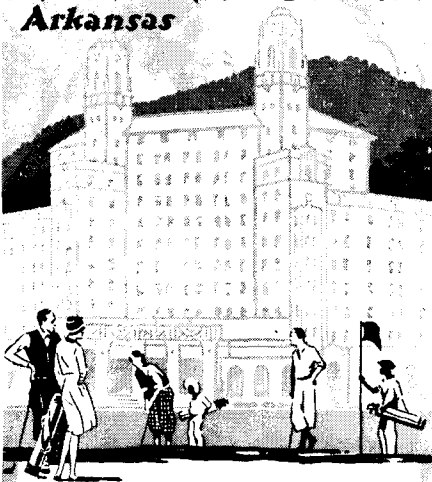


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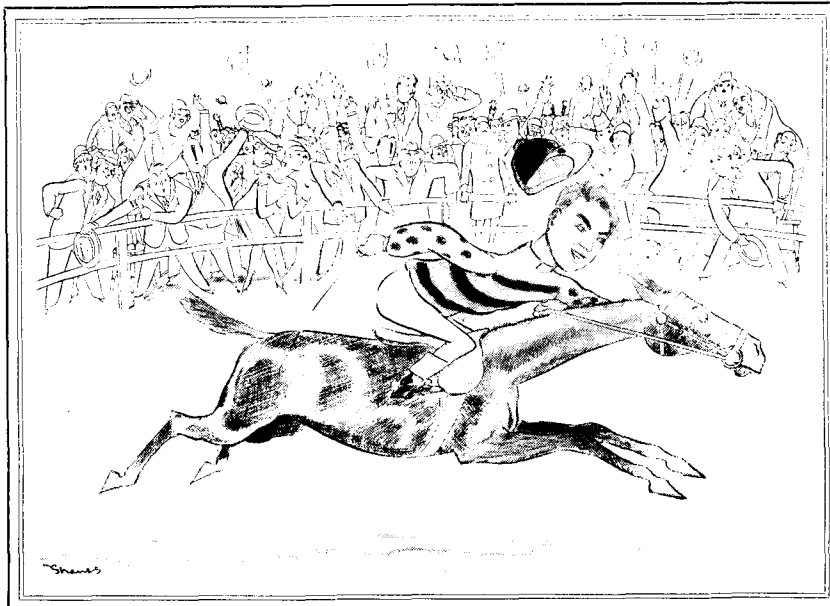
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## Backed to the Limit

By THE GENTLEMAN  
AT THE KEYHOLE

IT HAS always seemed to me that Senator Shipstead lacked just one element that is necessary to make him a real figure in the Senate, and that is a judicious admixture of egotism. He is too modest and his modesty leads him to excessive caution.

Perhaps his reelection to the Senate from Minnesota last November by the astonishing majority of about 320,000 will set him up, give him confidence, so that he will burgeon forth in his next six years in Washington, so that he will be one of the near-great men of the Capitol. It ought to. He is one of the great in one respect at least. He has his state behind him as no one else in the Senate has. He has done what no one else has ever done, got himself reelected running independently and by a bigger majority in proportion to population than anyone else in the Senate has ever received even though aided by the machinery of a party.

He is a coming man. All he has to do is come. And that depends on himself.

It is a tremendous thing to have a state behind one as Mr. Shipstead has his state behind him. It sets a senator free. Nine tenths of the timidity of Washington is the fear of some picayune minority which may endanger reelection. Senators shrink from doing this or saying that from fear of losing a few hundred votes.

Well, Mr. Shipstead ought never be vote-shy again. The bolder and more striking his career in Washington, provided it is always dominated by the good sense he has invariably shown, the greater will be the pride the Scandinavians in Minnesota will take in his career and the larger his majorities will be.

#### He Has the Looks

There is not a senator in Washington who would not give all he had to stand in Mr. Shipstead's shoes, to have it proved to him that on his own record and personality he could carry his state by a majority equivalent to more than one million in any one of the big states.

Mr. Shipstead has something to start out with. In the first place he has looks. He is a big handsome man on whom greatness would sit lightly. And that is half the battle. He is not the kind of man who is passed unnoticed. Then, too, in spite of his modesty and caution, he is at ease in the world. He is not awkward and self-conscious. His personality is pleasing. He has had a remarkable social success in Wash-

ington, for a senator who is not taken up as a Republican or as a Democrat, and especially for one of foreign origin.

He has a charming wife who is popular in the Capitol. He speaks, it is true, with a slight foreign accent, but his voice is pleasant, with some of the quality and tone of the voices of that race of orators, the Irish. An orator might be made of that presence and voice.

#### Why the Complex?

What is it then that accounts for his being among that large group of senators who suffer, in their public capacity, from an inferiority complex? First, perhaps, during the years that he has been in Washington, there has been a feeling that he was more or less of a political accident. He was elected in one of those Western revolts against the Republican party as a Farmer-Laborite. There was nothing assured about his political status. Well, the last election has proved that he stood on more solid ground than any party could have given him.

Second, perhaps, the fact that he is of foreign origin. No member of the more recent races in this country ever quite gets over the feeling that he is not wholly accepted on the same footing as descendants of the older American stock. Senator Knute Nelson, a distinguished predecessor of Mr. Shipstead and a power in his day, once when he was having difficulties with President Roosevelt remarked bitterly, "He thinks I'm nothing but a damned Swede."

Well, Mr. Shipstead's origin is of great advantage to him. Part of his hold on his state is due to the fact that he is of the same race as the most numerous element in Minnesota's population. And those fellow Scandinavians of his out in the Northwest are just hungry to see him have a distinguished career.

Then, too, there is the lack of legal training. Senator Shipstead was a dentist. No one takes his place in Congress with quite the sureness that a lawyer does. The attorney has had practice in courtrooms. His wits are trained for the rough and tumble of debate. He has quickness and agility. He has learned to play a more or less public part. But that, after all, is not much more than confidence born of experience. And against all this the Minnesota senator has that 320,000 majority.

# 9 to 1

OUT of every ten authors listed in a standard reference book, nine got their start as newspaper writers—only one succeeded without newspaper training. Those are facts of interest to everyone who would know the logical approach to a writing career.

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leaned against it wearily. "I done et so many fish, gal," he declared bitterly, "dat I'm fixin' to sprout fins and gills."

"Well, how come you keep on ketchin' 'em, ef'n yo' don't like 'em?" Lillian wanted to know.

"Can't help it," Albert explained. "Selma, she put a gree gree on de worms and dat make de fish bite."

"Don't go fishin'," suggested Lillian. "And set around de house all day lookin' at dem gree-greein' cross eyes?" countered Albert.

LILLIAN giggled. "Set around somebody else's house," she offered, "and look at my ole eyes some. My eyes ain't crossed up."

Albert grinned, sidled through the picket gate and sat on the edge of the porch. It was such a simple solution to his double-barreled grief! No more fish eating and no more looking at the google-eyed Selma! It was too simple a solution, in fact. He had a slight misgiving that something would turn up unexpectedly and show it was no solution at all.

"I and her sort er married," he explained. "And us ain't had no fuss or nothin'."

Lillian regarded the obstacle as a slight one. Of course it would be necessary for Albert and Selma to have some kind of fuss before they could formally separate, and a formal separation would be necessary—

"Go pick a fuss wid her," she told him. "Un-unh—not me," Albert said. "She got me gree-greed jest like she got dem worms. I ain't gonter mess wid no woman which got a gree gree on me."

"Humph!" snorted Lillian. "She ain't got no gree gree on you. She jest got you skeered. Dat's all."

"Yeah?" Albert was not convinced in the least.

"Ef'n she's a gree gree gal," Lillian continued, "she'd gree-greed me, befo' now. Cause she sho' been hatin' me a long time."

"Well," urged Albert, "you go pick a fuss wid her for me."

Lillian was a woman of action. "I'm gonter do dat ve'y thing," she declared. "Right now, too. You jest watch me." She got up and strutted off toward Selma's cabin. In less than three minutes she came back.

BUT she wasn't strutting. Instead, she was running so fast that she did not have time to turn into her own front gate. At her heels, swinging a long butcher knife closer and closer to Lillian's bulging bustle, was Selma.

Lillian was silent. She was concentrating all her physical and mental energy into the one main effort of her life—staying ahead of Selma's vicious swings.

"He don't love me, don't he?" Selma screamed as she swung the knife perilously close to Lillian. "You gonter take him f'm me, is you?"—Swish! The tip of the blade barely touched Lillian's calico dress.

Round the yard they flew, Lillian lumbering awkwardly, panting heavily and staying out of reach only because her legs were longer than Selma's. Little Selma, her skirt held high in one hand to give her legs free play, shortened the distance between them with each energetic, businesslike little hop.

On the second round Lillian circled out and took her front gate on the curve; Selma turned too sharply behind her and ricocheted from the post.

Albert sat on the porch and watched with slightly more than passive interest as Lillian sailed into the house. "You

## The Gree Gree Girl

Continued from page 38

sho' did pick a fuss, gal," he commented, as she sped past.

By that time Selma had righted herself on her feet, and again was after Lillian. But Lillian was in her house with the door slammed and barred.

"What's de matter, Selma?" Albert asked. "She done you somethin'?"

Selma stopped, panted for a minute, and then grinned. "Not nothin' to me, Great Big Ole Thing," she declared. "I seed her comin' and I knowed she was comin' for trouble. So I got de butcher knife."

"You knowed she was comin' for trouble?" Albert repeated. "Selma, tell me somethin'. Did dat cross-eyed gree gree tell you dat?"

"I don't know," Selma declared, honestly. "Hit might er been my ole cross eyes and hit might er been 'cause I knowed she was tryin' to steal you away f'm me."

It was the gree gree, one way or the other, Albert figured.

"No mind what hit was," continued Selma, edging fondly toward her husband, "quick as she up and said my big ole man didn't love me, well, I jest tuck out after her."

"Un-hunh," admitted Albert. "You sho' did."

"And I was lucky I didn't ketch her," went on Selma. "Cause ef'n I had a caught her, I'd a been put in jail for what I'd a done to her. And den who'd cook all dem fish for my ole Fish-Eatin' Man?"

There it was again. The gree gree had kept her out of jail. Albert could see that. But what did she want to bring up the unpleasant idea of fish again for? The very mention of it almost gagged him, and he simply knew that, gree gree cross eyes or not, he couldn't stand to swallow another bite.

"Baby," he said, "I don't b'lieve I'm

goin' fishin' no mo'. I'm gittin' tired er fish."

"Me too," agreed Selma solemnly. And then she had an idea. "Hit's a heap mo' fun havin' you 'round de house, den out yonder fishin' all de day," she grinned. "Me and you! Jest sittin' 'round de house!"

The cruelty of a gree gree! He picked up his fishing pole and started up the path with the babbling, happy Selma. Chicken feathers couldn't break a gree gree, but they might guide him to some lesser form of torment. He stuck his fingers into his shirt front and rubbed the feathers prayerfully.

"Me and you, Big Ole Husband," babled Selma. "Jest settin' round—"

BUT the feathers were functioning for Albert, just like they had functioned when they helped him get a job and commissary credit when there was no work to be done. They were giving him an idea that would eliminate fish from his diet and at the same time relieve him of the necessity of sitting around the house all day looking at those crossed-up eyes of his wife.

"Baby," he said, "I sho' would like to set 'round de house wid you. But dey tell me de Boss Man got some extra work fence fixin' dat he want done. And hit ain't no use in me pleasurin' mysef settin' 'round lookin' at you when I kin be out makin' a little extra money befo' cotton pickin' starts."

Selma gripped his arm fondly. "Now, listen at dat big scound'el!" she exclaimed. "Dat fat-mouf Lillian say you was lazy, too, and hyar you is fixin' to go to work when you don't have to! I knowed she was lyin' on you, darlin'. And ef'n I is got a gree gree in my ole crossed-up eyes, well, I'm gonter set down and gree gree her and ev'ybody which is even her friend!"

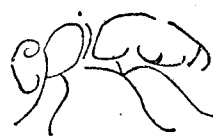
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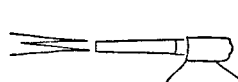
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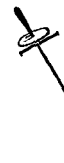
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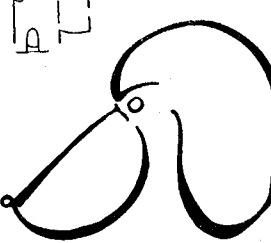
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