

Call for Dark Accents on White

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERB'S how to give your white costume an air of topnotch swank—touch it up with a few effective dark accents. The modes illustrated offer excellent suggestions in this direction.

What could be smarter than the white topcoat in the group here pictured with hat, scarf, gloves and bag done in bright green? Gingham accessories ensembles are good looking and chic, too, and then there are the new black velvet berets which are fashionable worn with summer white apparel. Be sure to order a velvet neckpiece or scarf with your beret to make the picture complete.

The interesting worthwhile thing to keep in mind in regard to the coat pictured is that it is made of one of those new cotton coatings which are creating such a furore in the fabric realm—not only because of their handsome appearance but particularly because of the fact that they launder as successfully as a pocket handkerchief. Then, too, these most attractive coatings tailor like quality-kind woolen.

The young girl seated is also wearing an all-cotton outfit, for about the most fashionable thing one can do this summer is to wear cotton from head to foot—ask hosiery of course taken for granted. Her suit (she has thrown the jacket over the back of her chair) is of white seersucker, which is a style fad to get down for it is a new gesture, this of tailoring one's jacket out of ordinary crinkled seersucker. Her blouse is of a new cotton stretch (plum chiffon) which is delightfully cool and wearable in the summer time. It has a diminutive polka-dot on a dark background.

The other stylish and young modern is wearing a white crepe spectator sports dress with the vogueish dark tone interpreted via a vestee with a wide sailor collar and matching cuffs of starched brown dotted Swiss. Her footwear—tunes in with the color scheme in that the "nifty" white kid spectator sport pumps which she wears have brown felt tips and heels. Her white crepe hat is banded with brown.

In this dark-white movement it is also good style to wear a gay plaided gingham coat with one's white frock or if preferred a coat fashioned of cotton raton in monotone navy or brown—any desired color.

A pleasing effect is also achieved when the belt (it should be wide) gloves and bag are dark in contrast to the white of the costume.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

COTTONS APPEAR IN MANY DESIGNS

Medium pastels and white have gone far in considering the latest print showings of cottons and linens. Dark grounds, however, are more widely represented than last year, and they afford the most effective background to the very colorful designs that have gained in popularity.

Among prints the cleverest are color spots and multi-colored. The newest stripes have taken to blazer variations and are particularly well regarded in seersuckers and piques for shirts and coats. Plaided crepe is also popular in line variations, many have taken very strongly to mulligan. They appear in a wide variety of cottons, including sports weaves and sheers.

Candlewick Muslin Frocks

Latest Thing in Fashions
Candlewick muslin evening frocks seem to be the last whisper in summer fashions. And for country or resort wear, they are impudently casual and completely effective.

Most of them are in the regulation unbleached muslin, with cuffs of colored yarn in the good old candlewick fashion.

And to cap the climax, there's a candlewick "neg" —a long, long-sleeved, white turtleneck that it looks at least a little like ermine, or something.

Supple Taffeta Popular in Variety of Designs

The rogue of taffeta is increasing daily. The old-fashioned stiff taffeta has disappeared, and the new fabrics are extremely supple and are used either for dresses or costumes.

Little tailcoats or one-piece dresses with a basque effect in front are the favorite theme for this material.

Worth sponsors taffeta costumes and ensembles not only in plain materials but in fancy designs. One of his most successful models is in black and white-checked taffeta with discreet gold lame threads.

Fig Leaf Is in Style
More and more we are getting back to nature in our clothes. Diamond fig leaves now trim most coiffured hair, and carved in ivory or jade, fasten our Sunday-best pocketbook.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

It's Already Smashed At Last They Got Him
Air Wisdom, and Nonsense
Forest Made to Order
Senator Borah denounces monopoly as the cause of all our troubles, and says "Smash the monopolies!" As it happens, happenings since 1929 have smashed the monopolies fairly well. If anybody has a monopoly that you would like to own, you can get it at a bargain.

It took 15 federal agents, all expert gunmen, to "get" Dillinger. And they got him by surprise, thanks to a woman's "tip" that he was to be in a certain theatre. A tip supposed to have been well paid for. It was no "detective work." Dillinger was killed as he had killed others, without a chance of escape, like a trapped coyote, and now he knows, if he knows any thing, that as a profession "crime does not pay."

The War department's special aviation committee says the army should have 2,320 planes, with corresponding increases in flying men. It also says there should not be one department controlling all air forces, which is pitiful idiosyncrasy.

Mr. Baker must remember what happened when he was secretary of war and the flying machines of this country sent to Europe were a joke among nations, our flying men compelled to borrow from France and England planes that would really fly.

However, the big men in the army and navy are not dummies and feel that they should have their little separate flying units to play with.

From somewhere in the Pacific President Roosevelt sends an order that \$15,000,000 be set aside now, \$75,000,000 in all, spent on a "made to order" forest, stretching across this country through the heart of the drought area from the Canadian border to the Texas Panhandle. Planned as an experiment to counteract the drought by encouraging rain, the new forest will be 1,000 miles long, 100 miles wide, 100,000 square miles of forest surface.

It will be a long time before anybody knows about the plan's success. The President and those around him will have disappeared, will not see the big forest, and before it amounts to much anybody may have learned to produce rain when necessary. It is an interesting experiment, costing only \$75,000,000, a mere nothing in these days.

Henry Ford says: "Old-fashioned Americanism, the sense of right that isn't afraid to tackle anything, will save this nation from its economic and social ills."

"Perhaps Henry Ford, who lives some distance from the fires of American foolishness, gives his fellow citizens credit for too much of the old "American spirit."

When you read that 3,000,000 children are deprived of schooling in the United States, that this country spends for "luxuries" twice as much as it spends on education, you think that possibly something has happened to that "pioneer spirit." The Talmud says, "Jerusalem was destroyed because the schools were neglected."

Conditions in Vienna are bad, with more dangerous riots expected as Nazi terrorism continues its home attacks. Nazis in Austria declare that "Roman Catholic priests led Chancellor Dollfuss in his campaign against the Nazis," and a Nazi spokesman claims that Nazis "have determined to kidnap the Roman Catholic priests as hostages." As soon as any Nazi terrorists are sentenced to death, and hanged, their friends will kill the priests held as hostages.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters (he was "night man" in a small Hoboken, N. J., lunchroom) won \$25,516 in a sweepstakes lottery and felt that they should show their winnings in a lottery, is a good thing. They drove to collect their money in a rented 10-cylinder car with a liveried chauffeur, and "opened" champagne.

Any expert accountant can show them that 4 per cent on \$25,516 will not stand that strain. Some "get-rich-quick" expert will probably show them how to change \$25,516 into \$100,000,000—then Mr. Peters will be "night man" again.

Germany has real troubles, some factories closing, hours reduced, because of lack of raw materials. It isn't that other countries refuse to sell raw materials to Germany, but that Germany lacks cash and credit. Hundreds of thousands are said to be added to the number of unemployed.

News that malaria is spreading in Cuba, 6,000 cases reported at Santiago, will disturb intelligent Cubans and doubtless cause an energetic fight against the dangerous malaria-bearing mosquitoes.

Newsless spread malaria and also spread yellow fever. Malaria is the worse of the two, for it makes life worthless. According to scientists, the malarious mosquitoes come up from the marshes, not ride barbarians from the north or the vices of the inhabitants, destroyed the power of ancient Rome.

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Tired Nerves Make Trouble

Temperamental Outbursts That Quite Frequently Follow Any Unusual Expenditure of Nervous Energy Are Comparatively Unimportant.

Even in the best regulated families it frequently happens that a party, outing or other good time which calls forth nervous energy is followed by a quarrel, or, at least, a feeling of irritability which makes the tension high in the home circle. The important matter is regard these temperamental outbursts as wholly unimportant. They are purely the result of fatigue, and no personal fault, and the reason for their occurrence, regrettable though it is, and unpleasant at the time.

Just as thunder showers follow a not sunny day, so these temperamental outbursts are purely the effect of too much exuberance, coupled with the necessity of being with companions, when the real need is for a little period of rest and solitude. If possible to give yourself the "break" which a little rest and quiet affords after a strenuous time do so, for the sake of yourself and others. But if this is not possible, and a deluge of words begins to be hurled from friends or members of the family, yourself included, let the event pass as quickly as does a momentary shower, and as soon as the "air has cleared" let it be forgotten. It is not just the children of the household which should be granted this indulgence. Mothers are usually

Question Appeared to Veer on the Personal

A gramophone shop and inquired for some modern light music, preferably dance records.

"Very well, sir," said the assistant. "I understand perfectly. By the way, didn't you buy some records of operatic music last week?"

"That's right," said the customer, miserably, "but my wife doesn't care for them. She wants something really snappy."

The assistant took down a number from the shelves.

"Have you had 'Seven Years With the Wrong Woman'?" he asked, naming a popular piece of music.

"No, twelve!" snapped the customer. "But, anyway, what the blues has that got to do with you?"

London Answers.

on the watch for such temperamental disturbances after a good time. Many adults have not outgrown this perfectly natural reaction of tired nerves and bodies. The difference is that mothers, knowing the cause, do not take the circumstances seriously.

Adults are not always as fair or generous in their judgments. However, it may seem at the time, nothing said in such a mood should be taken as significant. Let the sun shine as soon as the moment allows, and realize that all that were good friends before, still are the same, and that a nervous system which sometimes becomes tyrannical has been playing a few rather showy tricks which have nothing to do with the basis for love and friendship.

Woman's Fat Supply
Starvation is harder on women than on men because they are less able to burn fat. Prof. H. J. Deuel, Jr., of the University of Southern California, reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Women cannot make as good use of their fat supply, and the reason, professor Deuel declares, lies in the relation between the female sex glands and the powerful pituitary gland located at the base of the brain, which produces a hormone or chemical substance which circulates in the body and tends to prevent the burning of fat.—New York World-Telegram.

Frison Stare

During a recent major operation in Northern hospital, Liverpool, England, a young doctor was given the duty of seeing whether the patient's eye contracted or dilated under the anesthetic. To the observer's horror, the eye did neither, and the patient was hastily revived. It then was discovered that the eye was a glass one.

Mathematics
Visitor—How old are you, my little man?
Boy—Darned if I really know, mister. Mother was twenty-six when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four.

Cuticura Talcum Powder

Protect your skin with a powder that is mildly antiseptic and at the same time fine, soft and cooling. Cuticura talcum powder is made of essential oils, complete the medication of Cuticura.

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SLAVERY ON INCREASE

The world may be improving in some ways but in regards to human bondage it is growing steadily worse, according to figures gathered by Lady Simon, wife of Britain's foreign minister, Sir John Simon. There are three times as many slaves in the world today, she says, as there was 100 years ago (not counting those in the United States). Slave trading is carried on openly in most of the larger cities of Arabia and a slave market adjoins the Great Mosque of Mecca. Oddly enough, Liberia, which at one time was a refuge for escaped and liberated slaves of the United States, has nearly 800,000 slaves numbered among its 2,500,000 population. Slavery still exists in many parts of Abyssinia, Ethiopia, many parts of China and northern Africa.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Spellbinders Know It

People are apt to believe what is stated forcibly.

THE EASY WAY TO IRON!

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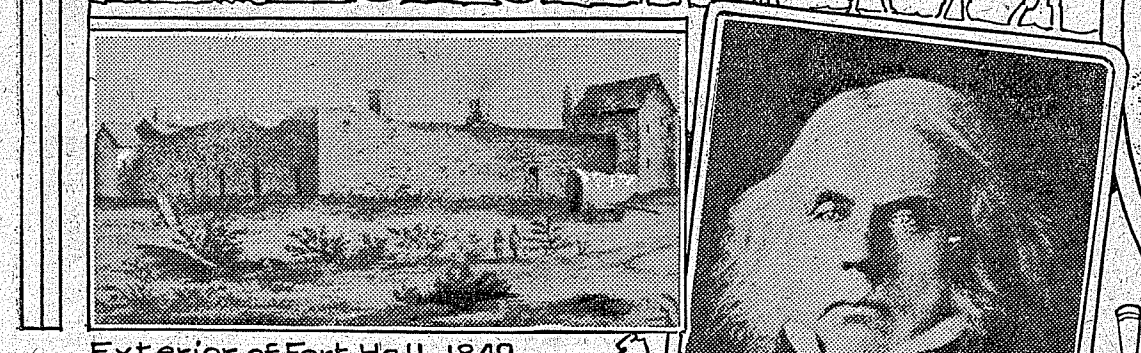
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One Fort Hall Centennial



Exterior of Fort Hall, 1849

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
AUGUST 5, 1884. In a lush, upland meadow in what is now the state of Idaho, stands a little stockaded fort, its walls of freshly-peeled, horizontal logs gleaming white in the early morning sunshine. Inside the fort a motley crowd of men is gathered around a table. Hunters and trappers, whose greasy, smoke-begrimed buckskins tell of a hundred camps in the great West, and

elbows with men whose garb bespeak the East. In the murmur of talk the nasal twang of the Down East Yankee rises sharply above the gruff tones of the frontiersmen.

Apart from the others stand two young fellows destined for future fame as men of science. One is Thomas Nuttall (or Nuttall), a botanist fresh from Harvard college, and the other is J. K. Townsend of Philadelphia, physician and ornithologist. As they talk to a third man, scarcely older than themselves, their deferential manner toward him stamps him as the leader of this varied company. And he is, for this is "Capt." Nathaniel J. Wyeth, founder of the "Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company," a young Boston business man, but already a veteran of westward travel.

Now Wyeth steps forward to the foot of the flagstaff. In his hand he holds a folded flag. He attaches it to the halyard and as it rises to the peak the roaring of muskets and the popping of pistols mingle with the whirling crack of long rifles. As the banner ripples out in the sunshine in the red, white and blue glory of the Stars and Stripes a mighty shout goes up from the assembled company.

Thus was another wilderness outpost established and, although this shouting throng may not realize it now, the curtain has been rung up on another act in the epic drama which is to be called "The Winning of the West."

Two months later Wyeth is to write to an uncle back East, "It has been a long time since I have named Fort Hall from the oldest gentleman in the concern, Mr. Henry Hall. We manufactured a magnificent flag from some unbleached sheeting, a little red and a few blue patches, saluted it with damaged powder and wet it in villainous alcohol; and after all, I assure you, it makes a very respectable appearance amid the dry and dusty late regions of central America. Its bastions stand a terror to the skulking Indian and a beacon of safety to the fugitive hunter. It is manned by 12 men and has constantly loaded in the bastions 100 guns and rifles. These bastions command both the inside and outside of the fort. After building this fort I sent messengers to the neighboring nations to induce them to come to trade."

August 5, 1884. The modern city of Pocatello, Idaho, is in gay array. Crowds surge through its streets. Flags are flying. Bands are blaring. There are parades, floats, pageants, speeches. For today is the beginning of the four-day celebration of the event which took place just a hundred years ago—the founding of the post that was "decreed by fate to be a centrifugal point of trade, commerce and recuperation." Such is the characterization of this post by James Brown Brown, whose splendid "Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail" was published two years ago by the Caxton Printers, Ltd., of Caldwell, Idaho. In the years that followed Fort Hall was a beacon of safety not only to the "

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—Suggestion that the United States would take part payment of the European debts "in kind" might, had it been adopted, have been very profitable for this government had it been worked out six months back.

At the time that there was considerable discussion of payment in goods, prices of many raw materials essential to American industries were at all-time lows. Rubber was 4 cents a pound. The price of tungsten ore was \$240 a ton. Tin was 22 cents a pound. Mercury was \$45 a flask.

With 1934 half gone, rubber was 38 cents a pound. Tungsten ore was \$1,020 a ton. Tin was 53 cents a pound. Mercury was \$75, and prices were still climbing.

Manganese ore, mica, nickel, chrome ore and other raw materials also qualify for this list of commodities that the United States imports in large quantities which could have been taken in trade, as part payment on foreign debts, and which have also advanced sharply in price since the "in-kind" proposal was made by Secretary Hull. As a matter of fact, however, the total of them all would be only a small fraction of the war debts.

Critics are pointing out the nice profit the government could have made by accepting such payments in kind back in December and then retailing the commodities to American manufacturers at the advanced prices. They do not say anything about what would have happened had the price of the commodities declined while the government held them, although, obviously, at that time the best business judgment, and certainly the best speculative judgment, was that there was little prospect for such advance in prices.

Another Objection

Obviously, if this had not been true, the Wall Street gamblers would have rushed into the commodity market and cleaned up on the subsequent rise. But there is another objection to the criticism. Administration officials point out, though not for quotation, that if the United States had taken a large amount of tin from the British government as part payment on the war debt, at the rate of 22 cents a pound, the British government would now have an additional argument for concessions on the remaining debt. It would contend that the United States government had "profiteered" on the British government both coming and going.

It would point out that at the time of the original incurrence of the debt the United States charged England huge prices—those prevailing in the war period and immediately thereafter. When the time came to accept payments in kind, the British would point out, the American government took payment in commodities at record low prices for those commodities and would say that even now the price of tin had recovered to nearly two and one-half times what the United States government had allowed it on war payments.

Present supporters of the plan insist that any unsettling influence which it might have on maintenance of the balance of trade would be no greater than that likely to result from the operations of the new British-Dutch rubber restriction combine and from other foreign cartels monopolizing the supplies of numerous products this country does not produce. They insist that payment of the debts "in kind" in a way would be a protection against such foreign monopolies.

Rogers on the Job

It develops that Professor Rogers—brain trust and currency expert who was "exiled," as some thought, to China for study of the silver problem just as the issue was getting hot—is far from thorough.

He has been sending messages back to the President, which Mr. Roosevelt is studying on his long sea trips with great interest, and the whole world may be much interested in a message, which the President may address to various countries in the form of identical notes some time this fall.

The President, it is learned, has already had several conferences with foreign currency experts on the idea of an "imaginary coin," to fill the function in international trade performed in the old days of gold standards by the pound sterling, and later by the dollar.

The desire is to find something that will permit international buying and selling to continue without such violent changes in prices as to make anything except strictly spot transactions more like crap shooting than business.

For a hundred years most international trade has been transacted with the British pound as the money. Since the war, especially, the dollar has been supplanting the pound, though the pound still predominated in total volume of world trade until Britain went off the gold standard.

Merchants and manufacturers traded in pounds who never saw a five-pound note. The pound was merely the unit of money which figured on their books. Actually, when they discounted their drafts at their banks, they received their local currency, whether in Austria, Persia, Chile or elsewhere, at the current rate of discount. Hence, if their native currencies fluctuated, it made no particular difference to them or to the other parties in the transaction. The buyer

was paying in pounds, which he bought with his own currency, and the seller was getting paid in pounds.

No International Money

But since the United States went off gold, and gives every indication of staying off, there is no such international money, as for various reasons Dutch guilders and Swiss francs do not seem to lend themselves advantageously to foreign trade.

So the crying need of the world is for some international unit of money, which will remain stable, and which will permit one national selling to another without a double gamble on every transaction—one in the currency of the seller, the other in currency of the buyer.

Hence the "imaginary coin." It is imaginary because it will not be a coin at all. None will be coined or printed. It will no more be needed in metallic or paper form than the Chilean grape grower needed to see the five-pound notes that represented the price of his grapes sold to Mexico. He will discount his draft made out in terms of these imaginary coins at the bank and receive the current value of his local currency for it, just as he did for pounds and dollars.

But the "imaginary coin" will have a fixed value in gold. It will be a definite weight of gold. This will not eliminate the risk of fluctuation in currencies, but the risk will be a single gamble instead of a double or triple one. It will involve only the fluctuations of the dealer's own currency in terms of gold. The seller will not be the slightest bit concerned over fluctuations of the buyer's currency. Nor the buyer in the fluctuations of the seller's currency. Nor either buyer or seller in the currency of any intermediary.

The Carolina cotton grower, for example, selling cotton to England, which may fabricate it and sell it to Norway, is not concerned either with British or Norwegian currency fluctuations.

Harvard Steps Up

The Harvard branch of the brain trust is actually more important today, due to the far-reaching powers in the hands of James M. Landis, than the Columbia branch, which started off back in the campaign of 1932 as pretty nearly the whole show. Incidentally, this importance of the Harvard branch is due almost entirely to Dr. Felix Frankfurter. Early in the game the Columbia members became worried about Frankfurter's influence with the President and many were the schemes to run him on some secluded sidetrack. Thus they persuaded the President to offer Frankfurter the job of Solicitor-General, No. 2 man at the Department of Justice, ranking above the assistant to the attorney general and a whole flock of assistant attorneys-general.

They knew that Frankfurter's ambition is eventually to sit upon the United States Supreme court bench, and they figured that he would regard the solicitor-generalship as a long step in this direction. Meanwhile, they would have Frankfurter so busy arguing before the Supreme court in behalf of the government on constitutional questions that he would have little time to run down to the White House and horn in on policies they were trying to shape.

But Frankfurter was too smart for them. He didn't want to be arguing constitutional questions at a time when constitutionality is of so little significance. He preferred to stay outside and put his oar in whenever a particular question intrigued him.

Miss Perkins Loses

He started out by putting his bright young men in key positions around the administration. The inside story, for instance, of Charles E. Wyanski, of Boston, who is now solicitor of the Labor department and potent beyond words, has been revealed. Every one knows that there was a terrible row and Miss Frances Perkins fought to the limit against accepting Edward F. McGrady as assistant secretary of labor. She wanted to run her own department and pick her own men. But Frankfurter eased Wyanski in as her solicitor without a ripple. Frankfurter visualized the tremendous increase in importance in the Department of Labor which has taken place, and got his man on the job early.

Then the President asked Frankfurter to write the Securities act. Again he showed his adroitness. Professing that he did not have time, he urged two of his bright young men, Landis and Ben Cohen, for the job. They did it, to the President's enormous satisfaction. Landis was then appointed to the federal trade commission, which he soon dominated. How completely he outwitted senators and Wall Street representatives in the modification of the Securities act in the last session is well known now, though at the time, the senators and Wall Streeters thought they had not only won a victory but placed Landis at the top of a long and well-greased set of skids.

Meanwhile, the Columbia branch, while still very important, has been somewhat battered. Raymond Moley is editing a magazine though still frequently consulted. It took all the President's strength with the senate to get Rexford Guy Tugwell confirmed as under secretary of agriculture. Others have dropped out of sight or been sent on missions of doubtful importance. The Columbia wing knows all about the Frankfurter activities—more than it would like to know. And it is fearful how much of the Columbia tent is going to be left when the Frankfurter camel gets through its maneuvers!

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Man Might Learn From Wild Life

Regard for Others' Rights Among Fine Traits of Birds and Beasts.

"Wild animals have a code of manners often comically like ours. They are frequently courteous, tender-hearted, and considerate to the point of being romantic. They possess that unembarrassed demeanor which is indicative of soul poise, and show on many occasions a behavior that indicates good taste.

"Being a good sport is, in a deep sense, showing good manners. And birds and animals have a gallantry of bearing that seems a part of their code of behavior. They bear disappointment, pain, death with a courage that is extraordinary. A certain grace of heart is theirs.

"One display of their good manners is the tolerance with which wild creatures regard one another. Of course there are fights, but these originate almost always in love rivalry. There are no social climbers, no business antagonists. There are no jealousies over place and power. But there does appear to be a consciousness of the rights of others. A huge dead pine with a series of hollows, one above the other, will be tenanted, during a single mating season, by pairs of bluebirds, black woodpeckers, flickers, fox-squirrels, screeching owls, and sparrow-hawks! These are six families of entirely different nationalities, yet all live happily, one above the other, in the same tenement. And make no mistake, the serenity is the result of genuine tact and etiquette!

"And the vagaries of falling in love! Any observer of the human scene knows the impulse then to 'show off.' But while we like to impress the whole world with our superiority, a wild creature tries to appear exceptional only to the one by whom he wants to be loved. And all about us in the woods and fields and sky and grass one may observe an etiquette of loving. In much of the affection of wild mates for each other there is a tenderness of consideration that is clear evidence that they care for each other beyond the physical attraction. And take the cardinals, for instance, who mate for life; even in the dead of winter they remember love and carol to each other!"

Savoring somewhat of sarcasm.

this paragraph sums up the reflections of a distinguished writer and thinker:

"It appears that those who want to be really civilized might take a tip from the birds and the beasts! And it seemed to me that passing on this information about them from the comments of that well-known naturalist, Archibald Rutledge, would certainly be of no less value to my readers than anything I could say to them."

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Fly in Clenched Hand

Guarantee of Honesty

On the way from Vienna to Budapest, let's stop at the first opportunity, say at the Hungarian provincial town of Győr, for a taste of gypsy entertainment. A good Hungarian gypsy orchestra can, and does, turn the thoughts of the coldest of ladies towards romance better than any amount of champagne could do.

The cover charge evil has not penetrated this far inland, and we are treated to the spectacle of one of the gypsies going from customer to customer for tips after every third dance, holding what seems to be a collection plate in one hand, and with the other tightly clenched. Of this phenomenon, investigation proved more fruitful. The explanation of the one clenched hand is quite simple. It is a guarantee of honesty. It contains a live fly which the collector must bring back alive to his fellow musicians, to show that his hand has not accidentally abstracted a handful of coins from the collection plate for his own pocket, while he was in a far corner of the cafe.

The collector might, of course,

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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

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Big Cash Prizes all given to Women like Yourself
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Just try Camay. Use this fine beauty soap on your face and hands

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And then tell us why you consider Camay the finest beauty soap for your skin. Write your reasons on a plain piece of paper and attach to it 3 green and yellow Camay wrappers or 3 copies of the wrappers, drawn by yourself.

It's easy. For it's just your honest opinion we want, as simply told as you'd tell a friend why you prefer this pure white beauty soap. And you have 554 chances to win!

Every Woman Can Win New Skin Beauty with Camay

Even if you're not among the money winners, this contest will help you to discover the one soap that is best for your skin. Camay is almost sure to do for you what it has done for thousands of women—give your complexion a fresh, clear loveliness!

catch him a new fly after a lapse from grace, and I suggested that the flies be branded. This novel idea was given due consideration by the orchestra, but then rejected, on the grounds that any motion so conspicuous as catching a new fly could not be concealed from the watchful eyes of the hardly-to-be-called-trusting colleagues.—Charles Layne in Esquire.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Odd Form of "Kindling"

Stone "kindling" is used to start fires. It is in the form of a synthetic stone which, when soaked in kerosene, burns for ten minutes. It can be used repeatedly, as it does not break down in the heat and absorbs the fuel, thus permitting it to burn gradually when soaked in lard for the same purpose and when coal oil

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LOOK FOR THE "PLUG-IN-THE-TUB"

was first employed as fuel, deposit of a peculiar granite was found which was used in the same manner.

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First wash with pure Resinol Soap. Then relieve and improve sore pimply spots with soothing

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Big Cash Prizes all given to Women like Yourself
for Writing Short, Simple Letters about Camay!**

SEE HOW SIMPLE IT IS—READ THESE

EASY RULES

1 Anyone may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble (and affiliated companies), the Union Central Life Insurance Co., and their families.

2 Write 100 words or less on "Why Camay Is the Best Beauty Soap for My Skin." Attach to your letter 3 green and yellow Camay wrappers or 3 copies. Write as many entries as you wish, but each must be accompanied by 3 Camay wrappers or copies and signed by the actual writer.

3 Print your name and address, and the name and address of your regular dealer or grocer on your letter.

4 The First Prize of \$1,000 a year for life will be awarded each Christmas Day, beginning Christmas, 1934, for the remainder of the winner's life to the contestant whose letter the judges think best. (If the winner elects a lump sum of \$10,000 cash will be paid as First Prize in lieu of \$1,000 a year for life.) First Prize guaranteed by the Union Central Life Insurance Co. All

prizes except First Prize are one-time cash payments.

5 Letters will be judged on the clearness, sincerity, and interest of the statements you make about Camay, and prizes will be awarded for the best letters meeting these requirements. Judges will be: Katharine Clayburger, Associate Editor, *Woman's Home Companion*; Hildegarde Fillmore, Beauty Editor, *McCall's Magazine*; Ruth Murrin, Beauty Editor, *Good Housekeeping Magazine*. The judges of this contest are unbiased. They will judge only the effectiveness of the arguments submitted. Their decisions shall be final and without recourse. In the event of a tie, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants. All entries submitted become the property of The Procter & Gamble Co.

6 Mail your entry to Camay, Dept. A, P. O. Box 629, Cincinnati, Ohio. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1934. Prize winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after the contest closes. Contest applies to United States only and is subject to all provisions of Federal, State, and Local Regulations.



LISTEN IN

WEAF and a Coast-to-Coast NBC Network "Dreams Come True" Radio Program. Hear Berry McKinley, sensational new singer, and more news about the contest. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 2:00 p.m. and 4:45 p.m., E. S. T. (See newspapers for time of broadcast in your city.)

"It Keeps My Skin So Smooth"

Long before this contest was announced, one girl wrote, "My skin is delicate and to keep it soft and well-cleaned, I must use a soap of unusual mildness. That's why I prefer Camay to any other beauty soap. It keeps my skin so smooth and clear."

This letter may give you a hint for your entry.

Dreams Come True! **CAMAY** THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Flame of the Border

By VINGIE E. ROE

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Seeking death by throwing herself from Lone Mesa, to escape dishonor at the hands of a drunken desperado, Sonya Savarin allows herself to be rescued by her suddenly repentant attacker. The girl is a self-appointed physician to the Navajo Indians, living on an Arizona sheep ranch with her brother Serge, his wife, Lila, and their small daughter, Babs. She is engaged to Rodney Blake, wealthy New Yorker, but her heart is with the friendless Navajos and she evades a wedding. Sonya pulls Little Moon, wife of Two Fingers, a Navajo, through the crisis of an illness. Two Fingers is deeply grateful. Blake returns to New York, declaring he will give Sonya six more months and then demand she keep her promise to marry him. Sonya again meets the man whose advances she had repulsed on Lone Mesa. He tells her he bitterly regrets his action. Sonya is affected, but unforgiving. She hears rumors of a border bandit "El Capitan Diablo," and vaguely connects him with her attacker. On Lone Mesa she again comes upon the strange young man, but she no longer fears him. When he reiterates his sorrow over his misconduct, she indicates forgiveness and assures him a man can always change for the better.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Sonya was as good as her word. On Wednesday of that week she took the disreputable old car and set out across the wild and lonely land in the general direction of the government school for which Satter was the gathering agent.

She had never been there, but she knew where it was, and she had once met the superintendent, a polished, hard-eyed efficiency expert who had gone out of his way to attract her attention. He was a widower and seemed to fancy himself considerably, which was more than Sonya did.

The large rooms were sweetly cool in the early summer heat, and she took off her hat and leaned back in her chair in grateful enjoyment.

She had not long to wait, for presently the superintendent, a Mr. Claude Spartow, came in briskly with extended hand.

"Why, Miss Savarin—Doctor Savarin, I should say, though the austere title don't seem to belong to a girl like you—this is a pleasure, I assure you! Come right into my office."

He led her into his private office, a spacious, comfortable place, its walls lined with filing cases, and pulled up the deepest big chair.

"There!" he said. "That's better. Now relax. You must be tired."

"No," said Sonya, "I'm not, and I'm in somewhat of a hurry. I've come for the two children of the Indian, Hosteen Nez, over in the big cut beyond Lone Mesa, just on the line of the Reservation. This case is rather pitiful, Mr. Spartow, and I'd like to enlist your attention to it. Mr. Satter will remember. I came upon him taking the children, not so many weeks back—very near the end of the term—and the parents are 'wild Indians.' They don't understand either the necessity or the methods employed in the matter of giving up their children, and I begged off the littlest one from Mr. Satter. The mother had run herself nearly into collapse, hanging on the backboard's tail. She is in a serious condition now, with the grief over their disappearance. Doesn't eat. Looks awful. And Mr. Satter had forgotten to tell them where to come for the children. It is rather hard, when you think of it, on parents, you know, either red or white. As it would take the Hosteen some days to get here and back with his horses to fetch them, I'd like to take the children to them myself. I will be responsible to you for them."

As the girl talked the man's sharp eyes regarded her with an alertness of expression that changed to guardedness as she mentioned Satter's lapse of memory. Now he leaned toward her, smiling.

"Why, how kind of you, my dear Miss Savarin!" he said. "Few women of this day would take so much trouble for ignorant Indians. Of course you may take the little ones. But surely you're not starting back today? You'll stay with us for the night and get a good early start tomorrow, if I have my way."

"Oh, my, no!" said Sonya. "I'll get on my way as quickly as possible. Will it take long to get them ready?"

"If you really think you must go," he said regretfully, "I'll have them made ready at once. It won't take long."

The two were presently brought to her, their belongings in a neat bundle. They still looked as they had looked that day in the buckboard, like frightened quail.

Sonya smiled at them, took their unresisting hands.

Then she smiled at Spartow.

"I thank you, sir," she said gently, "and I shall not forget your kindness in letting me take them. I hope you'll ask Mr. Satter to tell the fathers next time, will you please, Mr. Spartow?"

Mr. Spartow returned the smile with a look that promised to ask the government for a million-dollar loan if she thought it necessary.

And presently Sonya Savarin was driving down across the illimitable levels with joy in her heart and the hushed little Navajos huddled in against her with instinctive trust.

She was thinking what fun she would have watching Cactus Flower's

haggard face when she took them in to the hidden hogan in the canyon.

CHAPTER V

Deep Things Begin to Glimmer. That little matter proved almost more than she could stand, however, for the Indian mother, watching the east continually since her previous visit, having taken her advice literally, collapsed at sight of her children, and Sonya had a brisk half-hour in bringing her round again.

When she was able to clasp them in her shaking arms the sight was enough to wring a heart less soft than Doctor Sonya's.

But all's well that ends well, and the girl finally rode away, leading her extra horse with a smile on her lips and the deep light in her eyes that Rod Blake called fanaticism.

Maybe it was, but it made her foolishly happy to see this poor, family united again. And Hosteen Nez had looked over his woman's head at her exactly as Two Fingers had and called her Blue South Woman in the Sun. It was all he said, but it was pregnant with deep things, and Sonya knew it so.

So she opened her lips and sang. And then she came to the canyon's mouth and caught her breath sharply, for a man sat there on a golden horse. He looked like a young god with the sunlight on his hair, and his eyes as blue as the heavens, and the grave look on his handsome face.

"Forgive me," he said quickly, "for being in your trail again."

"Why?" she said as quickly. "It is free country."

"Yes, I know. But I promised to stay away."

"That was from Lone Mesa."

"The intent was everywhere. I meant it, too—was goin'—going to



Three Times the Transference of Something From the Plane to Un d'Oro's Saddle Took Place.

keep my word, but I seem to come back regardless."

Sonya sat and looked at him steadily, her sweet face grave too. He bore her scrutiny quietly, though a muscle twitched in his cheek, and there was a seeming of strain in his face.

"I've thought a lot about you," the girl said presently. "Why, I don't just know. I shouldn't, by all the rules of my life's game, but I have. Tell me—If you care to—where have you been since I saw you last? Where do you live?"

He moved in his saddle, put his hat back on his head, laid his hands on his pommel.

"Miss Savarin," he said, "I can't tell you. A lot of places for the first question—nowhere for the last one. I told you before, I wasn't fit to talk to. I am a drifter, if you like, just goin' through the country."

"Oh, no, you're not," said Sonya, "the day you came in the store you were familiar with the place and had been there before. Don't you think I know a few things?"

"What do you know?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing concrete, only I know a stranger when I see one by his very actions. Well, we won't talk of that," she added gently, "where are you going now?"

"Why, nowhere. That is—I was just ridin' around for exercise, sort of. Un d'Oro, here, he needs a lot of exercise."

He smiled and patted the shining neck at his saddle bow.

"Un d'Oro—Golden One," said Sonya. "What a lovely name. And what a wonderful horse. He's the most beautiful thing I ever saw done up in horsehide. You love him, don't you?"

The man's face lighted as with inner fire.

"Well—some," he said.

For a while they sat in silence, at a loss for something to talk about, and then Sonya told him about Cactus Flower and how Mr. Satter had taken her children.

"D—n!" he said flushing, "Excuse me—but some people just ain't human. I'd like to see that agent on—"

He stopped, and Sonya felt her heart contract, for she knew he had almost said "a cross."

What was this man? What was in the soul of him? What strange contradictions? What savageries and contradictions, what sympathies and cruelties? What connection did he have

with those awful retributions across the Border of which the Servant had hinted? What did the strange old man know about him? The henchman of Beelzebub he had called him—for no other in all this country answered to the description of the Blue-eyed One with Bronze-colored Hair. Sonya felt cold, as if a wind of portent had blown across her spirit. And swift on its heels a sadness came, the odd, unaccountable feeling of personal loss and sorrow which had assailed her that night at Myra's.

She shook herself, mentally and actually, and was angry at herself again, and when this man spoke she listened, forgetting.

"I'm a violent man, Miss Savarin," he said strangely, "and my life won't bear 't' light—but a thing like that makes my blood boil. There ain't no manner of use hurting something that can't fight back, and a woman an' a child—well, they're set aside, somehow, like a starvin' kitten, or a dog that no one wants. No kind of a man would do them a harm—not an' be a man."

"You think that—honestly?" said Sonya. "Right in your heart?"

"Why, of course," he said surprised. "Don't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes, a woman feels like that, but men are different. I just wondered."

"Have you been back to Lone Mesa?" he asked presently.

"No," said Sonya. "I haven't. I've been pretty busy. Housecleaning and sewing. Have you?"

"Twice. At night. Watched the moon come up across the desert, and it was wonderful. A man can't describe it—like new life comin' to a dead world."

"I know," said Sonya. "I've seen it from there myself."

"Alone? My G—d, Miss Savarin, you shouldn't be goin' around this country by yourself like that!"

"Why not? I'm perfectly safe. Every one knows me, and there isn't a Navajo, drunk or otherwise, who'd say a word to me."

"Not the Navajos, no, ma'am," he said painfully, "but they ain't all there are, you know."

How well she knew! But she was sorry the inference had been drawn.

"As for being drunk—will you believe me when I say I haven't touched a glass or a bottle since—since that day—on the cliff? Every time I've tried, your face has come before me plain as plain—the white fury of it, the courage—G—d! I choke an' quit tryin'."

"I'm glad," she said. "Didn't I tell you it was never too late to look up? Didn't I?"

"Sure you did, but that don't mean anything in this case. I'm just telling you that your face stopped my liquor."

"Till stop a lot of things for you," the girl said in a rush and was astonished at herself.

"What—do you mean?" he said slowly.

"I—oh, I don't know!" said Sonya, trembling. "Only I know you've got to stop—stop that Border stuff. That you've got to change—the leopard spots."

"You," he said, wetting his lips, which had suddenly lost their color, "you—want me to—do that?"

"Yes," said Sonya thickly, "yes."

"Then, by G—d!" he said through his teeth, "I'll—"

What he meant to say was not apparent, for at that moment they both heard what they had been too tensely strung to hear before—the roar of a motor in the sky. A small gray ship slipped down directly over their heads and dropped to a landing on the desert out beyond. The man took one look, and reaching out an arm, he pushed Sonya and Darkness back into the canyon's mouth. Un d'Oro shielding them both. The touch of his breast against her shoulder, the scent of him, tobacco and sweat, the nearness of his bronze cheek, sent a wave of weakness over the girl.

"Get back!" he rasped, "for the love of heaven! Go in deep, please, an' don't come out till it's gone."

Then he had struck his heels to Un d'Oro's shining flanks and was out like a flash across the sand.

For a moment Sonya sat where he had left her, shaking as with a chill, bewildered and a little scared.

What was this?

What had driven the blood from his face?

And why did he go straight to the plane if he was frightened?

Here was the answer to some of her questions, that she knew instinctively. If only she could go out there herself! She could not even see from where Darkness stood, so prompt and so efficient had been his action. But she must see. Sonya's lips set, as they did when she faced a crisis for her skill, and she dismounted and, dropping Darkness' rein, went forward carefully the few steps that separated her from the sheer edge of the canyon's mouth. Taking off her hat, she carefully leaned along the rock until her line of vision reached the open and the plane. And what she saw bewildered her more than she had been before. The Blue-eyed One was off Un d'Oro, and one man was on the ground beside him, while another was bent down in the after-cockpit. This one rose, as she looked, and gave something to the other, who in turn handed it to the rider.

And he, with care and swiftness, put it in his saddlebags.

Three times the transference of something from the plane to Un d'Oro's saddle took place. Then the stranger climbed back in the forward cockpit, the plane, which had never stopped its engine, roared a moment, slid along the sand a little way, picked up its tail and took off. And Un d'Oro was looting away, headed for the plane.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Russia Erects Port on Bleak Coast of Siberia

Hopes to Open Ship Routes Through Arctic Sea.

Washington, D. C.—Along the bleak Arctic coast of Siberia, at the mouth of the River Lena, the Soviet government is constructing the most northerly port in the world.

"Though one of the six longest rivers in Asia, being almost 3,000 miles in length, the River Lena plays a minor role in the life of the continent. The sparse population of its basin, and its ice-jammed mouth on the dangerous, little-known Arctic ocean has prevented the Lena from taking part in world trade and limited it to internal commerce," says the National Geographic society.

"As Russian population spreads toward the Orient, however, this new port and the opening of navigation routes through the Arctic sea, may mean that the Lena will become a busy trade artery, through which will pulse the wealth of minerals, timber, and valuable furs of Central Siberia."

"Rising as a clear mountain torrent in the Baikal mountains, the Lena rushes northward between steep, forest-clad cliffs of red sandstone from 200 to 300 feet high and then between lower chalk cliffs, gutted with innumerable grottoes. At the town of Vitim, 876 miles from its source, it is joined by the Vitim river, noted for its gold mines."

Cliffs Resemble Castle.

"Its volume doubled, the Lena flows for miles through the dense taiga, a primeval coniferous forest stretching from the Arctic circle to Turkestan. Through the dark wild shrubbery run packs of howling wolves. Flying squirrels leap from pine to pine above prowling brown bears, sables and ermines."

"The monotony of the forested slopes is broken occasionally by the flickering red camp fires of hunters, tent settlements surrounding post-houses, and limestone or sandstone cliffs. One series of cliffs, the famous 'Colonnades of Lena,' resembles a castle, whose battlements of red and green limestone strata stretch for miles along the river. Shortly beyond the junction with the rapid Olekma smoke from burning coal fields is seen rising from the banks of the Lena. These banks were long ago ignited by forest fires, giving rise to legends of volcanoes in central Siberia."

"The Lena valley has a wealth of minerals. Because its tributaries, the Vitim, Olekma, and Vilyui, flow through a region rich in gold, the Lena carries more of the precious yellow metal in its sands than perhaps any other river. Coal is found in several places along the Lena valley. In the region of the upper Lena are petroleum fields and whole mountains of salt. Near Yakutsk are silver mines, iron and zinc. Sulphur springs

bubble on the banks of the middle Lena. Jasper is found at Zhigansk. Platinum is so abundant in the Aldan valley that natives are reputed to make bullets out of it.

Yakutsk Is Chief City.

"Yakutsk, the chief trading post of eastern Siberia, and an important fur market, is built on alluvial soil about two miles back from the Lena and about halfway between its source and mouth. When the ice breaks in June, floods sweep the town. For this season, many houses are built on high platforms. Yakutsk boasts a wooden blockhouse fort built in 1832 by Yermak, the Volga boatman who turned pirate."

"Yakutsk has a few brick office buildings, schools and churches, but most of the city is an unprepossessing collection of skin yurts (tents) pitched in spaces between snow-swept log houses. The few muddy streets become quagmires when the ground thaws. Many of the inhabitants are exiles, reindeer-riding Tungus, who breed cattle, and the more advanced Yakuts, who occupy the entire length of the Lena valley, farming on the fertile elevated banks almost to the Arctic circle."

"One hundred miles below Yakutsk, the confluence of the River Aldan from the right sweeps the River Lena, temporarily, to a width of twelve miles, almost an inland sea. Not far below, the Vilyui enters the Lena on the left."

Clock in Deserted

Cabin Runs 8 Years

Placerville, Calif.—An eight-day clock in a vacant mining cabin has been kept running for eight years. When the mining company abandoned work in 1927, some one tacked a sign, "Please wind the clock," beneath the timepiece.

Fishermen and hunters using the cabin for overnight headquarters have been faithful in following instructions. Enough of them visit the cabin during the spring, summer and fall to keep the clock running.

During the winter, Ed Ramsey, who lives three and one-half miles away, makes a weekly hike to the cabin.

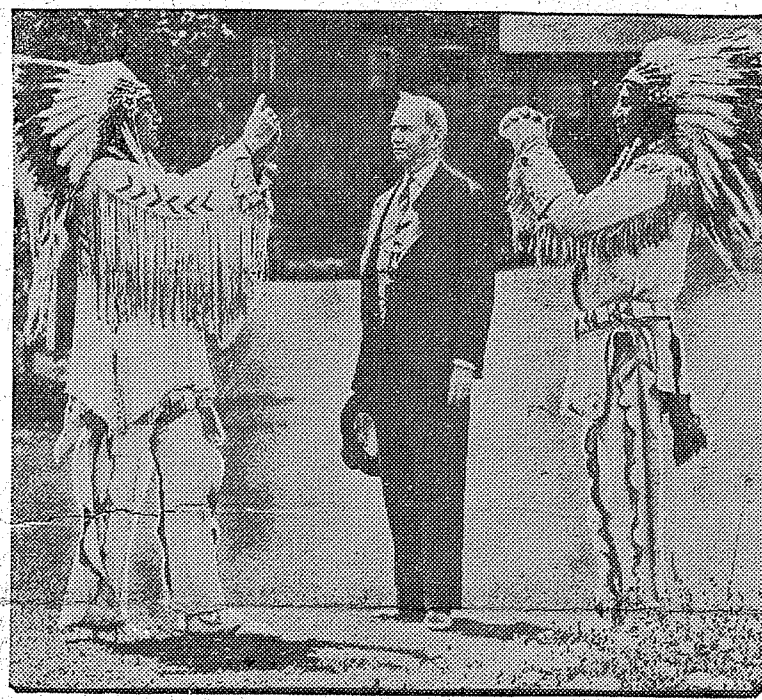
Winding the clock has become a sort of tradition.

Beyond are only insignificant tributaries and the Lena flows northward for 1,200 miles, a majestic stream, four to twenty miles wide.

"Steamers carry about 15,000 tons of freight a year on the Lena. To Yakutsk come barges bringing trade from the Sea of Okhotsk via the Aldan, and smaller craft with fox-skins from Bulun, with sables, ermine, and fossil ivory from the tundra of the Arctic. Skin-boats full of fish pass great rafts of timber, white steamers and lumber ferries."

"The vast delta of the Lena covers an area of 8,900 square miles. It is formed partly by alluvial deposit, and partly by a group of ancient marine islands connected by silting or upheaval."

Roper Welcomed by the Blackfeet



Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper on a visit to Glacier National park was greeted by Weasel Feather and George Bullchild, Blackfeet chiefs. In the photograph they are saying, in the sign language, "Welcome" and "We are brothers."

Plan Steel Building With Roof Airport

French Show "Last Word" in Metal Construction.

Paris.—In times of peace prepare for war is obviously the motto that inspired the architect of the new exhibition-building-to-be-erected at Issy-les-Moulineux on the outskirts of Paris along the Seine river.

Commissioned to erect a building that would be at once the last word in steel construction and at the same time suitable for showing all the different uses to which steel can be put, M. Leon-Joseph Madeline, the architect, has gone even further.

He designed a building with an airplane landing field on top and surrounded with lagoons, where hydro-airplanes may land.

His design has been approved by the committee of distinguished architects.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT



Col. Theodore Roosevelt is the newly elected president of the National Republican club. In accepting the office he said: "The Republican organization must be re-made into a new party, a virile, fighting unit, liberal in the real meaning of the word—an opposition party that will oppose where the real interests of the nation call for opposition, and that will support the President wholeheartedly in all constructive measures."

11-Year-Old Bridegroom

Has to Attend School

Belgrade.—Europe's youngest married couple are Mustafa Bashitch, eleven, and Brisha Kasapovich, seventeen, of Bosnia.

Although a full-fledged husband, the young bridegroom has to go to school every day and his bride helps him with his lessons. He is in the third grade.

Early engagements are no rarity in Banovitch, which is a Moslem community. The above couple, however, break all records. In the village of Rasnu recently a young couple thirteen and twelve, respectively, became engaged. Both were in the same class at school. The bride-to-be's father, however, decided that the marriage should be postponed until they finished their schooling and the groom-to-be had become apprenticed to a carpet-weaver.

Only White House Dog

Gets District Tag No. 1

Washington.—President Roosevelt has received a shiny brass tag bearing the numeral No. 1, to be worn on the collar of his dog Winks.

Winks, an English setter scarcely more than a year old, is the only dog at the White House now. Gus H. Gennrich, the President's secret service guard, is the owner of a half-grown American pit bull terrier, but the latter, known as "Pal," was not included

in the White House kennels to the extent of receiving a special tag.

The No. 1 tag was brought to the President personally by Chapham M. Towers, collector of taxes for the district.

This is the first time the Presidential family has received only one dog license. Last year the White House kennels were composed of Major, the German shepherd dog, which was banished because of his fondness of biting; Meggie, little black Scottie belonging to Mrs. Roosevelt, which also was banished for the same reason, and a collie pup belonging to the children of Mrs. Anna Curtis Dall, in addition to Winks.

Ohio Man Given Permit to Kill Robin Raiders

Dumontville, Ohio.—Cheery robins, believed by most ornithologists to be man's friends, are the bitter enemies of D. L. Swarts, who believes he has the only federal permit to kill them.

Swarts' home is a bird haven. Doves, starlings, wrens and cardinals flock there. But robins—that's different.

"The robin is one of the fruit growers' most destructive pests. One day I counted fifty robins at my place, and every one was averaging a berry every five seconds," Swarts said.

"I get mad at them, but I can't shoot them until the fruit begins to ripen. Then I'm going to protect my property."

Swarts, who said robins cost him several hundred dollars' loss every year, applied last spring for a permit to kill the birds. The government granted it and the state conservation department approved.

Expert Finds Flowers

Keep Better in Copper

New York.—If you want to keep cut flowers for a long time, try keeping them in copper containers. John Ratsek, floriculturist on the staff of the New York State College of Agriculture, placed snapdragons, stocks, roses, primroses and other flowers in such containers and by so doing he found that their life span was increased by one to three days. He explained that the copper kills bacteria which would decay the flowers.

Eats 100 Doughnuts

London.—Derek Eyles of Wellingborough wagged he could eat 50 doughnuts at a sitting.

He ate them—and won.

Then he ordered 50 more and ate them at the rate of one a minute.