

THE ROBERT LEE OBSERVER

"A Tolerable Good Paper Published in a Mighty Good Town"

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NUMBER 2

Mrs. I. C. Page

After a long illness which ended July 11 at four o'clock a. m., just at the dawning of a new day, God said, "It is enough," and Mrs. Mina Page was freed from her pains and cares of this earth, and went to sleep in Jesus, sweet rest!

Mrs. Mina Monroe Page was born in Washington county, Texas, being 65 years, 11 months, 5 days of age. Her father, J. W. Monroe, served in the Civil War. Her mother was Martha Martin. They moved to Hill county.

She was married to I. C. Page Dec. 3, 1890. They moved to Coke county and took up land Dec. 24, 1890. They went back to Hill county and stayed twelve years, then returned to their home in Coke and have remained ever since. To this union eight children were born; namely, Mattie, Rolla, Era, Phillip, Zara, Lillie, Dona, and Berta.

She was converted in early womanhood, and united with the Methodist church at Edith, Texas, in 1924. She was a devoted wife and loving mother, a friend to all who knew her. She bore her illness with great patience. Her personality was so winsome and her faith so serene. She shall be greatly missed, but until daybreak, when the shadows flee away, we bow in submission to Thy will. Although she is bodily absent from us, we cannot call her back to us, but all may go to meet her in that Eternal Home where parting will be no more.

She leaves to mourn her going, her husband, I. C. Page, two sons, Rolla and Phillip Page of Robert Lee; five daughters, Mattie Ackelson, Edith; Mrs. Zara Good, Bronte; Mrs. Lillie Burson, Wickett; Mrs. Dora Sparks, Tennyson; and Berta Page of Robert Lee; and nine grandchildren, three sisters--Mrs. C. W. Burson, Robert Lee; Mrs. Tom Gilmore, Whitney; and Mrs. J. A. Wingate of Krum; two brothers, Joda Monroe of Snyder and J. W. Monroe of Silvertown; and Mr. Page's nephew, Jim Page of Leedy, Oklahoma. All were present except J. W. Monroe.

The funeral service was held at the Edith tabernacle, Rev. B. B. Edmiaston of Bangs, former pastor, and Rev. O. E. Moreland, pastor in charge.

Mr. A. J. Taylor of Johnson's Funeral Home, San Angelo, and Mr. Bruce Cliff of the Robert Lee Funeral Home, had charge of the burial in the Paint Creek cemetery.

Pallbearers were nephews, Loyce, Monroe and Curtis Ray Burson, Bob Wingate, Alfred Fields, and Herman Hollingsworth.

The flower-girls were two granddaughters and four nieces: Marjorie Bruton, Lavoyce Ackelson, Beth and Bernice Gilmore, Oza Hollingsworth and Ruth Burson. --Contributed.

Rial Denman has completed a business census of this county and his next county to work will be Runnels.

Agriculture Conservation Program News

Our country has been put in the group which can summer fallow their land and receive the soil-conserving payment. If they contour-list their land in connection with the summer fallow, this will qualify them for some soil-building payment, but we cannot say at this time just how much.

Also, producers are permitted to eradicate noxious weeds from crop land in lieu of planting soil-conserving crops and receive their soil-conserving payment. This must be on crop land which is heavily infested and the weeds include Johnson grass, Bermuda grass, nut grass, blueweed, and bindweed. The approved methods of eradication are as follows:

(a) That eradication is carried out by flat-breaking the infested land, followed by intensive cultivation during the months of July, August and September, with a knife cultivator or disc harrow; or

(b) Bed and re-bed with a sweep or "middle-buster" at intervals of not more than thirty days, followed each time by harrow, in order to expose the roots to the weather.

The County Committee shall determine whether or not the land is sufficiently infested with one or more of the above noxious weeds or grasses to justify payment for eradication; and the county committee shall determine whether or not eradication has been carried out in a workmanlike manner. Those who wish to take advantage of this privilege should notify the county agent.

Bright Prospects

With good rains covering the entire county, crops up and doing fine in every community, soldier bonus money pouring into the area and old age assistance checks arriving in every mail there is little opportunity for anyone to become discouraged at this time. Runnels county has never had brighter prospects and unless some disaster occurs will produce bumper crops of feed, cotton and food products. Merchants are already able to observe an increase in shopping and look forward to an early fall business and continued brisk trading until the middle of winter. Cattle and sheep raisers are also in good shape with ranges green and livestock fat. Rains have filled streams and surface tanks and no disease is epidemic at this time. --Ballinger Ledger.

As Louie Lehr says, "you took the words right out of our face." The same can also be said of Coke county, as well as most every part of the State.

For Sale -- Good Hay Baler, at reasonable price. see Clarence Vestal.



HORACE B. SESSIONS for his first full term as STATE REPRESENTATIVE. Your vote appreciated.

A Dollar a Day

A True Representation of One Coke County Family in 1935

By Iva Scoggins, Case Worker

"Come in," a garrulous feminine voice called through the closed door in answer to the knock of a social service worker.

Undismayed by the inhospitality the worker opened the door and entered the combined bedroom-living room of the two-room house which sheltered a family of three adults. The aging father, sitting in a crippled rocker, was completely and permanently disabled. He had been a tenant farmer many years but loss of health and the depression effectually checked his operations four years ago. His once good equipment had been sold piece by piece. Now he and his wife must depend upon the earnings of their untrained, inexperienced son for a living. In the inadequacy of these earnings they had turned to public relief. The wife was busying herself by shifting small objects about the room. Her movements seemed purely a gesture of restlessness.

"Good morning Mr. X and Mrs. X. How are you this morning?" The worker's voice was calculated to be pleasant but not over-cheerful.

"Aw, we ain't doin' no good. You can't expect a body to feel good on half rations. You know we ain't gettin' enough from relief to feed the chickens, then you come in here smilin' like you thought--"

"Now ma," interrupted Mr. X, "don't be hard. You see M--," he turned to the visitor. "There are lots of things we need that we don't get. But we ought to be thankful for what we have. I don't know what we would do without help."

"I do," adjoined his wife. "We'd die an' get out of our misery. Maybe I ought to be thankful for half enough to eat but I ain't."

"If J--could only get work--" sighed the patient head of the family.

"But he can't an' these 'ifs'

Coke County Singing Convention Met

The Coke County Singing Convention met at Sanco last Sunday. There was a large crowd and plenty of good singing. A basket lunch was spread on the ground.

The next convention meets at Tennyson the fourth Sunday in October.

New officers were installed: Raymond Jay, president; Fern Havins, vice-president, and Mrs. Virginia Jay, sec.-treasurer.

A collection of \$6.23 was made for the purchasing of new books. This was greatly appreciated. Virginia Jay, Sec.

J. D. Coleman and Bob Jordan were happy when they received a telegram last Thursday from Camp Bullis to report at office if they wished to come. Rev. Coleman took them to San Angelo Friday morning where they took the bus for San Antonio.

The Town Where I Live-- It's My Town

don't help," the despondent wife answered bitterly.

The worker learned that they had started a spring garden. That their small flock of chickens were providing enough eggs. That they had recently returned the borrowed milch cow because they could not feed her. That J-- could not get work though he accepted every little job presented regardless of the amount of pay.

All through the spring and summer this family was much the same. The mother was both discouraged and discouraging, while the father vainly tried to boost the spirits of those physically stronger. The son was a ceaseless job hunter.

But fall brought a transformation. When the worker knocked, the door was opened by Mrs. X who cheerfully invited her to sit beside the fire in the kitchen where she was cooking the noon-day meal. The worker noted the pleasant hospitality along with other improvements. The house was more tidy and did not appear so crowded. The discontented atmosphere was gone.

Mrs. X talked pleasantly. "J-- is picking cotton now. He has made a little over a dollar a day for two weeks."

After a careful insight the worker realized that "a little over a dollar a day" had wrought the transformation.

Every person recognizes the need of some unfortunate family but many refuse to be bothered about any they do not know personally. Several needy families in Coke county have no employable member. They must depend entirely on the graciousness of humanity for bread. Is humanity in Coke county gracious enough to provide it? Relief ended June 30, 1936.

What a luxury is a dollar a day to those in need!

In Another Week

You will again be confronted with the duty of selecting your county officials for another term. As I have not been able to make a close canvass of the voters this year, I am taking this method of calling your attention to my candidacy.

In asking for this office for another term, I am doing so on my record of the past. I am also mindful of the fact that the people whom I serve are entitled to know my intentions for the future, and also why I seek this office. Therefore I will briefly outline to you the conditions as I see them. I have served you for four years, in which time I have tried to give my official duties all the time that it required, and I believe that I have served you efficiently and at the same time carried on my home duties of rearing my family of three girls and two boys. Those who are well acquainted with me know that my children are my only thought as to the future, and duty tells me I must see those children educated and try to give them the advantages of the right kind of life. For the furtherance of my purposes I would be most successful in retaining the office of County Treasurer for another term.

I have seen all the voters that I could in the limited time I have had in which to canvass the County, for I have tried to not neglect my accustomed duties in the office you are depending on me to fill.

Therefore I want to express to you my gratefulness for the privilege of serving you as County Treasurer and assure you that I will appreciate your earnest consideration when you come to my name on the ticket of the July Primary election.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Daisy McCutchen.
(Pol. Adv.)

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Simpson left Thursday morning for a three-week vacation in the Ozark Mountains. They stopped at San Antonio for a brief visit with John Roger and from there went to Hot Springs where they expected to take the baths for a while. They expect to take a cabin up in the mountains for a few days before returning.

Vivian Roane is keeping books at the store during their absence.

Notice, Subscribers

Watch the date on your Observer. It shows your expiration date. We would appreciate your renewal, and if money is scarce with you, we will take your poultry at market price, or anything we can use. We don't want to lose you, but the Postoffice Department demand we keep our list paid up.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

In Ancient Nile Mud
England Keeps Ready
Let the Dead Sleep
Murder Starts Early

Paris.—Reclining on her side, her body covered with gold, gold necklaces on her neck and on the ground nearby, a rich archeologist discover the well-preserved body of an Egyptian princess whose father, the Pharaoh Chephren, built the second biggest pyramid; it was his brother, Cheops, who built the largest.



Arthur Brisbane

Those pyramids were tombs for kings, and searchers found the princess in one of them. The Nile mud seeping into the tomb had helped to preserve her.

That princess, living 5,000 years ago, could tell an interesting story for the movies. She "built herself a small pyramid with stones given to her by her many lovers." Where do you suppose she is now? In some strange Egyptian heaven, perhaps, with all those admirers around her.

England, alarmed by European war threats, issues an official "white paper" explaining why—

"The relation of our own armed forces to those of other great powers should be maintained at a figure high enough to enable us to exercise our influence and authority in international affairs."

Unfortunately for all plans, the airplane in the hands of a desperate nation might upset all national "authority," just as a pistol in the hands of a desperate man upsets individual and police authority.

One bullet will stretch individual authority in the dust; 1,000 airplanes, attacking the heart of a great city, might cause national "authority" to end in demoralization.

England's new defense increase will be largely in her air force; that way nation knows that the real "ocean" in future wars will be the ocean of the air.

In a desert of southeastern Utah, men and women, belonging to the cult of "truth seekers," were gathered around the body of Mrs. Edith Dakhall, who died more than a year ago. You read about it, perhaps.

Mrs. Ogden, leader of the "truth seekers," prayed over the body, which appeared marvelously preserved. The "truth seekers" believe they will bring the woman back to life, but the pathetic fact is that it would not in the least matter if they did.

The important thing is to improve the condition of 1,800,000,000 actually living on the earth. For one safely out of it to be brought back would be unimportant, in these days, and perhaps cruel.

America holds the world's "murder championship" for all kinds of murder, at all ages—quantity, quality, variety, volume.

A New Jersey boy, 16 years old, was sentenced to death.

In Wisconsin, a coroner reports that little David Holl, two months old, was killed by two boys four and three years of age.

They each held one hand of the younger one, and dropped it on the floor. It cried and would not stop. Then, one of the small boys explained, "We pounded him." These youngest "killers" puzzle the law. You can't "try" a four-year-old child.

Railroads tell the interstate commerce commission they would like fares reduced to two and a half cents a mile, instead of two cents. The railroads should have all possible consideration, for they have built up this country, but at two and a half cents a mile they will not compete successfully with automobiles carrying passengers for one-quarter of a cent a mile.

The new treaty with France, reducing the duty on French wine and liquors by 50 per cent, interests California and other wine growing states. It should persuade them to stabilize the production of wines, establish official guarantees of purity, freedom from adulterations, mixtures, and especially "fortifying" with alcohol.

In Europe, notably in France, adulteration of wines is an offense against the law. With us, it is a business.

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Current Events in Review

By Edward W. Pickard

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Danzig Crisis Worries Nations of Europe

WAR-WORRIED Europe shifted its anxiety from the Italo-Ethiopian sanctions problem to the newer and baffling question of what to do about the Free City of Danzig now seeking to free itself from the bonds of the League of Nations.

The league disposed of the sanctions problem by voting to abolish them, thus to all practical intents and purposes removing Ethiopia from the family of sovereign states. Appearing personally before the league assembly, the refugee emperor, Haile Selassie, made a last moving bid for Ethiopia's freedom.

The "king of kings" denounced France and Great Britain without mentioning their names. To the generally expressed desire to reform the league, he said the weakness was not the league covenant itself, but a lack of international morality. The Negus' request for a loan of \$50,000,000 to Ethiopia was voted down. Previously Haile had informed Capt. Anthony Eden, British foreign secretary, that he would return to Ethiopia immediately to join his loyal tribesmen and fight for Ethiopian independence.

With Mussolini given satisfaction, the Danzig situation brought into the foreground the figure of Adolf Hitler, chancellor of Nazi Germany. It was a Nazi follower of Hitler, Dr. Arthur Greiser, president of the Danzig senate, who demanded independence for the former German city now surrounded by Polish territory and who denounced the league and Sean Lester, league high commissioner for the port.

Observers were of the opinion that Greiser was acting under orders from Chancellor Hitler. In view of Germany's expansionist program and its rearmament, they feel that Danzig will be the next Nazi objective now that the Rhineland is remilitarized. By the elimination of Commissioner Lester or by the curtailment of his authority over the international affairs of the city, it is believed the Nazi would be in a position to crush the opposition party and pave the way for annexation of Danzig by Germany. In the event of a Nazi putsch in Danzig, it was believed that Britain and France would co-operate in opposing it.

July 4th Celebrations Cost 346 Lives in U. S.

A TOLL of 346 lives was exacted in the celebration of the Fourth of July throughout the United States.

Booming cannon crackers played a comparatively innocent part in the slaughter, for only 11 lives were lost in accidents due to firecrackers.

But if the nation heeded warnings about the danger of fireworks, it forgot the menace of motoring accidents, for 208 people in 36 states were killed as the result of accidents on streets and highways. Ninety persons were drowned in 36 states. Miscellaneous tragedies accounted for 37 additional fatalities in 15 states.

Roosevelt and Landon Return to Their Desks

THE Presidential candidates of both the Democratic and the Republican parties returned to their desks in their respective capitals following absences.

President Roosevelt came back to Washington after a three-day pilgrimage to Virginia. Included on his program was the dedication of the Shenandoah National park, his Fourth of July address from the portico of Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello and his visit to Williamsburg, capital of the Old Dominion from 1699 to 1779. In his address at Jefferson's home, the President called on the nation to rekindle the "sacred fire" of "true freedom" which had lighted the "golden age" of American history. He declared the present emergencies require the same leadership as that displayed by the founder of the Democratic party.

Gov. Alf. M. Landon returned to Topeka, Kan., after a vacation in the Colorado mountains, for the re-

convening of the state legislature and for the acceptance speech at the Republican notification ceremonies July 23. National significance was attached to the meeting of the Kansas legislature because of the fact that it would have to deal with old-age pensions, unemployment insurance and general social welfare legislation and that an amendment to the state constitution was in prospect. Discussions of the farm problem and conferences with Governor Landon's political advisers were on the program. The Republican standard bearer was not expected to return to Colorado until after the notification ceremonies.

In the meantime, great activity was apparent in opposing campaign headquarters.

President Roosevelt summoned Democratic National Chairman James A. Farley to Washington for a conference on the political campaign.

John Hamilton, national chairman of the Republican party, opened national headquarters in Chicago. He addressed 2,800 banqueters at a dinner in his honor and declared that the reaction of voters in recent days has been disheartening to the Roosevelt administration.

Pope Pius Orders World Censorship of Movies

A WORLD censorship on movies was ordered by Pope Pius, in an encyclical letter addressed directly to the bishops and archbishops of the Roman Catholic church in the United States.

The pope also ordered bishops throughout the world to obtain from their communicants annually renewable pledges "to abstain from witnessing bad films." The encyclical of his holiness was addressed to the American bishops because they originally took the lead in movie censorship. He invited bishops of the entire world to follow their example.

To carry out the plan of censorship, the pontiff directed that a permanent national movie reviewing office be established in each country.

Labor Leaders Begin Drive for Steel's Unionization

WITH labor organizers spreading throughout the nation's steel mills in a drive to enroll 500,000 workers into one big union, the National Labor Relations Board reopened a fight in the courts to force steel companies to accept the National Labor Relations act as a means of keeping peace.

The board announced it had petitioned the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals at New Orleans in a new effort to enforce the act.

Meanwhile the full resources of the \$5,000,000,000 steel industry were marshaled against the unionization drive. Observers pointed out that the situation was fraught with grave possibilities, of industrial warfare. Principal steel companies who have banded together in a militant effort to maintain the open shop warned employees not to be "mislabeled" into affiliation with the Amalgamated Iron, Steel and Tin Workers Union, which forms the basis of organized labor's drive.

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers and head of the committee for industrial organization, in a radio address broadcast from Chicago entitled "Industrial Democracy in Steel," sought the support not only of union labor, but of the public generally in his crusade.

Breckinridge Long Resigns as Ambassador to Italy

BRECKINRIDGE LONG, American ambassador to Italy, submitted his resignation to President Roosevelt because of illness. The diplomat declared that he hopes to recuperate his health during the summer and to take an active part in the Presidential campaign in the autumn.

Mr. Long's place will be taken by Undersecretary of State William Phillips. He will represent the United States government in Rome in an effort to solve Italo-American problems arising from Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia.

Recovery of Business Holds in First Half

CONTINUING business recovery during the first six months of 1936 fulfilled the hopes of optimistic prognosticators and surpassed the expectations of conservative forecasters.

All the leading trade barometers registered fair business weather at the close of the first half of the year. The production of automobiles reached 2,400,000 units in the first six months of 1936, the best for the period since 1929.

Improvement was further reflected by the steel industry, the operations of which rose from 49.2 per cent of capacity at the start of the year to 71.2 per cent at the end of June. The output of electricity climbed steadily to reach an all time peak in June.

The steady recovery of the railroads was indicated by carloadings which worked up to approach their best levels since 1931. The figures for the first six months of 1936 were substantially better than those for the similar period of 1935.

Gen. McCarl Criticizes New Deal on Retiring

RETIRING from the post of Comptroller General, J. R. McCarl announced that following the expiration of his term of office he would aid in the government reorganization study undertaken by the senate committee headed by Senator Byrd of Virginia.

Gen. McCarl criticized New Deal emergency agencies as "loosely and extravagantly set up" and as "tax consuming in the extreme." He declared that a systematic reorganization of both regular and emergency agencies would improve government administration and reduce the cost to taxpayers.

Justice Bailey Decides Rail Pensions Are Legal

DESPITE his previous decision declaring unconstitutional the tax on railroads to permit pensions, Justice Jennings Bailey of the District of Columbia Supreme Court ruled in an oral opinion that the railroad retirement board could pay pensions to railroad workers.

The justice declared that his previous decision on the validity of the rail pension laws could not be construed to mean that the retirement act itself was unconstitutional. He ruled that the government could proceed to collect from rail workers a sum amounting to 3 1/2 per cent of their salaries and could use the money to pay retirement pensions to the workers when they reach sixty-five years of age or have worked 40 years.

He also ruled that the railroad retirement board could proceed to collect information on which to allot the pensions, provided it did so at its own expense.

Drouth Crisis Brings Government Aid

F EARS that drouth may irretrievably destroy farm crops in North and South Dakota, eastern Montana and Wyoming prompted President Roosevelt to marshal \$500,000,000 in relief funds to combat the damage and to develop further plans for fighting drouth.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry W. Wallace, who left Washington for a personal survey of the stricken areas, declared that from all reports conditions had become as serious as they were in 1934, due to lack of sorely needed rains.

The secretary declared that unless rains descend in the sun-scorched regions the government will buy 30,000,000 head of cattle.

In St. Paul, Minn., the governors of the five drouth-stricken northwestern states met with Federal Works Progress Administrator Harry L. Hopkins and administrators from the various states. Mr. Hopkins ordered relief jobs made immediately available for from 25,000 to 50,000 farmers who have seen their sole source of livelihood destroyed. The jobs were to be made available on water conservation projects, farm-to-market roads, rural schools and recreational projects.

President Roosevelt, in Washington, appointed a special committee composed of Secretary Wallace, Budget Director Daniel Bell, Aubrey Williams, Assistant Works Progress Administrator and Dr. Rexford G. Tugwell, resettlement administrator. They will work in co-operation with a committee of Department of Agriculture officials. The President instructed Budget Director Bell to study government appropriations to determine what funds are available.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

IF YOU'RE interested in watching a career grow, keep your eye on young Larry Blake, who has been giving character interpretations of Charles Laughton, John Barrymore, Edward Robinson and Clark Gable at the Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Center. First thing you know he'll be on the air and in the movies; though he is in his early twenties now, he has made a good start.

He went to Brooklyn college, and has appeared in vaudeville and at smart hotels and night clubs here and there about the country; the Congress and the Stevens hotels in Chicago featured him not long ago. Landing in the Rainbow Room crowns him with success; talent scouts make it one of their first stops in New York, and no visitor wants to leave town till he's been there.

Four members of the Abbey Players of Dublin, one of the most famous theatrical organizations in the world, arrived in the United States recently to appear in RKO's screen version of "The Plough and the Stars," which they've often performed on the stage. One of them, Barry Fitzgerald, was thrilled to death—because he'd met James Cagney.

Barbara Stanwyck will be starred in this new Irish picture, which is being made because all of us liked "The Informer" so well. And it will be made by the producers, director and scenarist who were responsible for "The Informer," so it's going to be good.

Seems there's a rumor around that Major Bowes isn't so popular as he once was; people have heard that performers on his programs don't get paid much, but that he gets plenty. And some of the people who go to the broadcasts feel that he isn't dignified enough.

All that may or may not be true—but a high-powered publicity organization has been engaged to change public opinion regarding the genial Major; his new sponsors feel that the public must go on liking him, or else!

Want to know the low-down on how to play bad man on the screen? Noah Beery, brother of Wallace, can give it to you. He's now playing a hired killer in "Strangers on a Honeymoon," at the Gaumont British studios, along with Constance Cummings and Hugh Sinclair—he's been appearing as various kinds of murderers for years and years.

He says that, if a criminal is to seem to be a real man, he must show a streak of human kindness—"A screen killer can mow a guy down with a shot-gun, but he's got to stoop and pat a kid on the head on the way out"—otherwise he's a madman, not a human being.

Columbia Broadcasting System is going to give a lot of young men a chance this summer. With regular announcers going on vacations, others who have been auditioned in the past and are working here and there on the network will be brought in and given a chance to show what they can do in more important spots on the air.

The most important arm in the movies at present is Margaret Sullavan's. She broke it a while ago, you'll recall. It wasn't healing properly, so she hid her to New York for special treatments. Now she's back again in Hollywood and hopes to go to work soon. But friends have cautioned her to be careful of that arm. Only the other day she was reported as whizzing to the west side tennis matches on a motorcycle with Willie Wyler.



Barbara Stanwyck



Secretary Wallace



Margaret Sullavan

UNCONFESED

By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

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WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Anson wasn't there. Hiding out somewhere; reluctant to give testimony, I suppose."

I told Mitchell about my conversation with her, and her words. "She said that she'd be sorry enough to have to tell it. That any one might have washed out a handkerchief."

"But she didn't say where she saw it?" he said quickly, and I said she hadn't.

"Can't Anson be found?" I wanted to know, and he said that of course she'd be found.

He seemed to be thinking of something else as he spoke. "Donahay was allowed to put in all he's got from her—about seeing Mrs. Harriden at eight and the probable time she did the room, and its condition then and about seeing Deck in the hall. . . . He'll give Anson hell, though, for evading the law."

Deck came in at last. He came directly over to us.

"Got a cigarette?" he asked casually of Mitchell, and Mitchell offered his case. I was to remember that afterwards. Then his eyes smiled down at me. "How do you like your first inquest, Miss Seton?"

"I don't like it at all," I told him. It seemed ages before the return of that jury. They came at last, filing self-consciously across the stately hall.

The dining-room fell silent before their appearance, and even the turbulent hall was hushed as the foreman stepped forward and began reading from a paper. In a very formal voice he intoned, "We, the jury, find that the deceased, Nora Harriden, came to her death on the thirteenth of October, nineteen-thirty-three, between eight and nine-thirty P. M. through shock and hemorrhage, caused by being hit on the head by a sharp instrument held in the hand of person or persons unknown."

That was all. No names. No recommendation of holding any one to the grand jury.

Then Donahay rose. The rustlings that had begun in the room ceased abruptly, so did the jubilation in my heart. For he said, "You have heard the finding of the coroner's jury. That jury is now dismissed. This case will remain in the hands of the inspector of police until further evidence warrants calling in the district attorney of Queen's county. Pending investigation no witnesses will be allowed, without permission, to leave the premises."

CHAPTER X

Eventually every one quieted down. The sharp outbreak of protests dropped to more considering undertones at that phrase, "without permission." I overheard the Watkins reminding each other that they had meant to stay till Monday anyway, and presently Mrs. Crane's voice was audible to me, telling them that Dan was staying on too, that he planned to take his wife's body to the cemetery on Monday morning. He wanted only the simplest ceremony at the grave. She said that she and the Kellers were going with him.

When the main hall had been cleared of all the outsiders the guests streamed out into it again. Behind us, in the dining-room, swift-footed efficiency was setting out the paraphernalia of another buffet luncheon.

Every one reacted from the tensely; laughter kept breaking out, voices ran facetiously high, then, remembering, dropped to undertones. . . . were still lively.

I never felt lonelier in my life. I wanted some one to talk it over with, and I hadn't anybody; Deck had vanished into the drawing-room and Mitchell, too, was nowhere to be seen.

Then I heard Deck's voice, sharp as the crack of a whip. "Damn it all, Donahay, I told you myself that call never went through. . . . Am I to blame because the village telephone girl doesn't happen to remember that I asked for a New York number?"

I could see the back of Deck's head; he was confronting Donahay over that table of notes. I saw Letty Van Alstyn's brown head, tilted towards him, a little on one side. I saw Harriden standing behind her, caught a glimpse of his stony profile.

Donahay stated stolidly, "Bessie Ammann's got a very good memory, Mr. Deck. It seems queer to us that a man who goes away from a dinner table to put in a long distance call doesn't wait to get it—that he goes on upstairs after a lost handkerchief."

I was watching Deck so closely that I saw Clancy the officer touch him, saying something, and Deck, without looking around, drew out a cigarette

case from his pocket, the soft brown leather one I had seen before, and passed it back. Then he said, "Come, Mr. Inspector, don't pretend you yourself never got tired waiting for a connection and went off after something else."

"Well?" mumbled Donahay. "Well?" challenged Deck. "Are we going on with this indefinitely? I'm telling you that I've got to be back on the job tomorrow or my paper will want you fellows to say why."

I didn't notice what was happening until I saw the funny look on Clancy's face. He was holding the cigarette case in his hands and feeling it with slow, investigating fingers. Then he pushed up beside Deck in front of the table.

He was dumping out the contents of the case. I saw the cigarettes come out, one after the other, and then with another shake, something else came rolling out. Instantly the heads closed over it; I couldn't see what was there. I heard Donahay say, "By God," in an incredulous voice and Clancy, "Will you look at that?" and then somebody cried sharply, "It's the diamond!" and Harriden pushed forward.

We were all pushing forward. Through the confusion Deck's voice came, sharp with anger. "I tell you I only picked the thing up again a few minutes ago—I left it about this morning."

I had reached Mitchell now. "Oh, that's true—don't you remember he asked you for a cigarette this morning?" I gasped. "Oh, do get in to them and tell them so!"

"Steady on," Mitchell was murmuring. He put his hand over mine as it gripped his arm.

Harriden's voice dominated the confusion. He stood over Deck like a madman; he looked as if it was all he could do to keep his hands off him.

"Nora's diamond!" he hurled at him. "The big pendant that was worth the lot. . . . So you hid it out, eh? You dirty thief! You dirty killer! By God, we've got you—we've got you now!"

And then Donahay, trying to make himself heard, "Mr. Harriden, please—"

There was no stopping Harriden. All the hatred that had been working in the man, all the festering suspicion seething in him since Elkins' report of Deck's threatening words came out now, like pent-up pall.

"You hound! You skunk! Chasing after my wife, making her life miserable with your importunities. Entreating her to be 'compassionate'—to take pity on your 'love sick soul'! Soul!" He spat out a vile word. "Begging to drown yourself in her eyes! . . . You'll be drowned in quicklime before I'm through with you!"

And Deck, very straight and stiff. "You're crazy, Harriden. A man can't resent insults from one in your condition."

"Your condition is what will worry you—when they put you in handcuffs and lead you to the death cell—when they drag you, whining and pulling, to the electric chair!"

And then Letty Van Alstyn fainted.

She dropped like a stone at Harriden's feet, and he stood there, his fury checked, looking blankly down at her. The faint did not last long; the women kneeling by her were still asking for more air, for water, for cushions, when I heard her voice saying, rather weakly, but with complete control, "How—silly! But I didn't eat—much breakfast. I've been feeling—faint."

She got up very quickly; I saw Harriden go to her side and say something; she gave him a quick upward glance, then moved away. As if he had forgotten Deck he went heavily after.

I stood there, shaken through and through. I turned to Mitchell but he had left me; he was standing beside the table, picking up the abandoned cigarettes.

The inspector was saying, his voice unemotional again "This will take some disproving, you know, Mr. Deck." And the words sent the quick thought to me that the only way to disprove this about Deck was to prove something else about some one else.

I thought of Anson. If that handkerchief I was sure she had seen had been in Letty Van Alstyn's room!

Letty had fainted. Perhaps she hadn't realized, until that moment, the consequences of throwing that suspicion upon Deck.

Now, when she was still shaken, was the time to confront her with that handkerchief evidence. . . . If

only Anson could be found. . . . She must have come out of hiding by now. . . .

I ran up the stairs; I took the left-hand branch, so as to pass along the main hall, looking for some maid to question.

The door into the prince's room was open and looking in, I saw the maid who did my own room, busied about it. "Have you seen Anson yet?" I said breathlessly.

She stopped on her way to the closet with a pair of slippers in her hand. "We haven't seen her, Miss Seton. Not since that time you were talking with her this morning."

I moved away, thinking I had better get hold of Mitchell. Then I heard the maid scream. I had never heard such blood-curdling shrieks in my life. Shriek after shriek. My legs stumbled under me as I ran back to her.

She was backing hysterically away from the closet, her apron over her head.

"What is it? What—?" She moaned, "Oh, in there—in there!" and began shrieking again.

I dashed to the closet; the door was wide and the light from the room fell into it. Fell upon a pair of shoes, limp, black, low-heeled shoes, lying on their sides out from under a man's heavy, fur-lined overcoat.

Anson was in the closet. Slumped in a little heap. She was cold to my touch.

I did not scream. It seemed to me as if I could never make any sound again, but I did, over my shoulder, to the people crowding now in back of me.

"She's dead," I got out huskily. "Anson's dead."

CHAPTER XI

Anson was dead. . . . Choked to death and thrust behind one of the prince's overcoats. Her pretty face was dark and terrible in congestion. She was rigid in death. She had been dead five or six hours they said.

The police were already with us; very soon the medical examiner made his appearance, together with Dr. Olliphant.

A dazed horror hung over the house. Anson—dead. The second murder. The thing was inexplicable.

"There's a maniac hiding in this house!" the princess declared in excitement. "I have felt it! Ecco—Miss Seton heard him in the night—in her room! A miracle she was not murdered in her very bed!"

It was the first expression of belief in my story I had heard from the haughty princess.

One of the strangest, most puzzling things about it to me was that out of Anson's stiff, clenched hand the medical examiner had pried a bright brown crescent, set with glittering stones.

Letty Van Alstyn's hair ornament. The broken thing she had thrown away and permitted Anson to carry off—and then demanded back from her.

It didn't make sense. She couldn't have been murdered for its possession, or the murderer would have taken it away. And why had she got it back from Miss Van Alstyn?

We were a dreadfully shaken group of people.

With drawn revolvers the police tramped through room after room, peering behind doors, beneath beds, investigating the basement, the store-rooms, the laundries, the wine cellar. And there was not a trace of an invader to be found in that great house. There was not a clue except the brown crescent, and not a mark on the closet door except the prints of the maid who found the body. No one had seen Anson alive since the time that I had talked with her in the hall.

Donahay had us herded all together again in the drawing room, and he barked his questions at us with the manner of a thoroughly belligerent and bewildered man.

"And just what time was that, Miss Seton?" he snapped.

I hurried to give an approximation of the time. He summed up, "Well, you'd say it was a little before nine when you saw her? And you were the last person that saw her alive?"

"Yes, that's right," I said quickly, remembering. "She left me to go back to his room."

Donahay shot one of his gimlet glances up at Rancini. "How about that, prince?"

The prince was most self-possessed, most affable in his reply. "Miss Seton

is mistaken—I left before the poor girl reentered. I passed through the apartment of my wife and when I came out they were still talking in the hall."

"How about that, Miss Seton? He says you were still talking together when he left the premises."

"Well, I didn't see him," was all I could say.

"They were very busy talking," said the prince with satisfaction.

Donahay looked curiously at me. "What were you talking about?"

"I was waiting to ask her about whether she had seen any handkerchief drying on Friday evening. I had noticed that she didn't volunteer things directly unless she was asked, and I hadn't heard that asked."

"Couldn't you wait for the inquest?"

"After all the things said about me here I think I had a right to investigate as much as I could to find the real murderer!"

"All right, all right. You were waiting to investigate. Then what were her exact words that passed between you?"

"I don't know why his overbearing manner should have been so infuriating, but my nerves crisped and I said a good deal more than I had meant to say in public."

"I was waiting to ask her about the handkerchief. She came out of the room, smoothing down her hair



The Prince Was Most Self-Possessed.

She said, "Those foreigners" and then "He can keep his hands off me."

Slowly the inspector's gaze shifted towards Rancini.

"Been making passes at her, prince?" Rancini smiled boldly back. "A pretty maid—" He shrugged.

"Anything else?" said Donahay shortly to me.

"I asked her why she didn't complain to the princess, and she said that the maid was always wrong. Then she said she'd have to go back for the towels she had forgotten. I asked her to wait, and we had the talk about the handkerchief."

"What'd she tell you?"

"Not a thing. But I had the very definite impression that she had something on her mind. She said she'd tell all she knew downstairs at the inquest, but she didn't like to make trouble—any one might have washed out a handkerchief." Then she went back into the room. And I don't think she thought that Prince Rancini had come out of it while we were talking. I flung out, "for she looked awfully bothered at having to go in again."

My eyes encountered Donahay's cynically thoughtful face. I wondered if he was thinking the same thing as I was. Suppose Rancini had been in the room when Anson returned—suppose he had grabbed her and she had started to scream? In his anger and panic he might have choked her and choked harder than he meant. He was a big fellow.

But ticking away, deep down in my mind, was the insistent thought that Anson had known something. Something about a handkerchief drying on a radiator. Something that was silenced now forever.

The prince had muttered, half angry, half soothing, "That is nonsense! There was nothing. . . ."

"All right, prince," Donahay agreed. "The girl goes back to your room but you aren't there—that's your story, and you stick to it. But now sometime after that, any time in the next

hour or so, somebody in that room got hold of her and choked her to death. Now where was everybody for that next hour?"

It was hard to discover where every one had been during that hour for they had moved about so much. Rancini said he had gone downstairs for a time, then up to the Kellers' sitting-room on the second floor where he and his wife had waited with the Kellers and Mrs. Crane for the summons to the inquest. The only ones who declared they had stayed definitely in their own rooms during the entire time were Alan Deck, Harriden and myself.

Harriden stated he had been either in his own room or in his wife's room the entire morning, and that he had heard no disturbance of any kind in the Rancini apartment. "And if I had, I wouldn't have cared!" Deck said he had been in his room, but that he had no proof of it. I could offer no proof, either, that I had stayed in my room, after the time the maid had gone to deliver my two notes.

I had a bad time over those notes. The one to Mitchell was easily explained, but when I admitted that I had written to Alan Deck asking him to come to see me I saw a gleam in Donahay's eyes.

"Well, now, Miss Seton, why did you want to see him?"

"It was pretty lonely, waiting for that inquest. And since Mr. Harriden had linked us in his accusations, I felt we had a lot to talk over."

Then he said to Deck, "You didn't come up this morning, though?"

"Didn't get the letter till too late. The maid had left it for me on the table, and I didn't see it in time."

"Left it lying—I thought you were in your room all that time?"

Deck hesitated. Then he said lightly, "Practically all. There were a few minutes when I popped into Mitchell's room, next mine, to get some cigarettes—you may remember my case was mislaid. And I hadn't any supplies left. I waited a bit for Mitchell, then came back."

So it all went on. There was nothing else brought out that seemed to matter. At the last the inspector concentrated on the subject of Deck's cigarette case, when he thought he had lost it, when he first found it again—in the hall, Deck said, on one of the tables, he couldn't remember exactly where—and then, very suddenly, as if his mind were making itself up, Donahay told the rest of us we were excused and retained Deck for a more private investigation.

Even Mitchell didn't sit in on that. He walked out beside me, looking very grave.

"Tea, Letta?"

They were serving tea. The October afternoon had darkened swiftly; I saw the butlers drawing the curtains and lighting the lamps. It seemed strange to me that one of those butlers should be Elkins, his face drawn, going about his tasks so unreluctantly. No time out for his private grief.

In a few moments he was serving us tea.

Mitchell and I took it in silence; he was preoccupied, and I know I felt inexpressibly forlorn. Oh, if I had only known what to say that morning to win the girl's confidence! I was haunted by the lost opportunity, by the vision of Anson as I had first seen her down the hall, so pretty in her black and white, her arms laden with those gay colored towels. I thought crazily, "Colors for each room, each room of death," for it was to the rose room and to the orchid room that death had come, and then something in my mind brought me up short.

If I could find out—if I were not too late—

I turned what must have been a very pale and excited face on the lawyer beside me. "Oh, wait a moment!" I said incoherently. "I want to find out something—"

I literally ran towards the stairs. (TO BE CONTINUED)

"Thoroughbred," "Full Blooded" The terms, "thoroughbred" and "full blooded," are often mistakenly used in place of the term, "purebred." Strictly speaking, Thoroughbred is the name of a breed of light racing horses. A purebred animal is a member of some particular breed and is registered or eligible to registry in the herd book of that breed. A purebred animal usually possesses a distinctive and useful type which it has the power to transmit to its offspring, because it is backed by a long line of ancestors of the same type.

The Robert Lee Observer

Entered the postoffice at Robert Lee, Coke County, Texas, as second class mail matter.

FELIX W. PUETT and ROBERT L. HALL
Editors and Publishers

MRS. A. W. PUETT, Owner

The Town Where I Live—It's My Town

Doing Something for the Farmer

During the coming campaign, spokesmen for both the great parties will do a lot of talking about farm relief. Both will claim that their party has found the royal Road to farm prosperity, and that anyone disagreeing with it is an enemy of the people.

This is to be expected, politics being the kind of game it is. But a great many unprejudiced persons, without any partisan axe to grind, are coming to the opinion that the best kind of farm relief originates not in Washington but on the farm. The old maxim that "self help is the best help" may have been seen by some modern theories, but it hasn't been outlawed yet. It is as sound today as it ever was.

The finest example of that old fashioned "self-help" is found in the agricultural cooperatives, which act as the farmer's representative in the process of producing and disposing of his products on the most profitable basis. These co-ops are permanent—they are non-political—they aren't managed by bureaucrats—they aren't trying to advance the fortunes of this party or that one. And they're doing more that is sound in a business way for agriculture than all the "farm relief" bills proposed since the war.

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When you total your current bills on the tenth of next month, it would be a good idea to add in an item that you may not even realize you now owe—your share of the national debt, which is a first mortgage on your earnings, your business and your home.

Today the total governmental debt stands at the record figure of \$53,000,000,000, of which Federal debt accounts for \$34,000,000,000 and local debts for \$19,000,000,000. It averages \$424 for every man, woman and child in this country—\$2,120 for a family of five.

As an obligation it comes ahead of your grocery bill, dentist bills or rent. It will have to be paid by your children or their children's children, if not by you. The only source of governmental credit is your property. The only source of governmental revenue is the extraction of money from your pocket, through taxation, to pay governmental bills.

The national debt is constantly growing, and some authorities anticipate it will be increased by ten to thirty per cent within the comparatively near future. If the citizens of this country permit continued and unrestrained profligacy, they should not kick about following the Pied Piper to the poorhouse.

The Town Where I Live—
It's My Town

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce the following Candidates for the office next above their names, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, July 25, 1936.
All Announcements strictly Cash.

For District Judge,
51st Judicial District.

JOHN F. SUTTON
(re-election)
GLENN R. LEWIS

For District Attorney,
51st Judicial District.

O. C. FISHER

For Representative 92nd Dist.

HORACE B. SESSIONS
(re-election)

COKE COUNTY, TEXAS

For County Judge,
McNEIL WYLIE
(re-election)

For County and District Clerk
WILLIS SMITH
(re-election)

For Sheriff & Tax Collector,
FRANK PERCIFULL
(re-election)
PERCY MYERS

For County Treasurer,
Mrs. DAISY McCUTCHEM
(re-election)
IRVAN H. BRUNSON

For Commissioner Prec. No. 1.
H. C. VARNADORE
(re-election)

For Commissioner Prec. No. 3.
T. R. HARMON
RALPH GARVIN

For Public Cotton Weigher
Precinct No. 1.
WALTER McDORMAN
(re-election)

It is possible that the decisive factor in the General Election of 1936 will be a man who was unknown to millions of Americans up to a month ago, and who was known to millions of others only because his name appeared on a Congressional bill which was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the U. S.

That man is Congressman William Lemke of North Dakota.

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J. F. Morrow returned this week from a trip to Sonora and other points.

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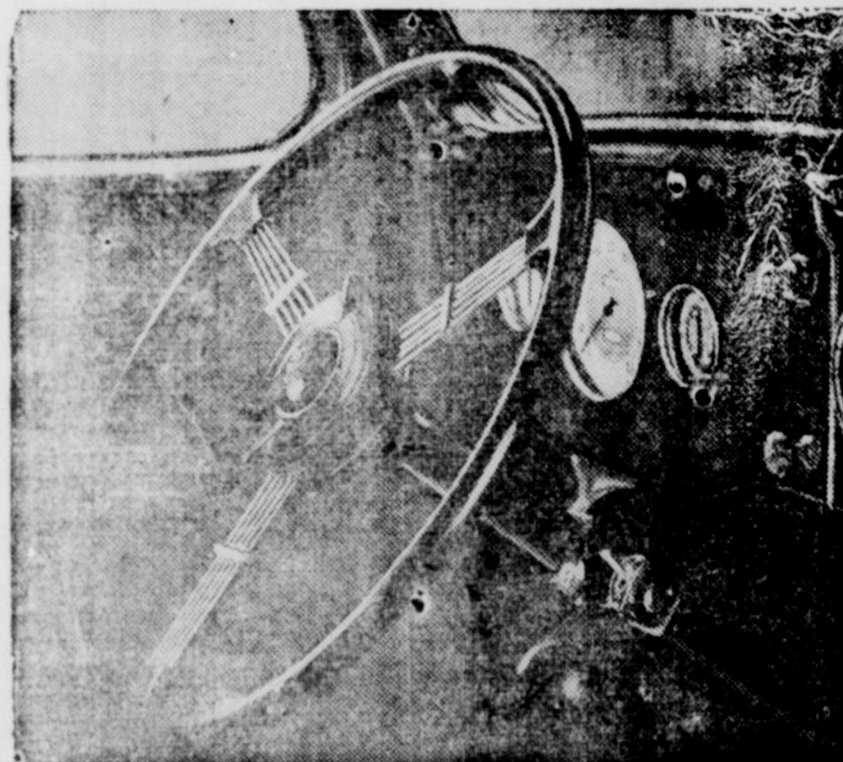
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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington.—As the full meaning of the platforms of the two major party conventions sinks in, certain very definite conclusions cannot be avoided. In each instance, the two old political organizations have moved into virgin territory, entirely new fields.

In the case of the Republicans, their Cleveland convention completely reorganized their party leadership and placed the responsibility in the hands of younger men, casting onto the ash heap along with the old guard leaders, many of the old time conservative ideas.

In the case of the Democrats, their Philadelphia convention virtually created a new party. They went further toward the radical side than they have ever gone before. In no spirit of criticism, it must be said that the Philadelphia convention really gave birth to a New Deal party, as such. The one thing they kept was the Democratic label.

The theme song of the Republican platform was molded out of the fabric that is part and parcel of the younger generation as distinguished from the attitude given birth and promoted and protected by the Penroses, the Lodges, the Smoots and others of that texture. This is to say that the Republican convention, for the first time in many years, has moved its campaign pronouncements out onto something approximating a moral plan, or at least the evidence is they have attempted to do so.

The Democrats, having had ten days between the Republican convention and their own in which to study the Republican document and improve upon it, went considerably beyond their opponents in the language they used. They have made an appeal to the voters of the nation that surely will attract many thousands of voters to the support of Mr. Roosevelt.

On the other hand, the Philadelphia convention proceeded to cast aside many traditions, many principles, which old line Democrats, who love the Jeffersonian theory, regard as their political bible, and they may antagonize that segment of the old party by so doing.

To state the proposition in another way, many observers and political analysts hold that while the Democratic platform contains fewer contradictions than does the Republican pronouncement and that, on the whole, it is a much better written platform, they have leaned so far to the radical side that they are leaving conservative Democrats and old guard Republicans only one place to go—to the Republican candidate. This develops because, in the first instance, the old guard Republicans obviously cannot embrace a Democratic platform which they regard as too liberal and they have no choice but the Republicans. The conservative Democrats will have the choice to make. They can go to the New Deal party or they can remain as old line Democrats and swallow their pride of party affiliation long enough to support the Republican, Governor Landon.

One may look back over the doings at Philadelphia and recognize that the meeting was a thoroughly controlled form Washington. That was natural because the party in power obviously has all of the important federal offices filled with its own men. The convention included among its delegates about 64 per cent of federal office holders.

That explains better than any way I know how the 104-year-old two-thirds rule was so easily abrogated. That rule has been a sore spot in conventions for years. It has many times been the direct cause of bitter convention battles and has bred scores of bitter personal animosities. It was none the less interesting, however, to see the Philadelphia delegates toss out principles of the Democratic party with such utter abandon.

I am convinced that the Democrats have not seen the end of the two-thirds rule yet. There is every indication that it will arise again when the next party meeting is held. There are plenty of Democrats who believe that the requirement of a vote of two-thirds of all delegates shall be recorded for the man selected as the party's Presidential nominee is a protective measure. But when the convention

voted out the two-thirds rule, it took the Democratic party out of the hands of the South.

It seems to me that the Southerners cannot be blamed for desiring to maintain that two-thirds rule. This is their position: through all of the recent elections, the Democratic nominee has begun his campaign with the assurance that 11, 12 or 13 states in the South would give him their electoral vote. He could concentrate, therefore, on the North and the West. The old line southerners have held that since they always supplied from 100 to 140 electoral votes upon which the Democratic nominee could build, they ought to have something to say about his nomination, about the type of man selected. The two-thirds rule gave them a veto power and they have used it many times.

Now, unless the old line Democrats again gain control of the party, the South will no longer be able to sit as the umpire in deciding the type of character of the man who will bear their party label in campaigns.

The question may arise in many minds as to how the rule came to be discarded so easily. Earlier in this report to you, I mentioned that 64 per cent of the delegates to Philadelphia were federal office holders or party leaders selected by the Roosevelt patronage dispensers. The presence of those office holders and party leaders who have been bound to the Roosevelt administration in one way or another constitutes the answer. There were enough of them in the southern delegations to constitute a balance of power on close vote; in state delegation caucuses. Hence we witnessed a good many southern states voting to abrogate the two-thirds rule over protests of some of their own numbers.

In these days when the world, as well as the American nation, is sorely troubled and disturbed, those Americans who are convinced that isolation may ruin our country, can find little satisfaction either in the Democratic or Republican platforms. This may not seem important until one looks back over the last two decades. Examination of what has happened in that time is sufficient to demonstrate the significance of this isolationist trend by both major political parties.

The Republican plank on foreign affairs has little to say and what it says is chiefly negative. The plank drafted by the Roosevelt administration and adopted by the Philadelphia convention is as nebulous as the milky way. Each platform talks about peace but it is decidedly doubtful that either platform has offered a genuine way to obtain or maintain peace.

It was only natural that the Republicans should restate their opposition to the League of Nations. It was likewise only natural that the Democratic plank on foreign affairs should be full of glittering generalities because it is yet to be remembered that the late Woodrow Wilson has countless followers in the New Deal party who hold the conviction that the League of Nations, with American support, would solve most world problems. It is obvious, therefore, that the Democrats could not commit the party either to League adherence or non-adherence.

Except for the party split over the old Wilsonian policies whose ideals stood as a ghost in the background in the Philadelphia convention, one might have expected more definite declarations from the Philadelphia conclave. For example, the Roosevelt administration has sponsored reciprocal trade agreements. It has broadened American foreign policy in many other ways but some leader in the group that drafted the 1936 platform was smart enough to realize that a declaration on internationalism: that was too strong would have brought about a vicious outburst at Philadelphia. In consequence, almost nothing of a tangible character was forthcoming.

Therefore, in summing up, I think it must be concluded that both platforms have been drawn up to appeal to Americans as isolationists. Likewise, it occurs to me that the interpretation of their promises and plans and foreign policies by the two contending candidates will be the more interesting as the campaigns proceed.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. F. E. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for July 19

SOCIAL SERVICE IN THE EARLY CHURCH

LESSON TEXT — Acts 4:32-35; II Corinthians 8:1-9.
GOLDEN TEXT—He said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Acts 20:35.

PRIMARY TOPIC—How Jesus' Friends Shared.

JUNIOR TOPIC—When Christians See Others in Need.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Christians Sharing With Others.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christians and Social Service.

Social service in the early Church was a by-product of the gospel and not the gospel itself. Those who are saved by the gospel will show their concern for their fellows, especially those who are fellow members of the body of Christ.

I. Characteristics of the Primitive Church (Acts 4:31-35).

1. It was a praying church (v. 31). The early Christians for every want and need betook themselves to God in prayer. Their faith caused them to go to the living God, believing that their needs would be supplied.

2. The Spirit-filled church (v. 31). When they prayed, the place was shaken wherein they were gathered together and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit.

3. It was a church which had great boldness in preaching the Word of God (v. 31). The ministers of the Spirit-filled church will not offer any apology for the Bible, but will preach it.

4. It was a united church (v. 32). They were all of one heart and soul.

5. It was a generous church (v. 32). They held nothing back from those who had need. The needs were supplied from a common fund. This was not Communism any more than when the church today helps from a common fund those who have need.

6. The ministers had a powerful testimony (v. 33).

7. It was a church whose members possessed unblemished character (v. 33). Great grace was upon them all.

II. Generous Act of Barnabas (Acts 4:36, 37).

He sold a piece of land and turned over all the proceeds to be used for those in need. It is not said that Barnabas sold all the land he had. His act, therefore, cannot in any real sense be used as a precedent for a community of goods in the church.

III. Stephen the Deacon (Acts 6:1-8).

As soon as the church had relief from external troubles, difficulties arose within. Up to this time it would seem that the problems of the church were in the hands of the apostles. A congregational meeting was called, the case placed before the church, and the church instructed to select seven men of good reputation and Spirit-filled, to administer the temporalities, giving the apostles time for prayer and the ministry of God's Word. Among the seven deacons thus chosen, Stephen had first place. While engaged in his duties as a deacon, he shined into the light as an eloquent and powerful preacher.

IV. The Good Deeds of Dorcas (Acts 9:36-43).

Dorcas was a practical Christian woman. She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did, not what she talked of doing. Her death was a real loss. If all professing Christian women would use their needles as Dorcas did, there would be more real testimony for Christ.

V. Christian Stewardship (II Cor. 8:1-9).

1. Examples of true Christian benevolence (vv. 1-5). The liberality of these Macedonian churches exhibits practically every principle and motive entering into Christian giving.

a. The source of true giving (v. 1), is said to be the grace of God.

b. They gave from the depths of their poverty (v. 2).

c. Their willingness surpassed their ability (v. 3).

d. They were insistent on being allowed the privilege of giving (v. 4).

e. They first gave themselves to the Lord (v. 5).

2. Emulation of Macedonian benevolence urged (vv. 6-15).

a. Not as a command (v. 8). Acceptable giving must be spontaneous.

b. As proof of the sincerity of love (v. 8). Sincere love is benevolent action toward the object loved.

c. As the completion and harmony of Christian character (v. 7).

d. The self-sacrificing example of Christ (v. 9).

e. The true principle upon which gifts are acceptable to God (vv. 10-12). The motive of the giver determines the value of the gift.

f. Every Christian should give something (vv. 13-15).

Matron's Dress with Vestee



Pattern No. 1907-B

This dress designed with soft capel sleeves and a contrasting vestee is one of those perennial styles. It is always a pleasure to show by popular request. They're so universally becoming to larger and more mature women, and so adaptable to conventional occasions.

The model shown is a clever street frock which takes into consideration the fitting problem encountered by many women whose tastes incline toward conservative rather than complicated dressmaking. The lines are studied to give slenderness without sacrificing a trim and neat appearance, exemplified in the

beautiful pointed up bodice, especially graceful and smart. Sheer cotton, prints and chiffons are delightful for town or country.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1907-B is available for sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 4, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Summer Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

A Selfish Want

He who goes round about in his requests wants, commonly, more than he chooses to appear to want.—Lavater.

Iron the Easy Way
with the **GENUINE INSTANT LIGHTING**
Coleman
SELF-HEATING IRON

The Coleman is a genuine instant lighting iron. All you have to do is turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. You don't have to insert the matches inside the iron—no burned fingers.

The Coleman heats in a jiffy; is quickly ready for use. Entire ironing surface is heated with just the hottest. Maintains its heat even for the fast worker. Entirely self-heating. Operates for 1/2 an hour. You do your ironing with less effort, in one-third less time. Be sure your next iron is the genuine Instant-Lighting Coleman. It's the iron every woman wants. It's a wonderful time and labor saver—nothing like it. The Coleman is the easy way to iron.

SEND POSTCARD FOR FREE Folder and Full Details.
THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO.
Dept. 21114, Wichita, Kans.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif. (MS17)

Wild Imagination
Almost all of us make ourselves unhappy by too much forecast.

HOT? TIRED? Drink Kool-Aid
MAKES 10 GLASSES AT GROCERS 15¢

CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder
10¢

GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

Prove it for yourself with the "First Quart" test. Drain and refill with Quaker State Motor Oil. Note the mileage. See how much farther you go before you have to add the tell-tale first quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania. Retail Price... 35¢ per quart.

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL
CERTIFIED GUARANTEED

Locals & Personals

Visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dodson last week-end were her brother and sister, J. W. Buford and Mrs. W. A. Baker and two children, of Wichita Falls, also her nephew, Bruce Buford, wife and children from California.

Barney Hines and family of Edith returned this week from Alabama where they visited for several weeks.

Mrs. Sam Powell left Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Claud Carter of Harlingen for an extended tour of the Southern States.

He Didn't Like Coke

Dear Editor:

I am full of woe. I left my home across the river Jordan for to make my livin', my papa he told me I'd hav ta get out and Russell for maself. I put on my Hood and set out to Roe across the wide sea, to the land of opportunity that is commonly called Coke County. But I no lika da county. I settle near the Fields and built my house and Barnes. I painted my house Brown and put in a long Hall. For quick Service I placed in every room a Bell. The grass looks Green, so I decided to plant my Beans and Peays. I work Day and Knight tryin' to get me a Gardner. A Good one was hard to find. But I have no trouble findin' a Taylor. Da black Smith he say he do my work for lots of money, so I taka my Bolt to him. He say he grinda my Vowell, and I say dats all Wright. I hira my Cook, but when I smell a Fish I come nigh Keeling over. Things looks well for the Summers, but when the sky turned Grey the Jay Byrds fly in from the Clifts along wid da Fobbins and picks da sweet Williams right outa my yard. Da rats dey git in my Barnes and chew da corn offa da Cobb. I loosa da Key to my stalls and my donkey he goes to da Woods where I can hear him Brey. I Trimble wid fear when I see da Hale Slaughter my crops. Da Long days Burns my head, I put on lotsa Capps but it do no Good. I think maybe to Morrow might be better. I put on me Overalls and Walker da lane, but I see that I am deep in the Webb of despair. I thinka maybe I turn to a Fish. But my Roane horse he die, and I hafa walk to da river. The boat she am sunk, and I hafta Roe aroun' in a Tubb. I have no luck so I go back home but the Sparks is set my house afire I hafta have the town Cryer to helpa me to put it out. I hava Moore trouble, the King back home has turned Savage and I call on de Angel to help me. By dis time I hava to have store Cole, but I'm Owens everbody, and the Coleman no will bring it. I needa Moreland, but no can get it, de a-Rabb he own it all. My hair it turns White and de Wrinkles gets thick on my brow. My cookasheleave when I Teller I no can pay. She say she no Gaines nothing by being a Baker for me.

Great Scott! what am I goin' to do, the Powers are all against me. My Otto she no run so I just Parker and walk.

De pests dey call Cankers is runnin' wild so I tink I'll go backa home.

Yours very truly
First and Last

Mrs. J. D. Davis has had as her guests this week a niece, Mrs. Herbert Walker of Goss, Texas, and Mr. and Mrs. Bob Baker of Winters.

Robert Hester probably is the first man in the county to plant Lespedeza, the new forage plant. He says it grew on very poor land, but the yield was heavy. Lespedeza is destined to be the future forage crop of this section.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson and Ernest and family returned this week from a trip through Northeast Texas. They report conditions better in Coke than any part they visited. One day was spent at the Centennial.

Mrs. Douglas Snead returned this week from a visit with relatives in Deming, N. M., and El Paso.

Dr. and Mrs. Griffith and daughter, Virginia, went to Houston first of the week for a visit with their son and brother.

The family of Mr. Allen, executive vice-president of Robert Lee State Bank, is with him this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Vest and daughter, Jo Ann, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Williams attended the Centennial this week.

Summer materials reduced at

W. K. Simpson & Co.

Death claimed the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Boykin of Edith, Monday night. The child was buried Tuesday with Rev. O. E. Moreland conducting the service.

DANCE

At

Robert Lee

July 17

Joe Teagarden's famous
Casino Park Orchestra

-- SCRIPT 75c --

Among those attending the zone meeting of the Methodist W. M. S. at Veribest, Tuesday were, Mesdames Marvin Simpson, Bruce Clift, E. B. Creech, Chism Brown and J. S. Craddock.

Miss La Rue Millican has returned from San Angelo where she has been attending Summer school.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dickey and Mrs. Dickey of Ballinger, attended the funeral of Mrs. I. C. Page at Paint Creek Sunday.

Miss Pearl Hurley is here from Pecos visiting her relatives. With her are the children of Charlie Hurley, Hollis and Velma Jane.

Albert Blair is laid up this week with blood poison in his right hand. He has made several trips to San Angelo for treatment.

A truck from the commodity headquarters at Sweetwater was in Robert Lee Monday, and at Bronte Tuesday, dispensing peas, mutton, milk and onions to those eligible to relief. The truck is scheduled to make monthly trips here with supplies.

Mrs. A. W. Puett received a message last Friday morning notifying her of the death of her mother in Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Welch was 72 years of age at the time of her death.

Sunnyside Cafe

Invites you
to drop in to see them
Quick, Courteous Service
Under New Management

Phone us your local news.

PHOTOS

While you wait

3 Photos 10c
Poses

Sunday, July 19, last day

City Tailor Shop

Athlete's Foot

BROWN'S LOTION is guaranteed to cure ATHLETE'S FOOT in from 5 to 14 days. If your toes itch or have small blisters on them you are suffering with this disease. First wash the affected parts with BROWN'S LOTION SOAP. Sold with money back guarantee. 60c and \$1.00 sizes. Soap 50c at

THE CITY DRUG STORE.

The Town Where I Live--
It's My Town

ALAMO THEATRE

"THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT"
ROBERT LEE, TEXAS

Friday & Saturday, July, 17 & 18

Roger Pryor in

"RETURN of JIMMIE VALENTINE"

with Charlotte Henry, Robert Warwick and others.

Also 'When Do We Eat' Comedy and News

Sunday, 2 to 6, & Monday, July 19 & 20

W. C. FIELDS in

"POPPY"

with Rochelle Hudson, Richard Cromwell
and Lynne Overman

Also 'Half Shot Shooters' Comedy and News

Wednesday Only July 22nd

Cary Grant & Joan Bennett in

"BIG BROWN EYES"

with Walter Pidgeon, Alan Baxter, Lloyd Nolan,
Isabel Jewell, Margorie Gateson and Douglass Forley
Also Comedy,

"It's The Money"
"30"

To Wednesday noon, twenty-five absentee votes had been cast, according to county clerk, Willis Smith.

The Sunnyside Cafe is having a kitchen added to their building which will give considerable more room.

On Saturday, July 18, we will give a Simplicity Pattern (15c) free with each 3 1-2 yard dress material

at
W. K. Simpson & Company

THE RED & WHITE STORES

Specials For Friday and Saturday, July 17 & 18

Texas	GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, 2 No 2 cans	18c
Tree Sweet	ORANGE JUICE, 2 No 1 cans	19c
Red & White	PINEAPPLE JUICE, 2 No 1 cans	19c
Spears	PRUNE JUICE, 2 No 1 cans,	19c
Red & White	GRAPE JUICE, Pt. Bottle,	13c
Phillips	TOMATO JUICE, 2 No 1 cans	9c
Red & White	TOMATO JUICE, 2 No 1 cans	15c
Publix	TOMATO JUICE, 2 No 2 cans	19c
Canada Dry	GINGER ALE, 2 - 12 oz bottles	25c
Red & White	TEA 1/2 lb. pkg	35c
	1/4 lb. pkg	18c
BIRD BRAND	Shortening 4 lb. ctn.	48c
	8 lb. ctn.	95c
Red & White	Coffee 1 lb can	29c
Bright & Early	Coffee 1 lb package	19c
Red & White	FLAV-R-JELL 3 packages	14c
Iowa Club	CORN 2 No 2 cans	19c
Red & White Golden Bantam	CORN, 12 oz cans	14c
Smoothie	ICE CREAM POWDER, pkg.	5c

R & W	LUNCHEON SPREAD 2-3oz cans	19c
Texas	HOMINY No 300 can	5c
Blue Cross	TOILET PAPER 3 Roll Carton	23c
Red & White Laundry	SOAP 5 giant bars	17c
	BROOMS each	90c
Choiced Dried	APRICOTS, lb	15c
B & W FABLE SALT,	2 pkgs.	5c
CHORE GORL,	2 pkgs.	19c
Pure Cane	SUGAR 10 lb Cloth Bags	57c

Fresh Fruits & Vegetables

Properly Ripened	BANANAS Doz.	15c
California	ORANGES 288's - doz.	17c
Extra Large bunches	CARROTS each	2c
Solid Heads Calif.	LETTUCE Each	4c
calif. white rose	POTATOES 5 lb.	19c
	FRESH PINEAPPLE, large, 2 for	29c

W.M. Simpson -- W.J. Cumbie