SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—In refusing even to admit that there is a possibility of more new taxes, despite the obvious necessity for either more revenue or less spending, senators and representatives, not to say administration officials, are not as stupid as some critics seem to think.

There is a reason as big as a house for what they are doing, and it has nothing to do with the mental processes that are supposed to induce an ostrich to bury its head in the sand in the presence of danger.

The men who have the final say on this know perfectly well that the next revenue bill, if it is going to provide anything like the amount of money needed, must hit the smaller incomes. As predicted at the time, the new revenue law now on the books has made tax evasion a fine art. Also, there is a law of diminishing returns, even in taxes on wealth.

For example, a very high income tax on the upper brackets is remarkably effective in discouraging gambling, even business gambling. It has restricted gambling in stocks and commodities far more probably than all the securities and exchange commission's restrictions, effective as they have been.

Which may be a fine thing, but that is not the point. The point is that a man with a substantial fortune, while he still retains the natural human desire to increase it, looks at any new venture more coldly than do the olden days. If he loses, the government has nothing to say, but if he wins he has to give up more than half his profit to the Treasury. So he takes fewer chances, plays more sure things, is satisfied with a much smaller return on his money, and puts more and more of his money in tax exempt bonds. Then to balance the danger that inflation would hurt him in that direction, he is apt to buy some land, not looking for immediate return, but just as a hedge against the possibility of his dollars being worth less.

Tax Returns Disappoint

All of which is part of the explanation of why, with business tremendously better last year, and with a wonderful crop of dividends, the income tax returns of March 15 were so disappointing.

The other part of the explanation, congress and the administration realize, is that considerably more of the total crop of dividends goes to small income people than had been thought. Treasury experts knew this from previous figures, but their comments on the tax plan last year were ignored, for the most part, though attention was called to them while the bill was under consideration.

So to get the money that the Treasury must have, unless spending is to be curtailed more drastically than any one familiar with the political situation really expects, tougher levies must be made on the little incomes. Exemptions must be reduced and rates on the little fellows must be boosted.

But that is terrible politics and every one knows it. Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin is one of the few who have had the political courage to advocate it.

So—if it can be postponed in one way or another until after the 1938 election—at least so that the returns will not have to be made until after that election—it might prevent quite a few defeats of house members and of the senators who then come up for re-election. Actual prospects are, however, that they would just won't stay away from the door as long as that.

Third Term Talk

There is more and more talk about a third term for Franklin D. Roosevelt. More and more, the talk about other Democrats, such as Governor George H. Earle of Pennsylvania, Paul V. McNutt of Indiana and Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace is subsiding.

There is no real question in anyone's mind that popular prejudice against a third term is not of sufficient importance to interfere. If Mr. Roosevelt decides not to run it will not be because of any objection to violating that old tradition. It will be for some other reason or reasons. It just so happens that he rather enjoys breaking traditions.

Nor is there any doubt that the President could easily be renominated and re-elected, if the election were this fall instead of in 1940. There is not the slightest evidence of any diminution of his popular strength. Most senators are of the opinion that if the Supreme court enlargement plan were merely a device originating on Capitol hill, and on which the President had said publicly that he considered this a matter for congress to work out, there would not be a handful of public sentiment for it.

They contend that it is the enormous popularity of the President that is going to put the court plan over, if it is put over, despite objections so strong as to have smashed party lines.

As a matter of fact it did not take a Franklin D. Roosevelt to topple the third term tradition over. Calvin Coolidge today does not have the prestige he enjoyed during his lifetime, but no one who remembers the state of affairs when the Republicans held their convention at Kansas City in 1928, and in the months preceding that gathering when delegates were being selected, doubts that Coolidge could have had that nomination by crooking his finger.

Watch Reactions

The third term tradition began to wither back in the Theodore Roosevelt administration. Few now believe it had anything to do with the fact that Woodrow Wilson defeated Roosevelt and William Howard Taft in the 1912 election. There was some talk about it, naturally, from the Taft orators, but Taft's prestige with the voters was at a very low ebb, and many Republicans who supported Taft regretted afterwards that they had not sullied behind Roosevelt to defeat Wilson.

The interesting thing to watch now is the reactions of those Democrats, particularly in the South, who in their hearts have not agreed with the New Deal, but who have gone along largely because of party regularity. Many of them have had very definite ideas about changing some of the economic slants of the Democratic party at the next national convention, and nominating some one more in sympathy with their own views.

It is rather obvious that 1944 is too far off for most of them to wait. Naturally there is nothing for them to do right now, so long as party regularity retains its present importance in their minds. And there is not much ground for suspecting any change in that direction.

But it is well within the realm of possibility that they may make up their minds shortly that they will fight against a third term for the New Deal. Which may lead to more of the sort of insurgence that has characterized the actions of such senators as Carter Glass and Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, Josiah W. Bailey of North Carolina, Millard E. Tydings of Maryland, and Walter F. George of Georgia.

Russia for Peace

While eager for any disarmament conference that the United States may propose, or that any other nation may suggest for that matter, the Soviet Republic, Secretary of State Cordell Hull has been unofficially informed, believes for the moment that the best guarantee of peace in the eastern hemisphere is the strength of the fighting forces of the U. S. S. R.

As every one interested in world diplomacy knows, much of the talk of the "next war" centers around the idea of Japan and Germany fighting Russia. Soviet officials believe that as long as their country remains strong enough so that German and Japanese spies continue to report its resisting qualities, just so long may "Der Tag" be postponed.

"The question of speed and fighting ability of planes alone is a good illustration," one friend of Moscow said to Secretary Hull the other day: "Any German expert, with the material the Hitler secret service has been able to obtain, can figure out very quickly that there just might be considerable danger in any move against the Soviet. It might not be over quickly and victoriously, which of course is the only kind of war any country wants."

Officials here are smiling, discreetly, over a retort made by a friend of the Soviet at a recent reception in London, which was quickly relayed to this country by grapevine.

The Easterner was asked by a distinguished attache of the British Foreign office why his government had concentrated such a huge force in its maritime provinces.

"My government is anxious to preserve peace," said the Russian. "We are willing to go to great lengths in that direction—even to removing temptation from possible victims. We realize fully the weakness of the Japanese for invading any unprotected territory. They don't seem to be able to resist it. So we thought if we put a powerful force out there we would be contributing to the cause of peace on earth."

French Not Fooled

Incidentally the French do not take seriously all the recent propaganda — since the rout of the Franco forces at Guadalajara — about the Italian soldiers' lack of fighting ability. They have been chuckling about it, naturally, especially since the flight of the Italian regiments has been played up so in the newspapers. One cartoon showed an Italian officer protesting to Il Duce saying that it was not "fair" to put them up against an opposing army which also had planes and tanks. All of which shows that Italy did not win as much prestige by her Ethiopian victory as she probably believed.

But the French make the point that this behavior of Italians soldiers in Spain does not mean anything. They insist that many of the Italians did not want to go to Spain, that many did not even know they were going to Spain until they were landed there. The French claim to have reports that the Italians in many instances are eager to surrender, not having any heart in the fight.

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OUR FAMILY CORNER

Illustrated Current News, Fashion, Household and Entertainment for the Juniors

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

NO ONE BELIEVES PETER RABBIT

IT IS hard not to be believed. Ask Peter Rabbit. He knows. Yes, indeed, he knows. It is bad enough not to be believed when one is not telling the truth, but to tell the truth and then have everybody tell you that they don't believe you is worse still. Anyway, Peter Rabbit thinks so. To make it worse, it was great news that Peter had to tell, and, of course, he might just as well have had no news at all.

It all came from Peter's curiosity to see the deepest part of the Green Forest when everything was covered with snow. Of course, he had to satisfy that curiosity. It wouldn't have been like Peter not to have done so. So off he went all by himself way into the deepest part of the Green Forest, close to the foot of the Great Mountain, and there he found it so still that he could feel the stillness. Anyway, that's what he said. And it was so lonesome there that Peter would have been afraid of his own shadow had he seen it. He had made up his mind that no one ever visited that part of the Green Forest, at least not in the winter time, when suddenly he saw tracks. And such tracks! It was those tracks that had made Peter all his present trouble. You see, no one would believe Peter when he told about those tracks.

The first one Peter saw after getting back to the dear Old Briar Patch was Sammy Jay, and though Peter doesn't like Sammy, he just had to tell him about those strange tracks.

"They were as big as the tracks of Farmer Brown's boy," said Peter, his big eyes round with excitement.

"Probably he made them," said Sammy Jay shortly.

But they were not his tracks, only something like his—the ones he makes in the mud around the Swimming Pool when he goes swimming in the summer, and you know as well as I do that he never makes that kind of tracks in the winter. Sammy Jay," cried Peter. Sammy looked sharply at Peter and began to laugh.

"Besides," Peter hurried on, "whoever made those tracks had claws, great, great big claws!"

Sammy laughed harder than ever and in the most provoking way. "Do you expect me to believe any such story as that, Peter Rabbit?" he demanded. "You better not talk to me about not telling the truth when you tell such a story as that," and off flew Sammy, still laughing to think that Peter should try to make him believe such a foolish story.

Peter looked after him and scratched his head thoughtfully. "Those tracks did look something like those of Farmer Brown's boy," he muttered. "They were round, but they were big and they had toes and—well, perhaps they didn't look very much like them, but they did look something like them, and I said 'something.' I believe I'll go tell Chatterer the Red Squirrel about them."

But Chatterer laughed at Peter just as Sammy Jay had. "You've had a bad dream, Peter. That's what is the matter with you. Who ever heard of any one in the Green Forest who made tracks like those. Why, Bowser the Hound makes the biggest tracks with claw marks, as you ought to know by this time. You've had a dream, Peter, and now you better run away and forget it."

It was the same way with Tommy Forest when everything was covered with snow. Of course, he had to satisfy that curiosity. It wouldn't have been like Peter not to have done so. So off he went all by himself way into the deepest part of the Green Forest, close to the foot of the Great Mountain, and there he found it so still that he could feel the stillness. Anyway, that's what he said. And it was so lonesome there that Peter would have been afraid of his own shadow had he seen it. He had made up his mind that no one ever visited that part of the Green Forest, at least not in the winter time, when suddenly he saw tracks. And such tracks! It was those tracks that had made Peter all his present trouble. You see, no one would believe Peter when he told about those tracks.

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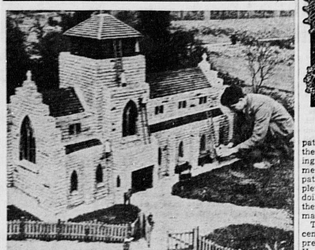
But they were not his tracks, only something like his—the ones

"They Were as Big as the Tracks of Farmer Brown's Boy," Said Peter, His Big Eyes Round With Excitement.

"People who weigh their words," says erudite Emilie, "seldom give overweight."

WNU Service.

Model Church in a Model Village



Even the workmen on ladders around this model church at Bekonscot, England, are models. The church is an exact reproduction in miniature of the projected memorial church to G. K. Chesterton, famous novelist who died last year. It measures 7 feet, 6 inches by 5 feet, and is the latest addition to the model village, complete with country chalet, stores and other buildings, that was opened on Good Friday. The toy village is often visited by children of the English royal family.

First Aid to the Ailing House

By Roger B. Whitman

FOR ECONOMY—COAL OR OIL?

A QUESTION that continually comes up is on the relative economy of heating a house by coal or by oil. There can be no general answer, because of the many conditions that enter in. For one thing, a coal fire run by hand may not be efficient; much good coal may go out with the ashes. It is unusual to find a household heating plant, stoked by hand, in which as much as 60 per cent of the heat in coal is actually utilized. An oil burner, on the other hand, when properly installed and adjusted, runs with much higher efficiency, and for this reason a comparison of operating costs might be unfair.

With a coal stoker, a more accurate comparison can be made, because of the higher efficiency that is possible with a machine over hand methods.

The running conditions of an oil burner are quite different from those of a coal fire. A coal fire continually delivers heat, and with no extreme difference in temperature between smoldering and burning with full draft. An oil burner, on the other hand, is either delivering no heat at all, or producing a temperature far higher than a coal fire running at full blast.

In a boiler designed for coal, the movement of hot air and gases through its inside passages is comparatively slow; there is ample time for heat to be absorbed by the metal. With an oil burner attached to the same boiler, the heated gases pass through at much higher speed; a speed that may not allow sufficient time for the metal to pick up a large proportion of the heat. Much of the heat is wasted up the chimney. Boilers designed for coal have long passages, and are well suited to oil. This is the case with so-called "square" boilers that are made up of vertical sections. In "round" boilers the inside passages are shorter and more direct. They give good efficiency with coal, but are not well adapted to oil—moving at high speed, the heated gases are in contact with the boiler surfaces for too brief a time for maximum heat to pass to the metal.

Boilers with built-in oil burners run with high efficiency—that is, less of the heat is wasted up the chimney than is the case when an oil burner is adapted to a boiler designed for coal. Boiler and burners being designed for each other, a high percentage of heat is utilized in heating the house.

Economy in burning oil thus depends on the conditions. With a boiler designed for the quick absorption of heat, the cost of oil may be low; but whether or not it is less than the cost of operating the same boiler with coal will depend on the efficiency with which the coal is burned.

© By Roger B. Whitman WNU Service.

KNOW THYSELF

by DR. GEORGE D. GREER

Does an Apple Taste the Same to All People?

RECENTLY took part in an international study of what different people tastes. Some pronounced the paper sweet, others found it sour; many said it was salty; quite a number found it bitter; and still many more said it had no taste whatever. It all goes to prove that no two people taste exactly alike—just as no two people hear, see, or smell just alike. So an apple does not taste or smell quite the same to anyone else on earth as it does to you. Some people even find the odor of a skunk pleasant.

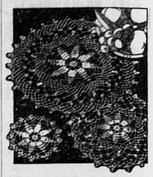
©—WNU Service.

Natural Resources

Georgia is the second marble producing state in the Union and leads in its possession of asbestos.

Star Center Doilies In 3 Useful Sizes

There's an added thrill to luncheon or dinner when the tablesetting's of luxurious-looking doilies! Three practical sizes—6, 11, and 15 inch circles—comprise this exquisite buffet or lunch ensemble. And guests will exclaim over the loveliness of the "star" center pattern. You'll be astonished at the ease with which these charming "dainties" are crocheted. Use mercerized cotton or string. In pattern 5768 you will find complete instructions for making the doilies shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches used; material requirements.

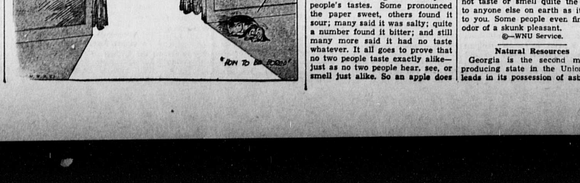


Pattern 5768

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Love, Honor and Obey

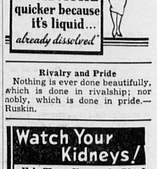


Get Rid of Cats

Cats are hard to kill, but Peterman's Ant Food is made especially to get them and get them fast. Destroys red ants, black ants, others—kills young and eggs, too. Sprinkle along windows, doors, any place where ants come and go. Safe. Effective 24 hours a day. 25¢ 35¢ at drug or grocery stores.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Redingote in Vogue



The vogue of the redingote is exemplified by this design in black Celanese faille with flaring front and silver belt buckle and buttons. It is worn over a crepe dress in a vivid flower print.

Miss REE LEEF says:

"CAPUDINE relieves HEADACHE quicker because it's liquid... already dissolved!"

Rivalry and Pride

Nothing is ever done beautifully, which is done in rivalry; nor nobly, which is done in pride.—Ruskin.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Its Impurities and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their duty—do not act as strong diuretics to help remove impurities than, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body mechanism.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, lack of pep and vigor, rheumatic stiffness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

TRUE BY THE SUN

By Lida Larrimore

CHAPTER XI—Continued

—16—

"There's a telephone in the office," Jim continued. "You'll find it easily. I left the door open and there's a light. Call a doctor. The nearest one. Ask information."

"Okay, buddy." The boy released the brake with a jerk and the girl, leaning out of the window for an interested view of the disaster, fell back into the seat.

Jim waited for help to come, going at intervals to look at Dolly, wiping the blood from the wound above her temple, speaking to her gently, watching with pity and a mounting feeling of alarm her still face, white under the rouge, bending to hear her faint breathing.

The coupe returned after what seemed to him an eternity of waiting. The boy got out; the girl followed. Jim was scarcely aware of her.

"Did you get a doctor?" he asked the boy.

"The state troopers are on their way and an ambulance from the hospital at Chestertown."

The boy was obviously proud of his efficiency. The girl's eyes were two round disks in a round white face. Jim swore grimly under his breath. He didn't want the police mixing into this—not, at any rate, until he had talked to Tommy, until he had gotten in touch with Mr. Vaughn.

"Why didn't you call out the marines?" he asked caustically.

The girl giggled in nervous appreciation.

"Shut up, Gladys," the boy said irritably. "I ought to have taken you home. You told me to ask information." he said to Jim. "I told her it was a pretty bad accident and she phoned the police."

"Where's Tommy?"

"I'm not driving the car," he said evenly.

"Who was?"

Jim hesitated for a moment. Then—"I don't know," he said.

"No?" It was the sergeant's companion who spoke. His voice was unpleasantly edged with sarcasm. "Well, buddy, what's your story?"

Jim told it briefly. He sketched his position in Mr. Vaughn's employ, told of being awakened, of running across the fields, of finding Dolly alone in the disabled car. He knew, before either of the officers spoke that they did not believe him. His momentary hesitation, circumstantial evidence was all against him.

"That's not an entirely convincing story," the sergeant said when Jim had finished.

"It's as full of holes as a sieve," his companion remarked. He turned to the boy and the girl who were watching and listening with wide-eyed interest. "You're riding along the road and you find this fellow here with the car and a girl who's out cold. Did you see anybody else?"

"No, sir." The boy stepped forward eagerly. "It happened like that. We're driving along and we stop and he asks me to go down to his place and call a doctor. When I told information there'd been an accident she put in a call for you. I didn't see anyone else."

"He might be telling the truth, though," the girl offered, glancing at Jim. "There was a light on in his place. He might have left like he said, when somebody knocked at the door."

The sergeant took the names and addresses of the witnesses—Frank Wilson and Gladys Smith—and sent them reluctantly on their way.

"We'll take you over to headquarters," he said to Jim, leading the way to the police car.

"How long will you keep me there?" Jim asked.

"That depends. We can arrange for your bail" he added, noting the look on Jim's lawyer-name out from the city and signed the bail bond, acting on authority from Mr. Vaughn who had made the arrangements by long-distance. Mr. Vaughn's secretary will be there. Cecily had told Jim that at the close of the hearing. Jeremy Clyde had been sympathetic. "I don't know exactly to be distressed about his predicament, Jim thought, recalling Jeremy's white-and-shaken look during the brief police interview he'd had with Cecily and her guest.

Mr. Vaughn would arrive at "Meadowbrook" some time about noon tomorrow. The matter would be cleared up speedily then. But Jim wanted to talk to Tommy.

Susan was sitting on the steps of the side veranda, a disconsolate little figure, her chin resting on her knees. She sprang up when she caught sight of Jim, ran to meet him, flung herself at him impetuously.

"What's all this?" Jim asked holding her off, looking down into the wide hazel eyes upturned to him.

"Will they put you in jail?" Her lips trembled; her eyes filled with tears.

"Of course not," Jim said cheerfully. "What gave you that idea?"

"Nora said they would and so did Rose." Tears spilled down over her cheeks. She held tightly to Jim's arm.

"Neither Nora nor Rose know everything. Stop crying, silly. Your eyes will be red for the wedding. People will think you have hay-fever."

"I don't want to go to the wedding." She pressed closer to him. "I want to stay here with you."

"Oh, come now," Jim says coaxingly. "You can't have the wedding without you. Think how disappointed the bride and groom will be and all the people."

"I'm afraid, while I'm gone, they'll come and take you away."

"Nonsense!" I'll be here when you get back."

"Truly?" she asked.

"Certainly. I'm going to the cottage and sleep for a day and a half. Wake me up for some wedding cake!"

She nodded. "Did they put handcuffs on you," she asked, "like in the movies?"

"No. They treated me very politely. Where is Tommy?"

"He's out on the front lawn writing a letter. He told me to go away so I think it's to a girl. I don't care if they do put you in jail," she cried vehemently. "I'll like you just the same. I do like you awfully, Jim."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

First Educational Endowment

The bequeathing of 250 acres of land, an adjacent salt marsh, and eight cows comprised the first educational endowment in America. This was left by Benjamin Symmes to found a free school in Elizabeth County, Va. Mr. Symmes died in 1634.

The Sergeant Took the Names and Addresses of the Witnesses.

Parker, the maids. I was just getting home from the party when MacPherson came up to the house. And now you're going home with us, Jim."

"We'll have to hold Fielding," the tall young sergeant said.

Cecily turned swiftly. "Hold him! Why?"

MacPherson glanced at Jim. "I'm afraid that bail can't be arranged tonight," he said. "I am not a property owner and Miss Cecily is a minor."

"But you know us, Sergeant McCready," Cecily appealed to the trooper. "I can assure you that Father would want to do everything possible for Mr. Fielding. I'll make myself personally responsible. Isn't that enough?"

"I'm afraid not," Sergeant McCready replied with a half-smile. "In the matter of speeding or skipping a light we do, occasionally, make an exception. But in a case like this we can't," the sergeant continued. "A girl has been hurt—how badly we don't yet know."

"And you admit you didn't give him permission to drive your car," Officer Lefty added.

"But he wasn't driving the car," Cecily said heatedly. "He has told you exactly what happened."

"It was a good story," officer Kelly observed laconically.

"I've never heard of anything so ridiculous!" Cecily was angry.

"You'd better go home with MacPherson," Jim said gently. "It's almost morning. I don't mind staying here. There will be a hearing some time tomorrow."

"Will they let you go then?" she asked Jim.

The sergeant answered the question.

"If bail is furnished and the magistrate will sign his release."

"But he's innocent!" Cecily cried.

"If that is true," Sergeant McCready said soothingly, "you've nothing to worry about. It may take a little time. We can't have a final hearing until we know definitely how badly the girl is hurt. That's all I can tell you, Miss Vaughn."

"Then there's nothing I can do?" She looked at Jim, her spirits drooping a little.

"You can go home and get some sleep."

"Sleep!" Her chin lifted. "I'm going home and call Father. Don't worry, Jim."

"I'm not worrying." He smiled. "Good-night. Thank you for coming. Good-night, MacPherson."

"Good - night, lad." MacPherson pressed Jim's hand. "We'll be coming back tomorrow."

"We certainly will," Cecily said with emphasis. "Good-night. Good-night, Jim."

Jim's eyes followed her as she walked through the door. It was almost worth being under arrest to have her defend him so spiritedly. He seated himself in a hard oak chair, resenting his detention less than he had before Cecily and MacPherson came, thinking, with a certain degree of serenity, of the ordeal before him.

Silence filled the room for an interval. Sergeant McCready, at the desk, wrote on a long sheet of paper with a scratching pen. Officer Kelly dozed behind the sports section of a newspaper. Jim lit a cigarette. The hands of the round-faced clock pointed to quarter of five.

CHAPTER XII

"You get to bed now, Jamie," Mrs. MacPherson said, as Jim finished a heartening mid-afternoon lunch in the kitchen at the cottage.

"Not just yet, Bessie." Jim pushed back his chair and stood wearily erect.

"You must be ready to drop. No sleep last night and all those questions this morning. It was downright bad manners the way that judge or whatever he was talked to you."

"Official routine," Jim said, smiling to lighten Mrs. MacPherson's concern. "I'm going to bed pretty soon. Right now I've something to do."

Mrs. MacPherson sighed. Jim went out of the cottage and down the orchard path. He had to find Tommy before he could sleep. Tommy had not been present at the hearing this morning. Cecily had gone with the car accompanied by Jeremy Clyde. The MacPhersons, too, had been present. Dolly's father and stepmother, her brother, Joey, the one who sang, more closely resembling Dolly than any of her family, the same flax-blue eyes and impudent charm. Seeing Joey in the magistrate's office this morning had given Jim a bad moment or two.

The hearing had been less of an ordeal than he had anticipated. Sergeant McCready presented a report from the hospital. Dolly's condition was much the same. She had regained partial consciousness, toward morning, only to slip back into unconsciousness again. The doctor in charge of the case would not, as yet, make a definite statement. The inference seemed to be, Sergeant McCready stated, that the Dolly—Dorothy Quinn, how strange that sounded!—was in a serious condition as a result of a fractured skull.

Following the hearing, Jim was detained in the magistrate's office until Mr. Vaughn's lawyer came out from the city and signed the bail bond, acting on authority from Mr. Vaughn who had made the arrangements by long-distance. Mr. Vaughn's secretary, Miss Cecily had told Jim that at the close of the hearing. Jeremy Clyde had been sympathetic. "I don't know exactly to be distressed about his predicament, Jim thought, recalling Jeremy's white-and-shaken look during the brief police interview he'd had with Cecily and her guest.

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"Nora said they would and so did Rose." Tears spilled down over her cheeks. She held tightly to Jim's arm.

"Neither Nora nor Rose know everything. Stop crying, silly. Your eyes will be red for the wedding. People will think you have hay-fever."

"I don't want to go to the wedding." She pressed closer to him. "I want to stay here with you."

"Oh, come now," Jim says coaxingly. "You can't have the wedding without you. Think how disappointed the bride and groom will be and all the people."

"I'm afraid, while I'm gone, they'll come and take you away."

"Nonsense!" I'll be here when you get back."

"Truly?" she asked.

"Certainly. I'm going to the cottage and sleep for a day and a half. Wake up for some wedding cake!"

She nodded. "Did they put handcuffs on you," she asked, "like in the movies?"

"No. They treated me very politely. Where is Tommy?"

"He's out on the front lawn writing a letter. He told me to go away so I think it's to a girl. I don't care if they do put you in jail," she cried vehemently. "I'll like you just the same. I do like you awfully, Jim."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Suits Stress Short Fitted Jackets

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

THE coronation of the king and queen of Great Britain is reflecting no little influence throughout the world of fashion. Which perhaps accounts for the tremendous vogue for handsome suits tailored of handsome woolens which is sweeping throughout fashion's domain. Since London is proving a magnet for designers and merchants who wish to keep in touch with what's going on in a fashion way where such stirring epoch-making events are taking place, their first reaction would naturally be in favor of stunning woolen tailored apparel since English women set pace for the world in this direction.

At any rate this is proving an outstanding season for the tailored suit and all that goes with it in the way of chic accessories. The new woolens are as an intriguing lot as ever launched forth on a fashion career. While most any length jacket is accepted this year as good style, yet when it comes to topcoats the fashion-wise are centering their interest about the jaunty shortened types.

The suit to the left in the picture combines nubby wool sheer tweed with even nubbier knit and shows that the nubbier the smarter is the word this season for woolens. The short fitted jacket in brown and beige tweed has three half-moon pockets lined with the brown knit of the skirt. There's a brown knit ascot, a belt and buttons that are amusing in their oddity. By the way, you can add to the lure of a costume like this by wearing a blouse that fastens with fruit or vegetable buttons. Seeing is believing in regard to these whimsical buttons, some of which are miniature strawberries or perhaps wee apples or peaches. If you prefer oblong buttons ask for the lilliputian bananas they are displaying this season or the teeny-weeny ears of corn, each and all in the realistic colorings of Nature.

The two-piece suit of pin-checked wool tweed on the seated figure is being decked with white, according to Schiaparelli's fabric version. Such an exciting color theme as beige has grown to be this season! It's beige for your suit, for your furs, for your monotone crepe afternoon gown and for accessories with your navy or black suit beige is a most important message. The diamond shaped composition buttons that fasten this jacket are decidedly novel and therefore impart the exclusive look. Panels form ingenious breast pockets. A navy blouse peeps from under the stand-up collar.

Check and double check! Here you see the game played in the most intriguing way. The group. A navy and white box-swagger coatee in soft wool with large patch pockets and rounded lapels over a single breasted jacket to match makes this one of the smartest and most practical suits of the season. A navy monotone tweed skirt is amply full is a pleasing variation from the check of the jacket. Wear with this costume a white hand knit sailor with roll brim faced in patent leather, for you must know that patent leather accessories are ace-high chic.

The checked swagger-and-jacket suit just described is a good example of the fashion now prevailing for ensembles that are that composed from similar or complete wardrobe in themselves. The present scheme of costume design that includes such items such as skirt, jacket, roomy topcoat and often an added cape denotes a very political turn of affairs. These are so related in color and technique that they seem to form a set. They never fail to form a perfect unified outfit.

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"AMOUR" SILK PRINT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

The love affair that startled the world takes on a fashion note. Look at the silk over-blouse which this lovely lady is wearing and you will be able to decipher the word "amour" designed in patterned in stripes on the printed silk. The blousette is worn over a black silk crepe dress. The silk print is done in black and gray on a white silk crepe. The breton sailor she wears flared off the forehead instead of tilted forward is a "last word" hat fashion.

Nosegays for Buttonhole

A smart Paris wrinkle is an evening corsage of dahlias in seven different tones or one with three lilac sprays, white and mauve violets.

GLASS SLIPPERS ARE LATEST FOOT MAGIC

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Glass slippers for the modern Cinderella are the latest word in foot-magic from Paris. To show that they are a 1937 vogue and won't actually disappear at the stroke of midnight, they are trimmed in gold kid and show bright nail lacquer gleaming through.

Another version of the Cinderella slipper is created of woven strands of crystal. This, too, is semi-transparent. Other more practical types of footwear for spring indicate the growing importance of the pedicure as a fashion requisite. Tipped-toe shoes (with just the tip cut out in front, sports and evening slippers made of twisted bands of printed linen—all reveal developed stockings and brightly lacquered toes. Rust and ruby-red and burgundy are especially popular, usually worn a tone deeper than the fingernails.

Roman sandals and flat-heeled gold evening slippers with tiny strappings will be particularly popular with the "tall and willowy." Printed slippers made from the same material as the evening gown and colored kid sandals are also high in favor.

Ventilated Headwear Is Latest Edict From Paris

Ventilated headwear is a top note in the new collection Agnes shows. Pie-shaped wedges are cut of black brims that lie low and hug the hair. Half-hats that reach back only to the ears are finished the rest of the way with flowing black veils.

A pale-trimmed black Panama, cut in two lengthways, joins together again with half a dozen bows of black velvet baby ribbon. All its edges are also velvet-bound.

Agnes, too, makes much use of ribbon. Birdlike bows perch on the crowns of her sailor hats and stand aloft on the "cut-away" fronts of her off-the-face models.

My Favorite Recipe

By Bebe Daniels Film Star

Fruit Salad

Place lettuce leaves on each plate. On this place one slice of pineapple (cut through but left in shape). Over this slice a banana, figs, orange and pears. Put one maraschino cherry or pomegranate seed on top. Use whipped cream or dressing made from the fruit juices sweetened to taste.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

Aequo animo. (L.) With equanimity.

J'ai parle. (F.) I have spoken.

Arbiter elegantiarum. (L.) An authority on matters of good taste.

Zum Beispiel (Z. B.) (Ger.) For example.

Sans facon. (F.) Without ceremony.

In puris naturalibus. (L.) In a state of nudity.

Guet-apens. (F.) An ambush.

Fiacre. (F.) A public hack.

Exeunt, exeunt omnes. (L.) They go out, they all go out.

Amende honorable. (F.) A satisfactory apology; reparation.

Ancien regime. (F.) The old order of things; the rulers of the ante-Revolution period.

Vale. (L.) Farewell.

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Silent Lies

The cruelest lies are often told in silence.—Stevenson.

Gas, Gas All the Time, Can't Eat or Sleep

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Temperance

Temperance is the nurse of chastity.—Wycherly.

MISERABLE AND WEAK

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