came into her face and receded again and they both laughed nervously.

"And—and, thank you!" she said then, a little confusedly.

"I need a wife, badly," the man presently added. "Everyone knows that—Violet and John, everyone. You're the kind of woman I want to marry, I admire you tremendously. I—I like you very much."

"You mean without loving me?" Victoria asked.

"I thought—I thought that was how you wanted it to be," the man said, simply.

Victoria looked at him thoughtfully, her breath uneven, her face scarlet.

"Here's the thing," Quentin said, as she did not speak. "I'd be awfully proud if you'd do it, really I would. If you won't I'm going to get out for a while—I'll go to Germany. But I'd much rather not get out, on account of Gwen, and my hospital work—everything. What do you say?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Had No Doors

Persons who like to let the entire household know of their anger by slamming a door or banging down a window would have had to resort to some other means in the early days. For in the place of the door, most early Ohio pioneers had only a blanket or animal skin hanging in the opening, while in the place of windows with panes of glass they used greased paper or an old garment.

AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Keeping Brassware Bright — Brass ornaments will remain bright longer if, after polishing, they are given a thin coat of white shellac.

• • •

Measuring Sugar—One pound of granulated sugar equals two cups. One pound of powdered or confectioner's sugar equals two and one-half cups.

• • •

Banana Toast—Place sliced banana between two slices bread, spread with shortening. Place in baking pan in hot oven until lightly browned.

• • •

Kidneys and Macaroni—Cut four kidneys in halves, sprinkle with chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and fry. Take one-fourth pound macaroni, break into small pieces, and cook in water, adding a little salt. When quite tender, strain off the water, place macaroni round a dish, and put the kidneys in the center, adding a little gravy. Garnish with two hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters, and four small tomatoes cut into small slices and fried. Serve very hot.

• • •

Don't Scratch the Table—If tiny squares of blanket or astrakhan cloth are stuck under the corners of your hand sewing machine it can be used on any table without fear of scratching it. Similar patches can also be used on clocks, or anything that stands on a polished surface.

• • •

To Prevent Scorching—Leave one small section of a gem pan empty when putting gem batter in pan. Fill this section with water and gems will never scorch.

• • •

Why Pans Warp—Aluminum cooking pans are frequently warped out of shape by repeatedly putting cold water in them while they are still hot.

• • •

Cooking Sour Fruit—Sour fruit will require much less sugar, and be more digestible, if a dessert-spoonful of syrup and a pinch of bicarbonate of soda are added after cooking.

• • •

To Freshen Coconut—Shredded coconut, which has become dry, can be freshened by soaking it in sweet milk a few minutes before using.

WNU Service.

Justice, Obedience

Justice is the insurance which we have on our lives and property; to which may be added, and obedience is the premium which we pay for it.—William Penn.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Presto maturo, presto marcio. (It.) Soon ripe, Soon rotten.

Il n'est sauce que d'appetit. (F.) Hunger is the best sauce.

Lis litem generat. (L.) Strife begets strife.

Fide, sed cui vide. (L.) Trust, but see whom.

Resurgam. (L.) I shall rise again.

Contra fortuna no vale arte ninguna. (Sp.) There is no fence against fortune.

E flamma cibum petre. (L.) To get food out of the fire, to get a living by desperate means.

Hominis est errare. (L.) It is common for man to err.

Bacio di bocca spesso cuor non tocca. (It.) A kiss of the mouth often does not touch the heart.

Detur digniori. (L.) Let it be given to the more worthy.

Idea for Tunnels

Ancient Egyptians, observing streams enter one side of a hill and come out the other, got the idea for tunnels. They built them into tombs. Builders after them bored tunnels to carry or drain water. One people, the Babylonians, more daring than the rest, tunneled beneath the Euphrates river. Thus began the story, according to a correspondent in the Washington Post, of the most fascinating and dangerous of all tunneling operations, subaqueous—underwater.

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