SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington. — William Jennings Bryan was fond of using the Biblical story of the Hebrew king who, when his lieutenants told him he was vastly outnumbered in an approaching battle, was able to show the skeptics, when by divine aid the veil was lifted, a host of angels ready to fight on his side.

Telling the story does not always prove that the Lord is on your side. The last time Bryan used the story in a speech was at the San Francisco convention, when he talked about the "angels" as the women vote, in the battle over prohibition. If he had lived a little longer he might have been terribly disappointed, but up to his death, during the Dayton trial, he was perfectly satisfied.

At the moment it is the ardent New Deal advocates who are worried about the choir invisible. Their real concern, of course, is over gentlemen who are very much in the news — the Southern conservative senators and representatives, and the allies which have been driven to them because of motives having nothing to do with economic and social ideas.

But they know perfectly well that there are a good many Democrats, many of whom have never parted with their party regularity, who are in sympathy with the conservatives, and who are still very potent in their respective states. The importance of all this is that, while these former luminaries are not figuring in the news stories of the day, and have been, perhaps, almost forgotten by the public, they still have their friends. The reasons that made them important a few years ago are still there. Allied with the conservative group, which is against a third term for Franklin D. Roosevelt and against the nomination of a New Dealer to take his place, they may become very important indeed.

Case of Douglas

Best known to the public of all this group, perhaps, is Lewis W. Douglas, who went into the first Roosevelt administration so strong that it was confidently predicted, when it became known that the health of William H. Woodin was failing, he would be made secretary of the treasury.

It's kind of amusing, to look at with hindsight. Actually Douglas stood for very few things that Henry Morgenthau, Jr., does not approve. The difference is that Douglas was intractable. He simply insisted on his own ideas, as to gold, for instance, and as to budget balancing being followed or he would not play. Down in his heart Morgenthau has followed very few of the New Deal ideas. But he is never defiant. He is just patient, and keeps on pleading. Stubborn very, but not to the point of making a nuisance of himself.

But Douglas has not passed from the scene. He is still potent in Arizona, which elected him as its lone congressman as long as he wished. But consider: Arizona elected him to the house—when Douglas stepped "upstairs" to be director of the budget—Mrs. Isabella S. Greenway, a close family friend of the Roosevelts. Mrs. Greenway would not run for re-election last time. She had voted against New Deal measures until it was socially embarrassing for a lady who had been a bridesmaid at the wedding of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Any one who knows his Arizona and who thinks Lou Douglas and Mrs. Greenway together could not elect a delegation which would go along with the conservatives had better not make any political bets!

Third Term Talk

It is astonishing how much more talk there is in Washington of a third term for President Roosevelt than almost anywhere else in the country. Nearly every hint about the third-term idea originates in Washington, whether it be by a magazine article by some Washington newspaper man, a confidential letter or tipping service or whatnot.

Visitors from various parts of the country coming to Washington and visiting around among their politically minded friends at once become heralds bearing the word back to their homes. Almost invariably they tell their Washington friends that "nobody at home has even thought of such a thing," and profess astonishment that there is so much talk about it here.

All this would seem to indicate that somebody, for some reason, is feeling out the third-term talk. It bears all the familiar earmarks of propaganda. In fact there are those—mostly folks very much opposed to Roosevelt—who think they understand its purpose. Their view is that the more the third-term idea is talked about the less shocking it seems to be, and hence if the New Deal could keep the subject to the fore, without seeming to be responsible, much of the resistance would be worn down by the time the 1940 convention rolls around.

There may be a grain of truth in this, but there is other logic to explain the persistence of this talk, logic which is much easier to accept than a deliberate publicity maneuver. Also, it is very much simpler to criticize the President on this than to explain how he could stop it if he wanted to do so.

What could he say or do which would really convince any one that he was not going to run, assuming that he had made up his mind not to do so?

Doubted Coolidge

Lots of people never blieved President Coolidge when he said he "did not choose to run." Many think to this day he was very much disappointed that the nomination was not forced on him. The since published diary of Ike Hoover, White House head usher at the time, leaves no doubt that Ike thought Mr. Coolidge was not only disappointed but angry about it.

But aside from the futility of convincing any one, thers is another aspect. The moment the political leaders became convinced that Roosevelt was not going to run, his influence would dwindle tremendously. Every Democratic leader would be laying his lines to be close to the new throne, if not to occupy it himself. Mr. Roosevelt, having enjoyed such amazing power for five years, would be very unhappy in his sudden impotency.

All this does not explain the amount of talk in Washington of a third term. Its answer lies deeper. It is based on the fact that a very strong group of Democrats, mostly southern, are working definitely toward controlling the 1940 convention, writing a conservative platform and naming a conservative candidate.

Washington, watching this development with interest, has virtually reached the conclusion that this is the major battle-front, rather than anything involving the Republican party. And one of the strong possiblities is that this group of conservatives will be so strong by 1940 that the only way the New Deal can stop the hands of the clock from being turned backward, as it views the situation, is to nominate Roosevelt again. The theory here, of course, is that the conservatives might be able to beat any one else, but could not beat F. D. R. himself.

Then There's Tin

There are whispers that there will be something about tin in the British-American trade agreement now being negotiated. The point here would be to protect American consumers against exorbitant prices, rather than to protect American producers, or open the door to more trade. In fact, it is a type of defensive international trading which so far has not entered into any of the reciprocal trade agreements.

The United States produces no tin. It is one of a very small group of very important metals which this country, bountifully blessed as it is in most natural resources, does not possess. Control of the world's supply of tin is very tightly held, and Britain is big in the combination.

This combination, by the way, operates very much like a cross between a European cartel and a Wallace farm program. There is an international committee, which not only fixes the price of tin, but assigns quotas to the producing areas which they may not exceed. So far it has been eminently successful, unlike most of the world's attempts to control international production of any essential commodity.

This does not mean that the control is firm enough to prevent fluctuations. Perhaps it would be, but the international committee has made no attempt to be as rigid as that. For instance, the price of tin per pound last January was between 50 and 60 cents. By March it had soared up to nearly 70 cents. As this is written, the price is 42 cents.

Supply and Demand

This proves that the international committee has an eye to supply and demand, not to mention consumer resistance, in dictating the price of tin. During this same period the price of most metals had fluctuated on much the same type of curve, though a little more violently. In January, copper was 12 cents. In March, it reached 17 cents. As this is written it is 10½ cents.

That 17 cents price in March did not give the American producers much comfort. As a matter of fact, in January, thinking 12 cents was a fine price, they made contracts running over long periods. So actually there was very little copper sold at 17 cents. The price was merely marked up following a spurt in the London market. Incidentally recent reductions in price have not stimulated sales. On the day the red metal was marked down to 10½ cents, for example, only a few hundred tons were sold, and these, ironically enough, not by the company that initiated the cut.

But a price for tin of 55 cents, or even 42 cents, seems pretty high when it is taken into consideration that families of less than medium income probably use more canned goods than do the wealthy.

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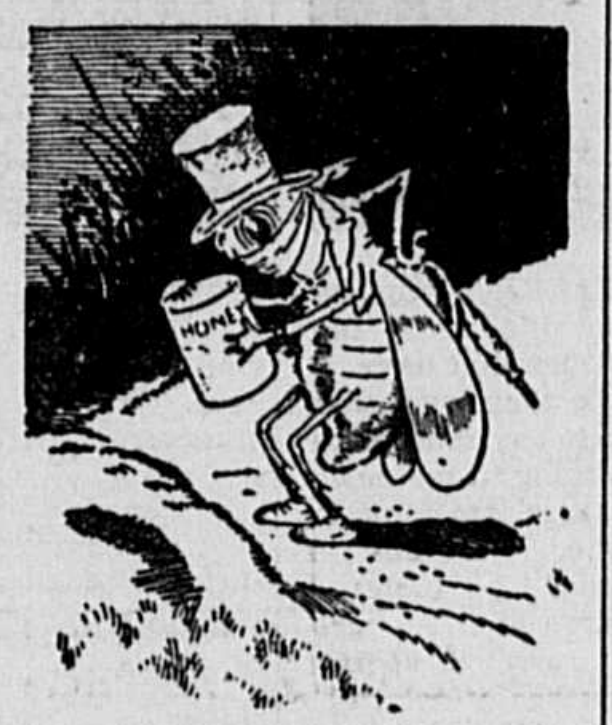
The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

BEDTIME STORY by Thornton W. Burgess

SAMMY JAY PUTS ON HIS THINKING CAP

SAMMY JAY had a great deal to think about and so he went off by himself to a certain thick hemlock tree in the Green Forest where he could be quite alone. Now, whenever Sammy Jay goes by himself that way to put on his thinking cap you may make up your mind that mischief of some kind is brewing in that small head of his. Just now Sammy was thinking about what he had overheard Buster Bear say to Jumper the Hare, and he was wondering how he could get something out of it for himself. You know, Sammy is one of those people who try to profit by the troubles of other people. He is never so happy as when he can find some one in trouble, because he is almost sure to find some way to get something for himself out of it.



To Be Sure, Busy's Big Cousin, Bumble, Has a Little Storehouse in the Ground.

One time Sammy happened along when Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack and Gray Squirrel were quarreling about some very fat choice acorns. Each claimed them as his. Sammy just urged them to fight for them, and this is what they did. While they were fighting Sammy carried away all the acorns, and when finally they agreed to stop fighting and divide the acorns they found none to divide. Sammy had hidden every one where only he could find them. That was dishonest, very dishonest, but, you know, Sammy has always been a thief. He thought it was smart. You and I know better, but he didn't, and there are a lot of people in this world just like him.

Now, Sammy knew very well that Buster Bear was the strongest and biggest of all the people who lived in the Green Forest, and when he had first seen Buster Sammy had been very much afraid of him. Now he wasn't afraid, because he knew that his wings would keep him out of reach of Buster's cruel claws, but he had a great deal of respect for Buster just the same and he wanted to do something that would make Buster his friend. When he overheard Buster ask Jumper the Hare to try to find out for him where he could get some honey Sammy smiled. He knew that the only way Jumper could find out was by asking questions of those who lived in trees, for it is in hollow trees that Busy Bee stores up honey. To be sure, Busy's big cousin, Bumble, who makes such a fuss about everything he does, has a little storehouse in the ground, and possibly Jumper might find this. But if he did it wouldn't be a taste for Buster. What he wanted was the storehouse of Busy Bee.

"Now if I can find it for him," thought Sammy, "he'll always be my friend. I think I'll have a look at all the hollow trees I know of in the Green Forest."

Just then another thought popped into Sammy's head. He and Reddy Fox were not the best of friends. In some ways they were very much alike, and perhaps this was the reason that they were forever falling out. Sammy had been one of the first and loudest to jeer at and make fun of Reddy the time he seemed to be running away from Jumper the Hare. Then he had seen Reddy run from Buster Bear only that very morning, when Buster had suddenly appeared just as Reddy had thought to catch Jumper the Hare, and he knew that Reddy knew that he had seen and laughed at him. So now Reddy was sure to be his enemy.

"If I can think of some plan which will make Reddy think he can make friends with Buster Bear, why Reddy will forget all about his anger with me," thought Sammy. "I have it! I'll tell him how Buster wants some honey and set him to hunting for the storehouse of Busy Bee."

With that off flew Sammy Jay to hunt for Reddy Fox and tell him how he could make friends with Buster Bear.

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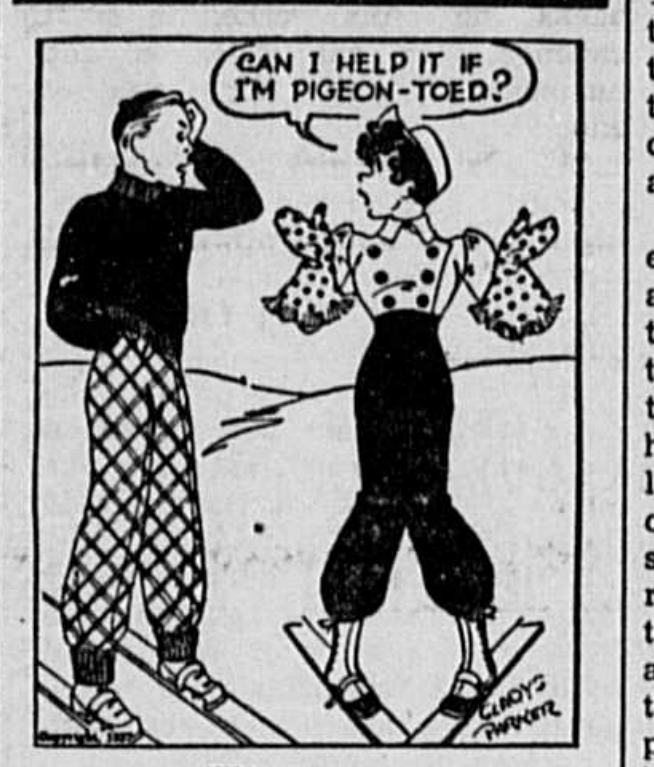
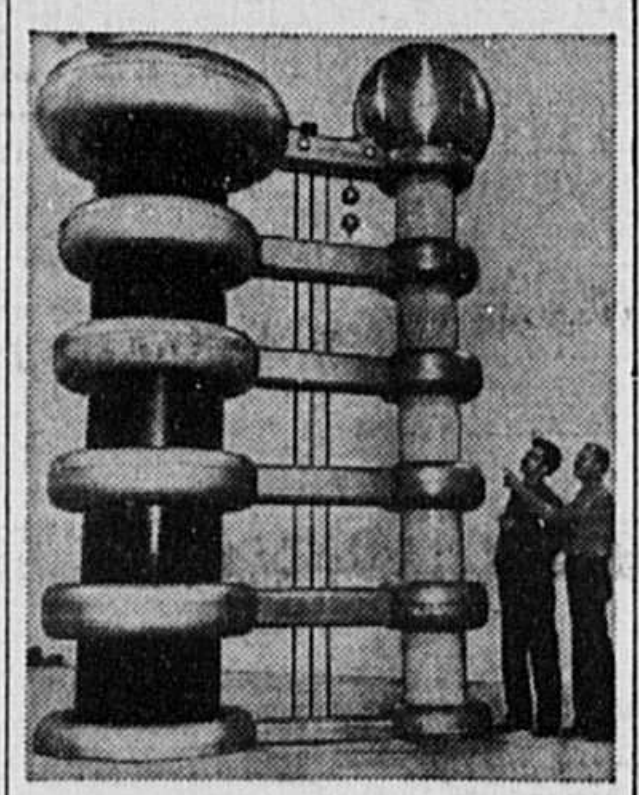
MOPSY


CAN I HELP IT IF I'M PIGEON-TOED?
GLADYS PARKER

WNU Service.

Giant X-Ray Tube



Containing what is asserted to be one of the world's most powerful X-ray tubes, a new five-story building erected to house complete facilities for treating cancer with radium and million-volt radiation was opened recently in Los Angeles. Organized by Dr. Roscoe Smith, former director of a high voltage cancer clinic in Lincoln, Neb., the Los Angeles Institute of Radiology contains enough scientific apparatus to outfit several technical laboratories. The tube which is designed to be operated at 1,600,000 volts, measures fourteen feet in height and weighs over two tons. In the picture the upper half of the X-ray tube is at the right and the transformer at the left.

ANIMAL CRACKERS

By WARREN GOODRICH

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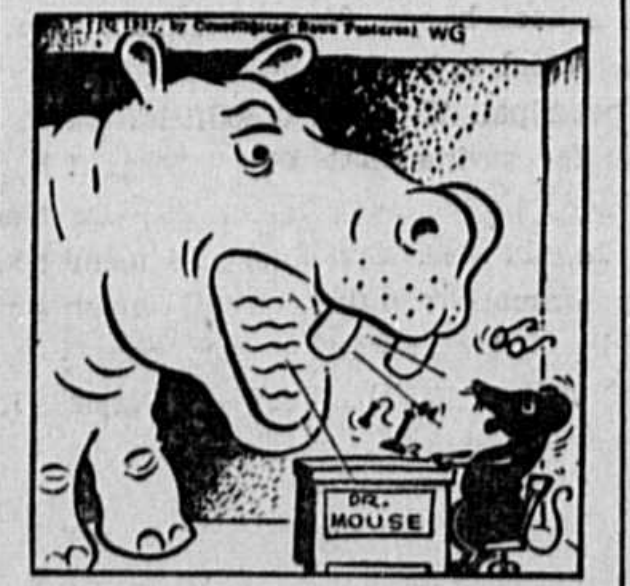

What's good for bad breath, Doc?"

WNU Service.

All Citrus Fruits Yield Vitamins

Here You Have C in Large Content, Also A, B, G.

By EDITH M. BARBER

MOST of us resent being told that we must eat certain foods because "they are good for us." When, however, we find this phrase used to describe fruits which we like as much as oranges and grapefruit, we feel differently about the question.

Even before the discovery that vitamins existed, the consumption of these fruits has been steadily rising for years with the improved quality of packing and transportation facilities. Oranges which have been known as edible fruits for centuries received an earlier distribution than the grapefruit. Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago is credited with having introduced this fruit from Florida into northern markets. At this time, somewhere around forty years ago, it was fashionable to pretend to like the small, bitter fruit which were luxuries. It was necessary to sugar it hours before eating and was, of course, quite different from the heavy, sweet fruit of today.

We now find grapefruit on the market throughout most of the year, although it is at its best in the late fall and winter. Recently I enjoyed some of the first pink Texas grapefruit which were sent to me directly from that state. The season for oranges never ends.

While citrus fruits are particularly valued for their large vitamin C content, they supply as well liberal amounts of vitamins A, B and G, as well as some calcium and phosphorus besides the natural sugar.

The citrus fruit habit should be cultivated.

Broiled Grapefruit.

Cut grapefruit in half crosswise, remove center core and loosen sections. Place in a pan and sprinkle each half with two tablespoons of brown sugar and dot with half a tablespoon of butter. Broil fifteen minutes under a very low flame.

Orange Marmalade.

1 orange
1 grapefruit
1 lemon

Cut the fruit into fine strips, removing the seeds. Measure, add three times the amount in water and allow to stand for twenty-four hours. Boil until the skins are tender. Measure, add an equal amount of sugar and boil until it responds to jelly test (two drops will hang side by side from spoon which has been dipped in boiling mixture). Pour into jars and seal.

Orange and Pineapple Jam.

4 cups citrous and pineapple mixture
7 cups sugar
½ cup bottled fruit pectin

Add grated rinds and juice of two oranges and two lemons to crushed pineapple. Measure fruit mixture into large kettle. Add sugar, mix and bring to a full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in pectin. Stir for just five minutes to cool slightly. Pour quickly. Cover hot jam with a film of hot paraffin; when jam is cold, cover with one-eighth inch of hot paraffin. Roll glass to spread paraffin on sides.

Sweet Potatoes With Pineapple.

5 or 6 sweet potatoes
1 cup crushed pineapple and juice
¼ cup butter
Salt, pepper

Boil sweet potatoes until tender. Pare and mash well. Add pineapple and butter and beat until fluffy. Season to taste and serve at once.

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FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

By Roger B. Whitman

HOT WATER HEAT

IN A hot water heating system there is a circulation of hot water through radiators in the different rooms. Water is heated in the cellar in a boiler that is the same as the boiler of a steam heating system.

When heated, water becomes lighter in weight, and will float on colder water. In a heating system, heated water can rise through pipes attached to the top of a boiler, and flow upward to the radiators. Cold water that is ahead of it in the radiators and piping, will sink because of its greater weight, and return to the bottom of the boiler. The heating of water in the boiler thus starts a circulation throughout the entire system, the heated water rising to the radiators and, when cooled, returning to the boiler to be again heated.

When a hot water system is properly designed and installed, all radiators begin to heat at the same time, so that heating is uniform throughout the house. There is a tendency for the upward flow of hot water to be much stronger in long vertical pipes than in short ones, and for this reason, unless something is done about it, top floor radiators will heat more quickly than radiators on lower floors that are nearer to the boiler. To make the flow equal to all radiators, the pipes to the higher radiators must be choked, so that there will be greater resistance. Sometimes this is done by using smaller pipes. Another method is to use washers at the valves of the high radiators; washers with holes in them like doughnuts, the holes being of the right sizes to cut down the flow.

A hot water heating system can be greatly improved by the use of a pump in the return pipe to the boiler, driven by a small electric motor. This pump drives water through the boiler and to the radiators with much more force than it has with heating alone. Distant radiators then heat quickly, and the entire system shows a great improvement. A pump of this type can be attached to any heating system.

With a pump, pipes leading to the radiators can be small, which reduces the cost of installation. In modern systems, copper tubing of only one-half inch diameter gives excellent results.

© By Roger B. Whitman WNU Service.

MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

© By The Associated Newspapers

WHEN a shower catches you unawares, it's instinct to run for the nearest canopy. But a girl can't stand under a canopy all day. Especially if she has an important engagement or a pair of shoes to buy. Standing under canopies doesn't get her anywhere.

We've discovered that men with very large umbrellas are a very excellent substitute for canopies. And they usually move. You can sneak up behind them, and duck your hat under the back edge of the umbrella. The hat, after all, is what counts. Then you tiptoe along behind until you reach the corner of Main and Broad, and there you are. If your moving shelter decides to turn the wrong corner, just tap him on the arm and say, "Pardon me, but do you mind dropping me off at the drug store?" He'll probably be pleased to oblige.

In fact, if you aren't too silent as you sneak along behind him, he may take notice of you and give you a real woman's share of his umbrella. Some men are still very polite in a rainstorm.

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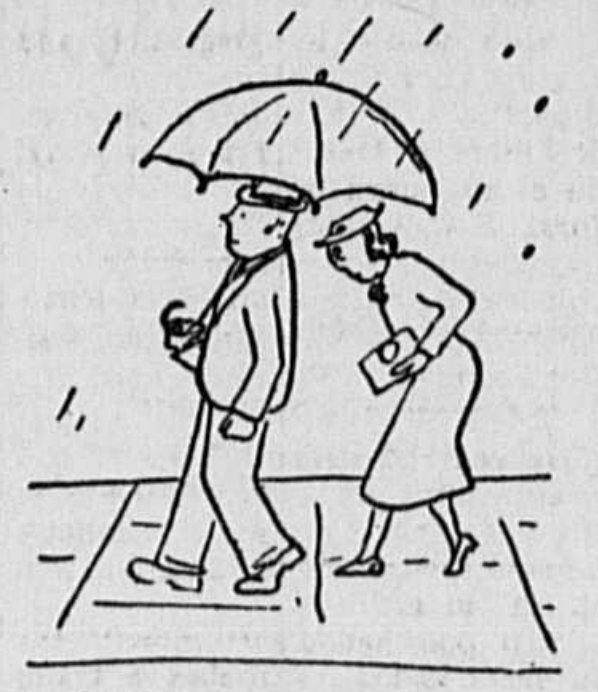
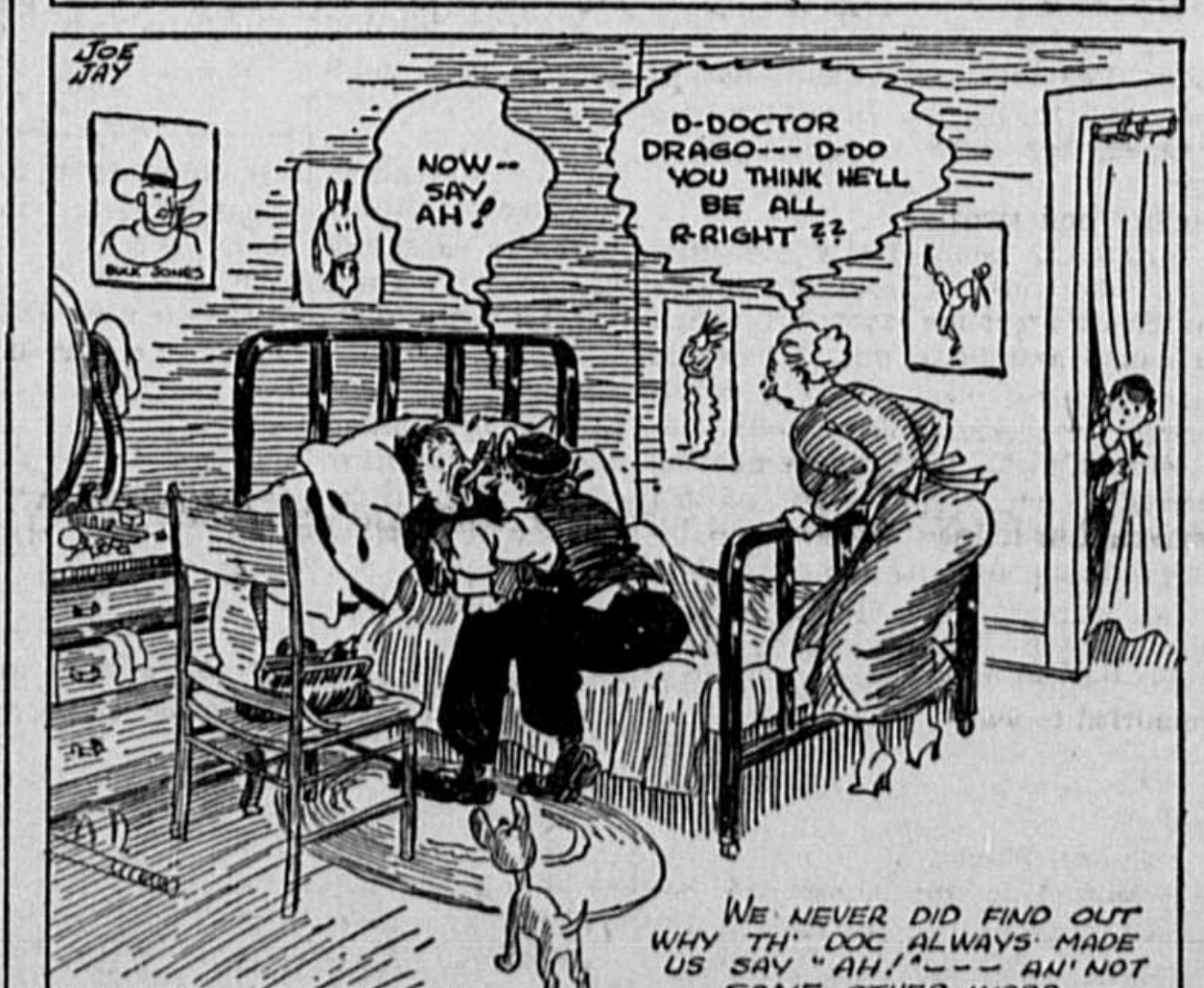


Usually There Is Room at Least for Your Hat.

Events in the Lives of Little Men


JOE JAY
NOW—SAY AH!
D-DOCTOR DRAGO--- D-DO YOU THINK HE'LL BE ALL R-RIGHT ??
WE NEVER DID FIND OUT WHY 'TH' DOC ALWAYS MADE US SAY "AH!"--- AN' NOT SOME OTHER WORD---
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CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

OPPORTUNITY

Sound investment for alert buyers. Improved well cultivated Carolina Farms owned and operated by large Insurance Company. Buildings now in good repair. Land in high state of cultivation. Moderate down payments, attractive terms. Write S. M. Byars, 410 Bibb Bldg., Macon, Ga., or R. C. Pratt, 214 Manson Bldg., Columbia, S. C.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. How many bachelor Presidents has the United States had?
2. What does the abbreviation "non sec" stand for?
3. How does a twelve-year-old dog correspond to age in a human being?
4. What is wind?
5. Who was the Greek cynic philosopher who lived in a tub?
6. What is the procedure when a bank certifies a check?
7. What was the last federal territory to be admitted into the Union as a state?
8. What states have women as secretaries of state?

Answers

1. Two—James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland, but Cleveland was married while he was in the Presidential office.
2. Non sequitur (it does not follow).
3. A dog twelve years old is as old as a man at eighty-four.
4. Air naturally and horizontally in motion with a certain degree of velocity.
5. Diogenes.
6. It withdraws the amount of the check from the drawer's account, and holds it for the purpose of paying the check which it guarantees.
7. Arizona.
8. There are two women who are secretaries of state, the Hon. Goldie Wells of South Dakota and the Hon. Elizabeth F. Gonzales of New Mexico.

Smiles

On the Block

Boss (storming)—You're fired.
Stenog—Fired. How you talk. I supposed they sold slaves.

Backward

A high school girl, seated next to a famous astronomer at a dinner party, struck up a conversation with him by asking, "What do you do in life."

He replied, "I study astronomy."

"Dear me," said the girl, "I finished astronomy last year."

Not One of 'Em

Mrs. Duff—Some things go without saying.

Duff—Yes, my dear, but not your tongue.

Eye slowness of blondes makes them less safe as drivers, is an optometrist's warning, but most men will just wink at it.

In Figures

Mother-in-law—Why don't you and Nellie stop scrapping? A man and his wife should be as one.
Hankins—But we really are 10.
Mother-in-law—How's that?
Hankins—Well, in Nellie's mind she's the one and I'm the naught.

HELP KIDNEYS
To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

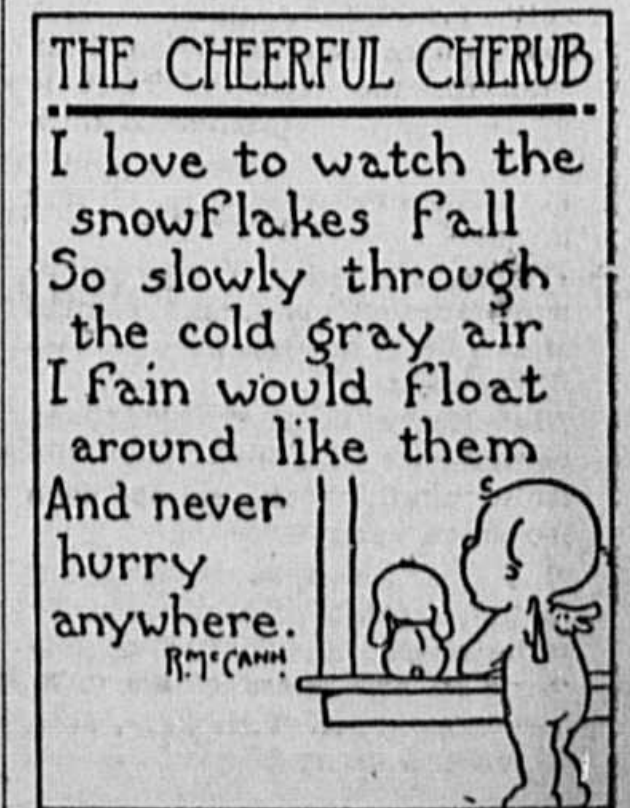
Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use *Doan's Pills*. A multitude of grateful people recommend *Doan's*. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS



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W.N.U. SERVICE

Black FEATHER

By HAROLD TITUS

CHAPTER IX—Continued

—12—

"The little trader!" she mumbled. "He came floating down the river dead in his canoe. I put him out before your lodge. On the grass before your lodge. With these hands, I put him out. You leave me alone when there is a whiskey and—"

That was all they wanted from her, now. They turned away, with much to tell, not heeding her chatter of explanation. Little Duck had come, saying Shaw was dead.

It was a time of death. Flat Mouth's son was dead and now the friend, the trader, was dead.

They spoke rapidly and loudly; word ran from group to group until it reached the knot of hunters about Rickman, smoking his tobacco but contemptuous of a man who had been driven out of his lodge. The story of how Shaw had spent the night waiting for the company trader to return had been about. All day they had watched Rickman, concealing their contempt and wonder, because he gave them tobacco. Now Shaw was dead and they kept their wonder about that to themselves as well. This company trader did not meet their eyes. He breathed quickly when he heard of Shaw's death but he did not look at them.

Then, after a time, he began to talk. He was their friend, he said. If the little trader was dead, the band would not lack a fort for trading. He would welcome them to his lodge; they would find his hands full and his heart generous . . . But he licked his lips as he said these things and looked continually at an island down the lake as a hungry man will look and soon afterward put out in his canoe and started for the company post.

Conrad Rich had put in a day of desperate suspense. His mind accustomed to figures and thoroughly comfortable only when concerned with figures, had been whipped to a frenzy by the multitude of fantastic happenings since last nightfall.

He had fussed about, watching the lake, eagerly listening to those men who came and went and had contact with others and who might have learned something that would shed light on the many matters which baffled him. But none brought news which did else than add to his bewilderment.

In late afternoon he abandoned attempts at puzzling matters out and sought solace with the familiar. Ledgers and invoices spread before him, he tried to work but he was so harried that his mind would not even find peace in the familiar. He just sat before the table in the trading room and stared at the wall, heart quick and aching with suspense.

So he was in a fit mood to be startled when Annette spoke to him from the doorway.

"Oh!" she cried. "Did I frighten you?"

"Fri— Lord, ma'am! Lord, ma'm'selle! . . . Oh, Lord, miss . . . Annette!" he gasped and went to her quickly and took both her hands and drew her within the room.

"I heard what Rickman said to you here 'nd what you said to him." She flushed but he did not notice. Tears stood in his eyes as he stumbled on: "Things 've happened so's a man can't wonder straight for any minute after th' next un and if it hadn't be'n for Capes bein' here I'd thought Rickman was after you 'nd—"

"Why, Conrad You're in a state!"

She stroked the back of one old hand.

"State! How could a man be another way? You're here 'nd fires are set which ain't expected for to burn and madmen run in and out 'nd hellish schemes are hatched under a body's nose that can't be understood complete nor half. State? . . . I'm to say, I'm in a state. I—"

"But you hadn't ought to be here!"—craning his neck to look through the doorway in the direction of the stockade gate. "'Tain't no place for you! You'd ought to know after whatten you heerd last evenin'. If he should come in 'nd find you . . ."

"There, Conrad! You're more alarmed than even I, and I must confess that it has not been a tranquil day for me.

"But Burke is at the medicine encampment. The men saw him there within the hour. He has been there since early morning.

"I . . . I have come for your help," she said. "Oh, just counsel!"—as he stirred and gulped, plainly with an awareness of his own inadequacies. "I'm alone here, now, Conrad. I encamped last night near Lieutenant Capes. I attempted to persuade him to stay on until Rodney should at least be warned of the threats made against him. But the major's orders were beyond mistaking. The lieutenant was distressed to leave me, but I assured him that with Rodney Shaw here I was in no danger."

Again the flush showed in her lovely cheeks and she dropped her gaze.

"But I have been unable to see Rodney. All the day he has been absent from his post—"

"All night he was here! All night he waited, ready to shoot Burke like a man 'd shoot a wolf!"

"Conrad? Do you suppose he's in danger now?"

"Danger's all about. But Rickman, he's with the Indians. He's be'n there all day."

"True. It comforts me. I . . . You see, Conrad, it is necessary that I talk with Rodney at once. There are so many things for me to say. I harmed him grievously and I want him to know it and my regret from my own lips. And, also, he must be warned of the threats Burke makes against him."

"It's no warnin' he needs! Why, they've be'n like hostile dogs ever since Mackinac. Rickman's tried Shaw once and last night Shaw comes here ready to blast our trader into kingdom come."

He broke short, jaw sagging. Over his shoulder he could see Rickman entering the gate.

"He's comin' now!" he rasped. "Rickman! At th' gate"—dragging her from the doorway. "If he found you here, there's no guessin' . . . Here! This window! Outside, and leave him to me 'til you get a chance to slip away!"

He lifted her, thrust her feet through the window in the rear wall and let her down outside against the building, turning to confront Rickman as he approached the doorway.

The trader stopped on the threshold. He put one hand against the logs and smiled at his clerk.

"Shaw," said Rickman, "Shaw is dead!"

Shaw was dead? Rodney dead? Annette swayed against the wall, coldness enveloping her, and raised hands to her mouth to stifle the cry her throat could not stop.

"He's dead, I tell you, Rich, and there's none to babble that I had a part in it. The trade's mine, now. It's mine, at last, for the company. He's no bourgeois to collect his furs! His Basile's like a faithful dog, but he's no head for trade . . . But that's a bauble, a trinket, Rich! There are other things a man values higher even than this trade and I go for one of these now!"

He reached beneath his bed and dragged out a jug and lifting it to his lips drank deeply . . . Annette slipped around the building and fled for the gate.

"I'll pull her claws, now!" the trader boasted. "Impose a fraud on me, eh? She's here, alone with her boatmen. Capes is gone and all day, Rich . . . all day I've waited . . . waited."

He drank again, lingeringly, and the liquor mingled with the intoxication engendered by his passion and his sense of achievement.

"Capes is gone and Shaw is dead and she's a woman without a protector in the interior!"

"Sleep with the men, Rich. Tonight, this"—with a sweeping gesture—"becomes a bridal chamber!"

As Annette ran through the gateway her boatmen, lounging by the canoe, rose. But she did not go to them. She stood a moment, staring up the lake, shielding her eyes from the descending sun. She saw men gathered before Fort Shaw, saw others running from the stockade with burdens and began again to run herself.

She neither staggered nor sobbed, now. Her feet were firm beneath her, and though her breathing was ragged, her eyes were dry. She ran as she had never run before, lightly and swiftly.

From the head of the last little cove she must skirt before reaching Shaw's fort she saw them launch a canoe and cried out. They did not hear. She slowed to a walk for breath to scream more loudly, but it did no good. Her heart's beating crowded her throat, her blood's roaring was loud in her ears. Walking did no good, and she ran again.

So, just as he settled himself in the stern, to Basile's ears came a strangled hail, his name, the admonition to wait.

"We cannot wait!" he called. "Shaw has been shot down. We go!"

"Where? When?"

She was in the water, to her knees, grasping for the moving canoe.

"Yonder! If he lives, he has lain alone since noon. We go to—"

"I go . . . with you!" she sobbed, all but collapsing into the canoe.

"Oars!" Basile growled, and the four blades caught the water in unison.

Good men at the paddles; the best the fort boasted, with Basile at the steering oar, goading them on.

Annette's hands were clenched in her lap, her face white, and, rousing after a time, she stared ahead, unmindful of the occasional slap of spray which came scudding past the men to drench her face. On they went into the sunset, into the cool of evening.

Basile had called the stroke and barked for speed. Shoulders and backs and arms worked in swift cadence; the canoe leaped and lunged on its way. But it was not enough.

"Faster!" the girl called suddenly, half rising to her knees, throwing a look of appeal upward at the startled Basile. "Faster! He may be yet alive but dying for want of your speed!"

And the backs bent further, the arms swept harder; they boiled on their way. They grunted under the strain to which she forced and held them.

In the stream, though, they slowed their stroke, groping through darkness, cautious of snags and shallows. A deer splashed from the water before them; ducks rose with a clatter of wings.

"It was beyond the marsh, their lodge."

"No. Below, I remember."

"Still three bends to go."

So, the boatmen, arguing in whispers.

Stars shone above them, river mists enshrouded them.

"Hold! I see!" Basile, standing, could catch the loom of the lodge against ghostly birch trunks.

"Ay! We arrive!"

The canoe grated the sand and it was Annette's foot that first trod the bank.

"Rodney?" Her voice, that, pinched and shrill, like the cry of some hurt bird. It made the men mutter. "Rodney . . . Oh, Rodney!" Her call caught in a sob as she went forward, and then she gasped. "Here! Basile!"

She was on her knees beside him, as they pressed about, her palms on his cheeks.

"Rodney! Rodney! We have come! Can you not hear? . . . Oh, he lives!"

She sat there, feverishly chafing his wrists as the remains of fire were found, as lusty breaths blew life into the ash-covered coals.

Shaw turned his head and moaned heavily.

"We cannot all return with him," Basile mumbled.

"Return? With him?" Annette, hands busy with Shaw's shirt, questioned in contempt. "When the spark in him is duller than the spark was in the fire? You'd carry those coals back to the fort to blow life? No . . . Here! I know. From my aunt, I have learned much."

She taught them much, those awed and bungling men. They brought boughs and built a bed. They carried robes from the Indian lodge to cover it.

They pegged a blanket to the ground and secured its other edge to a pole held lashed to two saplings to shelter him; on the opposite side of the fire they raised another blanket to throw the heat against his couch. This much they knew how to do.

Rocks were rolled into the fire to warm at Annette's order, his leggings and moccasins stripped off and hard hands set to chafing the flesh, as cold as the flesh of the dead. But he was not dead; no yet. From time to time he moaned lightly.

Carefully, tenderly, Annette soaked the bloodied shirt from his skin and bared the gaping wound in his back and its companion close to where neck and chest joined.

She straightened, still on her knees. A hand went within her gown, in against her bosom. Her finers twined and she tugged, ripping out tatters of soft cloth, soft and clean from washing, clean and warm from her clean, warm body. She pressed them against the wounds, holding them close, calling out to him that she would stay the ebbing life, that she had arrived in time.

For an hour she sat so, Shaw's head in her lap, pressing the cloths that had been her garments against the bleeding wounds. Then, satisfied, she bound them close and turned him to his back.

Heated stones were wrapped in skins and placed at his feet and his sides; the fire was kept going with meticulous steadiness. At first Shaw was restless, mumbling, trying to turn, to shove himself erect, but Annette called out to him, held him close, telling him that to move would start the bleeding afresh. He gave no evidence of hearing, of understanding, but sank back and after a time slept heavily.

Yes, she remembered much from those heedless days when life was life and there was no death; when her old aunt went about, caring and curing, and muttering betimes because a girl's thoughts could only be of light, inconsequential affairs. Another, that must have been; another to be so heedless. It was she, Annette, her true self, who had remembered what, tonight, stood her in such stead!

Two men put out for the fort to fetch a tent and blankets and utensils and the dozen other items which Annette demanded.

And to deliver orders, whispered at length by Basile. When they were gone Basile, turning to her, said:

"Ma'm'selle must rest. I will watch."

"Rest?" — startled. "Oh . . . rest," — contemptuously as though rest were the least important item.

She did not rest. She moved away into the shadows. She was gone for long and Basile, bending to peer beneath the shelter, saw her on her knees under the birches, face uplifted, lips moving as she begged for aid . . .

CHAPTER X

Days, now, of desperate watching beside that pallet about which hovered the shadow of death.

A tent was up, sheltering Rodney, its flaps wide to the fire. Another tent was pitched for the men and the stores but Annette, when she slept, slept on robes beside the trader.

From the moment she stumbled on Rodney there in the darkness, she had assumed command.

She arranged the camp, she announced the routine. Never before had those engages taken orders from a woman; but never, also, had they encountered a woman such as this.

She did not direct them to do this or that without reason. She demonstrated that for such a task she was far better equipped than they, and they obeyed without dissenting look or word.

Old Basile, when not thinking about his unconscious master, pondered deeply in his simple way on this girl. She had come to them from the company fort. From no other place could she have come.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Few American Mirrors Made in 18th Century; the Best Work Was Imported

Save for a few crude examples, some of them home-made, there is little indication that mirrors were made in America to any extent before the second half of the Eighteenth century, writes Richmond Huntley in "American Collector." Even then, though the silvering process might be done here and probably was, the glass itself was imported.

Although American glass houses were early on the scene, they made neither the plate glass nor the thin clear mirror glass of a later day. After the Revolution much French glass was imported; and when in 1812 the unpopular embargo laws interfered, John Doggett, of Roxbury, Mass., gallantly stepped into the breach for his section of the country and quicksilvered native window glass.

But back to the Seventeenth century colonist and his "large looking glasses" just over in the frail boats of less than 200 tons burden. These same boats had from the beginning brought artisans and craftsmen of all sorts. Many of the cabinetmakers were versatile men, able and willing to do anything for their patrons from taking down and setting up beds, making and repairing furniture, to fashioning the coffins for their last journey. One is not surprised to find men among them who knew how to resilver mirrors, copper wheel-cut a design with diamond dust; or make and carve a frame.

"Looking glasses of all sorts," read an advertisement in the Boston News Letter, April 25, 1715, "old glasses new silvered. Done and sold by William Rundle at the sign of the Cabinett, a Looking Glass Shop in Queen Street." Further mirror styles had changed. The glass was still cast in one piece of limited size; but instead of the slightly rectangular picture frame effect of previous years, long frames with two glasses, one above the other, were in vogue. They were often elaborately carved as to frame with a double cyma curve at the top. The upper glass was usually decorated with an engraved design, inaccurately termed "diamond-cut." Such a mirror was a superior and much coveted wall decoration. In addition to importing them it became the fashion to remodel the old ones.

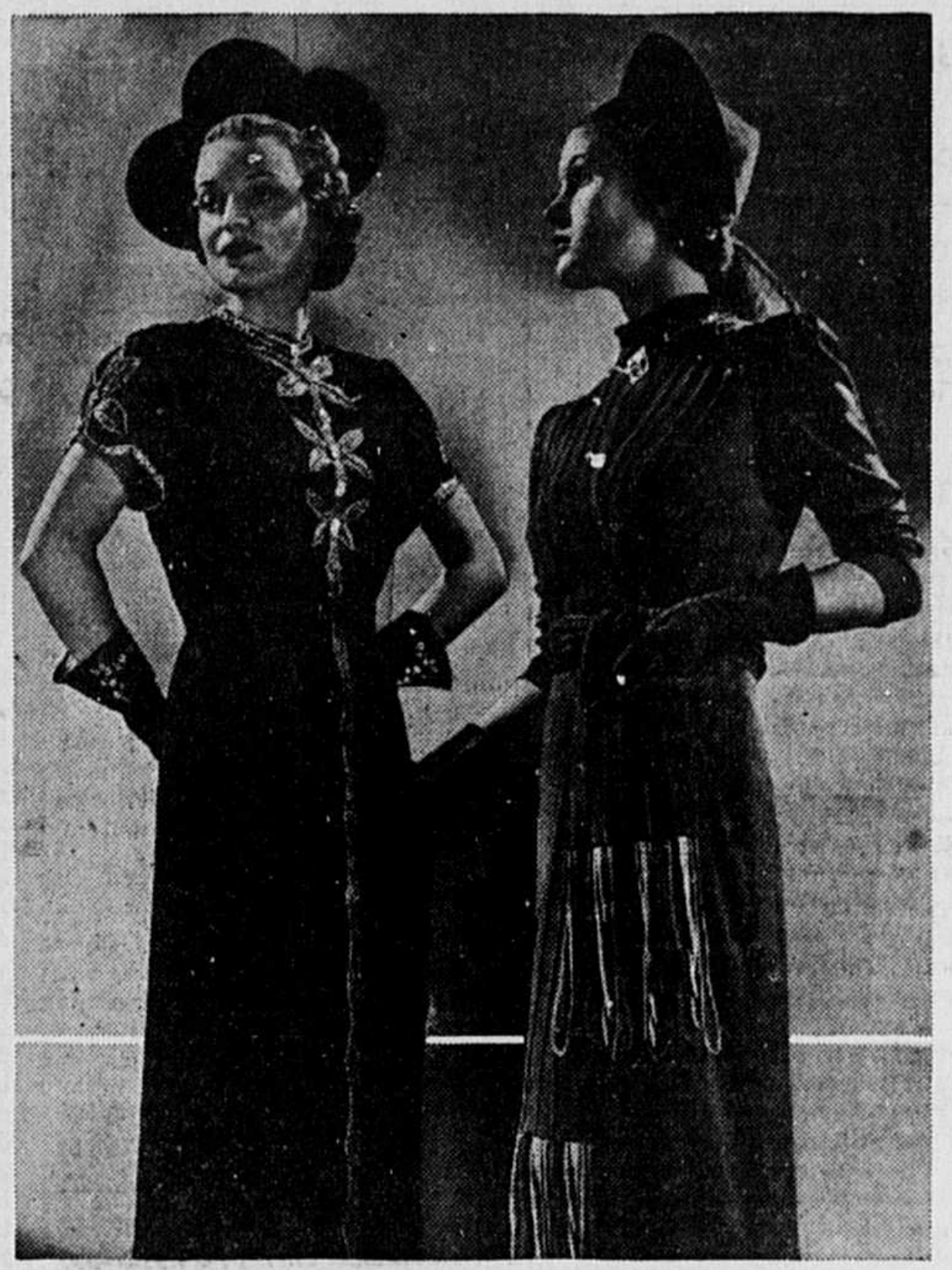
As the century wore on there were undoubtedly men in America capable of making just as fine mirrors, from silvering and cutting the glass to carving and gilding the frames, as any imported from England or the continent. But the general public, then as now, considered an expert "some one from out of town." Consequently, those who could afford to still looked across the ocean for the "newest and neatest fashion" in mirrors. As late as 1767 the following wail of protest appeared in the Boston News Letter as part of an advertisement: "Said Whiting does more at present towards manufacturing looking glasses than any one in the province, or perhaps on the continent, and would be glad of Encouragement enough to think it worth while to live."

Printers' Shrine

More than any other city of Europe, Antwerp interests journalists and printers, for there stands the world famous Plantin-Moretus museum. It was the palatial home and printing office of Christopher Plantin, who lived from 1514 to 1589, and whose fame as a printer is often judged second only to Gutenberg's. Its furnishings have been kept just as they were in Plantin's own day.

Fabric Call Is for Rich Silk Crepe

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERE'S important fabric news. It's about the handsome silk crepes that have so definitely come into their own this season. Which is to say that leading designers are turning to the new crepes with high enthusiasm, for in rich suede-finished pure silk crepe they have found the material that will best serve as a background to "set off" by way of contrast the gorgeous touches of colorful and scintillating embroidery and applique which have so much to do with present-day costume design.

To illustrate, note the dress shown to the left in the picture. That very applique design which you see is achieved with gold metal cloth and against the black of the elegant sheer silk crepe which fashions the dress it silhouettes to perfection. This is an up-to-the-minute mode that reaches a new high in chic and charm. It's a dress that will be outstanding in any gathering of fashionables. Just the thing to wear under the wintry fur coat and later on it will prove your favorite midseason gown. Note the straight slim "lines" so necessary to smart appearance. The coral buttons on the metal trim add a fascinating dash of color. The gloves with embroidered cuffs are adorable. Be sure to take cognizance of the clover leaf brim. It's the latest.

When milady of fashion is not wearing black this season her next choice is almost sure to be handsome dark green. In most instances the hat repeats the identical green. The idea is carried out effectively in the costume to the right in the picture. This good looking daytime dress of moss green silk crepe has the new surplice crossed bodice. There is an artful use of narrow flat vertical tucks. According to the forecast for the resort season and for early spring we may expect to see pleats and tucks in profusion throughout forthcoming fashions. The sash that adds infinite grace to this dress, tying in front as it does, is enhanced with a colorful fringelike arrangement formed of spaghetti cording made of self fabric. In this charming gown one sees how deftly designers are turning to self-fabric manipulation and from this point of view the new crepes are to be especially recommended.

One of the most vital themes on the current style program and one that has set the entire fashion world agog is the simple black foundation dress without which no well-planned wardrobe is complete these days. And here again the new plain weave silk crepes score a big triumph.

Another way of playing up to the foundation dress of black crepe is to lay in a stock of cunning jackets, especially bolero types. If you can sew even amateurly, fashion this season gives you your big moment in which to contrive all sorts of jacket fantasies, which slipped on over the foundation dress will in the twinkling of an eye tune your costume to the tempo of any occasion. A favorite method of procedure is to embroider the bolero all around its edges. Tremendously smart if the handiwork is done in china-white beads or white wool or an applique of black or white patent leather or that which is a leading fashion, an applique of gold kid, for be assured the gold and black craze still persists. Sometimes it is a gay print gypsy sash that gives color.

Thrift-wise women are even going so far as to have two foundation dresses of black crepe, one for practical day, the other for formal night. The latter is made floor length, the skirt being amazingly snug and subtle, the bodice sans sleeves and with low-back decollette, designed to take on versatile jackets with ease, one of which should be a bolero of glittering black sequins.

© Western Newspaper Union.

LACY NEGLIGEES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Negligees, house coats or hostess-gowns have been steadily increasing in importance in the feminine wardrobe. Lacy negligees fashioned to the queen's taste are by long odds the favorite this season. The negligee here shown is as much for entertaining as for the boudoir. It has a skirt of crepe (satin if you prefer) and a high-waisted bodice with sleeves puffed to the elbow of fine eggshell lace. Skirt and bodice are zipped for convenience.

GAY MITTENS AND GLOVES ARE SMART

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Here's your chance to go daringly fashionable this season. Be first in your set to come out gloved in a pair of crocheted or knitted mittens that for color will startle the eye. These new wool gloves and mittens are the smartest thing ever, so don't miss a chance like this to stir your neighbors into a state of frenzied envy.

A pair of these cuddly wool hand-coverings and your entire costume is dramatized. The handknit ones from Vienna are perfectly charming—have gay embroidery up the center and about the wrist. You can get scarves to match. Do not carry the mistaken idea they are simply for winter sportswear. No, indeed. The big news lies in the fact that they are worn with your "bestest" town suit or "highbrow" fur coat.

Birds of Paradise and Flowers, Spring Forecast

Birds of paradise and flowers or shaded breast feathers in light fuchsia and purple shades are combined in perfect harmony on Louise Bourbon's latest spring hats.

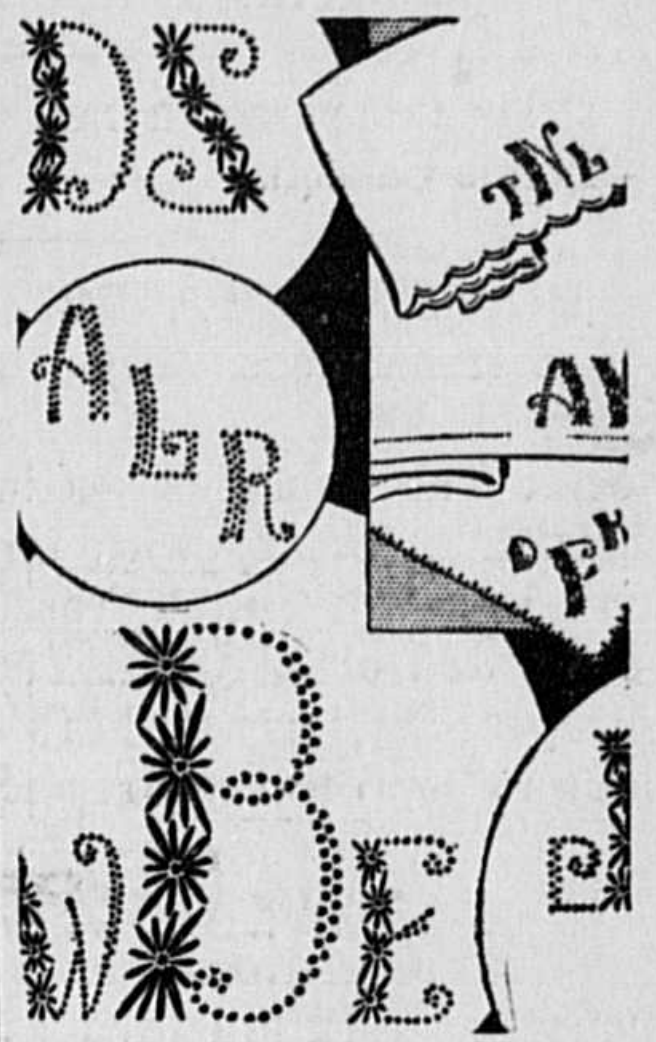
Ranking foremost is a color range individually suited to the eyes, hair and personality of every client as well as to her mood and the occasion. It is developed in a variety of helmet-like toques featuring asymetric height or small shapes accented in colored feathers as, for example, a black belting model stitched and trimmed with contrasting ostrich tufts.

Velvet for Afternoon

Velvet hats are a feature for afternoon wear in Paris midseason collections.

Initials on Linens Stamp You as Chic

It's smart to "be personal" when marking linens, for towels, pillow slips, sheets and even personal "dainties" make known your ownership when embroidered with your very own initials. These are quickly worked in single stitch



Pattern 1553.

and French knots, either in a combination of colors or the same color throughout. Pattern 1553 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 2⅝ inches high, two 1¼ inches high and one ¾ inch high; information for placing initials and monograms; illustrations of all stitches used.

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.

Uncle Phil Says:

Respect Due Precedent

Respect for precedent has a solid basis. Don't be contemptuous of precedent, but study its claims to authority.

If you want to enjoy retrospection, recall your happiness, not your sorrows.

Gossip thrives less among men particularly because it means a black eye if not worse.

There is always a welcome place in the world for the young woman who is determined to be a lady.

But Is He?

By his reason a man endeavors to prove that he is rid of some of his primitive instincts.

It is nonsense to say that no one is interested in the troubles of others. We're not all inhuman.

It is hard to conceal contempt. Something besides words gives you away.

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