SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—Sen. William Gibbs McAdoo is having plenty of trouble trying to drum up support for his bill which would exempt American coastwise ships from payment of Panama canal tolls. In the first place, the Treasury department is opposed to the plan, because it does not want to give up the revenue. The Treasury is having enough trouble with congress because they want to cut taxes in various directions, and is very reluctant to impose any new ones to replace them.

But that is only part of the opposition. There are still a good many senators and representatives who remember when Mr. McAdoo was lobbying on this Panama canal tolls question, but lobbying on the other side!

One of the first big fights of Woodrow Wilson was to repeal the exemption of American coastwise ships from these tolls. President Wilson held first that the exemption violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty with Great Britain. But he also held that this granting of exemption to our coastwise shipping was bad economics.

So bitter did the fight become, involving all the then very strong anti-British feeling in this country, that it left scars which were still ugly when Wilson entered on his last fight—to ram the Versailles treaty through the senate. So high did feeling run that on at least one occasion only the bulk of Sen. Henry F. Ashhurst of Arizona, thrust suddenly between two quarreling senators, prevented fisticuffs right on the senate floor.

Resented Opposition

Wilson, to the day of his death, never forgave any senator or representative who opposed him on this Panama canal tolls issue. He never made any allowance for political expediency. For instance, it was clear at the time that no senator from any of the Pacific coast states could go along with him and hope to survive at the next election. Yet Wilson never forgave Sen. George E. Chamberlain of Oregon, nor Sen. Francis G. Newlands of Nevada, for voting as their own states demanded.

He was the more convinced of the rightness of his cause because most of the Republicans on the senate foreign relations committee, including Elihu Root and Theodore E. Burton, went along with him. He was the more sensitive because the platform on which he had been elected, barely a year before the fight started, pledged the Democratic party specifically to continuance of this canal tolls exemption.

The issue has never quite died. The platform on which Warren G. Harding was elected in 1920 promised that the exemption would be restored, though no move to carry out this promise was ever made.

Opponents of the exemption point out that it would apply only to coastwise ships, never to overseas shipping. As coastwise shipping is barred to foreign ships, there is no question involved of encouraging American shipping except on the possibility that the exemption would permit the canal to coast ships to haul some freight which now goes by rail. This last argument rouses no enthusiasm in the administration today because of the eagerness to do everything possible to help the railroads in order to stimulate buying by the railroads.

But Mr. McAdoo is now a senator from California, and hence sees the problem through California glasses. Whereas his devotion to Woodrow Wilson is no greater than when he wirelessed from a liner his pair against senate approval of the World court, another Wilson issue.

Anti-Lynching Bill

Pressure for the anti-lynching bill is not based purely on humanitarian motives, nor is it just politics. Similarly, resistance to the measure is not based purely on the idea that only this form of brutal lawlessness is the proper preventative for certain types of crime.

Underneath the surface there is a real struggle of far-reaching extent, which has nothing to do with lynching, per se, nor even with the crime situation.

To the South the proposal, which has been a constant threat for 30 years, is but another form of the so-called force bill back toward the end of the last century. The force bill would have put supervision of elections in all individual states in the hands of the federal government. Southerners were sure that it would mean federal troops at their polling places on election day, for the ostensible purpose of making it possible for every negro to vote, and with the concealed purpose, they feared, of providing Republican majorities by bayonets.

The South beat the force bill by a filibuster, led by Sen. Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland. The proposal was never seriously made again.

Most of the agitation for the anti-lynching bill, which originated in the Republican party (Rep. Leonidas C. Dyer, St. Louis Republican, was the sponsor of the bill for many sessions) comes from politicians anxious to curry favor with the Negro voters in their districts or states. Whether it really pays dividends in votes is a moot question. Actually Mr. Dyer was almost defeated by a negro Democratic opponent despite his prominence in this cause. And the Republican negro, Oscar De Priest, was defeated by a Democratic negro in Chicago, who still holds the seat.

To Cut State Powers

But interested also in the drive are a group which believes the best interests of the country will be served by extending federal powers and decreasing state powers. This group has a splendid object lesson for its argument in the activities of the G-men. They point to the achievements of these federal men, and to the gains made in the war on automobile thefts since transporting a stolen car across a state line would bring the federal detective agencies into play.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides, but the fact remains that while the South is still strongly Democratic, and follows the New Deal in somewhat laggardly fashion because of its party regularity, it is still unconvinced on the old states' rights issue. It wants to retain state rights and powers, though of course it wants its full share, and a little bit more if it can get it, of federal spending.

So the South views the anti-lynching bill with suspicion. Many of the Southerners fighting it in the senate and house would be tickled to death to have G-men go after the leaders of lynching mobs—if they were sure it would stop right there. This does not mean that there are not some Southerners remaining who believe lynching is occasionally necessary.

Strange Maneuver

A pork-barrel log-rolling bill in reverse is the strange maneuver which—just possibly—may send the present congress down in history as upsetting every tradition of political legislative bodies.

The possibility of such an extraordinary proceeding is occasioned by the tremendous public demand for revamping the tax legislation, so that a green light may be given business and the return of prosperity. It is complicated by the fact that every dollar of lightened tax burden on the corporations another dollar must be imposed in some other form of taxation—unless a dollar is saved by restricted spending.

Prediction expert Emil Hurja said to some friends a few weeks back that congress would surprise everybody by simply refusing to grant the administration appropriations for anything like the volume of the last few years. The former ace lieutenant of James A. Farley was greeted with smiles when he made this assertion. The smiles may still have been justified, but there is beginning to be a possibility that congress will actually do a job of budget slashing which will bring very deep pain to Harry L. Hopkins and Harold L. Ickes, to mention just two of the officials most in danger from the pruning knife.

Sen. Pat Harrison, chairman of the senate finance committee, shocked his colleagues considerably the other day by stating that he is a strong senate bloc advocating repeal of the undistributed corporation earnings tax succeeded it would be necessary either to impose a sales tax or go after incomes so small that they are now exempt.

Harrison hastened to add that he had always opposed a sales tax and still did. His main point was that it might be possible to modify, but not to repeal the undistributed earnings tax. For the same reason that the Treasury could not spare the revenue—he opposed repeal of the capital stock tax.

Needs the Money

The point is that the Treasury not only needs all existing revenue, it needs more if the budget is to be balanced. Whereas politics as well as consideration for the small income families makes taxing them any more highly objectionable, especially if the tax is to be direct so that they can see it.

Which confronts congress with the only alternative, as its leaders now view the situation—to cut expenditures to the bone.

This would be all very well if it were not that each individual senator and representative wants to keep the money flowing from the Treasury to his particular state or district. That is the traditional basis for log-rolling. Senator A wants an appropriation for his state, but to get it he has to agree to vote for similar appropriations for the states of Senators B, C and D. Otherwise these senators would not vote for his appropriation.

So that the only way expenditures can really be cut effectively is for this process to be reversed—for Senator A to say to his colleagues: "I will agree to cut the appropriations for my state if you will agree to cut them in yours."

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The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Sally Sue

by Thornton W. Burgess

BUSTER BEAR PLAYS A TRICK

BUSTER BEAR and Jumper the Hare had had their heads together. This doesn't mean that they really touched heads. Oh, my no! No, indeed! Jumper is too wise to get so close to Buster Bear as that. It means that they had made plans together. If Reddy Fox had known about those plans Reddy would certainly have kept away from that part of the Green Forest. But he didn't know about them, and so he didn't keep away from that part of the Green Forest.

You see, it was there that Jumper the Hare spent most of his time, and so it was there that Reddy was spending most of his time now, for he was bound that he would catch Jumper to pay him for making him the laughing stock of all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. At first Reddy had been afraid, very much afraid, that he might meet Buster Bear there.

So Reddy, because he is very smart and sly, spent a great deal of time looking for the places where Jumper made his bed and for the places where he ate. Then he would hide near one of these and wait patiently for Jumper to come. But somehow Jumper always went to a place where Reddy was not hiding. That is, he never went twice very near together. If he took a nap under a big hemlock branch and then went out to get a bite to eat, he would finish his nap under another tree instead of going back to the first one. So, though Reddy often found places Jumper had just left and hid beside them patiently for Jumper to come back, it never was of the least bit of use.

But after Jumper and Buster Bear had had their heads together Jumper seemed to grow careless. Yes, sir, that is the way it seemed. Reddy Fox noticed it right away and grinned wickedly. Three times he saw Jumper dozing just in front of a great hollow tree. Then for a fourth time he saw Jumper sit in the same place. By and by Jumper began to nod. Then his eyes closed in the sleepiest way. Reddy grinned and licked his chops. Jumper's eyes opened, closed again, opened once more, then closed and remained closed. Reddy watched a long time without he stirred, but there was no sign from Jumper the Hare. He certainly looked to be fast, very fast, asleep.

Softly, ever so softly, Reddy Fox tiptoed forward. Jumper did not move. A few steps nearer, and still Jumper seemed fast asleep. Reddy stopped long enough to grin, a wicked, hungry grin. This time he would catch Jumper and then he would see if the other people would laugh at and make fun of him any more! Softly, softly, very, very softly he stole forward until with one great jump he would be able to land right on poor Jumper. Very, very carefully Reddy fixed his hind legs to make the spring, and then—well—then he landed right exactly where Jumper had been, but wasn't. You see, Jumper had been just pretending to be asleep, and when Reddy had jumped, he had jumped, too.

Now, Jumper had jumped right over the old tree trunk and Reddy sprang after him. But Reddy is not quite so good a jumper as Jumper the Hare, and while Jumper went clear over the fallen tree, Reddy landed on top of it, meaning to jump down on the other side. But he didn't. No, sir, he didn't. Instead he fell off backward with a scream of fright. What was the trouble? Why, Buster Bear had been lying down on the other side of that old tree, and when Jumper leaped over it Buster knew that Reddy was close at hand, and so he jumped up with a dreadful growl. Just as he had done the first time he saw Buster Bear, Reddy put his tail between his legs and started for home as fast as ever he could go.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Buster Bear.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Jumper the Hare.

"Hee, hee, hee!" tittered Sammy Jay, who had happened along just in time to see the fun.

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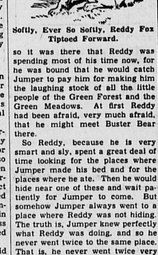
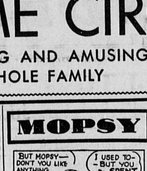
Softly, Ever So Softly, Reddy Fox Tiptoed Forward.

Works for His Food



A bird who has learned that if he doesn't work he doesn't eat is shown here at mealtime. He is Oscar, a trained goldfinch who brings many sightseers to the bird shop in Sydney, Australia, where he literally earns his seed in the sweat of his brow. The bird's food is placed in a small truck on a runway outside the cage. When Oscar feels the pangs of hunger he hauls on a string and pulls the truck to the side of the cage where he can peck at the contents.

MOPSY



WNU Service.

Illness Due to a Deficient Diet

Nobel Prize Winner Gives His Views on Subject.

By EDITH M. BARBER

"NUTRITION intimately concerns the welfare of man, and his place in future history will depend in no small part upon what he decides to eat." This statement was made by Dr. George R. Minot, professor of medicine at Harvard university and winner of the Nobel prize for medicine in 1934.

According to Dr. Minot, an adequate diet throughout life will prevent illness. In the long time studies that he has made of the condition of anemia, he has found that its cause is usually defective or deficient nutrition. It may arise from a lack of an adequate supply of iron or of vitamin C or of a mysterious substance found in the liver. The condition of simple anemia may be prevented by including a liberal amount of iron and vitamin C.

The condition of pernicious anemia, which is much more serious and for which no remedy had been found until recently, is apparently related to the ability to utilize vitamin B-G. Vitamin B is found in muscle meat, eggs, rice polishings and yeast, which need an unknown gastric digestive factor to make them ready for the body. When this factor is lacking there is a danger of pernicious anemia. It may be supplied, however, by liver, kidneys and other organs. At present, this disease is being treated not only by an increase of these foods in the diet, but by liver extract taken by the mouth or through hypodermics.

According to Dr. Minot, the first cause of any type of anemia is a deficient diet.

SELECTED RECIPES

Baked Eggs.

2 tablespoons butter
⅛ cup milk
3 cups mashed potatoes
Salt
Pepper
2 tablespoons chopped chives or onion.
5 eggs
Paprika

Add the butter and milk to the hot mashed potatoes and season to taste. Beat well, add the chives and spread in a shallow greased baking dish. Make five hollows, and in each place a raw egg. Sprinkle with paprika and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) until the eggs are firm.

Barbecued Chicken.

2 two-pound chickens
Salt, pepper
¼ pound sweet butter
1½ cups chicken broth
1½ tablespoons tomato catsup
3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon finely chopped onion

Disjoint chicken as for frying. Season with salt and pepper. Brown butter and fry chicken in it until golden brown. Mix other ingredients and cook together six minutes. Pour sauce over chicken and cook slowly about twenty minutes.

Spinach Nests.

2 cups cooked or canned spinach
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup grated cheese
6 bread cases and melted butter

Make bread cases by cutting bread into three inch squares and cutting out the center. Roll each crack in stucco should be widened with a cold chisel, so that a patch can be packed deeply within. The patching material is a mixture of 1 part cement with 3 parts of clean building sand, and only enough water to make the mixture. At the time the crack is patched, the stucco should be thoroughly soaked with water to prevent the absorption of water from the patching material.

Cracks in brickwork and masonry are likely to be in the mortar joints. In closing these, the old mortar should be dug out for a depth of an inch or so to admit plenty of new mortar.

Special care should be taken to close all cracks in clapboards. Small cracks can be closed with thick paint; deeper ones with white lead, used either as it comes or smeared on cotton wicking or heavy cord. In particular, the joints of clapboards at corners should be noted for it is there that cracking will be especially serious.

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MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

© by The Associated Newspapers

I WAS always told that a lady should never be seen eating on the street. I believed in the old myth for a long time. But as I keep telling my mother, life isn't what it used to be. In her day you had to go into the kitchen, make up a sandwich, and march out into the street with it if you wanted to be caught eating on the street. It was a lot of work for a mere principle. But now street eating creeps up on you. You pass a street corner stand where there are nice hot dogs on view and you get hungry. Well, if you decide to buy, you can't very well put your hot dog in your pocketbook and walk into the nearest hotel lobby to eat it. That, again, would be too much work for a mere principle.

The real crux of the problem now lies in how and where you do your street eating. In the first place, it is more ladylike to stand still while you eat, rather than to wander along the sidewalk munching. In the second place, it is considered more elite to stand still beside the hot dog wagon, rather than beside the church steps while you lap up your roll-and.

If it's a chocolate bar you've decided to eat on the public highways, be careful about choosing your streets. You shouldn't be caught eating on the main business street, or the ritziest parkway in town. What you do in the back alleys is your own business.

WNU Service.

Say "LUDEN'S" when you have a cold.

LUDEN'S 5¢ LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS 5¢

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"Cleopatra's Fan" Quilt Is the Choice

Cleopatra herself once used palm-leaf fans as graceful as these that adorn this striking quilt. You need but three materials to bring out the contrast of this rich design—one that will beautify any room. Know the grand thrill of piecing these simple 6¾ inch blocks for quilt or pillow. Pattern 1579 contains complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

Pattern 1579.

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.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

"Quotations"

—A—

We see things not as they are, but as we are.—*H. M. Tomlinson.*

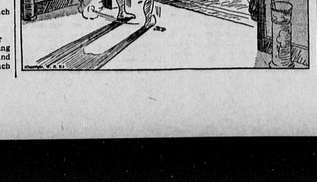
A poor life this if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare. —*William H. Davies.*

Being happily married is merely the development of the art of living to its superlative degree.—*William Lyon Phelps.*

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternity!—*Max Muller.*

Thus each extreme to equal danger tends; plenty as much and scarcity can sep'rate friends.—*A. Cowley.*

Love, Honor and Obey



WOMEN WHO HOLD THEIR MEN NEVER LET THEM KNOW

NO matter how much your back aches and your nerves scream, your husband, because he is only a man, can never understand why you are so hard to live with one week out of every month.

Too often the honeymoon express is wrecked by the staggering tongue of a three-quarter wife. The new woman never lets her husband know by outward sign that she is a victim of periodic pain.

For three generations one woman has told another how to ease "suffering through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "change of life."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

Man the Captain

Each man writes his own shipwreck.—Lucanus.

You Should Pick Your Corner, If You Intend to Eat Hot Dogs on the Street.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys were constructed by Nature to filter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes get "tired" or fail to 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, dizziness, dizzy spells, 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

FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

By Roger B. Whitman

PROTECT CRACKS AGAINST ICE

A CRACK in anything outdoors—woodwork, concrete, masonry—will be made wider should ice form within it. Before winter sets in, the outside of a house should be inspected to locate any cracks or crevices that would hold water and that might be enlarged by the expansion that occurs when ice forms. Stucco walls should be under special notice. Small surface cracks can be disregarded; the cracks to look out for are the deep ones in which water will be retained. A case in melted butter. Chop the spinach, mix with mayonnaise and fill the bread cases. Sprinkle with the cheese and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) until bread is light brown and the cheese is melted.

Liver Dumplings.

¼ pound calves' liver
¼ cup soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon melted fat
1 teaspoon parsley
¼ teaspoon salt
Pepper
1 egg, slightly beaten
5 cups stock

Grind the liver fine and mix it with the bread crumbs. Saute the onion in the fat in a skillet until delicately browned. Add the liver mix with the parsley, salt and pepper. Add the egg and mix well. Drop the mixture by teaspoonfuls into the stock. Cook boiling, meat stock. Cook slowly ten to fifteen minutes and then serve with the soup. To make dumplings which may be shaped in balls, add one-half cup additional bread crumbs.

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Cheap Sales Cost

United States census figures for 1929 show that at a cost of but 1.54 per cent advertising created a market for the $70,434,603,443 worth of manufactured products of that year.

Black Feather

By Harold Titus

© Harold Titus WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—8—

He led them, crouched over, to the stockade and along its southern exposure toward the entrance. The man on guard stood just outside, looking down upon the flat. His rifle leaned against the pickets.

"Now!" Rickman choked, and rose and ran.

The guard made no outcry that would reach his fellows. He gasped in surprise as he whirled to the sound of softly thudding feet. Rickman was upon him, bearing him down, clapping a hand over his mouth, hammering the man's skull with his other fist.

"His feet, Bert!" he hissed, and Conrad and the other drew the man's heels together and bound the ankles tightly with a thong. His shirt was drawn over his head and tied there, gagging and half-suffocating him, and his hands were trussed behind his back.

"Now!" cried Rickman. "Rich, follow me. Philippe, watch the guard!"

And he ran within the gate, making for the glow of embers where fire died in the open space between buildings. Fuel was there. He threw a handful of light stuff on the coals, kneeling to blow them to flame. By the light he selected a pine knot and another and another.

Rich moaned in apprehension, but Rickman only cursed, with never a look toward the gate. The pitch ignited, and, binding Conrad two of the blazing knots, bearing two himself, he ran for the storehouse.

"Quick! Fuel, now!" Rickman cried. "Heap it against the logs! . . . More . . . That light stuff! . . . It's the blaze we want!"

Crackling flames leaped into the bundles of twigs, dancing up against the logs of the structure, lighting the place, feeling for hold in the wall.

"Good!" he cried. "Come, now! As fast as ever you can!"

And he led the way toward the gate, making great speed with his long legs, Conrad pressing hard behind. The guard rolled and threshed as Rickman called to Philippe to follow.

Before they were well out of sight he had his hands free and was tearing at the buckskin shirt over his head. He opened his knife, drew a mighty shout for aid, and, not trusting to voice alone, floundered to his rifle, cocked and fired it, and then, standing, fired the second. They stampeded up the slope, entered the gate and with buckets fell upon the fire, quenching it in a dampness and chill of the night, were overmen. It died down . . .

From a safe distance Rickman ans his companions saw the glare on Shaw's building fade.

"There was no chance," muttered Conrad Rich. "The air is heavy. Flame could not take hold."

The trader looked at him with a sneer.

"Did you dream I hoped for destruction by fire? You've stayed too long at headquarters, Rich. Into bed, now, both of you. And I am not there," he said impressively. "Remember, you do not know where I have gone."

Bewildered, Rich, knowing only a part of the plan, went to the boatman less than that, they left him, asking swiftly for their quarters, heavy with sudden weariness and excitement.

And when they had passed the gate and it was swung shut again, Rickman was left to the darkness where Mongazid crouched, and whispered in the native's tongue. The hunter had left the canoe and Rickman followed in another. They paddled silently into the lake, the native forward and the trader shoving his frail craft into the overhanging branches of a small island.

The fire had done no more than lightly scorch the thick walls of the storehouse. It was out. No damage was done. But Rodney Shaw moved among his excited men with an ominous silence and deliberation.

He wanted to be sure; to make no move until certain that he would live to regret nothing. Again he confronted the guard. The man was certain, was he, that the company trader himself had been there?

"Yes, master. With two." He rubbed gently a wrist, wrenched by thongs. "With Conrad's and a boat man. I saw them all before the shirt was bound over my head. Then the trader himself entered the enclosure."

Rodney turned from the chattering group, walking stiffly toward his quarters. He blew up the fire on the hearth and rose to confront Basile, who had followed. The man's eyes questioned him, begging mutely to know what was in mind.

"We've enough of skulking and ambush and assault under cover of darkness," he said. "The time has come, Basile, for a settlement. And openly, as whites fight."

Shaw's long Kentucky rifle rested on deer antlers above his bed. He took it down, turned it over critically, opened the pan cover, tossed out the priming and poured fresh from his powder horn.

Then Basile asked his question: "This night?"

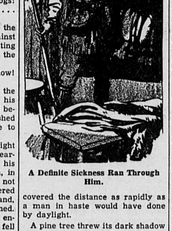
Shaw nodded sharply. "Of course. The country does not grow larger; hours increase the cramping. I'm . . . crowded"—with movements of his elbows as though driving them into bodies pressed closely about.

"Not . . . not alone?"

"You flutter like a maiden! What's safer than going alone, and at night? Will he be looking for that? Not he! Besides, there are things that won't let a man wait. Basile, and tasks in which one cannot ask another shoulder!"

He was gone, smiling lightly, and Basile crossed himself as he watched the departure. It was what a man like Shaw would do, he knew. His capacity for enduring persecution had been reached. Basile knew that. And another knew that. Burke Rickman had read Shaw's character aright and now he waited in safe seclusion, warmed by a sense of impending success after long failure.

It was more than a league by land to the company fort, but Rodney covered the distance as rapidly as a man in haste would have done by daylight.



A Definite Sickness Ran Through Him.

A pine tree threw its dark shadow over the stockade. He made for this, his only protection from the company trader's sentinels. The rifle across his back by its thong, drew away, ran forward, touched the upright posts with one hand, grasped the top and swung upward.

No sound. The fort lay peace. Only in the moonlight. Rifle in his hands again, he dropped to the ground. He did not hesitate, but ran swiftly around the corner of the building, running for the entrance.

"Rickman!" he rasped. "Out of your blankets, Rickman!"

A movement. A strangled cry:

"He is not here! He's not here, Shaw!"

It was Conrad Rich, terrified and quaking in his bed.

"Where is he, then?"

"God help me, I don't know!" the man wailed. "I don't know, Shaw! The last I saw 'im was outside the gate, an hour or more ago. Oh, a devil's nightmare, this! Shaw, if you value your life and your safety, go back to your fort!"

The clerk was out of his bunk, then, advancing in the moonlight, one hand extended in pleading.

"Stay where you are, Rich."

Shaw's eyes, sweeping the recesses of the room as Conrad halted, had fallen on a garment lying across a bench in the moonlight. It was a cloak, a woman's cloak; a long cloak, of heavy, maroon stuff. And, at sight of it, his heart seemed to stand still in his breast.

He had seen that cloak before. He had held the figure, wrapped within its folds, in his arms. Annette Leclere's cloak . . . Here? She must be here, then. And an odd sensation of emotional pain him; rage and jealousy and regret. Regret! That was odd, for a trader like Shaw. He had told Rich and that it unsteaded him, almost frightened him. The regret was that the cloak lay here, instead of in his quarters!

Or she had come all this way to Rickman, who would not remain with her, despite her public kisses and embraces! A definite sickness ran through him.

Where was Rickman? None knew. None, then? Expecting a regrettable sally such as this? Hiding? Fearful of retribution?

Ah, could Shaw have guessed the truth! Could he have but known that he walked into a trap!

He retreated to the upper end of the enclosure, where the stockade threw its heavy shadow and stood there, rifle across his arm.

He would stay. He would stay there on hostile ground until the company trader showed himself. Then he need never again give opposition to Rickman, never again be a second thought . . . But a queer despair weighted his determination . . . Annette here? . . . Burke here!

And while he waited, Burke Rickman eased his canoe up the lake until he was abreast the medicine lodge, its fire, its mourning natives. Continually his eyes traveled the moonlit surface of the lake, on the watch for another craft. The canoe came from the shore by the flat after Rickman had whistled as a plover a score of times. It came somewhat cautiously, but when he whistled again the approach was faster and shortly it came close and the Weasel, his hair caked with mourning mud, looked inquiringly into the white man's face.

He listened closely to what Rickman said. He greatly matched the tobacco offered him.

"It will be done," he promised, and turned and paddled shoreward again.

Dawn. Rodney Shaw watched it come from his station within the company stockade.

Burke Rickman stretched and grumbled in his hiding place on the islet and observed that the east was paling, the moon losing its lustre.

He dragged his canoe out and returned to replace the dogwood twigs his landing had ruffled. He pushed on cautiously and reached the bend above where, on the other bank, he could see a lone old woman with a withered leg, hobbling about a smudge of fire before an otherwise deserted lodge. Zheshebense, Little Duck, this; her daughters had left her behind, denying her the holiday of the medicine and the whisky which she loved.

He went on, walking silently and swiftly through the lush carpeted forest until he was half a league above the encampment with his old woman. There he lay down in tall grasses which grew on a high bank overlooking the stream. His eye was good; his hand was steady, and three packs of beaver awaited him. That for meant life and life was sweet; the life of a white man, who has no ways of retribution when it is not known who strikes, was as nothing at that moment compared to his own life.

CHAPTER IX

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The night had not been good to the Weasel. He had been cuffed and clubbed away from the whisky.

But the Weasel had a story to tell.

Did they not know, he demanded of any who might hear, that Shaw had driven this company trader from his fort? Yes; the little trader had gone there in the night heavy with weapons and the one of flaming hair had fled.

"Like a frightened fox, he ran, this company trader whom I must trade!" he protested. "Like a woman, he runs from the little trader. Ah, it was a fine sight! Shaw and's heart shelter in this time of danger but Black Beaver, who said that he was our friend while he lied to us? This Rickman skulks in Black Beaver's lodge, afraid of the sun, afraid of the moon and stars."

So, from mouth to ear and ear to mouth the news ran, reaching Basile when, at broad dawn, after hours of sleepless worry, he came out of Shaw's stockade to look for his employer.

Until the sun rose Rodney Shaw continued his vigil. Then, rising stiffly, he went slowly down to the gate, heedless of the faces peeping at him from the cracks of doors, flung aside the bar and looked across the placid lake to see Basile, approaching in a canoe.

"Come away!" the clerk growled. "Come, before some company engage strikes from behind. Rickman has gone."

"Gone? Where?"

Tersely the story that the Weasel yelped was told and Shaw drew a deep breath.

"Out!"—with a gesture. "I want the canoe."

"But—"

"Of course! I follow! No, don't squall warnings, Basile. I should have guessed, he'd go straight to Black Beaver when driven from his den . . . Oh, save your warnings! I'm no fool. I'll go as far by the usual route as I safely can and then swing into the encampment from the rear!"

He was gone, then, leaving Basile on the beach, grumbling and muttering.

It was a morning of wondrous silence, of gorgeous peace, of vivid color. The tranquility of late summer, the peace of a flawless day. But in the affairs of men, no tranquility, no peace.

Rodney Shaw passed the island, with Rickman lurking at him from his shelter and trust in treachery high in his heart, and pressed on for the river where Mongazid lay waiting, an agent of destruction.

Shaw rounded a point, swung toward the land and entered the river. He reached that bend where the old crone raked ashes from coals and dangled a shred of meat there on a stick, blinking her lashless eyes with their baleful lights. He called a bluff greeting to Little Duck, but she did not reply, just stared sourly at him and mumbled.

The day held silent. The air was clear, so clear and so still that small sounds were distinct. Also, the sounds of a paddle, ever so cautiously wielded, traveled a great distance . . .

Mongazid heard and a slight tremor ran his frame; not of disquiet or compunction, but of preparation. He raised himself to elbows and knees, safe in his screen of long, cured grasses. Shaw came, and the Indian raised his gun . . .

But one does not shoot a man with a face like that from in front, not even when his concealment is perfect. One waits. From the rear it is safer.

On went Shaw, eyes raking the banks, seeking nothing in them. His jaw was set, gray eyes glowing. In a short distance, now he would land and proceed by foot to Black Beaver's lodge. He was abreast Mongazid's hiding place. He was beyond the range, sufficiently far, current ran swiftly in that bend. A movement above might be seen by someone out of an eye, keen as those gray ones . . . He was turned, with his back squarely toward the high bank as he drove his canoe to the inside of the bend, and Mongazid rose to one knee. He came up slowly, silently. The trade rifle rose to his shoulder, he pressed his cheek to the cool stock, he squinted over the coarse sight . . .

A busy woodpecker ceased its prodding for food and darted away as the sound of the shot ripped the stillness.

In the canoe there, the man rocked forward as though a heavy stone had been flung against his back. He turned to look, his hand grasp his rifle. The weapon steadied him but slid along the gunwale as he weighed it. He had reached with the other hand, sought for the trigger, turned, fumbled for the trigger, and another shot ripped the serene silence.

But that bullet tore no flesh; it rent only water, fired as it was without sighting, in the last fractional second of consciousness. The gun slipped from flexing fingers and thudded into the canoe bottom. With a long, retching breath, Shaw doubled slowly forward, twisted once and lay still . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Chloroform All Men at Age of Sixty," Osler Statement, Made in Playful Spirit

Some years ago Sir William Osler, British physician and professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins university, who made the statement that men should be "chloroformed at sixty" found that it was accepted by so many persons as a serious proposal on his part that he thought it advisable later to point out that it had been said in a somewhat playful spirit.

His observations on "the comparative uselessness" of elderly men were made in the course of a farewell address at Johns Hopkins university, February 22, 1905, at a time when he was approaching the 70s himself.

"I have two fixed ideas, well known to my friends," he said, "harmless obsessions with which I sometimes bore them, but which have a direct bearing on this important problem. The first is the comparative uselessness of men above forty years of age . . . My second fixed idea is the uselessness of men above sixty years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be to humanity, if, political and in professional life if, as a rule, not of course, men stopped work at this age.

"Donne tells us in his 'Biathanatos' that by the laws of certain wise states sexagenarii were precipitated from a bridge, and in Rome men of that age were not admitted to the suffrage.

"In that charming novel, 'The Fixed Period,' Anthony Trollope discusses the practical advantages of a return to this ancient usage, and the plot hinges upon the admirable scheme of a college into which at sixty men retired for a year of contemplation before a peaceful departure by chloroform.

"That incalculable benefits might follow such a scheme is apparent to anyone who, like myself, is nearing the limit, and who has made a careful study of the calamities which may befall men during the seventh and eighth decades."

GOOD TASTE TODAY

by EMILY POST

World's Foremost Authority on Etiquette

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Shall I Wear a Hat With Afternoon Dress?

DEAR Mrs. Post: We seldom wear formal clothes in our simple community, which fact I contend is no reason why the ladies here may not go to evening parties wearing afternoon dresses and no hats. Don't you agree with me? There are several new residents who have been turning up on such occasions with hats on.

Answer: The general rule is if you wear an afternoon dress (meaning a dress not suitable for general wear on the street) in the evening, then you should go without a hat, but if you are wearing a street dress, then you should wear a hat. But whether the hats you describe are bad form or not depends entirely upon their type. In other words, if they are an indoor type of hat, they are quite as suitable to wear with afternoon dresses as to go without. In fact, they are decidedly a fashion of the moment.

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If You Cannot Dance and Talk, Leave Floor

DO YOU think it good manners for a couple to practically stop dancing on a crowded dance floor in order to carry on a conversation in which they are obviously very much interested?

Answer: If two people can not manage to dance and talk both at the same time, then I certainly think they should find a place off the floor somewhere to finish their conversation.

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Week-End Invitation

DEAR Mrs. Post: I am just twenty-one and live with a woman who is not a relative and also not very broad-minded about this modern age. I'm always living in fear that I am going to suggest doing something wrong to displease her. A friend has asked me to go to New York with him over a week-end. His older brother will be with us on the train and I am to stay with his married aunt, who has invited me personally. May I go and will I place my foster-mother under any obligation in accepting this invitation? I believe in this case that is the one point that will annoy her especially.

Answer: If you have received a DEFINITE invitation from his aunt and your foster-mother does not disapprove of this man (or of his aunt) I can see no impropriety in your going to stay with her. Your acceptance of the invitation will not put your foster-mother under any obligation whatsoever.

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Wearing Diamonds

DEAR Mrs. Post: My husband has given me a diamond bracelet, which is simple in design but very beautiful. What I would like to know is on what occasions is it suitable for me to wear this bracelet. My husband would like me to wear it even to church, while I feel that perhaps it is intended only to ornament evening clothes, which unfortunately I seldom wear.

Answer: Again the vagaries of fashion! At the present moment, fashion has decreed that jewelry be worn by a lady only in the evening, the dispute to a higher court of the land.

Irvin S. Cobb

So his majesty, or his worship, or his honor, as the case may have been, said: "Let the older brother apportion the inheritance into what he regards as two equal shares—and then let the younger brother have first choice of the shares."

But, of course, the lawyers couldn't have favored the plan. It was too darn beautifully simple to any lawyer in any age. The American Bar association would just naturally despise it.

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Cemetery Salesmen.

I RECEIVED a letter from one of our phushlest cemeteries. We have some of the phushlest cemeteries on earth; it's a positive pleasure to be dead out here.

I was urged to invest in a highly desirable lot, for only a few hundsand smackers; or buy a perfectly lovely crypt—slightly more expensive, but most luxurious.

Through some private whim or pique, I failed to answer this tempting communication. Today I received an appealing follow-up letter. I gather that, if I neglect this splendid opportunity, I'll live to regret it. Or maybe I won't.

Such thoughtful attention merits response. I'm replying as follows:

"Dear gents: Space in a graveyard is the last thing I shall require. Meanwhile, I'm using somebody else will do the shopping. Trusting these few lines may find you the same, yours gratefully."

But if a representative calls in person—as he will—I'm a gone goslin'. Those slick talkers always do get me. You just ought to see my collection of oil stocks. Now, there's something that does need bur