

phant."

and fodder.

thing," Jim said.

licking on this."

We'll sell it at public auction, I

suppose, if anybody's fool enough

to make a bid. Another white ele-

The abandoned riding academy

appeared to be a white elephant of

the most hopeless variety. The

place, formerly a farm, was over-

grown with weeds and brambles

the dim stable festooned with cob

webs and littered with mouldy odds

and ends of harness and rope and

moth-eaten blankets and corn-cobs

"The land should be worth some

"Real estate doesn't bring any

They came out into sunlight.

Jim's eyes moved over the weed-

grown oval in the meadow, the sag-

ging rail jumps, the house huddling

forlornly under the low branched

"Was it ever a paying proposi-

tion?" he asked.
"Yes," Mr. Vaughn replied.

"Four or five years ago it was tre-

been." Jim said musingly. "The lo-

cation is excellent. It's only a mile

within a short distance of four

towns, to say nothing of the country

places around. What happened?"

make a success of a riding acade-

my. It's like an inn or a road-

house. You have to cater to peo-

dies especially must be pleased.

Now, you-" Mr. Vaughn looked at

Jim speculatively. "You have some

you could take over this place and

Jim's heart leapt. He steadied it

with a prompt application of com-

mon-sense. Mr. Vaughn wasn't in

earnest. He was merely talking.

plied as casually as he could.

fending his former statement.

horses on my uncle's place."

"Yes, sir," Jim smiled.

"So that's the connection.

thoughtful. "What college?"

lost generation."

the car.

"Where was that?"

Mr. Vaughn's eyes twinkled.

"Oh, something."

"I've had no experience," he re-

"You know something about

"It wasn't bad. She was in fair

"Whitehall-out beyond Chestnut

"The King place?" Mr. Vaughn

"Yes, sir. I lived with my uncle.

"Hmm!" Mr. Vaughn looked

"Horse - sense and personality.

Jim would not let himself believe

"It's swell," Jim assured her.

Jim glanced at MacPherson. The

The same expression puzzled him

cottage to summon Jim to the

"I'm not hungry, that's all."

That's the combination."

horses," Mr. Vaughn persisted, de-

make it go?"

"The place changed hands. The

"I should think it might have

mendously successful."

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" Vaughn

and blackberry bushes.

"Please, Dad," she said breathessly, teetering on the runningboard of the car, "will you take me to Mary Lillian Patton's house on your way to wherever you're go-

"Hop in," her father invited.

Susan looked at Jim. "In front?" she asked.

"Why not?" Mr. Vaughn opened the door. "There's plenty of room." Susan settled herself between her father and Jim. The sedan rolled down the drive.

"Somebody looks very nice this morning," Mr. Vaughn remarked. "Don't you think so, Jim?"

"Swell!" Jim saw Susan's face in the mirror attached to the windshield. It was as pink as a carnation under the brim of a leghorn

"Cecily had better watch out," Mr. Vaughn continued. "Looks as though we may have another beauty in the family." The carnation pink in the small

mirrored face deepened to rose. Susan folded her hands primly over

a rubber bag in her lap. "I've got my bathing suit," she

said both shy and pleased. "And a towel and some talcum powder."

"It's a swimming party, is it?" Mr. Vaughn asked in a conversational tone. "Mary Lillian is having a birth-

day." Susan expanded in the agreeable and unaccustomed atmosphere of adult approbation. "I've got a present for her. It's a book," she

"I thought you didn't like Mary Lillian," her father continued. "Didn't you hide in the barn the last time she came to see you?"

"I don't like her," Susan replied serenely. "She's an awful baby ple's whims and crochets. The laand traidy-cat. There's going to be a wedding at her house, though, next month in September. I thought I'd better be nice to Mary Lillian so that maybe I'd be invited."

Mr. Vaughn laughed. "You're growing up, Susie."

"I'd rather not be called Susie," she said, with dignity. "Or Susan, either. My name is Sue. Here's the gate, Jim. I could have walked only I might have ruined my slippers.

"Well, well, well!" marvelled Mr. Vaughn.

The sedan turned into the Patton place, followed a shaded drive to a pillared house of Georgian brick "MacPherson told me you surrounded by gardens and lawns. brought 'Lady' through an attack Children were playing croquet on a of the colic the other night." grass court at the side of the house, little girls in dainty dresses, boys shape when the vet arrived. I know in clean white linen. The party : few simple remedies. There were had just begun.

Jim opened the door for Susan and handed her out with a flourish. "You'd think she was a debu- hill." tante." he said, as Jim returned to his place behind the wheel. "She asked quickly. isn't a bad-looking child. The transformation is amazing." Mr. Vaughn My parents died when I was a glanced shrewdly at Jim. "How did | child."

you do it?" "I?" Jim's laugh disclaimed all King place." credit for Susan's reformation. "She's certainly impressed by

you," Mr. Vaughn continued. "She tags after you like a shadow. I'd no idea she'd ever be interested in weddings and clothes." "Susan is very feminine," Jim

said. "Her vanity is blossoming. It would have happened - some time.'

ft? Don't be unduly modest, Jim. That's no way to get on in the

was becoming increasingly embarrassed. "I like Sue."

"So do I. But I've never been able to work the miracle. Went at hunting?" and, some time later, he without a cigar?" It the wrong way, I suppose. I've 'said in an' abstracted voice, as

neglected the children," he added though he was thinking aloud, for a change in the conversation. soberly. "I've left them pretty much to schools and governesses. Work, the depression-I've not been with them, until this summer, continuously, that is. Tommy-Cecily -Do you know anything about this "Cecily thinks she's in love with of Lenore's house-party. Mim."

hadn't much appetite. "What's the The question caught Jim's straying attention. Here was his oppor- matter, Jamie?" Mrs. MacPherson a bad secretary, though, except that tunity to make a suggestion. This simulated huff. "That's short-cake, was the golden moment to present, and you haven't touched it." as his own, the plan which Cecily had devised. Mr. Vaughn was in a receptive-mood. He had only to go about it tactfully. He let the moment pass into eternity.

"No," he said, and then, realizwith an expression which he did not ing that his reply was a little curt, "Nothing," he added, "except that it, affection and pride. he writes very bad poetry. Do we turn here, sir? Is the place on the later, when Tommy came to the Cherry Hollow road?"

Mr. Vaughn dismissed his family and turned to the business at son asked when Tommy had de-

"This side of Cherry Hollow," he said. "Not far from here— a mile livered his message and gone. er so. It's a property we've had

his way upstairs.

"I doubt that," MacPherson said quietly, and it was then that Jim saw again the expression he no-

iced at supper. Mr. Vaughn sat in the library in haze of cigar smoke, making rapid calculations on a pad on the desk before him. He glanced up as Jim entered the room.

"Sit down," he said cordially. This is likely to be a long session. Smoke, if you care to."

"Thank you." Jim sank into a leather chair and lit a cigarette. Mr. Vaughn came to the point with gratifying directness.

"Do you think you can handle that riding academy?" he asked, watching Jim intently. Jim glanced up questioningly. To

his surprise, Mr. Vaughn appeared to be in earnest.

"I'd like to have a try at it," he

"Have you thought of it since this norning?" "All afternoon." Jim smiled a lit-

tle self-consciously.
"I've been telephoning all afternoon. I think it's well worth taking a chance. The property wouldn't bring anything like its value at public auction. This is a good time to put the place in order. Labor and materials are cheap. You can take said to Jim as they walked through charge of the repairs. There are

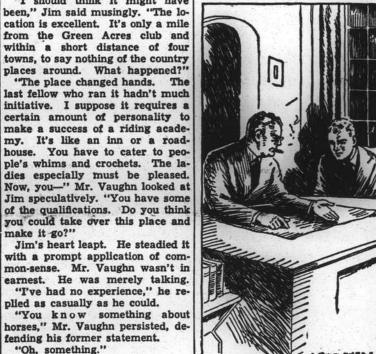
masons and carpenters in the vil-"How soon?" Jim managed to

ask. "Immediately." Mr. Vaughn's tone was crisp and decisive. "We'll get it partially ready for the hunting this fall. There won't be much thing in the present market," Mr. business during the winter. By Vaughn replied. "No, we'll take a spring we'll be all set."

Jim experienced a moment of panic.

"I'm not sure," he said doubtfully. "I think I can do it. I'm not unduly modest, as you suggested this morning. But I've had no experience - except with horses. You're probably taking a chance.'

"I know. But I think you can do it." Mr. Vaughn was as delighted with the new project as a child with



Jim Drew His Chair Close to the Desk and the Two Plunged into Possible Figures.

a new toy and proportionately ge- to go to his head." nial. "I had a talk with MacPherson this afternoon and he agrees with me.'

That explained MacPherson's expression. He wouldn't have mentioned his conversation with Mr. Vaughn under a third degree grill-

"There's no doubt about your being competent to please the ladies," Mr. Vaughn went on, his eyes twin-"MacPherson came from the kling at Jim. "I never have any idea whether a young fellow is goodlooking or not but a straw vote in my almost entirely feminine household seems to settle that question. "Princeton-'29. I'm one of the You are, it appears, a cross between a young Viking and the dis-Mr. Vaughn made no reply. He cus thrower with possibly just a stood, for a time, on the steps of touch of that what's-his-name in the house looking over the prop- the movies who plays society cow erty with a minutely appraising punchers and last summer's life-"And you had nothing to do with scrutiny. Presently he walked to guard at Cape May. I mention this, in passing, because it's likely to be an asset." He opened a box "All right," he said. "Let's go." on the desk, selected a fresh cigar, The short drive back to "Meadow-"Oh, something, perhaps." Jim brook" was accomplished in an al- regarded it with a guilty expresmost unbroken silence. Once Mr. sion. "I smoked my allotment for Vaughn roused from his absorption today," he said irritably. "How do to ask, "Know anything about fox- they expect me to talk business

"They don't," Jim said, grateful "That's all poppy - cock!" Mr. Vaughn proved his point, to his own satisfaction, at least, by lightthat Mr. Vaughn was considering ing the cigar. "I'm as well as I've the proposition he had mentioned so ever been-or practically so," he casually. But he thought of it dur- amended. "The first of September Clyde chap?" he asked abruptly. ing the afternoon, to the exclusion I'll start going in to the office at least two mornings a week. You're He was silent at supper. He fired, Jim." The fragrant smoke increased his geniality. "You weren't asked, disguising her concern in a your typing left much to be desired. Now, see here-I have an

idea-" Jim drew his chair close to the desk and the two plunged into possible figures and specifications. Jim, lean, sandy Scot was regarding him hesitant at first, found himself making suggestions, even arguing a understand. There was kindness in point with his employer, now and then, and in one instance, winning the final decision. He thought that Mr. Vaughn was pleased with his

suggestions. Later Mr. Vaughn questioned Jim about his college career and talked "What does Mr. Vaughn want about his college career and talked with you, Jamie?" Mrs. MacPher- of his own. They discussed fishing and baseball and the possible causes of the depression. "It's a causes of the depression. Wants to fire me, I guess." Jim mathematical fact that panics occur mas heroes.

paused to answer the question on in cycles," Mr. Vaughn expounded. And "A tarpon's the gamest fish in the sea-" Jim contributed. And "Good old Connie Mack hasn't a chance of winning the pennant this year," they both agreed.

It was late when Jim, at last, rose to leave. Mr. Vaughn went with him to the door. "Don't worry," he said, "We're

both taking a chance on the thing." Jim wrung the hand he extended. "I'm awfully grateful," he said. Tve tried to be casual about it but I don't feel that way. I guess you know. It's the first real break I've had."

CHAPTER VII

Jim, in a rosy glow of optimism, sprinted down the terrace steps at the side of the house and through the garden, taking a short-cut to the cottage. A figure detached itself from shadows.

"Jim!" Cecily called, softly. He halted in the path beside the miniature fountain, one foot threatening a clump of night-blooming stock. She came up to him, laugh-

"I've been waiting for you," she said. "Forward of me, isn't it? It's getting to be a habit." Her voice was light, gay, excited. "I've never believed in victims caught in the tentacles of Habit. Maybe there's something in it after all. Jim, what did he say?"

Jim looked at her, mentally blink-

"What did who say?" he asked. "Father. You've been with him all evening. Didn't you drop a hint about Jerry? I thought that was probably why you were there." Her hand, as light as a butterfly, touched the sleeve of his coat. "Wasn't it? Didn't you make a single helpful suggestion?"

"Several," Jim said. "But they weren't about you and your Jere-

"Jeremiah! I loathe you! No I don't. You're teasing. You did, didn't you, Jim?"

"You're a self-centered young lady." Jim found it impossible to be distant and unapproachable. The rosy glow took care of that very

"Who isn't?" she countered. "But if you weren't talking about Jerry and me all those hours and hours I've been waiting out here getting soaked with dew and bitten by earwigs-What are ear-wigs, Jim?what were you talking about? Or is it a secret? Something important and masculine that I wouldn't understand?" "It isn't a secret." Jim felt his

mouth stretching into a grin. Luckily the night was as dark as a dungeon. Maybe she wouldn't no-"I was getting fired," he tice.

"That isn't true! Father doesn't waste that much time on men he's discharging. What has happened? Dark as it is, I can see how smug and pleased with yourself you look." "Sounds terrible."

"It is." She stood very close to him, her hand resting on his arm. "Thanks," Jim said, wanting to cover her hand with his, prudently resisting the impulse. "It felt like a silly grin. If I'm not entirely respectful tonight," he went on, "put me in my place. When an extra man in and about the house is elevated beyond his station, it's apt

"Tell me, Jim. Let's sit in the summer-house. It's buggy and the benches are damp, but I think we can stand it.

"I'm not sure that I should." Jim appeared to hesitate. "Is it conventional for you to sit in a summer-house with the manager of a riding academy? I'm a little vague about social distinctions."

"A riding academy!" She laughed. "Is that what you and Father are up to? Do you like the idea?"

"Tremendously." Jim followed her to the summer-house built about the stone foundation of a smoke-house at the end of the gar-

"Has Father taken over the place on the Cherry Hollow road?" , "Like Grant took Richmond." Jim

sat beside Cecily in the summerhouse screened with vines. "Your father is swell," he said with enthusiasm. "I hope I won't fall down on the job."

"Oh, you'll make a success of it," Cecily assured him. "Just the sight of you on a horse will bring the debutantes speking in swarms and yearning ladies on the verge of spinsterhood and ladies whose husbands don't understand them."

They sat on the bench in the summer-house, smoking companionably, talking, sharing the intimacy of laughter. Jim could scarcely distinguish her features. Her dark dress of some filmy material melted into the shadows. Her face, her arms, her hands, moving in characteristic gestures, were pale in the darkness, as thick and soft as plush. Her voice, low and silken at times, light and gay, her voice and the springlike perfume she used, were all that identified her as Cecilythat and her effect upon Jim, the reluctant admiration he felt for her, the protecting concern she had awakened in him the night she had talked of Jeremy Clyde.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Island of Monte Cristo The island of Monte Cristo lies midway between Corsica and Italy, south of the Island of Elba. It was the scene of the successful treasure hunt participated in by Edmund Dantes, one of the Alexander Du-



Guarding Personal Rights By ROBERT MERRILL

THE Supreme court has protected citizens not only from unfair treatment on the part of the federal government, but also from being deprived of Constitutional rights by the governments of their own states. An act of legislature which dis-

criminates unfairly against a citizen violates his rights under the Constitution.

The government must not only treat him fairly, but must treat him in the same manner in which it treats other persons under similar conditions.

On frequent occasions citizens have appealed to the court and asked:

"Why should the law of my state impose hardships upon me which it does not impose upon other people? Isn't this a discrimination against me, and a violation of my right to the due process of law guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States?

Matrimonial Rights.

When such a question is brought before it, the court studies the case and, if it decides the petitioner is right, assures the protection sought. For example:

At one time, in the eyes of the law, husband and wife were regarded as one person-the husband. Today, however, a married woman may enter into contracts, and may own and enjoy her own property.

Some years ago a state attempted to impose on one of its citizens an income tax which was calculated upon the combined incomes of the citizen and his wife. Because of the graduated scale of taxation, the amount of tax claimed was greater than it would have been had the individual incomes of husband and wife been separately taxed.

The husband believed this unfair, and appealed to the Supreme court of the United States. He pointed out that under the laws of the state he had no control over his wife's property or income, and held that, therefore, it was unjust for the state to impose taxes for them upon him. The court heard his case, agreed with his contention, and gave the relief for which he asked, declaring the exaction arbitrary and a denia of due process.

Newspapers Unfairly Taxed.

"We have no doubt," explained the opinion, "that because of the fundamental concertions which underlie our system, any attempt by a state to measure the tax on one person's property or income by reference to the property or income of another is contrary to due process of law as guaranteed by the 14th Amendment. That which is not in fact the taxpayer's income cannot be made such by calling it income."

In a more recent case a state law was passed imposing a tax upon papers in the state with a circulation of over 20,000 a week. Since this affected only the larger publications, they protested that they were being treated unfairly. They held that while the state had power to impose taxes, it had no right to tax some newspapers and not others, unless there was some reasonable ground on which they could be differently classified.

The suit was carried to the Supreme court of the United States. The court heard the newspapers' appeal and decided in their favor.

The court, in its opinion, referred to an untrammelled press as "a vital source of public information." It pointed out that the case went to "the heart of the natural right of the members of an organized society, united for their common good, to impart and acquire information about their common interests."

Freedom of the Press.

"The 1st Amendment to the Federal Constitution," the opinion explained, "provides that 'Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press . . .' While this provision is not a restraint upon the powers of the states, the states are precluded from abridging the freedom of speech or of the press by force of the due process clause of the 14th Amendment." "A free press," it added, "stands

ple. To allow it to be fettered is to fetter ourselves." In this way does our national umpire insist that the rules laid down the people ir. the United States Constitution be observed not only by

as one of the great interpreters be-

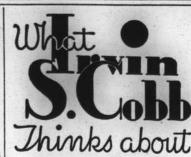
tween the Government and the peo-

the federal government but by all state governments as well. © Western Newspaper Union.

Baby Kangaroo Very Small The young of the kangaroo at

birth is smaller in proportion to the

size of the parents than the young of any other animal. Some of the larger species of kangaroo stand about eight feet in height and have a head as large as that of a sheep. The young at birth are about an inch in length and weigh only about twenty grains, which is 1-350th of a pound. By means of their perfectly formed front legs the young propel themselves to the pouch on the mother's abdomen where they are nourished and sheltered for several months.



SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

—In England it has been decided that fox-hunting is humane. This opinion emanates from the hunters. The foxes have not been heard from on the subject.

Maybe you don't know it, but there's a lot of fox-hunting among

us, especially down south. Being but a lot of stubborn nonconformists, southerners do not follow the historic rules. A party at large wearing a red coat, white panties and high boots would be mistaken for a refugee from a circus band. And anybody

blowing a horn as Irvin S. Cobb he galloped across hill and dale would be set down as an insane fish peddler; and if you shouted "View, halloo! Tantivy, tantivy! Yoicks, yoicks!" or words to that effect, they'd think you were

a new kind of hog-caller. Down there they've chased the fox until he's wise. The foxes have learned that the hounds can't follow trail on a paved highway and so quit the thicket for the concrete when the chase is on. A fox has been sitting in the middle of the big road listening to the bewildered pack.

On second thought maybe Brer Fox isn't so smart, after all-not with automobile traffic what it is. 'Tis a hard choice-stay in the woods and get caught or take to the pike and get run over.

Courageous Republicans. WHO, besides the writer, can re-9. France. call when the Democrats held

their jubilization rallies the night before a presidential election and the Republicans the night after the returns were in, when they had something to jubilate over? Now the situation is just the other way around. The Literary Digest poll was practically the only thing the Republicans had to celebrate during the entire fall season of 1936.

Still, we must give that diminished but gallant band credit for courage. Here, in an off-year, they're spiritedly planning against the next congressional campaign.

> . . . English Recruiting.

THE English are still having trouble inducing young fellows to join the colors. First, the government tried to increase enlistments by giving every recruit a giddy new blue uniform, absolutely free of charge, and still the lads refused. So now, as an appeal which, 'tis believed, no true Britisher can withstand, the military authorities announce that, hereafter, Tommy Atkins will have time off for afternoon tea.

This may be a new notion for peacetime, but, during the great war, the custom was maintained even up at the front. Many a time I've seen all ranks, from the brigadiers on down, knocking off for tea. However, this didn't militate against his majesty's forces, because, at the same hour, the Germans, over on their side of the line, were having coffee-or what the Germans mistake for coffee. And the French took advantage of the lull to catch up with their bookkeeping on what the allies owed them for damage to property, ground rent, use of trenches, billeting space, wear and tear, etc., etc.

Did it ever occur to our own general staff that guaranteeing a daily crap-shooting interval might stimulate volunteering for the American

The Job of Censorship.

O NE reason why moving pictures are so clean is because some of the people who censor them have such dirty minds. To the very pure everything is so impure, is it not? That's why some of us think the weight of popular opinion, rather than the judgment of narrowbrained official judges in various states, should decide what should and what should not be depicted. Anyhow, there are so many movies which, slightly amending the old ballad, are more to be pitied than censored.

Sponsors of radio programs also lean over backward to be prudishly proper. But without let or hindrance speaking stage, month by month, grows fouler and filthier. Suggestive lines once created a shock in the audience mind. The lines no longer suggest-they come right out and speak the nastiness.

Sauce for the goose isn't sauce for the gander, 'twould seem-or maybe, after the reformers got through saucing radio and screen, there wasn't any left over for the socalled legitimate stage.

IRVIN S. COBB. @-WNU Service.

Ancient Coin Found

A coin so small that it is not as large as the head of a tack was discovered near Antioch in a silver purse 10 feet underground, and it is believed to have been used 500 years pefore the birth of Christ.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

1. How many languages and systems of writing are there? 2. What state has contributed the most Supreme court justices?

3. In what year was a performance of "Aida" given at the foot of the Pyramids in Egypt? 4. Who guards the White House? 5. Who wrote the "Comedie Hu-

maine"?

6. What was a bireme? 7. Of what musical instrument

was the clavichord a forerunner? 8. Who were the Jacobites? 9. Of what country was Catherine de Medici queen?

10. In what country is Mecca? 11. In what war was James Clinton a noted American general? 12. How many sovereigns have been crowned in Westminster Ab-

Answers

1. Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly says that there are six thousand seven hundred and sixty named tongues and systems of writing in the world.

2. New York has contributed the most United States Supreme court justices, 10.

3. In 1912 an impressive openair production of the opera was given there. 4. The White House has its own

police force of 48 men. This includes a captain, a lieutenant, three sergeants and 43 policemen. There are also 10 Secret Service men. 5. This is the title of an uncom-

pleted series of nearly a hundred novels by Balzac, designed to give a panoramic picture of the manners and morals of the time. He began the work in 1829, adopting the general title in 1842. 6. An ancient galley having two

banks of oars. 7. The piano. 8. Adherents of James II or his line.

10. Arabia. 11. The Revolution. 12. Thirty-seven sovereigns have been crowned in the abbey, and 25 queens consort—all of the kings and queens since William the Conqueror. Eighteen sovereigns and

14 queens are buried there. Little Red Schoolhouses

There are 138,542 little red schoolhouses dotting the nation's countryside. One - room affairs, they represent 57 per cent of all American school buildings and for the most part teach good oldfashioned American education with the three R's as the basis .-Literary Digest.



Ants are hard to kill, but Peterms them fast. Destroys red ants, black ants, others—kills young and eggs, too. Sprinkle along windows, doors, any place where ants come and go. Safe. Effective 24 hours a day. 25¢, 35¢ and 60¢ at your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S

ANT FOOD

That's Respect A man can differ from us in his opinions as much as he pleases if he thinks a lot of us.



They Are Rare Only the sparkling speeches should be long-about one in 10,000.

R TO-NICHT

Sentinels of Health Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life tiseli—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backsche, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, putfiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning pass may be further evidence of kidn bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper tree is a diuretic medicine to help the kidness we decome a body.