# SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—Treasury officials are working day and night, virtually, to dissuade congress from doing something that a good many conservative leaders in both houses seem set on doing—modifying sharply the undistributed earnings and the capital gains taxes.

Incidentally the administration has changed its tune entirely on the undistributed profits tax. One would think, to hear them talk now, that when the administration forced this tax on an unwilling congress there had been no ballyhoo in behalf of the little stockholder, looted by a conscienceless management of his corporation.

President Roosevelt himself, at the time, pointed out that the small stockholder had some rights in the matter, that he should have a voice in whether the earnings on his investment were plowed back into the company or whether he should receive his share of them.

This would be forced, the President then pointed out, by the undistributed profits tax. If this tax were made high enough, obviously corporations would not pay it, but would distribute their earnings among the stockholders. The good feature about this from the government standpoint would be, he pointed out, that the government would get much larger individual income taxes from the stockholders. But the good feature from the standpoint of the stockholder would be that he would get his earned dividends, and could then decide, according to his own circumstances, according to his own judgment of the management of the corporations, etc., whether he would put his own money back into the company.

If managements earned a reputation for business ability and sagacity, the President pointed out, stockholders would be eager to reinvest their earnings in the companies which paid them dividends.

## Wander Away

How far the administration has wandered from this line of argument is best illustrated by the fact that the brain trusters are now talking stock dividends, providing the Supreme court will reverse its decision of some years back and hold that they are taxable as individual income!

This of course would serve the government's point by forcing the corporation earnings into individual incomes from which it would derive taxes, but would remove from the stockholder the much talked about advantage that he could elect whether he would reinvest his earnings in the same corporation.

In conversations with congressmen, Treasury officials are using an illustration.

"Suppose," they say, "you (congress) should repeal both the undistributed earnings tax and the capital gains tax. Then suppose a rich man should put $10,000,000 in a corporation. That corporation might have vast earnings, and yet, for tax purposes, not disburse them. Ten years later, the company having meantime added twenty million of earnings to this original investment of ten, the rich man could sell his stock for $30,000,000.

"He would have paid no income tax on these earnings during the ten years, and, if there were no capital gains tax, he would pay no tax on the profit when he sold the stock. Thus he would have obtained $20,000,000 of profit without paying any tax on it."

One congressman said that would be all right with him, for the government would be getting 15 per cent of every dollar earned by the corporation every year under present tax laws. He added, however, that the 15 per cent might be jacked up a little, if the other taxes were repealed, insisting that he thought the corporations might pay more in taxes providing such taxes as interfere with management problems were repealed.

## Meaning Lost

One of the reasons why Franklin D. Roosevelt was pleased with the election of Fiorello H. LaGuardia as mayor of New York stands out a sore thumb every time a group of Republicans get together. The "Little Flower" has used the Republican label many times to his own advantage, but he has never been regarded as a Republican by the wheel horses of the party throughout the country.

One Republican senator, discussing this angle of the situation shortly after the New York city election, said: "If I want a New Dealer, why not take Roosevelt himself?"

Underlying this is the fact that "Republican" and "Democrat" have lost their meaning, as far as the words meant anything to voters of just a few years back. Old-time Democrats would now be regarded as Tories, just the same as old-fashioned Republicans.

Complicating this situation is the South, with its fiery devotion to the Democratic label, which yet remains the most conservative section of the country.

It is pointed out by many Republican leaders that District Attorney-elect Thomas E. Dewey of New York county seems to have captured the imagination of the country. For one reason and another Dewey has had the most marvelous publicity any recent arrival on the political stage has been able to obtain.

Actually nothing has developed to disclose whether Dewey is a conservative or a radical—to show to which of the two really important groups of political thinkers in this country today he belongs. There is talk, however, of his running for governor of New York.

## Question Arises

This may be history repeating itself, but the question arises, which chapter?

Old-timers think of Grover Cleveland, the fearless sheriff of Buffalo who became governor, and later was twice President. Others think of Theodore Roosevelt, who used the executive mansion at Albany as a way station to the White House. And of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who became the logical nominee for President the day he was elected governor in 1928, when Al Smith was losing his own state in his presidential race.

But there are other chapters. Charles S. Whitman made his reputation, as has Dewey, as prosecuting attorney in New York. He, too, captured the popular imagination when he broke up the rackets of that day, when he sent Police Lieutenant Charles Becker and four gamblers' gunmen to the electric chair. And Whitman dreamed of the White House! Let no one be mistaken about that. But for one reason and another he just did not fit into the picture.

Charles E. Hughes made a reputation as an attorney in the life insurance investigation. He became a great governor of New York, but he was sidetracked.

So it would seem the tradition is better for Democrats than for Republicans, except this—there is simply no one else on the public horizon so far as the Republican party is concerned. That's why you are going to hear a lot about Mr. Dewey from now on.

## New Dealers Pleased

Considerable satisfaction, but very little guidance, was given to President Roosevelt and New Dealers generally by the elections. There was scarcely a result which did not give the President a certain personal pleasure.

Even the silk stocking Seventeenth Congressional district of New York going Republican, curiously enough, had its compensations. It happens to be the richest district in the United States, and the President can point to it and say, "I told you so. The economic royalists are against me because I am for the plain people," etc.

As a matter of fact, the Republicans capturing the Seventeenth New York district, the district of Ruth Pratt and Ogden L. Mills, was very much like the Dutch capturing Holland. It always goes Republican except in Democratic landslides.

Defeat of the original Roosevelt man in Massachusetts, James M. Curley, in his attempt to come back, running for mayor of Boston, was not hard to take by the President at all. For there was a parting of the ways as between Roosevelt and Curley.

So that Curley would not—it might be presumed—be a friendly mayor to the White House if he had been elected this year.

It was an open secret that the President wanted Fiorello H. LaGuardia re-elected mayor of New York. He could not do anything openly—though Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes came out for LaGuardia openly. The President was handicapped here by the fact that all his friends, the bosses of the Bronx, Queens and Richmond, were fighting for the regular Democratic nominee.

## The Lewis Setback

But it was these Brooklyn, Queens, Bronx and Staten island Democrats who were really fighting for Jeremiah T. Mahoney, and they were all political lieutenants of long standing of James A. Farley. Which explains why the Postmaster General had to go through the motions, despite the known fact that his chief was really for LaGuardia.

The bad setbacks which John L. Lewis took in the Detroit, Akron and Canton elections were no blow to the White House. The President had shown several times that he resented Lewis' assumption that the C. I. O. had re-elected Roosevelt, and was therefore entitled to a break. The President has no sympathy with the idea of any powerful bloc in politics unless he and his friends can control the bloc.

Most observers and politicians had suspected that Lewis and the C. I. O. were overrating their political strength. They regard these elections as proof they were right.

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# The HOME CIRCLE

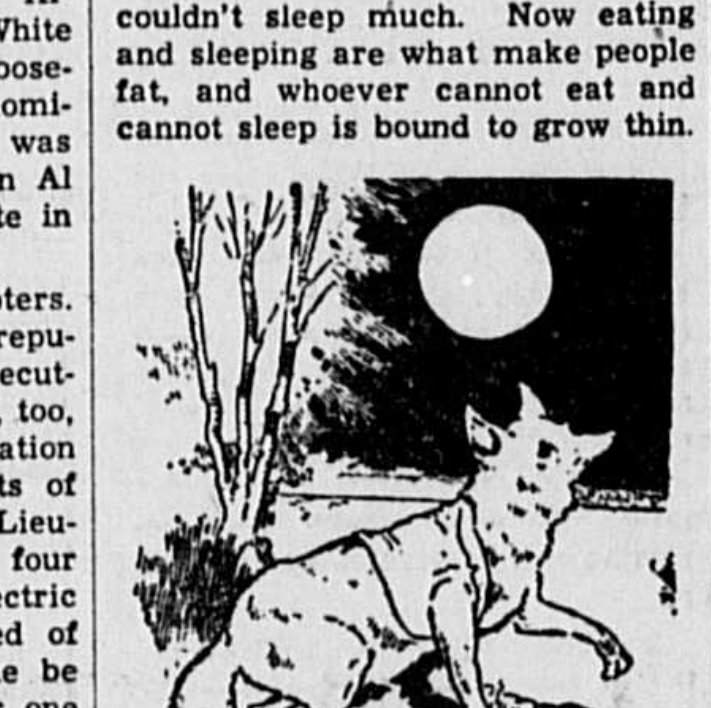
INSTRUCTIVE, ENTERTAINING AND AMUSING READING FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

## BEDTIME STORY

by Thornton W. Burgess

### JUMPER THE HARE CANNOT SLEEP

JUMPER THE HARE was growing thin. Yes, sir, he was growing thin. He never had been very fat, but now he was thinner than ever and getting more so every day. What was making him? Why, just worry. That is all—just worry. Here it was the beautiful springtime and plenty to eat, yet Jumper was growing thin. Very few people have a good appetite when they are worried. It was that way with Jumper. He just couldn't eat much, and what was almost as bad, he couldn't sleep much. Now eating and sleeping are what make people fat, and whoever cannot eat and cannot sleep is bound to grow thin.



You Know Reddy Can See in the Night.

And so Jumper grew thinner and thinner, while almost everybody else grew fat.

It was all because of Reddy Fox. Reddy had made up his mind that he was going to catch Jumper the Hare and Jumper knew it. Now Jumper can outrun Reddy Fox, and when it comes to a race he isn't the least bit afraid. But Reddy is sly, very sly. He knew better than to try to catch Jumper by chasing him. He knew that he would have to catch him by surprising him when he was asleep, or by hiding close to some place where Jumper was in the habit of eating.

Jumper knew that, too. Of course he did. He knew just as well as Reddy did that Reddy couldn't catch him in a race. He felt perfectly safe as long as he could see Reddy or knew exactly where he was. But at all other times he worried. You see, he didn't know but Reddy might jump out from behind any bush or tree, and so he had to be on watch every minute he was awake. That was bad enough, but what was worse was the fact that he didn't dare sleep. Of course, he had to sleep some, but it was in little naps from which the merest rustle of a leaf would waken him all ready to jump and run for his life. Now you know little naps like that give very little rest. And it is dreadful to close your eyes wondering if you will ever open them again. It was no wonder that Jumper grew thin.

It would not have been so bad if Reddy had been content to hunt him in the day time only. But he wasn't. You know Reddy can see in the night. And so he hunted by day or night, whenever he felt like it, and so of course poor Jumper never knew when he might safely sleep. He kept to the deepest part of the Green Forest, hoping that Reddy would not hunt for him there. You know Reddy is more fond of the edge of the Green Forest than he is of the deep, dark lonesome parts. But he had made up his mind to catch Jumper, and so now he followed Jumper to his most lonely hiding places.

It really was quite dreadful for Jumper, and yet it would have been worse for some others had they been in his place. You see, bad as it was, it wasn't quite as bad as things had been in the Great Woods, where Reddy had lived before coming down to the Green Forest. There he had had to watch out every minute for Tufty the Lynx and Howler the Wolf and Mr. Fisher and Mr. Wolverine, which was, of course, much worse than having just Reddy Fox to watch out for. So he had grown used to being always in danger. But since he had come to live in the Green Forest he had felt so much safer and life had been so much easier that now it came very hard to go back to the old way of living.

So Jumper the Hare lost his appetite and couldn't sleep and grew thinner and thinner in the beautiful springtime. And so it was that the fun that his friends and neighbors were having in teasing and making fun of Reddy Fox was really the cause of all the trouble that had come to Jumper the Hare, and he was too polite to tell them how it was.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

## Charlie in Toyland

None other than the very sophisticated Charlie McCarthy, wooden pal of Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, is pictured here as he visited the toy center in New York for the preview of good things for Christmas of 1937. Alex Wanamaker, five, is enacting the role of Charlie's boss here.

## ANIMAL CRACKERS

By WARREN GOODRICH

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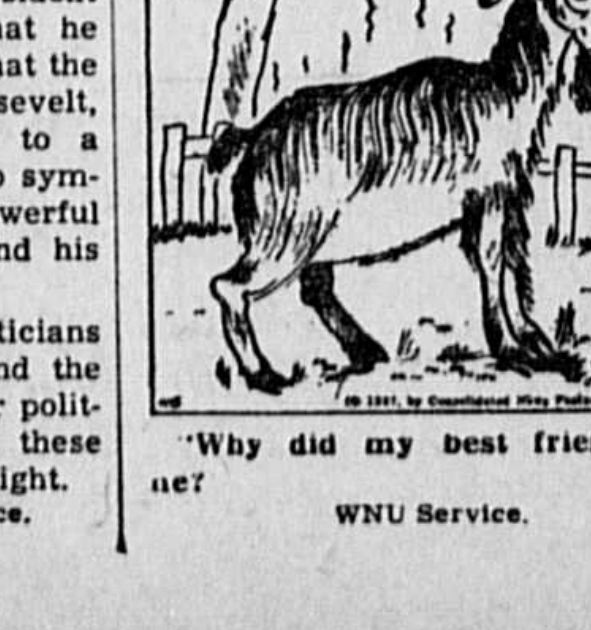

"Why did my best friends tell me?

WNU Service.

## Red Snapper Is Great Delicacy

### Expert Tells How to Cook and Serve This Fish.

By EDITH M. BARBER

"IS STEAK fish the same as red snapper?" asks a reader. "And how should it be cooked?" I have heard almost every fish which is large enough to be cut into steaks called by this name. Snapper is often known as redfish in the South, where it is considered a delicacy. Almost any method may be used for cooking it. I have recipes for boiling, baking, and broiling in my files.

In New Orleans the snapper is called the "king of the fish market." Spices are usually used in its preparation. They are put into the water when the fish is "poached" or a cut, the shape of a letter S, is made on the back and then this is stuffed with thyme, cloves and bayleaf. The body of the fish may then be stuffed with a highly seasoned bread stuffing to which, in season, oysters are often added. It may then be rubbed thoroughly with butter or oil and baked in a hot oven, or it may be baked instead in a creole sauce. The sauce may be made separately and served with the fish.

**Baked Stuffed Fish.**

1 three-pound fish
3 cups soft bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
4 tablespoons melted butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 small tomatoes
6 onion rings
Salt, pepper

Split and clean fish. Mix crumbs and seasoning, add 2 tablespoons of melted butter and lemon juice. Mix well and stuff fish with mixture. Sew split edges together and place fish on oven-proof platter. Halve tomatoes, place around fish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and arrange an onion ring on each half. Pour remaining butter over fish and tomatoes. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) about fifteen minutes until fish is tender. Remove from oven and garnish with sliced lemon and parsley.

**Red Dressing.**

½ cup vinegar
½ cup olive oil
½ cup catsup
1½ tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
1 hard-cooked egg (chopped)
1 green pepper
1 tablespoon chopped chives or onion-tops

Mix the ingredients, add a small piece of ice and beat one minute until thick.

• • •

**OTHERS WORTH TRYING**

**Potato Dumplings.**

6 medium boiled potatoes
2 eggs
1½ teaspoons salt
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup butter

Mash potatoes, add eggs, salt, flour and seasonings and mix well. Knead lightly until smooth. Shape into one long thick roll, cut into pieces one-half to one and a half inches and roll into dumplings the length of a finger. Cook in boiling salted water ten minutes. Drain, pour melted butter over them so they will not stick.

**Cranberry-Orange Relish.**

4 cups cranberries
1½ oranges
2 cups sugar

Put cranberries through meat grinder. Pare oranges with sharp knife, remove seeds and trim off white membrane. Put rind and pulp through grinder and mix with sugar and berries. Let stand a few minutes before serving. For future use, pour into clean, hot jars and seal.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

## FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

By Roger B. Whitman

### AUTOMATIC HEAT

ONE of the greatest advances in house heating in recent years is in so-called automatic heat; that is, an arrangement by which a house is maintained at an even temperature with no thought or effort by any member of the household. The most important device is a thermostat, which can be applied to a heater of any kind; a heater that burns fuel of any description.

A thermostat is an electric switch that is operated by the temperature of the air that surrounds it. This electric switch controls a mechanism at the heater that opens and closes the dampers, or turns a stoker or an oil burner on and off.

The thermostat is put on a wall five feet from the floor, in a part of the house where the temperature is average for all of the rooms. As the temperature of the air rises to the degree for which the thermostat is set, usually 70 degrees, the switch acts and shuts off the draft, or turns off the motor of an oil burner or stoker. The house then cools off; but when the air around the thermostat has dropped a little, usually by two degrees, the switch again works, and the heater starts up.

With a clock attachment, a thermostat does even more, for it starts the heater early enough in the morning for the house to be warm by getting-up time. Also, at any desired hour in the evening, it will shut off the heater for the night. As showing the watchfulness of a thermostat, I recall an unusually cool spell in summer when on the Fourth of July, we awoke in the morning to find the radiators hot and the chill of the rooms pleasantly taken off.

For many years, both with steam and with hot air, when all heaters were stoked by hand, I had great satisfaction with thermostats. The labor of caring for the fire was reduced to putting on coal and shoveling ashes; there was no running downstairs to turn on the dampers when the house became too cool, or to shut them off when it began to overheat.

An important point in automatic heat is the placing of the thermostat. In one house that I know, there was trouble because the upstairs rooms were never quite warm enough. On looking the place over, I found that the thermostat was on the wall of a small room, so near the boiler that its radiator was the first to heat. As a result, the room warmed up to the temperature at which the thermostat acted, long before the upstairs radiators had had time to heat. This was quickly proved to be the fault by turning off the radiator in the thermostat room. The permanent remedy was to remove the thermostat to the wall of a larger room.

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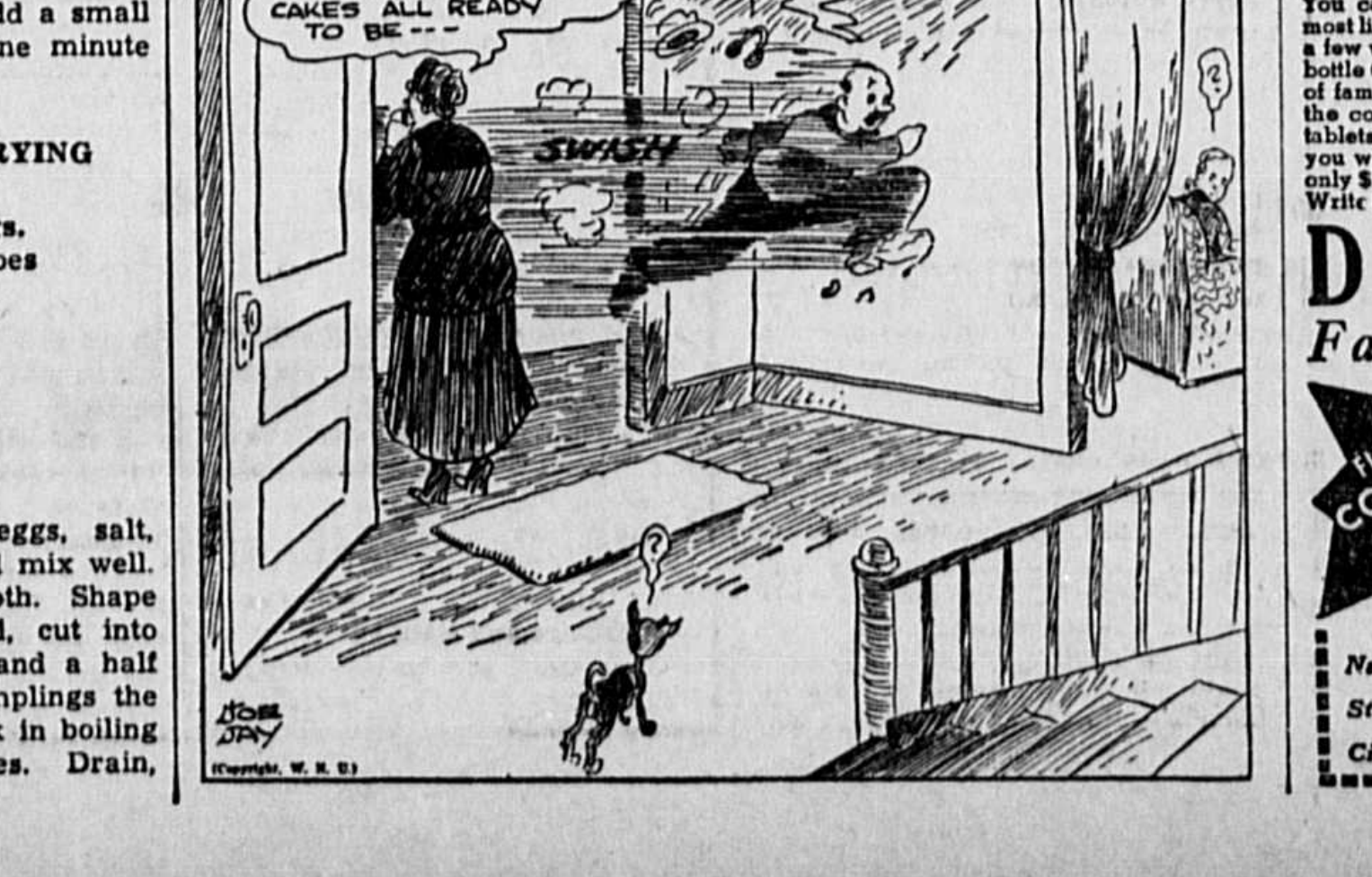
## Love, Honor and Obey



OH, JOHN--IF YOU CAN STOP SHOVELING SNOW AND COME IN HERE YOU'LL FIND SOME HOT SAUSAGES AND WHEAT CAKES ALL READY TO BE---
WHERE'S THAT FOOD AT ?!
SWISH
(Copyright, W. N. U.)

## MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

© By The Associated Newspapers

THERE'S only one thing to do, when you're caught red-handed in the midst of forgetting a date. You simply have to do your best to hide the evidence.

If, for example, it was a dinner date, and the lad turns up just as you are about to pop a potato on the stove of your own little kitchenette, dump everything down the sink, and tell the boy friend that you were just fixing up some face lotion . . . That you won't be a minute. And then, for land sakes, hurry with your dressing. If it's a steak you're cooking, that's harder. But maybe you can persuade him it was for a dog or a cat or a sick neighbor. Do try. We hate to see these crestfallen lads who lose their assurance because girls forget dates with them.

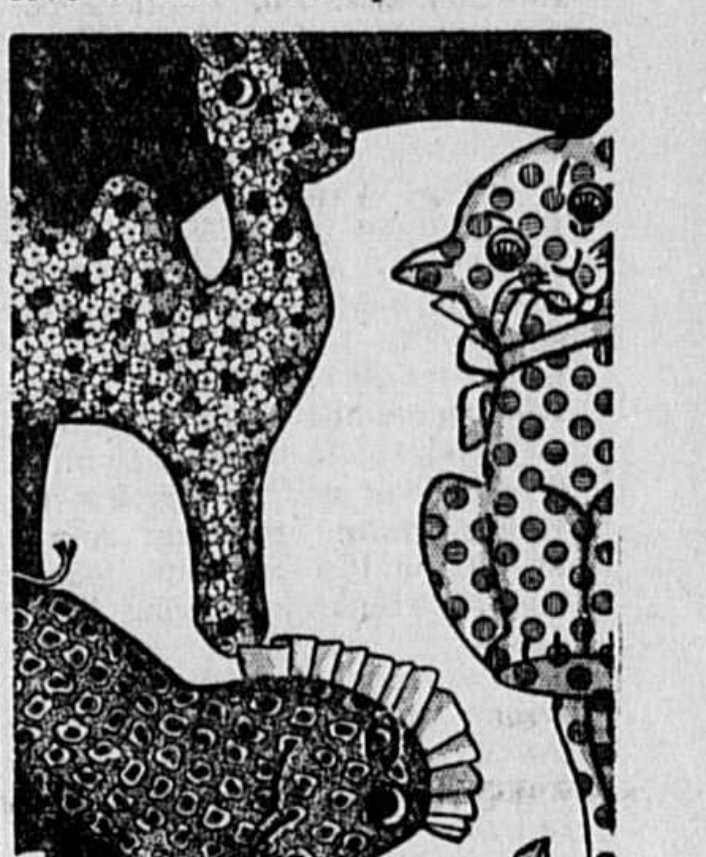
When a Forgotten Date Turns Up, Hide the Evidence.

Some girls, we know, forget dates purposely. But this is a habit we frown upon. If that's the way they feel, they shouldn't make the dates in the first place. We believe in honor among the parasites.

WNU Service.

## Cuddle Toys from "Odds and Ends"

Fun to sew—inexpensive to make—excellent for Christmas gifts is this collection of cuddle toys. Two pieces with just the necessary "trimming" of ears, mane and tails extra. The kiddies love them! Use up those odds and ends and make your toys as colorful as possible—in short irresistible. In pattern 5932 you will find a pattern of the three toys; directions for making them; material requirements.



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

**Still Coughing?**

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

**Purposeful Day**

A single day in the life of a learned man is worth more than the lifetime of a fool.—Posidonius.

**YOU CAN SING**

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**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. Men love the soft 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. Before you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.

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*—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 famous Milnesia Wafers (known throughout the country as the *original* Milk of Magnesia tablets), *plus* the Denton Magic Mirror (shows you what your skin specialist sees) . . . all for only $1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today.

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## AROUND THE HOUSE

**In Making Vegetable Salads.**—To prevent vegetable salads from becoming too watery, dry the vegetables before combining with the salad dressing.

• • •

**For Dry Shoe Polish.**—Shoe polish which has become hard and dry should be moistened with a little vinegar.

• • •

**Washing Voile.**—Voile frocks will not shrink if you use a tablespoonful of epsom salts to every gallon of water when washing them.

• • •

**Ten-Minute Sweet.**—Line a buttered pie dish with breadcrumbs. Into a pint of milk whisk 2 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar and a dash of vanilla essence. Pour over the crumbs and bake for 10 minutes.

• • •

**Wipe Up Acid Foods.**—Since some enamels lose their luster when they come in contact with acid, always be careful to wipe up, immediately, any vinegar, lemon juice, tomato, or other acid food that is spilled on the enamel of your range.

• • •

**To Wash Velour Curtains.**—Did you know that curtains and table covers of heavy velvet-finished furnishing velour can be washed? The trick is never to wring them—just douse them in warm soapy water, then in clear water and hang out dripping wet to dry.

### When Sales Drop

Between 1929 and 1933 the expenditure for advertising in newspapers and periodicals dropped 50 per cent, but the value of manufactured products showed a much greater reduction percentage.

**HOW LONG CAN A THREE-QUARTER WIFE HOLD HER HUSBAND?**

YOU have to work at marriage to make a success of it. Men may be selfish, unsympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it.

When your back aches and your nerves scream, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly know how you feel.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

**Faith and Logic**

Faith is as much a normal function of the human mind as is logic.—William W. Keen.

**Constipated?**

**Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable**

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, 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.

Then you spend many miserable days. 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 seek you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. It is ADLERIKA. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful GAS at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels. Ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only.

Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. No griping, no after effects. Just QUICK results. Try Adlerika today. You'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.

## WATCH the Specials

YOU can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices « « «

# Black Feather

By Harold Titus

© Harold Titus WNU Service

### CHAPTER VI—Continued

—8—

He ended with the question directed at Standing Cloud and the old chief rose quickly to his feet, amidst a growing tumult of voices. Black Beaver was up, as well, and crying to be heard, but with a majestic, silencing gesture, Standing Cloud stayed him and checked the confusion of voices.

"The little trader has spoken!" he cried. "The little trader has said he will do things which we can see with our own eyes. If the little trader's medicine is greater than Black Beaver's will we not be pleased to see it, my children?"

They would be pleased to see it, indeed! Cries of approval resounded. Short harangues followed. Rodney declared that he would start at dawn, so all might see, and turned to watch Rickman speak lowly and energetically with Black Beaver, urging the magician to some further strategy.

### CHAPTER VII

Night again, and Rodney Shaw made his simple camp beside the head-waters of the Laughing Musquash.

Camp, for him, meant a fire and a cleared place in which to lay his blanket. Not to lay his body. Just the blanket. A blanket spread half upon the ground and mounded up with branches to the size of a man's body and the balance spread across this hummock which would appear to vengeful eyes in the faint glow from embers as the figure of a man asleep . . .

While he smoked in triumph with the old men last night, he had watched Burke Rickman's face. He had seen the man stalk, finally, to his canoe with defeat gnawing at his pride. And he knew what to expect.

Fine opportunity, this, for a trader outgeneraled as Rickman had been! A chance for the attainment of a triple objective with a single blow. With Shaw gone, vengeance would be his, trade would be secure for the company beyond any possible challenge, and with Shaw unreturned from this errand into Windigo country, the influence of Black Beaver, already bought and paid for by Burke Rickman, would never again in that generation be questioned.

Just before sundown Rodney came to the deposit of white clay. He filled the square of sheeting he had brought with him, bound it to a package with thongs, and, in the last of daylight, made his camp which was to be no camp.

At some little distance, back against the bole of a tree, flintlock across his knees, he sat down to await what he told himself might be the most momentous interval of his life.

Rodney, even with the conviction that his life would be sought before dawn, dozed; wakened . . . dozed . . . wakened again with a start.

No sound, and yet an awareness of near danger spread through him like fire. He felt the skin of his back creeping and softly, slowly, making not the slightest rustle, he rose to his feet, rifle at ready.

His camp fire still glowed. He could see, from where he stood, the blanket folded over its deceptive pile of boughs. But not a sound. . .

And then suddenly a man stood before him, an outline of darkness against darkness. Vague, indistinct, unreal.

But the click of a hammer was not unreal! It was like a shot itself in contrast to the silence of the night and Rodney could discern then a kneeling figure strained forward and the faint gleam of light from the embers was caught on the barrel of a rifle as it swung into position.

He went blind with rage for an instant and heard himself cry out as the other rifle cracked and he fired blindly, wildly and knew he had missed when a gun clattered to rock and the vague figure swayed and lunged toward him.

He threw himself forward, grappling for the man's throat. A fist bashed into his mouth, throwing him to one side. He floundered to his knees and grappled again. His hand clutched Rickman's powder horn and jerked it loose and dropped it as he swung for better hold.

Rickman hurled himself on Rodney, bearing him down, and they rolled on the ledge. Fingers had Shaw's throat, now, holding him briefly while the other hand rummaged for a knife. But Rodney shook off the grip and prisoned the fumbling hand; rolled over; was free. Shaw worked a foot behind Rickman's, a hip against his hip. One hand over a shoulder and on the throat, the other encircling the man's waist, he heaved with all his strength and slowly his enemy yielded, fighting the leverage, making ragged sounds.

But he could not break the hold, could not stand against it. He did twist from Shaw's grip as he fell, though, and went sideways and down, over the rim of the ledge, disappearing from sight as Shaw poised to spring.

With a cry Rickman struck the water and Rodney, teetering on the edge, strained his eyes to mark the place where he would emerge. He heard, but could not see. The man gasped hoarsely as he came up but he began to swim at once.

Seconds passed for Shaw, dragging out painfully as the fear that the man would escape him became manifest.

"You wolverine!" he cried. "You dog, Rickman! . . . While a man sleeps, you'd . . ."

He stilled his own breathing for an instant and heard Rickman crashing through the forest, making downstream, far enough away to make pursuit futile.

And now Shaw returned to his establishment with half a hundredweight of white, smooth clay in a package, with hunters trooping through his gate to stare at this burden and chatter about it and, finally, touch, with old men and young men overstepping natural reticence to make voluble protestations of friendship.

"That Is the Important Matter, Major!"

That was Rodney Shaw's hour of triumph. He had discredited the jessakkid, and more. He had lifted himself in the eyes of these natives to a figure that would go down in song and story.

And in the house of the other trader was only black and murderous despair.

No Indians except that handful which had accepted his credits appeared before Rickman to beg tobacco and wheedle further presents. The place was all but deserted by natives and his men went about the tasks of repair to which they had been assigned with hushed voices and frightened glances at the commander's quarters.

Rickman considered this and that: night raid, ambush, long waits for a chance shot from a distance. None would do. Shaw was no fool. He would not expose himself or go unguarded, now. And, in a few days, his brigade would arrive and he would have men in plenty to protect him.

His face writhed in agony as he thought of those oncoming canoes. A week of trading and the Pillagers would be obligated beyond repair. So long as Shaw lived and was free to meet and greet hunters—

So long as the man was free! Then he stretched, as a man will who is suddenly at peace after prolonged trouble. And he laughed.

Rickman sat down after his laughter, and drew paper and quill and ink before him and began to write, slowly and at length. Then, staring through the paneless window, he saw Conrad Rich across the enclosure and summoned him with a shout.

"Yes, Burke?"

"There'll be a canoe leave tonight," the trader said. "Four men. Select them from the best. Antoine will be in charge."

"A canoe? Tonight? For Michilimackinac?"

"That! And by way of Green Bay. With the current behind, it will be a quicker march."

"But . . . but . . I don't . . ."

"No, you wouldn't even guess! It's this, Rich: the upstart trader is a fugitive. Back yonder they've only guessed his destination, it's likely. This letter to MacIver"—tapping the paper—"it makes guessing unnecessary. And what else it contains makes impressive the necessity of having the law reach even to here!"

So a light canoe left the lake of the Pillagers and went swiftly down the Mississippi and on the third day after its departure Rodney Shaw's canoes arrived.

Goods were hustled ashore and into the trading room and Indians came hurrying, staring much and crowding greatly and talking in high-pitched, excited voices. Their futures lay wrapped in those travel-stained packages.

In the morning trading began, with hunters and their families thronging the stockade through all the hours of daylight and for long after darkness had fallen.

They moved about eyeing this, fingering that. Little offered was new; the great bulk of the goods were staple, and after the inspection a pipe was lighted and, squatted on the floor about Shaw, while Basile and others brought goods, the debts were accepted. Tobacco was passed but Shaw shook his head firmly at requests for whiskey. When the trading was finished, whiskey would again be passed; not before.

For days this procedure was routine. For hours at a time Rodney sat on the floor of his trading room, bargaining, arguing.

"Net thread, my brother?" he might say. "Four plus of net thread. That is all. The ball of thread is the skin. Skin for skin. Or:

"No, Zhing-wauk. No spirits. No more than the taste when we end our trading. At the grand medicine I will give my brothers plenty. Not before."

After the fifth day following Basile's arrival, few hunters remained near the establishment and Rodney's men were busied with preparing the place for the rigorous seasons to follow. But some Indians remained nearby and among these was the Weasel, once ejected from the post but, in this period of Shaw's good will toward the band as a whole, tolerated within the stockade.

He was given no attention, shouldered out of the way, while Shaw dealt with more dependable individuals.

Then the Weasel would seat himself at a distance and scratch his back with a stick and lament.

Each day he performed so, but each night he paddled from his lodge across the lake to the company fort and met Burke Rickman and whispered what he had learned.

And so Rickman paced his enclosure and drank and fumed and counted the time, reckoned the miles his letter to MacIver would be borne that day, estimated the weeks it would be before the opposition fort would find itself without a leader.

The canoe reached Mackinac. Rickman's letter was handed at last to Donald MacIver. And the Scot, and other company heads read and frowned and set their minds to the task in hand.

MacIver climbed the hill and sat with the major and the grizzled old officer, veteran of many an Indian battle, was far less comfortable than he would have been under fire of hostile savages.

He grumbled and protested and roared. But he gave in, knowing a surrender in the field, in such an instance, was a lesser hazard than a disturbance in Washington, and a canoe with Capes, the lieutenant, and four soldiers embarked that day, the warrant for Rodney Shaw safe in an official dispatch case.

And then, indeed, the major was in for it.

Flying up the hill to the fort, Annette Leclere burst in upon the old soldier. And the major My-deared and There-thered, and paced before his desk and pulled at his mustache and harrumped as he admitted that, yes, soldiery was on the way to bring young Rodney Shaw back to answer to a charge of murder.

"But it is not so, major! It is common talk in the town that the thing was infamously gotten up to delay Rodney! Your own surgeon has said the man died from no knife wound!"

"But the warrant exists!" the major thundered. "And Leslie's man Giles does not deny the story that Shaw and his employer quarreled over the goods. What can I do?"—And his boots went clump, clump, clump as the lovely Annette dropped her face into her hands and wept.

And after a time he patted her hand and his gruff voice grew almost gentle.

"There! . . . That's better, my dear! . . . And what is that in your hand? A feather? A black ostrich plume . . . Oh, I did not know it was some secret!"—as, flushing quickly, Annette thrust the remnant of the black plume into her bodice and began to talk of Giles . . .

So down the hill again as the sun sank went Annette, dismayed but purposeful; and along narrow streets. And a few who happened near felt their eyes bulge as the mademoiselle walked alone on the beach with the gnarled and leathery Giles, now an employee in the great warehouse . . .

At midnight the major roused at the rapping and descended to his door and there was Annette.

"Giles will make affidavit!" she gasped. "He tells that Leslie gave his goods to Rodney without reservation! He tells before witnesses, and he will say so to the marshal and the justice!"

"So all is settled!" boomed the major. "So when young Shaw returns he will be vindicated and free to—"

"Returns? Returns!" The sharpness of her cry, so in contrast to her look of a moment before, caused the major to hesitate. "That is the important matter, major! That he be not returned! Do you not understand?"—with an impatient stamp of a tiny foot. "Burke Rickman is there. If Rodney is taken from his establishment by soldiery, even for a brief absence, his trade will be gone! It is all Rickman asks, major! Another message must be sent, recalling the lieutenant and voiding the warrant!"

Annette clasped her hands beneath her trembling chin in an ecstasy of hope which went out like a snuffed candle when the major threw up his arms in a helpless gesture. Because, that day, an order had arrived calling a detachment to Detroit and the garrison would be so drained of men that it would be impossible to spare others for such an errand as was proposed.

Indeed, he'd write an order to recall Capes! He'd write an order that would bring Capes back to his post without even stops for food and rest! On his honor, that order would be something to read; he'd write an order to peel a man's ears, but he could not send it. There was no chance . . . no chance whatever. But let any company or individual come to him again and try to wheedle him into pulling chestnuts from the fire and see what happened. He'd skin them alive, he would . . . But this time nothing could be done. Nothing whatever . . .

And so, as eastern stars faded, Annette went slowly down the hill, cheeks as wet with tears as the grass was with dew, the black feather tight in a hand which clenched desperately.

Nightfall. And a canoe making its weary way toward Rickman's establishment, stared at in the gathering dusk by men at the stockade gate.

"The fort!" came a voice from the canoe, as paddles ceased dipping. "Is this the Astor establishment?"

"Yes! Who asks?"

"Capes, from Mack—"

"Ah, Capes! Capes, at last! Land here, Capes! Here, you men, help them! So. Quickly, but easy . . . Ah, Capes!"

*(TO BE CONTINUED)*

## Faltbooting, New Sport in America, Is Old in Many European Countries

An outdoor sport, new to America but practiced for years in many European countries, made its debut in New York recently when a special train was chartered to take over 200 persons interested in faltbooting to the Connecticut river to enjoy the introduced sport.

The faltboot originated in Germany, observes Albert Stoll, Jr., in the Detroit News. It is a folding boat which, when assembled, combines many of the features of an Eskimo kayak with those of our Indian canoe. It is made of rubberized sail cloth, waterproof canvas and sticks, and can be folded into a couple of bundles about as large as a suitcase. The "boat" can be assembled in a few minutes and holds water-tight compartment fore and aft. A cockpit in the center will hold one or two persons. It has a low center of gravity and will not tip easily and can breast rapids, small falls and white waters found in swift-flowing streams. It has no rudder and is guided solely by double-bladed paddles. For shooting rapids the boat is equipped with a spray cover forward which can be fastened around the waists of the paddlers. An inflated cushion and back pads absorb the shock of riding bounding waves or shooting rapids.

The advocates of this sport say that in Europe the sport has advanced to such a stage that many rivers have been completely charted and special guide books issued for falt-boot fans. As a sport it is exciting and healthful and spills are frequent, but the boats help keep the over-turned occupants afloat until they reach shore or touch river bottom.

Water enthusiasts should take kindly to this sport, for there are many fine, swift-flowing streams where faltbooting would be found at its best.

# What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

### The Law's Injustice.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —Had it happened in another country, we'd say, "What curious ideas foreigners have of law enforcement."

A footpad with an evil record held up a victim. A bystander saw the crime, identified the thief.

Irvin S. Cobb

The ruffian was held under indictment. ut he could give bond. The spectator was "detained" as a material witness—a gentle way of saying he was locked up, exactly as though he had been the criminal. Well, he was guilty of being poor.

Six months later came the trial. The defendant, having been out all that time on bail, looked hale and hearty. The prosecution's witness was produced under guard, pale and sickly from close confinement. It didn't help his health any when the crook's attorney browbeat him, yelled at him, practically accused him of perjury.

The citizen sued the state for false imprisonment, for loss of wages, for separation from his family, for all he'd suffered. Under the statutes he had no standing. They threw his case out.

Meanwhile, the convicted crook had been released by the parole board and was free as a bird.

• • •

### Aquatic Novelties.

INTERESTING discoveries were made in Hawaiian waters by government ichthyologists. For fear the similarity of sound may lead to wrong impressions, let me state that this department has nothing to do with Secretary Ickes, although, since ichthyology pertains to fish, Mme. Secretary Perkins might possibly have a contrary view on this point. Because they do say there are moments in the cabinet when all is not sweetness and accord.

However, the point is that Uncle Sam's piscatorial sharps dredged up a fish that is most delectable for six months of the year, but poisonous the other six months. So at least they've found a creature emblematic of the California climate.

Let this be regarded around here as treason, I will state that I'm as loyal a native stepson as any that ever came out of Iowa, having been here long enough now to join in passing resolutions endorsing the scenery and at intervals uttering three loud ringing cheers for the sunsets.

Also let envious Florida refrain from gloating. To typify Florida's climate that fish would be good only four months of the year and powerfully hard to put up with the rest of the time.

• • •

### Lecturing Adventures.

IN ALABAMA is a sect which forbids its converts to laugh or even smile. Now I know who it was bought out the house when I delivered a humorous lecture down there.

The other day a chap asked me why I didn't go back on the lecture platform. I told him I'd appeared in practically every sizable town in America, and, though it was years ago and probably popular indignation had abated now, still I wasn't taking any chances—I was waiting for some new towns to be built.

Once I tried the experimemt of slipping around to the front door to hear what the crowd said, coming out. That was the night I attempted suicide by gas, but was saved when someone, passing through the hotel corridor, smelled something that smelled even worse than the hotel smelled.

A lecturer's lot is not a happy one. But usually it's the audience that suffers most.

• • •

### Eating Oysters.

THERE'S a brand new movement called eat-oysters-in-any-month-you-please movement, or, unless you're working on space rates, it may be called E. O. I. A. M. Y. P. M., for short. Its sponsor says the prejudice against eating oysters in months having an "r" in them is a fallacy dating back 2,000 years when, between hiccoughs, a Roman senator said: "Oysters should be eaten only in certain seasons."

So it appears we've been penalizing ourselves ever since then for the indigestion of a Roman senator, although, so far as eating the California oyster is concerned—he runs around forty to the dozen—I personally could refrain for the whole year without any undue longings. The California oyster looks something like a brass overall button suffering from vertigris.

Still, maybe it's all for the best. Because during May, June, July and August is when the oyster does practically all his courting. There's little enough romance left in the world—and anyhow, who am I to come between an oyster and his love-life? He doesn't seem to have any too much fun the rest of the time.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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## Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay
Heating Expert

### Rubbish and Garbage Should Not Be Burned in Your Furnace; They Cause Trouble.

I SHOULD like to caution you against burning garbage and rubbish in the heating plant of your home. Many home-owners are given to this practice, knowing it is a quick and easy way to dispose of garbage, but not realizing fully that it is very harmful to the furnace.

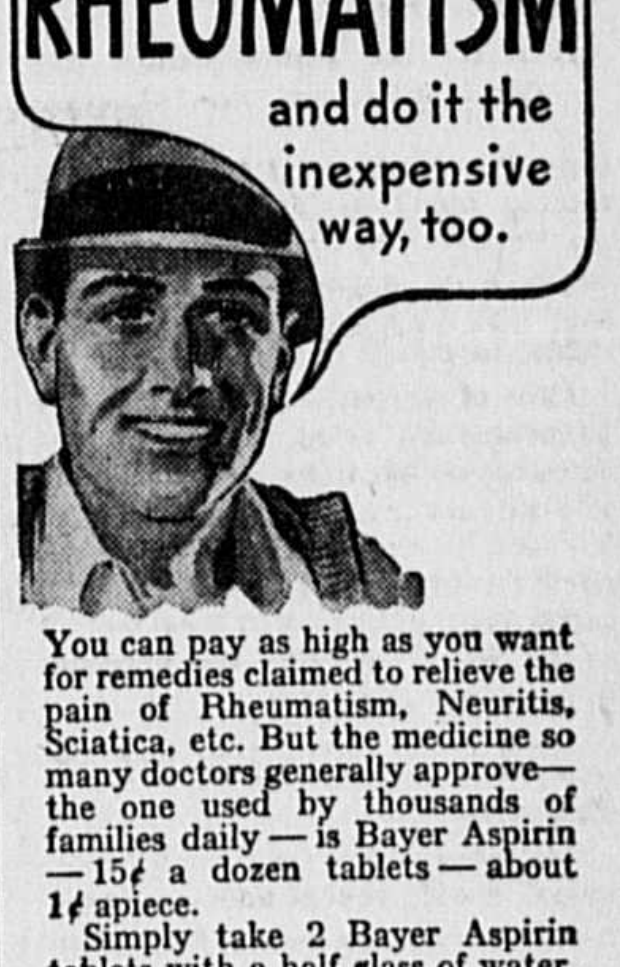
Your furnace was built to burn coal, and coal only. Garbage and rubbish, when burned in it, deposit a thick crust of soot on the burning surfaces, and this soot absorbs much of the heat that should go into your rooms. They also form clinkers which, as you know, cause no end of trouble for you in keeping your fire burning efficiently.

Don't burn rubbish or garbage in furnace. They cause heavy soot to cake on surfaces and waste heat and also cause clinkers to form. Keep the ashpit clean.

Remember this: A clean furnace, like a clean automobile engine, will give better service and greater comfort.

WNU Service.

**IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK AT WORK** when you've found a way to ease the pains of **RHEUMATISM** and do it the inexpensive way, too.

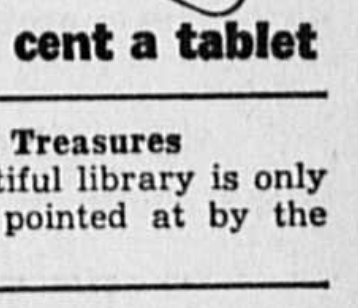


You can pay as high as you want for remedies claimed to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, etc. But the medicine so many doctors generally approve—the one used by thousands of families daily—is Bayer Aspirin—15¢ a dozen tablets—about 1¢ apiece.

Simply take 2 Bayer Aspirin tablets with a half glass of water. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions.

Usually this will ease such pain in a remarkably short time.

For quick relief from such pain which exhausts you and keeps you awake at night—ask for genuine Bayer Aspirin.



15c FOR 12 TABLETS
virtually 1 cent a tablet

**Wasted Treasures**

Many a beautiful library is only looked at and pointed at by the owner.

**A Good Laxative**

The bad feelings and dullness often attending constipation take the joy out of life. Try a dose of Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation and see how much better it is to check the trouble before it gets a hold on you. Black-Draught is purely vegetable and is so prompt and reliable. Get refreshing relief from constipation by taking purely vegetable

**BLACK-DRAUGHT**

**HELP KIDNEYS**

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to 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.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide 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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