SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

Washington. — President Roosevelt's most spectacular fight in the next session of congress now seems likely to be on taxation. It promises to develop a battle approaching the fundamental character of the Supreme court enlargement fight of the session now about to die. The Treasury, working under the instructions of the President, will have a measure already drafted when congress convenes in January.

There is no dodging the fact that the government does and will need more revenue—lots more. All the early session talk about economy and balancing the budget has long since blown out the window. Congress appropriated plenty more than the budget. But that is only part of the picture. Federal housing is just starting—will expand. And there will be other new expenses.

Biggest of all, however, is relief. Harry L. Hopkins literally bites his fingernails with rage at the idea of congress appropriating "only" one and a half billion dollars for relief—was especially sore because of the proviso that this must run through the fiscal year. He had hoped for no strings—to spend the billion and a half, in six or seven months and then ask for a deficiency appropriation. He doesn't blame the President for this nigardliness—says the President asked for only a billion and a half because the White House was told by Capitol Hill leaders that they would not vote for any more.

Criticism of congress for this stinginess—for which Hopkins says many people must suffer—is being broached all through the far-flung network of relief agencies.

But, regardless of any particular development, the Treasury is going to need more money, and the President is going to tell congress how to raise it. Right there will come the rub.

Congress Knows—Maybe

Congress thinks it knows about raising revenues—just how to keep the shoe from pinching too painfully, and just how to get enough money despite tempering the wind to the shorn lambs. It has the pride of one signal victory over the President, with a following demonstration of the accuracy of its judgment. The President wanted to eliminate the regular corporation income tax entirely—slap a very high tax on undistributed earnings, and get the revenue from bigger individual income taxes.

It is now obvious to any one who examines the figures that if congress had done precisely what the President wanted the Treasury would now be in a much deeper hole than it is. Corporations did just what the President wanted done—for the most part. They voted out extra dividends to escape the new tax, and boosted incomes as a result. But the income taxes did not mount at anything like the rate the President's advisers had calculated. Fortunately for the federal strong box, congress insisted on retaining the regular corporation income tax.

In the coming battle the conservatives in congress will line up behind Pat Harrison, chairman of the senate finance committee, in a fight to liberalize the tax on undistributed corporation earnings. Harrison favors a much more liberal policy with respect to putting aside a surplus for rainy days. No conservative on Capitol Hill takes much stock in the Roosevelt-New Deal contention that under the new order there won't be any rainy days. Besides, they slyly point out, the Supreme court is still functioning and the Constitution has not been amended, so the White House should revise its own weather forecasts.

All the Roosevelt tax proposals have contained just as much social and economic reform as money raising. Next January's bill will be no exception. It will move against bigness. It will strike anew at holding companies. It will aim, in a general way, at the distribution of wealth.

Laugh at Farley

Ever since James A. Farley named Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg as the Republican Presidential nominee for 1940, there has been lots of chuckling over Postmaster Jim's taking in more territory, and running the Republican party as well as the Democratic.

But there was plenty of shrewd strategy behind Jim's move. It just so happens that Senator Vandenberg is far from being the easiest Republican to beat, in Farley's estimation. There are lots of Republicans Jim thinks could be beaten much more easily. In fact, if Jim were to take down his hair and tell you the cold truth, he would admit that he would regard Vandenberg as the very hardest Republican to beat of any now on the horizon.

Why then would he try to help nominate him?

Most of the Washington dispatches since Farley made his prediction have stressed the point that Vandenberg would be about as strong as any Republican likely to be nominated. They have gone on from there to the old political logic that the man farthest out in front in any contest is the man most of the other candidates shoot at, and hence is very apt to be crippled in the final stretch. The other candidates "gang" him, fearing that otherwise there would be no chance for any one of them.

This, most observers have figured, is what Farley wanted to happen to Vandenberg, thus greasing the way for the exit of the strongest opponent Franklin D. Roosevelt—or whoever runs in his place—could have.

The real truth is very different indeed. Farley is more afraid of something else, by far, than he is of Vandenberg's running. What he is most afraid of is that NO Republican will run!

Supremely Confident

Farley is absolutely confident, and with considerable logic, that whoever the Democrats nominate—assuming they do not go plain crazy—can beat any Republican who may be nominated. The Democrats might not carry 46 states, as they did in 1936. They might not even carry 42, as they did in 1932. But it would be mighty hard for the Republicans to beat them. In fact, fair betting odds right now ought to be about ten to one that it will be impossible to revamp the Republican organization into a winning machine by 1940, even if they should have an appealing candidate and a popular platform.

There are more factors entering into this situation than are explained by the debacles of 1932, 1934 and 1936. Or by Roosevelt! There are situations in individual states, notably New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Connecticut—all states that the Republicans simply must carry to have a chance in a presidential election—which make the carrying of any one of them an uphill job for the Republicans.

In all those states the old leaders have passed out of the picture, and no competent hands or shrewd brains have taken their places in the G. O. P. machines. The New York Republican organization went to pot along about 1920. Not a Republican senator or governor has been elected since that year, while the majority of the house delegation has been Democratic beginning with the 1922 election.

The Republican organization in the other states named carried on a little longer than did the Empire State leaders, but they have been dying on the stem. Pennsylvania's "Puddler Jim" Davis is the only Republican senator from the whole lot, and the Democrats are counting on knocking him off next year!

What Farley is more afraid of than any Republican, no matter how strong, is the dissolution of the Republican party as a national institution, and the split of the Democrats into two camps. Further Farley happens to know that Vandenberg is one of the best known Republicans who privately favors abandoning the word "Republican." So the naming of Vandenberg by Farley was a very shrewd typodermic, not for Vandenberg, but for the old G. O. P. elephant!

Might Be Worse

Business representatives in Washington—the bright lads who look after the interests of the various industries, etc.—are relieved that the wages and hours bill is going through this session, surprising as that may seem.

Not that they like it. With one accord they agree that it is terrible. But they think that if its passage were delayed until next session it would be worse.

When they saw how William Green marched up to the Capitol, after being relegated to the hasbeens by so many commentators, and put a few teeth in the measure, they realized that if passage could have been postponed the measure would be much more radical than it is now.

For instance, there is only a hair line now holding the minimum wages that the board can fix for a community at 40 cents an hour. There is a provision, slipped into the bill by Green, which provides that the board may not fix a minimum less than the minimum obtained by collective bargaining.

But being as the limit is fixed at 40 cents, the board simply could not interfere with a concern which was paying a minimum of 40 cents, though the minimum established by collective bargaining in that vicinity might be 50 cents.

Obviously the two elements were injected in the bill without thought of their working together. It is obviously the natural inclination of every New Dealer would be to take out that minimum of 40 cents in favor of an action which might tend to raise it.

So what the business representatives think is that if there were more time to work on the measure—if it were put over until next session to study—the flat minimum would be boosted.

Obviously such an amendment can be proposed next session, and beyond any question will be. But to head off an amendment after a law has been in operation less than a year—before it has really got to working—is not difficult. It is so easy to make the point that time must be allowed to see how the machine works before any tinkering is attempted.

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OUR FAMILY CORNER

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

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

BLACKY THE CROW IS AS EXCITED AS SAMMY JAY

WHEN Sammy Jay came flying out of the Green Forest screaming at the top of his lungs and so excited that he couldn't talk straight, everybody said that he had gone crazy. You see, he was too excited to tell what the trouble was. At last his cousin, Blacky the Crow, managed to get him calmed down so that he could tell him all about it. When he heard the story which Sammy had to tell of the stranger he had seen deep in the Green Forest he looked very much as the other little people did when they heard Sammy screaming foolishly.

You see, it was very hard for Blacky to really believe that Sammy had seen what he had said he had. Not that he thought Sammy was telling a wrong story! Oh, my, no! Sammy was too much in earnest. What Blacky thought was that he had seen a lot more than he really had. You see, Blacky had lived a long time in the Green Forest and he never had seen or heard of such a stranger as Sammy told about.

He asked Sammy just where he had seen the stranger, and Sammy told him that it was way deep in the Green Forest, beyond the pond built by Paddy the Beaver. Now, Blacky believes that the only way to make sure of things is to see them, and not be content with the word of some one else. So he suddenly made up his mind that he would visit the place where Sammy Jay had seen the stranger. He invited Sammy to go along with him, but Sammy refused. It was very plain to see that Sammy was afraid of the stranger. Blacky chuckled to himself as he flew over the pond of Paddy the Beaver and so deep into the Green Forest.

"The idea," said Blacky, "of there being a stranger as big as Farmer Brown's boy and wearing a black fur coat! Nobody like that ever has lived in the Green Forest. I guess I'd know if they had. Sammy must have eaten something and had a very bad dream, or else there is something the matter with his eyes."

He was talking to himself in this way as he flew along, all the time keeping a sharp watch for the stranger, when, without any warning, the stranger himself stepped out from behind a tree almost under Blacky. It startled Blacky so that he let out a frightened "Caw! Caw!" and nearly turned a somersault in the air. He caught himself just in time and flew to the top of the nearest pine tree, where he stood look down and see all that was going on.

Everything was just as Sammy had said. The stranger did wear a black fur coat, he was as big as Farmer Brown's boy, and he did have great feet and the biggest claws Blacky had ever seen. Blacky felt just as if he ought to peck himself to make sure that he was awake. Of course he knew he was, but he just couldn't make it seem so.

Now, Blacky sometimes gets as excited as Sammy Jay, and this was one of the times. He started back for the Green Meadows as fast as he could fly, and all the way he was cawing at the top of his lungs. Sammy Jay heard him long before he saw him and Sammy grinned. "He found him!" thought Sammy. "Now he knows that I told the truth. My, but he sounds just as crazy as I ever did."

And then as Blacky came in sight Sammy once more grew excited, too, and began to scream questions at the top of his lungs, until it was hard to say who was screaming the loudest, Sammy or his big cousin, Blacky the Crow.

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He Caught Himself Just in Time and Flew to the Top of the Nearest Pine Tree.

While We Complain About the Heat

You and we may suffer in the summer sun, but it might be welcomed by O. J. Schmidt, chief of the Russian expedition to the North pole. He is shown feeding white bear cubs on lonely Rudolf island in the Arctic ocean.

THE PANCAKE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

HE SAYS, when I bring home a hat,
"Where in the world did you buy that?"
"At So-and-So's,
And goodness knows
It's long enough since I have had one!"
"The one you have is not a bad one,
But that's O. K.
But, anyway,
Your friends will ask you, with that hat on,
If it was made that way, or sat on."

"Well, that's the very latest style
They're wearing now, so you can smile."
He says, "No doubt.
Yes, laugh right out.
What puzzles me, I can't see through it,
Why do it just because they do it?"
"Well, that's the thing
In style this spring—"
"What I can't see, why spend gooo money
For anything to just look funny?"

We never do have spats
Except on one thing, and that's hats.
You might as well
Not try to tell
A man why anything's good-looking,
For all he thinks about is cooking.

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A Crocheted Rug Is a Lifetime Joy

Pattern 5855

This rug that you can so easily crochet yourself will be a lifetime joy. See it in natural colors on the stunning medallions separately — they're just 8¼ inch squares—and keep joining them till you've a rug the desired size. If you like, make each flower center a different color, keeping the background uniform. Rug wool or candlewicking make for a sturdy durable rug, or otherwise useless rags will also serve the purpose. In pattern 5855 you will find instructions for making the rug shown; an illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions, a photograph of the actual square.

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

What You Seek

Have you ever thought how many objects you pass without even noticing them; how many voices and sounds fail to register with you?

It seems that one usually sees what he is looking for and hears that to which his ears are attuned.

Perhaps this is what Emerson had in mind when he said that no one brings back from Europe anything which he did not take over with him. (Excluding merchandise of course.)—Ohio Farmer.

HELP KIDNEYS
To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help us keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headaches, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all "played out."
For such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won universal acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!
DOAN'S PILLS

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MOPSY

WNU Service.

First Aid to the Ailing House

—By— Roger B. Whitman

WOOD FLOORS ON CONCRETE

ONE very common complaint is that I hear is the bulging and warping of wood floors that are laid on concrete floors in cellars. A cellar floor is usually laid directly on the earth, and inevitably contains moisture. The surface may appear dry, but even so, there is a continuous passage of moisture through the floor and into the air of the cellar. When anything is laid on the concrete, evaporation is prevented; moisture collects, and wood, linoleum, rugs or anything similar will suffer. A wood floor laid on concrete is particularly likely to rot. In absorbing moisture, wood swells and buckles.

Any covering for a concrete cellar floor should be waterproof and of a material that will not rot. Asphalt, either in the form of tiles or as a sheet, is satisfactory; for moisture cannot injure it. Asphalt tiles can be had in many different colors, and form a most attractive floor. They are laid in asphalt cement, which is also used in laying asphalt in sheet form.

When a wood floor is to be laid on concrete, one method is to cement it down with a layer of the same kind of asphalt cement; "mastic" is its usual name. This is becoming a very common method of laying a wood floor on concrete, and is a complete protection against rotting.

Also, there is a pleasant springness to the floor. A less perfect method, but one that has many advantages, is to cover the concrete with sheets of heavy waterproof felt, with the edges overlapping. Two-by-fours are put down on this, and the wood flooring laid on top. This may not give complete protection against rotting, but it is far better than to lay the wood directly on the concrete.

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THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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OCCASIONALLY one meets men and women whose greatest mental zest is found in anything which holds an element of risk. Such seem to possess the gambler's instinct, in business as well as social life. Such persons are often successful despite the dangers which their natures court; but just as often they find themselves on the "losing end of the game."

The Finger of Speculative Mentality

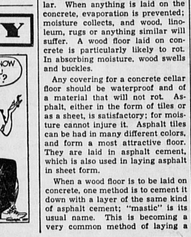
Even the most casual survey of this type of fourth finger will impress you with the extreme length and crookedness which are its most pronounced characteristics. The length of this type is exaggerated by its leanness and the peculiar knottiness of the knuckles. The joints are set at decided angles, which gives the entire finger a distorted appearance. This is most noticeable with the hand extended wide, when the entire finger falls far away from the third finger.

The nail tip is long and pointed with an extremely long and sharply convexed nail, which is often covered with small ridges running the full depth of the nail. Under backward pressure the finger is found to be stiffly resilient.

You need have no hesitancy in placing the owner of such a fourth finger as one who is at least a gambler at heart, and who enjoys nothing better than activities governed largely by chance.

WNU Service.

Love, Honor and Obey



Sable dyed kolinsky is a real success now and comes in beautiful dark brown. In the body of this three-quarter length swagger coat, which is elegant enough for evening wear, the skins are used vertically, with a horizontal working of the sleeves.

Sable Kolinsky

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES
PLENTY OF DATES NOW...DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL
Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. But how lovely the smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.
Watch your complexion take on new beauty
Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference. With the Denton Magic Mirror you can actually see the texture of your skin become smoother day by day. Imperfections are washed clean. Wrinkles gradually disappear. Soon you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.
EXTRAORDINARY OFFER —Saves You Money
You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 oz. bottle (retail price $1) plus a regular sized box of Sweet Maiden Waters Facial Soap (famous the country as the original Milk of Magnesia Soap) and the Denton Magic Mirror (so you see your skin improve) all for only $1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today.
DENTON'S Facial Magnesia
FILL OUT COUPON NOW
SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc. 4402—23rd St., Long Island City, N.Y.
Enclosed find $1 (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.
Name
Street Address
City State

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris

CHAPTER X—Continued

—12—

Weak misery blotted out all other emotions and she turned desperately toward the duty of the minute, toward the wrapping and tying of presents, the heaping of bundles, the fastening of trimmings on the tree that stood in lone cold state in the downstairs drawing room.

It was cold in the drawing room; Victoria worked in a sweater; left half the trimming undone. There was no heart in it today. Christmas had always been a wildly festive time in the Harding family—even the dreadful first Christmas when Quentin and Vicky and Gwen had all been ill. It would be no such holiday tomorrow. It would never seem Christmas again.

"Oh, my God!" Vicky said, standing still in the middle of the room, putting her hands that were sore from wires and string and tinsel, that were cold and dirty, tightly over her eyes. "My God, what shall I do!"

Well, and what had to be done now? With the rest of the tree's trimming Nurse must help; it was too much to do alone in this cold room. Victoria went out to the kitchen and asked Claus, the old German gardener, who was brewing himself some coffee on the laundry stove, to look at the drawing-room radiators. Company tomorrow.

Then upstairs again to find beds made, and the children dressed and circulating about with their usual uproarious activity. Bricks, crayons, railway trains, and blackboards were all in evidence. The question of stockings arose; when were they going to hang the stockings?

"The holes of the mills we had last year are all here!" Susan said excitedly, in interested investigation at the hearth.

"Mother," the gentle twin said, at her knee, "if we hanged them now might they be filled by supper?"

"Oh, no, darling, because Christmas isn't until tomorrow!"

The nursery door opened; Gita shyly insinuated herself into the room, closed the door again.

"Amah's sick, and M'ma said I could come over," she said.

Victoria's face paled, but there was no one to see.

"Come in, Gita. Better close it, dear, because Madeleine's getting all ready for her bath—aren't you, my sweetheart?" She smiled at her fretfully against Madeleine's little fluffy head and felt the tears, hot and hurtful, in her eyes again and the agony of despair in her heart.

Amah was sick, Quentin was sick.

"That you, Vicky? Vic, will you look in the pocket of my coat—the gray coat—and see if there's a little black book there? I'll send down for it if you find it—"

"Just a minute, Quentin." It was the doctor's wife talking; it was no longer only Victoria Hardisty. In a moment she was back: "It's here. Want Claus to bring it in?"

"Well, but won't that mean that you're out of bed?"

"I don't need it. I'm not going out. I was downtown this morning."

"Everything all right?"

A pause. Then Vicky said heavily:

"I guess so."

"Well, don't get too tired. I'll be home early."

Vicky put down the telephone, stood up, and somehow moved blindly toward the bed. In another moment she was flung upon it, in a passion of tears. To have to end all this—to have to end the happy years when she had felt so sure that she and the children were enough—to have next Christmas day dawn on a nursery to which Daddy was a stranger . . .

"What's the matter, Vicky?" Magda asked, late in the afternoon, when Vicky, from sheer inability to do anything more was lying in idle on the couch near the fire in the upstairs sitting room.

"Matter?" Vicky responded brightly. "You made Christmas!"

"Yes, but it isn't that," she said, after a pause. "You were crying this morning. What's the matter?"

Vicky turned raised eyebrows toward her in innocent surprise; broke, and looked at the fire, biting her lip.

"What is it?" persisted Magda. "It's nothing—really."

A silence. The older woman shrugged.

"All right," Magda said then. "It's nothing."

"It's only," Vicky began deliberately, in a thick voice that cleared as she went on—"it's only that I think Quentin and I are going to be divorced."

Their eyes met fully; both women looked back at the fire.

"Feel that way about it?" Magda said mildly. Victoria looked up quickly.

"You know why?" she demanded in surprise.

"I suppose so," Magda said reluctantly and uncomfortably. She jerked her head in the general direction of the Morrison house.

"Don't take it so seriously, Vic!" her mother urged, after a silence in which she had obviously been casting about for something to say.

"Seriously!" Vicky blew her nose, wiped her eyes, spoke in a calmer and quite determined voice. "I'm not going to make any fuss," she said. "But if that's what Quentin wants, I won't stand in his way."

"Oh, but you can't ever be sure. Quentin doesn't seem to me like a man who'd go very far in anything like that. Look at the lovely way he is with the children," Magda argued.

"I know." Vic's eyes watered. "That's what makes it so ghastly," she said in a whisper. "What have you seen, Mother?" she asked, after a pause.

"Oh, well, that he liked her," Magda answered somewhat cautiously. "And certainly that she was after him!" she added with more confidence.

"Well, she's got him!" Vicky said grimly.

"Vicky," her mother presently began placatingly, in real uneasiness, "you wouldn't break up a home like this just because Quentin happened to look at another woman?"

"What else can a woman do when everything she's ever loved and trusted—" Vicky stopped abruptly, choked by the tears that rose in her throat. "After all, one has some pride!" she added, in a lower tone. "Oh, it's all so horrible," she said bitterly, half aloud. "It's all such a nightmare!"

"She'd marry him, like a shot," Magda predicted. "She'd get a divorce and a big settlement from Spencer Morrison, and then she'd marry Quentin."

"She can," Vicky said, trembling. "She knows Quentin is going to be the biggest of them all," Magda went on. "How old is he, Vic?"

"Forty-five—nearly forty-five."

"Ah, well," Magda said, "that's the time they get them!"

Victoria did not question this remark, she was not listening.

"It's like a death," Vicky said. "It's worse than a death!"

"Oh, Lord, no, it isn't, Vic. It happens all the time."

"But it never seemed as if it would happen to me." Vicky fell into brooding thought. "It's like everything—everything that I ever built into my life," she said. "And perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps men like the sort of women who go right on in marriage and have their own affairs! Perhaps a home and children and a woman who loves him aren't enough."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" Magda said soothingly. But something in her completely false tone made Vicky laugh suddenly.

"But you think that, don't you, Mother?" she asked, looking up, her haggard cheeks suddenly scarlet.

"Well, yes—and no," Magda said, pondering. "I think most men would like a mother-wife—a—a show-off wife," she formulated it slowly. "They love home first, and to find a big steak ready, and a fire, and kids all washed and fresh and ready to be introduced off to bed, and someone to love them in a quiet sort of way. And then they like another woman to flatter them, and meet them places, and be admired."

Vicky considered this, a faint scowl between her heavy brows.

"And what would a man think of a wife who felt that way?"

"Oh, well, you can't go by that, Vicky!" Magda assured her hastily.

"No, you can't go by anything," Vicky bitterly agreed.

"In the old days, you see, it was harder for 'em!" Magda presently observed, as if thinking aloud.

"Harder for wives?"

"No, harder for the other women."

"How d'you mean harder?"

"Well, before there was so much divorce," Magda offered simply. "A woman had to be a man's mistress then, and that wasn't so good. Oh-er women wouldn't speak to her, and the man himself got pretty sick of it after a while. Then he came back to his wife."

"If she was a spineless fool," supplied Vicky.

"She didn't have much choice. That's the way things were."

"That isn't the way things are now! Women have changed all that, at least. God knows it's not fair, even now, that men can do what they do, and get away with it! But at least a woman doesn't have to make a doormat of herself!"

"In the old days she forgave him, and in a few weeks he forgot all about it," Magda said.

"I haven't any doubt he did."

"But now his wife gets a divorce, and then'he has to marry the other woman, and she's Mrs. Joe Jones, or whatever it is, and she's won out."

"Not always," Vicky said. "The man is apt to find that he didn't want her quite as much as he thought he did."

"Oh, the man usually is stung, then," Magda agreed. "I know one fellow in New York—terribly nice chap," she further expanded it, "who's paying three alimonies. It keeps him broke, poor kid. He wants to marry a dear friend of mine, Pearl Ashburney . . ."

Victoria was not listening.

"Quentin may wreck my life," she said. "But I wonder how he'll feel when he discovers that he's wrecked his own, lost his children, made himself ridiculous—" She paused.

"As far as the children go, if a man is successful and makes money," Magda said, "they pretty soon find good reasons for getting back to him. He takes one to Europe, or he gives another a car—they don't take sides. You never resented anything I did, poor kid!"

"Yes, but that was my mother!"

"I know. But I was the one who got out—I threw Keith Herrendon over. You know. Vic, it's an awful mistake to bring children into a quarrel, because they don't understand and it just scares them."

"I certainly wouldn't bring them into this!" Victoria protested indignantly.

"Well, I didn't suppose you would. All you tell 'em is that Daddy is going to be away for a while, and that you feel happy about it."

"Oh, my God," Victoria prayed, in an agonized whisper, as the full sense of her own helplessness and of the desperate nature of the situation strengthened in her heart. Daddy going to be away for a while—no Quentin to come into her room from the dressing room in the early morning, when spring light was widening over the wet garden, and a wood fire was snapping! No tired doctor for whom to call at the office so proudly, so lovingly, in the late afternoons, and drive home to warmth and fire and heartening dinner. No picnic on the scimitar shore of Half Moon Bay, with Quentin's big figure remembered and asleep on the sand, and small forms, bareleged to the hip, digging and splashing in the level warm rush of waves!

"Feel happy about it!" she echoed bitterly. And in despair she added: "I shall never feel happy again! There's nothing I can do. Whatever I do is wrong!"

"People get over divorce," Magda said.

"I never will."

"Funny thing," Magda mused, as her daughter's bitter laugh drifted away into silence and the room was still. "If a woman—I mean the wife, now—could only keep her mouth shut and wait, she'd win out every time."

"You mean kiss a man, and be kind to him, and keep his house comfortable, and let him go off to the other woman whenever he likes?" Victoria asked, in a proud, quick voice.

"Yep. About that."

"You mean knowing that he was unfaithful, knowing that he despised her and wanted to get away from her, knowing that another woman was reveling in his compliments and presents—in the love that belonged to her, to keep it up for weeks—" The indignant summary halted; Victoria, her cheeks scarlet, was looking a challenge at her mother.

"Weeks!" Magda echoed. "Months, anyway. Years, maybe."

"Years!" Vicky echoed. And with a brief and mirthless laugh she plunged her head into her hands and rumpled her hair. "You make me laugh," she muttered scornfully. "I see, she wants something that you've got," Magda offered mildly.

"Well, she can have it!"

"So that it's a sort of compliment, in a way. You have to look at it that, Vic. You've got to—well, face the facts. Quentin is a terribly attractive fellow. Women like him, and he's always going to be around them—that's part of being a doctor. Don't be a fool about it and run your head into the sand like a giraffe or whatever it is. A strange woman will always have something for a man that his wife hasn't got."

"Yes, and a strange man something for a woman!" Vicky put in hotly, triumphantly.

"So that if I wanted to run around with—well, say Dr. Bledsoe, Quentin would presumably wait for me, and hear everything, and then forget it as if it had never been?"

"But you're not that sort," Magda reminded her.

"I should hope I'm not!" Victoria exclaimed, again with an air of scoring in the argument. But strangely enough, against this mother of hers who had known so many worthless men in so many discreditable ways, and who so rarely argued, or indeed said anything considerable at all, she could not seem to score today.

"You don't think, Mother," Vic asked quietly, "that any woman who had borne a man children, spent years of care and love on his own child, nursed him when he was ill, worried over his bills and his diet for seven years—you don't think that that woman can calmly put up with his setting up a—a mistress, and shaming her and wronging her, and wronging his own children, too? And then when he's through, simply rushed on, warmed to her subject, "and comes home calmly, she is to forgive him, and settle down over him again! Well, perhaps there are women who could do it, but I'm not one of them!"

"No, I didn't say that there were women who could do it," Magda observed mildly, in the pause, as Vicky sat back defiantly and sipped ice water, breathing quickly and faintly shaking her head. "I just said that if a woman could do it she would have to."

"Won the other woman's leavings, you mean!"

"Well, in a way, I suppose. And as I say, Vicky, it may go on for years. Three years, four years—but then the break comes. Her husband—and he's just as good, or as kind, or whatever he was, as ever—comes back. Unless she's said something he can't forget, or done something radical, he comes back. Then it's the other woman's turn to worry—the wife is holding thirteen trumps. She's got his children, his home, she's gentle and kind and respectable, just as she always was."

"I'd never respect myself again if I countenanced—encouraged that sort of thing!" Vicky exclaimed. "Ugh!"

"Men don't care whether you encourage them or not, so long as you don't cry and fuss." Magda observed, with her irritating power of making a point while not trying to do anything of the sort. "The minute a man leaves you, what you think doesn't matter to him any more. They can walk right out on things, Vic. Women can't, quite. If you make all this easy for Quentin, he'll think you're a good little sport, but he won't care whether you do it by divorce or by just being decent."

Stupefied by this philosophy, and by the blankness and darkness of her future which was also staring at her mother dully, her brow knitted, when Anna came in to announce a meal, Victoria had time only for one more word:

"I've always thought—and I've been thinking it over lately, too," she said, "that of all the girls I ever knew you were the one to try the hardest—I mean stick to your guns, and not let what anyone does make you anything but what you are. But now, I see, I'm not proving you. You were smarter when you were born than I'll ever be."

Vicky dropped her eyes, her eyes into whose mutinous light a new look suddenly had come, from her mother's face to the maid's face. But her thoughts were still upon what Magda had said, and she had to have the message repeated.

"Did you say someone was here?"

"Mrs. Morrison, madam. She says she just wants to say 'Merry Christmas!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Easy, Easier, Easily

Records do not show how old the adage, "Easier said than done," may be. Just as far back as 1546 occurs the sentence, "This thyng is easyer saide of you, then prouyed." Previous to this, indeed, in way of confuting the grammarians, Easy, easier, and easiest have been used as adverbs since early times. A number of such usages are to be found in Shakespeare alone; for instance: "Love's Labour's Lost" (act v, sc. 1, l. 45): "Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon"; "Merchant of Venice" (act i, sc. 2, l. 17): "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done"; "Macbeth" (act ii, sc. 4, l. 38): "Lest our old 'obes sit easier than our new." Among other adverbial users are: Spenser, Tucker, Byron, Smiles, Steele, Keats, and Mrs. Stowe. Some grammarians now condemn the use of easy as an adverb. One wonders why when our literature is so full of such usages; but despite their dicta, the adage, "Easier said than done," is still correct, and may justly be used as well as, "More easily said than done."—Literary Digest.

Ask Me Another?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. What is the largest liner that has gone through the Panama canal?
2. How many of our Presidents owned slaves?
3. Who first discovered the principles of magnetism?
4. What are the elevations above sea level of the Great Lakes?
5. How much space does a ton of gold occupy?
6. Roman senators were appointed for a term of what duration?
7. Are all eyes of the same size?
8. How is salt secured?

Answers

1. The Panama canal office says that the Empress of Britain was the largest liner to pass through the canal. It was also the liner to pay the largest fee, which was $18,941.25.
2. Ten Presidents owned slaves: Washington, Monroe, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Johnson and Grant. Lincoln never owned slaves.
3. Discovery of the simple principles of magnetism possessed by magnetite, or loadstone, was made by Chinese in 1400 B. C., or 3,500 years before magnetism was known in Europe.
4. The Great Lakes have approximately the following elevations above sea level: Superior, 602 feet; Michigan, 581; Huron, 581; Erie, 241; and Ontario, 246 feet.
5. A 14.1 inch cube of gold weighs a ton.
6. Roman senators were appointed for life unless expelled from office for some dishonorable cause.
7. Contrary to general opinion, says a specialist, there is no small eye or large eye. All eyes are approximately of the same size. The reason for the apparent difference depends upon the orifice or aperture through which the eyes are seen. It is the variable diameter of this opening that creates the erroneous impression of different sizes of eyes.
8. There are three ways in which salt may be secured: First, by mining; second, by evaporation of sea water; and third, by digging wells until a salt vein is struck and then pouring water and pumping it up again as brine.

Favorite Recipe of the Week—

Apple Scallop.

6 apples (medium size)
¾ cupful brown sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
½ cupful butter, melted
1½ cupfuls crushed ginger-snaps
½ teaspoonful cinnamon

Pare, core, quarter and slice the apples in medium-sized pieces and with lemon juice. Blend together the sugar, cinnamon, melted butter and ginger-snap crumbs. Put a baking dish with alternate layers of sliced apples and the crumb mixture. Bake one hour and a half hours in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) A top-of-the-stove oven is also satisfactory for this dessert. Serve hot with ice cream or cold with plain cream.

Yield: 6 servings.

"I Planted a Flower"

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever I thought a flower would grow.—Lincoln.

Smiles

Another Gal

"I can't understand why I didn't accept you the first time you proposed."

"That's easy. You weren't there."

Cruelty

"Madam, your confounded dog has torn my trousers!"

"Naughty, naughty Fido! I shall punish him severely. I shall take his pink ribbon away from him for a whole week."

He Kept His Word

The man who said to a woman: "Your slightest wish shall be my law"—and married her.

LETTERLY SPEAKING

Mary's Aunt—Since leaving college, has Mary's B. A. helped her much?

Mary's Ma—Maybe it has; but her M. A. has helped her still more.

Beyond Him

She did not understand the thermometer, but she took her husband's temperature with it and then held a match under it to read it properly. She sent a frantic message to the doctor: "Come at once: temperature 156 degrees."

To which the doctor replied: "I can do nothing. Send for the fire brigade!"

TESTED AND PROVED ON THE FARM
THE AMAZING New Firestone GROUND GRIP TIRE
PROVIDES GREATER DRAWBAR PULL, GREATER TRACTION AND SAVES MORE TIME AND FUEL
NEWS of the amazing performance of the NEW Firestone Ground Grip Tire is sweeping rural America. Farmers everywhere who have seen this new tire are so enthusiastic about it that sales have been phenomenally upward and production has been greatly increased to meet the demand.
Why all this enthusiasm? Those of you who have seen the new Firestone Ground Grip Tire in action know the answer. Tests show that it will pull a three-bottom plow under soil conditions where other makes of tires can pull only a two-bottom plow. The re-designed tread gives greater traction and better self-cleaning action. It will not pack the soil — in fact, it leaves a mulch on the surface of the tread track that prevents rapid evaporation of moisture in the soil. These tests also show up to 30% more available drawbar pull on dry soil, up to 40% more on dry plowed ground, up to 50% more on wet plowed ground than with any other tire tested.
Only in Firestone Tires do you get so many patented extra-quality features. The Ground Grip Tread is patented and is made of specially compounded rubber which resists the action of sun, rain and snow. Gum-Dipping is a patented Firestone Process, by which every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber which gives added strength to resist the strain of heavy pulling. The Two Extra Layers of Gum-Dipped Cords under the tread are patented. This Firestone construction feature binds the tread and cord body into one inseparable unit.
You want and need ALL these features. Only Firestone