SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—Two distinct reversals in public sentiment, utterly unrelated, though both very human, have contributed to President Roosevelt's recent troubles with congress, and promise to make him a lot more trouble in the session to come.

One of these is nation-wide—the other southern. The former is much easier to understand. It is another evidence of that age-old trait of human nature illustrated by the old rhyme:

"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be.
The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

When President Roosevelt went into office the country was sick, economically. The chief criticism of the administration he supplanted was that it had floundered along, instead of doing something to correct a bad situation. So the voters were willing to try anything. When Roosevelt came into power, and began doing things in a spectacular way, he aroused enthusiasm. He continued to arouse it for at least two years before there was really a whisper of protest from the folks who had been pleased in the beginning.

Unquestionably there were some defections from his supporters during the second two years, but these were much more than replaced by the people who had come to be dependent on the federal spending policies, both as to farm and work relief, so that his popular victory in 1936 not only exceeded that of 1932, but the congressional election of 1934 as well.

But the dissenters have been growing in number. The emergency having passed, they began to chafe at the continuance of what they had hailed earlier as remedies. During the 1936 campaign the Republicans tried their best to make the people tax conscious. They harped on the pay-roll deduction taxes, and the hidden taxes, and so on until the voters got sick of hearing about it. Certainly the Republicans got nowhere with the issue.

Revolt Likely to Grow

In the first place, the voters did not believe them. In the second, the idea of an emergency was still present. There was not any general conviction that the hard times were definitely over.

But since January all the little employers, especially the lads in the small towns, have been paying those security taxes. So have the workers. And nobody likes to pay taxes.

More important, with the passage of the months since last November has come a general feeling that the emergency has passed. Along with this conviction is a growing feeling that the country would have recovered anyhow, without the drastic Roosevelt cure. Those who feel this way—those who have changed their views since last November—are probably a very small minority of the entire people. Even added to the people who voted against Roosevelt last November, they almost be-yond question are in the minority. Most political observers still think that Roosevelt has a majority following in the country.

But the folks who have changed are in evidence everywhere. They are known to their senators and representatives. The mail reaching Capitol hill speaks no uncertain language about the change.

To all this in the South is added the fact that party loyalty, and even stronger dislike of the very word "Republican," has made any thought of insurgency unlikely. Then, due to farm benefits, etc., there was a general feeling for the first time since the Civil war the South was getting something from Washington.

The revolt seems more likely to grow than to fade.

Turn Conservative

Significance of the fact that twenty-two Democratic senators voted to recommit the wages and hours regulation bill is more obvious than the deductions to be made about opposition to President Roosevelt on the Supreme court enlargement bill, but the two things are down the same alley.

There are exceptions, of course, such as the fact that Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana was against the President on the court and for him on wages and hours regulation. Most of the Democratic senators who opposed the President on either issue had the same motive. They want to curb the New Deal phase of the administration. They want to force the Democratic party back into more conservative policies and principles. They want to force the nomination of some one more conservative than Roosevelt in 1940, and they want a much more conservative platform than the Brain Trust wing would favor.

There has been a most interesting swing of Southern Democrats just in the last few weeks. Some of the most radical of them suddenly found out something about their constituents. Notable among the spectacular reversals of form have been Senator Hugo L. Black of Alabama, and Representative John E. Rankin of Mississippi.

Not Surprising

Which might not be surprising, Alabama being regarded mostly as a very conservative state, economically and socially, except that Senator Black has been the nemesis of the princes of privilege right from the day the Roosevelt administration came into power in 1933. It was Black who fought so vigorously for the death sentence in the public utility holding company bill, and who obtained rather a reputation as a snooper during the seizure of private telegrams episode.

Mr. Rankin has held firmly in an anti-privately owned utility position several laps ahead of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska and a few more ahead of President Roosevelt all the way through the New Deal administration so far.

Both have had some very disturbing communications from back home. They have found that many of their influential supporters were far from enthusiastic about the New Deal. They have discovered that attacking the Morgans and the big northern utilities was one thing, but that forcing little manufacturers down in their home states to pay higher wages and grant shorter hours was something else again.

Senator Ellison D. Smith (Cotton Ed) of South Carolina voiced the opinion of a great many southerners when he intimated that the administration, in regulating wages and hours, was attempting to deprive the South of the natural advantages that God had given it, and that the mental attitude of the New Deal would seem to require them to hold God to strict accountability for such unfairness!

The South figures that it has a certain economic advantage in cheaper living costs, and it proposes to hold on to them!

Puzzles Labor Men

Just why President Roosevelt referred newspaper men the other day to the British trades union set as something worthy of study is puzzling some of his labor advisers no end. Most of the clearest thinkers among them want no part of it. Some phases of it they regard as unnecessary in this country. Other phases they think would be utterly unacceptable to employers.

The Scandinavian plan appeals much more to the particular group in question, including Edward F. McGrady. The assistant secretary of labor is fond of pointing out to friends that you don't hear anything about strikes in Norway and Sweden.

So far as the British plan is concerned, in practical working conditions the industry against which a strike is leveled shuts down until the strike is settled. No attempt is made by employers to put scabs to work, or for that matter to operate at all. Just the reverse, of course, of what has to happen when there is a general strike, and what did happen in England when a general strike was tried.

The present British law forbids a general strike, but, as the young labor experts here point out, that sort of prohibition is unnecessary here for the simple reason that there is no possibility of a general strike. No labor leader of importance favors the idea. Practically every one of them would refuse to co-operate.

The feature of the Scandinavian labor policy that appeals most to some of these young labor experts is that it provides for collective bargaining by industries, and on a country-wide basis. Applied to the recent motor strikes, it would have worked in this way. The motor employees would have served notice on the manufacturers that they wanted this, or that. They would have insisted on dealing with all the manufacturers at once, and concluding one bargain for pay, hours and working conditions for all.

Thus there would have been no differentials out of which some think one motor company has a slight advantage over others in its labor costs and general efficiency.

Expect It to Help

Just how those advocating this plan would have handled Henry Ford in the recent situation is an unanswered question.

Labor leaders think that the wages and hours bill, especially after it has been modified a few times, which they confidently expect, is going to prove a great help with a certain type of employer in labor troubles.

The kind of thing that makes the labor leaders very low in mind indeed is what happened, to cite a recent case, on the Fall River line, where the steamship line simply suspended operation after the walkout and stayed suspended.

Of course this is an unusual case. Far more usual is the case of an employer who closes down where he has been operating, and then after a while, moves to some other community and resumes business, usually at lower wages and longer hours than he was giving his employees before the strike.

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The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

WHAT SAMMY JAY TOLD BLACKY THE CROW

THIS is the story, the amazing story, that Sammy Jay told to Blacky the Crow as they sat in the Lone Pine. It is the same story he had tried to tell all the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, but that in his excitement he had mixed up so that nobody could make head or tail of it, and so everybody had thought he had gone crazy.

"I had gone way, way into the Green Forest just to look around a little," said Sammy. "I had seen nothing and nobody for a long time, when suddenly I saw something moving on the ground. I flew over to see what it was, and when I got where I could see clearly I nearly fell from the tree in which I was sitting. Yes, sir, I was so surprised and—and frightened that I nearly fell out of that tree!"

Blacky shook his head. "Was it as black as mine?" he asked.

Blacky looked as if he didn't quite believe this, but thought that Sammy was just trying to make a big story. But he didn't say anything, and Sammy went on.

"At first I thought it was Farmer Brown's boy, for the stranger was standing on two legs, just like Farmer Brown's boy, and his back was to me. But in a minute I saw he had on a black fur coat, and I've never seen Farmer Brown's boy wearing a black fur coat, have you?"

Blacky shook his head. "Was it as black as mine?" he asked.

Sammy nodded. "Just as black," said he. "In a minute he began to walk, and he didn't walk on two feet—he walked on four feet!" Sammy was beginning to get excited again. "I was so surprised that I guess I screamed. Of course, he heard me and looked up. Hello, Mr. Jay!" said he, and grinned, and when he grinned he showed his teeth and they were very big. I had begun to think that nobody lives around here and was getting kind of lonesome. You don't happen to know where there is any honey, do you?" The idea of thinking that there would be any honey as early in the spring as this! Then he walked over to a big tree and stood up and stretched his hands way up as high as he could and scratched the bark of the tree, and he has the awfulest claws you ever saw! I didn't suppose anybody ever had such claws. When I saw those I just spread my wings and flew away as fast as ever I could. And now when I try to tell about it everybody calls me crazy."

Blacky scratched his head thoughtfully and Sammy suspected that he, too, thought him crazy. "Did he have a tail?" asked Blacky.

"I—I don't know," confessed Sammy. "I didn't stop to look."

"And you say he is as big as — as Reddy Fox?" asked Blacky, his sharp eyes twinkling shrewdly.

"I said he is as big as Farmer Brown's boy!" replied Sammy indignantly.

"And he walks on four legs?" persisted Blacky.

"Yes," replied Sammy, "but he stands on two legs."

"Hm-m-m," said Blacky. "I've lived a long time in the Green Forest, but I've never seen or heard of any one like that. You are sure you did not dream it, Sammy?"

"Of course, I didn't dream it!" cried Sammy. "Did you ever know me to go to sleep in the daytime? I tell you he's a stranger!"

"Where did you say you saw him?" asked Blacky.

"Deep in the Green Forest, beyond the pond of Paddy the Beaver," replied Sammy.

"I believe I'll go have a look for myself," said Blacky. "Won't you come show me the way?"

"No, thanks," replied Sammy promptly. "I've seen him once, and that's enough!"

And so Blacky the Crow started alone to hunt for the stranger in the Green Forest.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

FIRST-AID TO ALING HOUSE

By ROGER B. WHITMAN

DON'T BUY WORN-OUT HOUSE

WHEN a family goes house-hunting, the first thought is for location, and the second for a house with the necessary number of rooms. Satisfied on these points, the choice is likely to go to the house that is attractive in appearance and prettily decorated. Unfortunately, little thought may be given to another point, although as a matter of fact, it is of high importance. This is the judging of the house by what it will cost to occupy; what the heating cost will be, and the probable need for future repairs and replacements. The purchase price is paid but once, while the costs of occupancy go on for as long as the house is lived in. The days they are, the better. For an example, consider two houses, that while otherwise the same, have differences in construction that make it possible for one of them to be heated for $50 less per winter than the other. The house that makes the saving is a better buy than the other, even though the purchase price may be higher.

If the previous occupant of a house can be located, he should be asked about the amount of fuel that was burned. Another source of information is a local dealer in coal or oil. Quite often a next-door neighbor will know.

A house that has previously been lived in will need redecoration and other improvements that it is to be expected. But before papers are signed, the prospective owner should know more about the house than shows on the surface. He should know the condition of the water pipes, the stiffness of the house, the length of life that is to be expected from the roof, and other matters that are usually beyond the knowledge and experience of an average prospective buyer.

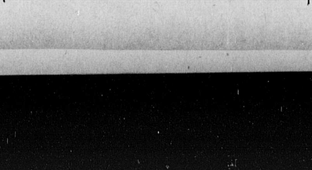
A house is security for the money that it costs, and like any good security, should retain its value. I believe that a buyer will find that his money is well spent in engaging an architect or a competent and unbiased builder to make a thorough examination of the house, and to report on its condition. This will show the extent of depreciation. It will also be a guide as to the repairs and replacements that will be necessary in the future—the condition of the heating plant, the soundness of the timbers, the resistance of walls and roof to weather and to leakage of air and water, the soundness of the masonry and the condition of the mortar joints. All of those details have a bearing on the real value of the house, and on the maintenance expenses to which an owner will be subjected. The fee for examination will not be great; but whatever it may be, it will be little enough to pay for protection against the buying of a poorly built house.

© By Roger B. Whitman WNU Service.

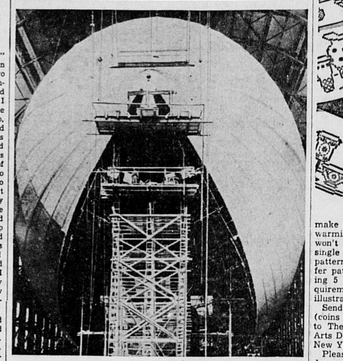
Blue for Wally

Wallis blue is the color of the front of the jacket and the softly draped, scarf-like front of the dress in this outfit of black crepe. Sleeves in the dress and jacket are black and clips are placed at each side of the neck on the dress.

Love, Honor and Obey



Build Successor to Hindenburg



Friedrichshafen, Germany.—German faith in lighter-than-air craft is still unshaken despite the tragic fate of the Hindenburg. Work on the Zeppelin L-130 (shown above), which was to have been a sister-ship, has been speeded. The new dirigible is 817 feet long and 130 feet wide.

FIRST THE HILL

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE dream is always greater
than
The man, however great the plan.
The gaunt New Englander went
forth
To build a nation in the North
And little thought beyond the crest
Of good green hills a little west,
And yet the flag he gave to dawn
Now flies above the Oregon.

For always up alluring streams
New dreams move onward from old
dreams
And over hills men make their way
And find new hills to conquer. They
Make camp tonight, and think that
here
Their march is ended. Yet the year
Shall see their campfires redden
skies
Above new hills of enterprise.

But he who never dreams at all
Because the dream may seem so
small,
Who thinks to walk the level mile
A journey hardly worth the while,
Will live and die within the vale,
Will never find the upward trail.
For men will climb the mountain
still
He, first of all, has climbed the hill.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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THERE are some men and women whose successes are seemingly achieved solely through tireless scheming and almost uncanny foresight. Such people gain their objectives by secrecy and shrewdness, which often fall just short of cunning. In matters of finance particularly, they seem to miss a trick, which is sometimes taken at the expense of the other fellow.

Here we shall consider the fourth finger and its indications of this kind of mental power.

Finger of Shrewd Mentality.

Excessive leanness and length are, perhaps, the most outstanding characteristics of this type of finger. With them is also found a somewhat irregular but pronounced curve of the entire finger toward the third finger. The finger is of rather wiry appearance, with peculiarly prominent knuckles, notably the second joint. These, however, are not of the usual "knotty" variety.

The nail tip is often quite striking in its length, and the nail is invariably long, narrow, inclined to convexity of form and well set. With the hand extended wide, the finger lies extremely close to the third finger, and with fingers pressed together its tip falls just below that of the third finger.

Those who possess fourth fingers of this type usually plan secretly and thoroughly, and have an amazing tirelessness in bringing their plans to a successful outcome.

WNU Service.

The Eulaw Flag

The Eulaw flag was a crimson banner presented in 1780 to Col. William A. Washington by Miss Jane Elliott of South Carolina, whom he later married. It was carried in five battles of Cowpens and Eutaw Springs. Mrs. Washington later presented the flag to the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, S. C.

666 checks MALARIA in three days COLDS first day
LIQUID, TABLETS SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes.
Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment

Sentinels of Health
Don't Neglect Them!
Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of poisonous waste matter. Healthy kidneys (and—only—normally productive) will matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if poisons are to be endure.
When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide disorders. Nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—may cause real misery.
Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.
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.
DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—4 33—37

GET RID OF PIMPLES
Now Remedy Uses Magnesia to Clear Skin. Firms and Smooths Complexion —Makes Skin Look Years Younger.
Get rid of ugly, pimply skin with this extraordinary new remedy. Denton's Facial Magnesia works miracles in clearing up pimples, coarse complexion. Even the first few treatments make a noticeable difference. The ugly spots gradually wipe away, big pores grow smaller, the texture of the skin itself becomes firmer. Before you know it friends are complimenting you on your complexion.
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Dish-Drying Is a Picnic With These

More fun than a picnic . . . drying dishes with these cross-stitched towels. Put color into them with cotton floss, and you'll have the gayest, gladdest set ever! Here's pick-up work that fairly flies for each motif's in 8-to-the-inch crosses. Think what a welcome gift just a pair of these would make at bridal shower or housewarming. But chances are you won't be willing to part with a single one of this handy set. In pattern 5858 you will find a transfer pattern of six motifs averaging 5 by 7 inches; material requirements; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used.

Pattern 5858

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Our Insufficiency

There are few things reason can discover with so much certainty and ease as its own insufficiency. —Collier.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris

CHAPTER IX—Continued

—11—

"Oh, yes, Carlos backgammon very well," Spencer answered, with his characteristic little bitter smile twisting his mouth. "But she gets no particular thrill from playing with me."

The drawing room was almost dark when they reached it, but Serena immediately snapped up the lights. Only one lamp had been burning, and in its light and that of the fire Quentin and she had been sitting in big chairs, at the hearth. Had they been there all these long two hours, Vic wondered?

Serena detained Quentin for a moment at the door.

"Are you working tonight? Sometimes I see your light quite late? Last night you were late."

"Last night I was playing bridge with three men," Quentin told her.

"She watches his light," Victoria thought, disappearing into the corner blackness with a farewell nod over her shoulder.

"If you're working tonight," Serena said to Quentin then, without the slightest expression in her voice or her face, "come over when you finish and I will give you a cup of chocolate."

"Good-night!" Quentin said. He followed Vicky down the porch steps. When they reached their room he said that he thought he would do a little work: fifteen minutes, maybe.

The next morning at breakfast Vic said to him casually:

"You didn't go back to the Morrisons' last night, did you?"

"Well, yes, I did," Quentin answered, looking off his paper. "I'd meant to take her a book and left it on my dresser. I ran over with it, and she was making chocolate. She says she often has a little supper, after he's gone upstairs. We sat in the kitchen awhile."

Well, what was a wife to say to that?

After that night there was another change. And this one, to her sinking heart, seemed to Victoria much more ominous than the first. Quentin was always good-natured and gentle now; absent-minded; uninterested in what went on at home. He no longer defended Mrs. Morrison, or seemed especially to want to exchange family confidences, dinners, and evening meetings, with the house next door. Whatever his relationship with Serena had become, he was content never to mention it; it was their own affair now, his and Serena's, and needed no apologies, no justification.

From Vic's confused thoughts there emerged surprisingly one concrete fact: she loathed Serena; she would have been glad to hear of Serena's violent end or sudden death. And this made it increasingly hard to endure Serena's simple revelations concerning her neighbor.

"She's always been just a little girl," Quentin would say. "She says she still likes to get a kitten and a plate of apples and a good book on a rainy afternoon and curl up in the attic and read.

"Just try to imagine it, Vic, this woman who has been adored and spoiled by some of the most famous persons in the world! Rothesay Middleton, for example—you know that every woman in Hollywood is trying to get him? She tells me that when the great actress Morrison she told him that she had to spend one week every year with Middleton, and no questions asked! She said Spencer almost lost his mind trying to reconcile himself to the idea, but in the end he gave in."

"Not much to his credit," Vic might submit dryly. But, fortunately for her, Quentin was usually too much absorbed in his subject to see anything amiss.

"Well, he couldn't have gotten her otherwise! And when I think what that fellow has put her through—"

"Spencer! How d'you mean 'put her through'?"

"Why, my God, Vic, he was climbing right to the top in diplomacy when he got hurt! They were to go to Spain; that's one of the fat places! There's lots of money; nothing could have stopped him! She was packing her trunks when he was hurt."

"Well, I don't suppose he especially enjoyed it."

"She told me," Quentin said in a tender undertone, not hearing one word of what Vicky had said—"she told me that just before the smash she had been planning to buy a certain white shawl at the Sea Captain's Shop in Shanghai. She says rried in five battles of Cowpens and Eutaw Springs. Mrs. Washington later presented the flag to the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, S. C.

he'd resigned from the diplomatic staff, she went up there one last time and kissed the white shawl good-by!

"Somehow," Quentin said, lost in his own thoughts—"somehow the thought of her going in there and laying her face against that shawl—well, it gets you! I mean she's nothing but a little girl."

"And you're nothing but a little raw blind baby!" Vicky might think hotly. But she never said it aloud. No, he was in the grip of a fever now, and there was no saving him until it went down. He could not hear her nor understand until then.

One day Vic met in the street a woman who stopped her with a smile. A pretty woman, but wearing too much rouge and powder, lipstick and mascara, a woman suggesting a gallant retreat from youth and beauty.

"Marian Pool!" Vicky said. Marian was animated; the beautiful eyes worked with their old fire; she had an "adorable cattle king" in tow. "My dear, he's a cousin half of Brazil!" she said in an aside, introducing a copper-colored stout old person who spoke only a stilted English and used that almost entirely for labored compliments to Marian. Marian was still beautiful, Vicky thought; she was not much more than forty, but ten years ago she would not have wasted any time on Senor de Raa.

Now she was working over him industriously, laughing at his lame jokes, allowing the fat paw to squeeze her own pretty hands.

"Watch we get a present out of him. He shipped his wife and daughters on the last steamer, and he's going wild," said Marian, drawing Vicky with them into Marsh's beautiful shop. She called the attention of the cattle king to the cabinets of jewelry, Vicky, who had left Gwen with a dentist for half an hour's straightening of teeth, looked interestedly at one of the world's finest collections of oriental jewelry and porcelain, Chinese ivories, Japanese lacquer and enamel. A middle-aged saleswoman presently drew her aside.

"Excuse me, madam, but did your friend speak of you as 'Mrs. Hardisty'?"

"I'm Mrs. Hardisty," Vic said.

"And your husband is Dr. Hardisty? I thought that he was something I wanted to ask you. This is very unprofessional," the woman went on in a tone of smiling and eager apology. Vic could only continue to look expectation and surprise. "You see," the saleswoman pursued, "Christmas is very close, and someone was looking at a present for you in here yesterday, and I thought . . ."

She had led Victoria into a small adjoining classroom where there were a teak table and some chairs. "Do sit down," she said, "and I'll explain. Your husband was in here yesterday looking at some of our lovely things, and he picked one out for your Christmas present. Now, often when a gentleman does that," Mrs. Moosewood went on confidentially, "I like to give the lady just a little hint, when I can, because sometimes, you know, tastes do differ, and when a present is very handsome—and this is handsome—it is too sad if it isn't what a man just a little hint, and say, 'I think your wife would surely prefer that,' and then she will get what she wants, and we please a customer."

While the amiable endless patter had been streaming on, Victoria had been smiling vaguely, hardly listening.

"Now, this must be a secret. Where is that? I thought—oh, yes, I know where it is!" Mrs. Moosewood was saying, as she drew in and out of their frames great deep black drawers filled with silken beauty. "This must be a little secret between you and me," she ran on.

Victoria did not hear her. Her head was spinning, and her mouth was dry with salt water. Her brown hands were lying on the royal folds of the Chinese shawl.

After a while she was out in the street again, walking in a businesslike way toward the White House. The familiar shops and corners went by her; flashing in winter sunlight and cold shadows, moving with forms and sounding with the horns of cars and the chip of feet.

Victoria felt dazed and weak; she felt that her knees would give way.

"Oh, my God, my God, my God!" Victoria said, half aloud.

She couldn't stand here like an idiot; passers-by would notice her. She walked irresolutely toward Geary street, turned back. She had had something to do—something to do at three o'clock—oh, yes, Quentin had asked her what she wanted for Christmas, and she had said that he would meet her some afternoon to pick it out, and she had told the children that grown-ups didn't like surprises as much as they liked getting just what they wanted. And then—only yesterday Quentin had suggested that she pick it out herself.

She had said she would go in at three and pick out the electric refrigerator.

Her Christmas gift was to be an electric refrigerator.

Another oriental art shop. Victoria went in.

"You have a beautiful shawl in the window—the red-and-yellow one. What price is a shawl like that?"

"That one, madam? Shall we take it out of the window? That one is $325."

"It's beautiful. But not today, thank you. It isn't as handsome as the white one," Vicky thought, wandering aimlessly out into the sunshine again. "It isn't anything like as handsome. What will he write on the card? But no, I won't bear it. I won't bear it!"

She felt sick, sore, as if every bone of her, mental, moral, and spiritual, had been jarred and hurt. She couldn't even select the refrigerator. Aimlessly, in a sudden need to be home and with her children, Victoria picked up Gwen, very chatty and gay, went to the garage, put into her car, and threaded her way through the south-bound traffic toward the Peninsula.

The trees were bare, and the roads looked cold. Smoke went straight up from all the little houses; Christmas wreaths showed in their windows. Victoria shuddered; it would be good to get home.

But when she was in a cotton dress, and fairly smothered by the enthusiastic reception from the nursery, even then the sense of sickness and shock did not heal; even then she sat blankly, Maddy in her lap, the other children circling about her in the glow of the nursery fire, with her eyes staring into space. Quentin loved another woman. Quentin loved another woman . . . A more beautiful woman than she could ever hope to be. A strange, mysterious, fascinating woman . . .

"The doctor will not be home for dinner, Mrs. Hardisty. Miss Cone just telephoned. He has an operation at nine."

"Thank you, Anna." And the jealous agony, lulled for a moment, began again, fierce and tearing and irresistible. After a while Victoria was in her own room and idly handling the telephone.

She Lay Thinking, Her Throat Thick, Her Head Confused.

Suddenly, shamed color in her pale face, she called the hospital. Was Dr. Hardisty there? Was he to be there? No operation that evening?

"You can get him at his home, Atherton eight eight eight," a pleasant girl's voice presently said.

Vicky waited, shaking and the cold-bound winter world and the wind whining over the eaks and the blighted gardens seemed to wait, too. Presently she telephoned to Serena.

"What are you two doing tonight?"

"My dear," said Serena, "I've just ordered an early dinner for Spencer—why don't you be a darling and come over and play backgammon with him? I've been called to town. A dear old friend, Mary Catherwood, is at the Fairmont, and she wants me to come in and dine late with her. I'm disgusted—such a frightful night, but what can you do?"

There was more of it. It was very convincing, but not quite convincing enough. When the conversation was ended, there was nothing for Victoria but vigil. Restless, feverish, sleepless, the hours of the night began to go by. It was a still night, the eve of Christmas eve, with the world tightened under a frost, and every outdoor sound echoing like a pistol shot.

Ten. Eleven. Midnight, and no Quentin. At half-past twelve Victoria, drowsing with her reading lamp shining full in her eyes, startled up with a frightened sense that everything was all wrong. Fire—accident—calamity . . .

Then she heard what had waked her; his car on the drive. She knew the sound of the engine and the scrunch of the gravel; her heart, heavy and sad as it was, felt something of reassurance and calm. She snapped off her light, composed herself as if asleep. He mustn't feel himself watched.

She heard him come upstairs; he wasn't going to put his car away? Poor Quentin, perhaps it had really been an operation then, at the City and County hospital, or the emergency; perhaps he was completely blameless, tonight at least . . .

CHAPTER X

—

Other sounds, Victoria sat up in bed with her heart pumping. Everything was all wrong, cold, terrifying, shaken again. For Quentin, cautiously coming upstairs, had only put out his porch light, had snapped out the drive light. Now the car lights were up again, and the car itself was slowly wheeling on the drive.

Victoria, not knowing what she did, was on her own upper porch, trembling with cold and fear and despair in her thin wrapper, with her feet bare and her eyes straining after the departing car.

She saw the car turn, saw it leave the gates again, saw it turn toward the Morrisons' house. It stopped at the side door, and presently a house light went up, and then the car lights were put out. Shrubs shut the doorway partially from the window porch where Victoria stood with her world going to pieces about her, but she could discern two figures silhouetted for an instant against the open door. Then it closed, and presently the downstairs light went out, too, and the cold Christmas night and she and her life and her love and her faith were all plunged into cold darkness.

An iron winter sky was low over the world when morning came without sunrise; Vicky, waking at seven, shivered wearily down again into her warm blankets. It would be good to stay in bed on such a morning, she thought, still caught in dreams—what morning was this, anyway? Good heavens, this was Christmas eve—with everything to do . . .

Then she remembered, and the gray dark morning seemed darker, and her bones, her head, her whole being seemed to ache with the bitter necessity of coming back to consciousness. Ah, if she could only stay asleep, and go on from sleep to death, beautiful, warm, friendly death . . .

She lay thinking, her throat thick, her head confused, her heart and mind in confusion. Quentin. Quentin and Serena Morrison.

Victoria suddenly felt that she was suffocating, strangling. She flung off the blankets, reached for her heavy wrapper even while she was groping with her feet for her fur-lined slippers.

"R-r-r-r!" she muttered, going to the opened window, shutting it with one swift gesture. The garden below the window lay bleak and bare under a fine frosting of white; a delicate powdering of frost covered the bricks of the walks and lay like lace on the soaked brown red of the leaf pile under the oaks.

She splashed her face with cold water, brushed her hair, looked at the ghostly vision in the mirror.

After a while she went downstairs, to sit down her coffee cup at the level of her mouth, an elbow resting on the table, her eyes far away. She could eat nothing, but she managed a few swallows of coffee; managed a question to the maid:

"Did the doctor have his breakfast, Anna?"

"No, ma'am. He had a cup of coffee standing, in the kitchen, he wouldn't sit down. He had an eight o'clock at the Dante."

"Did he say anything about dinner?"

"He said he'd have Miss Cone telephone."

All the Keatses would be coming down tomorrow to have Christmas dinner with all the Hardistys. There would be presents for all the little children in the little Hardistys' tree. This was Christmas eve. Hateful, unendurable, empty, Christmas eve and Christmas day must somehow be endured.

She roused the two flights of stairs to her mother's room. Magda always stayed in bed in the mornings; this morning the bad a fire, and was cozily ensconced in her pillows, with her light burning, and her breakfast tray on her knees.

"You look tired," Magda said, with a glance.

"I started trimming the Christmas tree night before last," Victoria said. "I had to get some more things for it in town yesterday."

She stopped, remembering Marsh's and the white shawl. The tray shook so that to believe it all took possession of her again.

"Quentin gone?"

"He went early—I didn't see him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Basal Heat Production

The once accepted general law that basal heat production is determined by the rate at which heat is lost cannot be valid. Possibly because of some activity of the ductless glands, most heat is generated when an animal least needs it. A living animal is like an engine. It burns up food like fuel and converts it into muscular energy. Also, it stores up some fuel in the form of fat and tissue and draws on it in time of need. All this is called metabolism. The idling rate of the human engine, when it is doing nothing more than breathing easily is called the basal metabolic rate.

Ask Me Another?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. What countries have dictators at present?
2. Is there any guide to the length of sentences when one is preparing a lecture?
3. How is GPU (Russia's secret police) pronounced?
4. By what title was Commodore Perry known to the Japanese?
5. How fast do bullets travel?

Answers

1. The principal dictatorships are Russia, Austria, Italy, Germany, Turkey, Hungary, Bulgaria, Albania and Mexico.
2. There is the generalization that sentences should not be long. Twenty-four words is a safe maximum.
3. GPU is pronounced Gay'pay-ooh—but only by foreigners. Russians do not mention the name, sometimes referring to them as the "three-letter men."
4. For diplomatic purposes Perry created for himself the title of "Lord of the Forbidden Interior," but, of course, he did not actually hold such a title.
5. Military rifles drive their bullets at speeds of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet per second. The Gerlich bullet, one of th espeediest, is capable of traveling almost a mile a second.

Favorite Recipe of the Week—

Refrigerator Ice Cream

½ package (scant ½ cup) ice cream powder (vanilla, strawberry, lemon, maple, or chocolate flavor)
2 tablespoonfuls sugar*
1 cup milk
1 cup cream, whipped

Combine ice cream powder and sugar. Add milk very gradually, stirring until dissolved. Fold in whipped cream. Turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator, setting control for lowest freezing temperature. Stir when frozen ¼-inch thick on sides and twice more at 20-minute intervals. Freezing time: about 3 hours. Makes about ¾ quart ice cream.

*With chocolate ice cream powder, use ½ package (scant ½ cup) and 4 tablespoonfuls sugar.

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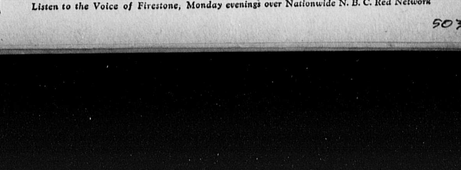
That a million more were injured!

THAT more than 40,000 of these deaths and injuries were caused directly by punctures, blowouts and skidding due to unsafe tires?



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