

GUILTY LIPS

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
Author of "MAD MARRIAGE"
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(Continued From Page 1)

had drifted away, the youngster with the newspapers last to go. The youth who had rescued the puppy looked down at him.

"Cute little beggar!" he said. "How'd he get away from you? Don't you think you should keep him on a leash?"

"Oh, but he isn't mine!"

"Not yours? You mean he isn't your dog?"

The girl shook her head. "I wish he were," she admitted. "I think he's adorable. It was brave of you to go out there and save him. In another minute I know he'd have been killed. I thought for a moment one of those cars was going to hit you!"

The youth shrugged. "Nothing to that," he said. "Say, I kind of like the little beggar myself. Cute way he's got of wrinking up his nose!"

The pup chose that instant to repeat his miniature yelp. "Mrr-ph! Mrr-ph!" A warm tongue licked a bit of moist pink flannel like the girl's finger.

"He's probably trying to say that he's hungry," the girl decided. "I wonder—what do you suppose we should do with him?"

At the sound of that "we" the young man's face brightened. His eyes had been on the girl almost constantly. It was an eager, openly admiring glance.

"That's for you to decide. You saved his life."

"Oh, but you were the one who did that!"

"Well, then, I relinquish my claim. Anyway the hound's adopted you. Never saw a more contented pooch in my life."

The stream of pedestrians passed about them. These two who had never before seen one another were talking like old acquaintances.

The girl raised her head and the young man set to marveling that eyes so dark hued could be blue. Blue they certainly were. Never until that moment, he decided, had he seen eyes that were really blue.

The exquisite small nose, the slightly full lips, carved to the current vogue, were after thoughts in the inventory. Yes, by George, the girl was a beauty!

She seemed oblivious to this fact. There was not the slightest trace of self-consciousness about her. Oblivious, too, she felt as to whether the youth before her were tall or short, cross-eyed or wizen-faced.

He straightened, frowning slightly. Couldn't she just for one moment look at him as though she really saw him? It was a jolt to his complaisance. Not for the world would he have admitted consciousness that his well-cut profile resembled a certain motion picture star, that the straight line of his dark brown was a daily gratification, or that his rangy height and broad shoulders set off perfectly the excellent tailoring of his dark suit. None of these things would he have admitted and yet they were all true.

Easily he said, "Look here, let me get a cab. We'll get away from this crowd and then we can decide what to do with the pup."

The smile died in the girl's eyes. She shook her head. "No, thank you. I'll manage some way."

"Oh, but that's not fair! I feel in duty bound to keep tab on that mongrel's welfare."

She relented, faintly. "I'm afraid you'll have to trust me about that. Anyway I think the first thing to do is to try to find his owner. Tomorrow I'll advertise."

"Advertise? For that—?"

He pointed contemptuously toward the pup. There was disbelief, laughter in his voice.

The girl's chin raised. "Yes," she said, "and until I find his owner he'll have a good home. We'll get along all right." She sought his eyes for an instant, hesitated and then added, "Good night," as she turned and started northward.

She had not gone half a dozen steps when the youth was beside her. He touched her arm.

"Listen," he urged, "there are a lot of things I want to talk

to you about. Didn't I meet you one evening at the Marigold? No, that's not it. I mean—the Palais Royal? I'm sure I did. I've been wanting to see you again. Don't hurry away like this—"

She had stopped and was watching him as he floundered for the words. Into the wide blue eyes that seemed so guileless a moment before there flashed a look of swift hostility, followed instantly by a show of cool indifference.

The transformation was startling. It was something that never should have been seen on the face of one so young.

But the youth took no notice. "If you won't let me take you to dinner," he went on, "how about tomorrow? Where can I telephone you?" He had pulled a memorandum book and pencil from his vest pocket. "Say," he grinned boyishly, "I don't remember how to spell your name. Mine's Travers—in case you've forgotten, Mark Travers."

"No, Mr. Travers," the words snapped sharply, "Not tonight—or any night. Better go back to the Marigold and find the girl you met there. It wasn't I."

Traffic had halted at the intersection and a taxicab, vividly colored, pulled up near the curb. The girl had turned away, suddenly thought better of it and wheeled toward the street. She signaled the driver and darted toward the cab.

Another moment and she was invisible. The street light glowed green again and with the jerk the cab

moved forward. "Where to, lady?" asked the driver.

She gave the address, then leaned back against the leather seat. A friendly whimper from the puppy made her hold the little animal closer. Over her shoulder the girl caught a swift glance at a disconcerted young man, tall and very well tailored, standing on the curb and looking after the disappearing taxicab.

Five minutes later the girl and young man faced each other across a candlelight table. The puppy had curled into a comfortable ball at their feet.

"Have a hard day, Norma?"

"No—no!" Norma Kent considered the question, raised her voice faintly as she answered. "It wasn't especially hard but I'm glad it's over. I'm always glad when a day's done. What have you been doing?"

Farrell grinned. "Oh, rubbed the dust off some filthy old volumes in Kemper and Kemper's law library. I've been looking up references for a suit over some property. Spent most of yesterday at the same job. Better order, hadn't we?"

The waitress handed them a card and departed. Farrell studied the menu. There was nothing whatever about this young man to suggest the youth who had aided Norma in the dog's rescue. Bob Farrell was not so tall as the other, squarely built yet not with excess poundage. His tweed business clothes made no pretense at elegant tailoring. The suit was as casual, probably as inexpensive as Norma Kent's.

There was a friendliness about the young man that to a degree redeemed unsymmetrical features. His eyes were gray, his hair brown—rather light—tossed back from his forehead with a look of perpetual

disarray. The line of his chin was forceful, even stubborn perhaps. When he smiled the generously cut lips took a slightly crooked twist. No Apollo, Bob Farrell would be rated by any unprejudiced group to be likeable, good-natured, dependable.

"Well, what's it to be?" he asked after reading the suggestions on the menu.

The restaurant was a modest place, neither large nor given to impressive decoration. Most of the tables were filled. It was an eating place offering a table d'hote dinner of well-cooked food and half a dozen special dishes nightly. Its clients reappeared with regularity.

Tonight Norma chose the table d'hote dinner and Farrell seconded her selection. As the waitress turned

away after writing the order Norma said:

"How long has it been since we found this place, Bob? I like it more every time we come."

"Why, don't you remember? It was that Saturday last June when it rained and we spent almost the whole afternoon in the second hand book stores up the street. We came in here to get out of the storm."

"Of course. How could I have forgotten!" She smiled at him. The blue eyes were wide and innocent again. In the flattering candlelight Norma Kent presented an attractive picture.

There was no doubt that the youth across the table was aware of this. For nearly a year Bob Farrell and Norma had been spending occasional evenings together, hunt-

ing out new dining places, dropping into the big movie palaces to see their favorite stars, sometimes taking long bus rides. During the summer these expeditions had increased. Now in September scarcely a week passed but Norma and Bob spent at least two evenings together. They read the same books, usually liked the same plays. Norma, who spent five and one-half days each week at dictation, typing and the complex duties of a private secretary in the offices of Brooks, Welliver and Brooks, attorneys at law, felt a high respect for Bob Farrell's opinions. Bob was a member of the bar of two years' standing and employed by the legal firm of Kemper and Kemper.

Norma wasn't in love with Bob. Oh, dear, no! Whenever she felt a cal subjects. That tendency toward

the perilous rocks of romance she brought it back abruptly to practical subjects. That tendency toward the romantic was the flaw in what had otherwise been a perfect friendship from Norma's viewpoint. She was 22 years old and oh, so very sure that love and marriage were to play no part in her own life. For others if they wished. For herself, no thank you!

This is how matters stood that September evening when Bob Farrell and Norma Kent, dined in the little restaurant, the mongrel puppy cowering contentedly on the floor beneath the table. Bob, during the 12 months' acquaintanceship, had twice asked Norma to marry him and had both times been refused.

(To Be Continued)

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COUNTY CLUB WOMEN LEAVE TODAY FOR ENCAMPMENT

COUNCIL MEET WILL BE HELD IN OPEN AIR

Two days of fun are in store for women of the Gray county demonstration clubs. Women from all parts of the county are leaving today for the Gething ranch, near Laketon. Miss Myrtle Miller, home demonstration agent, left this morning about 10 o'clock for the ranch. It was not known how many campers would attend, but it was expected that the crowd would be diminished because of the hard winds.

About 2 o'clock this afternoon, the regular monthly council meeting was held in the open. The program for the coming year was to be discussed, and plans for entries in the Gray County Free fair were to be formulated.

Swimming, games, and stunts are to be diversions after the meeting, and prizes will be offered this evening to the club giving the best stunt.

Tomorrow morning, two demonstrations will be given. L. R. Bruner will demonstrate Skell gas for cooking and refrigeration, and Jack Mistot will demonstrate the making of salads with Wesson oil. The women will return to their homes tomorrow afternoon.

There will be plenty of good food throughout the camp. Basket lunches were served at noon today, and this evening, sandwiches, salad, and Dr. Pepper will be served. The drinks have been furnished by the Dr. Pepper Bottling company. A stove and a refrigerator have been provided for the group by the companies whose demonstrations will be given tomorrow morning.

MRS. LEWIS GIVES PARTY

Mrs. Marvin Lewis entertained in her home Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of the Pampa public library. Mrs. Walter Butler, Mrs. Paul Kasiske, Mrs. Frank Fore, and Mrs. Mack Graham joined in the games of bridge. Refreshments were served at the close of the afternoon.

MRS. STEWART CHOSEN HEAD OF AUXILIARY

EL PASO, Texas, Aug. 27. (P)—Mrs. Van Stewart of Perryton was chosen president of the auxiliary of the American Legion, department of Texas, at the state convention here yesterday.

Other officers: vice-presidents, Mrs. C. S. Hutchins, Greenville; Mrs. I. H. Barts, Bryan; Mrs. W. J. Leslie, Bay City; Mrs. Dallas Higgins, Cleburne; Mrs. Will M. Denton, Amarillo; Mrs. C. L. Austin, Austin, re-elected; and Mrs. F. H. Carpenter, Sour Lake, re-elected president, was named national committeewoman.

REVIVAL DRAWS MANY PERSONS TO GATHERINGS

More than 100 persons attended the revival service yesterday morning at the First Methodist church, and the house was comfortably full at the evening hour.

The Rev. Ray N. Johnson's address at the morning hour was principally to church members. He used as his subject, "The Call of Christ to the Christians." "A Quartet of Fools," was the subject for the evening services, these being "the atheist or scoffing fool, the disobedient fool, the industrial fool who builds on material alone, and the runaway fool." In connection with the last point, the story was told of the prodigal son, and the Rev. Lance Webb sang "The Prodigal Son."

Four decisions were made. "How a Great man Threw Away Salvation" is the subject announced for this evening.

NOT GUILTY

Ward Stratton was found not guilty on a charge of aggravated assault by a jury in county court this morning after a few minutes deliberation.

Mrs. Frank A. Shields and son, Jerry, of Midland were visiting Mrs. Robert F. Hodge last week.

PICNIC PLANNED BUT POSTPONED FOR DEVOTIONAL

The Merry Fu club of the intermediate department, Methodist church, had planned a picnic and swimming party for Wednesday afternoon. This they postponed, however, in favor of a devotional in connection with the revival service now in progress.

Opening the meeting was the Lord's prayer and a song, "What a Friend We have in Jesus."

Mrs. Joe M. Smith, leader of the group, then took charge of a devotional on "Love," using as her text the third chapter of First John. A circle of prayer followed, and the girls joined in singing, "Love Lifted Me."

Those attending were Jean Shore, Jeannette Ricketts, Burton Tolbert, Valerie Austin, Anne Mae Fleisher, Phyllis Smith, Dorothy Harris, Maxine Furner, Nina Fisher, Sybil Husted, and Elcise Mitchell.

JUNIORS ARE IN CHARGE OF CHURCH MEET

The junior Christian Endeavor boys and girls of the First Christian church were in charge of the prayer service at that church Wednesday evening, and, at the close of the program, served watermelon to 55 persons.

Following the opening devotional by Betty Jo Townsend and Endeavor songs by the group, Jackie Hurst read the twenty-third Psalm and Betty Jo Townsend and June Stevens sang a duet.

All joined in the Lord's prayer. While standing, the Endeavor group sang a prayer song, "Into My Heart Jesus Came."

Mrs. E. B. Stevens, leader of the group, was in charge of a lesson on "Why We Should Be a Christian." Lorene Blanchley gave a reading, "God's Heart: Inside of Me 55." Mrs. J. B. Townsend was in charge of the music.

FEMININE FANCIES

By Hollycye Sellers Hinkle

Canned foods will be an important feature of the Gray County Free Fair to be held here in September. There will be cash prizes and blue ribbons, and there will be scores of other entries that will give stiff competition to the prize-winners.

Canning has its champions just as surely as an out-of-door sport has its champions. It takes a good cook to can well.

Many of the champions in canning, says Alice Blake, who has informed herself on the methods used by winners, use the short-bell method. Among these, she says, are Mrs. Lester Barker who won 24 jelly and jam prizes at the Central States fair last year; Mrs. C. E. Osborne, the jelly champion of Iowa; Mrs. B. G. Fearnow, winner of 12 jelly and jam prizes at the Virginia State fair; Mrs. Porter Luker, winner of 3 jelly and jam prizes at the Texas State fair, and many others.

The following recipe is a popular one:

Ripe Peach Jelly
3 cups (1 1/2 lbs.) juice
6 1/2 cups (2 3/4 lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin
Remove pits from about 3 1/2 pounds peaches. Do not peel. Crush peaches, thoroughly. Add 1-2 cup water, bring to boil, cover, and simmer 5 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1-2 minute, remove from fire skin, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 9 eight-ounce glasses.

Mrs. G. W. Lunsford and daughter, Miss Daphnia Lunsford, returned yesterday from Chickasha, Okla., where they visited for about two weeks. They are former residents of that city.

BITS OF SKELLYTOWN NEWS

Mr. W. E. Vaughan of San Angelo is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Nevins.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Earhart and children returned Thursday evening after spending several days in Kansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilson have moved back to Skellytown.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Warner and Jackie Hood returned to Clinton, Oklahoma Wednesday after spending a few days with Mrs. Warner's sister, Mrs. George Darland.

Little Kenneth Milton fell from a box car Thursday evening. He received a broken arm and minor bruises but is improving nicely.

A crowd of friends gathered at Skellytown Tuesday evening, seized the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Goodwin, and played jokes upon them until the early morning hour.

Miss Christina M. Cracken of Amos, Oklahoma spent Sunday and Monday visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jarvis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Harvey motored to Pampa Saturday evening to shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryon Moore of Skellytown are moving to White Deer this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Goodwin motored to White Deer Saturday evening to shop.

The Shell boys played indoor baseball evening, the score being 27 to ball with the Skellytown boys Monday in favor of the Shell group.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Goodwin entertained Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jarvis, and Miss Christina M. Cracken with a card party Monday evening. Late in the evening dainty refreshments were enjoyed.

Monice Samson is visiting his brother, Kell, this week.

Miss Beulah Horner, accompanied by her brothers, Clyde and John Horner, went to McLean Sunday afternoon to attend the ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson and children motored to Pampa Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Clifford are driving a new Chevrolet coupe.

Skellytown baseball team motored to McLean to play ball Sunday afternoon. A tight game was played, the final score being 8 to 6 in favor of Skellytown.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carroll motored to White Deer Sunday evening to attend church.

Mrs. Mabel Marti and son, Don-

aid, motored to Pampa Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Christopher motored to Berger to visit friends Monday.

REVIVAL MEETING

A revival meeting opened at the Pentecostal Church of God, 900 Lick, West Foster street, yesterday. Services will be held each evening at 8 o'clock. Special singing. Full gospel preached. Prayer for sick. Rains Brothers, evangelists. Bertha Roth, Pastor.



Permanent Waves \$1.00

The first four ladies to enter our shop each morning this week and next will get a French Oil Wave for \$1 each, all finished and guaranteed to please the most particular patrons. Finger wave, any style 25c. Dried if you like. This offer until Saturday, Aug. 29.

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*U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry, Order No. 210



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MISSING MAN IS RELEASED

Chicago 'Racing Baron' Seems Surprised to Learn Ransom Demanded.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27. (AP)—John J. "Jack" Lynch, wealthy turfman who was reported kidnaped last Thursday, returned to his home in Lake Geneva, Wis., early today in his own car and unharmed.

Lynch said he was released last night by his captors on a street in Kankakee, Ill. After waiting five minutes, as his captors ordered, he took off his blindfold and started his car toward Chicago where he picked up a friend and drove on to Lake Geneva.

He denied money had been paid for ransom or that any had been promised. In fact, he exhibited surprise when he was told that \$250,000 had been demanded for his release.

"Nothing was ever said to me during the time I was held," he said, "about my business or any ransom. I cannot understand this."

Was Treated Well
Lynch said his captors treated him like "an old friend." After forcing him into their car along the Wisconsin highway, he said, they blindfolded him and drove about for about two hours.

"The next thing I knew was that we were in a house somewhere, and I had a nice soft bed to sleep on," he continued. "They gave me plenty of good food, but kept me blindfolded or wearing heavily colored glasses continuously."

Last night, he said, they took him from the house, drove about for an hour or so, then put him into his own car, and turned him free.

Meanwhile, Alphonse Capone, listed as "public enemy No. 1" by the Chicago crime commission, was sought again, this time in connection with the kidnaping.

Patrick J. Roche, chief investigator for the state's attorney telephoned the order for Capone's arrest from Lake Geneva, where he has been making an investigation of the Lynch case, saying that the gang chief was suspected of a direct connection with negotiations for Lynch's release. Capone was reported to have agreed to pay off the abductors with \$50,000 raised by the missing man's friends, and Roche said if Capone refused to name the persons to whom the ransom was paid he could be prosecuted as an accessory.

FLIERS

(Continued From Page 1)

into a strong southwest wind, giving them a tail wind into Enid. The wind was so strong that it blew the huge metal wind indicator from atop the airport hanger.

ENID, Okla., Aug. 27. (AP)—Gladys O'Donnell of Long Beach, Calif., led the Santa Monica-Cleveland handicapped air derbyists into Enid today, arriving from Amarillo at 9:12:18 a. m.

Mrs. O'Donnell's elapsed time from Amarillo computed unofficially as 1:08:18.

Phoebe Omlie, Memphis, arrived second at 9:25:30 with a flying time of 1:20:30. She was followed at 9:35:18 by W. E. Musgrave Jr., San Francisco.

Capt. "Kid" Brewer, of the Duke Blue Devils for 1931, has been captain of eight other football teams, starting in grammar school.

Roosevelt Will Be Boosted by Body

DALLAS, Aug. 27. (AP)—T. W. Davidson, former lieutenant governor, announced today a statewide mass meeting will be held at Waco Saturday to form a permanent organization to back Gov. Franklin Roosevelt of New York, in his proposed campaign for the presidency.

LINDBERGH'S

(Continued From Page One)

Forbes, American ambassador, they visited Meiji shrine, dedicated to the emperor of that name. Later they visited Yasukuni shrine, which is dedicated to the spirits of soldiers and sailors who have died on the battlefields.

Sparkplugs Fouled
Colonel Lindbergh then made a trip to Kasumigaura naval base where he landed yesterday, to inspect his plane. He explained that faulty spark plugs, which became fouled with oil, were responsible for the motor trouble in the Kurile Islands.

Lindbergh decided today to have his plane overhauled. The mechanical work will be done at Kasumigaura naval base, near here. The overhauling will begin after the six-day program of receptions and other functions in their honor and will be completed while the couple go sight-seeing about Japan.

The colonel said there was nothing seriously wrong with the plane but an overhauling was due after its journey of more than 7,000 miles from New York. He indicated he was anxious to get the work under way as soon as possible.

ROOSEVELT AND TAMMANY MAY END DIFFICULTIES

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 27. (AP)—Tammany Hall, faced with defection in its own ranks in the legislative battle over the New York City investigation, was looking today for peace with Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Well-informed democratic circles believe the governor will give Tammany the opportunity to heal the "break" between them, possibly as early as Monday, by sending a message to the special legislative session which will give Tammany the chance to ask extension of the New York City investigation to upstate, republican-controlled communities.

LeFors Club to Battle Magnolia

The LeFors baseball team still thinks the Magnolia Mags are not so hot so they have challenged the winners of the Gray-Carson league to a game Sunday afternoon on Mag field. Manager Raburn Burke readily accepted the challenge and turned the Mag team over to Rusty Cahill who will lead the Mags in Sunday's encounter. Burke will probably be on his vacation.

Manager Joe Doby of the LeFors nine is liable to throw a surprise nine at the Mags who will not take any chances and will throw Charlie

Kock on the mound with the giant Bozeman behind the bat. Manager Doby refused to name his hurler when approached last night. "The Mags are wondering who will beat them for the first time this season and they sure will find out Sunday afternoon," Manager Doby said.

The Mags have won 16 games this season and have had no losses to their credit. The team is well balanced and has worked together the entire season. Odus Mitchell and Shorty Morgan will be in Sunday's lineup, Burke said yesterday.

The Texas Aggies have opened negotiations for a football game with the University of Hawaii, to be played at Honolulu during the Christmas holidays.

"Bull" Elkins, Texas university quarterback and captain-elect of the cage squad, is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholastic society.

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WANTED

Ladies and Girls For Soliciting

Work in Circulation Department

GOOD COMMISSION

Pampa News-Post

APPLY IN PERSON

CHICAGO GRAIN

CHICAGO, Aug. 27. (AP)—Wheat: No. 2 red 48 1/4; No. 1 hard 49 1/2; No. 2 yellow hard 48; No. 2 northern spring 48 3/4 to 49 3/4; No. 3 mixed 47.

Corn: No. 2 mixed 44; No. 1 yellow 44 to 44 1/4; No. 2 white 45 3/4 to 46 1/4.

Oats: No. 2 white 22 1/4 to 23 1/2; No. 3 white 20 to 22 3/4.

Wheat closed weak, 1-2 to 1 cent lower; corn 1-4 to 1 cent down; oats 1-8 to 1-2 off, and provisions showing 7-15 cents advance.

Makes You Lose Unhealthy Fat

Mrs. Ethel Smith of Norwich, Conn., writes: "I lost 16 lbs. with my first bottle of Kruschen. Being on night duty it was hard to sleep days but now since I am taking Kruschen I sleep plenty, eat as usual and lose fat too."

To take off fat—take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—an 85 cent bottle lasts 4 weeks—Get it at Fatheree Drug Stores, Richards Drug Co., Inc., Pampa Drug Co., or any drug store in America. If this first bottle fails to convince you this is the easiest, surest and safest way to lose fat your money gladly returned. adv.—8.

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1 Overcoat cleaned Free with 2 suits
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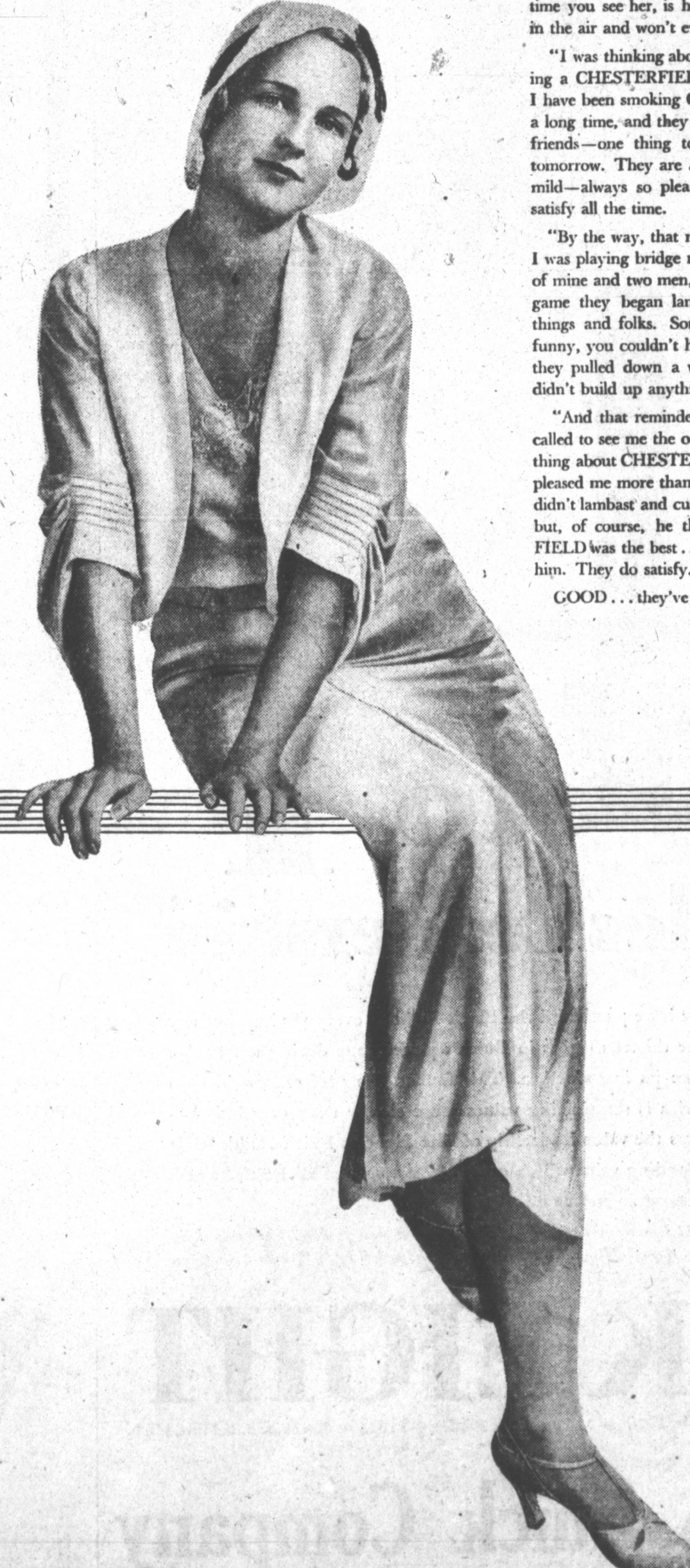
Suits C & P 50c
Pants C & P 20c
Plain Dresses 75c

Call for and Deliver

PERFECTO DRY CLEANERS

Phone 813

"I'm older than you think I am . . ."



"BUT I remember some of the things that I heard when I was younger.

"I was told to watch out for one of those so-called friends who is so mighty glad to see you today—almost going to hug you; and the next time you see her, is holding her head high up in the air and won't even speak to you.

"I was thinking about this while I was enjoying a CHESTERFIELD cigarette. You know, I have been smoking CHESTERFIELDS quite a long time, and they are not like some of our friends—one thing today and another thing tomorrow. They are *always* the same—always mild—always so pleasing in taste. They just satisfy all the time.

"By the way, that reminds me of something. I was playing bridge recently with a girl friend of mine and two men, and after we finished the game they began lambasting a whole lot of things and folks. Some of the talk was right funny, you couldn't help laughing; but, really, they pulled down a whole lot of things, and didn't build up anything.

"And that reminded me of a salesman who called to see me the other day to tell me something about CHESTERFIELD. The thing that pleased me more than anything else was that he didn't lambast and cuss out any other cigarette; but, of course, he thought that CHESTERFIELD was the best . . . And I rather agree with him. They do satisfy."

GOOD . . . they've got to be good!