SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—What amounts to a bad case of jitters over possible war and its effects on America, aggravating a business situation which is none too satisfactory, is obvious in administration circles, particularly in the Federal Reserve board.

This is the second reason for the recent action desterilizing $300,000,000 of the frozen gold. The effect desired to remedy both troubles was to insure continuance of low interest rates. Primarily, putting this huge amount of gold back in use, so to speak, was aimed at preventing the slide in government bond prices.

Government bonds have been selling at a price absurdly high—from an investor's standpoint—even with due allowance for their tax advantages. Moreover, the banks have entirely too large a proportion of their assets tied up in government securities. But just the same the government did not want to see a decline in bond prices. That would spell higher interest rates on future government financing.

But that secondary reason to make money cheaper for investment purposes in order to encourage expansions by existing business concerns and the development of new business, was also quite important.

Most experts in international affairs do not believe there will be a world war this year. They think the nations most likely to provoke such a war are not ready. But there is constantly in mind the danger that the situation may get out of hand.

Memory is still green about what happened to American business at first, when the war broke out in Europe in 1914. After a while business boomed, the war babies in steel and munitions grew and bloomed. The price of sugar and cotton soared.

But all this was much later. The first reaction was such a crash on the stock market that it was necessary to shut it down and keep it closed for months. The price of cotton dropped until President Wilson himself was encouraging the "Buy a Bale of Cotton" movement.

Take Precautions

Nobody knows just what would happen this time, should the crisis develop this year instead of 1938 or 1939. The year 1939, by the way, is preferred by most experts as the most likely time for the next world war. So the reserve system is just taking precautions, providing in advance the certainty of plenty of cheap money to cushion possible temporary drops in prices, not only of securities, but commodities.

This cushion, most experts figure, would be necessary for only a short time. Ways and means would be found by the belligerents to get needed supplies from America despite any and all obstacles, the neutrality law and the reluctance of this country to buy foreign bonds or extend war credits to the contrary notwithstanding.

Very confidentially, of course, officials admit that the neutrality law would not prevent United States manufacturers from selling airplanes, or tanks, or cotton, or copper to neutral countries from which they could quite simply be shipped to belligerents. But this would take time—that is, to get the new roads to the market in working condition. But the sort of trade that made Holland rich during the last war would certainly develop in some way or other.

All of which, however, does not reassure the people who seem to want to get rid of their securities so as to be ready to jump into something new under changed conditions, or perhaps just with an idea of playing safe. This attitude adds on to the desire of so many to hedge against inflation.

Gets a Laugh

There are lots of chuckles in Washington, and especially in the State department, at James W. Gerard's new job. The idea of the wartime ambassador to Germany and Democratic war-chest fund provider figuring in a tourist agency strikes the average diplomat and the average political bigwig as sort of a comedown.

But the job is far from a joke. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes does not think it is a joke. Neither do the railroads leading to the West, nor the hotel men from the Rockies to the Pacific. They think "Jimmy" has what it takes to bring them some new business, and very high-class new business at that—suites instead of singles with baths in the hotels, drawing-rooms and compartments instead of tourist sleepers on the railroads.

For Gerard's job is to make desirable to his old friends in Germany and throughout Europe—and to their friends—and through the resulting publicity to many more—the attractions of Yellowstone, Yosemite, Glacier and Grand Canyon National parks, to mention just a few of the highlights. And of course any foreign tourist making this "big circle" would also visit San Francisco, and Seattle, and Portland, yes, and even Hollywood.

All of which means a lot more money spent—money which otherwise would stay in Europe. It means a lot of food sold in the most profitable way.

But that's just the commercial aspect of his "joke job" that Gerard has undertaken.

It's a bromide in the West that the New Yorkers think anything west of the Hudson river is unimportant, save perhaps on election nights. "Out there" is just the provinces, from which one returns, when one has to go there at all, as speedily as possible.

But if that "west of the Hudson river" is changed to "west of the Mississippi" a lot of folks in this country might be included!

An Eye-Opener

The late Charles F. Murphy, famed boss of Tammany Hall when that venerable institution amounted to a lot more than it does now, had plenty to say to friends when he returned from the Democratic national convention at San Francisco. He told friends he thought every American ought to make a trip to the Pacific coast, just to see what this country was really like.

When it comes to Europeans seeking to understand America, and usually writing a book about it after a few weeks' stay, the question becomes even more important. It sounds as if Gerard's job is just to sell the cultured Europeans, whom he got to know during his diplomatic service, the western scenery of America. Actually of course that is all he is appointed to do, because that is what the national park service is interested in doing.

But a visitor cannot see the Grand canyon, and Yellowstone, and Glacier and Yosemite without seeing a pretty good cross-section of the United States doing it. And he or she would get a very different slant on this country from that which is normally acquired by the average distinguished visitor on a lecture tour, rushing from lecture to reception to autographing stand in the big store's book section.

It may actually prove very important in future international relations!

About Sugar

Sugar always has been political dynamite, is now, and probably always will be. Concern about the interests of the housewives and consumers generally has been the bunk, in the opinion of this writer and most observers, ever since sugar became an issue under the original protective tariff, with just one exception.

That exception was under the Underwood-Simmons tariff bill, passed immediately after Woodrow Wilson entered the White House, and which did not prove very satisfactory. It deprived the government of a revenue of around $60,000,000 a year, which, in those days, was important money from the Treasury stand-point. For a time also it played hob with the Louisiana cane interests. Then along came the war and sugar prices began to soar regardless of any governmental policy.

From the progressive viewpoint, the worst tariff of all was that passed under President Hoover, in which the duty on sugar was fixed at two cents. It happens, however, that Americans were paying, during that period, just two cents above the world price. In short, the duty determined precisely the differential.

But under the quota system, which any economist or free trader will admit is much worse than the tariff system in practical workings, Americans were paying, around the first of this month, 2.38 cents a pound above the world price! So the consumer is getting it in the neck even worse than under the Hawley-Smoot tariff.

Hits Consumer

Assuming this, it becomes interesting to discover just what they are doing to American consumers of sugar in the way of profiteering. According to computations following the formula approved by the United States District court for southern New York, the profits of the refiners during 1936 averaged seven cents on every hundred pounds of sugar. For the year 1935 the refiners' profit averaged six cents on every hundred pounds. And in 1934 the profits averaged five cents on every hundred pounds. The year 1935 was thrown out of line by some bad calculating on the part of the refiners as to advance buying under the quota system. Briefly, they were "caught short." They had sold sugar at a price in advance and then had to pay more for the raw sugar than they had calculated.

This profit seems rather unimportant, from the housewives' standpoint, when one figures that the excise tax on sugar (on both domestic and imported) is one-half a cent a pound, ten times the 1935 refiners' profit. And sympathy with the consumer is rather strained when it is considered that the administration wanted this tax to be three-quarters of a cent a pound instead of half a cent!

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The HOME CIRCLE

INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Uncle Wiggily's Story

by Thornton W. Burgess

PETER HAS HARD WORK TO BELIEVE HIS EYES

THE very morning that Jimmy Skunk had decided to go see for himself the stranger of whom Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow and Unc' Billy Possum told such strange stories Peter Rabbit had made up his mind that he just had to see for himself what was going on. He had not been into the deepest part of the Green Forest since the time when he had found the strange cracks in the snow. The truth is Peter had been afraid to go. But his curiosity had been aroused so by what Sammy Jay and Blacky

So Peter Had Started Off by Himself

the Crow had said that he couldn't keep away any longer. First he looked for his cousin, Jumper the Hare. Jumper had not been afraid when Peter had told him about those strange tracks, and he felt sure that Jumper would not be afraid now. But Jumper was nowhere to be found. In fact, Peter had not seen him for some time, not since Sammy Jay had first come screaming out of the Green Forest with his story of the big stranger with the terrible claws.

So Peter started off by himself. His heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, and he sat up to look and listen so often that it took him longer than ever to reach the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest. Not once had Peter seen or heard anything to make him afraid, and by the time he reached Paddy's pond he had begun to feel very brave and bold. In fact he had almost begun to doubt if there was any such stranger as Sammy had described.

Then all of a sudden, right on the shore of Paddy's pond, Peter saw a sight that made him quite gasp for breath. Yes, sir, it quite took Peter's breath away. What was it? Why, it was the meeting between Jimmy Skunk and the big stranger Sammy Jay had told about. He was very big, quite as big as Farmer Brown's boy, was the stranger and he wore a black fur coat just as Sammy had said. And there were the great big claws, the terrible claws, the most awful claws that Peter had ever dreamed of. As soon as he saw them Peter knew for sure that this stranger was the one who had made the big, strange tracks he had found in the snow in the deepest part of the Green Forest at the very last of winter. And now here was the great stranger with the terrible claws walking straight toward Jimmy Skunk and Jimmy didn't seem to know it. In fact Jimmy was resting and he looked very much as if he were going to take a nap. Peter wanted to shout and warn Jimmy. Then he thought of thumping. But he didn't do either. The fact is Peter didn't quite dare to.

But there was no need, for just then the stranger stepped on a stick and it broke with a snap. Jimmy Skunk turned about. Of course Peter expected to see Jimmy run as fast as ever he could. "Jimmy seldom hurries, but he will this time," thought Peter.

But Peter was wrong. Jimmy did nothing of the kind. For a minute he just stared and stared. The big black stranger kept right on coming. Then, instead of running, Jimmy went forward to meet him. Yes, sir, Jimmy Skunk just marched straight toward the stranger with his head and tail held high. The big black stranger stopped and eyed Jimmy a bit doubtfully. Then he stood up on his hind legs and he was as tall as Farmer Brown's boy. This made Jimmy stop for a minute. Never had he seen any one but Farmer Brown's boy himself who could stand on two legs. It hadn't do to let this stranger think that just because he was big and had great long claws he could scare everybody, and so Jimmy once more marched forward. Now he did not really has a great deal of confidence in that little bag of scent he always carries with him. The stranger growled. Jimmy kept right on. Then what do you think happened? Why that great, big stranger began to back away! Peter Rabbit could hardly believe his own eyes.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Seattle's Russian Orthodox Church

Towering over several buildings and housetops are the awe-inspiring seven spirals of the new Russian Orthodox church which is being built in Seattle. It is said to be the only one of its architectural design on the Coast. When the church is completed there is expected to be a continuous flow of visiting artists to paint and draw the artistic building. This church is being erected by the pastor himself along with several other members of the church. The pastor is the Rev. M. Danilchik, who came from southern Russia.

Love, Honor and Obey

ANIMAL CRACKERS

By WARREN GOODRICH

"Stick 'em up!"

WNU Service

MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

WE HAVE a dreadful time, every once in a while, trying to remember all the first names of all the children in families where we visit only about once a year. It infuriates the parents when we call little Dicky, Bill or little Marjorie, Helen. They seem to think we aren't impressed with the child which is far from the case. We are usually terribly impressed and somewhat terrified.

For a while we wrote down all the names of these children-once-removed in a note book. But then we lost the note book. So now we have discovered a new system. When confronted with the child we smile pleasantly and start right in

You Are Supposed to Remember All the Names of All Your Friends' and Cousins' Children.

with our conversation. "So you're in school now, aren't you?" we say. And then, "I bet you haven't learned to spell your own name, have you?" And nine times out of ten we get the answer that saves us.

The only trouble is that it doesn't work with children that are too old or too young. With them we just have to stay mum until we hear their mother ordering them about.

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FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

By Roger B. Whitman

RELATIVE HUMIDITY

WITH the coming in of air conditioning, and the use of humidifiers, the term "relative humidity" is used to indicate the percentage of moisture in the air. This term is explained as showing the quantity of moisture in the air compared to the limit that the air can hold. For a comparison, a sponge picks up moisture and continues to pick it up until it is saturated; beyond that, any more water causes a drip.

The amount of water vapor that air can take up depends on temperature. The warmer the air, the more vapor it can hold; the greater will be the quantity of water vapor needed to saturate it.

Relative humidity is the amount of water vapor actually in the air, compared to the amount of water vapor that would be needed for saturation. Air that is fully saturated, and that can take up no more vapor without forming a drip or a mist, is said to be 100 per cent humidified.

The relative humidity of a body of air depends on the temperature of the air. Consider a room in which the air at a temperature of 40 degrees contains a certain quantity of water vapor. If the temperature of the air is then raised to, say, 60 or 70 degrees, with no more water vapor added, the relative humidity will be less, for at the higher temperature, the air has a greater capacity for absorbing water.

Now suppose that the air in a room is at 70 degrees, and contains a quantity of water vapor, but not enough for saturation. Coming into contact with cold window glass, the air will be chilled and will lose its capacity to hold water vapor. The excess above the relative humidity of 100 per cent, which is saturation, will be squeezed out, so to speak, and will appear as drops on the glass. The effect is condensation.

© By Roger B. Whitman WNU Service.

MOPSY

WNU Service

How Constipation Causes Gas, Nerve Pressure

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST, waste is not up the bowels and there are poisons in the digestive tract. These generate gas, bloat the stomach, make you feel sluggish, have a bad taste, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND, Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Doctors say you need more vegetable fiber. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy and miserable.

To get the complete relief you need you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve GAS. 2. You must relieve the cause of CONSTIPATION. Now, Adlerika does both! SEE NERVES. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, bloat vanish, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you want. It is ADLERIKA. The efficient carminative esthetic relieves that awful GAS in a few hours, and a single dose usually brings a full and lasting bowel movement.

Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 30 years. No prescription, no doctor's bill. Get Adlerika today. Only one dose proves how fine you feel. Adlerika is a dependable intestinal tonic.

Household Questions

To Soften Sugar.—When brown sugar becomes hard or lumpy, place it in a shallow pan in the oven for a few minutes.

• • •

Shiny Windows.—A few drops of kerosene added to the water when washing windows will make them shine brightly.

• • •

For Baking Cakes.—The center of the oven usually has the most even heat and is therefore best for cake baking.

• • •

Discouraging Ants. — Prompt disposal of garbage and other waste materials around the home will aid in the control of ants.

• • •

Cleaning Black Frocks.—Black frocks which have become marked with powder may be cleaned quite easily by being rubbed with crumbed, dry, stale bread.

• • •

For the Seamstress. — Before stitching lame materials, like khaki, duck or canvas, rub hard soap over the hems and seams. The needle will penetrate the material more easily.

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WNU—39—37

GET RID OF PIMPLES

New Remedy Uses Magnesia to Clear Skin. Firms and Smooths Complexion —Makes Skin Look Years Younger.

Get rid of ugly, pimply skin with this extraordinary new remedy. Denton's Facial Magnesia works miracles in clearing up a spotty, roughened complexion. Even the first few treatments make a noticeable difference. The ugly spots gradually wipe away, big pores grow smaller, the texture of the skin itself becomes firmer. Before you know it friends are complimenting you on your complexion.

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Here is your chance to try out Denton's Facial Magnesia at a liberal saving. We will send you a full 6 oz. bottle of Denton's, plus a regular size box of famous Milkana Wafers (the original Milk of Magnesia tablets) . . . both for only 60c! Cash in on this remarkable offer. Send 60c in cash or stamps today.

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How CARDUI Helps Women

Cardui is a purely vegetable medicine, found by many women to ease functional pains and neuralgia. It also helps to strengthen women, who have been weakened by poor nourishment, by increasing their appetite and improving their digestion. Many have reported lasting benefit from the wholesome nutritional assistance obtained by taking Cardui. If you have never taken Cardui, get a bottle of Cardui at the nearest drug store, read the directions and try it.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris

© Kathleen Norris WNU Service.

CHAPTER XV—Continued

—I?—

Vicky's eyes found the little round violet puncture of the bullet hole at the flawless marble temple. Serena's sleeping face was placid, but the once scarlet mouth was pale and flecked with blood, and the beautiful pale gold hair was tousled into a careless cascade that hung in a web over the side of the bed. There was a horrible sprawling relaxation in her position, a dreadful mysterious shutness in the colorless lips that made Vicky tremble.

"Is there anything to do, Quentin?" "Not now." He did not turn from his contemplation of the wreck of what had been so soft, so lovely and alluring and fragrant and warm only a few hours ago. "No, it was instantaneous, Vic," he muttered.

"Killed herself!"

"She thought he was dead, d'you see?" the older man stopped suddenly. "The Chinese woman had come out of his room. It was while we were all in the hall there, awhile back, when we all thought that poor Morrison had no chance."

"I thought, from the way you all talked," Quentin said, "that he was! I was amazed when Ahab said he wanted to see me. And certainly she must have thought so. Poor woman!"

An hour later Victoria and Quentin walked across the Morrisons' side garden, and through the gate into the lane and through their own gate. A perfect spring dawn was strengthening over the world now; it was four o'clock; the east was flushed with exquisite delicate pink, against which shoals and galleons of delicate silver and gray and paler gray cloud made long bars.

"I feel—reborn," Vicky said.

"Reborn. I'm terribly grateful, Vic," Quentin said.

"Oh, grateful! If you knew what I was thinking of all night long. Every horror that anyone could imagine seemed to be sweeping over me. I had you in jail; I had us all moving to some remote place."

"Perhaps you think I didn't, Vic, while we were working over him. Perhaps you think I didn't have a chance to think how I'd taken my life and destroyed your life in my hands. But thank God it's all over now!"

"I am tired. Quentin, doesn't the tea for the Vienna doctors and our lunch at the St. Francis seem longer ago than yesterday?"

"That wasn't yesterday!" he exclaimed.

"That's all it was."

"My God," he said again, struck.

"She did do it, didn't she, Quentin?"

"Yes," he said with a serious look. "I guess she did."

"Her killing herself"—The words sounded so strange that Vicky had to stop short and think of them—"her killing herself looked as if she did," she mused.

"She had that—I don't know what to call it—ruthless quality," Quentin said. "Her mind went over my obstacle that was in her way."

"He roused the very worst in her; he always did," Victoria mused.

"He seemed to sit back and laugh at her, and he never let her have enough money even to get away. She told me—she came to see me every few days, you know—that she had to charge even her lunches at hotels. That day she seemed to me desperate. She looked so beautiful, too; she was in a sort of corn color, and her eyes looked so blue. Mother said after she left, 'All dressed up and nowhere to go!' I suppose it was death-in-life to her to live in that quiet country house."

Quentin nodded, listening.

"You've been a trump all night long, Vic," he said, after a while. "If you'd been like most women, and refused to go over there, we might be in bad trouble this morning. If you were like most women, you'd have kicked me out years ago, I don't know why you act the way you do, but I want you to know—this sounds damn flat—but I want you to know that I admire you and that I'm grateful! I love everything I've got in the world to you. I'm just beginning to realize that it's an awful lot. You know I'm not good at speeches, but when I think about you—and this is what I wanted to tell you—I get all choked up. I'm—I'm grateful."

"Thank you, Quentin!" Vic said from the other end of the table.

"We'll go on here, and some day I'll have a chance to show you that I'm changed," Quentin said. "It's taken me a long time to wake up. I've been a fool. I did the rottenest thing to you a man can do to his wife; it's just my luck, it's my incredible luck that you've—well, I won't say forgiven me; you don't forget those things, and you can't forgive them — but that you've worked it out your way."

"You did something of which you are ashamed," she said simply. "I—didn't. Why should there be any question of forgiveness? If I did something — something wrong, tomorrow — you'd be sorry—you'd think a little the less of me; but you wouldn't be personally touched because I forged a check—your own honor would be just what it was! My life isn't yours. I'm me."

"I wish to the Lord you would do something dumb," Quentin said with inelequent force, after a pause.

"I sound smug," Vicky said, "but I'm not. And I do dumb things every day. Thousands of them. There were months—there were actual years when your home life was nothing but mistakes, nerves, uproar, my crying and being tired and sick, the children going into mumps and whooping cough, bills piling up."

"But, good heavens, Vic, what's that? the man said roughly, in impatience. "What's all that compared to the other thing, compared to hurting your pride, and killing your love for me, and putting the thought of another woman eternally between us? Why, lots of the fellows go home to women who are extravagant and nagging and nervous, and we don't have a houseful of gorgeous kids to show for it! There's no comparison between the two."

"I think there is. I think nagging and extravagance and nerves are things that grow, and I think women who won't have children, who hate home, who are always running about with other men, are just as bad! Even if they don't go to the limit—even if they fool along, getting everything they can out of a

"Killed Herself!"

man and then stopping short, never giving anything—it seems to me detestable," Vic said. "My own temptations are different," she added. "I think maybe I'm a mother first and a wife afterward; I've never gone in for pink baby pillows and long-legged dolls!"

The words brought back with a moment of horror the memory of her last sight of Serena's bedroom, and she was still.

"Serena loved you," she said thoughtfully, in the silence.

"She never loved anyone but herself," Quentin said. "Everything she said and did revolved about that. She loved her own beauty and power. She used them to get what she wanted. I knew it, after a while. Morrison must have discovered it as soon as they were married. Her first husband tried twice to kill himself. She was cold and vain, poor girl! And she was the woman," he ended, "for whom I broke your heart!"

"No, you didn't break my heart." "Bringing a person's heart is a cheap way of putting it," Quentin said. "It sounds romantic, when it wasn't anything but damn stupid and selfish. You said what it really did, a minute ago. It made you think less of me; that's the real price. We never can go back of that. You'll never be able to trust me again. There'll always be that feeling, somewhere, 'way back in your mind, that I failed you!"

Vicky, her elbows on the kitchen table, her chin in her hands, looked thoughtful.

"I suppose so," she said slowly. "But I don't know that it matters. You've seen me looking pretty horrible, ugly and crying and frightened and only anxious to be let off pain; it doesn't seem to make you like me any less when I'm all gotten up in my new Easter clothes. Luckily people forget those things, when —under it all—they love each other."

Quentin answered her with a long look.

"I think you really believe that," he said after a while. "You're not like anyone else in the world!"

Vicky in her turn was thoughtful.

"Perhaps we're both tired," she said. "For that matter, what's happened tonight is enough to throw us into nervous breakdowns. We don't often talk this way. But it's only fair to tell you something, Quentin, that may partly explain the way I feel, the way I act. When we were married, eleven years ago, I talked about marrying for reasons, about not being carried away by excitement, about not falling in love.

"I told you my idea of marriage was companionship, home, children. You were a widower with a delicate youngster—" She laughed. "It seems funny now to think of Gwen as delicate, doesn't it?" she said. "Women were making your life a burden, and you needed just what I had to give. I remember our talking of it once, and your saying that whatever the agreement was before marriage, however reasonable and dispassionate the feeling was, no man could have a young wife around and not come to love her, that is presuming that he didn't come to hate her. Do you remember that?"

"Vaguely."

"Well, the joke was on me," Vicky said, "for I had it—had it desperately, the whole time! I trembled and got silly when you spoke to me, I thought of you all day long and lay awake dreaming of you all night. I was the love-sick woman who ever knelt down and thanked God that the most marvelous man in the world had deigned to look at her! I never told you. I was too proud. I tackled the big house and the servants and Gwen; I even went to the hospital and had your babies, Quentin. But I never dared tell you! You never asked me to; you took me calmly for granted, meals and furnace and Gwen and babies and answering the telephone and buying you new shirts, and that was the way I wanted it to be. I didn't want to be the one to introduce the silly, the sentimental side of it, cry when you forgot my birthday, and expect you to compliment me every night on the way my hair was done! I didn't. I wanted a certain kind of marriage—work and responsibility and companionship, and plenty of criticism if I didn't do my job, and I got it! But I've loved you all the time! Quent, when you come home tired at night and go to sleep with your big heavy head on my shoulder, I lie awake sometimes for joy. Juliet has nothing on me, nor Beatrice, nor Nicolette!"

She stood up, smiled at him.

"There!" she said. "That's my awful confession. I've made you a speech."

Quent took Victoria in his arms.

"You've made me a speech, Vic. I'll never forget it."

[THE END]

Science Advances in Telepathy Tests; University Man Gives Much Information

Is telepathy, mongrelized by years of vaudeville trickery, at the threshold of becoming a science? Astonishing experiments have progressed to a point where private home tests are invited. With them does the candid warning that, despite the fun of using the mind as a messenger boy, there is hazard, perhaps tragedy, as a possible reward for psychic tinkering.

The man who took telepathy out of the music hall and put it into the laboratory is slim, youthful, impetuous and mop-haired, a rapt believer in the theory that the human mind is, to more or less degree, a sensitive broadcasting station with messages for those with minds capable of tuning in the right wavelength, says the Literary Digest.

He is Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine, whose experiments at Duke university keep people awake nights in North Carolina to California.

Mainly, success depends, he says, on possession of the "gift" to some extent, favorable mental conditions to a large extent. Then:

"First, a genuine interest is required. Preferably a fresh spontaneous curiosity to see if you can do it."

In more than 100,000 trials, conducted since 1927, he has obtained results that seem billions to one against the operations of pure chance. Mathematically, at least, he has shown that, in some persons, perception without use of the ordinary sense does in fact exist.

Support for Dr. Rhine's faith can be found in "Man, the Unknown," the recent book by Dr. Alexis Carrel, who wrote: "Those endowed with this power grasp the secret thought of other individuals without using their sense organs. They also perceive events more or less remote in space and time. This quality is exceptional. It develops in only a small number of human beings. . . . Clairvoyance appears quite commonplace to those who have it. It brings them knowledge which is more certain than that gained through the sense organs."

Dr. Rhine experimented with children, then college students. The results were disappointing. Then he tried hypnotized subjects, and finally the key to science, specially gifted students. Results followed impressively.

He is careful to distinguish between clairvoyance and telepathy. Clairvoyance, he says, is perception, such as symbols on the cards. Telepathy is "mind-reading." Persons gifted with one ordinarily possess the other.

Distance, he holds, makes no difference. Indeed, better results are obtained when test objects are separated by rooms. High scores obtain when several miles intervene. Remarkable results were obtained at a distance of 100 miles.

"With all its dangers it is, I believe, the greatest field for intellectual adventure that the student has before him today," says Dr. Rhine. "The perils add to the zest, and the size of the game is unequaled."

GOOD TASTE TODAY

by EMILY POST

World's Foremost Authority on Etiquette

© Emily Post.

There's Good Reason for Visiting Cards

DEAR Mrs. Post: Visiting card formalities are something I never will understand. I've moved into a strange community and neighbors and friends of friends are calling and leaving their cards. Why do they leave cards when I'm in and receive them? I can understand why they would leave cards in my absence but not otherwise.

Answer: It is really essential that they leave cards so that you will know their full names and the spelling and possibly their house address. After all, you would move to have better than average hearing, not to say anything of memory, to remember the names announced to you. And later when you look for Mrs. Jimson in the telephone book, you may have no very of knowing whether she is Mrs. Alexander — or Mrs. John — or Mrs. George. Excepting on this first occasion, visitors are not apt to send in their cards unless they find you out.

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Wedding Announcement Need Not Name Town

DEAR Mrs. Post: On wedding announcements may I omit the name of the town in which we were married? Or if there must be some town mentioned may I use the name of my home town instead? We were married out of the state and I don't care especially to use the name of the town if it is possible to omit it.

Answer: The best way to overcome this is to leave a space between the line giving the year of the marriage and the name of the town. In other words, actually the announcement ends with the date. Adding the name of the town merely gives the people to whom the announcements are sent your parents' address.

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Proper Invitation Form.

DEAR Mrs. Post: Will you suggest a form for an important dinner to be given by the children of a couple who are to be honored on their fiftieth wedding anniversary? Everything I write out doesn't seem correct.

Answer:

The pleasure of
(name the written in)
Company is requested by
The Sons and Daughters of
Mr. and Mrs. Fifty Years
on the occasion of their
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary
on Tuesday, the tenth of February
at eight o'clock
Hotel Uptown
City State
Kindly reply

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How to Accept.

DEAR Mrs. Post: How in the world can so much be written by hand when accepting a third person invitation sent out by a committee of a certain organization, with name appearing on the form as well as the names of two guests of honor?

Answer: You need write no more than the following:

Miss Mary Smith
accepts with pleasure
the kind invitation of
The Women's Committee
of (whatever Organization)
for Wednesday evening
at eight o'clock
at the Hotel Steven

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The Wedding Breakfast

DEAR Mrs. Post: Will you suggest a good menu for a ten o'clock wedding breakfast? There will be only about two dozen guests.

Answer: At that hour I would make it really a breakfast. Something such as melon and chicken mince with hashed cream potatoes or scrambled eggs and sausage, buttered hot breads, breakfast coffee (meaning coffee in big cup with sugar and cream), and I think that is enough. Wedding cake and either champagne or fruit cup or whatever you are going to use to drink the bride's health are of course part of every wedding collation.

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No "Tails" on Sunday

DEAR Mrs. Post: Will you kindly settle a question in dressing for us? I have always understood that "tails" for men are absolutely correct at any time after dark, no matter what the day. We have just been told that this does not include Sunday.

Answer: The reason that "tails" are never seen on Sunday evening is that balls and dinners of ceremony, which alone require them, are never given on Sunday.

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How You Do It

WHEN someone says "How do you do" is it correct to say "I am fine, thank you" or is "How do you do" to be taken only as a greeting?

Answer: "How do you do" is a punctilious greeting to which the customary response is also "How do you do."

WNU Service.

Ask Me Another?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. How much wood will a giant Sequoia tree yield?
2. How many persons out of a million will live to be one hundred years old?
3. Who was the first American to receive the Nobel prize for peace?
4. How fast can currency be counted?
5. Where is the oldest painting of the Virgin and Child in existence?
6. Does it cost more to educate a child in a city school than in a rural school?
7. When gold is hammered into the thinnest gold leaf possible, what color is it?
8. What is the definition of a split infinitive?

Answers

1. A giant California Sequoia tree yielded 3,000 posts, 650,000 shingles and 100 cords of firewood. The upper one-third and the branches of the huge tree were not used.
2. It is estimated about thirty in a million will live to this advanced age.
3. Theodore Roosevelt, for his efforts in bringing about the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia in 1905. It was awarded him in 1906.
4. The expert counters of the Department of the Treasury have counted approximately as many as 40,000 new notes a day, and 25,000 old ones.
5. The oldest painting of the Virgin and Child in existence, done about 150 A. D., is on a wall in the famous Priscilla catacombs in Rome.
6. The average cost to educate a child in a rural school in the United States is $53.31 a year, and the average in a city school is about $96.18.
7. In this condition it appears green by transmitted light.
8. A split infinitive is one in which an adverb is introduced between the word "to," and the verb form, such as "to largely decrease." The word "to" as used with the infinitive is not to be classed as a preposition; it is an integral part of the infinitive and hence should not be separated from the verb form.

Achievement of Peace

YOU may either win your peace or buy it; win it, by resistance to evil; buy it, by compromise with evil. You may buy your peace with silenced consciences; you may buy it with broken vows—buy it with lying words—buy it with base connivances—buy it with the blood of the slain, and the cry of the captives over hemispheres of the earth, while you sit smiling at your serene hearths, muttering continually to yourselves, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace; but only captivity and death for you.

We Humans

In going through life we often bewail our misfortunes, but seldom dwell upon our blessings; the ill-meed is reckoned to a day, the bad debt to computed to a cent, the sleepless night is spoken of with deep self-commiseration; but we forget to reckon the many months of our health; we take as a thing of course, and not worth mentioning, that we enjoyed hours of calm and refreshing sleep undisturbed even by a dream. — Wamego Times.

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