

# Charges Banks Hoard R. F. C. Loans

## Pomerene Hits Big Companies

*Institutions Act As If They Thought Money In Cold Storage, Chairman Says*

Action to force into productive enterprise millions of dollars lent by the Reconstruction Finance corporation and now allegedly lying idle in the nation's bank vaults has become a prime subject of legislative speculation.

Congressional leaders were chary of comment, but they were studying nevertheless, the results of the opening session of an extensive investigation of R. F. C. loans to railroads which produced an accusation that the bankers have failed to fulfill their duty. In this accusation the chairman of the corporation's board and the investigating committee chairman joined.

It was evoked by a discussion of loans to railroads to pay off their indebtedness to the banks. Atlee Pomerene, chairman of the corporation board told the committee:

"I have a feeling that some of our larger banks that are from 75 per cent to 110 per cent (for emphasis) liquid ought to play a larger part in financing the roads and meeting the loans as they mature. "It is their duty to continue this financing. These banks, after getting all the money in the community, treat it as if it were in cold storage."

Senator Couzens, Republican of Michigan, chairman of the committee, agreed and added some vigorous criticism of the Finance corporation as well, asserting it had "fallen down badly when it made loans to pay off banks without a record of the condition of the banks." Couzens added:

"I have been unable to find any information as to what benefit commerce and industry got by paying these bank loans."

"I agree the banks have not

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first spoonful. That's all you need to drive away the dullness and headache of a bilious spell, and rid the system of that slow poison that saps your strength. It's better than a tonic for tired bowels, and unlike habit-forming laxatives you can take it freely or give it to any child. And it isn't expensive.

Get some syrup pepsin today, and take a little tonight. Don't wait until you're sick to give your system this wonderful help. You can avoid those spells of biliousness or constipation. A spoonful every now and then is better than constant worry about the condition of your bowels, or fear of auto-intoxication as you grow older. Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin protects the system. All druggists keep this preparation.

### President Gives Job



When Mrs. Molly Brown Carran, of West Branch, Iowa, boarded President Hoover's train at Des Moines last fall, she told him indirectly how hard times had come upon her. . . . She had been the president's teacher years ago in the little country school. By executive order of the President, Molly's son, Charles Carran, below, went to work this month on a rural mail delivery route . . . and Molly is smiling again.

done their duty," Pomerene replied. "And you have not compelled them to, though you had the power," said Couzens.

## The Other Man

By Ruby M. Ayers

### Twelfth Installment

Then he heard Barbara's voice, a little breathless and nervous.

"It's Jerry—I made him come in. Give him a drink, will you, Dennis, while I go and make myself look beautiful."

Dennis turned quickly. Jerry Barnett was already in the room, and Barbara had escaped.

Jerry nodded stiffly. "How do! Didn't expect to find you here." His eyes were more unfriendly than his voice, and Dennis answered calmly, "We've just been to see my wife off at Paddington. Her mother is ill—she was sent for."

"I see."

There was an awkward silence, and Dennis knew that this man must have seen the tears of flushed distress on Barbara's face.

"Have a drink?" he asked with an effort.

"No, thanks."

The silence fell once more and remained unbroken till Barbara returned. "Richard's himself again!" she said lightly. "I've been unbending my soul in a fit of tears," she informed Barnett. "Too many late nights and too much to drink, so Dennis has been telling me."

She lighted a cigarette and pushed the box across to him. "Aren't you going to drink, Jerry?"

"No thanks."

She made a little grimace at his moody face. "Well, mix, one for me, anyway," she said.

Dennis took up his coat. "I'll be off." He was hating Barnett with all his heart, and yet he knew that for Barbara's sake he must show nothing of what he felt.

"Go and see him out, will you, Jerry?" Barbara said coolly. She nodded to Dennis, "Good-bye—ring me up some time."

When Barnett returned she was sitting calmly on a big humpy stool by the fire, smoking and turning the pages of a magazine.

"We'll have tea when Mellish comes in," she said without looking up. "Does your head ache, Jerry, that you won't drink? Mine does, like the very devil."

Barnett made no reply, but he shut the door behind him with a little slam and came forward.

"Have you seen this picture of Evelyn?" Barbara asked. "Not too good, I think—look—"

Barnett took the magazine from her hand and flung it across the room.

"What's that fellow doing here?" he demanded.

For a moment Barbara sat motionless; then she looked up.

"My dear Jerry!"

"What's that fellow doing here?" Barnett demanded again. "I've suspected him all along. That night in the theatre—every time he's been in your company—"

Barbara rose to her feet.

"If you're going to be a cad, Jerry, you'd better go," she said.

"Oh, yes, go! to make room for him, I suppose," he almost shouted. He caught her arm roughly, swiping her round to him. "Has he been making love to you?" he demanded.

"How dare you—"

He laughed. "Oh, I dare very well. I know you, Barbara—anything for a new conquest. And you his wife's friend, eh?"

Barbara's eyes blazed in her white face.

"Let go of my arm," she said in a very still voice. "And when you've done that you can walk out of my flat and never come back."

There was a tragic silence, broken only by Barnett's heavy breathing; then suddenly his anger fell from him and he began to plead.

"I'm sorry. I was mad. Forgive me. I didn't mean it. I was jealous. You drive me mad, Barbara."

"You can go out of my flat and never come back," Barbara said again. "I've done with you."

"No! no!" His distress was pitiable. "You know how much I care for you. Forgive me, Barbara and I swear it will never happen again."

"No." Her eyes were hard and relentless. He fell back from her, breathing hard.

"Do you—mean this?" he asked thickly.

"I never meant anything so much in all my life," Barbara answered.

"So I'm thrown over, am I? After all this time—after all I've done for you. Kicked out like an unfortunate tramp. Very well! I shall see. I'll make you pay for this—you—"

For a moment she thought he was going to strike her; then his arm fell to his side. "I'll make you pay—my God, I'll make you pay to the last farthing!" he shouted, and was gone.

Pauline stayed with her mother for a week.

She was not unhappy, but she was restless and preoccupied.

"It's as if someone is walking over my grave," she told her mother once, with a little excited laugh. "Do you believe in premonitions. Mumsie? I never used to, but just lately I've had the sort of feeling that something is going to happen, something—something I shan't like. It's not Dennis—he's written every other day, and he's quite well." She laughed. "Dennis writes such funny letters, Mumsie—you really would think he's shy of me!"

Pauline's mother smiled. She could not quite make up her mind about her daughter's marriage. Pauline seemed happy enough. "The first year of marriage is always a little difficult," her mother said gently, "and I think my little girl is managing very well from what I can hear." She paused, then asked, "And what is Dennis doing in New York without you?"

"Oh, I think he's quite all right," Pauline said. "Dr. Stornaway is up there, you know, and that's nice for Dennis. And then there is Barbara, of course. I think he's seen her once or twice."

"Poor Barbara!" said Pauline's mother.

The girl looked up quickly.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. "Barbara's quite happy—at least I think she is. She's got a nice man she goes about with; his name is Jerry Barnett. He adores her, but I don't think she cares very much for him. But there is someone she loves. She told me so once. I wonder who it is," she added almost to herself.

"I don't think Barbara is a very faithful lover," Pauline's mother said, but this Pauline would not allow. "She is! I understand her. Once she really loves anyone nothing would ever change her. Of course she doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve."

She said something of the same sort to Peterkin when he arrived to dinner one night, having driven forty miles through the cold and rain to see her. They had dinner alone, as Pauline's mother was still in bed.

"It's nice to see you, Peterkin," Pauline said. She hoped he thought she looked well and happy. She had put on one of her prettiest frocks in his honor and she wore the pearl necklace Dennis had given her for a wedding present.

"Still as radiantly happy?" Peterkin asked.

"Of course. Dennis is a darling," said Dennis's wife.

Peterkin emptied his wineglass. "Why isn't he here?" he asked bluntly.

Pauline flushed. "He would have come—he wanted to come, only I knew it would be so dull for him with Daddy away. He would have only I persuaded him not to."

"I see."

Pauline was offended. She thought Peterkin was silly to be so old-fashioned.

"Is Mrs. Stark looking after him?" Peterkin said suddenly.

"I asked her to," Pauline said quickly, and then wondered why she had spoken defensively, and then quite suddenly a wave of sheer homesickness for Dennis swept over her.

"A penny for your thoughts," Peterkin said suddenly, and Pauline felt her eyes ridiculously filling with tears as she answered.

"Nothing. I was just wondering if Dennis is missing me as much as I miss him."

Peterkin winced; he had not yet got used to the fact that Pauline was married, and her love for O'Hara still hurt him.

"Of course he is!" he said loyally. He'll be jolly glad to have you back."

And Pauline brightened instantly and flushed and dimpled and talked eagerly of her own little home. Then she broke off and flushed, and Peterkin kept his eyes on his plate. Pauline hurriedly changed the subject.

It came to her mind when she was undressing that night, and she sat down on the side of the bed and stared down at the carpet, lost in thought. Would Dennis be pleased if—there was to be a baby?

She had never heard him say he would like to have a son, for of course it would be a son—a son with Dennis's eyes, and his way of laughing. Pauline's simple mind leaped ahead and was lost in a mist of rosy dreams.

Barbara could be godmother of course, and perhaps dear old Peterkin would be godfather, and if it was a boy they would call it Dennis Peterkin O'Hara.

And then she cried a little because the dream was so beautiful and because she felt she did not deserve to be so happy, and then she kissed Dennis's picture, which stood in its old place beside her bed, and then she knelt down and said her prayers.

Dennis always teased her about her prayers.

"Such a baby," he said, but she had a kind of feeling that all the same Dennis liked her to pray for him.

And she prayed for him now in simple faith and love, and she

prayed for Barbara, too, little dreaming that at that very moment those two were for her sake fighting desperately against their passionate love for each other.

Pauline slipped into bed and fell asleep almost at once, only to wake about two hours later with a fast beating heart and a feeling of fear. "Dennis!" She sat up in bed and spoke his name aloud in the silent room, stretching out her arms. For an instant she was almost sure he had been there close beside her; sure he had come to

her in trouble, great trouble, begging something of her—something—

"Oh, what is it, darling, darling!" Pauline whispered in an agony of dread.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

### READS TESTAMENT 80 TIMES, JOINS CHURCH

Fair Grove, Mo.—After reading the New Testament through 80 times Andrew J. Brooks, sixty, decided it might be a good idea to join the church. Accordingly, he traveled to Springfield, where he was baptized in the Assembly of God.

How Science Hopes to Produce Power from the Sun's Rays and the Ocean Depth. Explained by Professor Thevenin, Distinguished French Scientist, in The American Weekly, the Magazine Distributed with Next Sunday's Baltimore American.

"Blind Man's Bluff"—Thrilling Novel of Mystery and Murders, Beginning in The American Weekly, the Magazine Distributed with Next Sunday's Baltimore American.

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

### HEADED BY CARDUI

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Iron	580	3 (Wk.)	12	.26
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