Cool, Easy Frocks For Midsummer Use

DO YOU go in—or rather out—for active sports? Then there's a place in your life for the pretty play frock (1767) with short tennis skirt, sunback, and bright bands of braid. A little short-sleeved jacket and head kerchief are included in your easy pattern. In pique, gingham or chambray, it will make your vacation smarter and gayer.

Cool Daytime Frock.

Are you looking for something cool, becoming and different for daytime? Then 1778 is just what

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The Patterns.

1767 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 5½ yards of 35 inch material without nap. 2½ yards of braid.

1778 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 14 requires 4⅝ yards of 35 inch material with short sleeves. 1¾ yards of trimming.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

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When men of learning are acted by a knowledge of the world they give a reputation to literature and convince the world of its usefulness.—Addison.

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MAKES 10 BIG GLASSES
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VESPER TEA
PURE ORANGE PEKOE
50 Cups for 10 Cents
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SHAWNEE COUNTRY CLUB
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2 HOURS from New York or Philadelphia
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Send for Booklet and Rates
SHAWNEE-ON-DELAWARE
PENNSYLVANIA

CHAPTER XII—Continued

—26—

"Don't," screamed Herrick. "How dare you? When you apologize, I want to kick myself and burst into tears. If you must wear your sheep's skin, do: we all know it comes off. But for you to bleat is indecent . . . Oh, yes, I can see you laughing, but that's because you don't understand. We're cast in two different molds. We come, I see, you conquer—I can't put it better than that. And I warn you, my simple serpent, I'm not going to let you go. You may take a Duchess' name and marry the Countess of Brief, but I knew you before they did and I'm not going to give them place. And when I change my name, as one day I shall—it'll mean that you'll have three houses, instead of two."

And there you have John Herrick, sterling, efficient, adroit, with a glorious sense of humor and the heart of a little child. His way with all was wonderful. Duchess, steward and scullion—he was at ease with the lot; and they with him. What is more, he inspired affection. It gave him pleasure to make his neighbors glad: and his neighbors recognized this and thanked God for such a man. Upon what I owe him myself, I will not insist, for I think these pages have shown that, but for his present help, I could have done nothing at all and Elizabeth must have been broken and Percy Virgil succeeded to her estate.

To three others I must pay tribute before I end this tale—for I shall leave it at Raven, which was for me journey's end.

Winter is still in my service, but soon will leave it to marry Brenda Revoke. I often think that his was a trying office, for all the time he stood upon the edge of the fray. No vengeance was his, and three times he missed the battle for which he longed. He knew too much or too little from first to last, and yet he never complained, but kept his eyes upon his duty and did it with all his heart. No servant was ever more faithful or gave a fuller measure than Winter did, and it gives me lasting pleasure to think that to some extent he found his fortune with me—for Brenda will make a fine wife and Raven is his idea of heaven on earth.

Of Elizabeth, what can I say? I think there is no one like her, but that is natural enough. Still, Herrick is a fair critic and the Duchess is hard to please. And both of them commend her. Of course she has her faults: but I am thankful for these, for otherwise she would be too good to be true. Her beautiful features have lost their wistful look, and a gayety, long confined, is now at large to leaven her dignity: but her ways are as gracious as ever, her gaze is as level, her shining head is as high, and, though I know her so well, I never can lose the impression that she in fact belongs to the age of chivalry, for she has in fee the haunting, fabulous beauty of ballad and story-book, and she never seems to notice that, wheresoever she goes, she always receives a duty which is not accorded to others because it is not inspired. "Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships?" I sometimes think that it was. Though God knows I am no Paris . . . Perhaps Menelaus was burly, and could not tell "judgment" from "instinct," and went with scales on his eyes. In any event he set great store by his wife . . .

And as, when a play is over, the most illustrious player stands last and alone upon the stage, the latest to figure here must be Harriet Vincentia Saying, Duchess of Whelp.

Till the first day I stood before her, lying abed, I never had comprehended what personality meant—that indefinable presence which needs no help of the body to make itself felt. And then I knew . . . because I was immediately subject to something far greater than me. Had she taken no action and never opened her mouth, that sense of subjection must nevertheless have endured, because her spirit ruled mine from the moment I entered her room. It was the same with us all. High and low went down before her, as grass goes down before the scythe, and I can think of no one who could today stand up and meet her on equal ground. Proud and strong and fearless, keen-witted, humorous, wise—above all, full of that "drive" that made a Conqueror out of a tanner's stock, she moved upon a plane that others sometimes climb to—and find the air too rare for their physique. And so she came down . . . for us. The fine, old eagle came down . . . and showed us her royal heart. I use the word advisably. Royal is as royal does: and the Duchess of Whelp does royally, because, I believe, she knows no other way.

That I cannot compute what I owe her is natural enough. There are some debts before which arithmetic pales. For one thing only, I owe her Elizabeth's life: for, had she not seen and shown me the deadly peril in which, whilst Virgil lived, my darling must be, I should never have gone to keep watch on the turret-stair. Then, again, it was she that had me into the castle and gave me the chance of doing whatever I did.

Unearthly shrewd—and swift to act upon her shrewdness, handling men and women as a horse-master handles a horse, filling the weaker vessel with the virtue that ran in her veins, kind and understanding and generous, using us pygmies as equals, yet asking far less of us than she did of herself—from the hour that we called upon her she was the driving force behind all we did.

Though now there is no more to be done, our allegiance persists . . .

"Tracery is her wash-pot; over Brief hath she cast out her shoe."

The mot, which is Herrick's, is juste.

And we are as proud as content, because there is only one "Old Harry the Great."

[THE END]

China Is Land of Severest Penalties and America of the Most Novel Ones

China, says a famous legal expert, is the land of severest penalties and America the land of the most novel ones.

In New York, an artisan, summoned by his wife for alleged cruelty, was sentenced to take her to the zoo, "to observe the married happiness of lions and tigers." Another New Yorker's sentence was to take his wife to the pictures once a week and to sit arm-in-arm with her throughout the show. In Pittsburg, a garage keeper and his wife were each sentenced to three months' imprisonment, but in order to safeguard their business, the woman was allowed to serve her term first, so that she could take over when her husband went to gaol.

A lot of discretion is left to Chinese magistrates in the prescribing of penalties, but justice shows itself merciless in the case of habitual offenders, as was instanced only recently in Nanking, when a man was sentenced to death for his fourth theft of telephone wire. Habitual pickpockets often have their right hand cut off, to hamper further activities. Certain sorts of offenders are led about town with heavy wooden collars clamped round the neck and adorned with a placard describing their crime. Several offenses, including the murder of a parent, entail being cut to bits by slow degrees, by skilled practitioners, states a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

A lucky young fellow in Melbourne served a year's sentence in 15 minutes. It happened this way: While he was paying a fine for a minor traffic offense, the police found outstanding in their records a sentence of 12 months' detention for habitual truancy from school. That was 11 years ago, however. He was asked to step into a cell for 15 minutes; then the police put "paid" to his account. A stiff penalty indeed was that meted out to a man in Texas this year for the theft of a quarter of a dollar. He was sent to the penitentiary for five years.

The time-honored rough-and-ready justice of pioneer communities in North America, which consisted of tarring and feathering a culprit caught in the act of some offense against the community, still survives in some regions.

A German magistrate adopted a Chinese idea in ordering a dealer caught ill-treating his horse to drive round town with a large placard round his neck, telling of his cruelty. In America, four tipplers had to drink a gallon of water a day for 10 days. A perjured witness had to go to the police station every Sunday for two years and read an appropriate extract from the Bible, and a singer who was grumpy at home was made to sing there to his wife twice a day.

In Barcelona, not long before the Spanish civil war, everyone found giving a coin to a beggar was fined on the spot. But time to pay was given to a Hamburg importing firm fined the tidy sum of the equivalent of a quarter of a million pounds, for a breach of the currency regulations.

Bruckart's Washington Digest

Two Great National Policies Line Up Queer Combinations

President's Control of Money and Neutrality Legislation Bring About Political Mix-Up; Roosevelt Assumes Personal Command and Takes It on the Chin.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

WNU Service, National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON.—It has been often said that politics makes strange bedfellows. It does that many times. Seldom, if ever, however, has there been more unfamiliar faces extending beyond the same bed linen as occurred recently in congress. The political bed served as a temporary resting place for most of the Republicans, a flock of anti-administration Democrats and a sizable collection of "yes" men from the New Deal camp. It was such a ludicrous combination that my memory harkened back to the legend of the Kansas wheat fields where it has been said that owls, prairie dogs and rattle snakes nest together below ground.

Two great national policies, breast fed and clothed by the New Deal, were the issues that brought about the strange alignment of politicians. One question was whether President Roosevelt should be allowed to keep his "emergency" power to tinker with the currency and to buy silver, both domestic and foreign, at prices that provided a subsidy for silver producers. The other question involved this nation's position in its relations with other powers—commonly referred to as "neutrality" legislation.

It ought to be noted, in passing, that the queer and somewhat humorous combination of conservative and radical political warriors delivered a series of uppercuts to the point of Mr. Roosevelt's political chin. They did it several times. Mr. Roosevelt did not like it. He squawked about the obstructionist tactics, which was what they were. But his shrill cry about the tactics was predicated upon argument quite as silly as the political alignment which brought about the temporary defeat.

Trade Brings About Some Strange Combinations

While Mr. Roosevelt's argument was as full of holes as a sieve, it strikes me that it probably was less to be condemned than the action of some of the members of the senate in the same series of controversies.

The strangest of combinations among the politicians evolved from a trade between the Republicans and the portion of the majority in the senate to which I have referred. Senators from silver producing states, some Democrats, some New Dealers, and the Republicans made a deal—a very polite description of the transaction. It worked out so that the silverite senators gave their votes to the Republicans who were seeking to take away Mr. Roosevelt's "emergency" power to change the value of the dollar. The Republicans also wanted to put an end to the administration's purchase of silver produced outside of the United States.

In return for the silverite votes on these issues, the Republicans gave the silverites their votes to increase the price paid for silver mined in this country. The Republicans gave the silver producers an additional subsidy of about 13 cents an ounce, or agreed to stand for that much.

It was a rotten combination, a trade that smells. I have long argued that silver purchase at prices above the market was typical of a great deal of the theory that dominates current administration policies, but that senate combination on the basis which we know cannot justify, nor be justified by, the desire to correct unsound policies.

There was an old demagogue in the senate some years ago who said, in a flight of oratory, that "it is sometimes necessary to rise above principle for the party's sake." His soul ought to rest in peace, forever, because his goal was more than achieved by the rare political trade among the senators and by the type of argument Mr. Roosevelt made in demanding retention of his "emergency" powers over money.

No Attack Made by Anyone Upon Stabilization Fund

While Mr. Roosevelt was only temporarily defeated in his program for control of the money of the country, it might be well to review the shallow argument he put up as the reasons why the "emergency" powers should be continued. He said, for example, that taking away his control of the dollar and the right to subsidize silver was like laying up half of the navy's ships in the navy yards. I do not follow that analogy, so I will forget about that one. The other argument was that withdrawal of the power to devalue the dollar would place the nation's currency again in the hands of the Wall Street gamblers. Mr. Roosevelt said they would speculate in currencies and that there would be trade wars again. It was the same old story: When you have no other goat, jump on Wall Street.

But it is well just here to point out one phase of the situation that resulted largely from the stubbornness of the President. Throughout the battle with the senate over the so-called monetary bill, there never was an attack by anybody upon the stabilization fund, also an emergency proposition. There is $2,000,000,000 in that fund and it is managed by the treasury which seeks, by purchase or sale of foreign currencies, to maintain some even relationship between American and foreign money. It has worked well. It will be continued, without a doubt, and it certainly should be. As a piece of constructive money machinery, it shines like the millions of dollars of unneeded and useless silver that has been purchased by subsidy payments. The stabilization fund is the thing that prevents Wall Street speculation in currencies, not the President's power to devalue the dollar. But because Mr. Roosevelt insisted on all of the powers being continued beyond June 30, of this year, the whole thing went smash. Thus was necessitated new legislation to get even the good parts of the program.

Roosevelt Takes Command Of Situation; Program Flops

Mention ought to be made of how the whole program crashed, or was tossed out. When the Republicans and the Democrats and New Dealers from silver states made their deal, it appeared that Mr. Roosevelt would be satisfied to continue to buy silver from American producers and to operate the stabilization fund. But he wasn't. He rushed to Washington from his Hyde Park, N. Y., estate and took command. The bill which the senate had subjected to emasculation under the strange-bedfellow combination originated in the house. It has to be sent back to the house, therefore, to have the amendments considered. That meant a conference between special delegations from the house and the senate, and here was where Mr. Roosevelt got busy. He directed the house delegation to refuse the senate amendments, and the senate conference delegation, being headed up by Majority Leader Barkley, another equally fervent New Dealer, Senator Wagner of New York, and a sometimes New Dealer, Byrnes of South Carolina, yielded to the demands of the administration.

That circumstance is not unusual in legislative affairs. But it was thought the senate coalition of Republicans and silverite senators would be able to force some sort of a compromise. That did not happen. All of the senators who had sold their votes for a higher price for silver turned tail and ran. They left the Republicans holding the bag. Which would have been very bad for the Republicans, except that all of this happened during the day of June 30, and the powers involved were to expire at midnight, that night, by limitation in the law itself.

The Republicans were pretty sore about the situation. They had the element of time on their side, however, and so they engaged in "legitimate discussion" of the amendments, of the perfidy of the silverite senators, of Mr. Roosevelt's reasons and other things, until after the witching hour of midnight. The whole thing ended on a sour note.

Voting Usually Reflects Sentiment of the People

So the circumstances as we have seen fail to do credit either to the President, or the senate Republicans or the senate New Dealers. It was a pretty low grade of politics, but it disclosed one thing: there is rather large representation in the house and the senate which has lagging confidence in Mr. Roosevelt. Now, pursuing that further, I have noted the usual voting of house and senate rather reflects the sentiment throughout the country.

I think this lack of confidence in Mr. Roosevelt is further shown by the long drawn-out battle over what powers the President should have in dealing with international problems. Mr. Roosevelt has asked for rights that would let him designate "war zones," and would permit him to order Americans away from them. He has sought to obtain legislative authority to sell arms and munitions if they are sold for cash and carried away from our shores by boats of the purchasing nation.

Some of the things he has sought seem to me to be reasonable, but the house has not thought so, and I expect the senate will have many words to say about them also. There is so much stalling and maneuvering and efforts to save political faces that certain conclusions are inescapable. I referred to the lack of confidence in Mr. Roosevelt displayed in several ways. It is perhaps more manifest with respect to the neutrality question than in any other way. Indeed, it has been gossiped around Capitol hallways for a couple of months that congress will not adjourn as long as international crises are popping around like firecrackers. That, of course, is an exaggeration; but it is not exaggeration to say that a considerable number of senators and representatives do not want to leave Mr. Roosevelt an entirely free hand in international dealing.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Uncle Phil Says:

With Taxes What They Are:

The meek do not ask to, and we wonder if they want to, inherit the earth.

Dominating personalities are those who started out to have their own way and kept it up.

Dying in poverty is no harder than dying in riches; it's living in poverty that's hard on a man.

One has won a great battle when he has learned not to be unhappy when alone.

No Longer One of Us

Those who get a holiday whenever they like, generally dislike the legal ones.

Enlightened public opinion is the greatest means for securing clean politics.

If one is great enough he does not need to speak of it; but what if he is in the lower brackets?

A Blanket Government

In a government of, by and for the people, we have to remember the enormous variety of people.

Far too many thought-provoking discussions turn out to be merely provoking.

COUNT THE EXTRA SMOKES IN CAMELS

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

TODAY'S big news in cigarettes means *real smoking pleasure* and *more* of it for SMOKERS! Read the results of scientific laboratory tests on 16 of the largest-selling brands:

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Camels smoke cooler! *Costlier tobaccos*, delicate in taste and fragrance. That's smoking pleasure at its best. Camel's added bonus. America likes a *shrewd buy*...America favors Camels!

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS
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