

DANCING

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN



JUDITH

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BERLIN, July 8.—The mother of Max Schmeling was seriously ill today of gall bladder trouble due to the excitement of the celebrations in honor of her son during the last week.

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Ice Co. Station
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He Wants to Vote
AUSTIN, Tex., July 8.—One Irish vote will be cast in the Texas democratic primary election this year. Robert Gragg, deputy state labor commissioner who is visiting in Ireland, has asked for an absentee ballot.

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Is
Accident Time**

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AGENT
Travelers Insurance Co.

(To Be Continued)
Folding Ironing Boards, clear smooth top, securely braced. Golden Value 89c
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MOM'N POP

By Cowan

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Grant, artist's model, Alan Steyne, painter, who is loved by her roommate, Morley, who lost her when Steyne disappeared years ago and only regained her returned, Steyne has been planning to marry Judith. Judith is studying acting under the great Guarvenius and Bruce Gideon, rich financiers, planning to star in a new show. She overhears Vincent Stornaway, Steyne's partner, the "jud" isn't one can marry," and warns her against him. She goes to Stornaway's studio to find Gideon there. **GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXIII**
Stornaway greeted Judith with a glance, playfully remarking that Guarvenius must be a driver, and that she ought to be with him now and then. He was escaping from him, Mr. Stornaway replied. "I'm going to see you soon."
He was pleased and hoped he would be there at the same time as she. He often went to Paris, he said. Stornaway said he would paint her that day, and they had a good time.
He poured it, sitting on the floor with her feet on the white bear, and remembering how she had sat on it and overheard two men discussing her. She was sparkling with high spirits, as usual, and playing the men with her cheap witticisms and expressions.
Stornaway left the house with her. He allowed him to walk with her to the corner, where she waited for the bus.
"When shall I see you again, Judith?" he asked. "What day tomorrow? I'm busy all day but will you dine with me?" "With pleasure, Mr. Punch," she said.
There was something pensive about her eyes, but she was full of inward laughter. She looked in his eyes—the lovely look. His lips were smiling. He supposed she had felt neglected because he had not sought her out. He thought he had the first point in the game. Judith knew otherwise.
It was the last week in July. York was sweltering in a early trying moist heat. The sun seemed to be almost overhead, and to consist of several layers of blankets steeped in water. The air was a gray-yellow, and felt exactly like the room of a Turkish bath.
Stornaway was in town, and was entertaining his sister. She had just shut up her house, and was leaving on the following day, with her husband and two sons, for a European trip. The boys were 14 and 12 years old. Stornaway was devoted to them, and was understood that they would be his heirs if he died uneventfully.
Madame de Toros looked quite well. She was one of those people who, though full of energy, never seemed to get tired.
She had finished luncheon, and was drinking coffee and smoking a thin cigarette. She had been

of a Roman silk scarf, with wide stripes of turquoise, rose, black, yellow, and green, hardly any sleeves, and a low-cut neck. At close quarters, Madame de Toros inspected her portrait and told the artist that he could send it to Madrid to be exhibited, if he liked.
"I suppose it's what you call strong," she said with a grimace. "It's certainly ugly!"
She did not see Judith again. She went away more disturbed than before. Either the girl was very deep, or she was a specimen of her sex that could only be described as unique.
"Is Mr. Stornaway painting you, Miss Grant?"
"I am sitting as a model. That's my trade, you know. I have to live while I'm working at my dancing. It was through Mr. Stornaway that I met Mr. Gideon."
Madame de Toros could make nothing out of it.
"Are you expecting Mr. Stornaway?" she asked.
"He should be here directly."

questioning her brother about his plans, and had learned that he was going to Vichy for his annual cure, but not until the middle of August.
Though he showed his Spanish descent less than his sister, Gideon had certain foreign traits in his nature. One of these was the fact that he preferred to keep himself in health by drinking waters and dieting, rather than by indulging in any strenuous form of sport. For all that, he was an excellent shot, and a first-rate swordsman, in spite of his bulk.
"You will be late for your cure, my dear Bruce," his sister said, "but you're not looking as if you need it much."
"I'm perfectly fit," he answered carelessly; "but one must go somewhere. The last half of September I shall spend in Venice, as usual. It's too hot for most of you people, but for me it's the ideal time of year."
Madame de Toros carefully extinguished her cigarette. She took a sip from her liqueur glass, looking rather hard at her brother with her bold, humorous, utterly sophisticated eyes.
"Bruce," she said suddenly, "who is this little girl you are always about with?"
Gideon did not hesitate in his reply.

Heads D. A. V.



Captain Herman H. Welmer, above of Chicago, who was awarded the D. S. C. for valor in the World War, is the new national commander of the Disabled American Veterans. He was elected recently at the D. A. V. convention in New Orleans.

"It has always puzzled me," she said, "why you have never turned your attention to the girls who would be attracted by you, or to the women of your own set, who value brains, knowledge of the world, and good taste, and to whom life is a fine art. Why do you waste yourself on these little vulgarities? Think of Ailsa Davenne—what she cost you, and how nearly she ruined your life!"
Gideon was suddenly roused. His pale face hardened into a mask; his forehead looked ghastly under its band of thick black hair.
"I will pray you, my dear Thirza," he said, "not to mention that name in the same breath as Miss Grant's. And as for the women you speak of, they bore me to distraction. All they want is money, and freedom to pursue their own particular form of self-indulgence. As you know perfectly well, I am attractive to no woman—for myself alone."
His laugh rang through the room, silky but uncertain, suggestive of an immense edifice of pride built upon a shaky foundation.
"You are ridiculous, Bruce," his sister said rather sharply. "Nowadays even women do not need to be good looking in order to be attractive. Why should men?"
He did not reply. A moment later he was summoned to the telephone.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By RODNEY DUTCHER
Special Service Writer

WASHINGTON—Retail prices of food have been coming down, by no means as rapidly as wholesale prices. They never do. When the farmer gets low on his products the consumer sometimes eventually gets a little of the benefit, but not until the middle man and the retailer get their, if then.
B. Denman of the Federal Reserve Board recently pointed to the decline in the prices of dressed beef in Chicago. It has been selling for from 37 per cent less than a year ago to the greatest reduction being 40 per cent. Retail prices of beef, he assured all households, ought to reflect the full reduction possible under present conditions.
Don't Help the Housewife
None of the government's statistics available here indicate that the housewife has been getting much of a break on sirloin roasts, steaks, or rib roasts or on pork roasts.
As a rough estimate, however, it is said that wholesale prices of beef are about 10 per cent lower than the high mark last year and retail prices about 5 per cent. The survey of retail food prices made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics covers 22 of the most commonly used articles of food and its wholesale survey covers 30 more exact comparison is possible. The bureau depends on about 1500 retailers for the information for its surveys, so it is a complex comparative wholesale and retail prices, which would make the retailers sore. Retailers are reluctant to change their prices, either upwards or downwards, it is explained. Sometimes they feel that slight increases would be justified and yet fear to offend the consumer by making them. On the other hand, it is naturally much easier to refrain from cutting prices when wholesale prices drop. The retailers never notice lower wholesale prices as quickly as they observe increased wholesale prices.
Usually there are two steps between the producer and the consumer—the jobber, or middle man, and the retailer. The wholesale price, as commonly understood, is the price paid by the middle man. The middle man usually gets a slice during the inevitable lag between declining wholesale prices and declining retail prices, but experts on these facts believe the retailer usually gets the larger slice. The wide-awake retailer knows his price trends and he can make the middle man observe them easier than the ultimate customer can persuade the retailer to follow them.
Some blame is placed on the consumer, however, for increasing retail costs. It costs more to retail food now than it did. Time was when people bought potatoes by the bushels, flour by the barrel, apples by the peck, meat in huge chunks and eggs at least by the dozen. In these days of kitchenettes the retailer finds himself doling out two or three eggs or a single lamb chop at a time and flour, potatoes, apples and such food are bought often in one-pound lots.

IS THIS YOU five years from now?



When tempted to over-indulge
"Reach for a Lucky instead"

Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure.
"Reach for a Lucky instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." Lucky Strike has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that Luckies are less irritating to your throat.



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

*An investigation conducted by the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors and the Actuarial Society of America revealed the fact that the death rate increases practically 1% for every pound of excess weight carried between the ages of 40 and 44 years. In other words, a man 40 pounds overweight at this age has only 60% of expectancy of life of a man of normal weight. We do not represent that smoking Lucky Strike Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a Lucky instead," you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form.

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Saturday and Thursday evening, over N.B.C. networks.
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Don't Stub Your Toe!

ONE DARK NIGHT—so the story goes—a certain monarch placed a large boulder in the middle of the road. Thousands of his people, thereafter, severely stubbed their toes or troubled to walk around. At length, one lusty youth—wiser than the rest—seized the stone and heaved it from his path. And where it had rested, he found a bag of gold.

Are you stubbing your toe? Are you overlooking any bags of gold? How about the advertising in this paper? Do you read it—consistently? It is a bag of gold to many of our readers.

In our columns you will find the advertisements of alert, progressive merchants and manufacturers who seek to tell you something they think you ought to know. This advertising is news about the very things that interest you most—articles that will save you money, lessen your work, or add materially to your comfort and well-being.

Thrifty men and women read advertising. To them it is a plain, everyday business proposition—a duty they owe themselves and their purses. It tells them where they can buy exactly what they want at a price they can afford to pay.

Advertising pays them. They make it pay.

It Will Pay you too. Read it

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