WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Georges Bonnet, France's new foreign minister, has been a vigorous advocate of a British-French-American alliance.

French May Join Four Power Pact

He is regarded as more in accord with the Chamberlain policies than his predecessors. With the downfall of the Left government, the conclusion of an Anglo-Italian agreement and the appointment of M. Bonnet, interpreters of European politics see an advance toward a four-power pact, possibly five-power, with Poland in, and the further isolation and immobilization of Russia.

The abandonment of the French-Soviet treaty is expected to be an immediate issue in what is regarded as a sharply clarifying outline of dominant conservative policy in France and England.

M. Bonnet, shrewd, suave, dressy, is a somewhat rakish figure, with his hat usually on the back of his head, but a personage of power and dignity in the political forum. He is of the younger school of French politics, and, in that connection, one of the best Jai Alai players in France.

At his country place at St. Georges de Didonne, he spends

M. Bonnet Cuts Didos on Estate

much time making incredible kangaroo leaps, playing pelota basque, as they call it there. But, in statesmanship, he is no rubber-heeled bounding basque. He is rather a wary and adroit fencer.

When he was appointed ambassador to the United States in January, 1937, he brought with him a year's supply of truffles and pate de foies gras. He had to take most of it back, however, as, in July, he was recalled to save the franc in the Chautemps cabinet.

He was supposed to have saved it, but, as usual, it didn't stay saved, and, in the turn of the Ferris wheel, which is French politics, he was down-under and up again.

He is an economist, but also a philosopher and author, in the chamber of deputies from southwest France at the age of thirty-six and a former minister of budget, pensions and finance. He budgets a few wisps of hair carefully across his bald pate and surveys the world warily through gold-rimmed spectacles.

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JAPAN'S strongly authoritarian government, with its feudal carry-over, has never fitted exactly into any of the molds of ultra-modern

Spotlight Now on Jap Strong Man

absolutism. The intensifying issue of fascism which may force out the present government spotlights several likely-looking "strong men" as possible successors to Premier Konoye.

The only one with apparently clearly formulated ideas, and a fluent line of totalitarian talk is War Minister General Hajimi Sugiyama.

After several years of European post-graduate studies in direct action, he returned to talk of "national renovation," "decadent parliamentarianism," "unity and discipline," and the like. More than any other leader, he employs the standard terminology of fascism—if that means anything.

On May 27, 1937, he gave the diet quite a lacing and said that it would

Sugiyama Tells Diet to Behave

have to behave, or "we will dissolve it." Since he was then a member of the ruling military triumvirate, this was no casual editorial "we."

While he is fifty-eight years old, he hits big-time politics with a strong momentum, not a contender for high place until 1936, and hence not track-sore, like some of his rivals. He did not become a general until 1936, after the army revolt early in that year. He had been vice-minister of war and head of the military air force.

His heavily underslung face, resting, neckless, on a heavy torso, is asymmetrical, with one eyebrow always cocked, one side watchful and the set of a Benda mask of a dictator. He is of the army caste, graduated from the national military college. He represented Japan at the 1926 disarmament conference at Geneva, remaining in Europe for several years thereafter.

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Elephant Remembers

An elephant walked along a road near Rangpur, Bengal, a man in a garden shouted and made faces at it. The beast ambled into the garden, but the mahout restrained it while the mocker fled to safety. When the elephant returned along the road the same night it rushed at its tormentor's house and badly damaged it.

SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

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CHAPTER X—Continued

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His mother stooped to caress the soft, fair hair; and Don said gently: "I stand rebuked, Nora. Now I'll be reasonable. What's your idea?"

"This," she told him. "Let's buy that barn, Don, and by degrees (as we have the money), make it into a home. To quote old Tom Littlefield, the carpenter at the Port, it was built at a time when 'folks built honest.' It was built to stand. I'll admit that it's not beautiful. The cupola with its ridiculous colored windows is an eye-sore, of course; but it can be taken down—"

"You mean that darling little house on top of the old barn, Mummy?" Young Donald spoke quickly, in alarm. "I love that cunning little house, Mummy. Daddy and me climbed up there once, didn't we, Daddy? We saw the lighthouse way, way out to sea; and a big steamer! Everything looked so kind of cheerful. Daddy 'splained it was because the windows are such pretty colors. Daddy liked it too, Mummy. Don't you let anybody take it down!"

Said Don, who had the wisdom never to laugh when his small son was serious: "The cupola remains. It can be our watch tower. What, my darling," he asked of Leonora, "is a man's castle without its watch tower?"

For the first time in fifteen minutes Nora drew a breath of sheer relief. Don was won! His imagination had started working, and once that got going there was no stopping him. For six years she had been an uncomplaining nomad. Life, despite its ups and downs, its sometimes terrifying hardships, had been rich, and colorful, and adventurous; but there were times when, womanlike, she had dreamed of possessing a real home, even though she knew (being Don Mason's wife) that they would occupy it only periodically.

And her dream was to come true! Nora laughed, a laugh so joyous and unguarded that Don realized for the first time, perhaps, how courageously his wife had relinquished her own dreams that his might be fulfilled. The knowledge brought him a sense of his own unworthiness. He said, voice husky:

"I'm a moron, Nora—a dumbbell—a complete washout. I hadn't an idea that you were missing—anything. With me, you know, home is simply 'where the heart is.' I ought to have understood that a woman feels differently—needs some place to call her own. Why didn't you tell me? I'm only a blundering man, darling, but I love you and I haven't meant to be self-centered. Of course we'll buy that barn if it's what you want and there's sufficient cash on hand to pay for it! Come on, kiddies! Let's take a look at our future home. Your mamma is more than a wonder, Jimsy. She's something that's utterly impossible to describe, and we don't deserve her. Watch out, Nora! Here's the big wave you prophesied a while ago!"

Don's warning came too late. There was a rush—a scramble—a wail of anguish from James Lambert Mason. Safe on the dunes the baby pointed seaward to where his small, red shoe: a tiny, fearless craft amid the breakers, was setting sail across the broad Atlantic.

CHAPTER XI

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It was early summer when they bought the stable with its surrounding savin - covered pastures, its stretch of dunes and beach. Don, a smile of understanding in his eyes, presented the deed to Nora with such a flourish that the white-haired notary who witnessed the signatures, inquired if she were planning to "make a palace of that old barn?"

"I've seen her do things even more incredible," laughed Don; while Nora, her face lighting at the old man's words, responded:

"It will be a palace to me, anyway—my shining palace. That's what we'll call it, thanks to your inspiration, Mr. Moore. If ever you're tempted to read the modern poets, look up Millay and perhaps you'll understand."

To her surprise the notary quoted without hesitation: " 'Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand'? Well, this future home of yours is surely built upon the sand; and I have no doubt you'll make it shine surpassingly. Yes, I love the poets, Mrs. Mason, though as a rule my taste in poetry is as old-fashioned as I am myself. But I've heard Miss Millay read her own verses, and that makes a difference. Let me know when the latch string is out and I'll pay my respects to the Royal Family!"

"We'll bid you to dine some evening in the banquet hall!" smiled Nora as they turned away.

"And who," said Don, when they stood in the sunlight outside the hideous frame building which housed the notary's small office, "who would suspect that aged patriarch of reading the moderns?"

"I would," retorted Leonora. "He's no moss-back, Don. He's a perfect example of what they used to call a scholar and a gentleman. But he'll never know how superbly that quotation fits our case. Father told me once, back in the days when he was fighting the thought of our marriage, that to survive, a house must be built upon a rock.

" 'Safe upon the solid rock the ugly
houses stand;
Come and see my shining palace
built upon the sand!'

"Don't you see what I mean?"

"I see that you don't regard me as possessing the comfortable stability of a rock, my dear!"

"You possess it in the essentials," replied Nora soberly, "which is all that matters; and you've got the lovely changing quality of the sand, as well. When I was a small girl Dad took me to the sea one summer. I used to sit four hours on the beach, Don, and with a wee tin shovel lift off layer after layer of damp sand; and every layer was different from the one before—like beautiful fabrics woven in varying patterns. It used to fascinate me because I never knew what the next

It was Leonora who suggested moving in.

layer would be; and it's the same with you, dear. Just as I'm sure I know you inside out, up springs some quality I hadn't dreamed of! Who wants an ugly house to live in year after year, Don, if one can have a palace for—for enchanted intervals?"

"I wish you wouldn't say such things on a public street, Nora," complained her husband. "It might shock these repressed, undemonstrative natives of the state o' Maine to see a man embrace his wife under a telephone pole! Come on now, let's beard the village carpenter in his den. There's no time to spare if we're to see the beginnings of this home you've set your heart on before we sail for Naples on November tenth."

"Oh, let's not think about November tenth!" Don felt a pang at the protest in Nora's voice. "I want to forget such things as boats and railroads and suitcases for a little while. We've got four months before we have to leave, Don. We can do a lot. And it won't be so hard to go away if our home's in order (or even disorder!), waiting to welcome us again next spring."

Don said, as they turned down a side street: "Would you rather not go to Italy this year, Nora?"

"We must," she answered. "I promised Constance. Their villa seems so big and lonely without Ven. And it's such a wonderful chance for you, Don. You can fare forth gathering material to write about, and know that the boys and I are safe and comfortable. Of course we'll go; but it will be so wonderful to know we are coming back! And when Father finds we're really living somewhere — somewhere civilized, I mean (you know his feeling about Europe!), he may come to see us. I—I am sure he will."

Tom Littlefield, a weatherbeaten but vigorous man of sixty-odd, was in his shop: a neat white building at the rear of his comfortable dwelling house. "He makes me think of a tree at timberline," Don said later. "The sort I've seen in the Colorado Rockies, gnarled by the wind, you know, but strong and sturdy."

The man's face brightened at sight of Leonora. It brightened still more when she disclosed their plans. Don, content to stand aside and watch them, saw at a glance that they understood each other, this strangely assorted pair. "I see," the carpenter kept saying, "I see." And when she had finished: "What I'd advise, Mis' Mason, is to measure up the place and make a sketch of where you want partitions. I'll run you down in the Ford right now, and we'll look it over. And I'll be on hand at seven sharp tomorrow mornin' ready to begin.

"I'm not a union man, though I've nothin' at all against those that is. But I've been my own master too long now to be willin' to take orders. If I want to quit at noon and go fishin' off the point, I quit. If I feel like workin' till seven at night to finish somethin' I set out to do, I work. And I work honest. No one ever complained of a house built by Tom Littlefield. Let's go."

Then, and then only did Don speak. He said, with discretion learned of marriage: "But we'll have to know something about the cost, Mr. Littlefield. This wife of mine has a prejudice against running bills."

The carpenter raised a rugged, protesting hand.

"That'll be all right. You're honest folks, and I'm not worryin' about my pay. This little lady has got to be made comfortable. When the job's done, pay what you can, and the balance whenever it comes handy. I been doin' business that way for forty years (so long's I knew the folks I dealt with), and I never lost a copper. Now let's not waste any more time."

Nor did they! It was astonishing how fast the work progressed. For as whole-heartedly as he had ever embarked on an adventure, Don threw himself into the making of Nora's home. Day by day, early and late, he worked beside the carpenter. Nora worked too, at any task she could lay hands on. Even small Donald carried out rubbish with solemn pride in the thought that he was "helping build our house."

Sometimes the old carpenter would disagree with Nora. The size of the living room disturbed him.

"It's too big," he protested. "It won't be snug and cozy like a sittin' room should be. It's big as a ball room!"

"It is a ball room," retorted Nora, "and as for its being cozy—you wait and see! A baby-grand piano takes up space, you know; and—Oh, don't fuss any more," she pleaded. "I want it big. I've lived in bandboxes for six years."

"Well," sighed the old builder with a dubious shake of his gray head, "it's your house; but remember I warned you."

Don would pause in his hammering when these discussions raged. Sometimes he'd say over his shoulder: "Oh, let her alone, Mr. Littlefield. She's on the war path!" And the grizzled product of the "wild New England shore" would wink solemnly, pick up his tools, and continue to do exactly as Nora said.

They concentrated on the living room at first; and when the partitions were in place and the wide casement windows finished, it was Leonora who tacked builders' paper to the walls of one end, while a mason from the Port constructed a chimney at the other; and Don and Tom Littlefield moved their work bench into one of the box stalls that was destined to become a kitchenette.

"And what I don't understand," grumbled the old man good-naturedly, "is why anyone in their senses should want a sittin' room big enough to accommodate a trolley line, and a kitchen so small you can't eat breakfast there cold mornin's. 'Tain't sensible, if you ask me."

"But I didn't ask you," retorted Nora while he grinned at her impudence. "It's not suitable for a Royal Family to eat in the kitchen, Mr. Littlefield; and besides, those next two stalls are to be the banquet hall."

"What do you think this old barn is?" he questioned sternly. "Windsor Castle? The Royal Family! Whoever heard o' such a thing?" But he kept right on obeying orders; and one day astonished Nora by inquiring where "the royal bedchamber" was to be—upstairs or down?

Overhearing the question, Don collapsed with mirth. A royal bedchamber seemed so foreign to this sturdy old builder with the New England twang in his voice, and the New England sense of humor (so often mistaken for something quite the opposite) lurking in the depths of his blue eyes.

The weeks passed rapidly. Mid-August was there before they knew it; but Tom Littlefield continued to arrive at seven o'clock, and not once had he been tempted to "quit at noon."

Don arose early in those days, tiptoed about the shack getting a light breakfast, and sometimes left before Nora was awake. Later she followed with the children and a picnic lunch; the baby took his nap in an old packing box, oblivious to the sound of hammer and saw; while small Donald sat on a nail keg and handed things to his father as requested, forgetting in this absorbing interest that he'd intended tunneling to Italy that season.

It was Leonora who suggested moving in. "It'll save the long walk night and morning, Don. It'll save time; and it can't be much more inconvenient than the shack is now. The living room—" ("Ball room," corrected the builder dryly) "is entirely finished. The fireplace burns like a breeze; and there's a sink in the kitchen even if there's no water running into it."

"And speaking of water," observed Don, "the report on this well water is O. K., Nora. It came this morning. Why shouldn't we move?"

Thus there came a day when with the aid of two Portland movers (hailed by Jim Perkins as they passed through town), Nora's beautiful piano stood on the spot planned for it; and Don said: "Christen the ballroom, Nora. Play something appropriate. 'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined.' "

So, seated upon an upturned box, Nora played; and looking up as the haunting strains of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" died away, beheld the entire working force, apparently hypnotized.

Old Tom Littlefield stood in the doorway staring straight ahead through a window that faced the sea. One of the Portland movers (perched on a barrel) appeared to have gone into a sort of trance; while the other was wiping suspicious moisture from his eyes, and Jim Perkins stood before the fireplace, arms folded, head sunk forward, lost to the world.

Don, as the music ceased, didn't look up at all. His wife suspected that he was in the same plight as the second Portland man. Even the children remained quiet; and at last the mover seated on a barrel said: "I remember that tune. Seems as if my wife must ha' played it when we was goin' together."

"That's queer," the other man observed, shamefacedly thrusting his handkerchief into a pocket, "but darned if I wasn't thinkin' that very thing! Kind o'—kind o' brings things back, don't it?"

The carpenter's blue eyes twinkled at this confession.

"It sure does," he admitted. "I donno as I ever heard that piece before, but it did somethin' to me. If you want the truth, Mis' Mason, I wa'n't here at all. I was 'seein' Nelly home' after a church supper forty years back. You better lock up that piano and keep it locked if you want this downstairs finished by November first."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Rugged Ohio Pioneer Was Tortured by Indians, but Escaped the Firey Stake

When nature fashioned Simon Kenton, the rugged pioneer who enjoyed snuffing out Indians, she threw in a heaping dose of toughness—enough for five men, asserts a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He was the nemesis of Indians. When a tribe captured him one day, they knew they had something. Of course they would put him to death, but before doing that they wanted to make the most of their opportunity.

To reach camp, they tied him on the back of a fiery, unbridled colt and drove it through the prickliest of the forest brush. When the party arrived Kenton's face and limbs were bloody and raw. Next they tied him to a stake, beat him with branches, pelted him with stones and applied hot torches to his body. They kept this up most of the night, intending to wind up their orgy by burning him at the stake.

In the morning they untied him and made him run a gantlet. With the strength that remained he dashed between the two lines of screaming redskins, who beat him with switches, clubs and even tomahawks. When he reached the end he dropped to the ground, unconscious.

The Indians then displayed how unselfish they were by turning him over to other Ohio tribes. He ran the gantlet seven times, was tortured at the stake four times and each Indian took advantage to lay the punishment on hard. But although his body was battered and he was felled time and again by tomahawk blows and burned with torches, he lived—and finally made his escape.

When his wounds had healed, he set out again hunting and killing Indians.

Leaders in Music

In music Austrians are leaders. They are musicians and composers of the light music of the school of Vienna which gave the world its romantic operetta, and also of the heavier, soldier music which with Austrians, however, always has the soul and sentiment that have been traditions with them since the time of Franz Shubert.

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Gullible Monarch

Abdul-Aziz IV, who was sultan of Morocco from 1894 until he was deposed in 1909 because of his unlimited extravagances, is believed to have been the most gullible monarch of modern times. Several years after his retirement, he learned, much to his amazement, that pianos, motorcars and strings of pearls did not have to be purchased by the dozen.—Collier's Weekly.

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