SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington.—J. P. Morgan and company and other great banking firms, which in the past have marketed huge amounts of foreign bonds to American investors, may never see the return of the "good old days." The business hasn't been so good for some years, now—not since the depression began, and defaulting by so many foreign governments developed. Also it has been handicapped sharply by the Hiram Johnson law, which prevents marketing in this country of bonds of any government that has defaulted on its debts to the United States government.

But—many bankers have thought all this would pass. It was just temporary. Some day something would be done about the war debts. There would be "settlements" or forgiveness, or both. Whereupon the business would go back to normal.

But for some time the securities and exchange commission has had a fishy eye on these prospects for another day of foreign bond selling, and an even fishier eye is being cast by many members of the house and senate.

The most recent gesture in this direction was made by Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana, who introduced a bill which is receiving so much quiet support that it seems a practical certainty something like it will be passed, sooner or later. There is no hurry. Americans have not quite recovered from the burning they took on the defaulted foreign bonds. As a matter of fact, the average investor thinks that particular debacle was worse than it was, which attitude is most discouraging to would-be bond salesmen for foreign issues.

The Ellender bill would add a new section to the securities act making it unlawful to sell in the United States securities issued by a foreign government unless the net proceeds derived from such securities by the issuing government are equal to the par value of the securities, except that the securities commission may allow a service charge of not to exceed two per cent of the par value to be deducted from the proceeds to be received by the government selling the bonds.

Enormous Profits

"The purpose of the bill," Mr. Ellender explains, "is to reduce the spread between the price paid to foreign governments for their bonds and the price at which such bonds are offered to the public. A foreign bond for which the issuing government receives eighty-eight per cent of its face value may now be sold on the American market for ninety-nine. The investing public is led to believe that it is getting a bargain since the sale price is still below par. The underwriters receive enormous profits. It is believed that such a situation leads to an unwarranted amount of foreign financing in this country and encourages unhealthy practices in the conduct of such financing.

"Under the proposed bill the government would receive face value for its bonds, less the service charge allowed by the commission, which could not for this purpose exceed two per cent. Thus the profits of the underwriters could be excessive only if the bonds were offered to the public at a price above par. It is felt that this fact would tend to reduce the large price spread now possible and lead to more careful consideration of the value of such bonds by the investing public."

No allowance is permitted in the bill "for the assumption of risks or for the value of the trade name or good will of the persons rendering such service" — which seems rather unnecessary in view of the fact that the total "service charge" permitted is to be two per cent.

The bond salesman seems to qualify as the Vanishing American!

Irks Air Officials

The race between bigger and heavier airplanes and the larger, better, surfaced airports that the new planes require is bringing gray hairs to aviation officials. It seems a natural enough development, but it has plenty of complications. It is somewhat like the older story of the production of armor which will resist a shell from any existing gun, then a bigger gun that will pierce it, and then thicker and tougher armor—and then repeat!

Perhaps an apter comparison is whether to build bigger locks at the Panama canal, or build the big new ships according to freak specifications so they may still go through.

The difficulty in this race between airplanes and airports lies in the answer to the question: Who will finance the bigger airports?

American cities have already invested more than $400,000,000 in airports. They have about got to the end of their willingness to spend, it appears, and many are threatening to stop paying the bills.

Both airplanes and airports must be approved for interstate commerce by the bureau of air commerce. This body now approves some planes which could not, with its approval, land at many airports. So there is serious discussion of an idea to regulate for two or three years the size and design of certain classes of airplanes while the airports catch up to requirements.

Naturally this results in loud wails from the airplane manufacturers. Also from many operating companies. The proposed action, both say, would place them in a strait-jacket, arrest their development, hold America back while the rest of the world marches on to new efficiency in aviation.

So Fred Fagg, new director of the re-organized bureau of air commerce, discovers that his predecessor, Gene Vidn, did not have such a bed of roses.

Airport Needs

Most airports need longer runways for heavy ships that fly faster and at flatter angles in the approach and takeoff. They need hard surfaces for increasing loads, especially as all weather schedules increase with better aids to flight. And equally costly is the purchase of additional land to clear obstacles around the edges of the fields, and to provide radio beam approach lanes.

The American Municipal association has taken up the cudgels in defense of the 200 odd cities which maintain established air route terminals, claiming the expense for the needed improvements is not justified, for the traffic is mostly interstate commerce.

The operators not only resent the proposed limitation on airplane design, but state emphatically that they will not pay for airport improvements. Their mail income has been cut, they point out, and their passenger rates have been forced down.

So Uncle Sam is to be called on to foot the bill, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., to the contrary notwithstanding. Already two bills are in the hopper providing for just that.

Already about $75,000,000 has come out of the federal treasury as a contribution to the country's 2,700 airports, through C. W. A., F. E. R. A., W. P. A. and a little through P. W. A. But that is only a fraction of the investment by the individual cities, which the air bureau calculates at nearly half a billion dollars. Half a dozen cities have spent more than $5,000,000 each for their airports. Whereas much of the federal contribution, due to the fact that the chief goal was job making, was very inefficiently expended.

President Wins

If President Roosevelt wins on his idea of having congress grant the Chief Executive the right to cut fifteen per cent from any appropriation—instead of the ten per cent horizontal cut favored by many senators—his hold on congress through the remainder of his session and for the next year will not only be continued, but strengthened.

The point is that the President will then have the discretionary power to cut or pare appropriations which vitally affect every state and every congressional district in the United States—in short, to help or hurt every individual senator and representative in the one argument each likes most to make—that he "brings home the bacon" for his constituents.

This is vital in view of the probability that the President will suffer severe reverses in two of his important fights—for Supreme court enlargement and for government reorganization.

The tide of battle ebbs and flows on the court proposition, but it is almost a certainty as this is written that the President will not get the six additional justices he has asked for, and which he has repeatedly indicated he will insist upon. As it looks now he will be lucky to get two additional justices. It is just possible he will not get any.

This does not mean that his main objective will not be achieved, for there is practically no doubt that the majority of the high court will be "liberal" within a year. But it will be "liberalized" in part by retirements. It will not be liberalized by enlargement to as many as fifteen justices.

Would Mean Loss of Face

But the question of presidential prestige is something else again. If the President does not get six additional justices, it will mean a certain loss of face. It will be the first severe defeat he has taken since he was elected governor of New York in 1928. Critics may point to his defeat by the senate on the World court and on the St. Lawrence seaway, but neither of these was considered an important reversal for the President on Capitol Hill. Congressmen are perfectly aware of the special conditions applying to those fights. And they did not regard overriding his veto of the bonus bill as a sign of weakness at the White House. In fact, most of them think he could have changed that result if he had applied sufficient pressure.

On the theory that insurgency is like a snowball—tends to grow with advancement—it is rather important, therefore, for the President to have some increase in his ability to put pressure on congress should he suffer reverses in the Supreme court and the government re-organization battles. That is why it is so important to the White House to gain this discretionary power.

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OUR FAMILY CORNER

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

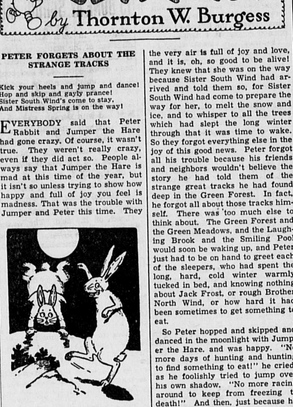
Peter's Son

By Thornton W. Burgess

PETER FORGETS ABOUT THE STRANGE TRACKS

Kick your heels and jump and dance! Hop and skip and sayly prance! Sister South Wind's come to stay, And Mistress Spring is on the way!

EVERYBODY said that Peter Rabbit and Jumper the Hare had gone crazy. Of course, it wasn't true. They weren't really crazy, even if they did act so. People always say that Jumper the Hare is mad at this time of the year, but it isn't so unless trying to show how happy and full of joy you feel is madness. That was the trouble with Jumper and Peter this time. They were so full of joy that they just had to do something, and because they couldn't sing and shout—for you know they have no voices for singing and shouting—they just had to do something to show how glad and happy they were, and so, in the moonlight, when they thought no one saw them, they hopped and skipped and jumped and danced, and did all sorts of foolish things.



They Hopped and Skipped and Jumped and Did All Sorts of Foolish Things.

But other people did see them. Jimmy Skunk saw them and said, "How silly!" Bobby Coon, poking his head out of his hollow tree to see if the last bit of snow had disappeared, yawned sleepily and said, "How foolish!"

But Peter and Jumper didn't know this, and they wouldn't have cared much anyway. They didn't have room for anything but the joy that filled their hearts, and that joy was because they knew that Mistress Spring was on the way, and she always brings the glad time, the happy time, the merry time, when the very air is full of joy and love, and it is, oh, so good to be alive! They knew that she was on the way because Sister South Wind had arrived and told them so, for Sister South Wind had come to prepare the way for her, to melt the snow and ice, and to whisper to all the trees which had slept the long winter through that it was time to wake. So they forgot everything else in the joy of this good news. Peter forgot all his trouble because his friends and neighbors wouldn't believe the truth he had told them of the strange great tracks he had found deep in the Green Forest. In fact, he forgot all about those tracks himself. There was too much else to think about. The Green Forest and the Green Meadows, and the Laughing Brook and the Smiling Pool would soon be waking up, and Peter just had to be on hand to greet each of the sleepers, who had spent the long, hard, cold winter warmly tucked in bed, and knowing nothing about Jack Frost, or rough Brother North Wind, or how hard it had been sometimes to get something to eat.

So Peter hopped and skipped and danced in the moonlight with Jumper the Hare, and was happy. "No more days of hunting and hunting to find something to eat!" he cried, as he foolishly tried to jump over his own shadow. "No more racing around to keep from freezing to death!" And then, just because he didn't have to, Peter raced faster and harder than ever. You know, it is a lot easier to do things when you don't have to. It is fun then.

"Just the same," added Peter, "I wouldn't sleep all winter the way Johnny Chuck does, and Grandfather Frog and Striped Chipmunk and a lot of others for anything. Think of what they miss! It's worth it even if we do have hard times once in a while. And it's going to be such fun to see all the sleepers wake up! Yes, sir, I'm glad I don't sleep through the winter, but I'm gladder still that Mistress Spring is on the way.

"Hippity-hoppity, skippity-skoppity,
I couldn't keep still if I would!
Skippity-skoppity, hippity-hoppity,
I'm glad there's no reason I should."

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

New Jersey Becomes Goat Conscious

In an effort to make the state forget cows, prominent New Jersey clubwomen have taken the erstwhile lowly goat under their collective wing at Pine Brook and are grooming the can-loving animals to replace the bovine as state milk-producers. Here you see Mrs. Channing Gilson at one of the founts of supply.

GIRLIGAGS

"A diet is something for only those to worry about," says soliloquizing Elizabeth, "who have money to buy more food than is good for them."

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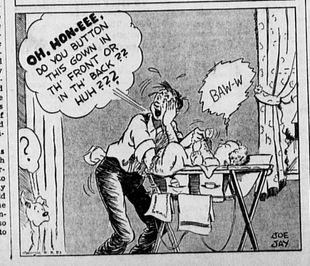
Love, Honor and Obey



THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE great philosophers may think
They stand on rostrums, write with ink,
And lead mankind with theories—
And yet I greatly doubt if these
Are great philosophers at all.
They are too great, they are too tall
A fruth to fashion or to find.
Simple enough to serve mankind.

The sphere they live in is as far
From where we live as star from star.
They move in orbits, often we
In circles they can never see.
They understand the human race,
But not the people of a place.
They never hear, so far apart,
The beating of a single heart.

The great philosophers indeed
Are not the ones who write and read
But rather those who think and pray.
Man near, and God not far away.
They stand beside the bier of grief,
Have less of learning, more belief.
And do not "think" a thing is so—
Know what they live, live what they know.

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First Aid to the Ailing House

—By— Roger B. Whitman

ODD JOBS ON FURNITURE

THE usual varnish finish of a table top turns white under a hot dish when alcohol or other liquids are spilled on it. These white marks are damage to the varnish. If the varnish is damaged through the wood, the only remedy is to scrape it out and to refinish. But more usually a white mark is only on the surface. The treatment for taking it out depends somewhat on the kind of varnish used in the finish; but one or another of the following will probably succeed—a little of a liquid being applied lightly with a cloth; turpentine; linseed oil; spirits of camphor. Another method is to rub lightly with finely powdered pumicestone and any light oil, applied with the finger-tip. Cigar ash can be used in place of the pumicestone.

A dent in wood is actually the crushing of the wood fibers. To take out a dent, cover with several sheets of blotting paper wet with water, and press with a fairly hot iron; the steam will swell the fibers and bring them back to their original positions. A nick or a break caused by the chipping off or gouging out of some of the wood can be filled with shellac in stick form, which can be had in all of the various wood colors and shades. Stick shellac looks like sealing wax. To apply it, a screwdriver blade is heated hot enough to melt off some of the shellac, which is then pressed into the break in the wood. When it has hardened, it can be cut off and made level with a razor blade or by rubbing with fine sandpaper.

Loose chair rungs can be made tight through the use of thin and small slips of steel made for the purpose, and usually to be had at hardware store. The loose end of the rung is pulled out, a slip of steel of the right size is placed against it, and the two are forced back into the hole. Having fine teeth, the slip binds the rung tightly into place.

When a chair has loosened all over, due to exposure to dry air, it is best to take it completely apart and to put it together again with plenty of glue. The parts should then be tightly bound with heavy cord until the glue is thoroughly dry.

Squeaks in a wood bedstead are due to the loosening of the glued joints. To cure the squeaks, the joints should be taken apart and reglued.

A split in a table top, also caused by drying out, can be brought together by exposure to damp air; sometimes by laying damp cloths on both sides of the split. When a split has closed, small pieces of flat metal, to be had at a hardware store, should be screwed on the under side, to prevent the split from reopening.

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MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

© by The Associated Newspapers

SEVEN O'CLOCK CALLER

SOME people have a knack for dropping in to say hello just as you're ready to have dinner. It might be very nice if you were still living on the farm, where all you had to do when someone dropped in was to go out and slaughter another chicken. But when you've got just two chops for two people, pot luck is hardly luck any more.

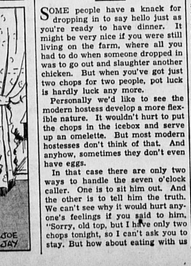
Personally we'd like to see the modern hostess develop a more flexible nature. It wouldn't hurt to put the chops in the icebox and serve up an omelette. But most modern hostesses don't think of that. And anyhow, sometimes they don't even have eggs.

In that case there are only two ways to handle the seven o'clock caller. One is to sit him out. And the other is to tell him the truth. We can't see why it would hurt anyone's feelings if you said to him, "Sorry, old top, but I have only two chops tonight, so I can't ask you to stay. But how about eating with us tomorrow night?" If that procedure makes you feel like a cad, then turn off the fires on your stove and sit the caller out. It's the only possible way of keeping the chops in the family.

WNU Service.

The Loquat Tree

The loquat is a small tree of the rose family, native to Japan and China, now introduced into many subtropical countries. Growing about 12 feet high, it has thick clustered, evergreen leaves and fragrant, woolly white flowers. The pear-shaped fruit is used for dessert and for making jellies. The large seeds are used in cookery for flavoring tarts and cakes.



Bright field flowers are primly arranged around the dull blue velvet crown of this attractive Breton sailor. The brim is of natural colored straw stitched. Matching velvet streamers tie over the back of the hair.

UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson © Western Newspaper Union

Earliest Rebel

IN FRONT of the statehouse in Boston stands the statue of a woman, with a Bible in her hand and a child snuggled against her. The inscription on the monument tells you that this woman was a "Courageous Exponent of Civil Liberty and Religious Tolerance." But 300 years ago Massachusetts wasn't calling her by any such complimentary names. In the year 1637 she was "that proud dame, that Athaliah," a "notorious Impostor," a "Quyngerous Instrument of the Devell raysed up by Sathan" and a "Broacher of heresies." For she was Anne Hutchinson, the earliest rebel in this country.

She became a leader of a group of people who fell under the displeasure of the stern Puritans of Massachusetts Bay colony. Because these people held meetings in her house to discuss and criticize the sermons of the Puritan ministers, they finally placed her on trial for heresy, a trial that has been compared to that of Joan of Arc at Rouen.

Under their questioning, she proved more than quite a match for her prosecutors. But just at the moment when it seemed that she had defeated her accusers, she burst forth into a long speech describing God's revelations to her. Those who convicted herself and her penally was banishment from the colony.

But Anne Hutchinson was more than the first defender of religious freedom in America. She was our earliest feminist. The meetings held in her house, although primarily for religious discussion, were the forerunners of thousands of meetings since her day, wherever women gather together to improve themselves or the rest of the world. So her house became the "birthplace of the women's clubs of America."

After her banishment from Massachusetts Bay colony she went to that haven of religious freedom, the colony of Rhode Island, founded by Roger Williams. There she lived until 1642 when, left a widow, she took her brood of children (she had born 14) to the Dutch colony of New York where later she and all of her children were killed. But she had not lived in vain for "civil liberty and religious toleration, the principles for which she suffered exile and death are written into the Constitution of the United States."

The Nation's Jester

HE WAS baptized as Charles Farrar Browne but the whole nation over loved him and laughed with him under the name of Artemus Ward. Born in Maine in 1834, Browne served an apprenticeship in a print shop and then became a journeyman printer. Finally he wandered to Cleveland, Ohio, where he became a local reporter for the Cleveland Plain Dealer and invented the character of "Artemus Ward," supposed to be a traveling showman, writing to the paper to give information and to ask for it. Readers of that paper roared over "Artemus Ward's" bad spelling and humorous descriptions of his adventures and it was not long until Browne got a call from New York to become editor of Vanity Fair, a comic paper.

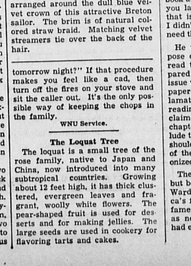
But this editorship did not last long for the wandering foot of the former journeyman printer soon began to assert itself. He published "Artemus Ward, His Book" which had a phenomenal sale. Then he took to the lecture platform and "Artemus Ward," until now a fictitious character, became a living reality to thousands of readers of his book in all parts of the United States.

One of Ward's devoted readers was President Lincoln and his book played a role in an historic scene at the White House during the Civil war. In September, 1862, Lincoln called a meeting of his cabinet members whom he astonished by reading excerpts from Ward's book. When they failed to join in his laughter, Lincoln threw down the book and said "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I didn't laugh, I should die and you need the medicine as much as I do."

He then told them the real purpose of the meeting which was to read to them a paper he had prepared and which he proposed to issue when the time was ripe. That paper was the Emancipation Proclamation. When he had finished reading it, Secretary Stanton exclaimed "Mr. President, if reading chapters of Artemus Ward is a prelude to such a deed as this, the book should be kept among the archives of the nation, and the author canonized.

The author was never canonized but before he died in 1867, Artemus Ward had not only became America's favorite jester but he had won fame as a humorist in England such as no other American before him had ever known.

Very Summery



TRUE BY THE SUN

BY Lida Larrimore

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CHAPTER XV—Continued

—20—

"I'll do my best," Jim promised. "After all I'm only repaying a debt. You sent me out to the Vaughns'."

"I did, didn't I?" The thought seemed to give her pleasure. "Jim," she said hesitatingly, "are you—? Is Cecily—?"

"I'm not sure she isn't," Jim replied. "She's going to Bermuda with her father."

"Then she hasn't good sense!" Dolly said warmly.

Jim smiled.

"You're prejudiced. You like me," he said.

"Oh, I do." She slipped her engagement ring on and off her finger. "I hope she'll come back from Bermuda," she said. "I hope you'll get what you want. You've been swell to me."

Miss Penny opened the door.

"Time's up!" she called brightly. "Go away. Permanent waiting, and Peter Rabbit." Dark lashes curtained her eyes. "I feel that way, too."

"How?"

"As though this moment was the end of the world. We've so many things to say and so little time. I feel shy with you, Jim. That's odd, isn't it? I've never felt shy with you before!"

"You've never considered me as a person before. I've been a dandy, a shoulder to weep on, an extra man in and about the house."

"Something is different." She leaned against "Lady's" stall, still absently stroking the mare's quivering nose. "Everything. But this time I must be sure. I loved Jerry. Perhaps I still love him. I don't know."

"I love you, Cecily. It's a relief to say it openly. I could keep on telling you indefinitely." His arms were around her, holding her close. His lips were against her cheek. "Don't go to Bermuda. Stay here and help me run the riding academy. We'll make the house into a home for us. We'll—" He broke off. "I'm crazy, I guess."

She drew away from him. "I must go, Jim," she said slowly. "I think I know, but I must be sure. Do you remember what you told me that evening at Dutch's, that things which seemed true and charming in a shadowy place—"

"I remember. Did you understand? I wasn't sure."

She nodded. "I hated myself for being critical of Jerry. Unconsciously, I suppose, I was comparing him with you. I'd no idea how much I cared for you—not even that night in the garden, until—"

"When?" Jim asked. "Can you tell me?"

"The night of Marjory's wedding," she said, "when I first suspected that Jerry was responsible for the Quinn girl's being hurt. It was a question of Jerry or you, of Jerry or you, and it didn't occur to me to doubt the truth of your story. That night, lying awake, thinking of it, I wanted your story to be true."

"Cecily—Darling—"

"It's so confusing," she said slowly. "I don't know whether I love you or not, Jim. There's lots of sun in Bermuda. Perhaps I'll find out." She laughed shakily. "You're making love to me in the stable, Jim. Or am I making love to you?"

"Appropriate, isn't it?" he asked. "The first time I saw you, you were riding 'Lady.' Cecily darling, I do love you so. That evening in the garden — the things I said were mere bragging. I'm not going to get over you. I'm not going to forget which song it is that makes me sad. I—"

A shadow darkened the doorway.

"Cecily!" Mr. Vaughn called. "We've got to get started. The steamer won't wait for us. She sails at half-past five." He disappeared abruptly.

Cecily moved away from the stall. Jim followed her. They went out into the sunlight, into the clear sparkling air.

"Cecily, aren't you sure now?" Jim asked. "Must you go?"

"Yes," she said firmly. "Father says we'll make this trip for me. He's been so fine about everything. I'm going fishing with him."

"You'll write to me?"

"I'll send you postcards," she promised. "Those bright colored ones with heavenly blue water and flowers as big as cabbages."

Nearing the group about the sedan, they walked more slowly.

"Don't go, Cecily," Jim said. "You might fall off a bicycle or get eaten by a shark or meet a charming Englishman with a title."

She smiled. "You talk so persuasively, Jim."

"Hurry!" Mr. Vaughn called, standing beside the sedan, his watch in his hand.

They joined the group about the car. Miss Parker, Nora, MacPherson. Their hands met and parted.

"Good-by, Cecily."

"Good-by, Jim."

Mr. Vaughn cleared his throat. "Get in here, dear," he said brusquely. "You'd better drive over to New York with us so we'll stand a chance of catching the boat."

Jim saw Mr. Vaughn's half grave, half smiling expression, saw the resigned expression in Cecily's dark golden eyes. He shook his head.

"No thank you," he said. "I'd rather meet you at the dock when you return. I don't like farewells."

There was a chorus of good-bys, parting admonitions. Miss Parker's warning not to lose the luggage list, Nora's importuning all the saints "Good speed." The sedan moved slowly along the drive, picked up speed, disappeared around the curve between the dark hemlocks. Miss Parker and Nora went into the house. MacPherson touched Jim's arm.

"Don't look so forlorn, lad," he said, his eyes twinkling under the shaggy brows. "I'm thinking the trip will be a short one."

Jim's eyes turned from the winding drive between the hemlocks. He smiled at his old friend. "I think so, too," he said confidently. "Think!" The smile deepened, shone in his eyes, banished the lines of strain and fatigue. "I'm sure. I'll meet her on a dock in New York three—perhaps two—weeks from today."

THE END

"I'd No Idea How Much I Cared for You."

KATHLEEN NORRIS!

Watch for the new serial by this popular author, starting in our next issue! "Beauty's Daughter" is its name . . . a glowing, poignant story that bursts with appeal for every reader. Written in the vital style that only Kathleen Norris can command, it paints a true-to-life story that all will enjoy. Follow it from issue to issue . . . in these columns!

'BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER'

Starts in our Next Issue!

A Little Bit Humorous

AFTER MANY YEARS

They were very much in love, but there came a day when they had a bitter quarrel and parted, each resolving never to see the other again.

Years passed, and they had almost forgotten the little love affair, when they met at a dance.

The man felt embarrassed, but said, softly: "Why, Muriel!"

She looked at him indifferently.

"Let me see," she said calmly, "was it you or your brother who used to be an admirer of mine?"

"I really don't remember," he replied, affably. "Probably my father."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Unhappy Highwaymen

"Any highwaymen in Crimson Gulch?" said the commercial traveler.

"A few," answered Cactus Joe. "You can see their dust a quarter of a mile up the road."

"What are they running away from?"

"You. The last high-power salesman that hit the vicinity left the boys so tied up with monthly installments that they won't be able to pay for years to come."

Making It Pay

Two friends met. One of them had his arm broken in a motor accident and was carrying it in a sling.

"Say," asked the first. "It's too bad about your arm! How long will you have to carry it in a sling?"

The injured man shrugged.

"There's a slight difference of opinion about that," he replied. "My doctor says two weeks — and my lawyer says twelve."

An Advantage Utilized

"What did the editor say when you read your poem to him?"

"I can't repeat it," replied Mr. Penwiggle. "But I will say that in his choice of language he made every advantage of the fact that his words were not intended for print."

FREE DELIVERY

"That pretty singer out front must use a good many stamps writing to her admirers."

"Oh, no, her voice carries her notes!"

Compliments

Friend—Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?

Man—Only in the winter.

Friend—In the winter? How do you mean?

Man—When the fire gets low, she says: "Alexander, the grate!"

Revealing

Old Lady—The minister doesn't bring his little girl to church now.

Verger—No; the one Sunday her mother brought her, she said right out loud, "Why mamma, you never let pop do all the talking at home!"

Call the Grocer

Mrs. Bordes—The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mrs. Phanz.

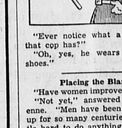
Boarder—Yes, poor thing. I've noticed this past month that it hasn't been strong.

Thrifty Tip

Hal—How can you afford to take so many girls in such expensive restaurants?

Sam—Easy! Just before we go in I ask each girl if she hasn't been putting on weight.

JUST SLIPS ALONG



"Ever notice what a light step that cop has?"

"Oh, yes, he wears cork-soled shoes."

Placing the Blame

"Have women improved politics?"

"Not yet," answered Miss Cayenne. "Men have been mussing it up for so many centuries, it's a little hard to do anything with it."

His Lucky Day

Man—Do you believe in luck?

Friend—Well, I should say I do. See that fat woman in the big hat and the red dress? Well, I once asked her to be my wife.

Fancy Turns to Exotic Cottons

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

OH, OH, OH! Did you ever see anything in the way of fabric so dazzling to the eye, so daringly designful, so altogether fascinating as the new cotton weaves that are dancing so madly, so merrily, so fashionably into the current style picture?

How perfectly they tune into the costume needs of carefree summertime activities! It is no wild statement to say that an entire wardrobe can be successfully fashioned of cotton materials that will carry smartly through active sports and morning dress hours, that will answer to the call for voluptuous afternoon costumes, climaxing the around-the-clock program with evening formals that are just too lovely for words.

Cottons for formal wear? Yes, indeed! The next time you go to a dance or night time society event, count for your own satisfaction, the dresses fashioned of one type of cotton or another. You will see glamorous printed piques, the flattering and flimsy cotton voiles so in demand at the present moment, dotted swisses, shadow printed organdies, sheerline seersucker sheers and other entrancing cotton weaves too numerous to mention.

Perhaps after all has been said and done it is the amazing cotton prints that are of outstanding style significance. For cottons of high pitch, watch the procession of exotics in cotton that are that authentically oriental and superbly colorful you feel that they must have hailed direct from points of Persia, or East India, perhaps Java or China, or from Hungary or some other central-Europe country, or just as likely the print that holds you spellbound may be of South American origin, for the latter rank high in style prestige this season.

Do these foreign-looking American made prints make up effectively in dance frocks? Find the answer in the charming dress pictured to the right in the illustration. This sleeveless evening gown with graceful skirt and with halter-type bodice is made of one of the new Hungarian cotton prints which reproduce old-world textiles. The colors are rich and glowing and there is a gypsy flavor about them and the beads and the bracelets worn are in definite keeping with the trend in the summer mode. Needless to say that the colors of the print are fast to both sun and washing.

Take the thought of the perfectly gorgeous new cotton prints and the thought of the stunning new house coats, such as are proving the big sensation in fashion realms, put the two together and the duo-theme is enough to tempt any home-sewing woman into action. Which is exactly what is happening.

She who loves to go nautical will enjoy making up the beach coat to the left in the picture, which may be smartly used indoors as an evening coat or as a house coat. The material, patterned with anchors and other seafaring themes, being properly pre-shrunk will not lose its perfect lines or its fine sundering, neither will the colors lose out in tubbing.

A cool competent play outfit of colorful early American print centers the trio. Being dependably pre-shrunk it is able to take its tubbings cheerfully without tendency to lose shape. The shirt and shorts are in one. The skirt whisks on and off at will.

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WITH LACE JACKET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

This lovely lace gown has a matching jacket, which it should have according to all the laws of fashion. The idea of topping each dress with a related cape or jacket runs throughout the entire style program until now it has become a widespread accepted fact. Norman Hartnell, especially prominent for his coronation gowns, designed this very lovely evening ensemble. Both in London and Paris the flair for lace is at a high point of enthusiasm.

Romantic Jewelry

Massive bracelets and clips set with "sentimental stones" such as turquoises, corals, garnets, topazes and seed pearls are going to be worn this season.

SEPARATE BOLERO IN LACE IS SMART

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

One of the many reasons for the great popularity of the becoming bolero is its ability to dress up a costume, or to vary it for you. You have only to slip one on over a simple crepe dress to achieve the effect that is especially attractive this year. Boleros are particularly prominent in starched cotton lace, in pastel shades and white. Several of these, in different colors, will enable you to get different effects with a single frock.

The simple, brief bolero would probably be most practical, for the lace pattern gives a dressy effect in itself, and the tailored pattern of the bolero makes it adaptable to all types of costumes. One very attractive design has short puff sleeves, and wide revers, with the short jacket slightly flared. If you can sew at all, it is the easiest thing to make, of little more than a yard of lace. Such a bolero shows off to best advantage over a dress that is fairly simple, whether it be an afternoon frock, or a gown for evening.

Renaissance of Interest in the "Polka Dot" Theme

There is a renaissance of interest in the polka dot theme. There are enormous plate-sized dots with smaller dots scattered around them, all sprinkled with tiny confetti dots in contrasting colors. There are zigzag polka dot arrangements, irregular spacings. The classic polka dot takes on a new look in strange and "dizzy" color combinations for sportswear, such as queer reds combined with strong blues. Silk crepes, silk sheers and silk taffetas are favorite grounds for dot patterns, the companion idea often being carried out in a silk crepe with a silk sheer.

Tassels for Accent

Lanvin is successful with a white suit with a swing jacket featuring square box pockets. The armholes are outlined in gay woolen tassels.

Household Questions

Season Lightly — Be careful when doubling a recipe not to double the seasoning. Use it sparingly at first, then add more if needed.

• • •

Glazing Liquid for Cookies—A mixture of two tablespoons of sugar and one-fourth cup of milk makes a good glazing liquid for cookies. Apply on the surface of the dough with a pastry brush before baking the cookies.

• • •

Keeps Cauliflower White—A tablespoon of sugar in the water in which cauliflower is cooked will keep it white.

• • •

To Keep Frosting From Running—A half teaspoonful of baking soda added to boiling frosting will keep it from running.

WNU Service.

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Source of Pleasure

Pleasure is the reflex of uninpeded energy.—Hamilton.

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Ants are hard to kill, but Peterman's Ant Food is made especially to get them and get them quick. Kills gray and black ants, others—kills young and eggs, too. Sprinkle along runways, doors, any place where ants come and go. Safe. Effective 24 hours a day. 25¢, 35¢ and 60¢ at your druggist's.
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None but tyrants have any business to be afraid.—Perefixe.

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