SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—Probably not a single man or woman close to President Roosevelt understands him completely. Certainly no one has done much talking around Washington who can understand all his friendships—each individual wonders why "Franklin" tolerates someone else who undoubtedly is on the inside.

Various of the Frankfurter boys, for instance, wonders how in the name of all that is holy the President can place such dependence upon Secretary of State Cordell Hull. General Hugh S. Johnson does not understand how in the world The Chief can stand Donald R. Richberg—and Richberg does just a little wondering about how Mr. Roosevelt can put up with so much of "Crackdown's" strutting.

Columns would be required just to enumerate cases of this sort, but just to name Justice Louis D. Brandeis and Senator Joseph T. Robinson, who hopes, probably vainly, no one day be Brandeis' colleague is to put the idea about as strongly as it could be put.

At the moment a great many of the Roosevelt admirers and lieutenants are wondering what in the world the President wanted with the kind of inauguration he permitted Admiral Cary T. Grayson to arrange. Just as many wondered at the extraordinary preparations that preceded the notification ceremonies which were the concluding features of the Philadelphia convention.

What those doing this wondering — and the wondering of last June—overlook is that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the most consummate showmen ever to figure in the public life of America.

Both that mammoth notification meeting and this year's inauguration were to the President just shows, shows put on designedly for impressing certain elements of the electorate. Mr. Roosevelt realizes perfectly what a great many of the more intellectual of his friends and admirers and advisers do not—that a very large percentage of the electorate does not do much serious thinking—not even on the plane to which the late Arthur Brisbane was wont to descend. It thrills, and feels, and believes!

Cater to Electorate

But to have this big section of the electorate on one's side is vital to anyone who would govern. Roosevelt knows it. Hitler knows it. Mussolini knows it. Stalin knows it. To get away from comparisons which may seem invidious, if not odious, William Jennings Bryan knew it. Even Calvin Coolidge knew it, as any one will realize who remembers that the Vermonter pitched hay for the movies when merely to get close to a horse provoked a form of hay fever which devastated him for days at a time.

Normally a reinauguration is not very exciting to Washington. It could easily become an absurdity. Yet Woodrow Wilson, who did not have one-tenth of the showmanship of Franklin D. Roosevelt, stood for a very elaborate inaugural parade for his second term, little as he privately approved of such a demonstration.

Just so, it was not enough back last June to know that Philadelphia would be amply able to pack any enclosure that could be selected for the notification ceremony. Philadelphia itself had to be impressed with train load after train load of onlookers, pouring in to do the President honor—to drive home the esteem in which people from other places held the party's candidate. Other places had to be impressed by departure of trainloads of prospective spectators.

The plain facts are that the President wanted to confine the parade this time to military organizations.

Forgotten Men

The hardest hit class of white collar workers, back in 1929, was bond salesmen. Now that a real boom seems to be on, with money seeking investment and business striving for new all-time highs—except of course where there are strikes—the bond salesman is still the forgotten man.

The supposedly liberal and forward looking securities and exchange commission is being reviled by the radicals and liberals on Capitol Hill for permitting a two per cent charge on a new bond issue by bankers. Several dissenting members of the commission held that there was not enough competition in arranging this banking service—that two very large stockholders in the corporation were also interested in the underwriting firm.

This is taken for granted, but the old bond selling houses are aghast at the idea that if this desired competition had been present the underwriting fee would have been smaller than two per cent.

Just how the chore of selling bonds to individual investors is to be performed in the future, especially if what is now called the liberal attitude toward this function shall triumph—which seems very likely—is not a pleasant picture for any of the young men who try to get a start in the financial world by selling bonds.

Obviously it is the intention of the liberals to force the selling of bonds into much the same category as the sale of postage stamps is now, with the exception that the government will not, in most instances, do any guaranteeing of the product.

What They Must Do

Let's consider for a moment what was done and what investment houses are still expected to do, for their commission. In the first place, they must make an exhaustive study of the affairs of prospects of the corporation issuing the bonds. Then there must be a legal examination to determine if the bonds really are what they purport to be. Finally, the banking house undertaking the issue fixes a price, in agreement with the corporation issuing the bonds, and guarantees the sale of all the bonds at that price.

Then it parcels out the bonds to the investment houses which sell direct to bond buyers. Then these "retailers" send out their bond salesmen to such prospects as they know about, meanwhile advertising liberally.

The two per cent just ruled as too high would provide a total return of $20 on each $1,000-bond sold, which must cover all the expenses and risks noted above, not mentioning the danger of going to jail if the securities commission finds there has been any misrepresentation.

Obviously the stage is set for a discontinuance of this form of distributing investment securities, especially as it is almost certain that the securities commission intends to cut this commission still further.

It may be that big corporations will be obliged to market their own bonds.

Reorganization

The fundamental difference between most of the Capitol Hill opponents of President Roosevelt's governmental reorganization plan and its advocates is not so much on methods as on functions.

Tremendous savings, such as Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia and his followers would like, involve giving up government functions. There is very little saving, as the President has frequently pointed out in preliminary discussions of this subject, to be made by transferring employees from one governmental agency to another. There are a few instances of real duplication, but not so many as the average superficial observer would think.

It is frequently stated that eleven different agencies are doing this, or fifteen are doing that. This is true, but if they were all combined in one agency the chief saving would be in demoting present bureau chiefs to a slightly lower rank. The only real saving would be if the actual work done by these employees were abolished.

The President himself pointed out one instance—that of making studies of projects proposed for the government to undertake. If one agency makes such a study, and then another, paying no attention to the work done by the first, should make a second study, most of the time the money spent in making the second study is wasted.

But this is chicken feed except where the PWA and the WPA are concerned. There the cost of studies frequently runs to two per cent of the total cost, and when the cost of projects runs into millions, two per cent becomes important money.

Here's Real Waste

Incidentally there is nothing like as much waste in investigation save in those two agencies, as there is on Capitol Hill every session, when a house committee will hold an exhaustive hearing on some question, calling witnesses from far and near, frequently paying their expenses to and from Washington and a small per diem, and running up expert stenography and printing bills like nobody's business—whereupon, sometimes after this is finished and sometimes without waiting, a senate committee will go into precisely the same subject with precisely the same witnesses.

In the battle about to be waged in congress over this reorganization plan the President is virtually assured in advance of victory in certain particulars—he will be able to retain all the functions he is interested in fighting for. The logic here is simple. If the President wants a function continued he has all the normal White House pressure and influence to get votes to prevent that function's being lopped off. But he also has a considerable element of support among senators and representatives who want that particular function retained.

Thus frequently it will be found that Republicans and Democrats, who happen to be bitterly opposed to the President on the main objectives, will rally round behind him in behalf of some particular item they do not want eliminated.

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The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

THE FARMER GUESSES THE TRUTH

IF BILLY MINK had known that he had been discovered by the farmer under whose woodpile he was living, it is probable that he would have moved on in search of new adventures just as soon as the Black Shadows had crept out across the barnyard that night. But Billy didn't know. He had been living there so comfortably that he had grown a little careless, otherwise he never would have ventured out in broad daylight.

That night he decided he would have another chicken for dinner, so he ran over to the henhouse, intending to slip through the hole in the dark corner just as he had done the night before. But the minute Billy poked his nose through that hole he knew that something was wrong. There was a queer smell. Billy tested it very carefully with his nose. It was the man smell. That was enough to make Billy suspicious.

In less time than it takes to tell it, he found a trap in that henhouse, so placed that he couldn't possibly get in through that hole without stepping in it. Right away Billy decided that he didn't care for a chicken dinner that night. He would go back to the big barn and try to catch a mouse.

Now, when the farmer had first discovered Billy Mink his one thought had been to catch Billy. He knew that Billys brown coat could be sold for enough to pay several times over for the hen Billy had killed. So he had set a trap in the henhouse. That night the rats in the house were noisier than ever. For a while the farmer forgot Billy Mink trying to think of some way to get rid of those rats. Then his thought came back to Billy Mink and all in a flash he understood why those rats had deserted the big barn and come over to the house.

"It was that mink!" he exclaimed right out loud.

Linen Ensemble

Plaid Irish linen in white, wine and navy is cut on the diagonal in the dress of this ensemble. The jacket, belt and pockets are wine colored linen with the plaid forming the collar on the jacket.

Love, Honor and Obey

Students Enjoy Winter Sports

Girls riding over a bump on the toboggan slide at the Northampton School for Girls, Massachusetts. Tobagganing, skiing and other winter sports take up a good part of the free time of the students.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

ABOUT FROZEN DISHES

BY ADDING a little quick-cooking tapioca to various frozen dishes, the cream may be thinned and the product just as good or better for most occasions. The tapioca prevents the formation of ice crystals, and so makes it possible to use combinations of milk and cream. When using a mechanical refrigerator, simply set the control for freezing desserts and forget all about it until the freezing is complete.

Frozen Pudding.

Add three tablespoonfuls of quick-cooking tapioca to two cupfuls of milk, with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; cook in a double boiler for 15 minutes, or until the tapioca is clear and the mixture thickened. Add one-half cupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of corn sirup and cook until smooth. Cool and strain through a sieve, then chill; add the tapioca mixture; add two egg whites beaten stiff with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Fold in one cupful of cream whipped, one teaspoonful of vanilla, twelve blanched, sliced and toasted almonds, two tablespoonfuls of candied pineapple, diced. Turn into a freezing tray and freeze three to four hours.

To prepare toasted coconut bisque, use the above recipe, adding one cupful of toasted coconut, crumpled, in place of the fruit and nuts.

Frozen ginger pudding is prepared in the same way, adding four tablespoonfuls of ginger sirup and one-fourth of a cupful of pecan meats coarsely chopped. Serve as usual.

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THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

© Public Ledger, Inc.

The Affectionate Thumb

THE affectionate side of one's character is, of course, the most important of temperamental qualities. Affection is expressed in many ways. Generally it takes is invariably indicated by the thumb.

The Affectionate Thumb.

The thumb of this type indicates a well-balanced and normal degree of affection coupled with a generous disposition. It is easily recognized. Such a thumb is always well set and pleasingly proportioned. This is notable in its length and in the equal or nearly equal lengths of the nail and middle joints. The first, or nail, joint is firm and resilient under pressure towards the wrist. Its underside curves gracefully to the nail tip and the sides are usually slightly tapered. The second, or middle, joint is straight, although with a thumb of this type it may be slightly inclined toward slenderness.

The third, or palm, joint is straight without a hint of irregularity. The underside of this joint—that is, the surface nearest the palm, is inclined toward fullness but blends smoothly into the palm.

The position of such a thumb on the hand is also of importance in gauging the qualities of affection. If lying close to the side of the hand when in repose, you may be certain that its possessor has a warm and loyal heart but gives his or her affection with discrimination. If, however, the thumb stands far away from the hand, the conclusion would be that here was a man or woman who found it easy to bestow love on everyone generally. This latter characteristic also indicates a tendency to be overgenerous where the affections are concerned.

WNU Service.

KNOW THYSELF

by DR. GEORGE D. GREER

WHY DO SOME PEOPLE PRETEND THEY ARE BORED OR DISGUSTED?

IT IS a queer trick of our subconscious minds that most of us are really envious of the things that we claim to be disgusted with. Likewise, when we try to give the impression that we are bored by something, it is quite likely that we are actually jealous because we ourselves cannot do that particular thing, or we feel that someone else is doing it better than we can. Our ego is pinched, and we must find a way to minimize the thing or person that is causing it; so we just pretend we are bored—above that sort of thing. People with inferiority feelings are more likely to exhibit this trait than people with self-confidence and social adequacy.

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Thoughts on Thinking

by DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHAT I think of thinking
Is rather hard to print,
And when I know of knowing
I'd hardly dare to hint.
What I see of seeing
Would open up your eyes,
And how I'd talk of talking
Would fill you with surprise.

For I have talked to talkers
Who only thought they thought,
And I have seen the seeing
See only what they sought.
Although I've known the knowing,
I've known but very few
Who really knew how little
In fact they really knew.

And so I think our thinking
Is hardly worth the name,
And so I know our knowing
Is very much the same.
And all we see when seeing
Is what we want to see.
And all the talkers talking
Talk very much like me.

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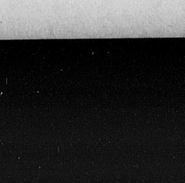
PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is harass?"
"Last straw."

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Household Questions

Pastry made with too much water is tough and hard. Use only enough water to hold the ingredients together, mix quickly, roll and handle as little as possible.

• • •

Grease your measuring cup before measuring syrup or molasses and the ingredients will not stick to the sides of the cup.

• • •

Do not put too much wax on floors. A little wax and plenty of polishing makes a better-looking floor.

• • •

Doeskin and chamois gloves become stiff and harsh unless washed in tepid suds and rinsed in slightly soapy water.

• • •

Do not use soft butter or lard in making pie crust. The shortening should be hard and cold.

• • •

A mixture of equal parts of salt and vinegar will quickly brighten copper or brass ware.

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From a MEDICAL JOURNAL THIS: ABOUT COLDS!

"The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition of the body. To overcome this condition, prescribe various alkalies. "That's why, today, LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢ NOW CONTAIN AN ALKALINE FACTOR

Independence

Independence is one of the most marked qualities of human beings. —John C. Merriam.

Why Laxatives Fail In Stubborn Constipation

"Twelve to 24 hours is too long to wait when relief from clogged bowels and constipation is needed, for then enormous quantities of bacteria accumulate, causing GAS, indigestion and many other miseries. But now, a new, gentle, yet thorough, fast-acting drug-laxative for 36 years. Take Adlerika one-half hour before breakfast or one hour before bedtime and in a short while you will feel marvelously refreshed. At all Leading Druggists.

Helping Others

What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult to others?—George Eliot.

Strength During MIDDLE LIFE

Strength is extra-important for women during the change of life. Then the body needs the very best nourishment to fortify it against the changes that are taking place.

In such cases, Cardui has proved helpful to many women. It increases the appetite and aids digestion, favoring more complete transformation of food into living tissue, resulting in improved nutrition and building up and strengthening of the whole system.

Use of Leisure

The use of your leisure is a card index to your character.

Miss REE LEEF says "Capudine relieves NEURALGIC PAIN quicker because it's liquid ... ALREADY DISSOLVED

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

MISCELLANEOUS

A TRIP THROUGH HELL with the immortal Dante—28 magnificent grueso cut cash features for a Quarter. Last Edition, J. MALIN, Chesapeake City, Md.

MORNING DISTRESS due to acid, upset stomach. Milnesia wafers (the original) quickly relieve acid stomach and give necessary elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c.

Uncle Phil Says:

Ill-Temper Is Extravagance

Ill-temper costs business more money and friends than any other trait of character.

Don't map out a big program of doing good; just do good each minute as you go along. It counts up amazingly.

Solitude may induce lonesomeness, but it was La Bruyere who said, "All our misfortunes come from our inability to be alone."

Who finds a friend has found a gem; who is a friend is a diadem.

You are doing pretty well if you are just. You are doing more than pretty well.

Self-Reliance and Self-Conceit

There is as much difference between self-reliance and self-conceit as there is between the north and south poles—all the difference in the world!

A long day of hard physical labor brings greater peace of mind than any philosophy.

We travel to jar our thoughts out of the rut which we can't get out by day.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust, unburnish'd, not to shine in use; as tho' to breathe were life.

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

Present Pleasures

So use present pleasures that thou spoilest not future ones.—Seneca.

If You Have a Child

ASK YOUR DOCTOR THIS

Ask Him Before Giving Your Child an Unknown Remedy

Practically any doctor you ask will warn: "*Don't give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first.*"

When it comes to the widely used children's remedy — "milk of magnesia," the standard of the world is established. For over half a century many doctors have said "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia." Safe for children. No other is "quite like it."

Keep this in mind, and say "PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA" when you buy. Now also in tablet form. Get the genuine product. But see that what you get is labeled "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."

ALSO IN TABLET FORM: Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Modest Heroes

Most of the heroes who get no publicity don't want it.

DISCOVERED Way to Relieve Coughs QUICKLY

IT'S BY relieving both the irritated tissues of the throat and lung-bed tubes. One unit of Iodine in a FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR quickly relaxes tickling, choking, coughing fit; eases and soothes irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set acidulin enters the blood, reaches the affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up cough and speeds recovery. Check a cough due to cold, bronchitis, bronchial irritation or tracheitis. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. It gives quick relief and speeds up recovery.

If used when retiring, relieves smarting scalding sticky eyes by morning. ROMAN EYE BALSAM

50c a jar at druggists or Wrigleys Pill Co., 100 Gold St., N.Y. City.

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Rheumacide

Indicated as an Alterative in the Treatment of RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains

At All Druggists

Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors Baltimore, Md.

TRUE BY THE SUN

By Lida Larrimore

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SYNOPSIS

Jim Fielding, one of the "lost generation" who had left college in the depression and is unable to find a job, arrives at Glendale to visit his friends the Max Thorsons. Mac had formerly been gardener at his late uncle's estate and now works for T. H. Vaughn of "Meadowbrook." Jim is tired of being supported by his married sister Kay. While he still can marry Lenore, an attractive divorcee who is in love with him and have an easy life because of her wealth, his mind rebels. Stopping at the village drug store for a sandwich, he meets Dolly, a pretty soda fountain girl. When he inquires about the Vaughns, she asks if he is a friend of "Cecily's."

CHAPTER I—Continued

—3—

"Dollars to doughnuts. That guy!" Her expression was scornful. "What Cecily sees in him—" She broke off her denouncement of the unknown rival apparently checked by an idea. "When you get there," she said, "you can do something for me."

"Out there" meant "Meadowbrook" of course. Now for explanations.

"Can I?" Jim asked, stalling for time, curious to discover her real interest in the Vaughn estate.

"You can tell Tommy—" She paused to find fitting words in which to phrase her message. The scornful expression was gone. Again Jim observed her former air of secret amusement, the mischief glinting like dancing imps in her eyes. "Tell Tommy not to come in tonight. Privately, if you know what I mean. You look like a pretty good egg."

Tommy! Complications were increasing. Jim realized the advisability of clearing himself at once. "I'd be glad to take your message," he said, "and you could rely on my discretion. But I'm not going to 'Meadowbrook.'"

The blue eyes widened. Jim thought he detected about her mouth a return of the scornful expression.

"You aren't afraid of him, are you?" she asked.

The words implied a compliment. Jim felt a little embarrassed. He shouldn't have let her assume that he was on his way to the Vaughn estate. He shouldn't have encouraged her to talk of the family there. She probably knew all about it.

"Oh no," he said, smiling a shade uneasily. "It's merely that—Well, it's too long a walk three miles."

"Walk!" she echoed. Jim read in her incredulous expression the thought running through her mind. She probably presumed that he had a fleet of Daimlers anchored at the curbing outside. Or a Packard, at least—a roadster, perhaps, with leather upholstery and a flock of tricky gadgets.

"I came out on the train," he said. "They weren't expecting me." He hoped she wouldn't refer to the garage or the sedan placarded TAXI.

She mentioned neither the taxi nor the garage. After a moment of thought she produced instead, an original suggestion.

"I know!" Her voice was warm with enthusiasm. "We have some things to send to Clarke's. Their place is a mile this side of 'Meadowbrook.' You can ride out with Herbert."

"No, thank you," Jim said hastily. "I'm taking the first train back into town." He glanced at his watch. "No, I'm not," he added in an altered voice. "I've missed that one by 15 minutes."

"Herb won't mind you riding with him." She slipped down from the stool and glanced at Jim with a mischievous expression. "You could walk a mile, couldn't you?" she asked. "You look as though you could, I mean you aren't a cripple!"

"I might manage a mile." Jim hesitated. "But I don't like to impose."

"Forget it! Herb likes company. Wait just a second."

She disappeared through an opening in the rear partition of the store and Jim heard, indistinctly, a murmured conversation. His new acquaintance, he thought, was a capable young lady. He couldn't, with decency, refuse her friendly suggestion. Whatever his personal inclinations might be, he was about to visit "Meadowbrook."

Why not go? Impulse pointed in that direction. Personal inclination, he had to admit, was in favor of seeing the young Lenore. Duty had forsworn impulses. He had resolved, less than an hour ago, to have no further dealings with treacherous inclinations. He was going back to Long Island and ask Lenore to marry him. Kay would approve whole-heartedly. Vic, her husband, would give him his blessing and a check. He and Lenore would be married and live happily ever after.

Before he had time to cogitate further, the girl reappeared, followed by a thin, dapper young man with sandy hair and a prominent Adam's apple.

"Herb's ready," she said with such pride in the success of her suggestion that Jim's hesitancy vanished.

"Thank you," he said, smiling, and turned to the thin young man with the sandy hair. "It's good of you to take me along. I'll appreciate a lift."

"Don't mention it," he said brusquely. "Glad to do a favor for any friend of Dolly's."

She went with them to the door.

"Thank you—Dolly," Jim said. "Thank you for everything."

Her eyes crinkled merrily. She smiled her wide gay smile.

"So long, Mr. Barrymore," she said, "Don't forget what I asked you to do."

"I'll remember," he promised.

Her message to Tommy! Jim followed the sandy young man to a Ford coupe parked at the curbing. Who was Tommy? he wondered. He was in duty bound to deliver the message. Perhaps the MacPhersons could help him. He folded his long legs inside the car and leaned through the open window to wave Dolly a friendly farewell.

CHAPTER II

"A mile down the road," the sandy young man deigned to remark as Jim stepped out of the coupe.

"Thanks," Jim said amiably. "I'm much obliged for the lift."

The young man from the drugstore continued to regard him with marked aversion.

"Y'r welcome," he mumbled and sent the car rocketing into a drive, accompanied by swirls of dust and a noise like fire-crackers exploding.

Jim stood staring after Herb's departed, thought Jim, was probably head-over-heels in love with Dolly. Jim smiled compassionately. She led him a merry chase, no doubt. There was something about Dolly which appealed to the imagination of men.

Jim whistled as he walked along the side of the road.

He felt amazingly cheerful. It was food he had needed and stimulating conversation. Dolly—bless her!—had provided both. He must make every effort to deliver her message. She had assumed he was acquainted with the household at "Meadowbrook." Cecily. Attractive name. But who was Tommy? Someone who worked on the place—perhaps the chauffeur.

The imminence of seeing the MacPhersons again added to Jim's increasing felicity. He found that he was able to recall the week-end with less acute humiliation. Why had he let the Callenders get under his skin to such a disturbing degree? It wasn't his fault that he hadn't a job. Fellows smarter than he were in the same predicament. He should have been jaunty. "Brother, can you spare a job?" Debonaire. The light touch did it.

He'd lost his genius for the light touch. He'd lost his sense of proportion, his conviction that life should be lived in terms of a comedy. He hadn't been cast for a tragic role. He was too healthy, too blond, too naturally cheerful. He'd gotten out of character, glooming and glowering and sensitively magnifying hitch into slights and insults. Jim grinned sheepishly and the melody he whistled, rising in trills of mocking notes, reached a derisive crescendo. As a tragic figure he was absurd. He'd get back into character and stay there, to extend the metaphor, until the third act curtain. He was going to marry Lenore—

The whistled notes ceased abruptly. He saw her in minute detail, her small exquisitely groomed figure, her dark hair parted demurely and pinned in a shining knot at the nape of her neck, her long dark eyes, her skin so nearly the tint and texture of the gardenias which were her favorite flowers. She was lovely looking. Interesting, too. He'd been so crazy about her—

What had become of his young passion for Lenore? Jim walked more slowly along the dusty margin of the road. It had been real enough the summer she'd spent with Kay at "Whitehall." He was nineteen then, just through his first year at Princeton. The details of her visit were lost in a roseate mist. He'd been down for the count from the moment he had met her at the station, petite and enchanting in some sort of a silver-grey costume fragrant with gardenias.

What an egregious young ass he'd been! Jim thought with amused compassion of the young Jim who had been himself a very long time ago. And yet he was fond of Lenore. If only— Forget it! Time enough for her—tomorrow, the rest of his life. Today was his. Lenore had no part in it. He whistled again, tentatively at first and then with more assurance.

Nice country, he thought, emerging into sunlight from the shade of a stretch of woods. His eyes moved over fields and woods, rolling meadows, horse-jumps and worm-fences, corrals, lanes winding in to comfortable dwellings glimpsed briefly through trees.

Living, here, would be simple and pleasant. Summer places, he surmised, week-end retreats for city dwellers who liked country. A pleasant life; horses, dogs, hunting, simple hospitality. That white house on the hill—

"Meadowbrook," perhaps. The girl in the drug-store had said "A white house on a hill." Jim surveyed with deepening interest the low rambling house settled snugly into the contours of a series of rolling hills. "Sort of old-fashioned," Dolly had added. It was impossible to see the house distinctly. The foliage of many trees screened it almost completely. Jim had the impression that it was built of stone which had been painted white. "But pretty," Dolly had conceded.

It was a nice looking place, Jim decided. Dolly's taste probably ran to something more elaborate. This was attractive. The estate, as far as he could see, had an ordered, well - tended appearance. Hallways, freshly white-washed, edged meadows foaming with daisies and Queen Anne's lace.

The charm of simplicity, Jim thought, rather fancying the phrase. Expensive simplicity, of course, the happy result of good taste and an adequate income. T. H. Vaughn was, obviously, a gentleman of distinction.

If this was "Meadowbrook," the MacPhersons hadn't fared badly.

The sign at the gateway informed Jim that his surmise was correct. He slipped on his coat and adjusted his hat to a conventional angle.

The drive was bordered with cedars and oaks. Jim walked at a

It Was a Nice Looking Place, Jim Decided.

leisurely pace, grateful for the comparative coolness of shade. His thoughts turned to the family at "Meadowbrook." There was "Cecily." Odd that the name had remained in his mind. And a "Tommy." Well, "Tommy" was hardly a member of the family. One of Dolly's swains. Good Lord! Was this one a Vaughn?

The small person who had inspired the exclamation lay on her stomach on a bridge spanning the brook. The upper part of her body projected beyond the planking and out over the stream. She was fishing, apparently so absorbed in the business of handling a bamboo rod that she was unaware of Jim's approach.

He walked more slowly, his amused glance fixed on the intent figure poised precariously over the stream. She was ten or eleven, he surmised, a thin little girl with thick short hair the color of pulled molasses taffy. A grubby little girl.

"Hello!" he said. "Any luck?"

The child made a quick startled movement and the law of gravity completed the disaster. Her body plunged forward. Two small bare feet wavered, kicked frantically, disappeared from view. Jim heard no outcry—only a splash and then an appalling silence. He reached the rail of the bridge in two hasty strides. She'd gone head-first. Perhaps she was badly hurt! he thought in a flash of alarm.

He looked down from the rail of the bridge and was instantly relieved. The youngster wasn't hurt. She was, however, very angry indeed. Her small pointed face was crimson with rage. She sat in the water and glared up at him through dripping locks of taffy-colored hair.

"Now see what you did!" she exclaimed.

"I'm sorry. Feel all right?" he added. "You aren't hurt, are you?"

She ignored his solicitous questions.

"You scared him away!" she said furiously.

"Scared who away?"

"My fish. I nearly had him."

"Then I'm more than sorry." Jim's voice was appealing, contrite. His expression indicated remorse and an ardent desire to make amends.

The grubby little girl was impervious to cajolery.

"Haven't you any better sense?" she asked scornfully, "than to yell at somebody when they're fishing?" She scrambled up from the bed of the stream. "I should think anybody'd have more sense than that. Even an idiot, I should think." Her glance veered from Jim to the brook and her expression altered. She stooped to pick up the bamboo rod. "It's broken!" she cried.

She was frightened, Jim thought. Her lips were trembling now.

"Maybe not," he said consolingly. "Here—let me see it."

"You go away and let me alone!" Her round eyes blazed in her small stricken face. "It's all your fault! It wouldn't have broken if you hadn't made me fall!"

"Oh, come now—" Jim protested.

"I know what you'll do!" she went on, scorn in her voice, a hint of sobs staunchly checked. "You'll go tell Cecily that I broke Daddy's fishing rod. That's just exactly what you'll do. You'll go tell Cecily and I'll get the devil!"

"No, I won't." Jim assured her. "I couldn't. I don't know Cecily. Who is she?—your sister?"

He had made an impression at last. The child looked up at him curiously, astonishment in her eyes.

"You don't know Cecily?" she asked. It was apparent that she found it difficult to believe him.

"Word of honor." Jim's expression was grave. He resented that this was a matter of great importance.

"I thought—" she gave it up. For a moment she seemed to deliberate. Then, abruptly, she extended the bamboo rod. "Here," she said. "Maybe you can fix it."

The rod was a flag of truce. Hostilities were for the moment suspended. Jim examined the break, and the child, with the agility of a monkey, swung herself up on the bridge.

"Can you?" she asked. "Do you suppose you can fix it?"

"Easily." Jim smiled down into the small anxious face. "A little twine and varnish will do the trick. See, the break is here at the end."

The puzzled expression returned to her eyes. "I should think you'd know Cecily," she said. "I mean you look—" Again she abandoned the difficult task of making her meaning clear.

"But I don't," Jim assured her. "You see—" he smiled. "Are you a Vaughn?"

She nodded.

"Which one?"

"Why—Susan." Her manner became defensive. "Go on and laugh. I know it's an awful name."

Jim, with some difficulty, maintained a grave expression.

"But it isn't," he said. "It's a great advantage to be named Susan."

"Why?"

"Because people call you 'Sue' and that's very nice."

"They don't. They call you 'Susie.'"

"I'll call you 'Sue.' Well, 'Sue'—Like it?" Jim asked.

"Better than 'Susie.'" Her voice was noncommittal. She did not mean to lower her defenses all at once.

"Well, Sue," Jim continued, "I came to visit the MacPhersons. They're here, aren't they?"

"Sure," she replied. "That's our gardener and his wife."

"They're friends of mine," Jim continued. "I used to know them—once. A long time ago."

"Did you? He's nice. She's bossy."

Jim laughed. The child, obviously, had no consciousness of class distinctions.

"So," he went on, "if you'll tell me where I can find them—"

"I'll show you," she offered. Her attention turned to the fishing equipment. "I've got to do something with this," she said obviously perplexed.

"Can I help you?" Jim asked.

She paused to consider, frowning.

"I guess we hadn't better take them up to the house," she said at length. "Somebody'd give me the devil." Her eyes brightened with inspiration. "I know! We can put it in the spring-house until tonight."

The spring-house was in the meadow, a short distance from the drive. Jim walked through meadow grass with Susan. It was pleasant under the light rain of the willows.

"You won't forget that the rod's broken, will you?" Susan asked. "You could get some things from MacPherson and come here and fix it."

That would require some diplomacy, Jim reflected. But he was, in a measure, responsible for the accident. He looked down at her. She was looking at him, her plain little face anxious and solemn. She was not a pretty child. She had a tilted nose splashed with freckles. Her eyes were too large for her face. Nice eyes, though, widely spaced, fringed with curling lashes.

"I won't forget," he promised. This seemed to be his day for making promises to ladies.

They returned to the drive.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

King Louis XVII of France

The French prince who is regarded by French Royalists as King Louis XVII was the second son of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. He was born at Versailles, March 27, 1785, became the dauphin on the death of his elder brother June 4, 1789, and became King of France on the execution of his father, January 21, 1793. The exact manner in which Louis met his death is uncertain, but he is believed to have died in prison at the age of ten.

UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

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"Mother of Thanksgiving"

OF COURSE, we all know we owe the observance of Thanksgiving to the Pilgrim forefathers. But if it hadn't been for the persistence of a woman editor the chances are that it would still be only a New England festival instead of a nationwide holiday celebrated in all states on the last Thursday in November. Sara Josepha Hale was her name and she was the editor of Godey's Lady's Book, the most popular woman's magazine of the Nineteenth century.

She was born in New Hampshire in 1788, and, like all New Englanders, the celebration of Thanksgiving, even though its observance was not a regular event, was very dear to her. As early as 1827 she began advocating that "Thanksgiving, like the Fourth of July, should be consecrated a national festival and observed by all our people." But it was not until 1846 that she began her campaign through the column's of Godey's Lady's Book, of which she became editor in 1828.

Early each spring she began writing letters to governors of all states and territories asking their assistance in making the last Thursday in November, which had been Washington's choice for the first Thanksgiving Day, set aside by Presidential proclamation. By 1849 most of these commonwealths were keeping individual festivals but no attempt was made to have the date uniform. So Mrs. Hale started on the Presidents.

She wrote to Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan again and again. But all of them ignored her, for they felt that such "feminine meddling in public affairs" should be frowned upon. However, in 1863, as the result of a letter which she wrote to President Lincoln, he issued the first national Thanksgiving day proclamation since Washington's day. Mrs. Hale had won her battle after 17 years' effort. With the precedent thus established other Presidents, as well as governors of states, have never deviated from the custom which Lincoln thus established.

Being thus the "Mother of Thanksgiving" was not, however, Mrs. Hale's only claim to distinction. She was the author of that famous poem, "Mary Had a Little Lamb"; she was the first to advocate women teachers in public schools; she started the first day nursery; she founded the first society for the advancement of women's wages, and her demands that housekeeping be given the dignity of a profession put the term "domestic science" in our language.

Prisoner of War

IN THE year 1758 there was born to an English family, then living in Ireland, a son who was to bear the name of John Whistler. Before he became of age young John ran away from home and enlisted in the British army. In 1777 he was sent to America with troops who were to serve under General Burgoyne and when "Gentleman Johnny's" expedition ended in disaster at Saratoga, young John Whistler was a prisoner of war.

Before the end of the Revolution he was sent back to England as an exchanged prisoner and soon afterwards he was discharged from the army. Then he fell in love with the daughter of one of his father's friends, eloped with her, came to America on a second time and settled down at Hagerstown, Md. But he could not be content with civilian life for long. So in 1791 this soldier who had worn the scarlet uniform of Old England put on the nondescript uniform of a lieutenant adjutant in the levies which made up a part of the army of the new republic.

From that time on he served continuously on the Northwestern frontier under St. Clair, Wayne and the others who were campaigning against the hostile Indians. By 1797 he had won a captaincy and in 1803 he was stationed at Detroit. Then orders were given to build a fort at the foot of Lake Michigan and establish a garrison there with Whistler as commandant. Accordingly he built the post which was named Fort Dearborn and thus he became the "father of Chicago."

For nine years Whistler ruled at Fort Dearborn and then he was ordered back to Detroit. At the outbreak of the War of 1812 he was serving there on the staff of General Hull and when that flustered officer, without attempting resistance, surrendered his post to the British army which swooped down upon him, Whistler again became a prisoner of war.

So his was the unique distinction of having been a British officer who surrendered to a victorious American army and then an American officer who surrendered to a victorious British army. That alone would make him an "uncommon American" even if he had