

The Robert Lee Observer

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Announcing of 14th Annual Sanco Camp Meeting

The people of Sanco, the board of directors, the young people's committee, all the workers, and many others who have come to the Sanco camp meeting through the years send out a cordial invitation to the Fourteenth Annual Sanco Camp Meeting July 15-25, and to the Homecoming Day for Sanco and Coke County and all who have been here, on Sunday, July 18.

The meeting will open Thursday night, July 15. On the following Sunday will be the special homecoming service, in which a number of Coke County people will take part. Monday morning the Bible Conference will open. Tuesday will be barbecue day. Then on Friday, the last barbecue day, Rev. W. E. Hawkins, Jr. is to conduct some of the services.

Rev. W. O. Love, who did the preaching last year, will be the evangelist again this year. Bro. Love is pastor of the Sycamore Heights Baptist Church in Fort Worth. Specially invited workers include Baptists, Methodists and Independents. There is no line of prejudice drawn. The statement of faith by the Board of Directors plants the meeting on the solid Rock of Ages, but welcome all who come in His name to work, and everybody who comes to hear.

The work done here is to give out the gospel of salvation thru faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to encourage upright Christian life and service, to encourage all country Sunday schools where all sincere and believing Christian in the community may have a part, and to inspire and send back better Christians to every church from which they come for this vacation from care and communion with Christ.

On the banks of Yellow Wolf Creek, where the newly designated Highway 208 runs through the mountains of northern Coke county, in a peaceful pasture country where the hills have a thousand echoes, there are people who believe the Bible, love the Lord, and welcome you to this believing fellowship.

Prosperity has blessed the hillside pastures. "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

Send your Sunday school teachers, country community leaders, bring a delegation from your church or community to camp on the grounds, to get good and give good. The young people, grown up in the meetings here, have extended a county-wide invitation. In the old-fashioned western way we invite you. Our only profit is the blessing we gain and the blessing we give, and we need and welcome all the people from the towns and the country communities of all Coke county and all the counties around it.

In His Name,

L. S. Bird,

Secretary, Board of Directors The Directors, and Young People's Committee.

W. W. Thetford

W. W. Thetford, a well known Coke county farmer-stockman, died at his home Tuesday morning following an illness of a number of years. Mr. Thetford, sixty years of age, was born in Arkansas and came this country with his family when he was a small child. Excepting for a few years during his young manhood in Matador, he lived in southwest Coke county where he had farm and ranch interests.

He is survived by his widow, formerly Miss Nannie Oats; two sons, J. T. and W. W. Jr., (Bud) of Robert Lee; four daughters, Mrs. Claud Vest, Hatch, M. M., Mrs. Elmer Hurley and Mrs. Douglas Snead, both of Robert Lee, and Mrs. Paul Hoglund of Carrizo Springs; a brother, Tom Thetford of Buckeye, Ariz., a sister, Mrs. J. S. Lambert of Matador, two half-brothers John A. Gardner and Neely Gardner of Calif., three half-sisters, Mrs. Lily Rogers of Paragould Ark., Mrs. Effie Philips of Santa Rosa Calif., and Mrs. Sallie Millican of South Texas, and twelve grandchildren.

Funeral services, conducted by Rev. Earl Hoggard, were held Wednesday afternoon at the Robert Lee Methodist church and burial was in the Paint Creek cemetery.

Mr. Thetford is spoken of by everyone as a fine man, a true neighbor, a man always to be depended on, and a life long friend, J. F. Sparks, here to attend the funeral, said of him, "I played with him when we were boys, I've known him all of our lives, and I can say he was the best friend I ever had."

Bluebonnet Bridge Club

The Blue Bonnet Bridge club met Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. F. C. Clark for the regular social hour and election of officers. Members attending were Miss Mittie Russell, Mesdames S. E. Adams, Chism Brown, Rial Denman, Paul Good, P. E. Mahon, Cortez Russell, Dollie Wylie, Marvin Simpson. Guests include Mrs. Jo Ramsey, Mrs. J. C. Snead Jr., Mrs. Ray Smith of Ft. Worth, Mrs. Allen Davis of Taft, Carlene Clark and Katie Sue Good.

Officers elected for the coming year were Mrs. Marvin Simpson president, Mrs. Rial Denman, secretary, and Miss Mittie Russell and Mrs. S. E. Adams, captains.

Mrs. W. B. Clift will be hostess to the club at the next regular meeting.

Will Close Monday

As the Fourth of July falls on Sunday, practically all of the places of business will be closed Monday in Robert Lee.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH



With the old world entangled in the bitterest controversies since the World War and the lessons of that conflict forgotten, it would seem that the United States, now at peace with the world, has reason for making this Fourth of July a memorable one.

Any American citizen who cannot find in his heart just cause for celebration this year is lacking in appreciation of the blessing of peace. All one need do to feel proud of our own position is read the daily reports of new entanglements, new hates and new threats carried by cable from foreign shores and of the tales of actual bloodshed and carnage as other nations go rushing headlong toward another war. Through it all America enjoys the blessings of peace and domestic comfort, with no hatred in her heart for those who put greed and power above all else. At peace with neighbors to the north and south, separated from old turmoil and tragedy by many miles of natural waters, able to settle her domestic misunderstandings happily and without the loss of blood, the heart of every citizen who dwells beneath the stars and stripes should now swell with patriotism and love of country.

So hang out the good old flag and set off the fireworks. Forget for the moment all business cares and the little things that vex. Be glad you are a part of the most wonderful nation the sun ever shone upon, a nation of freedom who through their love of home and free institutions will see that it remains great. Never were there more reasons for patriotic thankfulness than now. Never was there greater reasons for making this a Grand and Glorious Fourth.

Six Living Grandmothers

A child is counted fortunate to have two living grandmothers, a grandmother with a living grandmother is very rare, but a child with six living grandmothers is something to talk about.

Last week five generations were present at the home of Mrs. E. B. Creech. Mrs. C. W. Wigzell, a great-grandmother, Mrs. Dora F. Dozier, a great-grandmother, Mrs. E. B. Creech, grandmother, Mrs. Floyd Harmon, mother, and the children of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Harmon making the fifth in line. Five of the Harmon children's six grandmothers were together at the Creech home last week: Mrs. Wigzell of Sherwood, great-grandmother; Mrs. Dozier of Sherwood and Mrs. M. M. Sparks of Paint Creek, great-grandmothers; Mrs. Creech, Robert Lee, and Mrs. Thomas Harmon, grandmothers. Mrs. Bell Harmon of Midland, the other great-grandmother, was not present.

Mrs. Wigzell and Mrs. Dozier were moving from Stonewall county back to their old home, Sherwood.

Also visiting Mrs. Creech was her uncle, George Wigzell.

Marian Gilbert of Carbon, who is the house guest of Maxine Craddock, was the guest of honor at a three-day outing at Christoval this week. Others of the party were Maxine Craddock, Carleen Clark, Katie Sue Good, Doris Snead and Alta Bell Bilbo. Accompanying the girls were Mrs. J. S. Craddock, J. C. Jr., and Mrs. F. C. Clark.

Recent Brides Honored

Honoring Mrs. Raymond McCutchen whose marriage was told in San Angelo June 5. Mrs. Marvin Stewart and her daughter, Bryce, entertained at their home Thursday afternoon with a miscellaneous shower.

Guests were given a vocabulary test in recording words that can be formed from "matrimony." In a drawing for the 'lucky number', the bride was the fortunate one and was awarded an assortment of gifts.

Mary Lou McCutchen presided at the bride's book and Bryce Stewart served punch and cake.

About thirty guests, including classmates and girl friends of the bride, attended. Others sent in gifts.

Social Meeting

Miss Mettie Russell and Mrs. Rial Denman were joint hostesses at the Russell home Thursday afternoon to the Methodist Sunday School young womens' class for the regular monthly social meeting. Games and contests furnished entertainment and refreshments served.

Members present other than the hostesses and the teacher, Mrs. J. S. Craddock, were Mrs. G. L. Taylor, Mrs. Allie Bilbo, Mrs. Marvin Simpson, Mrs. A. F. Landers, Mrs. Elsie Wright, and Mrs. Ray Smith. Miss Russell Marie Smith and Donald Smith were guests.

PHONE US YOUR LOCAL NEWS.

Weta Spykes and McNeil Wylie Are Wed

Weta Spykes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Spykes of Hermleigh, Texas, and McNeil Wylie, son of Mrs. Dollie Wylie of Robert Lee was solemnized at the altar of the First Methodist Church of Snyder, Sunday, June 27, at 6:30 p. m. with the local pastor, Rev. H. C. Gordon reading the ring ceremony. Miss Virginia Spykes, sister of the bride and a senior in Texas Tech and Owen Benn of Abernathy, a Tech graduate, were the only attendants.

The bride wore a tailored suit of white linen, a white hat of soft felt, with a blouse of white sheer, a corsage of gardenias, with white accessories. The bride's attendant wore a frock of aqua blue silk linen with white accessories and a corsage of pink rosebuds.

Immediately after the ceremony the newlyweds left for a tour of New Mexico. After a brief honeymoon the couple will be at home in Robert Lee where Mrs. Wylie is employed as English teacher in the local high school, and Mr. Wylie is country judge.

Mrs. Wylie is an honor graduate of Hermleigh High School and Texas Technological College where she received her B. A. degree in 1934 and was a member of the Alpha Chi Chapter of the Southern Scholarship Society.

Mr. Wylie, a prominent citizen of Coke county, is a member of a pioneer family of that county.

Interesting Vacation

A letter to Mrs. W. M. Simpson from Mrs. W. W. McCutchen who is having an interesting vacation in Washington, D. C. with Mrs. Gwinn Williams of San Angelo, tells of her trip there and of the wonders she has been seeing. She has done all the driving, 1863 miles to the Capitol and she says she drives around Washington "like it was Robert Lee."

She has visited the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institute, the National Museum, the home of Washington; has had lunch at the Capitol with friends of the Williams, has been entertained in the home of a multimillionaire, met a radio singer, a writer and a Virginian who raises fine horses and was still "going places and seeing things."

Mrs. McCutchen and Mrs. Williams are expected home in a few days.

MEETING BEGINS

G. B. Shelbourne of Abilene will do the preaching for a ten day meeting at the Church of Christ to begin tonight, Friday, July 2. There will be open air services. Mr. Shelbourne has been holding meetings since the beginning of the summer and has a full schedule. He and Mrs. Shelbourne, formerly Miss Wilma Jean Key, are well known here.

News Review of Current Events

BOARD MEDIATES STRIKE

More Deaths As Steel Riots Continue . . . Russians Hop Over Pole to U. S. . . . New Cabinet for France



They flew here from Russia: (left to right) Beliakoff, Chekalov, Baidukoff.

Miss Perkins Names Three

THE federal government took a hand in the settlement of the dispute between John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization and the big independent steel companies, as the mediation board of three, appointed by Secretary of Labor Frances E. Perkins, sat in Cleveland to hear the cases of both sides. The government's move was prompted as the steel strikes, affecting plants in several states, threatened new outbreaks of violence which might be beyond the powers of local or even state governments to control.



Secy. Perkins

As the mediators began their task of effecting a compromise, a dozen persons had been killed in strike riots and scores more injured since the strike against Republic, Bethlehem, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, and Inland started May 26. Eighty-five thousand workers already had lost approximately \$10,000,000 in wages.

The climactic incident which finally goaded the government into some action other than occasional "off-the-record" statements was a widely-publicized telegram to President Roosevelt from Gov. Martin L. Davey of Ohio, fearful lest the bloodshed already occurring in Youngstown and other cities breed into a little civil war.

"Apparently every avenue of approach available to the state of Ohio has been exhausted for the time being," Governor Davey wired. "It appears that the matter has gone way beyond the powers and opportunities of one state to deal with it."

Charles P. Taft II, Cincinnati lawyer, son of the former President and chief justice, and a member of the "brain trust" of Governor Landon's presidential campaign, was named chairman of the mediation board. Appointed to sit with him were Lloyd K. Garrison, former president of the national labor relations board, and Edward F. McGrady, assistant secretary of labor and a former A. F. of L. organizer under Samuel Gompers.

The mediation board had a job cut out for it. It was to conduct an investigation of the strikes and the grievances of both sides, then make recommendations for a settlement. It has power to act as arbitrator only if both sides request it to.

Johnstown's Martial Law

MAYOR DANIEL J. SHIELDS, of Johnstown, Pa., where 15,000 were out of work because of the forced shut-down of Bethlehem Steel's Cambria plant, was not so successful in his appeal to the President. Federal action to prevent recurring riots with attendant injuries was refused him. But Gov. George H. Earle declared martial law there and forced Bethlehem to close the plant, despite vigorous protests. Forty thousand coal miners had announced they would hold a mass meeting to decide upon action in aiding the steel strikers; rioting between strikers, non-strikers and police seemed imminent, but in the face of the Pennsylvania police they did not come off.

Death Strikes for Two

TWO Ohio strikers were killed and 25 persons were injured as strikers and police fought for three hours in front of the Republic Steel plant in Youngstown, Ohio, before a truce was arranged between Sheriff Ralph Elser and John Stevenson, union organizer. Gov. Davey finally sent state troops.

A mob of strikers had attacked a company of police on guard at the plant, forcing the latter to retaliate with tear gas guns. Snipers among the mob tried to pick off policemen from vantage points on nearby hills.

At neighboring cities of Warren and Canton police were apprehensive because of threats by the C. I. O. union to prevent a proposed back-to-work movement by loyal Republic Steel workers.

Steel Wants Its Mail

THE Republic Steel corporation filed in the federal district court in Washington a petition for a writ of mandamus compelling Postmaster General Farley to deliver parcel post packages to steel plants in Ohio which local postmasters have refused to deliver.

The petition charged that the local postmaster at Niles, Ohio, was refusing to deliver packages containing food and clothing and addressed to the loyal workers who were being housed inside the Republic plant.

Harry J. Dixon, local postmaster of Warren, at a hearing by the senate post office committee, testified that because of a ruling by W. W. Howes, first assistant postmaster general, he had refused to accept for delivery to the plants thousands of packages containing food, soap, clothing or other articles considered "abnormal."

Short Cut from Soviet

THREE Russian airmen successfully completed the first non-stop airplane flight from the Soviet Union to the United States. Taking the short, but hazardous, route over the North pole, they hopped off from Moscow to arrive in Vancouver, Wash., 63 hours and 17 minutes later, after traveling nearly 6,000 miles. They had planned to alight at Oakland, Calif., but poor visibility drove them down 580 miles from their goal.

The three were Pilot Valeri Chekaloff, Co-Pilot George Phillipovitch Baibukoff and Navigator Alexander Vassilievitch Beliakoff.

French Premier Quits

FACED with one of those financial crises all too frequent in recent French history, Premier Leon Blum asked the senate for powers which would make him financial dictator of France for about six weeks. He did not believe it possible to bring order into the treasury without so drastic a measure. When it was refused he and the 20 members of his cabinet resigned. He had served 117 days of his second year as premier of France—something of a modern record. President Albert Lebrun designated Camille Chautemps, radical socialist and a former premier, to attempt the formation of a new cabinet. A successor to Blum was not immediately in sight.



Premier Blum

The Popular Front government was one of the bulwarks of leftist tendencies in Europe, as opposed to extreme Fascism, and openly expressed its sympathy for the Spanish loyalists.

"Everybody thought he craved to pray, but that unknown humanitarian had a better notion than that. In less'n a minute he came inching out on that plank and there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd as he edged up behind the poor trembling wretch and slipped an anvil in the seat of his pants."

Barrie's Last Curtain

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE, novelist and playwright, whose whimsical pen gave to the world many important works of literature, including "Peter Pan," "The Little Minister," "Dear Brutus," and "What Every Woman Knows," died of bronchial pneumonia in London. He was seventy-seven years old.

what Irwin S. Cobb thinks about:

The New NRA Bill. SANTA MONICA, CALIF. — They do say the new NRA bill, as drawn by the Gallagher and Shean of the administration, Messrs. Corcoran and Cohen, is more sweeping than was the original NRA.

Even Gen. Hugh Johnson, once as conversational as Mrs. Astor's parrot, but lately exiled amid the uncongenial silences, crawls out from under a log in the woods with lichens in his hair, but the lower jaw still working smoothly in the socket, to tell how drastic a thing it is.

Critics assert this legislation will cover business like a wet blanket over a sick pup, and point out that the number of sick pups benefited by being tucked under wet blankets is quite small.



Irwin S. Cobb

Friendly French Visitors.

IT SEEMS we were cruelly wrong in ascribing mercenary motives to those French financiers who've been dropping in on us lately. They came only to establish more cordial relations. Of course, there's a new French bond issue to be floated, but these visits were purely friendly.

Still and all, I can't help thinking of Mr. Pincus, who invaded the east side to invite his old neighbor, Mr. Ginsburg, whom he hadn't seen in years, to be a guest at Mrs. Pincus' birthday party.

He gave full directions for traveling uptown, then added:

"Vere we lif now it's von of dose swell walk-up flats. So mit your right elbow you gif a little poosh on the thoid button in the dooram downstairs and the lock goes glick-glick and in you come. You go up two floors und den, mit your other elbow, you gif one more little poosh on the foist door to the left und walk in—und vill mommer be surprised!"

"Vait," exclaimed Mr. Ginsburg. "I could get to that Bronx. I got brains, ain't it? But also I got fingers und thumbs. Vot is de poosh-mit-elbows stuff?"

Murmured Mr. Pincus gently: "Surely you wouldn't come empty-handed!"

Visiting Ancient Ranchos.

UNDER the guidance of Leo Carillo, that most native of all native sons, I've been visiting such of the ancient ranchos as remain practically what they were before the Gringos came to southern California. You almost expect to find Ramona weaving in a crumbly patio.

What's more, every one of these lovely places is lived on by one of Leo's cousins. He has more kinfolks than a microbe. They say the early Carillos were pure Spanish, but I insist there must have been a strong strain of Belgian hare in the stock. When it came to progeny, the strain was to the Pacific coast what the Potomac shad had been to the eastern seaboard. It's more than a family—it's a species.

Privileges of Nazidom.

THE German commoner may be shy on the food rations and have some awkward moments unless he conforms to the new Nazi religion. But he enjoys complete freedom of the press—or rather, complete freedom from the press. And lately another precious privilege has been accorded him.

He may fight duels. Heretofore, this inestimable boon was exclusively reserved for the highborn. But now he may go forth and carve and be carved until the field of honor looks like somebody had been cleaning fish.

This increase in his blessings makes me recall a tale that Charley Russell, the cowboy artist, used to tell:

"The boys were fixing to hang a horse thief," Charley said. "He only weighed about ninety pounds, but for his heft he was the champion horse thief of Montana. The rope was swung from the roof of a barn. Then they balanced a long board out of the loft window, and the condemned was out at the far end of it, ready for the drop, when a stranger busted in.

"Everybody thought he craved to pray, but that unknown humanitarian had a better notion than that. In less'n a minute he came inching out on that plank and there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd as he edged up behind the poor trembling wretch and slipped an anvil in the seat of his pants."

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington.—Two actions of sections of the congress lately deserve more than ordinary attention.

Congress Makes News One of these was probably as courageous a position as any group of senators ever has taken. The other action—by majority of the house—was shot through with the utmost cowardice and selfishness.

Lately, a group of senators, nearly all Democrats, took their political lives in their hands and delivered to the senate a report from its judiciary committee advising defeat of President Roosevelt's proposal to add six new justices of his own choosing to the Supreme court of the United States.

In my time in Washington, I believe I can say without qualification, there never has been a committee action in the house or senate in which the President, as the leader of the dominant party, received such a castigation on a legislative proposal as was given Mr. Roosevelt by Democrats who constituted the majority of the senate judiciary committee. They did not mince words in any respect. Whatever may be the merit of Mr. Roosevelt's proposal to add six justices of his own choosing to the highest court, the majority report of the judiciary committee left no stone unturned in disclosing objections to the proposal as opponents of the court reorganization scheme see them.

Almost on the same day that senate Democrats were, in effect, breaking or revolting from the President's leadership, the Democratic majority in the house killed off a proposal for new taxes in the District of Columbia that would have resulted in taxing the salaries of representatives and senators and their office staffs. They were brazen about it. They were not going to vote an income tax upon themselves and they made no effort to conceal their reasons for refusing to accept the recommendations of a special tax subcommittee which was acting for the permanent committee in the house of the District of Columbia.

The District of Columbia committee, examining the budget for the seat of the federal government, was confronted with a deficit in the district finances and instructed its tax subcommittee to develop new sources of revenue in order that the District of Columbia might not get into debt. Among the taxes proposed was a tax on income of residents of the District of Columbia, which is synonymous with Washington, and it provided for taxing earnings here whether the person who earned the income was a resident of the capital city or not.

That was too much. The majority in the house of representatives just could not take it. They voiced their objections openly and, being superior in numbers to those who believed that income in the District of Columbia should be taxed, they forced the tax bill back to the District of Columbia committee for revision. Indeed, they went further. The line of criticism of an income tax that would touch the sacred salaries of congressmen and senators was such as to have the effect of forcing the committee to bring in a tax bill that would increase the tax on property in the federal area. Now, it is a fact that few members of the house and a very small number of senators have bought residences in Washington. They usually live in apartments or hotels or lease homes for the period that congress is in session. Consequently, a real estate tax will not concern most of the representatives and senators.

The indictment brought against the President's court plan by the senate judiciary committee was quite unusual in many respects.

In the first instance, it was approximately fifteen thousand words in length; being in that regard probably the longest and most comprehensive analysis that any congressional committee ever has made of a piece of legislation. Certainly, it is the most extensive examination to be included in a committee report in the last quarter of a century.

Every argument advanced by the administration in support of the plan was picked to pieces and held up to public gaze; every possible reason for expansion of the court

by the addition of six new justices was scrutinized and denounced and, then, the committee put forth some of its own ideas.

"It applies force to the judiciary," the committee said in a sentence that constituted one paragraph and thereby was emphasized.

"The only argument for the increase which survives analysis," the report added, "is that congress should enlarge the court so as to make the policies of this administration effective."

The bill was found by the seven Democrats and three Republicans who constituted a majority of the senate judiciary committee, to be "a needless, futile and utterly dangerous abandonment of constitutional principle." It charged that the "American system" of independence of the courts would be violated and that if the bill were to be enacted into law, "political control" over the judiciary branch of the government would pass into the hands of the President.

With the presentation of this terrific attack on the bill to the senate, a second unusual circumstance developed. Those Democrats who were opposed to the President's proposal decided to go about the job of fighting the measure on the floor in a manner seldom seen in the congress. These opponents from the Democratic ranks got together and chose Senator Wheeler of Montana as leader of the Democratic opposition to the Democratic President's court revision program. They gave him full authority to act, including the selection of a steering committee, a committee on strategy, to aid him.

Thus, in the senate now we have three major leaders. Senator Wheeler will speak for the court opposition; Senator Robinson of Arkansas as the leader of the Democratic party in the senate will lead the fight for passage of the court bill; and Senator McNary of Oregon will head up the Republicans as usual. Since all of the Republicans and Independents excepting only Senator La Follette, Progressive, of Wisconsin, are opposed to the court revision plan, Senator McNary and Senator Wheeler are working hand in glove against the regular Democratic line-up headed by Senator Robinson.

Speaking of taxes and the selfishness that was evident in the house

Hunt Tax Evaders

action, as mentioned earlier, calls to mind the investigation by the joint house and senate committee that is now under way. This committee, made up of five representatives and five senators has begun a search to find out how taxpayers avoid taxes or reduce the amounts they would otherwise have to pay by various trick schemes. The committee has been given fifty thousand dollars with which to make the investigation and it is receiving able assistance from Under Secretary Roswell Magill and other Treasury experts on taxation.

Contrary to the outlook when Mr. Roosevelt released a vicious attack on tax dodgers and tax avoiders, this committee is getting down to real business and there is every reason to believe it will be able to recommend to congress changes in the law that will stop some of the schemes and tricks to which large taxpayers have resorted.

I have sat in on a number of the hearings thus far, including the opening session when Secretary Morgenthau made the opening statement and disclosed to the satisfaction of everyone that he was not conversant with the problem at hand. Like the President, Mr. Morgenthau attempted to place the tax problem confronting the government on moral grounds. His statement did not click with the committee at all. With two or three exceptions, the committee members recognized the problem as purely a question of law and Senator Pat Harrison, Democrat of Mississippi, vice chairman, said that there was no point in making the investigation "a Roman holiday." Therefore, the thing settled down very quickly to an earnest study of cases where men have resorted to various kinds of subterfuges of law, to reduce their tax liability.

In this connection, it seemed to me that too much credit cannot be given Under Secretary Magill who apparently is anxious to get to the bottom of the problem.

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There's Only One

By
Sophie Kerr

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WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Preparing to close her summer home and spend the winter in France with a great-aunt, Anne Vincent, a middle-aged widow, accedes to the pleas of her adopted daughter Rachel, twenty and pretty, that she tell her about her real mother. Anne, an unselfish, understanding soul, finds the task difficult, since she feels Rachel is putting a barrier between them. Rachel learns that her real mother was beautiful eighteen-year-old Elinor Malloy, deserted by her young husband, before Rachel's birth. He was killed in the World War. In desperate financial straits, Elinor had agreed to Rachel's adoption at birth by Anne, whose own baby had died. Elinor subsequently had married Peter Cayne, a wealthy New York business man, and had a son. To soften the story for Rachel, Anne omits telling her that her mother had been callous and selfish. Rachel goes fishing with Bob Eddis, a local boy who runs a library and does wood carving. She refuses his plea to stay in Rockboro and marry him instead of going to New York to look for a job. Departing the next morning they leave the keys with Mr. Kreef, a neighbor. Anne decides that it is time for Rachel to learn more self-dependence. Rachel makes arrangements to stay in New York for the winter with "Pink," a keen, vivacious girl absorbed in her job.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Are you calling me a lady?"
"Not offensively."
"It's just what Rachel needs," thought Anne, watching the two girls. "She sharpens and comes more alive with Pink. It's much better for me to leave her for awhile." It hurt her unbelievably to admit it, all the more because she was sure Rachel was glad of the coming separation. She felt a lapse or change in Rachel's affection, that talk yesterday (heavens, was that only yesterday!) had defined and marked it out. "Somehow she resents being my child," she thought. "I feel as though I'd been walking along confidently and suddenly stepped off into space. It must be my fault, part of it." She tried to remember, to analyze.

The next morning Anne had a talk with Hobart Grable while Rachel took her passport for the necessary visa. Hobart was gloomy and annoyed about her going away for the winter. He twisted his kindly features into frowning disapproval. "It's ridiculous to let that old hard-ridan work on your feelings," he said, "and it's worse than ridiculous to let Rachel live down in the Village and hunt for a job. She won't find one, the town's full of girls looking for work, trained girls, smart girls. Rachel's neither trained nor smart. I don't understand your persistence in doing this, Anne, at all. You don't know what might happen to Rachel."

"I depend on you to look after her," said Anne, with mild malice. "Every month when you pay her allowance you must go and call on her and her friend Pink. It'll do you good, Hobart, to find out what the young moderns are thinking."

"I wouldn't go near 'em on a bet. Anne, it's unkind of you to go away this particular winter. I've taken season tickets for the opera, Lily Pons is coming back and there's a new dramatic soprano from Norway who's the greatest Isolde living today. Lotte Lehmann is going to sing the Marschallin, too. I was counting on you to go with me, as well as to the Philharmonic. You never consider me. I wish I could stop hoping you might."

When she came away Anne wondered if in the end she might be driven to the shelter of Hobart Grable's unchanging loyalty just because it was unchanging. But presently she forgot him in meeting Rachel and trying once more to discover, in the short time left, what wall had risen between them. It was all as usual on the surface. They shopped together, Anne bought the blue and chartreuse suit Rachel selected, though she would have preferred black with white, and she gave away, under protest, to the red lace dinner dress with a red velvet jacket—"Aunt Helene won't be giving any parties, I'm sure. I'd better be getting red flannel underwear for there's probably no heating but fireplaces."

"Oh well, wear it on the boat and the captain will invite you for cocktails," said Rachel. "You don't need to dress like a dowager."
Finally the moment of sailing arrived. Pink got leave from the office and came down to the boat with them. Hobart Grable was there, he had filled Anne's cabin with flowers and fruit and candy and books, there were telegrams and letters and the usual grist of useless bon voyage gifts. They had purposely come on board at the last minute to shorten the stupid wait before sailing, and Grable left first; he had,

he said, an appointment which dragged him off. Then, as the warning gong rang out, Anne kissed Pink and Rachel and told them to go along, there was no point of their standing on the pier to wave goodbye. She caught Rachel back for a moment, hugged her hard. "Darling child, I hope you have a wonderful winter. Keep safe and well, my dear. I'll be thinking about you."

The two girls made their way down the staircase and the gangplank out across the pier. "I can't help wondering," said Pink gravely, "what was the matter with your mother. I never saw her look like that before."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Rachel. "I didn't notice anything."

"You didn't notice anything! You didn't notice she was crying fit to break her heart?"

"Pink you're crazy—"

"I may be crazy, but I'm not blind."
Rachel was intent on something else. "Look, Pink, I want to stop for a minute at this phone booth, I want to look up an address. I waited until mother was actually gone but I don't need to wait any



Left to Herself She Looked at Her Watch and Figured Her Time.

longer." She seized the battered dog-eared volume chained to the desk outside the booth and ran it through with rising impatience: "F—E—D—C—C—C—Ca—Cannon—Carstairs—Cay—Here it is—Cayne, P.H.—P.H., that'd be Peter Holbrook—residence—643 Park avenue—"

CHAPTER IV

"If you're going to do any prolonged phoning I'll leave you," said Pink, "I'm due back at the office."
"I just want to get an address, I'm not going to phone." Rachel was scribbling it down. "I wanted to find out if these people were real—or made up. Where would six-four-three Park avenue be, do you think?—these numbers run so irregularly."

"Let me see—in the Sixties, I think, probably about Sixty-fifth or sixth."

"It's an odd number, that'll be on the right-hand side going uptown."

"Oh, Rachel, I must dash along. I'm working on some stuff for a big scap account. Will you be moved in when I get home tonight?"

Rachel had only time to shout "Yes," for Pink had hailed a taxi and was already in it. Left to herself she looked at her watch and figured the time . . . quarter past three . . . cross-town and then Lexington avenue car to Sixty-fifth street . . . quarter of four . . . then to the hotel, collect her bags, arrive at Pink's, unpack . . . Pink wouldn't be home before half past five or six . . . heaps of time

All the way uptown she was more and more excited. Anything might happen, anything! She couldn't, for her own self-respect, force herself on Mr. Cayne, the man who she was all that was too much like a movie. But she wanted to see where the Caynes lived, and perhaps by some fluke of luck Mrs. Cayne might be

going in or out—and Rachel felt sure she could recognize her by Anne's description, the small stature and blue eyes would be enough.

Number 643 Park avenue indicated money, there was a proud doorman at a proud high entrance, and a general granite, plate-glass and wrought-iron grandeur.

"This is too silly," she told herself. "What's the matter with me?"

With decision she crossed the street and went directly up to the doorman.

"Is Mrs. Cayne at home, do you know?" she asked.

The doorman touched his cap, which indicated that he appraised her as a lady, had she known it. "Mr. and Mrs. Cayne haven't returned to town yet, miss," he told her. "They're not expected before the middle of October."

Rachel thanked him and walked back to Lexington avenue, went down to the hotel where she and Anne had stopped, collected her bags and took them to Pink's apartment, all in a fat and disgusted mood. She had been a sappy fool, she knew it. And it shouldn't happen again. No more working herself up into a dither for what? A vague longing which was only an accent or ego. Rachel scorned herself heartily. When Pink came in at quarter of six she had hung her dresses in the tiny closet and filled the narrow chest of drawers with her other clothing put her toothbrush and creams in the bathroom and was trying to find a place to stow her empty bags. Pink had the answer to that.

"I forgot to tell you, we can use part of a closet in the hall and you'd better put them all there, you'll need under the bed for hat-boxes." She added, "Keep out one hat, we're going down the street to dinner with Tom and Rhoda Steele; he knows lots of people and he might find you a job."

Rachel sat down wearily in the nearest chair. "You make me feel like Katie's first day at kindergarten, Pink. And this bedroom is no bigger than a pocket."

"Don't be plaintive," admonished Pink. "Your bedroom is six inches longer than mine. Take a good hot bath and you'll feel better. I've got a new cosmetic line I want to try on you, we're planning a big campaign for the people who make it and I'd like to see how it glides on a real face. The manufacturer claims the mascara won't run."

The warmth and the clean sweet smell of her verveine salts and her own young resilience cleared up the most of Rachel's spot of bad temper. Pink brought out the new cosmetics and under a bald white light the two girls carefully and delicately made up Rachel's face, first with a cream which was almost fluid, then with powder, then rouge, high on the cheekbones, the least flush, eye-shadow slanted to lengthen and make mystery for the eyes, a little of the new mascara on Rachel's long lashes vermilion lipstick—

"Angel!" exclaimed Pink, at last. "You're a knockout! Now we'll see how long this stuff stays put!"

Rachel looked at her image in the mirror with satisfaction.

"Let's get going," said Pink. "Rhoda said they'd eat about seven o'clock."

"It's not a party, is it?"

"No, but there'll probably be a couple of chiselers getting a free meal. Tom and Rhoda know about a million 'amps and feed 'em all."

Tom and Rhoda Steele lived two blocks away, where the street was full of shabby little shops and restaurants and cleaning and pressing places. Pink and Rachel stopped at a tiny fruit stall and bought a basket of grapes and a dozen oranges.

They had to climb three flights to the Steeles' and the stairs grew steeper and darker with each floor. The narrow halls were full of cooking smells and the whole place was rackety with radios at full blast and loud talk behind the thin doors. "It's a dump, but they can't afford any better," said Pink. Just as they reached the landing the door was flung open and bright light, Rhoda Steele's voice and a radio band brassing the continental all rushed out to them. "Come along in, darlings," screamed Rhoda. "Oh, who did I bring me? How swell!—Tom, turn down the radio! Present!"

Rhoda had on khaki shorts, a faded chintz smock, socks and sandals and presently nothing more

except long fancy earrings of blue glass beads which tittered about her vivacious funny little face in a rather endearing way. Tom was properly dressed, big and lounging and kind. And there was another man in the background. "This is Oliver Land," Rhoda said, "and I think Bill Newton's coming. Don't expect a cocktail. We're broke this week. I didn't sell my designs and Tom's payday isn't until Friday. Sit down, if you can find a place."

Pink went out into the kitchen with Rhoda, but Rachel sat down and looked about her. The room was a mass of disorder, but not the kind that bothers anyone. After Pink's precise arrangements it was all rather pleasant. Oliver Land had been watching Rachel and sat down on the couch to be near her, and she realized that he was ticking off in his mind a complete appraisal of her from make-up to shoe buckles. She began to tick him off, too, he was oddly good-looking, his clothes had a shabby English smartness and his black tie was knotted perfectly.

Tom was talking and smiling encouragingly at her: "Pink says you're looking for a job, but she didn't say what kind."

"I don't know myself. I've had no training—but I'd make a good housemaid and I can handle a boat and fish."

"Invaluable on Broadway, fishing, if you have got the right bait," said Oliver. "I wish I had it."

"What do you do?" asked Rachel. She was enjoying herself, the two men were so plainly admiring and interested. Oliver shrugged a shade too dramatically. "I used to be on the stage, but now I'm just one of the twenty thousand unemployed actors. I'd have starved to death if it hadn't been for Tom and Rhoda and some of my other friends."

Rhoda came in, carrying a big casserole. "It's stew tonight," she said, "with everything in it except the mouse Tom cat caught yesterday. Come along with the salad, Pink. We're going very Ritz—three courses. Oliver, slice the bread. Tom has to make the coffee."

"But what shall I do?" asked Rachel.

"You, darling, are like Mrs. Mortarty's Christmas tree—purely for ornamentation."

The bread was a great fresh Italian loaf, the stew was hot and full of flavor. There were chopped chives and a rumor of garlic in the salad, the cheese was Bel Paese at its best, and Tom's coffee would have pleased the great Montagne.

"Wonder what's become of Bill?" said Tom, as they began.

"He'll be along," said Rhoda. "If he's very late we'll make him wash the dishes. What were you gabbling about while Pink and I toiled to feed you?"

"The chances of my getting a job," said Rachel.

"I want to tell you one thing," said Rhoda, her earrings waving, "you must find something where you won't crowd out any girl who needs the money. You've got enough to live on, haven't you? Well then, you ought to go into a field where it's sort of specialized and meritorious and just anybody can't get by. See what I mean? That way you stand on your own and if you didn't do it, nobody else would."

"Do you sing or act?" put in Oliver. "I'm thinking of radio."

"I'm sorry, I don't."

"I needn't ask if you're trained as a teacher or a librarian or a play supervisor—?"

Tom added: "I don't believe she's a plumber or a carpenter or a paperhanger or even a good cement worker."

"You're all overlooking the obvious," put in Oliver. "Miss Vincent has looks-plus."

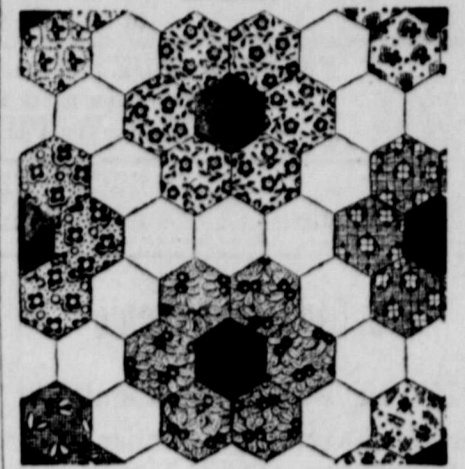
"And so what?" asked Rhoda. "She might get to walk on in one of the big shows, but it's a lousy life," said Oliver, as he who knows. She'd loathe it. No, I mean she can be a model, not for artists and illustrators, but for photographers, all these new advertisements, fashions and cigarettes and cars and coffee, they all have girls in them—"

"The lad has reason!" exclaimed Pink, with excitement. "Right up my alley and I didn't think of it! Of course, Rachel's the type, good-looking, she knows how to wear clothes."

"Thank you, dear friend!" said Rachel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Single Patch Forms a Gay Flower Quilt



The quilt of olden-time lives again—the popular "Grandmother's Flower Garden." Made of one patch throughout it's a fascinating and amazingly easy quilt to piece. There's endless chance for color variety for each flower is to be in different scraps. In pattern 5802 you'll find a Block Chart, an illustration of the finished block in actual size, showing contrasting fabrics; accurately drawn pattern pieces; an illustration of the entire quilt; three color schemes; step-by-step directions for making the quilt; and exact yardage requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.



SOUTHERN SPICE CAKE

Mrs. J. H. Taylor, Lenoir, N. C.

Sift and measure 2 cups flour. Reserve a little; sift the rest with 2 tsps. cinnamon, 1 tsp. ground cloves, 1 tsp. ground allspice, 1/2 tsp. grated nutmeg, 1 tsp. soda. Cream 1/2 cup Jewel Special-Blend Shortening and 2 cups light brown sugar. Add beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Add flour gradually with 1 cup sour milk to make a stiff, smooth batter. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Dust 1 cup seeded raisins with remainder of flour and stir into mixture. Bake in 2 layers in a moderate oven about 25 minutes. Put layers together and cover with boiled icing; top with walnuts. In moderate oven about 25 minutes. Put layers together and cover with boiled icing; top with walnuts. Adv.

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in three days
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LIQUID, TABLETS
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Headache, 30 minutes.
Try "Rub-My-Tiss"—World's Best Liniment

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By all means show that you are alive; but do it not by kicking, but by pulling hard.

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Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills flies. Guaranteed, effective, non-toxic, convenient—cannot spill—will not soil or burn anything. LASTS ALL SEASON. 20¢ at all drug stores. Harold Homan, Inc., 150 De Kalb Ave., Bklyn., N.Y.

WNU-L 26-37

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BUYS something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons. Let Us Tell You More About It

The Robert Lee Observer

Entered the postoffice at Robert Lee, Coke County, Texas, as second class mail matter, under an act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

FELIX W. PUETT and ROBERT L. HALL
Editors and Publishers
MRS. A. W. PUETT, Owner

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
\$1.00 a year in Coke County only. \$1.50 a year elsewhere.

The Old-Time Picnic

If you were born about the turn of the century or earlier, you will certainly enjoy this description of an old-time picnic by Alice Moyer-Wing in The Progressive Farmer:--

"You remember the old-time picnic, don't you?--the red letter day to which the family looked forward from one year to another! Remember how our best clothes were 'done up' with a little extra starch and hung away for the occasion? And no matter what happened nothing could induce us to wear these best clothes until picnic day.

"Then Pa would harness the work team. We had just one team, but picnic day came after the crops, mostly, were 'laid by' and the horses were rested. At last we reached the picnic ground with its lemonade stands, its swings, and the candy 'draws,' where we bought a ten-cent box of candy and won a prize in rare, strange jewelry which we wore throughout the day.

If you were a girl you didn't regret the spending of your picnic dime, for you were 'turned, 15 and some 'feller' had his eye on you. By and by he found the courage to treat you to lemonade. You knew he had saved up for just this occasion and that he hoed the weeds from a neighbor's corn for the money he handed out now with the air of a Rockefeller. We were all millionaires on picnic day!

"After the lemonade, there was the swing. Oh, that swing! Mule-drawn. And nobody cared whether the mule traveled or stood stockstill. You made up the feminine half of another couple to sit in one of the swing's high-backed seats. You hadn't seen him for a month, maybe. He'd been busy in the fields.

"When it came time to pay or get out, he paid and stayed in--paid grandly. And he had some oranges in his pockets and some 'candy hearts' that he divided with you. They had 'readin' on 'em.' One of them, you know, said, 'May I see you home to-night?' And you remember how you blushing handed back a reply, 'don't care if you do.' And one which he boldly slipped into your hand asked the momentous question, 'Do you love me?'

"And after a long, long silence, while you felt perfectly sure that every man, woman and child could hear the beating of your heart, you handed back a heart with just one little word in red letters: 'Yes.'

"When you drove home that night, the idle, unnecessary sphere called earth was still so far away that you could scarcely hear the voices of your small brothers and sisters.

"But of course you remember."

Your water bill must be paid by 10th of each month or service will be discontinued.
City Commission.

Back on the Job

One of the surest signs that the depression is a thing of the past is the way the old fakes and phonies that flourished before it struck are coming back. Some of them are garbed in a new dress, but underneath they are the same old schemes that were used to separate the "sucker" from his hard-earned dollars, and while there may not be as many dollars at present as before the depression, there are just as many "suckers".

Every mail that arrives is now pretty well burdened with the alluring attempts of the mail-order schemers to extract a few dollars from local citizens, with oil and mining stock offers still taking the lead. Quite a few new schemes have also been added to the list, with questionable life insurance and doubtful "investment bonds" being glaringly exploited. Printing presses are again running overtime in turning out the catchy, tempting literature, and new "sucker lists" are being compiled to include practically every postoffice in the land. Today the "something for nothing" offers are flooding the mail and Uncle Sam is swamped in his efforts to stop the worst of the fakes before the promoters reap their harvest and hunt their holes.

It was true before the depression that "a fool and his money are soon parted," and everyone who receives an alluring "something for nothing" offer, or one that promises riches for very little outlay should remember that the same old rule holds good today. With banks now insuring deposits, and paying fair interest, there is no reasonable excuse for being gypped by the fake investment offers reaching you through the mails. With your banker friends willing to advise you as to the best way to invest your surplus dollars, there is no excuse for letting some mail-order faker lead you astray. You couldn't get something for nothing before the depression, and you're not going to get something for nothing now that it has passed.

★ ★ ★ ★
Turning the Spotlight on the Stars

The activities of motion picture and radio favorites constantly provide a wealth of real news. You will be enthralled by the brisk manner with which Virginia Vale captures all that is of interest in these two greatest of entertainment fields in her column

STAR DUST

Read It Regularly In This Paper

DROP IN

When you feel hungry or thirsty.

....

Nice and Cool and you are served
Quickly and Courteously.

....

City Cafe

"He's
Crawling
Now..."



HE'S a curious little fellow. Chubby fingers clutch at all he sees. He's cutting teeth, too, and likes to chew on things.

Mother watches him every minute, but sometimes she thinks in terror, "What if he'd fall from his high-chair... swallow a safety-pin...!"

With the telephone handy she feels safer... the doctor is within easy call.

The telephone brings the doctor, police, firemen... quickly. Have one installed in your home... now!

THE SAN ANGELO TELEPHONE COMPANY

Mr. and Mrs. Will Boon and Mr. and Mrs. Jeff visited in Brownwood last week.

The H. D. Fish family are visiting in Brown county this week. Miss Nina Barger is in charge of the store during their stay.

Special services will be held at the Methodist church Sunday, July 4th, and your presence is greatly desired.

Pay your water bill by 10th of each month or have your service discontinued.
City Commission.

Mr. and Mrs. El Hatley and family left Tuesday for a month's visit in Oklahoma.

FOR SALE--A farm consisting of 224 acres, good portion in cultivation, 4-room house and 2 porches. Also a barn, a good well with windmill, underground cistern. Located about 6 miles north of Robert Lee on school bus and mail route. Write or come to see Mrs. J. J. Overall, postoffice, Sanco, Texas.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Key is getting a new coat of paint this week.

Mrs. Vassie Lunsford of Gilmer is visiting her sister Mrs. Bessie Sawyer.

Robert Massie Co.
Phone 4444 Day or Night
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I have Holland's Gets-em Screw Worm Medicine for sale at my home on L. S. Bird's place. FRED KILLAM.

One of the best ways to obtain success is to find a location where everyone is dumber than you are.

SPEND July 4 AT
AMERICA'S BIG WORLD'S FAIR
Your Favorites! In Person!
JULY 3*4*5
COTTON BOWL
45,000 SEATS
Free!

JACK BENNY AND MARY LIVINGSTONE

WORLD'S BIGGEST ENTERTAINMENT BARGAIN
PAN AMERICAN
3 1/2 HOUR SHOW & DANCING only \$1.10
FEATURING BORRAN MIREVITCH
NINE HARMONICA RASCALS
GREATEST SHOW OF ALL TIMES
CAVALCADE of the AMERICAS
DANCING TO TED FIO RITO'S ORCHESTRA
3 GLORIOUS DAYS
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DALLAS - NOW TO OCT. 31
* DALLAS PRICES HAVE NOT ADVANCED *

NAME HER!
PRIZES WORTH \$500.00
 INVENT A WORD FOR **HOUSEWIFE**
 Listen To **ELECTRIC SERVANT NEWSCAST**
 Abilene **KRIBC** 9:15 A.M.
 San Angelo **KGKL** 9:30 A.M.

If I'm not a housewife what am I?

THE MODERN WEST TEXAS WOMAN

DETAILS OF ONE OF MOST UNIQUE CONTESTS IN WEST TEXAS HISTORY WILL BE ANNOUNCED OVER THESE TWO STATIONS MONDAY MORNING. THE WOMAN WHO COINS THE BEST SUBSTITUTE WORD FOR "HOUSEWIFE" WINS A GRAND...?

"Salt-Marsh" Caterpillar or "Woolly" Worms

Damage often occurs to cotton in the spring or early summer by a caterpillar, commonly called the "woolly bear." This pest normally feeds on dozens of kinds of weeds. Suggestions for control are as follows:

Fall and Winter Control

Turn under deeply all green cotton stalks and other plant growth. Destroy all weeds along turn rows, fence rows, roadsides and in pastures or any other places near fields that are to be cultivated the following season. Drag a heavy roller over weeds growth on fairly level land to kill the larvae and the pupae in the cocoons on the grounds and weeds.

Spring and Summer Control

Keep down all weed growth in or around cultivated fields and within at least 100 yards of such fields. Plow deep double furrow around the cultivated fields with the straight sides of the furrows toward the field. Dig numerous post holes in both furrows at intervals of a few

yards as recommended for wingless May beetles, army worms, chinch bugs, etc. If desirable, drag a log along the furrow so as to crush the worms, or a blast torch can be used to burn them in the furrows.

In case the worms get into a field along the edges, control by heavily spraying the infested rows. Or in case "millers" of the early generation have flown over into the fields and started centers of infestation, heavy spraying will kill the worms if applied when the worms are young and if the following materials are used:

Two pounds Paris green to fifty gallons of water, to which is added at least one-half gallon of milk of lime. Milk of lime is made by slacking at least two pounds rock lime or stone lime with a few pints of water.

A green woolly worm is playing havoc in some sections of the county. It varies in size, and it is said that as many as 100 worms may be found on one stalk of cotton. Some report entire fields of young cotton destroyed by the pest.

"Invent-A-Word-For-Housewife" Contest

A growing "suspicion" that West Texas women resent being called "housewives" prompts a radio contest to find a new name for the home-maker, W. O. Wallace, (district) manager for the West Texas Utilities Company, announced yesterday.

Prizes valued at approximately \$500 will be awarded in the contest, he said. The grand prize will be a largesized electric refrigerator (Frigidaire).

The contest will begin July 5, lasting six weeks. It will be conducted over Radio Stations KGKL, San Angelo and KREC, Abilene, and will be supplemented by newspaper advertising in their broadcasting radius. Details of the contest, Mr. Wallace said, will be given on the company's woman's news program over the two stations Monday morning at 9:15 o'clock in Abilene and 9:30 o'clock in San Angelo.

Women will be invited to invent a substitute name for "housewife" and explain why they prefer that particular name in a 100-word letter, it was learned. Second prize will be choice of electric dishwasher or washing machine, and third prize will be a food mixer. The next ten best names will each win their author a small electric appliance.

At the Crossing

The railroads of this country have established fine safety records during the past few years. Today railroad wrecks are uncommon, and very seldom is a passenger killed. But for the grade-crossings, the railroads would have almost a perfect record. However, despite all the work of elimination thousands of these crossings still exist, in every part of the country, and while the railroads are not responsible for deaths at the grade crossings they are charged up against its safety record just the same. For the next three months the toll of death at these crossings will be heavier than during the other nine months of the year combined, and the railroads will not be able prevent it. That is wholly up to the motorists of the country. If they still persist in trying to beat train, are not watchful when driving in strange territory, the slaughter will go right on. That's a good thing for every one to remember when he sets out on this season's vacation jaunt.

Having to go back to work seems to be hurting a lot of people more than the depression did.

The secret of real happiness is getting used to what you've got and learning to like it.

Nowadays the hand that rocks the cradle may get cigarette ashes in the baby's eyes.

RADIO STARS ARE FREE EXPOSITION ATTRACTION



Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, premier radio entertainers of America by popular vote during the past three years, will be a free entertainment attraction at the Pan American Exposition in Dallas Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 3, 4 and 5. They will be supported by a hundred radio musicians and artists. The show will be in the Cotton Bowl with 50,000 free seats available.

Why FIRESTONE ALWAYS LEADS IN GIVING TOP TIRE VALUE



PRICES AS LOW AS \$6.40

FIRESTONE makes great savings by controlling rubber and cotton supplies at their sources, by more efficient manufacturing methods, by selling in such large volume that distribution costs are lower. These savings are passed on to you as extra values.

8 EXTRA POUNDS OF RUBBER to every 100 pounds of cord. Extra value AT NO EXTRA COST.

PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS, because by the Gum-Dipping Process every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated and coated with pure, liquid rubber, counteracting internal friction and heat that ordinarily destroy tire life. Extra safety AT NO EXTRA COST.

PROTECTION AGAINST PUNCTURES, because under the tread are two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords. Extra strength AT NO EXTRA COST.

PROTECTION AGAINST SKIDDING, because the scientific tread design prevents this danger. Extra safeguard AT NO EXTRA COST.

Don't take chances with worn tires on your Fourth of July trip. Join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign today by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Standard Tires.

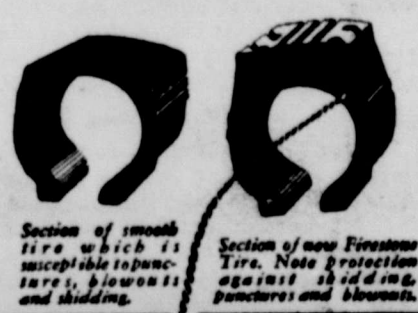
Firestone STANDARD FOR PASSENGER CARS	
4.50-21	89.05
5.00-19	10.30
5.50-17	12.50
HEAVY DUTY	
4.50-21	811.40
4.75-19	11.75
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4.50-21	85.05
4.50-21	8.35
4.75-19	8.70
Firestone COURIER	
4.50-21	85.45
30x3 1/2 Cl.	4.87
Other Sizes Proportionately Low	

DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE ON THIN WORN TIRES DO YOU KNOW

THAT last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than 38,000 men, women and children?

THAT a million more were injured?

THAT more than 40,000 of these deaths and injuries were caused directly by punctures, blowouts and skidding due to unsafe tires?



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 ROBERT LEE, TEXAS

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Terrible Resurrection"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, there are all kinds of fear. Some of them are worse than others, and the fear that comes on you when death is staring you right in the eye comes pretty close to being the worst of them all. But there is one kind of fear that is worse than even the terror of approaching destruction.

Martin J. Colbert, Chicago, had a taste of that sort of terror once—the kind of fear that has been known to make men's minds crack and turn them into gibbering idiots. Mart had an experience with the ghastly unknown. He saw the impossible happen.

He saw something that couldn't be explained except as the horrible manifestation of some ghostly supernatural hand. He saw a row of dead and buried corpses start rising from their grave!

It was a thing terrifying enough to make hardened men drop senseless from sheer fright. It shook Mart Colbert to the very marrow of his bones. All this happened in 1902, along about the end of June. For several years Mart had been in South Africa, fighting with the British forces in the Boer war.

Solemn Duty Precedes Big Celebration.

When peace was declared at the end of May, 1902, he was a soldier in the Fifth R. I. Lancers, a cavalry regiment, stationed about fifty miles from its depot at Naawport, Cape Colony.

When the good news was received, the Lancers packed up and started back to their depot, and when they arrived there it was announced that they had two weeks in which to clean up and rest, and get ready for one last job they would have to do before returning to England. That job was to bring in the dead, scattered in temporary graves throughout the country, for reburial in a military cemetery.

The two-week rest period passed all too quickly and Mart was detailed to a squad consisting of himself, three other privates and a sergeant, commanded by Lieutenant Cooper.

They proceeded to a point about fifteen miles from Naawport, where the Lancers had been in action some time before, and where a number of their men had fallen and were buried.

The Kind of Work That Raises Goose-Flesh.

Arriving at the spot, the men started to work at their grisly and unpleasant job. It was open country, and there was an abandoned farmhouse about a quarter of a mile away.

The lieutenant carried a rough map, made in the field, which showed where all the dead of the regiment were buried, and he pointed out the graves which were to be dug up.

It was the sort of work that gave the men the jitters. They dug up the bodies of two of their old buddies, but none of them relished the job.



Corpses began pushing their way up out of the ground!

As they took the second man out of his grave, one of the men discovered a third grave close by. It was a wide grave—much wider than the other. When it was pointed out to the lieutenant he said it looked as if several bodies were buried there together.

He looked on his map, but this grave didn't appear on it. Whatever was underneath that broad mound, it was evident that it contained none of the Lancers' dead. But in order to be on the safe side, the lieutenant ordered the men to dig up that grave as they had dug up the others.

Their Eyes Couldn't Believe What They Saw.

It was that grave which was to give Mart and his buddies the most terrible fright of their lives.

The men were taking turns with the spades. Two men at a time went down into the graves to do the digging. Mart and another fellow had dug down the first couple of feet, and now two other men were in there digging.

Mart, another private, Sergeant Kirby and the lieutenant were standing at the edge of the pit, watching the others work. The two diggers had worked their way down to about a level of four feet below the ground. Their spades were working rhythmically, tossing out one scooping of earth after another.

Mart was looking at the bottom of the grave, when suddenly, his whole body stiffened. The other men saw it too.

The earth at the bottom of the grave began to move. Dirt and stones fell aside, and a row of long buried corpses—hardly more than skeletons—began pushing their way up out of the ground!

Strong Men Fainted in Terror.

Down in the grave, the two diggers dropped—unconscious from sheer terror. Mart, with the icy hand of fear clutching at him, turned and ran. The rest of the men did likewise.

No sensation Mart has ever known could equal that strange, horrible feeling that came over him at the sight of those long-dead skeletons pushing their way up through the earth at the bottom of their common grave!

They ran full tilt for about fifty feet—and then they stopped, looking at each other in fear and wonder. They looked back at the grave, but there was no other sign of life there.

Then they got a grip on themselves. What about the two men who had been digging—the men who were now lying senseless in that ghastly pit with its row of moving corpses? They had to get them out of there.

Explanation Is a Satisfactory One.

They went back slowly—reluctantly. The men were still lying there unconscious. The corpses—a row of bones clad in rotted clothing and topped by grinning skulls, were where they had been when they last saw them. They had moved upward a few inches and then stopped.

They went down and pulled out the two unconscious men—and found out the explanation of the whole grisly business.

The corpses had been buried on a bed spring. It had collapsed with the weight of the earth that was piled on it, but as the men dug down, the pressure was relieved, until, when the earth was almost all shoveled away, the spring rebounded again, pushing the bodies upward.

"We found that this was a Boer's grave—probably people from the abandoned farmhouse a quarter of a mile away," says Mart. "We tell that by the remains of civilian clothing that still clung to the bodies. The lieutenant ordered us to put the bones back in place and fill up the grave again. But afterward, we did no more digging for the rest of the day."

—WNU Service.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

THE loyal motion picture fans of the country do not want any substitute for the late Jean Harlow. Letters, telegrams and phone calls of protest poured into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio when it was announced soon after her death that her unfinished picture "Saratoga" would be refilmed with a newcomer named Rita Johnson in her role.

In no uncertain terms the public demanded that Jean's last picture either be released in its unfinished state or kept from view. Decision on the matter is being postponed, but when the public takes such a whole-hearted stand on any question, you can be sure that the studio will not run the risk of offending them.

Loretta Young's household is just about the happiest, busiest establishment in all Hollywood just now. She has adopted two little girls, Jane aged three, and Judy not quite two, and is busily conferring with architects about adding a wing to her house. Just to add to the air of Old Home Week, her sister, Sally Blane, and Sally's husband Norman Foster have come with their youngster to stay at Loretta's house while they re-build theirs.

All the time that Irene Hervey was under contract to M-G-M, the executives just couldn't see her when a good role in a big picture came up for casting. She married Allan Jones, her contract expired, and it looked as if she meant to retire from the screen. She was just waiting for the right part, though. Along came the enterprising Grand National company with a role for her in "The Girl Said No." audiences raved about her at the preview, and what company rushed to get her services then, do you suppose? None other than her old studio.

Lily Pons is very busy these days with her radio program and an extensive concert tour, to say nothing of her frenzied trips up to her home in Connecticut to see how the garden is doing, but she keeps in touch with the R-K-O studio every day to get reports on the plans for her next picture.

The best picture of the week, and a frothy light extravaganza for a warm evening it is too, is "Woman Chases Man." Miriam Hopkins is the star and dear old Charles Winniger plays a giddy role delightfully. The picture is farce that verges on slapstick most of the time, and Joel McCrea plays the thankless role of the one fairly sensible human in the piece. It isn't, frankly, nearly so good a picture as Claudette Colbert's grand comedy "I Met Him in Paris"—but until that superb bit of entertainment comes your way, "Woman Chases Man" will keep you amused.

ODDS AND ENDS—Grace Moore postponed starting her next picture for two weeks so that her leading man, Melvyn Douglas, could go to the Salzburg Festival, where his wife is going to sing. . . Ann Sothern's sister, Bonnie Lake, has sold a song that she composed to Buddy Ebsen. . . That loud studio laugh you hear intermittently through Walter Winchell's Sunday night broadcast is W. C. Fields, his favorite visitor. Walter draws an audience that is an all-star cast. . . Hazel Glenn who sings nursery songs on the Dr. Dajoe broadcast has a fan letter that she wouldn't exchange for a diamond bracelet. The good doctor wrote her that the quint had listened to one of their broadcasts and expressed delight over the lady who sang. . . The make-up experts are bullying Stokowski now. After all his many years as an orchestra conductor, waving his tousled mane, he has been ordered to grease his hair because otherwise it doesn't look dignified. . . Deanna Durbin tried to console him by telling him it made him look like a juvenile. . . Since Carole Lombard is not available, Fred Astaire is now trying to get Loretta Young to play opposite him in his next picture.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Cool, Smart, Comfortable



COOL is the word for Carrie when she wears one of these smart new frocks by Sew-Your-Own. No matter whether she's three or thirty, a June bride or a proud mama, Carrie will find what she needs for summer comfort here.

Left to Right.

The young frock with the interesting middle and sporty inverted pleat is one that's going in for extra credit at summer school. It has that advanced chic which readily distinguishes co-eds' clothes. If you're campus bound (or just bound for an ordinary vacation) be sure to have a couple of versions of this fashion first with you. Then you'll be set for that heavy summer schedule.

Lines for a Princess.

Second to none in the summer is this princess dress. As fit for golf as it is for dancing, you can see at a glance that this is the one dress you can't be even half-way happy without. Fresh in spirit, dainty in detail and becoming to all figures this simple-to-sew frock will introduce countless women to new chic this season. Come on, Milady, shake hands with Chic.

Tot's Tidbit.

Only when we're very young are we privileged to wear dresses as cute as this one. The most unaccustomed seamstress can make it with its half dozen pieces; the merest remnant will suffice for material. There is more than ordinary intrigue packed in the diminutive skirt that shows a

couple of darling dimpled knees so lusciously sun tanned. Use it as a cool, cool top with panties as the ideal hot weather attire, or slip it on as an apron—either way it will be a fine little companion for mother's pet this summer.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1258 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 4 1/2 yards for braid trimming as pictured.

Pattern 1323 is designed in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material for the short length. Beach length requires 7 1/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1944 is designed for sizes 6 months, 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 1 year requires 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The pockets, cuffs and facings for collar in contrasting material require 1/4 yard of 27 inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



"FOR EXTRA TENDER BAKED FOODS, I RECOMMEND JEWEL SPECIAL-BLEND SHORTENING!"



Mrs. Carl Warthan
Chandler, Texas

• Jewel makes finer cakes and hot breads, too. And it's grand for pan and deep-fat frying. Millions prefer this Special-Blend to any other shortening, regardless of price!

Sit in Your Chair at Home . . . and Shop!

The things you want to buy . . . at the time you want to buy them . . . at the price you want to pay. You can find these right in the paper. Your newspaper advertisements make it possible to do your "looking around" right at home . . . and then go downtown to do your buying . . . saving you time and energy.

**IMPROVED
UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL
Lesson**

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST,
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute
of Chicago.
© Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for July 4

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 1:6-14; 2:23-25.
GOLDEN TEXT—Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.—Isaiah 65:24.
PRIMARY TOPIC—A Prayer for Help.
JUNIOR TOPIC—In Need of Help.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What Cries Rise to God Today?
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—God Cares When a People Suffers.

Independence day—and we are to study about a people in bondage! How much that is like life. But, thanks be to God, no one need stay in bondage. The way to liberty is open and free. The Lord Jesus Christ opened it at Calvary's tree and anyone who is still the bond slave of Satan may make this a great and glorious Independence day by now declaring his faith in the deliverer of our souls!

We begin today a series of lessons in the book of Exodus which reveal the high and mighty hand of God working on behalf of his people. Many are the precious spiritual lessons and rich is the practical instruction for daily life to be received in the weeks just ahead. Let us not make the unfortunate mistake of many thoughtless folk who miss the blessing of Bible school attendance because it is a bit warmer than usual.

The family of Jacob—or, as the Bible calls them, "the children of Israel"—prospered in Egypt particularly as long as Joseph and the rulers who remembered him were alive. But they soon learned one of life's bitter lessons, namely, that—

I. Prosperity Often Brings Opposition (1:6-11).

The Hebrews were a peaceful, law-abiding people. They were God's chosen people and as he blessed them they prospered, and thus innocently they brought upon themselves the hatred of the suspicious Egyptians.

Prosperity is never an unmixed blessing. We as a nation know that to be true. Not only does it lead to a certain softening of the sinews, but all too often it results in a weakening of the moral fiber, which makes man easy prey to the attack of the enemy of our souls.

The Egyptians made plans which appealed to their brilliant leaders as politic and wise, but they reckoned without God, and the burdens and afflictions they placed on the Israelites only served to bring further blessing.

II. Adversity May Bring Blessing (vv. 12-14).

The people of Israel did not know it and undoubtedly did not appreciate the fact that the bitterness of their bondage was a blessing in disguise. Note that—

1. It kept them separate as a people. Affliction often serves to keep God's people separated from the world.

2. It disciplined them and prepared them for the hardships of their wilderness journey. We too do well to remember that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and that if we are properly "exercised" thereby our sorrows may yield rich fruit in our lives.

3. It threw them back upon God. Many are the saints of God who have found that the fiery trial, the burden so hard to understand or some affliction of their body has caused them to bring their burden to the Lord. We have traveled far on the road of faith when we have reached the place where we learn that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

They had only one place to turn. They were hemmed in on every side but, as ever, they found that the way up no man can close. They called on their God.

III. Prayer Always Brings God's Answer (2:23-25).

Does God really know when his people suffer? Does he really care? Yes, he does. "They cried," and "God heard" and "remembered." That's all we need to know. The groanings of his people had already stirred God's gracious and tender heart. But he waited to hear their cry before he answered. Such is the law of prayer. May we not forget it. Far too often we turn to everyone and everything else, and finally, in desperation, to God. Why not turn to him first?

As we opened this lesson with an appeal for all who knew not Christ as Saviour to make this the day of their Declaration of Independence, so we close by appealing to all God's children to let him make their ears as sensitive as his to the cry of the oppressed, that this national holiday may find every Christian citizen tender in heart and liberal in deed toward the oppressed.

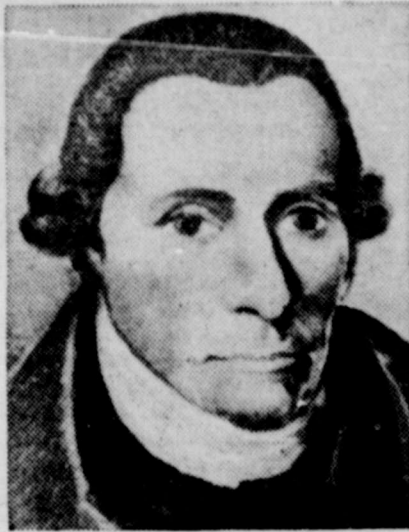
The Star Spangled Banner



UNDER the starry flag that waves over this fair land, every citizen is a king, and there is no avenue to wealth and fame, position and power, that is not open to every child of the Republic.—W. A. Prossner.

THE Star Spangled Banner was designated as the national anthem by an Act of Congress, approved on March 3, 1931. It was written by Francis Scott Key after he had witnessed the British bombardment of Fort McHenry in Baltimore, in 1814. The words of this stirring song were sung to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven" and immediately became popular and it was regarded as the national anthem though it was not made legally so until 1931.

The Orator of the Revolution



"Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death."—Patrick Henry.

"FORBID it, Almighty God!" thundered Patrick Henry in the Virginia Convention at Richmond, in 1775, in a speech typical of "the explosive temper of the time"—"I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!" The orator of the Revolution had been found. It was Patrick Henry

TRANSCRIBED DECLARATION

NEITHER Thomas Jefferson nor John Hancock was the penman who transcribed the Declaration of Independence. The actual work of transcription was done by Timothy Matlack.

Flag Code Provides for Reverence to the Emblem

THE following extract from the flag code, providing for reverence to the national emblem, adopted by the National Flag Conferences held in Washington in 1923 and 1924, gives the form of the salute:

"During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the flag or when the flag is passing in a parade or in a review, all persons present should face the flag, stand at attention and salute. Those present in uniform should render the right hand salute. When not in uniform, men should remove the head-dress with the right hand and hold it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart. Women should salute by placing the right hand over the heart. The salute to the flag in the moving column is rendered at the moment the flag passes."

who established before the American people that government was a contract between King and people and that the violation of such contract by the King was truly an illegal act.

Where First American Flag Was Made

THE Betsy Ross House in Philadelphia, where the first American flag was made, is being restored to its colonial condition, through the generosity of A. Atwater Kent. For many years this house has been visited by thousands of tourists annually.

Falling rapidly into ruin, the dilapidated condition of the patriotic shrine was brought to Mr. Kent's attention through a newspaper article which pictured the falling plaster, the leaking roof and general condition of disrepair.

The living-room, shown, still has the gorgeous fireplace with white mantel framed with the original blue Dutch tile. The room was originally decorated in blue.



AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

Preserving Broom.—Soaking a broom in boiling salt water every two weeks will help preserve it.

Washing White Gloves.—White gloves can be kept white by washing them after each wearing with a soft brush and a pure soap.

Fire Prevention.—To avoid fires keep all cleaning cloths that have been treated with oil in a covered metal container.

Removing Peach Stains.—Fresh peach stains can be removed from linen with a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Keeping Peeled Apples.—Peeled apples can be kept white until used by keeping them immersed in water to which a little salt has been added.

Picking Raspberries.—Red raspberries will keep better if picked early in the morning.

Apple and Rhubarb Jelly.—Cut apples into quarters. To every pound of apples add one cup of rhubarb juice. Simmer until the

apples are soft. Strain through a jelly bag without pressure. To each pint of juice add one pound of sugar. Boil slowly, removing all scum until the juice will jell. Pour into tumblers and seal with paraffin.

Luncheon Dish.—Boil 2 pounds spinach, press out all moisture, and chop fine. Have ready ½ pound cooked macaroni and 2 hard-boiled eggs cut into slices. Well grease a pie dish, put in a layer of macaroni, sprinkle with grated cheese, and season with pepper and salt. Then put a layer of spinach with sliced eggs on top. Repeat the layers and pour in a little milk. Cover with a thick layer of breadcrumbs with pieces of butter on top. Bake for 10 minutes.

Orange Peel Marmalade.—Take six orange rinds, or four orange, two grapefruit or orange and lemon rinds, cover with water and pinch of soda, cook till tender; drain. Take out white pulp with spoon. Put rinds through chopper, yielding two cups chopped rind, add water to cover, about two cups add sugar, about two cups; simmer slowly for three hours. Bottle in the usual way. WNU Service.



Uncle Phil Says:

Better Improve the Other Foot
Put your best foot forward, of course, but that doesn't conceal the defects in the other one; it's got to come, too.

Meeting sudden emergencies makes one hardboiled. Look at war and after-dinner speaking.

"Travel is broadening;" it makes one more resigned to the nuisances at home.

Civilization may not be doomed, but it may be doomed to a good many dark ages in which brains are flouted.

A man may pull down his character in an effort to build up his reputation.

People dress handsomely to please themselves more than to impress others.



Love of Children
I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing, when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.—Dickens.

TO KILL Screw Worms

Your money back if you don't like Cannon's Liniment. It kills screw worms, heals the wound and keeps flies away. Ask your dealer. (Adv.)

Hot Weather is Here— Beware of Biliousness!

Have you ever noticed that in very hot weather your organs of digestion and elimination seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food sours, forms gas, causes belching, heartburn, and a feeling of restlessness and irritability. Perhaps you may have sick headache, nausea and dizziness or blind spells on suddenly rising. Your tongue may be coated, your complexion bilious and your bowel actions sluggish or insufficient.

These are some of the more common symptoms or warnings of biliousness or so-called "torpid liver," so prevalent in hot climates. Don't neglect them. Take Calotabs, the improved calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts, combined. You will be delighted with the prompt relief they afford. Trial package ten cents, family pkg. twenty-five cents. At drug stores. (Adv.)

Of Good or Evil
What a day may bring a day may take away.

Your Work
Thy hand is never the worse for doing thine own work.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"She thought if she hid my clothes I'd have to stay at home!"

ALAMO THEATRE
ROBERT LEE, TEXAS

COOL CONDITIONED AIR

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JULY 2 & 3

Richard Arlen in Harold Bell Wright's
"SECRET VALLEY"

Also Comedy - Cartoon. Extra! Poveye the Sailor
meets Sinbad the Sailor, - a 2-reel color comedy.

SUNDAY 2-6, & MONDAY, JULY 4 & 5

Bing Crosby - Bob Burns - Martha Ray - Shirley Ross in
"WAIKIKI WEDDING"

Plus Comedy and News.

WEDNESDAY ONLY, JULY 7th

"The WOMAN I LOVE"

with Paul Muni - Mariam Hopkins. Also selected shorts.

TEXAS THEATRE
BRONTE, TEXAS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JUNE 2 & 3

"WAIKIKI WEDDING"

with Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Martha Ray, Shirley Ross
Also Comedy.

TUESDAY ONLY, JUNE 6th

"She's DANGEROUS"

with Tala Firell - Cesar Romero
Also Comedy and Selected Shorts.

Specials For Friday & Saturday

JULY 2nd & 3rd

at **CUMBIE'S**

THE **RED & WHITE** STORE

Brimful PORK & BEANS, 16 oz can,	6c
PAPER NAPKINS, asst. colors, 80 in pkg., 2 for	19c
R & W LUNCHEON SPREAD, two 3 oz cans	19c
Del Dixi PICKLES, sour or dill, quarts	17c
R & W GRAPE JUICE,	pints 18c quarts 35c
R & W MARSHMALLOWS, 1 lb cello	15c
R & W FLAV-R-JELL, asst. flavors, 3 packages	14c
OVALTINE, 50c size	35c
R & W TEA, 1/4 lb pkg.	19c
Beverly SAUSAGE, 2 cans for	15c
Beverly POTTED MEAT, 3 cans for	10c
R & W vacuum pack COFFEE, 1 lb can	31c
SUN SPUN SALAD DRESSING, quart jar	38c
	pints 25c
R & W TOMATO JUICE, 13 oz can 2 for	16c
R & W SALMON, no 1 tall can for	23c
R & W CORN FLAKES, large pkg	10c
R & W Country Gent. CORN, no 2 can for	15c
Peerless SPINACH, 3 No 2 cans	27c
Gold Label BAKING POWDER, 2 lb can	23c
R & W VANILLA EXTRACT, 1 1/2 oz bottle	18c

Spuds, U.S. No 1 Calif. Whites 10 lb 18c

SQUASH, white or yellor per lb	1c
PLUMS, Santa Rosas per doz	12c
CARROTS, large bunches each 4c 3 for 11c	

W. J. Cumbie

Honored at Chest Shower

Mrs. Henry Escue and Mrs. John Pierce recently sponsored a chest shower for Mrs. Audrey Denman, a recent Robert Lee bride, now residing in San Angelo. Friends of the young couple filled the chest to overflowing with tokens of best wishes for success and happiness. More than eighty gifts were presented. Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Turney Hall entertained informally for the bride, when the gifts were opened and displayed.

Pay your water bill by 10th of each month or service will be discontinued.
City Commission.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Lowry and son Bobby, of Ballinger and Mrs. Marcus Turner of Norton visited Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bell Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Clift and baby of San Angelo, were in Robert Lee Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray D. Smith, their daughter, Russell Marie, and son, Donald, are here from Ft. Worth for a month's visit with Mrs. Smith's relatives, the Russell family.

For Sale--Registered Billies The kind that please. See Coke Austin, Robert Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Vestal, Aaron Vestal, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter McDorman and children returned Sunday from a visit to points in Arkansas, Missouri and Oklahoma, including Mr. Vestal's old home, Sarcoxie, Mo. which he had not visited in fifty years. They also stopped in Purdy, Mo., Benton county, Ark. and at Chechota and Caddo, Okla.

Mrs. Allen Davis of Taft, who was Miss Dorothy Clift before her marriage at Brownwood four months ago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clift, and other relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Sawyer and Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Sawyer visited relatives in Sweetwater last week-end.

Joe Junior Dodson was brought home from the hospital Monday and is doing well.

Mrs. J. D. Reiger of Harper, Texas, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Switzer of Brownwood are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Yantis,

J. H. Benningfield left last Saturday for Kimberley, Kansas, to spend about three weeks.

I have Holland's Gets-em Screw Worm Medicine for sale at my home on L. S. Bird's place. FRED KILLAM.

Mrs. Ava Maxwell left Sunday for her old home, Metropolis, Ill., to be with her sister, Mrs. Susie Woodward. She will also visit in Tennessee and Kentucky, and intends to be gone several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hoglund of Carizzo Springs are parents to a daughter, born Wednesday. The baby and mother are reported doing well. Mrs. Hoglund was formerly Miss Christine Thetford.

Monday night this section received a half to an inch of rain doing a world of good. The rain did not extend very far west. Thursday morning another hard shower fell in town but did not extend far in any direction.

'M' SYSTEM
Grocery & Market

We will close all day Monday July 5 to celebrate Independence Day.

SPUDS, 10 lbs. 16c

Delicia Sandwich Spread, 2 for	15c
MATCHES, 6 box carton	15c
Folger's COFFEE 1 lb	27c
2 lb	53c
K C BAKING POWDER, 25 oz can	15c
Knox JELL, 3 pkg	13c
PEN JEL, pkg	10c
Kerr Regular Mason Lids, 3 doz	25c
Kerr Regular Mason Caps, doz	19c
OLIVES, full qt	33c
NAPKINS 80 napkins to pkg 2 pkgs	15c
WHEATIES, 2 pkgs	21c
Heinz C.H.B. TOMATO JUICE, 4 cans,	25c
Evaporated APRICOTS, 2 lb pkg	29c
TUNA, Satisfaction Brand, 2 for	25c

Lipton's Tea

1/4 lb pkg. -	19c
1/2 lb pkg. -	37c

VIENNA SAUSAGE, can	5c
POTTED MEAT, 2 cans	5c

Gal. PEACHES, 41c

SUGAR, 25 lb pure cane in cloth bags 1.37

White House RICE, 2 lb pkg	11c
Dole's PINEAPPLE JUICE, 46 oz cans	25c
12 oz cans, 2 for	15c



Market Specials

T-Bone STEAK, lb	23c
LONG HORN CHEESE, lb	20c
SLICED BACON, lb	27c
CHUCK ROAST, lb	15c
RIB ROAST, for roast or stew, lb	12c