SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—There is a distinct possibility that congress, instead of the Supreme court, may prove the chief obstacle next year to President Roosevelt's New Deal program. Close friends assert that the President has not given up his hope for "reform" of the Supreme court—that with the convening of congress in January he will lay his plans to put some sort of legislation through to obtain his objectives, or resort to the constitutional amendment route, which he has always objected to as too slow.

There is no doubt that this is his present intention. But he just may find himself faced with new problems next January. The point is that congress is feeling its oats. It is in no mood for insurgency. Everything on the surface is going to be kept as peaceful as possible. Democrats will be thinking of the primaries and election next summer and fall. They do not want to encourage gentlemen—or ladies—back home to run against them in the Democratic primaries, with "loyalty to the President" as the chief issue. They have a healthy respect for the machine—running into every county of every state—which Jim Farley has built up.

But there are many degrees of obedience—many fine lines where loyalty to the President enters. It certainly does enter into the phrasing of bills, but it is very difficult to make the folks back home understand this.

On a clean-cut question such as whether six additional justices shall be added to the Supreme court there are no such fine lines. One has to be for the President or against him. But most legislative matters are not so clearly defined. And it is easy for a Democratic senator to protest the utmost loyalty to the Chief Executive but insist that Harold Ickes, or Harry Hopkins, or Henry Wallace had deceived the President into taking a very un-Democratic position!

Brain Trusters Out

In the first place, there is no chance whatever, judging from the present temper of senators and representatives, that there will be any more Brain Trust drafting of legislation—much less permitting a Brain Truster to sit in on the meetings of a conference committee seeking to rewrite the senate and house drafts of a piece of legislation into some compromise form that will be acceptable to both. This happened in the famous public utility holding company death sentence bill, but it is not likely to happen again.

Moreover, the struggle to control the party, looking forward to the 1940 campaign, with a view to nominating Roosevelt's successor and writing the platform of that year, has already begun. There is a very strong group of Democrats who do not intend that the Democratic nominee of 1940 shall be a New Dealer. Words of praise for the Roosevelt administration will drip from the platform, if they have their way, but there will be a good deal of hypocrisy and party expediency in them. Their real intention is to carry the Democratic party back quite a step toward the ideals of such men as Carter Glass and Josiah Bailey, rather than forward to those of Felix Frankfurter and Ben Cohen.

So it is possible, if not probable, that Mr. Roosevelt will have a good deal of trouble in getting just what he wants from congress next year, despite the oratory from the very men who will be seeking to block him praising him to the skies. It is the conviction of many disinterested observers that congress next year will pass no legislation which the present Supreme court would not approve. But it looks as if it will be a most interesting session!

Still a Puzzle

The attack of Gov. George H. Earle of Pennsylvania on Gov. Herbert H. Lehman of New York in connection with Lehman's letter to Senator Robert F. Wagner on the Supreme court issue is still puzzling Washington politicians.

Every one here has assumed for a long time that Governor Earle was hearing the buzzing of the presidential bee practically continuously. So they have been trying to fit together the pieces of this jigsaw puzzle and get the picture which must be in Governor Earle's mind.

One phase of it is of course very clear. Earle wanted to curry favor with President Roosevelt. He has lost no opportunity to do that—not only to praise the President extravagantly at every opportunity, but to demonstrate himself, in one way or another, as being even more New Dealish than the President himself. The idea here of course is to show Mr. Roosevelt that Mr. Earle is just the type of man to whom might be safely entrusted the carrying on of the Roosevelt policies.

Whether his course up to the time of the Lehman letter was shrewd or not is open to question. It happens to be a fact that great men have very seldom put themselves out to nominate a successor who was obviously crazy to get the job. Calvin Coolidge was not exactly unstinting in the aid he gave Herbert C. Hoover. The last case of a President's forcing the nomination of his successor was Theodore Roosevelt, when he not only picked William H. Taft but imposed his will to an extraordinary degree to obtain Taft's nomination. But this proves nothing, for Taft was desperately anxious not to get the job. He wanted the job he got long later, chief justice of the Supreme court.

So in a way Theodore Roosevelt had the very normal human thrill of forcing somebody else to make a sacrifice for the sake of the public good. Public good naturally meaning as Theodore Roosevelt saw it!

Called Bad Blunder

But whether or not Earle's strategy was wise up to the time of the Lehman episode, most observers here think he made a bad blunder in giving to the press his blistering attack on the New York governor.

In the first place, he was attacking somebody who was not threatening, in the remotest degree, his own ambitions. Lehman has not given a thought to the presidency. He wants to get out of politics. One might even suspect that Lehman was playing a shrewd game in appealing to the penchant of leaders to get somebody else to make a sacrifice. But certainly Earle did not figure it that way, has never figured that particular bit of psychology, or his course to date would have been very different.

The fact remains that nobody, and certainly not Governor Earle, thinks that Lehman is a candidate for the presidential nomination, or will be considered by the convention. So why hit him? Especially on an issue of very dubious popularity?

There is also the fact that Governor Lehman is tremendously strong in a state that will have a very large block of delegates at the Democratic national convention and whose delegates are never bound by the unit rule! Men have come mighty close to the nomination, and for that matter to election, as President of the United States, and then been beaten by a mere handful of friends of some popular figure whom the candidate had slighted.

It just so happened that the Roscoe Conkling episode happened in Governor Lehman's state, and is generally credited by political historians with having changed a presidential election.

Such Headaches

"Not a headache in a barrel" was the slogan of a famous whisky maker in the good old days before prohibition. But there have been plenty of headaches in regulating the whisky industry since repeal and right now the federal alcohol administration believes it needs more aspirin than ever before.

The problem is whether to put official sanction on the claim that whisky can be aged just as satisfactorily, both as to flavor and aroma and as to the curtailing of injurious effects on the drinker, by aging it in used charred barrels as in new charred barrels.

Not long ago the administration decided the question, temporarily. It held that whisky aged in second-hand barrels, or more accurately, barrels which had already been used for the aging of whisky, must be labeled "less than one month old"—even if the liquor had been in the used barrels for a couple of years!

This brought loud protests from certain distillers, particularly from one who had been operating for years in Canada, where the law permits the use of charred barrels for aging which had already done service for a previous batch of whisky.

The contention of this distiller is that two very different types of whisky are produced from the same fermented mash by aging in new and old barrels. The new barrel produces a heavy-bodied, dark-colored liquor. The used barrel produces a lighter-bodied, and lighter-colored whisky. Some drinkers prefer one, some the other.

Chemists Worried

But—contended this distiller, who had several supporters—drinkers have been educated up to think that age is the most important thing, and hence the prospective purchasers of whisky set great store by labels. The customer who might prefer a light-bodied and colored whisky would feel terribly cheated if he read on the label of a bottle he had paid a fair amount for, that it was "less than one month old." He would never suspect, this distiller points out with some logic, that the whisky was actually two or three years old, but merely had not been aged in a new barrel. He would recall all he had read about "green whiskies" and "raw liquor," and would have to be very strong-minded indeed if he could bring himself to admit that he liked the whisky—after reading the label.

Government chemists are much worried about the controversy. They do not want to stick their necks out and give some one a chance to crack their heads. Privately they opine that whisky does age faster in a new cask of charred white oak, but they are not prepared to say that whisky aged in old casks is any more deleterious.

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OUR FAMILY CORNER

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

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

SAMMY JAY CALMS DOWN

EVERYBODY on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest who heard Sammy Jay thought he had gone crazy. He certainly acted as if he were crazy. He couldn't sit still long enough to answer questions, but flew here and flew there, and flew everywhere, all the time screaming so fast that he mixed his words all up. It was no wonder that his neighbors thought Sammy Jay was crazy.

But he wasn't. No, sir, he wasn't. He was just excited, terribly excited. And it was all because of what he had seen deep in the Green Forest. But his little neighbors didn't know anything about this, and so they thought that something was wrong with Sammy's head, and they said to each other: "Poor Sammy Jay. Isn't it too bad? What could have happened to make him go crazy?"

He Hunted Up Unc' Billy Possum and Asked Him What All the Fuss Was About.

Now, all this made Sammy worse than before. You know, when you try to tell a thing and people cannot understand you, you are very apt to grow impatient. Most people are, anyway. And it was so with Sammy Jay. He tried to tell what he had seen, but was so excited that his words tumbled over each other and were so mixed up that no one could understand what he was trying to tell, and this made Sammy more excited than ever, so that his talk was more mixed up than ever. Worse still, he began to lose his temper, and he quite lost it when he happened to overhear some of his neighbors say that he certainly was crazy. For the time being he quite forgot everything else and just told everybody what he thought of them, and what he told them wasn't at all nice.

Now, about this time along came Sammy's cousin, Blacky the Crow. He heard Sammy calling his neighbors bad names, and he heard the other little people saying that Sammy was crazy. He hunted up Unc' Billy Possum and asked him what all the fuss was about. Unc' Billy told him how Sammy Jay had come screaming about something he had seen deep in the Green Forest, and how nobody could make any sense of what he said. "He told us that it had great, big claws in its mouth," said Unc' Billy, grinning at the memory. "Do you wonder, Br'er Crow, that we uns think he is foolish in his haid?"

Blackie said he didn't wonder at all, and then flew away to look for Sammy Jay. He had no trouble finding him, for he had only to listen to hear Sammy's angry voice. He flew right over to where Sammy was.

"You come over to the Lone Pine with me!" said he, sharply.

Now if there is any one in all the Green Forest or on the Green Meadows for whom Sammy Jay has respect it is for his big cousin, Blackie the Crow. You see, smart and sly and clever as Sammy Jay is, Blacky the Crow is smarter and more sly and more clever, and Sammy knows it. So when Blacky told him to come to the Lone Pine with him, Sammy went.

"Now, Sammy, tell me all about it," said Blacky, when they were comfortably seated in the Lone Pine. So Sammy began at the beginning and told his story, and this time he told it quite straight, for every time he began to get excited Blacky would fix his sharp eyes on him in a way that made Sammy feel uncomfortable, and he would at once calm down. It was a queer story Sammy told, and when he had finished Blacky the Crow looked as if he didn't believe a word of it. Poor Sammy saw this.

"You don't think I am crazy, too, do you, Cousin Blacky?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Blacky. "I really don't know what to think."

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First Aid to the Ailing House

—By— Roger B. Whitman

DULL DOOR KNOBS

TWO years ago a Colonial house was built in my neighborhood; small but very charming in design and appearance. It was quickly bought and occupied. The new mistress was very proud of it, and tried to keep it in its new condition. But inevitably, it began to deteriorate. One thing that greatly troubled her was the appearance of the hardware of the front door; the door knob and its plate, the push button and the knocker. When new, these were shiny brass, and weekly polishing was part of the house-mistress' schedule. After a year or so, however, she found that the metal no longer responded; that in spite of polishing it remained dull.

A glance was enough to show that the brass did not go all the way through; that it was only on the surface. The body of the hardware was steel, and was exposed as polishing took off the brass plating. The builder saved a little money for himself in using brass-plated steel instead of solid brass, although at the most it could not have been more than a dollar or two.

My advice was to replace the cheap metal with other pieces of solid brass, which could be had at any well stocked hardware store.

One disadvantage of steel hardware is that in time the paint around it becomes stained with rusty drip. With solid brass this does not occur.

* * *

PAINT ON WINDOW SILLS

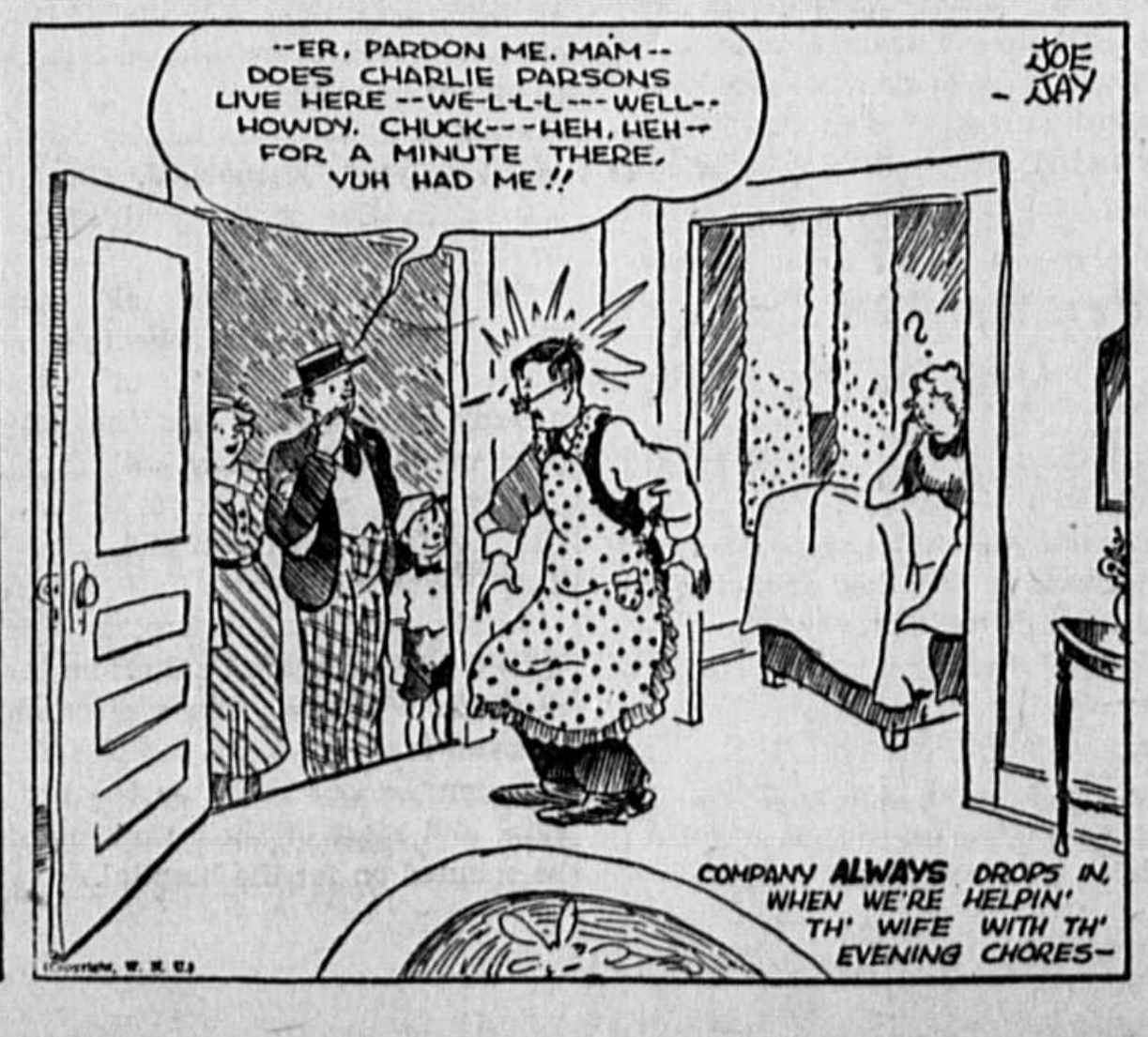
Window sills and the rest of the inside trim around a window are usually finished with the same kind of paint that is used on the walls and other parts of a room. This inside paint is not intended to be exposed to weather; yet when a window is open, the window sills are no better protected than if they were outdoors. For this reason it is paint on the inside window sills that first becomes damaged. For protection, window sill paint and the paint on other nearby parts of a window can be given a coat of spar varnish. This, of course, is glossy but even so, it is better than the cracking, peeling, and even disappearance of the paint.

© By Roger B. Whitman WNU Service.

Rough Rider

A dyed quill shading from bright red to dark green is stuck through the upturned brim in a new version of the "Rough Riders'" hat. The body of the hat is henna-red felt. The rounded crown is low.

Love, Honor and Obey


—ER, PARDON ME, MA'M— DOES CHARLIE PARSONS LIVE HERE —WE-L-L— WELL— HOWDY, CHUCK— HEH, HEH— FOR A MINUTE THERE, YUH HAD ME!!
JOE BAY
COMPANY ALWAYS DROPS IN, WHEN WE'RE HELPIN' TH' WIFE WITH TH' EVENING CHORES—

Diomedea Immutabilis—Gooneys to You

Meet Victor (left) and Herbie, three months old, and two of the looniest gooneys you ever saw. But you probably never saw a gooney before, because the queer birds are found only on tiny Midway island in the vast waste of the Pacific. But you can visit Victor and Herbie now in the Fleishacker zoo at San Francisco, and you don't even have to pronounce their scientific name—diomedea immutabilis.

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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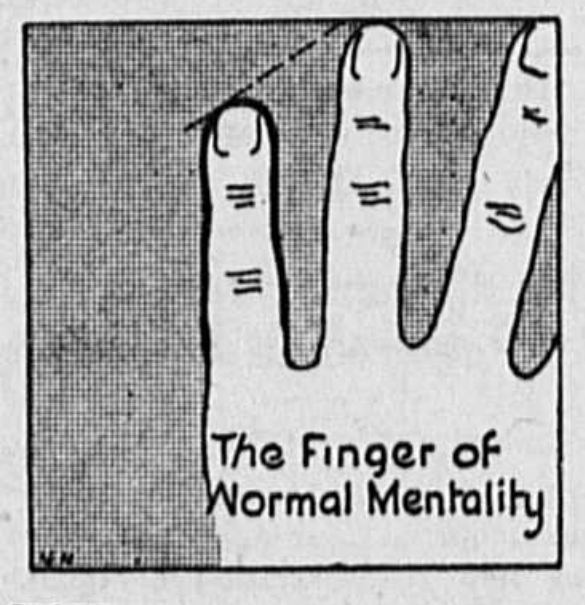

The Finger of Normal Mentality

THE fourth finger, or Finger of Normal Mentality, indicates the quality and amount of mental force which is at the disposal of the individual. Its place among the finger elements and their indications of mind qualities represents the power of the inner self.

Familiarize yourself thoroughly with each of the types of fourth fingers which we are now to analyze, and you will be able to tell at a glance what kind of mental force its owner has at his or her command.

Finger of Normal Mentality.

The characteristics of this type are straightness, strength and moderate length. Such a fourth finger is usually smoothly knuckled, well fleshed and slightly tapered. The under side of the nail tip is rather full and moderately rounded, with the nail either square or slightly ovaled, but always well set.

With the hand extended wide, the finger stands fairly close to the third finger. Under backward pressure, moderate flexibility is felt throughout the finger. With the fingers pressed closely together, the tip falls even with or slightly below that of the third finger.

A fourth finger answering to this description indicates that its possessor has adequate mental force to carry out ideas in the manner indicated by the second finger, and through the creative outlets indicated by the third finger, the characteristics of which have been given in previous lessons.

WNU Service.

Always Beautiful

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

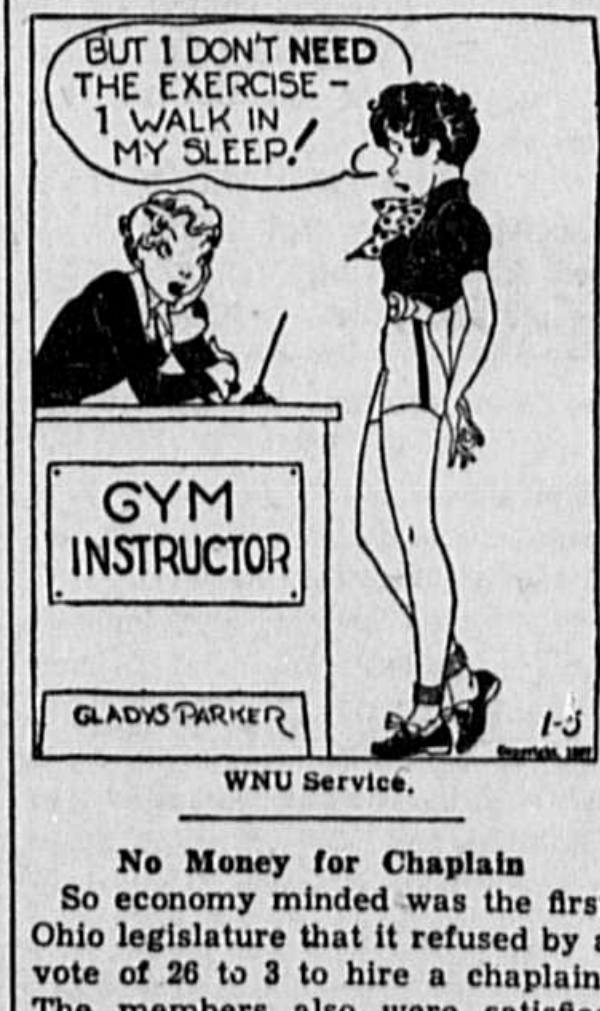
ZINNIAS, gardenias, it's all the
same to me,
There isn't any difference, as far as
I can see.
Hothouse flow'rs or ones like ours, I
always think and say
That anything is beautiful, is pretty
in a way.
Buttercup or gutter pup, an orchestra, a bird,
Always something to be seen or
something to be heard,
Alleyway or valley way, a country
road, a street,
Always something to be found, and
always something sweet.

Silken hose or cotton clothes, it's all
the same to me,
There isn't any difference, as far as
I can see.
Womenfolk are human folk, whatever they may wear,
Whether cotton, whether silk, I
never really care.
Janitors and senators, in overalls or
what,
Something good in all of them, the
rest to be forgot.
Fellowmen, if yellow men, or white
or black or red,
Chilly till they find a fire, and hungry till they're fed.

Many things or penny things, it's
all the same to me,
There isn't any difference, as far as
I can see.
All we own, however known for
property or lands,
All we own is in our hearts and
never in our hands.
Things we love are far above whatever we possess,
Things we feel, not things we have,
will bring us happiness.
What we need, not much indeed,
and then our loves and
dreams,
And life is always beautiful, or so
it always seems.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

MOPSY


BUT I DON'T NEED THE EXERCISE — I WALK IN MY SLEEP!
GYM INSTRUCTOR
GLADYS PARKER

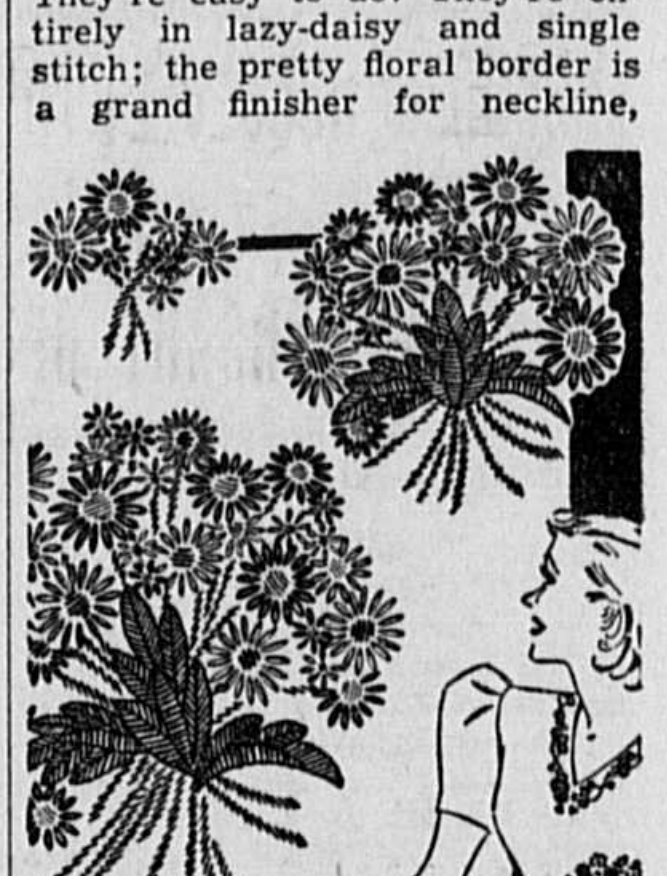
WNU Service.

No Money for Chaplain

So economy minded was the first Ohio legislature that it refused by a vote of 26 to 3 to hire a chaplain. The members also were satisfied with $2 a day for the days they were actually working and $2 for each 25 miles of travel in going to and returning from sessions.

Embroidery Adds That Smart Touch

Embroidered flowers that promise to be the "life" of your frock are these that you'll want for immediate stitchery. They're fun! They're easy to do! They're entirely in lazy-daisy and single stitch; the pretty floral border is a grand finisher for neckline, sleeves, or belt. Flower clusters, gay in garden colors of wool or silk floss, may adorn a blouse, or both bodice and skirt of any desired frock. In pattern 5853 you will find a transfer pattern of a motif 9 by 9¼ inches, one and one reverse motif 6¼ by 6½ inches; two and two reverse motifs 3¾ by 3¾ inches and two strips of border 2 by 15 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used.



Pattern 5853

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to he Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Household Questions

Removing Wallpaper.—To remove wallpaper quickly, put a heaped tablespoonful of saltpetre to a gallon of water and apply freely with a whitewash brush while the water is very hot. The paper then can be stripped from the walls quite easily.

* * *

Summer Salad.—Peel and cut into small squares or slices 6 medium-sized potatoes (boiled), add 3 tablespoons grated onion, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped carrot, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped cucumber, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped celery or beetroot. Pour over a generous supply of French dressing and set aside for several hours. Garnish with mustard and cress or shredded lettuce.

* * *

Clear Blueing. — To prevent blueing from streaking clothes on washday, dissolve a tablespoon of soda in the "blue" water.

* * *

Washing Linoleum.—Dissolve a lump of sugar in the water when washing linoleum or oilcloth, and a brilliant polish will result.

* * *

A Refreshing Drink.—Rhubarb juice makes a good beverage of pleasing tart flavor. Clarify the juice with water and add sugar to taste. It may also be combined with fruit juices.

WNU Service.

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

KILL ALL FLIES
Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills flies. Guaranteed, effective. Neat, convenient—Cannot spill—Will not soil or injure anything. Lasts all season. 20c at all dealers. Harold Somers, Inc., 150 De Kalb Ave., B'klyn, N.Y.
DAISY FLY KILLER

WNU—4 32—37

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

WNU SERVICE
Copyright by Kathleen Norris

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—10—

Quentin looked at her absently, moved his gaze to Victoria.

"Any chance of your going down to Del Monte with me this afternoon?"

"Oh, darling, not on Sunday! Mollie off, and Nurse with all of them to handle, and the Carters coming to supper! They're bringing all the children—I thought that since you wouldn't be here it would be a grand chance for a children's supper."

"H'm!" Quentin said noncommittally. Victoria, made vaguely uneasy by his tone, sent him another questioning glance. Quentin wasn't quite like himself on this hot still Sunday.

"The other doctors are going, Quent? You're to have your golf in the morning?"

"I don't know," he said irresolutely. "I thought I might telephone Johnny. We might have our golf right here. You'll get over there and see her, won't you, Vic?"

"Get—?" She was completely at sea, untying Susan's bib, as Susan bunted into her. "Take your cooky and run, darling," she said to the child, "and don't wake Baby—she's out on the side porch!"

"Get over and see the Morrisons," Quentin completed it.

"Oh? Oh, yes!"

Somehow—somewhere, something was wrong. Through the familiar scene a chill faint wind seemed to blow; a faint apprehension of trouble—of change. Vicky couldn't analyze it, was only vaguely conscious that she felt it, but it was there.

"I'll walk over to the Morrisons' this afternoon for a few minutes, if you like, Quentin," she said, on an impulse, after luncheon.

Quentin was stuffing his pipe; he did not look up. In their more than seven years of marriage he had never made a call that Vicky could remember. Now, sauntering forth into the garden in search of dogs, children, his favorite chair under the oaks on the long terrace, he spoke carelessly over his shoulder.

"Oh, don't you bother," he said, "you've got enough to do! I'll wander over there, later, and afterward I can give you some idea what sort of an outfit it is."

"You'd be a darling to do that!" Victoria said. But oddly she did not feel happy about it, and it was from that Sunday that she dated the change in Quentin. Not understanding why, she nevertheless was conscious of the fact that life somehow didn't go back, after that Sunday, to what it had been before.

Just two weeks after the day when Vicky and Quentin had first met their lovely neighbor, her eyes were suddenly opened, and after that Victoria understood.

Quentin had said that he thought he would go over to the club, might play another eighteen if it got cooler, might watch the polo. Vicky saw him off, had a cloud-clearing talk with Mollie, who since her marine was in port was given the rest of the afternoon and the evening as a special concession; helped Nurse to the extent of opening all the little beds, laying out night apparel, putting away various books and toys in the nursery.

Finally they were all in bed, with books, and Victoria's head and hair jerked into a hundred agonizing directions by warm good-night kisses and embraces. Five minutes past seven, and supper due within the hour—oh, dear, not much room for rest in there! Her chiffon was at the cleaner's. Perhaps that white one that she had worn this morning . . .

There was a wide upper hallway in the house, filled now with a pleasant half-light, like the light under water. Victoria, closing the nursery door behind her, lingered for a moment at its big open window, looking out at the cooling and softening day, breathing the freshened air, resting her eyes on the greenness of the great trees.

So standing, she could look down at the drying yard, and the berry vines, and the flat stretch of neglected lawn where a cow grazed, and the gate in the evergreen hedge that divided the Hardisty property from the small but exquisitely groomed estate of the Morrisons next door. There was a small strip of lane there, and in the lane Vic saw a white figure, with the level light of the setting sun shining bright on pale gold hair and illuminating the white parasol as if it were a lantern lighted against the dusky shadows of the lane.

Mrs. Morrison, of course. She was talking to someone, apparently; she had the air of a person talking. But her companion was quite invisible against the hedge; it was tall enough to hide anyone who was close to it on the other side. Victoria stood watching her and reflecting upon the inescapable power of the beauty that had been so suddenly introduced into their compact little group.

Mrs. Morrison continued talking in the lane; the revolving frills of the parasol tumbling, tumbling. Dusk was falling fast now; Anna, coming upstairs, touched the switch that lighted the hall behind Victoria. How many would there be for supper, please? Victoria turned about; considered. The Keatses had said they'd stop in on their way home with Kate, and Dr. Miller would be here. Six, please, Anna. No, seven; there'd be Gwen, Vic remembered. Anna went downstairs again, but when Victoria turned back to the window the lights in the hall had spoiled the lovely dusk, and the white frock was gone from the lane. She went into her room after a peep at Madeleine. Quentin was tearing off his clothes.

"Oh, did you just come up? I hoped you'd gotten a nap."

"I went for a stroll."

"A stroll?"

"Yep, I walked a little way. It was lovely out. Feels hot in here."

"It does feel hot. You didn't get as far as the hospital, did you, Quent? That woman's coming on all right, isn't she?"

The roar of the shower drowned any reply Quentin might have shouted through the half-closed bathroom door; when he came out again Vic was getting into an old black lace.

"It's frightful to burn your shoulders in just the pattern of your bathing suit," she said. "I wonder how that woman keeps so white?"

Quentin did not answer.

"She was down there in the lane just now, parasol and all," Victoria pursued, now doubled over to insert her heels one at a time into rather tight slippers.

"Zat so?" Quentin asked, shaving.

"Yes. I happened to be looking out of the upper hall window, she was talking to someone—gardener, maybe—but no, it's Sunday night. Maybe it was a lover," Vic said, trying a heel, scowling, taking up the slipper to flex it vigorously. "She's having a terribly dull time, poor soul, with a sick husband and no friends here."

Quentin was pulling his face about with hard fingers, testing his shave. He was non-committal.

When he and she were going to bed after the bridge game, quite suddenly Quentin said:

"How about asking them to dinner?"

"Who?"

"The Morrisons."

"Oh? Oh, d'you suppose he'd come? He seems so cross. I can't imagine him social and agreeable."

"Sure he'd come. She said today he would."

A second's electrical pause. Then Vicky said without volition exactly what she did not want to say, in exactly the tone she did not want to use—silly suspicious words in a wife's light suspicious tone:

She Was Talking to Someone, Apparently.

"Oh? I didn't know you'd seen her today?"

"I met her, coming back from my walk," Quentin answered, wondering at the same instant why he hadn't said that he had seen her for a moment at the club.

"In the lane?"

"Yep."

Vicky was silent a moment. When she spoke, it was to say amiably that she would go over to see Serena in a day or two to arrange the dinner. But under her surface serenity she felt a little sick from the sudden jarring awakening, sudden vague fears. So-o-o—that was it, was it? It was Quentin to whom Serena had been talking in the lane.

Quentin kissed her good-night—a careless kiss on the top of her head—went to his own sleeping porch. Almost immediately she heard him snoring. But Vicky lay awake for nervous, restless, unreasoning hours.

CHAPTER IX

Vicky made a point of calling upon her neighbors a day or two later, to invite them to dinner.

Feeling oddly formal in her silk gown, with calling cards in her purse and white gloves carried as a final touch, Vicky sat in the patio of the Morrison house with the injured man and his lovely wife, and talked somewhat stiltedly and constrainedly. She and Dr. Hardisty lived very quietly, she explained: "as indeed a doctor has to do when he is building up his practice, and has six small children!" Vicky ended, with a little laugh.

"Oh, yes, you poor thing!" Serena said so heartily that Spencer Morrison laughed his sinister laugh, and Vicky hated her.

"I didn't know whether coming to dine with us would give Mr. Morrison any pleasure or not," Vicky said later, when she was walking home, and Serena had volunteered to accompany her.

"I beg pardon?"

"I was wondering if Mr. Morrison would think it more bother than it was worth?"

"Oh, he can walk that far," Serena said vaguely.

Victoria did not pursue the subject. They were in the little lane that separated the two properties now, and suddenly she stooped and picked up a small bright object. And as she did so she felt her heart begin to beat faster, and the blood in her face.

"Quentin's cigarette lighter!" she said. "He's been looking for it everywhere."

"Imagine," Serena commented, undisturbed.

"He probably dropped it," Vicky said, suddenly trembling, "when you and he were talking here in the lane last Sunday."

Half an hour later Quentin came upstairs to find Vicky changing her gown for dinner.

"I met Mrs. Morrison—Lord, she is a lovely creature!" Quentin observed, plunging at once into his ablutions. "She'd started to walk to the village, it was too much for her, and she asked me to telephone for a taxi to pick her up. But instead I ran her downtown—it seems he wanted the mail, I guess he gets his own way pretty well!—and then took her home. It only took me ten minutes. She tells me—" he looked out of a towel, his hair in wild wet confusion to say in satisfaction— "she tells me you called there today, Vic. I'm glad. She's a lovely woman, and she'll be great company for you."

Victoria, at her dressing table, continued to brush her hair. Once she looked steadily at Quentin, in the mirror, but he did not see her.

"I told you they could come Thursday night?" she asked.

"Yep. Who else are you going to have?"

"Gita and Gwen and ourselves and Mother."

"Quentin turned, his face coloring with amazement.

"Why, my dear, you can't do that!" he said quickly.

"Do what?"

"Why, have those people, the first time, and not make an occasion of it!"

Vicky was genuinely astonished.

"How d'you mean, Quentin?"

"Well, I mean that they're important people; his father is Sir Percival Morrison. I do think that if ever—if ever we're going to spread ourselves, this is the time!"

"But he's an invalid, Quent!"

"He is and he isn't. He's lost an eye, of course, but he's an Englishman, and you'll find them regular sticklers for formality. Oh, no, we'll have to make it a formal affair. and Dr. Austreicher."

I'd ask the Rays and the Sinclairs

"I see!" Vic murmured as he paused. Her heart was lead.

"Why do you say 'I see'?" Quentin demanded suspiciously.

"Well, we haven't given that sort of an affair since before the twins were born. We've had nothing but Sunday lunches, and bridge dinners for just four!"

"Why, but there's nothing so formidable about it, Vic!"

He spoke with a sort of amused impatience. It was not amusing to Vic. She understood his mood too well; his unwonted fussing over every detail of the approaching dinner; his strange excited spirits when the night finally came. Quentin, who usually loathed such affairs, was nervous as a young wife over the candles and flowers, and welcomed the guests with a joviality and assurance that seemed to Vicky almost as bad as his usual manner of grim and polite endurance.

The Morrisons came last; the man, who wore a black patch over one eye, limping a little, evidently glad to drop into the nearest chair; Serena shining in flawless beauty. Vicky herself felt tired; things had not gone any too well throughout the long rainy day, she had small heart in the affair.

The earlier stages of the dinner were not a success. Just why not, Vic was unable to perceive.

Serena sat next to Quentin. Vicky was miserably impressed, from her end of the table, that the guest of honor did not have much to say. Anyone as beautiful as that did not have to have much to say; she made all the other women look plain and badly dressed and sound chatterboxes.

The atmosphere seemed definitely clearer when they had gone. They went early; the bowed, carefully walking lean man with the neat black patch over one eye, and the superbly moving woman with her fair head held high. Everyone could discuss them then, and the contract fanatics could settle down to their game. Vicky and Violet and one or two of the other women turned the lights low in the drawing room, gathered about the fire, and analyzed the Morrisons at their leisure. Quentin had said that he would walk through the garden with the Morrisons, but the night had proved to be still blowy and rainy, and they had had to have the car for the twice two hundred yards.

On the whole, wearily glad that it was over, limping upstairs in her stiff new slippers, Vicky pronounced the affair a drag, a bore, a failure.

It went on and on; he never saw it; she could see nothing else. Vicky grew nervous and irritable, wondering about it; wondering whenever he was out of her sight where Quentin was, wondering how often he saw Serena, and under what circumstances.

"Doesn't Mrs. Morrison Play?" Vicky Asked.

"I saw Serena today," Quentin said one night, when their acquaintance with the Morrisons was of only a few weeks' standing.

"Oh, that was nice. Did she come to the office?"

"No, I took her to lunch."

"Oh?" A pause. Then the inevitable interrogation, as unwelcome to Victoria as to Quentin, but dragged from her nevertheless by a power stronger than herself. "Happen to meet her?"

"No-o. I spoke of it Sunday. She said that she was going to be in town."

"I see." And do what she would, the pause would seem to have significance, and do what she would, she could not seem to fill it with some casual pleasantry.

Presently Victoria and Quentin had to dine with their neighbors. Quentin, who rarely went to dinners, had accepted this invitation as a matter of course, without consulting Victoria. She knew in advance that the event would hold no pleasure for her, she felt like a rough-headed child in a home-made gown when the night came and she and Quentin walked across the side lawn and past the berry patch and the pasture field, and went through the old gate into the lane, and so on to the Morrisons for dinner. The affair was indeed informal. Only their four selves were at the table. Serena was no such housekeeper as Victoria Hardisty, but she made no apologies for a poor dinner and indifferent service. The winter night was clear and cold; after dinner there was a fire intermittently replenished by Quentin, and Victoria and Spencer Morrison played backgammon, and then cribbage.

At first they played in the sitting room, but presently Spencer suggested his rather untidy study, where there was an electric heater. He and Victoria went in there, and she exerted herself charitably to make the games interesting. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock struck; Victoria was overcome with sleepiness, and she felt that she could decently suggest going home. Her heart was not on the game; she felt nervous and distracted. Presently she rose; they really must go now; after all, she had a houseful of small children to consider, and Quentin must make an early start in the morning.

Her host seemed petulant and angry that she should break up the evening, but contented himself with asking her to come over any day, any hour, to get her revenge. "Come tomorrow at about two, if you can," he urged.

"Doesn't Mrs. Morrison play?" Vicky asked, with an inward smile at the idea that she could find time tomorrow, or any day, for an idle afternoon game with a neighbor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Color of Brass

Brass is an alloy, or mixture of copper and zinc, and its color varies according to the proportions of these metals. The more zinc it contains the paler it is.

Ask Me Another ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. What causes leaves to change color in autumn?
2. Who said, "It is much easier to be critical than to be correct"?
3. Which are the lightest birds in proportion to their size that fly?
4. There were how many signers of the Declaration of Independence?
5. What is the total number of war medals that have been given to soldiers? Which medal was most widely distributed?
6. Are car colors restricted in Japan?

Answers

1. Gradual formation of cells at the stem of the leaf finally shuts off the supply of chlorophyl, or green coloring matter, and starts the formation of the gaudy autumnal colors.
2. The expression was used by Benjamin Disraeli in the house of commons on January 24, 1860.
3. The birds with great powers of flight, such as the sea-gull, are the lightest birds to fly. The common gull weighs only a quarter of a pound. Its bones are hollow and filled with air.
4. There were 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence.
5. The total of medals on record at the War department is 1,543,721. The Victory medal, issued after the World war, is the most widely distributed.
6. In Japan only imperial household cars may be painted maroon, and no cars except hearses may be painted yellow, which to the natives signifies mourning.

Smiles

In Line of Duty

Jones had occasion to reprimand his wife.

"I think," he said, soothingly, "that you fib a little occasionally."

"Well, I think it's a wife's duty. I spoke well of you."

Called upon at the wedding supper, the happy groom arose and said: "I'm—er—happy to say we've never—er—had a cross word in all our—er—married life."

Noble Cause

"Father," said Willie, "will you give me a penny for a poor man who is crying outside?"

"Certainly," replied father. "What is he crying for?"

"He's crying: 'Ice cream—a penny each,' " said Willie, having got the penny.

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5.00-19	10.30	6.25-16	15.65
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5.25-18	11.40	7.00-16	18.70

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That a million more were injured?
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At right is a section cut from a smooth, worn tire, with non-skid protection worn off. Tires in this condition are liable to punctures, blowouts and skidding.
At left is section cut from a new Firestone Tire. Note the thick, non-skid protection against skidding, blowouts and punctures. Come in and see a demonstration.

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